



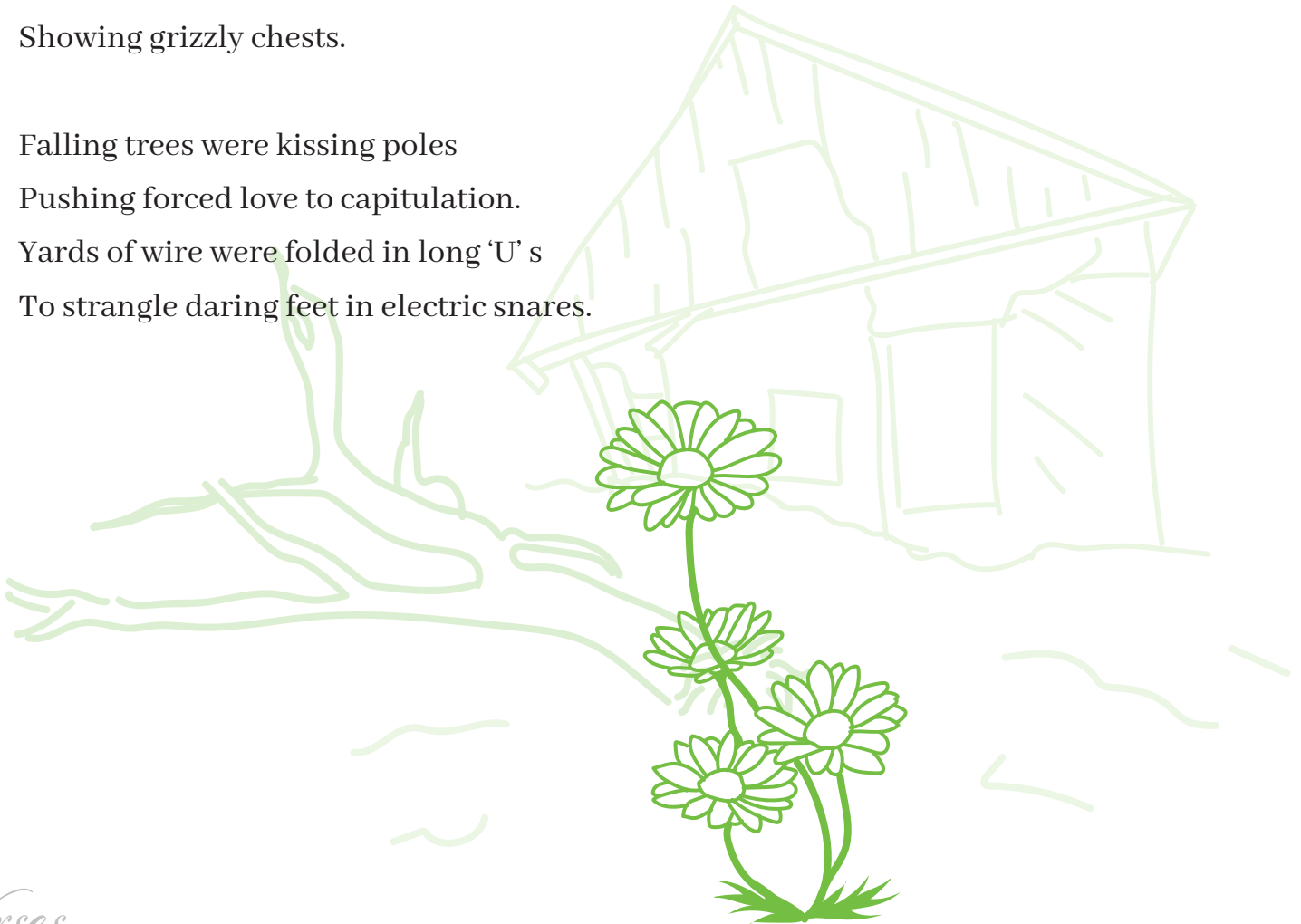
The Day After

Vasanthi Vasudev

The sky was still a glum grey
The air; wet blanket, heavy.
Puddles and dripping eaves,
Paths, muddied in muddles.

Windows flung carelessly open
Before unkempt beds and dishevelled forms
Like wet shirts, unbuttoned,
Showing grizzly chests.

Falling trees were kissing poles
Pushing forced love to capitulation.
Yards of wire were folded in long 'U' s
To strangle daring feet in electric snares.




No one had stirred
Through the long night
When the lone tempest
Had roared across the screeching skies.

None disturbed the eerie hush.
Even the sun sat stiffly buried
Behind thick gloomy fluff
Hands 'cuffed' in pockets tight.

Not a bird, not a dog, was heard-
Silenced by pleading arms
Of seesawing trees
Pillaged to a broke.

Unbeknownst of this all,
Yellow daisies, crispy bright sprigs,
Burst upon a dark, brooding patch
Like sparklers on new moon night.

The yellow cheer, fragrant and fearless,
Breathed healing balm
Soothing a dismal damp dump,
Teary in night long rape.

The background features a faint, light green illustration of a house with a gabled roof and a chimney, situated on a hill. In the foreground, there are several daisy-like flowers with long stems and leaves. The overall style is minimalist and artistic.

Twenty daisies raised their heads
Infused colour and torched all gloom
A million suns danced in defiance
On the dazed, drenched stage.

Everybody, be it bird or bee,
Everyone flocked to the daisy clump
Hanging in there, in asylum, in nascent hope.....
The worst seemingly had, overnight, passed!

Verses
BY VASANTHI