



Bi-Monthly Refereed & Indexed Open Access eJournal

October 2013 Vol. 4 Issue-V

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Divine Glory Lost

Santanu Halder India.

O little child,a beautiful flower In the garden of delight In your sparkling eyes I witness the illimitable blue above And with illumined vision I flutter with wings unfolded In the far away kingdom of divine bliss, In the immeasurable depths of celestial space Being immersed in heavenly thoughts Like those clouds shimmering In the impalpable moonbeams

I had been like the impetuous torrent Indomitable, invincible and irresistible... But the ineffable joy of that paradisiacal glory Is no more now Those heydays were gone. Now my skin grows old and pale With the burden of inevitable ripeness Now I win many laurels with a languid smile On my lantern-jawed face And recalling those innocent days I spend days and nights Waving out lazy dreams..