



# The Rose

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

She's a woman in every touch  
In every mood, in every sway...

Vibrant in yellow, youthful when pink,  
Placid in white, provocative when red!

She bathes herself in fragrant waters  
That bind the world in a drunken spell.



The greedy bee rents her leafy veil  
In noisy haste for her honeyed warmth.

But the new bloomed maiden, with starry dreams,  
Turns her face from paltry passion.

She buries herself behind thorny walls  
And banishes the bee from her realm.

The vanquished suitor, in downcast silence,  
Leaves her in wait for silvery night.

The lone star dazzles the darkness away.  
Petals aflutter, she flashes a fairy smile.

But the star's stilled in atrophy;  
And lo ! She wilts pale and white.

She's trapped in waxy webs  
Of her one clinging obsession.

Petal by petal, she sheds herself  
Under the tearful gaze of the anguished star.

She buds again; she blossoms once more  
She gazes sky wards and drops to the earth.

Once more, once again  
For a gainless gain, again and again...!.

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI

