

Sentiments from not just a pandemic

I want to see everything

I want to visit

Every bookstore, every beach,

every cliff and mountain and lake,

every palace, really each and every place that has ever seen a

king or queen

I want to walk the trodden paths of history,

I want to see, with my eyes and much more,

Where we came from,

I want to guess where we are going

My soul is so hungry,

It wants to see every painting

Every statue,

Wants to experience art in all its forms,

Wants to jump and laugh

And cry and sing

And see

My head says no,

Says routine, says calm,

And ritual and safety,

Says regular bedtimes,

Says business as usual

But I am starving

On everyday life,

On same culture,

Same streets, Same art,

Same sky

Let's go see the world.
This is not a race,
We won't see everything
And isn't that wonderful?
How life contains more wonders
Than we could fathom
Or possibly experience in a lifetime

I am not a sentimental person,
My photo albums are slim
And covered in dust.
But this I allow myself:
To be sentimental when I think about the world,
And its beauty
And how it connects us so effortlessly
Or at least I hope so