

A Land of Legacies

A land that stretches from the ice crowned mountains to rice grown terrains
A land that stretches from the sun bless seven sisters to sun-baked deserts
A land that stretches its arm to those to who seek, yet seek nothing in return
A land with legends and myths older than the carvings that carry them
So the question remains - what does it take to truly discover this Land of Legacies?

Is it the dauntless history it has endured?
For it has seen the envy and jealousy of those who wished to conquer it.
Rise and fall of those great enough to rule it
Tyranny and grim of those who colonized it
Bravery and blood-shed of those who fought for it.

Is it the relics of those who came before?
The love and lust of the entwined souls, and the marbled tomb that embrace them
The tales and truths of the nobles, and the castles that conceal them
The ways and wisdom of the wisest, and the withered scrolls that bare them

Is it the avid streets and cities it homes?
Or the calm and clamor that resonates with them.
Is it the redolence of the spices it grows?
Or the reminiscence of the flavour they leave behind.
Is it the beliefs and culture it holds?
Or the ways we celebrate them.
Is it the rumbling rivers and the seas they fuse to?
Or the blushing green fields they caress.

The answer is ever gloomy, unless we ask the correct question.
To answer how to discover, we must ponder on the answer to “what”
India – a nation more than just a name,
A nation that tried hard to get what it wanted decades ago
So we don’t try hard to like what we have, for today and days to come.
A nation defined by diversity in land and man
Yet defies the norms to find peace and be one
While we need more than a lifetime to discover the beauties it holds,
We might just be gratified with those we unfold
For there is always a surprise in tomorrow waiting to be unveiled.