

'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.

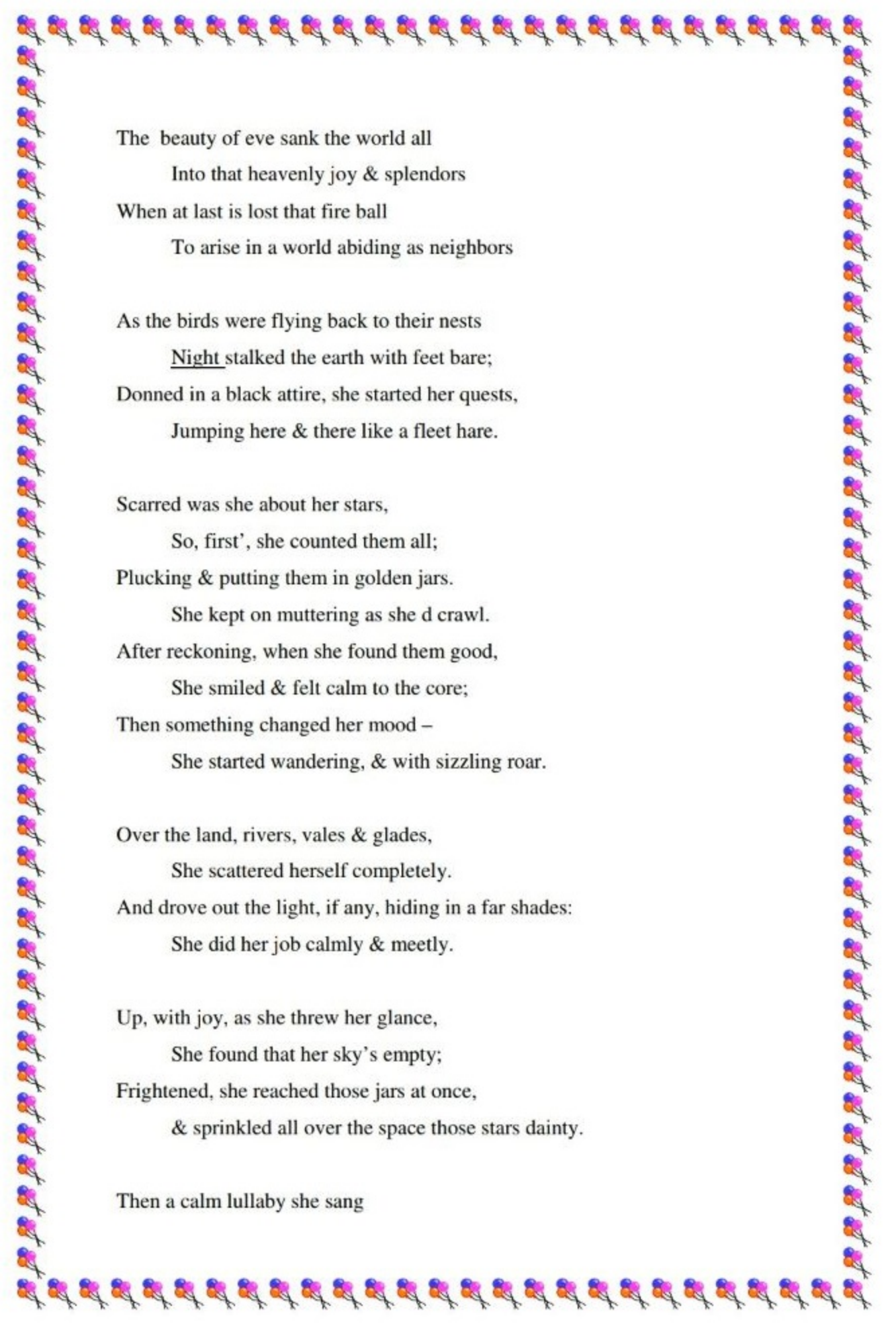
An ambitious morn sprawled
and slept dreaming over the calm land.
Iill, all a sudden, the noon crawled
and awoke the morn by kissing her hand

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 & heirs rable
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 rang the glory of that king of kings !



