



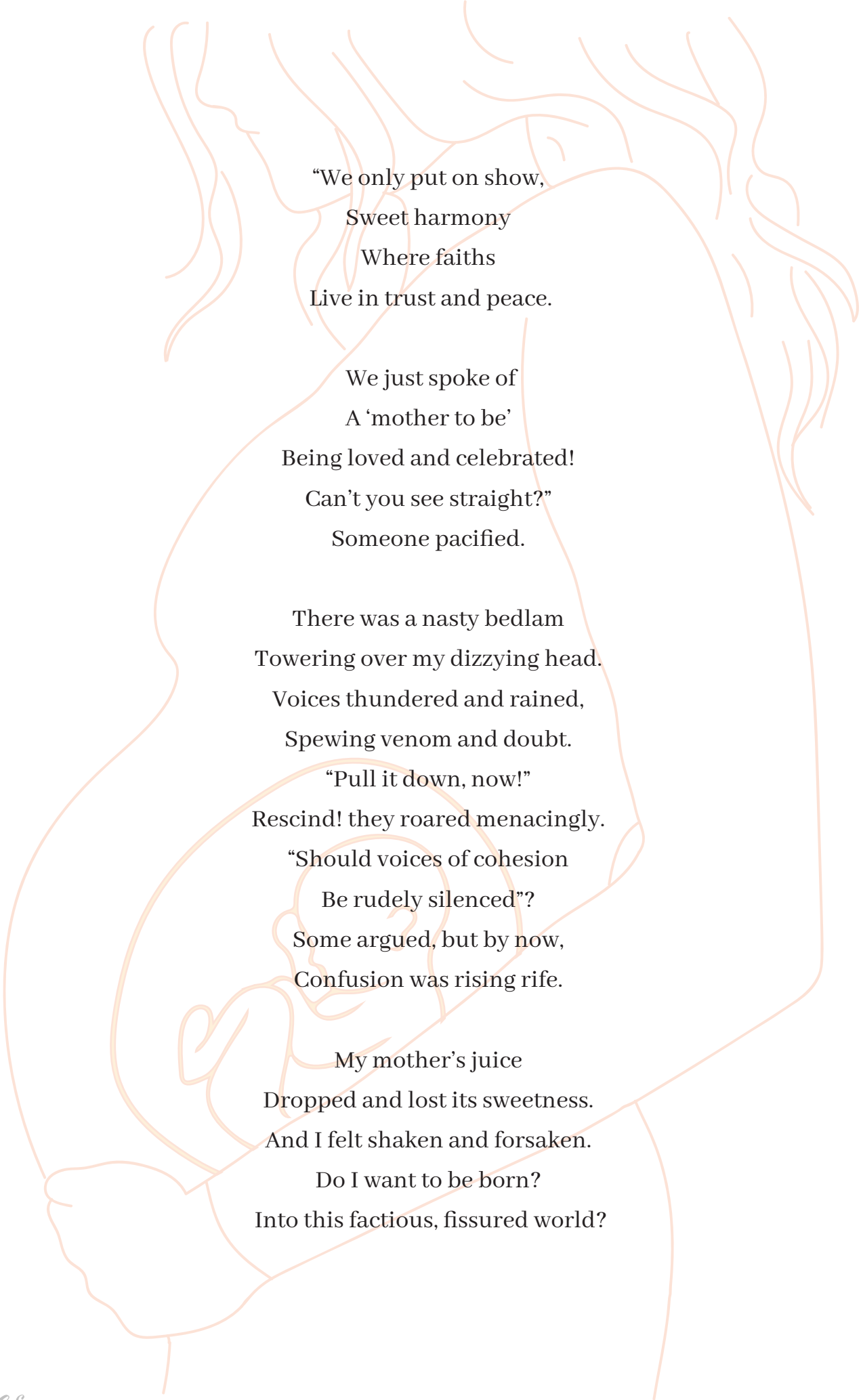
Voice of the womb

Vasanthi Vasudev

I sat, knees locked to face,
In proverbial peace.
The nectar of my mother's juice
Hugged me close
As I swam her waters
So nourishing sweet;
I wafted into dreamy sleep
Enveloped and smug
In lullaby lilt, so gossamer- gentle.

Angry voices,
Pleading protests,
Rising high and above!
I opened my eyes
To bore through filmy fluid
And hear it all, right.
"Tear it down!
Apologise!
You've hurt
Our sentiments!
If you don't..."
They terrorised.





