

Intellect

Out of flesh, bones, and blood,
Mixed with everyday experience,
And held together by the glue of reason,
Man's intellect has grown into a spirit,
With its rules and objectives,
Structure and substance,
Having a life of its own.

The innumerable crystals of experience,
Would be a fabric of sense experiences only,
But for the mosaic of ideas which intellect creates,
Enriching life, deciphering universe.

Intellect works like a master craftsman,
Selecting the materials, setting them to a design,
With chosen tools,
And working with principles,
Testing the product with experience for its quality.

Intellect endures while emotions die;
It has created brilliant dimensions to human life.
The shimmering glow of intellect's creations
Dares, at times, nature's order;
The two, nature and mind, are the protagonists in the universe,
In whose duels hangs most of the human destiny.

Mind misses many a time nature's intricate play,
But understanding it is a never-ending project,
Almost raising man's level to a grandeur rivaling nature's.