

A Moment

Hyacinths impregnated the scene
With scent and sight,
The garden beckoned to an unknown place -
A moment in time, a slice of life.

Life is a play
Where rehearsals are not allowed,
Each moment is precious,
Each moment is final.

All plans of life
Can falter anytime,
What remains durable
Is our will to dream.

Those who dream during night
Are natural performers,
Those who dream during day
Change the world.

To change universe to a moment
And expand a moment to universe,

Isn't that what we do in life,
And what it is about?

Is life a concatenation of moments,
Or an unrolling of destiny,
A flow of time,
Or a flow of feelings?

When things happen
And our self participates in it,
That is a moment.
Rest is irrelevant.

The world is too much with us -
Affront to our nature.
Life is but a moment,
Let's not squander it.

Suffern,
New York,
July 26,2016
www.kaulscorner.com
maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com