

The Rhapsody of Kashmir

Kashmir - a dream of the soul,

A rhapsody of eternity.

Scintillating mosaic of mountains and lakes,

Rivers and trees, flowers and meadows -

A heaven on earth.

Nature's majesty beckoned man's imagination

To create a symphony,

A song everlasting.

Kashmir was not meant to be of the world,

But a place where saints meditated and angels danced.

The refulgences of the beauty and truth

Coalesced to transcend the ways of the world

And barriers of the matter.

It is where Shaivites and Sufis danced to

The tunes of the invisible drummer.

Stained and insulted at the moment,

The soul of Kashmir is not dead yet,

It is waiting to rise again.

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