

Hidden oceans

The one in whom are hidden oceans of happiness
a beauty in whose desire are hidden many Edens
Thousands of conflicts lie under her feet
her every glance, intoxicated youth
her youth, lightning to the imagination
her sedate presence sought by playfulness
a turn of her ankle, many a Doomsday
her cheeks worth more than morning prayer
her hair, full of fragrant promises
languid relief of long nights
Over the shape of her eyes, God could gloat
to eulogize, poetry lacks the power
clothes feel proud to drape her
prayers use her tall frame
A traveller passed this way once
with great pride and pomp
this traveller, lovely and kind
her every fibre, words dipped in wine.
Air is filled with her movements
and her soft quiet voice,
this beauty, now a part of the scenic route
to honour the love, now a play to pray