

This world was created by perspective. There was no hope until she decided to wish on flowers, wells, and shooting stars. She learned to sing to the finches and chased her fairies down the stream. Resentment engulfed him until he discovered dancing in the rain. He learned to skip rocks and sleep in the moss. The sky fell in love with the trees, when the fireflies entwined with the stars. Wonder fueled the world. Innocence brought an endless spring.

This world was changed by perspective. When he caught fireflies in a jar, the stars stopped twinkling. The moonlight lost its brilliance when she stopped believing in fairies. The yellow birds left the forests and the sky was dull and gray. The branches shrunk away from the clouds. No one was willing to see the light, and the creek ran dry. These are the days of eternal winter.

Perspective can change this world again. The boy might grow up and hate the world. He may no longer jump in the leaves, but, what if he released the fireflies from his jar? The girl might adore the shadows, but what if she still loved the stars? The atmosphere may be choked with corruption, but what if the sunset still kissed the dirt? Maybe then wishes of dandelions will trail every step, and the creek would overflow with life. A balance could create seasons.