

The Human Experiment

Question 1:

How is it that I exist?

That I think, I breathe,

I live?

Answer 1:

Science gives numbers, facts, statistics,

Coldly.

Religion offers spiritual comfort, devoid of total reason,

Warmly.

And I continue searching.

Question 2:

Does reality cease when I close my eyes?

Or do my swirling dreams become

The new world?

Answer 2:

Logic scoffs.

Emotion ponders.

And I continue searching.

Question 3:

Heaven above? Hell below?

Or only now,

Nothing forthcoming?

Answer 3:

Philosophy shrugs, bemused.

Sentiment is mute, for once.

And I continue searching.

Question 4:

Does anyone, anyone in the world, have a real answer?

Answer 4:

East and West offer their views,

No compromise in those opposing winds;

A square peg in an octagonal hole.

And so, I surmise:

Conclusion:

Purpose isn't as arbitrary as

“pen or pencil?”

“paper or plastic?”

It begs a reason, a process,

rationale,

coupled with passion, drive,

and feeling.

No single answer exists

Therefore, I must continue searching.

Searching, searching, searching.

For that perfect solution

To that impossible question of:

“Why?”

*Karen Cruz
12th Grade
Greenway
1st Place Senior*