

Cathartic Musings

Scrappy winter lingered on till

Hopes of spring withered silently,

Daffodils became an erstwhile memory,

Greenery a mythology.

Before winter life scuffed on laboriously,

Each day hung on the day before,

The thread of life was missing,

Hope turned into rueful effort.

Still I was able to make myself happy now and then,

Seeing a luminous contour in humanity,

Picking up a pretty pebble in dust,

Forgetting myself in other lives.

What is it that has stolen music out of a song,

Benediction from a prayer,

Connections in a picture,

Point in an argument?

But today I have lightened my baggage,

Giving away most of material possessions,
Social perches,
Worldly trappings.

But the difference it has made is not obvious,
Old fault lines are still cracking,
Tranquility is still an idea,
Aimlessness is real.

I do not know wisdom,
Have been following natural inclinations,
When will a design flower,
And make me its element?

Today I have given up everything,
Do not know if that was wise,
Journey is long but humanity is large.

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