

Anita's Anguish

Large dark tears rolled on her cheeks,
But the world cannot read.

Purpose of life confounds us,
Its process eludes us.

Why is life so difficult,
A mysterious complex design of the gods?

Her grandmother never smiled,
After early widowhood swiped it.

For most humans joy is scanty,
Strife and anguish the breath.

God sees the truth but waits,
Fairness not his inclination.

We are punished but never know for what sins,
Justice is our chimera, destiny the ultimate excuse.

Life a concatenation of moments,
Forever searching for meaning.

Suffern, New York, April 10, 2019

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World Is an Inn

In the stillness of my being,
I wonder why the world did not read my poetry.

I belong to another age, another ethos,
My identity a fake albatross I carry around my neck.

I am in this world but not of it,
Success eludes me, loneliness my destiny.

Life is its discovery in progress,
Suffering its thread, humanity its glue.

Why this anguish, why this despair,
We must shut up and live.

My limbs are limp but my eyes still fierce,
Let my desires burn, I have the company of stars.

Life is a bridge, do not build a house on it,
A moment encapsulates eternity.

Suffern, New York, April 3, 2019

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Harold's Justice

World is bemoaning Harold today for his virtue,
Little knowing what he wanted from life and what he got,
Life is a relentless dogfight for fairness, honor, and reward,
But what we get is a trickle for our pains.

Tell everyone that life does not do justice,
But is a heartless reckoner and broker,
What we offer is blood and sweat,
What we get is strife and wounds.

For nine decades Harold sowed flowers,
But he did not always see them grow,
Today he is in eternity where there are no judges,
Everything is truthful and there is only God's word.

What he suffered only he knew,
What he left behind is potent for humanity,
His smile and tolerance will linger on,
His rectitude and nobility will stay with us for a while.

Suffern, New York, March 6, 2019

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A Tryst with Time

When in youth breath galloped,
Life was a carnival of jocund moments.

Ambition was the arrow we rode on,
Into a sanguine nameless horizon.

Success was a moody maiden,
Who demurred often sillily.

Then there were the absolutes of
Beauty and truth to be conquered.

But the world intervened,
Showed who was the master.

The lust for God hypnotized.
But pursuit was more rewarding than possession.

What is the meaning of life:
A dream without a narrative.

A time comes when there is no time:
Out on a limb to touch eternity.

Getting closer and closer to destination,
But always some more time remains.

Suffern, New York, March 31, 2019

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Joanne You Left Us Too Soon

You were a flower who seemed to be ever in bloom,
Your enigmatic smile, your quiet ways,
Your consistency, your personal manner,
Unmindful of the galleries, unpretentious contributions.

In the garden of Cirque you were a blossoming hidden by a rock,
But your aroma wafted around and enchanted those close by,
In the cosmic history you may only be a blip,
But ah! what a moment you lived.

Suffern, New York, September 23, 2018

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Note:

This is a tribute written for Joanne Reinhardt, of 2 Fox Court, who left us on September 17, 2018 at a mere age of seventy-one.

In A Woman's Bosom

She emerged from the wavy and tranquil waters of the lake:

Glistening, limpid, sanguine,

It seemed that she had come for an interlude of fun,

Not in any disappointment with the world,

But with a vision of having fun with herself.

This is an aspect of a woman:

Self-involved, controlled, romantic.

God created man and woman in different images

To satisfy the design of life,

Man is an outsider but woman has roots in earth,

He is a challenger and a searcher,

She is an absorber and nurturer.

Man likes to explore,

But for a woman everything is a rediscovery of herself,

She is what she is

But he is what he would like to be,

A child is his mother's extension

But his father's reflection,

Woman possesses but man occupies.

In love woman does not give herself to man

But absorbs him within herself,

While a man gives a part of himself to her,

So when love breaks woman feels empty,

But man feels diminished,

Woman prays to God to absorb his message,

A man prays to become his message.

Life is not divided between absorption and radiation,

Between being and becoming,

Between reflection and action,

But it is a juxtaposition of many indispensable gems.

