

What is it to be a human being?  
Striving for a perfection we'll never meet?  
Apologizing for erring while inhabiting this humanity?  
Posturing ourselves as if we can truly plan anything  
All the while knowing this life is rife with uncertainty  
Caught so deeply in our human machinations  
Too fearful to make reality out of our imaginations  
Is it when we've woven illustrious illustrations in our mind  
Of another time  
That we've met our former or future self?  
Are we truly obliged to align with this broken interpretation of wealth?  
Should I just stop asking questions to protect my mental health?  
Or is inquisition what truly makes us  
  
Human?