

18 | SPRING
SUMMER





It's the decisive moment
The beginning of a beginning
The impression of your expression.

It's the infinite beauty
The unquestionable newness
The undeniable longing.

It's the endless breath
The smile before the laugh
The skipping of a beat.

It's the spice of wild air
The ruffled edges in bloom
A garden's secrets revealed.

It's the warm kiss of the breeze
The relentless embrace
The magnificent transformation.

It is me.
It is you.

- John Corrie -



















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