

Summer Moods at Cirque

After a long brute winter

Flowers are once again blooming at Cirque,

As if there are no seasons,

Summer is all

Have you walked on its resurfaced roads

And felt that you could go on forever?

Or splashed water in the refurbished pool?

You only wonder why they close it ever.

Have you had a reverie on a bench besides the pond?

Memories past and present fuse,

Time seems to freeze,

You feel a mood beckoning you to follow it.

Going down Dakota you feel you are in a new country,

Charming architecture with broad streets,

Exquisitely decked driveways,

With smiling women at balconies.

Cirque's brilliant foliage forever framed by Ramapo Hills,

Its rhythmic undulations dancing to an unknown tune,
You are ensconced by a dream sometimes, maybe a fantasy,
That you are living in a paradise, without realizing it.

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www.kaulscorner.com

maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com