

Stirring Thoughts On: If I were To Die Now

The grand mausoleum of death has always eluded me,
Even though for all my life I have wanted to die.
My love affair with death goes back to my childhood:
I have always wondered what merit there is in life:
It is a squeezed will to live struggling to gain ascendancy,
While death stands as a magnificent edifice of beauty and truthfulness.
My failure to achieve my ambition has been due to the nature of the world
And my weak will.

For long the world has been playing with me:
I have been a target of its social architecture and subterranean shenanigans,
A merciless focus of its caprice and cold calculations.

How much better off I would be if I were to die now:
I would have no reputations to worry about,
I would be target of no mean criticisms,
I would be left alone for good.

A great boon of my death would be the deliverance of
My poor friend from my creeping notoriety.
She has not had a night of decent sleep since my slimy image hit the skies.

The world cannot be improved more than it has in the last few thousand years:
It is dark, mean, and unfair.
Good people cannot live in it,
But can only be hurt by it.

Having never been born is the ultimate peace one can have.
It is the acme of creativity,
It is the elixir of all imagination.

Today is a good day for me to renounce this world,
To cut asunder the ties of pettiness and shame I have had with it so long,
Today is the day when my bondages will finally break open,

Today is the day when freedom will finally blink open its eyes on me.

Death, you are noble;
I know of nothing more magnificent.

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