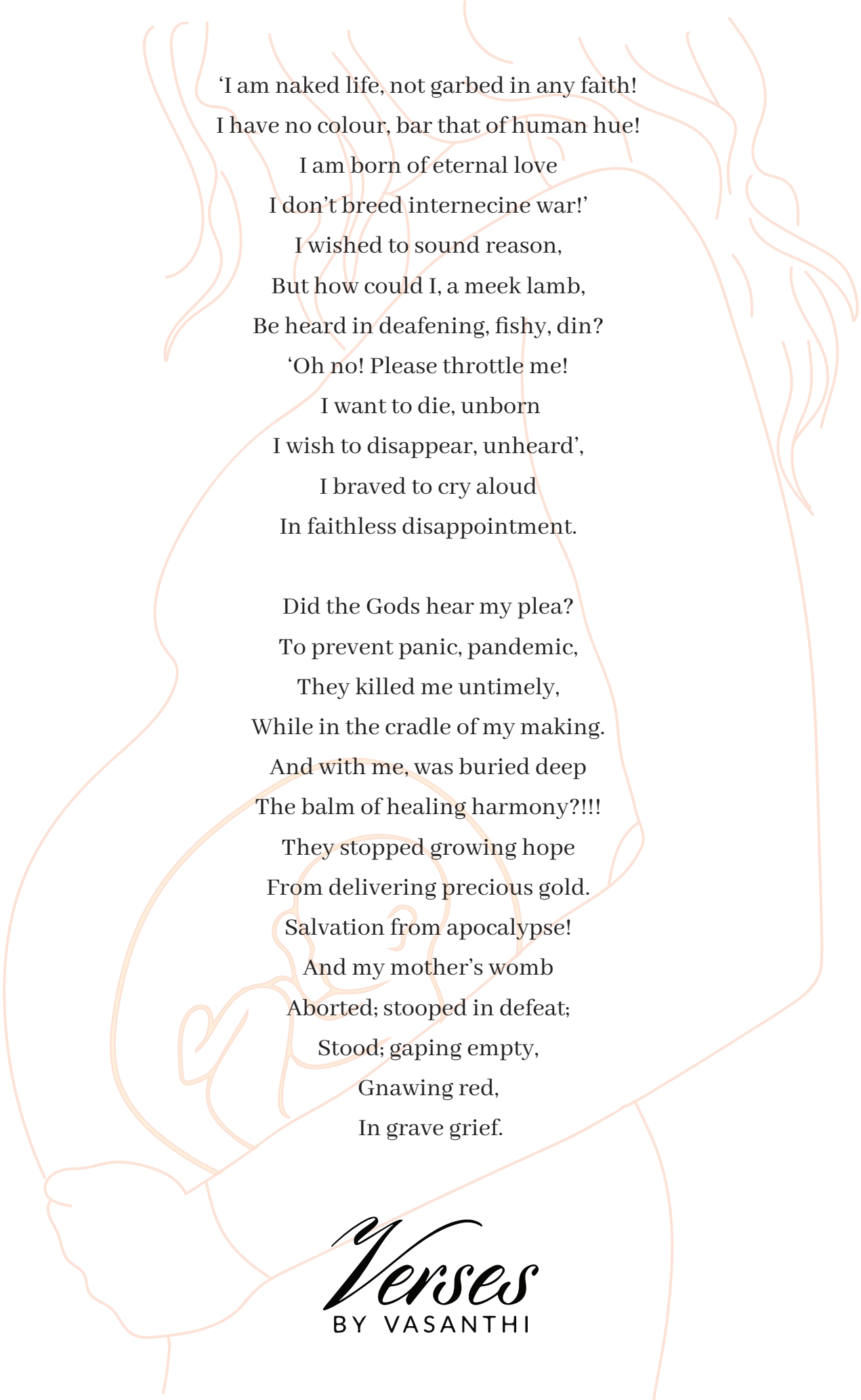
“We only put on show,
Sweet harmony
Where faiths
Live in trust and peace.

We just spoke of
A ‘mother to be’
Being loved and celebrated!
Can’t you see straight?”
Someone pacified.

There was a nasty bedlam
Towering over my dizzying head.
Voices thundered and rained,
Spewing venom and doubt.

“Pull it down, now!”
Rescind! they roared menacingly.
“Should voices of cohesion
Be rudely silenced”?
Some argued, but by now,
Confusion was rising rife.

My mother’s juice
Dropped and lost its sweetness.
And I felt shaken and forsaken.
Do I want to be born?
Into this factious, fissured world?



'I am naked life, not garbed in any faith!
I have no colour, bar that of human hue!

I am born of eternal love
I don't breed internecine war!
I wished to sound reason,
But how could I, a meek lamb,
Be heard in deafening, fishy, din?

'Oh no! Please throttle me!

I want to die, unborn
I wish to disappear, unheard',
I braved to cry aloud
In faithless disappointment.

Did the Gods hear my plea?
To prevent panic, pandemic,
They killed me untimely,
While in the cradle of my making.

And with me, was buried deep
The balm of healing harmony?!!!

They stopped growing hope
From delivering precious gold.

Salvation from apocalypse!

And my mother's womb
Aborted; stooped in defeat;

Stood; gaping empty,

Gnawing red,

In grave grief.

Verses
BY VASANTHI