

THE HAGGARD SOULS, IGNITED FOR OTHERS.

Oh! Almighty God,
 You sketched a world with colours gay.
 Your creations indeed perplexed me.
 Be kind to unlock the Nature's Mystery.

Uprose the Burning Sun,
 The vermillion sphere of white glow,
 Glinting down upon us through the thudding leaves.
 Its sorrow is sweetened by
 Igniting itself to enlighten others.

Oh there came, the shallow waters
 Gliding through the hill and shore
 Striking away all Stumbling Blocks.
 By preaching that: "Joy is the essence of life
 The ecstasy of living".

Scarlet-tufted Malachite Sunbird, Blue-Tit and Jay -
 All - the loquacious birds - chirped, hopped and played.
 And sighs and groans forever fled the land.
 All these visuals had left an indelible imprint
 In my heart - which can never be blotted out.

Above all are the Sweetened Sorrows
 of my Mom, Dad and Mother Nature.
 Let the Liberty Bell send out its chimes.

Despite being dulled by the daily chores, the mundane things,
she never left her humdrum life behind.

So as to let others enjoy their life "Joie de vivre".

Mother is the life, love and light "vita lux et amor".

Alone in a lonely land, toils the Father
visualising the Innocent Cude Face of his Young Ones.
Often I marvel at and ponder on how their sorrows
could be sweetened. But,

A Thoughtful spirit thought me soon that

It's the Power of love that drives them past all.

"Quality of Mercy is not strained,

It droppeth gently from heaven to the place beneath."

Avarice of the wicked and Stubborn Humankind
Made Mother Nature Croom in Anguish
Blood-curdling deeds done by crack-brained crazy
People Made her hackles rise.

Faux Pas of Jehonious and Perfidious People
Made her take up the Shillelagh Cudgel

But, she left it down, Thinking they were only mortal beings.
Just a breath and then it is dead and done and no more.
She showed her grimy hands and Tears of Curmace
Rolled Down her shattered and Haggard Visage.

She do not gripe even before those gristly ephemerals.
She weeped "The hands that brought you up
with Milk and Butter and Honey are Bites,

Bites with Teeth sharper than of serpents."

But, Still They Just Curms and Bears it.

They are the Best People "Creme da le Creme"

Theirs are the sweetened sorrows.

They never break off a bent reed nor put out a flickering lamp.

So, "Unless a grain of wheat falls down and dies, it remains as a
single grain, but if it dies, it bears much fruit".