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Poem of Ecstasy

N. Mohanaragam

It was a blithe wintry vesper
Strolled I, zealously anigh hillock.
The hillside's scenario was glimmering green
Perceived I, covey returning to nests
Gazed I, the ranting rill
That divulged towards creek
Clandestined the Sun in the west
Enrouted I, amidst clump of tress
The birds were twittering on the trees
Akin to expressing obeisance to an entrant
Else, were they in invocation?
Only the Almighty knew it
Bees were humming around my ears
Was it to enquire about my arrival?
Squirrels those saw me at close quarters
Ran hither and thither on trees
Stood I, beneath the fig tree
By having my head in the clouds
Squirrels threw figs over my head
As though, I was in appetite
Hares were trooping around me
As if, they besieged an unarmed knight
Soon turned murky, the clouds
Strolled I, back to my home
On the way, squirrels, bees and hares

Stood mutely gazing at me
To be cocksure, as motionless as a grave
I am not gifted as them
To lead an innocent life
Soon heard I, an enchanting echo from trees
Wondered I, is it a cuckoo?
Nay, it was a sky lark
That expressed gratitude for my congenial arrival
To me, that hillock's scenario
Gave my heart and soul truce
I wasn't myself amidst the prolific nature
Willy-nilly crept I home, with pair of hares.