

World Is an Inn

In the stillness of my being,

I wonder why the world did not read my poetry.

I belong to another age, another ethos,

My identity a fake albatross I carry around my neck.

I am in this world but not of it,

Success eludes me, loneliness my destiny.

Life is its discovery in progress,

Suffering its thread, humanity its glue.

Why this anguish, why this despair,

We must shut up and live.

My limbs are limp but my eyes still fierce,

Let my desires burn, I have the company of stars.

Life is a bridge, do not build a house on it,

A moment encapsulates eternity.

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