

Shah's Poem on Beauty and Freedom 1

Perception

A powerful word, a gentle breeze,

A haunting melody, a calming rain.

Whether it is Nature's blessing or a miracle by man,

There is beauty all around for all to behold.

The sea shimmering in the early morning sun,

The sharp songs of small birds in the spring,

But these are only the treasures I see.

We all march to our own drummers.

No two hearts beat quite the same.

We each have the power to decide for ourselves what is beautiful,

And that power is the most fascinating thing of all.

That power is what it means to be human, to be alive.

An autumn's first fallen leaf, a spring's first rain,

A winter's first snow, and a summer's first firefly.

A finely tuned piano, a well-practiced orchestra.

Fireworks after victory in battle.

The world is yours to see, yours to take,

Yours to love, transform, and create.

Nothing can take that power, that freedom, from you.

Not even death itself.