



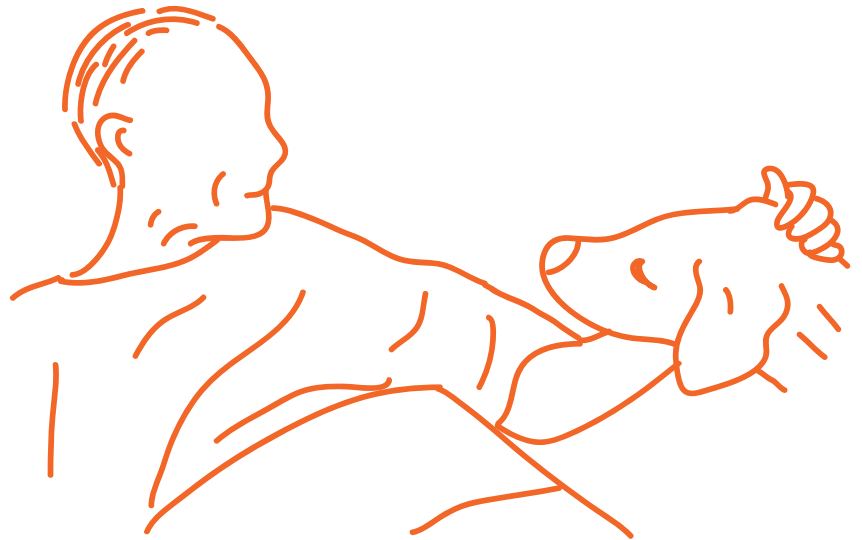
They Struggle in Kindness

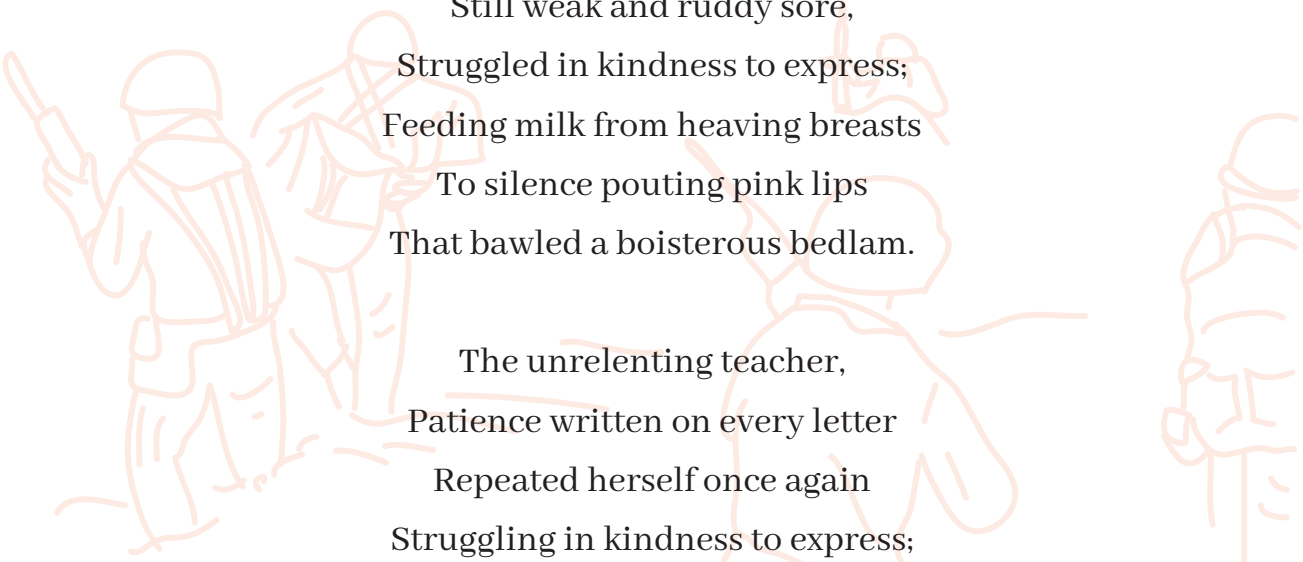
Vasanthi Vasudev

Mother earth,
Furrowed dark and deep
By silent, barren skies
Struggled in kindness to express...
To sprout new life
So tender, so green.

