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COFFEE WITH GOD

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A pristine night bloomed on my dream's bough
Budding fragrantly with the ambrosial dew
Its leaves shimmered of crystal lakes
And the casing showered in golden hue.

I found myself at a cloudy inn
With a silvery wave troughed near me
Coral toads stool poised to aggrandize 'self'
And brimming moondust waltzed in merry.

A fluorescent aura then floated to me
And planted its touch on my shaky spine
Triggered a sense of sudden bliss
Accompanying me was a figure pristine.

His curly locks curved like a river
Over His snowy and lotus neck
His smile rainbowed a sprinkle of cheer
On my clueless soul's hazy fever.

He asked me to sit on the guest toad
While He dived into a whale pouch
He offered me a deep heavy sunflower
And drank from His as I glance- browsed.

"Buddy", He spake as a harp melody
"I miss you sorely at every pulse
So thought of asking your howabouts
Amidst an hour of coffee gulps".



“So how are faith and hope nurturing?”
I said, “with prayers and your grace”.
“But, what with mayhem and violence around?”
I heaved; “Its a difficult piece of your maze”.

“Tell me Pal”, He whispered with a sip.
“Is your self belief intact?”
“Like a shadow to its body”, I retorted.
He pitched, “Thats a Spirit – Soul compact”.

“Does your heart compassionately love ?” He queried
“Or have you buried your heart’s Nile?”
“I have ploughed its basin with sturdy will”
Said I, “And It still flows through every isle”.

“Oh dear, Does your honesty abundantly flourish
“Innocent peaks of gratitude in myriad eyes?”
Or has your greed and selfish pangs
“Mossed over thy walls of wicked vice?”

I poured, “Oh my altar sparkles with sweat
Beading from my brow of laborious toil
Chanted are my breath strings with Thy name
Weeding the vicarious thoughts on my soil.”

He rested His sunflower on a Saturn ring
And gleefully looked at me with pride.
“You are my beloved angel”, recited He
“My trusted crew, My spirited tide”.

He gave me an octopus hug
Charoting me into a transcendental trance
My blood streams joyously flowed in veins
And I witnessed a vibrant cosmic dance.

“The milk is your heart’s sympathy”, echoed thus
And the sugar your faith in my verse.
The coffee, my child your honest borne seeds.
Of the warm brew soothing your soul feed.”



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