

Every Day Life is a Quest for the Unknown

Every day life is a quest for the ideas that will carry us happily to the other shore,

Every day our material existence is an anchor-line to our happiness and dreams.

Every morning a sleeping hope struggles to wake up,

To try out the theory that life produces what you sow in it.

Every day is a tumultuous exercise in the hope of creating happiness,

But some days end in despair as we may capture nothing tangible.

Every day we see the same tussle of ideas, idealists versus the realists,

Pessimists overpowering optimists, fact-checkers striking on dreamers.

Arguments on life deter us to enjoy it,

Why was it created in the first place, to what purpose?

A state of mind, like an action-drenched brain, stays on course,

Intensity with endurance is the vehicle of dreams.

In our times material well-being is considered endowed with happiness,

But we know most of the rich people are not happier, only more comfortable.

God made human beings from the atoms of dreams, love, and hopes,

Anything that destroys this ethereal fabric destroys life.

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