All is well within my mind for I listen to the Deep.
I cock my head and place the sound of Thoughts on winged feet.

They settle in the rafters, the glistening strands of my being, and there they perch—collecting dust ever so patiently waiting.

The web does tighten to secure the thoughts and anchor them whilst they blow in the winds of my Consciousness that nurtures them as they grow.

'til plump, ripe, and ready to burst they float and fall with softness and land upon the barren ideas and various piles of nothingness.

Lying at the bottom of my mind, with a beautiful view of its breadth, tendrils crawl from the fruit of the thought and burrow into my depth.

Fed by the Life that flows within me the ideas begin to form. Slowly at first, shoots break from shelter then upwards they do swarm.

Blooming forth in riotous color, as if a rainbow had been caught, the complete ideas blossom from the bountiful Tree of Thought.

I am in the fifth grade. School is new, and I feel very foreign, and the beaches I am familiar with, miss them. I feel so out of place, so alone. While I recall the morning recess, watching stood there leaning on the cold steel were invisible, an observer watching the playground, as if I didn't leave footprint alone was aware of my presence there.

Along the path toward the gully branches that reaches toward me—leaves which had brought life to it you blackened waters flowing from the craggy, murky creek called Ruddim as a warm breeze rustles the golden around me. Then someone cantering horse that has been joy-running, stops tosses her head up and down, her d...