

Hues of Nature and Love



*Poems Inspired by Nature,
Love & the Soul*

ARITRA BANERJEE



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Stories Matter

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For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS

www.BlueRoseONE.com

info@bluerosepublishers.com

+91 8882 898 898

+4407342408967

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Divine, Nature, Universe and my love

(The one who heals me like nature, stays, while others
left me in pieces)

Contents

Was It Just Rain?	3
The Untold Stories	5
The Moon and River	7
Setting Sun and His Moon	9
Search for Spirit Flower	12
River and the Rain Cloud	14
Moonbow	19
Magic of Momentary	20
Starry words of Wisdom	23
Garden of love and music	25
Sleepy Sun	27
A gift of the sea	29
When my world is tainted in murk	31
While welcoming with hopes anew this year	33
Magical Love of Moon and Sea	35
Dear Bright Star	37
Bloom in your Pace	39
Dear Sky	41
Inner Sanctuary	43
Mind Soaring High	44
O fellow travellers	45
Ocean Eyes	47
Persephone	49
Champaka-summer's sunny child	50
The library of Life	53
Silver Thread	54
Two Blues Together	56
Universe In Us	58

Dear night sky	59
Innocence is a blessing	60
The zenith	61
Like a star	63
Flower Moon.....	64
In Memoir of The Bougainvillea.....	65
The Medley of Love and Purity	67
Life is a shared sanctuary.....	69
A Medieval Fantasy.....	73
Flight of Fancy	75
Beat of the Earth.....	77
Sunflowers.....	79



Was It Just Rain?

Was that rain last night?
Or was that your concealed love for me,
Brought slumber to my sleepless eyes,
Wiping off my tears of silent cries,
From restlessness felt serenity in my heart,
My soul drenched in delight,
In my mind I danced in that rain,
Washing off all sorts of pain,
Or shall I call it my love for you?
Well, I just trust the process, and miracle itself found me,
I perceive my dormant dreams coming true...
Maybe the sky shed tears of joy last night,
In the darkness bliss was shining bright...
Or maybe the sky felt my state so forlorn ,
That though you are so close to my heart,
I opened my eyes in the morn only to find myself alone,
I felt numb, blank and cried realising that the union was a waking
dream...
But so real, so tangible, it did feel and seem,
My thoughts waver between your maybe and maybe not,
Such a eerie feeling, pleasure mixed with pain it brought,
I laughed and cried at the same breath...
Was that just a simple rain last night?



The Untold Stories

When we pass by a street,
Every road carries an anecdote,
If for a while we wait, every building and brick carry tales untold,
The trees, the lamps are witnesses, so much they hold
I feel drawn at times to a quiet and quaint alley,
I standby to listen, with a little awe, curiosity and glee.
The derelict buildings have a different tale,
They seem like a centuries old mystery, not old and pale,
The bustling towns are bubbly,
Always up with something new, like a child lively,
I listen with wonder to both the tales old and new,
I feel like I read an unwritten book, before I bid the place adieu



The Moon and River

The moon is a reflection of the heart, a mirror,
And the shimmering moonbeams, they emanate love, softly and
silently kissing the water,
The boughs of the tree, touched by this gesture, its petals
over the river did scatter,
To celebrate them and this magical moment,
Time seemed to come to a standstill, instead of being spent,
The water endears every kiss, every beam of love and turns into a
canvas,
The finest portrait was reflected, of glistening moonlight and petals,
like an ethereal painting on glass,
“look how alluring and astounding you are” ,
The moon blushed “ But it is you who showed this beauty like
mirror,
And it is through your vision that I look prettier,
I just thought I am filled with spots and scar,
You beautified me, your charm is magical, more magnetic
and divine, dear river”
The tree teased in a friendly manner-
“But I decked up with those petals, don’t forget that dear moon and
river,
You owe me for these embellishments, do remember”
They blushed and laughed, then the moon became a bit shy and
nervous,
Oh such an aesthetic beauty was present in all corners,
“okay tell me what should I gift you?” still holding the
lovely petal decked image said the river,
The tree replied with a loving sway “Nothing, just stay together”



Setting Sun and His Moon

The setting sun so sombre,
Melted into the sky and the horizon,
Maybe he wished to be one with the river,
To plunge into her assuaging bosom instead of his abode in heaven.

Devoid of warm passion, he just sought comfort,
Solely seeking peace, that to him is highest bliss,
Shedding off his diurnal glory and vanity, into softest hues and
shapes he did distort,
So that secretly sleeping on her cool lap he wouldn't miss.

Oh! The enervated soul found his real refuge in her, no
worldly worries or care,
"Before resuming another tedious day, please let me lie here",
Said he, in a warm and soothing voice,
And she replied " But the stay is so brief, you must go again love,
and I have no choice".....

He comforted her, "But I will leave lotuses as gifts for you,
You'll be decked in those blooming beauties drenched in
morning dew,
And though your morning beauty will be noticed by some and
appreciated by few,
I'll surely gaze at you, I'll surely sing for you"





Search for Spirit Flower

I went in search of my spirit flower,
Excited to discover , but also confounded with each passing hour,
The quirky and passionate poppies, unconventional, one of a kind,
Resonated with me and my art loving mind,
Never minding a little chaos, doing things in my own way,
Individuality sparks in creations and thoughts as with my unique
voice I say.

The serene and dainty daisies swaying,
A host of close friends, close knit,
Unpretentious, sweet and carefree in spirit,
They count on each other, always trusting,
Following good virtues, they care about being a good person,
For resonating with my soul- they have every reason.

Then comes in the vibrant violet,
With understanding, sympathy and empathy they are replete,
They have a spirit that trusts freely,
That is how growth comes in to them easily,
This beauty likes to reflect in peace and quiet,
Grows thoughtful in nature, this vibe resonated, I felt quite like a
violet.

Meeting the social and gregarious Iris,
This quality in me is a bit amiss,
But being natural healer and trying to soothe,
That goes in with my soul as truth,
Being around to share laughter and cheer,
To share a little sunshine, I do care

Eventually come in my favourite- the radiant rose,
Love and nurture in ever luscious petal goes,
They express care and warmth in small acts of kindness,
That is how their feelings they express,
Always up with a warm hug and smile,
Happy to have friends and dear love in life, making it worth while

I found pieces of me in every blossom I met,
So to single out one of them, I could not quite,
I realised I carry an entire bouquet within,
My expansive soul was never supposed to fit in,

My soul has an array of shades and colours in glow, In search of
spirit flower, I discovered a bouquet, alluring as rainbow,
And I am sure some of you out there resonate,
Yes you are a vivacious bouquet if you can relate!

River and the Rain Cloud

First, she was a little brook, never knowing the sea,
Then she heard the lovers and the people sitting by,
Describe how vast, alluring and deep the sea was with waves so high,
The little brook got infatuated, “what if he meets me!”

But the jejune brook had to discover,
Once she became a river,
From the people, the far flying birds and nature,
That she must meet the sea as he would never come to her...

A disheartened, but also sheerly thrilled,
She was ready to take up the journey alone,
Many moons passed by and many times the bright brightly shone,
She was getting weary with time, gushing by the hard rocks made
her bleed...

The little blossoms, trees and birds talked to her everyday,
They enjoyed her song and the symphony while she hit hard
rocks and also little pebbles,
Sometimes a deep low music and at others light trebles
But no one could see her bleed, no one could feel her dismay...

Folks only showered comments,
You'll meet your destiny once you surpass the tough events,
But no one to accompany her in the journey,
No one saw her tears, only enjoyed her beauty and harmony...

While she continued her path forlorn,
It was a mellow monsoon ,
Suddenly she met a rain bearing cloud sojourn,
Charming, swarthy, chivalrous, to her a boon

He showered her not merely with words sweet,
But replenished her with all love beyond her dream,
As if their souls got connected in first sight n meet..
Drenched in love, she danced to the rhythm of raindrops like a lively
stream

Together they created a melody so mellifluous,
Short as seconds to them seemed each hour,
But blissful moments don't last forever,
And so happened for the cloud and the river...

In his affection she who had forgotten the sea,
Was now asked by the same cloud to bid him adieu,
It was autumn, he must go away and fly free,
As he is needed elsewhere now....

It broke the heart of the river,
she was left devoid of speech,
Her world shattered now that the cloud will be out of her reach,
“I’ll come back to thee in the next monsoon, I’ll come back!” his
parting words reverberated in the air...



Our Blue Planet

Not just today, O sweet earth,
May your greenery and tantalizing tinges never find dearth,
May your song and poetry reign with beauty,
Let your love wrap all beings,
Not just humans, but also animals and sweet birds with wings,

O mother earth, you share your love endlessly,
May we lead with love, nurture and peace wisely,
The light in our heart is connected to the light of your heart,
We are connected to you dear blue planet, never apart

I can see you personified,
Your beauty so dazzling in the universe vast and wide, As a queen,
with greenery as jewellery, and flowing blue gown,
The white of the pole as your crown

I haven't seen all your corners and places,
O sweet blue planet, the one who always nurtures and blesses
But my mind's eye has helped me travel,
And in so many places of wonder I've found not mere words can
tell.



Moonbow

We cherish rainbows, try to paint our lives as vibrant as it seems,
We treasure our rainbow coloured dreams,
But have we ever given it a thought,
Maybe the rainbow carries a dream too in its heart,
The moon knew its secret desire,
That burnt so bright, in the shimmer of the hues, like a hidden fire,
The rainbow wished to lie in the heart of the moon-
“Not in the sombre grey clouds, o vivacious one, residing in your heart will be my boon”
The moon whispered-“ And my silvers and whites wish to be painted by your alluring arc”,
Both were so besotted, without each other everything felt so stark,
“ I can do anything to reside in your heart, to colour you in my hues, I'll leave no stone unturned you know,
I wish to be called by your name, turn the rain from mine away and become your moon-bow”
The moon gave a shy smile touched by this, but did not utter a word,
But their dearest desire and this love was by the universe felt and heard,
Nothing is impossible, and their willing hearts were helped in every action and test,
A day came when the moon overflowing in love, shone the brightest,
The rain fell in the right angle, and the passionate moonlight refracted every droplet,
The sky turned dark enough to make a miracle happen in the moment,
The moon sat in the arc perfectly as all odds aligned,
The moon-bow got its home in the heart of moon, and the moon turned vibrant in those hues, an eternal ecstasy they could finally find,
Their deepest wish sent through the sky did not go in vain,
Such miracles occur in love which textbooks can barely explain.

