(Poem) Comfort Zone

by Alexander Gibson

The place where dreams die. The best friend to failure.
The only place where growth is a sin and progression is frowned upon.
Presided over by fear and governed by one owns insecurities.
Where temporary happiness and contentment are the order of everyday.
The place where room for advancement is considered profane
And to do something different exiles one from the other.
Where the normal train of thinking is not applied. A place where friendship
ends and resentment begins.

A place that truly isn’t comfortable at all.
A place where you are your own worst enemy and the antagonist of your
own story.
The place where mediocrity is standard and potential stays at rest.
The place where careers turn to jobs and love turns to lust. A place where
habit is natural and conflict is nonexistent.
A place where possibility thrives, but never grows up. A place where
could’ve, would’ve, should’ve originated.
Bad grammar? I think not! Real life. The prerequisite to mistake, the white
flag of life.
The comfort zone is where the national anthem for defeat was written.
The beginning to nothing but the end to everything. The metaphorical box.
The intangible danger.
The pot with no water. The arch nemesis to change. The comfort zone is a
vacant place to live where no one should want to move. And if you so
happen to find yourself there, get out now! Otherwise you have met the
perfect catch twenty-two.