

## Happiness Knows No Number

Out into the bright lights of life from birth,  
So many decisions take you by storm.  
Who will you be in time?  
Someone remembered by a dimmed voice of uncertainty,  
or a person of passionate animosity.

It is those we look to to provide an example that leads our restless hearts,  
That binds our soul and hearts together in the moment.  
I am 20, not too old and not too young,  
But seemingly older in my mind.

Lost in the dampness of a number,  
And yet eager to reach fulfillment in successes.  
In love. In learning.

Can we judge our lives by that of a number?; the years we have walked the hollow halls  
of a beating world,  
Or look to the knowledge that makes us whole and brings us comfort at any age.

The laugh lines on my mother's face and the grey hairs of my father that I caused as a  
teenager.  
My grandmother's happy spirit which fills the room and instantly drives away the  
chronological prison.

I know now that age is a feeling; like love, like anger.  
You feel it come and go as the clock breaks down your body,  
Leaving only the memories, the feelings and the person you have become;  
The aging self knows fulfillment through the enthusiasm in which it still lingers.