

What Is Magic, Raul Asked?

The bird sings because it has a song in its throat
We move because we have a dance in our spirits
The wind blows to play with the rivers and valleys
The raindrops fall as messengers upon the earth
The fish swim because it has an ocean in its belly
The children run because they have the world under their feet

This is the secret of magic
Hidden in our minds
The people and their small things
If all taken, what would we miss?
The rustle of oak trees at dusk
The foaming river from the window
The smell of the children running home
Cheeks red from the snow
The little thing you say that's not funny
But I laugh anyway just because...

The birds can't be imitated
The flowers can't be colored
The sea can't be dammed
The mountains can't be spoken

This is the sound of magic
Running in our veins
Moving the sky and earth
Passing through us like rivers rushing to the sea
All the noise on earth will die
But not this silence of faith
This innocence persisting to believe
To see more than there is to see