

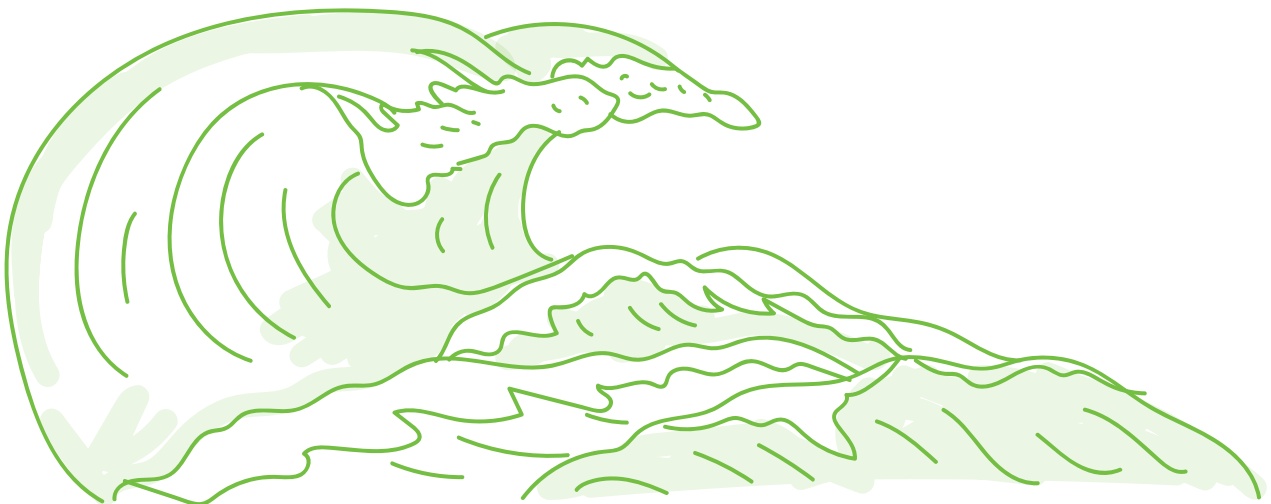
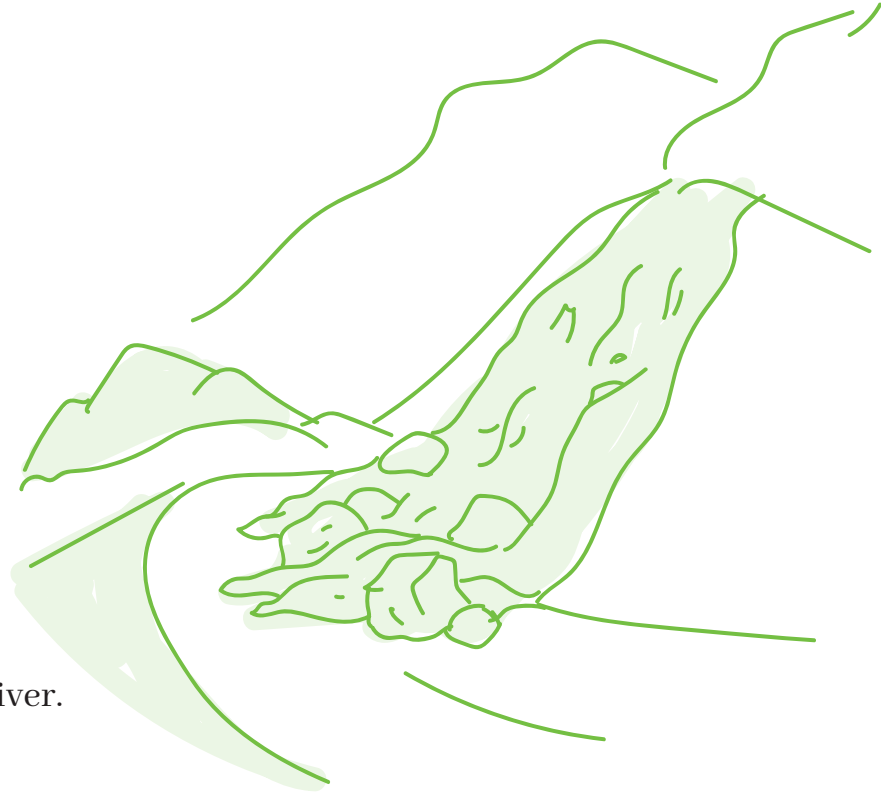


