

People Ask Me Why I Go To Kashmir So Often (rev)

People ask me why I go to Kashmir so often.

They suspect that I go to Kashmir
To meet a beautiful damsel with a luscious child-like voice,
Adorned with a bewitchingly cherubic smile that
is punctuated with sweet talk,
Who is equipped with
intelligence but whose heart is pregnant with love,
Who believes that one should live for life's glory.

I wish that were true,
But I go to Kashmir often because of another
damsel who is known as Kasheer,
My love for her goes back to my childhood.

Kashmir has held me in her arms often with love humans cannot give,
One could live without love but life wouldn't be the same,
She has met my bad moods with tender caring,
She has both been my mother and beloved at the same time,
A timeless relationship in this time-bound world.

God deemed that I have a rendezvous with her,
Our love affair is ancient,
I cannot imagine what my life would be without her,
If at all it would exist.

Her mountains, lakes, valleys,
and trees are her ornaments
That she wears in mirth with great abandon,
Her splendorous seasons are her moods.

She looks aloof to people
But actually she is intimately connected with them,
She seems arrogant,

But her humility is infinite.

Kashmir is a grace that is now frozen in time,
A light that has dimmed,
But as long as people live Kashmir will remain
An alluring and enigmatic place on earth,
For its thirst for spirituality and knowledge in the past.

Suffern,

New York,

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