

The Grandeur of Life

Isn't life so grand?
The power of having a camera in hand.

Walking streets of concrete, shores of sand,
To stay inside is where souls go to die,
The great outdoors is where humans thrive.

I exist beyond the passage of time,
Walking the same lane, observing the mundane,
Never bound to a straight line.

I skip to my own beat, unseen,
Watching the world, the same old scenes.
Photographing with intensity on repeat,
Capturing life, both fragile and sweet.