



In Quest of a Child

Vasanthi Vasudev

Who's a child?

Who really is one?

A face with curious eyes

That looks at life and exclaims?

A rose, that blooms

Amidst piercing thorns of material malice,

And sadly, wilts in the heat of rage?

Yet; quickly lights up in cool love?

Who's a child?

Who really is one?

A cascade that sparkles with laughter?

A fragrance that wafts in like fresh breath?

A whisper that touches the heart?

A rainbow that charms the eye?



A touch stone, that rents garbed veils
Of complexed intentions....
And breaks matured facades
Of artful pretense?

An alluring magnet that draws
All to its sublime core?
A stark mirror of nascent emotions?
A magic prism of pristine thought?

A nebulous chord betwixt
The divine and the devil,
Juxtaposing
Ether and nether?

Withering man's only hope,
Nervous Age's single life-boat?
Or, is a child frozen time
That cradles innocent joy on wrinkled faces?

Is a child the only boon
That challenges
Galloping moments and burgeoning years
With hearty smiles afloat ethereal light?
Who is a child?
Who really, is one?

Verses
BY VASANTHI

