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Untitled

Kaytey Korwitts
College of DuPage

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It's the confusion that makes me laugh sometimes,
like I'm the only one who doesn't understand what's
going on.

I'm not sure where I'm supposed to be now, or tomorrow,
or even next week.

I know, I know, it's all fate, or is it destiny?

I'm sure I'm not the only one, though.

We sometimes are all confused, not necessarily at the
same time.

I'm sure there is an instance in time where we all wear a
black shroud

over our faces, where we're blind for days upon days.

A place in time when we are weak, meek particles in
some kind

of form or another.

It happens to the best of us at a point,

where we wander without road maps,

and we are lost in all the wrong directions.

I've traveled for days and have been lost for years, so it
seems.

It's all sort of humorous if you think about it.

Lost, without a clue: Next stop for help, 35 years down
the road.

Well, maybe not that long, but it sure seems that way.

Life is just one separate journey after another,
one foot in front of the other.

Give me another 21 years,

and maybe I'll figure out where to go.

Another 21 years,

and I'll probably die laughing.

"Just a joke"

-Brian Waddington



Katey Korwitts

"Death destroys a man: the idea of Death
saves him."

-E.M. Forster