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Fountain of Light

When all around there is darkness and night
With only the twinkling stars dispersing their dim light
The vast obscure sky might intrigue and baffle us
And at times generate desolate thoughts in us
But in such moments of gloom and despair
Let's remember a fountain of light is always there
The infinite reservoir of strength we are innately endowed with
Lies dormant, waiting for us to explore and fathom it.
Bottled up in the deepest recesses of our heart
Like precious pearls hidden in the ocean's bosom vast
This sparkling glow simply awaits its release from captivity
Daring our hands to explore its magical power and hidden mystery.
Like zillions of fireflies glowing, this fountain surrounds
As though a glittering geyser of hope and love flows unbound
Showering divine glory and benedictions profound
Dispelling all despair and negativity from all around
Once this conjuring trick we learn to master
It insulates us against any unforeseen disaster
Its pure radiance illumines every dark alley
Brightens life's pathways and rains a bliss sublime and holy.

Picture on the Wall

The rising sun, its deep orange hues
The tranquil waves, the ripples of water,
On its bosom the twosome duo
Rowing the small boat with oars
Rhythmically, with abundant gaiety and cheeriness
Embarking on to a journey, it seems
To a land of festivity, of sunny dreams
Everyday looking at these radiant images
In the picture on my living room wall
Fills me with delight and hope
And lifts my spirits, as it entralls.

The Morning Mist

With the footsteps of winter approaching on tip-toe
My passionate heart finds resonance, now going fast, now slow
Ever since my childhood, I have always felt a pull
Towards cool misty mornings, so enchanting and beautiful

Everything all around seems to wear an opaque garment
What lies behind this hazy veil fills you with amazement
The trees, the houses, the roads, the lampposts
All touched, as it were, with a magic stick
Play hide and seek, now visible, now doing the vanishing trick

As a kid, I used to love the steam coming out of my mouth
When I let out my breath and saw it drift all around;
Cycling my way to college on the misty winter morning
With the hazy pathways, and dark mysteries their corners adorning

The progressing years in no way have diminished my crazy fancy
The inscrutable misty charisma is as deep as in my infancy
Now when I go for a relaxing walk on a morning wrapped in mist
Those precious memories of yesteryears as a song dance on my lip

Oftentimes I ask myself, as I am filled with wonder
After all what treasures do these sights and sounds have to offer,
But no clear answer emerges from my heart's recesses
The mysterious touch of a misty morning soothes me like mother's caresses.