



Poet: *Antoine De Saint*

The Little Prince

It's madness to hate all roses

because you got scratched with one thorn.

To give upon your dreams because one didn't come true.

To lose faith in prayers because one was not answered.

To condemn all your friends because one betrayed you,

Not to believe in love because someone
was unfaithful or didn't love you back.

To throw away all your chances to be happy
because you didn't succeed on the first attempt.

There will always be another opportunity,
another friend, another love, a new strength.

For every end there is always a new beginning.

And now here is my secret,

a very simple secret:

It is only with the heart that one can see rightly;

What is essential is invisible to the eye..

Website: shivbabas.org/poems

