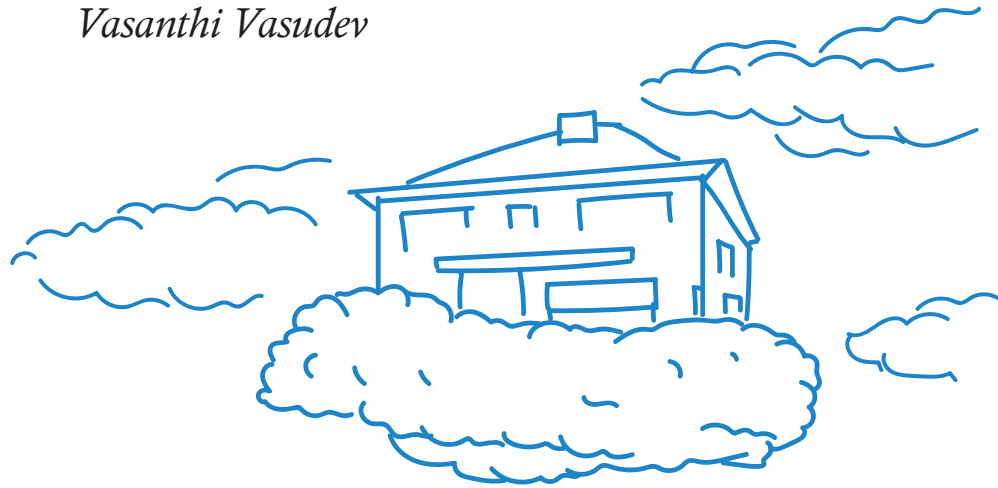




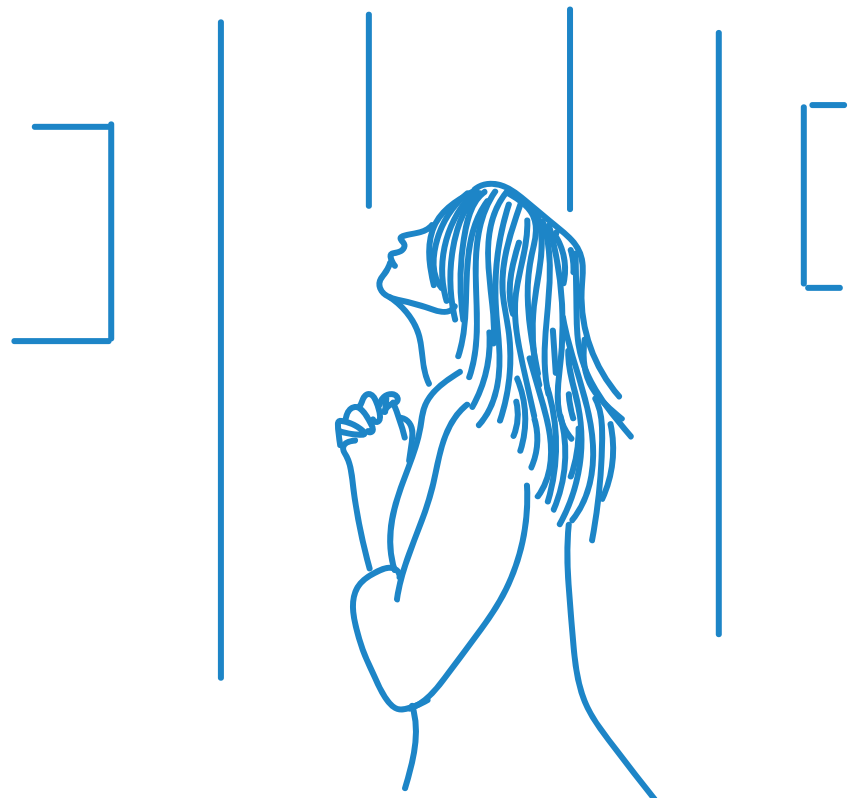
Home Coming

Vasanthi Vasudev

I soared;
High above
And floated
On passionate clouds;
Wings fluttering,
Eyes seeking,
Feathers throbbing!



