

## EVERYTHING IS POSSIBLE

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In moment of sadness and doubts I return to the past.  
I read the stories written on the yellowed pages of the diary,  
and view the photographs from old family albums.

I no longer believe in the impossible.

I saw the fall of the giant and the mighty powers,  
and how the thick darkness of history lit up.  
The revolutionary uprisings brought some fresh air.

Nothing lasts forever.

Day always comes after night and Aurora knocks at windows.  
A rainbow hangs on the drops of rain after a violent storm .  
Man falls, rises from his knees and goes further.

Life is like a photograph.

We emerge with difficulty from the dark negatives,  
Every tear, suffering and a cry of despair straightens us.  
Yesterdays pain will be just a memory in a few days.

## A PHILOSOPHER AND A POET

they met between heaven and earth  
at the place where time and matter are irrelevant  
at a higher level of abstraction  
they overcame the barriers of the real world

he brought a white canvas and philosophical maxims  
she brought the paint brushes  
and a handful of dreams in words  
they painted the picture in many shades of blue  
they poured their thoughts and feelings into the ether

he sketched the outlines of life with a bold navy blue line  
she filled the background with gentle azure brushes.  
together they added a few colorful spots of astonishment.  
his eyes are hazel and hers are green