

One Star

We sit and look at the stars.
I ponder their birth and question the purpose.
Do I question my own in the process?
My demand of life in this society as I tick through it.
A shooting star races across the sky.
Where is it going in such a hurry?
Brush the fly from my face.
Realizing I should ask myself that question.
I don't go as fast as that star but I have a destination.
Or do I?
How few of us have a schedule, or a plan, or even a goal.
And fewer yet have it written down I'll bet.
I have a plan in my head.
And when something doesn't pan out I'll compromise.
Losing track of the goal I had set and the road to get there no doubt.
Ultimately changing my destination or even the goal itself.
I think that in the end I'll have accomplished what I had set out to do though.
Have I missed something?
I don't remember.
It seems good so far.
Without my goal in front of me how could I know?
I got a good handle on things I think.
The Big Dipper looks huge up there doesn't it?
I don't have light-years between my high points in life.
But I don't have to impress everyone.
And I can't be that whole sky full of stars up there.
Am I enough to impress those that count?
I could possibly do more if I had a system to go off of.
From what I've heard there's no manual for living.
But that doesn't stop me from creating one for myself.
And who knows, someone could get something out of it too.
That would impress those that counted.
Also, maybe a few that I don't know or will ever meet.
It's still not everyone but it adds something to the end result.
I pick up my son and hold his young precious life close to me.
Come on son, Daddy needs to make a list.
A shooting star races across the sky.

Jason Seelmann
February 22, 2000

I'm only one star.
But I can chose which one I want to be.