

My Village

By: Parma yogi Late S.N. Dhar



Unknown, unseen, the Eden Sage,
Surrounded by Elysian hills, my village.

Springs with drinking nectar abound,
The heavenly chinar's everywhere found.

Green rice fields throw a spell,
Apple trees overlook the terraced dell.

Enthralling music of working maids,
Against the rainbows of peerless cascades.

Fields encircled by willow trees,
With chirping of birds and cackle of geese.

It was a real and peaceful land,
Charming made by a Wizards wand.

Spring was full of flowers,
Autumn had golden dowers.

Summers mode was basking mien,
Winters flakes brightly sheen.

Fraternity always gave the boost,
Love and sympathy ruled the roost.

Alas! The brute crossed the hill,
Robbed everything for his kill.

Trembled the innocent with his fear,
Abandoned brethren very dear.

The common man was put to root,
Had not the guts to face the brute.

Disbelievers houses were put to fire,
Maddened brute thus showed his ire.

When I remember, I hold my breath,
I can not forget it till my death.