When I was a child I never wanted to go to sleep. When I was excited with living how could I even stand the thought of that ever being gone; the possibility was unimaginable. So I screamed or laughed or ran around the house, making my parents chase after me.

But little by little I grew out of it. I wonder why? Have I simply become older? Is the possibility of sleep less frightening? Or is there less to stay up for? Is it easier now because there is less that I want to stay up for? Have I seen everything you wanted to see? Experienced everything I wanted to experience? I think not.

As I write this before I go to sleep, I curse the notion of having to close the laptop, to silence the excitement of life, to have it all slip away without writing it down. Is today just like any other? Are the thoughts that I have just going to fade in the mindlessness of slumber? I think not.

If I sit awake before going to bed, and just think for a moment; allowing myself to dream before my eyes close, I find that that child is still inside of me: I just might have forgotten. I have found the best way to remember is to write myself a note, like this one, to immortalize my thoughts and that child in writing. Then I can go asleep, my daily legacy achieved. Now dreams can yield to dreams. I think not.