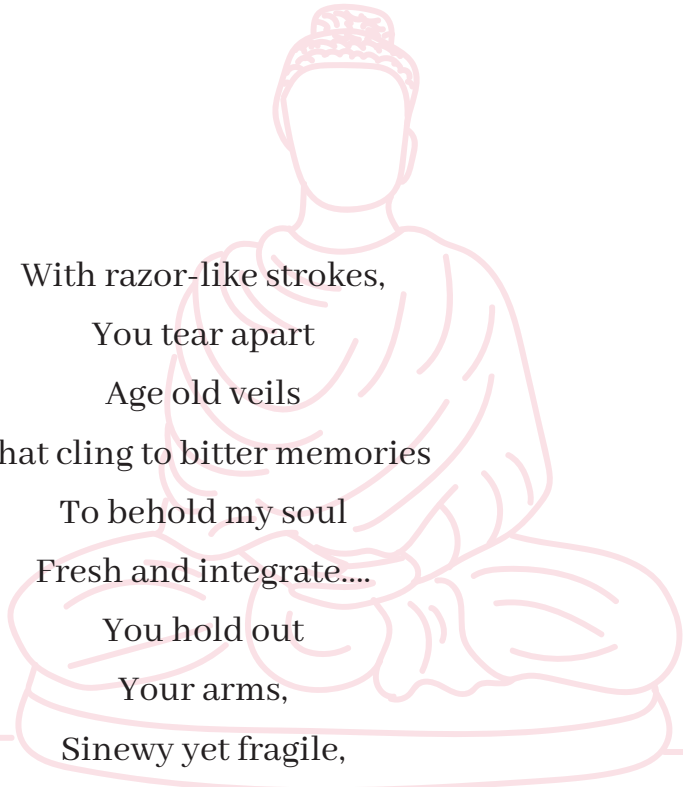




## My Little Buddha

O' little Buddha,  
What are you?  
Celestial china,  
Icy cold, frigid white,  
Resting on sure sands  
Of ageless truth;  
Poised on ivory pedestals,  
Radiant eyes  
Pondering ideal clouds....  
Words crystal clear,  
Biting fire,  
You purge me  
In the heat  
Of courage and conviction.....

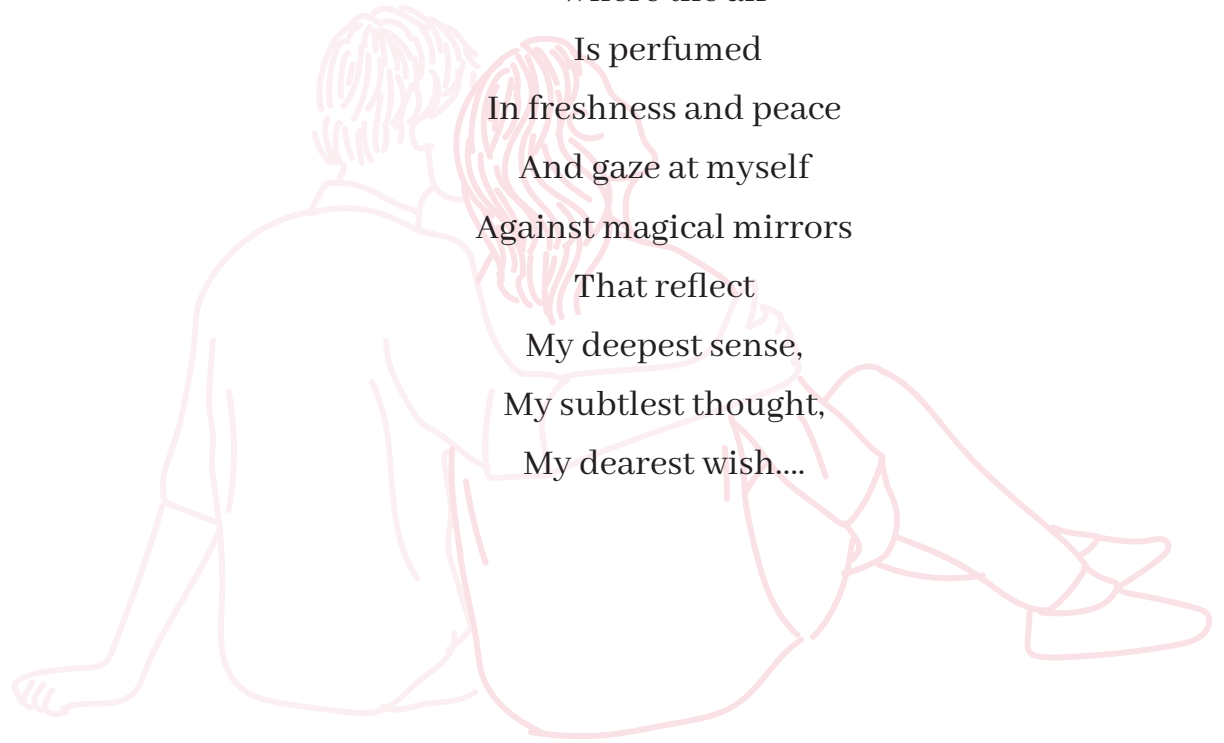




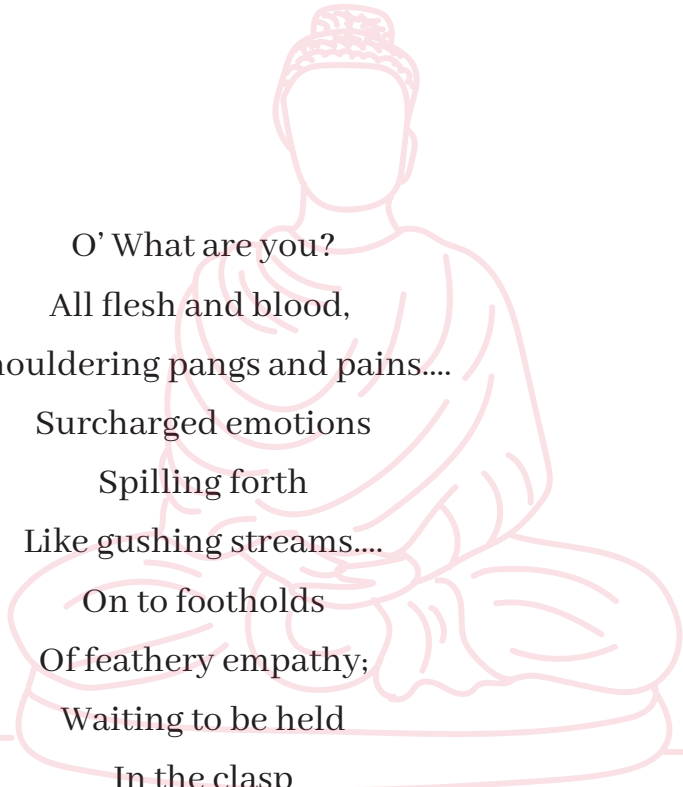
With razor-like strokes,  
You tear apart  
Age old veils  
That cling to bitter memories  
To behold my soul  
Fresh and integrate....  
You hold out  
Your arms,

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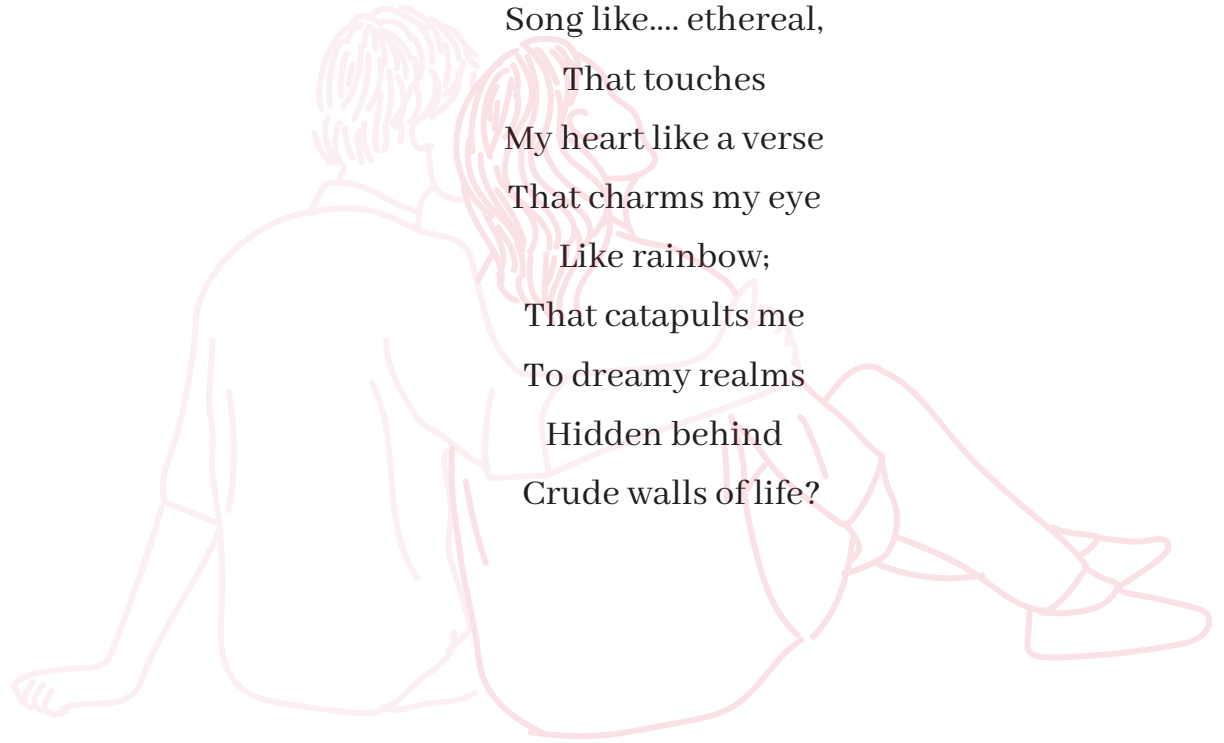
Sinewy yet fragile,  
To clutch carefully  
Were I to tiptoe  
On aurora lights  
Of distant horizons;  
Where the air



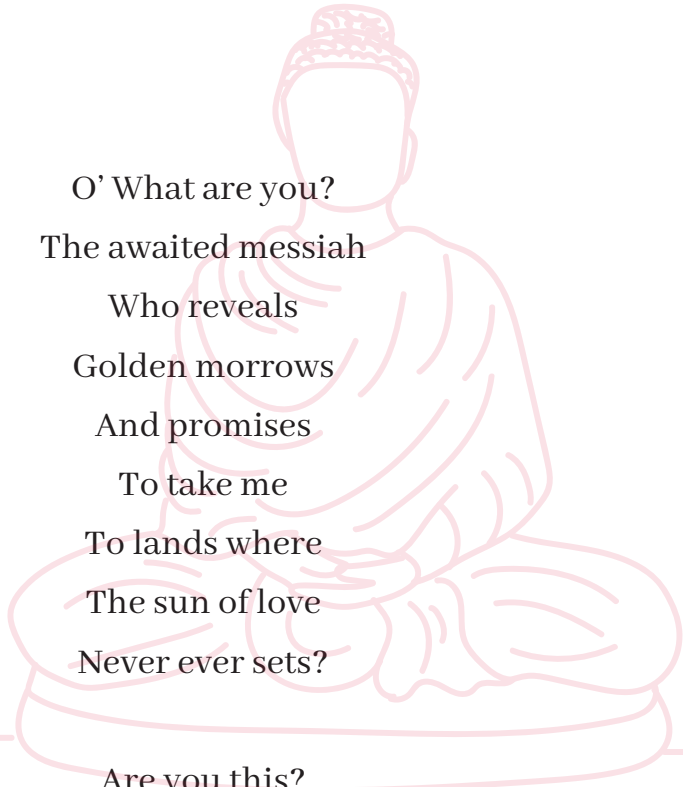
Is perfumed  
In freshness and peace  
And gaze at myself  
Against magical mirrors  
That reflect  
My deepest sense,  
My subtlest thought,  
My dearest wish....



O' What are you?  
All flesh and blood,  
Smouldering pangs and pains....  
Surcharged emotions  
Spilling forth  
Like gushing streams....  
On to footholds  
Of feathery empathy;  
Waiting to be held  
In the clasp  
Of melting togetherness?



O' What are you?  
Mystical mirage,  
Song like.... ethereal,  
That touches  
My heart like a verse  
That charms my eye  
Like rainbow;  
That catapults me  
To dreamy realms  
Hidden behind  
Crude walls of life?



O' What are you?  
The awaited messiah  
Who reveals  
Golden morrows  
And promises  
To take me  
To lands where  
The sun of love  
Never ever sets?

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Are you this?

Or

Are you that?

Or a little of this and that?

Or are you

Both this and that?

O' What really are you?

My little Buddha,

What are you?



*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI