

ISSN 0976 - 8165



THE CRITERION

AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL IN ENGLISH

11th Year of Open Access

**Bi-Monthly Refereed and Peer-Reviewed
Open Access e-Journal**

Vol. XI, Issue-6 (December 2020)

Editor-In-Chief : Dr. Vishwanath Bite
Managing Editor : Dr. Madhuri Bite



The Criterion
www.the-criterion.com



AboutUs: <http://www.the-criterion.com/about/>

Archive: <http://www.the-criterion.com/archive/>

ContactUs: <http://www.the-criterion.com/contact/>

EditorialBoard: <http://www.the-criterion.com/editorial-board/>

Submission: <http://www.the-criterion.com/submission/>

FAQ: <http://www.the-criterion.com/fa/>



ISSN 2278-9529
Galaxy: International Multidisciplinary Research Journal
www.galaxyimrj.com

Sky! Oh, Mighty Sky...

Manvi Verma
Research Scholar,
Department of English,
Lovely Professional University, Punjab.

Oh! Sky... the Mighty Sky!
My heart goes up and down;
When you give this universe a giant crown.
The dazzling sun warms up the land;
Makes us all to stand.
The beams of the crown lightens up all;
Compelling the darkness to fall.
Great, magnificent, and immortal sun;
Shower your lustre to everyone.
Oh! Sky...the Mighty Sky!
Your brightness allows birds to find their bait;
Chirping round and round in the search of playmate.
You fly in the clear, clear sky;
Making the colour of the sky to justify.
Cute, cute small insects, soaring high in the sky;
Making the giant sky to beautify.
Ah! Your wings are so beautiful;
Making human lives so bountiful.
Oh! Sky...the Mighty Sky!
The fluffy, white, and giant clouds makes everyone apprehended;
It seems everything has got blended.
The rain comes with great vigour;
Making the crops to grow in figure.
The wind comes out to whisper; to sweep the clouds away;
It doesn't allow its wrath to stay.

After days of hot sun, there comes the rain;
Everyone welcomes its intensity and scalability with its chain.
Oh! Sky...the Mighty Sky!
The round, sometimes crescent; how beautiful the moon is to the sky;
From it, no one can take off his eye to say good bye.
Sometimes it seems that it is at the top of the hill;
Hanging by a string and is perfectly still.
Bright, bright stars gleaming in the sky;
I wish, I could fly to reach you; the twinkle of my eye.
You relish in constellations come only at night;
Making sure that everything goes right.
Oh! Sky...the Mighty Sky!
Shower your lustre, shine to enlighten the innocent people;
Let your illumination descend from steeple.
Oh! Sky...the Mighty Sky!