I agonize over my future. In my five years of non-standard education, I have successfully been motivated out of my former goal of simply working for a good tech company. That well has been deliciously poisoned. Such a result seems unsatisfactory now. How can I simply work, day in and day out, when there is so much in the world to learn, read, do, innovate, see, and experience? Does not that feel as creeping slow death to a curious mind?

Is there a way to reconcile the daily day dreams of company building, idea testing, project creating and world changing with the real world as it stands? At 23, I'm certainly not old, and I have assets, most important of which is time to make mistakes. Yet I do not make these mistakes. It is a fundamental tear within me, of one side so entrenched with wanting, or at least knowing how, to achieve a conservative life: a stable job, a healthy life, financial stability and day to day happiness; and yet another yearning for tearing it all down, of slicing a new and unknown path of startups, involvement in politics, and other crazy pipe dreams, through a world which is yet unawares of what I'm pretty sure I can accomplish. I want to design my own pie recipe, execute on it myself and fucking devour the results.

I have always shied away from the role of leader, so perhaps it is of no big surprise that I find myself edging away from the responsibility of planning and executing life altering plans. However, unlike other projects, groups and teams, I can not reasonably allow any other the responsibility of determining the course of my own life, not even society as a whole, which is what happens if you simply don't think about this kind of stuff.

For now, I suppose I will continue as I have done for the recent months: focusing on self improvement. Perhaps these feelings will grow and demand more attention in the future and I will handle the ramifications of them at that distant point. I shudder the alternative, that the tepid mollifying grasp of daily routine will squelch the entrepreneurial spirit from me. What a waste that would be, I feel.

For now I run, I write, I game, I work, I sleep: I wait.

For now.