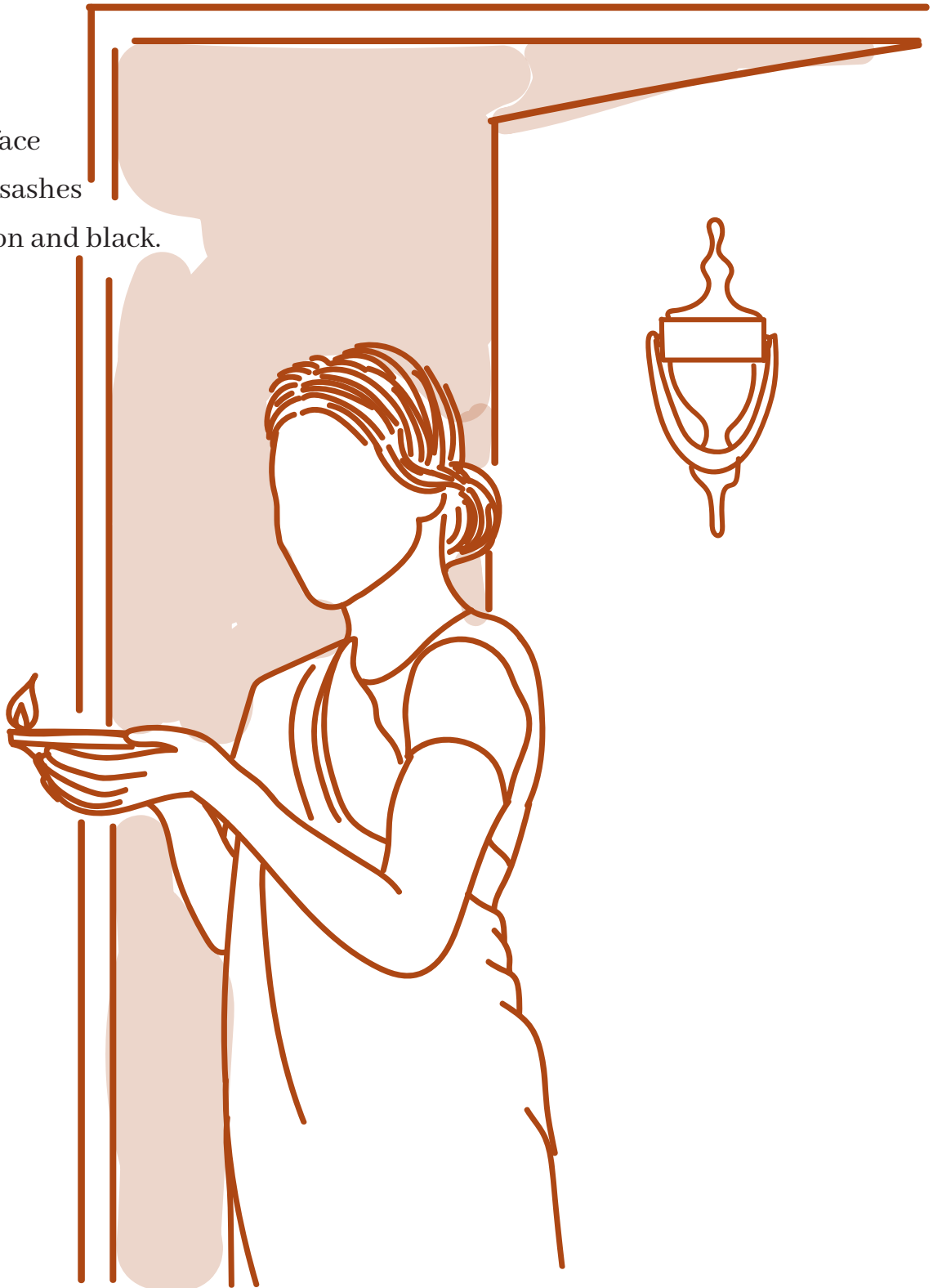


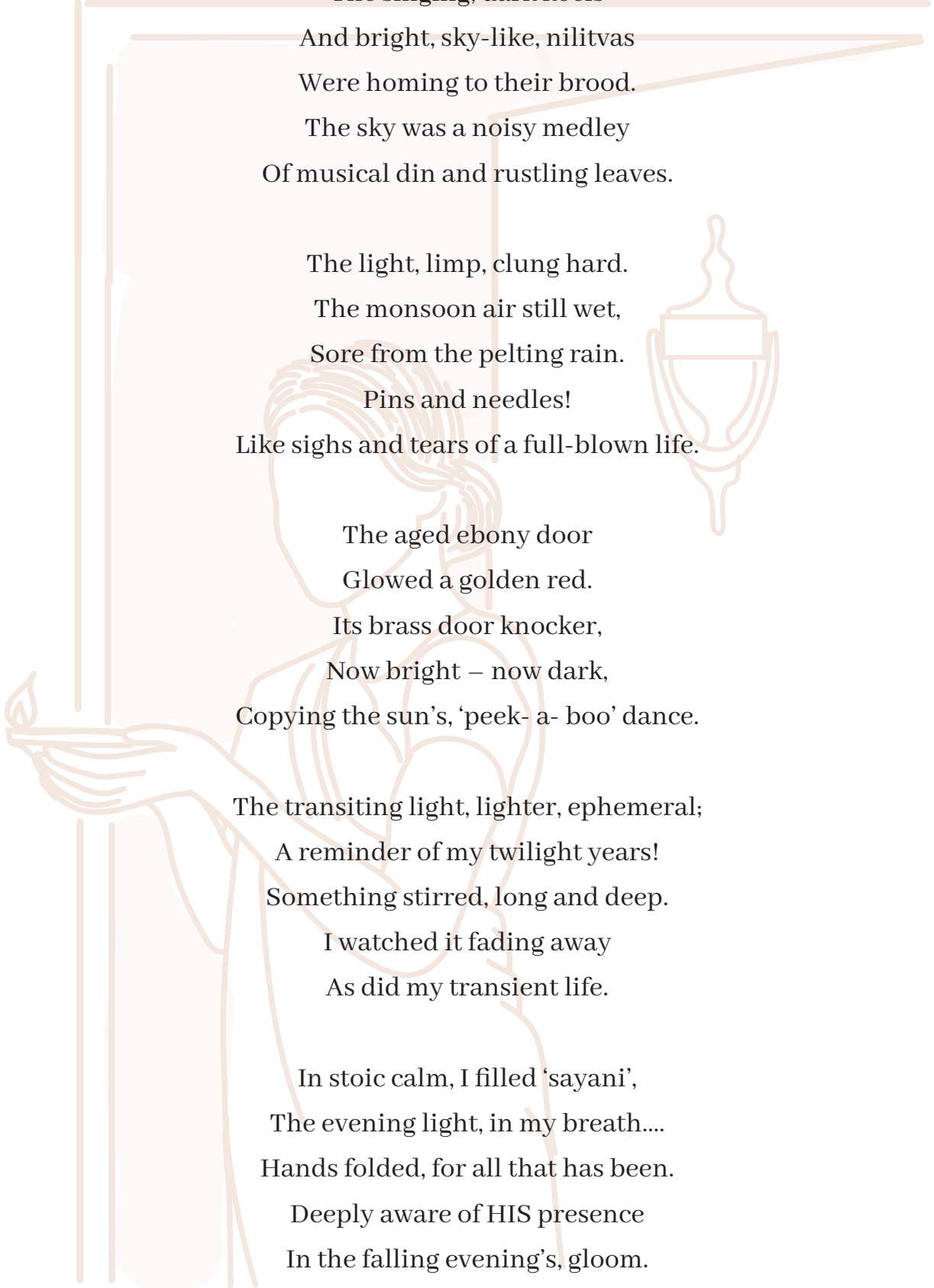


Sayani - Evening Light

Vasanthi Vasudev

The orange sun,
In 'adieu' mood
Coy; covered his face
With long purple sashes
Tinted in vermillion and black.






The singing, dark koels
And bright, sky-like, nilitvas
Were homing to their brood.
The sky was a noisy medley
Of musical din and rustling leaves.

The light, limp, clung hard.
The monsoon air still wet,
Sore from the pelting rain.
Pins and needles!
Like sighs and tears of a full-blown life.

The aged ebony door
Glowed a golden red.
Its brass door knocker,
Now bright – now dark,
Copying the sun's, 'peek- a- boo' dance.

The transiting light, lighter, ephemeral;
A reminder of my twilight years!
Something stirred, long and deep.
I watched it fading away
As did my transient life.

In stoic calm, I filled 'sayani',
The evening light, in my breath....
Hands folded, for all that has been.
Deeply aware of HIS presence
In the falling evening's, gloom.



I lit a tiny brass lamp
And placed it on the threshold,
Sworn to fight darkness; deathly;
Its light, tender and alive,
Engulfed me tight; omnilucent, like Him.

I watched the twilight, in the out, go...
I turned inwards, at the light
From the lamp.
And in its silent flicker
I saw HIM smiling, beckoning.

Verses
BY VASANTHI