



The Soaring Chariot

Vasanthi Vasudev

As the first rays of blazing summer
Kissed and drenched golden
the grand procession
of Gods and Goddesses,
musicians and dancers
in spirited gait,
at' its' lofty base...

The grand Chariot
Appeared like magic from its shadows
of sheer granite grandeur!

Garuda with majestic wings,
resting in the womb-like sanctum
awoke to chants of salutations
to Him and his Master
the invincible Vijaya Vittala!

Like Him, my fallowed mind
arose to frenzied chants
Awakened, the inspired Muse
floated on wings of fantasy!

More delicate than
feather- like flourish
etched on thousands of carvings.....
on skyward spiralling pillars
and ornate, gigantic wheels
of the burgeoning chariot!

My mind's chariot
escaped all trapping....
All fetters of conditioning
It leapt up
soaring into clouds
to meet
with the glorious Sun!

To draw upon His energy
unending,.. To create...
To pen...
To make immortal...In verse
what 'they' consecrated
in stone;
The Chariot,
Hampi's crowning glory!

Verses by Vasanthi