

*Wanderlust is a Purple Seashell*

Wanderlust is a purple seashell.  
Its grooved sides and arched back  
tell of many journeys.  
And when it rests on my bureau,  
it beckons me back to its origins,  
to the warmth of a sunny beach and swelling sea.

Contentment is a peaceful snowfall.  
As I lounge by my window,  
I marvel at the white expanse.  
Pure, intricate, serene;  
Pleasure arises within my heart.

I steal a glance at the seashell,  
then return to the snow.  
I smile.  
Balancing in my mind  
the anticipation of movement  
with the delight of still repose.