



Poems by Maharaj Kaul



Meditation On Time

Poems by Maharaj Kaul



FIRST EDITION

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1.0 DEDICATION

For my father: who lived life with pained passion, a sense of duty, and love for friends, while being skeptical of the value of understanding some of its deeper issues.

For my mother: who is living life with courage and stoicism, and is guided by the vision of her guru.

For my wife: who lives with intensity, passion for people, and without doubt about the direction of her life.

Passionately devoted to the pursuit of poetry, M. Kaul defines this art as "the super-distillation of human experience" in his book, Meditation On Time.

The poem "Love" finds that "God's love is (a)...Timeless meditation on time." Of "Silence," the poet observes that it is "the music of soul," and in "Solitude," he notes, "You are in company of the stranger you are trying to know." The surrealistic verse titled "Rain" has it falling "through the soul, / Watering the seeds embedded of late." "Stars" are "our distant dreams, / Our ancestors." The title poem, "Meditation On Time," contemplates the universe.

Poems reflecting on the ultimate experiences and concerns of life.

Andromeda Galaxy (NGC 224, M31). It is the nearest regular-sized galaxy to our galaxy (Milky Way Galaxy). If we were to see our galaxy from Andromeda, it would look similar, though smaller. Andromeda is 2.3 million light-years away from us and has a diameter of two hundred thousand light-years. Our sun is located in one of the outer spirals (similar to Andromeda spirals) of our galaxy.

- Maharaj Kaul

2.0 MAHARAJ KAUL

Maharaj Kaul, who was born in the beautiful Vale of Kashmir in northern India, is an engineer by profession. He has written many articles and poems that have been published in periodicals in the U.S. and India. His main interests are in science and philosophy. He is currently engaged in writing a book on human culture and is planning a sequel to *Meditation On Time*.



Maharaj Kaul

He makes his home in upstate New York.

3.0 PREFACE

Though the poems presented here did not take more than six months to write, they have been with me, in a way, all my life.

In a lonely childhood, filled with longing, fantasy, and wonder, I picked up the thread of an awesome and mystifying question: what is life? Throughout my life I have been inhibited, by my experience and awareness, to discuss it with anyone. Self-inquiry and reasoning in general have not been strong points with mankind. The inquiry has remained persistent and pervasive throughout my life, mushrooming into a religion-like faith, and finally crystallizing into an intellectual meditation.

Poetry is the super-distillation of human experience made to discover and create beauty in life. It is also the expressway to truth. It is the most human and sublime of the written expressions. Man is born with poetry, but it is generally suppressed by the ways of the world and the struggle to survive. It is a man of imagination who keeps it alive, even at the cost of pain, to enrich his existence. Poetry is the hope of settling calm in the midst of a turbulent storm, the courage of conviction when the world is against one's cause, the dance of the imagination when in the lap of nature, rapture at the point near the end of the road to the truth, and the beating of the heart when enwrapped in loneliness. It is the product of human reason but not bound by it.

The industrial-commercial era has squeezed out a good bit of poetry in human life. With the weakening of the family, rise of individualism, cut-throat economic competition, strengthening of materialism, enforced loneliness, gaining of chemically stimulated euphoria, inhuman pace of living, unbridled commercialism, and the spread of nihilism, human life has been rendered desolate and barren, with a lot of creature comforts, but stuffed with hollowness and reeking with selfish cynicism. Man has gained the political and economic bill of rights (though not in every country) but has lost his soul's inner bill of rights. (The two do not have to be mutually exclusive.)

But poetry of human heart cannot remain frozen too long. It is the necessary ingredient for the survival of mind, as breath is for body. An age is known for the quality of poetry it has created. Beyond the problems of food, disease, and oil, mankind is dependent on the quality of mental life its members live. Poetry is the invisible compass of mankind.

These poems are an excerpt from a longer, unfinished, and an unfinishable poem called Life. Please take them as a crude distillation of a long, hard, and pained life; a life-long quest for the essence of life; an attempt to break through insane barriers and bypass vulgarities of worldly life; to touch the shores of freedom and truth.

A poem is an attempt to reach the essence of the object of its attention; to grasp reality and feel the pulse of eternity.

As a young boy roaming the streets of Srinagar (Kashmir, India), I had dreamt of learning the mystery of universe. I grew up to realize that that quest is unfinishable, but in the process I have learnt the power of dreams and poetry, the nature of human nature, and the meditation on nature.

