

***TO MY BRAVE LION***

**By Shalini Samuel**

Blood is red, I blush

My face is blue in panic

Your gaze is confident,

And so are you.

Jasmines on my braid are white,

Men that hate it are rare,

Kajal on my eyes are black,

And so is your hair.

Gardenia Jasminoides grows,

With buds like eggs;

Roots are strong,

And so are your legs.

Sunflowers reach,

Up to the skies,

Its seeds are black,

And so are your eyes.

Thorny fern in hedges,

Surround the farms,

Yet a welcoming gate is warm,

And so are your arms.

Daisies are pretty,

Roses have style,

Children are naughty,

And so is your smile.

A lion is handsome,  
Just like you.

***THE MISCONSTRUED JOURNEY***

After the jerk from an unforeseen tragic dream  
Startled, she woke up from a fairy tale coma  
Pearls showered from the skies  
Hot breath painted the window pane  
Her enemy embarked on a dog orchestra  
The calm of her eyes slowly disappeared  
As her ears shrunk in melancholic trauma  
Seconds became, minutes  
Minutes became hours  
Hours became day  
Day became years  
Years became decades  
Before decades saw a century...  
The day dawned igniting the dead chauffeur  
She gapes at the broken train rolling on a byway  
Lilies and daisies mollify the alleyway,  
Ameliorating the broken iron enclosures.  
Monochrome shades disappear divulging wonders  
In wonderment, a clement day unfurls itself  
Restyling the melody of a once broken poem.

*THE GOLDEN BRUSH*

Digging for long

I gathered sand, pebbles

plastic, torn memories

and a golden star.

The past is a night sky

buried deep,

safe in the creases on my forehead.

A database for future reference

I decipher the written past

to paint a worthy unwritten future.

**Bio**

**Shalini Samuel** from Kanyakumari is a poet who is fond of nature, philosophy, and spirituality. You could see it reflect on her poems. Author of three poetry collection, her name often appears in anthologies and magazines from all over the world.