Magic of Momentary

The beauty of the ephemeral is enchanting,
Through the torrents of time it radiates and they keep creating,
Had the flower known it was eternal,
It might not have the urge to open a single petal,
While it knows it has to wilt away,
It shows up with beckoning beauty and a gaiety sway,
Knowing that each day is one day less,
The trees bear fruits in bounty, blossoms bloom, the birds pour their
melody, the swift squirrel plays,
In the fragrance diffused breeze the butterflies dance fearless,
All in their own rhythm and pace, portray their elegance
and grace
In unison they sang-"Carpe Diem",
Even death stoops down to them, it has no dreadful claim,
It becomes a brief sleep before they reawaken,
In this lies a different immortality, a piece of heaven.





Starry words of Wisdom

Once said a little star:
“No matter in which phase of your life you are,
You are still beautiful dear moon,
Complete in yourself, your company to me is a boon,
One day I'll perish and fall,
But share this message to one and all,
Because everyone is a moon in their own unique way,
Let them shine in every phase beyond all dismay”
Then the star turned to a morose star-gazer and said-
“Whenever you feel low;
Remember you were made from the stars long-ago;
So never let the light within die,
Even when your hopes and dreams people or situations do defy;
Keep glowing, breathe in optimism, morn and night,
Even when clouds come to blur your sight,
So that, like a star, even when you are gone,
Years and years later, your shine in their eyes stay on”



Garden of love and music

The garden of love expands gracefully,
The fragrance of flowers mingle sweetly,
An essence to which the soul awakens,
And our aura shine bright even in the darkness dense,
A cosmic and divine orchard it expands to be,
The key to it lies within, through an inner journey we can reach and see,
The darkling sky lit up not just by waxy moonbeam,
But by our auras as one, vibrant love whose light traverses like a stream,
The flowers could not be seen but their fragrance felt,
Breeze caressing us like soft velvet,
Drinking divine nectar of love, enjoying every drop,
A sacred sanctuary where time does stop,
Wherever we gaze with our loving sight,
The flora unfurl their petals, trees bear juicy fruits, sweet delight,
The bowers start to shower petals in bliss,
They fall upon us like nature's sweet kiss,
An eternal rose, pink and shining in flares,
As we guard it our hands and care, an undimmed light it shares,
As we sing the melody from our soul,
A magic unleashes, changing the orchard as a whole,
Every blossoms and foliage, all trees start to glow,
Almost tangible and shimmering, the enchanting musical notes flow,
The flame touches every being within and out of the forest,
A higher love that spreads far and wide, reaching the rest,
Drawn by the mellowness, bees hum in sweet unrest,
Birds join in the tunes, ruffling up feathers, rising from their sleepy nest,
A tune that awakens every soul, towards joy, passions and dreams,
To fly towards them, not discard them as whims,

The strong faith of a child, a juvenile carrying the rays and warmth of sun,

If you believe in yourself and in universe, it shall be done !

So let the wings of faith carry you to your happiness, your wishes blossoming to reality, you will witness !

To the land of your dreams, or to anything you desire,

To all that brings forth your hues and sparks fire,

A boat from divine to take you across the sky's river,

You can reach for the moon and touch the brightest star.

Sleepy Sun

And the sun wanted to take a little nap,
So the silvery clouds came to wrap
Oh how cherishable to catch, how cosy,
The weather turned mellow and breezy,
The golden tinge softened to soothe,
Almost like a feather, so silky and smooth
The clouds then fully hid the sun in their caress,
Then a dainty drizzle, like a damsel, came with grace
The journey got a different beauty in this twilight,
Soothing to the soul not just the sight





A gift of the sea

There was a girl, who ran to the sea,
The open sky, the breeze and the waves rushing made her free,
Away from the crowd, two vast blues merging,
The playful waves towards her surging,
They did not drown, they drenched and played with her in ecstasy,
She felt like a mermaid from fantasy,
She understood the language of the breeze, the trees swaying nearby
and the sky,
She heard the song of the sea in the waves and also of the
birds that flew high,
It was a song of unbridled love, she danced to its tune,
Like a blithe child she made castles on the sand dune, She drew tiny
hearts on the sand to send her love to the vast blue,
Those tiny tokens of love the waves sometimes softly kissed,
Not a single one was missed,
Sometimes waves came rushing in ardour to accept them , and they
were gone as soon as she drew, All the love she gave to the sea
through years,
Came back to her like answered prayers,
All the feelings and love she could pour,
Returned to her even more,
That abundant love and care took a human form,
With ocean eyes and a smile so warm,
She said, sparkly and euphoric- "Just like I understood the language
of the sea,
He could so well understand me,
Both the said and the unsaid, all my energy,
So well like he knows me for ages, from lives before,
And now standing here at the seashore,
Everything feels so familiar, not a new chapter but the replay of a
long lost memory"
Binding her heart and soul with love, he actually set her free,

This was not a binding, but an armour from all worldly misery
Wherever they, they spread love and light all along,
She got back her rhythm, her long forgotten song,
Words and thoughts flowed free from her, like a spring of beauty,
He gave her the wand, the magic, and she found all her
peace, power and creativity.

