

Happiness

The shimmering sheen of happiness is a much hallowed vision of life,
It is the epitome of reason for some and the essence of religion for others,
But its pursuit has remained an endless effort for most.

Happiness is the color of a rainbow or the flight of an eagle,
It is the birth of an idea or the consciousness of consciousness.

It glows from inside to outside,
It is the background of existence,
It shares but is never diminished.

Life was meant to be lived in happiness,
But the imperfect civilization has subdued its diffusion,
Its faint glow over mankind still radiates a spell,
The vision of what could be is the ever- lingering haunt.

But happiness can not be made a goal of life,
Because it is the effect of a mental structure and not a thing by itself,
It is the glow of an intrinsic incandescent source.