

## “LIFE”

By Henri Mossiat and Jacob Selman

As the sun rise comes up on the horizon, the world begins to wake up  
Birds sing their songs of love and joy  
People get out of bed and get ready for their day  
Flowers basking in the light bloom.  
The warm breeze brings the scent of fresh fruit ready to be picked  
The crystal waves crash on the warm sand  
Everything is smiling happy with the joys of life, contempt with the peace of the world

Then things change.

The sun doesn't rise as high as it used to  
The birds stop singing their songs  
Flowers begin to wilt,  
Darkness takes over  
Reality emerges from the depths of unforeseen hallows  
Lifeless, gray, a plague deteriorating the once strong,  
Light no longer shines on the hopeful but clouds submerged to an oblivion  
and over shadows the past of vibrant colors, with little indication of a future distant from this  
despair

Yet,  
Center on a seed,  
a single seed,  
reaching for the patch of sun between the dark clouds in the sky  
climbing from its grave of dirt  
Around it, the ice begins to melt  
Birds begin to emerge from the south,  
Grass brightens to a green  
And the sun once again rises on the horizon.