

Living by Isabella Bergeson

Some say travel is a break from reality,
an exotic getaway,
an escape, a place to run away to,
an exodus.

But to me, it is
the first smile in a new land,
the indescribable feeling of breathing
For the first time,
a sparkling light returning to wondering eyes,
the birthplace of free wings,
a sweet taste of the unexpected.

I say it's living.

Whether it be a trip to the lush flora of Costa Rica, a bird's eye view of Paris from it's mighty tower, a traipse through the frosty mountains of Chile, the sun kissed beaches of Fiji, a summer road trip across the countryside, a strenuous drive to a cabin in the snowy north, or the comfortable stroll to a friend's house, it is living.

For if you only travel to run, you'll find you never took a step.

I travel to witness their perceptions of the earth widen alongside mine.

I travel to laugh harder than ever before.

I travel to take part in the unknown and never forget it happened.

I travel, not to take a small stumble or backtrack, but to sprint hand in hand with my partners in life to learn what it means

To truly live and have purpose.

Travel, whatever form it may take, is living.

Instead of a break, it is my reality.

Rather than a getaway, it takes permanent residence in my memories.

It's not an escape, or an exodus, but an existence.

If you do not feel you exist with every new journey, you won't know the meaning of traveling.

Some say travel has no purpose.

I say travel is purpose.