

It's difficult to tell something's shape among many others.

One field, ripe with nothing too important to anyone of any importance. The young eye recognizes only yellow, neglecting to observe the desolate space.

Puddles fill the doorless void, absorbing bare concrete space.

Below, coupled steps dance to the grass, in good company; Like any partnership, the weeds and the dirt are both inseparable, fully to be recognized as one, and in direct opposition.

On either side, two double-doors exist in this sort of harmony: One, a creamy white, the color of well-loved sheep and coffee filters. The other black, a different sort of empty, like an eclipse or those odd areas of spacetime in which nothing exists (and nothing ever will).

So clear is it that souls have been here.

The milky door's top-decoration hosts exactly three rows of seven white rimmed squares; its coffeed cousin holds that same space for rows upon rows of pleated paneling, slotted like a Pac-Man machine waiting for the world's largest quarters.

Overhead, a bright fluorescent light shines unbroken, shattered by daytime and noticeable only if a glance is chanced directly at the object. Yet again, nature is so modest in power; yet again, nature is not modest enough to let humankind win. The sunlight is so much broader: It shines into the alcove, overcoming anything a man could make.

So feminine is the collision of this graceful beauty and discreetly hidden power.

Beside sits a fan, all human corporate, Sans Serif bold and SVG stickered. It plays similarly to the darker door, except this Pac-Man machine only accepts nickels. It does not churn.

In front, a bush is bursting with both fruit and flower, so heavy in its burden that it leans slightly left and is entirely subject to gravity.

So that yet to come can be discerned by what is.

And all of this comes only from, behind the bush, beside the fan, below the light, between the doors, and above the puddled steps, a single rusted panel leaning against the wall.

So similar is the child with the dandelion.

**There are so many things that exist in this world. When we focus our attention on one, we develop a deeper and more well-rounded understanding of that subject.*