

Waiting at Creek Bridge

I have been waiting at Creek Bridge,
Solitary and subsumed in the surrounding scene
Of water, rocks, and trees,
To meet her

Now the wait has turned into a wail,
The lovely marsh below the bridge
And the bucolic charms of the scene lie starving,
As she lingers on for the rendezvous

It was her who wanted to see me,
For which I had no choice,
I would exchange a hundred trophies
For her one glimpse.

Love is the special when it is inspired,
It is spurious when it is forced,
There are no rules for love
But the ones hearts invent.

My life has been

One long preparation for death -
But this I cannot tell the world -
For it will never get it.

Hope for love is more rewarding
Than its possession,
Loving rebukes are more stimulating
Than correct courtship.

History has more weight than well-laid plans,
Failures are more enlightening
Than shimmering but hollow victories,
Living is more important than talk about it.

Without tragedy love would be
A free-pass to a giddy carnival,
Without pain it would be
Pearls without a string.

I am sure she would not be coming,
I must retreat to my study,
Immerse in my books,

And think that I had a good time.

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