

Dot, Dot, Dot

Ben Kronengold

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It must be human nature
Because in all it is akin
Everyone is searching
To define what is within

A mission meant to sum up
The traits within our lives
To wrap us up in boxes
With ribbon and with stripes

To predict what we'll do next
Based on things that we can trace
A desperate strive to label
Our behavior and our place

We question our existence
And never seem to dwell
We search for unique purpose
And ways to escape hell

Attempts to spell out who we are
In a double spaced essay
Or etched on stone within the ground
Or on a one page résumé

This goal is just a mindless game
Of hide and seek with ghosts
You cannot define something
That changes and that grows

We're complex and inscrutable
Our roads, they all diverge
New knowledge and new people too
Make yet new roads emerge

Changes surface day and night
Though body still remains
Our lives will bend, rotate, and turn
Through our triumphs and pains

Instances, they prove this point
For warrants argue well
I'll write of ways that I can change
Beneath my outside shell

I greet my mom with baggy eyes
As I awake from dreams
Now I'm a kid, nurtured and loved
With excess self esteem

Next my dad, I say hello
On a speedy drive to school
Now I'm a son, a younger "him"
Who tells him he's not cool

I enter doors and join the herd
Of the future's brightest fleet
Now I'm a student, stressed and learned
Who'll trip on his own feet

I leave a room where desks surround
Philosophy and laughter
Now I have learned new truths and facts
That I'll use in life hereafter

I read a story in the news
About a heated debate
Now I have a view on what's right and wrong
A new belief on my life's growing plate

"Self" is not a single form
It sounds offbeat and odd
We don't turn into different people
We wear different façades

We cannot be defined as one
We're complex like a knot
So when we choose what's etched in stone
Just choose "dot, dot, dot"

