

Jubilant Wonder of Nature

My soul is a jubilant wonder of nature, filled with the power of love.
It flies willful between fantasy inviting the universe to a new possibility.
My soul is a living poetry, kissed by abounded blessings,
that wants to spread well-being in this world missing.
But it's worried by the cold look of indifference which restrains the free singing.
My poetry is a trampled shoot that grows between rocks of hypocrisy,
deception, crime and malignity.
As born with primordial feelings
it travels tirelessly to sow the seed of love that comes from within.
My poetry wants to find its place in the void of the society
to be a grain of union of brotherly harmony
and spread among the people fragrance of peace,
tolerance, compassion, kindness and equality.
Indeed, my soul is a living poetry
who wants to give the flavor of love to humanity.
Oh, if men could rediscover the wonder of love
everything would be different.
If men could be more humble and ready to forgive
everything would be easier.
If men would walk on the path of life
with a lighter heart as free gypsy,
and start looking through each other eyes
developing empathy,
a little miracle will happen immediately.
If men will start to love unconditionally
everything would be more hearty.

The journey begins by ourselves.
The world needs our positivity.
United we will be extraordinary.

-Sabina C.R. Scherlippens
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