

Because much of Facebook is temporary and fleeting, I continually return to what I wrote on social media and revisit my thoughts.

They never exist in isolation as mere words. They are living, breathing things, intimately connected to both the sharer and the companions with whom they are shared. A witness and testament, as David Whyte would say, to the everlasting power of friendship.

I want to savor the memories of those I met along the way who left their footprints on these sands. A reminder of the lives I've touched and the lives who've touched me. A crying out against the painful brevity of existence and an affirmation there are others like me, flickering into life for one glorious moment before being subsumed by the ineffable.

My posts are like paintings that have come to life, emblazoned with a red-hot fervor on a digitized ethereal easel. Their colors are iridescent, wild in their longingness for life. I'm taken over with an all-consuming eagerness to elaborate on them—to deepen their original meaning and intent.

My words constantly evolve through conscious attention and their mysterious power to grow in spiritual strength over the years. I lovingly edit these posts, invited by their energetic presence to further endow them with meaning. They reflect the vital interchange of ideas with others, who are not really others, but the one underlying consciousness disguised as a multiplicity. However, I'm not going to stop there.

I want to use all the inspiration I gather from social media as a catalyst for exhilarating life adventures. To spontaneously jump out from the keyboard, bend down in silent appreciation, and give those dew-speckled begonias with their mesmerizing fractal patterns some love. I have an overpowering need to dance with the wildflowers as I offer gratitude to the universe for creating such mind-boggling awesomeness.

I yearn to climb a colossal redwood tree during a raging storm and howl joyously into the void, just like the immortal John Muir did. I itch to peer into the endless ineffability of a spider's web so I can finally wrap my feeble human brain around eternity. I ache to riotously kiss the iris, nature's most underappreciated flower.

To all my virtual and real-world friends, thanks for sharing these moments with me. You make this journey worthwhile!