

Peace

A thunderous clap silently shook me from this morning's stupor, exploding my persistent delusion: that my existence matters beyond this shell holding all things mine: my life, my poems, my people, my future. I'm left with my Now, my Here, nothing more. That's enough, if I let it be. Peace.



Sarasota, 7:44 am, 23 March 2025 CE, unfiltered

23 March 2025



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