



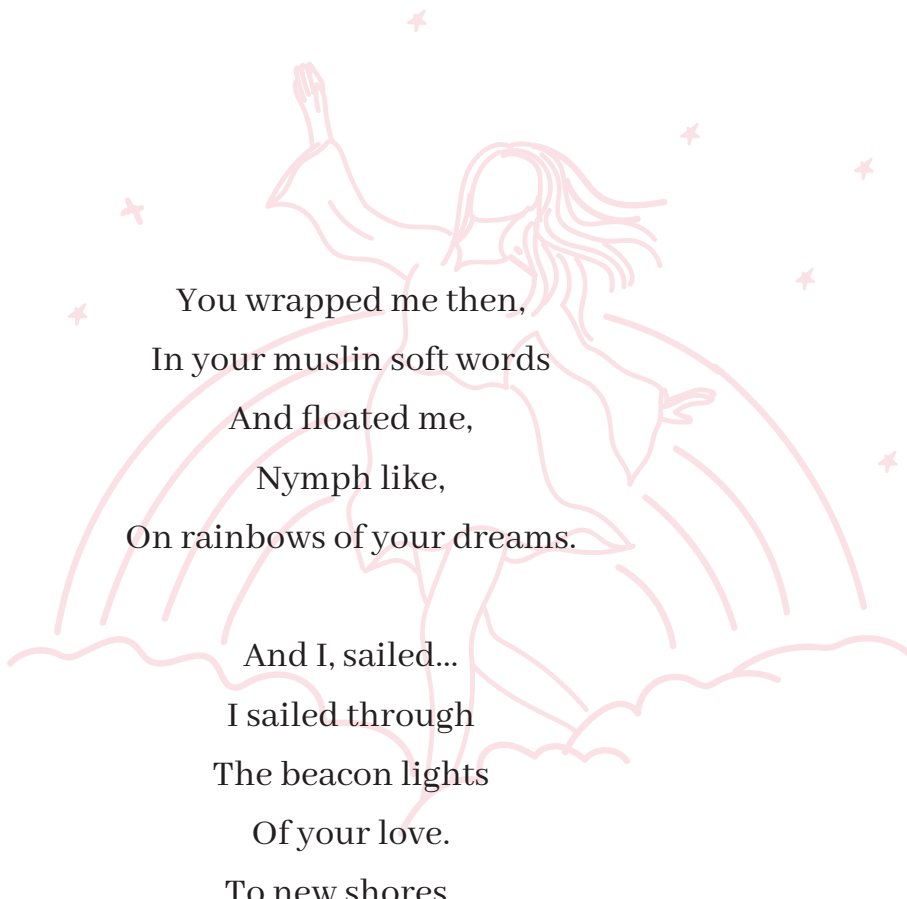
# The Anointment

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

You washed my wounds  
In spring waters of your tears  
And embalmed me  
With the moist sandal  
Of your caress.

You sweetened my being  
Not with a sweetness that bites  
Like that of icing sugar...  
But gentle and enduring...  
The sweetness  
Of home-made molasses  
That lingers in your touch  
Like sticky earth.





You wrapped me then,  
In your muslin soft words  
And floated me,  
Nymph like,  
On rainbows of your dreams.

And I, sailed...  
I sailed through  
The beacon lights  
Of your love.  
To new shores....  
To new mornings,  
To new beginnings,  
To new stories.....  
Stories of yours  
And of mine;  
Stories that touch  
Milky ways to eternity.



*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI