

The year changes but life marginally does. Each year a new expectation occurs. The arbitrary milestones are hit. At 30 I'm supposed to do something different I guess. Truthfully though each year passes with less worry than the last.

If I was supposed to do something before I die each year proves this to not be the case. The grandiose goals I stacked for myself remained unmoved and yet the time still passes.

I'm not fully sure the goal on earth but all I know is somehow somehow each year I'm getting closer. My skills and love and life only improve. There are dips of failure. Sure there are blockers. But age allows you to distance yourself for these problems. To realize a solution always eventually present itself.

The temperature on the ground goes through all the seasons.