

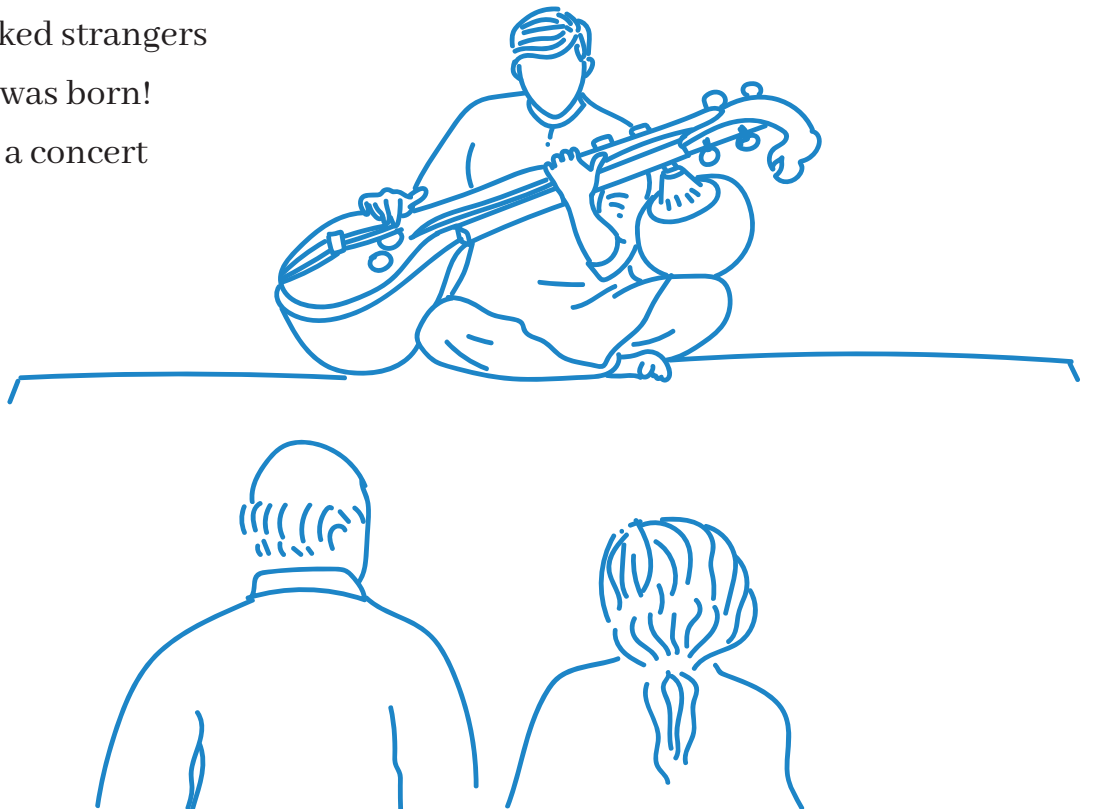


# The Carnatic concert

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

It had been long  
Since I found a friend...  
Muddied waters  
Siphoned stale thoughts,  
Waiting for newness  
To cleanse all debris away!

An empty seat  
In rows of surging humanity  
Sparked a connection...  
Lilting ragas linked strangers  
And an embryo was born!  
The pretext was a concert  
But the search?



Call it karma or music,  
The presence was fulfilling!  
It was not rational ....  
'After all, who are you?'  
My being asks and doubts.

'What do I have to give to you?  
Now, when all the waters have run past  
And many birds flown far away?  
I have many stories to tell,  
But alas! No dreams to share!'

Yet we spoke...  
Shared without reason...  
Touched peripheries of discoveries  
In sensing the other.

We sat on heights of civilisation  
Floodlit Chennai, wrapped in gentle winds;  
Hours waltzed by, to easy tunes.  
Many histories and bloodlines traced,  
Rambling thoughts voiced without restraint.  
There was trust and care  
A friendship new, surged strong!

Was I seeking this 'friend', all along?

Was he too?

When years have greyed  
And a life time of experience

Gathers dust,

What novelty

Rings the air?

Age old conditioning?

Or metamorphosed bonding?

The muse awakened

From prosaic slumber.

Rekindled, re- sparked,

It raises its head, amused.

The friend leaves

With a promise...

"I will be in touch!"

And the muse

Ponders, bemused,

While the heart, longing, waits...

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI



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