

This Moment is Mine

I'm at that moment in my life...

I'm running headlong through some trees; running so fast it takes everything in me not to fall on my face.

If I fall, I die. My dreams are lost.

There's no hope of slowing down. I feel too slow already, as the wind picks up and pushes against me, trying to drive me back; as the dancing leaves from overhanging branches whip me in the face and blur my vision; as the snarled roots underfoot try to entangle me and trip me up.

The more I try to pick up my pace, the harder the elements seem to fight against me. They are numerous; I am one.

I can no longer see through the thick foliage in front of me, and I can't chance glancing back in case I lose my balance.

I must go on. There is no other option now, this deep into the forest.

All I have to guide me is a worn path. One that's ever-changing, winding in every direction; one that leads to many dead-ends.

I can barely make it out through the undergrowth, and sometimes it seems to disappear altogether, but I know it's there. I've seen it, if only for seconds at a time.

This path has been taken by many before me. Some have followed it to their salvation, many more to their despair.

Where it will lead me, I don't know. I can only hope.

All I do know is that the trees don't last forever. They can't. I may wish them to – there is relative safety here in the forest, sheltered at least partly by the elements that rage even more forcefully beyond – but sooner or later the trees must give way. I must emerge. But emerge to what?

At the far end of the forest is a cliff. It awaits us all.

With every step I feel it drawing closer. It is waiting for me somewhere beyond the next tree, or the next.

As terrifying as the prospect is, I have to admit that it excites me; because at this moment I believe I can fly. I mean, I don't know for sure, but I believe.

That is the reason I began to run. Flying is impossible without enough momentum. So at any second I'm going to burst through these tedious trees and into something even scarier than the wilderness:

The Unknown.

Clear nothingness, up or down.

I'm heading straight for it, my course decided, predetermined even, and I'm either going to fall or fly. I don't know which – I think, I hope, but I don't know...

And to be honest, right now I don't even care.

What could or what will happen when I no longer have the shelter of the forest to rely on doesn't matter to me, because for the moment I'm still running.

I'm running like my life depends on it – because, actually, it does. I can't, won't, don't want to stop. Running for my life; running *is* my life.

So here I am, moving forward. The anticipation of possibly flying is there in my mind, giving me the determination to keep going, to move faster despite the forces that fight against me.

And I am aware that every moment before I leap into nothingness is a joyous moment, a moment of triumph, of celebration. Of *life*.

