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Five Elements

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Have you ever heard the chorus of the stars? When the world sleeps, they strum their guitars. Their dance supplemented by some weird games, they make patterns writing on skies our names.

Have you ever wondered at the play of moon and clouds, the want for rain making a cuckoo croon, the spring hopping on the tunes of this song, or at the landscape to which these all belong?

Have you ever seen those daffodils bloom? Watching us together, they forget earthly gloom and join us in chitchat, our making merry forgetting their own existence transitory.

Have you ever had a chance to be free walking on the sands at the coast of the sea like a wandering mystic who holds nothing more than what the tide brings with it to the shore?

Have you ever felt any fire deep inside that in dark volunteered to be your guide on the seemingly unwonted yet onerous path even if it triggers world's fury, invite wrath.

Have you ever inhaled the breeze fragrant intoxicating the veins with vigour vibrant refreshing the mind with a thought nostalgic instead of leaving for a fresh day lethargic?

There's more to life than day's ordinariness, the wish to be drenched in rain, do not suppress, weather covers itself in a shawl of sentiments when elements cease being just elements.