



Nature

Lures

Nature-inspired poems

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Your life on this earth is a divine poem that you are translating into earthly language or a strain of music which you are rendering into words.

Sri Aurobindo, *Essays Divine and Human*

The poems in this collection come from the daily experiences and observations of a “child” living, playing, and growing in nature.

Each poem came in their own time and flow here from dawn till dark — the womb of light.

ratitude

To Sri Aurobindo and The Mother
To life experiences that inspire poetic expressions,
personal and universal

Chirping birds lure me
To rise early
And walk into
Their soundscape.

Thunder roars:
“I AM COMING...”

She knows
It is a prelude
To the coming rain.

Drizzles seep deep.
Torrents carry away.

It rained last night.
What a freshness in everything!

What about everybody?

Shiny days
Rainy nights

Even the weather
Has preferences
And patterns.

A grey fog —
Forerunner
Of a very sunny day.

Rays on
A misty morn
A mystic dawn

On a Cool Dawn

Another doze
In the warm blanket?

Done!

Inside the house
Rays shine through
Lighting the dim and dark
Revealing the dirt and dust.

Come out into the open air!
See the sun in its full glory
Out there
In here.

Walking barefoot
In morning rays
My face glows
My eyes shine
My being beams

Sole on soil —
Direct connection
One step at a time

The moon, lustreless
Lingers on
When the sun is
Already up.

Sun shines
On a pond.
Fishes stir the water
Reflecting
The dance of Light
On the ceiling.

Dew drops
Into my mouth.

Cool sweet.

Dew drops

Sun rises

All gone

Dimmed by dark clouds

The sun

Depresses not

Despises not

Dies not

With a shining smile

It dyes the clouds

In splendid colours

Knowing for sure

The dense darkness

Will be blown away

By the breath of wind

Or disperse by itself

When Nature changes

To another mood

Surging waves
Splashing foams
On a shallow sand beach —
Naught speaks for
The vast and deep expanse.

Breeze stirred ripples on water
I held my breath and swirled.

A moment of
Rippling intoxication
Unsettling the water
Settling the heart.

Water in the cup
Contained.

Water over the edge
Spilled.

Water falls.
Splash!

Water winds
Down the stream.
A tortuous journey.

Water rises and falls
In waves and fountains.
Endless variations.

Wherever it flows
It follows its inner law
While following paths
Natural or man-made.

Abolition of the Ego

Eucalyptus
strips and sheds
its bark
laying bare
the inner skin
in the sun.

The Mother named Eucalyptus flowers "*Abolition of the Ego*".

Mother named bittergourd

“*Sweetness*”.

Bitter, sweet...

Flavours of life.

Like or reject them, they just exist.

Significant or not, they still pass.

We bent down
Over the grass
And discovered
Velvet bugs
Together

Hide and Seek

A nest inside a banyan root

Hiding from danger

And curious eyes

Seeking a secure base —

A home for its new births.

Birds brave the sky
Flap the wings and fly
Taking breaths
Not burdens
They soar and sing
Day and night
Ascending new heights
Towards the Light

Seagulls

Seagulls fly

Over sea

Over land

Pausing

On top of

Trees and towers

Then take off again

Alone or in a flock

Ever lively

Never lonely

Never bumping

Into each other

Two birds landed on the grass.
Starting with a serene stroll
They soon hopped briskly
In such sure steps
With their slender legs
That something stirred
Inside me.

A smile surfaced
And spread.

Peacocks pass by
Leaving feathers
For the enchanted
Or accidental seeker
To pick them up
Adore and adorn

A bird came
To a closed door
Pecked and pecked
Not intending to come in
But intent on picking at itself
In the mirror

A mosquito inside the net —
A humming musician that annoys,
A constant companion
Through the night,
A relation of blood,
A hide-and-seek game of
Life or death.

A fly entered
Through the corner of an eye.

I closed my eyes and cried silent tears
Mourning the momentary
Loss of sight
And the loss of a life.

A butterfly flew past me.

I followed closely
But soon lost the race
And its trace.

Alas!
How could I catch up
Without wings?!

Well, at least the memory of it
Still remains.
And my mind and heart
Grow wings.

I got up from the grass
And found a world of insects
Released from the weight of my body.

What a mutual relief!
They don't have to carry my weight
And their lives don't weigh on me.

I put a hand
Into the pond
Not to catch fish and fry them
But to fish for their tiny kisses.

O those soft itches
How they pluck on
The cords of my heart!

One thread is thrown in.
All fish swim over to catch it.

Pray not all become prey.

A frog
Hopped
And landed
On a lotus leaf.
A floating foundation.

A frog and I
Stay close
In silent wonder.

*“Shall I make a move
And give it a kiss
Before it hops off,
Before it turns into
A prince?”*

Night draws the curtain.
In the lotus pond
A frog starts to sing solo.

Frogs sing duet
Then countless little tadpoles
Come along, preparing to
Take up the tune,
Form a band,
Sing in chorus —
Louder still,
As a family,
As a community.

It doesn't rain
As forecasted.

Frogs sing on
Refusing to
Leave the stage.

A frog leapt out of the cup
As I took it for a drink.

What a lively surprise!

A frog perched
On the mirror.

You see?
I see you!

A tadpole mistakes many
For its mother
In its formative years.

When it grows into
Her shape and spirit
It finds her at last.

Its seeking ends.
It becomes a mother.

Cows never hurry
Walk or milk.

Two pairs of eyes
Lock gazes.

*“Will you come in?
Or shall I come out?”*

I ask the cow
Across the gate and fence.

Cows sneaked in
Through the fence
Feasted on the garden grass
Leaving piles of cow dung
As a gift in return.

Piles of cow dung —
Excretions of the past,
Abundant compost
For a new dawn.

Chasing Cows

Nobody invited me
Nobody urged me
Nobody taught me
Nobody paid me
 To chase cows
When they come
Inside the fence.

When they come
 Inside the fence
It is an invitation for me
 To put aside everything
Important or not so much
To follow the inner urge
 To chase cows.

You know, you need to use
The right tone and pitch
Accompanied by
Clapping hands and
Stamping feet.
And yes, the pace...
The pace matters.

You see, nobody taught me —
It comes with intuitive practice.
And I get paid
In the sheer satisfaction
Of chasing cows
Out of the fence
Loving them as they are
Even if they've eaten my veggies
Never minding the fact
That these clever cows
Might sneak in, again,
Soon enough.

Well, when they come
Inside the fence, again
I might chase them
Or just let them be.

And I consider this
An indispensable service
To our growing community
Even if you might disagree.

Never mind!
We can still live together
Whether we agree or not
On chasing cows.

A herd of cows
On the road

Time to slow down
And snail my way back home
Amid the bodies of light and might.

On a Cycle Path

A white cow stepped aside
Quietly, gracefully
When it felt my presence.

I passed
Quietly, gratefully
Without ringing the bell
Or giving a yell.

The stone stairs
Roughly smooth
Support the feet
That step on them
To ascend or descend

An ant with wings
Lands on the book
In front of me.

I take wings to fly
Leaving the book
To the new reader.

A bug walks on a book
And starts to
Read between the lines.

These bugs
Red and black
Walk 'twined

One steps forward
One steps backward

As a couple
They still manage to
Move on

Termites

Tried to terminate their existence
At least within my walls and doors.

Tried.
Failed.

Trying now
To accept their existence
And place in nature.

A spider weaves webs
Not to connect
But to catch

Spiders
Adept at networking

Flies
Expert at dodging

*“Catch me
If you can.”*

A bee
Desperate to find an exit
Bumps on the glass wall
Again and again.

No release in sight.

Bees visit countless flowers
Producing honey that is multi-flavoured.

