THIRUKKKURAL

OF

THIRUVALLUVAR

குறுங்குறுங்கு (1081 to 1330)

TRANSLITERATION AND TRANSLATION

BY

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PART THREE

VERSES ON KAAMA
[DESIRE FULFILLMENT]
(1081 to 1330)

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INTRODUCTION

The Third section of TirukKural is well-known by the name of Kaamattuppaal.
What is the meaning of the word Kaama?
It is a Sanskrit word.
Kaama is one of the human goals (Pusrushaarthas) to be attained by a human in his life on earth.
The four Purushaarthas are Dharma, Artha, Kaama and Moksha.
A person should base all his actions on Dharma (basic tenets dictated by Vedas and other Scriptures connected to them) (Arram in Tamil).
The word Dharma means that which ‘supports’ you.

Next goal mentioned in the Scriptures is Artha (that which you seek as your fulfillment in your individual life). (Porul in Tamil)
All your achievements and acquirements come under this category.

The third one is Kaama.
The term is derived from the root-letter ‘Kam’ which means desirable, pleasing.

Kaama means that which you desire. It is not confined only to mating desire.

Since the most dominant desire which keeps the world going on, is the desire for the union of a male with a female or female with a male, Kaama refers to intense passion in literature.

Passion or love?
Love of course is very nice thing to have and imagine; but is just a goody goody costume given to passion that is innate in every female and male of any species.
In the lower levels (animals) it is the means of reproduction invented by nature to increase its kind.
In the higher levels (Devas) it is meant for pleasure of the best kind.
In the human level, the animal nature is masked by the wonderful mythically floating word ‘love’.

And Manmatha who is born out of mind and creates turbulence in the mind is the deity of passion named ‘KaamaDeva’.

TiruValluvar could have avoided this whole section as he is a Sage with such a pure mind that he had nothing to talk about passion or love.

In Sanskrit literature, the love mixed passion goes by the name of Shringaara (ornament, decoration) and the poets like KaaliDaasa and Baana excel in such works.
Anyhow, ‘Kaamattupaal-section’ is not any detailed discourse on the human goal of *Kaama* – ambition or desire fulfillment; or purely about love without passion or passion without love; but presents only a minimal description of the love of a man and a woman before marriage (Kalaviyal) and the separation endured by the two after marriage (Karpiyal).

The whole of Kaamattupaal section is like a short love story.

*The hero (Thalaivan) and heroine (Thalaivi) first meet as strangers; fall in love; the man ascends the Palmyra horse and declares his love to the society; the marriage is approved by all and they both marry; then the man has to leave her and has to go out of town for acquiring wealth; both suffer the pangs of separation in their own way; then he returns; she feigns false anger; he pacifies her; and they unite together in blissful union.*
INTRODUCTION

The word ‘THAGAI ANANGURUTTHAL’ means:
‘The extreme suffering of a lover at the sight of a girl which he had never felt before when seeing other girls’

This is a type of experience a lover goes through as the first part of his love. Here the man undergoes the extreme suffering of passion by the first sight of the girl who attracts his mind.

Is this lady, a Goddess?
Or is this a lovely peacock (specially created by the Creator)?
Or is she a girl of this world, wearing a heavy ear-ornament?

My heart is getting bewildered!

(The young man exclaims at the first sight of a beautiful girl.)
At first he sees only a golden shine spread all around; and vaguely he makes out the figure of a woman. He wonders thinking may be she is a ‘shining Goddess’ who has descended down from heaven (ANANGU).

As soon as he saw her, some unknown suffering sweet and painful rose in him, attracting him towards that shining image!

Then he sees that girl moving all over the garden thus spreading her youthful charm. The movement is so graceful like that of a peacock with a golden plumage. He again rethinks and decides that he must be seeing a special peacock of a golden plumage made by Lord Brahma!

However as he keeps staring at the shine, he sees the form of a beautiful lovely woman belonging to the earth only. She is wearing such huge golden rings on her ears that the shine spreads around her like the shine of a Goddess and the golden plumage of a peacock.

(1082)

When I looked at her,

she returned the glance and looked at me.

The beautiful lady was tormenting me already with her divine loveliness;

now it was as if she was attacking me

with the help of an army.

(The young girl who was roaming in the garden, suddenly felt uneasy as if some one was staring at her. Then she saw this young man. She also looked at him returning the same passionate longing.

The lover did not expect such a reaction from her; and feels overwhelmed by her attraction as if an entire host of lovely charms was at once attacking him like an army.)
I never knew till then, what was meant by the word ‘Yama’!
Now I understood!
It is a battle-field made of large eyes belonging to the females!

(The Young man is undergoing extreme suffering. His heart-beat is increasing; he is sweating; his breath seems heavy; his limbs loose their strength; he feels faint and he experiences almost a death state. He understood then what it means to face Yama (Deity of Death) in person.
All this happened because he was lost in the beauty of the large lotus like eyes of the pretty girl which seemed to swallow his whole form in one short glance!)

The eyes are indeed cruel,
for they look like, as if they will swallow off the life of any one who gets seen by them;
and they belong to this girl whose is a personified form of female delicacy.

(And as she kept looking at him, as if swallowing off his entire form just by looking, the young man felt certain that he was dying for sure.
‘Such a beautiful girl; she looks so fragile and delicate!
She is the perfect form of womanhood; yet her eyes...?
The large eyes are so beautiful that they are dragging away my life into them!
I am dying as it were! How can they be so cruel?’)
Is that Yama, the God of Death?
Or is it just her eyes?
Or is it a doe?
The glance of this lady is all the three combined!

(Her eyes…! Is it Yama in person who is pulling off my life?
No, they are her eyes! They are dragging my life away like Yama throwing a rope around my neck; yet her eyes do not look cruel at all; she looks rather frightened like a doe; and her eyes are like that of a doe!
They are her eyes; are killing me like Yama; and are frightened also like that of a doe!)

If those bent eyebrows were straight and blocked the eyes, then her eyes would not make me tremble like this!

(The young lover is stuck by passion and is trembling all over, when the girl also looks at him as if attracted by him. Her eyes look a little frightened; but she does not take her eyes of him.
The young man notices her beautiful bent eye-brows. His suffering increases. He wonders whether he would have been saved if the eye brows had become straight and blocked the eyes instead of supporting those eyes in torturing him.
The eye-brows were bent and were so beautiful that they helped the eyes to take away his life.)
The fine silken cloth covering the upright breasts of the lady is like the decorative cloth covering the temples of the musth elephant, hiding them from all eyes.

My valor which even the enemies fear in the battlefield, has broken down in front of her shining forehead! Alas!

When this girl has the restless glance of a doe and shyness too (as her natural ornaments), why should the (artificial) ornaments which are unsuited, be made as decorations for her?
The toddy which is cooked does not intoxicate unless consumed; unlike the love which delights by the very looks!

Her eyes decorated with collirium, have two types of glances; one type of glance is making me ill; the other type of glance is like a medicine for that illness!

(The young girl looks at the man who is enamored of her. The man is stuck immediately by passion and is apprehensive that he may be rejected; but when she looks at him again, her eyes also are reciprocating the same feeling of attraction. The lover feels relieved at heart.)
The fleeting glance she is throwing at me when I am not looking, is not just the half of the bliss of union; but more than that!

(The young man already feels that they now have embraced each other with their love-filled looks. This joy of mutual love is more joyous than even the physical union they might have in the future.)

She looked at me; and after looking at me, she bent her face (in shyness). That was the water she sprinkled on the love-sprout.

(The girl does not stare at him directly for long. She looks at him with a quick glance; and feeling shy immediately looks down at the ground. Her love-filled look fell on the ground and lo, the love-sprout immediately appeared there as if watered by her lovely glance.)
When I look at her, she looks at the ground; when I do not look at her, she looks at me and smiles gently within herself.

(When the lover looks at her, her eyes do not meet his eyes directly. She feels shy; bends her head down and stares at the ground; but when he pretends to look elsewhere, she immediately looks at him. She does not even smile openly lest her friend may come to know about this; but her face blooms up in happiness revealing her inner joy.)

Other than not directly looking at me, she will look at me as if shrinking the eyes and smile within herself.

(When I look at her, she looks at the ground; when I do not look at her, she looks at me and smiles gently within herself.)
Though she spoke outwardly as if not interested, it will be very soon understood that the words did not contain any enmity.

(Her friend notices the change in her face and questions her; but she Pretends to be angry at the young man who is staring at her; and speaks to her friend as if she feels annoyed by his attention.)

(1097)

The words spoken feigning anger without any enmity, looking at me as if in anger, is an indication of the love within, though outwardly behaving like a stranger.

(1098)

When I looked at her, she will melt in love and flash a gentle smile. For my beloved who moves gracefully, that smile hides an indication.

(Though she Pretends not to care for the stranger who is looking at her, she passes quick side-glances at him without the knowledge of her friend and flashes a gentle consoling smile, indicating that she also is in love with him.)
Looking at each other like strangers; is the nature of lovers.

(These secret exchanges of glances and smiles belong to all the lovers.)

When eyes join together when looking at each other, there is no need for verbal communication.

(Other human beings may have to use words to make others understand their thoughts; but for lovers, these glances and smiles are enough; they speak a million words in a second.)
JOY OF THE UNION

(The lovers unite one fine day! How joyous is that secret union?)

Pleasures belonging to all the five senses
of seeing, hearing, tasting, touching and smelling,
are in this lady who wears the shining bangles.

(A human being has only five senses through which he seeks pleasures in the world. Eyes want to see beautiful things; ears want to hear melodious sounds; nose wants to smell good fragrant things; tongue wants to taste good things; skin wants the pleasure of touch. In a woman, man finds the culmination of all sense pleasures at once. All his five senses get their satisfaction in a woman’s company.)

Medicine for any illness is usually something that is different. This lady who wears ornaments is the medicine for the illness given by her.

(It is strange that this lady was the cause of his love-fever; and she alone now cures it by her close company.)
Is the world belonging to the lotus-eyed Vishnu, as pleasant as the sleep on the soft shoulders of the beloved woman?

(No God-world could be as pleasant as the tight embrace of the beloved! Poor Vishnu! He sleeps on the hard snake-bed; unlike the lover who has the soft shoulders of a woman to sleep on!)

Where did this girl get the fire which burns when far and is cool when near?

(A woman kindles the fire of passion when far; but cools the heart when she embraces with love.)
Like the objects obliging to satisfy as soon as desired for, these shoulders belonging to the beloved lady whose hair locks are loosely hanging down, offer all the pleasures at once. (All other objects of pleasure have to be sought for with effort; but here the desired pleasures are instantly obtained by the senses, when a woman embraces with love.)

Whenever she is embraced, her touch revives my life anew; this woman has shoulders made of nectar. (The lover feels that he is reborn by her nectar-like embrace.)

The embrace of this girl of tawny hue, is like eating food earned by one’s hard effort in one’s own house, and sharing it with others also. (The best pleasure a man can have is eating food earned by his own hard work inside his own house and sharing it also with others. The lover’s union contains such a happiness maybe!)
To embrace in such a way that
even air does not find its way in-between,
is very pleasing for the two who love each other.

A slight feigned anger; then the conciliation; then the union;
these are the pleasures that belong to the passionate lovers.

The pleasure gained by uniting with
the woman who wears red ornaments,
is like understanding new things when reading a text.

(Shyness is the best ornament a woman can have. When her lover embraces her, her face,
body, shoulders all turn red in hue as if covering her with red ornaments; and make her
look more beautiful. A lover feels the joy of reading a new book, when enjoying his
beloved's company for the first time.)
NALAM PUNAINTHU URAITTHAL

SPEAKING IN PRAISE OF A WOMAN’S BEAUTY

(After the union, later the lover thinks of his beloved’s beauty when alone.)

(1110)

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(1110)

NANNEERAI VAAZHI ANICCHAME NINNINUM
MENNEERAL YAAMVEEZH PAVAL

Hey Aniccha flower! May you live long!
You are very delicate by nature!
The girl I love is more delicate than you!

(AnicchamPoo is so delicate that it will wither off even if the breath falls on it.)
The Lover chides the flower by saying-
You Aniccha flower! Do not be so proud! My beloved is more delicate than you!
Even my very thought makes her turn red and she shrinks in shyness!)

(1112)

MALARKAANIN MAIYAATTHI NENJCHE IVALKAN
PALARKAANUM POOVOKKUM ENRRU

Hey my heart!
You are enamored with any flower you see,
thinking that her eyes are like the flowers seen by all.

(The lover remembers the eyes of his beloved, whenever he sees the fully blossomed flowers in the garden. Don’t her eyes bloom up like a flower when she sees him?
Yet, these flowers are not so good after all; he decides, for they appear the same way to all the on-lookers, and present their blossomed beauty to one and all; unlike his beloved whose eyes bloom up only at his sight.)
Tender body; smile is like a flash of pearls; smell is fragrant; eyes decorated with collirium are like spears; these all belong to the lady with shoulders like tender bamboo.

(So soft and delicate she is! When she smiles, it is like a flash of shiny pearl garland! Her breath is so fragrant! Her quick side-glances pierce his heart like sharp spears! Her shoulders are like tender bamboo!)

The night-lotus, if it could see, will bend and face the ground; thinking that it does not equal the beauty of the eyes of this lady who is adorned by excellent ornament.

(What is the excellent ornament that a woman can wear that will enhance her beauty a million fold? It is the coy shyness she exhibits at the sight of her lover! How her eyes bend downwards looking at the ground; though her heart longs to stare at him continuously! The night lotus which is known for its tender beauty blooms open when her lover Moon appears in the sky. It does not bend at her lover’s sight; but that flower would surely bend if it sees my beloved, feeling remorseful that its beauty is in no way comparable to his beloved’s tender eyes filled with shyness!)
She wore the delicate Aniccha flowers without clipping off their stems; now auspicious drums will not beat for her waist!

(My beloved is of such a delicate disposition that when she decorated her hair with the tenderest Aniccha flowers without removing their stems (she could not do that much effort also), the weight of the stems proved too much for her and her waist broke by the weight! And how could auspicious drums beat when such a tragedy occurs! Anyhow the lover was there to support her with his arms. He held her waist and embraced her immediately!)

Unable to distinguish the moon and the face of this girl, the stars are wandering in confusion.

(Constellations of stars are always on the move; that is because those poor things are confused about the position of the moon; that is because there is one above in the sky and another moon on the earth also, shining as my beloved’s beautiful face! Those stars are not able to understand which the real moon is!)

Unable to distinguish the moon and the face of this girl, the stars are wandering in confusion.
Is there a fault in the face of this girl’s face,  
like the shining moon which becomes complete by filling the lost digits!

(The lover laughs at the confusion faced by the stars in finding the real moon.  
The shining moon in the sky is full and round on a single day of the month only; that too  
after filling all lost digits one by one; struggling day by day slowly; and losing them  
again in the next fifteen days.  
However the face of my beloved shines brightly on all the thirty days of the month; it  
ever loses its beauty on any day.  It can never be compared to the waning and waxing  
moon. Moreover, my beloved does not have the ugly stain on her face like the moon. Her  
face oozes out with all the purity and innocence that fill her heart.  
Only if the stars knew this secret!)

(1118)

Hey Moon! If you are capable of shining like the face of this lady,  
then you will also deserve my love!

(The lover ridicules the moon now.  
He has no need for the moon anymore; his beloved is enough to make him happy with  
her beautiful smile adorning her face than the moon with the dirty stain on its sphere.  
He tells the moon to get away from there as he does not feel any attraction for that moon  
now; as it can never shine brightly all the thirty days of the month like his beloved. )

(1119)

Hey Moon!  
If you want to resemble the face of this lady whose eyes are like flowers,  
then do not appear in the sight of all!
(And his beloved smiles only for him; her face shines brightly only at his sight. Her flowerlike eyes bloom up, only when they see him. So he tells the woeful moon that maybe if it did not offer its shine to one and all, its beauty will also resemble that of his beloved.)

(1120)

And his beloved smiles only for him; her face shines brightly only at his sight. Her flowerlike eyes bloom up, only when they see him.

So he tells the woeful moon that maybe if it did not offer its shine to one and all, its beauty will also resemble that of his beloved.

ANICCHAMUM ANNATTHIN THOOVIYU MAATHAR
ADIKKU NERUNCHIP PAZHAM

The Aniccha flower and the tender feather of the swan,
are like the thorny fruit of the Nerunji plant for the lady’s foot.

(1121)

(His beloved girl is so delicate that even if she by chance steps on the tender-most Aniccha flower or the softest feather of a swan, it will hurt her foot like a thorny fruit of the Nerunji plant and she may get wounded; so the lover never allows her to set foot on the ground; but always carries her in his arms.)

KAATHARR CHIRRAPPURAITTHAL

SPEAKING ABOUT THE GREATNESS OF LOVE

(The meeting which became the seed of the love now has sprouted and the two lovers unite together; but have to leave each other as they are not yet married. They both love each other now like their own life. The lover ruminates on the beauty and virtues of his beloved, when she goes off.)

PAALODU THENKALANTHARR RRE PANIMOZHI
VAALEVI RROO RRJYA NEER

The water (saliva) which oozes out after getting soaked in the white teeth of my beloved of tender speech will be like the honey mixed with milk.
(My beloved is always soft-spoken and does not know the meaning of harshness. The saliva in her mouth must be made of honey to make her utter such sweet words; and though it gets soaked in the white teeth, it does not take on the hard nature of the teeth; but carries the whiteness only and turns into milk; and the juice oozing in her mouth is sweet and tasty like honey mixed with milk.)

What binding is there between the life and the body; similar is the nature of my friendship with this beloved girl.

(Whatever the worst circumstances one faces in life, a man will never give up life; but will want to survive only. The bondage of life and body is indeed a precious one; each cannot exist without the other. If one is gone, the other cannot be there. The lover declares that his relationship with his beloved woman is of such a nature only. Whatever the life brings in its course – good or bad – they both will never separate from each other ever. Even if death arrives; it will have to swallow both of them and not just one!)

Hey ‘pupil’ that stays in the black iris of my eye! Go off! There is no place for the girl whom I love so much!

(The lover who loves the girl so much wants to safeguard her in his eye itself, like a treasure; he never wants to take his eyes off her; so he is requesting the pupil in the iris of his eyes to go off and leave place for his beloved.)
This girl who wears only choice ornaments,
is like life to my life when uniting with me;
is like death for my life when she separates from me.

(The woman loved by him is adorned by choice ornaments only. The ornaments need not be always made of gold and diamonds. A woman enhances her beauty and becomes attractive to her lover by ornaments like smile, shyness, love, understanding and intelligence enough to share his thoughts. Having such a woman as a life-partner, the lover exclaims that if she is with him he feels alive and if she separates from him, he will instantly feel lifeless. Here the union is not restricted to the physical; but the lovers are mentally also united like one soul having two bodies.)

If I ever forget the virtues of my beloved
who has bright eyes which battle my heart;
then I will have to remember her; but I never can forget.

(The lover talks about how he keeps the thought of his beloved in his heart at all times. He cannot remember her at all; because she is never out of his thoughts at any time.)
(The girl has to separate from the lover and return home reluctantly. How does the woman bear that separation? She says that she does not feel his separation at all! How?)

(1126)

**KANNULLIRR POGAAR IMAIPIRR PARUVARAAR**
**NUNNIYAR EM KAATHA LAVAR**

*He will not go away from my eyes; he will not be disturbed if I wink.  
So subtle is my lover!*

(The girl has a different way of keeping her lover with her at all times. She keeps him inside her eyes as her eyes itself; but she cannot stop winking which is the natural quality of the eyes; yet she knows that her lover is of a very understanding nature and will not get hurt by her winking. So even if she winks, he does not disappear. She sees his handsome form both when her eyes are open and when her eyes close also! He has become the only object seen by her inside her mind and outside also. He is never out of her sight, even when he is separated from her physically.)

(1127)

**KANNULLLAAR KAATHA LAVARAAKAK KANNUM**
**EZHATHEM KARAPPAAK KARRINTHU**

*Since my lover stays in my eyes,  
I will not paint the collirium on the eyes; for he may get covered off by that.*

(After the lover leaves, the girl has no interest in decorating her eyes also with collirium. What is her excuse for neglecting all these decorations? The girl says that she does not even apply collirium on her eyes, because she does not want to lose sight of him who resides in her eyes at all times. As she is always seeing his handsome form as a permanent sight stuck to her eyes, she does not get time to decorate herself; or what if he gets covered by the collirium and she loses sight of him? That is what her excuse is for not decorating herself when the lover is away.)
NENJCHATTHAAR KAATHA LAVARAAKA VEYTHUNDAL
ANJCHUTHUM VEPAAK KARRINTHU

My lover stays in my heart;
so I hesitate to eat hot food;
for I know that he will be burnt by that.

(The lover is away. The food kept near the girl is untouched and it has turned cold; her excuse for not eating hot food is that her lover residing in her heart may be hurt by the hot food and that is the reason for her not consuming anything.)

IMAIPPIRR KARAPPAAK KARRIVAL ANAITTHIRRKE
ETHILAR ENNUMIV VOOR

If I wink, I know he will disappear.
For that itself the people talk of him as being without love.

(Night and day she stares vacantly at the ceiling. She has stopped winking also. When the people (friends) blame her lover for making her suffer like this, she admonishes them saying that he never had left her alone as he stays inside her eyes only. Her eyes captured his form when leaving and she has kept it safely inside her eyes; if she winks, will it not disappear? That is why she does not wink also; and her lover is in no way to be blamed.)

UVANTHURRAIVAR ULLATTHUL ENRRUM IGANTHURRAIVAR
ETHILAR ENNUMIV VOOR
My lover stays in my heart happily always;
but people simply blame him as not having love.

(The girl defends her lover against the people who talk of his hardheartedness in staying away so long from her; and she tells them that her lover never ever left her and went away. They all cannot see him, because he is safely kept in her heart and is very happy; and she is also happy. Why should others imagine her as suffering and blame her dear lover?)

NAANUTTHURRAVURAITTHAL

DISCARDING THE QUALITY OF BASHFULNESS

( நானுத் துர்ராய்வுத்தால் – Climbing on a Palmyra leaf horse and riding through town
This is an ancient Tamil custom performed by young men who want to get the attention of their loved one and her family, so that a marriage could be arranged. The hero climbs on a palm leaf horse which has bells on its neck, and has it pulled through the streets where people can see him. He also wears an Erukkam flower (caltrops gigantea) garland while he is riding the horse. He carries a picture of himself and his beloved and displays it all over the town. If this fails he will try to commit suicide.)

(1131)

KAAMAM UZHANTHU VARUNTHINAARK KEMA
MADALALLA THILLAI VALI

For those who are tormented by passion,
there is no support other than the pleasure of riding a horse of Palmyra stems.

(It is the only way left for the young man to get the approval of the society to marry the one he loves. May be he will have the fortune of living with his beloved till death or at least find an end to all his sufferings in the hands of death. He does not mind the humiliation or ridicule that he has to face because of this.)
The body and the soul which cannot bear (the pain of separation),
have decided to climb the Palmyra horse, 
discarding all bashfulness.

(The agony of separation is too much to bear!)

I who had bashful nature along with dignified manliness,
today have the Palmyra horse which is mounted by the passionate ones.

('I do not care what the people will say! I want only my beloved or death; either one will embrace me after this act.' - thinks the young lover.)

The terrible floods of passion
will upturn the boats of dignified manliness and the bashfulness.
She who wears the small bangles like a garland gave me this agony that one gets in the evening, and this Palmyra horse also.

I will think of ascending the Palmyra horse even at night; my eyes will never close in sleep because of that beloved girl.

There is no greater birth than that of a woman (who excels in patience), who does not ascend the Palmyra horse, even when the passion agonizes like the turbulent ocean.

(Women are so amazing in their character, that they never outwardly express their agony of love to outsiders. They have so much patience and fortitude.)
Without thinking that women are chaste and have restraint, 
and also are pathetic souls (deserving pity),
this passion thing will burst out of its place of secrecy 
and get observed by the society.

(Women do try to hide their inner feelings; but somehow they come to the notice of people around them, who observe the change of behavior in them.
What do these girls do in their madness of love and agony, unknown to themselves? They may sit for hours lost in thoughts; smile suddenly; shed silent tears; show disinterest in food; may keep away from even close friends; may stop decorating themselves and so on. Will not the family and friends understand the sudden changes that have happened to them?)

‘No one knows’ - declaring thus, 
the passion is wandering in the streets madly.

(The girl thinks that she has not revealed her secrets to any one; yet everyone knows that she is hiding some secret in her mind.
Now outwardly it is coming to everybody’s notice because of the lover ascending the Palmyra horse and moving about the streets declaring the love openly to one and all. What can the girl do? She watches helplessly!)
Those who have no wisdom, laugh with scorn when we are seen; for they have not gone through the agony we are experiencing.

(Now the secret love is known to all; and everyone looks at the girl with scorn; or laugh at her wayward nature; but little do they understand the agony gone through by the girl who hides all her inner torment and tries to act normal with the others.)

RUMOUR MAKING THE ANNOUNCEMENT (OF LOVE)

(Now their love is the gossip matter of the town. Rumour of their love spreads here and there all over the town.)

When the rumor starts, the much coveted life stands firm. It is good fortune that many do not know about that.

(It is relief now to the lovers that people are talking about their love. Every time some news spreads from one ear to the other, the love gets more deep-rooted and the lovers get a renewal of their dying souls. It is a good thing that the gossip-mongers do not know that they are actually doing a favour to the lovers when they are vehemently criticizing their love-matter.)
This town offered this rumor to me, unable to understand the worth of this girl who has eyes like flowers.

(The young man hears about the blame that is attached to his love; and just brushes the words off; for what do they know of the worth of the girl whom he loves? Not only would he ascend the Palmyra horse, but he will climb the fire also happily, if that is the only way to get his girl!)

Will not the scandal that is circulating in the town connect us both? It will be like attaining something that is not attained.

(The rumours connecting the lovers make the young man happy. At least that way they are both united together and already enjoy the bliss of marriage through such words spoken about their love!)

