

Making a Master: Cultivating roots uprooted

10,000 is the supposed number
Of hours it takes to sculpt a scholar
From childlike, unrefined curiosity
To practice applied deliberately
Until the coveted title then
Includes expert, virtuoso, doyen
What an achievement that pupil could boast
As professional adult that's better than most
It will take years and so much more
Endless suffering in pursuit of galore
Sallow-skinned perfectionist
Socially awkward, talkative at best
Only at ease when his or her mind
Is fixated, obsessed or occupied
Wheels turning constantly in motion
Quelling the threat of unbridled emotion
Strums of a guitar that communicate better
Where words feel like teeth pulled by the letter
Feelings that teach torches to burn bright
Explained in brush strokes painted just right
Retribution for cruel mediocrity felt
Good enough, at least for the moment
Purpose reassured; reason justified
Of why you're here and why you're alive

Fueled not by money, night oil or love
Rather perhaps it was the lack thereof
In any kind of way, shape or form
The search for perfection inside was born
The question that tends to fervently reside
In hours spent with therapists and bartenders is why
What happened to make you work harder, better and faster?
What did it take to make you a Master?