

A Tryst with Time

When in youth breath galloped,
Life was a carnival of jocund moments.

Ambition was the arrow we rode on,
Into a sanguine nameless horizon.

Success was a moody maiden,
Who demurred often sillily.

Then there were the absolutes of
Beauty and truth to be conquered.

But the world intervened,
Showed who was the master.

The lust for God hypnotized.
But pursuit was more rewarding than possession.

What is the meaning of life:
A dream without a narrative.

A time comes when there is no time:

Out on a limb to touch eternity.

Getting closer and closer to destination,

But always some more time remains.

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