

On The Way To Eternity

I am only moments away from dying;
The long journey of my life is ending with nature's scintillating precision.
Luckily I am still able to think.

I want to know if I conducted myself alright
In the reasonable and unreasonable responsibilities that are harnessed on human life -
A drama more complex than any writer or philosopher has ever been able to capture.

Beyond the discharge of responsibilities
There are the questions of heart and mind:
Did I live with passion for God, nature, intellect?
Did I achieve something good?

I was inspired by nature's order and principles
But found human beings inconsistent,
While intellectualism was not always helpful in living
And cultures moved too slowly.
Art was a good solace for the wounds of life,
But not for every wound.

I do not know if I wiped every tear I could have wiped,
I do not know if I have been fair and honest with fellow human beings,
I do not know if I worked to the best of my potential.

My long tyranny of thinking compels me,
Even at this special moment,
To sum up what I believe in.

I believe that man is a special creation of nature,
Who is unsuited for some extant social, religious, and legal strictures.
He comes with freedom that should not be abridged -
In fact an evolved society would try to enhance it.

Zealotry for money, fame, and religion are chains;

Good actions are important but good thoughts are even more important;
'I believe in the brotherhood of mankind and the uniqueness of the individual.'

As I see at this precarious point between my life and after-life,
I think I did not achieve much.
Most of my best moments have been spent
In observing nature and man,
And thinking about them,
And writing a little bit on them.

I did not achieve any high positions in my profession and in society,
I did not gain any fame whatsoever,
I did not amass any significant wealth.
I feel sorry for the creditors,
As they will lose a lot on me,
When I am gone.

People did not like me
Because they saw me too arrogant and independent,
Selfish and shallow.
As a result I gathered only a few friends,
Pushing me deeper in the cocoon of my loneliness.

My life hangs at the mercy of a fair assessment,
But I am serene and ready to go to the next life.
I am betting my entire past on the glory of my future.

I am ready to be dissolved in the vastness of cosmos,
Broken into subatomic particles,
Without a name,
Without an address,
Without the shackles of thinking.

Give me a flower,
Give me a letter -
Your message to Eternity,
While I still have a few moments to live.
On my behalf I will tell it
That human beings on earth,

Living in the present Technology Age,
Strut and fret much,
Without carrying a lot of joy in their hearts.

Suffern, New York, 1.7.10