Vuthy Hastings
HPHP4018
17/10/23

Strata-Florida reflection

Strata- Florida was the choice of discussion for this reflective essay, upon entering the location a reflection of the brief was reiterated in the mind, from the perspective of a philosopher. Stepping into the frequency and energy of a philosopher's character with a mixture of my own opened up the doors to methodology, and what methodology was waiting at the entrance? Poetry.

Poetry gets down to the essence of certain matters, the obscurity is in harmony with the bigger picture, and all forms used are coherent to the subject at hand, painting an overall image encompassing all energies of this subject in a way traditional writing cannot.

Strata – Florida's beauty is hidden within the obscure, a painting of it is necessary to fully express the inner beauty that is hidden.

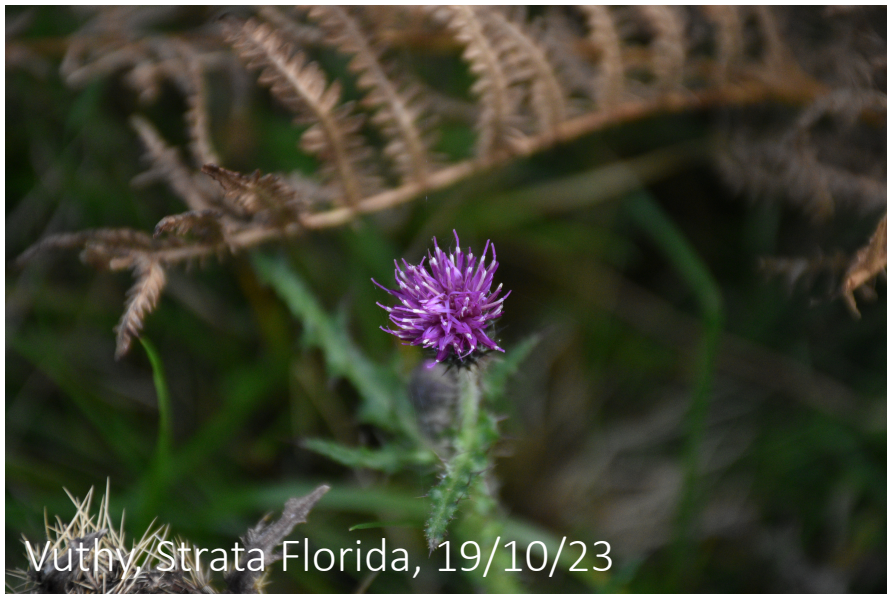

Vuthy, Strata Florida, 19/10/23

Backstory:
At the start of the journey, huffing and puffing, up I go through the meadow.

Poetry
Can you see her?
Just like thy, strata florida stands in peace.

Up and up we go,
Watching everything flow, content as can be,
You do not argue with me,
Staying still just to feel all the energy.

Thank you tree.


Vuthy, Strata Florida, 19/10/23

Backstory:
On the way up to the pilgrim statue, the flower was stepped on, but it did not fall, it stood 10 feet tall.

Poetry
From what shade do you come?
In spite of your colour, the energy doesn't lie.
I spy with my little eyes a yellowy flow,
Didn't you know?
You're a sunflower waiting to grow.



Backstory:
Halfway through the journey a herd or cattle of sheep or cow? For we merely know the name by

Poetry
Do you think we could meet?
If only for a moment you heard my frequency,

Turn 12 o'clock and you will see,
It is me,
Do not be scared of my energy,
It will soon be at peace,
For now it is time to set you free,
my sheep-skinned goat.



Backstory:
Almost at the top of the hill, went the wrong way a few times, but found the trail again.

Poetry
Why must I look for the obscure?
My eyes see it all,
Yet you still wonder.

What is it I have missed?
The vastness right in front of me, it does not satisfy my need
So gaze beyond the feet,
You may see my essence as a whole,
It has been stolen by history, clouded with the things you can see clearly.



Backstory:
Finding psilocybin mushrooms on the way to the statue, keep our minds entertained, not just on philosophy.

Poetry
You are to be,
For we are not you see,
Plagued with misery,
As you sit quietly,
Watching the Green Sea.

Oh how I wish to just be,
The principle of rhythm I need to beat.
Go with the flow,
not be use by,
Sigh.



Backstory:
We made it to where a naked tree stood, near the pilgrim made of wood.

Poetry
Will you also leave?
One by one your leaves.
The law of change is afflicted onto thee,
You too as it may be,

Perhaps we will escape sometime,
From the unity.
Not become one under the sun,
To finally take it all in like the wind.

