

## Kaleidoscope

In the silences of the heart, the questions remain, coming unbidden at strange unrelated moments. Time though fluid, seems to telescope.

Beginnings are questioned, the happenstance of chance. A young girl seeks answers to questions she can not name. Her world a kaleidoscope of pain, fractures like the shards of a glass, broken. She does not understand the soul shattering aloneness that is her constant companion.

Standing on the threshold of time I see a solitary child, one who talked to trees. Feeling their strength, she felt safe and whispered her dreams to them. Her solitary heart grapples with doubts, awaiting its moment...

In the silences of the heart, the questions remain coming unbidden at strange unrelated moments. Finally given voice, the questions are spoken. No answers are revealed. Time still telescopes yet the woman has learned to wend her way through the kaleidoscope of pain.

The woman no longer talks to trees, but in their presence she feels peace, as though the sentinels of the earth conspired to comfort her and like leaves had spread her dreams upon the wind. Still her solitary heart grapples with doubts, awaiting its moment...