

THE DROPLET

The droplet lived on top of the wave, frolicking and shimmering in the warm golden Sun.
It enjoyed cool evenings and moonlit nights. And life was fun.

I have traveled the world far and wide and lived such a charmed life, she said.
I wish this wonderful ride will never end.

Then suddenly she saw the shore just yonder.
She panicked; she knew that the end was near.

What will happen now? It's all over, she sobbed.
And then she begged and prayed hard to her God.

Oh God, she pleaded, you know I have lived a righteous life.
Won't you save me now, your devotee, from this terrible strife?

Just then she saw God looking at her and smiling.
Already deathly terrified, she found this utterly confusing.

Why God is being so unkind, she cried.
In her hour of need, not coming to her side.

After all she had lived all her life by the rules.
Performed the prescribed rituals and paid her dues.

Finally, feeling totally abandoned and helpless she closed her eyes in despair,
Surrendering completely to what was hers to bear.

And, lo and behold, something cliqued out of the blue.
She opened her eyes, looked at God and smiled too.

Totally at home, she was at peace, well aware that her maker
Was never ever apart from her.

It struck her that all that existed was her God, the limitless ocean, her maker, alone.
And in their essential nature her Lord and she, were one.

And she was totally at ease, filled with calmness and composure
As the wave crashed on the shore.

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