

The Night is Long

Vasanthi Vasudev

The night is long, my love,

And the night

Is almost lost....

Far above, I watch

The amorous moon

Frolic and flirt

With virgin clouds.

A hundred leaves

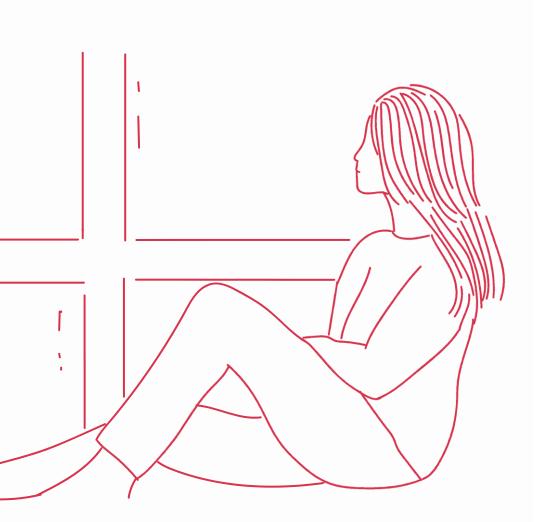
Pin themselves

To brittle barks

Too afraid

To rustle away

The hushing silence.



The night queen,
In perfumed radiance,
Gleams and glows away
The growing gloom......
She opens herself
For gusty winds
To kiss

Deaf darkness;
And the drunken husband
Forces himself
Onto her unwelcome bed
That cringes and creaks
Into serene stillness.

With tearful sighs
The sentinel slumbers
Hugging exotic dreams;
I walk in dutiful beat
And watch, wistful,
The long winding road

My ears
Pierce thick dumbness
With sharpened wings
To hear your footsteps
Sing hurrah in my heart!

My eyes

Search into

Mounting blackness

For your

Manly gait

To appear

On my dying stare!

I wait, my love,

As the clock inches

Through desperate seconds,

For your voice

To ring into

my life

With a hope

Of tomorrow!

For dallying days

And winsome nights

That will live with us

As we sing along

To the sparkle

Of eternal love.