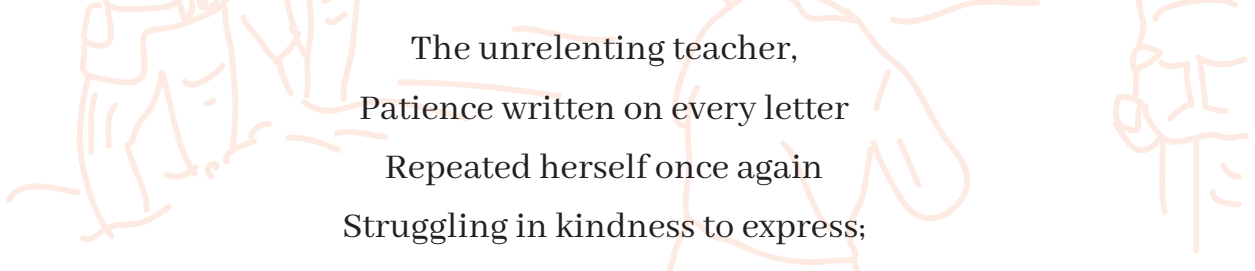
The vast billowing waters
Rippling blue and racy
Struggled in kindness to express;
To cool with moist silver lips
Scorching sunny sands
That gaped a blistering boil.

The aching bending bough
Arching lowly in fruity burden,
So heavy and laden,
Struggled in kindness to express;
To light with nourishing sun
Tiny leaves standing on end,

