

Every Future Costs the Same

A Poem About Time and Results



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The sky was grey and cloudy, and my thoughts were swirling, too.
While excited for my future, I was unsure what I might do.

No longer could I argue age had held back my success -
No longer could I count myself a victim in this mess.

It took me years to recognize the problem was all me,
And longer still before my strengths were something I could see.

But before the morning sun could burn away the cloudy skies,
I fell into a chair and the fatigue soon closed my eyes.

It wasn't long before I woke, in something like a spell
The town I found around me was more real than I can tell.

The street was brick, the shops were bright, the people all seemed old
And soon I stepped into a store to see what it might hold.

The shopkeeper held out his hand and shared a knowing smile
And before I could say anything, he handed me a file.

He showed me to a table, and the folder I held glowed -
The room was filled with others and the files their salesmen showed.

My file was filled with pictures - there were thousands, none the same.
They were each an illustration of the futures I could claim.

My jaw would drop in horror with each vision of cruel fate -
Bitter and impoverished, in some I had no friends or mate.



But many filled my heart with joy when I saw what might be -
A loving spouse and laughing children, living safe at home with me.

Each table round me was the same, and went from groans to grins
As people witnessed the results of their virtues or of sins.

I must have seen no less than forty versions of my years
And as the file was closed, I found my face was wet with tears.

The salesman offered nothing but the stern and sudden news
That these were my life's options, and I soon would have to choose.

I flipped back through the file and found two visions that were nice
Then chose one that was disastrous to compare the asking price.

My salesman did not act surprised, his visage stayed serene
He placed there on the table the three futures I'd foreseen

He asked, "which of these do you prefer to purchase with your life?"
And my eyes reviewed the visions of promised joy and painful strife.

Then I heard my own voice for the first time in that room -
"How much more do these two cost, than that one full of doom?"

He grabbed the one I pointed at, that filled my heart with shame,
And pointing at the other two, said "all three cost the same."

I guess he was expecting to see my jaw drop as it did -
I was clearly not the first who, hearing that, raised an eyelid.

It seemed that shocked reactions like mine were seen frequently,
So he smoothly spoke the reason for their pricing policy.



“Here at the Results Shop, we sell peeks at what could be,
But despite what you may think, and despite what you can see –

There is no extra charge for choosing smiles over the sorrows...
You spend the same on this one that you spend on building those.

The currency we work with isn't money - it's your days,
And regardless of their chosen vision, every person pays.”

He showed me on the glowing pages where the price was found,
In the corner I could see them, stamped onto the bright background.

Two numbers hovered there, one large enough for any eyes -
The other was less obvious, smaller in both sum and size.

All three sheets had the same prices printed boldly on their face,
All required equal payment to this still peculiar place.

Imagine my surprise as his words settled in my ears –
The triumphant fantasies I'd seen would cost no more than my fears!

“So each of these three fates,” I asked, “will cost exactly the same price?”
And knowingly, he nodded, “Same for virtues as for vice.”

“But what about the smaller number there on every page?”
I asked him, half anticipating an impatient rage.

Instead he seemed quite pleased, and so through a grin he shared,
“You can accomplish more with others than alone men ever dared!”

“The smaller number,” he continued, “is the cost of every dream
if you learn to ask for help, and trade in your pride to join a team.”



Again I was bewildered, but what he said next cleared it up-
“You can fill a bucket quicker if more than one man brings a cup.”

He then rose and walked me back to where the waiting cashier stood.
And I wondered, as I signed my name, if my credit there was good.

And without a word from me, concerning payment, being spoken,
The cashier said that “here, sir, no promise can be broken...

The paper in your hand, once signed, will sit upon our shelf
It means little to us here, but is a contract with yourself!”

He laughed and then continued, saying “We don’t take a dime.
Money is quite worthless here – what we collect is time.”

My confusion must have been quite clearly written on my face
So he left me with this thought before I exited the place...

“The time you have on earth is ours- to you it’s only lent -
What you possess or gain from it depends on how it’s spent

It’s your actions, not just words, which will determine how you live
The differences in what you get are found in what you give

Success in life is bought with what you do, not what you claim -
And whatever life you purchase with your time will cost the same.”

I could almost hear him finishing that thought when I awoke.
And I realized any man with time was never truly broke.

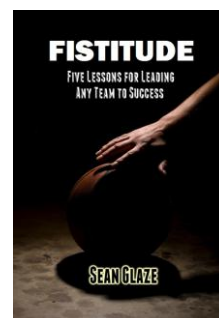
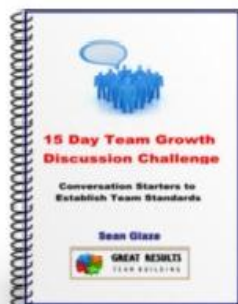
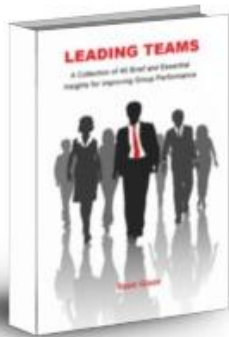
Outside the clouds had parted, my mind was set on a clear goal:
To create my future vision I would pay the daily toll.

I resolved to purchase pleasure, and not look back with any guilt -
To ensure that, with my time, it was a Great Result I built...



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ABOUT SEAN...

Looking for an event to energize your team? Sean Glaze is an interactive speaker who delivers motivational team leadership keynotes and facilitates fun teambuilding events that inspire and connect audiences of all sizes.

Sean is the author of [Fistitude](#) and [Leading Teams](#). His messages and engaging activities transform laughter into leadership insights your group will remember - and apply! You can visit Sean online at www.greatresultsteambuilding.com, where he shares great resources and more information on full and half day events that improve communication skills, boost morale, and help your people become better teammates!

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