

Between worlds

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Poems of a soul in search

By René Roldão

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The experiences and wisdom shared in this book are based on the author's personal experiences and beliefs. They are intended as inspiration and do not constitute professional advice.



For the quiet soul,
that wanders between light and darkness,
in search of a spark of truth.
For you, whom I may never have met -
but with whom I have more connection
than words can say.
May you feel home in these lines.



Northern Spain



About me

I write to understand. To process. To remember. For me, poems are like quiet traces of my soul - sometimes rocky, sometimes clear, but always honest. I believe that in every pain lies an invitation and in every encounter an opportunity to grow. Writing helps me to "feel" the many facets of life - the doubts, the depths, the hope. I hope that my words can touch others - not with answers, but with space for their own questions. And if just one soul finds a small part of themselves between my lines, then the journey has been worth it for me.



Made of love

I believe
that love
gives birth to creativity -
and that every person
has the power
to move something great
with the smallest of things.

I've learned
to embrace life again,
after days
that felt like night.
I don't want to dwell,
but to pass on
what has given me hope.

Words - carefully chosen -
can build bridges
between hearts,
between worlds.
Be a light for others.
Help make the world
a little brighter.



I want to discover,
to marvel,
to learn
how breathtaking
our Earth is.
And to show
that we as humans
are capable
of living in harmony -
with nature,
and with one another.

Respect for life,
in all its forms,
is close to my heart.
I try to play my part -
for my children's future,
for new paths,
for greater awareness,
and for the greatest gift of all:
love.



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Introduction

My life is a path "between worlds" - between the visible and the invisible, between joy and pain, between what was and what may become. These spaces are places of constant searching, change, and growth.

My poems are the tears of my soul and the laughter of my heart. What I often find difficult to express verbally is reflected in my poems. They are traces of my inner transformation, snapshots of my journey through highs and lows, doubts and confidence. They tell of encounters and farewells, of courage and vulnerability, of the longing for closeness and the power of letting go.

This volume of my first 50 poems is not a finished work, but a living companion on life's journey. It invites you to pause, to encounter yourself, and perhaps to see your own path a little more clearly. May the words here provide inspiration, comfort, and courage - for all who move "between worlds," who sometimes feel lost yet full of hope.



Every beginning is like a gentle whisper calling
us - a quiet awakening, an invitation to welcome
life with open arms.



Beginnings

*'Where all begins to bloom anew,
my soul smiles softly, shy and true.
A first small step, a poem's start,
a quiet dream that stirs the heart.'*



Northern Spain



Rising

Sometimes you feel it deep inside:
a new chapter is about to begin.
The shadows of the past -
they taught you, not destroyed you.
The pain was no ending,
but a beginning in disguise.
Not giving up
was the quiet victory
now shining bright within you.

And suddenly,
everything makes sense.
An inner fire awakens,
ready to shape,
to build
something new,
something true,
something wonderful.
From you.



The gentle path back

Nurture what longs to grow within you.
The quiet beauty of becoming,
the whisper of trees,
the breath of the Earth,
the song of rain upon your skin.

Open your heart to the elements,
to the sacred bond with Mother Earth.
Listen to the stories that come your way,
let laughter bloom between you,
and follow the gentle path back
to your own true way.

Feel the echoes of your ancestors,
gather the scattered pieces,
and heal what they could not.

Honor the dance of feminine and masculine strength
within you,
and tend to the sacred temple of your body.

Wherever your love takes root,
life will blossom and bear fruit.



Your adventure calls

The time you have to live will pass,
no matter if you chase or grasp.
Why waste what's rare, what slips away,
on things that never truly stay?

A screen may glow, may pull you in -
yet leaves a silent void within.
What matters most is not the race,
but what remains in your heart's place.

Don't let comparison define,
stay true to what you know is mine.
Say "No" to shine that quickly fades -
when you hold wonder in your gaze.

Say out loud: 'I'm stepping out the door!'
Life waits beyond - not on the floor.
The earth calls out, the sky may cry,
but truth is found beneath the sky.

Where wind can kiss and trees stand tall,
you just might hear your deeper call.
The greatest journey has begun -
follow your heart, and walk, not run.



Those who love unconditionally realize:
Connecting with others also begins with listening,
trust and courage. Childlike love develops into
interpersonal understanding. And every new heart
reflects another piece of us.



Connections

*'In glances that linger a moment too long,
in words that are gentle, tender and strong –
there lives a closeness, quiet and true,
not just a shadow that everyday drew.'*



Southern Portugal



Of closeness and space

True closeness needs air.
And love -
not a cage,
but a space
where two hearts can meet
without losing themselves.

Even in deep connection,
freedom must have a place.
Not as retreat into the self,
but as an invitation to simply be.
Not as distance,
but as trust -
that the other will stay,
by choice.

For without space,
the 'we' loses its depth.
And without closeness,
it loses its meaning.

I've learned:
Not living together
must never mean
not being together.



True connection lives
through honest communication.
Through openness.
Through the willingness
to share even what's uncomfortable.

Because only where both
speak
and listen,
feel
and stay -
Love can breathe.
And grow.

