

MYSTIC BEAUTY

Dr. V C Prakash
Assistant Professor
Department Of English
Indian Academy Degree College-Autonomous
Bangalore

Thy terminologies melt a decade's sorrows
His heart knows that how to pass gorgeous talks;
But his mind is neither fine art nor heart
He must face mammoth fraught of knowing that
It comes from without mind as mind is conscious
Being in stillness, it flourishes.

Neither does rain plan to fall on earth
It spontaneously goes on who's on?
It comes musically, Devoid of meditation:
Numinous or not. But unheard by many!
Washes it down the cankers- To perpetuate the flora, to resuscitate the fauna.
Passes down the celestial layers: troposphere, stratosphere and then more:
As slow as cloud, then swift as storm,
Reaches the terrain to clear them to a marine.

He counts uncountable tribulations in living
He does have thoughts, when those who depersonalize from all
It does not hurt them; safa (purity) would be within
Until hush, impediments will be
It is needed for all, witness, how earth is?
It is beauty for all, ever to be a more contented
It is nothing but supreme silence.