

On The Eve of Spring

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O beautiful, beneficent, blithe Spring!
Dancing in your luxury you have again come,
And to meet you is one of life's greatest thing
So good and nice of you – O come! Most welcome!

Nothing is comparable here on earth like you
Coming dressed in a kimono of floral hues,
So wondrous, flamboyant, vitalizing new
That your each scented steps with flowers renew.

And bring me an exotic imbuing message
From the sweet Eternal of an lasting spring!
And blossoming on your worldwide passage
Teach me the mystique of flowers so inspiring.

O fairy Spring! You open for me heaven's portal
And I wonder at your intoxicating power,
When with your ethereal face all floral
Everywhere rains of aural beauty shower.

In winter when my spirit smoulders ashen low
Your vernal touch waken me like Promethean fire,
I am in love with your Maker as you well know
And this consumes me like sandalwood pyre.

What you proffer with your chalice flowers
I drink these in nectar of my longing song,
And become drunk for the ambrosial hours
O pouring as you go proclaiming all along.

I well presume where will end your lyrical dance
In your beauty's gene live a Beautiful Being,
With so seminal an cosmic blooming essence
Duty bound from where you've your coming and going.

In life many a sweet springtide I have seen
To greet with your fleeting beauty as you hie,
To remind me of an 'Unseen Beauty' so keen
Whose spring-spirit-bloom ne'er withers to die

"Nanak, his is springtime who makes his heart God's home".

