

# Anthology of sksenapati

sksenapati



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

## Dedication

*I dedicate these poems to my parents who have always inspired me to write poems during free times.*

## Acknowledgement

I sincerely pay my thanks to my English teacher who have taught me how to write poems in English.

I pay thanks to my daughter who has gifted me this laptop which I used to get published. I owe my wife for the tea at the desired time.

## About the author

The author is a 71 years old person , a Mechanical Engineer by profession. He used to write short stories and poems during free times.

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## Eternal Dance

### Eternal Dance

Beneath the whispering canopy, Where shadows weave with light,  
The forest breathes a timeless tale, Of dawn, and dusk, and night.  
Each leaf a fleeting manuscript, Of stories etched in green,  
A chronicle of seasons past, Of sights both heard and seen.  
Roots that delve to ancient depths, Embrace the earth's embrace,  
Holding firm against the winds, In nature's quiet grace.  
The stream that winds through mossy glades, Whispers secrets to the stone,  
A song of life, of ebb and flow, In every ripple shown.  
Here in this sylvan sanctuary, Where time itself stands still,  
Each creature plays a vital part, In nature's grand, sweet will.  
From towering oak to tender fern, A symphony of life,  
In this eternal dance of growth, Through calm, and storm, and strife.  
And as the moonlight gently falls, Upon this hallowed ground,  
The forest hums a lullaby, A soft, enchanting sound.  
For in the heart of ancient woods, A truth as old as earth,  
That every end brings new beginnings, In cycles of rebirth.

## Dance of Words

### The Dance of Words

In realms where dreams and echoes play, Where thoughts and feelings weave,  
A poem blooms in quiet grace, Its whispers to believe.  
With every line, a world unfolds, In stanzas rich and deep,  
Each verse a pulse of heart and soul, A tapestry we keep.  
Poetry, the silent voice, That speaks when tongues are tied,  
It dances on the edge of thought, Where hidden truths reside.  
Through rhythmic beats and crafted words, It paints the sky and sea,  
A mirror to the soul's delight, In boundless reverie.  
The poet's pen, a wand of light, That channels mind's embrace,  
It captures fleeting moments' flight, And time's eternal trace.  
In ink, we find a sacred bond, A bridge from me to you,  
A poem's grace, both firm and fond, In every line, anew.  
So let us cherish this sweet art, This dance of words so free,  
For in a poem, lies the heart, Of life's deep poetry.



## Winter's Embrace

The breath of winter kisses the air, A chilled caress, crisp and rare. Snowflakes dance in a silent serenade, A delicate mosaic, nature's parade.

Bare trees stand, silent and serene, Adorned in frost, a silver sheen. The earth lies still, a quiet hue, Blanketed in white, a peaceful view.

Icy whispers on the breeze, Nipping at noses, fingers freeze. Warm fires crackle, stories unfold, In winter's embrace, hearts grow bold.

Yet within this cold, a warmth does dwell, The joy of winter, tales to tell. For in the quiet, we find our grace, In winter's arms, a cherished place.

## 5 poems

### » **Your Work is Yours. The Outcome is Not**

In fields of effort, seeds are sown,  
Toil is ours, but results unknown.  
We strive, we sweat, we make our mark,  
Yet fruits of labor remain in the dark.  
Let go, let flow, trust the unseen,  
In life's grand play, we're but one scene.

### » **The Universe is Precise. It's Just Not in a Hurry**

Stars align, in cosmic dance they sway,  
Nature unfolds in its perfect way.  
No rush, no haste, no fleeting time,  
A tree grows slow, in rhythm, in rhyme.  
Embrace the wait, for it's not in vain,  
The universe moves in its own refrain.

### » **Who You Become While Waiting is the Whole Point**

The journey molds, the waiting shapes,  
In patience, strength and wisdom drapes.  
Not just the end, but the path we tread,  
In waiting's grasp, true growth is spread.  
For who we are, becomes so clear,  
In moments long, and trials dear.

### » **When You Stop Chasing, What You Seek Finds You**

Release the grip, let desires fly,  
In open hands, blessings lie.  
The chase subsides, and peace flows in,  
In calm and trust, true gains begin.  
When we stop the race, and let life be,  
What we seek, comes effortlessly.

