

I thought I knew everything.

17-18 years old and I was entering the age of adulthood.

I thought I knew it all, that the ideas I had of the world were it, that 18 was the magic number, and all of a sudden I would no longer be a kid.

Perhaps that was the stupidest of all.

And yet, I was still stupid.

I was still a kid.

I'm still stupid.

I'm still a kid.

Now out of adolescence and newly in my twenties, it was foolish to think that two or three years ago, I thought of myself to be more an adult than I was, or even feel I am now.

Some of the feelings I had then have been replaced, some have stayed, and some are new.

*Love.*

*Fear.*

*Anger.*

*Heartbreak.*

*Uncertainty.*

*Exhaustion.*

*Nihilism.*

*Vitriol.*

*Desire.*

My opinions have changed, my clothes have changed, and the leaves on the trees that line the sides of the road I've driven hundreds of times

in these years, have fallen and emerged in the same cycle three or four times.

The things I had then, and the things I wanted, seemed to have a permanence that wasn't actually there. Maybe that's for better or worse.

In this span of time, I've broken many things and repaired others. I've been well, and other times unwell.

I've felt the wrath of a loving mother who wants the best for her son, the young son whose head is lodged into his ass too much to realize that.

The frustration of a father trying to steer his blood in the right direction. To him, it must be like navigating a ship through a roaring sea.

I know less of myself now than I did before.

I know that this writing may very well be revisited in another two or three years with the same thoughts.

I know that whether I'm a child or an adult, I will think—with bittersweet melancholy—of my past self as inferior and full of hubris and a devil-may-care, adolescent type of stupidity.

I know that I know nothing.