**Subtly soft**

The eye of lagrange locquaciously sigh,

At the heat hovering round the heart of ice.

And life shivering the dearth of light,

By the mere's declining height;

But the mirror evolved on the face of Faith,

Withholds Hiemal without

Holds warmth within

The mantle of manliness rendered rigidly hence.

Roses restore the reasons to rejoice,

Their fragrance nutrified and nurtured

In secret seclusion of thorns;

That thaw their selves like wicks of lanterns

Lit and languished long.

To the world without, it seems too rugged

But refined enough to the world within.

-Aadityaamlan Panda