

Warrior of Time

Narayana Moorthy
On Vito Victor's Sixtieth Birthday
May 3, 1997

In the conquest of time,
10,000 leagues to travel,
after 60,
a lot more to go.

Every moment of life
is victory over death,
Look back
to count the spoils
But there are none!!

In the journey from nothing
into nothing,
each year a gain,
every year a loss,
Destination: immortality.

We always begin
where we have left off.
The end is always near,
the goal within reach.

But the specter of the enemy
for ever casts its shadow.
Think of it,
and it's there.

We all win
the trophy of living.
But who is the victor --
time or I?

Will I be born
again?
Will I gain

life eternal?

Wait,
I see
another
immortality:

I thought nothing remains
after we die.
But there is life
and its origin.

There is energy
and its vibrancy.
The armor of thought
shields us from death,
keeps us alive.

Thought is our only fear.
Cast aside the armor
and embrace
immortality.

I am,
I breathe,
I is you,
I are we,
We are It!
Om!

I grow older,
yet I am ageless.
I ponder all,
gaze at all
with deep eyes.
I understand the tragedy
of losing my gains.

My wisdom is thought,
thought turns sound,
sound turns silent,
and I am not.
All is still

and time is frozen.

Death calling,
breath threatened,
thought extinct,
and body buried --
where am I?
Everywhere
and nowhere.

Everything changes,
yet nothing has changed.
Now aware of all,
yet in a moment
I am not.

I don't know verse
nor rhyme nor meter;
does it matter
where matter is not?

When I think,
thought is all I can do.
Poetry or life --
which shall I have?

If it weren't for Vito's birthday
I would never attempt a poem.
Happy birthday, Vito!

Dirghayushman bhava!
(May you live a long time!)

Satayushman bhava!
(May you live a hundred years!)

Sarve janah sukhino bhavantu!
(May everyone be happy!)