

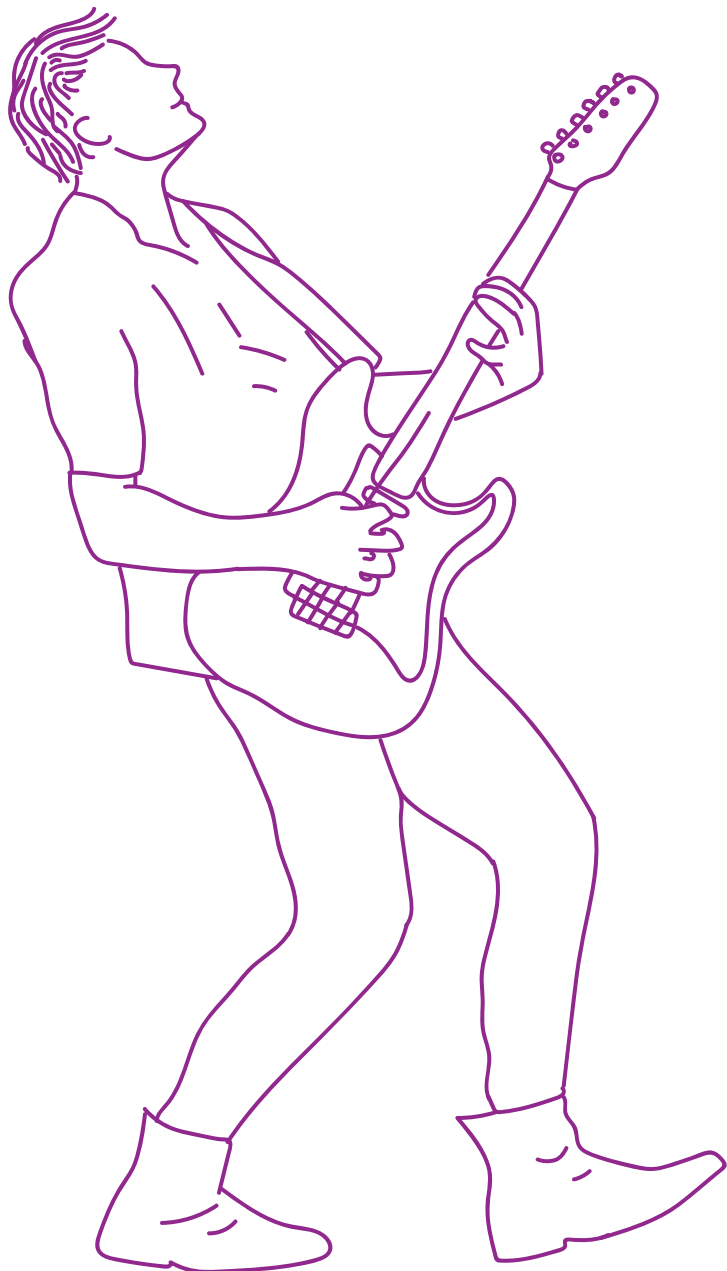


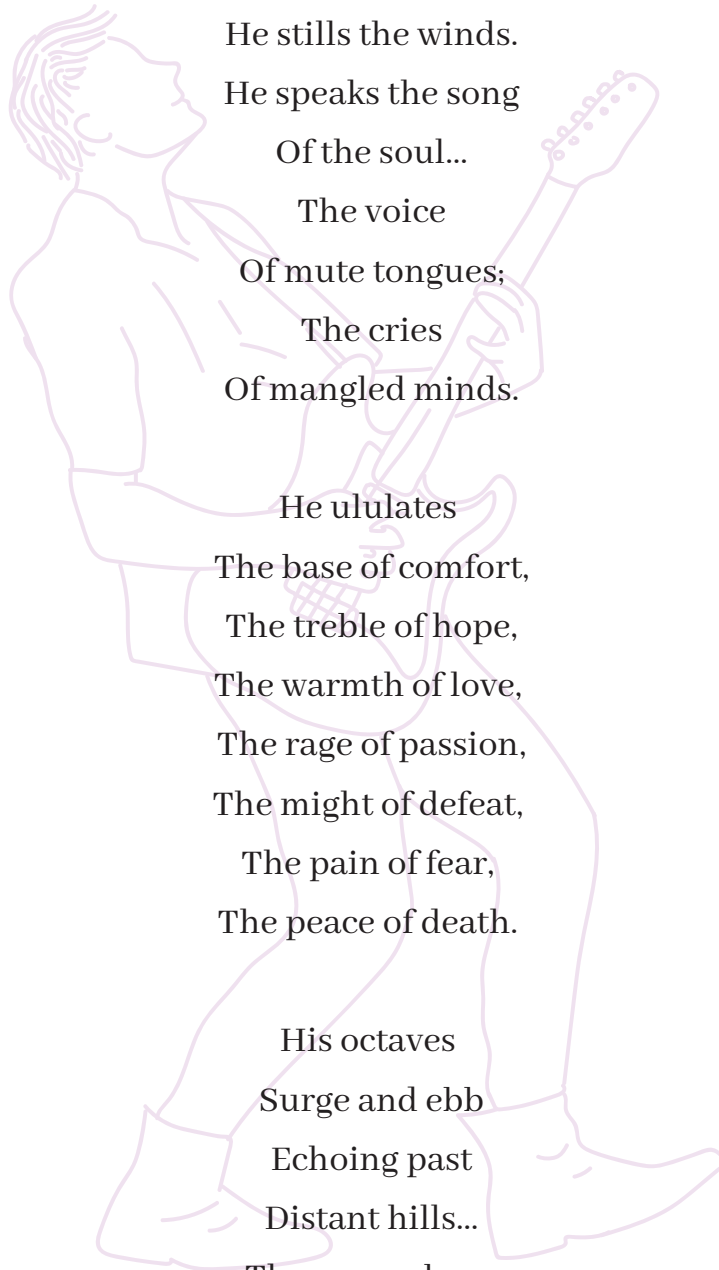
# The Singer

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

He calls out  
To the Gods....  
He vibrates....  
He pulsates....  
He pours forth  
His throbbing core  
In melifluous tones  
In rhythmic refrain.

He rocks  
The rocks.  
He challenges  
The rain.  
He hushes  
The waves.  
He silences  
The forests.



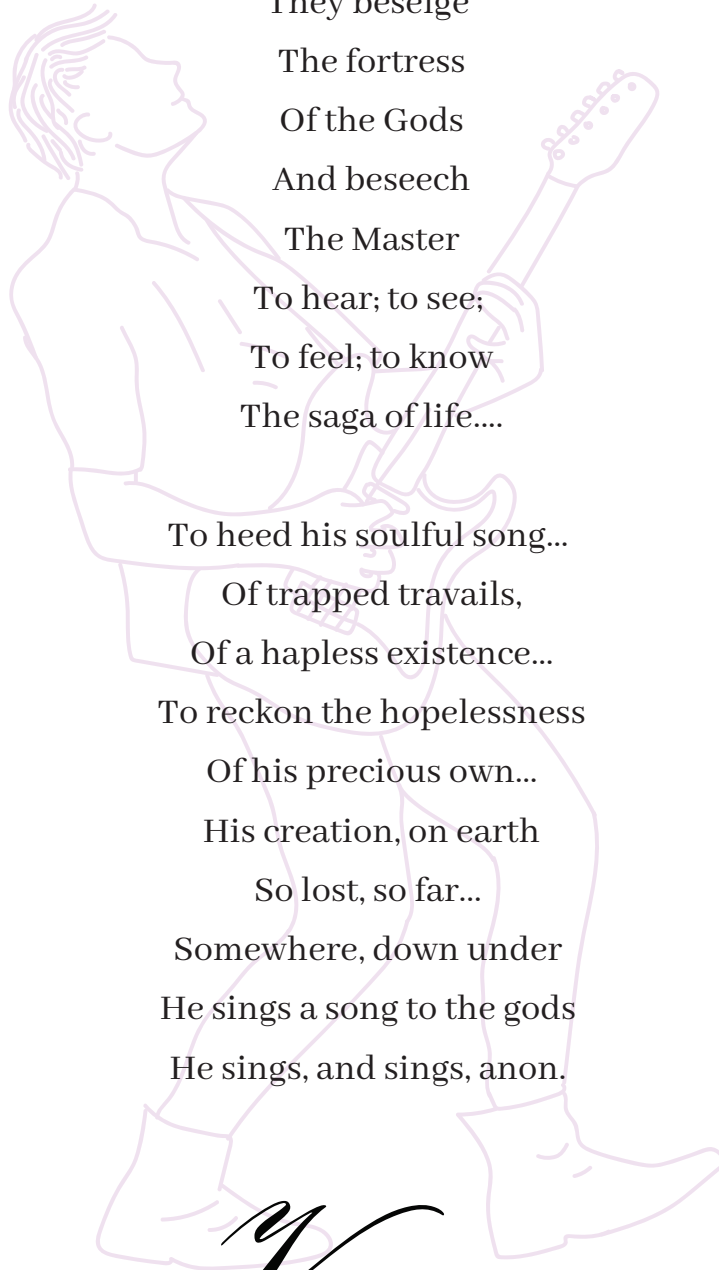


He lulls the fires  
He stills the winds.  
He speaks the song  
Of the soul...

The voice  
Of mute tongues;  
The cries  
Of mangled minds.

He ululates  
The base of comfort,  
The treble of hope,  
The warmth of love,  
The rage of passion,  
The might of defeat,  
The pain of fear,  
The peace of death.

His octaves  
Surge and ebb  
Echoing past  
Distant hills...  
They soar above  
Lighting horizons  
And kiss  
Lonely stars!



They beseige  
The fortress  
Of the Gods  
And beseech  
The Master  
To hear; to see;  
To feel; to know  
The saga of life....

To heed his soulful song...  
Of trapped travails,  
Of a hapless existence...

To reckon the hopelessness  
Of his precious own...  
His creation, on earth  
So lost, so far...

Somewhere, down under  
He sings a song to the gods  
He sings, and sings, anon.

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI