

Truth

Why does truth hold awesome power over human existence?

What is it?

Isn't truth the reflection of mind's search for perfection,

Unalloyed, unbending, immaterial,

Isn't truth the fulfillment of the inner dream?

We know not what truth is,

Yet we do not cease to find it,

It is the ever-present ignorance of mind,

Scintillating illusion we worship,

Human senses can grasp only so much,

Reason has a finite structure based on experience,

Knowledge is expanding faster than understanding.

Facts are not the only things that make the truth,

It is the logic which relates them to the total reality that is the truth,

It is something which stands the test of time.

Truth is the magnificent search for perfection,

Ever-expanding horizon eluding definition,

Reality is many more sided than the human reach,

But understanding is simpler than knowledge.

The universe may not overwhelm us,

Because its principles may be within our grasp,

But the realization of the principles may elude us for long,

The search for the truth may go on for eons to come,

So the search for truth may become more significant than its possession.

Search for truth is a merciless passion,

A religion more entrancing than practiced to worship any god.

We want to know who we are,

Where the universe came from,

And if time will ever cease to be?

Truth has a roadway to our heart,
The essence of truth is not the arrival at truth,
But the never-ending search for it.