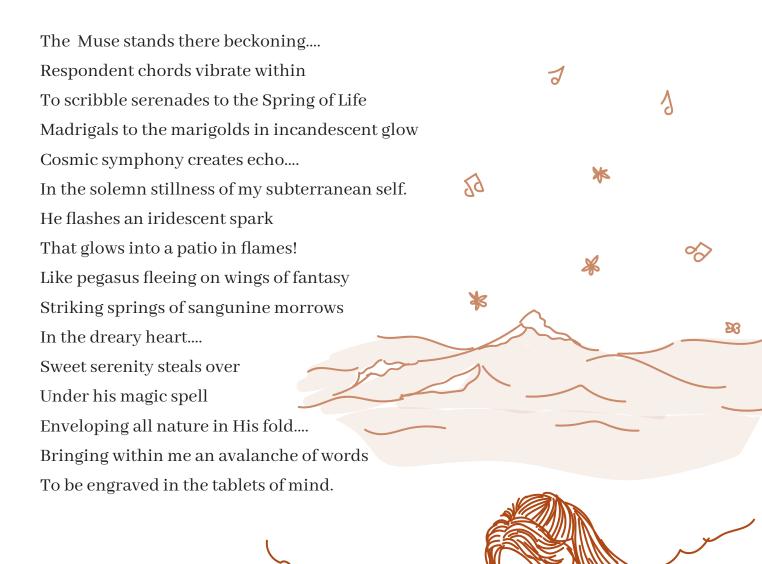


The Muse of Fragrance

Vasanthi Vasudev





The fragrant presence leaves an eternal sweetness To saturate me with reliving ecstasy of sugared minutes....

A solace indeed.... Of nascent memories in the profound seal of mind. The "Halo", The muse hangs for Eternity! The recollections of his tune come floating through The misty sea of the subconscious Wafted by the ethereal wings of void Sombre strains of music hug my heart... Alone...Alone do I sit In the fragrance of the muse With a song in my lips!

