

# Chapter 2

## Good

Written by Siduri Poli based on Ninsun Poli's interpretation of her own music.

## Chapter 2: Good

Sitting by the doorstep, life is dark. This is it. This is the moment that I give up. I get up, turn off the music, turn on the computer and write a resume.

I will give up the music, I will turn it off. My passion, my drive, my love - all off. Everything I fought for - off. My hands are shaking. I feel angry. Angry that I haven't gotten to where I want to be. Angry that everyone was right. Angry at this curse that is blocking the way and preventing me from living a normal life, a serene life, a life just like everybody else.

Sitting by the doorstep, life is dark. Many times I gazed upon the dry yellow landscape that is my lawn and fantasized about how my life would be when I grew up. Memories, dreams, and ambitions - off.

I decide to get up to turn off the music. But it doesn't seem to work. I cannot get up. Something is pulling me down on the doorstep. I try to pull up my legs but my feet are stuck on the ground, they have turned to lead. My upper body shrinks and melts until it becomes one with the wood I sit on. The doorstep folds itself around me, bonds me with itself and builds walls around me. Walls so tight that the world goes black before my eyes. I try to scream, someone has to hear me. But my voice has turned - off. I cannot fight my way out, I cannot become free, I cannot breathe. Everything that I am and have been - off. My identity - off.

Life - off.

Rest your head, your troubled mind. The rain starts pouring over the earth. Or is it my tears that are heavily and uncontrollably watering everything around me. The grass regains its green color and nature loosens its grip on me. I cannot give up, not even if I wanted to. I have no other options. Either I live with it or I am no more. And everything will be just fine. A curse, yes. But also a relief and my ultimate liberation. With no alternatives left to me, there is only one way to go. And I will embrace it. I will embrace the fact that having no options leaves me with the best option.

It ain't easy but it's good. And in the end it will be worth it. Everything will be worth it. To live a life in the hands of chance is worth it. To be at the top of the hill one day and to be at the bottom of it the next is worth it. Nothing in life is certain anyway and time progresses regardless of how I spend it. So why worry about where life will take me? More importantly, why worry about where life will not take me?

Life is actually pretty good. I'm pretty good.

Sitting by the doorstep, life is bright. I wipe away the tears that have soaked me, wipe my nose on my t-shirt, and take a deep breath. I am brought back to my place in the world, the place where I continue to be me and continue doing what I have always aimed to do.

Get up, turn on the music, turn off the computer and return to life.