

October

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If you ask me, what a perfect paradox is,
I will say OCTOBER –
A month, brimming with beauty.
Oh! Look its mystical hands
painting flawlessly, a vibrant canvas.
Dews on grass,
mist slips through windowpanes,
foggy golden morn, yield to ruddy sunsets
and then the dear moon!
illuminating softly,
chilly October nights.
isn't it fascinating!

Yet
beneath this splendour lies a truth.
Dance of dead pale leaves,
and a whisper of change.
With each cold breeze,
a quiet melancholy lingers
bright and pale moon's sigh,
a hint of loss,
as the warmth of summer days goes by.
A reminder that,
the brightest of colours also fade,
even decay holds its grace
October is both the bloom and the fall,
The light, the shadow, holding all.
And so in each of us it dwells,
We all carry a little October in ourselves.