

No sorrows

I'm dreaming of a glorious rising sun
snoozing on a place where nothing's to be done
Lying in a meadow full of gentle culms
listening to birds, tweeting on palms

Scents of flowers are touching my nose
lively ground below my toes
Sensing a gust of cool, soothing air
Flooded with love by this nature-given flair

Greeting a butterfly has landed on my knees
imagine the pictures that it perceives
Look at the beauty, the colors it wears!
Ain't no thoughts. But who cares?

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