

The spark of Dreams

In the hush between dusk and dark,
When the sky holds its breath,
I slip away to places unknown—
A wanderer in worlds unspoken,
Where the air hums with what could be.
I blink, and the door opens wide.
They tell me I'm lost,
Chasing shadows,
Yet the stars I reach for

Feel closer than the life beneath my feet.

In dreams, I can be—

The dancer beneath a moonless sky,
A voice carried on a nameless wind.
Each blink, another chance
To find what I was meant to know,
A truth whispered in the spaces between.

the call to adventure

A breeze turns the world,
So soft I almost miss it—
A shift, like a sigh in the stillness,
Calling me somewhere unseen.
The sunrise wears a new shade today,
A gold too urgent to ignore,
As if it too feels the pull,
As if the sky itself leans forward.
Step by step, I leave behind
What I knew—

The rhythm of days that always fit,
The melody of routines so well-worn.
Ahead lies shadow and shimmer,
A road too wide, too long,
And yet—I walk.
With each breath,
The world grows larger,
And in the expanse,
I wonder if this is what it means
To wake up, truly awake,
For the very first time.

the HARSH reality

The stars,
Once so near,

Now cut the sky like broken glass—
Sharp, distant, untouchable.
The road stretches,
Longer than my wildest fear,
And I wonder if I was chasing only air,
If the promise of dreams was only a mirage

Dancing just out of reach.
The world around me moves with ease,
Footsteps sure and steady,
While I stumble through shadows

Of my own making,
Lost between what is
And what I once believed could be.

I thought I would find the end of this road,
Where dreams and truth would intertwine,

But now—

Now, it feels like the horizon
Slips farther with every step.
How far can I go
Before I turn back?

the BREAKING point

I stand at the edge—
Of hope, of exhaustion,
Of something I can't quite name.
Two roads lie before me:
One leads back,

The well-trodden path of knowing,
Of comfort, of safety.
The other fades into mist,
A blur of shadows and doubt.

I want to turn back.
I feel it in my bones,
The weight of the impossible,
The urge to retreat to where I was whole.

But in the stillness,

I realize I'm not waiting for a sign.
There is no guiding star,
No whisper of fate.
Just me,

And the quiet heartbeat
Of the earth beneath my feet.

The AWAKENING

In the silence, I see it—
Not the stars,

Not the sky that once promised more.
I see the earth beneath me,
Steady, unwavering,
Carrying me through every step.

It was never about the stars.
It was never about the distant horizon
I chased with trembling hands.
It was always here,
In the beat of my pulse,
In the breath that fills my lungs.
I thought I needed to reach,
To catch the dreams I spun in twilight,
But all along, I was becoming—
Each step, each falter,
Was a part of the unfolding.
Now, the stars flicker above,
But they are no longer the goal.
They are just light
To guide me as I walk,
Not to somewhere,
But to someone—
To me.