M. Kaul
Suffern, New York
3.16.97

4.0 BEGINNING

In some mind-boggling distant time,
In a cataclysmic event shrouded forever in mystery,
Perhaps, the present cycle of universe arose.
In the outskirts of Milky Way, a planet was born in an apoplectic turmoil,
Eons later, when the restless earth cooled,
The elemental chemicals synthesized in the building blocks of life,
Human consciousness arose in an incremental order, through the thread of
evolution.
The impregnable blocks of obscurity screen off
The peephole of understanding of the origins of life,
Leaving the knowledge forever incomplete.
Our past haunts us in uncomprehending ways,
The mystery of life is inscrutable.

5.0 CHILDHOOD

Do not break the mirror that reflects the childhood, The unadulterated nature, the footprint of life.
Keep childhood alive in the fossilized past,
An island of experience,
To be shielded from new experience,
To remain a reference for living.
In childhood mind and nature interact in the purest form,
Life is an unvarnished experience,
Unmeditated, unburdened by the past.
A child does not lie, but the civilization is studded with grand lies,
It is the child in us we belittle,
Who haunts in our endless searchings.
The happy highs of childhood and its unalloyed pains,
Its transparent wonders and conflict-less being,
Unpolluted by doubts, unfettered by ego.
When we grow up, we know more,
But we lose the inner poetry,
Which is sacrificed for the twinkling illusions of ego and power.
Childhood is a peephole on our nature,
A slice of pristine formative experience,
Incomparable, unreasoned,
A mirror we can not afford to break.

6.0 JOURNEY

Life is a spiritual journey to an unknown end,
An exploding rapids on a labyrinthine course,
Broken in its wake lie many a dream,
Swirling in its eddy-currents are many a war,
Riding its wave-crests dance a myriad visions.
The universe of visions is the highway to the journey,
The vision of the wholeness of human life with the rest
of the universe,
Of principles and beauty,
Of connections and tranquillity.
Unbounded awareness in the lap of elemental
consciousness,
Riding the time-crest in the ever-receding horizon,
This is not the journey to a destination,
But just journey -
Often an obscure mode of life,
The ticket to just being and not becoming.
There is something miraculous about life,
It has the boundless terrain of tranquillity,
Opportunity to meditate the universe.
When in the province of serenity,
Life swells on hypnotically,
Like a flower gliding effortlessly
On the play of waves.

7.0 EFFORT

Without galvanizing our energy and hopes,
Without fixing our purposes and goals,
Life would be a wayward drifting experience.
Goal and purpose create the motivation and the
meaning,
The excitement and the color.
Effort is the transmitting fluid of life,
Its organizer and creator.
We stretch our muscles and vibrate our nerves,
To realize a vision, to uphold a principle,
To absorb a sunset, to transmit a laughter.
Effort is the breath of life, the sculptor of its
achievements.
The pain of the muscles, the sweat of the brow,
The sleepless nights and the grinding days -
They are the furnace of life,
The deliverers of its essence,
Without them life would be mostly benign biology.

8.0 WORK

Deep urge seeking help of courage,
Blending effort with undefined purpose,
Galvanizing nerves and intellect,
Beckoning us to work,
The unknown creed,
Without reward or acclaim,
To fulfill the nameless need.
Have you run a five-mile stretch and felt the tingle in
your spine,
The euphoric tug on your mind?
An hour of thinking or an hour of meditation lifts you
into another realm.
Work is not for just keeping busy and fit,
It is the crucible of man's creativity,
It is the instrument to bring ideas to life,
It is the pulse and fabric of existence.
The Lord cast man only to do two things mainly,
Develop ideas and enact them,
Ideas are man's spirituality.
Work is not the music, but the instrument to achieve it,
It is not the objective of life but the means to achieve its essence.

9.0 COMPLEXITY

Life is often kicked in the belly by the ways of the world,
Which can be indifferent, insensitive, and inhuman,
Stupendous invented-complexity reigns over human life, Making it a tortured
process.
Efficiency hovers mindlessly over us,
Engendering agony and insanity,
Squeezing out music in life.
A million systems cater to frivolous needs,
The structure is mammoth,
The work is arduous,
It chokes the human spirit.
Life's essence is deeply buried under man's trivial
interests,
Making its quest, for every generation, a herculean task.
The inventiveness of man is his own enemy at times,
A thousand understandings must be rejected before the real one dawns,
Nature is not vicious, though it may hide its glories tenaciously.

