

The Cyclical Exchange

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Greetings Mr. K,
a shackled mind is worse than anything at all.
tied tight like a caterpillar in its chrysalis,
to be suffocated by your own armor,
that happens to be the creation of your
freedom,
the hard times are just that,
because your freedom is spiritual
and this life is a beautiful tragedy,
a paradoxical complex arrangement
you remind me that every now and again—
accept yourself before you accept the world,
they are reflections, Mirror –
like a glass pond that has not yet
been shattered by the rippling effect,
grasp onto the bits of innocence
that existence holds in the web of its essence
know that this is not an endless void,
dark tunnels distinctly weave,
mimicking a feeling
of being stranded down a path your mind thought it knew
but still, your eyes hold happiness
like you hold the world in your palm,
there is no need to close your hand to form a clenched fist,
because you know Mother Earth will still go round,
So, for now we do what we can, and that is enough.