

THE SHINING SUN

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By : IMAD UL ISLAM

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Alone up there high;
Hanging in the sky.
I am incandescent white;
Indefatigably giving out light.
Albeit I am so far;
Inexorable when at war.
I am inconceivably warm;
Trying not to do any harm.
Clouds muster and declare war;
Sluggish creatures they are.
Winning and losing are akin to me;
Sometimes I overpower them and they flee.
Belligerent to me they are;
On the clear sky they leave scars.
They scud before my eyes blocking my way;
They attenuate the light of the incandescent day.
But transient they are so they went away;
And by my incandescent light your earth becomes gay.
You do your work and plants prepare their food;
So, all the day passes well and good.

(IMAD UL ISLAM)

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