

Revival by Isabella Blasi

Grass weaves through my hands,
A warm wind runs through my body,
And a soothing darkness covers my eyes.
So the darkness doesn't scare me,
It cradles me,
In the arms of light.
I had fallen into a deep sleep,
Back when the sky was an ocean blue.
I awake.
My breathing is so steady,
It calmly seeps in my lungs,
And blows out like a gentle wind.
Then suddenly,
My legs take control of me,
But it was just until my feet hit the cool sand.
Finally,
I look up.
I can no longer move,
I am blinded by allurenes,ss,
Then overtaken by calmness and peace.
Now the sky swirls in exotic colors,
Shades of red, orange, yellow and purple,
They all dance through the sky,

And they each speak their own language to me,

As they allow my mind to see,
To realize that our world's beauty can be
painted,
Into the most glorious of paintings,
With the paintbrush of the mind,
And the naked eye.
These paintings are so sacred,
They must be kept safe.
And they open my mind,
As well as the door for my motion,
All so swift,
To the sparkling sea.
There's no thought in this motion,
I just go.
Air flies by me until I hit the water,
Now I lunge,
I fly,
Then this refreshing sensation clears me,
Of congestion,
Of negativity,
Of stress,
I rise from the water.
I still see those precious colors,
Just swimming through the sky,
As I swim through the golden water,
Which is a gift,
Painted by the sun's gorgeous light,
The sun paints everything, in fact,

Including me,
Not with just light,
Warmth,
And energy,
But also of happiness,
Release,
And recovery.
I'm a happy body,
With a recovered soul.
Finally,
I am at ease,
At peace,
In revival.