Because of the scandal, the love is on the increase. If it was not there, it will lose its nature and fade away.
(Because of the rumours, now something will get done for sure. The more the talk of their love circulates; the intensity of love is on the increase. Both the lovers are now ready to face the society boldly and stand firm in their love. Thanks to the rumour-mongers who have poured ghee on the blazing fire of love; otherwise, may be the love would have faded out after the first meeting itself.)

(1145)

As the joy of intoxication keeps increasing,
the desire for drinking toddy also increases.
Love also is pleasing when it keeps on getting exposed.

(Whenever the young man hears about someone blaming him or chiding him for the love, his heart leaps with joy, for he knows that his love is making others react and thus will get revived every time someone talks about it. He rather waits for such criticisms like desiring more of the intoxicating toddy drink.)

(1146)

Only one day that I saw him;
and the scandal has become like the moon swallowed by the serpent.

(The young girl also is the butt of all ridicule and blame. She reacts in a different way. She wonders how anyone came to know about her love at all. She had always hidden her inner feelings from all; and she had met him only once. The day of meeting was imprinted in her mind like the full moon which comes only once in a few days. Now the people were talking ill of their love. It was as if the beautiful moon of their love was getting swallowed by Raahu (the serpent) and thus was darkening her whole life. The rumour for her is like the ‘Grahana’ (eclipse) that has brought darkness into her world. Will it pass away, she wonders, her heart trembling with suspense and apprehension.)
This ailment called love will grow well, using the scandal in the town as its manure and the censuring words of the mother as the water.

(Shes stands in front of her mother and hardly hears what her mother is advising with sternness. Every censuring word spoken by her mother seems to make her want her lover more intensely.

She also thinks like her lover – ‘let the people talk more about this; let my mother blame me night and day; my love instead of dying is growing more like a creeper well watered by her words using the manure of rumour provided by the society.)

To douse the feeling of love through scandal is like saying that one can extinguish the fire with ghee.

(The foolish people of the society do not know that, the more they talk of their love, more the love blazes in the heart of the lovers.)
'Do not fear' said he and has left me making others also feel embarrassed. How can I feel then embarrassed by the scandal?

(The girl remembers what he said when he parted in the first meeting. ‘Did he not assure her of his love and say ‘Fear not’! Now my family and relatives are embarrassed that the rumour about our love has spread everywhere. When I have trust in his assuring words, why should I act embarrassed by all these censures and blameful words? I know that he will somehow surely make things alright and unite with me in marriage!)
(Marriage is over. Bliss of union is over. 
The lover is now the husband who has duties towards family and society. 
He cannot give company to his wife at all times. He has to leave her and go out of town 
to accumulate money for his family. 
The pangs of separation start tormenting both. 
Maybe the husband is so busy that he has no time even to worry about all this; but the 
wife? What suffering will she go through when the husband is away?)

If you are not leaving, then talk to me. 
Otherwise talk about your returning soon to those who will be alive then.

(The husband turned lover takes leave of her now trying to explain the importance of his work; but the wife stops him midway and says –
‘Do not even mention of separation. I cannot even bear to hear the word ‘separation’. 
Be with me always or talk of the day when you will be with me again and I will tell you whether I will be alive that day to welcome you on your return.
The moment you leave, my life will also depart with you; don’t you know?’
Even when he looked at me in the past, it was delightful then; but his union itself is painful today for the fear of parting.

(The wife remembers the days of love and secret meetings before marriage. Every look of his predicted an oncoming union then. Now, after marriage, fear lurks in the mind that he may mention of his going off from her whenever he unites with her.)

It is difficult to trust the words of my lover, who knows all, since there might be separation in the future.

(Does not he know that I will not be able to bear his separation? He is consoling me that he will not ever leave me again; but how can I trust his words? Soon he will explain the necessity of his work and leave me.)

If he who protectively said- ‘do not fear’- leaves, then what mistake is there in those who believed in his assuring words?
(When he left me after the first meeting, he reassured me with the words ‘do not fear’; and surely he kept his promise and married me. Now he is again saying the same words; but will leave me in the future. I trusted his promises then; now he is saying the same words but will not keep the promise. Was it my mistake to trust him? Does he ever speak the truth?)

(1155)

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QOMBIN AMAINTTHAAR PIRIVOMBAL MARRAVAR NEENGIN ARITHAAL PUNARVU

If my life is to be guarded, then he who owns it by right must guard himself from leaving. Otherwise if he leaves, then the union again is not easy.

(What does he think- that he will leave and I will stay alive and wait for him? He promised me that he will guard my life day and night; then he must fulfill his promise and guard my life. If he goes off, I will surely die! Does not he know this simple fact? When he returns after many days with the longing for union, I will not be there at all; for I will be long dead!)

(1156)

PIRIVURAKKUM VANKANMAR AAYIN ARITHAVAR NALGUVAR ENNUM NASAI

If he can inform about his leaving, then the longing I have that he will be back again to offer his love, is futile.

(How hardhearted he is! He is informing me of his leaving without even thinking what will happen to me if he leaves. How can I even, hope for that love-filled union when he returns, when he already seems to have lost the love for me and is intent on attending to his work only?)
(1157)

தற்போல் தயங்கும் தவற்போன் பலகை
இறப்போன கிளம்பாக

THURRAIVAN THURRANTHAMAI THOORR RRAAKOL MUNKAI
IRRAI IRRAVAAN NINRRA VALAI

Will not the bangles which are slipping from the bone-joint in my fore-arm create the slander that my parting lover has left me and gone?

(I may hide my pain of suffering in front of others and act as if I am bearing his separation boldly; but the body will surely become thin and the bangles will fall out of the emaciated hands. Won’t the others notice this and blame him for my condition? He should at least care for the talks of the outsiders and stay with me here.)

(1158)

இல்லாமத தினங்கல்லாளாம வாழ்கள் அதிலாமை
இல்லாமத தினியார்ப் பிரிவு

INNAA THINAN ILLOOR VAAZHTHAL ATHANINUM
INNAA THINIYAAPIRU

It is sorrowful to live in a place where there are no relatives.
It is more painful when the loved one is separated.

(He is gone! I miss my family now. I cannot even pour out my suffering to any one. It is unbearable when I have to bear this pain alone without any relative to console me.)

(1159)

தோதிர்சுடின் அளவு காமனோய் போல
விடிர்சுடல் அறுவூரோ தீ

THODIRRCHUDIN ALLATHU KAAMANOY POLA
VIDIRRCHUDAL AARR RRUMOO THEE

Will the fire which burns only when touched, ever act like the fire of passion which burns when separated?
(What is it that burns me like fire?
The ordinary fire will hurt only when touched.
The fire of passion is burning me because he is not in contact; this fire will subside only when he will embrace me after his return.)

(1160)

After going through the difficult phase of separation, somehow keeping away the ailment of the pain of longing, patiently bearing with the separation, there might be many who continue to live afterwards.

(How do other women bear this separation? How can they eat, sleep and normally live when I cannot even breathe to keep alive? When life in the form of husband has gone off, how can a wife stay alive? In my case, though I appear to be breathing, I am dead only!)

(1161)

I will try to hide this (passion) ailment; yet this increases like the spring water rising up even when the waters are drained out.
I am not able to hide it from others.
It brings forth shyness if I want to disclose it to the one who is causing it.

Inside my body which is pining for union, passion and shyness hang on both the sides of the load-pole of my life.

There is this expansive ocean of passion; but not the safe raft which will carry across!
THUPPIN EVANAAVAR MANKOL THUYARVARAVU NATPINUL AARRU PAVAR

He can bring sadness inside the friendship.
What will he do if there is enmity?

INPAM KADALMARRUK KAAMAM A-.THADUNGKAAL THUNPAM ATHANIRR PERITHU

Passion (fulfilled) is the ocean of pleasure.
If the same thing is hurting, (by not getting fulfilled)
then the pain is bigger than the ocean.

KAAMAKKADUMPUNAL NEENTHIK KARAIKANEN YAAMATTHUM YAANE ULEN

I am unable to reach the shore
even after swimming in the flood waters of passion.
Even at mid-night I am alone.
This night-time indeed needs to be pitied!
It makes all the souls asleep and has only me for its company.

This exceptionally prolonging night is
more cruel than the cruelty rendered by the cruel one (my husband).

If my eyes also could reach my lover’s abode like my heart,
then they would not be swimming across the flood of tears.
(The husband has left the wife and gone off. Now the wife has only tears for her company. She cries and cries uncontrollably and blames her eyes for all that had happened till then. If the eyes had not looked at him on that fateful day, if they had not acted thoughtlessly, now they would not be crying like this. They deserve this punishment for their wayward act, so she thinks and allows them to cry for their mistake.)

(1171)

This incurable ailment of passion I got, because these eyes showed him and so I saw him! Now what for are these eyes flooding in tears?

(1172)

The eyes decorated by collirium, looked at him without thinking about the consequences! Now without understanding that the result has to be borne patiently, why are they suffering?
(1173)

KATHUMENATH THANOKKITH THAAME KALUZHUM
ITHUNAGATH THUDAITTHU

So quick (not thinking at all) were they when they looked at him
and now they are shedding tears!
This is indeed a matter deserving ridicule!

