



Out to Serve

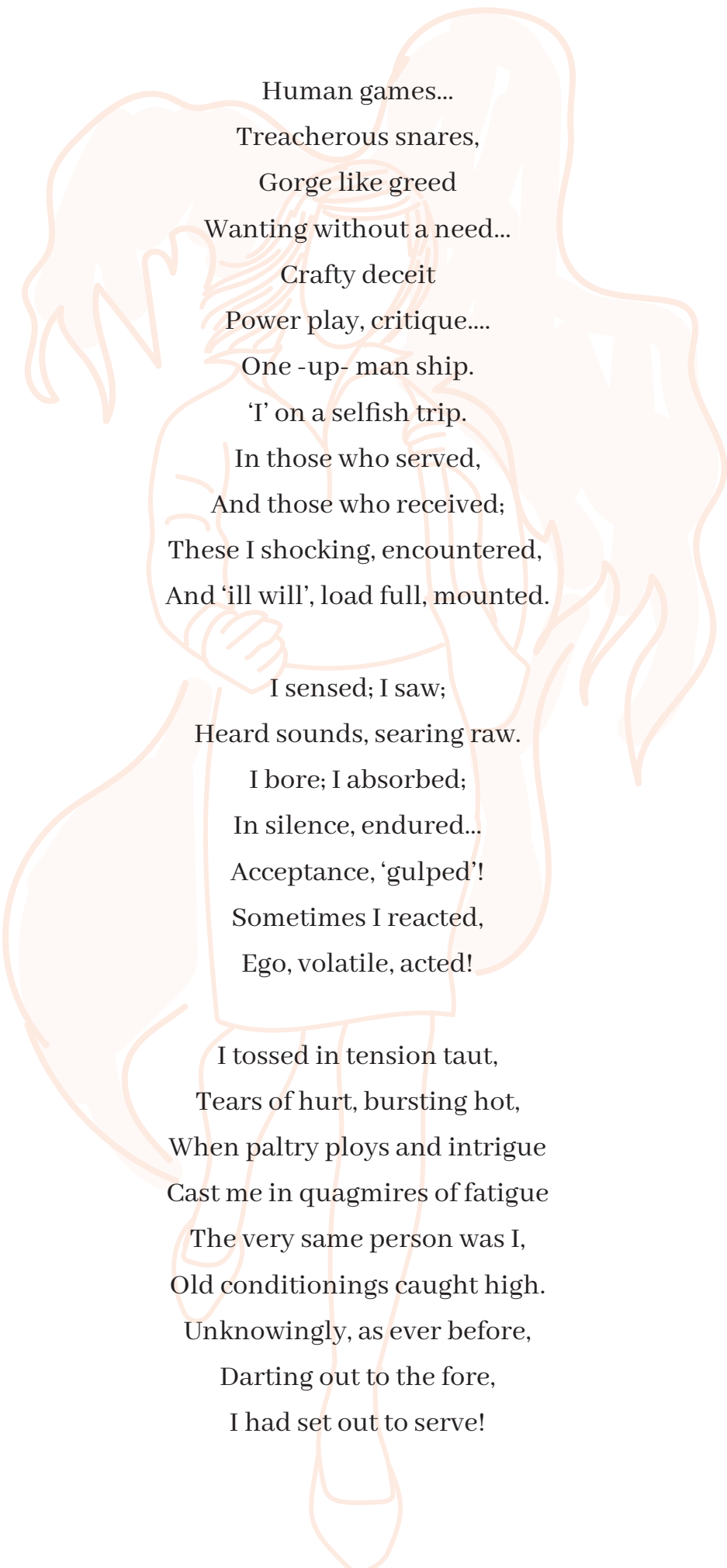
Vasanthi Vasudev

I set out to serve...
Skills I had, twenty,
Time, on hand, plenty;
Resources to count, so many.
So, I set out to serve...

I could send in a donation
Be it to any nation.
To those who needed it badly
Study or marry I'd give, gladly.

Teach, I could, every morn
Those who were sworn to learn....
Feed, I could any....
Cook and serve, ready.
So much to do, already,
So, I set out to serve.....

