

## **Grey Skies**

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Enclosed in the chambers of my child-like mind is a world. The world in which I dwell is different from the realm within my mind. Its contents consist of an immature scheme in simplistic black and white. Dilemmas do not appear here, and I live with no obligations. The motherland is no concern of mine, whether it's buried in waste or leveled to nothingness. If the air which I breathe is polluted, I do not notice, nor do I care. The world's problems are not mine; I am but a simple child who sees with self-imposed blinders around my eyes. The world in which I live is calm and simple, black and white.

As time progresses and years pass, my maturity develops into the realization that life is no longer a simple child-like world. I now have responsibilities. The pure conclusion is now enveloped in an amoeboid cloud of grey.