



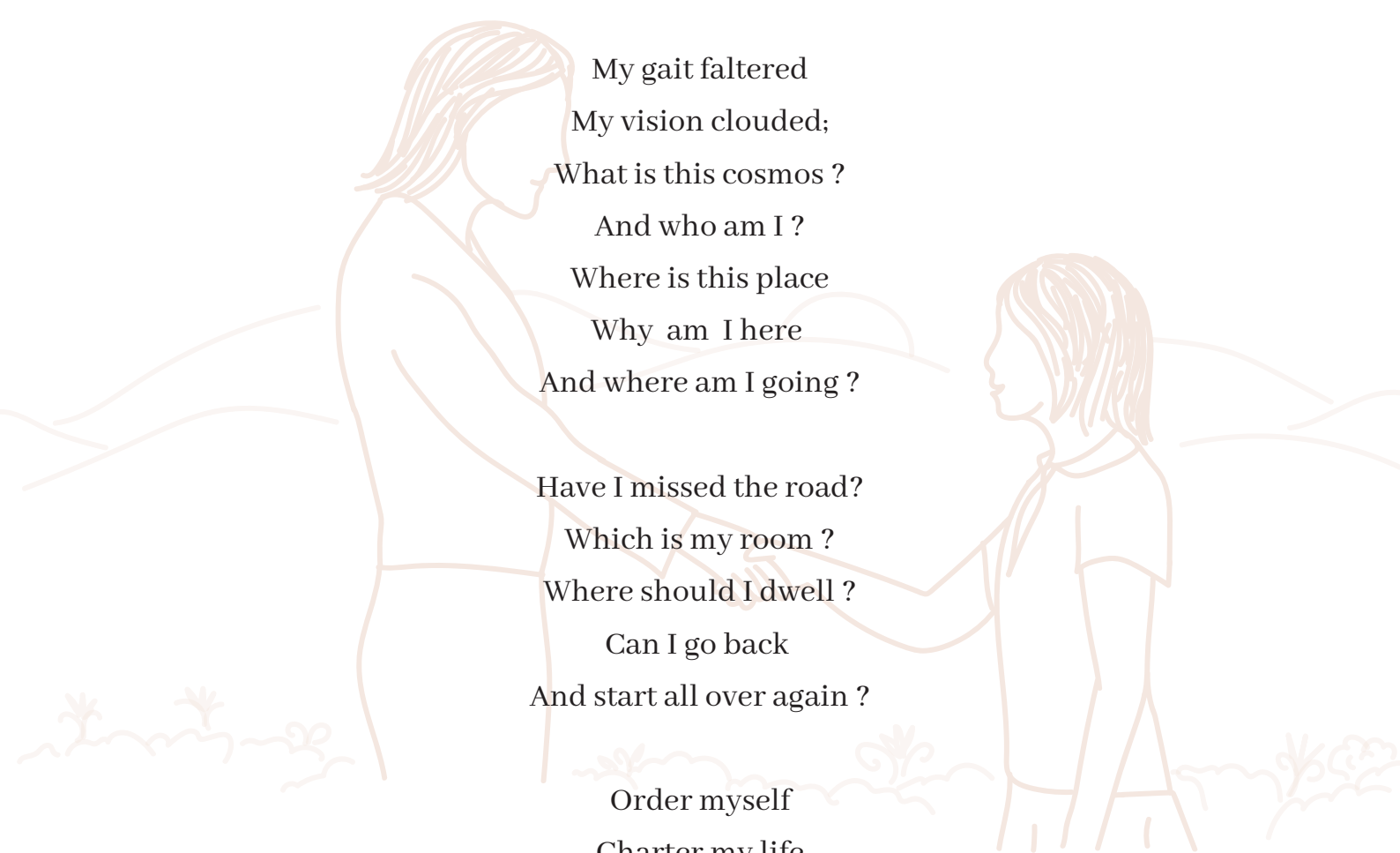
# Rishi Valley

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

I walked unsurely  
With silent skies  
Watching strange trees ..  
Over winding roads  
Sprayed with sudden flowers.



Couplets from upanishads,  
Voices ringing passion  
Nebulous drops of mysticism  
Piercing blows of logical brilliance  
Beseiged my heart  
And wrung me dry.



My gait faltered  
My vision clouded;  
What is this cosmos ?  
And who am I ?  
Where is this place  
Why am I here  
And where am I going ?

Have I missed the road?  
Which is my room ?  
Where should I dwell ?  
Can I go back  
And start all over again ?

Order myself  
Charter my life  
On the "right" way  
Or, should I go on  
On this road  
To "I-know-where"!

I froze in contemplation  
Or was it  
In confusion ?

A casual voice asked,  
"Akka, where are you going?  
You are there !".

I sat down  
In bewildered relief.

Of course! I was there  
— Already there  
Where I wanted to be !

My estranged self  
Now smiled at me

And the befriended ME  
Embraced  
The befriended Valley!

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI

