

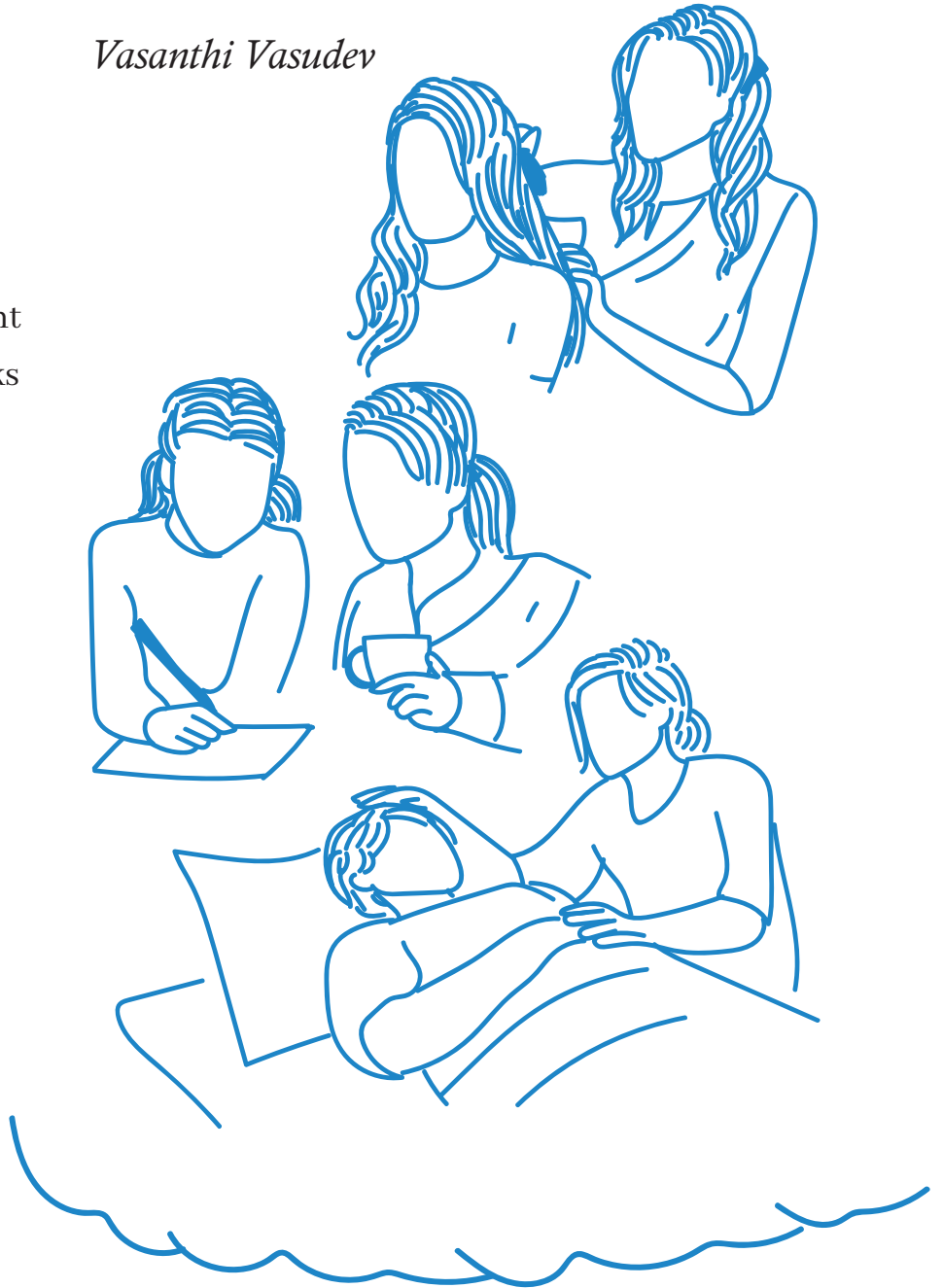


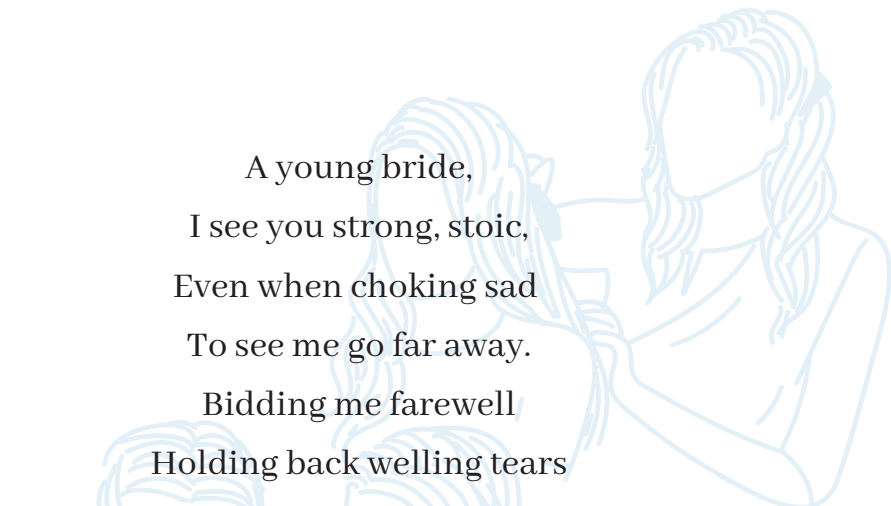
I See You

Vasanthi Vasudev

A child,
I see you
Tugging my right plait tight
As you comb my curly locks
On the left
Warning stern reprimand
Were I to shuffle the least!

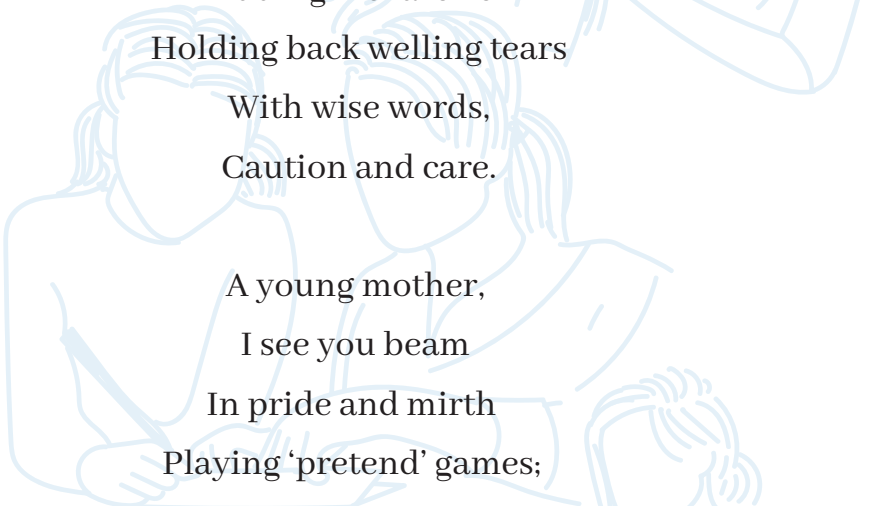
A teenager,
I see you
Standing at my desk
Hot milk in hand
Eyes on the clock
Mumbling'
"It's time to sleep
Too much is too bad
Be it for head or heart."



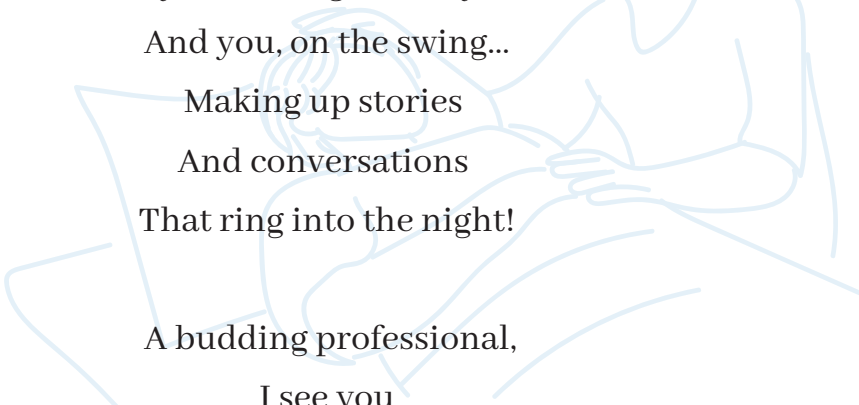


A young bride,
I see you strong, stoic,
Even when choking sad
To see me go far away.

Bidding me farewell
Holding back welling tears
With wise words,
Caution and care.



