



# The Cold Nest

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

The bird has flown.  
The nest looks ghostly bare.  
Even when....  
The twigs are wet,  
The hay is not tawny, yet....



The morning dew  
Is glistening new;  
But the warm shell  
Lies scattered in haste...



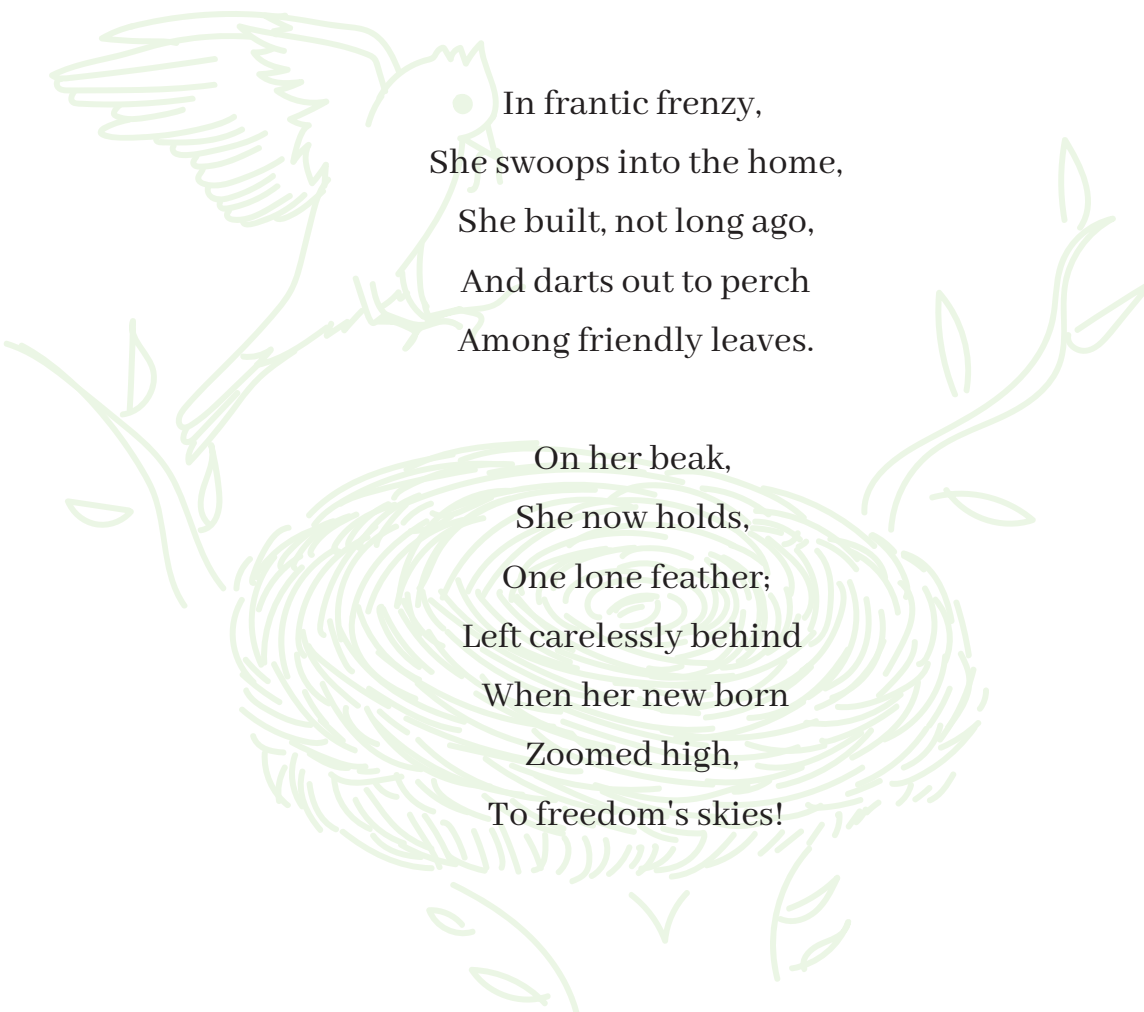
The mother bird  
Comes flying home  
In golden light  
With gatherings,  
Packed for her `life'.



She peers into the crib,  
She twists and circles,  
Flaps and flutters,  
Coos and cries  
In 'unconsoling' grief!  
But.... her calls to the wild,  
Do not fill the nest...

In frantic frenzy,  
She swoops into the home,  
She built, not long ago,  
And darts out to perch  
Among friendly leaves.

On her beak,  
She now holds,  
One lone feather;  
Left carelessly behind  
When her new born  
Zoomed high,  
To freedom's skies!



She nurses  
The feathery memory  
Close to her chest,  
And rocks  
To nostalgia's lullaby.  
Until...When the gleeful moon  
Dances into the gloom...  
To glance at her dismay?



Then... in stoic calm,  
She suddenly brings the feather  
To rest in the nest  
And flies fast away  
Into the far west.

But why? But where?  
To build another nest?  
Or to warm one more egg?  
And to drop yet another feather?  
To fondly mark all those  
Who grew feathers,  
Just to fly far,  
Far away...?

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI

