

# The Sound Of Peace

Seeing your soul through a car window is like hearing peace. Peace is like the sound of waves crashing onto the sand, pushing and pulling the sand against itself. Peace is a sound similar to a calm breeze gently rustling through a tree's leaves in the fall, the gentle rippling of water against the shore on a bright summer day, and the soft melody of birds singing in the spring. Peace sounds like the gentle murmur of talking in a park on a beautiful summer day or the soothing silence of a dark room. Peace sounds like petals falling in the fall, or the birds chirping in harmony in the spring.

There is something extraordinary about the word I am referring to, peace. This is a word that touches most people's hearts. It has the power to transport a person's mind from a stressful situation into a tranquil world for a few seconds, allowing them to take a much-needed breath. Plenty of living things have embraced peace to a bunch of degrees throughout history, with some races focusing on and embracing it much more. But no matter what the color of their skin is, what languages they speak, or what deities they worship, it unites different people across the world. Whether it is the chirping of birds on a brightening spring morning during the sunrise, waves crashing the shore on a weekend, or the catchy melody of your favorite song, peaceful sounds can uplift, inspire, and heal anyone.

If peace was translated into an instrument, it would be like a violin, the gentle chords playing, and creating a calmness in your soul. The soothing melody of each singular string calms the battling storm in my soul, erasing any stressful thoughts of school or the outside world. It creates a gentle, peaceful environment that helps create some clarity for the situation and some tranquility in my mind and heart. It is as if every note that I play releases any leftover tension in

my fingers and out through the bow. The notes travel and dance through the air, swirling like ballerinas in the Nutcracker, carrying the stressful weight of the day with graceful movements.

In the middle of the night, there's a rare stillness. In these quiet states of calm, when even the creatures of the night seem to inhale, the night is wrapping you into a gentle blanket of tranquility. It is like the Milky Way seems to let go and take a deep breath, and then exhale slowly, gently releasing the tension of the day. Twinkling stars and bright moonlight create an ethereal atmosphere in the sky, and the moon shines brightly illuminating the darkness in an eerie shine.

The air is foggily still and quiet, a gentle breeze brushing against my face. There is only a gentle breeze rustling through the trees like a late autumn day. In the quiet hour, the thoughts seem to gently slow down, allowing for a deep reflection that is needed and always seems to escape us during the busy day hustle. The stars, too, seem to gently whisper secrets to you in their celestial glow, inviting you to listen to the universe's gentle pulse. This quiet is not merely the absence of noise but the presence of something far deeper, a peace that you can feel all throughout your soul.

The hushed whispers of a busy city in the early morning, the soft buzzing of a coffee shop, or the muted footsteps on a snow-filled sidewalk all provide a small glimpse of a backdrop to urban life. These different sounds, very often overlooked and taken for granted, can transform the perception of the crowded, bustling city, and reveal serenity amidst craziness. They remind us that peace doesn't always have to be silent, it can be noisy, and that every individual has a different version of peace. It can be quiet, or it can be the sound of coexistence.