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Everything Is Beautiful

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Everything is Beautiful

Everything is beautiful.

Bathing in a sea of stars,
I float like a balloon
Tethered to the earth by
Just a fragile string of gravity.
I reach out to eternity,
Trace patterns in the sky ...
Stories told across millenia.
I'm traveling through time.

I close my eyes and slowly sink,
The air around me, in me, through me,
Is humming in crystalline harmony
Two hundred voices strong.
*And if you close your eyes,
A river, a silent and beautiful current,
Fills you from within ...*
And I expand, become two-hundredfold.

You kiss me for the first time.
In it, I feel the first and last
and every kiss between.
My first imperfect love.
For just one perfect moment,
Nothing hurts
And everything is beautiful.

I reach out to accept the humble spoon,
The unassuming plastic
Now a momentary chalice.
Transubstantiation.
I taste its precious contents,
Close my eyes in sheer euphoria.
One hundred years of craftsmanship;
Each dances in its turn across my tongue.
The sweet, the sour, oak and juniper.
I gladly pay whatever price
To worship at this temple once again.



Quidditch Generation. Jewelry. Karlette Murray

A bird freed from her cage, I fly
Above hot summer sand,
Splash landing in the glittering lake.
Hot and cold, wet and dry,
Noisy ... and quiet.
I am the summer sun,
The gentle breeze,
The waves unfurling as they kiss the shore.

And nothing hurts.

- *Kimberly F. White*