

Future

by Johnny Dantonio

As much as I plan to be in New York in a few months, there's a sliver of my wonder that visualizes a place quite contrast — a mountain house, a neighbor at the end of eyesight in a shrunken cottage. There's a Saatchi & Saatchi near the Italian, French, and Swiss border, where the Alps ignore all territory — what if I went there? I don't know any of the aforementioned languages, nor have I ever been to Italy or Switzerland, but the place I picture is one that needs my occupancy, my daydreaming, my therapy. Or perhaps, just the opposite; my writing, my imagination, my introspection could use such a place. Regardless, the older we get, the quicker we seem to pop bubbles; "I could never go there, I don't have the money," "I'd get lonely," "It'd be too hard to move there now," etc.

Effortlessly, the spikes of fear destroy our grails.

And growing up, all we wanted to be was unafraid.

