

Song of Ifshana River

Down the white waters of Ifshana River we were
Awestruck by its unreal beauty.

Snow-capped mountains framed it,
As tall pine trees fringed its sinuous contours.

Our boat danced over undulating jagged rocks,
As the waters frothed and fumed in a hellish dance.

We seemed to be shooting for the mountain peaks,
But without knowing the route.

The world seemed to disappear,
As ethereality took over.

She looked at me but did not see me,
I heard her but my mind was somewhere else.

Was the boat-ride mimicking life,
What was real and what was unreal seemed close?

Journey has a destination,
But we were not going anywhere.

There was a music but without instruments,
There was a tune but cadences were hard to capture.

We live in a world but do not see the universe,
We value time but squander a moment.

Our bondages are earthly,
But our release seems to lie in a different realm.

Our boat wafted and wailed,
But the song of the ride came through.

We were not euphoric or giddy,
But were enchanted and elevated.

It seemed we were leaving the world,
Going to an unknown domain.

A moment turned to an eternity,

Eternity melted in a moment.

What is real we struggle to know,
But unreal holds our imagination.

Light spreads everywhere,
But darkness hides in a corner.

Ifshana River has no beginning or end,
It flows without purpose.

The world moves with a reason,
But life flows without it.

To return to the world seemed unnatural,
Life is an enigmatic dance between illusion and reality.

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