

A Remnant Of Time

Childhood was a serene walk to the halcyon horizon,
A rapture of innocence yet unstained by the world.

Later, life swelled with bold unvarnished ambition
That tomorrow could be better.

But the hard sieve of the world strained my purity
And twisted my dreams into unredeemable scrap.

Stealing my lasting gift to it,
Reducing me to a withered glow on the horizon -
Leaving only a remnant of time.

But Shalimar has beds of ravishing flowers
That I have not yet smelled every one of them,
And I have other gardens to entrance me before I reach eternity,
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Note: Shalimar is an exquisite garden in Kashmir, India.

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www.kaulscorner.com
maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com