

# Chasing Happiness

## Rat race

I can have more.

chasing, chasing, chasing.

I keep telling myself I'm better than before. New iPhone, I want. New Tesla model, I need. New fashion trend, oh boy. I'm one of the rats out of a thousand rummaging each store, hoping to grasp my fingers around joy. I tell myself: "I'm almost there, close to galore!" Though each step I take in this race somehow leads me back to the shallow screams, the lucid dreams, the frantic schemes. Until I realize I've lost my way and can't explore.

## Desperate

I need to take the pain away, even if it's just for a second.

Pain, pain, pain.

"Let's take the easy way out" I reckoned. 1<sup>st</sup> shot, not enough. 3<sup>rd</sup> shot, almost there. 10<sup>th</sup> shot, I feel alive! I see daisies and unicorns waving as they beckoned: "content and satisfaction is over here"

They point towards medication...hold on if alcohol isn't helping, medication can be my weapon. My weapon of disguise, my weapon of hiding people from the truth. I can show them I went for a happiness errand.

"Sir, that'll be \$1994.65."

Suddenly I'm back into reality and I feel threatened. I'm treated like a lost dog and the substance that's pulling my leash is alcohol and medication. Pulling me far far away from my dreamland. The more I'm dragged the farther I am to all the things I cherish, maybe ten miles away, no more like a thousand. How much longer do I have to keep running?

## The lantern of hope

I can see the light from the other end.

Fading, fading, fading.

"Happiness is something you can't tend."

Bliss. An emotion so far away, seemingly unattainable, lacks the strength to leave the murky shadows that surround it. My legs shivered through every step I took to find this godsend. Deep and deep into the frowning darkness I went with a lantern in my hands, which was engraved in greed. I hear a noise ascend. FLASH! As I trample my weak light on its bewildering figure. Lurking in the bushes it bounced at me with condescend. Its growling eyes soon settled on my hands.

He saw the lantern in my fingers, with a dim flame and engraved in greed, then quickly came to comprehend. That I was a stranger to love, to kindness, to bliss. I was missing all of his powers and was shown the pretend. A sudden stroke of pity arose in Bliss' warm heart, as he smashed the evil lantern and replaced it with something grand. "Another lantern, huh? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!"

Confused from what just had happened, my mind couldn't apprehend, that Bliss had already disappeared... I turn to the roaring beacon of light with my mood that was bent. Large, cursive words were engraved on the skeptical

lantern reading to me like a song: "*Bliss.*" A large smile glanced upon my face, I combed the object as if it was my best friend.

It was almost like the mystical dancing fire captured inside the lantern whispered to me:

"You're like an old lady looking for her glasses only to realize that it's been on the tip of her nose this whole time. Don't wait for me or chase me, I'll come gradually my friend."

### **Faith?**

I'm no longer a stranger to love, to kindness, to bliss.

Relief, relief, relief.

I can come home to a kiss. Money? Not a problem. Alcohol? I don't miss. Happiness? I made it.

I came to realize that the lantern was my faith protecting me from the amiss. The amiss that burdened me through day and night, through darkness and light, through flight and fight. I am tremendous.

I don't need the new iPhone's or cars to show humanity my value. I need my love, kindness and faith to show the world I'm not remiss. I need my love, kindness and faith to show the world I'm more than skin. I need my love, kindness and faith to show the world that I can beat any crisis...

When are we going to realize that money only has value because we value it? Seducing our generations like this. Sometimes there's a way out if you're lucky, others are stuck in the rat race for eternity...