

Colosseum of Loneliness

Where did it come from, when did it usher in,
This grand luminosity of loneliness,
This sculptured oasis of being,
Unadvertised caravanserai in a long journey.

I have no spouse to argue with,
No grandkids to tousle my wayward hairline,
I look for a sound to hear it,
The people I live with are on TV.

Barren my life may seem to others,
But at close range it is not bad,
In fact its grandeur comes from
Its vast field devoid of any clutter.

Wise told me to marry again,
As otherwise loneliness would crush me,
But the old defiance of conventional wisdom
Again stuck its head up.

Time the ever un-weary stretches till eternity,

It is the world that tries to obstruct its path at times,
Making life to struggle with itself,
Twisting its natural grace and resonance.

Relativity doesn't tell us why life was created,
Nor the fantasies of QM unravel its purpose,
It stands as an ultimate enigma to us,
As we peel its layers one day at a time.

It is not the social esteem I want,
Nor the love of a human being,
But it is to be an element in the
The grand design of the universe,
Note of an unheard melody.

Suffern, New York, July 22, 2017; Rev. Aug. 24, 2023

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