

Running fast and going nowhere

One of these days I shall pack up and go back to school. To the easy life. When I was in it, I hated its repetitive nature. Now that I am out of it, I am boggled by the ever-changing nature of married, professional life, its ups-and-downs. They have me drained of all that I used to value so much, the exuberance, the fun. So one day, I am going to leave my wife and kid behind and just fly off for a year or so.

I will get my head and my body in order. Will go and sleep with some pretty chicks too. Drink alcohol too. And be outrageous. Then when I come back I will fit in better. Will be better adjusted.

Not that there is something significantly wrong with my life right now. It is just that I feel that it is passing me by, this life. Quickly. Others seem to have more fun with it. I might look down upon what they get around to, all the nastiness and narcissism. But deep down I guess a part of me also wants a part of that. I want to go out with vain models and I want to pose for cameras too. I want to have great energy and hop all over town and in and out of beds and make people jealous of the way I live. I want to stand out.

People tell me that I have it good. Do I? Sometimes I wonder, what do people know. I might be making a buck or so here or there, but these days success makes me sad. And I find myself often wanting to be alone, sitting in a puddle of melancholy. I had a better time at college than most, but I still would like to do it all over again.

Maybe I got married too early. Maybe the kid came along too soon. No, that can't be true. Whenever I look into his face, he fills me with such joy. All the waking up at night to feed him, all the crankiness in the days after, it doesn't matter. He is a part of me and I love him madly. Maybe I will take him along with me to college. Maybe I will.

I don't think all those girls I'll go out at college will mind. Chicks love kids. But then again, they might not. And I can't have that. Maybe I will take the missus along. Someone has to look after the kid.

Nah. That sounded callous. Almost makes it seem like I don't love her. I do. I think I do. I just don't feel it anymore. I just don't know where all the love went. Drowned in familiarity I guess. It is strange. There was a time when all I thought that mattered in my life was her and it hurt me physically not to be with her. Now, I do not hurry home and other women have started seeming attractive to me. She *has* gotten a bit heavy since having the kid; though I always tell her that she hasn't. Or I tell her that she is a whole lot of woman. And that I love her. Come to think of it, I do love her. The thought of me joking around with her has put a smile on my face.

I think I shall give her a call at home to just say, 'Hi.'

Y'know, to this day, I have not cheated on her. I have of course thought about it. All men do; it is only natural. And I sometimes allow myself that luxury. To think about it. There are several women around who I could cheat on her with. They sometimes smile back at me too. The ones that seem easy are fat. Or are just plainly too forward. Can't have either. Guilt is heavy. If I got a fat woman on me, I just might stop breathing. And where would that put me ? Crushed under a fat woman, nekkid. What would my kid think?

Erm... I have just looked over the last paragraph to see what I have written. I must be coming unhinged. A woman can't crush a man like that. She can of course break his spirit, but to crush him she would need to be at least 500 hundred pounds. And I ain't sure as hell gonna sleep with no hippo. I ain't that desperate as yet.

Guess the only way out of this situation then is to go abroad. To study. Or maybe even emigrate. The only problem with leaving here is that I would also have to take most of what is here with me as well.

Khair, that's enough for now. Got some work to do. And I think I'll make that call to my wife as well.