

*In Praise of
Life and Liberty:*

CULTIVATING
RESILIENCE

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IMPRESSUM

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Grafik: Wilhelm Ranseder

Druck und Vertrieb im Auftrag der Autorin/des Autors:

Buchschmiede von Dataform Media GmbH, Wien

www.buchschmiede.com

ISBN:

978-3-99129-324-8



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May this stream of thought and expression flow irrepressibly in praise of life and liberty. May reflections sparkle to venerate the vulnerable and helpless, suffusing spirit and action with the light of human compassion. May the fruits of my labor serve as a token of gratitude to those who inspire me to remain outspoken in my critical analysis of matters crucial to our humanity, crucial to the needs of massive constellations of fragile sentient creatures populating a planet craving compassion.

Dedicated to my dear sons and seeds hope, to my beloved sister and parents and to my friends and guardian angels.

In memory of precious lives lost to lethal intolerance.

The Road Ahead

To my sons: the light of my life

November 24, 2019

Thank you for soothing my soul in my darkest hours and for sharing the bliss of beholding the sun's rising splendor.

I

*Dare to dream and discover.
Dare to conquer new shores
with the power of your presence:
a true mirror to the soul.*

*Listen to your conscience.
Trust your judgment,
yet be mindful of the margins
as you humbly enfold
the nourishing fruits of wisdom.*

*Remember that error
is akin to our nature.*

*Untiring,
cultivate the gift of kindness.
Be fair to your peers and to yourself,
for justice begets the bliss of lasting peace.*

II

*Dare to cry and despair.
Let your tender side surface
and candidly reveal itself
as inclement weather sets in.*

*Yet
be valiant,
intrepid and fearless
as feeble souls and spirits
lash at every fiber of your being
in a vain attempt to stifle your voice
and sever your wings*

III

*As you envision new horizons,
dare to dream and discover.
Dare to conquer new shores
with the lessons of experience,
with the power of your voice.*

*Should your tired steps
shy away from the hustle and bustle
of many a crowded corner;
should life's relentless pace
hasten to a climax cruel
to your tender nature,
dare to heed the voice of your soul
and follow the child within.*

*Let home be your temple:
a source of solace,
soothing words and whispers.
Let home be a heart to hear,
a heart to bear your load.*

*Resilient,
awake to the sight and splendor
of yet another rising sun beckoning:
a sweet reminder of the road ahead.*



At the Break of Dawn

Dedicated to Anthea

February 2018

*At the break of dawn,
towering trees shimmer
in a shaft of daylight.*

*Shivering leaves
drowsily awake
to the tender crawling tendrils
of a new and glorious morn.*

*At the break of dawn,
forests flow
with the sparkling seeds of hope.*

*And my heart melts
with the miracle.*

Introduction

This world is the world of wild storms kept tame with the music of beauty.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Always ready to savor the seasons in their majestic dappled hues, it is my intention to awaken mind and soul - scarred or unscathed - to the beauty of life as an entity flourishing beyond the self.

Willing to express indelible impressions, deep-rooted convictions and soothing digressions, I have turned to the language of poetry to share my perception and experience of life under particularly trying circumstances.

How enthusing it is to pick up the thread of discourse and resume weaving the fabric of learning as I reconnect with my previous work: *In Praise of Life and Liberty: Impressions and Digressions* and *In Praise of Life: Songs of Sorrow and Rebirth!* For those who are not acquainted with the latter, let me spell out the purpose of my humble verses.

Battered by the blows of fate, we may feel forced to surrender to chronic dejection, resentment and frustration. Barren apathy may well ensue as we fail to grapple with adversity.