

Visit to the Mountains by Barsha Sahoo

The mountains were green and blue,
Most were cut in half, looked like painting sheets,
Beneath them were grayish water ponds; from underneath, soil,
I watched them frequently as I walked,
Golden honey butterflies fly low carelessly,
As if to gain our attentions,
The season; almost summer,
But I had my royal blue salves on,
The road was rocky and muddy, went up and sometimes down
The background was quite a dawn and a bit of mist,
Adding touches to the scene; also the mango trees, the wild little flowers
And the little huts with raising smoke.
It had rained all night,
This made the air clean; which made me breathe in more and more,
So more that my senses shake a dozen times,
Making harder to recognize where I was,
And when we reached the mountain top,
I felt extraordinarily large,
Like a part of the mountain,
Like my dress were all the fields, tall trees and brushes,
Narrow rivers and dams and the little hills beneath,
Birds adding glitter to it.
That only tree which stood with us,
And we all watched the sunrise.