

I Don't Want The World To Forget Me So Soon

It has been a while that I have written -
My only communication with the world.
But I still have ideas, images, and emotions,
My fire may be burning low but it has not turned to ashes yet,
I don't want the world to forget me so soon.

I have spent years incubating ideas,
Sleepless nights in the tyranny of thought,
I have pushed myself to the edge of insanity many times.
To those who think that I write so simply,
Don't know what it has taken to reach that.

A writer's work is a walk through hell,
And then to return to this ersatz existence
With profundity and grace.
Maybe I should have been a singer
Where all that mattered was some training and inspiration.

No, I haven't yet starting dotting my i's and crossing my t's,
But the mood of folding up my tent is in the air,
But I still have some last crackles of fire left,
I still have some things to say.
I don't want the world to forget me so soon.

Suffern,

New York,

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