When my world is tainted in murk

When my world is tainted in murk,
To be imbued to go on, not a single spark,
My rudderless ship facing the raging sea,
Your love becomes the lighthouse that guides me...
Slowly, the storms clear away,
Into my sight comes the bay,
But my storm struck ship has lost all strength,
"I cannot make it that long", crosses my mind at length....
Your kindness as gusts of wind pushes me ahead,
Finally ashore when I am led,
It's twilight, a land isolated and bleak,
I look around confounded, too afraid to speak.
Enclosing my wounded and tired frame in an embrace,
You become my harbour, my haven, that I found by divine's grace,
Darkness descends again and covers everything under its fearful
curse,
But into your arms, I feel my life lit up, and this body and soul
studded in stars.....
We are infinite skies and together we make our universe,
In our embrace, the spark of love, are born the stars
The flame of our souls cannot be subdued by winter or doused in
downpour,
Since the beginning of creation, we are one at the core



While welcoming with hopes anew this year

While welcoming with hopes anew this year,
Keeping in a closet all memories, both excruciating and dear,
I wonder what happened to the year bygone,
Where did it go with the advent of morning sun?
Is it resting peacefully, wrapped in winter frost?
Or is it somewhere, like a little girl, weeping and lost?
Is it still carrying all old burdens?
Or basking in the sun with the older eras in heavenly gardens?
To those vintage eras, the last year is still jejune,
Though young in age, it carries a deep experienced soul, both a bane
and boon,
Even its smile subtly shows a philosophic bent, wounds untold,
Some stories locked, it does not wish to unfold
The eyes glimmer not in innocence,
But in pathos mixed love, empathy, munificence
It kissed the new year, still a child, in the solemn night,
"In the morning, this old traveller will be out of sight..."
I've done my deeds, paid my debts to divine,
You are fresh and ruddy, like a new sun you must shine"
Then like a pale dried leaf it fell on the ground to rest,
And the new year, green and tender, curious eyes, waited to witness
the rest.



Magical Love of Moon and Sea

Sometimes weak and wan, sometimes beaming with
brightness,
The moon is very close to us, it embraces all its phases
In that acceptance lies power and beauty,
In gratitude and acceptance lies life's key,
I kept admiring this quiet allure,
The magical moon and dancing waves changed the night so sombre,
How serene and sweet while it gently kisses the sea,
All the love it gave got reflected back like a mirror faithfully,
In the soft candle light I tried to depict this charm,
So many fleeting thoughts and images in my mind did form,
The splendour of the silvery shine, the deep secrets of the
sea it tried to unearth,
I tried to listen and catch them but of exact words to decode I found
dearth,
The deep and resonant waves composed a natural nocturne,
This musical enchantment cannot be truly matched by any
instrument we learn,
This nightly cinema got my mind so enraptured, unparalleled beauty
to which words fall short,
Yet in my pages a piece of it I captured,
Just like the moon belongs to and loves the sea, and the sea
shows redamancy,
My dearest, such is our belonging and reciprocity, so do we.



Dear Bright Star

Dear bright Star,
You are so close to my heart and yet afar, I'm an astrophile,
Seeing you sparkle makes me smile,
Your light and aura is so healing, gazing at you, in a sweet unrest, is
the best feeling!
Dear Star, you make this earth a better place,
God almighty, please always bless
My star, who is a beautiful soul,
May he shine ceaselessly and achieve every goal!
Envoy of charm unbound,
In you, all my bliss, I've found,
My love for you shall always remain,
In my heart and the sky, you'll always reign!
I know, the distance between is vast,
But your glory and my affection shall always last...



Bloom in your Pace

With care and hope the seeds were sown,
A dainty sapling then a little plant had grown,
It's leaves glistened, it giggled when kissed by the sun and moon,
But somewhere, with all its lush green,
Because it did not bloom, it lost its joy and sheen,
Years rolled by, so did seasons,
"Its okay if I can't bloom, I still spread freshness in the air, and greenery to behold,
I still breathe, embody peace, to seek life's joy these too are reasons,
And maybe with time I can bloom, to hopes and dreams I must hold"
Instead of lack, it reflected on abundance,
Not just yearning, it started enjoying its existence,
It kept soaking sunlight and soothing in moonlight,
Of blessings already bestowed, bliss in what it already had, this was its new sight,
Even when surrounded by other flowers,
It stood serene and still for countless hours,
And suddenly I saw such a splendid surprise,
Sweet summer's child in its bloom, in quiet elegance its dainty head did rise,
Perfuming the air with its dulce fragrance,
It portrayed life through its lens,
We are never too late to bloom, we have our own time and season,
Enjoy every moment, the beauty of existence, and to smile and live beyond any reason



Dear Sky

Dear sky, my eyes always seek you,
I have loved you in every hue,
Whether you turned cloudy and grey,
Or showed different shades in a lovely array,
I have loved your orange and pink blush,
Also this azure while the flakes of clouds rush
Like this flower facing you, trying to reach out,
I have always turned to you, like someone devout
Your various dispositions somewhere sync with mine,
We both conversed, shared our moods, in ways we cannot define
Whether decked in rays of dawn,
Or the darker dusk when the sun is gone,
Whether your velvet gown is star studded at night,
Or just spending lone time with even the moon away from sight,
You have always sparked my curiosity and delight,
You set my spirit free, I envisage, my mind reaches a new height
I wrote some verses for you, gone behind in the timeline,
So many snaps too, some preserved, some lost,
But the memories are afresh, I cherish them the most,
You create your art anew which I capture, whether cloudy or with
the shine.



Inner Sanctuary

We look at the flora outside, But what about the garden inside?
We all have it within,
No matter what season is on going....
Not all trees in the sanctuary-
Are evergreen, some will be dry and weary
But it will be lush again be not afraid,
The flowers withered? Only to blooming back the path is laid
Tend the sanctuary, nourish it, shower your care,
There will be bounty boons in every layer!
Take your time and do not rush,
Take what you require-sometimes words, sometimes a little hush

Mind Soaring High

The clouds scuttering in the welkin,
Blithe in their journey, exploring,
The jaunty, child like zephyr,
Playing with the foliage, the flora and also the clouds higher,
While a flower tries to touch the sky, ambitious child of nature,
This moment for eternity I try to capture,
So I catch her and a piece of blue with clouds scudding high,
Off on a bird's wings beating, with my floral friend I wish to fly
The sun peeking through, sending gentle warmth and rays,
The dreamer mind wanders to a faraway place,
As the mind sails through, time cannot keep it's trace,
In the boat of dreams, the breeze guiding it ahead,
The world far and wide, to behold, wings to spread

O fellow travellers

O fellow travellers, long is the journey,
Keep sailing ahead, be not weary
Yes, you can pause to take a breath for a while,
But do not halt for too long, because time does beguile!
The shells and pearls and oysters collected,
The sweet memories that make you elated
Do not look back, because what's there in the sand,
Has already been effaced by the sea's hand
Keep moving ahead, dear ones,
Of this adventure, have faith take the chance
Waves may try to knock you off time and again,
But have faith, you'll be standing tall, your strength you'll regain,
Follow the breeze, keep moving,
Gilded by sunshine or bathed in waxy moonlight, sail with
the waves swaying,
The journey ahead is an enigma,
But trust divine, yourself and the process, you have your charisma!



Ocean Eyes

Bathed in blue,
The oceans conceal mysteries beyond clue,
After long explorations we know more of mars,
But before dark secrets of the blue resource our knowledge falls
scarce....
Even more unfathomable are the deep ocean eyes,
How in their depths and sparkle sinks a soul's silent Cries....
The soul burns within yet they shine,
Brighter than citylights or Stars, words can't define!
Centuries of research won't Suffice,
To reveal the ocean of Secrets within those eyes.
Those are not eyes but living poetry,
So serene and deep, from pains of life they set you free.
The depth of emotions in them makes the ocean fall short,
Sunk deep in those ocean eyes only to feel more alive, they became
life's resort,
My breath stopped but the heart didn't, nothing can be a sweeter
paradox,
This ocean ,seeming endless , landed me down to the soul, not a bed
of sand or rocks.
Those eyes are the ocean, and those very eyes are the boat,
Though you drown in them, through life's merciless ocean they keep
you afloat .



Persephone

Winter in it's most luscious form
Is heralding that spring is about to come The ecstasy shines through
every vibrant blossom
As Ceres calls her daughter to come back home...
Proserpine both delighted and despaired deep within
Smiles through pearly teeth and sheds tears as rain
Time is ticking, she has to bid adieu to her beloved again,
We can be a part of and yet not fully share her joys and pain.....
Spring on earth, when it shall come, would feel like heaven,
But to the goddess, without her Hades, all would seem vain.....
A feeling of coming back to home and yet homelessness at heart,
O Persephone! Don't be poignant, as you both will not for long be
apart.....
Autumn shall have it's advent and finally wintry cold,
But in the underworld, you will be all warm, as in his arms, your
delicate frame, he shall hold.



Champaka-summer's sunny child

Girdled by the Madhavi's passionate pink,
A sea of greenery surrounding almost to make you sink,
Summer pouring its heat so sweltering,
But you soaked in sunshine and spread your petals little darling!

Exuding your yellow aura so sweet and bright,
Summer's sunny child, you eventually came in sight
Ravishing and redolent, making the air perfumed,
O Champaka ! The wait seemed long, but in your season you
beauteously bloomed

Through time's torrent and seasons sliding you persevered,
By your flowery friends and trees you are rejoiced and cheered,
You are unique and cherished, one of a kind,
Closing my verse, you all floral beauties are rare, blooming in your
season, neither early nor behind.



