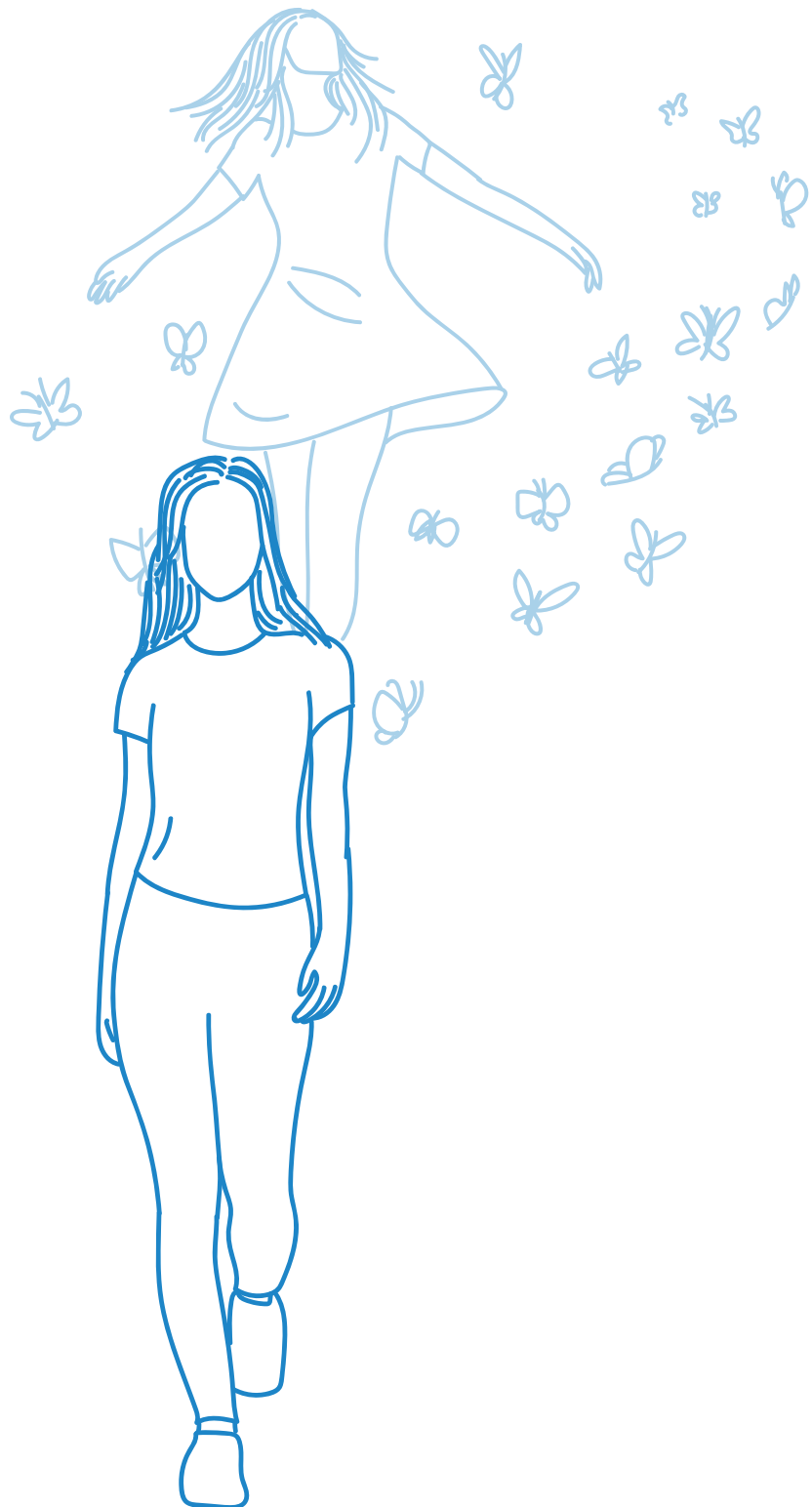


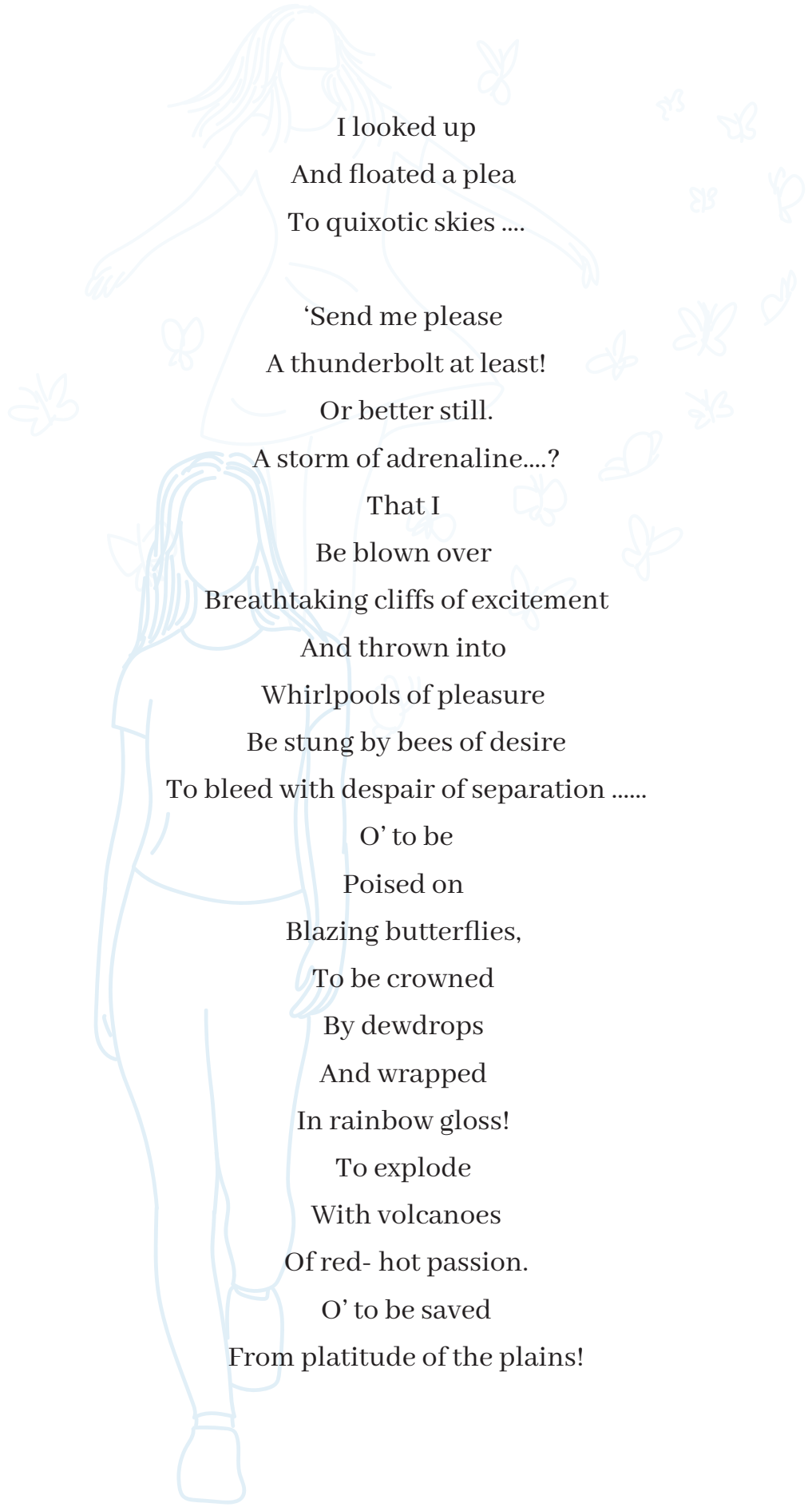


# On Walking on Plains

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

I tired  
Of walking on plains...  
Feet dragging on stability  
Inert in equipoise...  
I gazed  
At listless landscapes  
Pressed flat and flawless  
Etched with age old patterns  
And sighed  
In the monotony of solitude.





I looked up  
And floated a plea  
To quixotic skies ....

'Send me please  
A thunderbolt at least!  
Or better still.

A storm of adrenaline....?

That I  
Be blown over  
Breathtaking cliffs of excitement

And thrown into  
Whirlpools of pleasure  
Be stung by bees of desire  
To bleed with despair of separation .....

O' to be  
Poised on  
Blazing butterflies,

To be crowned  
By dewdrops  
And wrapped

In rainbow gloss!

To explode  
With volcanoes  
Of red- hot passion.

O' to be saved  
From platitude of the plains!



I prayed and cried,  
Searched in seek  
Until you came  
And halted ....  
Silenced the drone  
Of the plains  
With the throb  
Of a million beats  
And the tinkle  
Of tumbling falls!!

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI