

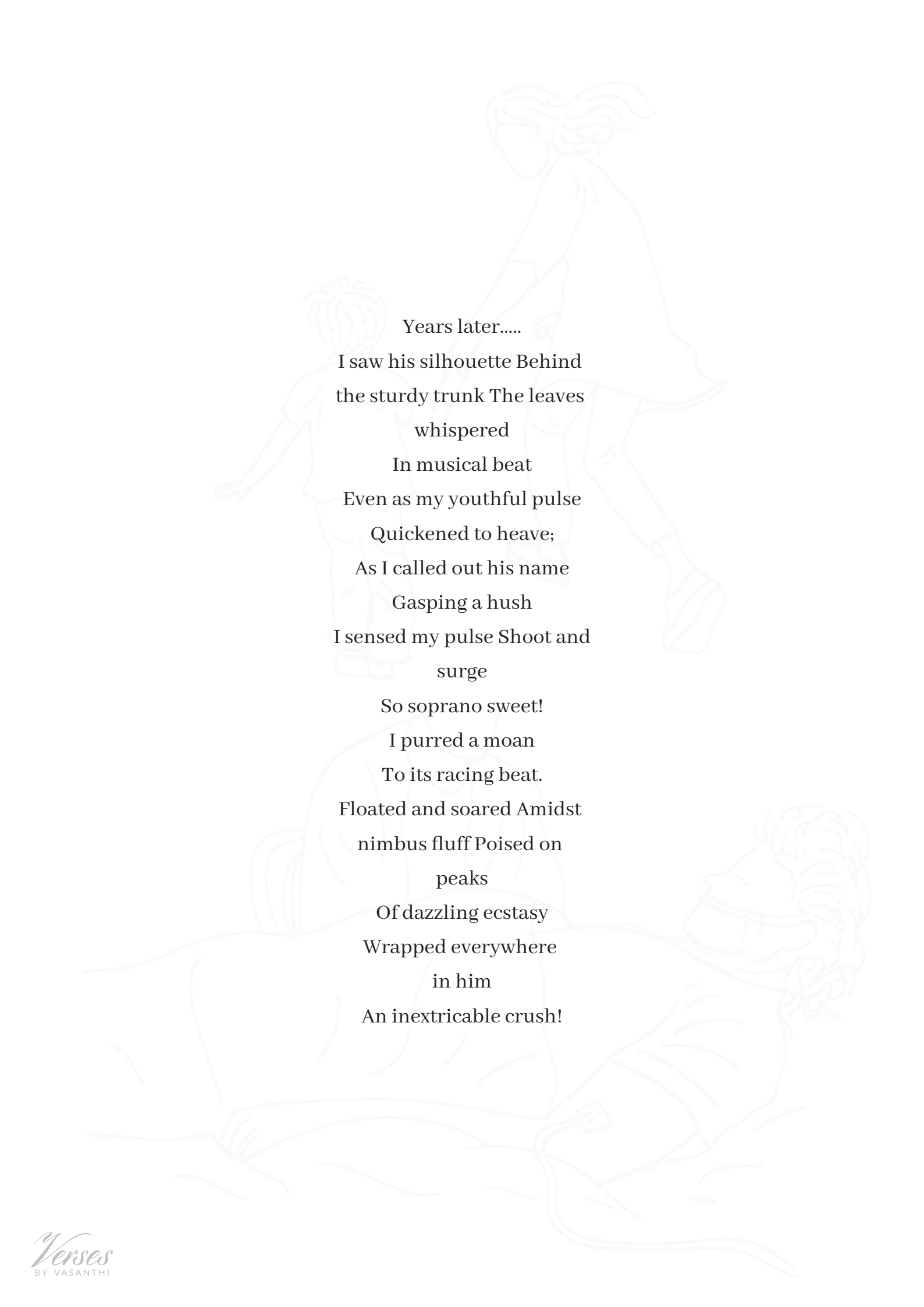


Pulse- precious high!

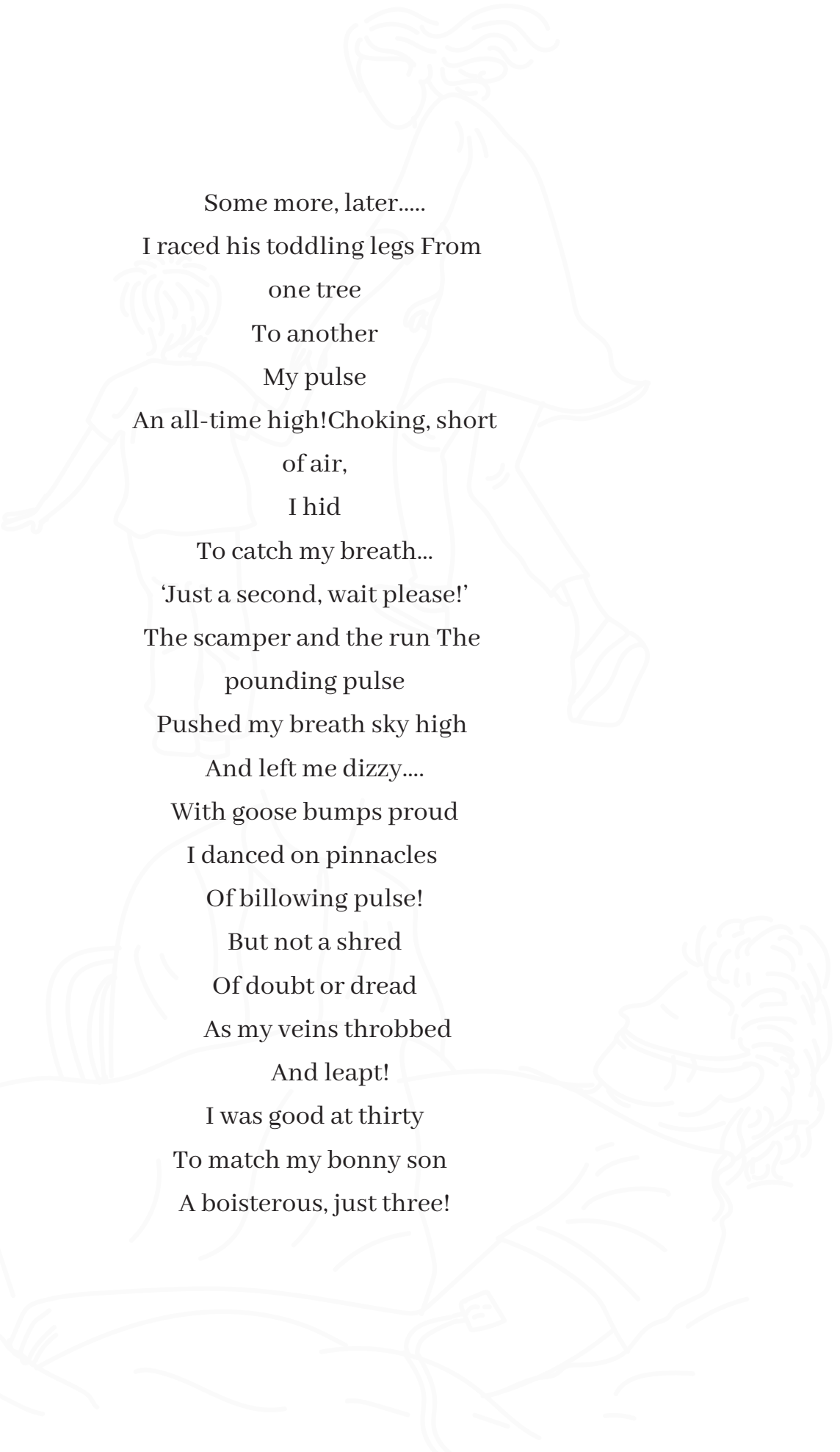
Vasanthi Vasudev

I was not yet,
Whole of five;
Eyes flashing mischief
Face ruddy, wet in sweat...
I raced up the stairs
Chest pounding mad.
My pulse throbbed
Missing a hasty beat
Like it was going to
burst...
But did I stop?
Did I slow down?
Not a chance
There was nought...
Not a single
Scare or care!

