

Purpose

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Life is what my breath for your healing
A fragrant rosary of words,
carved in Kashmiri woods
Rolling down to the deep caverns of soul
in the sooty wilderness of night
stirring smile in the wells of your eyes
lighting grace on your face
kindness grows out of gloom,
how difference turns into dignity, I wonder
moving the map of my mind,
there are stars in the eyes, faraway unexplored
and the roads untrodden
wishes unfelt
thoughts unshaped
work undone
sleepless eyes and bootless ways
files to read and miles to cover
drawers are left with the list of the ringing tasks
Even when books close their wings on my eyes,
I open a window to the untouched woods
May the path never close!
May the quest never stop!

