



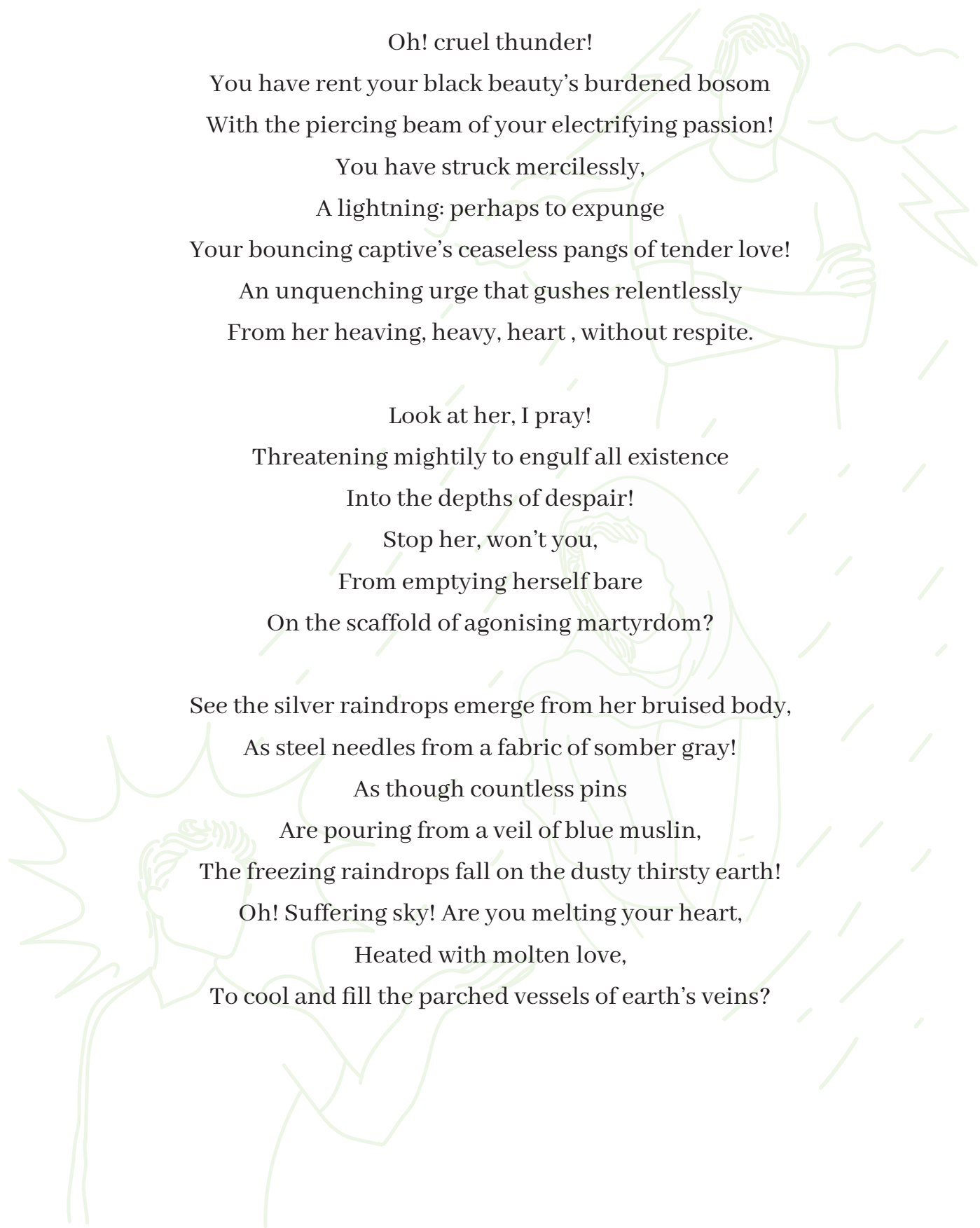
A Catharsis

Vasanthi Vasudev

The dark maiden is choking the earth
With her downpour of rippling tears.
Is she exposing her torturous pangs,
Or her passionate grief, thus, maybe?

Is she pouring out her heart and soul
In this rhythmic refrain?
Is her grief like an avalanche,
So huge and appalling,
That she is sworn to crush
All earth under it?

