

Language is the key
with which
we open the world:
a beautiful laugh, a faint sob.

Language is life,
the whisper of the wind,
the word of love.
Without them, we would be gone.

Language is time,
it is the voice of our grandparents
reminding us how
the world is ours now.

Language is an inheritance,
never old, forever new,
since it's always
within you.

Language is strength
that unites us,
gives us hope
and sustains us.

To give up our speech
is to surrender and die.
We need language
if we want to survive!

Γκούντα Βασιλική, Β4