

All my hands work tirelessly to keep intact gentle. Through the vast surmountable dangers, they seemingly come together with a compassion like no other. The visions of myself are often surprised by this camaraderie. This sense of hope. Well-being. To invest in the self, a foreign idea, yet one inevitably explored on this mission. After all the tumult, we've come to some signs of peace. Yellow countryside. Grass. The sun no longer burns an etched memory, but exists purely as a shade of warmth. We see the landscape open out to us. To me. My body begins to forgive. The walls once steel and high are now lowering their guard. All my hands are no longer rough and scaled from labor. Cuts and bruises turn white. The current slackens. It almost ceases. The roaring of the rapids dies away above us. Brightness trickles. I step out of the boat to see saturation. Wilted willows spring back in their branches. Blossoms from the wilted. Dead birds flap their wings. A breath. A breath. For a moment, I feel it. Then, a vague feeling of trouble ahead.