



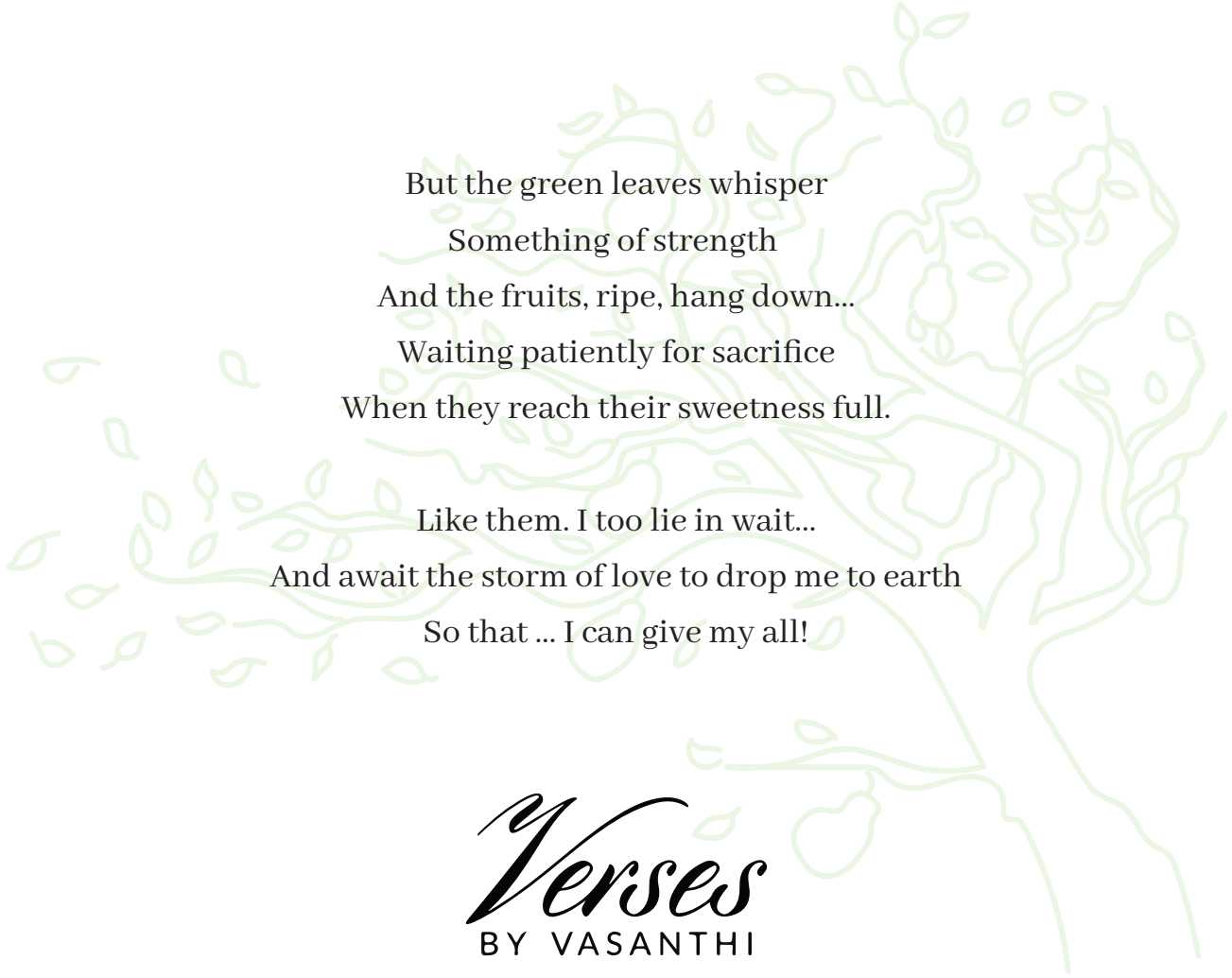
Sweet Sacrifice

Vasanthi Vasudev

Oh Wind! Rush towards me and blow
Until my hair would stand on end
And the curly ringlets on my head
Wave like the wavering wave!

Oh! The storm rises
And the trees are like the fully drunk
The bloomed flower springs forth in buoyant youth
While the faded blossoms are thrown from their throne!





But the green leaves whisper
Something of strength
And the fruits, ripe, hang down...
Waiting patiently for sacrifice
When they reach their sweetness full.

Like them. I too lie in wait...
And await the storm of love to drop me to earth
So that ... I can give my all!

Verses
BY VASANTHI