

Peace

I am a complicated thing.

For some, I represent quiet, stillness, and tranquility. For others, I am something that is fought over for hundreds of years and still, I am not welcome. But whatever meaning I have, I am fragile in all of my different forms – from being bombarded with noise, pollution and natural disasters to war and crime, I am as fragile as a butterfly silently flying through the summer breeze.

You will find me in different places. Some may find me without even looking, whereas others need to search for me. Some find me when drinking a steaming mug of hot chocolate in front of a fire on a cold winter's night. Others find me on a tropical island while watching the sky light up with vibrant colours as the sun dips beyond the horizon. I can also be found when hearing certain sounds, like the wind rustling through the trees in a shady forest.

In this complicated world some people may never find me; they will search for me, but will never come across me. Other people don't want to find me. They will force me away and say that I am irrelevant to them and their purpose, while deep down they are the ones who need me the most. Conflict, bloodshed, and war are some of my worst enemies, looming over me and acting like a hammer, ready to smash down on me and break me at any second. My enemies can also be simpler things, like the end of a long-lasting friendship, betrayal, or dishonesty. When these enemies are around, I can become lost and forgotten. It feels like I am unwanted, like a prisoner cast into confinement forever.

Although my existence is complex, I still believe I am the strongest force on Earth, and the most wanted. Once people find me, they want to look after me and nurture me. Keeping me is a challenging thing, as once others know I am there, some may try to eliminate me. They want me gone, out of this world forever, never to return.

These people and I act like two opposite magnets; we will always oppose each other, never to find a connection. Eventually, I will slowly fade back into this world, like mist slowly appearing on a cold, autumn morning. Hopefully, the people who do