

## **Nature's Prodigy**

Staring into the serene lake I pondered:

Mackerels may never soar through the skies,  
Eagles may never plunge into the ocean depths.

Lemon trees may crave the freedom of travel,  
Leopards may long for a slower pace.

Though when it comes to human beings, *what is our true nature?*

We may never breathe underwater, but we have plumbed the depths of the sea.  
We may never sprout wings, but we can travel comfortably through the air.  
We may never have the stillness of the trees, but we can practice the appreciation of being present.  
We may never sprint through the Savannah, but we have mastered the open road.

Humans can imagine, we can dream, create, and become.  
Being human then, is not our limit, *being human is our canvas.*