

Not Enough

In the trenches of the world I did not know how much to sweat,
In the jigsaw of the survival I did not know how much to save of myself,
At the altar of life I did not know how much to bleed.

I have lived without knowing how to do it,
I knew where I wanted to go but I did not know how to reach there,
I had the deep urge to pray but I did not know who my God was.

I got up in the mornings with a deep reverence for life,
But I did not know how I would be feeling by the evening,
I was a gushing waterfall but without it hitting anything.

Years thus piled up but I did not know what they amounted to,
My work stitched to a vast tapestried mosaic but I did not know what it meant,
My failures accumulated to a huge heap but I did not how to cover it.

World is a vast marketplace but it is not a level field,
Mind is unbounded but life is finite,
“Destiny does not give but it sells.”

In my ultimate search I felt that I must offer my head to the God of life,
But I found that it only produced a small difference to my life.
Dejected, I asked God to explain;
He said that my sacrifice was not enough.

It is not enough to bleed for a cause but it must be the right cause,
It is not enough to love but it must be for the right thing,
It is not enough to work hard but it must be accompanied with faith.

All our piety is a way to be at peace with ourselves,
All our tears and toil are flowers offered for the ultimate communion,
All our search for the beauty and truth are prayers said at the feet of the Master.

In the remaining days of my life I get up early in the mornings
To look for the fleeting iridescence of dew on the ground
And dream of one day finding a permanent rest under its cover.