



# Quest

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<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/musings/-quest-.aspx>

At some point there will come a time.

In a moment not of your choosing.

You'll know when.

It was all borrowed time anyway.

On loan, never to be owned.

The path will grow more narrow.

The light will grow dimmer.

A soul once uplifting, now heavy and held hostage.

Fear is just a lack of information.

Your senses seek familiarity.

The smell of fresh-cut grass on a Sunday afternoon.

The taste of sweet tea on a front porch swing.

Or that moment when crickets go silent, then start again.

Calmly, you see through closed eyes.

Taking comfort in your journey.

To a world of snow-cones and Ferris wheels.

It's all there before you.

Just a short trek across a rainbow bridge.

