

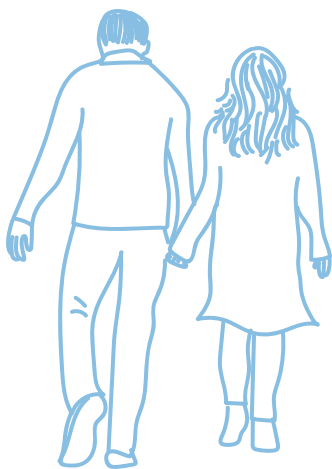


Winged Out

Vasanthi Vasudev

When you
Were born from me
You became a reality
Yes! One of me,
And so, from and for me!

You became One,
We became Two...
You burst and bloomed
And engulfed
My reality...every; very.



And I,
Day in and day out,
Was that caving center,
The coring epicenter,
Of yours!

Our realities merged...
Like day,
That fades into night,
Like night,
That floats into day.

Your whispers,
Were my dreams.

Your hope,
Your desires,
My future!

Your words,
Be they long or short,
My prayer.
Your tunes,
My goals!

Since then, winged time
Has flown afar...
Beyond spaces visible.
And your realities...
Have shifted ground!

Your time, your thoughts,
Efforts, Energies
Directions, Destinations...
And the people in your life!
Much changed and distant!

I often feel a stifle, a choke!
Like breathing into swollen airs
That weather unknown faces
On distant slopes
In strange landscapes.

Yet, Oh yet
I do linger....
Yes, Oh! Yes.
I do wish to stay...
Remain like the undying shadow....

Persisting.... Resisting...
Hanging nervously,
Clinging desperately,
To nostalgias' trail
Of blurred realities.

Realities that differ...
Realities of
"Yours & Mine"
Refusing to yield
To the now new
Fragmented realities,
Of You
And of Me....!

Refusing to be brushed away,
To be winged out....
Now or tomorrow
Never to be winged out
Till I have breathed my last.

Verses
BY VASANTHI