10.0 BODY

With what dexterity and logic did nature make the
human body,
It is created to do a multitude of things,
With precision, poise, and purpose.
In some one hundred and fifty pounds of flesh and bone
Lies mind-boggling complexity,
It is amazing that a union of a sperm and an egg
Can create such a marvel.
In its ninety-three thousand miles of blood vessels,
Navigate the packets of fuel to energize it,
Its fourteen billion neurons buzz with information,
Processed by an incredible microprocessor,
Programmed on its open architecture,
To make sense of the outer universe,
To shape the inner world.
Is it all a body or a body and mind that drives us,
Centuries of debate has not settled the score in common thought,
But without free-will humans would be robots,
Bereft of the power of thought available to them.
The sensations of body tie us down to ground,
Giving life its earthy and beyond-mind character;
Body's mystique is nature's mystique;
With time the body changes,
Our corporeal existence,
A dagger thrust in the majesty of life.
A mind dies many a time,
But a body only once,
Each body is unique and bears the impress of its mind,
With a body's death a world comes to close,
An awake-dreaming comes to end.

11.0 DESIRE

Riding the unschooled dancing crest of desire,
Life beckoned with nature's demonic power,
Painting cosmos with sanguine colors,
Making breath gallop to a tune.
Desire is the white horse waiting in the wings,
For mind to approve the experience,
Before its charged eagerness and energy to run turns to light.
Thought and action occupy front-stage, desire works from behind the curtain.
The compelling and mysterious force of desire
Is a form of motivation and energy,
In resonance with our basic emotions,
A vehicle of many human expressions.
But desire by itself is blind,
A subliminal force without ideas,
Unsupported by the architecture of mind,
It is just a stream of energy.
You can not desire what you do not desire,
Nature and experience have cast their design,
To make each man unique,
And each desire special.
To believe in something is ultimately to desire it,
But every culture has its own agenda.
The repressed or mangled desire
Is the stiflement of life.
Buddha said that desire is the root of all unhappiness,
Can we dispense with it?
No, because it is the root of energy,
The fuel of existence.
To desire the right desires
Is the basis of reasoned life.

12.0 HAPPINESS

The shimmering sheen of happiness is a much hallowed
vision of life,
It is the epitome of reason for some and the essence of
religion for others,
But its pursuit has remained an endless effort for most.
Happiness is the color of a rainbow or the flight of an eagle,
It is the birth of an idea or the consciousness of consciousness.
It glows from inside to outside,
It is the background of existence,
It shares but is never diminished.
Life was meant to be lived in happiness,
But the imperfect civilization has subdued its diffusion,
Its faint glow over mankind still radiates a spell,
The vision of what could be is the ever-lingering haunt.
But happiness can not be made a goal of life,
Because it is the effect of a mental structure and not a thing by itself,
It is the glow of an intrinsic incandescent source.

13.0 LOVE

In what disparate ways does human spirit express itself:
Search for truth, compassion, and beauty,
Discovery and duty, invention and energy,
Devotion to god.
Love is a way to achieve these,
An elevated consciousness,
Transcending self,
Forging a charged connection with the object of its attention.
Soaring spirit supports uncluttered vision,
Existence becomes an envelope to ideas,
Ideas become experience,
Beauty is the manifestation of love.
In love the universe is connected,
Goals take over self,
Dust is sparkled with dew,
Destiny is the enlightened present.
God's love is the inner voice searching for answers,
The spaceless bridge to universe,
Timeless meditation on time.

14.0 BEAUTY

Existence seems to know the value of its existence,
When experiencing beauty,
It has power, order, and logic in it.
Life is transformed into something indescribable when apprehending beauty,
All human complexity seems to synchronize to register its presence,
It communicates in mysterious ways,
Shortcircuiting the intellect and igniting the senses,
Charging the experience and stretching it.
The idea that all men be treated equally,
Was a milestone in mankind's thinking,
Just, humane, beautiful.
The ethereal and ironic reflection of moon,
In a clear, placid night,
In a languorous, limpid lake,
Circumferenced by rhythmic, undulating hills,
Dotted by tall, slender, regularly placed trees,
Is a sight of mystifying beauty.
In the search of the understanding of gravitational
forces,
Newton discovered the Universal Law Of Gravitation,
Which simplified and universalized such forces,
It is a beautiful natural law.
Beauty comes from the mysterious splendor of nature that man feels,
The need for order,
And the yearning to be free.

15.0 SILENCE

Man comes from eternal silence and goes back to it in the end,
In between is the noisy gamut of experience called life.
Our deepest urge is to be silent and experience life as it is,
But culture has riven a deep hole in man's intuitive grasp of existence,
And turned it into a concatenation of inharmonious experiences.
Silence speaks more eloquently to nature than speech does,
It makes a more penetrating connection,
A more harmonizing bond.
Do not lose the inner silence in the tumult of the world,
Enlarge it wherever you can.
The universe is silent,
But man makes noise,
Corrupting his soul,
Complicating his life.
Silence is the music of soul,
The connection to universe,
Meditation on time.

16.0 SOLITUDE

Lift off the covers of culture and world,
See life through an unaberrated lens,
Find the universe of solitude,
Enveloping the primal pulse of life.
In solitude you have the company of nature,
You touch a corner of infinity,
And feel the pulse of eternity.
Solitude's veil separates the existence
From ephemeral and illusory,
It lifts it above dust and drone,
The merely personal and material goals.
Solitude is a state feared by common wisdom,
Anathema to the happiness-cult,
Misery reserved for the vile and the unfortunate.
To be one with nature is the highest harmony of existence,
Gateway to sweet serenity,
The elixir of experience.
You can be distracted when alone,
Or be in solitude amidst a crowd.
Life is an inner world radiating out,
(But recognizing the outer reality),
An inner music trying to find resonance outside.
You have become grown-up, when you have found your stride,
You are happy when you are on the right path,
You have matured when you have found your solitude.
In youth solitude is a cruel punishment,
In old age a serene, possessed state.
In solitude you are not alone,
You are in company of the stranger you are trying to know.

17.0 SADNESS

When crush of the world has receded,
And life gains a slice of freedom,
Mind begins to remove its guards,
Loneliness slowly descends and takes hold,
Subliminal sadness un.masks subtly,
Silently resonating with nature's silence.
Sadness is not a torment,
But a mind disenchant.ed and a spirit uncoiled,
One of the natural states of existence.
Is happiness a worked-up sheen
Over the sad nature of man?
Sadness is a pause for a struggling spirit,
Reflection on a long crusade,
Prelude to a rebirth.
Never smother a sadness,
It has its own purpose,
Man's sadness is in synchrony with nature,
And creative sadness is his ripeness.

18.0 PAIN

We quiver long in the vortex of our pains,
Till pain appears to be the inseparable and meaningful part of life.
Pain is not the catharsis of our sins,
But the nature of life,
It must be respected as we respect birth, pleasure, or death.
Do not fight different natural aspects of life,
But get life to work as a whole for some goal.
Pain is the built-in element of life
We must not avoid,
The grandeur of life seems to be realizable only with some of it.
Pain does not matter,
If we are set to live for things larger than ourselves.

19.0 DEATH

In the end comes the end of a man,
Who has been a ceaseless engine of action,
Whose brow has envisioned a billion visions,
Whose mind has reasoned a billion thoughts,
Which switch off at death as if all the stars in the heavens have
extinguished.
Man's thousand-mile journey comes to an end
In a blazing transformation,
A miraculous blend of action and thought turns to a bundle of flesh,
The corporeal component of life stands without a spark,
The magic has evaporated forever.
Death is a state of matter,
Whose energy is forever conserved,
Matter changes forms but never disappears.
Man may live after death through his works,
Death is a punctuation mark in a long description.
Beyond our human form,
Our flesh and bones disintegrate back into elementary particles,
Changing one agglomeration to another.
Universe is our only religion.
Human flesh and human ideas
Are parallel lines,
Which must coexist but remain separate,
Influencing each other.
This seemingly incomprehensible relationship
Has remained a dagger in the heart of science, religion and philosophy.
Immortality is not nature's way,
But a fantasy in human mind,
Its power has beckoned many a soul
To transcend the material barrier,
In search of timelessness.
The shadow of death,
Like the transparent sheet of time hanging over us,
Surrounds us through life.
Its fear triggers a thousand shields to survive,
Its certainty is the ultimate relief to some.
Standing on earth, man has pierced deep in universe,
To find connection with it,
Man's immortal work is ideas,
Which nature may not perish.
Human life is a dizzying splendor of possibilities,
Perhaps the supreme act of nature,
Death does end it in physical form,
But does not diminish its conceptual immortality,
Its grandeur passes from generation to generation.

