

A Letter for Malaz,

In the midst of life's turbulent
currents,
amidst the whirlwind
of change, there lies a solace
in the relics
we gather
along the
journey.

You stroll through the city streets, where the sun
kisses the pavement with warmth and
laughter
dances in the breeze
like confetti.

The parks offer a sanctuary from the hustle and bustle of the urban symphony.

amidst the array of thrifted treasures,
In your closet,
each garment
tells a story

Jeans
from the hot and sticky July day when the store's AC bribed you into purchasing a heavy fabric,

and the

cute matching tank top
you and a friend wear every time you see each other,

these relics now hold the power to transport you to
another time, another place.

But as life's tempo quickens and responsibilities beckon, the familiar comforts seem to slip
away.

No longer do you linger in the parks,
savoring the coolness of the grass,
or lose yourself in the aisles of thrift stores, chasing the thrill of discovery.

Instead, you find yourself navigating through the bustling atmosphere to class,
the only potential relief
at the end of your journey being

the hard stool in the back of the room so that
maybe you can lean against a wall and catch your breath.

Yet, amidst the chaos, there is a glimmer of hope, a promise of brighter days ahead.

With acceptance

and present-living, soon, the hard stools of the
classroom will become familiar, the city streets will welcome you
with open arms, and the laughter will echo once more through the night.

It will feel as though time hasn't skipped a beat; you'll find yourself reclining on the soft
grass, absorbing the urban panorama, and preparing for another evening of
adventuring from party to party in the glistening night. The only
distinction will lie in the depth of your newfound
regard for life's simple pleasures.