

## O Csheryl

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My dear, be careful in thy travel.  
Thou are the character in the story you chose  
And the end of it lies in thy hands.  
As you venture into the deep forest,  
As you traverse into the broad jungle.  
Wild beasts will interfere thy journey.  
Jaws and fangs will tear you up,  
Leaving you naked and scared.  
Thorns of scattered vanes will punch through thy skin  
And the scars of it are marks of thy submerging downfalls.  
You would walk the river whose bottoms are of broken rocks  
And you might stumble in thy cross.  
The sun's rays will dry thy skin up as you try to get out  
Of this broad forest  
Of this deep jungle.  
Fearing the endless journey, you might be worn out.  
But in this place, learn to put curves on thy face.  
See not the towering horrors of the "Baletes"  
But the panoramic shades they give you.  
Let thy scars be a warrior-like facets of courage,

Stumble on stones, but try to feel its gloss as its water passes through  
it.

Expose thy skin into the sun and experience its life.

Life, for it is.

May become a forest thou fear,

Or a jungle thou conquered.