

# *My Responsibility to Live*

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I wonder what it's like  
to be a man unfazed by fire?

A living being like the rest of us:  
Untamable, unforgiving, unrelenting

Giving light onto the Earth underneath the stars  
Taking light from those of us not ready to die

If every man were an honest  
one like me, would they agree? For

how many chickens and cows I have consumed to fuel my every desire,  
how many ants I have stepped upon to reach my peaks and troughs,

simply shows we are all a torrent of destruction with no remorse  
A scar upon the beauty of this blue ball of dust floating through a black sea

We do not belong to the trees in foggy forests filled with dewy evergreens  
That is for the blue jays, bears, and buzzing bees

Nor can we call the oceans our home  
That is for the fish, fair-weather birds, and fathomless mysteries

Of lonely nights—I stared wondrously at the stars:  
What I came from, what I am, and what I will become when I am gone

Toiling to find my place in this dim world  
Wondering if it would be better to return to the soil

To realize that we are one of the same  
Our own blue dot in the sky, our own fire in a sea of salty blue and rugged green

While we refuse to call nature our home because we believe we are unique  
Like everything else we still look to breathe.

For the countless sacrifice nature has made for me to live on without fear of being snuffed out,  
it is my duty to be a better man, to make dying in its persistent beauty worth something...  
Something that keeps pushing...  
Something worth more than dust...