

Mind Has Its Prejudices

Mind soars to penultimate heights,
But they are not always the most desirable.

Logic is the queen of its architecture
And truth its ultimate light.

But man's soul aspires for sublime and serene,
Beautiful and spiritual.

The divide between man's mind and soul
Is a dagger thrust in the fabric of his existence.

Should we dispense with logic and truth
And free human soul from its cage?

Man's tortured soul through eons
Has needed freedom from science and logical architecture.

Let man's quest for the ultimate remain unhindered
And unblemished from the rigors of reason.

Let the spirit of man be guided by ethereal vision,
Unvarnished spirituality,
unabated divinity.

Man came on this planet with a flash of light,
Let logic not snip his wings and facts mar his glow.

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