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Racer's Folly

I'm not exactly a fan of the kid who
Takes the lead in the RC race, and holds it for the
Remainder of the fifteen laps, crossing the finish
Line with his small battery-powered white racecar,
Immediately placing his controller down on the table,
Polluted with paper plates, plastic cups, and overly
Done Birthday napkins still autographed with cake from
The rest of the children who had been feasting on the
Store bought white icing cake moments beforehand.

He jumps for joy, excited at his 'skillful' victory,
As he was clearly unmatched by all of the other kids who
Still didn't know how to steer their cars around the
Oval track, even though they had been given half an hour before
The cake celebration to practice before the big competition.

His parents reward him with high fives, and one of the employees
Brings out a coupon that can either be used for a free NASCAR t-shirt
Or a discount on his next birthday celebration at the RC store, since it
Only seems fitting that the Birthday champion would return to claim
Another tournament each year in order to relive the thrill of victory.

I'm not exactly a fan of that kid,
I guess his circumstances are not that interesting,
He's just another naturally talented individual,
Soaring ahead of the rest, celebrating a bit too much,
For what he knows he can already easily accomplish,
Still unaware of the reality that such talent,
Can only get him so far down the road ahead of him.

Rather, I'm a fan of the kid who
Got put in time-out a few minutes after the race had started,
Who had been reprimanded for 'improper conduct' due to his
Spark of cleverness after he had taken first place after the
Second lap across the duct-tape finish line where only the
Birthday boy, the 'naturally talented' individual, managed to keep up
With his unpredictable and unique driving skills.

(Stanza Break)

I'm a fan of that kid,
Because after gaining considerable distance ahead of the rest,
By swerving and zigzagging in front of the other racers,
Causing them to lose their narrow focus, forcing them to
Adapt to his constant challenges and obstacles,
I'm a fan of that kid who suddenly spun his car around in a
Risky play, driving backwards into the second place driver,
Knocking the Birthday boy's car off the track,
Smartly attempting to hinder the competition.

Because, I'm a fan of the kid,
Who smiles as he sits off to the side and watches the
Birthday champion have his moment, since he also realizes that
Someday, those talented people are no longer going to be able to drive
Effortlessly through their lives, because someday Life is going to
Throw them a sharp curve in the road, drop a few obstacles in their path,
And when they go sailing off the cliff, that's when the
Unpredictable, the clever, the creative, the previously
Loathed because their existence seemed to reveal some sense
Of truth about Life that no one was ready to admit until it was too late,
Someday those people are going to finally have their moment,
To drift around the debris of the fallen racers who were,
Unprepared for the complexity of Life's core, and they'll take off Speeding,
Well aware of the equally incomprehensible future that
Awaits them as they approach the highway's burning horizon.