



On the edge of that fragile petal,

I'm just a drop, one of millions, hanging on there,

With all the strength that I don't have anymore.

I don't want to slide off again.

Please.

I've used all of it. It's slippery. I've fallen. Caught up, fought, fallen again. Drowned in that little tiny innocent droplet, like it was an ocean. Am I the droplet? Which one am I?

How something so little, tiny and insignificant could signify something on the opposite spectrum?

A drop of water, like the beginning of life, but feeling like the end is near. For years. Cruel? I've been holding on. I swear. But how much longer?

It's beautiful, isn't it? A flower, life, nature.

What you see in the outside isn't always what's happening inside. Or for real.

A bit of wind, and I'll slide off,

Fall,

disappear,

again,

deeper,

on the pit of ME.

Because of ME I feel like i'm not me.

And ME is not me.

But it is, when you've been holding on for so long, ME becomes me.

Billions of droplets, beautiful on the outside, all similar, but millions of them, we know, we tell you, fighting battles every second of their existence, while you see the beauty of an innocent picture of a flower after a rainfall, we, ME, see the most simplest things we can't even witness anymore.

Sometimes, some of us, have a little window of time and capacity to think. Imagine. Create, make analogies. Create those pictures, relating to a random, simple piece of nature, give some sense to a picture taken during a two minutes max "walk" (crawl) outside.

That's when I took that picture, for a little time of escape, trying to find some poetry and beauty somewhere. Before crashing, maybe until next year?

Being a droplet, being me with ME is lonely.

Even if we have to learn we're not, we're still are, inside. Physically. Mentally.

I'll be hanging on to that petal. Yellow, as the sun and life, beauty of the strength of the form and bubble shape of that watery being holding onto that petal that will face wind, weather, seasons.

Will you be my petal, the golden core, or a companion drop? Facing the storms together.

Invisible from afar, if you don't pay attention you'll not see us, those tiny minuscule millions of almost invisible droplets. But if you come closer, and pay attention, maybe, you'll notice us. Be curious, learn. I don't know if any of this will make sense. It was just a picture of a wet flower after rain in the end.