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TO BE JOYOUS IS AN ART

*the ebullient tulip of our dream will bloom again spectacular
the locked rosebud of our hearts shall flourish
I do not claim that the lost spring will be restored
new days and fresh springs are to be discovered
to be joyous is an art,
to give happiness even finer
never be content to
grimace day and night like a mask
oblivious to all,
to be untouched by others' pains,*

*I wish there was a mirror
to reflect our souls
revealing what lies beyond silvery images
to enable us to see the liberating light that
teaches us to live and to become eternal
transforms us into a harbinger of hope and triumph*

*to be joyous is an art
but only when our happiness is shared to others
life is our unique stage
ours but for a brief song before bowing out
the stage's permanence is not questioned
joyous is the song that remains indelible in minds*