



The Players

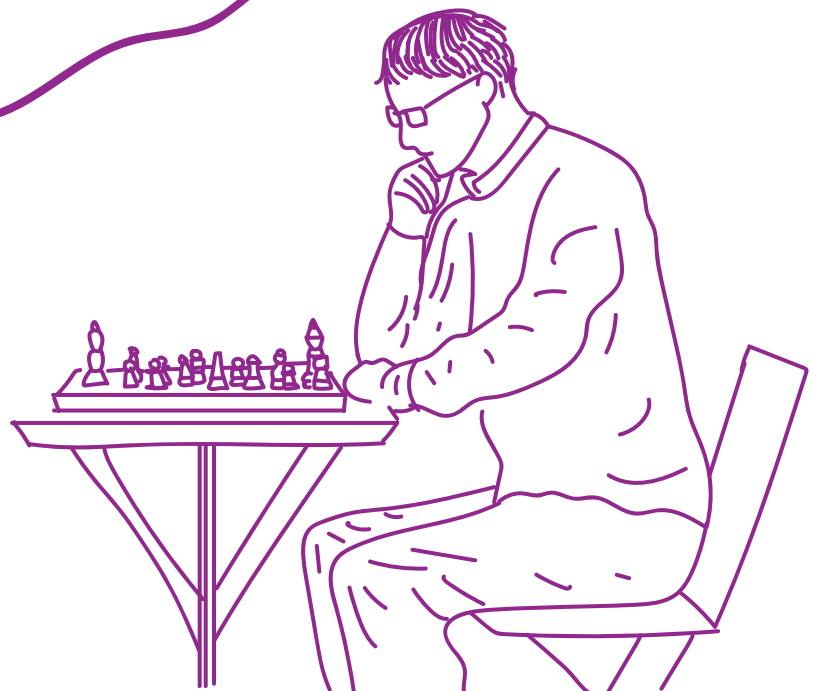
Vasanthi Vasudev

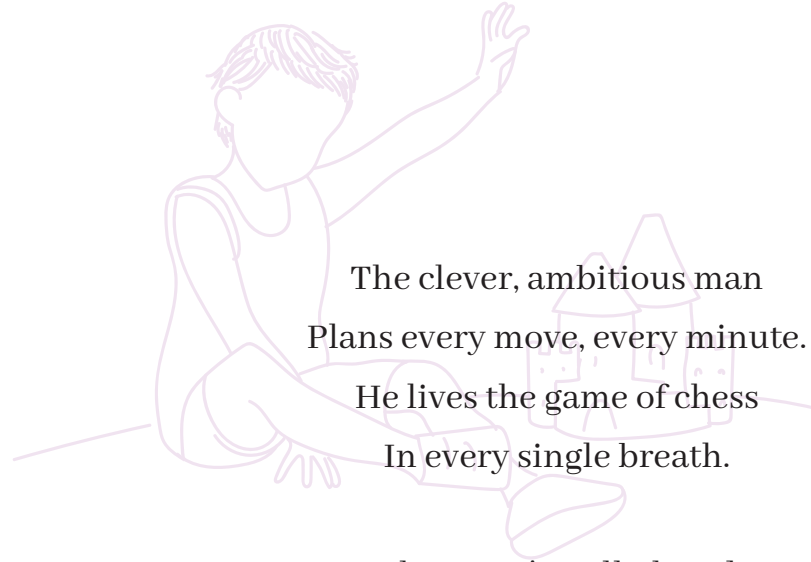
Little stubby hands
Sift gritty shells.
They pile loose sands
Upon the calm shore.

Up leaps a wave
Caught in magnetic web;
It rushes to the castle
And the castle's no more!

Uneven mounds, broken ridges
Drowned in moist effervescence
Lie scattered on the path
Of the trespassing wave.

Alone stands the child
In puzzled disappointment.
He asks the messy ruin
"Where did my castle go?"



