

On A Highway Somewhere

by Johnny Dantonio

When I think about love, I actually think about life. And when I think about that, I wonder if we're really who we used to be.

On a bus for DC, I take up two seats; my legs half bent in the aisle chair, my back postured against a squeaking, rattling window. The former will ache after too long, locking and cramping as if they never could elevate or sprint. Just the same, the straightened stature will have its toll. It carries more weight than ever before.

If we are, in fact, ever-budding, perhaps that's all we become — heavier. We pile on months, years; maturity, experiences, failures. Beneath the pile of pounds are our skinny, suffocated selves, naive and agile, athletic and unaware; extinguished. I can recall them, though: adolescent years of adamancy, college tones of debauchery. Surely some convictions and conversations still wander down familiar paths, but it seems as though I've done my best to maim myself, growing more complete after each destruction.

So I ask myself, will I ever be this me again? If those others are buried or burned, won't the now be just as demolished? Hypothesizing is simultaneously exciting and excruciating in life, and therefore in love. But on a highway somewhere in Delaware, I suppose I am realizing that answering the initial question is irrelevant. I assert that this is our entire life's work: self-awareness. The frequent investigation of consciousness can only outcome to a fuller understanding of self, and a better comprehension of being can only prepare us to recognize love easier.

Those who deliver unaddressed self-perspective are worth holding onto.

