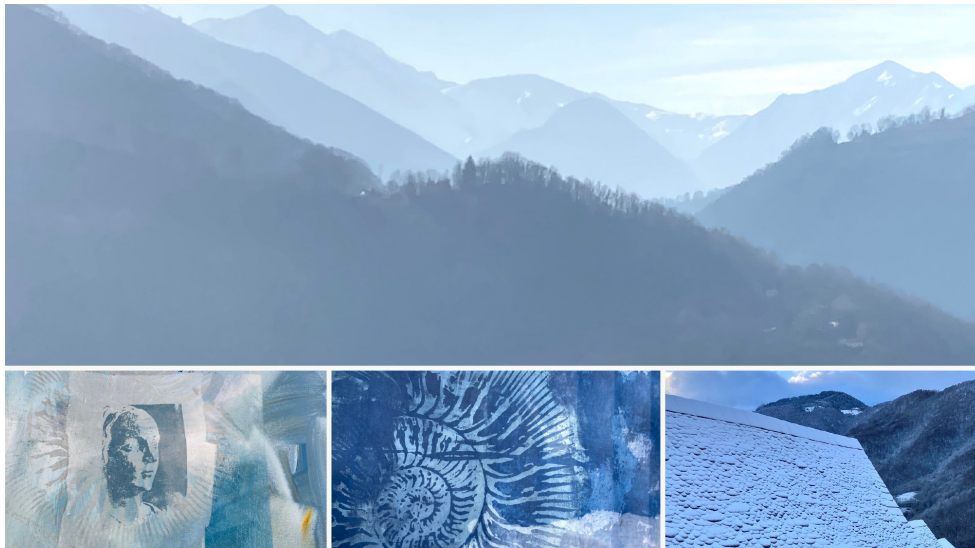




## ***The power of poetry***

***We often don't need to change the decorations to live differently, we just have to change the lighting!***

And the lighting comes from inside us. It is all a question to see the world in a new way, shut down the light created by our ego and see the world through our heart, see the wonders in the world.



***Words are like windows. They can open hidden spaces inside us. They can be tools to reconstruct ourselves with more beauty.***

WORDS has huge power. The words we choose create a world of magic around us or they close us into a little box of separations.

**Therefore poetry is important in our life!**

Poetry has power. A poem can create a vibration inside us and can be used like a "mantra" when we need to escape negative thoughts turning around in our minds.

It can transport us into another reality and give new colours to the world around us.

***"Poiêsis" means "creation" and all poets are, like artists, creators or worlds. He creates new words, he creates dreams and feelings.***

We live in a time where we need detoxifications from the world around us, the

negative news in the media, the conflicts. We need a bath of freshness, a bath of joy and freedom, to come back to the simplicity and the clarity of our soul again.

We need to nourish our soul, our inner poetic being!

A poet lives in the present moment, totally. He savours every moment.

My father lived as a poet in his life. Every moment was an adventure with him when he lets me see the beauty in colours and forms, the beauty in every moment.

He taught me that we create our lives every day with what we choose to see, with our thoughts and with our minds.

My father Ulf Sellergren's poem:

*"Do you believe in trees? The birds? the clouds?  
Scratch with your nail, scratch with your knife  
Make a groove, a narrow slit  
You see a glimpse you see a leaf on the tree's outermost twig,  
You see what you can never lose.  
A bird's wing, a wisp of white cloud  
You understand  
There's a language where words are not written  
Not spoken but hidden  
Among the branches of the trees  
Inside the crust of ice  
You don't see much  
But you see the whole world  
A leaf on the tree's outermost twig"*

*I created a FLIP-BOOK for you as an introduction to my fathers poems,  
that is now on my website!*

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dreams"**



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## Helenacreations

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