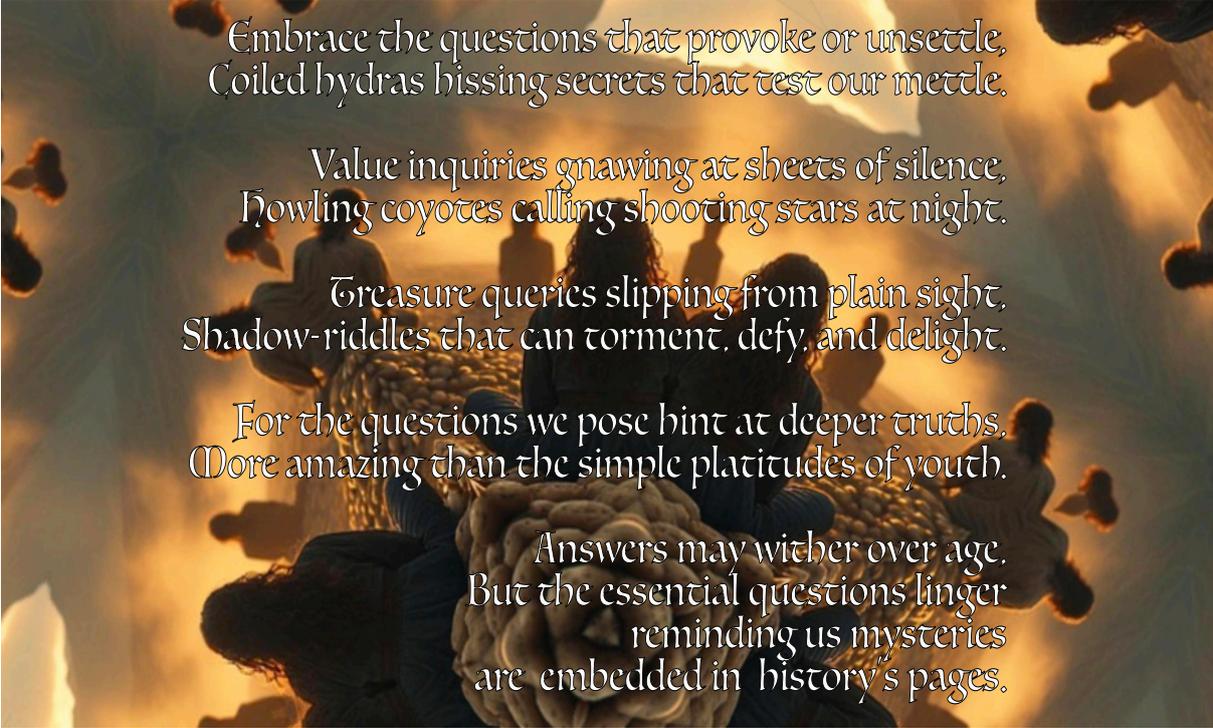


QUESTIONING:

Navigating the Unknown



Embrace the questions that provoke or unsettle,
Coiled hydras hissing secrets that test our mettle.

Value inquiries gnawing at sheets of silence,
Howling coyotes calling shooting stars at night.

Treasure queries slipping from plain sight,
Shadow-riddles that can torment, defy, and delight.

For the questions we pose hint at deeper truths,
More amazing than the simple platitudes of youth.

Answers may wither over age,
But the essential questions linger
reminding us mysteries
are embedded in history's pages.

The air in the coffee shop felt charged, as if the poem's final cadence had left a strange vibration in the space between them. Brice leaned forward, his voice brimming with curiosity, "So this is essentially a heartfelt celebration of inquiry."

Anya held his gaze, something flickering behind her eyes. She let the silence stretch for a moment before adding, "Indeed, it appears that way." As her speech settled like stones shaping a stream, she noted, "Each thought is a reflection part of a larger dream."

Carlos leaned back into his chair, fingers steepled in a gesture of profound stillness. Though his face was smooth, his tone carried the weathered texture of a man who had seen many seasons. "It takes a lifetime to learn the delicate art of questioning and knowing when to pause," he reflected, his tone measured and resonant. "And even longer to learn the mercy of knowing when to pause."

The gravity of the moment was suddenly shattered by Devani's sharp, laugh rippling through the room, instantly evaporating the dense clouds of intellectual musing.

"A single lifetime, Carlos?" she teased, her eyes dancing with a mirth. "I believe it takes many lifetimes—and even then, we're only just beginning to ask the right things."

-  Newfields

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