

When I was little I used to think people were
born kind, and that I could speak to
hummingbirds and hide in my mom's
raspberry bushes until she forgot I was there

Everything was beautiful then
The world full of wonder and I, ever present

As I grew older life beat me down but the
world kept twisting and turning, reminding
me how beautiful it was to be alive
And it was always little things
Like Pacific Crest Trail conversations and
hiding from the rain by a dying bonfire under
a tarp drinking ciders and it's 2 am and no
one wants to go to bed
No one ever wants to go to bed
I never want to go to bed

I just wish I wasn't so tired

So I wake up in the morning in my DC
apartment, sit next to the
window
And breathe

And sometimes – no, always, I think about
how we are all in every cloud and every lake
but mostly in every forest and also in the
people we hold hands with or just in
ourselves

And I realize that we ARE light and we ARE
love and our lives are as beautiful as we
thought when we were young

So I open my eyes