



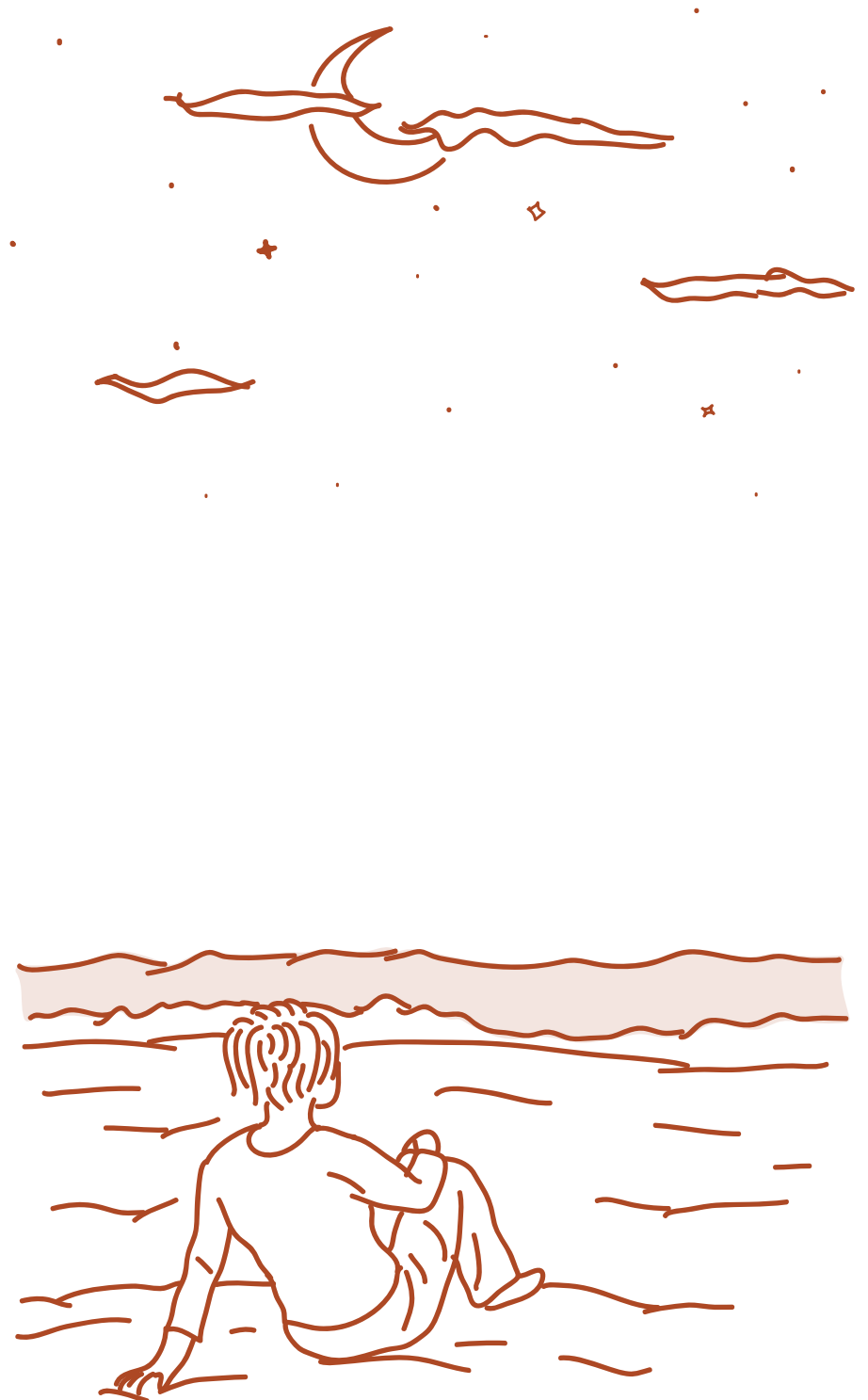
The Incomplete Story


Vasanthi Vasudev

What is my story?
I don't know yet
It seems incomplete.
So half done and iffy.
But why know, if at all,
The complete...story!

