

# 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

[www.kaulscorner.com](http://www.kaulscorner.com)

[maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com](mailto:maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com)

