

As Life Passed

Some life I burnt in the search of the absolute in life,
Some I expended at the altar of knowledge of nature,
The life thus lived lumbered on the unsmooth terrain of life.

To punish me for the pursuit of perfection,
Fate made my life very imperfect.

Joys that visited me I took with the natural appreciation of life,
Pains I absorbed with religious indifference,
The mindless struggle with the world I suffered with contempt,
Worldly wisdom in many cases appeared an immoral compromise.

I was neglected in the childhood but I survived that,
But childhood still flows in me like a cool breeze on a hot summer day,
An awake-dream filling the contours of time.

Awareness of the universe streamed in gradually,
Ricocheting from the durable inner harmony into knowledge,
Life looked a fairy tale.

Later I was told that growing up required
Replacing the fairy tale with things as they were,
But after a lot of life I learned that fairy tale was the right vision of life,
As it was more human and meaningful than the reality.

I was knocked down many times in my journey,
But like a joker at a children's party,
After every fall I would get up, dust off, and go on again.

After a while I realized that it was the world
That was the enemy of the soul,
It stains the pristine freedom we come with
And corrupts our natural values.

So I transformed my demons into dreams,
Broke my worldly ties to breathe free again.

Life is an enigma, a parable, a puzzle that makes one think and wonder,
If one knew what it was then one could find out how to live it.
But in life you find one is both the singer as well as the song,
The light as well as the candle that produces it,
No wonder life gives a good run to humans to fathom it,
Though not in any malice,
But due to its personality to innocently hide its secrets.

My heart is filled with pregnant joy,
As I look at mountain peaks and water ripples on lakes,
And at the men who strive for excellence without expecting rewards,
While I walk the last furlough of my life.

Suffern,
New York, Dec. 8, 2011;
Rev: Nov. 25, 2022

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