



The Door

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What's a door?

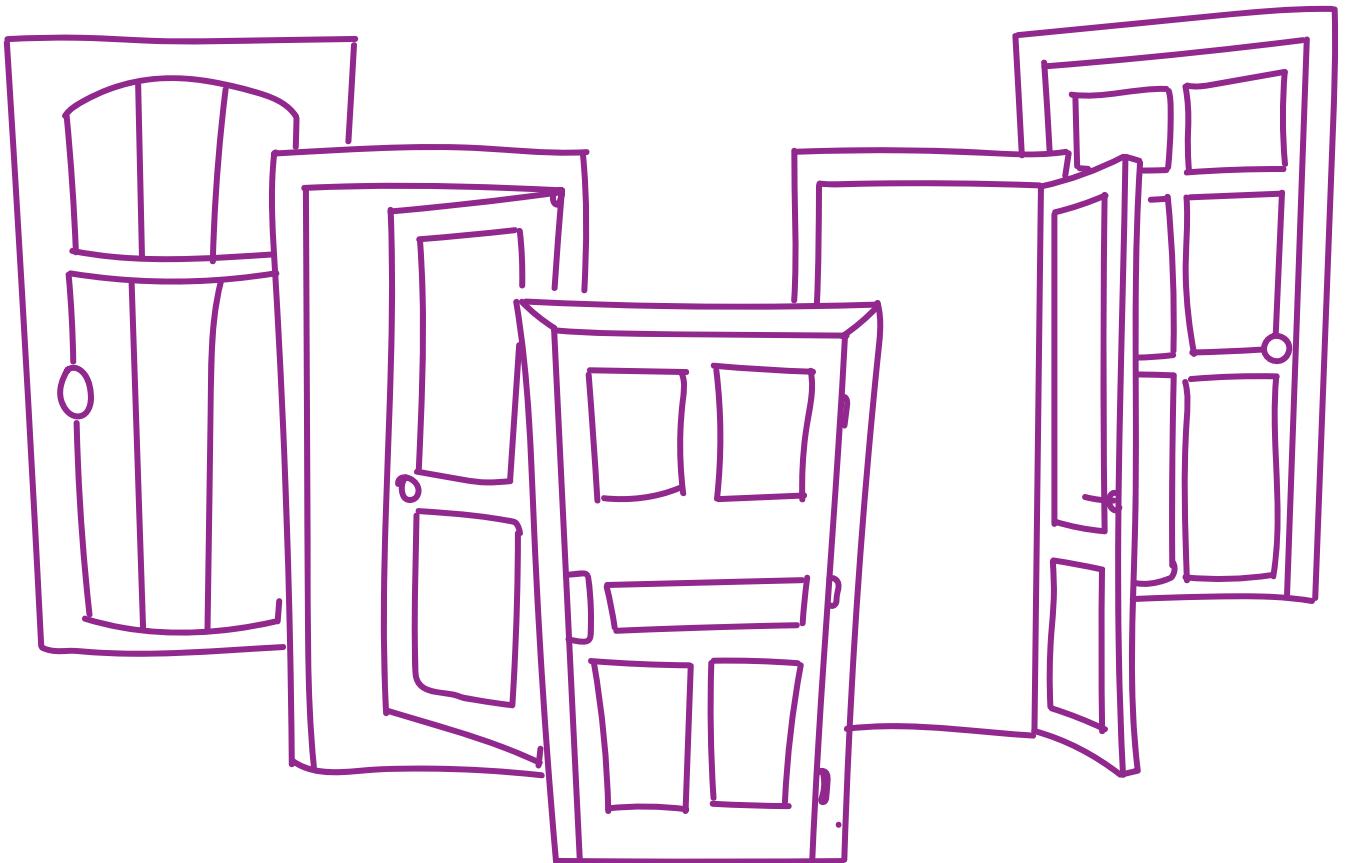
What is it?

Spartan or ornate...

Gargantuan or petite?

What lies beyond?

A dream or a dare?



Is it a vista that opens
To abounding opportunity?
A boulder,
Rising on wheels of progress?
A façade,
That seals what is ordained?

Or is the door
A symbol of hope?
An invitation-
To taste the unknown?
Is it a veil of privacy
Behind which young hearts grow bold?

Is the door
Really out, there?
Or is it
Only in the mind?
For how come its shut for some
Yet, open wide for others?

We often use the door
To open
Or to shut
The music of our souls;
To climb the ladder of life
Or to well ignore it, letting go!



Strangely though, when it stands

Bold and strong, before us,

We shudder in uncertainty

And open it softly. Unsure.

Of what lies beyond-

A bonanza or damning doom!

Yet... once we breeze past it,

Perchance... opportunists that we are ...

We kick it shut with pompous pride

Proclaiming:

'After all, a door is just a door

And nothing really more!'

Verses
BY VASANTHI