

Think of the JOY!

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Think of the potential joy
that sits stagnant for eternity,
for there is only so much living we can do.
The personality traits that sit in silence
because we did not explore the experiences
that would've shaped our clay minds.

I think of all my favorite songs
to which I will never dance in my room
or fall asleep while bathing in their melodic lullaby.
A fraction of dullness will forever linger,
left uncured
because the antidote was never heard.

I think of all my favorite books
not living on my shelf
or being scanned at the library checkout
under my name,
stories I won't get to picture in my mind
as I turn the prose blankets of wood pulp.

I think of all the dawns I will miss from heavy eyes.
I think of all the wrens whose songs won't wake me up.
I think of all the mountain peaks whose air won't cleanse my lungs.
I think of all the maple trees I'll never rest beneath.
I think of all the wishes blinded by light pollution.
I think of all the joy my idleness hinders.