

Til I die

The world is weird. It's all full of uncomfortable pauses, squirms, wriggles. The changing of times and people is a process out of our control and one that is unfeeling, unbiased. At times, all we seem to be is a forest full of ants.

When we look at the structures, we see the pebbles or the snow running down the mountain. It is so simple how it grows when the base is untrue. We shouldn't blame anyone, we all grew through separate cracks. A farmer drew up a concrete block and planted some seeds. We all can grow through different new openings, like boxes we can set up and push through. We can restructure and grow and float float float float.

Love is a gift, a choice, you can give and give and the next day do it some more, it's like learning an instrument at home.