

# But Alas World Has Tied My Hands

Yesterday the sun shone bright in Rockland,  
After many a chilly gloomy day.  
The emergent but yet shaky spring danced over fragile but lithe new blossoming.  
There was a bounce in the air, there was springiness in the ground.  
Everywhere I looked around there were colors of you,  
Every blade of grass I touched resonated with your memory.  
Longing to see you overpowered me so much  
That I forgot that I am not free to see you.

My dear I wanted to share with you the difficulties I am in,  
I wanted to let you know of the shackles around my hands -  
Condemned prisoner that I am of this world.  
I am being punished for my ancient sins.  
But the doors of justice I have thumped on with all my might  
Are still defiant to even open a wink.  
I wish I could let you know all this,  
But my thoughts are frozen, my lips are sealed.

I am walking through this world  
But I feel I am not one of its inhabitants.  
I see around me too much commerce but too little heart,  
Too much calculation but too little values,  
Too much information but too little vision.  
I am surrounded with glitter and excitement but I am lonely.  
How I wish I could talk or write to you but I have no time.

I would like to chase you out of dens of my fears,  
And draw you in valleys of my dreams.  
I want to hold you in wings of my thoughts  
And keep you warm with dance of my breath.  
I would like to live with you every minute of the day,  
Till the last moment of time.  
Our love could be brighter than Sirius,  
More perfect than a full bloomed lotus in a tranquil lake.  
But all this can not happen as

I am tied down in a long cultural incarceration.

The shades have been pulled down on the still smoldering ambers of the day,  
Evening has descended on earth in serene stealthiness,  
The survival stresses of the day are melting into  
Placid and romantic mood.

It seems that in spite of its many sharp angles life is still worth living.  
At this time I wish I could be with you,  
But my angel we know that world has first claim on me.

I love you to the last atom of my being:  
You are my invisible light, the essence of my meaning.  
I have chased you through the cosmic uncertainty  
But always believing one day you will be mine.  
After eons now it seemed our tryst was close  
But alas world has tied my hands.

I may not meet you in this life  
But I have absolute faith that in my next life  
The world can not take you away from me.  
I will call you in the cosmic stillness of dawn,  
I will look for you in the ravishing sensuousness of evening,  
I will wait for you till world frees me from its chains.

Suffern, N.Y., 12.20.09