

Legacy

by Isaiah Register

When I think of legacy
I don't know what to think
I don't even know what I want to do in life
I'm always stumped

When I'm asked to say what I picture
When I look 10, 20, 30 years into the future
I see money of course but I wonder was the happiness bought?
Money of course but
what else?

When I'm asked what my legacy will be
All that comes to mind is
Blank space
My body, my face
Just surrounded by a pool of nothingness

It's like
Looking in the mirror
Only your reflection is not there
Just white walls
Empty room
Long hallway

Why do I see nothing?

A boy who lost his way
Who works hard but doesn't know
What he's working towards

Who doesn't know what all these years
working
were for?