

## **Retrace**

DJ Kane

Retrace was in essence, what I first intended to do, with this writing. Retracing my life as it was, to bring bearing on others to change their lives, in a magical way. Ultimately reliving my life as a more fruitful one. "Would it have been more fruitful?" I ask. My biological parents may have been the same, or at least my mother would have been. Moreover, life would not have not have turned out so dramatically different, as it had been as history would have displayed, if it had been repeated. The surroundings and some of the actors may have differed, but I believe, the results would have remained the same in many ways. Being hardly a tradeoff, I suspect.

Then a thought came to mind, as always. As I look for the point of least resistance that may take me on a different path, that was usually followed by a question. Do I have to return as human? My life may be much shorter though as such, but the results may be less complicated, and stressful which in either case, I would not be aware, since this is a do over, an illusion of sort, that I may get it right this time, or not. Lets us see where I go from here.

I first will have to retrace my life as best I can. Considering, what had been lacking, that would make my life more fulfilling, as well as eventful, and rewarding, as I now contemplate on my decision. "Is there a magic bullet?" I ask, but no reply, as only a fool would ask, such a foolish question.

Luckily, I have in my possession a partial autobiography written by me, that will somewhat help me condense this chore. Thus confirming what I had probably known at my first keystroke on my computer at the very beginning of my autobiography, and in doing so, made my consideration much easier, but not more sensible, if it were to be judgeable.

I've come to the conclusion that it was a lack of love offered to me, and rendered by me in my early years. In addition to the love, freedom was lacking, and I had sort out both every step of the way, as I ventured through life. Consequently I believe, the lacking of love and freedom as one, somehow in all it's probability, helped shape my life considerably, as it was to be, and remains to this day. I sort the love, and freedom, which in reality, I probably could not cope with in my circumstance as it was. Attention to the phrase, "Out of the frying pan into the fire," and for life's sake, or mistake. My two choices were finally made.

My first choice was a lap dog. A dog loved by most no matter what breed, and of course, in one's lap, oh I mean care, of a pretty young Diva. "I'm not asking much, am I?" But freedom would still be still lacking. There would be a collar and a leash to restrict my movements, which would ultimately restrict my freedom. Unless her boyfriend or preferably a girlfriend wore one too, that may be in concert with her and me, and freedom could remain an after thought, if a thought at all. Well, that's for another story, at another

time and place. Anyway, she might have loved herself much more than me, as Diva's often do.

On to my next pick, I would be a free-roaming Mustang horse, also known as a wild horse. Who runs wild in the Western United States, and answers to know one. Horses who cast their lives to one another, or none, or alone, whatever their freedom calls for. Though, pretentious, in mind and spirit, they live out their lives loving and free. No halters to wear, no apologies to make, and a loving spirit to their end. That's for most of them. Once a year or about, some are gathered, and put up for auction and the halters, saddles, and bridles appear as their freedom disappears, but the love still appears for most, as freedom is taken away at times, for the good.

The remaining roam the plains as a sign of the American Freedom, and are loved and fed from afar, but their day of auction may come to bare.

I guess, I'll stop looking to re-live my life, it is what it is, and I will remain eternally grateful, that it was.