

Katrina Granger

Mrs. Hebert

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Of Passion

Passion lies at the pit of all men, lengthening its tricky tendrils throughout every being. Some doth feel its intoxicating grip more so than the rest, but no man possesseth the strength to ignore its wild presence. In day to day proceedings, passion has a tendency to fool men into believing that they have escaped its unbreakable ties. Oblivious workers play pretend as they traverse effortlessly through routine, complacent with their forced achievements and refusing to acknowledge what they already know. This, however, is a dangerous game to play, for passion is explosive and lights like a fire at the thought of what could have been, blazing until it consumes the entire body of the poor soul that rejected it. Desperate Romeo, I'm sure, would concur, that turning away from the heart's desire leads to suffering of a most unimaginable magnitude. But the question still remaineth: Why doth men, time and time again, allow mediocre notions of security and convenience dictate their lives? Is sacrificing passion for stability worth it in the end? Life is, undoubtedly, the most precious of all the stones on Earth, and is it not man's sole purpose to fulfill it? Each and every being is blessed with this foreign wonder, and each and every man possesseth the ability to determine his path. Whether that path be one of passion or of pain is up to each man. Those who do snatch the opportunity of fulfillment, however, are better because of it. For them, passion burns free in their hearts, unhindered and unfaltering. The world lighteth up when man follows his heart, and the Renaissance knoweth this. Tis' a curious thought

that some of the greatest and most thoroughly known men chose passion over pain. From Michelangelo to Einstein, Beethoven to Shakespeare, the desires in the hearts of men proveth to prevail. As Forster noted some time ago, "One person with passion is better than forty people merely interested." This doth not uphold, however, that men who remain unrecognized in their passions hath none at all. Many a man choose the path of passion and are no more famous for the effort. But one thing is for sure, that no man becometh renowned for denying his heart. Particular circumstances may present themselves to man and provoketh him to take the road most commonly traveled. These circumstances, which overwhelmingly consist of the necessity of sufficient income, can, arguably, be considered understandable justification for denying one's heart. Unfortunately, man lives in a land where he is bound by the shackles of monetary value. Therefore, passions that faileth to supply men with nourishment, accommodation, and consistency are deemed necessarily sacrificial. Let it be well known, however, that this choice can elicit dire consequences. For to suppresseth one's passion is to harmeth one's well-being. Denying passion out of convenience is a disgrace; denying it out of necessity is a sorrow; but living one's passion is the greatest pleasure a man can have.