

MY THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT.

I feel homesick, but when I think on what home was like, it reminds me of sitting still for hours wishing I had a purpose or something that existed outside of my desk chair. I have that purpose here at least. I feel useful and active, helping build or move objects. No good at it though of course. I mean what would you expect, I sat in a chair for two years straight after graduating high-school. You'd think maybe I'd have developed some skills during that idle period, but in reality all I did was burn time like a cheap gasoline soaked candle.

At least with candle wax, something remains after use. You get the liquid essence of the candle once its run its course, whereas if you waste your time; you don't get shit. You don't get to see the product of that time spent like you would a candle. I didn't get that physical reminder that time had past, and the two year candle had withered away.

What I did get though, was a lingering thought about my future, which was something I claimed was irrelevant. When my father said I should come here and do something different, that thought of the futures relevancy to me snapped into place. This is the part of life called the future, the thing I've thought about since I was a child. I have finally reached the ascending rush in which most of my life will be based upon, like a foundation. If I stay here in Canada, does this rush plateau, or does it speed itself up? I could have kids and live out the rest of my life doing something somewhere for somebody, and that would be it for my rush. Done and dusted. Or it could accelerate and keep climbing, which would mean I'd spend more time developing skills and learning than I would in the bog of adulthood.

If I choose to settle into the flatlands, there would be an end to that middle median part of life everyone goes through, where nothing makes total sense but all of it happens anyway, when you meet someone and realize you aren't the protagonist, when you fill yourself with an education to the point of absolution and end up with a job in fisheries, when you become an adult and have to provide. I don't want that growth part of my life to end, I want the rush of confusion, and discovery to continue onward, past the tipping point where the black swamped plateau stretches out like an old and tired cat, forward into that climbing slope of learning and realization, all the way to the inevitable coup de grâce, or the slow way down to a monitored bed squared off by beeping machines.

Because shit, wouldn't it be nice if the last thing that happened to you before the long dark was learning about something fantastic, or interesting? Or even being able to tell the people around you something of the same caliber before biting the bullet? Wouldn't that be better than hitting the end of the proverbial 'highway to hell' that the plateau offers you? Wouldn't that be the most drastic, if not downright heroic change to death bed speeches? Kurt Vonnegut said 'so it goes', and much to nobody's surprise, it does. Your friend dies then the next day you pay your taxes and ride your bike to work. Surely death would be more interesting and exciting if you involved a bit of pop quiz?

Anyway, maybe I'll stay in Canada and let the above happen to me in whatever way it chooses. If I stay it means growing up, and if I come home it means the same, because this is the part of life that takes me somewhere outside of the plateau, because I'm sure in this bullet of a time span, my life will be different.