

Begin

I find myself on the edge
Of a beginning
Of a journey, an idea, a steep drop

Into a consuming heat
Where throats are perpetually dry
And the key to water is lost

An iron grip holds me against my will
The vines green and alive
Pulling me, pushing me

And then there's a liberating
Vivacious beat
That arouses a crazed dance from within
Moving to an enveloping sound

There I am
I find myself on the edge of freedom
On the verge of rectification
On the end of that journey, idea, steep drop

And I find myself
Feeling gratitude towards the experience
For it has made me voracious
To be on that edge
Of the beginning

- Lahari Pullakhandam