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## Ode to the Lantern of Light

Arun Verma

The lantern of light does smoothly glide  
From the womb of cliffs that stand to kiss  
The sky- snowy-white; and this, an earthly bliss,  
Is where in shady caverns nude hermits hide;  
Away from their living kins, down below  
By the edge of life: in a puddle, dark as grave,  
Where by this bright day they toil to save  
Their dainty selves from perils they know.  
They do bow low to the sky residing god-  
He who sees- with a burning eye- and gives  
For pain and labour; and for him who lives  
In cave- does him take in His abode?  
Filtered through these fine leaves on boughs-  
That hang like swings, and crawl like vines  
Down on sketches of shades and entwining lines  
Amongst whom meet fluttering twigs that espouse  
The leaves of grass- the honey-tinged rain  
Showering to bless with life and light  
As these moving and rooted trees grow upright  
To adorn all this vast and fair terrain.  
Here: loafing clouds do freely wander about  
And doth cling to those slanting silver rocks-  
Amongst whom sits a poor man's hut that mocks  
Such heights: housing little-life throughout  
The wind and water- and when these still clouds  
Do melt; they tread down in hundred horrid ways  
Racing through odd paths to distant plain that lays

Bare all its breathing parts. And he who proude  
This land does sow to reap in hay days.  
But these gentle walking rains that somewhere  
Go amiss- like flying birds high up in air,  
Leave behind their delicate footprint's maze;  
That burns to ashes below the flaming lamp;  
That does care not to heed to mortals' weeps,  
While desert-built chariot for itself keeps  
To chase standing lakes and air still damp  
And carves it hollow to be quenched with sand  
When whirling across these fertile fields:  
Stamping upon the flourishing un-repead yields.  
These fields do wait in vain for a shadowy hand  
That might unfold and scrape the one  
That gave no shade with such luminous a light;  
Causing more to all dwellers' plight.  
But for in frost when this lantern does run  
Fleetly behind a curtain that puts out  
The light- that makes desolate to look  
These woodlands and lakes quietly forsook.  
But 'tis true, too, with little doubt:  
That with it's being are these riches and rice,  
And these who precariously bind countless words-  
Like pearls, so are these chirping birds-  
Singing of joy and hope for him who's wise  
To discern: these seasons' winds that come to stay  
Here do they make garlands to greet-  
With endless pomp and show on every street  
For each one to see- then like crowns they lay  
These trivial wreaths on the lamp that shines

In its brightest hours- the lonely light-  
Unlike twinkling star- unrivalled is its might:  
By which each mortal his breathing aligns.

**Biographical Note:**

This is Arun Verma, a student, from India. One of poems titled- 'At Dawn' has already been published on an online portal named 'Indian Periodical'.