

Dreams Of A New Spring

Winter is in the birth pangs of spring,
Dreams of a new spring are
Sprouting in a delirious crescendo.
The world is better off materially than a hundred years ago,
But do its inhabitants have more love to give now?
More resonance of life in their bosoms?

What is progress?
Isn't it better care of body, mind, and Earth?
Leaving a better place for our children?

Spring is in the throes of birth,
But will it change the world
To a place of freedom and decency?

God endowed human life with a searing potential,
It is our fault if we cannot exploit it,
A civilization should be judged by where it takes life.

Let us learn from flowers how to live,
Blossom with all the beauty we have,
Give but don't ask anything in return.

Oh! Spring can't humanity curb greed, insecurity, and selfishness,
And grow flowers of freedom, beauty, and charity,
And make Mahjoor* smile in heaven?

•Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor (Kashmir poet, 1885-1952). He wrote a poem Come,
O Gardner about the ushering of a new spring by the help of an enlightened
gardener.

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