

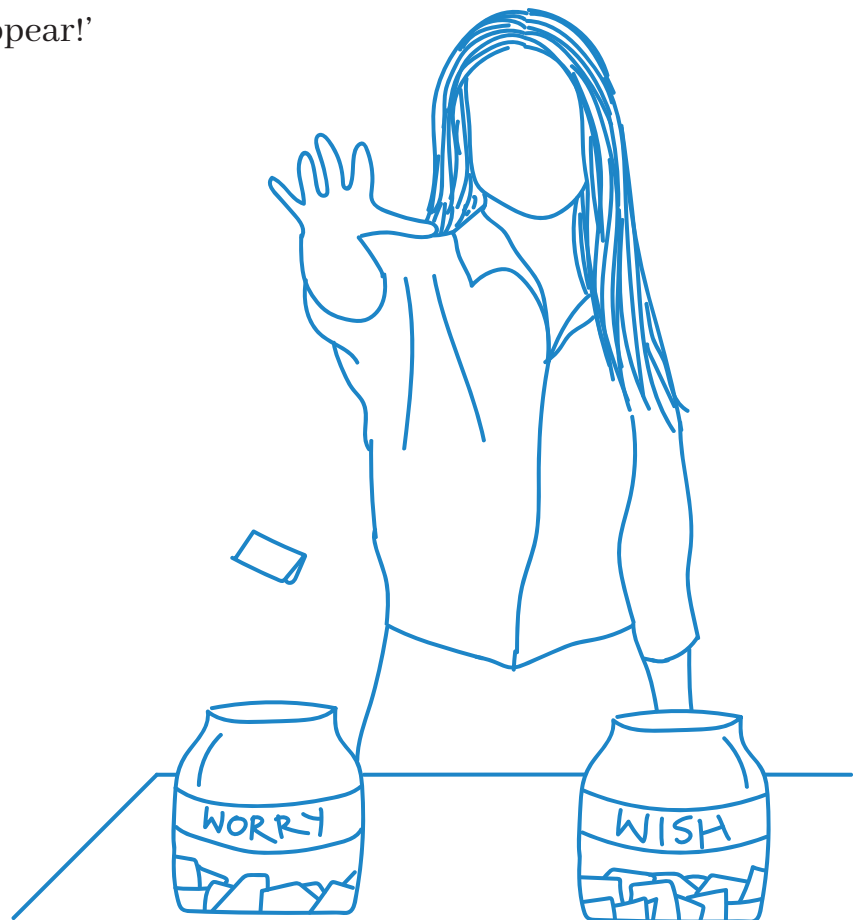


# A Note for the Pot

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

I had a 'worry -pot' big and red,  
I wrote out every fear and every dread...  
A little note, into the pot, I dropped,  
Heart heavy as lead, as every worry cropped.

Every day, I had a peek,  
As I counted, I wanted to shriek;  
'Oh! when will each note be torn to a clear?  
When will every worry fly to disappear!'



On the same table, on the other side,  
I had a 'wish pot', white and wide.  
Into it on chits, dazzling golden,  
I wrote out desires, so dear and olden.

As I counted, in it, the golden chits,  
To make them come true, I racked my wits.  
'Will my splendid wishes happen and over take?  
Or will wanton worries keep me for long, awake?'

Each day, in nervous conflict broke,  
'Will I today, in grim, grief choke?  
Will the horizon light with blissful hope;  
And all worries be gone beyond scope?'

'Do I swiftly act or lame, accept fate?  
Should I labour and sweat or simply sit in wait?  
Which pot will empty itself first?  
Which one will swell, fill and burst?'

To make true, every wish, earthy or airy,  
Perchance I would find a fair fairy.  
Every worry, be it teeny or so weeny  
Will vapour away; where's my good genie!

