

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

