



Wicked Haste

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Like the morning star
Burnt by the tropical sun;

Like the wet sand castle
Scattered by the bullying kick.

Like the late leaf
Yellowed in autumnal dryness;

Like the throbbing rose-bud
Throttled on the oily plait;



Your cruel embrace
Has crushed youthful hope;

Severed the rising kite
Even before it flew into life;

Burst the bubble
Ere it could gleam with rainbow.

O dastardly death! Have you tired
Of feeding on bony torsos?

Do you now hunger,
For supple flesh?

Greedy for virgin mate,
Wanting to stretch on velvet thighs?

Rest your head
On silken ringlets?

Look into mirrors
Of dreamy eyes?

Anoint your coarseness
With juicy youth?

Can no force
Chide your covetousness?

Refine your perversion;
Lull your lurid lust?

Can no power
Curse your cowardice?

Can no one
Stop your undue haste

Or, halt you from laying hands
On unlived life?

Verses
BY VASANTHI