

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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