

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal "Eden"

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We are the roses in the garden, beauty with thorns
among our leaves. To pick a rose you ask your hands to
bleed. What is the reason for having roses when your
blood is shed carelessly? It must be for something
more than vanity.

Believe me, the truth is we're not honest, not the
people that we dream. We're not as close as we could
be. Willing to grow but rains are shallow. Barren and
wind-scattered seed on stone and dry land, we will be.
Waiting for the light arisen to flood inside the prison.
And in that time kind words alone will teach us, no
bitterness will reach us. Reason will be guided another
way.

All in time, but the clock is another demon that devours
our time in Eden, in our Paradise. Will our eyes see well
beneath us, flowers all divine? Is there still time? If we
wake and discover in life a precious love, will that
waking become more heavenly?

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