

The Beauty Profound by Nishka Moghe

Oh, how would the flower
In the bright spring bloom,
If its afraid of the withered fall
That transcended into wintery gloom?

Looking back in the years bygone,
The petals wilted and fruits were plucked.
The tree guilted and basked bearing
New leaves to be scarred with same luck.

So, the larks sang,
Retelling the age old stories;
Their purpose to breathe-
To revive nature's glory.

Because they wouldn't know
Till they come to realize,
The euphoric colours they diffuse
After months of the cold despise.

I hope the bees hummed
To the shy saplings in ground
Barely willing to break out-
"Burdened past and the uncertain future
Can veil the beauty profound."

Explanation: We all are a result of what our pasts have pulled us through. Sometimes, we grow a really strong attachment and trust towards the bygones. It often leads us to believe that the similar incidents might happen in the future. Maybe it will. But its a might. In the fear of what might happen, we often miss out on what we have in hand. We forget to see what is happening. We forget to see the things that we are grateful for; the love, the affection, the support and a million other bright things. Maybe we just need to let go of what happened in the past and have a little more faith in the present and future.