LIFE CHOICES:

A Chronicle of Some Personal Decisions

Age 1: to crawl or walk?

Age 2: to poop or use a latrine?

Age 7: to go to school and study what others know, or stay home and in unforeseen ways grow?

Age 18: to study further to obtain a prestigious job or work while observing life as it throbs?

Age 20: to believe what preachers or gurus claim or to suspect that all statements about "universal truth" are lame?

Age 30:
to live alone & cherish self-sufficiency
or be with another, compromising constantly?

Age 40: to remain with the same partner, even if it feels stale

or journey alone along unfamiliar trails?

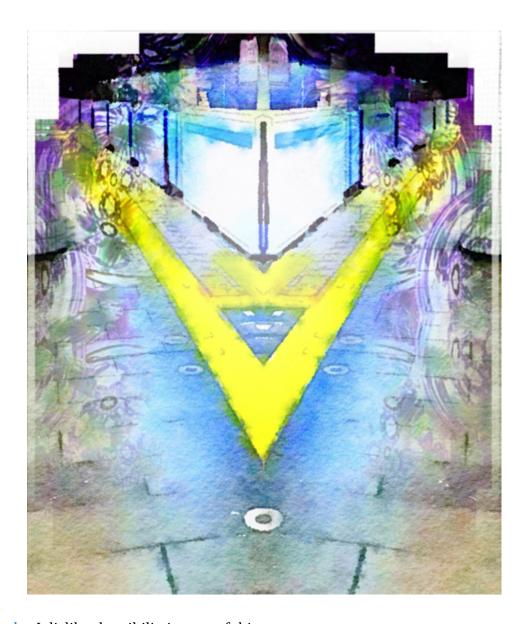
Age 55:

to try to guide others to avoiding the same mistakes as you, or recognize that nobody wants any guidance?

(Mistakes are part of learning and what humans do)

Age 65: to pretend you "really matter" and your life counts somehow, or smile at the emptiness of existence and insignificance of all that is avowed?

Age 77: to become ashes dispersed in the sea or fertilize the land that nourished thee?



Linda: I dislike the nihilistic tone of this poem.

Ron: (ignoring Linda) Well, each person has to pretend as if their life somehow matters, even though in the long run it may not.

Lis: (ignoring Ron) We should be passionate about our dreams. Those without passion are like the living dead and are capable of nothing worthwhile.

Lex: (a bit sarcastically) Well, well – aren't we listening to each other?

- T Newfields

Beg.: 2012 Tokyo 🗗 Fini.: 2018 Yokohama

