The Map

Parquet Courts

You'll be uncomfortable 40 percent of the time
When you open the gates of adulthood
A fair warning, dare I question its accuracy?
But still, there was much I wasn't told
And much that wasn't explained
I decided to venture out seeking answers
I went to a professional
"Can you pinpoint the origin of my anxiety?"
The doctor pulled out a map
I studied it, and there I saw:
Envy, bitterness, love, nostalgia, confusion, guilt, and desire
All illuminated like neon on the perimeters of a bustling thoroughfare
Soliciting my neurons for their patronage
Buzzing and pregnant with emotional potential
Ships docking harbors like thoughts approaching the threshold of perception
Towns of rapid traffic synapse intersections
Forests of dense cranial arbors
I continued studying the map"It's here"
The doctor pointed to an empty patch
There was one road leading out to an empty patch
It didn't dead end but just sort of disappeared in isolation
"Right here?"
I surveyed the space with my finger
The doctor nodded gravely
"I'll leave you with the map for a moment," he said
Then gathered his instruments and neatly exited the roomI traced the path of the disappearing road until it was no longer a road
Tapping with my finger on what I decided was the threshold of the road's existence
I stated, "It is here where I will retire"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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