

the sea

i've dreamed i was a tree rooted in an ocean
and my highest branch could easily touch the sky
with the change of seasons, i'd wear fruits or blossoms,
and all around my head, bees and birds would fly;

in my time of wondering, i used to look upwards:
flying higher and higher seemed liberty to me
i envied its open road the restless seagull -
but how deep and how quiet is the sea!

i've learned my lesson well to never be the loser
but all my running after success was just my way to flee
the shelter i searched in the crowds was but an illusion:
how deep and how quiet is the sea!

i my rambling years, i've been so many places
and so many burnt out faces i did see
drudging, hard, for lots of toys they make us believe in:
how silly, how superficial greed can be!

there's a lot of oh so easy, oh so fine temptations
that help accustom to the lack of liberty
the outer signs of wealth, they're shiny and glossy -
but even when rough, how deep and quiet is the sea!

so i'll go back to my roots and leave the rat race
the winner i have no more need to be
i enjoy to watch that restless seagull flying,
but the seagull is a bird - i am a tree.

how deep, how quiet is the sea!