

The Song of the Living Earth

1. The dawn unrolls its silver veil,
2. A hush spreads wide across the vale,
3. The first bird stirs within the tree,
4. And sings a note of mystery.
5. The grasses lean with drops of dew,
6. Each bead reflects the morning's hue,
7. The spider's web, a fragile frame,
8. Is lit with threads of molten flame.
9. The mountains rise with ancient pride,
10. Their peaks in veils of clouds abide,
11. Their silence holds a solemn word,
12. A truth too deep to yet be heard.
13. The river bends with silver flow,
14. Through fields where wildflowers grow,
15. Its murmurs speak of time's embrace,
16. Of patience carved in nature's face.
17. A fox slips quiet through the fern,
18. With eyes like embers that still burn,
19. Its shadow moves, a fleeting grace,
20. A whisper lost in forest space.
21. The oak stands tall, a steadfast king,

22. Through storm and sun, through every spring,
23. Its branches cradle nests of song,
24. Its roots hold secrets, deep and strong.
25. A meadow hums with life unseen,
26. The bees move slow, the air is green,
27. The daisies lift their patient heads,
28. As butterflies their colors spread.
29. The wind arrives with gentle hands,
30. It shapes the dunes, it sculpts the sands,
31. It bends the stalks, it stirs the pines,
32. It etches songs in crooked lines.
33. The night descends, the sky takes flame,
34. With stars no tongue has ever named,
35. The moon ascends, serene, alone,
36. A silver goddess carved in stone.
37. The wolves give voice, a chorus wild,
38. The earth itself becomes beguiled,
39. As shadows merge with midnight streams,
40. And darkness weaves its endless dreams.
41. The rain returns with steady sound,
42. It wakes the roots beneath the ground,
43. It paints the leaves with mirrored light,
44. And softens edges of the night.
45. The thunder rolls, a lion's cry,

46. It cracks the silence of the sky,
47. The lightning splits the world in two,
48. A glimpse of chaos, bright and true.
49. The morning after breathes anew,
50. The soil rich, the air like dew,
51. The shoots push upward from their bed,
52. As if by unseen fingers led.

The author of this book is Kamran Ahmed Siddiqui