



How crazy is it that light needs to break to make rainbows, and how water, air, cloud, and ice are kind of the same thing just in different states, but we need them each as they are in various times, cycles that make us wonder but also give security, cater to need.

There's something about light hitting water that makes me feel like flying. Maybe it's because the combination can make clouds. Does it follow that rain is a kind of recycled magic?



Being cold is feeling alive, an awareness bourne of contrast. I think it's the way icy air comes into the body, runs through the lungs and crystallises the blood. It's respiration in slow motion, a keen knowledge of each inhale, and when we breathe out we can see our expelled carbon changing state in front of us, catching the light, making whispy shapes before fading away.



Everywhere are many valleys, cliffs, and peaks. But if navigated right, each new turn contributes to the diversification of the interior landscape, an expansion

of soul.

There is significance in the role of contrast -- how the most beautiful moments in time are often clashes of shine and shadow.

Here, in clear waters, every dip is a toothy grin at the sky, a wave to the sun. These are the moments where you can see horizons meet, when you can almost hear heaven high-fiving earth.

We contain continents.





Depending on your emphasis, "content" can refer to a kind of happiness and/or to filling, to things held or included. There's wisdom in that intersection.

Some gaps are for bridging. Some are funnels for the dawns and ends of each day. Others are the kind you jump into and swim through. Still others are best left as boundaries, the kind of black marks they used to put in maps next to the words: Here be dragons.

When life gives you storm, let the rain wash your face. Make of the cyclone your own brand of adventure.

