

Journey

Life is a spiritual journey to an unknown end,
An exploding rapids on a labyrinthine course,
Broken in its wake lie many a dream,
Swirling in its eddy-currents are many a war,
Riding its wave-crests dance a myriad visions.

The universe of visions is the highway to the journey,
The vision of the wholeness of human life with the rest of the universe,
Of principles and beauty,
Of connections and tranquillity.

Unbounded awareness in the lap of elemental consciousness,
Riding the time-crest in the ever - receding horizon,
This is not the journey to a destination,
But just journey -
Often an obscure mode of life,
The ticket to just being and not becoming.

There is something miraculous about life,
It has the boundless terrain of tranquillity,
Opportunity to meditate the universe,
When in the province of serenity,
Life swells on hypnotically,
Like a flower gliding effortlessly
On the play of waves.