

# 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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