



# JOURNAL OF ELT AND POETRY

A Peer reviewed International Research Journal

Articles available online <http://www.journalofelt.in>

A Premier Publication from KY PUBLICATIONS. India.

Poetry



Vol. 3., Issue 1., 2015

## SPRING OF NATURAL SOLITUDE



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### Article Info:

Article Received: 20/02/2015

Revised on: 24/02/2015

Accepted on :28/02/2015

Do you know the thing that is spring of solitude?  
Indeed, it is nothing but God's good attitude;  
There is everything that is made of nature,  
And there is no mark of man-made stature.  
In fact, it is a source of natural beauty,  
That relieves one from any kind of duty;  
Everyone gets there extreme pleasure,  
That can't be weighed with any measure.  
An humble mind says, it is 'abode of God',  
That is ever lighted with a magical rod;  
There are a number of waterfalls, streams and brooks,  
Which are flowing here and there with many crooks.  
Their water remains ever clean and calm,  
And engaged in singing a divine psalm;  
Plants and trees have everlasting greenery,  
That makes the place miraculous scenery.  
Birds and animals move freely here and there,  
And eat manna dew with distributed share;  
Among them there is not any kind of enmity,  
And they are living under the loving divinity.  
It is a perennial source of solace and relief,  
That makes all free from any sort of grief;  
In the middle of the place, there is a hut,  
Whose doors remain open and never shut.  
A hermit is seen inside the doors,  
By worshipping he never bores;  
He drinks water of spiritual nature,  
And takes food of celestial feature.  
These things give him strength and energy,  
And he fulfils his duties just like a clergy;  
His marvellous power stops all calamities,  
And that brings for all delightful destinies.

The hermit is the spirit of spiritual solitude,  
And he is appearing as a godly substitute;  
Wild animals are dear to him,  
And remain always near to him.  
In fact, they are the servers of his life,  
And do not produce any kind of strife;  
Solitude gives all the wine of nectar,  
That is blissful to the beings of any sector.  
Nature is the thematic concern for Wordsworth and Frost,  
For which, they seem to have a prestigious accost;  
Flowery blossoms ever produce a fragrant breeze,  
That may convert anyone into a cheerful freeze.  
Indeed, Nature is nothing but a kind of God,  
Moreover, natural spring is His musical nod;  
That draws everyone with a servile demand,  
None displays unwillingness to its command.

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