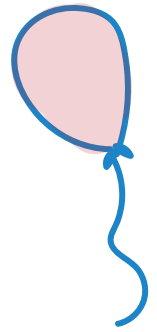




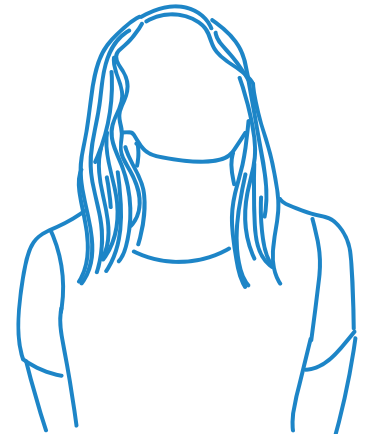
The Pink Balloon

Vasanthi Vasudev

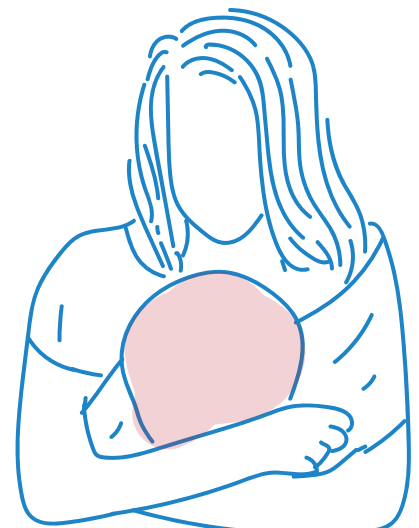


The Pink Balloon
Pumped with joy
Sports alluringly
Upon the blues!

Four decades
Have gone by ...
Gazing...
Watching the Pink Balloon
Float....
On the horizon of life.



As a child
Of ten,
I chased the balloon
With wonder eyes.



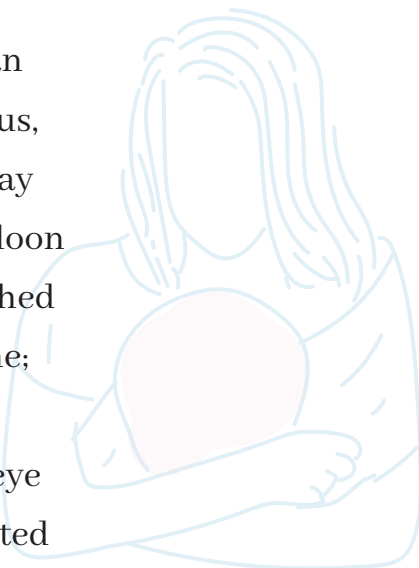
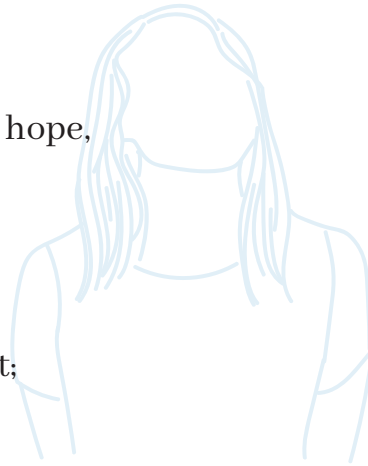
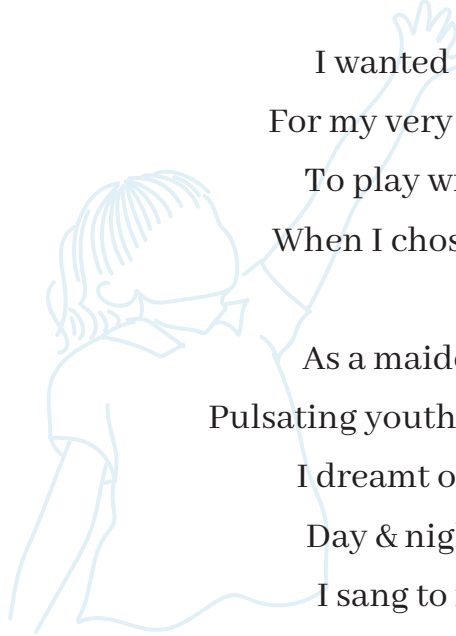
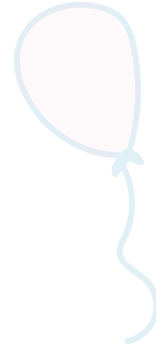
I leaped
When it came
In my grasp
And cried when
It pulled away
In defiance.

I wanted it
For my very own,
To play with
When I chose to!

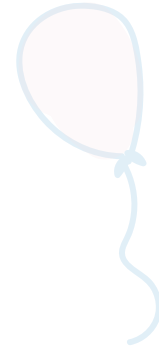
As a maiden
Pulsating youthful hope,
I dreamt of it
Day & night.
I sang to it;
I yearned for it;
I saw it
In 'his' magic eye

And longed to hold it close
To myself, for eternity.

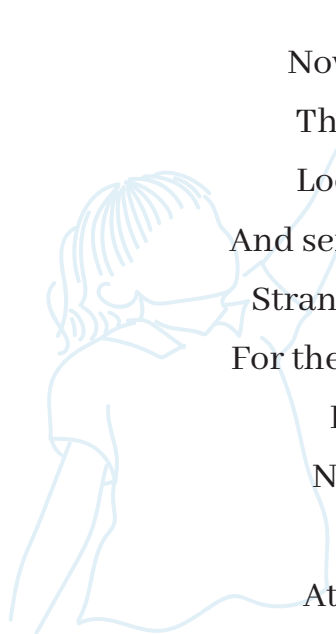
As a woman
Of thirty plus,
I turned away
From the balloon
Where it rushed
Towards me;
I closed
My tearful eye
When it floated
Far, far away.



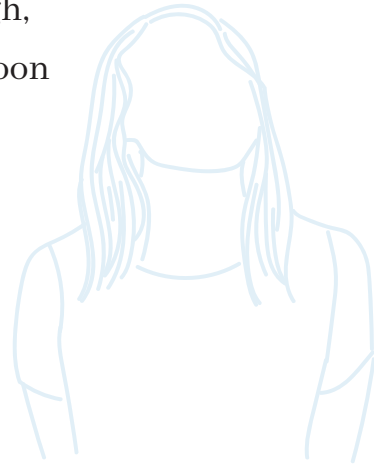
I dared not
To touch it,
For I had not
The strength
To part with
The Pink Balloon.



Now at Forty,
The horizon
Looms large
And serenely vacant;
Strangely though,
For the Pink Balloon



I search
No more...



At long last
I see...
See that

The Pink Balloon
Was never really,
Up there
Upon the blue's!



It was here
With me;
In me;
Of me;

Where it had been!
Always been!



Verses
BY VASANTHI