

# Touching Universe At Pari Mahal

Pari Mahal, a vision of an unfathomable mystery -  
An eye on the cosmic phenomenon.

The fantasy to revisit Pari Mahal had a genesis during my first visit.

No previous visits to it prepares you for it,  
Every time it affords a new vision of its mystery and aura -  
Conjuring new themes.

From a pivotal fold of Zabarwan Mountains  
Looms a perch for a celestial vision,  
An outpost for the search for eternity and the essence of the human soul.

Looking out of Pari Mahal everything looks wrapped in a fog,  
A mystery deeply convoluted to defy easy understanding.  
It is a vision as well as a mystery -  
Each person chooses his own view and salvation.

What is Pari Mahal: Dara Shikwa's glorious outpost on the reflections on cosmos?  
Or a cosmic laboratory to fathom the heavens?

Why did she not come to the tryst?  
Deep commitments to the world:  
To its chaos and illusory promises?  
Her absence haunts me as well as scares me:  
Man lives by illusions and for them.

I waited for her in deep expectations,  
As without her nothing is complete in my life,  
She is the wheel that spins everything.

Look at Dal Lake from Pari Mahal:  
A reverie immersed in a mystery,  
A dream still in the throes of its nascent birth,  
A vision still fulminating in its final message.

At Pari Mahal time recedes to a private count,

Unknown ascends to a palpable gravity,  
Mystery never lifts its blinding halo,  
Existence seems to be an extension of the universe,  
Nirvana feels to be to be the breath. of life.

Birth and death seem to be the same at Pari Mahal.  
Pari Mahal has become an element of my soul,  
An icon of my search for the meaning of life.

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