

Quintessence Of Inner Luminosity

Dedicated to Lynn Harper-Cheechoo:

A person endowed with a spirit and carrying a spiritual mission

Maharaj Kaul

Yesterday I dreamt I was streaming toward the center of Milky Way,
The road was a ribbon of starlight, the horizon aglow with a million sunsets.
The closer I seemed to my destination, the more it seemed to recede.
The celestial chase went on for a while till I forgot my goal and started loving its pursuit.

We twist and turn, fret and mourn in the ever sharper gyrations of our struggle,
The world has us in its fierce thrall, yet the eternity is here and now,
The wounds of our existence melt in the pursuit of the absolute,
Every moment of life is a prayer to touch the sublime,
Every breath inching us toward reposing in the infinite sleep.

Under the layers of dust is a sheet of shining metal,
In the anarchy of life securely reside our dreams,
In the fragility of our pores lie the colossal visions of our minds,
In the sweltering trenches of the world our hearts never fail to beat.

There is a road in front of us smoother than any highway we have seen,
There is music beckoning us more rapturous than we have ever heard,
There is faith in us stronger than a million facts we have known,
There is a light within us more luminous than the thousand exploding suns,
We were born with a spirit thirsting for the infinite.

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