## When Will My Work be Done

When in the state of hard contemplation I am hit by the thought: When will my work on earth be done? Much have I travelled on the contours of imagination, Much have I hammered on the anvil of my soul, Where to go what to do? God gave me only a small gift: Noble thoughts and words to weave them in, The mosaic thus created would be my work. Then there was something else: Wiping the last tears from men,

In the fiendish furnaces of the world

I strove to save a soul,

In the treacherous trenches of life I discovered beauty.

But now my course has finished,

Turning the world to tranquility.

I am done with my dreams and duty,

Still the conscience wounds if my work is done.

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