

Liberation at Juniper Beach

When the soul of the city aches
With its dead-weight of commerce,
And its mortar and bricks stare at you -
You think of an ocean.

Juniper Beach is one clean
Moment of joyful eternity,
A reward for a million insults of the world -
Beautiful transformation.

Children mold sand in different ways
To form interesting objects;
Adults return to their childhoods
To feel their original souls.

Women feel water unmasking
Their worldly covers.
Purity of nature makes
Them more beautiful.

The water drops wafted by the lush loose breeze

Break light into colors;

Floating clouds above

Make us think we are in a journey.

People at the beach are in a fantasy

Of a world that has not come about yet -

But it is possible.

Life is experience

We go to ocean to reclaim our freedom,

Unadulterated selves,

Life is a gift of gods -

To explore, to create, and to dream.

We are driven to go back to nature

From where we came;

The intermediate architecture a waste -

Our destiny is written.

Give me a moment of

Clean beautiful freedom;

You can take the Dow Jones,

But let me breathe.

In the surf is the swirl of joy,

In the careless breeze our ingrained freedom;

In the sacrifice our bliss -

Life is an awakened-dream.

Suffern, New York, June 26, 2016

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