

## THE POETRY OF EARTH

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Years ago the seconds dubbed  
A bond strongly clubbed

With the thick blanket green  
With foster mother's love unseen

With air as fresh cream  
With love overflowing rims

With flora fauna breathing zeal  
With abundant shared meals

With purity white flowing nooks  
And bonds subtly unhooked

With fire feeding on falsity  
With joint hands facing complexity

It did exist  
The bond did exist  
Till, the selfish turmoils  
Forced nature's toil

Ah! Nature is finally paying back its debt  
For all the long years huge tears it wept.  
Embracing Humanity, Nature said  
"I will not let you weep years like I had."

## THE FUNERAL SONG

Two men digging up a grave

In the middle of the night

Amidst those flickery stars and the shimmering moonlight,

Their pitchforks and spades,

Acquiring steely, silvery shades.

There was a rhythm in their excavation,

Tools hiring the mud in synchronization,

One was tall with a grey trench coat,

Unlike the other, short and busy with some thought

The old tombstones of the graveyard,

Standing still with their epitaph

The last reminiscent of their occupants,

Some with weeds for company,

While some fresh as a Symphony

The very breeze of the place was enigmatic,

Attempting to mumble some old forgotten rhapsody,

Crosses lost their form long ago,

Graves, the portal for the deceased to go

Among all, there was a mausoleum at the corner,  
Little stoned angels and a struggling old door,  
Ivy reigned over it since time immemorial,  
Received not even a dandelion after the final ceremony

There was a little tomb nearby it,  
Well kept and surprisingly glimmering,  
One can feel the fresh orchids and tulips lying over it,  
Reflections of the soul acquiring it

The ambience was still but not silent,  
Everything steady and non violent,  
Each crypt shrouding its own tale,  
Some presumed candid, some stale.

Present on a highland, this establishment,  
A place which gives inspiration, some nourishment,  
Owls hooting every now and then,  
No one aware of the last funeral, it happened when.

Relics describing brief tales,  
Coffins underneath possessing rusty nails,  
Even the wind there stood for mourning,  
Doesn't matter the night or the morning

Every one of them had their own lores  
Lives ended up on death's shores  
Still the sprout of hope lingers somewhere,  
Till then I need to seek some wisdom elsewhere.