

What is Love?

Abhishek S. Moosath

II MA English

Sree Sankaracharya University of Sanskrit

Regional Centre, Thiruvananthapuram

What is love? My love,
What is love? Truly then,
It's not the physical touch, is it?
The mere holding of hands or sharing
Of smiles, moments of tears,
The hugs and the kisses?
Innocence of the eyes,
Dimples in the cheeks, the
Naughty gaze, charming face
Or the shy heart?
Truly then, what is love?
My love, what is love?

Is it in the mind? Emotions:
Overflowing with intensity,
Stomach: filled with butterflies,
Stuttering through the situations,
Blurting out blunders, the set
Of unwritten terms and conditions,
And the feelings of joy and bliss –
As if on top of the world.
The favorite pastime – recollecting
Silly memories and the silent tears –
Unspoken and unnoticed...

Truly then, what is love?

My love, what is love?

Is it filled with passion? Desire,
Frowned upon by society.
Kissing and biting, hugging and playing
Which turns to lust, living the moment,
Pleasure learnt only by experience –
The sexual workout of the body,
Sweating and breathing heavily.
Is this the real meaning of love?
Marriage merely an institution
To exercise this experience lawfully,
Where everyone follows suit.
Truly then, what is love?
My love, what is love?

Isn't it a spiritual odyssey? Or
A hypothetical concept, construct?
Intellectual and psychological – the
'Connection'. Conversations and secrets,
Shared, mistakes, confessed. Telepathy,
The game of thoughts, the psychic
Change, the spiritual influence,
The growth – of mind, of thought,
Of perspectives – the wider view of the
Horizon. Understanding the truth –
The real, forbidden truth.
Truly then, what is love?
My love, what is love?

Bestfriend

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Best friend, thou art my crush!
And when thy gaze beholds mine,
A mysterious ecstatic lush
Of flowers in my garden of thine.

Best friend, thou maketh me alive!
Thy queries, ideals and reflections,
The nectar and honey of the beehive,
And us together – contrary perfections.

Best friend, cease this agony!
In thy thunderstorms, I nothing
But a flower fragile, ivory and ebony
Be thee and me, thy shade art everything.

Best friend, aren't I thine?
Me cannot fathom, thy love...
Thou art my mysterious self – unfulfilled, mine
Other side. Thee in my life – a dove.

Best friend, thy choice – love

Or friendship. But if love did I fell, a wink,
It's in thine. In mine, déjà vu be thou.
Paint thee in my mind with thy ink.

Best friend, a sincere, deep apology.
In the blink of my eyes, a seed of doubt
At the core, and I lost thee – temporarily
Within and permanently without.

Best friend, raze this immaterial wall!
Tis my soft spot. Dost thee detest me?
To the oceans nadir, let us fall
Like raindrops, together yet separately.

Best friend, nevermore be thee – my crush!
Yet when thy gaze meets mine,
A mysterious ecstatic lush
Of flowers in my garden of thine.