

The Hidden Sunshine by Iveth Valera



Florida, photography by © Iveth Valera

WHAT I THOUGHT

I thought they would let us,
 be a family forever.
Live and Love with no limits,
while building dreams together.

I thought we would need defense,
 from gossip that people spread.
But blessings were not enough,
and our love became brain-dead.

I thought we were strong,
to grow old and each other adored.
As I learned to humble be
 from the gifts God had poured.

I thought we were unique.
What a shock is the reality?
When I saw nothing was left.
 We never lived in unity.

While I thought we were in love.
The foe had always been here.
Picking fights, picking battles,
with my heart shattered in tears.

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Clearwater, FL, photography by © Iveth Valera

**WHERE THERE IS SMOKE,
THERE IS FIRE**

WHERE THERE IS SMOKE, THERE IS FIRE

I heard a swift noise,
as though it was cracking wood.
I thought it may have been,
a ghost from childhood.

I guess it all started,
while being just a kid.
Who had already seen,
disturbing battles hit.

Those mean experiences
taught me in a way.
When smoke starts, do not wait,
go, hide, and look away!

Today I recall,
when the fire sent the signs
Confronting my weak soul,
with heated painful fights.

**WHERE THERE IS SMOKE, THERE
IS FIRE**
(Cont'd)

As uncontrolled fire,
leaving ash behind,
So did our shaky love.
It left with no sign.

If you see red flags
and seek no desire,
you are being told,
Where there's smoke there's fire.

If you feel there is hope,
and it is worth the fight,
face it with your heart.
Fire will bring you light.

At the end of the road,
If the feeling is gone,
let Go and let God,
For He is in control.

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