

Whispers of the Sun

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Introduction

We feel the Sun's warmth on our skin long before we learn the science of its fire. The Sun is the most profound and constant presence in our lives, a celestial anchor in our sky and a silent partner in the story of life itself. Yet, we often exist in two minds about it: we understand it as a distant, violent ball of plasma governed by the laws of physics, and simultaneously feel it as a symbol of hope, divinity, and the very essence of vitality.

This collection of poems is a meditation on that duality. It is a journey that travels the 93 million miles between Earth and Sun, not just through the vacuum of space, but through the realms of science, mythology, sensation, and spirit. Through verses filled with light, color, sound, and scent, we will explore the sun not just as a distant star, but as an intimate, essential force—a cosmic engine whose tiniest fraction of energy births our world's abundance, and a sacred emblem that has ignited human imagination since the dawn of consciousness. These poems invite you to look up, to feel the light on your face, and to contemplate the intricate, beautiful, and eternal relationship we share with our star. Hindi translation for all poems are provided at the end of the book.

Poem 1: Cosmic Fraction

*A silent whisper across the obsidian void,
A shimmering thread of purest, molten gold.*

Just a cosmic fraction, 0.000000045 percent of its pyre,

*Yet it paints our world with strokes of living fire.
This light strikes the turquoise ocean with a blinding flash,
Waking the briny, salt-spray scent in a thunderous crash.
It filters through an emerald canopy, a dappled, verdant lace,
To the loamy, damp scent of the forest floor's embrace.
A low hum of life, a chorus deep and fervent,
Born from scarcity's golden, unending grace.*

Poem 2: Nuclear Heart

*A white-hot furnace, the nuclear heart's deep fire,
Where hydrogen screams, crushed to helium's bright desire.*

A sub-sonic roar we can never truly hear,

Releases a wave of light, banishing cosmic fear.

This brilliance radiates across the silent, sapphire voids,

A relentless blaze in shimmering, golden asteroids.

It journeys far to touch our world in a warm, amber haze,

Igniting the crimson rose and green shoots in a daze.

Without this searing kiss, this celestial art,

No scent of jasmine would perfume the dark—

Sun, our eternal phase, the beat within our heart.

Poem 3: Divine Ember

*Worshipped as Ra, a disc of blinding gold on high,
Hailed as Surya, in a chariot of fire across a ruby sky.*

*A divine ember casting shadows long and deep,
While ancient chants from sun-scorched temple stones would seep.
The curling, blue smoke and scent of frankincense on morning air,
A symbol of the spirit's flight, a whispered, sacred prayer.*

*It awakens souls in dawn's soft, lilac glow,
To the first bird's silver song, a rhythm soft and low.
From cultures old, where sacred gongs would sound,
The Sun's fire ignites the truth on hallowed ground.*