A Letter of Perspective

The letter to Naiveté,

It's fettered in the ablutions of life, wherein one leaves their soul to drain through crystal clear water, that the choking starts. But that's not because your in the opposite of Existence. Rather, I think it's a part of the ebb and flow of life. Because sadness and happiness are not mutually exclusive, they live in love with each other.

They live married to each other up in the cabin at the top of the mountain, together forever. And every day they gather their baggage and they head south at the base of the mountain, and they wash away their pains and gains.

Sometimes one cleans more then the other and sometimes they do it together, in tandem like the ages have taught them.

Sure the waters run dark and down hill to later rise up, calling down storms, but they whether their existence in time and continue to love each other.

Simply, your mind is the cabin they watch in vigil within and the river your heart that they wash away themselves.

Like I once did, you might think to ban the sadness from your river, yet happiness won't come down without the other, and they trap themselves in their cabin. Never really able to maintain themselves and you.

Contrary to belief I am not happy and find sadness with the ease of wind. But it's all about perspective to one's will and your created meaning.

So with that I take time to breathe the air and bask in the sun. I wash in the river and stand in solitude among the suffering of cold. I hold myself accountable for my sadness' joy and my happiness' sorrow.

I simply am existent, with a growing perspective of today. And there is much more that all my hearts pieces do to keep me balanced in that frame.

So please, breathe for another tomorrow.

From

Perspective

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