

SWING OF FREEDOM

Beneath the trees' kind, gentle sway,
A wooden swing calls to hearts at play.
Its ropes hold dreams, its seat holds cheer,
As leaves hum songs for all to hear.



The sky above, so vast, so blue,
Holds the sun and clouds in a tender view.
The water shimmers, a glowing stream,
Reflecting hopes and a golden dream.

Take your seat, feel like a queen,
Forget about the past and live in the present.
Let your spirit rise, unbound and free,
Like a bird in flight, wild as can be.

Fly, fly, fly! feel free to sing,
Swing, swing, swing! Hear the joy it brings.
Sing, sing, sing! Your song is your power,
Feel the freedom bloom in this precious hour.

Aashna (IV-B)