



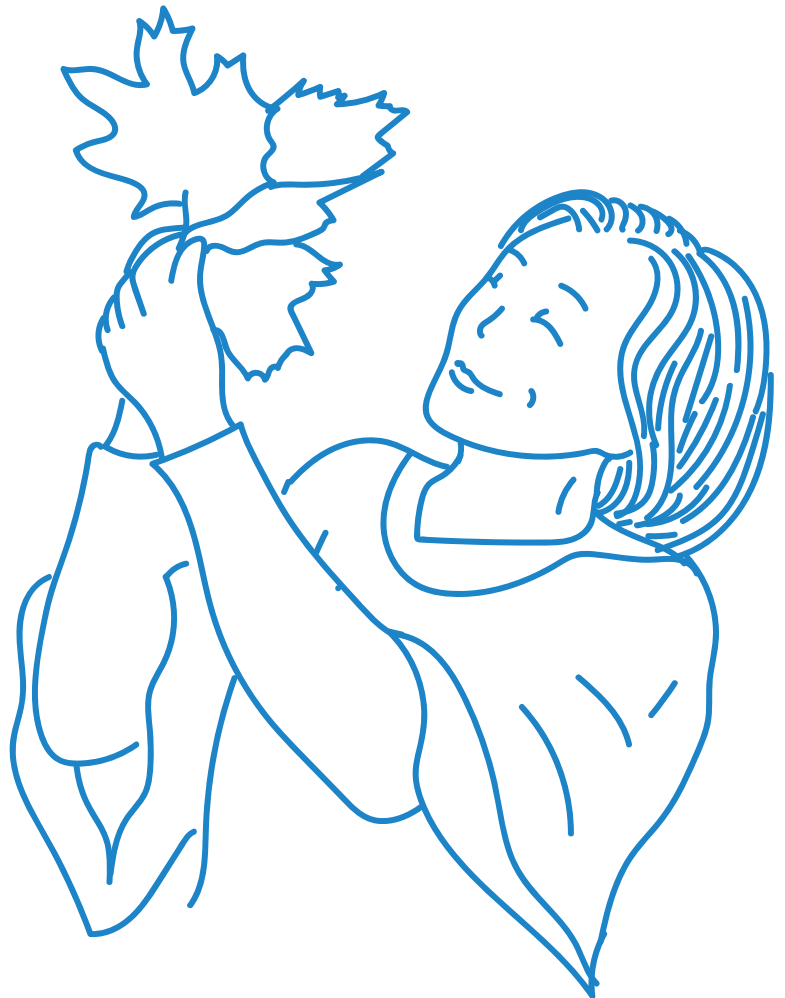
# A Spirit to Still

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

*Written specially for and to share with my Maithreem friends*

Silver and grey fringes on forehead  
Eyelashes stray, with wisps of white  
Deepening lines border nose on side  
And rings garland girthy neck, tight.

But I am still a child,  
Rose bud lips agape pretty face.  
Who clutched Mummy's finger, big  
And around it, my palm, did trace!



Climbing trees, a fruit, to suck  
Rumbustious and boxing fit  
Am still tom-boy thirteen at heart,  
Though my creaking knees, knock a bit.

