

Reflections

By
Michael Whiteley

Beginnings

Turning 23

Today I turned 23. Rather. Yesterday I turned 23. And upon evaluation even that is not a true statement. Yesterday my age as far as the government and society is concerned reached the level of 23 years since the day of my birth. It's an interesting concept. Age, I mean. It's like the days between February 19th don't account for anything. A floor function for my observed and recognized age. On February 18th I really was 22 years and 364 days old. But that wasn't close enough to 23 to be 23 legally.

Twenty-three doesn't feel any different. Twenty-two didn't feel any different. Aging doesn't usually feel any different. There is no release of anxiety because now I am officially a year older. There is no meaning of life that got offered when the clock struck 12. My life then, is my life now. The days march on, one by one, and every week is spent dealing with baby steps to get to the next or planning the steps required to make it to the next month with some degree of success.

I am 23 and in 365 days. I will be 24. At a point in my life where the days march on, one by one, and every week is spent dealing with baby steps to get to the next.

At any given moment I think a person should congratulate you. Not because you aged a year, but because you made it to the next day, to the next set of baby steps that are to carry you through to the next. "Baby steps," he will say, "and from them you shall find all you need in life. Congratulations. You have made it through another day."

Setting the ball

Goals are what keep people moving. Many people without goals wander. They enter a state of wonderlust, a state that I believe to be somewhat devoid of life. Is this true? No. But it is what I believe is true for me. Most degrees of happiness are derived from the completion of something. Whether this something is finishing a game, watching a movie, graduating or satisfying the need to be with someone. It becomes the basis for happiness.

I have goals. I do. However, it is hard to decide if they are goals that are worth having or if they are real goals at all. For instance I like to play games. And whenever I complete a game I feel fulfillment. Is it because I like the game or the story that I play? Or is it merely the idea of completing something, of finishing off and completing some goal I set for myself; or do I really enjoy the act of playing games? I find it hard to tell. They technically could all be the same thing and technically are all different. Don't get me wrong. I like games. It is the underlying reason or reasons that I find elusive.

I have goals. I do. But I need to find the real goals. And once I find them I need to

place my focus in that direction and go for the goal. And at the end of the goal I can meet myself and say "Congratulations. You made it through another day."

Boiling point

These are serious times and I have serious problems. My serious problems probably aren't that important to many people. I have an anger problem. Rather I have a transition function from my heightened frustration to flaring anger. I need this transition to go away. It just takes something to frustrate me at the wrong moment and then it's like a time bomb bound to go off.

I used to believe that my anger use to set and fill a cup until it overflowed my cup, which would cause me to flip out and become over angry. Now I believe that it's not that I'm continually harboring anger. It's more that I'm continually frustrated and anger is the way I display it. This isn't a wholly new revelation to me and I don't consider this a step towards getting better. It's merely an observation of my current stagnant state.

From an outside perspective I assume it doesn't look much different either way, but it makes a big difference in intention. Being angry with a person (in my opinion) instills a sort of hatred (however mild) and being angry with them just because makes it worse. But being angry by frustration at a person just means that you're mad at the particular action and not necessarily the person (although this certainly could be the case). Again, I assume that from an outsider's perspective it doesn't look or feel any different. No steps today, just a mild observation of my standing position.

Blades of Grass

Scrambling

I feel it. My talent fading. Less that and more my creativity. Music does not flow, games do not spawn and images do not get drawn. I deem this loss of talent due to the idea that I spread myself so thin. I have not devoted any amount of time to guitar play, nor have I spent any time learning to draw art, nor have I spent time actually trying to come up with new ideas. Things do not come as easy, they must be worked on. It used to not be that way. But it is now.

I feel like I'm running around trying to take care of all my projects at once, which is true. Worse yet, is that I don't actually finish my projects.

The need to finish a project still exists. Honestly, it will always exist. It's what makes me tick. This completion feeling. A sense of accomplishment. I need it. I need to complete something.