The Library of Life

We cannot be merely perceived through the eyes,
Our depth and essence cannot be caged, even time it defies
We all are to be read deep to the soul,
Some of us are open books, others a bit reserved and reticent,
If carefully discovered, there is a different beauty in each one present
Every single page matters, it made us what we are, it cannot be stole
Even if some pages are lost, or torn in agony or ire,
Their imprints remain innately, like an eternal fire,
Every moment, every memory that shapes us
Persist in those pages, through the ink of our smiles, sighs and tears
Some pages are rewritten, some revisited fondly,
Some pages dear to the heart remain meaningful even though the
writing goes dwindly.
We are alive in every single of those pages,
In the creations and colours and also the rusts and ravages,
Every single version portrayed matters, even when some are
outgrown,
Every plot twist, the turns apparently wrong and right are
divine plans, so do not rue or frown.
They all brought us where we stand today,
There is more to be written, bring in the pen of curiosity and ink of
hope,
Keep exploring yourself, dear all, do not put the pen down in
dismay,
We are all evolving, expanding, not to be tied down with any rope,
The pages matter, so do the emotions we felt,
But they are to be remembered, learnt from and honoured, not a
place to be dwelt.
We are the soul, the observer and boundless,
So keep navigating in this journey of life where roads are endless.

Silver Thread

Rain is the silver thread that connects heaven to earth,
Drenching, nourishing, it replenishes all dearth,
The petrichor it leaves behind is a gift,
To a different delight the mind does drift

Not just the lush greenery, it refills my soul too,
It bestows upon earth a spirit anew,
There is mellifluous melody created by each drop falling,
Music of the earth, from heaven, so alluring !

This is how heaven kisses the earth, creating dance and tunes,
Bird songs, greenery, fresh blooms, bestowing such boons !
The foliage, each blade of grass get back their sheen,
The drops shining tenderly, like crystal, upon the green



Two Blues Together

Two blues merging together,
A touch so tender like a feather,
Holding the gaze, enamoured by each other,
The ocean with it's gentle glimmer,
The sky adorned in clouds, each an enchanted dreamer

A paradise created in a moment,
Ethereal, but so divine even time seems to be bent
The blues behold their beauty, lost in the other, Here lies the charm,
not just lost, this how they are found rather

But in their hearts time took its toll,
Though it could never change the one-ness of their soul,
But they started to act distant, each in their own world
drifted off farther,
They turned into two blues pretending not to know each other



Universe In Us

Humans are such inimitable creation of God,
Sometimes harmony and sometimes discord,
With galaxies in the mind and heart carrying storms and chaos,
Eyes lit up like bright star, we are walking micro cosmos

The mastermind's hands are shaping us always,
Through all situations we face, through nights and days,
We all admire the stars, but it is only in pitch darkness
That they can exhibit to the acme their brightness

So if you are engulfed in murk, fear not please,
Your brightness will peer through this,
And if under pressure, do not crumble or cease,
Universe is crafting a diamond, a masterpiece

Always have faith and trust the process,
You will be shaped into a version you cannot yet guess,
Keep walking, blessings are ahead,
Roses will bloom wherever you bled

We are not just in the universe, it is enfolded in this human dress,
It experiences itself for a while through our consciousness

Dear night sky

Dear night sky, tonight my thoughts fly so high....
But then I sigh and have to pause,
As I realise eventually overthinking is one of my flaws...
Like adding fuel to the fire, poignant thoughts surge from desperate
desire,
My state in the hushed darkness becomes more dire,
I try to relax my messed mind,
"Nothing happens ere time", I rewind.
"Sit back, reflect and ponder,
Don't let angst hit you like thunder.
Do not let fear of future engulf tonight's solace,
Let seraphims of sleep swaddle me in their caress
Fall into deep slumber o sleepless eyes,
May the futile fantasies that burn the heart not arise....
Relax my morose mind...
As the best is yet to unfurl and not left behind"...
On these musings as I mulled over,
suddenly I got distracted by a voice that seemed to hover,
The night breeze sang these lines like a soothing hymn....
"keep faith and keep loving, miracles can occur anytime
without knowing!"
I slept snugly to the song of the breeze,
My soul purged out of pain and my mind at ease.

Innocence is a blessing

Innocence is a blessing,
And a sight of it makes my tormented soul sing
The song of innocence I had left behind,
Reverting back, my lost self I'm trying to find.
Oh the spirits of nature,
Having love and nurture as your foremost gesture,
Revive my inner child, my blissful self,
For this agonised being, only thy healing touch can help....
Imbibe my senses, her pristine beauty!!
A perennial reservoir never meant to be empty....
Drench in her love and affection,
Nothing is more assuaging than this sensation
Lying on her lap being my truest and raw self,
Her silent love is my panacea, into it let me delve,
No words and philosophy can cure better,
All my worldly cares melt away when into her pristine world I enter.

