

on clearings Robert Stone



There are places that invite us to befriend ourselves.



It is an art to be able to listen more to what is not said than to what is said.

It is an ancient dance: attachment versus authenticity.

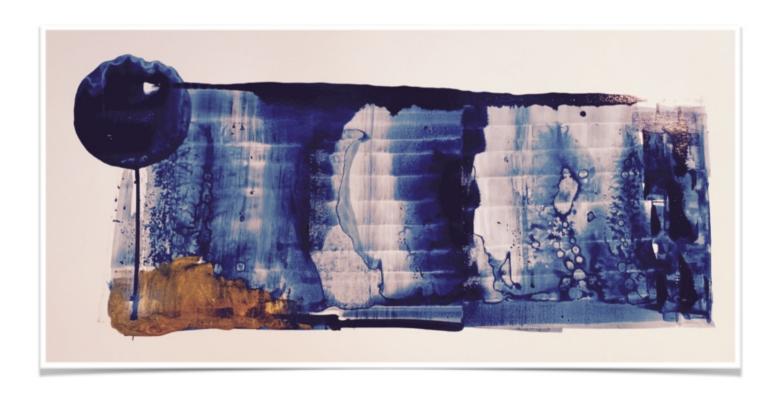




Every loss has its own silence.



To embrace solitude is not the same as to accept loneliness.



Some moons are more like signposts.

They reassure us that someone is looking out for us.



Nightmares and creepy crawlers have one thing in common: They are curiously casual about not asking for permission to come in.



Spaciousness cannot be measured in meters.
Only the heart knows its dimensions.



Originality might just be a matter of survival.

We all long to be seen.



A garden knows how to be without having to be.



Rocks take on the color of the sea, the shore, and the air. It is a sign of affection.

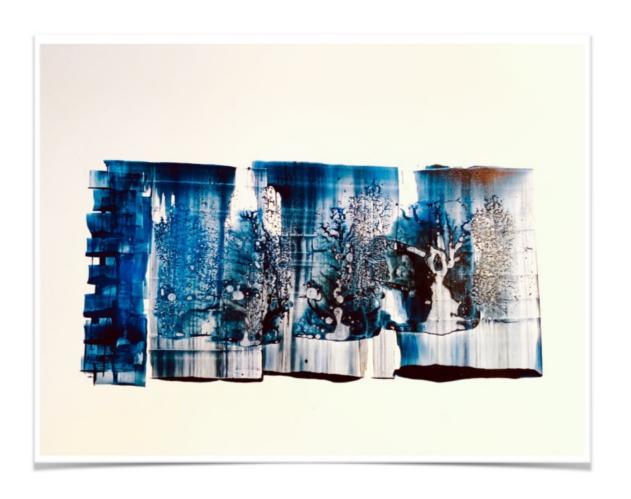


Landscapes, in time, become wild creatures, awakening from an ancient slumber.





Our stories keep changing.
And so do we.



There is a difference between consuming nature and listening to it.

In the dusk the insight dawns that we cannot be alone.





Some places would not exist were it not for love.

