



Creativity

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The bard pens a poem
On exotic blooms
The appreciative youth
Reels in ecstasy
Over his creativity.



The scared school boy
Tells a lie
The prudish teacher
Fumes in rage
Over his daring innovation.

The veteran goldsmith
Crafts an exquisite jewel
The beautiful maiden
Craves for the creation
And raves over his ingenuity.

The freakish painter
Sketches novel forms
But moralizing humanity
Bows in shame
Over his scandalous vision.

The novice cook
Adds more spice to the recipe
The conditioned palate
Spits it out
And condemns his audacious novelty!

If anything new is creative,
If anything different is creative;
If creativity is limitless,
If creativity is unconditional,
Why not creativity be reckless?
Why not creativity be bold?
Why screen creativity
Against moral standards
And assess its value
Upon accepted platforms?
Why garb creativity
In hypocritical hues
Why temper and strain it?
Why put a tag
As right, wrong?
Good or bad?
Why not just call
Anything creative as creative
And describe creativity
As simply creative?

Verses
BY VASANTHI

