



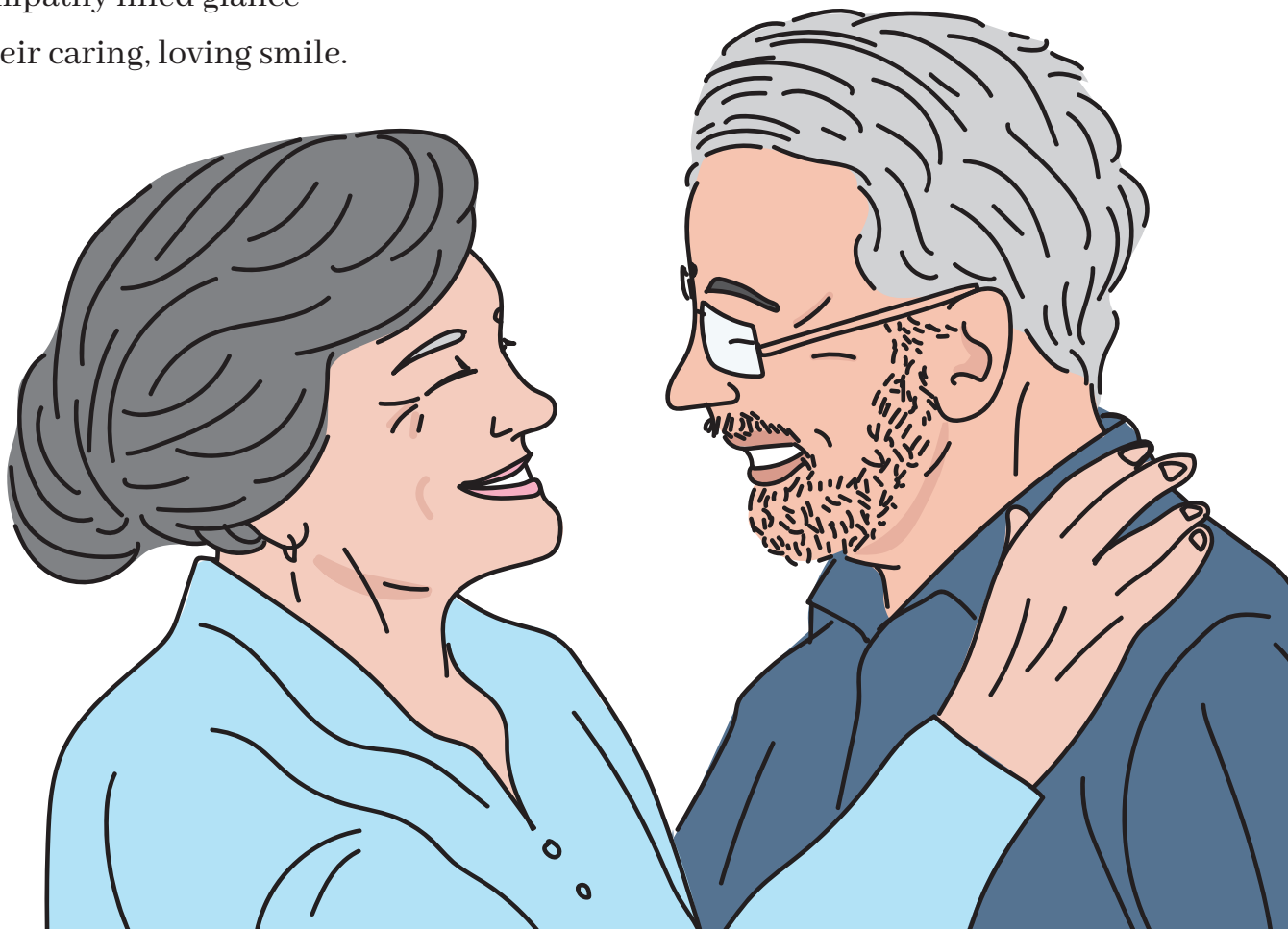
Next in the series – 67 degrees: THE CONNOISSEUR

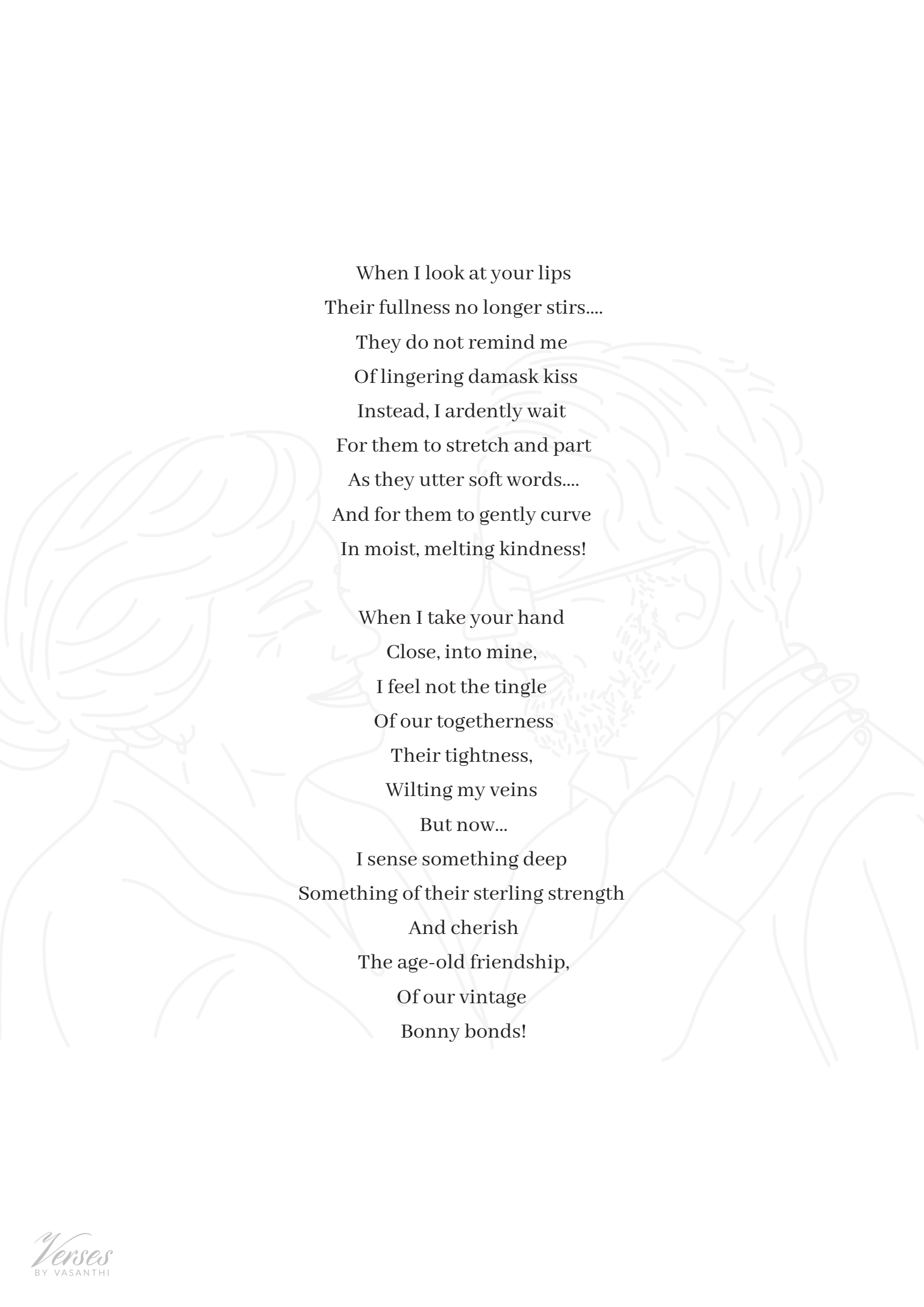
When the gush of youth ebbs away and silver years arrive to stay, what does the longing heart wish for? In the poem ‘The connoisseur’ the protagonist describes his much changed perspectives. Read on....

The Connoisseur

Vasanthi Vasudev

When I look into your eyes
I see not its lure
Not the black magic
Of your pupils...
Nor their ‘come hither’ looks....
All I wait for
Is an empathy filled glance
And their caring, loving smile.

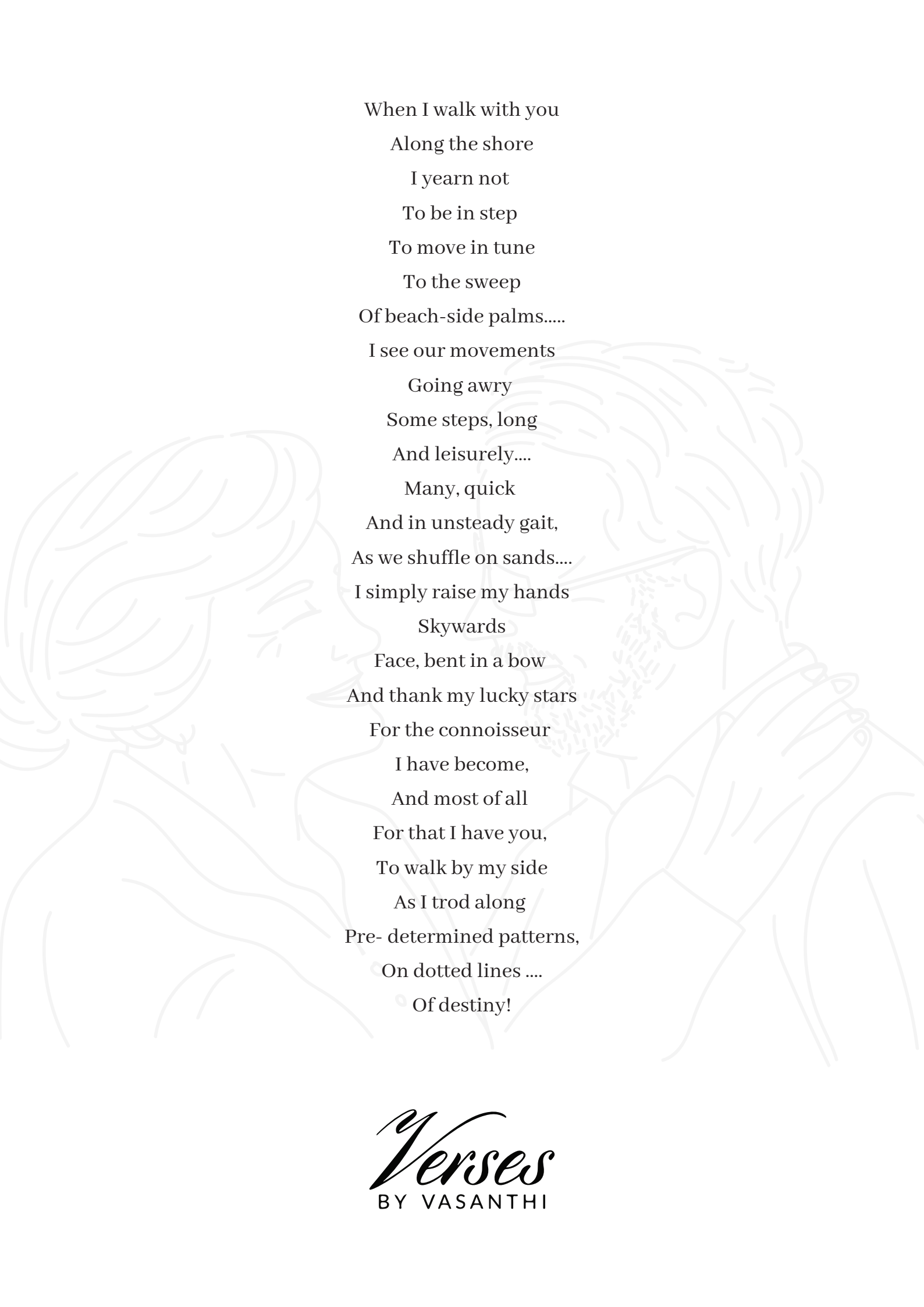




When I look at your lips
Their fullness no longer stirs....

They do not remind me
Of lingering damask kiss
Instead, I ardently wait
For them to stretch and part
As they utter soft words....
And for them to gently curve
In moist, melting kindness!

When I take your hand
Close, into mine,
I feel not the tingle
Of our togetherness
Their tightness,
Wilting my veins
But now...
I sense something deep
Something of their sterling strength
And cherish
The age-old friendship,
Of our vintage
Bonny bonds!



When I walk with you
Along the shore
I yearn not
To be in step
To move in tune
To the sweep
Of beach-side palms....
I see our movements
Going awry
Some steps, long
And leisurely....
Many, quick
And in unsteady gait,
As we shuffle on sands....
I simply raise my hands
Skywards
Face, bent in a bow
And thank my lucky stars
For the connoisseur
I have become,
And most of all
For that I have you,
To walk by my side
As I trod along
Pre- determined patterns,
On dotted lines
Of destiny!

Verses
BY VASANTHI