20.0 MORNING

The light is slowly unfolding its pristine halo,
The symphonic dance of its golden wings,
The euphoria of its long journey's end,
Its silent scintillating sweep melts the morning mist with osmotic embrace,
The morning has staged a tranquil coup d'etat on the dying sovereignty of
the night.
It has gathered supine strength in the wake of its hesitant beginnings,
In rapid steep of time,
Maturing into bold, focused, yet measured power,
Morning has taken hold and begun its ephemeral reign.
The magic of its light has covered everything into pregnant quietness,
Spawning a billion hopes,
The possibility of possibilities,
An array of brilliant dreams,
A new clean life with unburdened past.
Morning is a new beginning,
With eternity at its wingtips,
An invitation for unbounded journey
To a knowingly unknown end,
Where traveling is more rewarding than the arrival.
Morning has the courage to break open,
Everything else it does is less important.

21.0 EVENING

The light has become smoothly subdued,
Sky is stretched in sensuous silence,
Tinges of gray wrap the landscape in mysterious aura,
Everything stands in serene silhouette,
The enigmatic majesty of evening is descending over the world.
Evening is the culmination of mood,
Synchronously maturing with the day-long
Unpleasant struggle to survive with the world and the nature.
Evening has quiet elegance and controlled conviction,
Dignity and mystery,
It is a transition more alluring and hypnotic
Than its predecessor and follower.
It is a fabric of hope and relief,
A slow beginning of something yet unshaped,
A transformation of merciless day-time will
To serene sanguine sublimity.
Evening is mute, while day is loud,
It is on the ground, while day soars,
It embraces, while day raids.
The subliminal lonely sadness of evening
Is in tune with man's matured mental climate.

22.0 SLEEP

Not because of tired body or of world-weariness
Do I often long to sleep.
It is not to turn the switch off of my brain,
Or to change the scene of my existence,
That I need to sleep.
To sleep is to cross into another realm,
Where the subliminal kingdom reigns;
Thoughts and fantasies, present and past,
Meld into one coherent abstraction,
Diffused but definite,
Unhampered in its journey,
Unmindful of its purpose.
Give me an hour of sleep for an hour of wakefulness,
An outlet for an anguished spent state,
To reconfigure the map of the life-journey,
To realign the compass of my soul.
The creativity furnace of sleep
Synthesizes new visions and new emotions,
New understandings and new energies,
Out of basic elements of existence.
Organized thought for too long may smother the birth of
a new vision,
A dream has more power than a thousand reasons,
Sleep is the unhindered flow of fantasy.

23.0 RAIN

Rain is not the condensation of vapor from the skies,
But a relief to a feverish state of existence.
The water droplets awash more than the window panes,
They cool and cleanse the harried and the muddied spirit.
The rain drops dance to a music,
Inundating everything with a primal cry,
It's democracy steeped in lavish aristocracy.
The dusty echo of the arid land
Is only matched by the sighs from the taxed mind,
Both wanting to be cooled, washed, and cleansed,
The rain falls through the soul,
Watering the seeds embedded of late.
The curve of the wind-backed rain
Is the soothing arch over the sweltering street,
A coaxing bend with osmotic vibrations,
Chasing the demons out and ushering in the fresh mental state.

24.0 INTELLECT

Out of flesh, bones, and blood,
Mixed with everyday experience,
And held together by the glue of reason,
Man's intellect has grown into a spirit,
With its rules and objectives,
Structure and substance,
Having a life of its own.
The innumerable crystals of experience,
Would be a fabric of sense experiences only,
But for the mosaic of ideas which intellect creates,
Enriching life, deciphering universe.
Intellect works like a master craftsman,
Selecting the materials, setting them to a design,
With chosen tools,
And working with principles,
Testing the product with experience for its quality.
Intellect endures while emotions die;
It has created brilliant dimensions to human life.
The shimmering glow of intellect's creations
Dares, at times, nature's order,
The two, nature and mind, are the protagonists in the
universe,
In whose duels hangs most of the human destiny.
Mind misses many a time nature's intricate play,
But understanding it is a never-ending project,
Almost raising man's level to a grandeur rivaling nature's.

