

Below the MainStream.

People rarely meet a traveler. The name comes from someone who travels, right? Many who met this traveler thought he would stop and settle down. But that's not what travelers do, is it?

Traveling becomes necessary for travelers.

The question becomes why some people are unlike others. It's also apparent that some people have no choice deep down, and just like two magnets naturally attract or repulse one another some people are attracted to the mainstream of life, while others are pushed away.

A river fed by creeks, streams, and even other rivers grows more powerful while creeks stay the same. Perhaps travelers are more like rivers than creeks.

Other people, writers, poets, and artists, have often penned these same thoughts, yet here I sit as they must have sat, alone. Because as one sits alone, walks alone, and silences the roar of the river of life, one finally gets to hear the sounds inside themselves. The sounds of who they are and, perhaps, why they are here. Under the surface of the river, it is much quieter than on top, and under the surface, it is simply fascinating and awe-inspiring. Yet, we will never know unless we dive below the surface. Some people decide to live far below the surface of the river of life, while the thought of doing that repulses others.

Magnets attract or repulse depending on how they're turned, and so it is with people.

And people, me and you, are not as simple as the two poles on a magnet. Solitary people might often yearn for a companion, and social people may yearn for solitude, but getting that depends on how their poles are positioned, which may or may not be within their power to change. Yet both the solitary and the social person make decisions that frame their lives until eventually they enclose the situation they want. It may be a home amidst other homes or perhaps not one in a

neighborhood but set off some distance from the others. One choice is not better than another, for all choices seem necessary and proper to those making them.

Being under the surface, below the constant movement and noise, becomes their reality after a while. It becomes their regular place of refuge and peace. Finally, out of the depths come the thoughts that creative writers, poets, and artists live for.

Writers, poets, and artists cannot live entirely on the river's surface, being swept along, once they experience their uniqueness beneath the surface. Transitional choices occur, and we choose how we want to live. But sometimes, in some people's lives, their innate choices are calm over drama, peace over anger, happiness over meanness, and creativity over normalcy. As these small, seemingly unimportant decisions mount, lives get constructed, and a simple choice a person made way back then becomes crucial for how they're now living because the choice of calm over drama could well have the unintended consequence of them needing more time beneath the surface to avoid the mainstream containing a plethora of drama.

Artists of all genres need time to express themselves. Writers write, singers sing, musicians make music, painters paint, and so on.

Time spent below the mainstream of life is the time many people require, and it is the time spent below the surface where many collect their sanity and creativity.

The End.

Written by Peter Skeels © 4-8-2024