A woman endeavors to live within nature,
To her a lot of the architecture of politics
And business woven by man is irrelevant,
If it were left to her the world would be more peaceful,
Like a lake she is self-contained,
While man raids, she assimilates,
Her world is her universe.

If man is the searing energy of sun,
Woman is the soothing shade of an evening,
If man is the creator of the world,
Woman is the relief from its excesses.

Time is till moist with woman's tears,
In her bosom lie compassion and tenderness,
She is the long-awaited shore for her tempest-tossed lover,
A sane instinct for life over its destruction,
Woman's genius for life has yet not been appreciated,
She is a ray of light which has yet not been given
A chance to fully illuminate the canvas of life.

Suffern, New York, Oct. 14, 2010; Sept., 2018; March 16,2019

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Summer Moods at Cirque

After a long brute winter

Flowers are once again blooming at Cirque,

As if there are no seasons,

Summer is all

Have you walked on its resurfaced roads

And felt that you could go on forever?

Or splashed water in the refurbished pool?

You only wonder why they close it ever.

Have you had a reverie on a bench besides the pond?

Memories past and present fuse,
Time seems to freeze,
You feel a mood beckoning you to follow it.

Going down Dakota you feel you are in a new country,
Charming architecture with broad streets,
Exquisitely decked driveways,
With smiling women at balconies.

Cirque's brilliant foliage forever framed by Ramapo Hills,
Its rhythmic undulations dancing to an unknown tune,
You are ensconced by a dream sometimes, maybe a fantasy,
That you are living in a paradise, without realizing it.

Suffern, New York, August 11, 2018

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Catharsis of an Evening

Shades of evening have descended silently,
Everything is tinged with an ethereal grace,
Mind touches new terrains,
New meanings sprout from nowhere.

Man is a ray of sun wandering aimlessly,
A woman is earth's womb,
In love man gives something of himself to woman,
But she absorbs him into herself.

Word contains the meaning of universe
While a soul reflects it,
Wisdom is a graceful way to look at existence,
Faith is the ultimate glue that keeps it together.

Men have come and gone
But the music of life never shuts,
World is but the skin of humanity,
The inner message never changes by it.

Suffern, New York, August 19, 2018

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Walking Down Fox Court

Sometimes I loiter down Fox Court, my neighborhood,

In a stream of consciousness ruminating,

What have I ever done, what will I do

In the remaining short time on earth.

My reverie is broken at times

As I think of the magic of Fox Ct.,

Its cute boxy row houses,

Standing silently in impeccable serenity.

I am reminded of the luminaries dwelling on it:

Rabinowitzs, Kaplans, Smiths, Warrens,

Wondering whether I am disturbing their privacies

With my unbounded ideas and uncouth personality.

The names of the beautiful women on the street flash,
Possibilities loom large,
But I am reminded of my acute diffidence and shyness,
But still enjoy the elixir of the untapped resource.

Suffern, New York, August 13, 2018

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I Will Still Love You to the World's End

It is set now that you will leave Suffern and with it me -

A crest of your destructive activities in the name of sorrow and nirvana,

But I still feel our love runs deeply abundant even up to an upheaval -

So I do not know who is more insane between us.

I know the world inflicted deep anguish on you,

You like a fragile flower petal disintegrated in its onslaught,

Real love disregards world in its existence,

Ethereality the only mantra in its workings.

But your suffering is real nevertheless,

I offer myself body and soul to mitigate every scintilla of your agony -

I am willing to lay my life to keep you smiling,

But darling you have just to give me a signal.

I know we live in an age where love is just one of the possessions of self:

Modern self is narcissistic, unshared, unripened, unsatisfying,

But we know this aberration is time-bound,

Cultures seesaw between man's spiritual death and rebirth.

I wish you could stay where you are,

Think creatively and let love have a chance to be reborn,

But if you still insist on going after something more durable than it,

I will still love you to the world's end.

Suffern, January 4, 2018

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