

Desire

Riding the unschooled dancing crest of desire,
Life beckoned with nature's demonic power,
Painting cosmos with sanguine colors,
Making breath gallop to a tune.

Desire is the white horse waiting in the wings,
For mind to approve the experience,
Before its charged eagerness and energy to run turns to light,
Thought and action occupy front- stage, desire works from behind the curtain.

The compelling and mysterious force of desire
Is a form of motivation and energy,
In resonance with our basic emotions,
A vehicle of many human expressions.

But desire by itself is blind,
A subliminal force without ideas,
Unsupported by the architecture of mind,
It is just a stream of energy.

You can not desire what you do not desire,
Nature and experience have cast their design,
To make each man unique,
And each desire special.

To believe in something is ultimately to desire it,
But every culture has its own agenda.
The repressed or mangled desire
Is the stiflement of life.

Budha said that desire is the root of all unhappiness,
Can we dispense with it?
No, because it is the root of energy,
The fuel of existence.

To desire the right desires

Is the basis of reasoned life.