

# When Fate Made Me Cry In Front Of Her

When in the throes of pain and rough life,

I often go for a walk near my home,

The path is secluded,

And only walkers inhabit it

Today I seemed to have more burdens than before –

As the balm of walking was not working,

After persisting for a while I realized

There was something wrong with the works.

The social cannibalism of the past year

Had broken my will somewhere,

There was no light I could see,

No mountains to cheer me up.

A man can only swim so long

As he has free water in front of him,

You can be incarcerated in your sorrows,

Incapacitated in your fitness.

The only out I saw in my malady  
Was to call her and bare my burden,  
But my stigmas were powerful  
And capacity to suffer large.

After days of undiminished suffering  
I turned mad to find a relief,  
The only thing I could think was  
To call her right away.

I called her during the thick layers of the night,  
When the scene was eerie,  
And loneliness was crushing –  
Thoughts seemed to echo back.

I woke her up without offering excuse,  
After exchanging perfunctory greetings  
I tried coming to the point,  
But burst into a sob.

The sob lingered for a while,

With stone-silence from her,  
Regaining some control  
I apologized for my misbehavior.

Finding an opening she took charge  
And encouraged me to continue sobbing,  
Without inquiring about the reason for it –  
A strange therapy.

When tears started to dry out  
I told her about my shame,  
She appealed that it was good to cry  
To uncoil the disturbed soul.

After the call it felt the surf  
Of pain had receded though not gone,  
But I knew I will remember forever  
When fate made me cry in front of her.

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