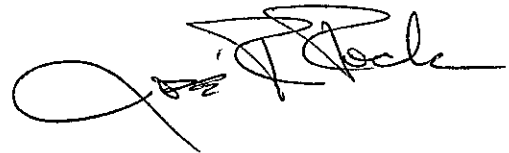


Voice of Years

I see a world where no one speaks,
Forgotten is that lovely sound,
For knowledge has become so weak
That people look up from the ground.
They wait to see the coming rain,
To hear the thunder shake the earth,
And feel the beauty of its pain
As life gives meaning to new birth.
In all life's cycle there's a voice,
For its beauty comes from above,
And we all have freedom of choice
To take the path we want to love.
A ripple stirs the silent sea,
And one who in the shadow strides,
Are just two souls that want to be
Outside in life to learn with pride.
Speaking the language you command,
Do not wait on tomorrow's tears,
For by now you should understand
That knowledge is the voice of years.

José R. Rocha

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'José R. Rocha', with a large, stylized flourish on the left side.