

## My Childhood

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I live in a wonderful world  
full of love and magic.  
I explore the universe, as a small child,  
and I find myself.

The night falls and my arms  
turn into huge wings.  
They raise me high up to the sky  
and I fly over mysterious forests.

I play with the flowers of the land.  
I smell their perfume, I caress them, I kiss them, I cut them.  
And as an enchantment, they become  
princesses of a distant kingdom.

Free like the wind,  
I follow my dreams.  
The impossible becomes reality:  
I create love, I create hope.

I play with the leaves of the weeds.  
I admire them, I imagine them, I transform them  
into huge fantastic animals  
that live under the sun for one day.

But a terrible witch threatens me.  
She wants to devour my heart  
and spit out my magic.  
She chases me; she almost reaches me!

I take the wet earth in my hands.  
I draw it in my mind, I mold it like clay.  
I create exquisite pieces of bread that cheer and satisfy  
and I give them to my brothers and sisters.

Terrified, I run without stopping to save myself.  
I quickly climb up a plum tree  
where she cannot follow me,  
because her hooves tie her to the ground.

I grow precious pepper plants  
that please my grandfather.  
He feels proud of my work  
and satisfied, he rests in the shade.

Full of hatred, she will wait for me another day.  
And without fear, I will face her another day.  
She will not rest until she tears my soul.  
But we both know that my love will always triumph.

I build beautiful cities  
with its canals and bridges  
that surround great pyramids  
at the center of this sacred geometry.

It is already dawning.  
A new sun is already rising.  
Again I return to my body,  
while my love still rests.