

# BRIDGES 104

I grew like a tree  
Open to the sky  
Hoping for a streak  
Of Wind knocked me down  
To start over  
In silence  
Watching the world grow  
At my feet  
With its weeds and pests  
To face again  
My need to know  
If heaven and I are  
Of the same subject matter  
Of suns and stars  
With its weeds and pests.

**Sat Arhat José Marcelli**

**April 1, 2009**

**[www.redgfu.net/jmn](http://www.redgfu.net/jmn)**

---

Original text in Spanish:

[www.josemarcellinoli.com/2009/pdf/2009\\_puentes\\_104.pdf](http://www.josemarcellinoli.com/2009/pdf/2009_puentes_104.pdf)

Translation by: Marcos Paulo González Otero

email: [gmarcosp@gmail.com](mailto:gmarcosp@gmail.com)

[www.otero.pw](http://www.otero.pw)

WhatsApp/Telegram: +52 686 119 4097

Version: 14052022-01

Please feel free to forward opinions and corrections