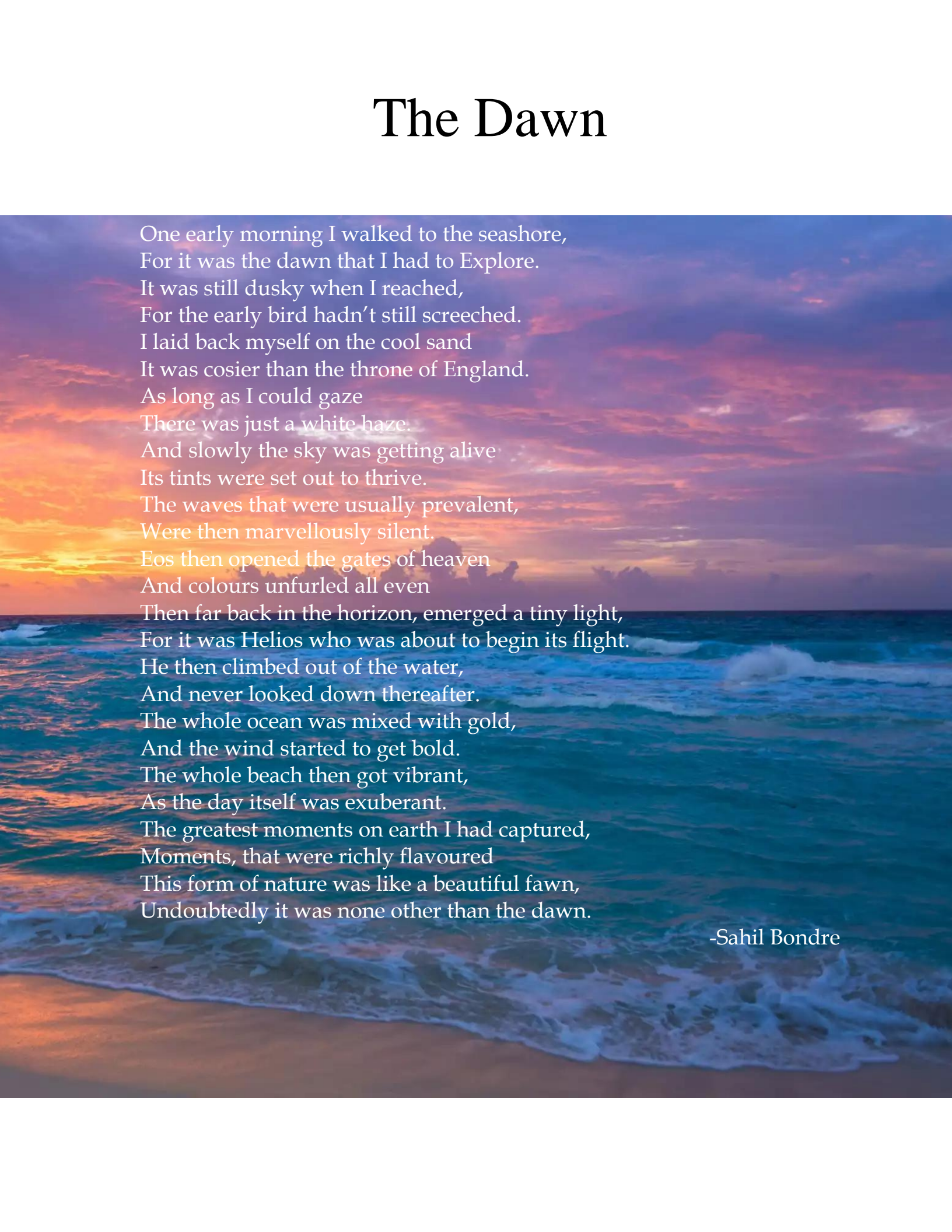


The Dawn



One early morning I walked to the seashore,
For it was the dawn that I had to Explore.
It was still dusky when I reached,
For the early bird hadn't still screeched.
I laid back myself on the cool sand
It was cosier than the throne of England.
As long as I could gaze
There was just a white haze.
And slowly the sky was getting alive
Its tints were set out to thrive.
The waves that were usually prevalent,
Were then marvellously silent.
Eos then opened the gates of heaven
And colours unfurled all even
Then far back in the horizon, emerged a tiny light,
For it was Helios who was about to begin its flight.
He then climbed out of the water,
And never looked down thereafter.
The whole ocean was mixed with gold,
And the wind started to get bold.
The whole beach then got vibrant,
As the day itself was exuberant.
The greatest moments on earth I had captured,
Moments, that were richly flavoured
This form of nature was like a beautiful fawn,
Undoubtedly it was none other than the dawn.

-Sahil Bondre