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Nature: A Human Proxy

The robust oak, having branches wide and sturdy
Replicates the man, where purpose does belong.

Its roots run unfathomable, stretching deep hold
Shielding life from winter's bitter cold.
The willow weeps, with its twigs lax and low
A gentle grace, where tender feelings flow.

A nurturing form, where fatigued hearts find ease
A liquefied beauty, murmuring through the trees.

For in the woods, both their spirits blend
A composed whole, where life and beauty tend.

Humanity: The Visible

The eyes in the hearth express all human feelings
Reflecting the sky and the ground like a pool.

A language that speaks to human seeds
A mindful glance readily comprehends.

The hands that offer relief to the mankind
Creating a seal that envelops all with a loving hand.

The tears that fall as a testament of suffering
The heart cane speaks a universal etymology.

A hopeful dawn breaking through the sadness
Extending a warm hug to all the dejected souls.

Humanity: The Invisible

A profound current run through the mind
where colours of the skin no longer bind.

The ideas that blossom in the soul like flowers
A world in which stories are told without noise.

The empathy, an invisible but powerful bond
That feels the pain of another and makes amends.

Weaved resilience, fibered by invisible thread
An inner strength that goes unspoken in the head.

For in the invisible, the divinity is known
Lies the factual essence: humanity alone.

Humanity: The Invincible

Humanity, a powerful and profound spirit
The seeds of hope, which pain cannot hit.

Even though there may be darkness and gloom
A glimmer persists, and the darkness never blooms.

When the desire to rise is stifled and lowered
A wayward fire that glows steadily.
Every tear that was shed taught them lessons
That reinforced their abilities and gave them tales.

Though the mountains tremble and the storms rage
Humanity's soul will endure for ages.

For in the invincible, unstoppable drive to be
Lies the lasting strength of you and me.