

# Flowers

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Cast against the blue sky  
A flower is a figure with an aura of presence;  
Its scintillating color wrapped in gentle contours,  
Sculptured with a spectrum of petals and a stem,  
Forming an enigmatic shape -  
A piece of human heart hanging for a moment,  
But evocative of eternity.

Human heart looks for things which please it:  
Images of desire echoing beauty, love, truth, God;  
Immortality, transcendence, principles, reason.  
A flower has all these and more.

A flower is a peep into human heart:  
Effervescent with longings for beauty and truth.  
A flower never lies, it has no guilt to hide.  
It is a longing frozen on the wing-tips of time;  
It is a dream never realized,  
But whose idea is immortalized in consciousness:  
A memory whose residue echoes in the farthest recess of personal time,  
An idea inscrutable in its meaning.

A flower is an icon and essence of our existence.  
When we look at a flower,  
We do not attempt to understand it -  
We just experience it.