



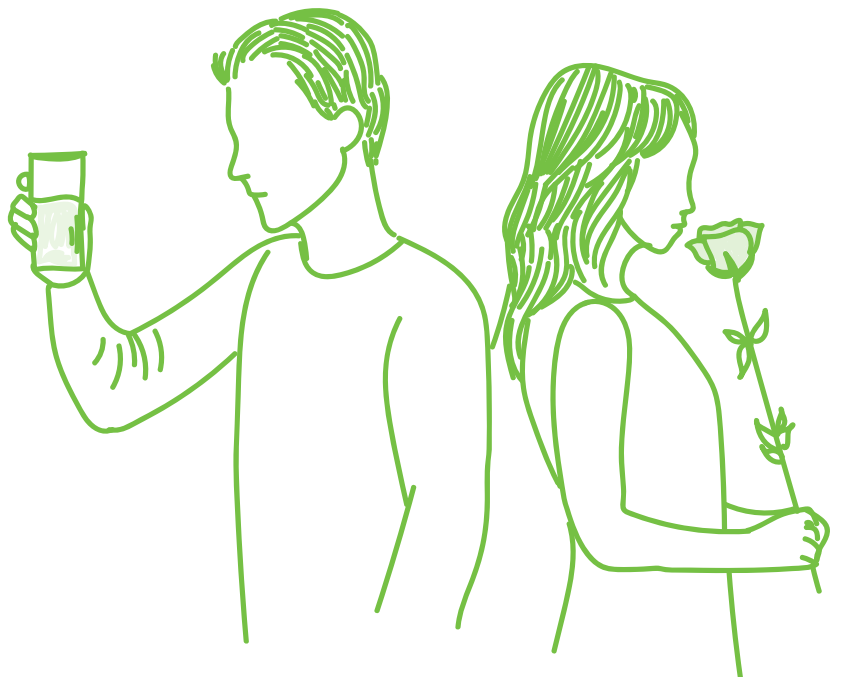
Meeting Point

Vasanthi Vasudev

When did the labouring cloud
Perch on that distant peak
To unburden her fatigue?
I only felt pristine showers
In a drench of refreshing spray!

When did the tender bud
Open her joyous pinkness
And invite paramour sun for a dally?
I only beheld her beckoning charm
When my feet rushed to touch, wonderstruck!

When did my childhood yield
To the gush of bursting youth,
And all innocence, so wonderful
Transform to sparkling dreams,
Dizzy; chasing reckless moons!





When did the crush of love
Hammered in suspicion
Wrench into ownership
Possessive; so obsessive
That it shred into stained bits, ugly n' brittle?

When did crystal glass, half- full
Meet its empty other half,
And open Pandora's Box
Of drunken confusion....
Is the glass half -empty or half- full?

When did my dreamy eye
Open to the morning's scene?
Is all I see real, or a lying mirage?
Where lies the confluence
Betwixt reality and truth?

When waking life sheds itself
Ending all things, ephemeral, earthly,
To start voyages eternal,
Across seas of salvation, seven,
Did existence die or was cosmic consciousness born?

Verses
BY VASANTHI