

Writing the Stars

Campbell Wood

I can't seem to find who I'm meant to be.
Lots of roles in this world
But which one's for me?

I won't end world hunger,
Won't touch down on Mars,
I can't initiate world peace,
Or build flying cars.
Creating a fuel that is green—
Not me,
I won't try to establish a new sovereignty.
I'm not the one to end poverty,
Crime, abuse, greed,
Be the vigilante they need.
I lack all the answers
On how to cure cancer,
Don't understand this pandemic—
What it means,
Why we're in it.

And as my high school years dwindle down,
These thoughts they circle,
In them, I drown.
What's my purpose?
Will I make life worth it?
I've got ambition,
But do I lack ammunition
To take on these goals,
To change the world?

The thought of what's next
Brings me anxiety.
But the world is subjective
To one's perspective
And that's where I'll be.

I'll find those changing the lives,
The lives of many or just one—
Someone's world nonetheless.
Seeing the impact they make,
To pen and paper I take.

I might not leave college
With Dr. before my name,
Or conquer wall street
In some game-changing way,
But I'll tell their stories—
Big and small—
The ones about people
Painting murals on the walls.
My name won't be written in the stars,
But I'll do the writing,
Telling the world-changers' stories,
Playing my part.