

Blindfold

Life is passing me by.
Or so the clock says.
Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.
Time's running out.
And I know it's right. Time is running out. Time is something I value above all, but it is only ironical how I'm the one letting it get wasted.
By putting efforts in the wrong direction. Completely.
I'm trying to swim against the current: no matter how hard I try, the only place I'd get is nowhere, all I'd get is nothing.
What actually sucks is that I can't even help it. I've been thrust into the river, and now I've got to swim. Swim or sink. Adapt or perish.
I guess that's how everything works. I guess.
I'm all for counting my blessings, looking at the bright side and all, but you can't actually do any of that blindfolded, can you?
Ah, the blindfold!
What a stupendous device! You have sight, but you can't see. It's a vortex of utter, unending confusion.
So I think.
But I want to scream. Can I?
It's a blindfold, not a gag!
Illusions have you disillusioned.
Scream, if you must. Scream, and let go!
It's not handcuffs either!
Clamber to your feet, grab the blindfold, and soak yourself in the light. Run away from it all.
But oh! The question remains.
Can I?
And the answer lies ahead.
Can and can not. Have and have not.
Where's the way out?

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