



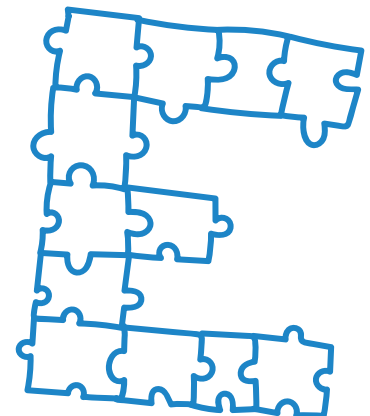
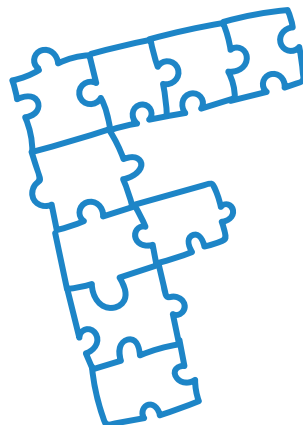
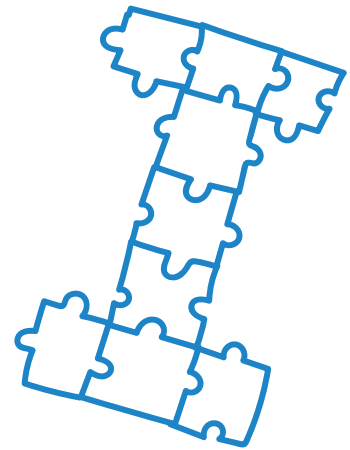
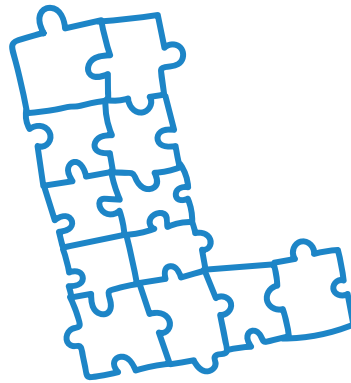
The Jigsaw Puzzle

Vasanthi Vasudev

Pieces of life....

Squares and triangles,
Rhomboid and circular,
Some shapeless too,
Holed in meaninglessness
Lie strewn on paths
Of unexplored tomorrows.

The picture is hazy,
Like an embryo,
In the womb of time.
Years have gone by.....
Age old quests
Linger, lone and tired.
Withered moments,
Wasted effort,
Sagging hope!





Herculean it seems...

To bend and pick

The lost ones

One by one

And, them to fit

Into new frames!

A picture, once etched

In the yearning heart,

And woven, in dreams

Of rainbow hues

To many a lilt

Of the unsung song!

Will lush paintings

Decorate anew,

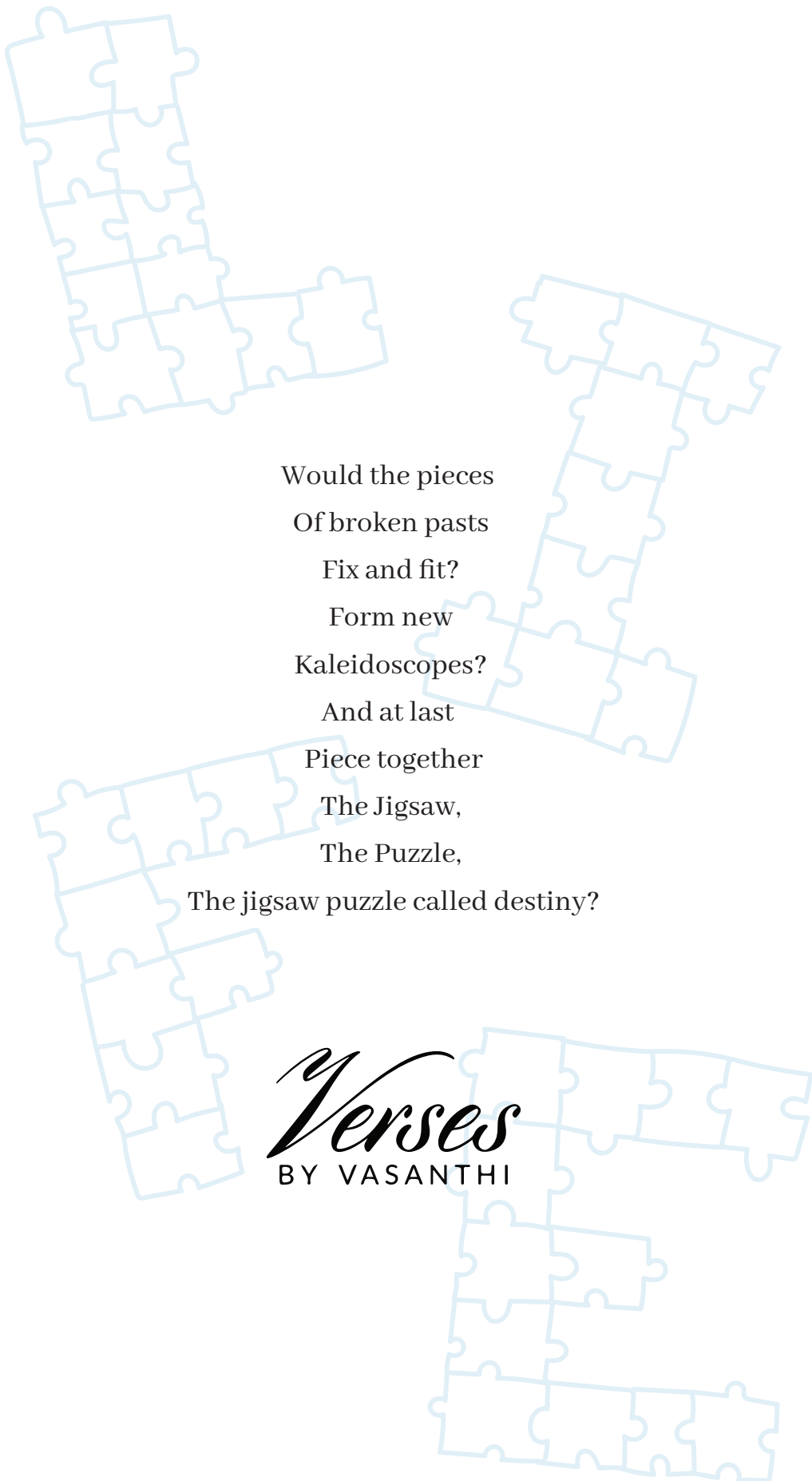
Whitewashed memories,

Drenched in hope?

Will time waltz to new gait?

Will the season of life

Rejoice in verdant springs?



Would the pieces
Of broken pasts
Fix and fit?
Form new
Kaleidoscopes?
And at last
Piece together
The Jigsaw,
The Puzzle,
The jigsaw puzzle called destiny?

Verses
BY VASANTHI