

The Light Of Rakhi (rev)

The thought of a bouquet of flowers in a mailbox
Elevates our feelings and thoughts
To a new stratosphere, beyond any before,
Joy is spontaneous and all-encompassing,
A beam of light without a destination,
An event without a definition -
Like your birth, which changed my life.

In childhood you were hardly experienced by me,
But when in 20's I started feeling your presence,
In silent steps and invisible relationship,
Our lives coalesced in granite strands
Till we became two parallel paths of a common beam of light.

Rakhi beckons me to stand up to an ancient custom,
To protect, preserve, and love you.

Suffern,

8.10.14; Rev.: 7.30.2015

www.kaulcorner.com

maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com

Note: This poem was written for my sister, Lalita, on Rakhshabandan.