

Everything belongs to You

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There are words that I organize
They change places in my head

Once I'm happy
They are here for all to see

But they are not mine
Everything belongs to You

It's Your pen that scratches Your paper
It's Your ink that flows

It's Your ideas that birthed in my head
Your words that I rearrange

Something You guide me to read this morning
Triggered Your thought to wake up in my head

So I pick up Your pen and I scratch Your paper
With the beauty that came to life in my head

From Your hand to mine You flow through
Words You already had arranged

May 12, 2020

Louise Bélanger



Different that way

Funny thing that
Before Covid-19
Lots of people didn't have time to spend with friends
I mean, face to face
A text, an email was the only thing given to them
A phone call, oh but only rarely!

“Who has time for face to face?” I heard them say

I sort of always prefer that with dear friends
But then again, I was different that way

Was I the only one?

Funny thing that
Now with Covid-19
People are no longer satisfied with a text, an email or even a
phone call

All of a sudden, with this isolation
They crave the face to face I adore
They noticed that video chat is a poor substitute for what they
desire now

Funny thing that
They want what was available in abundance before Covid-19
But then they didn't

There were plenty of face-to-face opportunities before
But they choose to do something else

“Who has the time?” they kept saying

Was I the only one?

Louise Bélanger

Do you crave it now because you have too much time?

I wonder
And I hope not

After Covid-19
What will you do?
Go back to a text, an email or rarely a phone call
Or will you...then...be like me, different that way

May 23, 2020



Power in life

Difficult moments are part of life
I have them like everyone else

Times when you feel kind of dead inside from too much grief

Someone you love has passed on or
Something is crushing your heart or
You have to take a difficult route or face something you would
rather not

I remember the first time I dealt with these types of moments
When simply being or breathing is difficult
I remember being surprised that outside
Life just went on

How come?

How can the sun just simply rise as if nothing has happened?
How can the earth continue to turn?
How can people just go on to work like a normal day?
There is nothing normal about today

How come life just went on when mine felt like it stopped that
day?

There is power in life
You can see that power even in small things

Grass can find a crack in concrete and grow there
A ladybug can fall on its back and will struggle tremendously
until she is right side up again

I remember as a kid, in my neighbourhood, there was a white
dog

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A gorgeous long white-haired husky
I didn't like dogs back then because I was afraid of them
But that dog; Oh! I was always happy to see him

He was calm and he loved children
I was never scared of him; I remember stroking his fur
A nice moment of friendship

That beautiful dog had three legs, something had happened of
course
I can still see him in my head, happy as can be, he just walked
differently
I'm sure he had no clue that dogs came with four
Or he did but he didn't care

It left a strong impression on me, a hope
He had found a way to go on and be happy again

And when the pain is not as fresh
Seeing that life does go on
Helps us do the same thing

It stirs up something inside
That power that is in life
That power that will make us get up, continued living, and be
happy again

May 31, 2020

