

At The Precipice Of Time

At the precipice of time I shuddered to take a leap,
But I took a chance to peep at future.

And was stymied by its opaqueness and nebulousness;
Past protested in pain,
present was angry.

But ashes of past were stifling my life
And the morass of the present left me hanging dry.

Still the inner voice held firm:
Gamble of future was better than what came before it.

Life is transcendence of temporal and illusory,
Snuffing of ego.

Future is a journey of the possible,
Reawakening of our dreams.

A new beginning lifts our soul,
Removing obstacles in our path.

It melts into eternity,
Our last destination.

Suffern,
N.Y.; 6.24.15;
www.kaulscorner.com;
maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com