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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'.