

## Hope's Refraction

24/09/2023

There is a saying: "Home is people"

I realized some odd years ago that the self by its own is limited in what it can touch and live through, but it has to be alone to understand what the soul wants.

And so I would go up and down, place to place, people to people, mostly alone with superficial understanding of what made others who they were, except the few I would meet to call friends and to exchange words and letters with.

But how long does it take to be in solitude, to become something like home? Comfort with the self must be found, else no homestead could be made.

The self was fed for years, but now it grows its own crops. It can only share them, unless decay is what is wanted? One could say that decay shows the truth of life: its emptiness, the coming of dust and forgetfulness. But life itself shows it merely by being what it is, otherwise it would be a cycle-less immortal. But existence can only be the sum of its parts, otherwise it would simply not exist. What does it mean, then? The unconscious live in the harmony of the cruelty of survival, yet they care for more than themselves.

To be a refracting mirror to the sun of other's warmth and your own, to find and care for a family you could say "They chose to be with me, and I chose to be with them".

Where one desires companionship, the intimacy permeates a sense of deep and a willing scarring love that will not flee away from the first forest fire it will inevitably witness.

And so, it is with a smile that I look beyond my hill, at the sun warming on this early autumn morning – or rather one that feels like the sweetest of morning – A fireplace is lit, and all that's left there was me, looking after a fire crackling, alone but never lonely.

For hope is people, as much as they all are and yourself become home. We are as we are and there is no more to say than that, except that, in times of suffering, we hold each others' shoulders to keep going, in the silliness and absurdity of a hopeful life – amidst a despair that sees no end, we can only laugh and appreciate the terror of nature and man: they deserve each other, one wiping out the other, waking up every day without knowing what they did. But they loved, in their own ways. They loved what they saw as a beautiful thing, and dreamed of a morrow that shines somewhere.

If one could only see the opposite of hope, after all, they would only despair to their death, and their stories would only be written in tragedies uncared for except those that once walked down a similar path.

And that new path they found themselves in, is one where hope was found, despite the many times dreams and phantoms shatter and disappear. There's still light shining behind

the mountains we climb and want to climb, even if avalanches from one or the other in their source take us back down, and sometimes crush us.

We were here, and we could keep smiling, less we disallow ourselves to do so. There is beauty in this world, and all is held under the same umbrella, one that is both hated and loved at the same time: life, that is more radiant when one looks into the eyes of their loved ones, and can see a reflection of a part of what makes light so warm and pleasing. A reminder to die, is a reminder to live: and we do so no longer for ourselves only. If others bring us comfort, then we must bring them comfort. And if they do not, then we can leave elsewhere and open our heart to the sea again.

As such, no matter what happens, I shall walk with a welcoming heart, assuming for others to be shining like the full moon, with a small amount of paranoia still; understand humans in a small amount of fear is a given, but to be trusting of them once is all said and done is a more beautiful reward than a grand prize for something forgotten: as all was, is and will be, our memories still are to us our grand eternity.

I wish to love, to help, to care, to call my friends as family, to be intimate with a reflecting soul and to share their hopes and dreams; to build a life alongside them, that itself is a shelter for warmth – and I wish to smile with tears in my eyes, a heart bleeding from the joy of simply existing alongside those that are as they are, and welcome me to be as I am, no matter where we are.

Maybe that's what the saying means.  
If home is people, then I must Be.