

How We Move

By Serena McHugh

If I may speak freely, I think that maybe the one thing we, as people, forget about the most is that the world is constantly turning. Always moving, always spinning, making the same quick circles every day. It never stops moving, and sure, maybe that's simple, second grade science, or whatever.

But regardless, there's something beautiful about what it creates. How it always brings us to the light of day, the quiet of night. How it holds onto us and carries us with it every step of the way but it can't seem to have the same grasp on wind. On water.

Sometimes I envy the freedom they have, but then I remember that being grounded is probably the best gift that I possess. At least, it is right now.

But there's something not fair about it. See, even as the earth takes us with it on its never-ending trek, we have the luxury of stopping. Of looking back. We don't always move forward on our own, and maybe it's strange but when I think about it for too long some nights, I start to feel guilty. As if someone has provided me with this wonderful gift of beauty and of moving forward, moving on, growing up, and I have nothing in my hands to pay them back with. And I'm here. I'm grounded. I'm unmoving.

The world, through. It never stops. It never looks back. It keeps moving forward, keeps rotating on the same path over and over like it's trying to correct itself each time. Like each spin is an upwards trend of a percentage whose acceleration is gradually decreasing. Getting better, little by little, because the more it corrects, the less correction it needs. And the thing is, it will never be perfect, because even as the amount of corrections it needs to make divides itself up again and again, it will never reach zero.

This is how we are, isn't it? Always making corrections about ourselves. Always doubting. Always regretting. The difference? The earth moves forward. We look back. We've all become so consumed with our past, with what we've done, with our past decisions and embarrassment and fear. We've even become over-obsessed with our present. What we're doing, what we look like, the way we speak or walk. We're not even worried about the important things. Like how we're going to get where we want to go.

This is what's become of us all. Wandering blindly through life with our arms held out in front of us, ready to deflect any sort of challenge that comes our way, any sort of threat the future might hold. Why are we so afraid of what's to come? We're so terrified of the possibility of something being taken from us that we never set up anything to gamble with. There are so many people that miss out the chance to step up and make a difference because they're too afraid of the consequences, so they never end up finding out that the world is made up of wonder. Of courage. They never risk reaching out to

follow the trail of smoke to the withering soul in fear of being burned, so they never know what real warmth feels like.

I want everyone around me to know this. To know that there's so much more to their life than what's behind them because it doesn't matter if you have two days or seventy years left in our hourglass of life, it is never too late to experience the warmth of a laugh, the promise of a smile, the beauty of the give and take tug-of-war game of love.

You can't tell me that's something to be afraid of. We should always go forth bravely, never resting for a minute because as people, as souls, we should be stronger than that. Because every time a heart is broken, all that the cracks do is let in the light.

We should teach our children to act as if they're walking across bubble wrap instead of mousetraps -- fragile at the touch, but always worth the break and you can always laugh it off if you believe that you can. Move forward. Because the world will take you with it no matter where you're looking. So you might as well be looking at something beautiful.