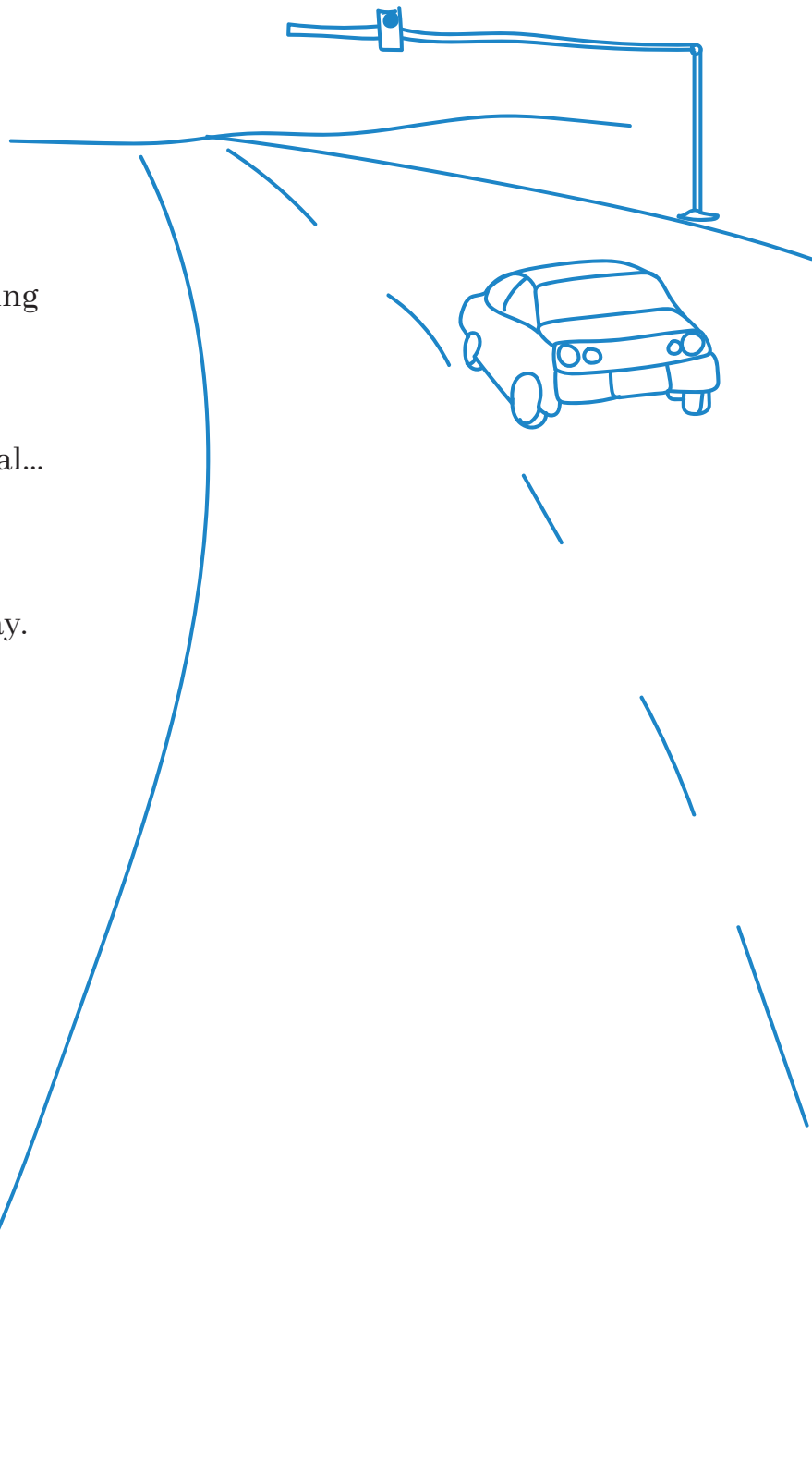




A Road To Greet

Vasanthi Vasudev

I have gone down that road
A concrete carriageway...
For ten thousand days.
I know every botch, every bend;
The broken pavement, the stone lying
Somewhere else, out of step.
I drive and stop at the traffic light
Without having to think, mechanical...
As though in sleep,
Dead beaten.
I feel nothing; have not a word to say.





I chance upon a mud patch; fresh.

I don't know its every bump.

I see a clump of prickly poppy,

Yellow. Beneath the mango tree.

A little off the track.

It's fresh and cheerful,

Intriguing,

And we have a conversation.

The other day!

Beside an apology of a road!

Bits and pieces....

I see a surprise bunch

Of blue chick weed

Hidden in bramble; untidy,

They greet and we have a chat!

Interesting! I even smile.



For Forty years, I've kept going,
Along that road in dead habit.
Red lights and road blocks
All the way, every day.
Like that road, I know him too, fully,
In and out.
There is nothing more
To say or to do!
Patterned to the core-
Like the road, our conversations
Are in fits and starts ...I trudge on...
Red, Amber, a quick Green...
And then, Red again, very long...
Signalling dead end.

I don't mind,
In fact, I long for
Running into unknown paths
To greet a poppy, or some chickweed.
Something new, something courteous.
Something that lives;
Rather, I do wish
That I too will live!
I do wish to live!

Verses
BY VASANTHI

