



The Sacred Breath

The rhythm beats within, a drum of grace,
The sweetest gift is to hold this space.
This beating heart, a vessel kind and true,
Is proof of life, creating something new.
I walk in gratitude, awake and whole,
Blessed with the strength to nurture every soul.
I turn my face to meet the wandering breeze,
A spirit moving through the ancient trees.
The wind that touches me is soft and free,
A whisper of the peace that dwells between.
It reminds me I am part of earth and sky,
Alive beneath watching, endless eye.
For roots that bind me deep in family soil,
For parents' love that eases every toil,
For siblings near, who share this path I tread,
I bow for the shelter and the daily bread.
To have enough is wealth beyond compare,
A quiet joy that vanishes despair.
My will is set to leave a mark of light,
To use this life to make the darkness bright.
For every blessing given, vast and deep,
And promises the future days will keep,
I offer thanks to the Divine above—
For the miracle of life, and the law of love.

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