

THE PURPLE PARADISE

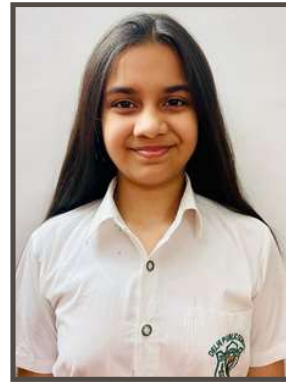
-Fatima Jamshed

I travel the hilly vast valleys of the high mountains,
The winter sun leaving the cold sky and greeting goodbye,
Tears of my shiver cries like an explosive fountain,
Blush pink of the icy sky makes the evening time fly.

Surrounded by deceased trees and dead leaves,
Darkness spreads across the lifeless environment,
Stars of the galaxy happily welcoming summer beams,
Foggy Fog became the smell of the sweet flower scent.

Autumn leaves start scattering in the spring morning,
My sleep breaks by the warm wind laughing away,
Those delicate dull ashes reach the heaven flying,
Sight of the purple paradise makes it a great day.

Magical mist with shining droplets of daylight dew,
Covered by the wild wonders with shades of amethyst,
Angels fly above the clouds and the sky so blue,
My spirits enlightens with a cheerful bliss.



THE GOLDEN HOUR

-Fatima Jamshed

Walking through the path ...
... covered in the great shades of bright amber
Spring evenings blooms the golden daffodils
... across the blonde gardens and huge meadows ...
... The wind rings sounds of the musical lyrics
Makes the yellow bells reach its voice to the hills
Flowers hanging from the trees starts rustling...
... Like the golden rain sprinkling from the
Orange sky which greets the sun goodbye ...
And the sweet pink blush of the cottony clouds shines ...
... I enjoy the music that my ears are listening
Dandelions dancing in the rocky mountains ...
Water swimming in the bay reflects the gold spirits
... The moment of the long spring day