# *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