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Fresca Brisa

Grecia Romero Sabillon

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Fresca Brisa

by Grecia Romero Sabillon

La hoja danza con el viento y
canta con las estrellas.

Vuela en extrañas tierras y
en vientos con ritmos diferentes.
Cada día es una nueva aventura y
la hoja lo sabe,
está lista para luchar.

Algún día la hoja podría caer
pero siempre se levanta, aun
cuando las estaciones vienen y van.
El invierno se acerca,
la hoja ama el verano.

La hoja podría cambiar su
color, su forma
sin embargo, sigue siendo una hoja,
una hoja confiada porque
aún si cae y vuela hacia
un agujero negro
o se incendia en el agua, sabe
que nada puede pasar
si su Padre, su increíble Padre
no dice algo.

Por eso la hoja puede
vivir gozosa cada
milisegundo, brillan-
do con el sol
cantando con la fresca brisa.

Cold Breeze

An English Translation

The leaf dances with the wind
and sings with the stars.

Flying in different lands

feeling different wind's rhythms.
Everyday is a new adventure and
the leaf knows that,

it's ready to fight.

Sometimes the leaf may fall down
but always it stands up again, even
when the seasons come and go.

Winter will be soon

the leaf loves the summer.

The leaf may change its
color, its form

however, it is still a leaf,

a leaf with confidence because it
knows that it can fall

and fly into a black hole or
catch fire in the water but
nothing could happen

if its Father, its amazing Father
don't say something.

That's why this leaf can
live full of joyness every
millisecond, shining with
the sun

singing with the cold breeze.