

When I got to college  
I sat down at a table and was dealt my hand into a game called catch up  
I quickly picked up on the rules  
Deadlines were a state of mind  
And that everything I wanted to do was at the mercy of time  
So I gave myself the stipulation of justification that as soon as I don't have missing assignments  
I can have the energy to be the person I actually want to be

But after I played for a few months, I recognized that this was a game I had been playing my whole life  
Because even my free time has self-induced deadlines  
And repeating the statement "If only I had the time" was just a cover up for the fact that if I wanted to I would  
If I wanted to love them I would I love  
If I wanted to serve I would  
If I wanted to listen I would

And as someone whose primary goal is to have a good time and not experience pain while I'm here, time being limited was like a golden ticket that I used every time I wanted to get out of thoughts, questions, and tasks that I didn't have the capacity to face.  
And deep down I knew I was lying to myself when I said maybe one day

When I'm done with this trip, when I'm done with this sip, when I'm done with this hit I can have a long conversation where I ask myself why I believe what I believe, why I perceive what I perceive, and why I achieve what I achieve.  
But that conversation hasn't happened yet because my immediate tasks are a comfortable and consistent noise cancellation for the time commitments that are easier to leave suppressed

Living life jumping from one adrenaline high to the next  
Gives the world no reason for why you did what you did before your dead  
And if you don't see a need for something more than that then nothing else needs to said

But I feel the tool of toiling under the sun and having every hard day of work sum up to absolutely nothing.

I told myself I would encounter this God after I was caught up with all the things I needed to do first.  
Without realizing that he would first catch up to me and ask why I tried to find meaning in a life that only he could give purpose to.

He told me that everything on my priority list was wind that I would never catch up to.  
And my life looked like a disproportionate faction with one dimensional actions acting above the actions that give my life depth  
He asked me why I was running away from the question, Why?

And he asked me when I was going to stop using time's limitation as an excuse instead of  
vaulting it as an opportunity

An opportunity to bring him glory

And that glory isn't encountered when I'm finally caught up

Not later

Not tomorrow

Not one day

But today

Now

Right here

Finally being caught up is a myth

Stop waiting until then