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## Beyond the Hills, A Vision, Silence

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### Beyond the Hills

The gentle zephyrs  
blows across the tarmac  
And lifts my spirit  
to its altar of life.

The fluffy clouds  
in the hills yonder,  
Caresses the milky sky,  
displaying moments of childish gestures.

A serene lake in  
the yonder hills,  
Creates tiny ripples of joy  
and a harbinger of simple pleasures.

The birds fluttering their wings,  
fills the meadows  
With their melodious strain,  
spreading messages of peace and love.

An architect of webs,  
the grey spider  
Weaves intricate patterns  
of subtle unknown flawless art.

I wish I could fly into  
the wide blue yonder,  
And make a rendezvous  
with the Almighty there, and

Speak to Him of dreams unfulfilled,  
of hopes and aspirations unsurmised.  
In the yonder hills, a bright future lies  
a life of peace and harmony under the blue sky.

The foudroyant sun peeps yonder hills,  
and smears the sea with crimson shrills.  
The waters incredible silence and the playful brills,  
makes the yonder hills a place of thrill.

The orphic nature in the hills beyond,  
with marigolds and chrysanthemums all profound  
Makes my querencia filled with strength abound,  
a place of quietude and stillness around.

## A Vision

A quick shudder,  
And I awake  
To see the beastly  
Figure before me!

My window-pane is blurred  
With ghostly rain drops,  
Sitting awe-struck,  
With fingers benumbed.

Spasms of excruciating pain  
Ripples deep within me,  
A streak of light from afar  
Melts into airy nothingness.

The atmosphere plunged  
With uncanny darkness,  
And the pine tree gently rustles  
Over the eerie castle.

The woods are dark,  
Only a single muscular  
Figure traverses along  
His horse's crazy back.

Gosh! The rain falls,  
Like deadly icicles, and  
The Zephyrs blow strongly  
Bruising the delicate daffodils.

Lo! That vision again  
Of that muscular figure...  
Hark! Catch him.  
He's gone in a flash.

I crouch in a corner  
Making myself pigmy-sized  
A knock at the door....  
My bones begin to freeze.

Knock! Knock! Knock!  
As though Hercules flung  
The pillars apart  
To exhibit his prowess!

Scampering and groaning,  
I carry myself to the door...  
Fling them open,  
And no! , I sink on the floor.

My mouth stark open  
As though lost all senses within me,

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I lay dumbfounded, seeing the vision

Of the muscular figure before me!

## Silence

No man, no beasts seen anywhere,

A stunning silence engulfs the air.

The winter night is absolutely bare,

The impressive ambience is serene and rare.

No voice is heard in the thicket behind,

The withered leaves in the ground lay confined.

The loneliness encompassed with enchanting beauty,

No sound, no shrieks, in the night's entirety.

The frozen lake in its deep slumber,

Makes the starry night above, a place of wonder.

I sing a melodious tune of mirth,

And break the night's silence of the enchanting earth.

Then an owl fluffs, hoots and flits,

And brings in life and eternal bliss.

The night crawls out into the dazzling dawn,

Rearranging Nature's spree for the optimistic morn.

This is Almighty's magic spark,

His creations have lived up to the mark.

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His presence is felt even in the silence there!

His magnificent creations are seen everywhere.