

BOUND

*Snake, snake, snake!
Cried myself awake.
Bathed in sweat
And out of breath.*

*I looked again
A snake? Nain.
Its only a rope.
What a dope!*

*Wealth, wealth, wealth!
Earn straight or by stealth.
It was there. Now, Pffft.
Only a momentary gift.*

*Want to be known
For deeds of my own
Look again, think!
Gone, in a blink.*

*Ah! my son, the future,
Nurse him, be his tutor.
I can exist forever.
No, It is only fever.*

*They all seem so true
I strive and I stew.
Darting until I tire.
Unending flames of fire.*

*I seek to be unbound
Going round and round.
With a guru, make a start
To reach "That thou art"*

HORNS OF A DILEMMA

(A thinking man's cry from the heart)

Who am I; what am I doing here?
Life is confusing; endless, a sphere.
I get irate — with people, with pelf,
Or am I annoyed with myself?
My Self? Who or what is it?
The Body? Or am I only a bit
Or am I complete, the Whole?

Guide me, nay, Us. Give us Maturity
Objectivity, Understanding and Clarity
So we negotiate this life
Safely, and without strife.
I know not what lies beyond
This life, this large, murky pond.
Am I part or, am I the whole?

They told me early in school
Walk straight and narrow, like a mule
With blinkers. Neither left nor right.
So your life is full and bright.
But it is a dilemma whose horns
Cut me up, tear and dance
On the pieces. Am I still whole?