The zenith

The zenith tainted in twilight's shades,
My mind soars away from all worldly dreads,
With the wings of the birds away it flies,
As the zephyr kisses the foliage and the skies,
Away, away to some far land of fantasy,
Into realm of art and eternity,
Where words flow freely and create poetic magic,
Where music drifts away all that's tragic,
Where beauty explodes in every particle,
Where stars never fade and have perennial twinkle,
Where love, youth and my poetic soul would revive with a spark,
Let me fly there away, like a lark.



Like a star

Like a star studded sky on a night clear,
The jasmines decked up each foliage,
Smiling proudly for their sparkling white visage,
And their redolence spread in the air.
The group of beauties created a garland,
They thought, "No one compares to us in this land!"
But a beauty rare stood shyly beside,
Her uniqueness from the eyes couldn't hide,
Like the moon, she is alone yet graceful
She is one of a kind, not boasting but beautiful,
She doesn't possess a fragrance of fame to perfume breeze,
But with quiet self acceptance and bliss she sways at ease
Maybe that's what makes her placid yet alluring,
A transcendental joy and purity she does bring!

Flower Moon

With the energy of flower moon,
Nature and mother earth bestowed bounty boon,
A new friend, little marigold, carrying sunshine in its tinge,
swayed in innocence,
Rebirth, renewal, replenishment, the air filled with this essence,
Another little rosebud, shyly opened up with a blush,
In its own rhythm it wishes to showcase every petal, not in a rush,
A new friend with its beautiful plumes, I could capture in a glance,
Then off it flew to explore in the distance,
The air reverberated with mellow musical chirps,
Musical band of nature, in my heart it brings such joy as of playing
happy harps,
May our hearts be filled with the melody of songbirds always,
May our inner grove be filled with choicest flowers and
serene trees, O divine, do bless,
If the outer world ever feels scorching, enter this grove in secret,
Here with peace blows the breeze, and with shade of
greenery you will be met,
As all the foliage, greenery and flowers sway in a dance,
I join them in this flow, not to miss this moment's magical
chance,
Then the sleepy sweet sun caught my eyes,
Even through a veil of clouds, a tender shine it never denies,
How heavenly that glow was, I was spellbound,
Until my ears could catch a feeble sound,
Of the plane gliding, half hidden in the cloudy layers,
And my dreamy mind, with the bird's wings and the plane, to
mysterious places disappears.....

In Memoir of The Bougainvillea

Passing by a solitary street,
The setting sun casting myriad shades,
The blossoms bend to whisper- "stop by ! For a moment
forget your dreads!"
The flitting birds left with a brief chirpy greet

They were busy on their way back home,
But I did not wish to stir, I was caught in their flowery essence
So I stayed, intoxicated by their redolence,
Admiring their lush hues, also those shades that the clouds caught
like a foam

The bubbly blossoms said blissfully-
"So many people pass by me, whom I behold,
From young ones to those grey and old,
Some are busy, some care to standby, some are morose, some walk
in groups cheerfully"

They continued to narrate-
" I listen to their stories, some regular faces I perfectly
memorise,
I can read their expressions, hear their inner cries,
I try to cheer them up, I try to make their day great"
"Some lads pick me up from lower boughs,
And offer as a sweet gift to the ones they chose,
Some are lost in rosy dreams, some giggle and some sigh,
To make their day brighter, in my floral language I try"

"Some deck me in their tresses,
Others offer me to God and the divine blesses,
Some sit under the tree to rest, create or ponder,
Meeting them all, my heart grows fonder"

Now the tree said~

"Some return back but others come only for a day,
Some remain strangers and some make friends and stay,
The seasons pass by, but I remember them all,
While I offer my blossoms and cool shade and stand here tall"

"Will you remember me?"

I thought I heard a faint request from the tree,
Oh dear friend, memory often fades with age,
Through this verse and art I tried to immortalize you, and the
fleeting moment I tried to cage.



The Medley of Love and Purity

There are angels with sunshine in their soul, even amidst
darkness of this world,
Onto hope and love we hold,
Even amidst war and pathos,
The bubbly brook flows,
Even when the world is struck by grim reality,
Somewhere a flower blooms in oblivion, innocently.
Be the light, be the peace, be the hope,
Do not fall into the harsh world's trope
Be the flower, be the music, be the dance, be the sunshine,
Know that we are all children of divine!
Even when the surroundings are filled with mud,
May our minds bloom like pristine lotus bud
Somewhere a white dove soars high,
It's wings carrying a letter of peace in the sky
In the piano of this world there are notes of joy and melancholy,
With our tender touch, on both black and white keys, let us
create a symphony,
Sonorous as call of a song bird, a little plaintive but mostly
mellow,
Let it bring back the smile on the face of the old and the
young fellow
The river does not halt when it finds the path to be stony and
pebbly,
It hits the pebbles and rocks creating a unique melody,
The watery tunes joint in by rustle of leaves, chirping birds creating
medley.
It flows on past every hurdle, back to it's source,
We too must remember our roots, no matter how much modern
day gets coarse,
Finally , back to the ocean we must merge, we cannot meander away,
lost and wobbly ,

