

IN QUEST OF THEE AFTER 150 YEARS

Are you in perennial meditation
 'O the voice without form'?
Glancing at you –

 Contemplation blinks in utter disbelief,
 Renunciation lost its mooring in desperation,
 Knowledge seeks refuge in awe.

Where to find the 'latest and most perfect' Being

 Who would embrace you with His loving tentacles and beseech you
 to be amongst us once again.

Who dare say that your sojourn is over?

 Didn't you promise to 'inspire men everywhere until
 the world shall know that it is one with God'?

We are in dire need of zest today.

Bereft of conscience – our

 Hearts do not bleed for suffering fellow men,
 Heads do not perceive the niceties of saneness,
 Hands do not tremble in accepting graft.

'Be and Make' deleted from our itinerary is preserved in mortuary.
Contraction has become expression of life and

 Expansion is mere chauvinism leading to death.

Yet –

We are marching 'forward- onward' following your
command and we will 'stop not till the goal is reached'!

Only one fervent appeal we lay at your lotus feet –

 Recharge us once more,
 Rejuvenate us once more revealing
 your omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent self!