



The Boulder and The Water

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Dark & foreboding,
Bridging heaven & earth,
Ragged & cold,
Shaggy in looks,
He stood everywhere
On my path....
To freedom.

My supple arms
Hurt when we embraced
And I never could
Slip around to escape yonder
Where virgin life
Stretched to worlds
So, so beautiful.

He stood there
Boulder bold....
He stemmed my tide,
And bridled my bounce
As I
Skirted him
With rippled moans.



I dodged, made loops
To waive his vigil
And disappear
Into nether worlds.....
To travel earthy bowels
Dark & tunneled.

But he blocked every crevice
Every fold, every hold. With
stony chips
That split his sides.
He sored & wounded
Yet, bound me
To his sight.

I slapped at his face
In vexed fury;
I spat on him
In mounting curse;
I foamed, I frenzied.
I cursed, I cried,
But he budged not;
Neither moved
Nor gave way to my hopes.

At last
I bore no more.
Avalanche like
I burst forth
In fierce tirade:
"O cruel beast
Why do you
Brutally so,
Crush my growth,
Check my path,
Stifle my joy?"

O! would that
You had a heart!
Would that you
Shed a tear!
Knew how
To love!"

In somber silence
He stood mute;
But the sky
Seemed a foreboding grey...
The heavens gaped, Winds
raged,
Trees shook,
Birds screeched,
And all game ran asunder.

A lone voice Cried in
pain "Come, pierce
my core To behold
What lies therein?"
Even as I gasped In
disbelief
As never before
He moved
Tattered, shook
Rolled amuck
And plunged into the deeps...!

Unlocked from captivity,
In new found freedom.
I sprang forth
Like a bubbling bride
And tumbled into
Dangerous altars of hoarded dreams.
I flung myself
On the lap of rocky adventure
That cut like razor
And burnt like fire.
I ran helter-skelter
Lost parts of me
As I roamed aimless,
As I meandered shameless
Amidst strange lands....

And then,
I sudden felt
A familiar feel..
There lay "He",
Broken & beaten,
A recluse, in a corner.
I spread over him
Unthinking, unlimited
Was it in want?
Was it in habit?
I know not.

Yet, somehow,
His touch seemed to comfort.
And when I scooped into
A cut on his chest,
And dug deep into his core
I found parts of me; Soft,
tender,
Soaked in vintage waters,
Bound in age old time.

He seemed to say
“O' water. O' my love,
At last, you dropped all facade
You touched my heart
And found you in me.”

I caressed him
With regained warmth
And called him
To stand on my path
Over more
To guide, and tend me;
To hold my fury
With fond faith
And keep me safe
In his love
In our home.