



The Wound

Vasanthi Vasudev

Long, very long ago,
I felt a wound.
The wound
Has never really healed.

It gapes open its gory eyes
And I writhe
In its piercing stare.

Each time the wound's fresh,
The hurt's new found,
The pain's unknown.



You do try
To seal them with waxy words,
To wash them with gentle tears.

But soon enough,
The ugly sores
Lift putrefied memories
From red pages
Of turbulent history;
And the pain
Crushes and lingers.

I want to pluck
Those deep scars
From my flesh and feed them
To dead yesterday.

I want to grow new wings
And fly into
A woundless morrow;
Before its too late...
Before the wounds
Inscribe my epitaph
Upon the tomb
With lethal claws.

Verses
BY VASANTHI