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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
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.