



TOPIC: WHEN I WAS ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THE ZEPHYR WITH ZEST

I stood in the midst of the crowd,
With that fixating roar.
I ran and ran, and my move ended;
In the midst of the fragraned redwood forest,
Longing for a shoulder of solace.

'Go On', the hard word call,
From the bottom of the heart;
Lead me to the mountains high up-
The mountains touching the sky,
To kiss the sky for not leaving her alone!

The valley down, the birds chirping -
The bees buzzing, the cuckoos singing.
I stood with my broken heart,
Still my beats are heard louder
For the sweet exploration!



My fingers went past the huge tree,

With that sweet smelling flowers.

I sat at her roots,

To kneel down to the Earth.

My eyes closed for the past.

The memories ran through my nerves,

The condemning staves,

The paths of stones and stenches,

The paths of sins.

The moments of loneliness!

My eyes opened,

When I felt that gentle touch.

The zephyr went past my face,

Taking all my tears with it -

Giving me its zest!

Looking at the bright sky,



I saw the rising sun,
the magnificent sun of hope and joy,
Spreading its glory and splendour -
Over the sky to paint it red.

High up on the mountains,
I felt like flying high up the sky,
To answer all the condemning stares,
To raise the weeping to the upbeat world,
And to unveil the idea of rising!

Again looking at the sun,
I felt him blushed -
Like the red tint on the tomato.
I felt like blowing a kiss to the nature,
As a reward to its healing power.

Even if the sun falls to the bottom,
He never loses his hope.



He rises again and again with its intensifying glory
Here he taught me to zap the abcession of humanity ,
And to become immortal in thousands' hearts

Now I dare to find my forbidden soul
I dare to reopen the feelings from my locked mind
And I dare to rediscover -
who am I ?
where am I ?

(Note: Graded articles may be published in schoolwiki. So, Write neatly. Don't fold paper. Don't write overleaf).