



The Morning Dew

*The cold wing stings the yellow sunflowers  
To wake them up as the day starts,  
This marks the beginning of new magical hours  
Forgetting all the unfaithful pasts*

*The dewy leaves makes the flowers fell lighter  
This makes the corolla move,  
The sunny rays make them fell brighter  
As the leafy stem grooves*

*Accompanying flowers the grasses also sway  
The whizz of weather leads to chirping of birds,  
In between the greenery littles search their way  
And by the breeze comes the fragrance of herbs*

*It is the miracle of the morning  
Which is felt the miles away,  
Comes without old haunting  
That leads to a magical day.*

**Vanya Azad**

**X-B**