

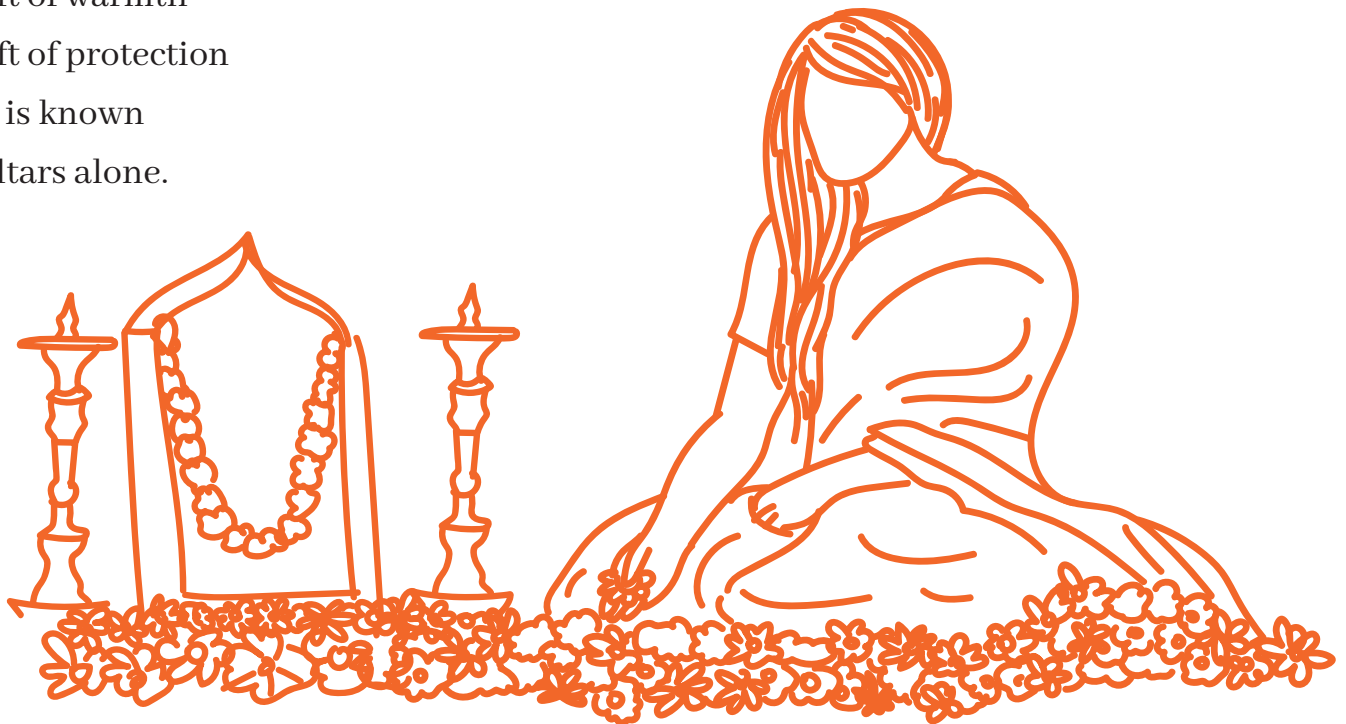


Altar Flowers

Vasanthi Vasudev

I bloomed in innocence
Scented and bright;
And looked up in radiance,
To be ushered...
Into a shining altar,
To be sanctified and worshipped
By life.

Someone plucked my beauty
And captured it in a vase.
To adorn, to possess;
To boast and to celebrate.
My insides wilted
Bereft of warmth
Bereft of protection
That is known
To Altars alone.



Sometimes knowingly,
Oftentimes unknowingly,
I transformed,
To intoxicating flower garlands
That catapult senses to dizzy heights;
But when the euphoria wears off
The garlands lie
Tearfully crushed under cold feet.

Looking back... I realise;
The altar I never found
The vase I long outgrew
The garland I refuse to be
Yet, my only desire, nascent, hangs on....

O' that I were free
Like that wild waving flower,
Known only to winds
Open only to skies,
Kissed only by rains,
Unseen, untouched,
Unknown....

Verses
BY VASANTHI

