



Cherished Dreams

Vasanthi Vasudev

But simple are my cherished dreams
My fancies do not run like streams;
A small world of my very own...
Is all for which I do bemoan!

Small yet beautiful shall be my home,
Amidst a pretty garden where I may roam;
Oh! But not in silence nor in loneliness,
Instead, with my dear ones, in sweet happiness!



The chirping birds shall shatter the gloomy night
And herald the dawn, victorious and bright.
The veil of lethargy must now be rent
And in fruitful labour will my morrow be spent.

My Paradise on earth shall truly abound
In books where knowledge is profound;
Cherished, will they be like pearls of the deep
At noon, for pleasure, into them, will I daily, peep!

On green lawns, edged with pure lilies white,
Will I sit in the hazy glow of pleasant twilight.
In gaiety and laughter of sweet company quite.
Enjoying a melodious strain, will the evening grow light!

Swaying slender willows, as they gently blow,
A cool scented breeze with sure- steady flow;
Through misty windows they would smiling peep
Into my bed chamber and rock me fast asleep.

These are my most cherished dreams
My fancies do not run like steams;
A placid, simple, honorable life as this
Will give me unequalled, ethereal bliss.

Verses
BY VASANTHI