



SIGNAGE

Tender

stalks, bit bent.

blades of grass, dried twigs

peep out of snow, break the

silver's monotony.

Frozen ponds, rivers melt
into liquid symphonies

heard in the trails

by

a solitary figure;

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

bare trees put on new leaves, scents spill along
networks of wild paths, gardens; signs of spring.

Dew-dipped grounds
red-encrusted heavens

vernal showers greet
the annual visitor that
dips

everything
in divine colours.



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