

Destiny and Flowers

O greed that asks our souls which rest to wake from their perpetual slumber.

Why do you creep on our souls? when we have no mountain of time to question your existence.

O immortal love that is more forgotten than is remembered from the buried overalls of the farms and warm tangibility of the soil, from the obscure wilderness that lies, alone and aching in the harmony of nature. Why do you call to us in need of restoration? when we are no longer men.

O summer that fills our weary heart, often lightning the former regret that lies still faithfully in the air of winter. Why do you find us so gloomy and ostracized? as we break ourselves into the vastness of life.

O life of that serene, sleepy and seductive universe, that dwells in our sunrises and gives way to our sunsets. Are you not our master? As we your student. Are you not the ruler? and we your subjects. Why do you forget us when we need you the most?.

O flower, strange unknown, magical flower that is no longer ours, of the mellowing harvest of life and the tormenting rain of death. Do drinks us downward into death? Do you ask us who we are? Do you lead our lonely and weary hearts home?

O death that wanders and roams our sullen realms, that talks to us in the dusty recess of the omniscient night, that follows and blooms in our many days, that is never absent from our loneliness. We know not where you reside or where you come from but only ask where you wish to go?

O destiny that rages and crawls through tunnels in our broken flesh, that dark miracle which we are so fond and afraid of, O destiny that carries our souls through the haunting eternity's of the sacred dream, we call life, O destiny that lights the way through the pungent darkness of the soul we call love. Destiny that knows not limits, that knows no origin. Where must we wander and sleep? if not in your arms.

- *Jai Narang*
Winter 2018