

# 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.

Suffern, New York, August 3, 2017

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