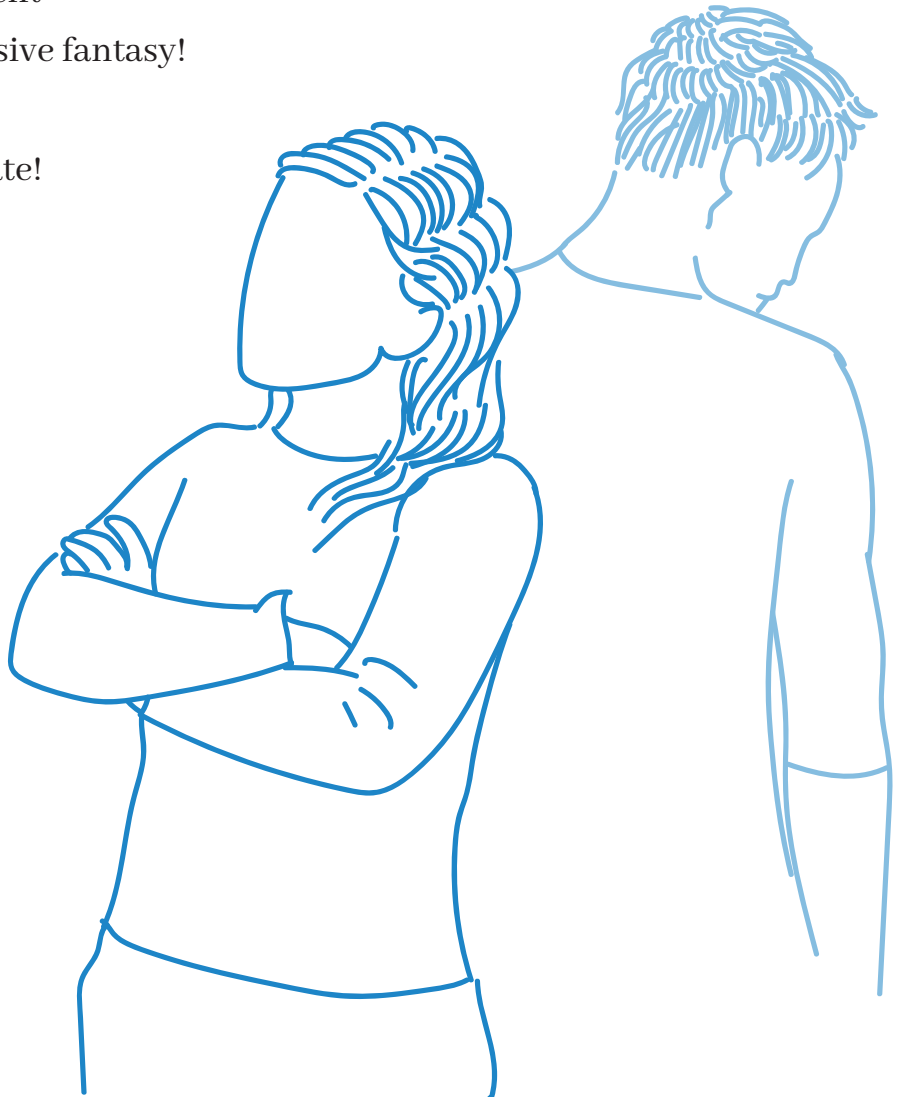


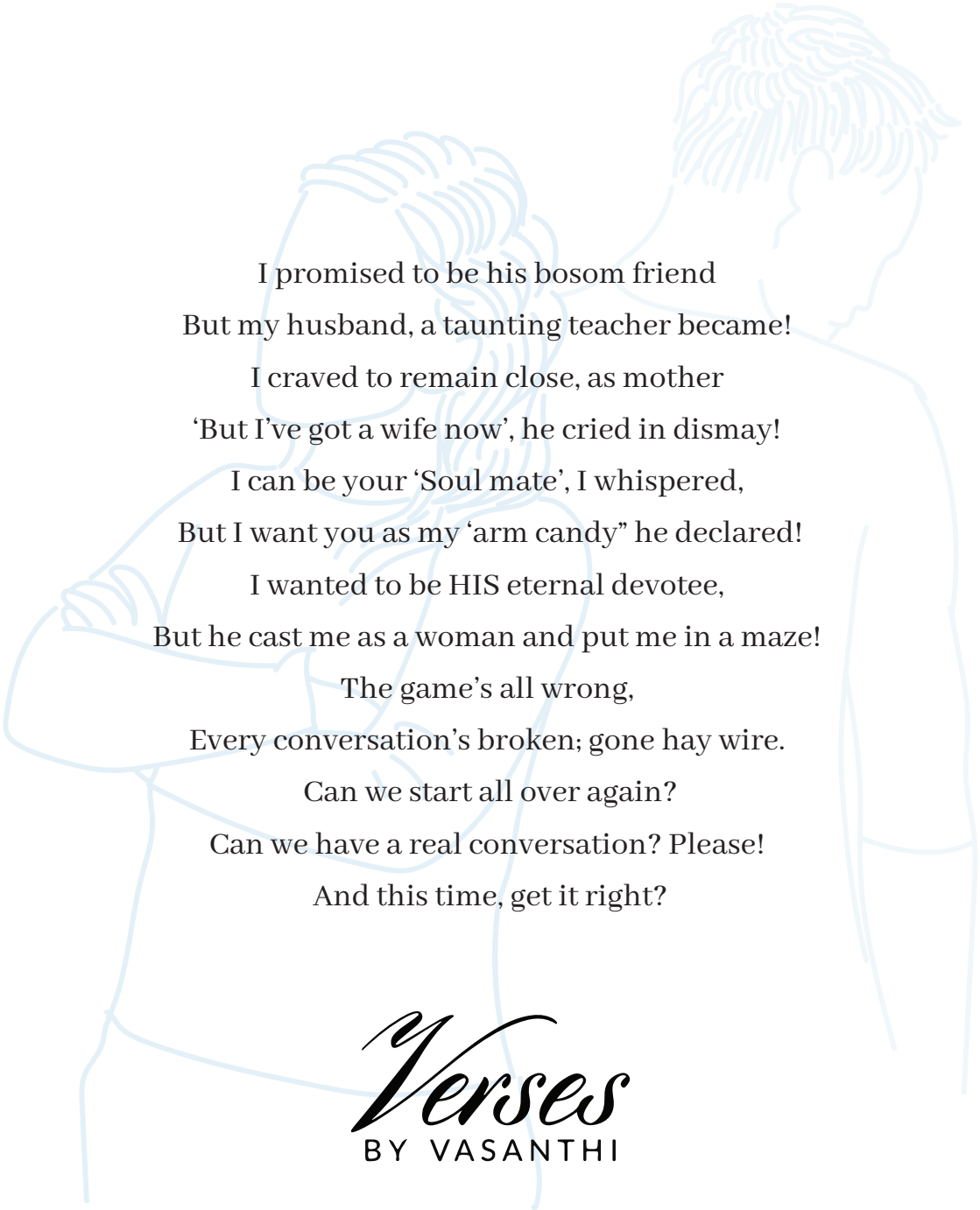


Conversations with Him

Vasanthi Vasudev

I liked to be his first teacher
But kid brother always played truant!
I wanted to be his 'sister'
But college mate demanded me for a wife!
I longed to be an adult
But father wouldn't let me outgrow the crib!
I was proud to be his student
But he made me his obsessive fantasy!
I pleaded to be his wife
But he kept me, a mere mate!





I promised to be his bosom friend
But my husband, a taunting teacher became!
I craved to remain close, as mother
'But I've got a wife now', he cried in dismay!
I can be your 'Soul mate', I whispered,
But I want you as my 'arm candy' he declared!
I wanted to be HIS eternal devotee,
But he cast me as a woman and put me in a maze!
The game's all wrong,
Every conversation's broken; gone hay wire.
Can we start all over again?
Can we have a real conversation? Please!
And this time, get it right?

Verses
BY VASANTHI