

# 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,

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[www.kaulscorner.com](http://www.kaulscorner.com)

[maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com](mailto:maharaj.kaul@yahoo.com)

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