

neocortex

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when my mother told me,
in the comfort of a winter's warmth,
to be a doctor,
i didn't think much out of that simple,
small
statement.

the mind of a five-year-old is only focused
on being six.
at such a young age,
my only goal was to color inside the lines
and learn how to tie my shoes.
in the years of childhood,
my only goal
was to
laugh.

when my relatives told me,
in the cold of a busy city,
to get good grades,
i nodded and nodded.
at the age of nine,
who wouldn't?

pragmatism kills dreams.

time erases potential.

i learned that

as i watched the six-year-old genius

on tv.

with a chapter book halfway read,

i yawned at ten.

my goal of being six

had passed in the

blink of an eye.

i switched the channel and continued reading.

years later,

from the same brightly-lit screen,

i learned that,

in my tired and distracted state,

humans are the only creatures

who are conscious of time.

humans are the only creatures

who are

fearful of tomorrows

and

desperate for yesterdays

and

aware of forever.

the neocortex is a section of the brain

that makes humans so beautifully

human,

but it is also a price we must pay

because we are in a race

with each other

and

with time.

pragmatism may kill dreams

and

time may erase potential,

but if there was one thing

my five-year-old self knew,

it would be that having a fear

of time

is much worse than

having a fear

of failure.

the passage of time should not be

the leaving of growth.

it should be the

time

for

growth.