

Alas, The World Has Not Read My Poems

I wake up at nights by the thought
That no one has read my poems,
I console myself that they were not written for popularity.
They have come to me through nature,
I acting merely a scribe.
But I had to put them over the burning grates of my soul,
To make nature's ideas understandable to the world.
The chance that posterity may read them is hollow,
As the great poets of the past lie deep in the furrows of time,
Known but unread,
Wordsworth is a piercing example.

And we live in the age of technology,
Which shuns poetry as mere jingle of words,
Holding shimmering images and sound bites as greater elixir.

Unread though I must continue to write them,
As they are my bridges to eternity,
And I must continue to tread my lonely path
And burn my vision without seeking tributes.

But the poetry of the human soul is immortal,
It is a necessary bridge between the known and the unknown.

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October 21, 2014
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