

# You Ask Me Who Is My God?

You ask me who is my God?

I walk now with a stoop and see only faintly,  
Days and nights seem to pass into a seamless faraway journey,  
I often take refuge of a glass of wine and an urge to write verse.

In my youth I was driven by curiosity to know how God made this universe,  
I was moved by the impulse to make the world a better place,  
Beauty seduced me greatly.

But what came out of these,  
The world thought I was a mad man,  
Turning me to seek a sanctuary inside me.

Not to be defeated easily,  
I constructed an inner world of ideas and thoughts,  
And took to writing to express them.

People live by fear of death,  
And dreams of wealth and recognition,  
But I only aspire for the rapture of existence.

Hours pass my peering in the space,  
I know humans could have a richer way to live,  
But we are prisoners of a monstrous vision.

The ways of this strange world turn me off sometimes,  
There is no one on whose shoulders I could cry,  
I have nowhere to go but inside.

How can you thank the light that illuminates your space?  
How does one salute the breath that supports our life?  
Life does not need guidance but a large and sensitive heart.

I do not live for tomorrow,  
I live for the eternity,  
Every day is my last day.  
I have turned my wounds into fragrant flowers of verses,

Mirrors of the journey of life,  
Ancient vision of life has been corrupted by technology.

Make me a boat tempest-tossed on high seas,  
Take my wealth away but give me the thrill of life,  
Ignore me but let me follow my path.

Do not seek happiness but liberation,  
You don't need to know yourself too much,  
Just know your goals and follow them even at the cost of your life.

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Suffern, New York, 12.9.10