



# Breathing Still

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

I am breathing still...  
How wonderful is that!  
Yesterday, a dozen were killed  
When their land chose to slide,  
Dragging in its falling game,  
Age-old homes ...who's to blame?  
What do the miserable poor have to claim?



On the same day, another dozen  
On the “Vande Bharath” flight  
At once, gave up their breath;  
Silenced by a gory welcome,  
As they landed home;  
Their aircraft twisted and broke  
Crushed and cracked in the waist!

Who can say, they're safe to breathe?  
The poor, who could not afford the cursed flight?  
Or the rich, who lived in mansions scraping the sky,  
That touch not lands that can slide?

Who is safe to plan their breath?  
For the next few decades, years or days?

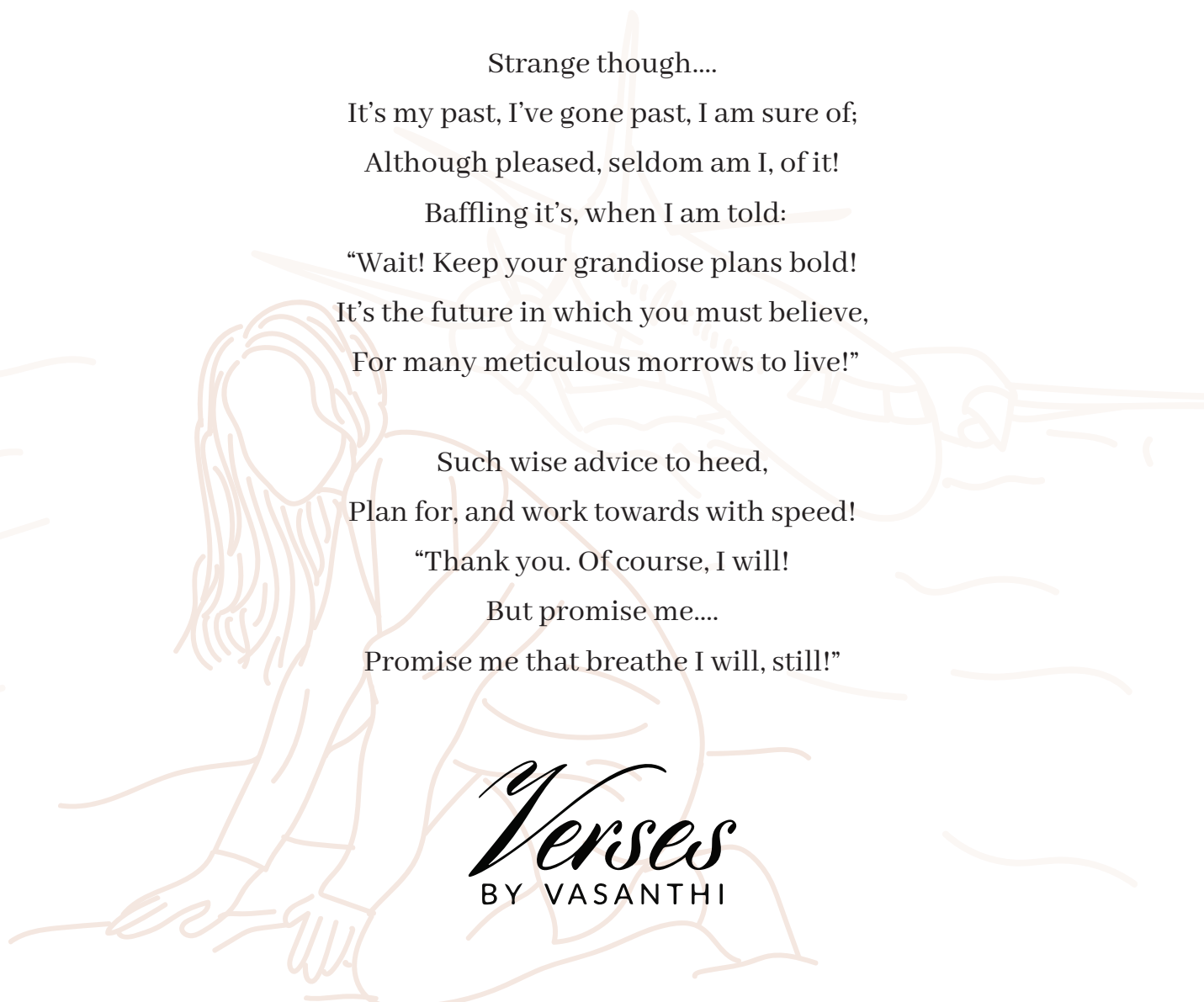
So, what on earth am I to do  
Wait for damning doom in gloom?  
Merely enjoy the moment just,  
Only this, I seem certain of, at first!

That too, after I have breathed the air.  
Post living it, and not when it's just fresh,  
Like 'post- morteming' my own breath!

Feeling fit and fine

As they say:

'A day after the fair'!



Strange though....  
It's my past, I've gone past, I am sure of;  
Although pleased, seldom am I, of it!  
Baffling it's, when I am told:  
“Wait! Keep your grandiose plans bold!  
It's the future in which you must believe,  
For many meticulous morrows to live!”

Such wise advice to heed,  
Plan for, and work towards with speed!  
“Thank you. Of course, I will!  
But promise me....  
Promise me that breathe I will, still!”

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI