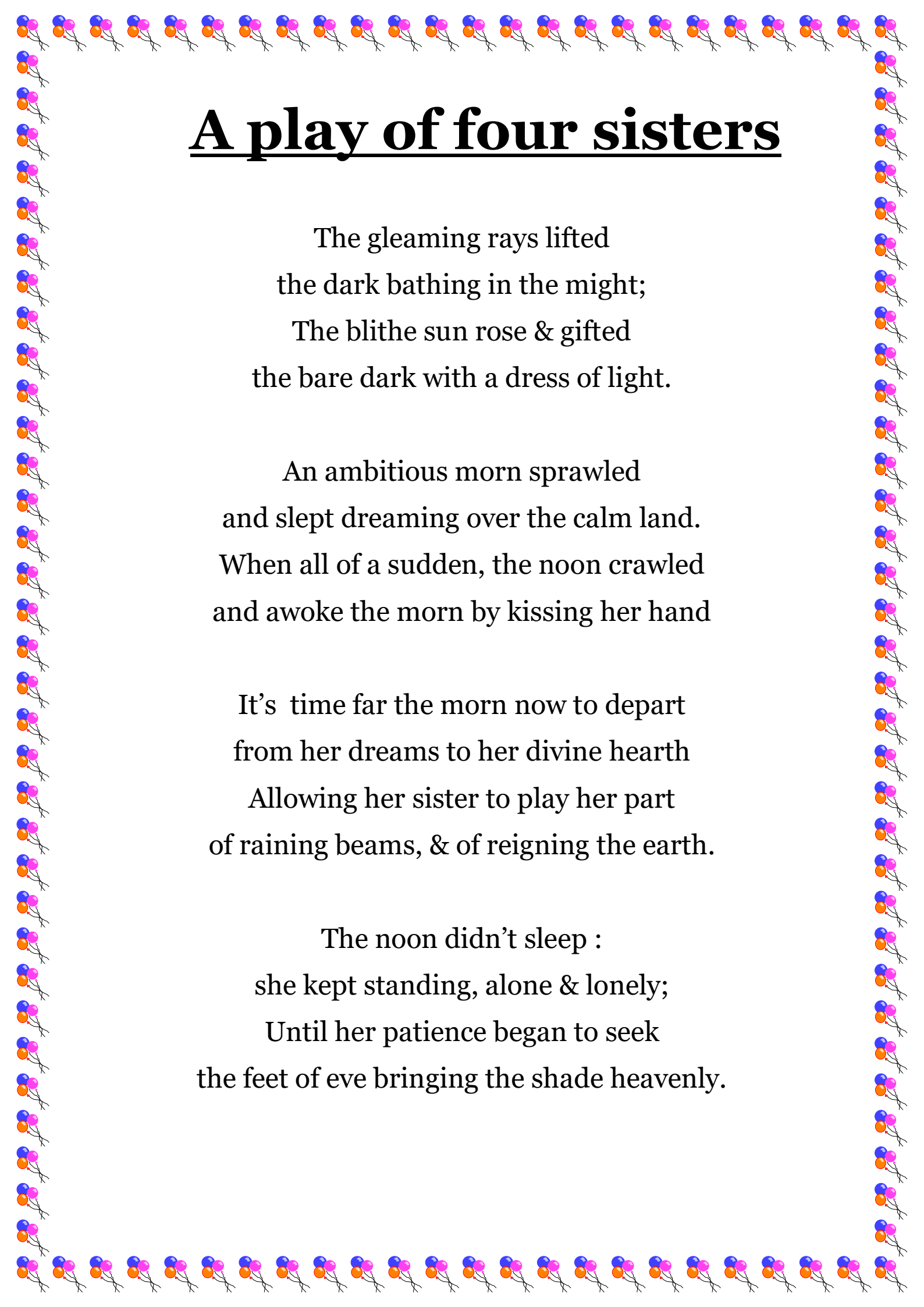




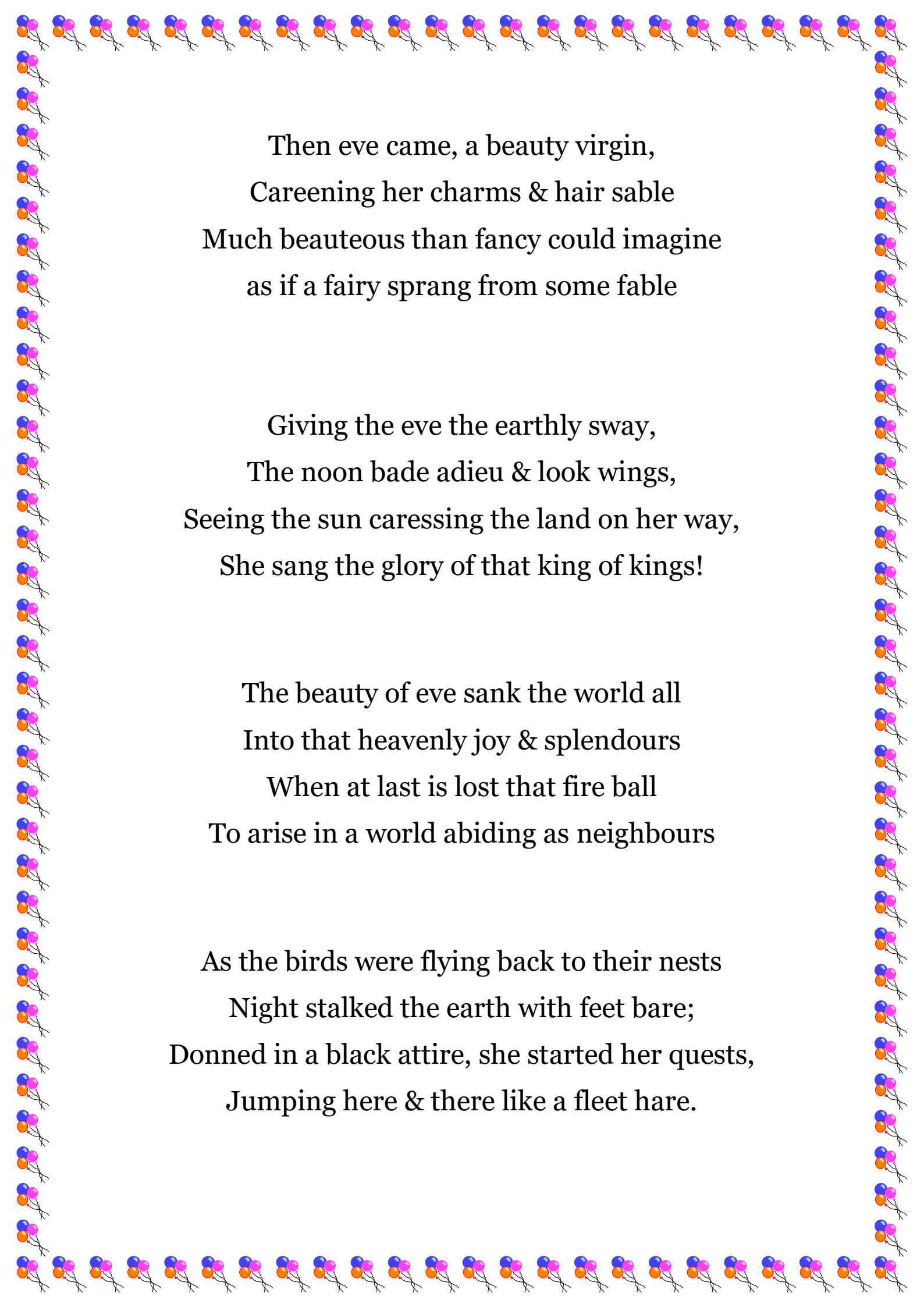
# A play of four sisters

The gleaming rays lifted  
the dark bathing in the night;  
The blithe sun rose & gifted  
the bare dark with a dress of light.

An ambitious morn sprawled  
and slept dreaming over the calm land.  
When all of a sudden, the noon crawled  
and awoke the morn by kissing her hand

It's time far the morn now to depart  
from her dreams to her divine hearth  
Allowing her sister to play her part  
of raining beams, & of reigning the earth.

The noon didn't sleep :  
she kept standing, alone & lonely;  
Until her patience began to seek  
the feet of eve bringing the shade heavenly.

