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Musings

Shyamkant Kulkarni

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MUSINGS

By Dr. Shyamkant Kulkarni

SPIDER'S WEB

Many times I wonder, What makes a thunder, What is pleasure, What is treasure, What is life And what is a home?

Many times I see wealthy homes and big palaces made of marble, lined with silver panels, floored with turkish carpets, decorated by high brow architects with fancy curios and worldly treasures to be found only in the chests of Sinbad the Sailor, only to discover after a while that was just a tomb of once upon a time "sweet home"—now perhaps just a prison, a place of treason, perhaps just a garden forever forbidden to that Eve and Adam and their children, perhaps only a museum with private bath and coliseum, or a cheap hotel or costly motel with free



Artwork by Clinton Wood

cocktail. At times it is a storehouse to hold— whatever not sold in garage sale.

Many times I try to count, to lose the count, of places and numbers of rooms I inhabited once. Many times I try to define what makes a home sweet home. At times I remember driving on a highway unknown in the midst of a dark night at speed of wind, heading to those small apartments in search of warmth and happiness, to gratify my senses.

A home sweet home is never built of bricks and mortar, steel and wood bought in barter, but it is a web woven of filaments of love and laments, where dwells that spider that brings two together and binds them forever.

THAT PRINCESS

I am wandering lonely, ceaselessly, from place to place in search of that familiar place to call it my place where I can rest.

Wherever I go, I get tired of those weird looks, of foreign accents, unknown faces new customs, houses with new faces, dark lanes, congested squares, jagged roads and diversions with red stop signs.

Whenever I get to a new town, I try to forget faces with frown, to turn pages now turned brown, to compare those sketches now about to fade. May I hope to find before I am exhausted those lost dreams, that owner of face For whom I left my home and all the riches for one glimpse of that princess, for whom my heart is aching for ages

(DR. SHYAMKANT KULKARNI, age 52, is a physician practicing in Watonga. His first poem appeared in WESTVIEW's SUMMER, 1989 issue. His compelling urge as a writer is to portray ever-changing life through the poetry and short-story genres.)