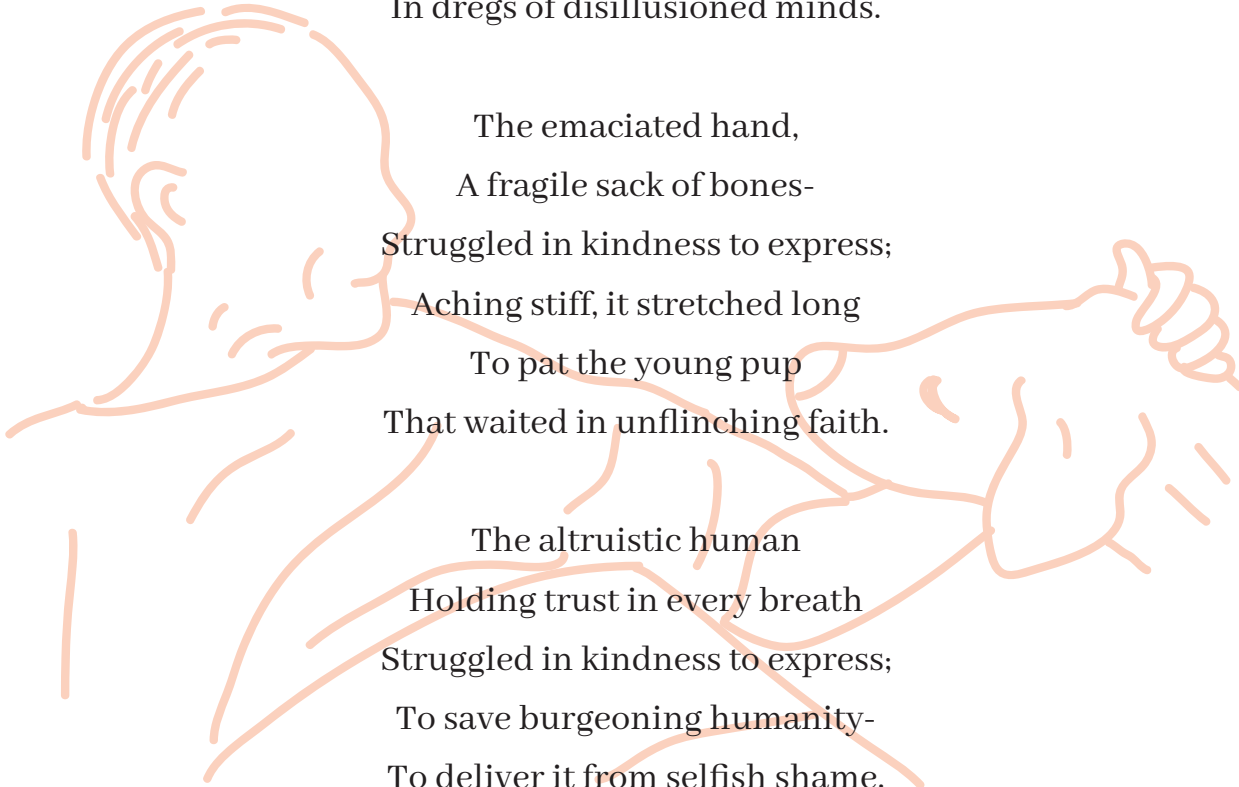




The flushing nubile mother
Still weak and ruddy sore,
Struggled in kindness to express;
Feeding milk from heaving breasts
To silence pouting pink lips
That bawled a boisterous bedlam.

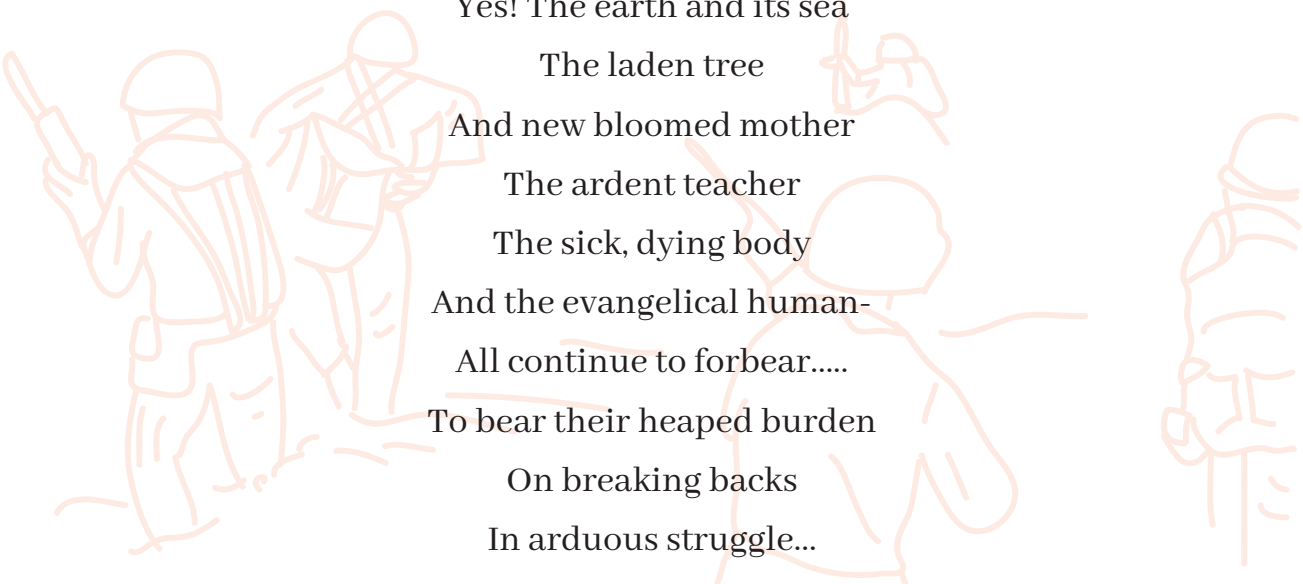


The unrelenting teacher,
Patience written on every letter
Repeated herself once again
Struggling in kindness to express;
To ignite a tiny spark
In dregs of disillusioned minds.

