

Meditating At The Ruins At Pari Mahal (rev)

Pari Mahal, a vision of a mystery,
An eye on the cosmic dance we feel but cannot see.

The ruins are only a few,
Decrepit and solitary,
Riding the curvature of time.
Avoided by people.

From a pivotal fold in Zabarwan Mountains,
Overlooking the expanse of Dal Lake,
Looms a perch for celestial vision,
An outpost for the search of eternity.

Looking out from Pari Mahal,
Everything seems wrapped in a fog.
Each person chooses his own view and salvation.

Most often you are alone here,
But you are never lonely,
As you are in company of twin mysteries:
Universe and human soul.

Look at Dal Lake from here.
It is a reverie immersed in an enigma,
A dream still in the throes of its nascent birth,
A vision still struggling in its message.

You see parts of Srinagar from here
And wonder why man has turned against man,
Why the human blood on its streets has yet not dried,
Why the hatred for the other man is still a war cry?

Why have Kashmiris lost the beauty of their Elysium,
The magnanimity of their culture,

The splendor of their soul?

Time recedes to a personal count,
Unknown ascends to a palpable reality,
Existence seems to be an extension of the universe,
Meditation becomes the breath of life.

Suffern,

New York,

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