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## MEMORIES FROM HILLS

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Tall Twiggy trees, huge high hills  
Huts bent with flowering eaves  
Sitting lively and lazily at ease  
I write stories with my quill.

Valleys deep in profound sleep  
Chirpy, cheerful birds fly in heaps  
melodious songs and koel's beep  
Fill mind with pleasure and peace.

Men, women, children in fields  
Diligently sow precious seeds,  
Swiftly their hands proceed,  
Cloud and mist in the sky meet.

Colorful copious swaying boats  
Elated energy their dance evoke,  
What more to ask, to crave  
Savor joy of gleeful waves.

Pitter-Patter of rain drops

On roof and windows they throb,

Generous sky opens its heart,

Beautiful sight is rainbow's arch.

Rain drenched fluffy flowers

On the wings of breeze harp

On boughs of trees sings lark

O! forget all hurt, fret, and dark.

God's canvas shines at dawn

Radiant rainbow hues drawn,

Divine brush and plush paint,

A sight so wondrous and great!!