

THE JOURNEY

The sand stung my heels

The sun burned my eyes

I sauntered along

Curiosity ill-disguised

All at once

the water swelled

A man formed from foam

He started to tell

"I am the control

As I see fit

I'll grant you a wish.

I see you deserve it."

"Grant me insight!"

I cried,

"So I may decipher the world!"

"Unneeded." He said.

"You already have the insight

to ask for insight."

"Grant me wisdom!"

I roared,

"So I can stop the wars!"

"Not necessary," he croaked.

"The wisdom
to ask for wisdom."

"Grant me Kindness!"

I bellowed,
"So that I can be good."

"A waste of time!" He retorted.

"You have the kindness
to want kindness.

"If you shant decide, I must leave.
You must think, what is your dream?"

My cheeks were moist; a trail of tears.
My head was filled with shadows of fears.

"Grant me freedom!"

I sobbed,
"So I may live life!"

The Control stared at me, and I back at him
His eyes full of pity; his expression quite grim.

"Your last chance
failed as well.

The freedom to fight for freedom will prevail."

With that, the ocean fell, the power was gone,

But for my gift, I received a song.

It stopped my spiral into despair

to fight, to suffer, that gets you halfway there.