



## THE WILDERNESS WITHIN

The morning sun slips softly through the branches of the tree,  
And paints the quiet grass with gold, as if it comforts me.  
The restless river rushes on, though rocks obstruct its way,  
Perhaps it knows that even storms must slowly fade to day.

The forest keeps its secrets where the deepest shadows lie,  
The sea keeps all its tempests underneath a tranquil sky.  
The river bears its burden on, though stones impede its way,  
As I, with storms beneath my ribs, still greet another day.

A withered leaf lets go at last, descending from the tree,  
Teaching the heart that some goodbyes are acts of being free.  
The mountain wears the scars of time, yet stands against the rain,  
And whispers that endurance grows from every wound and pain.

So if tomorrow suddenly arrives with blistering rain,  
Let it find me dancing, through the remnants of pain.  
The wind will change, the tides will turn, the oldest trees will sway,  
Yet nature never begs the world to let it have its way.

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