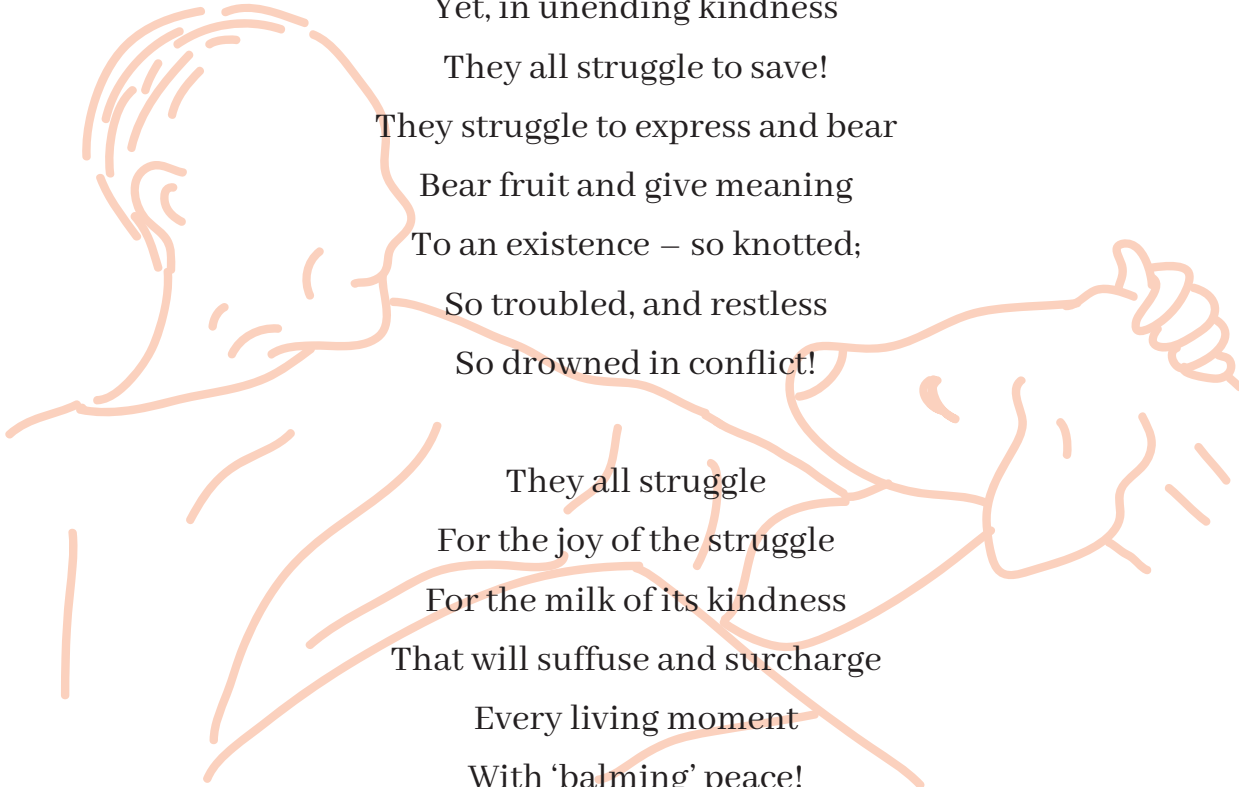


The emaciated hand,
A fragile sack of bones-
Struggled in kindness to express;
Aching stiff, it stretched long
To pat the young pup
That waited in unflinching faith.

The altruistic human
Holding trust in every breath
Struggled in kindness to express;
To save burgeoning humanity-
To deliver it from selfish shame.
From sliding downhill to hellish doom.