25.0 ROOTS

Touching the ground on which I put the first shaky footsteps,
Seeing the majestic contours of the undulating skyline,
Which my eyes had never tired to range,
Back in Kashmir, I feel the echo of my genesis,
An expatriate's answered prayers.
Buried here lie the pristine years of my childhood,
When wonder turned into thought,
Desires into dreams,
The vision was uncluttered,
And conflict took root.
Does a man owe something to the land of his birth,
Or is it his insecurity that binds him to his roots?
Or is it all an alluring angle of the architecture of emotion,
Or simply an elemental pull to gravitate to one's origin?
If child is the father of man, then what is growing up all about?
Unblemished by the coarseness of life,
Unmarred by the waywardness of the world,
Reposed in the frozen perspective of time,
Still gleaming lie the first experiences of life:
The integrity of self,
The uniqueness of the individual and the brotherhood of mankind,
The uncomplicatedness in human relationships,
The simplicity of understanding,
The unquestioned joy in living,
The clarity of the way ahead,
Just being, not becoming.
We go back to the roots,
To replenish the vision and the spirit we have lost,
To regain our identity and reclaim our history,
To reset the balance between nature and mind,
To feel as an element of the universal spacetime.
But the chilling vision shattered the trip down the childhood:
Kashmiris living in the fossilized glory of the past,
Apathy their unshakable creed,
Cynicism the only energetic hope,
Living between tyranny and anarchy of political pendulum.
Walking down the desolate ruins of Srinagar's streets,
Shapeless stretches of thoughtless construction,
Chaotic services and nightmarish traffic,
Where time has frozen in the inner city,
And darkness envelops the winter months.
Plundered, ravaged, and defiled through ages,
By its soulless bandit rulers,
Neglected eternally by its crass inhabitants,
To wither slowly in the irreversible arrow of time,
This bounteous gift of nature, Kashmir, moans in pains unnameable,
Its soul heaving with a curse eternal
For its unworthy sons.
Kashmir always beckons me to a homecoming,
A quivering echo of a distant thunder,

A withered glow on the horizon,
Remnant of a fire kindled a long time ago,
It will remain my tombstone.

26.0 TRIBUTE

In a dazzling display of fraternity and brimming with excitement,
We have gathered today to bid farewell to a friend.
It is a brief event vainly attempting to sum it all up.
Standing majestically behind the tributes we pay you today
Lies a life-time of hard work, dedication, and loyalty to Lederle.
You marched for thirty-nine years like a soldier,
Living the three endangered virtues of our time: honor, duty, and love of man.
Long after the echoes of this evening have died,
There will remain forever enshrined in our hearts: your simple dignity,
unalloyed humanity, and unaffected way.
What you leave for Lederle will endure long,
But the one shining monument which will not be buried in the quicksand of
time is you.
Today we celebrate your going away,
Tomorrow we will miss you.

27.0 FAREWELL

(On the retirement of five fellow workers at Lederle Labs)
In a masterstroke of unplanning, we are letting go together five of our finest.
Lederle's preeminence was forged in the crucible of small working units,
Where faceless workers work long and hard in simple ways,
Removed from spotlight, unmentioned on honor rolls.
But today, unable to carry the humility any longer,
We discharge an old debt to honor five fine spirits, before it is too late.
Years to come, when Lederle becomes number one in industry,
The contributions of engineering will be rediscovered in full glory,
The five who sit here today in elegant modesty,
Will each have a magnificent story.
In this blissful moment of celebration
We are too eager to say good-bye to you,
Not knowing a part of our lives is inextricably intertwined with yours.
Did we know you?
We shared the frustrations, the struggles, and the hard work all these years,
You touched us with your friendship, your concern, and your smile,
You also touched us with your aloofness, your silence, and your anger,
But we will now know you more, when you are away.
You have reached a turning point,
Where looking back you would rather go ahead,
And when looking ahead you wished you did not have to change.
You are set free today to explore the freedom,
The unconquerable space of heart,
Unencumbered with any goals, unmindful of any rewards.
Rejoice, my friends, you have at last earned your rest.

28.0 TRUTH

Why does truth hold awesome power over human existence?
What is it?
Isn't truth the reflection of mind's search for perfection,
Unalloyed, unbending, immaterial;
Isn't truth the fulfillment of the inner dream?
We know not what truth is,
Yet we do not cease to find it.
It is the ever-present ignorance of mind,
Scintillating illusion we worship.
Human senses can grasp only so much,
Reason has a finite structure based on experience,
Knowledge is expanding faster than understanding.
Facts are not the only things that make the truth,
It is the logic which relates them to the total reality that is the truth,
It is something which stands the test of time.
Truth is the magnificent search for perfection,
Ever-expanding horizon eluding definition,
Reality is many more sided than the human reach,
But understanding is simpler than knowledge.
The universe may not overwhelm us,
Because its principles may be within our grasp,
But the realization of the principles may elude us for long,
The search for the truth may go on for eons to come,
So the search for truth may become more significant than its possession.
Search for truth is a merciless passion,
A religion more entrancing than practiced to worship any god.
We want to know who we are,
Where the universe came from?
And if time will ever cease to be?
Truth has a roadway to our heart,
The essence of truth is not the arrival at truth,
But the never-ending search for it.