I longed
To build
My home
On the pretty
Pink clouds
And danced
In intoxication,
Wrapped in
Ecstatic dreams!

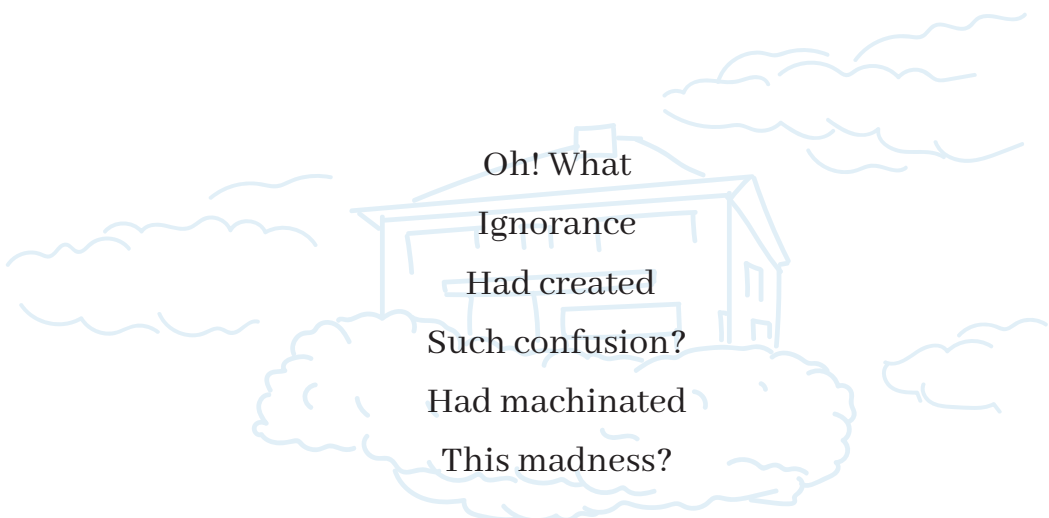


Time stood still
And my world
Down below,
Vanished into
The thin.

But as
I spread
My wings
On the clouds,
They moved
And drifted
Past me...
Was it,
In pre-destiny?

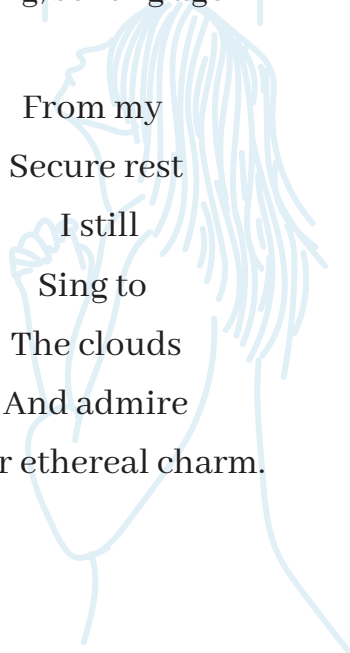
And before
I knew,
The clouds vanished.
And lo!
My clouded vision
Tears in correction.

The paradise
Of passion
Poised on clouds
Was ridden
With fear;
Was diseased
With despair;
'Twas ephemeral....
Mazy, mercurial!



Oh! What
Ignorance
Had created
Such confusion?
Had machinated
This madness?

I darted
Back to earth
And settled
In my
Familiar nest,
My home,
Built with
Patient sacrifice
And careful hope
Long, so long ago!



From my
Secure rest
I still
Sing to
The clouds
And admire
Their ethereal charm.



But wings
Do not flap;
They do not leap
To rest on the clouds...

Instead,
They only
Fold in prayer
In deep contemplation
That perchance
One day
I too
Would become
And be a cloud!

Verses
BY VASANTHI

