

Listen Youngster

For me, youth rhymes with searching for oneself

Wanting to go further, to never encounter difficulties

To drink life's pleasures, bliss

Often confused with drinking itself

All of its complexities going to your head

Causing you headaches as well as complications

You accumulate errors

And very often misfortunes

Remember when you wanted to be an astronaut or a doctor

To touch the stars and heal hearts

Your parents looked at you with pride then

Today they worry about you and are afraid for their baby

You became older and create havoc

Consider your house as a hotel

Your mother as a chambermaid

Your father as a wandering gypsy

Your girlfriend as a loose woman

In whom you cannot trust

Stop chasing dreams

Go back to basics, and if needed all the way to the desert

Stop the joints, look at the man on the right path

Like a tourist, ask him which path he is taking and which drinks he is drinking

But do not let yourself be guided by human words

Learn to reason, to be logical, to forget your troubles

Learn from each experience

Become aware of eternity and compare it to your life

You will become humble and feel a desire to change

And then finally, you will be close to THE TRUTH.

Gilles El Haddad