Is the moon
With its daily
'Wax and wane'
And shadowy scars,
Silver grey....
Ever a blemish-less full?

Are spring and summer
Or winter, for that matter,
So frosty and bare,
Perfect and complete?

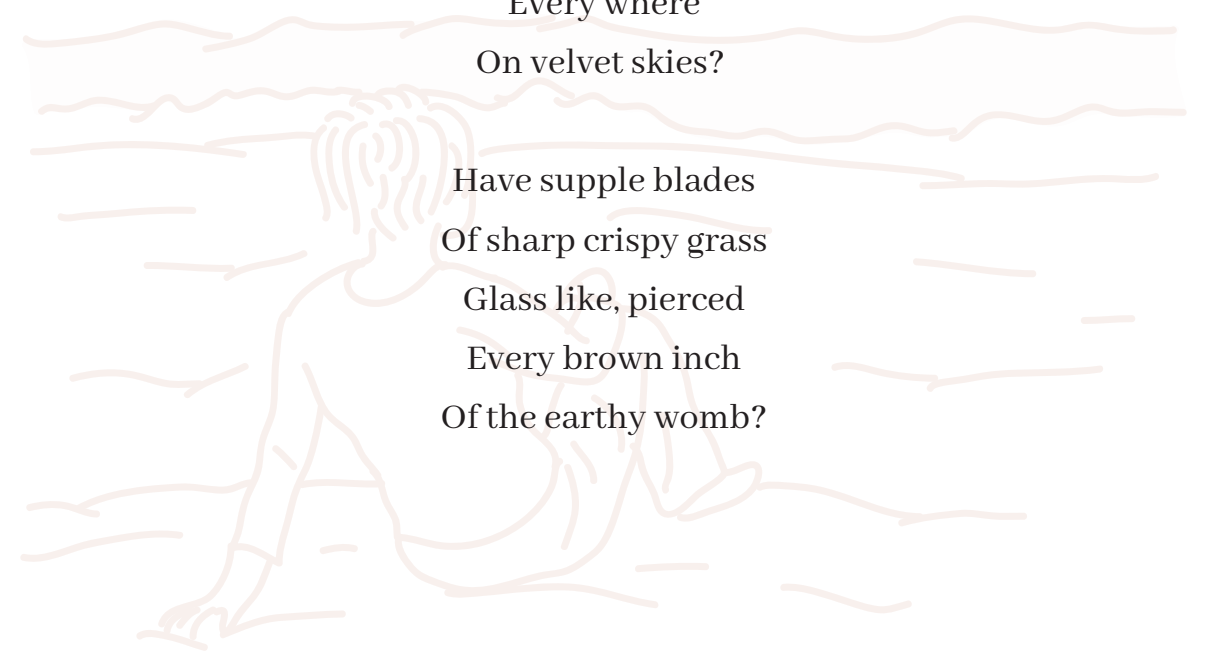




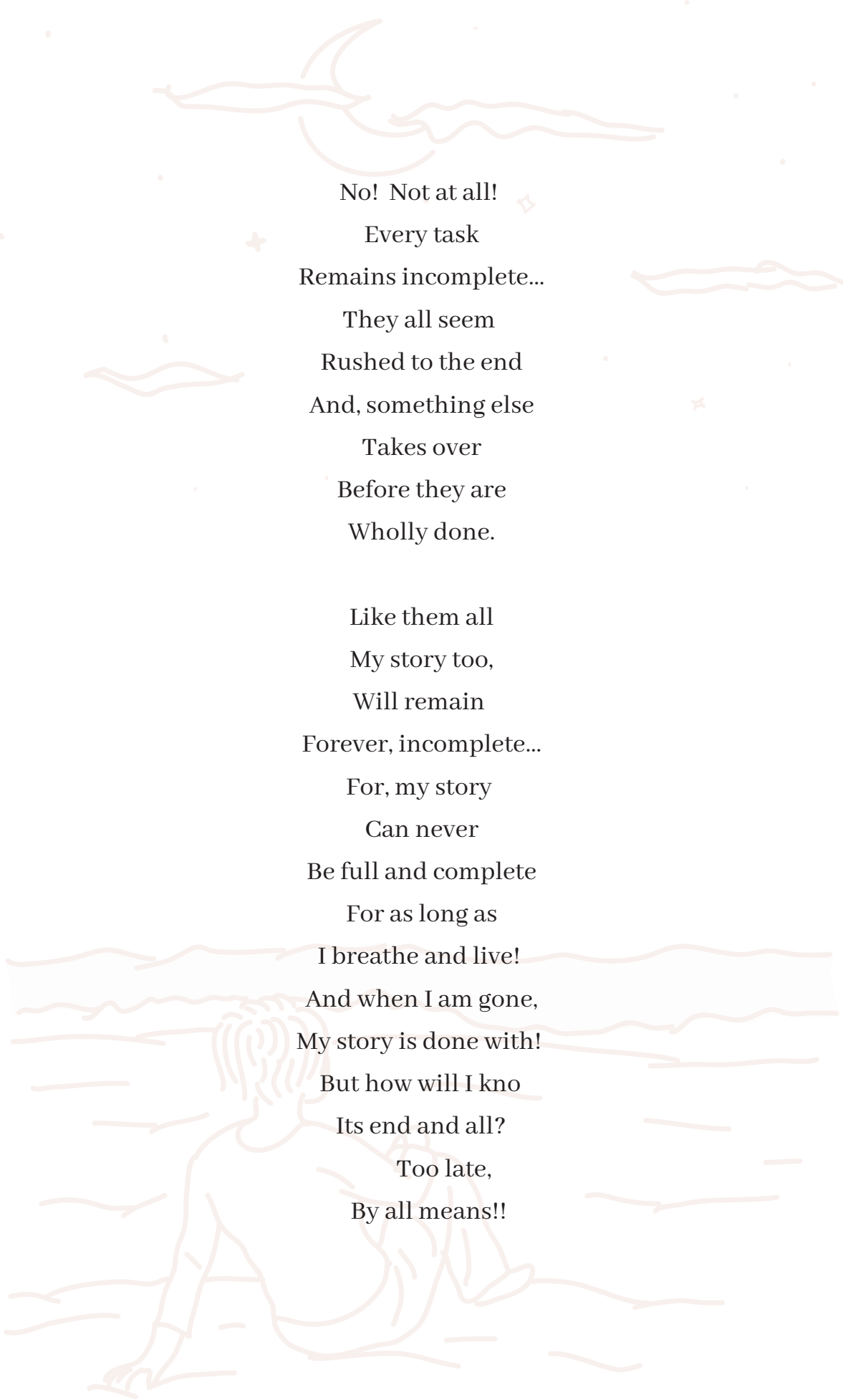
Does the ceaseless wave
Have its fill, ever,
Of kissing, wild,
Sparkling golden sands?

Has the horny bee
Sucked off the honey suckle
Her last drop- full
Of honey- sweet, dry?

Have the stars
Spread themselves
Glittering, jewel -like,
Every where
On velvet skies?




Have supple blades
Of sharp crispy grass
Glass like, pierced
Every brown inch
Of the earthy womb?



No! Not at all!
Every task
Remains incomplete...
They all seem
Rushed to the end
And, something else
Takes over
Before they are
Wholly done.

Like them all
My story too,
Will remain
Forever, incomplete...
For, my story
Can never
Be full and complete
For as long as
I breathe and live!
And when I am gone,
My story is done with!
But how will I know
Its end and all?
Too late,
By all means!!



A paradox indeed!
For who else would have
Wished to know the end
Would have felt fulfilled And
complete
In knowing
What it all
Led up to.....?!!
What the pluses and minuses
Added up to ...
How the lows and highs
The trials and glories
All effort and ease;
The continuing,
Ever changing tale...
That is, my story,
So incomplete
Whilst I lived:
How it, sudden Completed
itself
When I departed,
To the end.

Verses
BY VASANTHI