

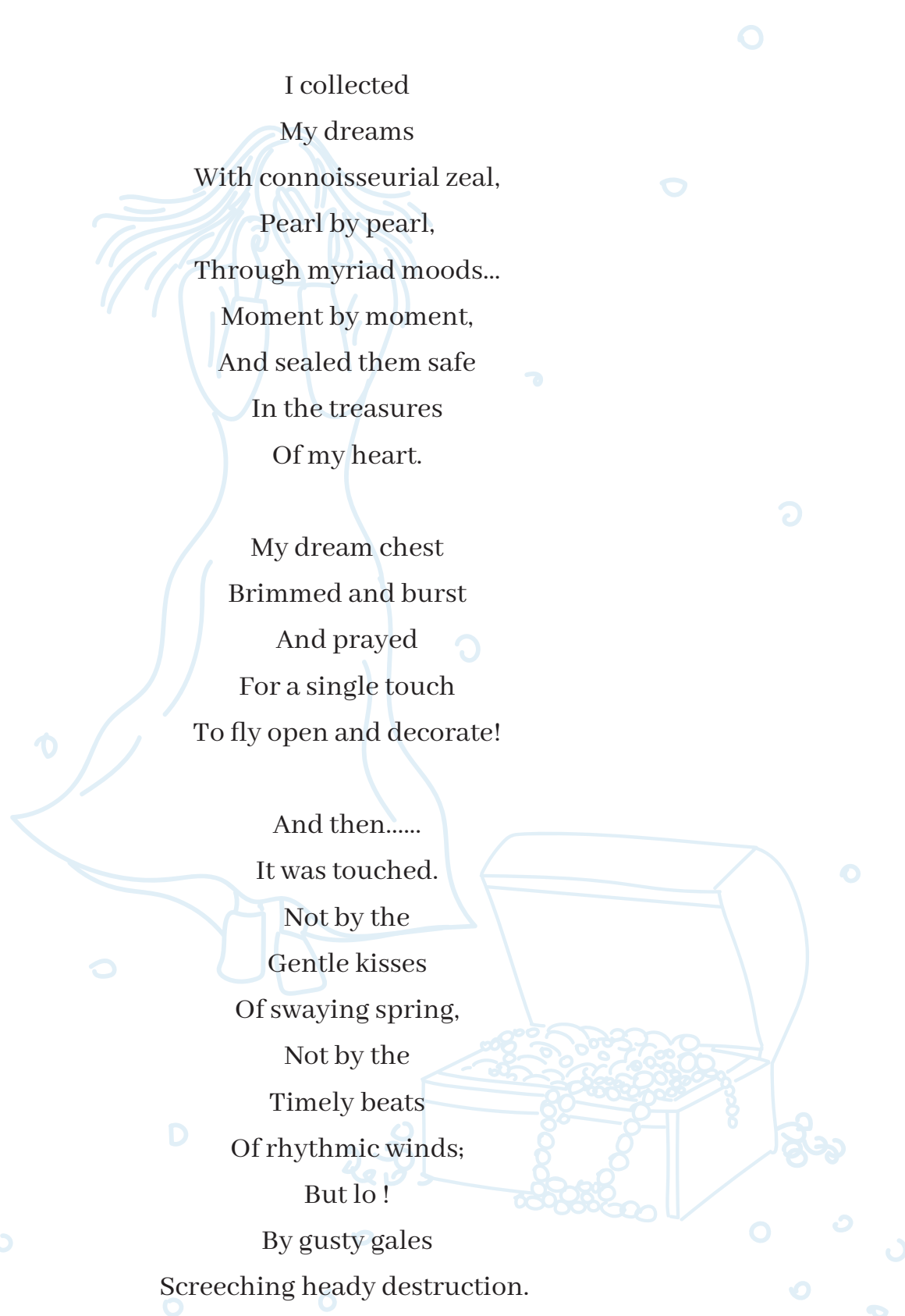


Pearled Pain

Vasanthi Vasudev

I dreamt
Of being in love,
Of holding hands,
Toeing footsteps....
Of sweet whispers,
Smiling eyes,
Of fluttering breath,
Surging togetherness.

