



# The Distant Walk

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

It was the same mud track.  
The evening quite like any other..  
Cacophonous birds returning home to rest,  
He was on the track on the other side.  
We stood apart,  
Distanced by green lawns and destiny!



My heart skipped a beat when I glanced at him.

In age old habit? Perhaps.

I recalled how I had romped across the green,

To greet him;

To share a happening,

Else, coordinate an evening.

Or had walked backwards to meet him,

Halfway on the circular track,

To restore fragile harmony.

But now, I stood like a lump,

And he was just another figure.

On the track; best not tracked.

Lest memories of togetherness,

Locked forever in forgotten time,

Fly open and hang hopelessly,

Unable to live life,

Backwards; or to move on

To distancing futures!

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI