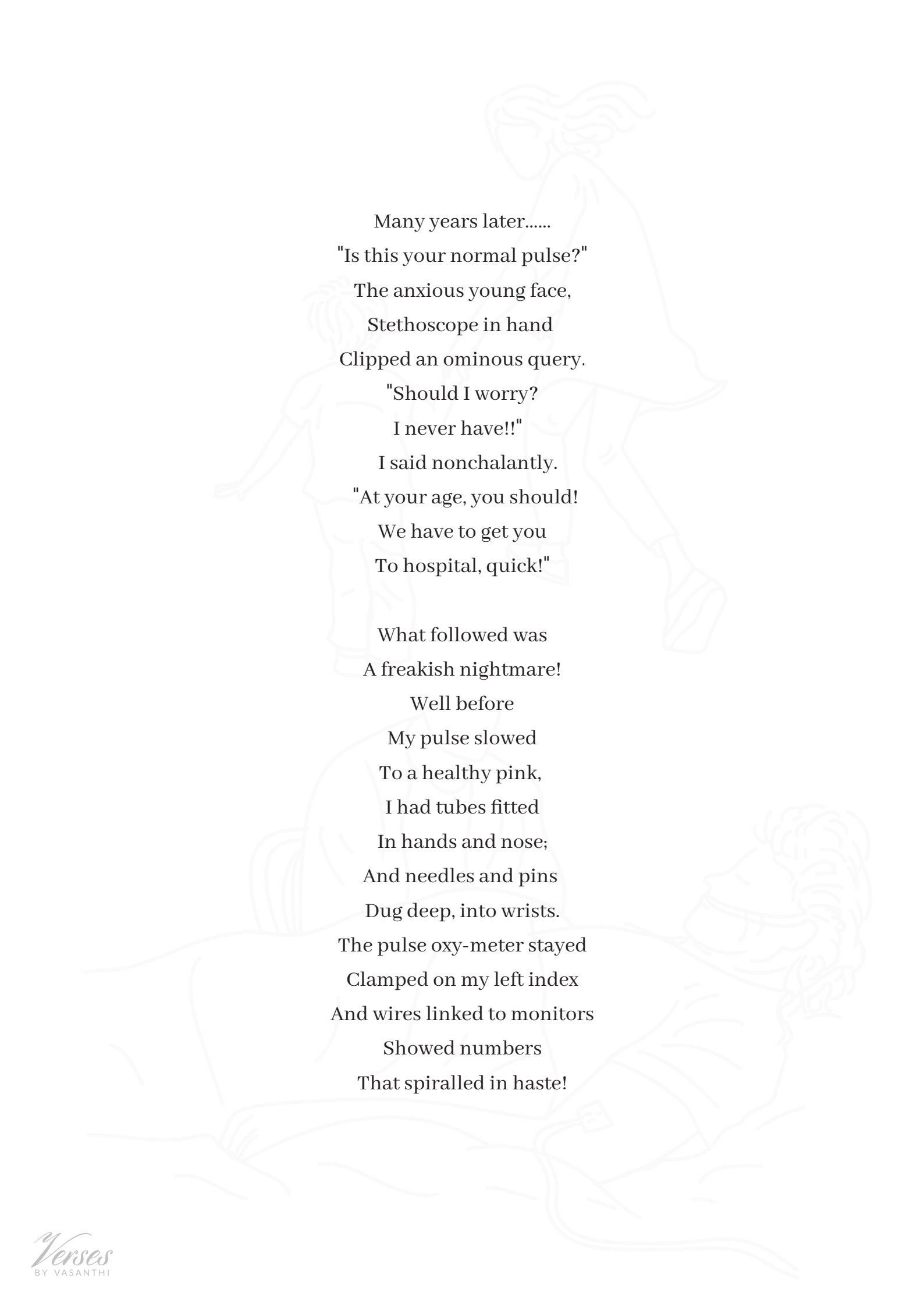




Years later.....
I saw his silhouette Behind
the sturdy trunk The leaves
whispered
In musical beat
Even as my youthful pulse
Quickened to heave;
As I called out his name
Gasping a hush
I sensed my pulse Shoot and
surge
So soprano sweet!
I purred a moan
To its racing beat.
Floated and soared Amidst
nimbus fluff Poised on
peaks
Of dazzling ecstasy
Wrapped everywhere
in him
An inextricable crush!



Some more, later.....
I raced his toddling legs From
one tree
To another
My pulse
An all-time high! Choking, short
of air,
I hid
To catch my breath...
'Just a second, wait please!'
The scamper and the run The
pounding pulse
Pushed my breath sky high
And left me dizzy....
With goose bumps proud
I danced on pinnacles
Of billowing pulse!
But not a shred
Of doubt or dread
As my veins throbbed
And leapt!
I was good at thirty
To match my bonny son
A boisterous, just three!




Many years later.....
"Is this your normal pulse?"
The anxious young face,
Stethoscope in hand
Clipped an ominous query.

