

Untitled for my friends

Everyone has one.... but not me
Where would the money come from?
I can't just quit
I'd need retraining, anyway
My parents would freak
What would the neighbors say?
I get tired just thinking about it
I feel soooo laaaazzzyyyy

I am not good looking enough
I don't have the right kind of car
... or clothes
... or friends
... or teeth
... or immune system

I will think about it next year,
... when I don't have so much stress
... when I have a better job
... when I get a supportive partner
... when I finally get the courage.

That's it!
I'm gonna... I will... I vow... nah, it's too silly!

We give it a name, but we don't know what it is
Well, we know what it is when we experience
it, but we can't describe it
Actually, we can describe it, but the words
come out so... funny

And it makes me confused and I just want to
forget it and take a nap.
Oh no! First eat a big box of doughnuts, then
play several hours of computer games,
then watch all six seasons of *The Game
of Thrones* and THEN take a nap!

But it is still there... deep inside
And it is stirring
Developing, becoming more concrete
More urgent

Sometimes it shrinks to a tight abandoned little
knot
Sometimes it swells, expanding until we can
barely hold it in

And we fight it
Tooth and nail
We starve it
Neglect it
Demoralize it
We shriek at it "You don't exist, you ugly nasty
deformed thing!"
And we ask it, "What? Are you trying to kill
me?"

But it is not trying to kill us
It is trying to make us more human
Make us more ourselves than we ever
dreamed
It is trying to save the world
It is trying to save you

We have just this one life. And when we are
dead, we will be dead for a very, very
long time.
So let's look for that... missing piece?
And do this one, wild, crazy, stupid, silly,
outrageous thing.
And when we are done, we can hang a tiny
printed sign on it that says...

"Untitled"