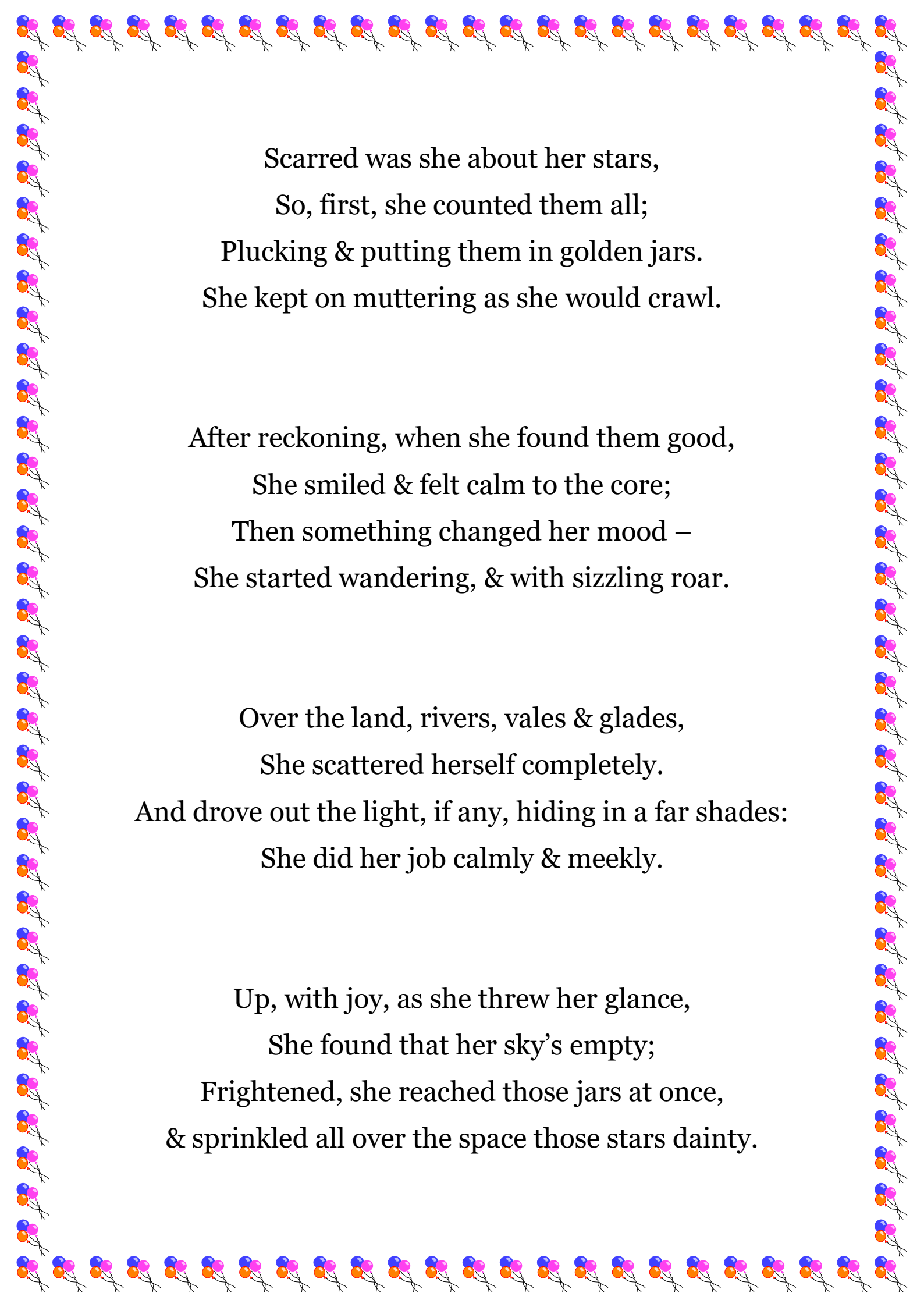


Then eve came, a beauty virgin,  
Careening her charms & hair sable  
Much beauteous than fancy could imagine  
as if a fairy sprang from some fable

Giving the eve the earthly sway,  
The noon bade adieu & took wings,  
Seeing the sun caressing the land on her way,  
She sang the glory of that king of kings!

The beauty of eve sank the world all  
Into that heavenly joy & splendours  
When at last is lost that fire ball  
To arise in a world abiding as neighbours

As the birds were flying back to their nests  
Night stalked the earth with feet bare;  
Donned in a black attire, she started her quests,  
Jumping here & there like a fleet hare.

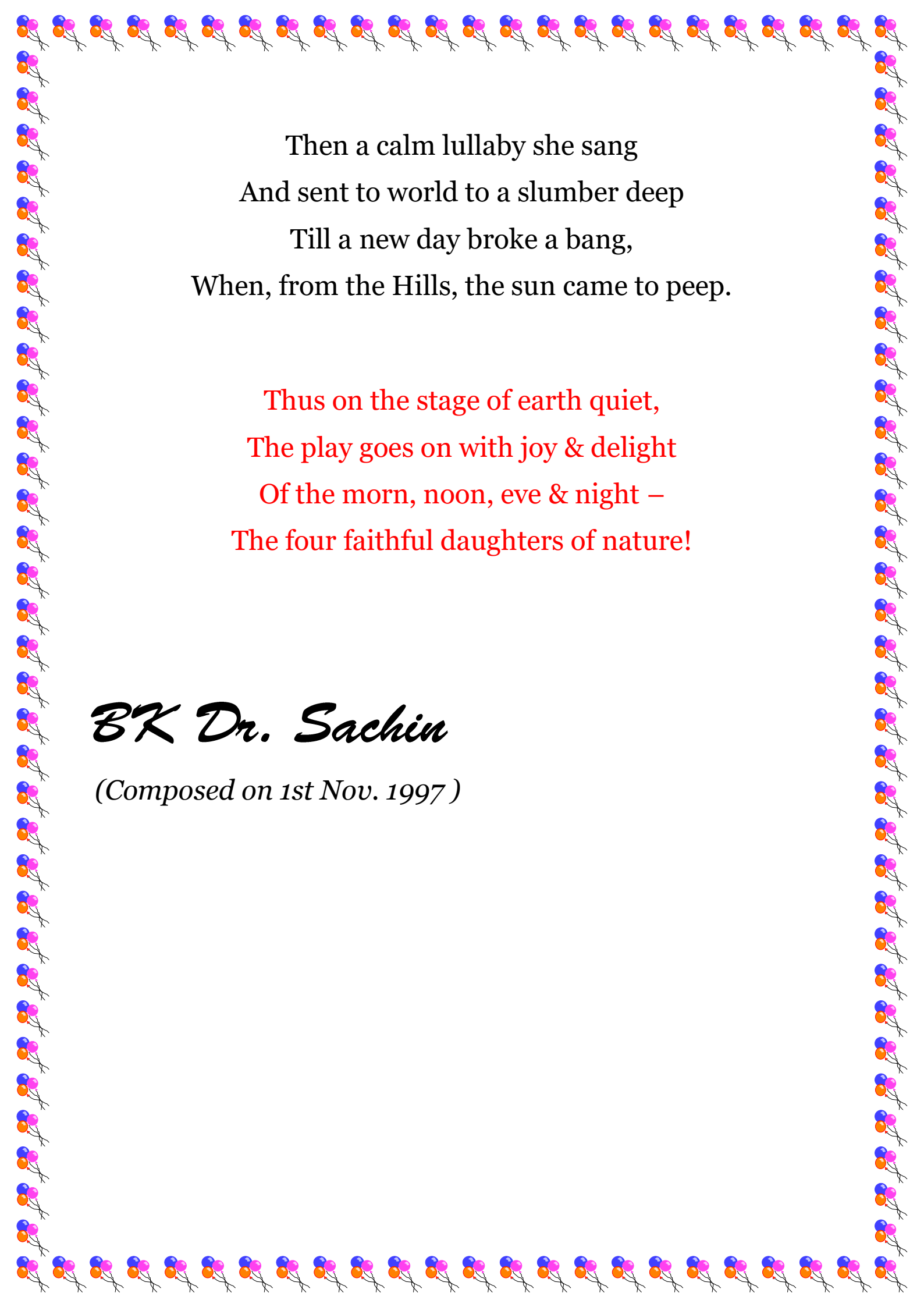


Scarred was she about her stars,  
So, first, she counted them all;  
Plucking & putting them in golden jars.  
She kept on muttering as she would crawl.

After reckoning, when she found them good,  
She smiled & felt calm to the core;  
Then something changed her mood –  
She started wandering, & with sizzling roar.

Over the land, rivers, vales & glades,  
She scattered herself completely.  
And drove out the light, if any, hiding in a far shades:  
She did her job calmly & meekly.

Up, with joy, as she threw her glance,  
She found that her sky's empty;  
Frightened, she reached those jars at once,  
& sprinkled all over the space those stars dainty.



Then a calm lullaby she sang  
And sent to world to a slumber deep  
Till a new day broke a bang,  
When, from the Hills, the sun came to peep.

Thus on the stage of earth quiet,  
The play goes on with joy & delight  
Of the morn, noon, eve & night –  
The four faithful daughters of nature!

*BK Dr. Sachin*

*(Composed on 1st Nov. 1997 )*