

A Gust of Wind
Charlotte Wang, Baylor School 20'

I want to be a gust of wind;
Set off from an unknown corner,
With the dewdrops in the early morning,
And the aroma of herbs and flowers.
Passing through deserts, mountains and rivers,
Spend my whole life flying over wonder.

To the snow mountain,
Where the beautiful lotus blooming;
To the grassland,
Where flocks scattering as white blossoms on the green;
To the forest in the fall,
Where leaves are dyed in yellow and red;
To the spectacular ocean,
Where spindrift jumps high to embrace the lightening.
Mountains stop the birds with upset face,
But can't prevent me from passing;
Falling cascade catch the small boats,
While I fly over the canyon as I am willing.

I pick up a golden leaf,
Dancing in the setting sun;
Trop across the haze in the field,
Leaving songs along my trace.
When the lark starts her first cry for a new day,
I visit the blooming garden, silently
Kiss the petals with love and kindness
And wipe out the tears of roses and lilies
-- However, the gardener with keen eyes,
Will never discern me.

No one's opinion would add weight to my burden,
As long as I travel forward with a heart fearless;
Nothing's able to restrain me,
As long as I set my mind free.
I am a gust of wind
A gust of wind --
Who's born in the arms of the nature
And floating in the world lightly.

No one tells me why I am here,
And no one force me to somewhere.
After I've visited all where I long to see,
Loved all those who I want to love,
And done all I wished to complete --
I disappear as how I came here.