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WILLOW BY THE TREE

Sona M

M. tech

*Indian Institute of Technology, Roorkee
Uttarakhand, India*

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Ghats by the river don't gleam,
When the mountains do stream
With meadows rising over the trees.
Will there be a dream
Windows that bask in the light
Care by the day comes alight
Valleys and rivers go stray
By the dusk of may.
Lining the roars of the tide
Where the hills be-shore
the rivers so meek
Stride by the rails aside.

Oh, do the shores go bleak
Roving down the rivers.
A-forth the valleys reign
Where the mountains don't reap.
Below a willow stream
Down the forests ream
the sky afar a crimson red,
Where the valleys and rivers be-tread.



Pondering the clouds afore
Where the clear sky beneath a mile
Down ahead the valleys high.

Where rifts and moats don't deny,
Over the hills and valleys align,
Where the ghats don't wade - and
Valleys ashore the brim don't bide
For houses down the moat do shine.



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