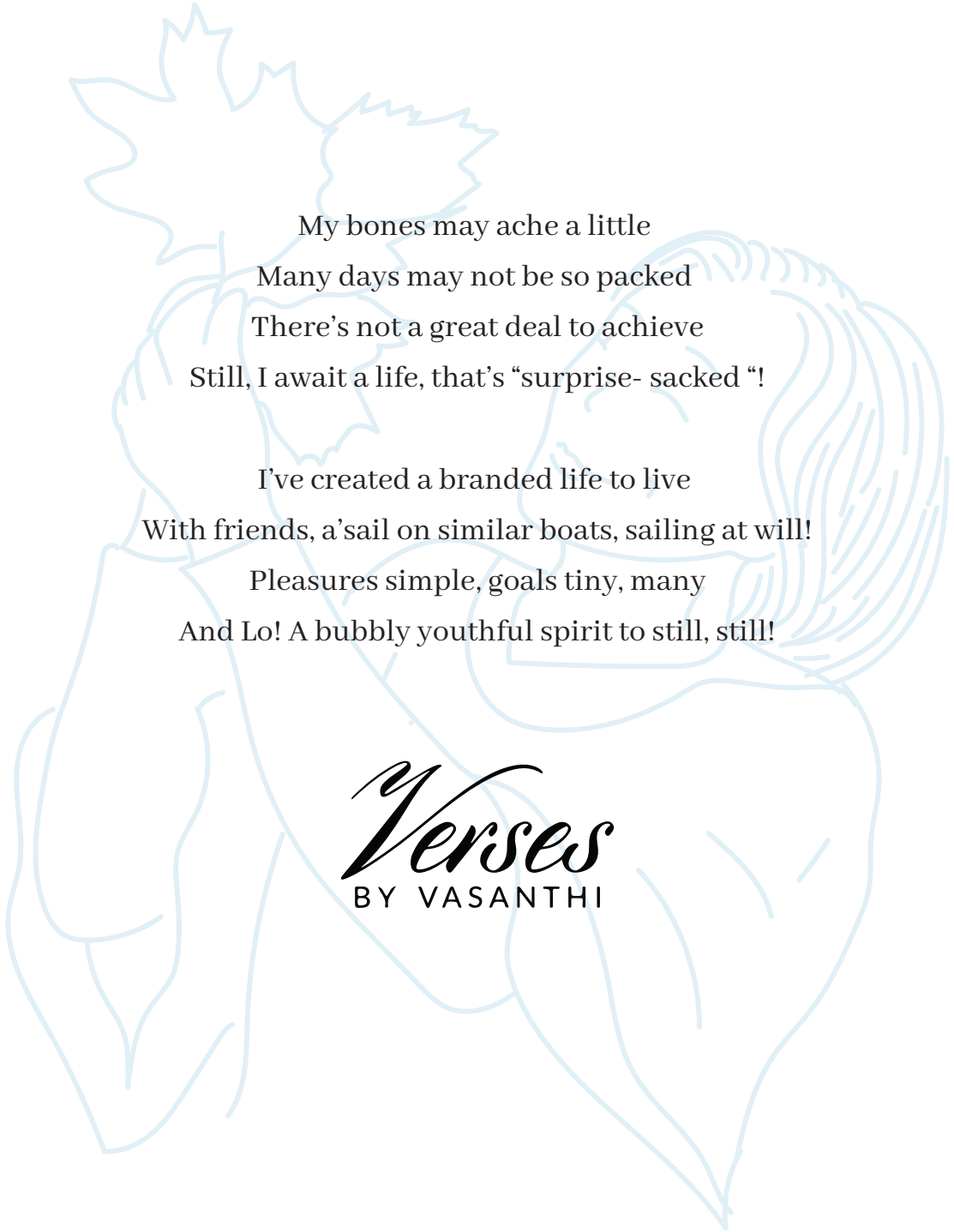
I am not that comely, shapely eighteen  
Pink and rosy in hot blush  
Fluttering eyelashes at Him  
Adrenalin may not gush; still, I feel its flush.

My whole being stills with His fill,  
The warmth of tender motherhood  
As it rushes in my knotting, bluing veins  
When, calling 'Ma' in deep baritone, he stood!

Your fingers tingle and tickle just a little  
Yet my lips quiver in age old love  
My shape, envied hour glass, so long ago  
Still dances to gentle touch even from far above!

Helpless, I see young faces growing old  
And Oh! No longer see many a good old face!  
New faces now appear, in my bastion of yore  
For life must go on... none can stop its pace.

The mirth of youth may be silenced,  
Dreams, as bountiful don't now appear  
But the song in my heart, still sings  
And the morning dawns in chirpy cheer.



My bones may ache a little  
Many days may not be so packed  
There's not a great deal to achieve  
Still, I await a life, that's "surprise- sacked "!

I've created a branded life to live  
With friends, a'sail on similar boats, sailing at will!  
Pleasures simple, goals tiny, many  
And Lo! A bubbly youthful spirit to still, still!

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI