

A Dance without a Tune

When there was everything there was still a vacancy,
When there was a vacancy still something seemed to exist,
Life is a dance often without a tune,
A tryst with God without a commitment.

In the depths of sorrow there is a hope for catharsis,
In the trenches of everyday life there is a prayer for redemption,
Amid the illusions of life there is a saving grace in goals,
In death there is a stepping stone for eternity.

We do not know why we are here,
But the heart feels there is a meaning in its madness,
The road of life is long,
But the prize-less journey has a mysterious momentum.

Is life a concatenation of moments,
Are moments the strands of an elusive fabric,
The enigma of life may be an illusion -
The real thing its connection with nature.

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