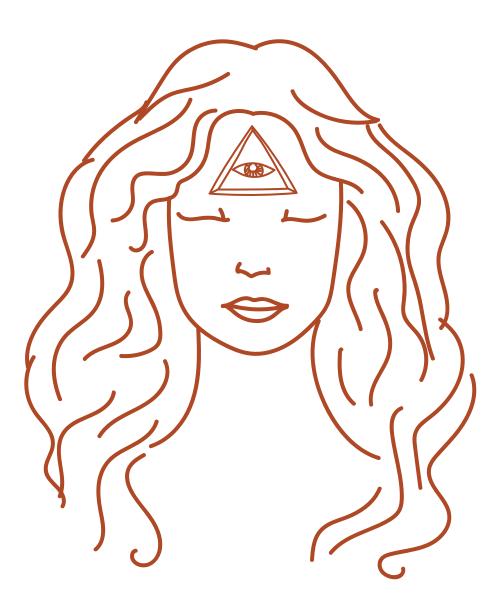


## **Visionless Vision**

Vasanthi Vasudev

I saw a light I thought it was white. I went close And knew It was something else.

It was pink When I was pink; Grey when I was so; Blue, yellow, Red, black! It was a reflection Of my every complexion.





I fell in love With the light. It mirrored All my moods. Orchestrated All my tunes. Sensed My every sense. Penetrated My very core!

I basked in it, Flashed with it. Danced against it And discovered myself. Anew, again, again!

> Suddenly.. Someone threw A prism Against its beam. And lo! My light Began to show A different shade At every minute; From every angle; All in one One in all!

I ran into darkness In dismay; Covered my eyes And looked in-wards.



Was this my light? Had I seen it Against my shadow? Or, had it changed? Was it 'unreally' real? Or really unreal?

Perplexed, I cursed My visionless vision. And cried for The vision of The blind!

I cried and longed for An 'inner sight'.... Untainted film, Crystal like; Forsaking 'filters' Of desire and want; Casting favour, Dropping prejudice. Arrow-pointed zoom And Pana-vision broad. At once simultaneous and straight For the visionless vision Of my inner eye ; A powerful sight My third eyes own!