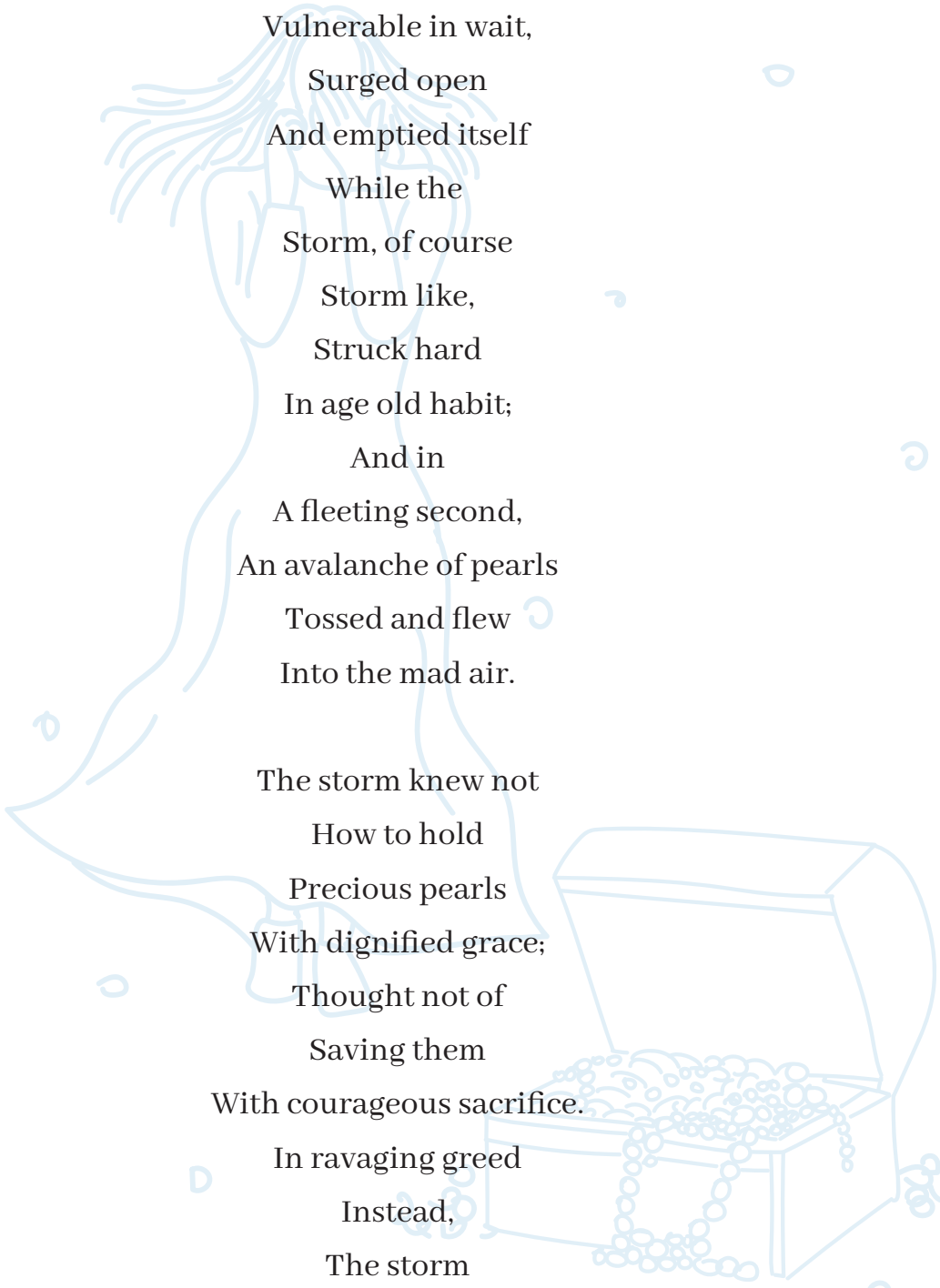




I collected
My dreams
With connoisseurial zeal,
Pearl by pearl,
Through myriad moods...
Moment by moment,
And sealed them safe
In the treasures
Of my heart.

My dream chest
Brimmed and burst
And prayed
For a single touch
To fly open and decorate!

And then.....
It was touched.
Not by the
Gentle kisses
Of swaying spring,
Not by the
Timely beats
Of rhythmic winds;
But lo !
By gusty gales
Screeching heady destruction.



The seasoned chest,
Vulnerable in wait,
Surged open
And emptied itself
While the
Storm, of course
Storm like,
Struck hard
In age old habit;
And in
A fleeting second,
An avalanche of pearls
Tossed and flew
Into the mad air.

The storm knew not
How to hold
Precious pearls
With dignified grace;
Thought not of
Saving them
With courageous sacrifice.

In ravaging greed
Instead,
The storm
Laid them waste
At the altar of destiny.

The storm went
As quickly as it came
Leaving the empty chest
Bleeding in pain;
And the pearls,
Like crushed petals
Hung limp
Everywhere.

Oh! how will
I gather them
Once again?
Fill my chest
Now battered & holed?
Pine for those
Glossy pearls
That hide
Painful needles?
Dare I ever
Wait for betrayal?
Long to
Be in love?
Why, even
Care to care
Any more?

Verses
BY VASANTHI