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

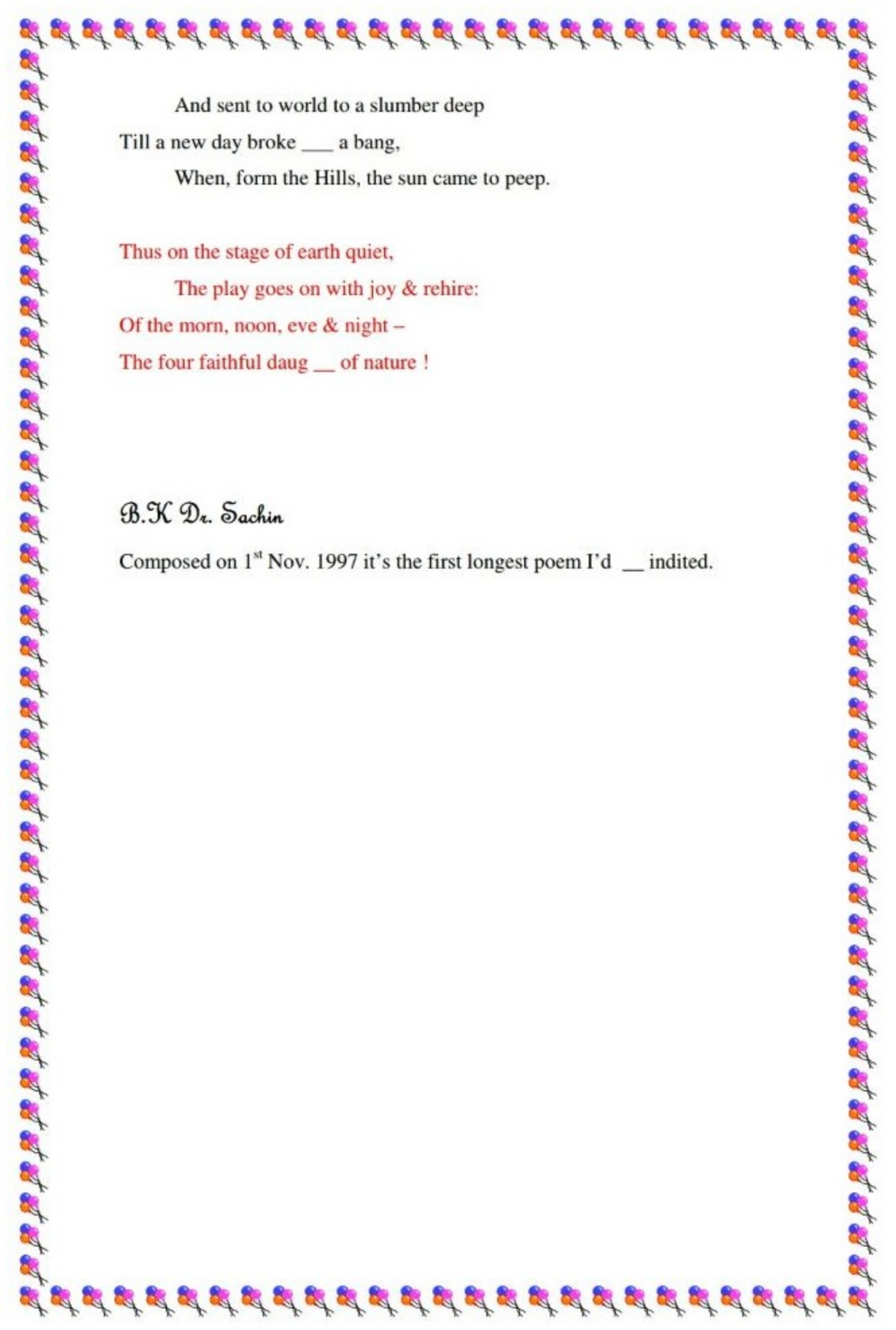
As the birds were flying back to their nests
 Night stalked the earth with feet bare;
Donned in a black attire, she started her quests,
 Jumping here & there like a fleet hare.

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

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 & rehire:
Of the morn, noon, eve & night –
The four faithful daug ____ of nature !

B.K Dr. Sachin

Composed on 1st Nov. 1997 it's the first longest poem I'd ____ indited.