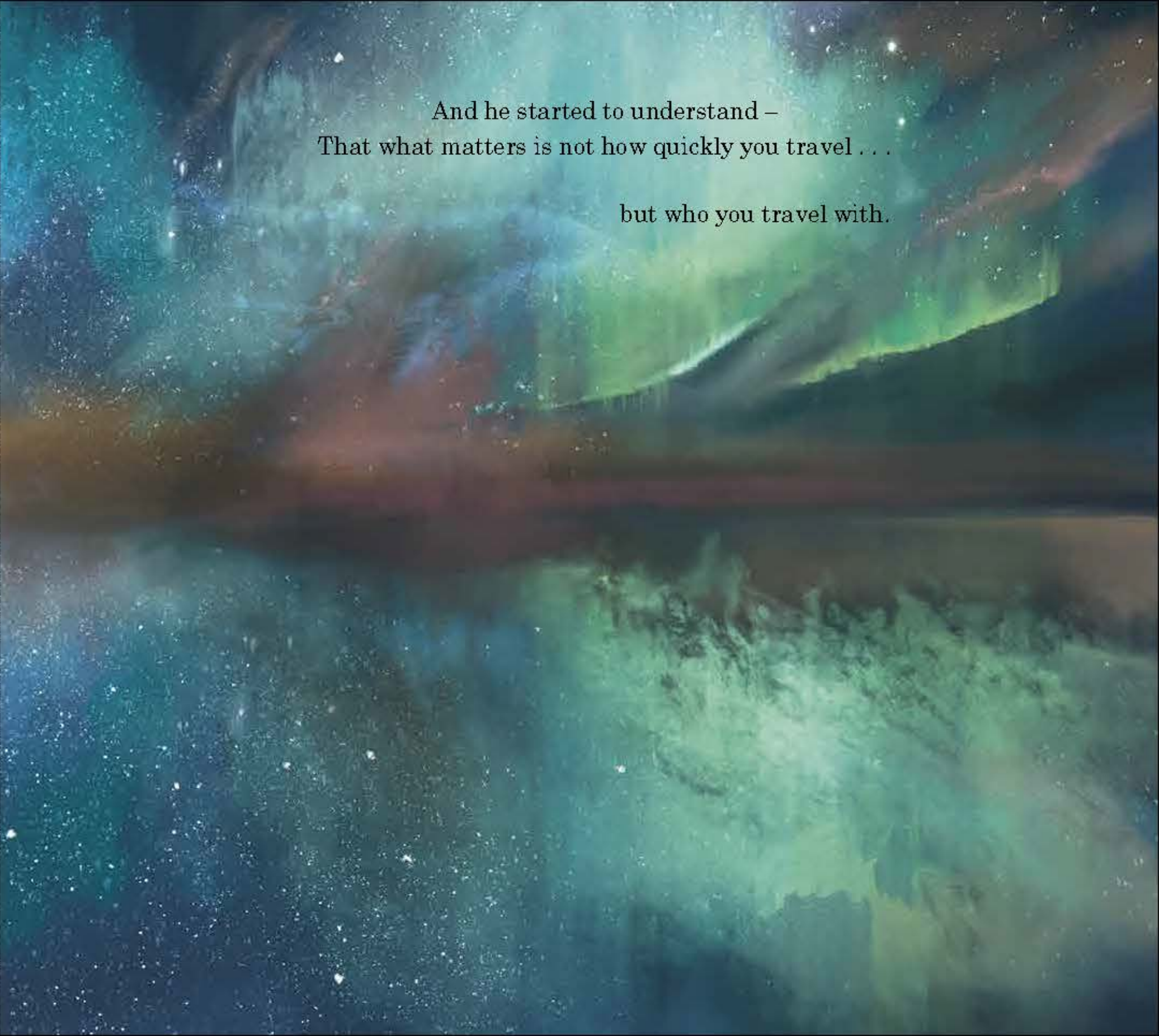


There were special nights when the stars would come out
just for them and were reflected on calm waters.

They would float upon the current, peaceful and still.
In these moments, alongside his mother as she gently sang her song,
he could not see where things began or ended.



And he started to understand –
That what matters is not how quickly you travel . . .

but who you travel with.



With the blink of an eye,
he arrived in the world.