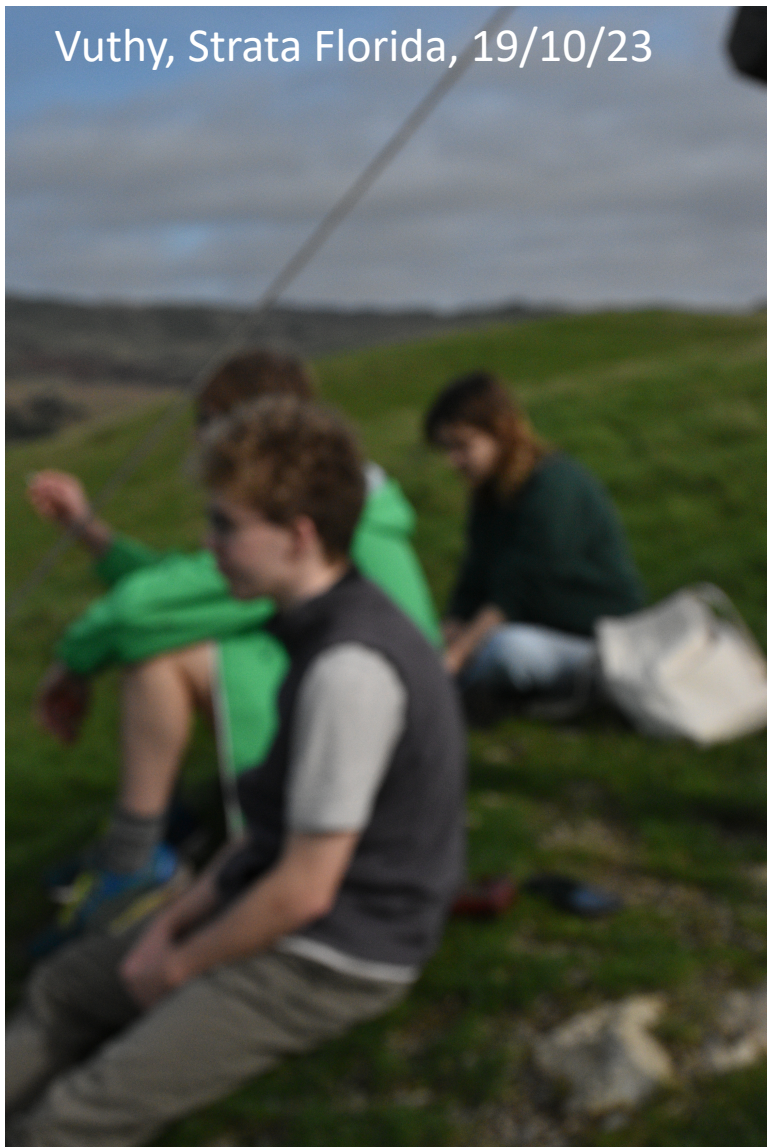


Backstory:
Analyzing it from head to bottom, as I sat below hoping to know. The pilgrim statue was still, even in the flow of change.

Poetry
So mighty, made of wood but not a tree.
For you have two feet,
You cannot be left alone,
Pulled left and right, the tension sets in.

Does it not feel tight?
So strong and imbalanced,

What a sight.



Backstory:
Sitting up top, chatter from above is it the teeth? No, the vocal box, see from the perspective of a philosopher, meditating on my thoughts.

Poetry

I've blurred you out,
The sound and visuals, forget it now.
Open a door,
See the thoughts,
Something you sought.

ask what you seek in thee,
Answers will flow from above,
in images you'll see,
333.
Time to go back to the conscious side,
and be.


Vuthy, Strata Florida, 19/10/23

Backstory:

On the way down from the pilgrim I saw something poking out, a sprout, a hidden gem.

Poetry

You're it, the picture on the hill describes you perfectly.
It is one with a journey,
to see,
you must climb and give your time,
For you're blind from down below
just like you,
I will come to find

Strata- Florida as a whole:

Hidden away with such allure,
30 minutes and we can play,
Don't look and see,
simply be,
As everything there sits and contemplates,
So should we.

To find is to journey,
From the mind to the body,
Let us sit and breathe,
Flow with the wind and trees,
Decipher, do not,
No plot.

Sadness seeps off you,
The history and graves scream to be saved,
Give us a Hail Mary today,
Let us rewind this play,
And go back another day.

This reflection essay was set out to describe Strata Florida in its entirety from the perspective of a philosopher, with the photos telling a story on their own showcasing what caught my eye about how I see life, in the poetry on the side, this is the unveiling of my mind coming to life, I believe the beauty that is inside Strata-Florida has now been shone a light. The photos are in ascending to descending order, from when the exploration of the pilgrim statue began to the end, a step-by-step account of the things I saw to the things I thought were brought into existence through this reflective account of Strata-Florida.

The methodology that was talked about in the introduction has since been demonstrated, from the perspective of a philosopher fused with my own can be seen throughout this paper.