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## Days to Remember

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## Days to Remember

Adam Sana

Hopeful, as you traverse the ever youthful sea  
or wander through the darkness of endless caves,  
with that quiet sense of wonder amongst the depths  
the church bell rings, while monsters crawl beneath.

Waiting for the moment to finally close out while  
dancing with foreboding faces of death every night  
as a new dawn, a beginning, slowly creeps forward.

Gazing at the skyline as the clouds flow over  
the rolling hills of destiny, with the lasting solitude  
of a nearby patch of sand, rendered a paradise.

Laying down next to your feline friend as they purr,  
a faint bouncy tune signals the next day to come  
as you drift asleep to dream among the stars.

Awoken to the morning echoes of adventure,  
you grab your belongings, ready to taste a new voyage.  
At peace, in awe atop the mountains, a snowy bliss.

Down below the light simmers away, merciless shadows  
eat up the remaining tranquility, eat up the fear inside you,  
lurking deeper into the maw of an unknown beast.

Yet, you turn around and head back to safety, hands dry,  
you find the starlight aligning your face, twinkling,  
peering at distant galaxies too far to reach.

The walk back home is tiresome, yet forgiving,  
the silent half moon hums as its luminosity flickers  
as isolated sounds fill the void in your ears.

Back home, watching the trees sway through the glass,  
the ocean sings tonight in a perpetual state of calming grace  
while you ponder the secrets lying beneath its blue facade.

Sitting by the mystical bay as the sun arises in the morning  
you hop to your feet and get moving along the sand  
until you find a nearby tree to sit under, enjoying the shade.

Your eyes feel tired and heavy from a night's work  
as the breezing wind touches the skin on your face  
a lullaby of sensation adds to the feeling of fading away.

Hours to midnight, you observe animals roaming about  
as time cannot last forever in a world shaped by your hands,  
the feeling of loneliness starts to wither away, replaced  
by a bittersweet ending to an incredible journey.

Chris Howes — Digital Photograph

Escape

