

The floors are slick
The fears slide away in a scuffle of socks
Patterned rugs line the ground
Soft and plush, intricately designed

It's a small room
By all accounts unfamiliar and cold
But somehow strangely comforting
Good energy rests here among the fairy lights
A sense of peace that shatters the hate outside
We don't notice it, crashing in waves until the door closes and silence falls

The silence is deafening, uncomfortable, painful
Relax
Let your spine straighten and your thoughts settle
Let the stories wash over you
Relax
A history of bravery and kindness replaces the evil
Steady movement and breathing masks the pain
By all respects you feel both light and heavy
Light with freedom from the hurt and torrents
Heavy with a weariness that comes only from peace

The food fills us as chatter splits the air
The joy of a meal shared without strife
Laughter as we play with sticks like children once more
But there's something deeper, bigger
A sense of self that moves as we do
They aren't simply motions with our newly lengthened arms
It's a continuation of an age old tradition
A realization of self control, a return to that peace.

The doors have to open again
This haven isn't forever but it was nice while it lasted
The anger of the world rages once more
It isn't quite so loud this time

The yellow school bus bumps along the road
Returning us to our problems, our lives
A fragment of peace remains
A tiny ember in our hearts to hold and treasure.

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