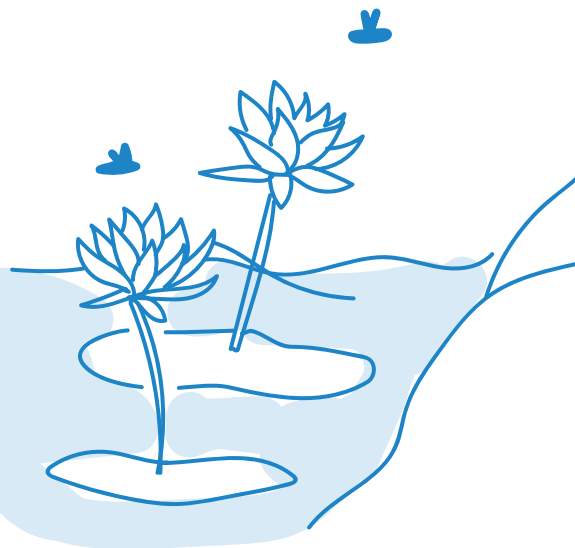
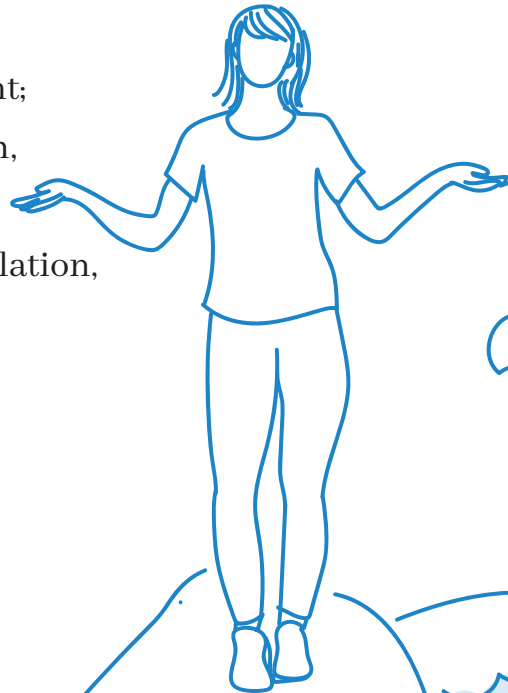




On the Precipice

Vasanthi Vasudev

I'm now poised
On the precipice of purposelessness.
Unable to rest, unable to breathe
In relief, in comfort,
After age long climb to ascent;
Inching painfully to triumph,
Step by step,
Unmindful of trial and tribulation,
Time and again.

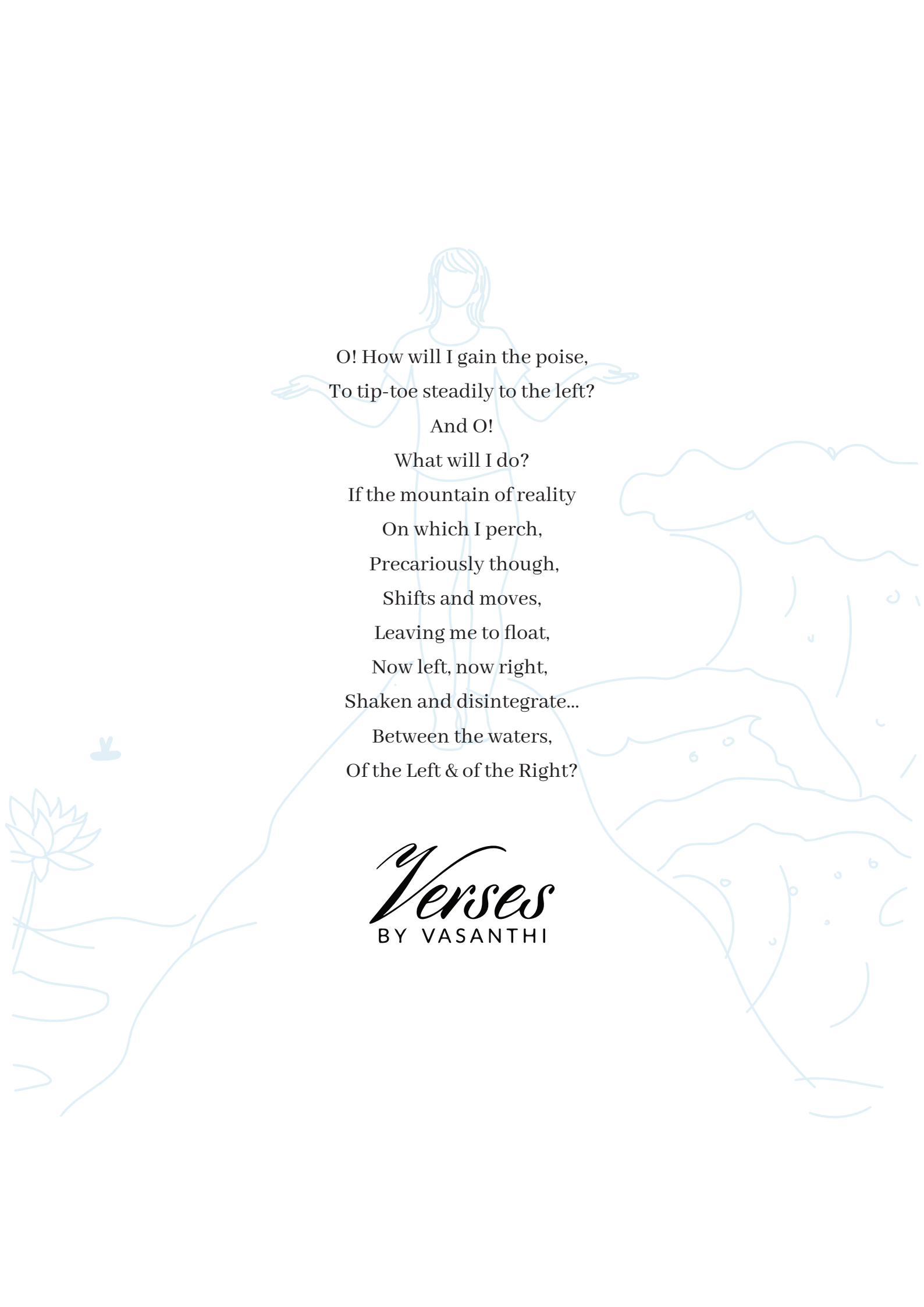


On my right
Are turbulent seas of heady passion,
Show of power; captivating, magnetic,
Whirlpool like,
Drawing me to their magic cores
With intoxicating charm.

On my left are mystical clouds
And still waters of reason...
That ripple gently
Like golden bees of harmony
Abuzz lotus buds of hope.

The 'Left – light '
Grows & grows,
Showing faraway lands
Of tranquil peace ...
The path of the 'Right',
With their exciting patterns,
Make me slip but only, almost.....!

I turn back
And cast dreamy eyes to the 'left' waters.
I steady myself and turn to stone.
Too afraid to move
Even my little finger.....!
Why?
Even a single strand of my hair!
Lest I drop into steamy waters, 'right'!



O! How will I gain the poise,
To tip-toe steadily to the left?

And O!

What will I do?
If the mountain of reality
On which I perch,
Precariously though,
Shifts and moves,
Leaving me to float,
Now left, now right,
Shaken and disintegrate...

Between the waters,
Of the Left & of the Right?

Verses
BY VASANTHI