

## THE YET TO BE KNOWN DAYS

Small, but comfortable. The walls of the room were lined with mementos of the “have done” moments. Scotch tape and thumb tacks held together the tapestry of photographs and certificates. Bits of scrap paper, autumn-tinted leaves, flowers dried and shriveled, frayed fabric and bits of twisted metal sit in every crack and windowsill. The past coated the walls in artifacts inches deep, and archeological history of the being that bounced between these walls for seventeen, now eighteen years. In the center, lined with a colored history of smiling faces, faded magazine clippings, yellowed paper – a bare patch of blank wall. Blindingly white against the multitudes of shapes and hues that flow off the edges into the space like a waterfall with no promise of what lays beyond. Light radiates, glowing with the solitary promise of the undiscovered. A whole future lies in that blank space, pregnant with possibilities...It is the empty that compels a soul, surrounded by the unblinking eyes of faces frozen in time; words, textures, shapes and colors that paint a picture of the past are the frayed edges of an incomplete story. The starting threads of a life yet to be woven: a new tapestry on a new day in the “yet to be known” days.