



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.

Verses
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