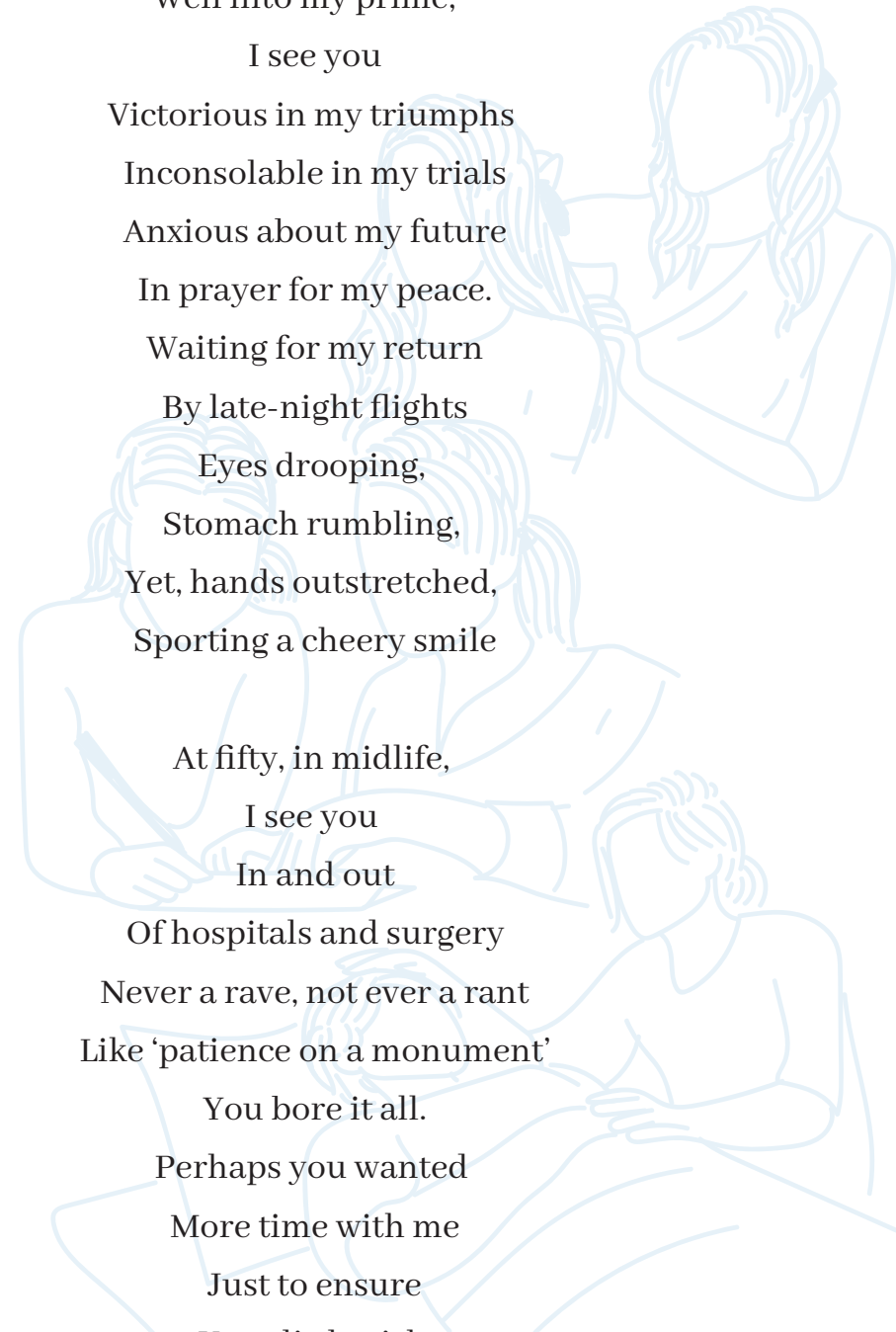
A young mother,
I see you beam
In pride and mirth
Playing 'pretend' games;
My son riding his tricycle
And you, on the swing...
Making up stories
And conversations
That ring into the night!



A budding professional,
I see you
Reading my writings...
Chirping valuable insights:


“Don't go over
People's heads.

There's always a beauty
In simplicity...
When the brain's not going
All dizzy!”

