

Perception

Glance at the dark sky having an awkward pitch-black look
Moon is the white beauty of its own which by birth it took
My dear, think if the sky at night isn't that dark enough,
How can it be signifying the moon's elegant beauty though?

Stars glow with the distinct physique of their own
The dark sky is infinite, deformed , no shape to own
But my dear, if the dark sky isn't there to weld,
Where will the sparkling stars be withheld?

Look at the moon at a distance, so bright , perfectly round and lit
Sky being so dark , non-uniform ,sick and unlit
My dear, dare to look at them from proximity
Into the hearts of both of them, be ready to face the reality

Uneven crests surrounded with dust, stars and moon carry on
with no potential, individuality to glow on their own
Clear, dark sky involves itself in welcoming meteors, the shooting stars
As the poor who dwells in content by lending at his best without counting numbers

Good old rabbit's no more seen dwelling
Moon is being perceived opaque as you observe it keen, senses welling
Dark sky that seemed to be dreary with no sheen,
Turns out to be the doorway for those stunning planets to be seen

Inviting others from the bottom of the heavenly, broad heart of its own,
Eternal by lending others all it owns...
The dark sky's now lit
With the perception you made from this writ

