

Echoes of a Distant Thunder

Sky was a curvature of serenity,
Hills stood a pinnacle of ethereal question marks,
Trees shamed you in their pregnant silences,
Roads had no destination.

People reacted with instinctual simplicity,
Sighs and pains were a gift of god,
Not to be manipulated,
But accepted with grace and poetry.

When was it that I went last to my village,
That oasis of calm and frivolous passion,
An island of unasked for freedom,
A sustained awake-dreaminess.

I live in a city now, a cloister of inhibitions,
A grill for instincts and intuitions,

An effete existence,

Adulterated nature.

I have nothing left,

But the world's soulless concerns,

Yet the echo of the distant thunder,

Sometimes lifts the dark halo - momentarily.

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