



# The Fledgling

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

My little finger,  
Nestled in  
The shelter of  
The broad palm.

It wobbled  
And shook,  
When the palm  
Opened  
And it  
Lay exposed  
To the winds of life.



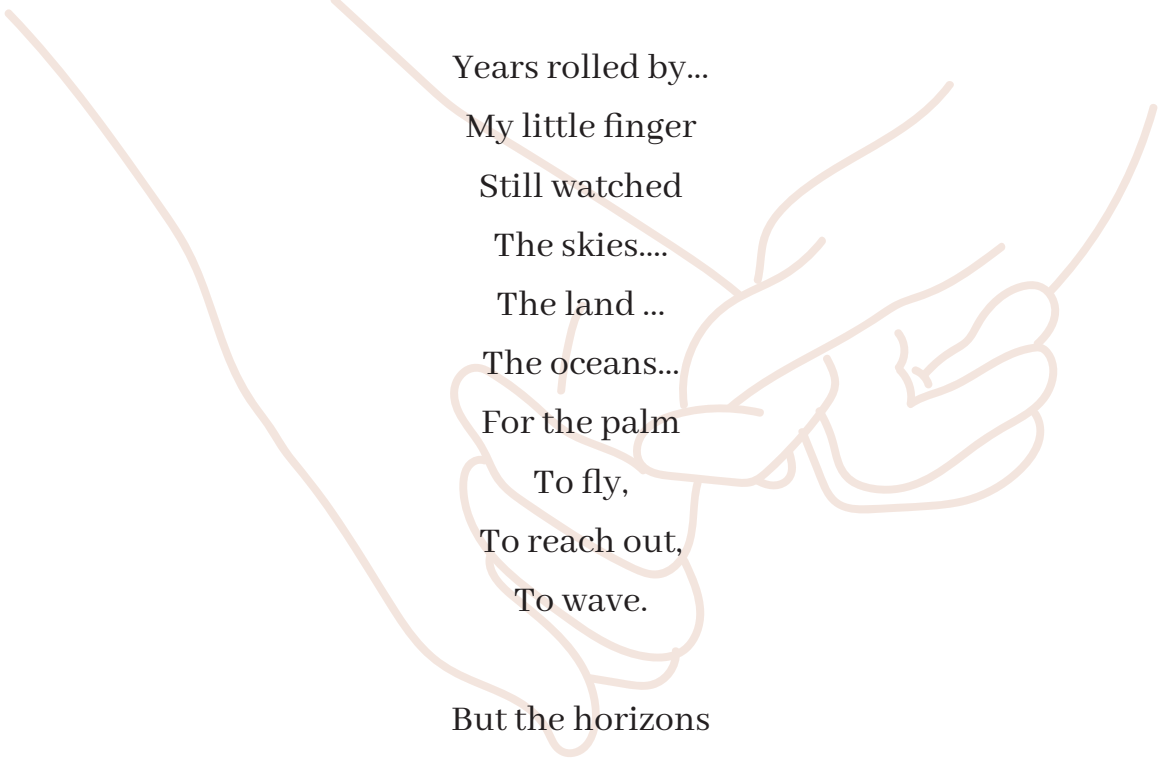
It breathed  
In rest,  
When the palm  
Closed  
And held it close  
In its secure grip.

Suddenly ...  
The storms  
Of merciless time  
Severed the limb  
Of refuge  
And my little finger  
Held its own  
Onto the chord of life.

It braved  
The fury  
Of passion;  
The spit  
Of venom;  
The menace  
Of mischief;  
The jolts  
Of jealousy.

It shed tears  
Of pity for itself  
And fear of other selves  
On the memory  
Of the palm.

It prayed  
For strength  
And tugged  
The bonds  
Of memory  
For support.



Years rolled by...  
My little finger  
Still watched  
The skies...  
The land ...  
The oceans...  
For the palm  
To fly,  
To reach out,  
To wave.

But the horizons  
Were vacant  
And the deeps  
Remained bare!

And then  
One day ...  
My little finger  
Closed itself  
And searched,  
Looking inwards.

There it heard;  
It felt;  
It saw;  
The silhouette  
Of the palm  
Spread over  
Its core.  
My finger found  
The lost palm  
Saw it appear...  
Burst through and grow  
From deep within  
With the awakened Soul.  
And, at last ....  
My little finger  
Stretched in  
Contentment...  
Feeling so fulfilled...  
It stood up  
In strength,  
And shone  
In wisdom!



**verses**  
BY VASANTHI