

stop & smell the
sunrise

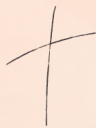
The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands. Day after day they pour forth speech; night after night they reveal knowledge.

— Psalm 19:1-2

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the Divine
who I could not
see nor touch,
was born and given skin,
so that I, the mortal
hiding and heaven-laden
would be seen and invited in.





friends who hug like a home

there is a love
that feels like brunch with an old friend
a hug that feels like a home.

not one with bare walls and sanitised floors
but one dressed with glitter soaked rugs
and a couch stained by crayon and hot coffee.

a home where walls hold frames of familiarity
where hallways echo with the joy of shared history
and doors open to rooms where secrets and laughter rest.

just as a home takes years to build
friendship takes staying and seasons to bloom
so though life gets busy don't forget to call
your loved ones who feel like a hug and a home.

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always.

i see all of you
(and i'm staying)
to walk with you
hand in hand
even if we can't always see
eye to eye
in a world of infinite options
i choose to stand with you
(always)

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