

A Poem on Cricket

On dusty fields and emerald green,
A simple bat, a dream unseen,
The ball flies fast, the crowd holds breath,
Each swing a dance with chance and depth.
The bowler runs with fire in eyes,
Hope stitched in every measured stride,
The batsman waits, calm as prayer,
A moment balanced in the air.
Leather kisses willow's face,
Time slows down in gentle grace,
A crack, a cheer, the skyline roars,
As joy spills out of open doors.
Sweat and sun, defeat and pride,
Lessons learned on either side,
For cricket's more than runs and score—
It's faith, it's fight, it's something more.
From street-side games to stadium light,
From silent loss to roaring might,
Cricket lives in heartbeats true,
A timeless song the world once knew.