

# Kashmir's Soul Under Pressure

Oh! Kashmir your face is stained, your brow knitted,  
There is a sigh in your voice, a hesitation in your step.  
For eons you have been in this part of the world:  
Paragon of beauty, icon of grace.  
Now a defiled flower, a weak shadow of gods.  
Who has grizzled you with wounds, who has twisted your grace?  
Enemies within have conspired to trade your soul in a bloody sport:  
In a show of power, burst of passion,  
Revenge of the ego:  
A misconceived utopia, a blind dream.  
Let me caress your brow, wash your wounds,  
Let me dress you in love,  
To reignite the old flame in you :  
One day you will be reborn  
And light the world around you again.

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