

## Sameness

It's all the same, isn't it?

Every day...

Any day...

It just feels the same.

I wake up in the morning and go through my routine, just like any other day. I turn on the news, make coffee, then spend a few minutes out on my deck to soak in the fresh morning air—well, when it's warm, anyway.

I set out for the office, go about my business while at work, hit the gym in the afternoon, have dinner early evening, then do whatever I've got planned for the remainder of the night, be it a social function, out with a friend, or hibernation in the house. Lots of times, I come out here to write. I sit on the patio at my local Starbucks and take a long look around. The onrushing traffic on the main drag is constant, cars stream in and out of the parking lot, the sidewalk is always littered with foot-traffic, and the birds in the tree-lined promenade happily go about their business doing whatever it is they do as they dart from tree to tree.

It's the same every time. It looks the same, and it feels the same.

Every so often, the patio umbrellas and tables are rearranged, but I imagine that's done solely to keep me guessing, and to prevent me from lumping this fine establishment in with other places that color my world monochromatic. But I digress.

If I sit and think about it for too long, it shakes me up. Better to just put it out of my mind and move along with my day. Sometimes, it sits front and center, and gnaws at my gut. And it lets me know that it's doing more than dampening my mood. It's sobering and unsettling, and forces me to process it. I acknowledge it by giving it a name.

Sameness.

It's what gives me pause.

It's what weighs me down.

And it's also what wedges a slight tinge of dread into my soul.

Realizing that the new day repeats on the same cycle as the one before it, and the one before that, and the one before that, makes me understand how melding really works. Before long, I see that this has been created entirely through the totality of what was past, what is present, and what will be future. Most of what is, IS the same. Our lives revolve around it. It's provides order and a structure, and gives us a place from which to start fresh.

But it also creeps up on, and steals time. And before I know it, the last day, week, month, and season feels as if they have passed me by.

When I have those moments and take pause at what I'm recognizing, I try to find a way out. It's as if I've woken up in a maze from which there is no exit, but futilely try to find my way home. It's the thought of the cycle repeating without ever really moving that makes me wonder what it all means, and makes me wish to break out. Maybe the enlightened know, and can teach me the secret? Or maybe I have to be one of the same to drink from their cup of knowledge?

What can I really do to gain a sense of newness to each passing day? What can I tell myself to make me believe that it's not my entire life, but just a small fraction of what has been rich and rewarding? How delusional do I care to become?

Is there more?

Is there less?

Or will it forever be, the same.

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