
epilogue

there are stories you give away and tales you hold. ones you share on the porch and ones you treasure on your own. there are narratives quickly dismissed and stories that linger in dream. maybe revisit in solitude, like a postcard written by hand when people still did that sort of thing.

a memory retold again and again, with different words but the same sentiment, amen. there are stories we can't overlook and narratives we can't bear to release, locked away seeking inner peace. in a chest of wonder our stories quietly reside, content or not, our emotions still confide.

our stories are full of grace, so it will stay, always with a few chapters it would like us to convey.
