



The Reversal

Vasanthi Vasudev

He did not stretch them...
But she bent backwards to hold;
For solace
For strength
His hands for help
When dithering or in a quandary.

He did not say much...
But each word filled pages in her mind;
Read a million in every pause
Filling every blank
She figured out his mood and more.



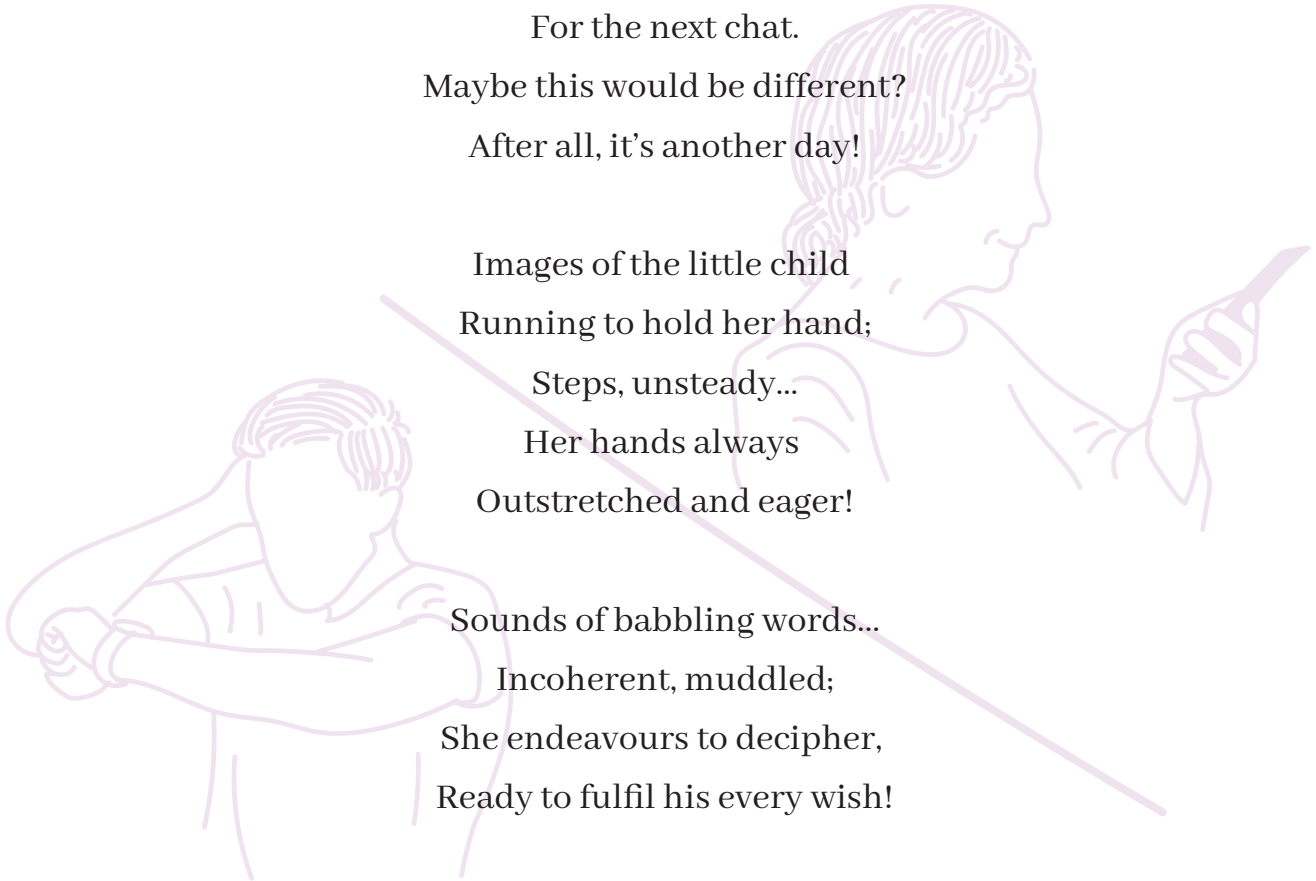
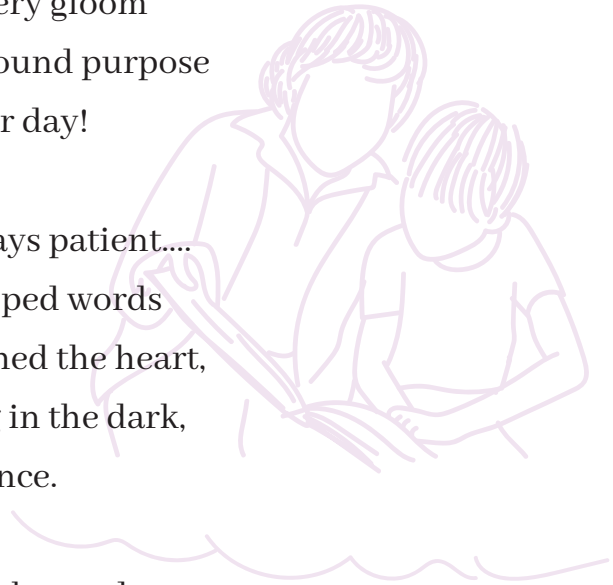
He did not call every hour....
But his one call,
Filled the day.
His chirpy morning voice,
Dispelled every gloom
And some new found purpose
Made her day!

He was not always patient....
His short-clipped words
Rent and drenched the heart,
Left her staring in the dark,
At silence.

Yet, nothing changed....
She still sat in wait
For the next chat.
Maybe this would be different?
After all, it's another day!

Images of the little child
Running to hold her hand;
Steps, unsteady...
Her hands always
Outstretched and eager!

Sounds of babbling words...
Incoherent, muddled;
She endeavours to decipher,
Ready to fulfil his every wish!



A million times,
He would call....
And she, dropping everything
Was instantly
By his side!

No time was hers...
He commanded and captured
Her every minute
Night or day!

Hot afternoons wearing aprons,
Baking his favourite cakes;
Struggling through hours
For tomorrow's tests
Teaching the difference
Between the x and y !

Packing lunch boxes
With favourite tucks.
Empathy in the ear,
Seeing his point of view.
Supporting his every choice,
Backing his every decision!

Oh! How!
Have times changed!
Circumstances, inverted!
So different her need
And his!
Such reversal!
O' Damn!

Blame it not
As nature's norm,
For the flesh is weak
It twinges and chokes!

His growing-up years
Race vividly in her mind.
Bringing a glow anew....
Her silvery hair shines
As she smiles
And wonders with a sigh,
"Were I, his child,
Rather than mother !!"

Verses
BY VASANTHI