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Why Are we so Blest?

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That is nature whom maketh our dry land
In dry season to bring forth spring
To curse the creator
Will not serve the right,
Blameless man in his turmoil, deemed
It right not to do at the
Persuasion of his only one.
But why are thou so blest?

When we dance to celebrate
Every minute of the winking of fire
Shout of Joy!
Some are yet to see jubilee of dark
As we chant the flute to the day,
Our merchant… the box fire
Who then were not so blest?

The dangling on our ways – when we close
The black and white spot to walk freely.
We shall not stumble in the hole of pit.
Many fingers stood daily to satisfy it
Alas! Rain sent them, parking each time
When their eyes the giver do not peep.
I can see why we are so blest?

The owner of the base will always
Only increment fight for
The exchangers at high cost,
And we had no other choice.
Opportunity is there to scale
Preferably, we cannot pin the ground
But one said, ‘that we are blest!’

Behold! The ward, when thou
Shall toll the part of thy ancient –
You will not see the same and toll
The on-route of only path
Front for fairest future
When the curst shall turn to be blest.