

Reflection

I quiet my mind,
I sit still,
I listen;
To the wind,
To the trees,
I listen to the silence of the moment,
My tools – I carry
As far as I can;
I let the doubt, the fear, the anger
Burn down to ashes,
I release the ashes as prayers
To heal the world.
And -
I dance to the music of my soul.

~Ibrahim Ibn Salma

