

In the gentle whispers of the morning light,
Where the sun, like a golden artist, paints the day with warmth,
I find myself in the lens of a fading photograph.

Amidst the rolling hills where sunflowers stretch their faces toward the glimmering
constellations above,
Where the sweet scent of blooming nectar wafts in the air like the cartoon pies of my childhood
dreams,
Yet, all I can sense is the lingering aroma of fresh ink on the assignment before me.

I belong where the stars illuminate the vastness of the night sky,
On my grandmother's weathered porch, where she whispers to wish upon the first star I see.
Yet why I only see flickering street lamps, looking up, will always be a mystery.

I find my quiet solace in moments untouched by the greedy hands of humanity,
It's more than a location; it's a feeling deep within,
In moments of peace where my spirit can rest,
In the love that envelops us, in the kindness we express,
In every subtle gesture, I find that I am home.

So here in this space, vast yet intimate,
In this myriad woven with threads of connection,
I discover where I truly belong,
In the beauty of existence, wherever I wander.

Consequences of Your Actions

The sky is gray
The ominous buildings tall
Living in a continuous dark day
With no hope or light at all

You wish for a solution but only I know;
The sacred answer to your suffering you brought upon mankind.
On and on you crow,
Ever so blind.

Here is your long awaited reply:
You will fall dead like dominos
Until no one is left alive
Or until I,
your dearest "possession,"
die.

Even if everyone assists, you cannot change it by fractions;
Death will be the miserable consequences of your foolish actions.

From: Earth
To: Humans

Here is a holding place
Between ground and sky.
Now is a holding place
Though by and by
Nations may crumble,
Oceans will rise.
This is a holding place
Deeper than lies.

Wonder why time cheats us?
Why must we die?
This place holds the questions,
Holds all the sighs.
Maybe one day we'll know
The secret of why
But here is a holding place
For you and I.