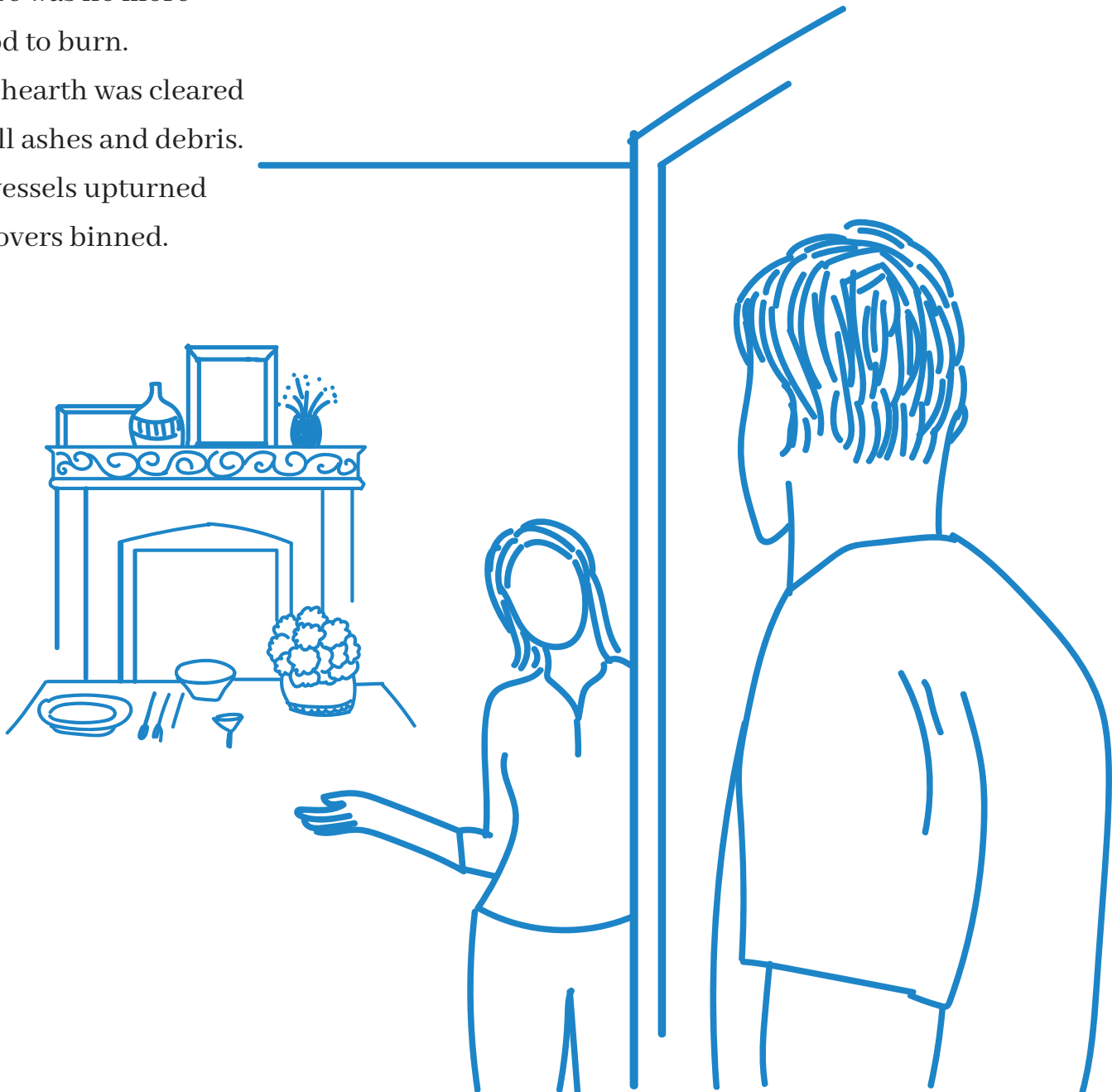




About Turn

Vasanthi Vasudev

I had had enough.
The fire had
Been put out.
There was no more
Wood to burn.
The hearth was cleared
Of all ashes and debris.
All vessels upturned
Leftovers binned.



The stony silence
Sounded a new calm.
The clang of the ladle,
The bang of the cudgel,
Restless chatter of discord,
Noise of empty vessels,
Waters spewing emotions,
Knives and forks
Renting the air,
Tearing sheaths of bonds... asunder!
Everything was done with.

I dumped my past,
Picked my future,
Opened the shut door
And turned my back.
My gait waltzed, light and free.

No more fires to light,
No more wait for love fed meals.
It's time to be careless,
To be carefree
And Free!

Vast horizons all around,
Virgin waters gushing forth,
New paths, rainbow like-
Spanned and beckoned.

Just then,
Freedom juxtaposing bonding,
Be it synchronicity or 'karma',
It happened!

Just as I crossed the threshold,
A gentle knock on the front door!

I stood still and silent
Clinging on to the little door

At the back.

Another knock,
A gentle but rich voice sounded:

“Are you there?”

I still stood still.

The voice grew louder...

New yet familiar,
Like the age old hills!

The subconscious stirred,
My heart missed a beat.

Was this the voice?

I had always waited to hear,

“Are you still there?”

It asked.

I closed my eyes to the rainbows
And looked back.

I peered into my Self,
Into labyrinths of Time,
Into dreams and songs,
Locked and buried
Under dusty hope.

The voice-
Persistent at the front door posed:
“Are your there or are you gone?”

Something pulled; many things fluttered.

Everything held me back.

I leapt into the present

Swung my heels

And turned around,

Letting the back door

Swing to a close.

I sped to open

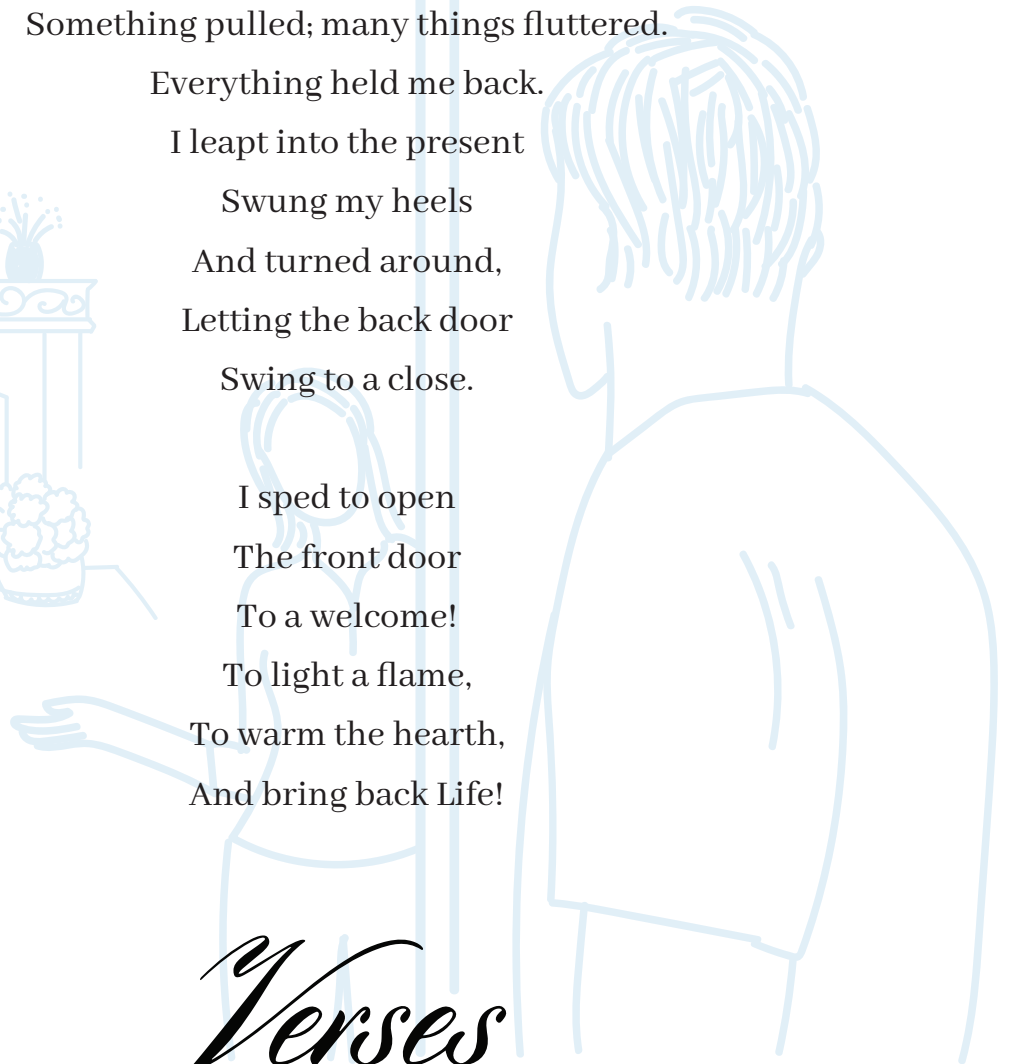
The front door

To a welcome!

To light a flame,

To warm the hearth,

And bring back Life!



Verses
BY VASANTHI