



The Shelled Cloud

Vasanthi Vasudev

I floated...
A pink, fluffy cloud,
On dreamy skies,
Full of life.

Bouyant with hope
Waiting to clothe,
Your wish
For love
With the
Warmth of my faith,
True and pure.



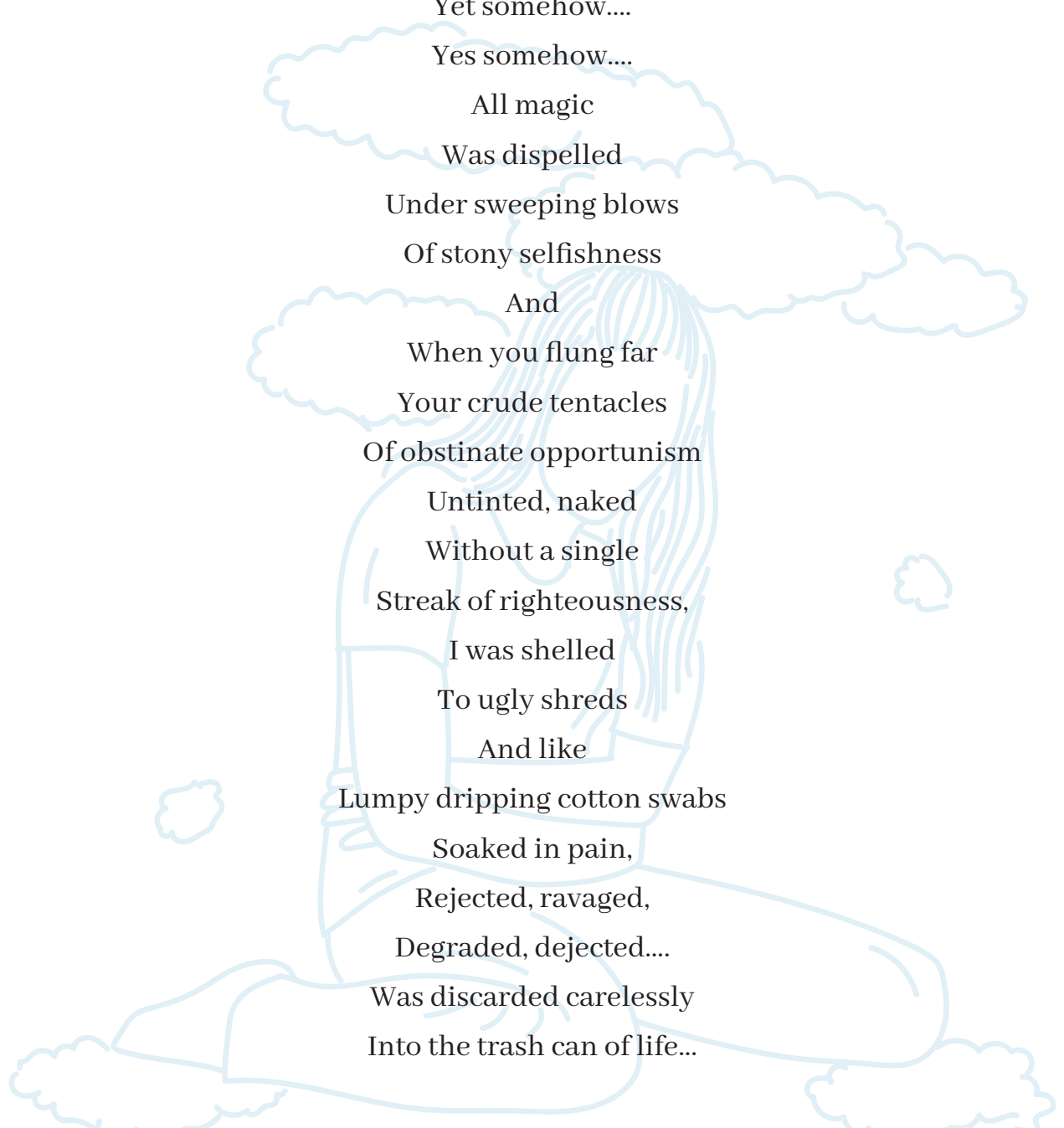
I longed
To wrap
Your whispers
For togetherness
With promise
Of inseparability.

I climbed high
To vaporous
Rainbows of ecstasy
And rocked you
In gentle spells
Of solace & peace.


I suffered stoic,
In sombre silence;
Those moody swamps
Of depressive lows.

I hid in penance
Behind bright suns
Of possible tomorrows;
While strangled today,
Moaned in
Hopeless uncertainty.

I dropped miraculously
Onto resilient laps
Of survival
Whenever you
Tossed me helter-skelter
In careless gusts
Of possessive power.



Yet somehow....
Yes somehow....
All magic
Was dispelled
Under sweeping blows
Of stony selfishness
And
When you flung far
Your crude tentacles
Of obstinate opportunism
Untinted, naked
Without a single
Streak of righteousness,
I was shelled
To ugly shreds
And like
Lumpy dripping cotton swabs
Soaked in pain,
Rejected, ravaged,
Degraded, dejected....
Was discarded carelessly
Into the trash can of life...



Now
Brittle in hurt,
Caged in
Empty shells
Of broken promises.

I smoulder
In the desert of time
Sparking embers
Of hurt & hate
That wait
To glow
To an inferno
And battle
My way
To justice.

Verses
BY VASANTHI