

Soul without its Music

There is no music that I can find,

Sky looks forlorn,

And air feels stationary,

Emptiness has pitched a camp.

Maybe sorrow is the reality,

Joys only a punctuation mark,

In the long narrative of life

Illusions become more powerful than the truth.

Running as fast I can,

Days turn into weeks,

And weeks into months –

But what is the race for?

It is true that empty stomach aches,

But humans have other hungers:

Search for God, love, beauty,

And music of the soul.

But today's soulless world

Has pushed these sublime strivings aside,
And substituted materialism -
As an ultimate prize.

I feel a leaf tossed in economics,
Caged in narcissistic existence,
Earlier cultures respected the unknown,
Strived for integration with nature.

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www.kaulscorner.com

maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com