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The Gray Vicinity

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Cover Page Footnote

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THE GRAY VICINITY

BY MIKE REILLY

I walk through life,
Each day at a time,
Sometimes glimpsing into the future
Envisioning its hazardous picture.

I try to walk with the majority
But each time I do
I'm pushed away
Or I never can fit in.

I try to fit with the others
But I don't fit in there.
Where am I, you say?
I am in the gray vicinity.

The gray vicinity is a place,
A status if you will,
That is obtained by few
If not just me.

It is not glorious,
Nor it is magnificent,
It is more of vagueness
And emptiness that overwhelm it.

The gray vicinity is a connector,
The in-between path,
That is unclear
And never has

I am in the gray vicinity.
I want to be a part of something
However my morals don't let me
Be a part of the orgy.

But I am too wild and too driven
To just accept my place.
SO, where do I lie, you ask?
Well...I lie in the gray vicinity.

I am in the gray vicinity.
I strive to be the best,
And I push myself,
And be a leader.

But every time I strive for success,
I never fit in.
And I am forgotten
Or thrown into the incinerator.

The gray vicinity
Is a lonely place
That isolates oneself
From the whole world.

In the gray vicinity,
One wonders,
If hope and faith will come,
Or if their dreams will shatter to pieces.

Either way,
They are already in the gray vicinity,
And no matter what confidence one possesses
It still will lead to the end.



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