

The Inevitable Bond

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Like a velvety rose, is to fragrance

sensitive, sensuous and eager,

Like a soft ripple is to a shimmering brook,

calm and tranquil

Like stars to a moonlit sky;

That cast a magic spell over the slumbering Earth below;

Like the first flicker of Dawn that beckons the early day

So is the soul to God.

Like the flower is to a summer bee,

Forever luring it as a magnet

Like a dew-kissed morn to the first sunray!

Like a whiff of musk to the deer

who knows not where it lies!

Like a drop of sensuous September rain is to the cuckoo.

So is the soul to God.

Like chaff is to the wheat

Lying in golden bundles under the April sun

Like jagged snowy peaks are to thick blankets of snow!

Like a cuddly teddy bear is to a child!

Like a helpless fluffy lamb is to sheep

So is the soul to God.

My Face of God's Love

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My face of God's Love has its own hue

The tearful silence of sparkling dew,

And what is not at all wild rumours

Loving God I feel quakes of tremors!

O such sweetness is in God loving

In winter it is like a sun bathing,

In summer when sun becomes hotter

Like a duck I taking to cool water.

In God's love I am so deep dyed

To speak of its shade is cyanide,

And is I live I would let me show

Whose fast color only the Dyer knows.