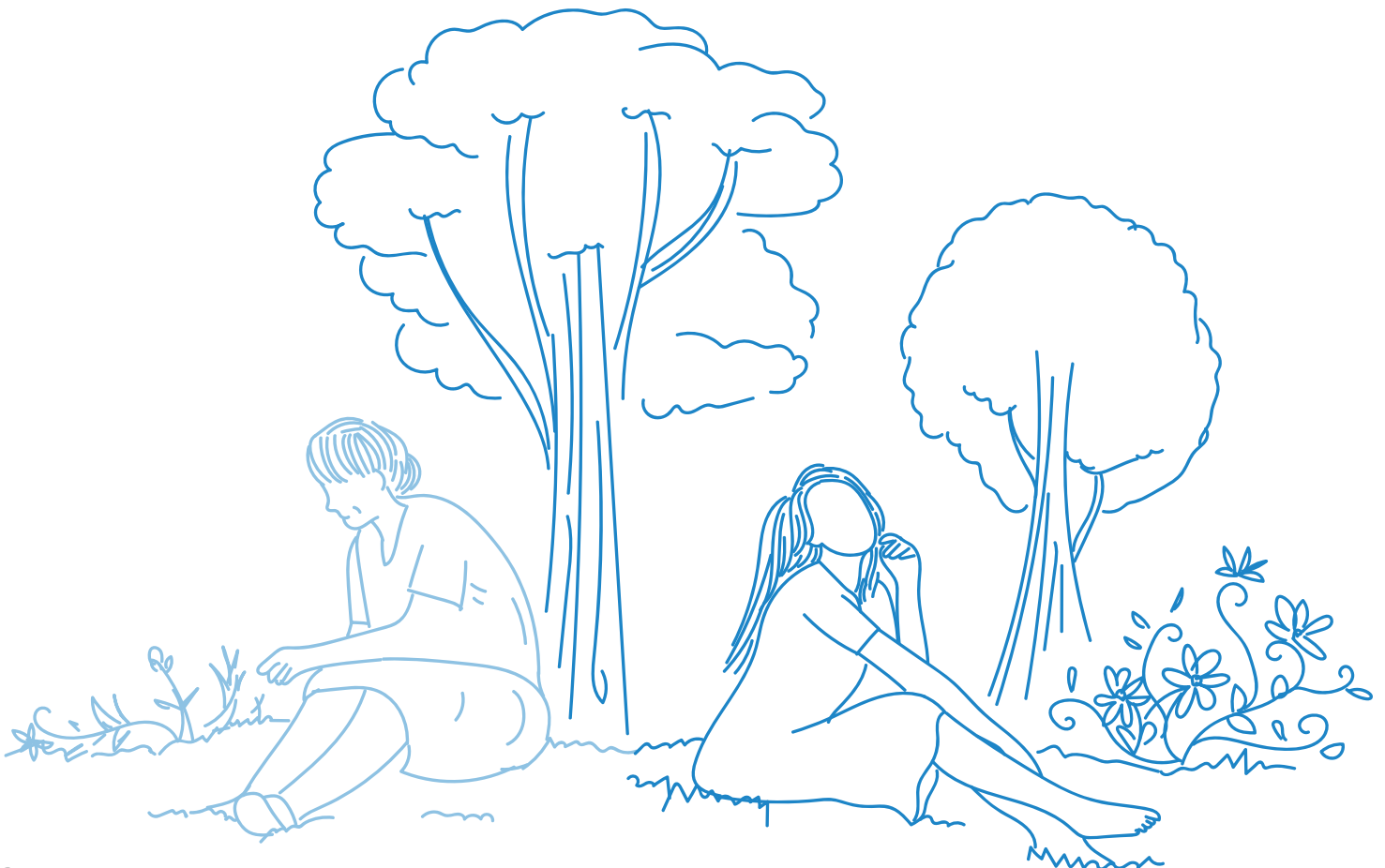




Garden Blues

Vasanthi Vasudev

Here I am,
All virgin green!
Yesteryear's outcrop,
Burnt to a drop.
Yielding fertility once more,
For tomorrows, galore!



Yo! Gardner, 'green finger',
Await you, hither.
Come, caress and gather,
To win together.
Trophies full of wonder,
Sparkling ! rare in colour!
For blossoms that swell,
And hands that tend, as well!

But lo!
Your hands are knotted grim,
Mired to the brim.
Weeding gardens,
Heaving burdens.
Many callings of yore
Lacking time and more!

Dare I, dream
Passion in reams?
Bowers and bees, golden,
Honey and sugar laden,
For paradise in the heart!
For a life, much sought!

Or will I, grow cold,
Parched and old?
Soiled, unkempt,
Weak and inept.

Careless vines every where,
Bursting poison bare.
Trespassed and wild?
Tearfully mild!
Resigned to be fallow,
Placid but hollow?

When lofty strains that bugle,
“Que sera sera, so carpe diem”!

Just a far cry, remain.

Recalling dreams in vain,
Oozing memories of pain.

The garden is, paradise lost.

The gardener, in time, is wrought,
His promise'n all, a wasted lot !

Verses
BY VASANTHI