

The Line

We've all dreamt about it,
Danced around it,
Even paid a fortune for it.
In the hopes of one day
Reaching out and grabbing it.
We've sensed its aura,
Admired it on other people,
And even grew up around it.
Yet the thing itself we do not have.
It will take years, they say.

Four years

Three years

Two years

One more.

Then, you may have it.

The intangibles are the sweetest things. A mirage in the distance,

That sharpens when someone says "ok, you've waited long enough."

It gives validation, a sense of accomplishment.

But the glory is not why we wait.

Arguably, we do not wait at all.

We do not turn our heads to the possibility Of adding one or two more years.

Because we know how much we live While we "wait" our turn.

