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Tea Party

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People, like myself, and maybe you, I don't know, they realize you just have to keep going through society until you've found yourself at the outskirts, the place where you could be whatever you wanted, and not have a worry. Yeah, I spent a lot of my life waiting around angry, because I would rather be in my room listening to The Velvet Underground, or even some funky rap, anything but having to vaguely listen to someone's remark about the news, or their accomplishments. But I learned - I'm still learning, that I don't have to just settle and conform, I can go beyond what I'm taught, or what I have to observe every single day. It saddens me that not a lot of people see the other side of this man-made wall; I wonder how it'd be if they saw all the other colors I see that aren't on the color spectrum, how I've learned to think with rationality, but just as well without it. I'm already happy, but I still wander because I like it. Open

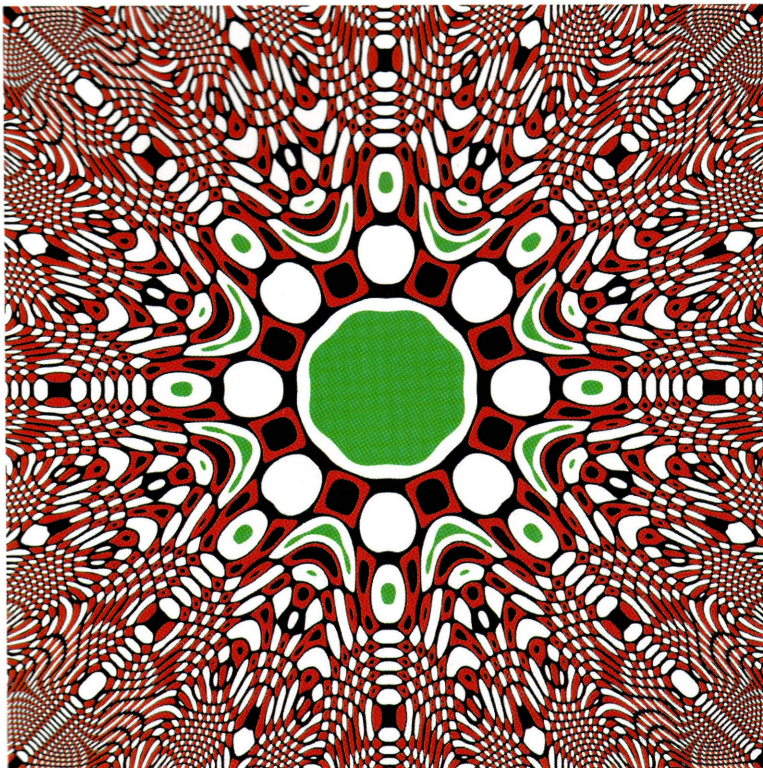
your eyes, don't make sense sometimes. It's alright I promise. Dance with no music, fall in love twice, and definitely don't think too hard.

You've figured out already that I'm not the most structured being, and a lot of people don't like that. They ask, "What are you doing with you life?" or my favorite, "You can't just hope everything will work itself out, you have to do it yourself." Sure, I've reconsidered some things, but for the most part I fall right back to my beginning philosophy. I don't need to get to any finish line I just need to keep going, happily, and pick some people up on the way. This place we've built is so disgusting, and I could go on and on about how much I hate a lot of things. I did that, for years. Until I noticed it's a whole lot easier to just see the things that please my eyes, to listen to the leaves blowing in the wind rather than the cars on the road. I'd be blind if I looked at everything that was

before me, and deaf if I let my ears listen to everything I was told.

I'm a young kid, naïve? Probably. But, I've learned a lot from the short time I've been here, useless and useful. Being inside the head I'm constantly in, I could be one screwed up kid. But, I've taught myself otherwise. After I have endured this much, I can see that my existence is worth something. Just a single short writing has managed to mentor me all while my head still spins. I'm the pink leaf in this asylum of reality.

I'm happier outside.



TEA PARTY Christopher Arthur