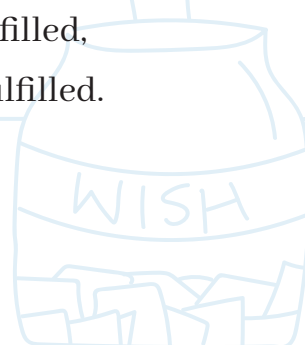
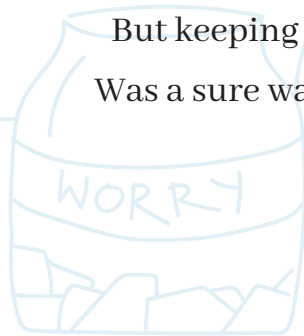
For days and weeks, months and years long,  
I looked into the pots and agony did prolong.

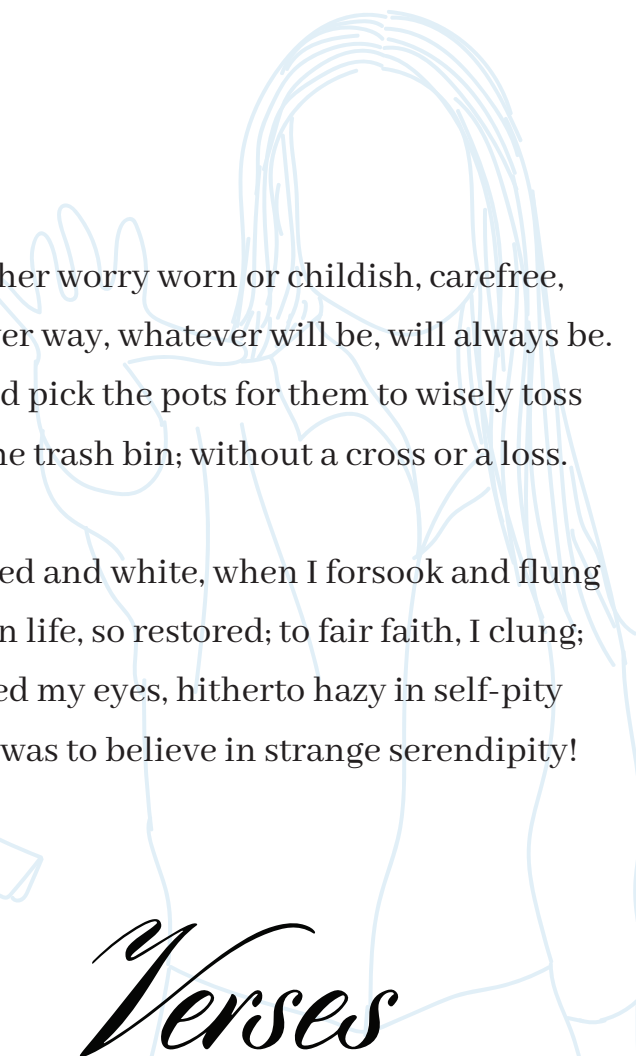
‘Would my wonderful wishes fly high?’  
Or would worries ruddy, raw, make me cry?’

No matter how much I toiled or moiled,  
How many plans I made or failures, foiled;  
When one wish was won and two worries cast away  
Lo! Ten more flew into the pot that single day!

Whatever happened, happened for sure,  
Whether for reason so sound or so very obscure!  
Whatever did not work, did not budge,  
However hard I did try to drag, dig or drudge!

It mattered not, I realised, in the end,  
Whether I was gladdened or so saddened;  
But keeping the two pots so duly filled,  
Was a sure way to feel wholly unfulfilled.





Whether worry worn or childish, carefree,  
Whichever way, whatever will be, will always be.

So, I did pick the pots for them to wisely toss  
Into the trash bin; without a cross or a loss.

Them, red and white, when I forsook and flung

Trust in life, so restored; to fair faith, I clung;

I wiped my eyes, hitherto hazy in self-pity

Bliss 'twas to believe in strange serendipity!



*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI

