



Glimmer of Hope

Swati Moheet Agrawal

I left the window open last night to let in a gentle zephyr.
Noiselessly a firefly flew in,
twinkling at me, illuminating my pitch black room.
An unspoken camaraderie
dispelling the gloom of a melancholy day.

Nature Therapy

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Feasting my eyes upon the dew on antirrhinums,
taking in the scent of the honeysuckle,
the playful banter between the wind and the maple -
there are few comforts greater than nature
when all hopes are squashed.