

The Flow

The flow of energy hangs heavy on the lips, breathing freely like a fine wine, at the mercy and benevolence of the elements, as we leave footprints along the spiral of infinity.

The lessons, the teachings, the cycles, spins and roundabouts, the journey of a nest of quests, designed to stretch the boundaries and help broaden the horizons of understanding.

Learning the art of patience, while engulfed in contemplation, the weaving threads of enquiring minds, paint their visions around the inner face of their bubbles of light.

Soaking up the shards of energy, the kaleidoscope of textured feelings, strum the heart strings like the harp of internal beauty, while the symphony harmonises with the waves of passion and becomes a true delight.

Mylo Hawk Elderin