

THE DAWN

Clouds, breeze and dreaming green fields,
Coming out of their nests
Birds sing hymns to the East

Wild and lonely red painted the sky
Ascending, the golden star
Touched the land in yellow brightness.

What poet can count the hues and shades?
As sun bathed every house
In raw beauty

The colourful dance of light
Thousand lamps swayed bright
Neither in heaven nor in hell can one find its equal

The sleeping know not what they miss
The mist loosing the battle lay wounded
The blood reddened the horizon.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



V. Brinda Shree is currently working as Assistant Professor of English in K G College of Arts and Science, Coimbatore. She is also presently pursuing her Ph. D. in Indian English Literature. Immensely passionate about English literature, she facilitates the undergraduate students of Arts, Commerce, and Science Departments of KGCAS. Her interest include Indian English Writing, American Literature, British Literature, Afro-American Literature and Literary Criticism, she has presented several papers in various National and State- Level Seminars.