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Honors 205

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Imitation of Comedian as the Letter C

Humans are an imitation of their origin,

A complex duplication that suffers imperfections

Yet with enough resemblance, to identify

The source. To never forget one’s roots,

A message that had been drilled into the mind

Of Jay. Who, while living in the comfort

Of just enough, despised his humble abode.

Trained in the arts of cultivating his land,

Jay’s inner eye focused on the tales of a rich

Culture that flourished in a land far away.

Bidding farewell to friends and foes, Jay set off

Eagerly breaking the connections that he had once

Been created from. He sought, the land where

His inner mind could find its peace, where he

Was meant to be. Each step beyond Jay’s village

Became a step further into Jay’s mind. Having never

Set foot beyond the protective perimeter of home,

Every rock and bush looked foreign to Jay.

The origin can be an imitation of humans;

The land where they choose to live can be adapted

To their preferences and will. That cannot be right.

After stumbling blindly for countless nights, Jay came

Across the fabled city which he had been so blinded by.

The rich, colorful lights and harmonious chatter that

His mind had perceived were replaced by the cold,

Lonely streets that his eyes could see.

Tall, shuttered, concrete pillars decorated with glass,

That glittered with blinding, cold light, shadowed

The city. The people of the city hid within the confines

Of such structures, and traveled between them in large,

Metal vehicles. Not a breath was ever taken,

From the wet, frigid air of the open streets that reverberated

With the sounds of rushing cars.

Not a single element could Jay attach onto and understand.

The land that he had abandoned was too far from him to ever,

Again, connect with what he now grasped onto.