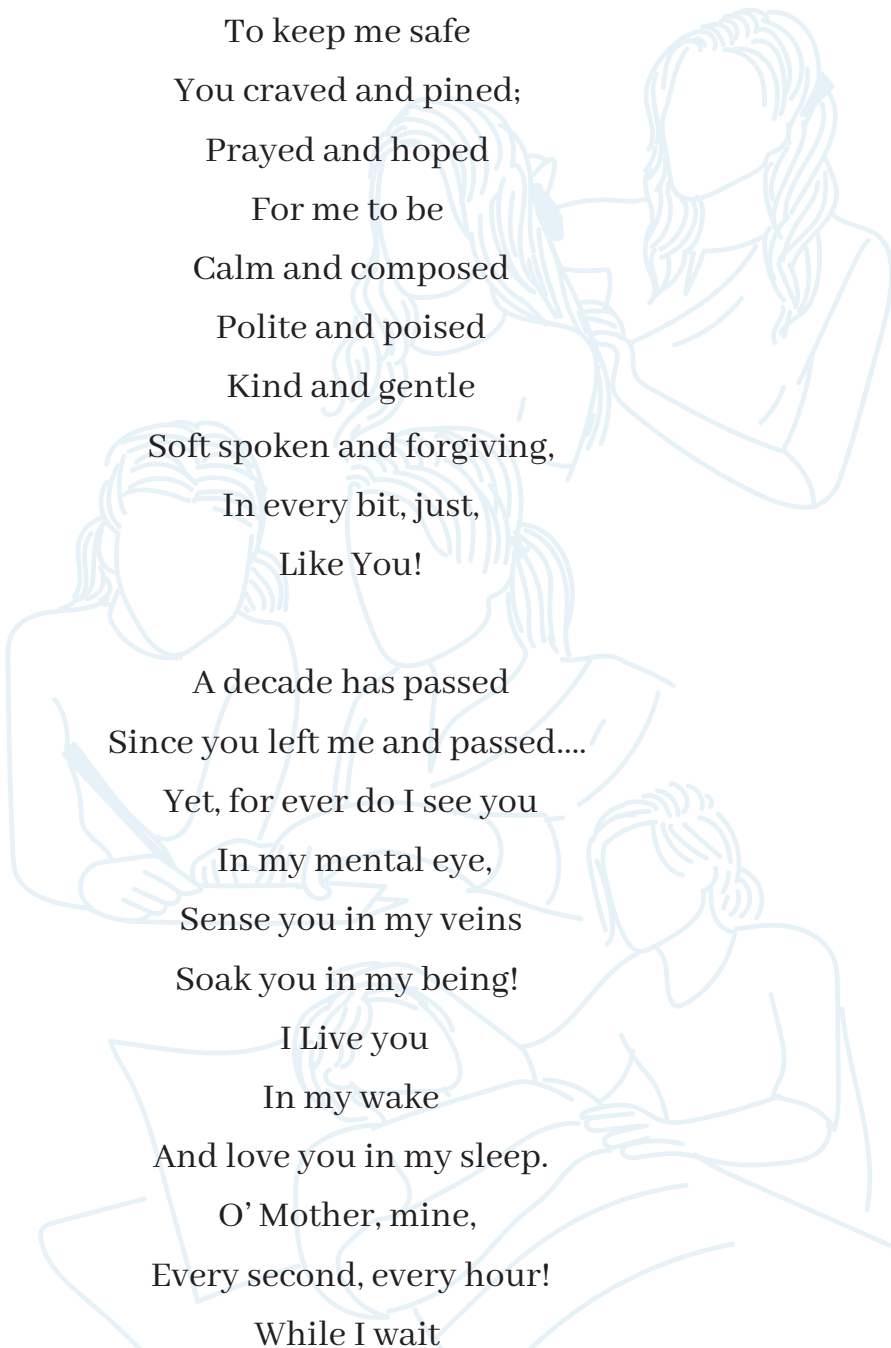


Well into my prime,
I see you
Victorious in my triumphs
Inconsolable in my trials
Anxious about my future
In prayer for my peace.
Waiting for my return
By late-night flights
Eyes drooping,
Stomach rumbling,
Yet, hands outstretched,
Sporting a cheery smile

At fifty, in midlife,
I see you
In and out
Of hospitals and surgery
Never a rave, not ever a rant
Like 'patience on a monument'
You bore it all.
Perhaps you wanted
More time with me
Just to ensure
Your little girl
Has 'grown up'
And not in trouble be!



Each growing day
Now at sixty -five,
I see you,
A wonderful gracious
Guardian angel
Who bore me in her womb
For days, two hundred and eighty.
You raised me every single day
For twenty thousand and more!



To keep me safe
You craved and pined;
Prayed and hoped
For me to be
Calm and composed
Polite and poised
Kind and gentle
Soft spoken and forgiving,
In every bit, just,
Like You!

A decade has passed
Since you left me and passed....
Yet, for ever do I see you
In my mental eye,
Sense you in my veins
Soak you in my being!
I Live you
In my wake
And love you in my sleep.
O' Mother, mine,
Every second, every hour!

While I wait
For a pat, a hug
At least a
A smile to say:
"You, I do see!
And by Lord!
In you, do I now see
A little more of me?!"



Verses
BY VASANTHI