

# 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,

Turning the world to tranquility.

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,

I am done with my dreams and duty,

Still the conscience wounds if my work is done.

Suffern, New York, May 19, 2018

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