Inklings are the flying wings
   From the serene ocean of the mind;
They are the growing saplings
   With the tender roots in the ground;
Their dawn, gleam and bloom
   For the growth of glitter in the sky;
They transform in exuberance
   From the caterpillar to the butterfly;
They fondly and lovely dress
   The foliage of felicitous expressions;
Their dreams are in infinitude
   For the dream-buds of high missions;
They fill the atmosphere of joy
   With the fragrance of right evolution;
Their struggle for perpetuation
   With the seeds of didactic messages;
They love echo and reflection
   Of the flowers of sights and sounds;
Their hues and views are rich
   To attract the bees of reading brains;
They have no vested interests
   For they bestow the shades of peace;
They crave for fructification
In offering the fruits of imagination;

They pride for joyous excellence

    For the nectar in lessons of substance;

They have the lives of their own

    Through temperance of permanence;

They have relation and correlation

    Of the beauty sensuous and supernal.