A Happy Child

If, on Monday, I could run through the fields,

and see the flowers bloom as if they were rainbows…

If, on Tuesday, I could contemplate the sky,

and behold a mystery in its infinite blue…

If, on Wednesday, each person took off its mask,

and the truth could come to me…

If, on Thursday, joy entered my heart...

If, on Friday, we all held hands...

If, on Saturday, parents told their children tales of enchantment...

If, on Sunday, the beauty of peace filled the heart of each one of us...

What a happy child I would be!

My song would then fly

over the houses,

dance among the branches of the trees,

and come to rest,

at sunset, over the seas of the world,

to fill with peace and tenderness

the dreams of all children.

Luzia Jardim