

A Silent Dream

On the passing away of Makhan Lal Kaul(Karihaloo)

He woke up one day from a dream
And thought he was on the way to have it,
But life intervened and he walked on and on.

His family universe churned love and loyalty,
The fabric of kinship seemed to contain all the reality,
Till the Reality one day raised its head.

Hope, the thread of the dream, spun on and on -
Never impoverished, never surrendering.
A man's life in the world never ceases to struggle.

He envisioned life to be a robust noon,
Where people lived in honor and principles set the order,
Ideals flourished and love had a privilege.

He did not complain,
Neither was he bitter,
For him life was one long silent mission.

Today he rests in peace but his new journey is about to begin,
He may not have won the world's prizes
But has earned the respect of his peers.

Suffern, New York, 10.29.10