

## The Trenches

I live my life in a trench. I'm constantly moving forward, but there is never an end.

Sometimes my trench is less deep. When I'm in The Shallow I can see the world and breathe in its fresh air. I feel the warmth of the sun and I walk alongside people I recognise. We have moments which we enjoy together, but I never leave my trench, even if I'm only in it by a few inches. Eventually as the gradient changes we part ways again until next time we come together.

Usually, the decline to The Deep is gradual. You only notice it in segments, as your head and shoulders become the only thing still on the plane and the sky begins to disappear until your entire body is enclosed by nothing but towering walls where the air is thick with fog.

Sometimes you can be walking along in The Shallow and something trips you up and you go tumbling downward in to The Deep until you hit the very bottom. On those occasions you have to be patient, knowing that someday you'll return again to The Shallow. Sometimes, you push on to purposefully climb to the surface or as close as you can get.

But The Deep can be a comfortable place, as with anywhere you spend most of your time. You get used to the isolation and sometimes you have no desire to return to The Shallow, but I still drag my feet onwards through the mud as I feel I have to. That's the scary part for me, the thought that one day I might forget about The Shallow altogether and have no motivation to keep walking. Although, I know there are other people on the surface who have their own trenches that go considerably deeper than mine and some people who did stop walking. Even if I fail at everything else in life, I know that I can't let that happen to me. I have to keep walking.