

My life is a Trainwreck with me as the conductor hurtling towards the bridge that was taken out before my wheels ever laid themselves upon the tracks...

Unsure of how to operate I push every button and pull every knob HOPING... For something. Anything. Different, new, maybe the spark of the breaks or the mystery of an imaginary flight... Yet the buttons press, and the knobs return to rest and yet,

Still I rush towards the Trainwreck written for me before my time and already forgotten Like a dime laid flat I will be overtaken on my OWN track no longer the conductor now a passenger unwilling and unable to stand up and take hold of the reins FIRMLY GRASP the chains weighing down your fragile mind and flimsy ego LET THEM HOLD YOU! Why even fight? These tracks are your own... Why run from home? Why try to escape what you HAVE ALWAYS MEANT TO BE

But, that's the question... Fate you see. Fate is this impossible task presented without declaration or divination DESTINED to be followed without hesitation but here fate lies invisible and concrete; diversion from this path leads to defeat...

But why? Who's decision is fate to decide? Do we possess the power to change what is written or might we perish like so many before without a whisper?

But no, the whistle continues to blow the train barreling towards me, the conductor, the path laid and the damsel in distress tied to the tracks myself all the same....

Can trains fly? Can they lift themselves off of the finely ground path and fly free of the impending disaster? Can fire and steel, coal and smoke, defy all logic and reason and situation and upbringing and past traumas and anxieties and depressions and suicidal thoughts that persist still....

And be ok?

Not to crash and burn but to pave a new direction free from those pesky details like reality and gravity, and simply do the impossible? The improbable? The "fated" to happen?

What then are we to say of the passengers? Those facets of myself all unique all necessary all....

Me...

On this new path, will they bring about the same resilience and strength as before or falter upon facing something new, something unknown, something BETTER for all i know.... Will they be there for me as they once were? Maybe stronger? More educated? More.... Me?