

The Morning Hours

When I look at the dew-kissed grasses
On my lawn in the early morning hours
Through the glass-windows with a pot of tea in hand
That provides the stimulations and the powers,
I hear the birds
Singing their most lovely songs in the green!
The vibrant dawn rises from her bed
To make me feel that arrived has the graceful mighty Queen!

The walking peasants with ploughs on shoulder
And the accompanying oxen before my eyes , softly appear....
They would soon worm up engaging to strain in the soil:
The sleepy laziness tends to disappear!
The clock is unkind and is always alert;
It starts reminding about my working routine
Even though I am yet with my pot of tea
Watching the sky, the sleepy trees and the nearby vine!

The sun rises next...
It showers far and wide its manly golden rays.
The glitter remains pleasant till in hand,
My pot of tea stays!
But soon I realize
That time is calling me to dress up to prepare and to get ready.
Elsewhere, the world is moving up in to action
And must I orient myself to be worthy and steady!