

our Lord Chinmoy

The colour of all things
soared with you

The day you went home
into your high blue.

Back they have you, at last,
their Lord Chinmoy,

All cosmic gods drunken
with never-ending joy.

And tears as smiles will blossom,
(we'll try, try and try)

Of colours now empty
on memories never shy,

Young earth ever enamoured
with your Footprint-kiss,

At your Feet forever dreaming,
their sweet dust, bliss.

--priyadarshan