

HARSINGAR

Yasobanta Pradhan

In a lonely mousy morning
I rushed to see them on tree
With desperate went on thinking
I am late, I can't see.

Every time they were seen on ground
Who drifted them before the dawn?
And decorated exquisitely all around
That I aspired to discern.

When I reached under a tree
Surrounded by more in thousand
As if all wanted to show me
And appreciate them and understand.

I was shivered with an affable wind
Elated with the blissful blossom
That swiftly diverged my mind
And pensive morning seemed awesome.

It turned as an angelic castle
Splendid with delicate harsingar
Crystal dew and breeze whistle
That scripted in my heart forever.

In every lonely wistful morning
Appearing in my inward eye
They bring me joy of never ending
As they are immortal and will never die.