

## ROSE LIKE A PHOENIX

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The cold never bugged me anyway,  
Because there was winter in me  
.....in solitary,  
When my soul gets cumbrous,  
I hear my inner glaciers grousing.

The bleak never vexed me ever,  
Because my heart was dazzled in,  
But don't get me spurious,  
There was still alight from the shadow to spring in me,  
BECAUSE, if winter comes can spring be left behind.

The arctic never distressed me in any manner,  
It instead revealed me the eternal beauty in the white,  
Skating on the frozen lakes,  
To snap the nimbly falling flakes.

The shiver never irked me at any rate,  
Because though there was a blizzard or a tempest,  
I still had a flame in me,  
Like an inferno that kept me cherished and glowing,  
To rise like a phoenix,  
From the flakes and hope,  
Because a phoenix must burn to emerge,  
Clothed in nother but her strength,  
More beautiful than ever before.

## A POET'S DESIRE

A Poet feels the moment,  
She sense every opinion,  
She touch every expression,  
That is carved by her sword.

A poet just want  
The moon in the window,  
A cup of coffee besides,  
Pen in the hand and a paper,  
To write out what all is inside.

These are all just what a poet needs,  
And she will be busy all night,  
Doing her deeds,  
And ink what she sees and imagine,  
Because imagination is the beginning of creation,  
You imagine what you desire,  
And a poet is a liar,  
Who always speaks the truth.