

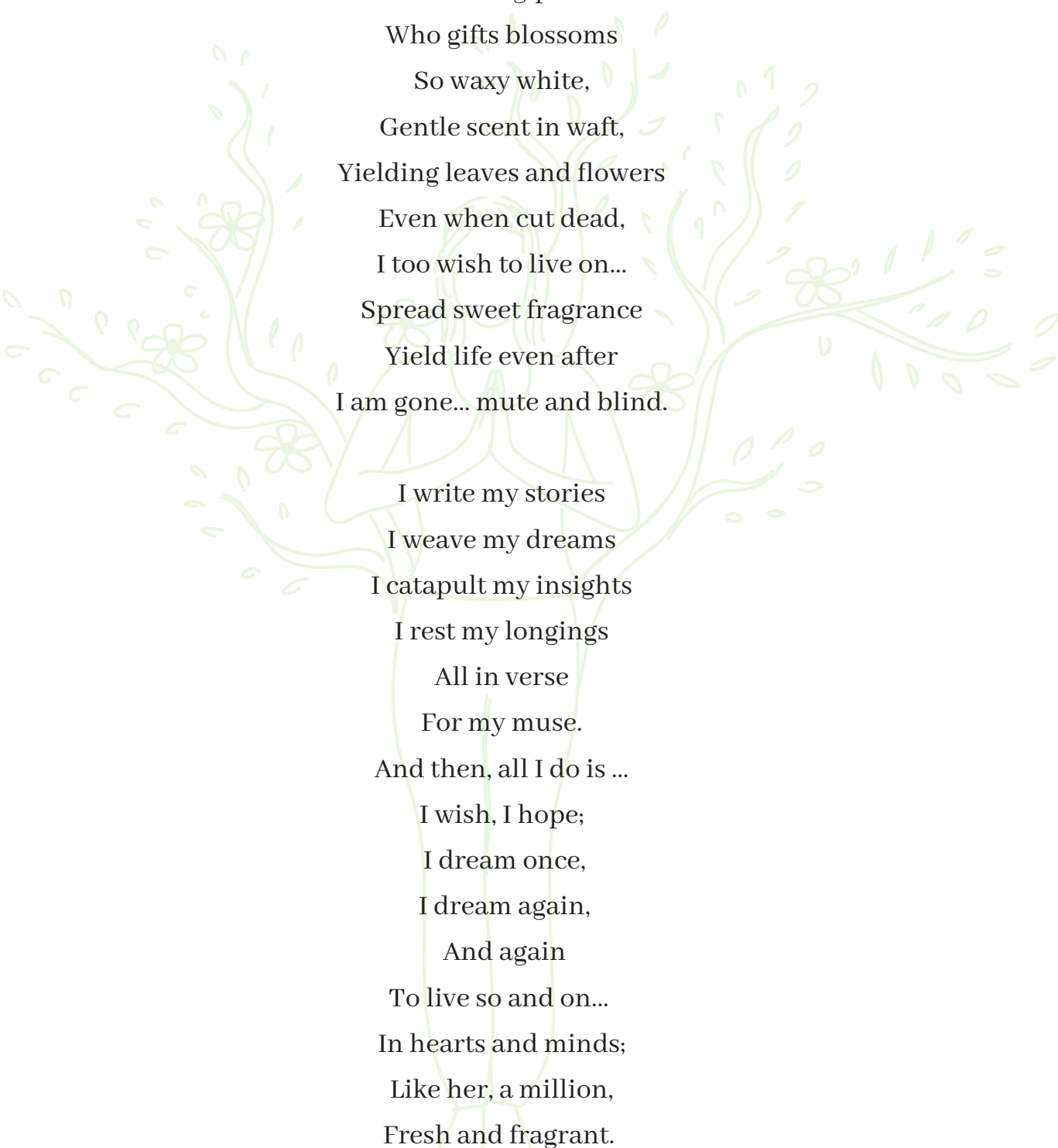


The Frangipani Tree

Vasanthi Vasudev

That day
The frangipani tree,
-A symbol of immortality-
Branching green
Outside my window,
Laden; bent low,
Luscious, lascivious, leafy,
Shed daily dozens
Of 'wreathy' flowers;
And like every day,
She saw me and smiled.





A new light struck hard
And I saw her in me!
Like the frangipani tree
Who gifts blossoms
So waxy white,
Gentle scent in waft,
Yielding leaves and flowers
Even when cut dead,
I too wish to live on...
Spread sweet fragrance
Yield life even after
I am gone... mute and blind.

I write my stories
I weave my dreams
I catapult my insights
I rest my longings
All in verse
For my muse.
And then, all I do is ...
I wish, I hope;
I dream once,
I dream again,
And again
To live so and on...
In hearts and minds;
Like her, a million,
Fresh and fragrant.
So immortal,
So Frangipani!

Verses
BY VASANTHI