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The Mystery of Nature: All Happened By Chance

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I

One spring evening in a forest of mangoes the two travelers were returning home. It was very pleasant moment, the sweet blooming flowers on the trees, the moon shone upon them. The travelers lost their way unfortunately. The forest was filled with the sweet fragrance of diverse flowers. The trees were decked with greenish and glittering jewellery. Suddenly they saw the lights in a distance. Something strange happened. A bright and beautiful flower bud came out from her mother's vascular bed. "Let's go and see it!", said one traveler to another, "something miracle will happen on us". The little flower bud fell asleep again when she saw the two travelers. She closed her soft eyes and put her head on her mother's lap. "Why

does she close her eyes?", said one traveler, "oh, we are not born to see the beauty of nature. Beauty is for the beautiful creations, I think". They waited for a long time but the bud didn't break her deep sleep. They continued again their journey. On the way they found the singing birds on the trees celebrating the 'Spring Festival'. They were singing the songs of freedom where the sparkles of happiness danced. When the two travelers came near the birds, they changed their voices immediately. Larks started singing with the broken heart full of thorns, Parrots talked without any differentiation, Nightingale's tenor warble appeared in isolated voice, Falcon was chanting of racking refrains. "Are we the cause of their sudden change of songs?", said one traveler to another in a pathetic tone, "Why does the beauty hide herself from us?". They became sad and continued their journey again. Abruptly they saw the bright forest became dark and terrible. In no time the trees were covered with cold white cloaks. "What danger will happen on us?", said one traveler, "we must die by the wild beauty of nature". They were trudging through the dark and white forest. The forest seemed like a wild flower of ice. "It is better if we die in the lap of wild beauty of the nature rather than deprive of her rare beauty", said one traveler, "O, Saint Martin! show us the way how to get the secret beauty of nature". Then something, strange happened before them. They saw in one corner of the forest some people tearing the innocent flowers and leaves. The travelers felt like it was going to tear their arms off. They walked a little in front of and found some cruel hunters killed the singing birds. The two travelers felt it was going to tear their heads off. Suddenly they heard the sound of trees being cut down. The travelers felt that it was going to tear their bodies off. "Oh, how cruel are the beings! they know all what they do. But reckless on their heinous activities", said one traveler to another, "they don't know flowers bloom to show their elegance to the human hearts of love like their mild petals, human love has no value if the beauty denies her like the shadow of light". Finally the travelers realized the reasons for their unrequited beauty and they continued their journey home.

II

When the two travelers arrived at their village in the morning the one traveler said, "We discovered something in the lap of the nature and we brought it for all the villagers". "What is it? Gold! the precious gems or treasure!", said the villagers. "This is something which is more precious than gold, more sparkling than any other gems and the treasure of all beauties. The endless beauty that human hands can't measure it", said one traveler. "What is it? What is it?", all villagers cried aloud. "This is the beauty of nature, the rare beauty: the blooming flowers, the sweet sighs of the forest, the play of sweet songs in the air, the walking of the moon upon trees, flowers, fruits and on the ground that happened by chance before us", said another traveler. The villagers felt of his words the beauty of nature into their hearts, and the moon shone on their dull hearts to make shiny. "Yes, we will love the nature in the core of our hearts and from today we will think, the beauty of nature is the beauty of our lives". Before leaving the place, one traveler said, "the mystery of nature is the secret beauty of hers and very few get the opportunity to see her with jewellery. To see her, one must have the eyes of heart. To feel her, one must have the beauty of soul. To understand her, one must have the nectar of love". Suddenly the umbrella of clouds covered the whole village and the flowers of rain started to fall upon the villagers and the queen of seven colors was smiling behind the curtain of sailing clouds. They all celebrated the Holi and the pain was sparkling in color. They forgot all the flowers of pain for a while under the healing umbrella of nature. Urju, a villager cried in glee, "Today, I am born again into the lap of nature to see this rare jewellery of my mother, oh! I am blessed". When all the villagers knelt down and prayed, Winter, the daughter of nature came holding the white crown upon her head. Everyone was playing conch. The flowers of ice fell upon her body and kissed her. The flakes of ice made the way of cadence when the air came and they both composed the songs of beauty and love. All the villagers were drowned in the nectar of Winter's supreme daintiness where their mind, heart and love played together. Urma, a sweet little girl said to

her mother, "O mother, I want the white jewellery of Winter and give my old earrings to her". And then the strange event happened that I had never observed before. Winter took all the old jewellery from the girl and showered upon her the newly blooming flowers of ice and the rainbow poured all her colors on the flowers. How happy the sweet girl was, if you were there! Suddenly the moon came by the chariot of peacocks from the wall of clouds, everyone was playing the blessed conch, beating the drums of supreme goddess and without delay the moon, the goddess of beauty showered the rays of blessings upon all the villagers. This time the two travelers came forward and wanted to know the cause of the moon's sudden presence. "I am the blooming lotus of the dark night, and I have bloomed to beautify. Only I bloom in the nectar of love and I have found the nectar here", said the moon.

III

Fortunately one day I met with the two travelers on the way. I came to know that they were Upaj and Rujap the two friends and travelers too. I asked them some questions based on the journey of life and the experience on the way they visited. "Do you remember, how many feet you have walked? Have you found some secrets of life while travelling?", I asked them. Then they took me in a forest where none but silence was there and peace was sleeping in silence. The moon gave the forest a silver dress, the birds composed the songs of joy and happiness, the butterflies were sleeping upon the loveliest bed of flowers after shipping the nectar. Oh, how glad I was, if you were there and for a while I thought myself as the luckiest man in the world to have all the charming beauties of nature. I was standing under a white tree and the flowers of joy were showering upon me, I was fascinated and engrossed in conversation with the silent beauty of nature and with the moon, I fell in love. I proposed her and she took me to a nearby stream where the algae covered the stream with its limbs. "I must love you, if I can pierce you", said the moon to me. A strange lesson I learned on that day, the moon wanted to kiss the stream but she couldn't do that, for the

algae was there holding the sword of obstacle. The algae grabbed the moon vigorously, she couldn't pierce the algae and so she couldn't be mirrored and she lost her beauty. Then the moon took me to a crystalline stream where the blue sky was dancing. The moon kissed the stream, entered in it and mirrored. Suddenly the moon kissed me and my heart was opened that contained the nectar of love and the moon was drowned in it. I became the winner of her love because my heart was like the crystalline stream. She accepted and took me to her dreamland of beauty where the flowers of joy and happiness bloomed. Oh, what a beauty, if you were there ! "O man, come here silently to see an another mystery ", Upaj said to me. For a while I forgot where we were all but a sweet conversation of a little flower bud and her mother said that we were under the magic of beauty. I found a glowworm came near the flower bud and gave her the glowing color, the air brought nectar in his mouth from the paradise and poured it on her, and the moon kissed her to glow her beauty more; Oh, what a healing beauty it was! Suddenly the little flower bud bloomed in full bloom with all sweetness and a great lesson we learned when we saw a butterfly and a hornet were engrossed in conversation. A butterfly perched on flower petals and exclaimed in glee, "Oh, the flower bed is only for butterflies not for hornets". Then a black hornet was passing through the waves of air, at sudden he saw a butterfly was lying on the loveliest bed and he commented on her, "Fatigue has made her slothful". After a while, the dark love of the hornet desired to have the rose bed and driven by hunger for the bed, the hornet nibbled at his food and gave the rose a poisonous look. When the hornet was drowned so much with his temptation he couldn't resist himself, "Beauty is there, the nectar of my greedy heart". Suddenly the butterfly woke up and discovered herself upon a poisonous rose bed and cursed the hornet, "You won't get the opportunity to sit under the shadow of beauty", but the hornet implored to her and asked the secrets of beauty. The butterfly said to him, " The beauty lies in the ambrosia of heart, she blooms and grows there. She is born but never dies who lives there like a blooming lotus", "Why are you so beautiful, O dear butterfly?, asked the hornet. "I am beautiful because my heart is beautiful, I am

colorful because my heart is colorful ", said the butterfly happily. Suddenly Rujap cried aloud, "Look at the skies! Someone is there holding the lights, let's see!" And we all rushed to see the another and unique mystery. A star fell and got stuck in the wings of the cloud and it was so close that we could touch. "Why are you in the cloud, O the star? ", I asked. "I am dead. This is my heart, my love is what kept me alive for so long", the star answered", then the cloud opened his heart like soft petals of a sweet flower and he gave her the place in the temple of his mind. Oh, what a genuine love it was, if you were there! Suddenly a flame of light took away our vision for a while and discovered ourselves in the field under the vast blue sky. I was shocked. I saw the two travelers were talking for their long journey. "Hello, where I am? What happened? ", I asked them and they smiled at me and said, "Mystery has made you mysterious ". They parted the place and I was returning home with a bag full of mysteries on my back.

IV

Many years have passed but it seems today. I am growing old but with a childish heart, a heart that seeks great pleasure in little things. Life is beautiful, do you know why? Because beauty is on the wall of hearts and nature is the creator of beauty. Many people have seen the nature without jewellery but very few of them get the opportunity to have her elegance with beautiful jeweleries. Beauty is born only in the nectar of a heart. If the heart is replete with darkness, the blessings of beauty can't be reflected like the moon can't enter into the water full of algae. Beauty is the last word and pursuing it is the last meditation. If you love the nature, she must fall in love with you and her love must leave the footprint of beauty upon the white paper of your heart. We are born not to die merely but be the breath of beauty. Life is short less than a drop but the beauty the life contains is more than the seven oceans; to see the magnificent look of nature, you have to bloom the heart in the ambrosia of divine love; to feel the nature, you have to be like a mother; and to take her, you have to build a temple of love. Nature

is the maker of your love and feelings, when a bird sings and the air whispers the song in your ears, you can't deny it; when a fountain falls, its melody moves your heart; when the rainbow appears, she draws the colorful images in your colorless tears. Oh, what a beauty and love you feel, when you'll come out from the shell of hatred and jump into the ambrosia of compassion and love. A slice of beauty can beautify a whole life. None but beauty can make the stairs of paradise, a heart is a blooming flower in summer, autumn even in winter, you have to care of it. Your life is opening before you like a sweet flower. The beauty of a nightingale lies in her songs, the song that comes out from the beauty of her heart. The beauty of a butterfly is in her color and taste; she is the aesthetic teacher of you. Likewise your beauty is in the generosity of your heart and mind.

I remember the past days, I was like a dried tree looking at the skies without hope and love when I was the same age as you are now, O my child. When the sun kissed my dry body, I couldn't feel; when the flowers of rain fell on me, I couldn't catch them; when the moon was smiling at me, I couldn't be happy to the core. Truly speaking, I had no heart to feel the beauty, to catch the beauty, to enjoy the beauty. "Why are you crying O, grandfather? ", my granddaughter asked me, "No dear, I am not crying but let the eyes cry because they have seen those days when I was crying !" "O grandfather, how it all happened ", she asked, "All was mystery and happened miraculously ", I said; O granddaughter, hold my finger and go to the garden I made. A little garden is the nest of all joy and happiness. Suddenly the branches of the flowering trees were waving their soft arms above us, the birds were playing the sweet melody, the zephyr was blowing gently, the sunset painted the garden orange. "It's a paradise! O, grandfather! I am blessed today", she exclaimed in joy. "Let's go, O child! your grandmother is awaiting for us holding the Ramayana on his hand", I made this statement.

Ujjal Mandal

Ujjal Mandal is an Indian poet and a connoisseur of literature who writes in English and Bengali. He was born at Ganguria, West Bengal. He says, “the color of imagination is nature and nature is beauty”. He has published more than 600 poems up until now in the literary press, magazines, journals & books. ‘Ambrosia In Budding Flowers’ is his first book of poetry has been published in 2021.

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