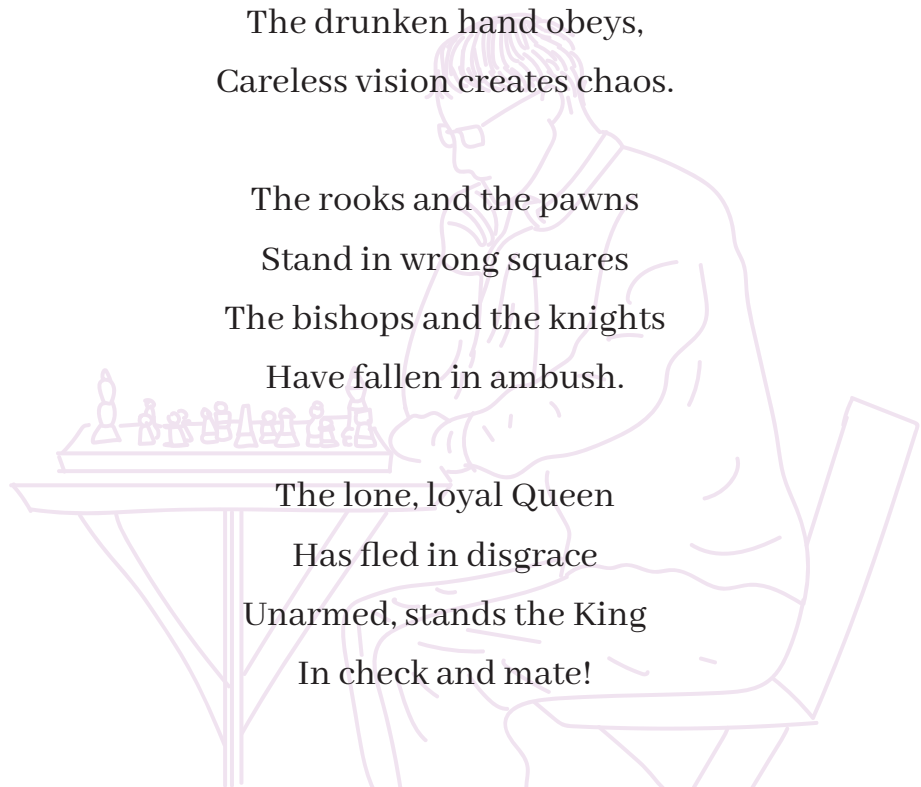


The clever, ambitious man
Plans every move, every minute.
He lives the game of chess
In every single breath.

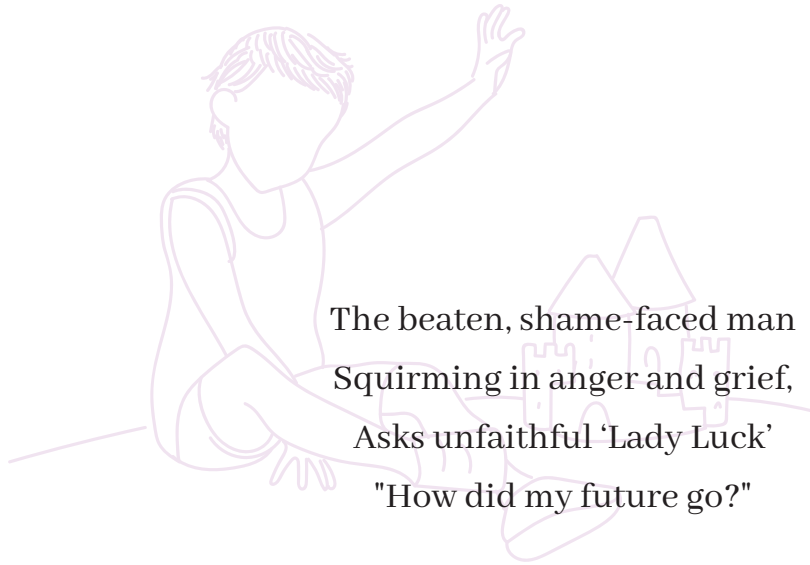
The game's well played
Every player's in his place.
The world is at his feet
The game's almost won.

The powerful, self soars,
The proud mind commands.
The drunken hand obeys,
Careless vision creates chaos.

The rooks and the pawns
Stand in wrong squares
The bishops and the knights
Have fallen in ambush.



The lone, loyal Queen
Has fled in disgrace
Unarmed, stands the King
In check and mate!



The beaten, shame-faced man
Squirming in anger and grief,
Asks unfaithful 'Lady Luck'
"How did my future go?"

The innocent, sportive child
In the dawn of his life,
Gathers the fallen castle
To build once more.

The spoilt, vain man
In the twilight of his life,
Tears up the chess-board
For he can play no more!



Verses
BY VASANTHI



The Players

Vasanthi Vasudev

Little stubby hands
Sift gritty shells.
They pile loose sands
Upon the calm shore.

Up leaps a wave
Caught in magnetic web;
It rushes to the castle
And the castle's no more!

Uneven mounds, broken ridges
Drowned in moist effervescence
Lie scattered on the path
Of the trespassing wave.

Alone stands the child
In puzzled disappointment.
He asks the messy ruin
"Where did my castle go?"

