



The Stolen Jewel

Vasanthi Vasudev

I saw a priceless jewel
It was not mine yet;
Yes.... still....
I wanted it for my very own.
I quickly stole it and tucked it
In the recess of my existence.
Its alluring image filled my mind, flooded my heart
And I remained transfixed in its gleam.

I stealthily rescued it from hiding
When none knew, where none pried
And cherished it close to my chest...
Stroked it, admired it, prided it.
But lo! My joy crumbled
Under gripping fear, menacing calumny
Of facing crucible....
I hurriedly buried it under stealing darkness
But waited; in loving longing,
For its light.



My conscience, pendulum like,
Swung between
Pleasure of promise
And pain of discovery.
And then, at last,
With determined courage,
I removed my precious jewel
From anxious caves of perfidy.
I set it a sail, somewhere, far away.

I continued and continued
In compulsive conditioning,
To search for it,
To long for it....
My insides gnawed
In corroding vacuum.

Yet somewhere.....
In a faint whisper...
I began to hear
The voice of Peace...
Feeble, at first
But in quickening beats,
Calling to let go.
The breath of fresh freedom
Fleeted in, fragrant,
And sudden, I sensed
The glimmer,
Of Liberation and Truth!

Verses
BY VASANTHI