



To Exorcise

Vasanthi Vasudev

I relied for long
Leaning heavily
Against its gigantic trunk;
Afraid to lift a leg
Lest it shake away, loose.

For, how could I manage?
A million chores
Tasks, trifle and mammoth?
Every criss-cross of the day,
Without its arm to hold?

Each morn dawned in fear, a habit....
'Hope, the tree's still there!'
Thank God it stood ramrod,
Neither bent nor shaken
By hurricanes of change!



That fateful day
Beyond the shattered glass
Emptiness mirrored, everywhere.

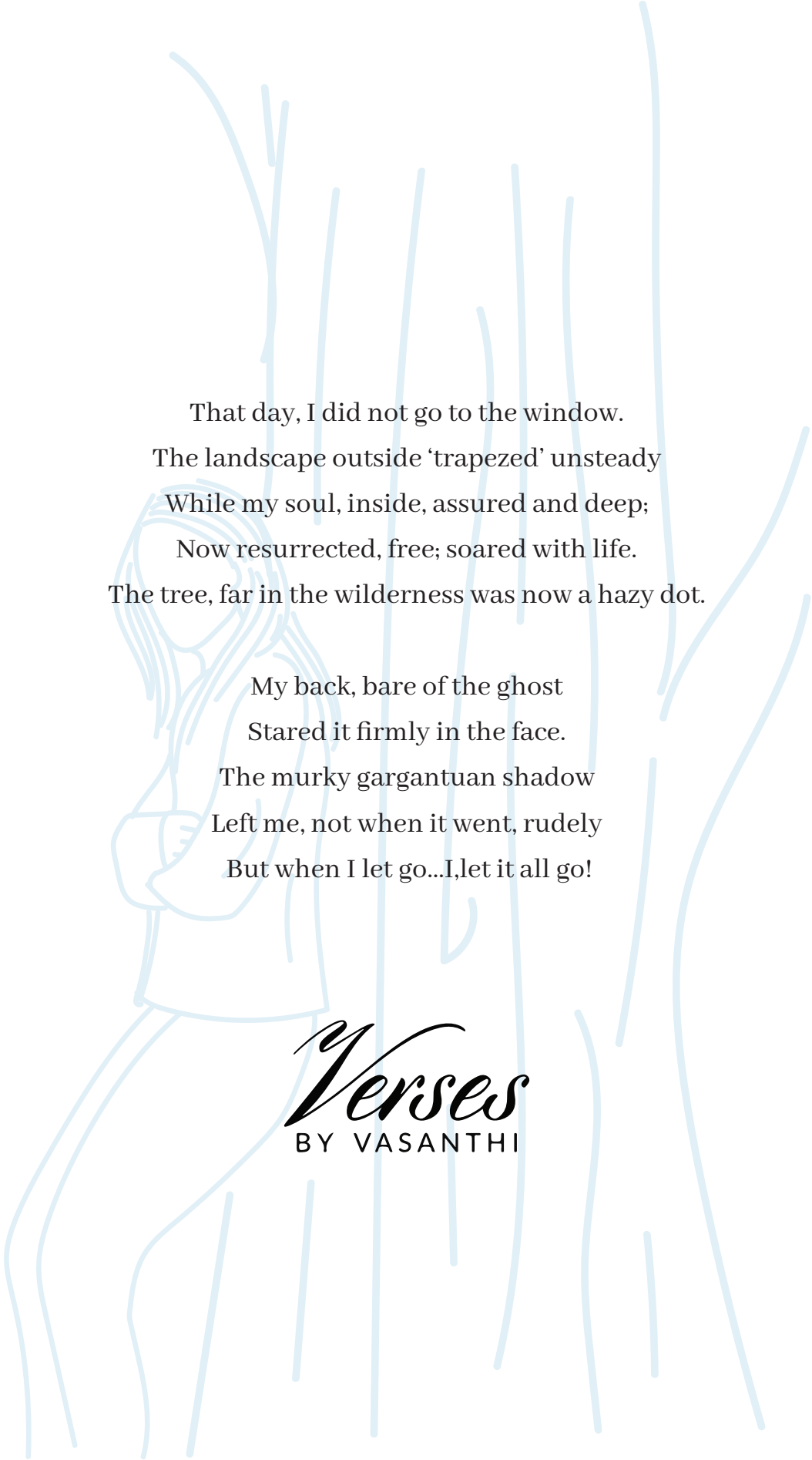
The tree had departed
Without even a goodbye.

The land beyond the pane,
For as far as I could see,
Stretched gaping
Sickening and lifeless
Like an empty yawn.

I stuck my nose on the glass
Many mornings, dewy wet,
For my tree to resurrect
And stretch out his arm, solid,
For me, every burden and care to hang.

Muddled, a little shocked
I plodded on, in stoic resolve.
Now strong, now flustered;
Carrying the tree in my eye,
Clutching hard, its shadow, dark.

The convoluted patterns of the day
Slowly grew straight lines
My burdened back lifted its own...
Fresh and fragrant, breath like,
New energies blew away 'gone-stale' days.



That day, I did not go to the window.
The landscape outside 'trapezed' unsteady
While my soul, inside, assured and deep;
Now resurrected, free; soared with life.
The tree, far in the wilderness was now a hazy dot.

My back, bare of the ghost
Stared it firmly in the face.
The murky gargantuan shadow
Left me, not when it went, rudely
But when I let go...I,let it all go!

Verses
BY VASANTHI