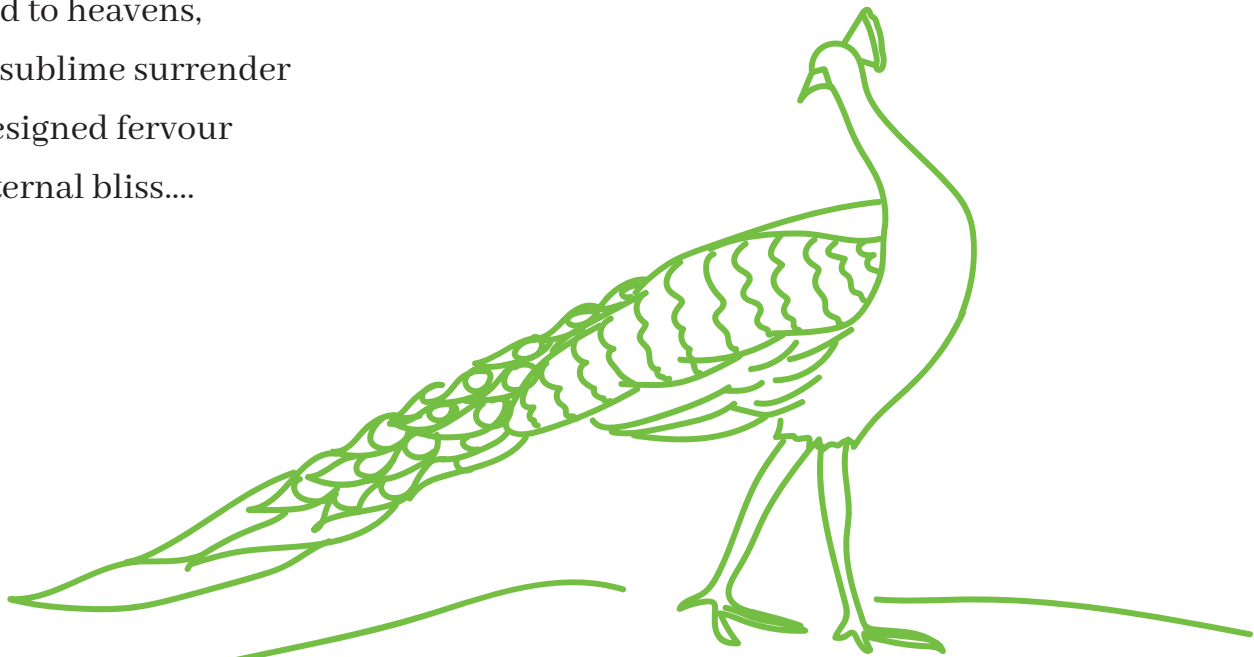




# Where Peacocks Dance on Lotus Waters

*Vasanthi Vasudev*

Where peacocks dance  
On lotus waters...  
Springing kaleidoscopes  
Fused magically in feathery harmony  
To celestial rhythms;  
Beaks raised to heavens,  
Spirited in sublime surrender  
Reigning resigned fervour  
Awaiting eternal bliss....



Where waters do steam and pulsate  
Around wasted buds and weeds  
Of corrupt desire  
Murky here...  
Caught in material quagmires  
Slimy there...  
Webbed in political skirmish  
Muddy, mossy, whirlpoolish  
Eddying in filthy machinations .

Yet...bouncing, wave like  
And surging towards  
Pristine banks, radiant and clear  
Spread with fine sands of supreme intellect  
Strengthened with youthful energy  
Banks of hope, banks that reach  
Glorious tomorrows...  
Where shadows of the past  
Shrink and disappear  
Casting a glow of eternal glory...  
This, is India  
My Land, My Soul.

*Verses*  
BY VASANTHI