



Winter Hues

A Harvest of Solitude



Cina K S

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1. THE INSPIRATIONS

Any creative process starts with some inspiration. The poem, “Inspirations” explores the transformative power of inspiration resonating with the profound connection between dreams, and fulfilment.

Metaphors of clouds are used to convey the beauty of the process in which the power of inspiration connects the earthly realm with the heavens. The dreams are portrayed as vines ascending with grace. The poem takes a dynamic turn with the introduction of thunder and dragons, symbolising the intensity of realising one’s truths. It concludes with a harmonious image of contentment as the earth finds solace in the sky’s warm embrace - The ultimate rain of fulfilment of creation.

Beneath the expanse of endless skies,
Inspirations bloom, like whispered secrets rise,
Clouds of fragrance, on zephyrs they soar,
Unshackling the earth’s tender, yearning core.

Dreams, like vines, ascend with gentle grace,
In hope’s warm hug, they scale, embrace the space,
Stretching to capture life’s celestial kiss,
Unveiling tales of magic in their gentle bliss.

Realisation dawns with thunder’s fiery roar,
Furious dragons, passions fiercely soar,
Within the heart, burning with fervent ire,

Unleashed truths like blazing fire.

Contentment smiles when skies return the scent,
Fragrance showered upon earth, with love's intent,
The longing earth, in sky's warm embrace,
In this dance, they find solace.





2. MY DUEL WITH TIME

“My Duel with Time” captures the timeless struggle against the unyielding march of time. Through vivid metaphors like the Tree of Life, the poem explores the interconnectedness of fate and the relentless pull of destiny. The hands of time, portrayed as never-resting, serve as a backdrop to the speaker’s contemplation on life’s fleeting moments. The poem emphasises the value of each breath and the insight gained in the ceaseless struggle. With philosophical undertones, it concludes with a resolve to duel with time, contemplating life’s profound questions on the earthly stage. Overall, it’s a thought-provoking exploration of the human experience in the face of mortality.

Fighting with Time, an ageless duel I wage,
As I tug and push, the clock’s relentless cage.
The Tree of Life, its branches reaching high,
My neck entwined, a string of fate does tie.

With each transient moment, it swells,
This tree, this life, an enigmatic spell.
Its branches, like destiny’s fingers, twist and twine,
Around my essence, in this grand design.

The hands of time, they move, they never rest,
Yet I, in contemplation, strive to be my best.
For as the tree extends its branches wide,

The tether pulls me closer to life's hidden side.

In this ceaseless struggle, the insight one shall glean,
For life's true essence in moments can be seen.
Each fleeting breath, a gem within my grasp,
A testament to mortality's fragile clasp.

Through time, a relentless wind, blows and gusts,
It carries the dreams of those who dare to trust.
So I shall duel with time, my muse and sage,
To fathom life's riddles on this earthly stage.

In the end, when my journey finds its close,
I'll know I duelled with time, a fate we all impose.
For life's profound questions, I shall contemplate,
A symphony of existence, my ultimate fate.





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