



# A Discovery is born

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

Mine is a world, really unreal;  
Soaked in music  
And drunk in dance;  
Broad smiles  
And laughter in lots.  
Lost pupils fixed in cloudy visions,  
Gazing into unknown 'fars'  
Across seas of thought,  
Where forms dance in electric zees...  
Blue and yellow bright  
Like crayon dragged on paper,  
End to end.



There are no words;  
No meaning as taught;  
No thought as concept;  
No identity;  
No background;  
No foreground;  
Patterns and forms,  
Weave and change,  
Each on their own.

Suddenly and sometimes, together...

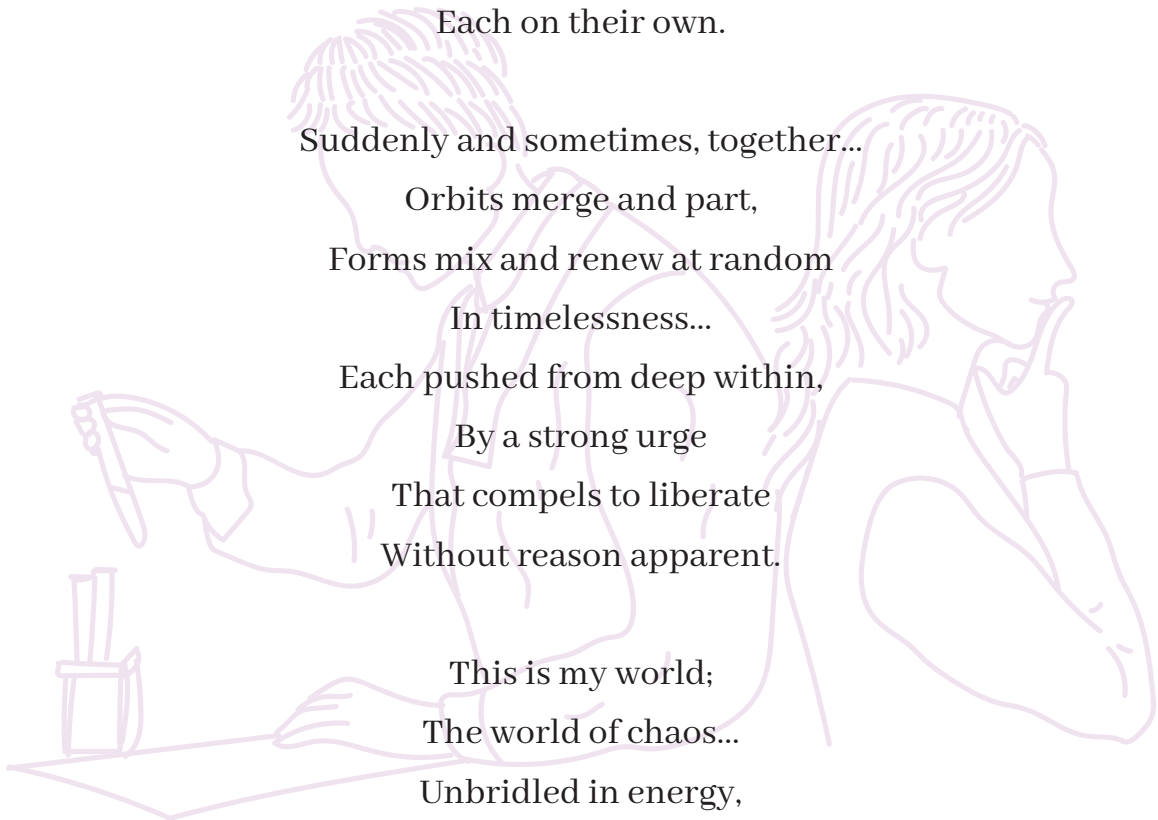
Orbits merge and part,  
Forms mix and renew at random  
In timelessness...  
Each pushed from deep within,  
By a strong urge  
That compels to liberate  
Without reason apparent.

This is my world;  
The world of chaos...  
Unbridled in energy,  
Un- judged, unending;

Resounding in creative spasms  
Of discovery!

Each wave peaks in a knowing...  
Connects the Future to the Now;  
Electrifies and binds

Hoary yesterdays to unborn tomorrows.



While, somewhere, somewhere else-

In the world of ponderables,

Where life exists in tangibles

And abounds in happenings

And their importance;

The 'learned' and the 'proving'

Record my experience as significant ...

A marked point;

A step

In the path of growth ;

A rung

In the ladder of development

And labor

To rate its consequence!!

I know not this world,

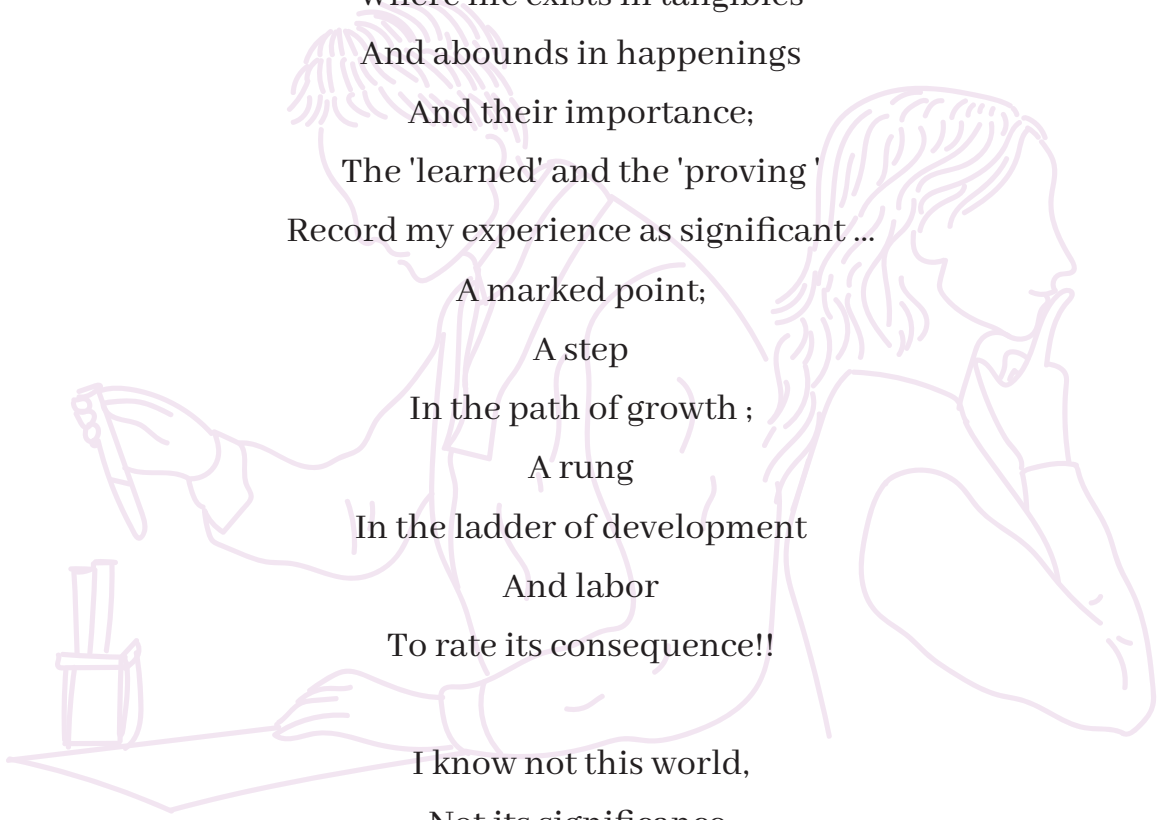
Not its significance,

Not its consequence ...

I float innocent in Nirvana

Yet, while in oblivion,

A discovery was born!



*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI