

PULSE OF  
THE  
PRESENT



NATURE'S  
NARRATIVE

NDAH GILGAR



# **Pulse of the present Nature's Narrative**

**Ndah Gilgar**

From Gilgar

Dear reader, we live in a very high paced world. Whenever things seem like they aren't moving, or maybe you've hit rock bottom or don't know what to do next, remember to be still.

Take a couple of deep breaths and look around. Be intentional as you observe everything around you, there's so much going on, so many amazing jaw dropping wonders all around us, but we don't notice them because we are always in our heads.

Life get bad, it even gets worse, but remember it gets better too.

Enjoy 😊



A dance of  
lightning

In the realm of the darkened skies,  
Where whispers of energy crackle with  
    grace,  
The humble lightning, in its electrifying  
    vigour,  
yields A powerful touch, an awe-  
    inspiring embrace.

Each bolt, a celestial painter's brush,  
Dipped in the hues of electric fury,  
Captures the night's intense symphony,  
In flashes of light that ignite the  
heavens.

Amidst the vast, embracing expanse,  
The lightning weaves its web of  
illumination  
A breathtaking display, wide and high,  
A testament to nature's raw power.

With every strike, a dance ensues,  
A ballet of energy and atmosphere,  
A performance that ignites the night,  
Filling the air with choreography self-made.

The storm bestows its electric kiss,  
Upon the earth's awaiting surface,  
Bestowing moments of pure spectacle,  
In which the heart of nature pulsates.

For in this unassuming force,  
Lies a strength that commands the  
skies,  
A network vast, a living force,  
That stands resilient, amidst the  
tempest's might.

So let us marvel with care and  
reverence,  
Upon this canvas of the celestial stage,  
For in its ferocity, it's wrought A beauty,  
profound and unbound.

Nature's spectacle, both fearsome and  
wondrous,  
A display that captures the  
imagination,  
In lightning, we witness nature's  
awesome might,  
Within its flashes, our hearts find their  
thunderous home.

So next time you witness a storm's  
electric embrace,  
Take a moment to truly behold,  
The grace in lightning, oft concealed,  
A quiet keeper of nature's electrifying  
mystery.





# The Secret Life Beneath Our Feet

In the realm where life's roots tenderly  
cling,  
The soil, a cradle of the earth's  
nurturing.

A canvas rich, with whispers of brown,  
Where seeds of hope are gently sown  
down.

A mosaic of minerals, a feast for the  
sprout,

Where worms weave paths, in a silent  
rout.

A foundation firm, yet soft to the touch,  
In this humble dirt, life's secrets clutch.

Each grain, a story of ages gone by,  
A silent witness to the sky's changing  
dye.

It holds the past, a memory profound,  
In every layer, history is found.

The rain's soft patter, a lullaby sweet,  
As droplets and earth in a tender meet.  
A symphony of sustenance, a dance of  
life,  
Amidst the world's toil, its strife.

In this earthen realm, roots entwine,  
Drawing sustenance from the divine.  
A network unseen, where life's pulse  
    beats,  
In soil's embrace, where earth meets.

So let us honor this ground we tread,  
A guardian of the living and the dead.  
For in its clasp, a world unseen,  
A treasure trove, beneath the green.

With every step, feel the soil's grace,  
Its quiet strength, its warm embrace.  
A reminder to all, of the beauty we  
hold,  
In the soil's story, forever told.





# Whispers of the Forest

In the heart of the woods, where the  
sunlight dapples,  
The trees stand tall, nature's own  
chapels.

Their branches sway in a gentle ballet,  
To the soft symphony of the wind's  
convey.

Leaves rustle, a verdant sea of  
tranquility,  
Each one a brushstroke of nature's  
ability.

Roots delve deep, embracing the earth,  
A testament to life, rebirth, and worth.

Bark etched with time's delicate lace,  
Tales of survival, growth, and grace.  
They rise with strength, silent sentinels  
                  of time,  
In their presence, life feels sublime.

Canopies arc in majestic poise,  
A shelter for life's simple joys.  
They breathe life into the air we share,  
A cycle of giving, beyond compare.

In every leaf, a universe lies,  
A microcosm under the skies.  
Trees, in their unspoken lore,  
Hold the key to a world worth exploring  
more.

So let us wander, let us roam,  
Through the forest's hallowed dome.  
And in the quiet, let us find,  
The beauty of trees, gracefully  
intertwined.





# Whispers of Green

In the realm of verdant fields,  
Where whispers of green sway with  
grace,  
The humble grass, in silence, yields  
A gentle touch, a soft embrace.

Each blade, a slender painter's brush,  
Dipped in the hues of life's array,  
Captures the dawn's serene hush,  
In strokes of green that greet the day.

Beneath the vast, embracing sky,  
The grass weaves carpets for the earth,  
A tapestry, wide and high,  
A testament to nature's worth.

Beneath the vast, embracing sky,  
The grass weaves carpets for the earth,  
A tapestry, wide and high,  
A testament to nature's worth.

With every gust, a dance ensues,  
A ballet of the breeze and blade,  
A performance that infuses  
The air with choreography self-made.

The sun bestows its golden kiss,  
Upon this sea of emerald waves,  
Bestowing moments of pure bliss,  
In which the heart of nature bathes.

For in this unassuming plant,  
Lies strength that holds the soil tight,  
A network vast, a living chant,  
That stands resilient, day and night.

So let us tread with care and thought,  
Upon this canvas of the ground,  
For in its simplicity, it's wrought  
A beauty, profound and unbound.

Nature's quilt, both vast and wide,  
A place where tiny insects roam,  
In blades of grass, they deftly hide,  
Within this green, their humble home.

So next time you pass by a field,  
Take a moment to truly see,  
The grace in grass, oft concealed,  
A quiet keeper of life's mystery.





# The Canvas Above

Behold the canvas stretched above,  
A vast expanse where dreams take  
flight,  
Where azure blues and twilight hues  
Commingle in the waning light.

The sky, a tapestry of time,  
With clouds that dance in whimsy's  
thrall,  
A painter's stroke of white on blue,  
A delicate, ethereal shawl.

In daylight's hold, it whispers calm,  
A gentle balm for weary eyes,  
And as the sun dips out of sight,  
A symphony of stars arise.

The moon, in silent majesty,  
Adorns the night in silver glow,  
A beacon for the heart's repose,  
A guide through twilight's ebb and  
flow.

Each dawn, a promise softly spun,  
Of hope and warmth from rising sun,  
The sky, in boundless grace arrayed,  
A masterpiece, divinely made.

So let your gaze drift heavenward,  
And marvel at the sky's embrace,  
For in its vast and endless sweep,  
Lies beauty's timeless, tranquil grace.





Easy Drawing Guides

# Whispers of the Zephyr

In the quiet of dawn, the zephyr stirs,  
A gentle caress upon the earth's face.  
It weaves through the trees with a  
hushed murmur,  
A tender ballet, full of elegance and  
grace.

The wind, a silent sculptor of the skies,  
Crafts clouds into shapes that dance  
and sway.  
With each gust, a new masterpiece  
arises,  
As if the heavens are in joyful play.

It's the breath of the world, unseen yet  
    felt,  
A force that bends the mighty oak and  
    reed.  
In its embrace, the snowflakes start to  
    melt,  
And seeds take flight, fulfilling nature's  
    need.

The wind carries tales from distant  
shores,  
Of lands untouched and wild seas that  
roar.  
It whispers secrets, opens nature's  
doors,  
A symphony of life, forevermore.

Beneath the vast, embracing sky,  
The grass weaves carpets for the earth,  
A tapestry, wide and high,  
A testament to nature's worth.

So when the wind's song reaches your  
ear,

Let it move you, let it draw you near.

For in its melody, there's nothing to  
fear,

Just the world's beauty, crystal clear





# Ballet of Rain

Envision a realm where heavens gently  
weep,  
A ballet of droplets in harmonious  
sweep.  
Gracefully descending, a liquid  
embrace,  
Caressing the earth with delicate lace.

Each drop, a prism, refracting the light,  
A painter's palette in mid-flight.  
They gather in puddles, a mirror so  
clear,  
Reflecting the world, drawing it near.

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The scent of the rain, a perfume so  
sweet,  
A cleansing breath down every street.  
It whispers of growth, of life anew,  
A symphony of drops in a world so true.

The rain, a tender yet powerful force,  
Carving rivers, altering course.  
In its gentle touch, a strength untold,  
A story of renewal, centuries old.

So when the skies part and the rain  
descends,  
Embrace the beauty that it sends.  
For in each droplet, there's a dance of  
life,  
A moment of peace amidst worldly  
strife.

Nature's grace, in showers revealed,  
A timeless waltz across the field.  
The rain, a gift, without any claim,  
A dance of droplets, wild and tame.





The grace of  
insects

In the realm of the minute and the  
mighty,

Where whispers of wings weave  
through the air,

Insects reign, delicate sovereigns of the  
underbrush.

Their world, a tapestry of silent  
symphonies,

A ballet of beings, bound by life's  
intricate dance.

Behold the dragonfly, iridescent and  
precise,  
Gliding over waters, a guardian of the  
reeds.  
Its wings, a marvel of nature's  
engineering,  
Capture the sunlight in a prism of  
colors,  
A fleeting jewel against the canvas of  
the sky.

Consider the ant, industrious and  
unyielding,  
A testament to the virtues of diligence  
and strength.  
In numbers, they conquer, an empire  
beneath our feet,  
Their collective might, a force that  
shapes the earth,  
Molding the very ground with their  
ceaseless toil.

Admire the butterfly, a masterpiece of evolution,  
From humble beginnings to flights of splendor.  
Each pattern, a story etched in scales and hues,  
A journey of transformation, from caterpillar to the clouds,  
A whisper of beauty in the chaos of the world.

These tiny denizens, often unseen, yet  
ever-present,  
Are the quiet architects of our living  
sphere.

In their existence, a harmony of form  
and function,  
A reminder that grace resides in the  
smallest of forms,  
And beauty thrives in the wings of the  
overlooked.





# Stardust Symphony

In the vast expanse of the night sky,  
Where stardust whispers grace in  
silence,  
The humble stars, in their celestial  
dance,  
Paint a portrait of timeless elegance.

Each shimmering point, a radiant jewel,  
Set against the darkness of infinity,  
Capturing the universe's grandeur,  
In constellations that tell stories untold

Beneath the celestial canopy,  
The stars illuminate the cosmic stage,  
A tapestry woven with light and  
mystery,  
A testament to the cosmos' boundless  
beauty.

With every twinkle, a symphony unfolds,  
A ballet of light and darkness,  
A performance that enchants the soul,  
In celestial choreography self-made.

The moon bestows its silvery glow,  
Upon this sea of twinkling wonders,  
Bestowing moments of awe and  
wonder,  
In which the spirit of the universe  
bathes

For in these distant celestial bodies,  
Lies a majesty that captivates the mind,  
A network vast, a cosmic chant,  
That spans the depths of time and  
space.

So let us gaze with reverence and  
contemplation,  
Upon this canvas of the celestial  
sphere,  
For in its complexity, it's woven,  
A beauty, profound and unbound.

Nature's grandeur, both near and far,  
A place where dreams and legends  
roam,  
In stars and galaxies, they find their  
home,  
Within this cosmic dance, their silent  
stage.

So next time you look up at the night  
sky,

Take a moment to truly see,  
The grace in the stars, oft concealed,  
A quiet keeper of the universe's  
mystery.





# Harmony of Fruits

In the realm of orchards and vineyards,  
Where whispers of fruit scent the  
breeze with grace,  
The humble trees, in silence, yield  
A bounty of flavors, a sweet embrace.

Each fruit, a natural masterpiece,  
Touched by the hues of nature's  
palette,  
Captures the sun's warm embrace,  
In shades of ripeness that greet the  
day.

Beneath the expansive, embracing sky,  
The trees offer their gifts to the earth,  
A tapestry of flavors, wide and rich,  
A testament to nature's abundance.

With every breeze, a dance ensues,  
A symphony of branches and wind,  
    A performance that infuses  
The air with aromas, a symphony self-  
    made.

The sun bestows its golden kiss,  
Upon this sea of luscious delights,  
Bestowing moments of pure bliss,  
In which the soul of nature revels.

For in these unassuming trees,  
Lies the strength that bears the weight  
    of fruits,  
A network vast, a living chant,  
That stands resilient, day and night.

So let us harvest with care and  
gratitude,  
From this canvas of the orchard  
For in its simplicity, it's wrought  
A beauty, profound and unbound

Nature's pantry, both abundant and  
diverse,  
A place where creatures find  
nourishment,  
In fruits, they find sustenance and  
shelter,  
Within this harvest, their humble haven.

So next time you walk through an  
orchard,  
Take a moment to truly taste,  
The grace in fruits, oft concealed,  
A quiet keeper of life's abundance.





# Eternal Embrace of Light

In the vast expanse of the sky,  
Where whispers of warmth caress with  
    grace,  
The humble sun, in its radiant yield,  
Bestows a gentle kiss, a celestial  
    embrace.

Each ray, a painter's brush of light,  
Dipped in the hues of dawn's array,  
Captures the earth's awakening hush,  
In beams of gold that greet the day.

Beneath the expansive, embracing sky,  
The sun weaves a tapestry of warmth,  
A testament to nature's nurturing worth,  
A lifegiver, sustaining all of earth.

With every rise, a dance ensues,  
A ballet of light and life,  
A performance that infuses  
The world with choreography self-  
made.

The sun bestows its golden kiss,  
Upon this sea of life's canvas,  
Bestowing moments of pure bliss,  
In which the soul of nature bathes.

For in this unassuming star,  
Lies a strength that fuels life's dance,  
A network vast, a living chant,  
That stands resilient, day and night.

So let us bask in its care and thought,  
Under this canvas of the sky,  
For in its simplicity, it's wrought  
A beauty, profound and unbound.

Nature's lifegiver, both warm and  
bright,  
A place where creatures find energy,  
In the sun, they find sustenance and  
light,  
Within its embrace, their humble  
sanctuary.

So next time you feel the sun's warm  
embrace,  
Take a moment to truly feel,  
The grace in its light, oft concealed,  
A quiet keeper of life's energy.





# Lunar Lullaby

In the realm of the nocturnal sky,  
Where whispers of moonlight sway with  
    grace,  
The humble moon, in silent grandeur,  
    yields  
A gentle glow, a celestial embrace.

Each beam, a gentle stroke of silver,  
Dipped in the hues of night's array,  
Captures the earth's tranquil hush,  
In beams of luminescence that greet  
the night.

Beneath the vast, embracing sky,  
The moon weaves a tapestry of  
serenity,  
A testament to nature's nocturnal  
worth,  
A guardian, watching over the earth.

With every breeze, a dance ensues,  
A ballet of light and shadow,  
A performance that infuses  
The world with choreography self-  
made.

The moon bestows its silvered kiss,  
Upon this sea of nighttime waves,  
Bestowing moments of pure tranquility,  
In which the soul of nature revels.

For in this unassuming celestial body,  
Lies a strength that shapes the tides,  
A network vast, a celestial chant,  
That stands watchful, night and night.

So let us bask in its gentle light,  
Under this canvas of the night,  
For in its simplicity, it's woven  
A beauty, profound and unbound.

Nature's guardian, both quiet and  
bright,  
A place where creatures find solace,  
In the moon, they find peace and  
guidance,  
Within its embrace, their tranquil  
sanctuary.

So next time you feel the moon's gentle  
embrace,  
Take a moment to truly feel,  
The grace in its light, oft concealed,  
A quiet keeper of life's nightly mystery.

**You aren't alone in this journey of  
life.**

**God Loves You**

**I Love You**

**Trust You Love You too** ❤

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touch

