

On the Bank of Atlantic

I was there, indeed with fear,
Close to the water on the shore of Atlantic.
It was roaring more than a ferocious tiger,
Smashing its mighty waves so gigantic
On its sandy white shore
In the chilling cold, which I had never perceived before!

It was chilling everywhere
The chill was more for me, a hot-climate dweller.
To us to be close to an ocean,
Is indeed, a blessed occasion.
I touched the water with respect and remand,
Staying beside the waters on the main land of sand!

I started to conjecture and ponder;
As I was astonished and speechless to watch the wonder
I gazed, far away the endless horizons of water touching the sky!
My watching its boundary did not make the ocean curious about the guy.
Although I was speechless watching His creation that is yet the not-understood mirth!
We are surprised as we come across and amazingly watch His deeds from mother earth!