



Sometimes I Wonder/Wander.

Sometimes I wonder.

I ponder on the world around me.

The images I see. The kind I fear not everyone sees.

Sometimes I wander.

I take long walks as I muse on my environment.

I make an effort.

To keep up, To listen. To learn.

Look where it's brought me.

Regeneration!

This is what regeneration sounds like to me.

This is what regeneration looks like to me.

You should see the look on the faces in my neighborhood.

What is he doing?

Why are you taking photos of a pile of dirt?

On this day, I make no effort to find a muse of regeneration.

It's all around me.

They seem to move around aimlessly.

They stick their feet in the murky waters.

They dig their hands into what is left of our garbage.

Sometimes the voices of regeneration are silent, but they speak.

We may not hear or see them on these podiums and stages.

They still play their role for the greater good.

This is an attempt to start fresh conversations from the dirt, pile and rough.

Sometimes I wonder, Can you listen?

Sometimes they wander, Can we see the role they play?

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