



1. **Crimson**

Blazing bright

And alluring

crimson The

maple leaves

Look pretty and proud.

How do you do this?

Say all other trees,

With a touch of

envy in the forest of

green.

To be this radiant and red,

my friendyear after year,

I surrender my green.

2. Hiraeth

(Welsh- Longing for/ Missing a place that doesn't exist, you have never seen)

A gentle breeze from mountains nearby
cools my skin, kissed by sun.
Blades of grass tickle my feet,
Bees are buzzing on flowers wild.
As I run towards the river's might,
My spirit is wild like the hair
flying,
My heart pounding with the joy of flight,
The shine in my eyes expressing its light.
The hand I hold is safe and warm,
It talks to me of stories untold.
A serene bliss radiates from me
reflecting the oneness of deepest love.
Our vibrations resonate and dance like us,
making a symphony with wind and birds.
Chasing horizons is children's play,
we desire to jump and fly beyond.

Is this a longing or a dream?
How do I miss it- it was never mine?
Several countries, tens of places,
a hundred mountains - still I am searching.
Where on earth is this place?
Where is the beloved who loves like this?
Years of search not of any avail.

Yet, every time I close my eyes,
I see it, smell it, hear and feel.
This place is where I meet my soul
and let it show me how loved I am.
This is where I meet myself.
This is where I love and live
just the way I am meant to be.

Dr Suruchi Arora