

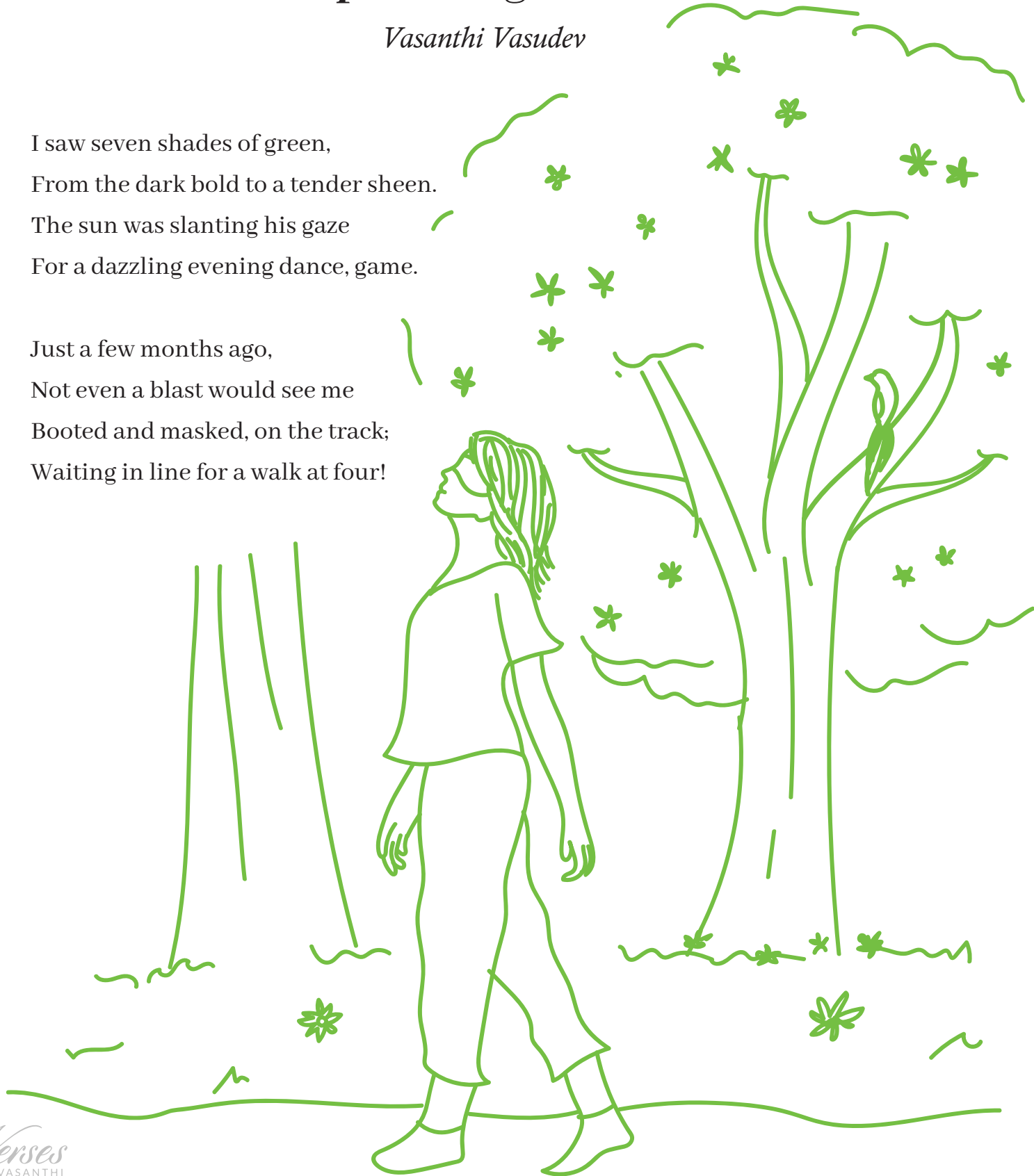



Sprouting Anew

Vasanthi Vasudev

I saw seven shades of green,
From the dark bold to a tender sheen.
The sun was slanting his gaze
For a dazzling evening dance, game.

Just a few months ago,
Not even a blast would see me
Booted and masked, on the track;
Waiting in line for a walk at four!





I felt so grateful for the privilege
To breathe the crisp sunny air;
To swing my boxed limbs free
To be alive, to see the day!

I saw what I never in twenty years!
Saw bouquets on trees - pink and orange,
Yellow and white, bursting bold in bloom.
Where were these trees before?

Noisy parrots homing in,
Greedy crows grabbing limelight;
Cacophony sounded sweet melody
As I frisked in circles to their chime.

The track was the old very same,
But everything seemed a glorious new;
When in praise, for the day lived,
A 'Covid retreat', did I fervently beat.

Verses
BY VASANTHI