



k i a m a
TASTE OF JAIPUR



501



502



503



504

k i a m a[®]
TASTE OF JAIPUR



503

As I sat, absorbing
the warm breeze of
a vibrant autumn,
I heard the rustle
of the leaves
falling with colours
across to folds,
taste of red and orange,
savour the autumn
glimmer.





k i a m a[®]
TASTE OF JAIPUR



504

As I sit, absorbing
the warm breeze of
a whimsy summer,
I hear the rustle
of the leaves
filling with colours
dressed in fiddle,
lime of red and orange;
as I feel the autumn
passing.





k i a m a™
TASTE OF JAIPUR



502

As I sat, absorbing
the warm breeze of
a solemn summer,
I heard the rustle
of the leaves,
falling with colours
strewn in fields.
Hues of red and orange,
arrived the autumn
gambol.



501

As I sit, absorbing
the warm breeze of
a serene summer,
I hear the rustle
of the leaves
falling with colours
across to folds,
have of red and orange,
around the autumn
glimmer.

