

Beautiful

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I was walking along the road
And I saw a flower.
It's red in color
And it smells nice.

When I asked, "What's this called?"
Someone told me this is rose – but a wild one.

Oh – a rose, it's always beautiful
Wow – let me enjoy its beauty.

I go to the tree, and look for the flowers
And suddenly I saw the leaves and the thorns.

Aren't these also beautiful!
Or they're more beautiful than the rose.
I've never thought in this way.

So now I look closer and closer
Which one is beautiful.

Is it the whole combination
Or the individuals.

I look into the rose first.
And I look into this deeply.

It's the bud, the petals and the bee on it.
And another closer look.
Which is beautiful ?
Suddenly there is nothing
except the rose
– no beauty, no ugliness
Nothing but the flower.

Uh! Not even the flower.
There is something there,
Which I've known as a flower
And which once I knew as beautiful.
But now there is nothing there.

What about the leaves and thorns?
These are also there.
As good and bad as the rose
Same.
Nothing is there.

But the whole is there.

Isn't it the same around.
I saw around.
Something or the other these are called.
Road, brick, house, cars.

The whole is there.