



# The Poem

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

Oh! that I were  
That folded paper  
On which you unfold  
Drop by drop, word by word!

Thoughts flow like rivulets  
Words flood, curl and eddy  
Emotions swamp into abyss  
Love sweeps over banks!



You then cherish the treasure  
Somewhere close to yourself  
Veiled from prying eyes  
That cast evil spells!

There's satellite communication everywhere

Alas: There's none as special as ours!

None as glorious  
As the valorous poem  
That flies between us!

I bury your precious gift  
Deep within my core  
And see your magnetic eye  
In every gentle word.

When I run my finger  
Over your honeyed verse  
I taste the gush of sweetness  
Melt in my veins.

Oh! that I were those lines  
That rest in your palm  
That cling to your chest  
And bring you unto me!

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI