

That Feeling

Maybe it's the snow-capped mountains piercing the clouds with their magnificence.

Maybe it's the tall green pines that have been here since before Columbus's birth and are over thirty stories high.

Maybe it's the roaring river cascading down the mountainside to the valley below with its salmon defying logic and odds.

Maybe it's the rocky ledge so subtly shaped by glaciers thousands of years ago.

Maybe it's the smell of the ocean air that greets you in the morning.

Maybe it's the pod of killer whales playing along side the island ferry.

Maybe it's the ocean going vessel like a ghost ship on its way to parts unknown.

Maybe it's the sight of a soaring eagle gliding oh so effortlessly through the blue skies.

Maybe it's the sound of a baby deer born within earshot of a friend.

Maybe it's the fragrance exuded by the myriad of flowers of varying shapes and colours.

Maybe it's the sunrise and sunset that makes you gaze in awe.

Maybe it's the open arms that greet you when you return home.

And that feeling, it is the knowing that you are exactly where you are meant to be.

Andreas Simic