### » **You Are Not Being Tested. You Are Being Refined**

Through fire's forge, gold is pure,  
Through life's trials, strength is sure.  
Each challenge faced, each test endured,  
Refines our soul, leaves us assured.  
Not punishment, but growth's design,  
In hardship's wake, we brightly shine.

## A poem of solitude

### A poem of solitude

In the stillness of the night,  
When silence wraps the world in light,  
I wander through my inner space,  
Where thoughts and dreams find their place.  
In solitude, I find my peace,  
A tranquil heart, a mind at ease,  
No rushing crowds, no hurried pace,  
Just me, myself, in this vast space.  
The gentle whisper of the breeze,  
The rustling leaves, the swaying trees,  
They speak a language soft and true,  
In solitude, they come to view.  
In quiet moments, I reflect,  
On life's journey, paths unchecked,  
I find my strength, my inner guide,  
In solitude, I can't hide.  
So let me be, in this embrace,  
Of solitude, a sacred place,  
Where I can breathe, and simply be,  
In solitude, I find me.

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## A Hot Day

### A hot day

The sun ascends, a blazing crown,  
Its fiery rays cascade down.  
The earth sighs under summer's weight,  
As heat wraps all in its embrace.  
The air stands still, a heavy veil,  
Cicadas sing their rhythmic tale.  
Shadows shrink, a fleeting ally,  
Beneath a merciless, cloudless sky.  
Sweat beads trace a weary line,  
As parched lips crave cool, sweet divine.  
Yet in this heat, the heart still knows,  
The beauty in the sunlit glow.  
For even in the summer's blaze,  
There lies a warmth that life conveys.  
A reminder, amidst the heat,  
Of nature's pulse, its steady beat.

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## The Weight of Truth

### The Weight of Truth

Upon the streets where stories hum,  
A journalist walks, her heart succumbed.  
In Bengaluru's embrace, chaos and charm,  
She searches for truths, heedless of harm.  
The caller's voice, a haunting tone,  
"Follow the money, the seeds they've sown."  
A spark ignites? a story untold,  
But is truth worth the dangers it holds?  
She probes, she digs, through layers of lies,  
With every step, a new compromise.  
Ethics whisper, "Tread with care,"  
Yet justice beckons, a silent dare.  
Behind each word, a soul she sees,  
The displaced, voiceless, brought to their knees.  
Her pen their hope, her voice their plea,  
But at what cost comes this decree?  
Threats arrive, shadows loom,  
Her mind debates: advance or exhume?  
Her family pleads, her editor warns,  
Yet duty anchors where doubt has torn.  
Oh, the sleepless nights, the troubled mind,  
Balancing the scales of truth and kind.  
For every word, a battle fought,  
For every truth, a lesson taught.  
And when her story strikes the skies,  
A city stirs, its people rise.

Corruption exposed, justice alights,  
But her heart wrestles on lonely nights.  
For the pen she wields is not just might,  
It bears the burden of endless fight.  
To tell the tales others ignore,

To be the light on a shadowed floor.

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## The Fragile rivers of peace

### The Fragile Rivers of Peace

Beneath the skies once streaked with fire,  
A land now breathes through tangled wire.  
Fields once fertile, now left torn,  
Carry echoes of lives forlorn.  
Two nations stood as shadows loomed,  
Hearts divided, futures consumed.  
A river ran, their lifeblood shared,  
Now a boundary of dreams ensnared.  
The war they fought, ten winters long,  
Turned right to rage, and weak to strong.  
Yet victory sang no joyful tune,  
Just empty streets and a ghostly moon.  
The scars were carved on the earth and soul,  
A price too steep for fractured goals.  
But in the quiet, a voice arose,  
A seed of peace in a field of woes.  
Amara came, a diplomat's hand,  
To mend the tears, to heal the land.  
Not swords, but words, her chosen tool,  
A beacon's light where anger ruled.  
She gathered hearts from sides once split,  
And stitched the wounds bit by bit.  
The displaced found a home again,  
Through bridges built where hate had reigned.  
She spoke of rivers, their shared embrace,  
Of futures forged in a common space.  
She wove economies, fragile but strong,  
And dared to dream of a unified song.  
The nations quarreled, their tempers high,  
But saw in time their futures lie  
Not in division, but in shared streams,  
In guarded hopes and daring dreams.

The world watched close, its powers engaged,  
For in this place, their battles waged.  
Yet Amara urged them, "Restraint, not might?  
For peace is forged through reason's light."  
Years passed, the scars began to fade,  
The seeds of hope a garden made.  
Refugees returned to their soil,  
New lives rose through united toil.  
And the river flowed, its banks renewed,  
A symbol of what peace pursued.  
Yet fragile it was, and fragile it stayed,  
A truth that time could not evade.  
For peace is more than the absence of strife,  
It's justice, hope, and the roots of life.  
A vigilant watch, an enduring flame,  
A shared commitment, not just a name.

Veridia and Caelora, once enemies sworn,  
Found in the ruins, a world reborn.  
And the river sang as it wound its course,  
A song of unity, a tale of remorse.  
So let this story be writ in the sand,  
A lesson for every warring land.  
For peace, though fragile, can rise above,  
When nations remember the strength of love.

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## The Elixir's Essence

### The Elixir's Essence

In whispered streams and mighty waves,  
The pulse of life, the soul it saves.  
An ancient gift, yet ever new,  
An invention vast, yet simply true.  
Water flows, both fierce and mild,  
From river's roar to tear of a child.  
It quenches thirst, revives the land,  
A healer cradled in nature's hand.  
An invention beyond gears and art,  
A masterpiece of the Earth's own heart.  
Extending life with every sip,  
A bond unbroken, a timeless script.  
So cherish each drop, a sacred thread,  
For through its veins, life's woven, spread.  
A silent ally, clear and pure,  
In its embrace, we endure.

## The resonance of radiance

### The resonance of radiance

Through crowded streets and skies so gray,  
Aria sought a brighter day.  
With heart and mind, she dared to dream,  
Of spreading joy, a radiant beam.  
Her father's prism, a shard of light,  
Inspired hope through darkest night.  
To feelings deep, the Prism tuned,  
Transforming anguish, hearts attuned.  
Negativity turned into hues,  
Blues for calm, greens to enthuse.  
A team united, minds aligned,  
Crafting solace for humankind.  
At "A Day of Light," the Prism shone,  
Listening, healing?each tone its own.  
For teachers, children, and artists lost,  
It rekindled sparks, no matter the cost.  
In schools, it taught emotions true;  
In hospitals, comfort it imbued.  
From city streets to commuter lines,  
Positivity spread like beams divine.  
Though critics cast their doubtful eyes,  
Aria met them with wise replies.  
"The Prism's but a guiding star,  
To show the strength that's truly ours."  
Through terrace nights and skylines bright,  
Her Prism spread its healing light.

And whispered softly, "Thank you, Dad,"  
A world transformed?a dream she had.

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## The path less hurried

### **The Path Less Hurried**

Beneath the sunlit hills so green,  
A race began, a sight serene.  
Two souls set forth, both bold, distinct,  
Their steps, a tale, in time succinct.  
Young Aaryan, swift as mountain streams,  
Chased the wind, the light, his dreams.  
His heart burned fierce, his stride was fire,  
But haste can dim the keenest desire.  
Then Keshav, wise, his pace was calm,  
His breath a rhythm, his soul a psalm.  
With measured steps, he walked the trail,  
For patience builds where others fail.  
Through forests thick, the paths did weave,  
A maze of shadow, leave by leave.  
Aaryan rushed, but lost his way,  
As Keshav paused, the map did say.  
The river roared, its waters wide,  
A challenge met on either side.  
A log to cross, Aaryan sped,  
While Keshav chose the raft instead.  
The cliffs loomed tall, the final test,  
The peak in clouds, the victor's crest.  
Aaryan climbed with strength and might,  
Yet wearied soon, the end in sight.  
While Keshav's pace, though slow and true,  
Held firm and steady as morning dew.  
And when young Aaryan slipped and fell,  
A helping hand did break the spell.  
Two hearts ascended, hand in hand,  
The peak bore witness to what was planned.

For paths may differ, yet share they must,  
The climb, the care, the sacred trust.  
The elder spoke, his voice serene,  
"In this race, the truth is seen:  
Not speed nor might define the prize,  
But patience, wisdom?life's allies."  
Thus Keshav's name, a mark of grace,  
Yet both had won, in life's embrace.  
For slow and steady, bold and bright,  
Together etched the tale in light.

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## Reflections in the Darkness

### Reflections in the Darkness

In a kingdom of whispers where darkness sings,  
A merchant arrives with a mirror bright,  
Carrying visions of far-off, glittering things?  
A treasure to sell in the realm of inner light.  
Blind souls, who feel the pulse of each dream,  
Listen to stories woven in touch and sound;  
They find no use in a glass that might beam  
A fleeting, pale image, to which they are bound.  
But soon the mirror transforms in their hands,  
Becoming a symbol for introspection untold;  
A silent companion in far-off lands,  
Reflecting the spirit, not silver and gold.  
The merchant departs, forever changed by their art,  
Learning that true beauty glows from within the heart.

## Visitors of the silent sky

### Visitors of the Silent Sky

Beneath the moon's watchful glow,  
Where Earth's gentle whispers flow,  
Came they, the travellers unknown,  
From realms where stars themselves have grown.  
No silver ships, no blazing streak,  
They sought no throne, no war to speak.  
In shadows cast by twilight's mirth,  
Aliens walked upon the Earth.  
Their forms, like echoes caught in mist,  
A fleeting trace, a secret twist.  
Not flesh nor bone, but thought and dream,  
Shaped by galaxies' endless stream.  
Through forests green and oceans wide,  
They moved as whispers, none could chide.  
In songs of birds, in winds that play,  
Their presence danced at break of day.  
No words they spoke, no harm they gave,  
No conqueror's flag, no need to save.  
Instead, they watched, they learned, they cared,  
Of how Earth's beauty could be shared.  
In silent libraries they did meet,  
The minds of humans, strong yet sweet.  
Through art and story, poem and lore,  
They bridged the gap to something more.  
For aliens knew what we might miss,  
That Earth's true treasure lies in this:  
In every tale, in every heart,  
The boundless cosmos plays its part.  
So, if you feel a gentle nudge,  
A fleeting thought you can't begrudge,  
Perhaps it's them, the cosmic kin,  
Inviting you to look within.

For aliens walk not just the land,  
But live where dreams and truths expand.  
And in their gaze, the Earth shall see,  
The endless bond of eternity.

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## The Deep Sea Music

Beneath the waves, where shadows play,  
A hymn arises, night and day.  
The whales, they sing, a mournful lore,  
A timeless tale of ocean's core.  
Their voices roll through waters vast,  
Echoes from a forgotten past.  
With every note, the tides align,  
A balance struck, a song divine.  
Through depths where phytoplankton bloom,  
Life finds its rhythm, evades its doom.  
These tiny lungs of Earth's great sphere,  
Breathe life to all we hold so dear.  
The giants stir the ocean's flow,  
Bringing nutrients from below.  
A cycle spun by nature's hand,  
A harmony too grand to stand.  
But warming seas and currents stray,  
And krill, their feast, are swept away.  
The whales now sing a fractured tune,  
A warning cry beneath the moon.  
Without their song, the balance fades,  
The ocean weeps in muted shades.  
The fish will dwindle, the waters sigh,  
As Earth's breath slows beneath the sky.  
Yet hope persists in song's refrain,  
A call for change, to heal the pain.  
If we but listen, we may find,  
The strength to leave despair behind.  
Guardians of the ocean's grace,  
They sing for every time and place.  
Their melodies, both bold and deep,  
A pledge to wake, a vow to keep.  
For if their song should ever cease,



The world will mourn its shattered peace.  
A silent sea, a solemn tomb,  
No symphony, no life to bloom.  
So let us rise, like tides anew,  
To shield the whales, their song, their hue.  
For in their voices, truth resounds,  
A planet's heart in echo bounds.

