

In The Burgeoning Hours Of The Morning (rev)

At the crack of the dawn there is a magical interlude
When the earth seems to come to a standstill,
But many other things continue to grow,
Like tiny plants, flowers, insects.
But more than that it is the aura of existence and wonder
That catapult into the human heart.

The symphonic synchrony of the natural existence
And the surreal beauty of the hour lift the music
Into the heart many notches above the normal.

As the tender layers of the dawn slowly wilt to the mature morning,
The magic slowly melts,
Everything appears to be heralding the threshold of the full day,
Seriousness and tumultuousness wrap up the advancing hours,
Business spirit takes hold;
The poetry of the human heart starts to abate.

Oh! heart could we not hold on to the wee hours
of the morning a little longer
And enjoy the pulsating
miracle of nature more?

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www.kaulscorner.com
maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com