

A Voyage Through Shadows:

07/21/24

By: Cameron

To my family—thank you for seeing me through the hardest of journeys.

It was my naive understanding that true adventures,
The ones worthy of my time and recognition,
We're not dissimilar to those depicted in our favorite films and bedtime stories,
Filled with hope and endless glories,

A protagonist on their way to save the day,
Driven by the power of friendship or some other cliché,
The exploit fitting neatly into a one hour or one-hundred page window,

But reality always has a way of rearing its misshapen face,
And we must all become aware of its jarring truths,

We must all realize that our world is insistent on pessimism,
That such ventures cannot be in pursuit of life in which evil is destitute,

We must all realize that we are sometimes the antagonists of our own stories.

There is a monster under the bed.
You have summoned it,
And so you shall be responsible for its disposal.

Down the solitary path you'll creep,
Innocent and exposed,

A lone sheep.

Keep an eye on the sharp turns in that narrow path,
You'd hate to go the wrong way and feel a relapse's wrath,

For when the relapse arrives,
So too shall the monster from its murky hiding place,
Inching behind you at a painful pace,

And as it finally pounces,
Shove, and shove it back down,
Until you can be sure it's submerged far underground,

And while you shove, and shove,
Admire the grotesque creature's maleficent vehemence,
And remember that your loved ones are watching you,
Because, as it turns out,
They're culpable too.

It seems a journey back to health is not filled with such glories,
As the glories one find in the bedtime stories,

But fair is foul and foul is fair,
So the more difficult adventures may not be without an encouraging air,

It was my naive understanding that true adventures,
Were only optimistic,
Complete with a magical arc,

But now I realize,
Adventures truly worth venturing,
Are ventured in the dark.