

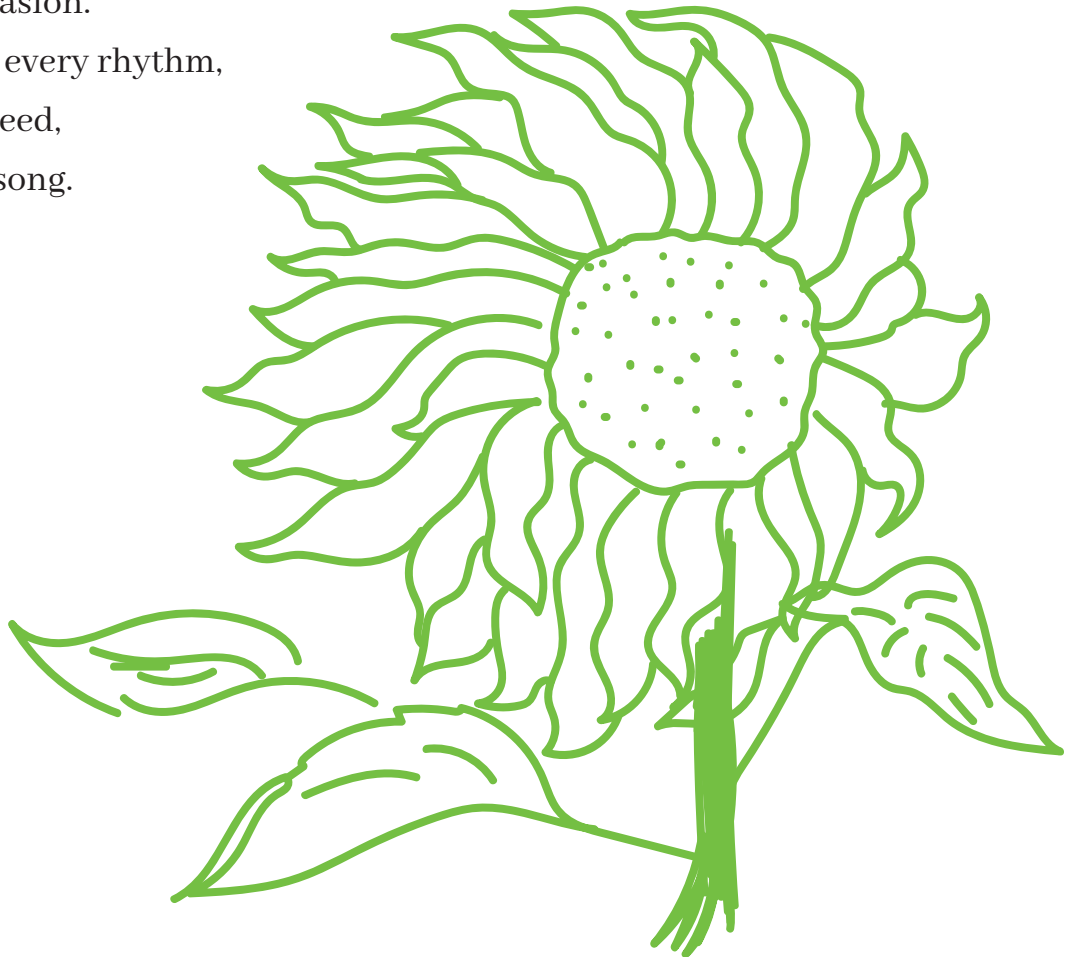


Empathy

Vasanthi Vasudev

I saw a flower,
Bright as Sunshine,
Poised in fragrance,
Hidden in bramble.

The petals
Fluttered to the tunes
Of the wind;
And opened themselves
To absorb the invasion.
They enquired in every rhythm,
To feel its every need,
To hear its every song.



The flower toughened
And even stretched,
So as to bend,
But not to break.

The winds came and left;
Plucked its fragrance,
But did not stop;
Did not listen,
To feel,
To touch,
The voice of
The flower.

But...
The flower continued ...
Continued to feel,
The feel of
The unfeeling wind.
Freshly,
Fervently,
In a vain vein,
Time and again.

Verses
BY VASANTHI