

Elegy

By: Victoria Adams

Forced into the grey spectrum of life, an earned rite of
passage to the unknown
All comes full circle in this awareness of consciousness, it is un-
avoidable.

Consciously this life is forgotten, unconsciously the mind remem-
bers.

These shells have an undetermined expiration date.

The soul glides away, upward and out, defying gravity.

Fractalized,

The soul dissolves into the realm between form, lost in the hazy
mist of Gaia

In this after world energy follows though and around, a part of all
things

This energy becomes a contributor to the life forces of all,

Following the sun's rays it gives warmth to a cheek,

An inhaled wind revives a lung,

Soft rich earth cools a bare foot, and shades an eye through green
umbrellas,

Saturates a skin falling in small drops of rain.

After some time here wrapped in Gaia's embrace,

A soul congeals once more

It favors a shell to capture

And finds consciousness again.

We all leave and we all find our way back,

But it is traveling thought this realm of death that we find, truly,
what connects us all