

*found in a field*

the innards of my imagination depict a field  
where i can often be found; i live in a meadow of my own mind,  
standing underneath blue skies and benevolence afloat,  
clouded with contentment of my newfound life.

this field holds fallen trees who once stood tall above the Earth  
until the weight of the world crumbled them to the ground.  
now, they lay down to rest, stumps broken and bruised  
though they hope to grow back someday.

at night, i'd lay in this field and join the trees on the ground,  
entwining myself in their roots so i, too, can get a better view of the stars.  
but while it's day, i stand awake to look at the clouds and search for symbols in the sky.  
while it's day, i soak up the world's sunshine.

the beauty of rejuvenation resides within this very field,  
sending itself in rays over every snapped tree who'll someday grow again,  
whistling as wind between blades of grass that've been trampled,  
bringing peace via progress to the land.

the beauty of rejuvenation is the ability to regrow,  
as i've done,  
as the springs will soon do,  
as the earth heals.