

Vijay Where Have You Gone

The strings of the santoor lie loose,

The notebook bearing five-hundred compositions is covered with dust,

Where is the music that filled these rooms,

Where has the santoor maestro gone?

His absence was first withstood puritanically now it has begun to hurt,

Where has the captain gone, leaving a vast unfinished work,

Where has the man of inner harmony disappeared,

How do we give meaning to the vast chaos of human life?

While he lived in the ever so tumultuous world,

He never was a part it, he kept his muses away,

He followed an inner tune, he deferred to a different reason,

His double-life was a shield as well a way-shower.

Come back in the blossoming season of flowers,

Come back in the stirring season of rains,

Come back in the uplifting season of autumn,

Come back in the mysterious season of snows.

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