



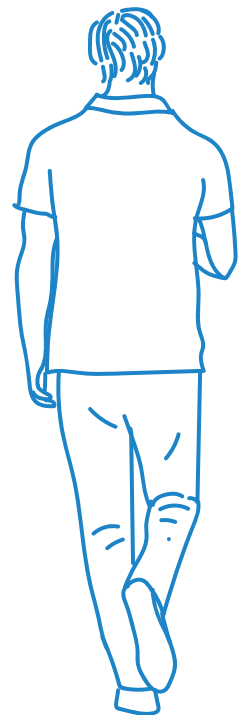
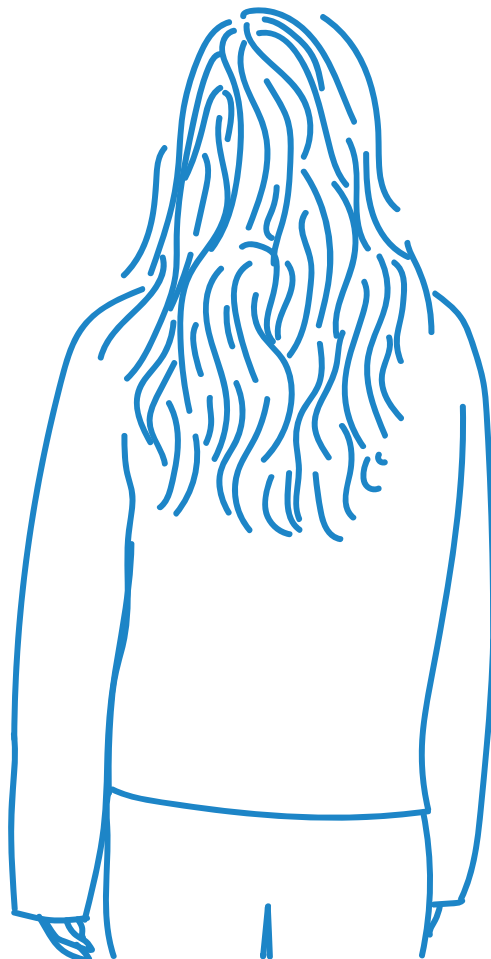
The Flight

Vasanthi Vasudev

When you said
"I'm to fly away
To a place
A little faraway"
I shed many
A silent tear
In new pain....



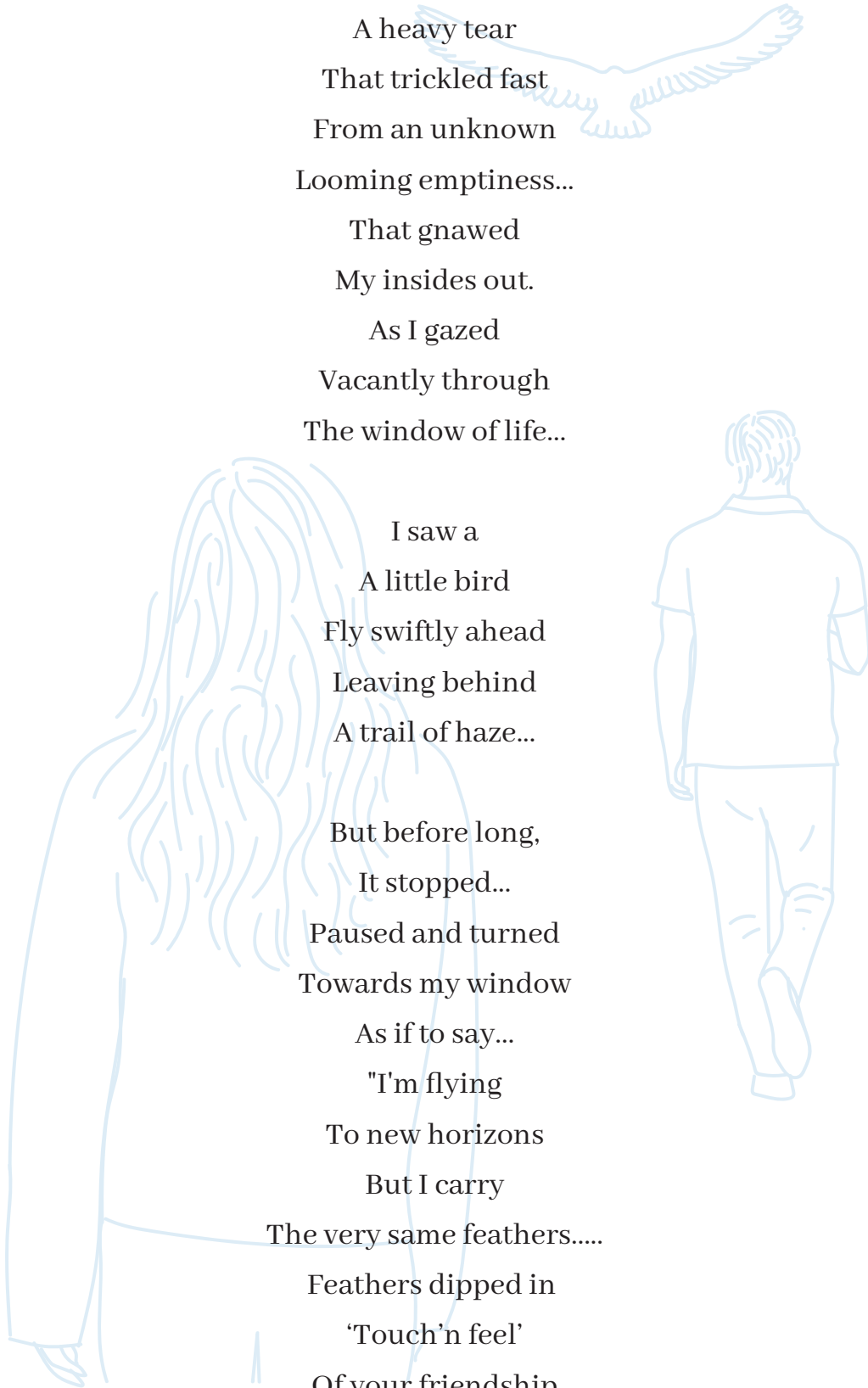
One for the
Loss of a friend
Who was so near.
Another for
The fear of
How to cope
Without your strength...
And one for
The denial of
Timely solace.



I also shed
A heavy tear
That trickled fast
From an unknown
Looming emptiness...
That gnawed
My insides out.
As I gazed
Vacantly through
The window of life...

I saw a
A little bird
Fly swiftly ahead
Leaving behind
A trail of haze...
But before long,
It stopped...
Paused and turned
Towards my window
As if to say...
"I'm flying
To new horizons
But I carry
The very same feathers.....
Feathers dipped in
'Touch'n feel'
Of your friendship.

Feathers that
Are coloured
With memories
Of endless sharing...





Feathers that go deep

To the roots

Of existence

Where there is

No you.

No me.

Only bonds

Of beautiful encounters

That flower

Carpets of images

With a promise

To last

Till eternity”

I looked at its

Vanishing image;

I stretched my hands

Into the horizons afar

And cupped my palms

To catch and cherish

A few gusts

Of its swish

Maybe, an odd feather or two...

Reminders of

A promise;

A promise of friendship

Sure and steadfast.



Verses
BY VASANTHI