

GODS'S OMNIPRESENCE

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I know a sequestered nook,
In a beauteous green vale
Where I return every eve,
Pensive, joyous or pale.
While I sit there and survey,
The panorama in a paroxysm of ecstasy
I essentially feel the presence of someone,
In my colourful realm of fantasy.
Perplexed, I gaze around,
In vain, only to realize
God's presence, in all manifestations,
Which I feel, hear and visualize.

Just as a damsel joyfully awaits,
Her stray beloved, her heart's king
So does the Nature in all its finery
Strews flowers in the way of Spring.
The bees hum madrigals to the flowers,
The golden daffodils form the earth's veil
The azure sky yearns to have one glimpse,
And requests the wind to dislodge the veil.

The warm summer eve after the dazzling sunset,
Provides a delectable and stimulating treat
To see the widespread greenery all around,
And feel the cool grass embrace the hot feet.

Vine and ivy adorn the mud-baked walls,
The cuckoo croons an ethereal song
The crickets emerge from their resting place,
And vociferate the Almighty's name all night long.

The rhythm of the raindrops, the intoxicating smell of earth,
The bubbling cascades in the glen
The dancing peacocks, the luxuriant vegetation,
All excel depiction by pen.
The prismatic rainbow across the sky,
Seems to be a ladder to Eden's postern
The lowering skies, the falling rain,
Are all what the eyes can discern.

The bare branches rock like cradles in the autumn gusts,
And autumn's paleness is obvious from the fading green
The orange fungus spreading upon the brown foliage,
Lends an undeniable charm to the fallow scene.
The moon in the black cloak of night,
Studded with many a silver star
Looks like a bride in all her splendour,
And the winged seeds are dispersed afar.

The bleak atmosphere, the driving snow,
And the landscape enveloped in silvery vapour
Signify that winter is here again,
In all its sullenness and vigour.
The earth, to protect itself from the blustering wind,
Weaves a shroud on the silver loom
And lulls itself to sleep in its wintry bed,
Till the birds sing and flowers bloom.

And when I see, hear and feel Nature,
Amidst all my dejection and solitude
By God's grace, I feel myself,
Amidst a multitude.
Yeah, by God's mercy, I again feel joyous,
And bow my head in gratitude.

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