



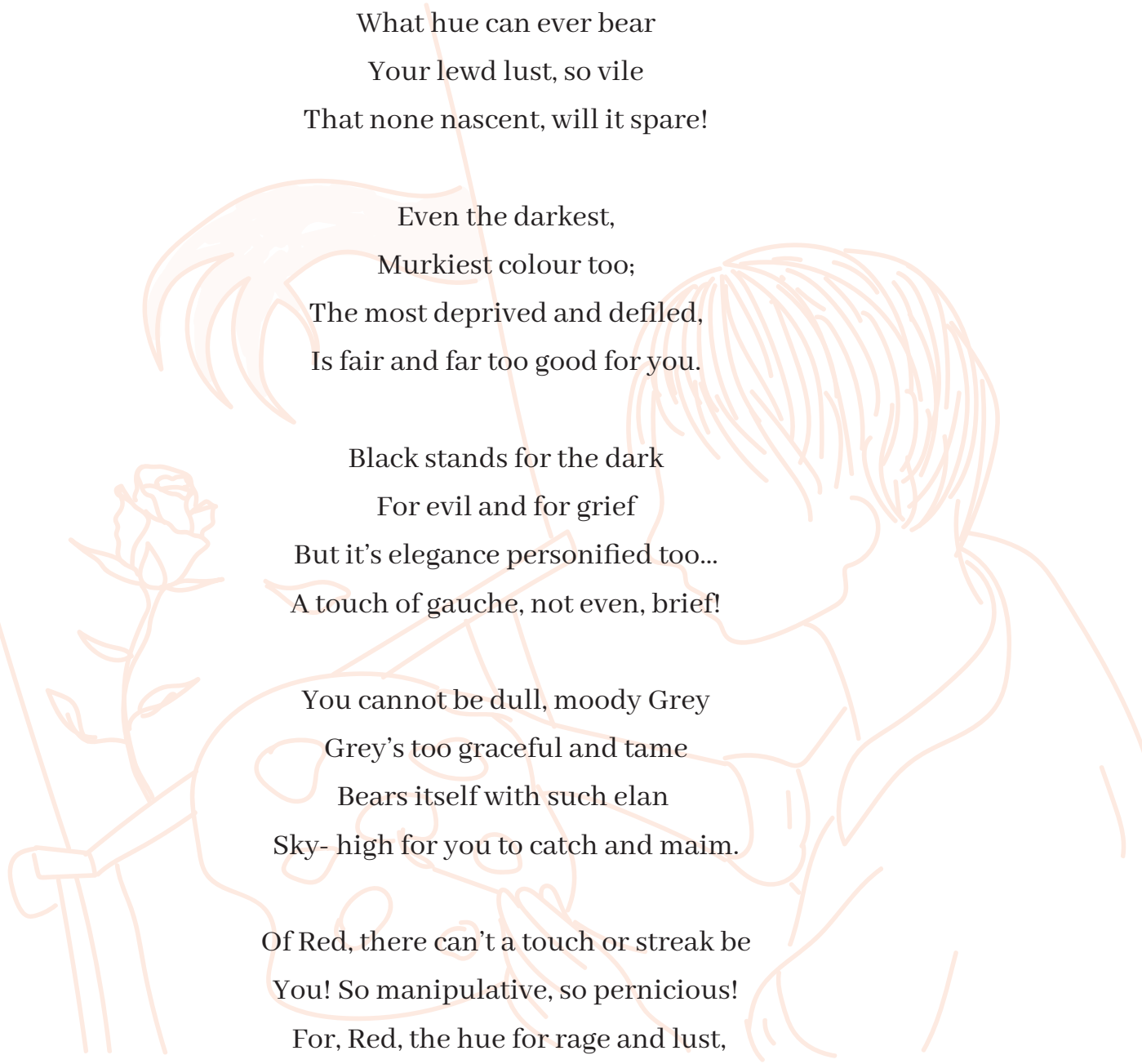
What Can Your Colour Be?

Vasanthi Vasudev

The dark shapeless creature
Neither bird nor beast,
The rose- bud, did invade;
Hideous, gross; and on it, feast.

Tore her tender petals, pink
Dripping shock and pain
Shred and slivered, saw her
Gory on the floor, wane.






Dark loathsome being,
What hue can ever bear
Your lewd lust, so vile
That none nascent, will it spare!

Even the darkest,
Murkiest colour too;
The most deprived and defiled,
Is fair and far too good for you.

Black stands for the dark
For evil and for grief
But it's elegance personified too...
A touch of gauche, not even, brief!

You cannot be dull, moody Grey
Grey's too graceful and tame
Bears itself with such elan
Sky- high for you to catch and maim.

Of Red, there can't a touch or streak be
You! So manipulative, so pernicious!
For, Red, the hue for rage and lust,
For sweet romance too , a symbol is!



Never can you, green or yellow be,
For they shower sweet harmony.
Of pink or purple, don't you dream
They're famous for feisty ceremony!

Which artist mixed you like a blot
And painted large, his mistake, sordid?
Tainted his palate indelible; blotched,
Struggling to erase, what he just overdid!

You! Have no colour, caste or creed,
Many your heinous deed, none to own.
Shamed, shunned, cast alone!
Never your loss, ever to bemoan!

Begone you, scourge on earth!
Dark pestilence, spelling doom!
Disappear! 'Pedo-lust'! No face, no trace!
May you never ever be born from any mother's womb!

Verses
BY VASANTHI