We are a microcosm, we carry starlight within,
In this dark times, let us not dim our sheen.
From chaos there was finally the cosmos,
Lets us tune in to creation, it will rebuke destruction and flaws
Hark back to your divinity, to your purity,
That higher self present within every entity,
Delve inside your soul, the child is still breathing inside,
Embark on this journey, concoct the dreams again, revive the
colours, paint the rainbows,
Like blithe butterflies and jaunty clouds scuttering in the sky, let our
mind playfully glide.
The little lamb running on the meadows,
Jejune and blissful, off in the greens it goes,
It knows not artifice or masks to wear,
It is not too late to catch that state of bliss dear !
You will never be a nomad, find your home in God and nature,
In the rain drops, wind, flowers, call of birds, sunlight, clouds,
fragrance of the earth,
There is purity and hope and love abound, you will find no dearth,
Like God and nature blessing us in bounty, pouring boons, may
kindness be our culture!

Life is a shared sanctuary

My king, your virtues, your awakened consciousness, that is your glittering crown,

My shining sun, you do not let me fall, you lift me up when I'm down,

With you life is a sacred shared sanctuary,

Blessed upon by divine, this a love that stays, long written in destiny

The moments away from you feel so lost, void and long,

And when you come, you light up my life, two hearts turn one in a celestial song,

We are joined by divine as one, to walk hand in hand this lifetime,

Our souls in oneness, harmony, entwined in eternity, beyond space and time,

You understand and feel my true inner beauty and I feel yours my angel king,

When we are together, angels shower petals and a melody, only heard by us, they sing.

You do not just love me when I am shining bright,

You love me tenderly, being my hope and light, when tears blur my sight.

Nothing in the world makes me cry, you heal and protect,

Together we follow our dreams and goals, as joy, peace and love we emanate.

The world feels better solely with you, shine on my love and the way you inspire,

There is all richness and bliss, in our togetherness, there is no ecstasy higher

We have come to stay, with strong faith and glowing heart, universe does always bless,

Where I always belong is with you, that is my place

In our unity, transition of life to a beauty so anew,

With our devotion and love, and blessings of divine, every road we pursue,

My forever, I believe in us, and I believe in you,

In an illusory world, our love shines eternally true.





A Medieval Fantasy

Witnessing the netted sunset,
The silhouette of the trees, the buildings so quiet,
Feels like a cinematic moment,
So silent and mysterious a movie is set

I was so engrossed, it felt like a trance,
As if transported to some fairytale,
Far away from all rush and pell mell,
Almost arrived at a distant medieval romance

The balmy breeze took me there,
I could smell the floral fields in the scented air,
The rose bowers, the secret meeting places,
Even of the serenades and letters I could catch traces

The towering castles bearing age old tales,
To intrigue my mind it never fails,
The royals and knights are gone, but their adventures and romance prevail,
I can see the tales alive, like a lived experience unlocked under a spell

In an instant I am oblivious to who I am or what I am supposed to be,
Running in those lavender fields, I feel so free,
In a long flowing gown, ambling in those groves and gardens,
Another long lost version of me opens



Flight of Fancy

Taking their flight of fancy,
Off the fluttering beauties go,
To the blossoms, the bushes and bough
Their flowery trails my earnest eyes follow, The air pervaded with
mellow fragrance, Oh, I fall into a deep trance!
Off they go seeking for Violets, musk roses and pansy Basking their
wings in the sunshine, Earthly yet looks so divine!
Gilded in golden aura,
In the breeze sway the dainty flora,
Wish I could be a butterfly so free,
And explore far and wide,
Wherever my wanderlust would lead me,
No bounds, no limits, not afraid of time or tide,
Few days to live but filled with passion and delight,
Imbibing ethereal beauty of the world with my sight



Beat of the Earth

All the flowery mates are twinning,
Through them mother earth keeps smiling,
To live in the moment, to rest and repose, they create a sweet
chance,
They rejuvenate giving a treat to the eyes and soul, a fervour to live
through their fine fragrance,
Through nature the earth pulses and breathes, its heart is living, it
does bloom and blossom,
A breathing beauty, with molten fire deep down in its bottom
The heat is tempered for us through the blue elixir,
Also through these genteel greens and zephyr
She masters the heat, creating through it life's zeal,
Its creative flames in twilight's orange tinge we can feel,
The beat of the earth is faint yet powerful to connect all
beings under the sky,
We can feel the warmth of this love if we try,
Dear earth, we cherish all the gifts you have endowed,
In your vivid ways your love you showed



Sunflowers

Softly kissing the sad sunflowers,
The moonbeams glistened in the darkest hours,
Touched by breeze on a tender night,
They swayed moon-kissed, thus casting a seraphic sight ,
The queen of the sky assured them,
“ Soon the sun shall rise, for worthy is thy love and name
Without the sun you turn towards each other,
But of light and comfort you never seek source another”
If the sun shines not for you, o dearest sunflowers, then he shines
for nobody,
Both thy name and thy dedication and loyalty is so worthy”