



# A Touch of Flower

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Do heavens  
Descend upon Earth  
Do they, else,  
Grow from it?

Who has made  
These gorgeous carpets,  
In divine shapes  
With such silken hues?

Why do we  
Delight in their gaze?  
Grow saintly  
In their touch?

Has the red sylvia  
Run away  
With all  
Our rage?



Has every fear  
Been lost  
To the sunbright  
Calendula?

Why does not The  
ravishing rose  
Make me green  
With deadly envy?

Are these flowers  
Magical lights  
That show how  
To live in harmony?

Do they lead Strife  
-torn minds Down  
Milky way  
Of deep penetrative Peace?

Would they  
Make angels  
Of demons,  
Humans  
Of savages? Melt all  
wickedness  
With their tender touch?  
Mould material maniacs  
Into sublime souls?

Would they, then, Poised on  
perfumed petals Carefully  
    cradle,  
Man, now childlike  
    In caring caress?  
    Soak him  
In warming compassion?  
    Feed bestial anger  
    With endless love?  
Plant verdant boughs  
On Life's sand-dunes?  
    Trade nightmares  
    For Dreams?  
    Weave amity  
    From hatred,  
    Give joy  
    For grief  
    And  
Let hope flower  
    On  
Barren doom?