29.0 STARS

Though mind-bogglingly distant they are from us,
Yet they reside in the stratosphere of our minds,
The recesses of our hearts.
Did we not live once on some star, at some distant time,
As subatomic particles,
Which coalesced to form the agglomerate called a human being.
These almost-eternal beacons of light are the soldiers of space,
The source of energy and life (at least around one star),
The massive ones curve even light around them.
They change colors and size with age as if to express their state of mind,
They most often live in large clans,
And sometimes cannibalize each other as in some human tribes.
Some of them die a heroic death with spectacular
outburst,
Passing on to the eerie state of black-holes,
Others dissolve into the ignominy of white dwarf-hoods.
Stars are our distant dreams,
Our ancestors,
Our destiny is entwined with theirs.

30.0 RELIGION

How to live life remains the perpetual question,
Passed on from generation to generation,
The riddle which hangs over mankind as a haunting goad,
The answer to which is vital to human existence.
Life can be lived in many different ways,
But not without a vision,
This vision is the religion of man.
When I have senses to receive the information,
And reason to understand the world,
Why do I need religion to guide me?
It is not the intelligence that we lack that keeps us from illumination,
It is not the physical health that gives us the enriched existence,
It is the way we live that leads us to the highest potential of life.
Reason is a fine sword which can be used in more than one way,
It is the goal for which it is used that makes it worthwhile.
Life can be lived in many different ways,
But the enriched lives fall only into a few types.
Nothing is more elevating than to live a purposeful life.

31.0 REBIRTH

Man's arduous journey comes to halt many times,
Many deaths are endured before the last one,
His works are leveled to ground by chance,
Dissolution sets in with the force of life.
Nature and world pound on the fine substance of man,
Frustrating his efforts and wrecking his plans,
Disturbing his rhythm and breaking his will.
Man's splendid but fragile system
Is geared for a natural, fair, and consistent treatment,
But it is smothered by inhumanity, jolted by unfairness, and distracted by
noise.
Man's nature needs recognition and encouragement,
Love and comfort,
Success and sympathy.
Many ambitions dissolve into unrealizable dreams,
Many efforts end in dead-end failures,
Many hopes sink into hopelessness under the ponderous weight of reality.
Defeats are transformed by time to benignly haunting memories,
Dissolutions are followed by rebirths,
The journey of life resumes with feverish pace,
Life sustains many a death.

32.0 MEDITATION ON TIME

We are, in human form, a dancing bubble of consciousness,
To be reclaimed by universe in a twinkle of time,
In our brief journey a lot is put on our shoulders,
Many false visions are fastened to us,
Many unreal values surround us.
Man has been blind to the grandeur he is born with,
He has invented a mythology to give him unearthly character,
He has invented aspects of culture to give life drama and color,
But man comes with these naturally,
The irony of this is excruciating.
The elements of life have come from the mind-bogglingly hot and distant stars,
Which coalesced over billions of years,
This drama of our creation is a supreme piece of grandeur.
Much artificiality and reining in of the natural spirit is the outcome of
culture,
Much confusion about how to live reigns mankind,
Much perplexed is mankind about the meaning of life,
Man comes with powerful raw materials and messages from nature,
Growing up should be the strengthening and refinement of these.
Life is a celebration of the brilliant mechanism of
nature we are,
The capacity to observe and understand that are given
to us,
The long age we are bestowed with.
It is a brief spark of god
That we need to use in a large and opportunistic way.
Man is born free and possessed of grandeur,
But culture robs him of these and substitutes dependence and hollowness.
He has good intuition of enjoyment and responsibility,
But world supplants them with inhibition and guilt.
The drama and beauty of life are inherent in its nature,
Its wonder our ever-present reverence,
Its capacity and potential our enduring awe.
Time is one of the fundamental dimensions of universe,
Meditation on time is the contemplation of universe,
Where we come from and where we inexorably return,
Meditation on time is life itself.

33.0 INFINITY

Infinity is a need
To fill the structures in mind built for it,
Apparently contradicting our finite tissues.
Infinity unmask the eternal corner of our soul.
Infinity beckons us to immaterial heights,
Tinging human existence with unmeditated spirituality,
Unconserving development.
Planted though we are on ground,
Our imagination soars beyond stars,
Human mind has an agenda of its own.
We carry a bit of infinity as we labor through daily motions of finite
physical existence,
Cut off from it we are reduced to mere mechanical set-up.
The coexistence of finite and infinite in us
Will forever challenge reason,
Making the riddle of life a spirituality by itself.
Infinity has no purpose,
But to keep us aware, empowered, human, and enchanted.

