

Childhood

Do not break the mirror that reflects the childhood,
The unadulterated nature, the footprint of life.

Keep childhood alive in the fossilized past,
An island of experience,
To be shielded from new experience,
To remain a reference for living.

In childhood mind and nature interact in the purest form,
Life is an unvarnished experience,
Unmeditated, unburdened by the past.

A child does not lie, but the civilization is studded with grand lies,
It is the child in us we belittle,
Who haunts in our endless searchings.

The happy highs of childhood and its unalloyed pains,
Its transparent wonders and conflict-less being,
Unpolluted by doubts, unfettered by ego.

When we grow up, we know more,
But we lose the inner poetry,
Which is sacrificed for the twinkling illusions of ego and power.

Childhood is a peephole on our nature,
A slice of pristine formative experience,
Incomparable, unreasoned,
A mirror we can not afford to break.