



When the Bells Toll

Vasanthi Vasudev

When the Bells toll, I have to go...
When my time is up, what can I do?
When the bells toll, I have to leave
For not a short second, there's reprieve!

So, what if lonely mom pines for me?
So, what if the baby sleeps on my knee?
What can I do if there is so much left?
Of years and much remains unexpressed?

My dreams and wishes so starry
Forsaken, incomplete and sorry
I hate to see them tossed
Mid-way, unlive and paused

But what am I to do?
The bells toll from the blue
Nor did I plan or wish to go,
Asked, would have firmly said, "No".





I dropped my life, every one and all,
As the gong hit hard at evenfall.
Leaving a trail of desolate pall
Dumb stuck 'n crushed, I'd to go, after all.

For the bells had hurriedly tolled
And the game's all over, was I told!
No call would wait even for a second
And I had to rush at its sudden beckon.

What really, could I ever do
If bells came charging from the blue.
In such a tearing hurry...much as I did try
There was no time for even a fleeting good bye.

Verses
BY VASANTHI

