



Webs

Vasanthi Vasudev

Like spiders that ooze themselves
To weave waxy webs and crawl carefully,
And wait for prey in silken creations,
I am caught in a rare need
A need for waxy webs of mazy relationships...

Webs and webs.... woven may be,
With threads of unexplained empathy;
Soaked in emotion,
Made taut with compassion and tinted with pain.

The webs are woven too in magical haste,
To ward off strange spiders that encircle me
Before I can fly past them.



And lo! I'm dragged into their critical cores....

For these spiders,
The web's a solace, a comfort a joy even....

But I drown in
Currents of endemic conflict,
Infinite confusion, hopeless uncertainty!

And yet... an irony.

I wish to be a spider
That panics in the web;
For beyond...
Looms large.... a vacuum,
A purposeless monotony.

Day breaks dry and bitter,
On empty horizons into numb darkness.

And I, like the spiders,
Shiver and scuttle, rise and fall,
In the silvery webs of fragile relationships !

Verses
BY VASANTHI