

Writer's Notebook: Progress

13 June 2013

I stand on this path and continue this stroll
I walk and I reach for this infinite goal
The world is below me, around me, above
I seek this acceptance, and wisdom, and love
The path is not tactile; my movement is free
I fly to and fro, retaining my glee
I must keep my bearings, and maintain my ground
The enemy's gate will forever be down
If I let myself drift, and I stray from the plan,
I might never find the path where I began
But why is this wrong? I won't disappear.
I branch off a bit, there's a path over here.
I see many paths. I become quite distressed;
The path I was on might not be the best.
But this was my fate; the path with the key:
The path that the others had chosen for me.
But how can I live, if away from the light?
Perhaps this is wrong. But if so, what is right?
I cannot remain on the path without choice.
I'm living my life; I have my own voice.
I'm sure of it now; from the path, I must break.
The problem still stands; which path do I take?

Reflection on Progress:

It feels like I'm cheating. I don't actually feel this way at all. Truthfully, I think my life is going in a great direction. "Direction" was the real inspiration for "Progress"'s title.

I wasn't just writing out meaningless words when I wrote the poem, though. I certainly understand the feeling that goes along with the poem. On a much smaller scale than the narrator of the poem, there are a lot of options open to me, and I'm not sure exactly which one I should take. Still, everyone feels that way... right?

The narrator of this poem has no idea what he wants to do with his life. I have a pretty good general idea; I only have to face small decisions along the way. I suppose that's what's interesting about the 'branches' that these paths take. Each path branches into infinitely more smaller branches, and any decision you make in your life, no matter how small, will lead uniquely to more decisions. Nobody lives their life the same way as someone else, and this is because of the branching of paths.

The course that one's life takes is not based solely on the paths taken; it is more like a function of the branches traversed and the path on which one started out. Really, your starting position is more important than anything else that comes into play. There are certain things that you *simply cannot do*, ever, in all of your life. That's because you were put on a certain path by those who put you into existence; this is your parents, speaking literally, or some Creator, if you keep such a concept internally.

Eh. I guess that's just how it goes.