The Path Between

They say to pick a lane, One goal, one dream, one game. But what if I don’t want to choose? What if picking means I lose?

A kid who paints, who runs, who plays, Who builds, explores, and shifts their ways. They’re told to focus, stick to one, But what if switching makes it fun?

Some rise fast, they shine real bright, A single skill, their guiding light. Mozart’s keys, an athlete’s grind, A narrow path, a single mind.

But others roam, their interests wide, Da Vinci’s hands refused to hide. A mind that tests, that jumps between, Finds skills in places yet unseen.

A specialist hones, sharp as steel, Perfects their craft, refines their feel. But those who mix, adapt, explore, Can shift when life throws something more.

Studies say let children play, Try it all, find their way. Because a box can lock them in, But open doors help dreams begin.

One kid drills a single move, Another learns to switch and groove. And when the game begins to change, Who’s more ready to rearrange?

Not all must lock a single door, Not all success is one route more. Some who blend, who shift, who see, Find ways that specialists let be.

So let them wander, let them roam, Let them shape what they call home. Because life isn’t just one lane, It’s all the roads we learn to name.