

Havre de paix (Haven of Peace)

Beneath the immensity of the azur sky
Gliding through the careless Universe
A dove with golden wings
Pierces the veil of the horizon.
Drunk with hope, the bird explores the firmament
Which offers up its blue breasts

Beneath a sky that does not weep
Men cuddle into the arms of humility as
Humanity becomes a Haven of Peace.

Here we find black hands
And white hands
Yellow hands
And red hands
Touching each other in brotherhood
To form a solid shield
Against the deadly arrows of hatred

In the distance, a mass of monks:
Hand in hand
All dressed in white
Each holding a Koran and a Bible,
They preach Peace and Forgiveness.
Suddenly Hope illuminates the Universe

With the scent of fresh roses
Nourishing love and affection.

In some places are pink flamingos.
Here the horizon whispers instructions to the wind
To carry a message of Unity
Into every corner of the World.

When Night vanquishes Day
It is stars that illuminate the beard of azur.
Night, soft as a woman,
Caresses the bite of the wind
So that Humanity can forget its suffering.

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