

Enigma Of Tomorrow

Tomorrow hangs like an enigma from the apex of a dream,
An inscrutable blemish on a smooth white canvass,
Uncharted vista to an unknown destination.

If there were no time there would be no worries about tomorrows,
The journey of life would be like the flight of light,
Ephemeral and eternal merging in a seamless tapestry.

Today is an unborn hope buffeted by our breaths,
An unscripted, unfolding play,
Moments woven with circumstance and chance.

Tomorrow cries through the folds of time,
A stream of gray clouds in a clear sky,
Question mark ringing from the precipices of life.

Heavens have made human life,
Man can only think,
How to live life an impenetrable riddle.

Above us is the stillness of infinity,
Below the rock of nature,
But tomorrow is the debt we owe to the world.

Suffern, New York, 1.6.11

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