

NATURE

M. John Britto*

*Diverse are its forms - birds, animals, trees-
Like the daughters of the Cauvery;
Diverse are its temperaments - pleasant, furious, dull-
Like the guises of an actor.
It is too old, yet so young.*

*The song of cuckoo and lark is solace in mental malady.
It is more melodic than Euterpe-inspired melody.
Miraculously clothed are the blossoms in their finest suits;
No human craft would fit their outfits.
Sweeter is their aroma than that of all manmade perfumes.*

*The sight of the marvelous landscapes is comforter of soul.
It is more tender than the Madonna of Raphael.
So carefully spun is the cosmos in perfect order.
No human sketch would match its wonder.
Greater is its design than that of all rational beings.*

*The sea, a maker and destroyer;
It's a mother feeding with the milk of fish and salt.
Incarnate in tsunami or storm,
It's a siren luring the innocents to deathbed.
Whether to wonder or dread?*

*Sudden squalls! Sudden floods! Sudden quakes!
The brutal monsters of Nature design to erect beautiful tombs,
Just in a while, altering the lives into childless, parentless, partner-less,
Raining the hails of wails on their countenance,
Waning their rooms of life to dooms.*

*Nature is a treasure house of paradox, a mystery,
A womb of contraries - dove and hawk, deer and lion;
Too much of delight or too much of pain is its offer.
Why this disguise of stigma?
The Divine alone can disclose this enigma.*

*Contraries, barbarities though in Nature,
Manifold are its gifts to human nurture:
Ruby of sacrifice from pelicans, emerald of labour from ants,
Zircon of innocence from doves, topaz of prudence from serpents,
And sapphire of unity from crows - the true ornaments.*

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