

THE FUTURE

Near me, the adulthood whispering I can hear
That voice seems familiar, but also is fear.

Yesterday is over, it said.

You need to decide now, it said.

Decisions burn like fire in my hands,
uncertain roads that I cannot understand.
With trembling hands, my future is played,
but I'll find my way, although I'm afraid.

Each choice is a little step,
to a place that now I'm uncertain,
I'm sure that soon it will make sense
and my hard work will be recompensed.

Childhood is finished, I need to be aware
so my past mistakes can not be repair.
Still unsure, I need to keep moving
hoping for better and just improving.

Now is the moment, my future job is at stake
I know that I would probably make a mistake,
I'm so young, I always think,
I don't know who I want to be.

The future is waiting, is made for me,
I don't need to run, it is guaranteed.
I'm not going to be always okay,
but that is how an adult is made.

