

Diwali (The Festival of Light)

The pompous day the gay lights,
The long awaits the day arrived,
The morning fresh the eve is bright,
The sun shallows to emit the light.

The breezy blows of bare wind,
The cool thumps of cool wind,
The foliage lazy though the day is daze,
The apparels ready for the eve's craze.

The little bowls are ready to share,
The glorious glow of glory,
The oil that flames the path,
The path of joy and merry.

The spreaded darkness all around,
The conical flames in shape is found,
The flicher of wriggling flames make a mark,
The painting on canvas the beauty in dark.

The Diwali brings joy and pleasure,,
The treasure of love,
The ties of friendship limitless in measure,
The winters music and pleasure of leisure.

The story does not finish,
The finish is longer the longer the day last,
So come together and be together,
Forget the cries of creed and cast.

In Search of

In every search I cuddle and cry, timid and trembled but,
my search goes on in my own weird way.

You make me cry not for long and, in every moment later,
you make me laugh one moment at a time.

The longings for those tiny little beings do not rest and stop,
but go through in my heart so deeply.

Thus, in every chaos, I searched for you,
but often in my hidden cries, I see you and,
finally found you.

