

Our Casual Haunts

Kumar Baibhav

O dear...let's take out a moment to take a ride for a place, which is full of mysterious gaze. It's there I see among pleasantries over the distant moors: the downy buds, bloom to spring forth- a youthful cures; and a bird chirrupingwith spirited vibes to sing a monody. Where, as even in dovely sighs, we add voices to the hymns of soothing melody.

O dear...let's take out a moment to drive for that place, which is equally mysterious for the passionate souls. A place where I take a leisurely stroll: an adventurous rideover thy hills and valleys for mystic cure, of pressing mine against yours _ those stained lips of sweetness pure. With a kiss that's deepening in breaths to melt you in cosy arms, only to be lost forever in the moment so warms. Ohh, dear...let's have a ride to that idle place: our casual haunts, where the care decays and sorrow drownslasting never to crown...

WWJMRD 2019; 5(1): 40-40 www.wwjmrd.com International Journal Peer Reviewed Journal Refereed Journal Indexed Journal Impact Factor MJIF: 4.25 E-ISSN: 2454-6615

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