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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, brillando con el sol cantando con la fresca brisa.
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.