

## The Flowered Vista

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The moment I strolled into the bowery garden  
in a moonlit night  
the florescence of many-hued flowers spread itself  
across it in an iridescence of colours  
and enacted before my eyes a phantasmagoria,  
an interplay of the moonlight and the dark.  
I felt as if I were strolling through the florescence  
looking all innocence and all delight.  
It opened up a vista of a tree-lined boulevard.  
The unearthly beauty oozing off the flowery beauty  
sort of hypnotized me into visualizing a myriad of flowers  
shooting out of the seeds that appeared to my dazed eyes  
the symbols of the deeds we do, and the flowers  
taking on diverse hues, black, white, green and red,  
the karmic effects of what we have done  
or been forced to do in the social milieu,  
caught up in the black hue of our craving for what is not ours..  
The florescence bedecking the trees – it is poetry itself -  
kept my poetic feelings at work and my mental attention  
riveted on the flowers in white hue.  
My eyes did not stay fixed on the white flowers for long, for  
the green-hued flowers were beckoning at them.  
As soon as my eyes moved to the red-hued flowers  
I woke up, perspiring and saw myself  
moonbathing in the silence of the moonlit night.