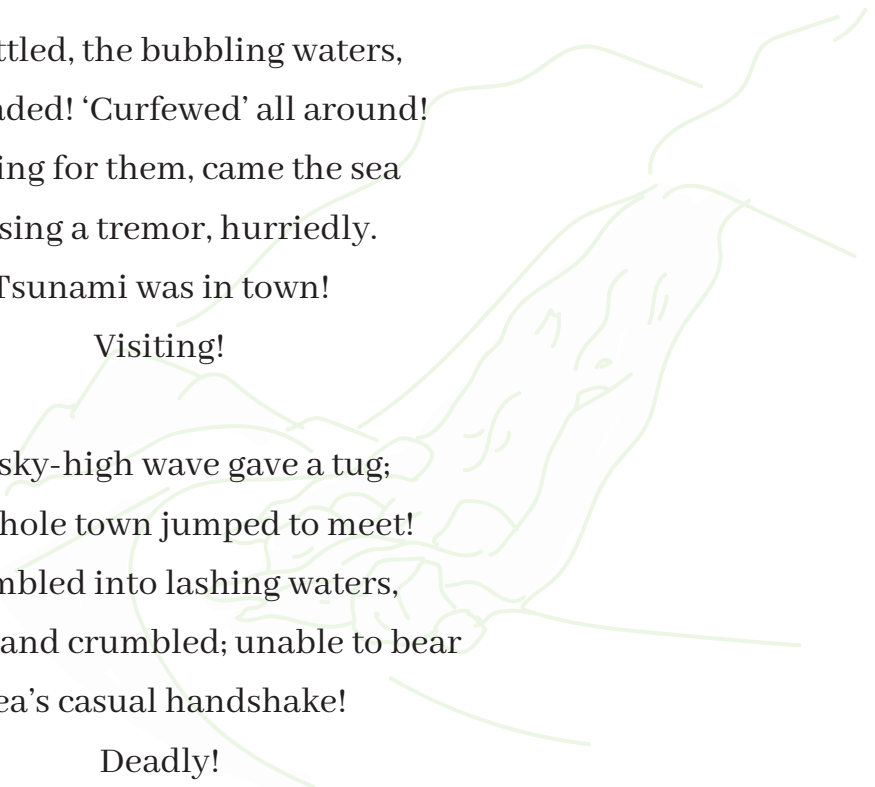
Cut to Size

Vasanthi Vasudev

Roofs stood on razor's edge,
Flung far from erstwhile doors.
Saucepans sitting on nests,
Trees on beds,
The hurricane had come.
And left.

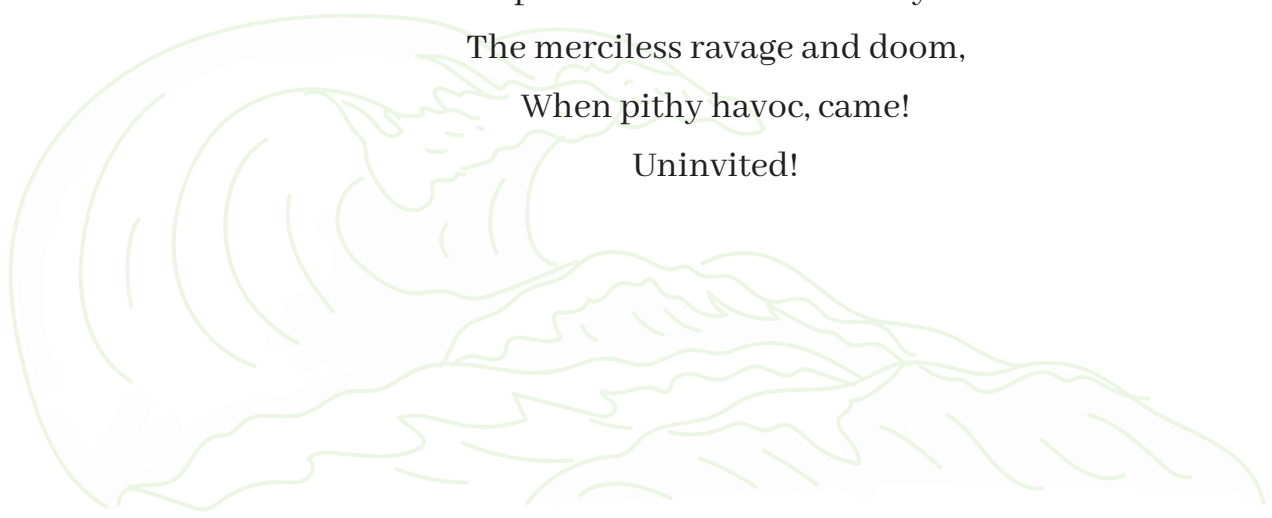
The home was in the water,
Sailing like a boat.
Brown currents, boulders strewn
Mid-stream! Choking the gushing river.
High land had dived into the gorge
For a swim.



