

How I Loved My Love

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My love is lamenting
like a lion defeated.
It is alone and ever alone
in the webbed cave of my heart.

My feelings are never expressed
nor valued by my invaluable treasure.
My feelings are slowly vaporized
when they boil and burn inside my heart.

My heart is supposed to be a graveyard, where
My love is dead and decomposing.
Still my love and my feelings
are watered by melodies and songs.

When my lovely tomb is showered
after half a decade with apologies,
It has started sprouting into a sapling
with little lilies blossoming in the spring.