(1174)

PEYALAARR RRAA NEERULANTHA UNKAN UYALAARR RAA
UYVILNOY ENKAN NIRRUTHU

The eyes decorated with collirium got me
this incurable disease of love from which there is no escape;
and now they have dried up not able to cry anymore.

(1175)

PADALAARRAA PAITHAL UZHAKKUM KADALAARRAAK
KAAMANOY CHEYTHAVERN KAN

The eyes which gave me the illness of passion
which even an ocean cannot hold;
are themselves suffering immensely now, not able to sleep.
Ah! Ah!
It is indeed pleasing to know that the eyes which
caused the passion-illness in me,
are suffering the same way as me.

With so much tenderness and melting off in love,
the eyes looked at him then!
Now let them immensely suffer till the moisture in them dries up!

There is this person who just loved with words and not from the heart!
(He has left me and gone without keeping his promise!) Now without seeing him the eyes do not find any peace.
If he does not come, they do not sleep (longing for his union);
if he comes also, they do not sleep (blissful in his union).
Whatever be it,
the eyes undergo a great suffering.

It is not difficult for the people in the town
to know the secrets hiding in the hearts
when we have eyes which act like drums that get beaten.
(Though I do not speak to anyone about my pain of separation, the eyes which are always flooded with tears disclose my pain to all, like the drums which get beaten loudly when making announcements. What can I do? I am helpless!)
LONGING WHICH LEADS TO PALE COMPLEXION

(Soon the wife becomes emaciated by her longing. The color of her body fades away. She is pale and worn out.)

To my loved man, I gave my consent for him to leave then; now to whom shall I confide the state of my body which has turned paler in complexion?

This pale complexion spreads all over my body, crawling slowly, with the pride that it is there because he only gave it.

He took away my complexion and shyness, giving me the love-sickness and the pale complexion in exchange.
I keep thinking about his words only; and keep talking about his virtues only. Then, did the paleness enter through by stealth? (Where did it get the gap?)

Look there! My lover departs! Look here! Paleness spreads over my body (instantly)!

Like the darkness which waits for the light to fade out, this paleness waits for the fading of my lover’s embrace.
I was lying in his embrace; I moved just a little; within that time, paleness spread all over as if seizing me with its hands.

(This woman has got paleness')! Other than commenting like this, there is no one to say that he has left and gone.

If he who made me agree to his departure, is in a good position, let my body attain paleness as it wants!

(Let him be successful and gain admiration from all! I do not mind this suffering!)
If he who made me agree to his departure, 
is not blamed for lack of love, 
then it is better that I get famous as having paleness of hue.

OVERWELMING ANGUISH OF LONELINESS

(If the husband and wife do not love each other in the same way, there is always a disharmony in life. Physically being together also has no meaning, as their hearts are not united. Here, the wife whose husband does not reciprocate the love laments about her unending pain.)

Those who love a man, who also reciprocates the same love, 
attain the complete fulfillment of love 
like consuming a seedless fruit.
The love offered by the lover to the beloved is like the sky offering life-giving rains to the beings on earth.

For those who are loved by their lovers, there will arise the pride of a future well-being.

Those women who are well liked by others, are to be considered as not having any good fortune as such, if they are not loved by the husband whom they love.
NAAMKAATHAL KONDAAR NAMKKEVAN CHEYPAVO
THAAMKAATHAL KOLLAAK KADAI

What happiness, can the person we love offer,
if he does not reciprocate the same love for us?

(The husband may fill the house with gold and diamonds; but if he has no love for the wife, what happiness can the wife ever have?)

ORU THALAIYAAN INNAATHU KAAAMANGKAAP POLA
IRUTHALAI YAANUM INITHU

If the love is only one side, it will be painful.
If it is equal on both sides
like the pole balancing equal weights on both sides,
then it is blissful.

PARUVARALUM PAITHALUM KAANAANKOL KAAMAN
ORUVARKAN NINROZHAGU VAAN

Manmatha (God of love), who stays with only one of the two (only me),
does not see the distress and suffering I go through, maybe!

(The cruel deity Kaama has caught me and not my lover; why does not the God see my suffering also?)
There exist no hardhearted ones like those who live in the world without receiving even one loving word from the lover who is loved.

Though the one loved by me will not approach me, any word that is spoken about him is pleasing to my ears.

Hey my heart! Be blessed!
You are trying to disclose your pains to him who has no love for you!
Better that you try filling the ocean!

(My husband’s heart once overflowed with love like an ocean; now it is as empty as the dried up ocean bed! In whatever way I explain my pains o him, he will not understand at all! It will be easier for me to fill up the ordinary ocean bed with my salty tears! I will never stop crying all through my life!)
LAMENTING WHILE REMEMBERING HIM

(If the husband and wife have equal love, then there is no bliss in heaven that equals that pleasure. Even physically being away does not cause any agony as the lovers are always united at heart.)

(1201)

Since it gives much enjoyment even when thought about, love is more joy-giving than toddy.

(1202)

If one remembers the loved one, then there rises no pain of separation. Therefore, whatever be the situation, love is always pleasant only.

(1203)

Sneezing rises in me as it were, but stops off; maybe my lover must have tried to remember me and did not actually!
(1204)

He stays in my heart always; will I also be in his heart or not?

(1205)

He who guards his heart without letting me in-will he not feel ashamed about coming into my heart at all times without a break?

(1206)

I am keeping alive still, because I remember the days I spent in his company: how else do I remain alive at all?
I do not know how to forget; (his thought is what keeps me alive): yet his very thought burns my heart! If I forget, then what all can happen! (I would be dead for sure!)

However much I remember him, he will not feel annoyed. Is that not some great help he is rendering?

He used to say - ‘we both are not different’; and thinking much about his lack of love, the life that I love departs.

(When I wonder as to whether he has forgotten me, I collapse as if dead! How can I remain alive if he has forgotten me? So he must also be remembering me! My living is the proof of his love!)
Hey Moon! Blessed be thou!
You do not set;
so that I can see him who went off,
though I held him back in my heart!

(The wife blames the moon for not setting as soon as her lover went off. If the moon sets only, her eyes can close and see her lover imprisoned in her heart!)

What feast can I offer to the dream which arrived carrying the message of my lover?

(If the moon sets and she closes her tired eyes, maybe the dream would bring a message from her husband! ‘And what I would not reward the dream with?’ - since there is no question of meeting her husband for some more days, she feels that maybe a dream would become her friend and bring a message from her husband. He would also be asleep at this time of the hour and will be thinking of her in his sleep. Won’t they both unite in the dream at least? They are one mind with two bodies, after all!)
If the deer-like (restless) eyes would just close in sleep
obliging to my request,
then I will outwardly confide to my lover who embraces me,
as to how I have escaped the torment of love,
and am alive still.

(At least in the dream, I would be able to tell him all my troubles and plead him to return soon! I will also tell him that I remained alive because I was always with him in my dream.)

My life is still holding on because I see him in my dream
who does not show his love to me in actual life.

(Yes, it may be true that dream is not real but at least there my lover is always with me, unlike the real one who seems to have forgotten me completely! If these dreams were not there, I would have been dead long ago!)
I get the joy of union with him in dream,  
as it (the dream) seeks somehow and brings to me,  
my lover who does not approach me in actual life as such.  

(I do not know how it happens; but my dream is like a good friend to me. It searches the place where he is and brings him to me somehow; but in real life, he is away and does not approach me when I want him.)

(1215)

What I experienced that day in reality, and what I experience in dream,  
both were joyous only at that time!  

(Joy never lasts for long, whether it is a dream or reality.  
He was with me that one day and left immediately.  
Dream also ends within minutes and he vanishes off!  
Again the agony of separation only is left back.)

(1216)

If there was not something called real life,  
my lover will never leave me at all!  

(If there was no waking up to real life from dream, then he would have never left me and be with me at all times.)
That cruel one does not approach me in real life, then why does he torment me like this in dream?

(If that cruel husband cannot come to me in real life, then he should have seen to it that the dream never ends for me! Why does he vanish off along with the dream?)

When I sleep he reclines on my shoulder; when I wake up he quickly hides in my heart.

(I now know how to keep the dream-man with me. When I sleep, I dream that he is reclining on my shoulder; and the moment the dream ends, I keep him inside my heart and keep thinking of him. In this way, I will never be away from him.)

Those alone, who do not see their lover in the dream, will have a cause to blame when he does not love them in real life.
(I wonder why all those other women blame their husbands for being away. They must learn how to dream about the husbands and get loved by them there! They do not have such good dreams maybe! That is why they think that their husbands do not love them!)

(1220)

These townspeople talk ill of my lover that he left me in real life; don’t they ever see him in the dream?

(Why do all these people look at me in a pitiful manner and blame my husband for being away so long? I think they do not see him in the dream; that is why they do not understand that I am never separated from him!)

LAMENTATION WHEN EVENING SUN-SET IS SEEN

(The beautiful evening time, which is the meeting point of the day and the night, is intoxicating for the lovers; but if the lover is away, the same evening-time is like a torture-house for the woman.)

(1221)

Hey Evening! Blessed be thou! Are you the evening (garland/evening time)? No! Your task is to swallow off the life of those who have married (and are separated) (like a noose)!
(The wife who is separated from the husband blames the evening time. In Tamil language, evening time is known as ‘Maalai’ which also means a garland. When a lover’s company is there, the evening time is like a garland; when he is away, it strangles the neck like a noose.)

(1222)

पुनकण्णै वाङ्की मालै मालैंकैपूल
वाङ्का ठौनीं ठनै

Hey you, fading evening-time!
You also are suffering like us.
Is your companion also cruel like mine?

(The evening time which appeared like a red garland, now started to fade away leaving way for darkness. The wife now feels sympathy for the evening time and questions it tenderly, whether her lover also was cruel enough to leave her alone.)

(1223)

पनीयरुम्बी पैठालकौं मालै तुनियरुम्बिथ
ठुंबाम वालारा वारुम

The evening filled with budding drops of dew arrived then with its chillness;
now it comes with the budding drops producing disgust,
only to increase my distress.

(The wife remembers the evenings when she and her husband met secretly before marriage. At those times, when the evening faded, chillness would appear with the mist filled with dew drops and would make her seek the closeness of her lover. Nowadays the same dew drops fill her with disgust and she abhors them!
‘Don’t the dew drops know that her lover is away; why do they burn me now’?! )
The evening which arrives when lovers are separated,

is like the cruel man who enters the execution-ground.

(The chillness of the evening produces a slight shiver in her. 
May be she is trembling because the evening-time is like the cruel executioner entering with his huge sword to cut off the head of the victim.)

To the day-time what good have I rendered; 
and what harm have I rendered to the evening time?

(The woman laments- ‘Oh, why does the evening torment me so much? What harm have I done to it? The day-time is so friendly, for I never suffer like this when engaged in the regular duties of the day!’)

When my beloved husband had not separated from me, 
I did not know how the evening could give so much distress!
This disease of love appears like a bud in the morning; 
grows slowly to become a flower, all through the day time; 
and blooms in the evening.

The flute played by the cowherd is now like 
a messenger sent by the ‘fire-like evening’, 
acting like murderous weapon.

When the enchanting evening spreads all over, 
the whole world suffers in great distress.

(The melodious music which floated in the air then, was so enchanting at those times 
when her lover was there. Now it is piercing her heart and burning her off, because he is 
not there to embrace her.)
PORULMAALAI YAALARAI ULLI MARULMAALAI
MAAYUMEN MAAYAA UYIR

My life which did not perish (when he left)
is dying in this enthralling evening time,
thinking about him who
left me with the intention of earning wealth.

URRRUPPU NALAN AZITHAL

LIMBS WITHERING AWAY

CHIRUMAI NAMKKOZHIYA CHETCHENRRAR ULLI
NARRUMALAR NAANIN KAN

Crying in the memory of him who went off far away
leaving me the wretched state of distress,
the eyes are feeling shameful in front of the fragrant flowers.

(All the flowers in the garden are in full bloom.
But the woman whose eyes were always like the never fading flowers when the wooed one was around, are now shrunken and have a tired look because of weeping incessantly.
Now when she walks in the garden among the fragrant flowers, her eyes look at the ground not even capable of looking at those flowers. They make her remember the pleasing events of the past and make her cry more.)
The eyes which have faded and pouring out tears, appear to expose the lack of love in the lover whom we love.

The shoulders which were swollen in joy on the day of marriage are now announcing aloud his separation.

(The tender, bamboo like shoulders are now emaciated and are looking bony and withered.)

The emaciated shoulders which lost their natural beauty also, because of the lover’s separation, have lost also their dignified look, and are allowing the excellent golden bangles to fall off.
The emaciated shoulders which lost their natural beauty,  
and with the bangles also falling off,  
are proclaiming the cruelty of the cruel one.

With the bangles falling off and the shoulders becoming thin,  
when he is accused of being cruel,  
I am unable to bear it and suffer much.

(Oh! The shoulders have become thin; bangles do not stay put on the thinned out hands;  
and everybody knows the suffering of my heart, though I never told anyone anything.  
And now they blame him for being away so long. How can I bear his name getting  
tainted! What can I do? I feel so helpless!)

O my heart! Won’t you do the noble act of conveying  
the lamentation of the thinning shoulders to that cruel one?
(Since our hearts are always united, won’t he know of my agony and how I have become
pale and emaciated? Won’t he come back soon?)

(1238)

מepamאניב סהקאמן אחקה רגצה
הארהיזףוי בכת לכות
MUYANGKIYA KAIKALAI OOKKA PASANTHATHU
PAINTHODIP PETHAI NUTHAL

When the hands that embraced loosened a little,
the forehead of the pretty girl wearing the bangles made of excellent gold,
faded off.

(The wife was so attached to her husband that when he even loosened the hands which
embraced her, she felt the pangs of separation; and her forehead turned pale in hue.)

(1239)

מפהמאניב דכאנכיי במאב במאב
כאת פכטמרוק קאה
MUYAKKIDAITH THANVALI POZHAP PASAPPURRA
PETHAI PERUMAZHAIK KAN

When in embrace, cool wind entered in-between;
and the cool big eyes of the lady turned pale in hue.

(The eyes would become pale even if the wind entered in-between them; now how can
she bear his being away for so long?)

(1240)

קאננייניב פמאפא פאווארל סתיינר
ארנתואק פיונקה קאנד
KANNIN PASAPPO PARUVARAL EYTHIINRRE
ONNUTHAL CHEYTHATU KANDU

Beholding the shining forehead of the lady turning pale in hue;
the paleness of the eyes felt distressed.
(Which were paler the most? Eyes or forehead?
Eyes accepted their defeat!
They were rather red by crying so hard!)

NENJCHODU KILATTHAL

TALKING TO ONE’S OWN HEART

(1241)

NINAITHTHONRRU CHOLLAAYO NENICHE ENAITHTHONRRUM
EVVANÖY THEERKKU MARUNTHU

Hey heart! Can you think of some medicine at least
to cure my incurable disease?

(1242)

KAATHA LAVARILAR AAGANE NQVATHU
PETHAMAI VAAZHIYEN NENICHE

O my heart, be blessed thou! Great is your foolishness!
He has no love at all; yet you grieve for him.

(1243)

IRUNTHULLI ENPARRITHAL NENICHE PARINTHULLAL
PAITHALNOY CHEYTHAAARKAN IL
Hey my heart! Why do you stay with me and suffer? The one who has caused the illness of paleness has no sympathy at all in his mind.

(1244)

Hey my heart! Take the eyes also with you, when you go to him. They eat me off wanting to see him.

(1245)

Hey my heart! Thinking that he hates me, how can I drop off him who does not love me though I love him?

(1246)

Hey my heart! When there was pretense anger, he had embraced and consoled; and you never showed then any sign of anger when you saw him. Now why are you burning in pretense anger?
(1247)

Hey my good heart!
At least discard off the love; or the shyness at least;
I am unable to hold on to both together!

(1248)

O my heart! You are naive indeed!
You are lamenting that
he has not come to show his affection with understanding
and yet are going behind him who has left me and gone.

(1249)

O my heart!
Your lover is inside the heart.
With thoughts full of him, whom are you searching outside?
THUNNAA THURRANTHAARAI NENICHATHTHUDAIIYEMAA
INNUM IZHATTHUM KAVIN

He has left me discarding my company;
yet I still have him in the heart.
The beauty of my body will fade out more now.
(His thought will keep burning me.)

NIRRAIYAZHITHAL

LOSS OF SELF-CONTROL

(And he came back!
I had no control over myself! All the anger and irritation vanished the moment I saw him!)

KAAMA KANICCHI UDAIKKUM NIRRAIYENN
NAANUTTHAAZH VEEZHTHA KATHAVU

The axe named passion breaks open the door of self-control,
which has shyness as its bolt.

(I am losing my self-control.
My shyness seems to have gone.
Passion is burning me!)
That thing called passion has no kindness at all. 
Even at night, it enslaves me and keeps me awake without rest.

I try to hide my passion; 
but it bursts out like a sneeze, even without my intention.

I had thought of myself as having self-control; 
but my passion jumps out of the hiding place and 
exposes itself in front of the crowd.
The dignified behaviour of not following the one who has left, is not known to those who are stuck by the illness of passion.

(I want to rush to him and be in his embrace; no matter what the others may think!)

What sort of a longing this is that forces me to go behind the one who left?

If the person we loved will reciprocate the same amount of passion, then we will not even know what shyness is!

(Ah! The joy of union! The world will be forgotten and we will be together at last!)
Is not the soft, sweet word of the cheat who has expertise in lying,
the army which shatters our feminine guard?

(Though I will be angry for him being away for so long, he will somehow make me pacified with more sweet lies and I will succumb to it though I know that he is lying!)

I went there only to make a tiff;
but embraced him, when my heart started joining him.

(I had decided that I would show my annoyance at his going off and turn away; but as soon as I saw him I rushed into his arms. What can I do, this idiotic heart was already with him and dragged me towards him.)

Can we who have hearts which melt like the fat in the fire,
display any pretense tiff after uniting with him?
AVARVAYIN VITHUMPAL

RUSHING TOWARDS EACH OTHER IN MAD LOVE
AFTER A LONG SEPARATION

Watching the path he trod off,
my eyes have lost their splendor and the sight has become dim.
Marking the days from when he has gone, my fingers have worn out.

Hey my friend bedecked with shining jewels!
If today, I forget him,
my shoulders will become emaciated and lose their beauty;
and the ornaments decorating them will slip off.
Desiring for success alone, he went off with enthusiasm.  
Desiring for his return, I keep myself alive still.

(1264)

Koodiya Kaamam Pirinthaar Varavullik  
Koduko Derumen Nenjhu

Discarding the joy of our union, he went off!  
Watching out for his return (to unite again),  
my heart climbs the edge f the tallest tree.

(1265)

Kaanakaman Konkanai Kannarak Kandapin  
Neengku Menthol Pasappu

I will see my beloved Lord to the full satisfaction of my eyes.  
After seeing him, the paleness of my shoulders will go off.

(1266)

Varugaman Konkan Orunaat Parugavan  
Paithal Noy Eellaam Keda

One day my Lord will return!  
I will consume him,  
with all the love-sickness of pale-hue vanishing off immediately.
(1267)

புலப்பேண்கோல் புலுவுறவு காலவர்கள் கலப்பேண்கோல்
காலானந்தன் சதையிட் முரில்

PULAPPENKOL PULLUVEN KOL KOLLO KALAPPENKOL
KANNANNA KELIR VARIN

When my lover who is like my eyes returns,
shall I pretend to be angry, or shall I embrace him,
or shall I melt off into him?

(1268)

வினைகலான்டு வெண்மீது வேண்டும் மானசகமுது
மாலை அமர்கம் விருந்து

VINAIKALANTHU VENREEGA VENTHAN MANAIKALANTHU
MAALAI AYARGAM VIRUNTHU

Let the king become victorious in his enterprise.
In the evening, let us both be together in the house, and have a feast.

(1269)

ஒருநாள் எழனால்போல் செல்லும்சேண்ட் சென்றார்
சென்றார்கமுப் சுற்றுப் பவர்க்கு

ORUNAAL EZHANAALPOL CHELLUMCHEN CHENRRAAR
VARUNAAL VAITH THENGU PAVARKKU

One day passes like seven days for those
who long for the return of the lover who has gone far off.
If the heart breaks away pining like this, what matters if the union will be gained, or is gained, or is fulfilled?

UNDERSTANDING THE GESTURES

(HER HUSBAND UNDERSTANDS HER GESTURES)

Even if you hide (your feelings), your eyes decorated with collirium, go out of control, and have something to convey!

(My dear wife! You may pretend to be angry with me; but your love and passion oozes out of your eyes.)
My beloved has shoulders like the tender bamboo 
and her beauty completely fills my eyes. 
Her beauty oozing out all the characters of a female, 
is par excellence.

(1273)

Like the thread concealed in the pearl garland, 
there is something held concealed in this girl's beauty. 

(She looks so pretty; her beauty enthralls me like faultless garland of pearls; but still I see some hidden anxiety and apprehension that is concealed behind all her outward movements. I do understand her inner torment; her unexpressed pain of separation.)

(1274)

Like the fragrance held within by the blooming bud, 
there is something hiding in the budding smile of my beloved. 

(I can see her overwhelming happiness at my sight. She is bursting with the desire to embrace me with all love; but her natural feminine shyness holds her back. I see her budding smile which wants to blossom into joyous laughter when in my embrace. Her intense love for me, she hides in her heart like the bud hiding the fragrance.)
The mischief hidden in the secret glance of my beloved who wears closely-set bangles, contains the medicine for curing the deep agony in my heart.

(I also have suffered immensely the lack of her company. Like a woman, I cannot even express it to others. Now seeing my beloved waiting eagerly to fall into my arms, all my agony is vanishing off like the disease by a magical cure.)

(HIS WIFE IS AFRAID OF THE SEPARATION THAT FOLLOWS THE UNION)

The union where abundant love is displayed, predicts the painful separation only, where no love will be there.

(HIS WIFE IS AFRAID OF THE SEPARATION THAT FOLLOWS THE UNION)
The bangles understood even before me
the distraction shown by my lover who owns the cool harbors.

(What thoughts are in his mind now? Is he thinking again about the work and leaving the
town? Already I can feel my body becoming emaciated and the bangles are slipping off
beforehand itself!)
Conveying the illness caused by passion through the eyes which plead, 
adds more feminine quality to a woman.

(She did not speak out any word; but pleaded with her eyes. 
All her feminine nature was in full bloom at that moment; and the man’s heart melted in 
love.)

LONGING FOR UNION

(SWEET LOVE)

Joy when thought of; 
happiness when seen, 
belong to love only; not to the toddy.

(When the lovers were separated, they always thought of each other and felt the joy; now 
when they saw each other after a separation period, the happiness was immense. 
Love, though intoxicating, is not like toddy or liquor which gives joy only when 
consumed. Love is blissful at all times; and is not dependent on physical contact only. 
Toddy is injurious to health and corrupts the mind; whereas love purifies the mind and 
adds enthusiasm in life.)
(WIFE THINKS)

(1282)

If the passion equals a (tall) Palmyra tree,
then there should not be even a millet size of pretense anger.

(I do not want to be angry with him at all even for pretense.
I want to unite with him without wasting a second even.
My passion cannot wait anymore.)

(1283)

Though he does not desire my company and does what he wants,
my eyes do not feel content without seeing my Lord.

(I do not mind his going off again and again to attend to his work; but my eyes cannot feel their fulfillment unless they see him.
No! I cannot be angry with him at all! He is my very life!
He can do whatever he likes; but, for me, I like to be always in his company.)

(1284)
Friend! I went there to make a pretense of anger; but my heart forgot that purpose and went to unite with him.

(I was angry, irritated, annoyed and wanted to feign anger at his absence; but as soon I saw him, all that anger was forgotten and my heart overflowed with love for him. How can I ever show even pretense anger to the one I love so much?)

(1285)

When collirium gets applied, the eyes do not see that stick; when I directly see my husband, I do not see any fault of his.

(The stick with which the collirium is applied is never seen by the eye; but the stick only decorates the eye. This husband of mine alone adds beauty to my eyes with his sight. Without seeing the eyes fade away in distress. How can I find fault with him?)

(1286)

When I see him, I do not see any fault of his.
When I do not see him, I do not see any faultless actions of his.
Like jumping into the stream though the flooding waters will carry you off, what use is there in pretense anger when it is sure to have no effect?

(When my mind is flooding with passion and love, what use is in my pretense love-fight? I cannot hide my inner love and pretend to be angry with my dear husband.)

Though it brings painful states of disgrace, tody attracts those who drink it to want it more and more. You deceitful thief! Your wide chest is such that!

(His wide chest is dragging me to him like flood waters. I cannot even hold myself a second more and pretend to turn away from him in false show of anger. I do not mind if I am the one who accepts the defeat and rush to him to fall into his arms. Who cares? The intoxication of his company is too great to bother about showing off my anger to punish him.)
Love is tender than a flower.
Only a few know this and benefit thereof!

(When pure love is there, can you ever get annoyed with the one who you love? Where can be misunderstanding and anger have place between lovers who understand each other?
Can a flower be ever hard?
Can love be ever angry?
If anger is there, then that is not love; but selfish attachment.
Only few know the nature of pure love; and get to enjoy its bliss; others just pretend to love but are in pain always.)

(HUSBAND SAYS)

(1290)

காண்பதில்லை குறுகிக்குநர் கைவேற்று பெருமையுடன்
காண்பதில்லை கைவேற்று பெருமையுடன்

KANNIN THUNITTHE KALANGINAAL PULLUTHAL
ENNINUM THAANVITHUPPURRU

She feigned anger in the eyes;
but rushed forward to embrace,
displaying more passion than me.

(When the wife saw her husband, she surely wanted to feign anger and carried the feeling in her eyes; but as soon as she saw him, she just rushed towards him with overflowing love and passion. The husband who was wondering how to pacify his annoyed wife was in for a pleasant surprise when his wife did not even utter one harsh word, but embraced him instead. Can love ever give pain?)
RENJCHUDU PULATTHAL

REBUKING THE HEART FOR RUSHING TOWARDS THE HEARTLESS LOVER

(1291)

AVARNENJC CHAVARKKAATHAL KANDUM EVAN NENCHE NEEYEMAK KAAKAATHATHU

Hey my heart!
You are seeing that his heart always supports him;
then why do you not support me?

(Hey my heart! He goes off whenever he wants, leaving me to suffer here alone. His heart always co-operates with him. But you..? you can’t even be angry with him, even for namesake, for a moment also! Have you forgotten all the pains you had to endure when he was away?)

(1292)

URRAA A THAVARKKANDA KANNUM AVARAICH CHERRAA ARENACH CHERRIYEN NENJCHU

Hey my heart!
Though you are aware that he has no love for me,
you are going after him thinking that he will not be annoyed!

(Hey my heart! he had no love for me all these days! He was happily engaged in his own work of acquiring wealth. as soon as he comes, you are rushing towards him, dragging the body also with you. Suppose he has no thoughts of love and gets annoyed by your act..? Hold on my heart, hold on!)
Hey my heart! Is it because those who are ruined have no friends, that you are also deserting me and as per your wish going off after him only?

Hey my heart! You will feign anger; but will not gain the benefit thereof. Who will confide all these to you anymore?

(My heart! You had decided to feign anger; but the moment you see him, you are flooding with love! How can anyone trust you?)

It fears his not coming; if he comes, it fears his separation. My heart is always in agony!
1296

தனியே இருந்து நமது கைகளால் வன்றுக் காட்டியது நீந்து இருந்து விளக்குமிகு நீந்து

THANIYE IRUNTHU NINAITTHAKKAAL ENNAITH
THINITA Y IRUNTHATHEN NENJU

When I was alone and thought of him (his faults),
my heart tortured me as if eating me off!
(I was so angry and irritated.
I could not hide my love also; my body became emaciated and thin.
I just wanted to run off to him wherever he was!)

1297

நானும் மார்பாறவேன் அவர்மார்க் கல்லாவேன்
மாணா மட்ளிசேரி பாடு

NAANUM MARRANTHEN AVARMARRAK KALLAAVEN
MAANAA MADANENCHIRR PATTU

I forgot the shyness also,
by the contact of my foolish unstable heart which could not forget him!
(Now when I see him, I have abandoned all my shyness that belongs to virtuous women,
and rushing forward to embrace him along with this foolish heart.)

1298

எளியாயிற்றாம் எல்லாம்பால் என்றுண்டு அமர்ந்தது
உல்லு சிறைக்காதல் நீந்து

ELLIN ILVAAMEN RRENNI AVARTHIRAM
ULLUM UYIRKKAATHAL NENJU

My heart which loves the life,
thinks of his virtues only,
since blaming him will result in its own disgrace.
(My heart is alive because of thinking about his good nature. How can it find fault with him? How can it ever love a man with faults? How can it maintain pretense anger even against him who keeps it beating and prevents its death? My heart loves life; and he is its life!)

(1299)

(1300)

(The wife tries hard to show her annoyance at her husband for being away for so long. She knows that he will also be troubled by passion and will want to embrace her; but she wants to punish him for his act of leaving her, by delaying the union. He will fall at her feet; console her; ask forgiveness; shower her with gifts; and then only she will reluctantly forgive him and allow him to embrace her! What joy will it be to show false anger and unite in love later!)
Do not embrace him so fast; feign anger!
Let us watch the torment he undergoes because of his passion.

The feigned anger is like the salt.
If it increases even a little, it will be too much of the salt.

If the lover does not remove the cause of the anger
and embrace her with love,
then it is like making the suffering person suffer more.

(If the husband does not understand that she is feigning the whole act of anger; and pacify her, then the wife will suffer more! All her expectations will become futile!)
If one does not understand and reconcile with the beloved who feigns anger, then it is like cutting at the base of the creeper which has dried up without water.

(The wife is already like a creeper which has dried up without the sprinkling of love-waters. Her anger is not real; it is just an expression of her love only. If the husband does not understand it and pacify her, then it is like cutting the root of the dried up creeper. She will collapse into deathlike state by the pain.)

The feigned anger that rises in the mind of the lady with flower-like eyes, adds beauty to the men who are already adorned with many virtues.

(Husbands do not lose their dignity if they pacify the angry wife. It is not a taint on their manliness. Pretending to act forgiveness from their beloved, they actually shine with one more virtue and are to be commended.)
If sulking acts and feigned angers are not there, then, love will be either like the over-ripe fruit or the bitter unripe fruit.

(A fruit if over-sweet tastes horrible; if it is not ripe also it is not tasty. A little amount of its sourness in the fruit adds to the taste of the ripened fruit. So also, love - if it is without these small quarrels and pretended fights, will lose its charm.)

Since there is the apprehension that the time spent together will be lessened, there will be some pain for the lovers when tiffs are there.

(Of course, a little amount of stress will be there in such things. The husband comes home eagerly to embrace his wife and she turns away as if annoyed with him. Time gets spent in pacifying and conciliating.)
If the lover who feels pain for us is not there, what is the point of suffering?

(The wife tries to express her suffering through such pretense anger, thinking that her husband will understand her feelings. Otherwise why will he act like that?)

(1309)

NEERUM NIZHALA THINITHE PULAVIYUM VEEZHANAR KANNE INITHU

Water found under the shade is nice and cool. So also, love-quarrel also is the cause of joy only, for the loving couple.

(1310)

OODAL UNANGKA VIDUVAARO DENNENJCHAM KOODUDEM ENPA THAVAA

When I am languishing feigning false anger, my heart wants to join him, who is not doing any reconciliation; it has too much expectation!

(If the lover does not do any pacifying act, the wife will be disappointed.)
FINENESS OF THE FEIGNED ANGER

(This is how the loving wife feigns anger; and the loving husband reacts.)

(1311)

Hey you womanizer!
All those who have feminine charms
enjoy you with their eyes, as if you a common object for them all;
so I will not embrace your (tainted) chest!

(She praises his handsome disposition and conveys to him that he belongs only to her; though she seems to be blaming him for his beauty.)

(SHE SAYS)

(1312)

When I did not exchange any words
with him feigning anger,
he sneezed; knowing very well that I will immediately say
‘live thou long’!
(The husband is very clever! When she wouldn’t talk to him, he pretended to sneeze, knowing very well that she will break her silence then and say ‘Live thou long’!)

[HOW THE WIFE SHOWED HER ANGER, THE LOVER EXPLAINS]

(1313)

Even if I wear the garland made of flowers blooming on the branches, she will show anger saying, ‘You wore them to exhibit your beauty to some other girl’.

(1314)

I said-
‘We love each other more than anyone else’; she immediately got annoyed and was asking. ‘More than whom?’ ‘More than whom?’

(1315)

I said-
‘We love each other more than anyone else’; she immediately got annoyed and was asking. ‘More than whom?’ ‘More than whom?’
I said-
‘We will never separate in this birth; her eyes brimmed with tears.
(as if asking - ‘what about other births?’)

I said-
‘I remembered you’! ‘Why did you forget me?’ so saying
she showed anger, without embracing me!

I sneezed! She wished me well!
Then she left that matter alone, and started to cry with annoyance,
saying- ‘Who thought of you now to make you sneeze?’

I controlled my sneeze; then also she cried;
‘Are you hiding the fact that some other woman you know,
is thinking of you?’
Even if I reconcile with her and make love to her, she will still get angry, saying-
‘You act the same with other women also!’

Even if I think only of her and look at her, she will still get angry, saying-
‘You looked all over me! Whom were you comparing me with?’

Though he has no fault as such, pretence anger can make him love me more.
The slight agony caused by such a tiff, though fades the sincere love of the love, a little, is still worth the trouble.

Is there a heaven which gives more joy than that got by feigning anger at the lover whose love is like the water mixing with the earth.

The army which breaks my heart is in the love-tiff which makes me not to leave after embracing him.
Though fault-less, there is some special joy when one becomes a victim of the beloved’s anger and remains separated from the soft shoulders.

More than eating food, its digestion gives more joy. So also, separation through feigned quarrel is joyous than passionate union.

In this love-quarrel, the defeated alone becomes the winner; that gets proved when they unite together.
Will we again get the chance to have a feigned fight, to get the joy of the union where her fore-head is covered by sweat!

Let the beloved adorned by shining ornaments again feign anger. Let the night get prolonged, so that I can plead with her.

Feigning a fight adds joy to the passion. If the two embrace and make love, then that is the joy of the feigned fight.
KAAMATTHUPPAAL

SECTION ON KAAMA IS COMPLETE
(1081 to 1330)

[TIRUKKURAL]
IS
[COMPLETE]

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi, also known as Tejaswini in her ascetic life spent most of her life in the Himalayan terrain, engaged in the penance of knowledge. She is well-versed in all philosophies and is a scholar in Sanskrit language. Her mission life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth.