

Searching
Emily Curtis

searching for purpose in cobwebby corners
 seeking validation from slippery-fish pursuits
 yearning to gain
 aching for more
 in the same old place

just a second of glory
than another day

of indecision...

where does this winding road go?
 curiosity ignites excitement
 excitement inspires hope...

I would run down this road
 if I knew where it led.

but I don't.
and I don't

want to plunge into the future
 if I'm not sure what it holds.

headlong

small steps of carefulness
 stand here at the side of the road
 slow

tiptoes of precaution...

steady

unsure

lest it drop off into an abyss
 because I'll never dare venture that far

I'll never know how it ends

at the end.

lest it ends up

bad

or worse than I thought.

there are too many forks in the path.
 and sometimes

I want to take them all.

but if I choose one

I feel I'll be stuck.

stuck means stuck
 you-get-what-you-get

I can't stand being stuck.
means out of luck
and-you-don't-throw-a-fit
yuck.

means whoops-oh-well
and-now-you're-stuck.

I want to wander down
 each turn in the trail
 and see what it holds
 and see whether or not
 it's the road for me.

but I don't have the time.

nor the energy.

and yet how am I to pick a path if I don't know what it holds or where it leads?
 how do I know I'll be pleased?

do I just take a gamble?
 just learn to adapt to whatever sort of environment I find myself in?
 whether or not it's the one I wanted?

to an extent-- yes. but to an extent-- no.

I want to choose the right path. / I want to be on the right road. / I want to walk the right trail /
 and shoulder my load / with hope and gusto. / I want to know where to go / and know where I'm
 going / and smile at the prospect / of the journey / and the destination.

but for now – I'm simply searching.