

What a paradox?

Has someone washed and dried the frothing waters on these snow-clad rocks!

Is that a gargantuan river that is standing up?

To call this Niagara as “falls” is a syntax error.

The waters don't fall here. They rise!

Who said it cannot smoke without a fire?

Ask him to come here!

Are those waters on a pearl hunt?

Look at that sparkling diamond studded fabric woven between heaven and the earth!

These waters really do enjoy diving to their deaths. How weird?

Sighted – a rain in my eyes.

Heard – a symphony in my ears.

Touched – the chill that unites me with my soul.

Tasted – a snowflake in my mouth.

Smelled – an indescribable connection to my creator.

Oh. Do these roars of fury also have a sixth sense to inspire a poet?

I forgot the very reason I came down here.

My eyes are still drinking those waters.

My ears are still worshipping those deafening sounds.

The shrubs in the garden of my mind are blossoming out of sheer awe!

Who broke this Verdelite mirror into a million pieces?

Oh! Homer – Rise from your grave!

Come and see your Odyssey in action here.

Falling – the most beautiful aspect of a rain.

Waning – the most beautiful aspect of a wave.

Weeping – the most beautiful aspect of the falls.

Oh God! My heart is not large enough to fill this divine experience!

Was this silver backdrop woven to screen that beautiful rainbow?

In the river, these waters learn the baby steps of dancing!

At Niagara, it's a Samba at its crescendo!

A lot of Indians are yet to see the Taj Mahal!

A lot of North Americans are yet to see the Niagara!

Alas! In this industrial life, people can still live without breathing!

At Niagara, life is bliss!

At Niagara, even death is divine!