

Encounter with a Masterpiece

My friend and I were traveling in Dharamasala where the Dali Lama makes his home since exile from Tibet. It had a combination of Tibetan and Asian architecture. The town was surrounded by the snow covered Himalayan mountains. We toured the cultural center with its brightly colored rocks and Tibetan prayer flags. We saw the artists doing intricate sand paintings, and toured the museum housing the photographs of the Chinese occupation of Tibet.

My friend and I strolled down the streets of the centralized small town. It was lunch time and we spotted a Tibetan restaurant. We walked up to the dining area. I immediately noticed an extremely handsome man, probably in his late 20's or early 30's. He was tall and thin, with dark flawless skin and black hair. His big brown almond shaped eyes glanced in my direction. We sat at a table near him, and I stared at a long complicated menu. The man had a laptop and was sitting alone, I approached him.

"Excuse me. I've never eaten Tibetan food, can you recommend a good dish."

"Sure," he said. "I like the lamb and vegetable soup," and he pointed to it on the menu.

"Oh, lamb is my favorite," I explained. "Thank you so much."

I walked back to my table and ordered. It was a wonderful flavorful broth with nice crunchy vegetables and tender long thin noodles. I enjoyed the pleasurable experience. I could not keep my eyes off the man. It added to my delight. I wished that I was 30 years younger. It was only a moment in time, but one I will always cherish.

Moments in time

Our lives are made of memorable moments,
Gems that come and go at a rapid pace.

We meet an incredibly handsome man,
We are mesmerized by his face.

We muse at the masterpiece,
We marvel at the grace.

We memorialize our memories.
Make mindful meaning of each trace.

What would life be without this magic?
Perhaps just a meaningless rat race?