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ISSN: 0976-8165

The Little Vibrant World

Akanksha Chaudhary

There's a vibrant world somewhere in the end

In the criss-cross lines over the lost sands

On the snow covered peaks knowing no land

In the green serenity of the life channelling woods

In the countless stars where darkness is never overlooked

On the shores where our songs echo till sunrise

In long nights spent chasing, solving puny worries

There's a home somewhere in the upcoming times

Waiting for the bricks to bond

For destiny to shape its form

For us to realize and reach

From the dusty paths to clean streets

For subtler singing streams

To whistling winds and dreams

There's a land between you and me somewhere

That cuts the distance short

That fails to absorb all the rain that falls

The footsteps where marvel the arrival of new age magic

The love where follows the call of vivid instincts

A land that assigned us our missions

A place that made us what we wanted to become

A place close to human kind

The Criterion An International Journal in English

ISSN: 0976-8165

www.the-criterion.com

Yeah, still different in its scheme and design

The little gift to create our own identities

A little vibrant world that we will ourselves build.