

What Is This Thing Called Happiness

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Another year has passed with a speed of light. In the mirror I observe my face curved with first lines. A sculpture, a woman. Body and soul. Fire and ice. Freedom am I.

Am I ready for a big step into a world, a world that seems another universe a milky way ahead? Close my eyes. Lose gravity. Feel nothing. Just the wind on my rosy cheeks, as I carelessly cut the evening sky. Seeking the unknown harmony that I could call my own.

Suddenly I fall on the ground and hit it hard. I lie among the grains of sand. Hear the bitter sweet song of the waves. Maybe this is happiness or am I still in the Bay of Hopes and Dreams searching for a hidden treasure?