

“Horizons”

Horizons suggest comfort.
The comfort of something seeming so close you could grasp it,
When in truth it's so distant
That it's untouchable.

A regretful transition,
A “*rite of passage*”,
Has always seemed necessary to reach beyond,

But maybe it's always been within me.

I know I'm only just scratching the surface,
But is it not lovelier to think that the entire world is pooled in your hopeful eyes?
You need not cross these troubled waters to find the horizon because
It will always be real no matter where you stand.

Light shines at your fingertips.
Wield and look back for nothing.