



OBSERVATION IS THE BRIDGE
BUT THE DESTINATION BELONGS TO THE OBSERVER

Experiencing it through my mind's eye,
a place once known for destruction—
I gravitated towards because it now offers peace.

Stepping barefoot onto the soil,
the feeling of being grounded immediately lulled me.
The wind gently teased past my ears.

Voices—

Of those of the past impacted by her destruction
echo faintly past me.

Those echoes came carrying not the pain of that time,
but peace and understanding.

What stowed away with me from this...

The understanding that all destruction can eventually
blossom—

into peace and a greater understanding.

A feeling that is beyond what we can sometimes
comprehend.