Squirrels

Hey, little ones,
I see you
Climb up ladders and pillars
Crawl under eaves and leaves
Defying gravity
Always alert
Always exploring
Always on the move

Hey, little ones,
I see you
Savour dew on flowers
Smell their subtle fragrances
Relishing flavours
Ever calm
Ever dynamic
Ever in the flow

The dog barks
At the slightest stir.

A dog's bark sounds here.
Another resounds far off.

Is it a dialogue
Or an echo?

The dog stops barking
and wags its tail
when I drop guard
and walk near.

Then it lies down
feet in the air
to be caressed
and cuddled.

He couldn't sleep.
Counted how many times
The neighbour's dog barked
In the chilly silent night.

This kept him wide awake
While the whole world slept.

The cat
Stops
Catching fish
When it is
Well-fed.

The snake
Sneaks away
On seeing man.

Heaven and Earth
High and low
When set apart
Man cannot but accept
The eagle's sneer

Earth

Our playground

Our Mother

Our home

Ours

Us

Who has condensed
All Beauty in a single seed?
Who has urged it to sprout?

Who has watered its growth
And safeguarded it
Against gales and snails?

Who has dressed it with blooms
And draped it with fruits?

Who has welcomed its offsprings
To take root and start their journey?

Spring

What springs forth,
Puts on shades of green leaves
And blooms into countless flowers?
From whence it comes?

Summer is already in the air.

Do you feel it getting under your skin?

Do you sweat and swear?

Or do you cool down

And smile on?

A Tree's Asana

Arms, hands and fingers

High up in the sky

Legs, feet and toes

Deep down in the soil

What a stretch!

When trees greet the sky
She responds
By twinkling her myriad eyes.

Bare brown branches
Beneath a blue background

Nature's exhibition

Around the centre
Petals play as parts
Of a whole circle
Serving their turns
In a whole cycle.

The water lily tells me
All her sacred secrets
In her own language.

No translation.
No interpretation.
No me.
Only her.

All the mud
That is smeared
Onto us
Only goes to nurture
The lotus bud
Rooted in mud
Rising above
Revealing the god in us
That steers the course
That still blooms
No matter what

Grass cut
Soon grows back.

Nothing is ever lost,
As long as the roots
Grow intact.

Bushes planted close together
Grow roots and branches
That are intertwined.

A communion pre-planned.

The flower show is over.

Petals dry
Colours fade
Crowd's gone

Fragrance lingers on
Till another round.

The peepal sheds its leaves
To wear new ones
Leaving a crispy carpet
For the silent seekers
Of insects or enlightenment.

Dying leaves leave the tree
Leaving an invisible trail
Almost impossible to trace
Flying awhile in the air
Falling flat on the ground
Feeding the earth and plants

Dying, living...
Living, dying...

A living cycle
That never dies

A fallen leaf
Completing its cycle —
Incomplete in shape,
Complete in spirit.

The fallen leaf
Dyed
In shades of
Red, yellow and brown
Becomes an eternal artwork
That never dies.

A little leaf
Fell off the tree.
Attaching itself to a fine thread
It took on a new life
Swaying and swirling in the wind —
A free dance
In light and shade.

A creeper on rooftop
Aspires to ascend
Higher still.

If not by itself
Through its scent
Possible still.

We walk into the Garden
Smell scents,
See blooms,
Hear birds singing
And chimes ringing,
Feel the soil sustaining
And breeze caressing.

Something unexpected
Opens up our inner chamber.
The sense of Beauty sinks in
Creating landscapes
In our Heartland.

A gardener grows flowers
And blooms among them.

I am bee-zee
Kissing blossoms
To make honey
In my hive.

Sometimes
I get a sting.
It hurts!

Does it mean
I'm like a flower?

Well, then
After the pain
Comes
The prize.

I don't paint flowers
For fear of
Spoiling the work of
The Supreme Artist.

