

Meditation On Time

We are, in human form, a dancing bubble of consciousness,
To be reclaimed by universe in a twinkle of time,
In our brief journey a lot is put on our shoulders,
Many false visions are fastened to us,
Many unreal values surround us.

Man has been blind to the grandeur he is born with,
He has invented a mythology to give him unearthly character,
He has invented aspects of culture to give life drama and color,
But man comes with these naturally,
The irony of this is excruciating.

The elements of life have come from the mind-bogglingly hot and distant stars,
When coalesced over billions of years,
This drama of our creation is a supreme piece of grandeur.

Much artificiality and reining in of the natural spirit is the outcome of culture,
Much confusion about how to live reigns mankind,
Much perplexed is mankind about the meaning of life,
Man comes with powerful raw materials and messages from nature,
Growing up should be the strengthening and refinement of these.

Life is a celebration of the brilliant mechanism of nature we are,
The capacity to observe and understand that are given to us,
The long age we are bestowed with.
It is a brief spark of god
That we need to use in a large and opportunistic way.

Man is born free and possessed of grandeur,
But culture robs him of these and substitutes dependence and hollowness.
He has good intuition of enjoyment and responsibility,
But world supplants them with inhibition and guilt.

The drama and beauty of life are inherent in its nature,
Its wonder our ever-present reverence,
Its capacity and potential our enduring awe.

Time is one of the fundamental dimensions of universe,
Meditation on time is the contemplation of universe,
Where we come from and where we inexorably return,
Meditation on time is life itself.