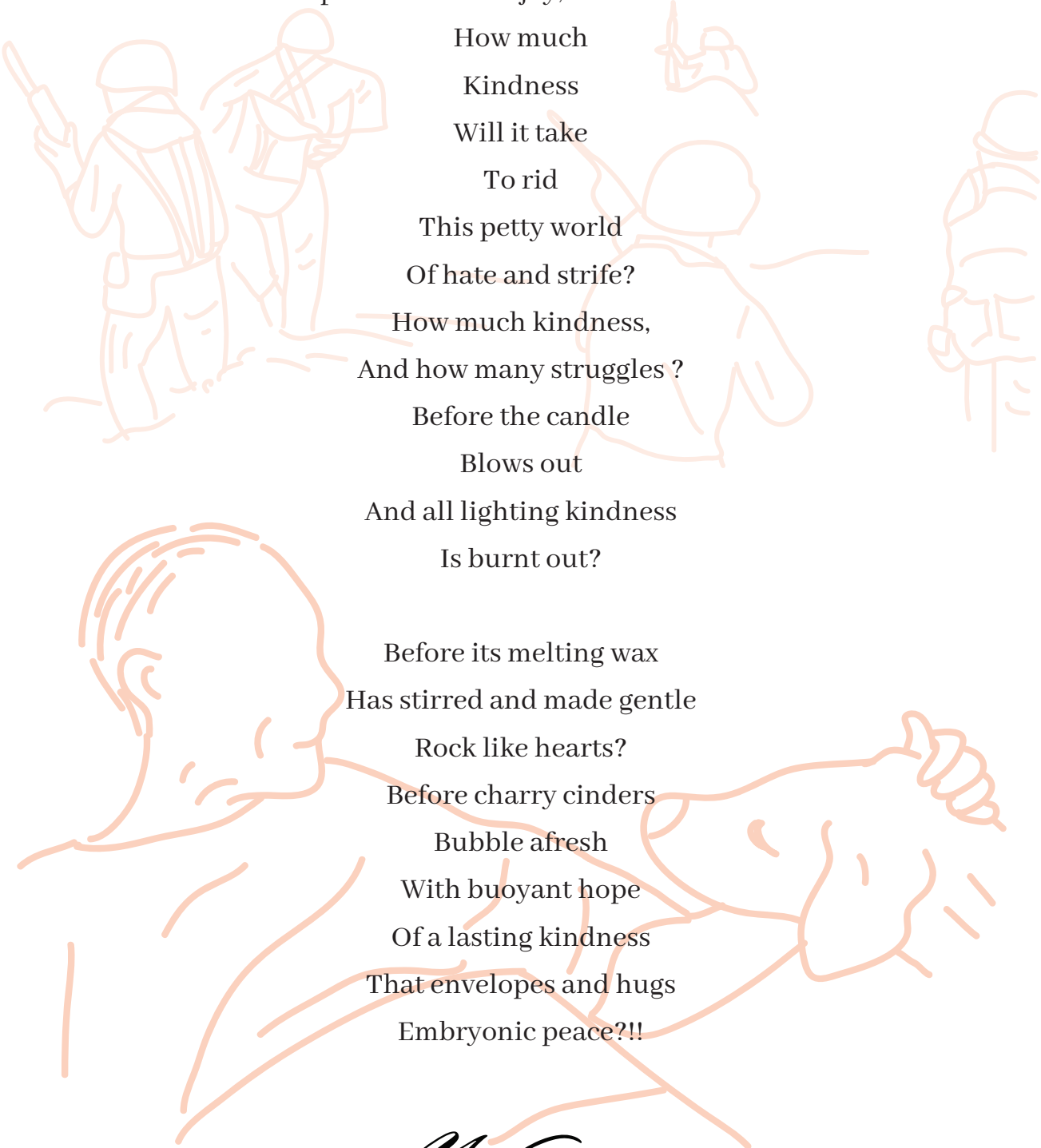


Yes! The earth and its sea
The laden tree
And new bloomed mother
The ardent teacher
The sick, dying body
And the evangelical human-
All continue to forbear.....
To bear their heaped burden
On breaking backs
In arduous struggle...



Yet, in unending kindness
They all struggle to save!
They struggle to express and bear
Bear fruit and give meaning
To an existence – so knotted;
So troubled, and restless
So drowned in conflict!

They all struggle
For the joy of the struggle
For the milk of its kindness
That will suffuse and surcharge
Every living moment
With 'balming' peace!



How many will,
With kindness in their struggle,
Spread calm and joy, far and wide?

How much
Kindness
Will it take
To rid
This petty world
Of hate and strife?

How much kindness,
And how many struggles ?
Before the candle
Blows out
And all lighting kindness
Is burnt out?

Before its melting wax
Has stirred and made gentle
Rock like hearts?
Before charry cinders
Bubble afresh
With buoyant hope
Of a lasting kindness
That envelopes and hugs
Embryonic peace?!!

Verses
BY VASANTHI