

Dreams

She stood in sunset - a silhouette of svelte grace,
Breeze coiffed her auburn tresses with dexterity,
Like a folktale she unwound in gushing smoothness.

I had known her since our childhood days,
But never did I ever fathom her mystic soul,
She hung like a scintillating question-mark around my life.

But time the ever-sweeping brush wiped out the pained mysteries,
Pointing to a future of tantalizing possibilities,
The promise of life never looked brighter.

Possibilities are more powerful than glittering prizes,
Eternity is more enchanting than a grand moment,
Pristine dreams are sweeter than embellished joys.

Suffern, New York, April 17, 2018

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