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Poetry

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In the midst of the darkness that hugs you tightly,
I learned to survive, in closed silence.
Darkness is not the end, but the beginning of the encounter of the heart,
With yourself, in meaningful silence.

Footsteps groping, looking for sure footing,
On a path that is invisible, but felt in the heart.
Every whisper of the wind, every sigh of the night,
Become a travel companion, in the stoning darkness.

Stars in the sky, although not always visible,
Be a light on the road, in the dark night.
The lesson from the dark, is to see with your heart,
Finding light, in places you don't expect.

Surviving in the dark, doesn't mean without hope,
But finding strength, when the storm shakes.
In silence, I learn, to be my own hero,
Facing the dark, with a smile that never dies.

So, let the dark teach me,
About courage, about being new.
In the darkness, I found myself,
Survive, shine, even though the world is not always bright for me.

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