

Footsteps Inside a Pantheon

Creatures of habit we have become;
Forgotten how to question.
We wake up and go back to sleep
And indulge in between;
But all we remember are the things we want to forget!

The calm, the relief, the ecstasy,
Lost in the blur of a dense, thick fog!

Life was meant to be experienced,
The trickle of time,
the needs of love,
fleeting moments of laughter and life.
Like the dance of a firefly on the canvas of a dark night.

But alas! The allure of immortality,
Of names engraved on red bricks;
Of golden steps taking us to heavenly riches.
And like ye old Sisyphus –
From kings, we become slaves in our own kingdom!

The calm, the relief, the ecstasy,
Lost in the blur of this dense fog!

We look up at the stars and the moon
And feel not the wonder of our ancestors
But the clutches of time turning our soul to a corpse at midnight!

It's an illusion, this mirage of existence.
The voices, the echoes, the badinage;
The lights, the reflections, the picture perfect;

But all that remains are flying ashes from a half-burnt pyre.

The calm, The relief, The ecstasy,
A Life;
Lost in the thick blur of this dense fog!