

MY JOURNAL

Us

March 5, 2020

Umm..... can I talk about us..... no, us humans? Ok then, I guess that it's alright. It's now raining outside, but it's nice though.... We need water.... u know. We are born into this world and we all look so innocent. No sense of wrong nor right. Innocent... innocent. We cry, crawl and laugh as a baby. Then we want to touch everything and want to put everything in our mouths. We never want to hear the word no whenever there's something that we want... which is everything. A little older we become... now in Elementary school. U now have a little more wiggle room and freedom away from your parent or siblings. U have lunch with your little friend or friends. Now, in fifth or six grade U begin to think that this specific person is cute or pretty. To embarrassed to tell your mom or dad, or maybe both. We move on.... older now... high school. We are now starting to become who we probably will later be. We lie, cheat, steal, smoke, love, hate and help. To boys the girls are so fine and to girls the boys are cute. Sometimes we lay, and at times we play. No patience for our parents because they are so old fashion. Then telling them that you're going over here, yet U go over there. Then lie about a made up outcome or false truth. But they didn't know right.... because they're old fashion. Life is good.... no bills to pay nor any worries.... at least not for now. U iron your clothes Sunday's thru Thursday so that U will look like you're somebody while in school. Or U fix your hair to perfection. Family re-unions, high school football and basketball games also came and went.... as well as birthdays and high school dances. We graduate after having had proms. We move on.... and so does time. We notice that our parents hairs upon their heads are now turning white. The Spring colors upon the trees and flowers are so beautiful. U never really paid attention to the scenery before... but the lyrics to certain songs U always did. Different paths are taken and different roads are travelled. College, Military, a job, selling drugs or just hanging on a street corner.... some are even killed. Babies are born; many graduate from college; some re-enlist back into the Military... some don't; some take up a job in another State; some get married, and some go off to prison. The sun continues to rise in the east and set in the west. Dogs U like but cats U hate. U then get married either to your high school or college sweet heart, or either to that special someone who U love, or, maybe U don't.... at least not yet. We work and pay bills just like our parents did. Sometimes we run into old friends or high school class mates. Some go to high school re-unions some don't. Our parents are now much older.... well... old. They used to move around and remember things much quicker than they now do. We now take our kids over to our parents homes to now see our parents as our parents once did with us... yes, history repeating itself. Your child or children want a dog... U get one. Then they want this and that... U buy it. They act as if money just grows on trees... for them, it does. The sun is shining and it's nice outside... You're tired of hearing the dog bark... Your husband or wife or girlfriend or boyfriend is also getting on your last nerve... Church is Sunday, and again U'll be there. One of your children- now in high school ask U if they could go here.... U then say yes... even though U know that they're really going there. History's repeating itself right. Where did these lines in your face now come from... a few years ago they weren't there.... nor were both your parents deceased neither... Your children are now off on their own.... you're set in your ways. It's winter and U hate the cold weather.... Your hair, and your husband or wife or boyfriend or girlfriend is now also white. Once in awhile U see your children and grandchildren. Family reunions have come and gone.... so has time. The colors of the trees and the flowers still are so beautiful during Spring. Sexual desire has stopped knocking on your door. U used to move and think fast, but now both are slow. You're also always aching and cold now too. U hear a dog barking and U wish that he would just shut up. Eventually he does. A storm is moving in, and it's now dark and windy.... it's nasty but nice..... We all fly away, one by one, day by day..... and time.... time moves on.