

## Major

Four years ahead, I must pick a key  
And weld it with study and books and grades  
Thankful for choice, yet plagued with worry  
Dreaming of a deathbed with no regret  
Every breath brimming with purpose  
Yet my lungs contract at a crossroads  
I look into peepholes, visualize shapes  
A major choice, decide your path

This door opens to a hallway that is white  
The same shade as my young whispering bones  
Loudly pale, like the many paper planes  
Who fly from fresh air in my soft palms  
Whose passengers hold stories, songs, plays  
Magically, I trade spells for coins

This door opens to a hallway that is red  
The color of scorching embers below my feet  
Scarring their soles as emblems of resistance  
Where bone-dry forests go up in smoke  
Whose victims' burnt skin receive ailments  
Valiantly, I trade mine for theirs

This hallway invites me to keep strolling through  
Where fame and failure do somersaults in fields  
Wind ruffles furry cattails with open ears  
Listening to my liquid voice with open minds  
They purr as my words float casually  
Perhaps they will make a wind of their own

This hallway invites me to keep charging through  
Where justice and hate are racing on hot tracks  
Clocks tick with adrenaline, second hand stares  
asking "Can't you see?" "Can't you tell?" "What will you do?"  
And I can, so I chase the smoking train  
Perhaps I will reach it, at least I will try

The doors are locked, and I must pick a key  
Exploring one means the other stays shut  
To profit off imagination  
or spend time buying peace for others  
Is it braver to defeat evil or to inspire good  
Does art win battles that logic cannot  
To reminisce the days I toddled in grass  
Thoughtlessly allowing my body to roam