

Family

It is not so much as our extension which binds us to our family,
But it is the reflection of ourselves in it which gives us an anchor in life.

Man's family is the primordial human connection ,
It is his first theater and hurdle,
A reference of time and place.

Group life demands the melting of the individual identity,
But the soaring individualism of the times
Holds the swell of the family by a jab,
A flower-bed slanted by a deep shadow.

A man by himself alone can not reach the grand corners of existence,
He needs to be subsumed in mankind to feel his identity in universe.

The human bubble is perhaps the most fragile consciousness assessing the
universe,
Its power lies in reflection and not in amassment.

Aloneness in universe is not fatal,
But group-life lightens the burden of ego,
Possession is heavy,
But sharing is the acknowledgment of human condition.