



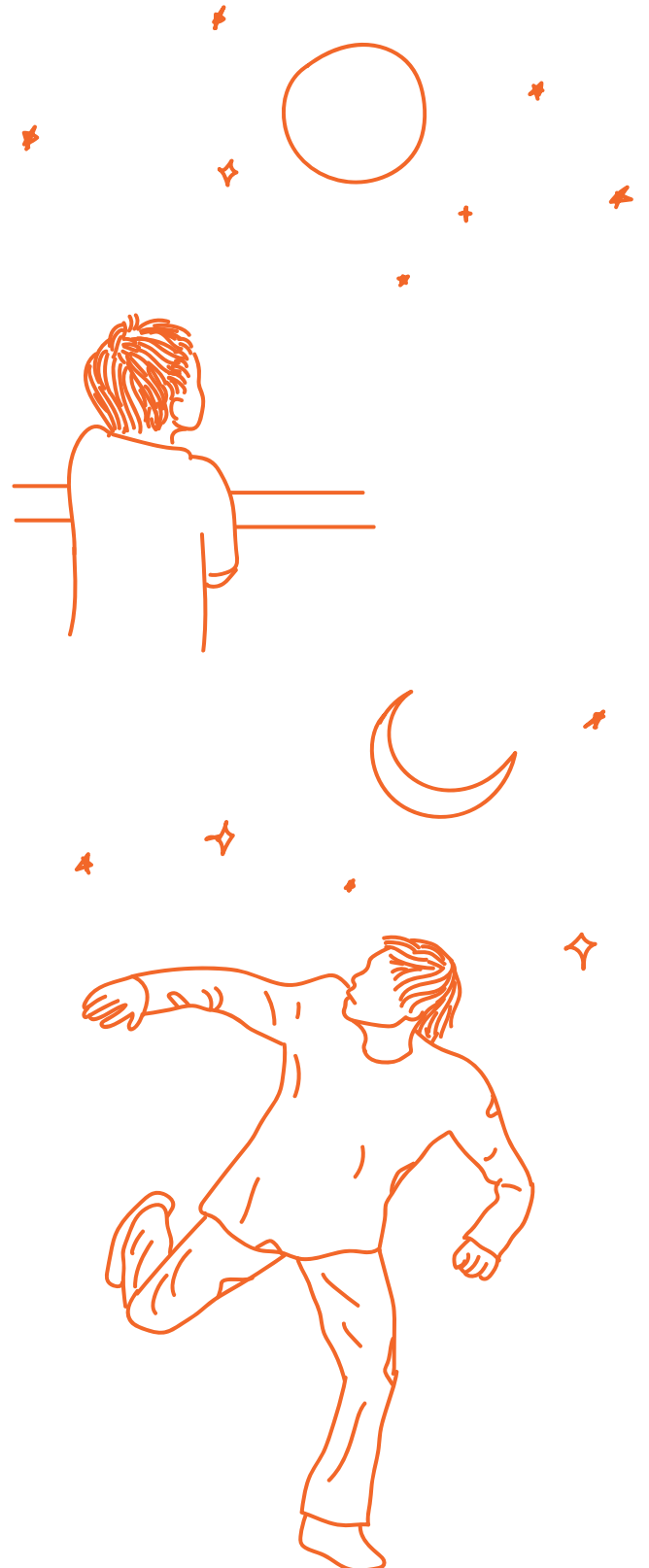
# The Betrayed Moon

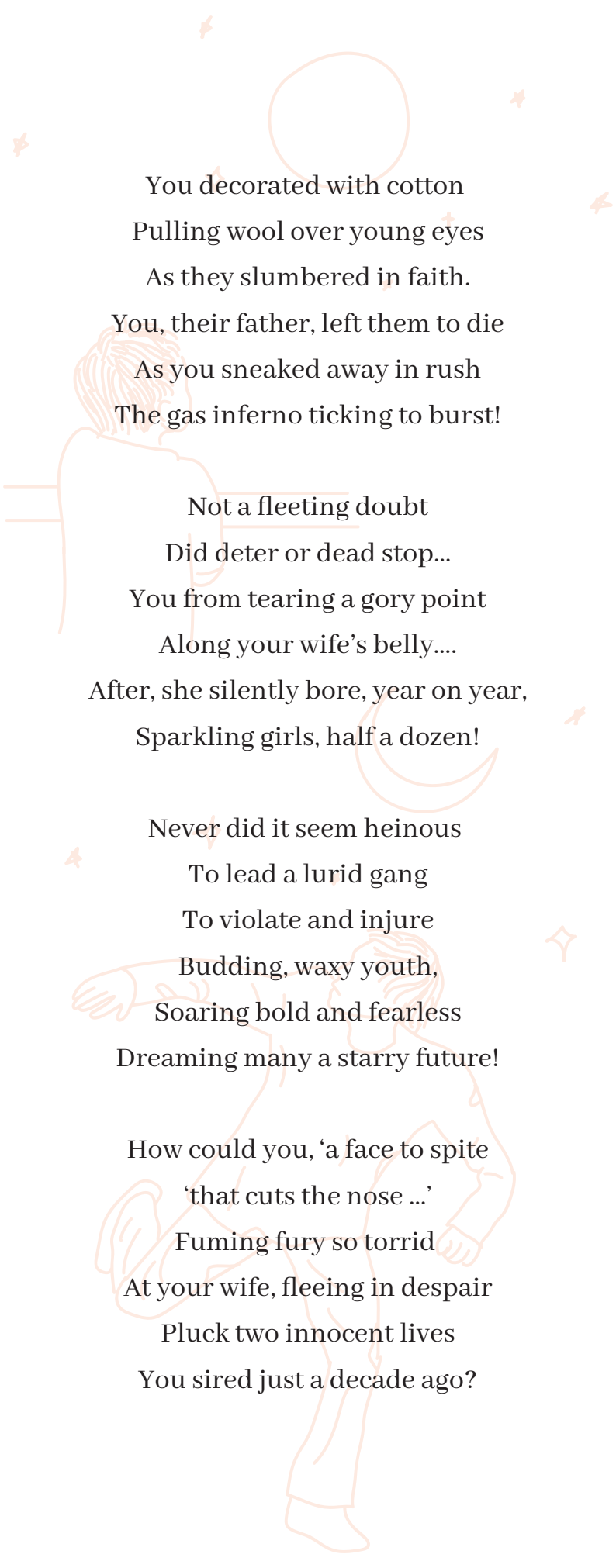
*Vasanthi Vasudev*

In you, I saw two moons;  
One, the enrapturing full moon  
That swept over your innocent face;  
The other, like dark moonless sky  
Hiding and under cover,  
A fugitive, so wicked and wrecked!

As a child, you gazed in wonderment  
As the silky moon wafted in.  
You followed her peek- a- boo frolic  
With the feathery fuzz; awe struck!  
Flashing, lit your gurgling joy  
Even as the smiling moon befriended you.

As a man, you slit her tender stomach,  
Full with angelique child  
To see if it was a girl!  
You pushed your lust  
And metal sharp, into her inside  
As though she were a rotten pipe!






You decorated with cotton  
Pulling wool over young eyes  
As they slumbered in faith.  
You, their father, left them to die  
As you sneaked away in rush  
The gas inferno ticking to burst!

Not a fleeting doubt  
Did deter or dead stop...  
You from tearing a gory point  
Along your wife's belly....  
After, she silently bore, year on year,  
Sparkling girls, half a dozen!

Never did it seem heinous  
To lead a lurid gang  
To violate and injure  
Budding, waxy youth,  
Soaring bold and fearless  
Dreaming many a starry future!

How could you, 'a face to spite  
'that cuts the nose ...'  
Fuming fury so torrid  
At your wife, fleeing in despair  
Pluck two innocent lives  
You sired just a decade ago?



Where is that lost child  
Moon-struck, who smiled in joy?

What bestial anger and hate  
Has cutting, chewed you alive?  
All sense thrown to the winds,  
In criminal turmoil, now a fugitive!

Than vermin, so dreaded and despised,  
Choking in breath, a terror-stricken vagabond;  
Behold that beggar brandishing a heaped meal  
In childlike excitement and peace!

You, a loser, even to him,  
That ragged vagrant!  
Do I, loathingly shun you,  
Or a pitiful tear, shed?

How did you turn retrograde?  
From innocent all loving child  
To a malware, corrupted; dysfunctional?  
Man, who bridles not, urges so nether.  
Negativity ridden and scored all over,  
Scourge like, you shamed and betrayed  
The now scarred, yellowed moon !

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI