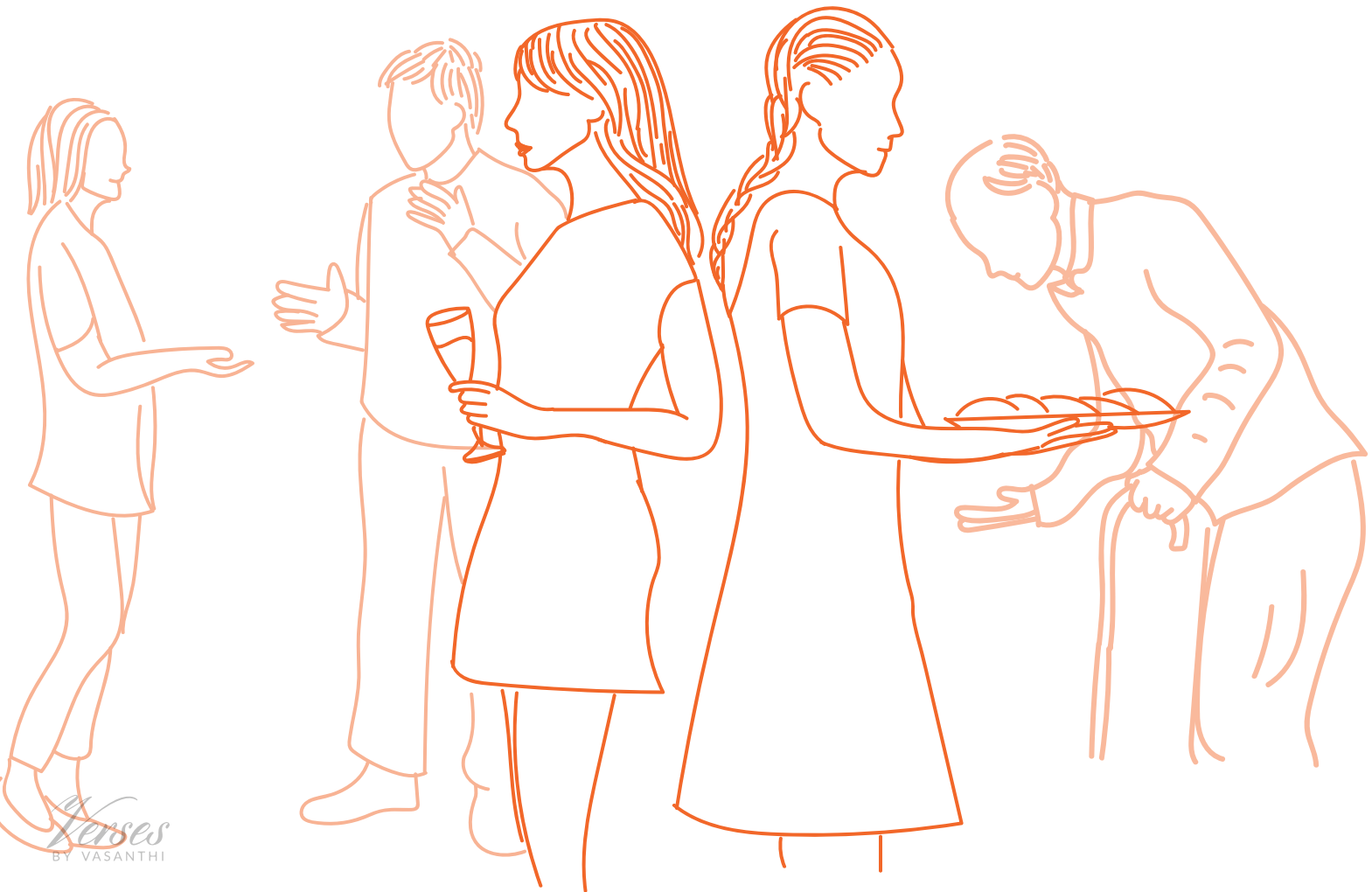




Turning Point

Vasanthi Vasudev

I had stood...one among all...
Clad in shimmering silks
Embroidered, in ornate threads.
Deep cut, frilled blouses,
Hugging plunging necklines
Smooth and satin...
For rubies and emeralds
To hang, and drop deep.



Vanity bags vied one another,
As did vacant looks and cosmetic smiles!
Fanning each other's egos
And singing empty praises,
The air was stale,
Sans all bonhomie.

What was I doing here?
Feeling abandoned, in a flock?
Did I anymore, belong?
Was this my brood?
I wished to be gone!
Gone away ...
Far, from it all!

Gone to the peace of oblivion,
To the call of real need,
To the home where the hearth burned,
The old, seeking a helping hand,
The child, thirsting knowledge,
The mother, begging livelihood!

My call, more than theirs
Dire, pressing urgent!
To find new meaning to my days
A new theme to my song,
A new pulse to my time,
A new person in me,
Now in a journey, so new!

Verses
BY VASANTHI