

Look at myself

Gedicht

aus dem Buch "Ankunft" (*Verlag Bucher*)
von Beatrice Spahni

Whether it ends or begins,
I hold my head straight up in the winds;
Going further on my way
with the question inside wherever I stay,
and that is always their on my mind:
Where is true happiness to find?
So now ... now I have to look ...

Look at myself: what do I want?
Where is my place, where is the hand
that is holding me when I feel lonely,
lifting me up... oh if only
there was this someone for me,
to share my life, to show my true me;
So now ... now I have to look ...

Look: There is an aim that gives me wings;
Listen: There is a song somebody sings,
breaking down my inner wall,
getting to light, living it all;
Cause I'm the someone, the true me,
I'm the way I want to be;
Touching my soul, my inside love
and the fire of life here and above.

Look at myself: I know what I want:
Reaching out for the guiding hand
that I feel through love deep inside my soul,
feeding my heart from its full bowl,
connecting me with my true me.

Look at me now, I'm to be,
the real, true loving me.