

The pigeons

Business



Sometimes I feel different. Watching them flock beside me, the carefree pigeons, unburdened by the troubles of the world, I feel out of place. They squawk to each other, but out of their mouths come empty sounds, for they have no meaningful words to share with one another.

They are, in essence, identical, with cold souls and perpetually shut off minds. And I am not. I care. I read the news and carry the weight of global tragedies upon my shoulders. But in conversation, I can not reference it, for their ignorance forces them to look away from the real world and towards their own bubble of kisses, boys, and cherry-flavored lip gloss. Information flashes in the corners of their eyes, but the pigeons have tunnel vision.

They lack perspective, perspective which floods my mind until I scream into the unforgiving winds. And yet, there is still no-one to listen. The pigeons don't understand. But I used to worry about what they didn't understand. I wanted them to get it, to get me, but then I realized, why do I care? If I have so little interest in these people that I refer to them as simple-minded pigeons, why should I make an effort to prove myself to them.

They are superficial, they are flat pancakes, and I am a layered onion. And that is why I no longer care. Let the pigeons think what they think. Let them see me as the odd man out because I'd rather talk about gun reform than the newest lipstick. And I truthfully do not care. My eyes are open, I am absorbing the world beyond the confines of my highschool, and I am happy.

I learn something new every day, I grow stronger, I grow smarter. What are the pigeons up to? I do not know, I do not ask, and quite frankly, I do not care, but I do not hate them. We are cordial to one another, we speak about

the few subjects on our individual radars that intersect, and we are all content with this limited interaction. They are happy with their bubble, and I am glad that they are happy, for I too am happy as I paint with the colors of the wind and expand my horizons beyond my comfort zone. I used to worry, I used to care, but I have mastered the art of being truly indifferent. The pigeons and I exist on different planes, and I have molded my plane into the land of my dreams.

Occasionally, I fail, and I think about the pigeons, I wonder what their lives are like. But that is ok, I am only human, and my metamorphosis into a functioning member of society is still a work in progress. I am learning to not resent the pigeons, to leave behind my envy, and I have moved into a place where I appreciate them, for they were what pushed me out of my comfort zone and into the intriguing world waiting for me to make my mark. So, if any pigeons are reading this, thank you, I wish you the best, and if your bubble ever does pop, come find me, and we can explore this majestic world together. Until then, I'll be living my best life, doing what I love without being haunted by social norms and hungry pigeons.