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Over Coffee

For as long as I can remember ,I had convinced myself that solitude could produce greatness .Amidst the incessant chatter of the world ,I sought refuge in the silence of my own company, believing that my thoughts and dreams could blossom in the absence of distraction. I had clung to this belief with fervency of a love struck youth, certain that in the stillness of my mind I would find purpose .

It was only yesterday my entire worldview shifted. Something inside of me cracked open when I dreamt of an intense connection with a power greater than myself .The creator met me at a Café and spoke to my heart over Coffee, a simple cup of coffee .

Oh soul of mine you have finally found joy ,solace and peace. No longer shall you feel alone ,for you have discovered that the divine resides in you, feeling your creativity and illuminating your path .In this new found understanding you will reveal to the world that your gifts spring forth from a place of divine inspiration ,for there is a power higher than you .

In this simple meeting over a coffee this moment of self introspection encourages not only myself but everyone who has souls and fails to reach for meaning .Pleasures are superficial ,fame is temporary but we are not certain of where our souls will rest hereafter .

It is said that beautiful things do not ask for attention may my soul be evidence of this .When that day comes when the graves swallows me ,I will be at peace as I will stand

before my creator with a content heart as he sees the beauty under my skin and the sacrifice that flows in my blood .The façade I performed In front of the world will be meaningless.

The intimate moment over Coffee has brought me to the deep acceptance ,that while my name may never be etched among the greats in annals of history, my soul shall carry a legacy of its own .Like the grains of sand although my time on this earth is fleeting ,I repeat the beauty and grace of my soul shall remain as a testament to the divine presence within me .

The art of simplicity is a peaceful rebellion against the noise that surrounds me, there is power in being ordinary .Even the birds, they cannot talk yet represent joy ,even the birds they cannot talk but they sing praises to their creator with grace .Yet at some moments the thoughts in our heads conflict on whether to live a simple life or to chase the pearls the world offers .