

# Before I Reach The Other Shore

My sail boat is small but the ocean is large.  
Journey has been turbulent and goalless,  
The purpose of the odyssey is unknown.  
Life is a chaos beckoning a dream.

Mother fed me on life's potentials.  
It appeared an orderly enterprise,  
Where input determined output.  
And the grandeur of life was un-diminishable.

Visionaries missed to see  
That there was a cocoon called world,  
Built by man to protect him,  
But which ends in imprisoning and degrading him.  
Man proposes but world disposes.

A man yearns to go to the other shore -  
To make the world irrelevant to him,  
Even though the journey is studded with heartbreaks.

But before I reach the other shore,  
I want to give back to life equivalent of joy  
That I have taken from it.

Suffern,

New York,

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