



What am I going to do with my one wild and precious life?

In the future

I'm going to fly with the eagles

Through the stars in the sky

Through the weaving of many threads together creating a

tapestry

I've created a picture in my head of how it's supposed to be,

And when I try

Things get lost

Then I get lost

In the future

I will change the world

and how life is

I will change how I think and how

others think of me



I've thought much of the future but not of how to obtain it

There are so many beautiful **masterpieces** waiting to be painted

And the brush is calling my name,

But I hesitate to make the first stroke, how do I **start**?

I've been running for so long I've forgotten how to stop and begin once again

I want to see the world and to know where I stand in it

I want to revive my faded dreams of falling down the rabbit hole

I imagine life with many **wondrous** possibilities,

Then I lapse into romantic reveries, of lofty adventures and love stories.

Perhaps it's a dream of stolen wishes, gleaned from books of fantasy that I wish for

or perhaps I'm just waiting for the right moment to shine



I've read of adventures far and wide

Of **heroes** and thieves of an extravagant kind

I've read of a world where heroes were thieves,

And villains were sheriffs on golden **steeds**.

I want to watch the days go by as I grow old

You only have one life and mine will be my best

I want to be **free**

But for now I will be me

And that is what I will do with my one wild and precious **life**.