Joy

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by Jesus Guzman

It is so easy to say, so hard to obtain, to gain, to taste. Although it comes naturally as mist in the fall, Our challenge is to spot it, and consciously perceive it. Not as something of the past or the future, But a living thing of the moment. Thus, when we look back, it becomes double joy. Pure, real joy is without end. It stays with us in our gray days. It gives light to our blue days. We will take joy to heaven. Let us open our eyes; it is in our face. It comes because of effort and suffering. It goes to the abyss of the volcano to gain speed to erupt. A tremendous bang, sound of joy, explosion of liberty. Bursting lava, the hottest feelings of love, Covering everything in its pass, The past is buried beneath forever. What seems destroyed is the core of new life. Nobody can ignore it; the blind can see it The deaf can hear it; the mute can talk to it. Joy revolves as a twister in the most profound places of our soul.