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## When the Sky stood still

### When the Sky Stood Still

In Inkspire's heart, where words took flight,  
A town of stories, day and night,  
Each writer walked a cautious line,  
Their ink revered, near divine.  
Elder Quill with wisdom deep,  
Guarded tales, lest heavens weep.  
"Choose your words, for stars might fall,  
A careless tale could shatter all."  
But Mira, bold with fiery pen,  
Defied the weight of Quill's amen.  
"To write is life," she'd oft declare,  
"I'll tempt the stars, if they would dare!"  
Upon the square, she made her stand,  
With words of chaos in her hand.  
A tale she wove, of skies that break,  
Of storms and worlds that heavens quake.  
The crowd stood hushed, their hearts in fear,  
As Mira's voice rang loud and clear.  
She spoke of stars that burned and fell,  
And rivers raging, wild as hell.  
Yet when her tale had reached its peak,  
The heavens offered not a creak.  
The sky, unbroken, vast and still,  
Held steady, firm, against her will.  
She smiled and said, "The stars don't care,  
They twinkle on, beyond despair.  
Our words don't shatter, they ignite,  
The human soul, the inner light."  
Elder Quill, with humbled gaze,  
Stepped forth to speak, his voice ablaze.  
"Perhaps our words, though not divine,  
Shape us within, where they align."

The crowd erupted, freed from fright,  
And Inkspire danced in bold delight.  
No longer bound by fear of stars,  
Their stories reached beyond the bars.  
And Mira's tale became their lore,  
A beacon for the bold, and more.  
A truth revealed, both soft and grand?  
The sky is vast, but words, they stand.

## When words shape the World

### When words shape the world

In whispers soft or thunder loud,  
Words rise like mist, escape the shroud.  
A fleeting phrase, a gentle tone,  
Can build a palace? or strip to bone.  
They dance through air, unseen yet strong,  
The echoes ripple, hearts belong.  
Shaping realms of truth or lies,  
Crafting hope, or breaking ties.  
In ink they march, as soldiers bold,  
In every story ever told.  
An oath, a vow, a fabled rhyme?  
They bend the arc of space and time.  
Each sentence seeds the soils anew,  
Where wisdom blooms, and dreams pursue.  
They bridge divides, erase the line,  
Or paint the walls where stars align.  
Oh, wield your words with tender grace,  
They carve the paths the world will face.  
For though the winds may break or mend,  
The voice of words will never end.

## The Sealed Chamber's Tale

### The Sealed Chamber's Tale

In a box of steel, sealed tight and true,  
An apple lay, with a crimson hue.  
No air to breathe, no way to flee,  
Yet change began? silent, unseen.  
Days turned to weeks; the stillness lied,  
For within the box, the apple died.  
Its skin grew soft, its core turned black,  
Decay marched on, no turning back.  
But whispers swirled in the lab each night,  
Of forces unseen, hidden from sight.  
Could time alone break this sacred seal,  
Or was there more to this fate surreal?  
Did microbes stir in a secret dance,  
Or quantum flickers give time a chance?  
Was the box as pure as they thought it to be,  
Or was there a breach they could not see?  
The scientists pondered, their minds askew,  
As the box stood firm, their theories few.  
And still the apple, its secrets vast,  
Told a story of futures, of science, of past.  
For fiction thrives where mysteries bloom,  
In the sterile lab or a cosmic room.  
A box, an apple, an unbroken seal,  
Yet truths unravel, and wounds reveal.

## The Silent Weaver

### The Silent Weaver

Threads of passion, unseen, untold,  
A weaver's craft spun in hues of gold.  
No coin to clink, no laurels to claim,  
Yet the heart whispers, "Create just the same."  
Each word, a seed, in barren land sown,  
Each thought, a jewel in the mind's unknown.  
For art is the pulse, the quiet refrain,  
Of souls that dare to dream despite pain.  
Fame eludes, like shadows that flee,  
Riches absent, yet the spirit stays free.  
For in the act, the soul takes flight,  
Unpaid, unnamed, but basked in light.  
O poet, O dreamer, your gift transcends,  
Beyond fleeting applause or worldly ends.  
For those who create without demand,  
Hold the universe gently within their hand.



## The Cost of Creation

### The cost of Creation

In the artist's chest, a burning fire,  
A well of dreams that won't expire.  
Words and strokes, melodies and clay,  
Each masterpiece born, yet with no pay.  
Art, the truth of a beating heart,  
A realm divine where dreams depart.  
But the world intrudes, its currency cold,  
A barter for beauty, a price untold.  
To toil for passion, to craft with care,  
Yet to live requires more than air.  
Poets, painters, their treasures unseen,  
Labor deserving, beyond the serene.  
For pay is not greed, it's survival's hand,  
The bridge to dreams in a practical land.  
To honor the art, respect its call,  
To sustain the creator, sustain us all.  
What is a world where art fades away,  
When beauty succumbs to financial fray?  
A barren land, bereft and mute,  
Where voices are silenced, their dreams uproot.  
So let us cherish the hands that mold,  
Support their craft with silver and gold.  
For art is the thread that binds us tight,  
A beacon of truth, of hope, of light.

## The Clock's quiet Song

### **The Clock's Quiet Song**

The clock, it hums, a patient tune,  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon.  
Its hands, they dance in endless grace,  
Tracing time's eternal face.  
A thousand moments, fleeting, gone,  
They echo soft, a whispered song.  
Through laughter, tears, the dreams that fade,  
The clock keeps watch, unafraid.  
Oh, fragile time, both kind and cruel,  
It carves the wise, it humbles the fool.  
Yet in its flow, a truth we find,  
The present lives in heart and mind.  
So let the clock its story tell,  
Of fleeting joys and farewells.  
For in its song, we understand,  
The value of the moment's hand.

## The Whispers of the Earth

### Whispers of the Earth

Beneath the stars, where silence sways,  
The earth unfolds its timeless plays.  
A gentle breeze, a fleeting sigh,  
Carries secrets, soft and spry.  
The rivers hum a silver tune,  
Reflecting dreams beneath the moon.  
Mountains stand, unyielding, tall,  
Guardians of whispers, nature's call.  
Fields of green, in sunlit grace,  
Hold stories of a hidden place.  
Where roots entwine and petals bloom,  
Life dances free in nature's room.  
Oh, hear the whispers, faint yet deep,  
Of earth's embrace, a love to keep.  
In every sound, in every shade,  
A poem thrives, serenely made.

## The Writer's Labyrinth

### The Writer's Labyrinth

The blank page stares, a quiet foe,  
Whispering doubts only writers know.  
Ink flows like rivers, then halts, runs dry,  
A battlefield between heart and eye.  
Words wrestle fiercely, resist their place,  
The perfect line plays a cruel chase.  
Yet, in this chaos, a spark ignites,  
A fragile draft born of sleepless nights.  
The world of publishing looms ahead,  
A labyrinth where hope is bred.  
Knocks on doors met with silence cold,  
Dreams of stories left untold.  
But still, we rise, we shape, we mend,  
Each rejection, a stubborn friend.  
For in these trials, the truth we find:  
Creation's joy sustains the mind.  
Though the path is steep, and shadows long,  
The pen persists? it finds its song.  
For in the struggle, writers become,  
The voice of many, the chosen one.

## Whispers of Palani Hills

### Whispers of the Palani Hills

In Tamil Nadu's tranquil embrace,  
Palani Hills rise with ethereal grace.  
A sanctuary, where Kodai's crown,  
Stands serene, 2225 meters down.  
Day's gentle warmth, a pleasant tease,  
22 to 28 degrees, a soft summer breeze.  
Clouds drift lazily, like dreams unfurled,  
Nature unfolds its magical world.  
Lakes glisten like celestial mirrors,  
Cradling dreams and silent whispers.  
Waterfalls tumble with joyous cheer,  
Kodai's symphony for all who appear.  
Wild beasts roam, unfettered, free,  
Guardians of this sanctuary's decree.  
Ghat roads spiral, a thrilling ride,  
Through forests vast, where secrets hide.  
Boats drift serene on tranquil streams,  
Swimmers revel in sunlit beams.  
Kodai kanal, a haven to rest and roam,  
A slice of Earth that feels like home.  
Boundless beauty, untamed, profound,  
A paradise by nature crowned.