

Living on the edge:

Maine



Made by Roman Brown



Thunder Hole

The ocean at Thunder Hole feels like my sisters laugh too big to ignore. It's chaotic, loud, and it fills the whole space. That's how my life feels when I'm in the middle of a set, with people yelling and energy bouncing everywhere. It's messy, but it's alive.

Quiet Shoreline

This quiet cove is nothing like Thunder Hole. Here, I think of my brother telling me: *“Stillness teaches too.”* And he’s right. My life usually runs at 100mph, but this kind of calm feels like hitting pause. It’s the same peace I get when I’m making something creative, just zoning out and locking in. This place shows me that silence isn’t empty it’s where I find myself again.



Iron Rungs on the Rock Wall

The rungs on this wall feel like my grandfather's advice: "*Stay steady, don't panic.*" It's not just about climbing rocks, it's about the way I move through everything. School, music, work. I've had plenty of times where I felt like I was slipping, but I always find something solid to grab onto. The bars remind me that progress is step by step, even when I'm tired or unsure.



Cliffside Overlook

When I'm standing here, it doesn't feel like just a cliff, it feels like life asking me what's next. My head is usually full of deadlines, DJ gigs, and all the "what ifs" about the future. Out here, the view forces me to slow down. It's the same feeling as when I'm about to make a big move in life: scary, exciting, and real. The mountain doesn't just stand still, it challenges me the way life does.



Cliff Edge Looking Down

Looking down always makes me think of how far I've come, not just in height but in life. I used to live more in fear, but now I try to measure by progress. My dad's voice comes to mind: *"Don't measure by fear, measure by steps."* That's real to me because so much of my life is about little moves adding up. Schoolwork, gigs, even my personal growth, none of it happens overnight. The ledge reminds me of that grind.

