



Love

Сергей Орехов (Панкратиус)

Love is like light among the shadows,
like the quiet whisper of the worlds.
It is stronger than the march of ages,
and higher than all earthly praise.

It does not hold you, does not call you,
yet softly breathes in every heart.
And whoever finds it deep within
goes out to see the world made new.

It lives in simple, ordinary things:
in the light of dawn, in a child's laughter,
in the breath of wind, in the silence,
in a single smile, in a tender heart.

It cannot be hidden, cannot be stilled,
nor torn apart by earthly bonds.
It always was, it is, it will be –
unseen, it governs every fate.

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