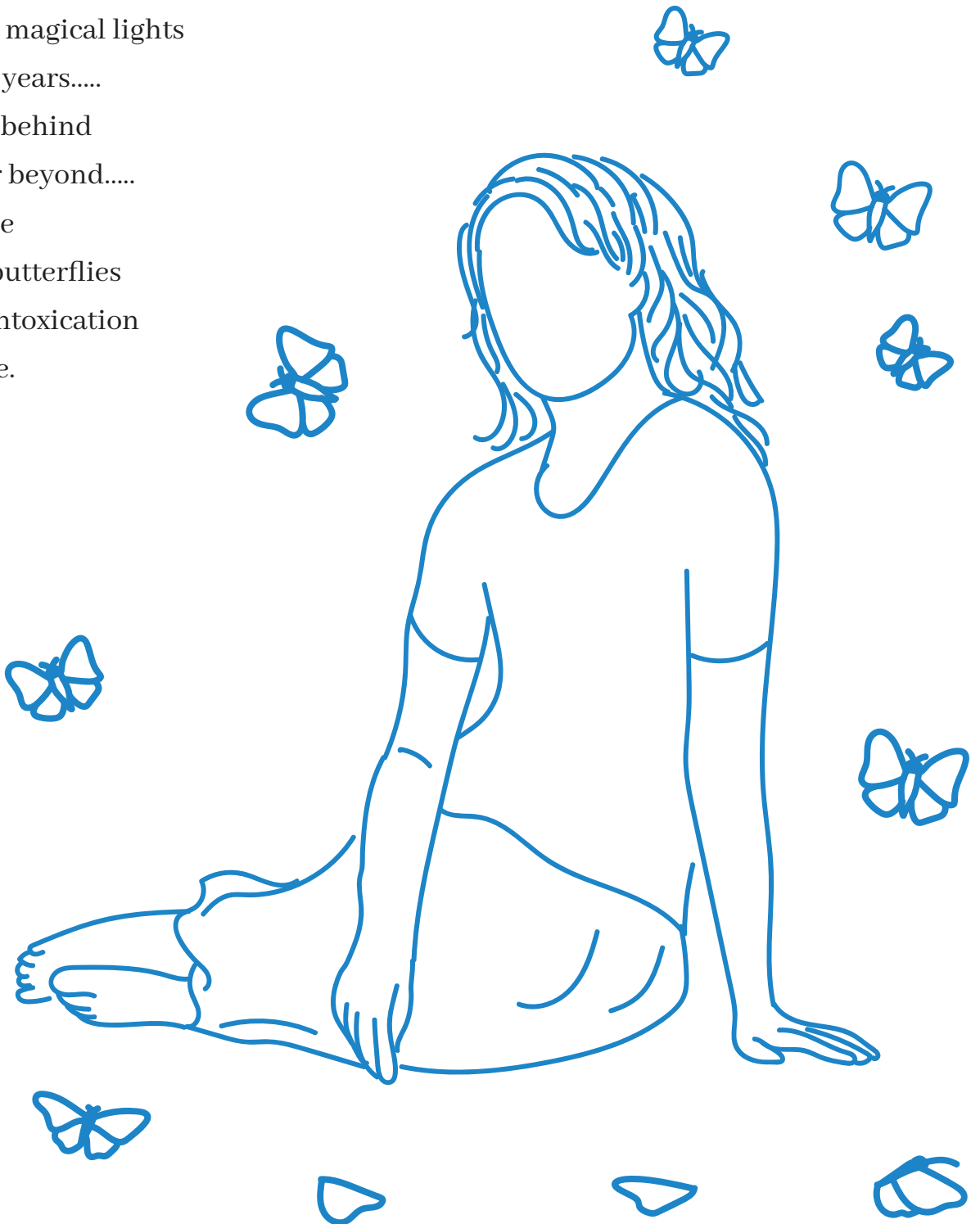




The Fallen Butterflies

Vasanthi Vasudev

You struck magical lights
In twilight years.....
Youth just behind
Old age far beyond.....
And set free
A million butterflies
To dance intoxication
Into my life.



A few leapt
To unknown heights
Of freezing exhilaration;
Some zoomed
To radiant horizons
Of rosy tomorrows.....
While others, flung themselves
Against cascading torpedoes
Of obsessive sentiment!

One little butterfly,
Grew peculiar wings
Of inexplicable emotions;
Wings that changed colour
At every other hour....
Red, Yellow, and Pink,
Placid yet inviting..
Like psychedelic light.
The butterfly left all,
Why even itself,
Amazed and aghast.

Another butterfly jinxed
Suddenly grew
Large heavy wings
That weighed in
Tearful pain;
It flapped and flapped
Its wooden wings
That hurt deep
In helpless anguish...

Unable to end
Hopeless conflicts
Of whether or not

To fly...
And how?
Just how
To swing high
To realms of
Peace and joy
So far, far away?

As a million butterflies
Filled the air,
Streams of anxiety
Snowballing disharmony
Thundered and rumbled
Everywhere.....

And then
Dark clouds of gloom,
Foreboding doom,
Rampaged the skies
In merciless rage
And the
Trapped butterflies
Reeled in fear
And cried in vain
For hopeful light.

The deluge of reality
Trampled on their wings...

Washed all colours,
Punched all lace,
Robbed all mirth,
Scorched all dare..!

The battered butterflies
Sank to earth
Fallen and failed.

And now,
Bits and pieces
Of beautiful wings
Carpet hazy dreams
Of fading memories
Hastily forgotten....
Like misty drops
Though dewless...
Though dry...
All over the place,
Here and there;
Everywhere....
Just about everywhere.

Verses
BY VASANTHI