

I Thought My Seeking Had Ended

There were the years that passed

When I pursued the meaning of life -

I often did not eat,

And usually never slept.

I realized that life

Could be given several meanings -

What mattered was

How one lived.

For me I found

Writing was the only thing -

I trained in it till death -

Then the moment of truth arrived.

I chose to write on life as it was,

Thinking it would culminate

In a vision that would

Make my readers' lives happy.

But I concluded happiness is an illusion -

The closer it gets to its destination,

The later it is for arrival -

It promises but never delivers.

Life moved on in jaunty distress,

Ever spinning, never standing,

Always becoming -

Never being.

I reasoned that I was not seeking happiness -

But a state more enlightening -

That is why I think

I am still seeking.

You may think I have wasted my life -

And you could be right,

But what choice did I have -

I walked through the only door open to me.

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