

The Great Exodus

Stray from the Path

Nowadays, we wear a lot of badges; badges that can mean a host of things, but most often nothing much at all. Substance: A dusty, time-worn, outdated (and at this point nearly incomprehensible) token of the past; that quaint, primitive time of simplicity. But in our time, this time of 'wondrous evolution,' we've become wallets with appendages, you and I, feeling our chests pound louder as we accelerate in the hamster wheel. Oh, the vast potentialities we've exchanged for these empty, ever so empty badges. And it pains me to think that they could have led us somewhere better. Careful, diversions are running rampant, the psyche bombarded with trivia and trickery; the latter deceptive, but envied the former useless, but "noncombustible." Yet we've found a palatable comfort in these alcohols and toxins, the objects of our affection and ruthless consumers of our leisure time. We are caught in the eternal chase for the elusive patinas of life; we fear satisfaction (after all, it is an end) and are fixated on the upgrade. Addicted to the class of which we've never been...disgusted with the notion of receding.

And they will tell us we're individuals
There's a great selection in their market scene.
But the truth is, we're very much alike,
And we've sold ourselves for their dream
(we're not moving)

A carrot dangles strategically from a string, protruding from the TV screen and we run faster in the wheel toward it. Enticing, isn't it? We are enlivened with the thought of moving closer; nauseous with the thought of falling behind. However, in this transportation, we never actually move at all. Waiting. I am eternally waiting for us to move not closer; not further, but off of the wheel: our great exodus.