

WHISPERS
OF
SPRING'S SERENADE



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A Vernal Painting

dew-kissed flowers
open eyes under a
dark-blue sky

dawn moves
inside circles
of
reds and yellows

blooms on thorns
smile, the
forever muse
to
the hungry poets

petals drop tears, language
of longing hearts in alien
settings

shy sun hangs, crimson
clouds float, birds
fill the valleys with honeyed
notes

earth and sky
on fire, gloom
dissolves instantly

ponds, rivers
lakes, oceans
hugged
by swarthy
clouds and a sliced
moon in agony

scents broadcast
across meadows, plains
by
a wayward wind hurtling
down from the wooded hill
in a rush

spring has arrived

signage
tender
stalks, bent
blades of grass, dried twigs
peep out of snow, breaking the
silvery monotony

frozen ponds, rivers melt
into liquid symphonies
heard in the glens
by a solitary walker
with a poet's heart

mint-fresh leaves
flowers, colours
dot
the land vacated
by the hoary winter, a morose
traveller from the North

bare trees put on new leaves,
scents spill along the networks
of the wild trails, pathways,
gardens, signs of spring,
dew-dipped grounds
red-encrusted heavens

vernal showers greet
the annual visitor that
colours everything in
divine colours

return from exile
the dormant songs erupt
in full hearts, sung on the morning
in the fields by the maidens, coming from
the rural festival of spring,

the seedlings turn into
delicate
buds, a daily miracle

snow melts, the sun
unfreezes the hard
frigid grounds, leaves
no trace of a cold empire

the succulent grass
springs back, crushed
under a solid sheet of
white for too long

the birds herald Vasant,
the king returns from exile
multi-hued shiny robes.