

Reflections

By Jacoby Johnson

There he was sitting on a park bench
Young, Proud, Confident, A Tall Lanky Texas boy
Ready to take on the world, and show everyone just what
he could do.

As I watched him from a distance I saw his youth Mature, I
saw his Pride rise and fall just as constant as the sun and
moon rise and fall. I saw his confidence was tempered by
his maturity.

I continued to watch him as I moved closer I saw him pull
out some pictures of family and friends. As he looked at
each picture a range of emotions came across his face, from
extreme happiness to extreme sorrow with tears running
down his face. I couldn't take it any longer I had to ask him
what he was thinking about.

I walked up behind him and yet he wasn't there,
It was just a reflection of ME staring at the water.