

Onomatopoeia by Tayeb Bouazid

Splash! The stone drifted deep into water,
Forming ripples that whirl around,
Sending bubbles into the air,
Swift, swollen, deflated puffing puf, puf!

The whistles of the train, in their hush, hush,
Deafening the ears, awakening the mute,
Nature disturbed by the gentle breeze,
Caressing the growing grass; hissing the herbs,
As a serpent in its crawl amidst the pasture

The dead wood in its cracking, shakes the atmosphere,
Barren leaves in their soaring, shuddering the little deer,
In its hip hop, skipping all around

Thunder in its roar, inspires the wild life,
To agitate in motion, all shouting and chanting hoo! hoo!

Wolves in their yelp, howl and howl,
Tossing their heads below the deep dales,
Inviting the birds and the fowls for a common feast,
Where sounds meet and silence in its deep breaks forth

Listen to the sighing wood in its universal appeal,
Begging the human hand not to fell upon its axes,
Not to sap the core, not to impair the morrow,
On the green bark the squirrel in there lives and squeals

Flying squirrels, rise and dance, sniffing the boughs,
All in joy, feeling in frets the wild peanuts,
Nibbling the shells, sifting the seeds,
Cracking the hard nuts in their breaking shoot

The bees in their buzzing; fly in haste, in fear,
Swarming high, marking in grey, their swirling path

Quack! sighed the goose and the gander in pursuit,
Flushing their wings over the stagnant waters,

For a fly try, scattering water droplets as pearls

Cuckoos in their humming, send their twittering sound,
To the neighboring woody woodpecker, to start the beat

The male doves in their covered eaves, grumbling,
Beating their wings, shaking their heads, in constant move

Spiders busy snatching their dearest pitchers,
Crisscrossing the edges, squeezing their preys

Wild horses drifting, along the rippling creeks,
Their gallops disturb the dormant crocodiles,
Gaping wide, their mouth in greed, their shattering teeth,
As sharp as a knight sword, pending in revenge

The hunter in his banging, annoys the sleeping cubs,
Descended the river, fetching the fowls beneath the weed,
Frr, the partridge in its departure to the blue heaven,
Dreads the spaniels, looping their tails, barking in fear

Chirping birdies, long not seen their mothers, highly perched,
Leaning their heads dry, wet and ill fed
Zzzz! they chant and chant, their voices enfeebled,
Mothers in their whirl, soaring around the nests,
Baits in their beaks, weaving and looping around,
Adding another charming scene to the lofty trees

Trees standing stout, against the murmuring wind,
In its blow varying degrees, along the seasons

The rain, with its colorful spectrum, draws its carpet,
Stretching upon the horizon, in hue diverged,
Giving a paradise life like to the eternal world,
That drifted tears in remorse of the impairing hand,
That in harm, marked its print, scribbling its awe

Lo! How the sound in its foiling end, drenched our ears,
Cherishing hearts, healing the ashen face
Natural music, there in the wood inviting naturalists,
In muse, meditating for a natural cure

The vastness of the green, abundant in whisper,
Shaking boughs, tottering birds, dropping leaves,
Cotton drifting snows, changing colors,
Whooping, howling, cracking sounds, hissing,
Rippling, whispering, the breathing vegetation

Lowering trees, in their pending curve, caressing,
The soil, as thank for the seed, keeping a secret unfold
There is no escape, denying its generous offerings,
Nature, you are the source of recovery,
You are the savior of the human soul,
In the poorest human soul, you dwell,
In the richest human soul, you reside,
You are within the core of the human spirit,
In every human Dream, your phantom peeps,
A company to the wreck, the lonely and the ill tempered

Nature, a ringing bell for all not averting its abuse,
The music in every ear, the drum in every head,
See the rifle birds of paradise,
In their dance, clearing the forest floor,
See the Siaman gibbons, in their cacophony,
Meddled with the frogs night orchestra,
Adding to the music world, another spell,
In its sighing, there stands awake the sage,
In his close inspection, interpreting the sound,
That echoes the wise man's ears in iteration,
In his pensive mood, in his lifelong learning,
In his internal meditation, and in his thinking in tears

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