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Where Beauty Once Stood

I sat by the door, wind in my face,
Chasing thoughts of greatness, dreams of place.
The ride was smooth, my heart was light,
Till beauty beckoned from my right.

Golden sun kissed yellow bloom,
Butterflies danced, the water boomed.
Coconut trees waved in peace—
A perfect frame I couldn't seize.

I reached for my lens, but it blurred, delayed.
A masterpiece, now slipped away.
Disappointed, I turned to go,
But something whispered soft and low.

The splash, the breeze, the waving tree,
All conspired to anchor me.
The ground grew slick, a line was drawn
Between what's lost and what lives on.

I'd been here once, the place was known.
But beauty's soul had been overthrown.
A crack, a wall, a fading name—
What once was home now bore no flame.

Not all decay is carved in stone.
Some starts in minds not yet their own.
To heal the earth, we must begin

Where thoughts are formed and truths live in.

Renew the mind; the hands will move.

Restored within, we'll rise and prove

That beauty lives where hearts are stirred,

And every soul shapes every word.