



Brahmaputra

Vasanthi Vasudev

I walked along roads,
That travelled with the Brahmaputra,
Mighty and male...



Under trees and arboured shadows,
On twin seats,
Perched shifting silhouettes;
Of beginnings.





Relationships were born,
As the Brahmaputra
Snaked in testimony,
To promises of meeting eyes;
Entwined arms,
Clasped hands,
Dancing feet and melting breath.

The amorous moon
Played 'peek a boo'
With the shimmering waters.
As I mused;
Moorings shaken and brittle...
How many full moons had I tucked away,
Into the heart of tomorrows to come?
How many songs were waiting to be sung?
To the waltz of these welling waters!

The vacant bank
To my left,
Vast and unending...
Telling twists of togetherness
On my right...
The right bank
So gay and alluring!
The right, ephemeral like a dream;
The left; reality, like sand-dune, stark!



Shaking, a 'mere reed in the wind',
Slender, slivered, scorched....
Turning neither right nor left.
Too earthy to believe in the left!
Too cheated to rest in the right!



I wade into the water
Lapping at my feet
I walk into and on....
Straight on, headlong
Into the arms of destiny.

Verses
BY VASANTHI