

Leaving Home

by Progress Falola

Leaving home, not knowing where you're heading. Just trudging as far as you can. Having everything you need, not having any problems, knowing no fear, and having liberty. You know it'd be the perfect place for you. A world of music, extra foods, abundant money, and lots of friends. You feel their presence, but you can't see them in person. Your life changed overnight, and you plan to live it forever. That's a life you'd expect from leaving home.

Dragged back to reality, boxes everywhere, cupboards empty, pots empty, all that's left is running water and fast thoughts. You hear your dogs in the background barking into nothingness. You feel excited and believe they want you there. Although it may be a bad omen, or a sign to go for it. You're at your wits' end but you do not give up. You've come this far, no going back. You get in the car and drive as every sound from your premises fades into background noise. You leave your life, and your world behind, leaving with nothing but memories. You move forward and head to another country, hoping for the best.

You expect that world in your head, but it was all a lie. You do not want to accept reality, but it's forced onto you. You do not meet that imaginary world in person. Instead, you're met with everything you tried to leave behind; the problems, anxiety, fear, and unsociability. You try not to return to that world, that life no longer relevant to you. Your life is just a web of difficulties. You wanted greatness, but your present life offers disasters. You try to move on, but you're stuck in a void, making no progress.

All in all, you choose to accept reality. You look around your real world. Your life changed; from a paradise, to a hellhole, from having pets and friends, to being alone, from being extroverted, to being introverted, from enjoying punctuality, to loving being late, from living healthily, to being forced into an unhealthy lifestyle, from having money on a silver platter, to having to work for it. You want to change that world, that life. You stay in what seems like a paradise, a cage, your mind, wishing to get out.

You get up every day, reminiscing on your decisions, regretting them, whilst hoping for the best. You believe leaving for another country is the flight you need for happiness, but it's the opposite. You're not willing to let go of that mind paradise. It's killing you slowly, yet quickly. You lie in bed this blessed day, look around you, and pray. You feel lighter, as if all your problems disappear, elevate, abandon you, drift away, and fade. You finally realise it's time to let go of the past that haunts you.

With time, you let go and accept the reality. You excuse your problems and choose happiness. Now you dwell in that happiness as you find your footing. You find the place that best fits you. You climbed that ladder of difficulties and achieved success. Giving yourself that chance at happiness is your flight. And that's the epilogue of my life.

