

Freedom

We exult in the thought of freedom,
Though knowing not what it is,
More is known about freedom as idea
Than its experience.

To be free is not to live as we wish,
Think as we like,
But to live with ourselves without rancor,
And with the universe in resonant harmony.

Freedom does not come only from the outside,
Without the inner freedom there is no freedom.
Life is an inner music trying to find resonance outside,
Freedom is the realization of life's unlimited potential.

We weave ourselves into the fabric of life so much,
Till the fabric corrodes and imprisons our spirit,
Clouds our dreams and corrupts our soul,
Making life a night unmitigated.

We look at the stars,
And see their eternal grandeur,
Their lonely brilliance
Pulls us free from our fetters.

Does not freedom mean
Rising above our petty selves and mores,
Subsuming our selves in the majesty of universe,
Living for grand ideas and not for merely personal ends.

Freedom is not the dilution of responsibility,
But believing in the vision behind it,
It is not selfishness but the selfless appreciation of everything,
Not withdrawal from the world but the passionate involvement in it.

In freedom the spirit soars,

The universe is connected,
Life becomes an idea,
And time loses its rigidity.