

THIRTY SOMETHING

by: Savio Wong

It was like yesterday when I said good-bye to college.
The time of carefree foolishness, of egocentric development, of radical idealism.
It was so easy to be poor, to be liberated, to be strong, to be fair, and to be right.
I had friends, I had ideas, I had visions, I had dreams, I had energy.
Watch out world, because I was ready, and because I was eager.

It was like centuries ago when we gathered in the dormitory room.
We argued and we shouted into the heart of the night.
Was it unity or was it diversity? Was it tradition or was it modernity?
Was it progress or was it exploitation? Was it temporal or was it eternal?
Afterward, we put our bodies to sleep but we were up and ready in two hours.

Now I am an adult with duties and responsibilities.
There is no time for craziness, self-absorption and radicalism.
I am not destitute, not free, not brave, not unbiased, and not certain.
Though I meet new friends, it takes much effort just to begin.
The momentum of ordinary life takes me from day to day.

The moon shines through my window in the middle of the night.
I argue with myself the meaning of life, of tolerance, of acceptance, of belonging.
The questions have become so clear, yet the answers seem unattainable.
I pray for understanding and I pray for courage.
Rest, I need my rest, my body says.

I look back gleefully to that simpler time - so much folly yet so much joy.
But what is learned cannot be un-learned, done cannot be undone.
Knowing is not as important as living and doing is not as important as being.
It is the wisdom gained through the years that allows me to waltz the dance of life.
I can face life -- or the thirties -- for I know I have done my best.