

After,
the cold darkness,
in the heart of the forest.
Where birds are singing,
for the new born sun

In the womb of the leaves,
on the branches of the trees,
lies the treasure in the morning,
the pearls of light.

Carried away by the truculence of my world,
I got lost in the search for enlightenment,
The blue rain,
Covered my roots and I forgot where I came from.

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