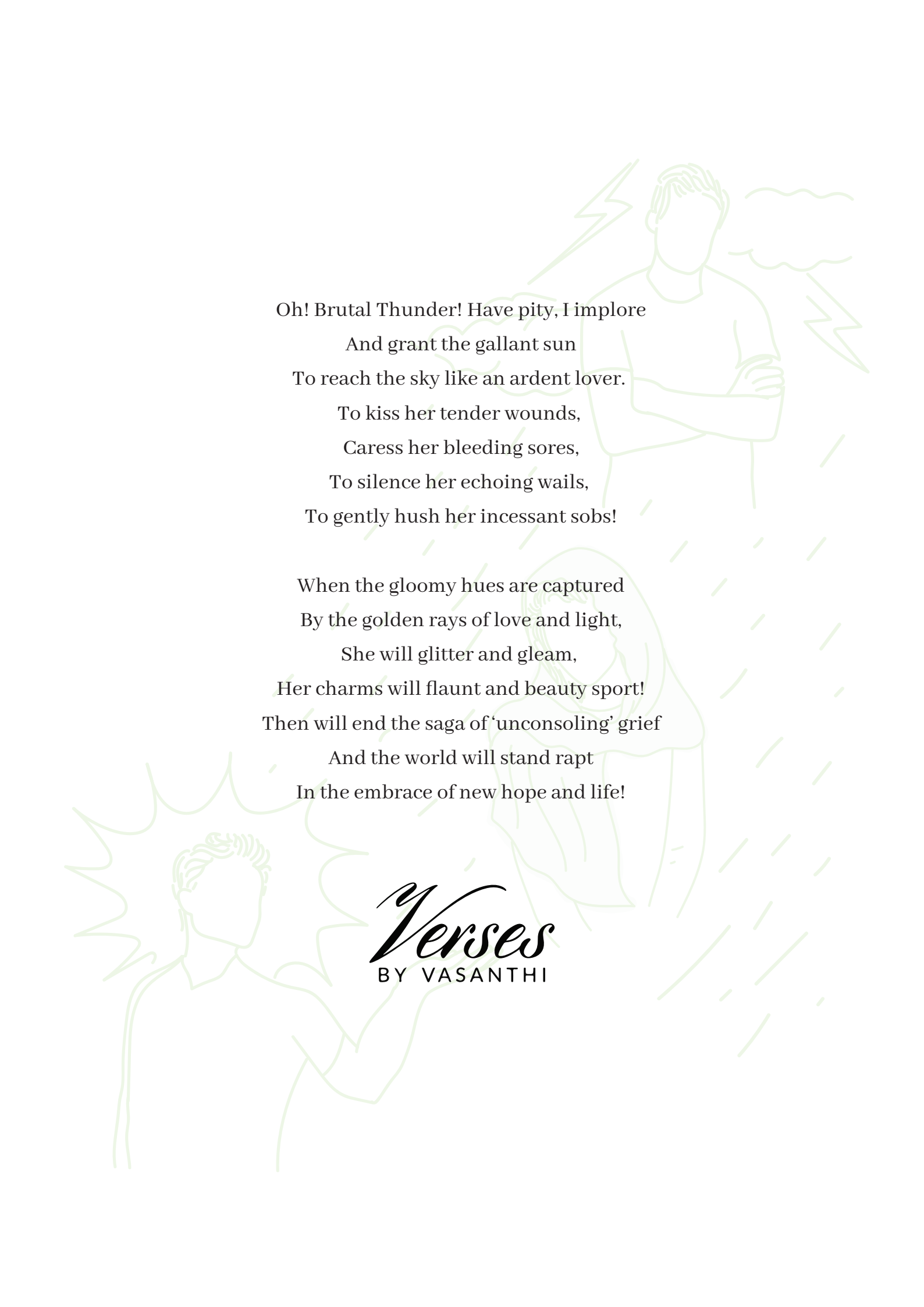




Oh! cruel thunder!
You have rent your black beauty's burdened bosom
With the piercing beam of your electrifying passion!
You have struck mercilessly,
A lightning: perhaps to expunge
Your bouncing captive's ceaseless pangs of tender love!
An unquenching urge that gushes relentlessly
From her heaving, heavy, heart , without respite.

Look at her, I pray!
Threatening mightily to engulf all existence
Into the depths of despair!
Stop her, won't you,
From emptying herself bare
On the scaffold of agonising martyrdom?

See the silver raindrops emerge from her bruised body,
As steel needles from a fabric of somber gray!
As though countless pins
Are pouring from a veil of blue muslin,
The freezing raindrops fall on the dusty thirsty earth!
Oh! Suffering sky! Are you melting your heart,
Heated with molten love,
To cool and fill the parched vessels of earth's veins?



Oh! Brutal Thunder! Have pity, I implore
And grant the gallant sun
To reach the sky like an ardent lover.
To kiss her tender wounds,
Caress her bleeding sores,
To silence her echoing wails,
To gently hush her incessant sobs!

When the gloomy hues are captured
By the golden rays of love and light,
She will glitter and gleam,
Her charms will flaunt and beauty sport!
Then will end the saga of 'unconsoling' grief
And the world will stand rapt
In the embrace of new hope and life!

Verses
BY VASANTHI