

MASTER THE CONTENT



Storms and Stillness

Poetry: Peace & Rest

Prepared by Armando Rodríguez

Introduction

Peace isn't the absence of noise. It's the presence of perspective. And rest isn't escape—it's strength in stillness.

This collection is a gentle breath in a hurried world. It speaks to the soul that's stretched thin, the heart weighed down by worry, the mind tangled in anxious thought.

Each poem is a soft reminder that it's okay to slow down, to feel deeply, to pause without shame. These aren't poems that demand—they invite. They hold space for healing, for reflection, and for rediscovering the sacred rhythm of rest.

For the burned out, the overwhelmed, the quietly breaking—this is your exhale. May you find here not just rest, but restoration.

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STORMS AND STILLNESS

THE THIEF OF TODAY

“Worry does not empty tomorrow of its sorrow; it empties today of its strength.”

— *Corrie Ten Boom*

It whispers lies at break of day,
Steals peace and drags your hope away.

It paints the future cold and grim,
While blinding you from joy within.

You brace for storms that never land,
And miss the blessings close at hand.
While chasing shadows you can't see,
You trade your strength for fantasy.

Let worry fall like worn-out thread—
Today is here. Live that instead.

STORMS AND STILLNESS

NOT YOUR NAME

“You are not your anxiety.” — Anonymous

It trembles loud inside your chest,
A storm that will not let you rest.
It whispers names that are not true,
But none of them belong to you.

You are not the quake or fear,
Not the echo that you hear.
You’re the soul that stands up tall,
Even when you feel so small.

So breathe—be still—don’t let it win.
You’re more than what’s beneath your skin.

STORMS AND STILLNESS

THE PACE THAT KEEPS YOU WHOLE

“Slow down. You’re not in a race to burnout.” — Anonymous

You sprint through days with weary feet,
Chasing goals you’ll never meet.
The faster pace, the louder cheers—
Yet no one sees the hidden tears.

You weren’t designed to break and bend,
To blaze your light until the end.
Rest is not a sign of lack—
It’s strength that brings your purpose back.

So walk, don’t race, through each new day.

Burn

STORMS AND STILLNESS

FEELINGS ARE NOT FENCES

“You’re allowed to feel what you feel — just don’t let it define you.” — Anonymous

Let the tears come if they must,
Let anger rise, betray your trust.
Embrace the ache, the silent plea—
They’re part of life, not all you’ll be.

Feel the storm, but don't reside
In every wave that hits your pride.
Your soul is more than what you face—
It’s shaped by truth, not just by place.

So feel it fully, then let go.
You’re not your fear—you’re how you grow.

STORMS AND STILLNESS

A LIGHT YOU CANNOT LOSE

“Even in the darkness, you are not alone.” — Anonymous

When silence wraps the world in shade,
And every hopeful spark seems frayed,
When shadows whisper you’re unknown—
Take heart: you’re never truly alone.

There’s Someone near, though out of sight,
Who walks with you through every night.
A presence steady, calm, and true,
Who sees the storm and shelters you.

So though the night feels cold and long,
You’re held in love, and you belong.

STORMS AND STILLNESS

THIS TOO SHALL PASS

“Breathe. This moment is not forever.” — Anonymous

The weight feels heavy, sharp, and near,
As if this pain will last all year.
But time moves on, and wounds will mend—
What breaks today will someday bend.

So breathe, and let the silence stay.
The tide will turn, it won't delay.
This page is not your final line—
The story shifts, and so will time.

Inhale the now, exhale the fear—
This moment fades, but you remain here.

STORMS AND STILLNESS

BECOMING

“You are not broken — you are becoming.” — Anonymous

The cracks you see are not the end,
But where the light begins to bend.
Not shattered glass, but shaping clay—
A soul in bloom, still on its way.

The pain you bear, the tears you shed,
Are steps where stronger feet have tread.
You're not a mess beyond repair—
You're growing grace from raw despair.

So hold your heart through every trial,
Becoming takes a little while.

STORMS AND STILLNESS

THE SACRED PAUSE

“Rest doesn’t mean quitting. It means recovering.” — Anonymous

Lay down the weight, unlace the pride,
Not to retreat, but to abide.
Even the strongest bow must bend,
To pull back further in the end.

The quiet moments aren’t defeat—
They’re where your soul and purpose meet.
Not every battle needs a roar;
Some victories are won by restoring more.

So take the pause, renew your flame—
Rest is not quitting. It's strength reclaimed.

STORMS AND STILLNESS

OUTGROWN

"You can't heal in the same place that hurt you." — Anonymous

The soil that cut you at the root
Can't grow the bloom or bear the fruit.
You've lingered long in shattered ground—
No peace, no growth, just echo sound.

It's not betrayal to walk away
From places that demand you stay
In pain disguised as love or grace—
Healing needs a kinder place.

So step beyond what broke you then.
New ground awaits. Begin again.