

DREAMS ARE A MATTER OF TIME

Within your body is a young beating heart, threaded together from gold, that holds the purest light and honest love. Fueled by ever lasting energy. One that is destined to change, but never to lose its fortitude. Built for resilience and resistance. If you so choose.

Within your eyes, is a spark, that surges through your body like lightening, if only we could capture it into a bottle. Your eyes that don't hesitate to bare your spirit, to relinquish what's hidden behind the curtains, the windows, the gateway to one's soul. But it could just as easily be hidden, locked away in the depths of the darkest recesses of the mind. Where one must travel to the edge of their own world to retrieve it. If you so choose.

Within your mouth is a silver tongue. One that infinitely possesses the ability to bless or curse. To earn or lose. To give or take away. One that opens wide to display the most illustrious sounds. One that paints a lifeless world with color, but stays within the lines. Lines that you create for yourself. With grace and magnitude. If you so choose.

Within your mind is endless possibility and strength beyond comparison. With capacity to conjure and erase as you see fit. The mind is the hive, the epicenter for all creation or rather, manifestation. How saddening it is when we witness it go to waste. Your mind is not a waste. It can move as fast as the light in your heart travels, or as slow as the last drip of sap. It is what grants us access to travel beyond our imagination. If we so chose.

You are beauty. You are love itself. You are power. Intertwined with the teachings of the ones who came before you and the others yet to come. Of everything the Earth has left us, you posses what is right. Sow your seeds and water the plants of life. We await the day, your dreams awaken into reality. All things, are a matter of time.