



on clearings  
Robert Stone

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There are places that invite us  
to befriend ourselves.

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

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It is an ancient dance:  
attachment versus authenticity.





Every loss has its own silence.

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

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Some moons are more like signposts.  
They reassure us that someone is looking out for us.

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

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

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Originality might just be a matter of survival.  
We all long to be seen.



A garden knows how to be without having to be.

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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.

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Our stories keep changing.  
And so do we.



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

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







Some places would not exist were it not for love.

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