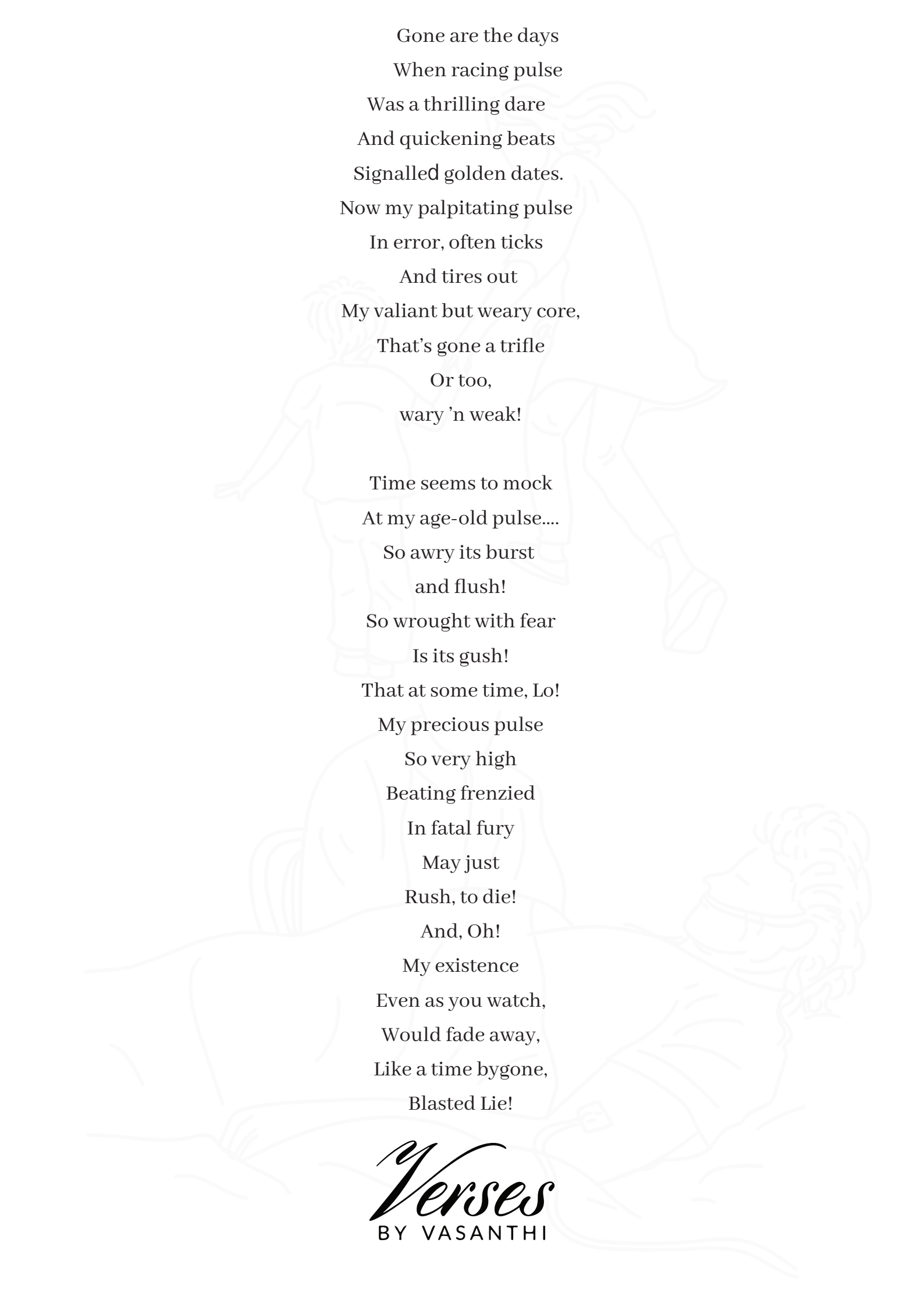
"Should I worry?
I never have!!"
I said nonchalantly.
"At your age, you should!
We have to get you
To hospital, quick!"

What followed was
A freakish nightmare!

Well before
My pulse slowed
To a healthy pink,
I had tubes fitted
In hands and nose;
And needles and pins
Dug deep, into wrists.
The pulse oxy-meter stayed
Clamped on my left index
And wires linked to monitors
Showed numbers
That spiralled in haste!



Miraculous mercy!
Am now back home
Yet , I remain, still
Erratic beat prone.
My pulse has sadly become
Too close for any comfort....
I remember it at all times
Often, even in dreams!
I check its limits
I pray for it
To still
As I climb up the stairs....
I dare not run
Lest it gives a miss
Or races in a jig
And I would have to pop
Emergency pills!
Lo! What would I not give
To keep it under check
And not let it soar and burst
As it did
In those yester years
Carefree and free
So very



Gone are the days
When racing pulse
Was a thrilling dare
And quickening beats
Signalled golden dates.
Now my palpitating pulse
In error, often ticks
And tires out
My valiant but weary core,
That's gone a trifle
Or too,
wary 'n weak!

Time seems to mock
At my age-old pulse....
So awry its burst
and flush!
So wrought with fear
Is its gush!
That at some time, Lo!
My precious pulse
So very high
Beating frenzied
In fatal fury
May just
Rush, to die!
And, Oh!
My existence
Even as you watch,
Would fade away,
Like a time bygone,
Blasted Lie!

Verses
BY VASANTHI