

**My House,**

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[img width=500]http://img1.picmix.com/output/pic/original/8/0/6/1/4261608\_dd136.gif[/img]

The smell of lilies,  
the colors of roses,  
the great Hill,  
the green pasture  
where I was born,  
Finally I will return  
playing the hope  
alcansarei with kisses  
blue clouds and Barrett  
the wait was not useless Lord.  
The desired standby ...  
flows like silk yarns  
blending the  
of the heart.  
I thank God, by  
gift of patience, knowing have  
benevolence.  
Return to learn,  
crawl the first steps  
on wet grass, quiet, wet  
Green as the green hills  
We will be back, beloved land  
My House, my life.

Itslima