

Echoes of Emptiness

There is no solace that I can find:

Sky looks forlorn

And the air feels stationary -

Emptiness has pitched a camp

Maybe sorrow is the reality,

Joy only a punctuation mark,

In the long narrative of life

Illusions are more powerful than the truth.

Running as fast I can,

Days turn into weeks,

Weeks into months -

But what is the race for?

It is true that empty stomach aches,

But humans have other hungers:

Search for God, love, beauty,

And music of the soul.

But today's soulless world

Has pushed these sublime strivings aside,
And substituted materialism -
The ultimate prize.

I feel a child abandoned in cosmos -
Orphan of time and space,
There is no past, there is no future -
Tyranny of present seems sternal.

The world is the inescapable cage,
I feel a leaf tossed in economics,
An unlisted number in society,
At a train station but destination unknown.

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