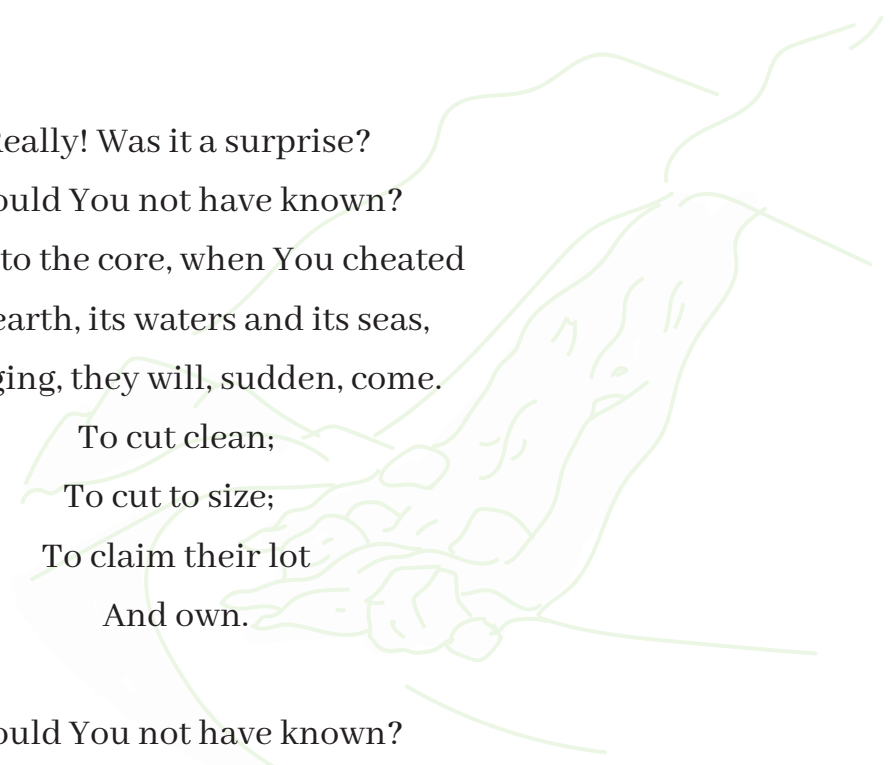


Throttled, the bubbling waters,
Barricaded! 'Curfewed' all around!
Looking for them, came the sea
Tossing a tremor, hurriedly.
Tsunami was in town!
Visiting!

The sky-high wave gave a tug;
The whole town jumped to meet!
It tumbled into lashing waters,
Crushed and crumbled; unable to bear
Sea's casual handshake!
Deadly!



Newspapers and headlines,
For weeks on end,
Spoke of nature's florid fury.
The merciless ravage and doom,
When pithy havoc, came!
Uninvited!



Really! Was it a surprise?
Should You not have known?
Selfish to the core, when You cheated
The earth, its waters and its seas,
Charging, they will, sudden, come.
To cut clean;
To cut to size;
To claim their lot
And own.

Should You not have known?
That charging, they will come
One day, some day,
Surely come to own?!



Verses
BY VASANTHI