

Listen to the Wind

I listen to the wind and hear my name. It sounds so sweet.

No one can say my name the way the wind can.

I feel the wind against my face and from its touch I know I am understood.

When I read words such as these, I cannot appreciate who I am. Words fail me.

Yet, inside there lies an entire library of unspoken words,
words that can touch my soul and liberate me from any form of confusion.