

What do I search in my fertile mind?
What it actually probes and what it finds?
Is it material gain or natural thrust?
All should be answered and it is must

I wonder at nature's magical show
I find mountains clad with snow
I simply think and gaze through window
I feel cool breeze in air and words grow

I wave my hand in the air
When find nothing, scratch the hair
Mind simply wonder and try to collect
I grab them hastily and recollect

This is how I have come into being
I have kingdom and act as king
I may act and unveil the forgotten gate
They may eventually flow at any rate

I feel gentle touch when thoughts invade
Do they say bye or offer me a shade
I sit underneath the tree and feel its flow
Face shine beautifully with fine glow

Reddishness rush and I hear something
It is musical note in the ears to ring
What is this little whispering to suggest?
It is difficult to understand and digest

I may try to prove as nature's child
Prefer to be hard but always mild
Go as usual without being wild
Words to be smooth and very kind

It is me and no one else
No one dares and openly tells
I am the only one to decide the destiny
It is the way I rule the kingdom tiny

I may sit idly and think seriously of the past
How quickly it has ended in succession very last
I find nothing new in the morning
What else can be there in the evening?

If need be I can end seclusion
It may be good to find lovely inclusion
Why don't I share my treasured philosophy?
Will it reward me with any of the trophy?

Well, this has haunted me quite a lot
Heart and mind many times fought
Still it prevails with lot of confusion
I must see it with new concept and vision

I must reach at the end of the road
It has to be done without bearing any load
I am sure it will deliver very good result
I need not ask anybody or consult

It may open new gate and air may rush in
Cool mind to open and shun the ideas of any sin
It may invite scores of many things to usher
Joy and happiness all over when some one may whisper