34.0 GOD

God is in the compassion for the lost child,
In the equality of all men,
In the dancing contour of a wave,
Steadfastness in holding to principles,
In the pursuit of truth.
He is timeless and spaceless,
He can be grasped and yet is transcendent,
He is everywhere and yet is nowhere,
He does not speak yet we have his answers,
He is an idea we can not materialize,
A part of ourselves and yet larger than we,
His beauty lies in his supreme reasonableness,
And his message is to be larger than life.
God is the messenger and man is the message,
Nature is the work of natural laws,
But man's mind weaves the fabric of ethics, beauty, and truth, Man is both
nature and mind.
Above us is a dome of unknown,
Below us is a shaky earth,
Man's only anchor is his ideas (or their pursuit),
God is an idea that is grounded in reality,
It has been one of man's most enduring ideas,
Science can not change it much.
Had there not been a god so far,
It would be invented,
Man is structured to have a need for him,
God is the inner reflection of man,
His need for order, meaning, and direction.

35.0 FREEDOM

We exult in the thought of freedom,
Though knowing not what it is,
More is known about freedom as idea
Than its experience.
To be free is not to live as we wish,
Think as we like,
But to live with ourselves without rancor
And with the universe in resonant harmony.
Freedom does not come only from the outside,
Without the inner freedom there is no freedom.
Life is an inner music trying to find resonance outside,
Freedom is the realization of life's unlimited potential.
We weave ourselves into the fabric of life so much,
Till the fabric corrodes and imprisons our spirit,
Clouds our dreams and corrupts our soul,
Making life a night unmitigated.
We look at the stars,
And see their eternal grandeur,
Their lonely brilliance
Pulls us free from our fetters.
Does not freedom mean
Rising above our petty selves and mores,
Subsuming our selves in the majesty of universe,
Living for grand ideas and not for merely personal ends.
Freedom is not the dilution of responsibility,
But believing in the vision behind it,
It is not selfishness but the selfless appreciation of everything,
Not withdrawal from the world but the passionate involvement in it.
In freedom the spirit soars,
The universe is connected,
Life becomes an idea,
And time loses its rigidity.

36.0 FAMILY

It is not so much as our extension which binds us to our family,
But it is the reflection of ourselves in it which gives us an anchor in life.
Man's family is the primordial human connection,
It is his first theater and hurdle,
A reference of time and place.
Group life demands the melting of the individual identity,
But the soaring individualism of the times
Holds the swell of the family by a jab,
A flower-bed slanted by a deep shadow.
A man by himself alone can not reach the grand corners of existence,
He needs to be subsumed in mankind to feel his identity in universe.
The human bubble is perhaps the most fragile consciousness assessing the
universe,
Its power lies in reflection and not in amassment.
Aloneness in universe is not fatal,
But group-life lightens the burden of ego,
Possession is heavy,
But sharing is the acknowledgment of human condition.

37.0 DEFEAT

Defeat seems a jolt to smooth motion of life,
A confrontation with destiny,
An insult to the spirit.
Worldly life is a long series of defeats,
(Where, at times, survival alone seems to be the biggest victory),
But man rises after each knockdown to attend to the next duty,
And this goes on till the final fall.
Defeat is not the opposite of victory, but a state far perverse,
Man does not die once but many times in a lifetime,
Life is a series of islands in an abyss,
A much expectant walk through a minefield.
In life no defeat or victory is final,
Worldly defeat or success is not a measurement of the spirit,
Which is seeking unison with universe,
A harmony of the elements,
A celebration of nature.

38.0 DARKNESS

Nature has made mankind in a bizarre juxtaposition of qualities,
Along with its larger-than-life character lie its tunnels of charged darkness,
Its ennobling brilliance is accompanied by wanton ugliness,
Its uplifting creativity is co-resident with meaningless destruction,
A splendid system contains anomalistic aberration.
The dark side has wrecked quite a havoc through ages,
The murder of millions of men,
The unabashed torture and subjugation of people,
The other face of mankind is a night unabated,
An ugliness indescribable, an evil pit unfathomed.
Where does in the system of human soul cruelty reside,
Why does it exist in so grand a design?
It seems nature did not want the beauty of man to remain unblemished,
So it created hideousness in a strange way of balance,
A shimmering moon with pockmarks.
But nature has no evil design,
It is all in the nature of nature to create some inhuman entities,
It runs by its own principles, its own light.
In the larger interest of things,
We make room for darkness along with the shine.