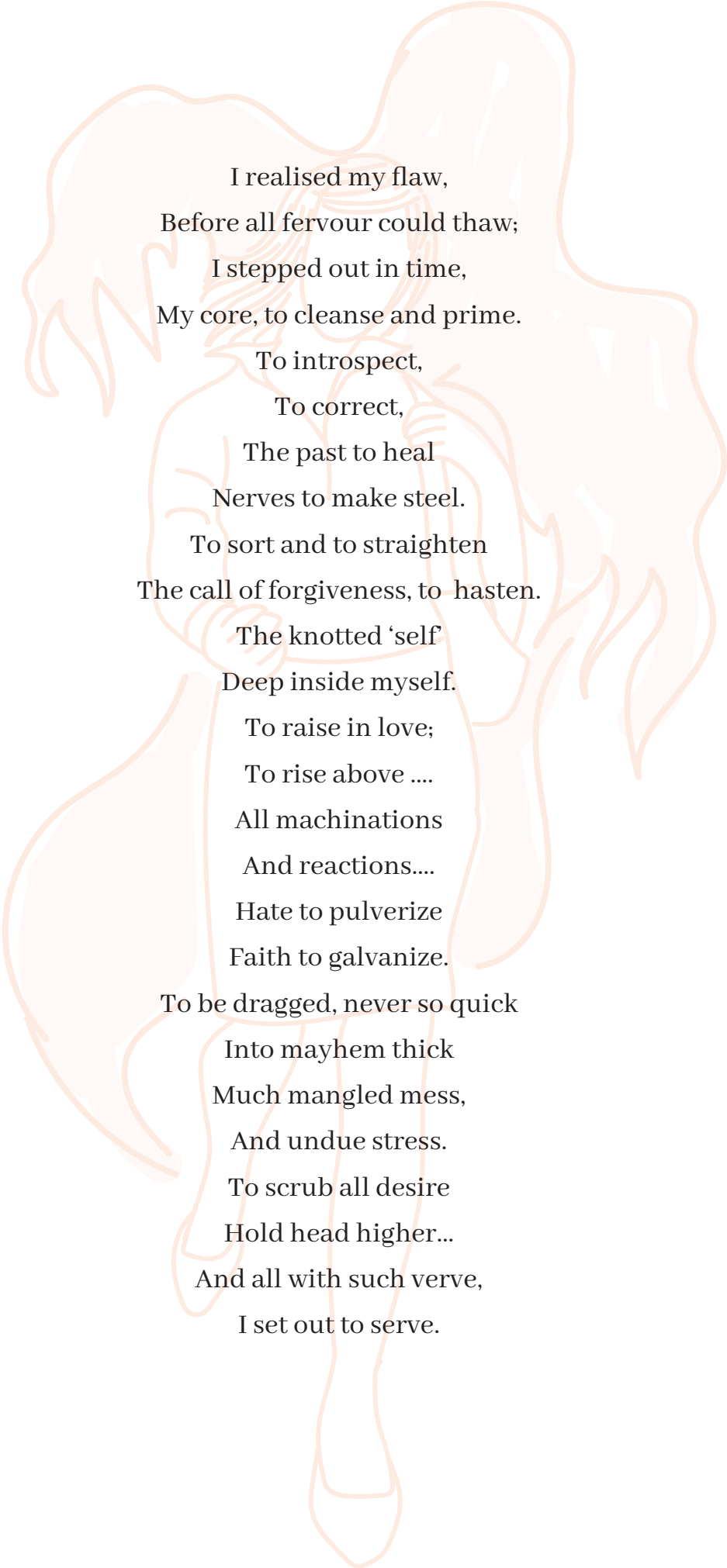




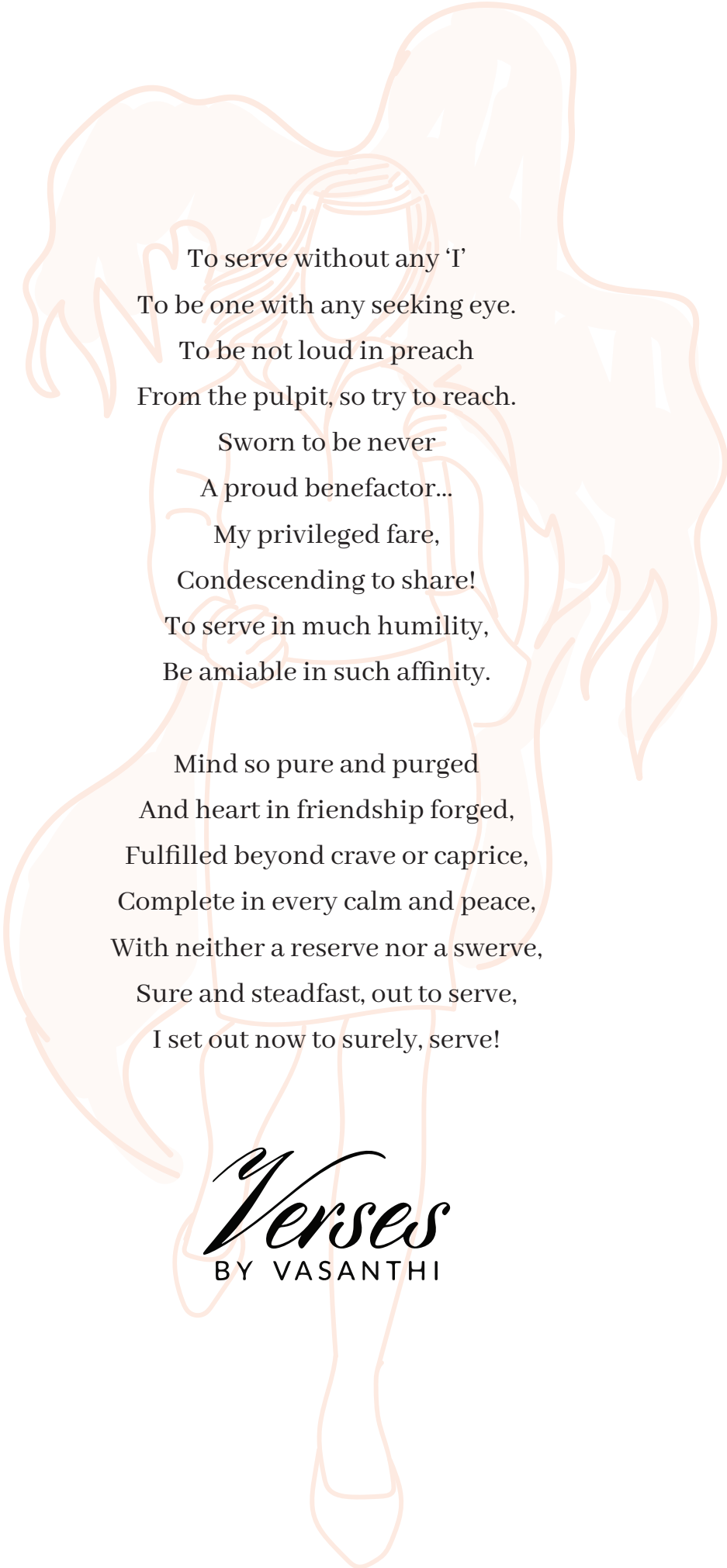
Human games...
Treachorous snares,
Gorge like greed
Wanting without a need...
Crafty deceit
Power play, critique...
One -up- man ship.
'I' on a selfish trip.
In those who served,
And those who received;
These I shocking, encountered,
And 'ill will', load full, mounted.

I sensed; I saw;
Heard sounds, searing raw.
I bore; I absorbed;
In silence, endured...
Acceptance, 'gulped'!
Sometimes I reacted,
Ego, volatile, acted!

I tossed in tension taut,
Tears of hurt, bursting hot,
When paltry ploys and intrigue
Cast me in quagmires of fatigue
The very same person was I,
Old conditionings caught high.
Unknowingly, as ever before,
Darting out to the fore,
I had set out to serve!



I realised my flaw,
Before all fervour could thaw;
I stepped out in time,
My core, to cleanse and prime.
To introspect,
To correct,
The past to heal
Nerves to make steel.
To sort and to straighten
The call of forgiveness, to hasten.
The knotted 'self'
Deep inside myself.
To raise in love;
To rise above ...
All machinations
And reactions....
Hate to pulverize
Faith to galvanize.
To be dragged, never so quick
Into mayhem thick
Much mangled mess,
And undue stress.
To scrub all desire
Hold head higher...
And all with such verve,
I set out to serve.



To serve without any 'I'
To be one with any seeking eye.
To be not loud in preach
From the pulpit, so try to reach.

Sworn to be never
A proud benefactor...
My privileged fare,
Condescending to share!
To serve in much humility,
Be amiable in such affinity.

Mind so pure and purged
And heart in friendship forged,
Fulfilled beyond crave or caprice,
Complete in every calm and peace,
With neither a reserve nor a swerve,
Sure and steadfast, out to serve,
I set out now to surely, serve!

Verses
BY VASANTHI