

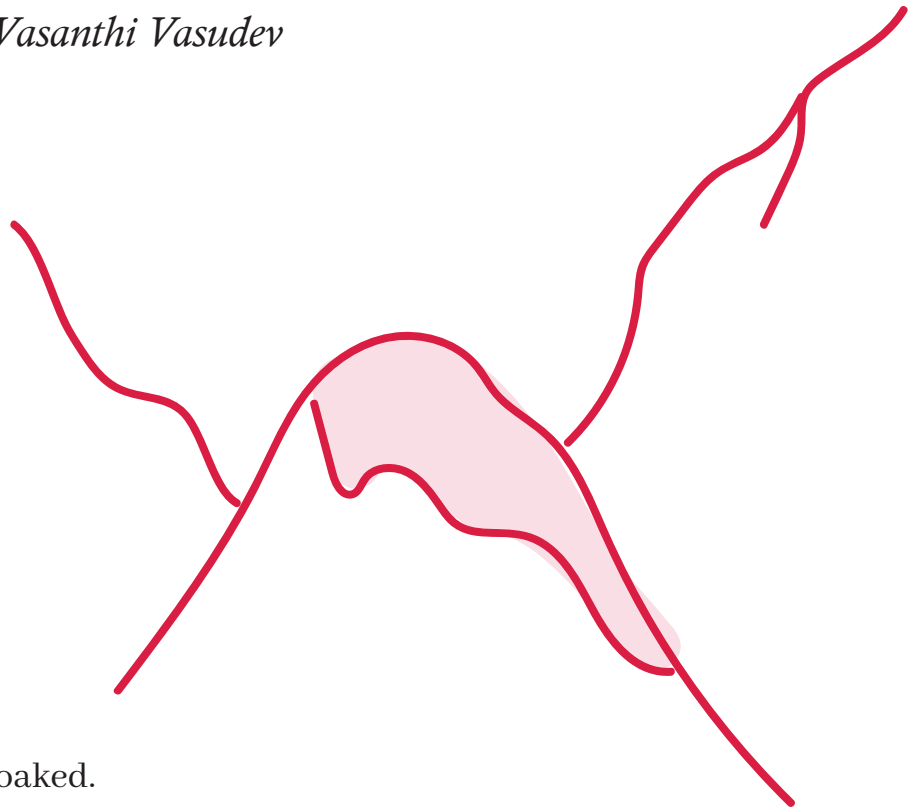


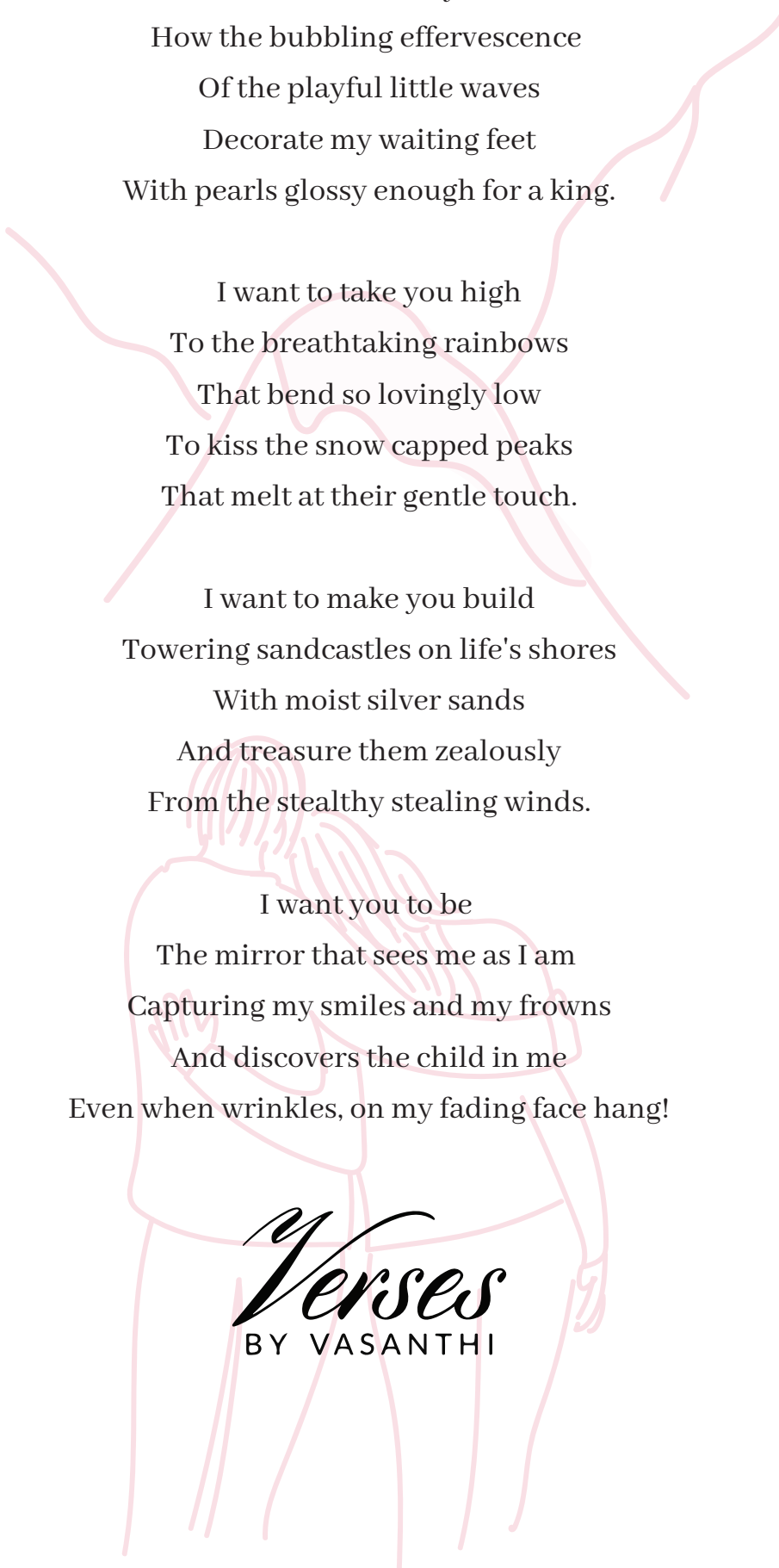
## A Plea

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

I want to tell you  
How the rose-bud opens its eyes  
To welcome the infant sun  
And calls for me to open  
The windows of my heart.

I want to ask you  
Why the honey bee draws  
Musical zeroes in drunken dance  
And breaths gay abandon  
Even when the flowers are nectar soaked.





I want to show you  
How the bubbling effervescence  
Of the playful little waves  
Decorate my waiting feet  
With pearls glossy enough for a king.

I want to take you high  
To the breathtaking rainbows  
That bend so lovingly low  
To kiss the snow capped peaks  
That melt at their gentle touch.

I want to make you build  
Towering sandcastles on life's shores  
With moist silver sands  
And treasure them zealously  
From the stealthy stealing winds.

I want you to be  
The mirror that sees me as I am  
Capturing my smiles and my frowns  
And discovers the child in me  
Even when wrinkles, on my fading face hang!

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI