

LP has a background in Biological Sciences and a Masters in Food Security and Sustainable Agriculture. Her love for nature became her inspiration to write and she considers Mother Nature to be her muse. Penning down poems is her favorite form of expressing things, be it emotions, opinions, or mere thoughts!

To my family, the wind beneath my wings.

LP

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The biggest thanks to my family who supported me at every turn, when my dreams kept drawing me into the exciting unknown. A special mention to my sister, who is the first to read my poems and also the first to critique it and make me a better writer. Neither I nor my work would be what it is without her.

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## Table of Contents

Flights of Fancy	11
As the Leaf Falls	12
A Drop of Joy	13
The Call of the Rain	14
Nature's Enemy	15
The Gait of the Wind	16
The Dawning Dusk	17
Nightly Haze to Gaze At	18
The Flight of Time	19
The Story of a Basilisk	20
The Bower of My Dreams	22
The War Within	23
The Burn of Remembrance	26
Too Small a Word to Compare	27
Aching Agony	28
Selfish Pain	29
The Pseudo Scepter of Control	30
Who Am I?	32
Weight of Expectations	33
The End	35

The Curse of Longevity	36
Gold Under Silver	37
Some Among Us	39
Beggar's Prayers	41
Eye of the Storm	42
The Man on the Train	43
Who Is a Woman Really?	44
The Observer's Truth	45
At the Threshold	46
Love of Her Life	47
Talent Search	48
Road to Rebirth	49
A Creator's Nightmare	50
Clash of the Ages	51
A Poem? What's That?	53
A Silent Disaster	54
The Green Flash	56
The Demon from the Abyss	57
The Search at the Beach	58
The Duck and the Peacock	60
Such Pesky Things	62
The Greatest Joy in Life	63

## Flights of Fancy

A haven for each, that none may enter save them...

A prison, for some, a dark abyss unyielding.  
In others, it aides the spirit's flight to freedom.  
Infinite adventures to be conceived, lived.  
A million universes hidden in one word – mind.

Mine alone, the fanciful wand I'm wielding.  
Conjuring beneath my sightless eyes, lips mum,  
a sparking world. My soul's imagination lives  
eternally untainted, flying wild in mind mine.

I fly high, unshackled from reality's restraints,  
exhilaratingly ecstatic and blissfully unbound,  
to where pixies dance eternally in starry twilight  
and past entwines with eons yet to follow.

Seemingly intangible, like mere wispy shadows,  
perhaps unrealistic, but real no less, to me.  
For what is existence in the mortal plane,  
if the mind did not seek to soar far beyond.



## **As the Leaf Falls**

Lying at the gnarly feet of a tree,  
looking up at the sunlight studded canopy,  
I watch a leaf flutter, quiver and shiver  
then wrench free, a sudden flash of fire!

But then it just wafted, lazily free,  
away and away from its anchor, the tree.  
And I wondered, as I watched it fly.  
Is it happier to be green, healthy, alive  
but a prisoner of the tree, trapped so high,  
or to finally float free, before it dies,  
on a last glorious adventure in the skies?

## A Drop of Joy

From a blanket dreary gray,  
drop droplets soft and gay,  
awakening the sleeping buds,  
stirring up the resting mud.

Planting hope where despair grows,  
filling up the water troughs,  
softly murmuring their message,  
gently changing all who rage.

“Though this drought is long not gone,  
a new hope shall soon be born.  
However bad times are now,  
good times will come in tow.”

For all you need is a drop of rain,  
to oceans fill or a crop of grain,  
or for the world to be born anew,  
adorned blissfully in diamond dew.

## The Call of the Rain

As life-sustaining elixir from the heavens,  
cascades down, bringing a new lease of life,  
the leaves sparkle, in diamonds adorned,  
crystal flower petals bend in suppliance,  
and the Earth fragrantly welcomes its friend.

All other sounds are muted, deadened  
in the drumming of droplets, so rife  
with joy and love, calling the spirit  
of man and beast, of God and Science  
to hear, to feel, to heal, to mend.

To pause for a second, for the essence,  
of purity, the cool freshness of life,  
to seep into the heart, wake the soul  
from its slumber of grief, defiance,  
anger, and worry, just for a second.

But the hearts are shut to its presence,  
rapture no match for common strife.  
The droplets rail harder, shout louder,  
demanding to be heard, in alliance  
with winds of fury and hope of amend.

Alas, too late, do we hear the summons!  
Amid the battering, tattering fall of life,  
screaming their devastating message,  
the clouds depart, with no defiance,  
as all bemoan this bitter end  
for not heeding, the call of rain.

## Nature's Enemy

By the cheerfully gurgling brook,  
a tiger, solemnly majestic, stands to look,  
at the giggling water stumbling by,  
not aware, this is his final goodbye.  
For a hunter creeps stealthily behind,  
a gun poised at the mighty find.  
The tiger roars louder than the gun  
but the bullet's bite cannot be undone.

The calm of the jungle is shattered  
by the birds, wildly flying scattered.  
Soon, their homes are torn apart,  
by us. We've played our part  
in pulling down the trees, until  
the birds agonized shrieks fill  
the forest, but the we go regardless,  
with the wood we think priceless.

Our atrocities seem to never cease,  
Nature's suffering on the increase.  
Killing, cutting, poaching, wasting  
natural resources, never pausing  
to see the damage we have wrought,  
from empty jungles to endless drought.  
Now, will the future ever know  
the treasures the past had to show?

## The Gait of the Wind

The pure breath of life, I walk sedately,  
over winding paths, over mountains stately.  
Then, I trot along, caressing the grass blades,  
ruffling the trees tresses, through everglades.  
Oh! Giggling, giddy with heady rapture,  
as I tickle, the blossoms fragrantly quiver,  
making the carousing critters gambol gladly,  
dancing to the birds' collective melody,  
as they swoop, their soft wings stroking me.

I laugh, at the silly, wily woodland antics,  
twirling, whirling in a manner dramatic.  
With the joy contagious, I gallop, whistling,  
faster, till suddenly, I'm over a city, bustling.  
The rare tree there, it bends in homage.  
But the proud towers do not acknowledge  
my jubilation. Nor, indeed, my presence,  
embodying the city's very essence!  
Only the gloomy pall, it rises high,  
to embrace me in its stench, and I sigh,  
as I drift sedately, strolling once more,  
before I freely fly off again to explore.

## The Dawning Dusk

Swaying on a swing at dusk.  
Oh! Can there be a more magical time?  
No sound to mar the bewitching stillness,  
save my favorite song playing softly  
in the distant reaches of my mind.  
My mortal ears hear the crickets chirp,  
even as my eyes witness the sun expertly paint  
the perfect sunset on the sky's canvas.  
Brushing on it a riot of gradient hues,  
the yellows blaze into roiling red,  
even as crimson bleeds into the sky azure.

And as the sun takes its last bow,  
and indigo seeps into the starry curtain,  
I swing in transcendental content.  
For as my legs push off the ground,  
so does my soul push off its weary constraints.  
And in the fleeting flare of the fleeing sun,  
I fully meet my ethereal spirit.  
Immortal and mortal merging momentarily,  
swaying on a swing at sunset.

## Nightly Haze to Gaze At

Towering far above the city, I stand,  
far away from the streetlights bright  
shining like precious gems, setting skies aglow  
with their fluorescent incandescence,  
blue and green, red and yellow.  
Just above me, so near but so far away,  
hidden in the red mists, the moon peeps out.  
Barely seen, barely remembered, barely there.  
Unseen, buried in the green glowing gloom,  
the pinpoint stars half-heartedly twinkle,  
too far away to compete with the blazing city lights,  
sparkling, iridescent, unending.  
Yet even they must give way soon,  
to the fiery, red searing the sickly green away.  
Bringing a fresh new dawn, a new hope,  
only for the red to fade, the hope too to choke.  
And the blue-green haze reigns supreme once again.