

Once, three boys were lying on a grassy hill,
gazing at the cerulean sky
and the lazy marshmallow clouds
which drifted overhead.

“Daydreams”

One of the boys asked,
“What do you want to be when you grow up?”

They sat for a while, thinking.

“I want to be an astronaut,”
said his friend.

“I want to be a fireman,”
said his other friend.

“Those are dumb goals. When I grow up,
I want to be *self-actualized*,”

And he was wise.