

# Soul Be Glad

*by sweetflag*

What stirs your soul? This is what has stirred mine.

## Soul Be Glad

*Chapter 1 of 1*

What stirs your soul? This is what has stirred mine.

An ethereal spark held in ichor and skin,  
Revelling in the feelings that reside within,  
But what stirs that precious gift y spirit?  
What delights it, suffuses it, completes it?  
When I was little, no bigger than my child,  
I walked far and wide upon the hillside.  
And from the stile while winds whipped by,  
I saw the world stretched out before my eye.  
The sun shone down upon the patchwork ground  
And shifting clouds cast dark shadows all around.  
The wind sang softly in my ear as I stood breathless  
Upon that incline, trapped in its glory ephthless!  
How my heart thrilled and how my eyes wept!  
My lips were struck dumb while my soul leapt.  
Verdant fields, golden sheets, purple gorse;  
Sweeping, shimmering river, following its course.  
Birds diving and singing on the wing in the sky.

Bees droning as between heavy-headed flowers they fly.

Oh, how I drank in that view and felt myself soar!

Captured spark did flutter and sigh within my flesh and ichor.

That piece of the universe displayed before me that day

Instilled such joy that I cannot begin to define and say

How much it affected me and lifted my spirit:

How I cried when I saw it and wept when I left it.

Such peace in that moment that I yearn to achieve,

Such wonder in that moment that I yearn to perceive.

Inside me it is and ever shall be, so no worry for me,

I have it always, there forever for me to see.