I smell them, though.

Bees and butterflies
Won't mind
I guess.

These mushrooms —
Little beauties they are —
Might be toxic.

They are
Not to relish
In the mouth
But to feast
In the eyes.

The point of entry
Matters.

You know it
Instinctively
Don't you?

When I see Beauty
And don't carry a camera
I just gaze and blink my eyes
To take a few quick shots.

Beauty transports me
To a subtler realm.

There I roam
Here I rove
Endlessly.

Where is
The intersection?

A Rain

A child stood
Beneath a tall bush
Full of white blossoms.

Then lifting a hand
To shake the branch above
He received a rain
Of scented petals.

Eyes closed
He spread arms
And swayed in the rain.

Then he left quietly
Contented
Ready to start
A new day.

When a tree blossoms,
Just stand under it.

You may marvel at it.

Even then,
You may not
Understand it.

Even so,
You may still
Blossom
Just like it.

The cloud cries
When it can no longer
Bear the burden
Of over-abundance.

It gives away some, in tears.
Then it resumes its clear poise
And smiles.

It rains.

Plans change.

The river of Life
Flows.

The river of Life
Flows...

Got caught
In the rain

Got free
In the rhyme

My mood is
In monsoon.

Rain or shine —
It will pass.

It rains and shines.

Air fresh

Sky clear

Colours bright

All is light intensified.

All stayed indoors
Sheltered from the rain
Except for a little girl
Who played and played in it.

I took a walk
In drizzling rain.

She took an umbrella
And leaned it
Over my head.

A walk together
In the rain and shelter.

Rainy days and nights —
A timely gift
To a thirsty reader.

A rainbow bridge emerges
After the rain and shine
In the vast space
Over the ocean.

Behold the glory
Luminous and transient.
Soon it will dissolve
And merge into
The eternal expanse.

River and mountain —
Travel companions
On a winding journey.

Tributaries
Join the mainstream
Not to remain there
But to flow into the sea

Washed by rains,
Gathering stains,
A weathered wall
Wants a new paint,
Or what awaits it
Down the lane?

Does it
Have a choice?

A peepal
Shaped like
A lollipop

Enlightenment
So alluring
And tasty

A red carpet
Of rising stars

A yellow carpet
Of fallen flowers

Glories rise and fall
In due time

All are composted
Organically
Eventually

Something new
Under the cover
Might sprout

A stalk of rice
Stops shooting up
And lowers its head
When it is ripe
And full-filled.

I hold a smooth stone
 And wonder
How much rubbing
It has gone through.

White clouds drift.

I open my mouth
To lick, savour and swallow
These cotton candies.

Breath and breeze

Touch me.

I am moved

Effortlessly.

The moon, with a pale face
Rises high.

The sun, with a golden glow
Sinks low.

Evening.
Even-ing.

The new moon
Still so shy
When it is high up
In the sky.

A half full moon, complete in itself
Fully aware of its phases and cycles
Faces light and darkness
wax and wane
With a cool, clear light
Moving on its track
Unmoved.

On a full moon night
Down pours the rain
Up grow the plants
Who know full well
What nurtures
What matters

Full moon night —
A walk in the white light,
A work going on inside.

I lowered my head
To work on
Pride and prejudice
Forgetting to look up
At the starry sky
And wonder at
The marvels of the night.

Star-gazing

Let's look up to bright stars
Who look down upon us
In the dark.

Never mind
What they think of us!

I lie there
In an open dialogue
With moon and stars.

Language is never an issue.
We understand each other
In a silent speech.

When the sky speaks of
Its myriad moods
There is no language barrier.

Here, step into a magical night —
Fireflies carrying the light;
Stars above shining bright.

What a wondrous sight!

Blink not your eyes.
Relay the Light.
Light up the night.

Night falls.

Birds come back home
To the nest
To rest.

O dear friend,
Why are you
Still on the road?