



# Examinations

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

I see a sea of faces  
Seated in immaculate rows,  
Numbered in eight digits  
And caged into rooms.

An eerie silence  
Clasps the air,  
Even when I can hear  
A thud of weak hearts.



Hands sweep across brows  
They stare into the far away,  
They peer across desks  
They close in recollection.

Some bodies are frozen  
Others shuffle and stretch,  
Some drop sweat  
Even as rickety fans swirl.

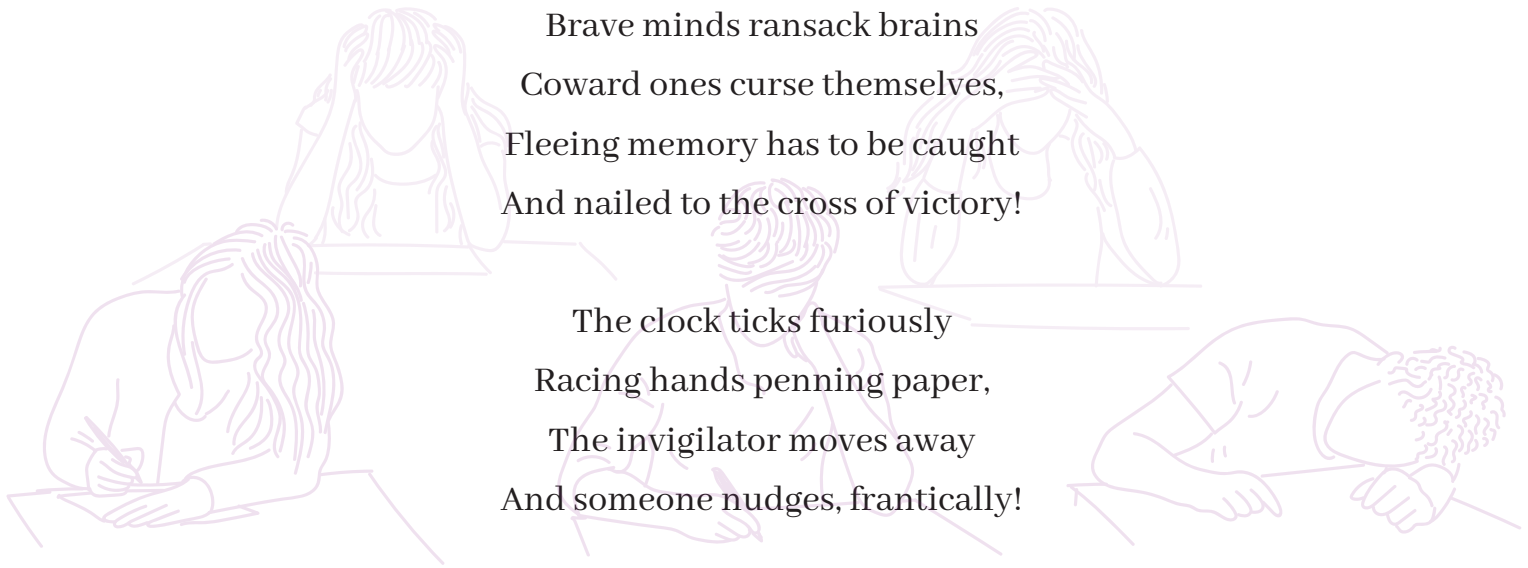
Brave minds ransack brains  
Coward ones curse themselves,  
Fleeing memory has to be caught  
And nailed to the cross of victory!

The clock ticks furiously  
Racing hands penning paper,  
The invigilator moves away  
And someone nudges, frantically!

It's a test of time  
It's a time of test.  
Is it a test of life ?  
Has life put them to test?

The bell suddenly rings  
Is it too soon or too late?  
The dead room bursts into life  
And liberated feet walk away.

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI





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