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This Modern Life

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For our project, group members explored the theme This Modern Life in its varied interpretations through fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. For my project, the theme This Modern Life was addressed through poetry. The piece I wrote was influenced by my own personal reflections in relation to what this current life has imprinted into me. As a theme, This Modern Life implies little, it left me open to consider contrasting and comparing with other ages, or simply to describe things as they currently are. Since I do not have first hand experience of what I would consider a past "age", I choose to write on how things are now. I took it on an individual level as I felt that the "This" in the title was accurately pointing to something specific, and since I know me best I wrote about my personal perspectives because I thought I would stay consistent with the notion of writing about what is most familiar to me is best. My goal was to inscribe perspectives onto the reader that they may not have come to yet, and show the value of the given view. I accomplished this by searching deep within myself to come up with what I felt was of a highly original quality, and still cohesive and with a strong relativity to everyone's life. The workshops with peers were something added to the result I came up with.

What's So Pivotal

There is nothing that I actually felt
Slowly walking under a uniformed black sky
Weighty raindrops pummeling the pavement
My knee high socks soaked and holding tight
My eyes holding the color of the day sky through the night
-On a barren county road
Lined with fields of corn
My bare being basks in a dark dewy draft
My mouth ajar as I let out a defeated laugh
-The pavement is warm under my socks
Soaked and assuaged with each step
An odor of mold follows my path
Not a sign of corruption or disease
It has me feeling simple and real
-Three miles from home now
A thousand more in thought
My mind is weary; as it should be
My life is fleeting, many steps behind my mind
-What more could be down this paved way of life?
It has been a fine trip and now I can consume no more
This is my body uncovered, but it's too dark to see
I am too bare, intangible, not scared, and likely not free

How You Have to Fall Uphill

Solely living for the future
Getting through the present as fast as possible
There is no time to appreciate or just be happy
-It is a contest not to be won or finished
Running with all your might with a blindfold on a treadmill
You have been running this race for some time now
One may think after realizing these things,
Or just believing the thought,
You would just yourself
Or at least do something about it... Nope
-You may have tried it but it seems a task too great
In this way you feel as a shark
Without this movement to which you have become so accustomed
You cannot breathe
-And well, you don't see sharks killing themselves too often
And those fish have been around much longer than people
So you will continue exerting this effort
Maybe someday you will even get somewhere
But where would you go when you are without a destination?
Can you even move in this case?
A question to ponder while running

A Moment's beauty

The top of this miniature mountain
It is a place thoughtlessness sustains
The light dodges and flutters through the trees
Colors of many do nothing but appease
From the race to this pinnacle I am still winded
Valuing each breath as if the air could escape me
What made me agree to this chase
It has only brought me back to this same place
Wind is driving and flowing through this all
It climbs the mountain that is ever so small

Illusions

She has had these same hazy brown eyes for thirty years now and never had they wept like this, tears for what she had lost but she is ignorant of what she has gained. Her dignity has gone absent. She is pulled from her protective routines. No longer blinded by the illusions she was so sure she needed, so sure that she never questioned them, so sure that she did not even know that there was anything to question. Now seeing without all the clutter she had forced into herself, she has gained room to breath. Maybe in this seemingly new setting she could get somewhere. But why would she move from this place that she can mold? Truly she cannot know that there is anywhere else she can go. The mess she just left a moment ago is building up again. It may be different, but nevertheless it will also restrict her, and this disorder is not one to fade away either. Cleaning it is like piecing together a puzzle. One must very consciously fit everything together to form their completion if they want to stay headed in the direction this life

meekly points them towards. Adding to its complexity, this puzzle is also ever changing. Pieces that once did fit will undo and belong somewhere absolutely new. As if that may be a manageable mission to complete, one will rarely even be fortunate to attempt to make “progress” on this vast enigma. This is because this conundrum is eternally shrouded in convincing clouds created by the one who is so desperately trying to see through them. Even an experienced eye rarely gets merely a glimpse of the unhelpful changes their hands made without true sight guiding them. And only then can that person begin to try to fix what they messed up while they were without sight before once again that clarity is lost, infrequently making, the hallowed term, “progress.” To complete this mystery, or even to finish a good portion of it, would result in something I do not know. It is rather interesting to see it may not even make for an “improved” situation. Still something so difficult to accomplish must hold some sort of prize... Realizing this, I cast off my puzzle. I cannot believe that something so stunning is still for possession, the horrendous feeling. “I WANT TO OBTAIN THE PRIZE...” such greed disgusts me now, merely something for myself. So I will no longer search to find such a meaning, this is likely the only way the prize can be obtained anyway