

A Tryst At Nishat Bagh

When the world is cruelly indifferent
I come to Nishat Bagh
To resolve my problems.

Is this a garden of paradise?
Or just a garden
Where people love to stroll and picnic?

It is not a garden but a celestial pavilion,
Floating island of serenity and fullness,
Where angels dance invisibly
And His presence is all around.

Look at the fine-cut terraces,
Necklaced with a central canal,
Studded with a concatenation of fountains.

Nishat would be just a beautiful garden
Without the enigmatic splendor of Dal in front
And the brownish halo of Zabarwan behind it.

Chinars beckon to eternity,
Daffodils have shed their shyness,
Bleeding roses skew perception:
Their bed looks a massacre at the frontline,
A medley of pansies titillates our sense of subdued elegance.

I come here often to forget the world
And reckon the progress of man:
How much addictive greed, false strife,
And tinsel success have we shed,
How much are we near the wonder we were born?

I meditate at Nishat on the sins of man –
A moment in time touching the infinite.
I have not lost faith in man

That one day he will rise above his illusions,
And set himself free from material lust.

Technology is smart
But it has cut man off from nature and fellow man,
Snuffed the wonder of life,
Darkened the light of God.

Nishat Bagh is the culmination of our hopes,
Transcending dreams,
Igniting a world of spirit.

It is a visual aura beckoning to a mysterious unknown,
I have a tryst at Nishat with a hope that man will change
And rise above his earthly creed.

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