



# My Life is My Own!

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

Somewhere: She bore that child with conviction  
The one she was forbidden to carry.  
Stern warnings boomed... she was going to die...  
Never to see her 'daughter'.... not once!

Her tummy swelled, red hot eyes, welled,  
Voice hoarse from recording greetings -  
Tender; short and intimate;  
For the unborn's birthdays, fifteen.



Ready to die, powerless; she defied medical logic.  
She survived labour, and lived to see her child!  
The much prophesied 'departure',  
Did not happen as was foretold and scheduled!

Elsewhere: Determined to live to ninety plus,  
To win over the Corona curse,  
He took every caution  
Every safety measure, mask et al.

He took the vaccine shot,  
Well before others did!  
Jumping snaking queues,  
Jostling appointments to be first!

Just a week later, lo! his heart heavily hissed  
And hastened to a retreat.  
He departed without even an adieu  
All effort in vain, much against his wish!

The calendar of life is always made  
Every breath, well-marked in green or red!  
Calculated and accounted for  
Many years before, so well in advance!

The bubble of every life, remains...  
A secret: played close to the chest;  
Divulged only when the times up;  
The bubble is burst and spilt over!

Yet, plan we must;  
Take precaution, we must;  
Endeavour, we must, to make our plans happen;  
For every 't' to cross; every 'I' to dot!

The date of our departure  
When planned, gives us a miss.  
When unplanned, arrives unexpected  
And we, yielding, disappear, dismissed!

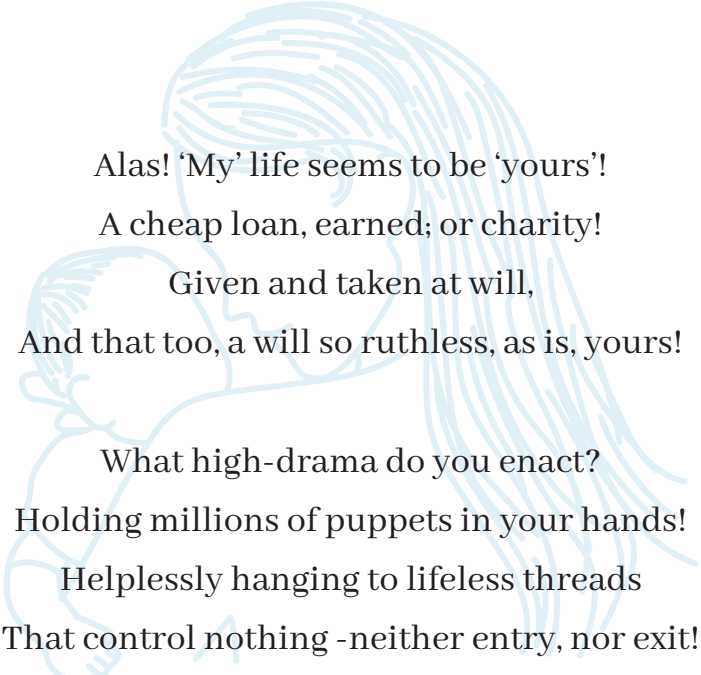
This dangerous deathly mystery,  
Dare we somehow decode?  
Show our expiry date stamped bold?  
And live, an open shelf life, all told?

While we are always waiting, anticipating;  
Expecting that it can be over any time;  
How can we rejoice the rising sun?  
If we did not know the clock by which it would set?

Why is my life not my choice?  
Who is this who winds and chokes my hands?  
Why can't I choose the precincts of my destiny?  
Call the shot saying 'thus far and no further'!

If entry is not by my choice,  
Exit at least must...it surely, must!  
Come now, let's agree to make  
This game, just a tad fair, for once!

Let's share the power of choice...  
While you may've cast the die of my birth,  
It's my damn right to make my exit  
To choose when I would call it a day and quit!



Alas! 'My' life seems to be 'yours'!  
A cheap loan, earned; or charity!  
Given and taken at will,  
And that too, a will so ruthless, as is, yours!

What high-drama do you enact?  
Holding millions of puppets in your hands!  
Helplessly hanging to lifeless threads  
That control nothing -neither entry, nor exit!

I will continue to raise the flag of protest,  
To wail and to demand a let go!  
My life is my own, my very own to make.  
To loving keep or in disgust, forsake.

I have given way, a meek minion, as is my wont.  
Habit so dead, conditioning so primordial, deep;  
This has to end .... Stop, it must now!  
More precious than my right to live, is my right to choose!



*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI