Tiruvalluvar Statue at Kanya Kumari in Tamil Nadu

Valluvar Picture Source: http://www.tamilnation.org

Dedicated to Prof. Zvelebil on Jan 19, 09

The Thirukural, one of the great books of the world, one of those singular emanations of the human heart and spirit which preach positive love and forgiveness and peace. --Prof. Dr. Kamil Vaclav Zvelebil. Sep 17, 1927 - Jan 17, 2009. Notes: Jan 19, 09

Tirukkural by Tiruvalluvar (lived sometime between the 2nd century BC and the 8th century AD)

Valluvar is the author of this monumental work. As an introduction to the author and his work, I will be offering what many Tamils, Indians and foreigners think of him and his work, interspersed with my own thoughts.

Tirukkural = Tiru + Kural = sacred + short composition.

Valluvar, as Tamils call him endearingly, walked the earth (now known as Mylapore [peacock town], part of Madras or Chennai) a few centuries before
Jesus Christ, was born. His birth is in the mist of ancient Tamil history. The Christian adorers of Valluvar imagine that he could have walked easily the beaches of Madras with Jesus Christ. G.U.Pope observes that much of its teaching is an echo of the Sermon on the Mount. Since Valluvar lived before Christ, it is other way around. He was a weaver by profession and married Vasuki, an epitomic wife.

The Sikh community is of the belief that Tirukkural of Valluvar and Guru Granth Sahib of Guru Nanak have much in common.

Pope has a grudging appreciation of artful sequencing of words chock-full of the dialect of Tamil allows every kind and any line is often little else than a crude forms artfully orul and Inbam (virtue, wealth and love). There are in each chapter and in all 1330 couplets, distich, maxim, short strophe, epigram. Kural is cognate with Sanskrit Kurr, Latin curt-us and Greek Kelp. It is said that he submitted his work to Sangam.

His attitude towards god, man and other beings is universal; there are no sectarian overtones; that is the reason why many religions and sects see themselves or their own reflections in Tirukkural. His god can easily be the Lord, Allah, Adonai, Bhagavan or any other conceivable Supreme Entity. It is a book for all ages and eons; it encompasses life in all its aspects; the wisdom is deep and diverse and applicable to all castes, races, cultures, beliefs, and politics. It is non-sectarian nectar in its pure form.

On top of all that, just look at the Tamil letters; you can sit here and look at them all day long; you will never be satiated; they have such beauty and roundedness about them. Tamil letters and words just drip with honey. Go to http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tamil_script

The Tamil script is a reflection of the Tamil mind, pure, rounded, perfectly angled, diverse, sophisticated, settled, knowledgeable, esthetic....

வள்ளுவன் தன் தன்னை உலகினுக்கக தந்து வான் புகழ் ககாண்ட தமிழ்நாடு -- Subramaniya Bharati.

Valluvan gave himself to this world; thus Tamil Country attains true and great heavenly fame.
"இனைவன் மைிதனுக்குச் கான்ைது
மைிதன் இனைவனுக்குச் கான்ைது
மைிதன் மைிதனுக்குச் கான்ைது

- Dr.S.Jayabarathi in an Introduction to Thirukkural

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<th>To man What God said is Gita.</th>
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**Love in Tamil Country.**

This article is based on Tiruvalluvar's look on Love; virtue & wealth are not in this piece.

- திருக்குைள் - காமத்துப்பால் = Tirukkural -- Treatise on Love.

**Tirukkural by Tiruvalluvar**

Treatise on Love is about the budding, maturing, consummating relationship; private thoughts on their experiences without disclosure to each other; public display of their togetherness; loss of privacy; gossiping by the community; discovery of their secret love affair; riding the palmyra wooden horse; lover leaving home on business; inability to suffer separation; languishment from separation of the lover; loss of luster in her puffy teary eyes; ashen-grey color (sallowness) of her skin from separation ordeal; her constant ruminations and worry about the welfare of her lover away from home; rummaging in the mind for forgotten thoughts and private moments; dreaming about her lover in sleep, and waking up; the tyranny of lonely nights and loss of union; pining for union; languishing body parts from lack of care and loss of sleep, and failure to pretty up in the absence of the lover; mental soliloquy; loss of patience and inability to control sexual impulses; living on memories; meeting, mating, intimating and talking eyes upon lover’s return; her confiding to her friend as to her happiness and urgency for union with her lover; mental agony that her lover is not in a hurry for union immediately upon his arrival and feeling of self-reproach in her mind; the fake-out by her; her eyes speak of love sickness; her boldness in pressing her lover for union; lover asking her to wait; her mental imagery of fake refusal upon his readiness; and separation sharpens their desire for union.
Eons ago, in Tamil country love was the glorified norm; girl meets boy and then they marry. This practice waned, stopped and was stamped out; arranged marriages are still the norm. But India is changing; the incidence of so-called love-marriage as is the custom in the west is taking its nascent roots in the Tamil society and all over India especially where the work-place contact between genders in youth is the norm.

Compare "Inbam" with The Song of Songs in the Bible: The Song of Songs is thought by some to be an allegorical representation of the relationship of God and Israel as husband and wife. Literally, however, the main characters of the Song are simply a woman and a man, and the poem suggests movement from courtship to consummation. It is one of the shortest books in the Bible, consisting of only 117 verses. According to Ashkenazi tradition, it is read on the Sabbath that falls during the intermediate days of Passover. In the Sephardi Jewish community it is recited every Friday night. --Wikipedia

Tirukkural was composed during Sangam period (500-200 BC) according to some students of Tamil history. Rajaji says that Kural belongs to a period anterior to 2nd century CE. Some scholars put it in the 1st century BC. Some put the date between 200 BC to 800 CE. G.U.Pope puts the date between CE 800 to 1000. Rajaji says that he was not a Jain. Pope believes strongly that Christ's teachings influenced Valluvar's composition. Pope also believes (wrongly, but due respect to him is compelling.) that Bhakti (devotion) was an invention of Christianity and spread to India. Many sects claim that each one of them has a special relationship with Valluvar's work; that speaks of the immeasurable wealth contained in the couplets.

Thirukkural was written by Thiruvalluvar, who is believed to have born 30 years before Jesus Christ. The Tamil Calendar is dated from that period and referred as Thiruvalluvar Aandu (Year). We find Thiruvalluvar as a moral philosopher, political scientist and master of public administration in the first two parts of Thirukkkural. We find him to be a creative artist in the third part, depicting the fascinating aspects of lovers.

http://www.tn.gov.in/literature/thiruvalluvar/thiruvalluvar.htm

One thing all of them could not claim is his race. He is a Pakkā Tamil. Valluvar did not touch on the subject of Moksa (liberation) because, Pope observes that people were not ready for higher teaching! He says, "Tamil race preserves many of its old virtues, and has the promise of a noble future." Since Valluvar taught humility, charity, and forgiveness of injuries (the very Christian qualities) and earned in the mind of Pope the adulation
"We may call this Tamil poet Christian." Sir A. Grant calls the Tamils as essentially moral and noble race; it is so because Tamils grew up in the shadow of Valluvar. Pope admits that he "tried to reproduce the rhythm in many cases, but I could not retain the inimitable grace, condensation and point of the original." He compares the composition to a mosaic of colored glasses, gold, and precious stones. One has to walk around to catch it in all lights, take hints, revel in its revelations, enjoy the ruminations, hold on to its symbolism and enjoy sometimes grotesque and frequently quaint and rare beauty.

This piece is exclusively on Love as depicted in these verses by Valluvar.

கமத்துப்பால் = Treatise on Sexual love. Verses 1081-1330.

களவியல் = Surreptitious Love. Verses 1081-1150.

கற்பியல் = Monogamous Marital bliss. Verses 1151-1330.

The numbers indicate the original chapter sequence.

Chapters on Love from 109 to 133

Chapter 109) Blossoming of carnal desire,

Chapter 110) Cognition of the cues,

Chapter 111) Joy of consortium,

Chapter 112) Beauty Extolled,

Chapter 113) Love's Grandeur or excellence,

Chapter 114) Abandonment of Reserve

Chapter 115) Rumor Mongering

Chapter 116) Pangs of Separation

Chapter 117) Languishing and Languor

Chapter 118) Blurred eyes from wistful gazing

Chapter 119) Separation-Sallowness-Sorrow
Chapter 120) Loneliness and excessive pining

Chapter 121) Ruminant Lamentation

Chapter 122) Utterance of the Nature of Dream

Chapter 123) Eventide Bemoaning (lover's absence)

Chapter 124) Languishment of body and limbs

Chapter 125) Talking to the Heart

Chapter 126) Loss of Reserve (of the girl)

Chapter 127) Hankering after and Hastening towards each other

Chapter 128) Mutual Reading of Cues

Chapter 129) Longing for Consortium

Chapter 130) Rebuке of the Heart (because of her hastiness for embrace and consortium)

Chapter 131) Coyness

Chapter 132) Subtlety and Feigned dislike of consortium

Chapter 133) Fondness for love-quarrel

Section 116. மூச்சுவடையல் = Pangs of Separation.

Under the Division Treatise of Love (காமத்துப்பால்), this section deals with

Surreptitious Love & Secret Tryst.

அணங்கு = Surreptitious Love.

Section 109. தனகயணங்குறுத்தல் = தன் + அணங்கு + உறுத்தல் = Beauty + Desire + Induction. Induction of Carnal Desire.

Boy sees girl.

Verse 1081. Is she a goddess or a peacock?

உலகமான கேள்வு நீங்குவாங்கிய இல்லையமறாவ கூடாய்

மாதம் கேள்வு மாடையும் காடு நிற்கு. 1081
This form that stands before me: Is she a goddess! Is she a select Peacock! is she the foremost beauty among women decked with exquisite earrings. Is it the earrings that make her more beautiful or is it she who makes the earrings more beautiful? I am perplexed, O mind. Yes, she is looking at me; those eyes pierce my heart. Krishnaraj

Verse 1082. Her look pierces (my heart) and my life ebbs.

Is it the earrings that make her more beautiful or is it she who makes the earrings more beautiful? I am perplexed, O mind. Yes, she is looking at me; those eyes pierce my heart. Krishnaraj

Verse 1083. Beauty in the form of two eyes causes palpitation.

I never knew what Death was. Now I know. Her beauty came in the form of two eyes and caused me distress. Krishnaraj

Verse 1084. The beauty, the innocence and the eyes.

I am the seer; she is the looker. The looks are gnawing at my soul. And yet my soul pines for her. The beauty, the innocence (of her age), and the killer eyes: how could they ever come together? Krishnaraj

Verse 1085. This belle is Death, Eyes, and Doe.

Is it Death? Are they mere eyes? Is it a doe? This belle has all three in her. Krishnaraj

Verse 1086. Her eyelashes conceal her eyes.

The curvature of her eyebrows are more convex than before, with her long eyelashes concealing the eyes a wee bit. (Her eyebrows tighten their bow-strings with eyelashes hiding her eyes.) Now her eyes do not cause fear in me. Krishnaraj

Verse 1087. The diaphanous veil over her gravity-defying breasts

A diaphanous veil sliding on her turgid firm rising breasts (untouched by man) is not unlike the elephant's frontal bilobes with the veil. Krishnaraj
If you look at the elephant's head, at the top there are two round bumps which are compared to a woman's breasts.

Verse 1088. *My prowess lays in ruins at the feet of a beauty.*

In the battlefield, my prowess strikes fear in the enemies but sustains crushing defeat from the damsel with radiant forehead. Krishnaraj

Verse 1089. *Where beauty reigns, apparel is redundant.*

She has the doe's eyes with no malice and a look of modesty. Why then does she wear unneeded ornamentation and apparel? Her doe's benign eyes and looks of modesty are her ornaments and apparel. Why would she mar her beauty with unneeded apparel and ornaments? She kindles the burning love in me. I am all inflamed with love. I am dizzy and tipsy with love. Is her beauty some kind of love potion or intoxicant? Krishnaraj

Verse 1090. *Imbibe beauty with no ill effects.*

Evil toddy causes inebriation to the drinkers only, unlike beauty that gives joy to the onlookers. Krishnaraj

It is the difference between drinking and having fun, and looking and having fun. Liquor obtunds, while beauty transcends.

Destructive liquor causes inebriation; so also the beauty of 'jeune fille' with a difference. Inebriation comes with liquor to the imbibers only. Pure joy comes to all imbibers of beauty (with eyes). Liquor causes joy, destruction and numbness. Beauty causes pure joy. Liquor-induced joy comes only with drinking; that joy, when it comes, causes destruction. The beauty-induced joyous love comes just by imbibing with eyes and does not cause destruction. Krishnaraj

**Section 110.** *कुैிप्पैितल = Cognition of the cues.*

Verse 1091. *Her looks cause and cure love sickness.*
Two looks sport in her beguiling collyrium-laden eyes. One look causes love sickness. Another look is the cure for love sickness. Krishnaraj

Collyrium = eye shadow.

**Verse 1092. Her furtive glance from narrow eyes speaks of love.**

**Verse 1093. Furtive glance and bowing head are signs of love.**

**Verse 1094. Trading furtive glances.**

**Verse 1095. Giving Cues and getting ready for encounter.**

(As I look at her, she looks at the earth. When I look not, she looks [at me] smiling softly.) Krishnaraj
First it was furtive glance; later alternately casting of glances with a smile and looking down, now smiling with sidelong glances: all these are cues for consensual encounter.

Verse 1096. **Barring her disinterested tone and hearing no words of anger, I feel her desire to know me.**

Verse 1097. **Camouflage of love sickness.**

Verse 1098. **Her consent is a faint smile of affection on her lips.**

Verse 1099. **Indifferent looks are the nature of lovers.**

Verse 1100. **Eyes meet and words go silent.**
When the lovers' eyes meet and reciprocate love, the words are redundant. Krishnaraj

**Section 111.** புணர்ச்ிமகிழ்தல் = Enjoying the embrace and union.

These verse are one-sided in the sense that the male only relates his experience and the female keeps her experience hidden in her heart on account of modesty. Many authors translate புணர்ச்ிம as embrace. It literal meaning is union or coitus; புணர்ச்ிம (punarchi) is poetic; coitus is prosaic. Krishnaraj

Verse 1101. *Five senses and five pleasures.*

கண்டு கக்கட்டு உண்டு உயிர்த்து உறையும் ஐம்புலனும்

Verse 1101

The pleasures gained by seeing with the eyes, hearing with the ears, consuming with the mouth, smelling with the nose, touching with the body abide in the bangled belle. Krishnaraj

*banged* = bangle-wearing.

The lover says, my eyes imbibed the beauty of her body; my ears enjoyed her mellifluous voice; my mouth tasted the petal-soft sweetness of her lotus lips; my nose enjoyed the divine smells of the flowers and her body; and my sense of touch enjoyed holding her in embrace. Thus all his five senses are fully deployed to enjoy her as much as she enjoyed him, though her experience is written in her heart and not read on her lips. Krishnaraj

Verse 1102. *A belle is the cause and cure for the disease.*

பிணிக்கு மருந்து பிணையை அணியினை

Verse 1102

Diseases have counter cures. A belle decked with beautiful jewels caused the cure for the disease she induced. Krishnaraj

Valluvar says that the cure runs counter to the cause of the disease. If a person is bitten by snake, the physician administers anti-venom. If the person has fever, one has to counter the fever with wet towels. This is not so for the disease caused by belle decked with beautiful jewels; she herself is the cure for the love sickness caused by her. She is the disease and the cure. Krishnaraj

It is common for the poets to call sensual pleasure as ‘little pleasures (ிறற்ைின்பம்)’. If this is little pleasure, where else I can get the "Great pleasure
"Here Great Pleasure refers to the Bliss of Liberation from the cycle of births and rebirths. Orgasm is the little pleasure; Beatitude is Great Pleasure. We the people enjoy little pleasure, while Yogis enjoy Great pleasure. Krishnaraj

Verse 1103. Embracing his lover with soft shoulders is the ultimate bliss.

How could the Heaven of Tirumal be better?

Krishnaraj

Verse 1103. Embracing his lover with soft shoulders is the ultimate bliss. How could the Heaven of Tirumal be better?

Knowing the pleasure of embracing the soft shoulders of my lover while laying down, is the world of lotus-eyed Vishnu more pleasurable? Krishnaraj

The world of Vishnu or Tirumal is Vaikuntam or Paramapadam, the Vaishnava Heaven. There were many religions at the time of Valluvar. They were (are) SriVaishnavam, Saivam, Buddhism, Jainism, Dvaitam, Advaitam. Tirumal is always described as Lotus-eyed Lord. He was the only one to hold that honor. His world is Vaikuntam or Paramapadam, where the liberated souls enjoy Heavenly Bliss and get to embrace the Lord with lotus eyes. Embracing or union is symbolic of merger of the individual soul with the Universal soul. Union with the Lord is the ultimate Bliss. But our earth-bound lover opines that embracing or union in physical plane with his lover is the only bliss he has enjoyed in his life. He has not enjoyed the Heavenly Bliss and so he considers that the ultimate bliss is here on earth while he is in conjugate (or is it conjugal?) embrace on the soft shoulders of his lover. Krishnaraj

Verse 1104. Paradoxical cool and heat of the Fire of Love.

Paradoxical cool and heat of the Fire of Love.

Going further away from her causes heat; getting closer to her offers coolness. Wherefrom did she obtain this kind of fire (Fire of love)?

My lover's body has the Fire of Love which is paradoxical in the sense as I get closer to the Fire, I feel the cool and as I get further away I feel the heat.

Krishnaraj

Verse 1105. Soft cheeks, a source of all sensual pleasures.

Soft cheeks, a source of all sensual pleasures.

My lover's body has the Fire of Love which is paradoxical in the sense as I get closer to the Fire, I feel the cool and as I get further away I feel the heat.

Krishnaraj
The shoulders of my lover with the petal-soft cheeks offers me forthwith any and all kinds of pleasures commensurate with my desires. Krishnaraj

Here Valluvar says that the lover looks, smells, caresses, strokes, tastes, love-bites her petal-soft cheeks, which offer pleasures commensurate with his wish and act. He enjoys a beautiful cheeks by sight, the divine smell by his nose, the softness of her cheeks by his strokes and caresses, and the imagined taste of fruits by love-bites. Thus the cheeks offers up all pleasures as desired. Krishnaraj

Verse 1106. **Ambrosial shoulders sends bolts of frisson.**

Verse 1107. **O My! embracing is self-perpetuating bliss that draws sustenance from the body.**

Verse 1108. **Our Embrace is air-tight.**

This verse is full of ellipses and thus various commentators give many different interpretations. Some of them are way out of context and very contrived.

Verse 1108. **Our Embrace is air-tight.**

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- Ambrosial = Ambrosia
- Shoulder = shoulders
- Sustain = sustenance
- Embrace = embracing
- My-my = My! My!
The embrace is so close and tight that there is no air to split us apart; that is the sweetness shared by loving couple. Krishnaraj

Verse 1109. Separation, rising fervor, and reunion are the endless amorous cycle for the lovers.

Separation, rising fervor, and reunion are love's rewards that the lovers gain.

Alternate interpretation:

Love quarrel, rising passion and reunion are love's rewards that the lovers gain.

Separation, rising fervor, and reunion are the endless amorous cycle for the lovers that keeps on giving without a pause. Krishnaraj

Verse 1110. Every union is a new discovery in love.

Every time union with the jeweled belle takes place, that love is anew as if it is learning something new that remained unknown or undiscovered. . Krishnaraj

Section 112. Beauty extolled. Beauty. to laud, to extol; to speak or explain.

Verse 1111. O Anichcham flower! My love is more delicate than you are.

O Anichcham flower! May you prosper! Though you are delicate, my love is softer than you. Krishnaraj

Verse 1112. Silent soliloquy: Garden flowers are no match to my love's flower-eyes.
O Mind! on seeing blossoms on public display for many to see, you are perplexed by comparing them to my love's eyes. Krishnaraj

The gregarious blossoms in the garden and on public display are enjoyed by many by sight, smell, touch, and eye-embrace. My love's eyes are for me only to see, smell, touch, and embrace eye-to-eye. Those ordinary garden flowers are not comparable to the flower-eyes of my love. O Mind! How could you ever be so confused? What a colossal misperception on your part. Krishnaraj

Verse 113. **She is a tender sprig with pearl teeth, fragrant breath, spear-like eyes and bamboo shoulders.**

Her body is like the tender sprig; her teeth are like pearls; her breath is naturally fragrant; her eyes with eyeliner are like the spears; her shoulders are like bamboo. Krishnaraj

It is common to compare women to tender sprigs, and winding and creeping vines with sinuous thunderbolt-like waists. Tamil girls are glorified for their skin tone resembling the color of tender mango leaves (a color between gold, yellow and green). The girls and married women wear sandalwood paste on their body and fragrant flowers on their jet-black tresses on a daily basis. As they walk by, you know them by the waft of fragrance that clings to the air and gently soothes your olfactory senses. Bamboo is smooth and shiny with regularly placed nodes and looks like shoulders with bony bumps. Krishnaraj

Verse 1114/1330. **Lotus flowers droop their heads in shame on seeing my love's eyes.**

The lotus flowers upon beholding the eyes of my delightfully decked love and thinking that they cannot match her eyes, droop their heads down to the earth in shame. Krishnaraj

Just imagine the skyward looking lotus flowers in a pond soaking up the sun suddenly droop their heads down in shame upon seeing the eyes of a belle. Krishnaraj
Verse 1115/1330. **The weight of the stalk of the flower on her tresses will stress her slender waist.**

This verse (1115) has lent itself for more than one meaning. Commentators interpret this verse differently, because *பனை* (Parai) means both 'word' and 'drum'. There is no word in this verse that says anything about breaking. Krishnaraj

Though my love wears the Anichcha flower without nipping the stalk, no good **words** about her waist will be sounded. Krishnaraj

Though my love wears the Anichcha flower without nipping the stalk, her (fragile) waist will break to the sound of a **drumbeat**.

My love wears on her tresses the delicate light Anichcha flower without removing the stalk or pedicle, the weight of which is heavy enough to break the fragile waist of my love to the sound of a drumbeat. Or It is a sad statement indeed about the waist of my love who wore the delicate flower with intact stalk. Krishnaraj

I doubt that Valluvar intended to say that the girl's waist broke under the weight of the flower stalk. It is more dramatic to say that her slender, fragile, sinuous and thunder-bolt-like waist broke from under the weight of the stalk of the flower to the sound of a drumbeat. It is dramatic, tragic and macabre but not poetic, auspicious, contextual and circumstantial. The drumbeat to sync with the breaking of the waist is an anomaly. Syncing of the drumbeat with an auspicious event is more normal than with a tragic event. When the young man is musing in his mind about the girl, I see no call to introduce a drumbeat syncing with the paralyzing break of the waist. What follows also does not support the premise of the drumbeat and fracture of the waist. One commentator introduces the element of fear in the lover that the waist may break from under the weight of the stalk of the flower. Krishnaraj

*மலம்* = good, fine, excellent, auspicious. *பனை* = Drum, word or statement.

Verse 1116/1330. **The stars are confused in distinguishing my love's face from the moon.**

*மடந்தும் மதியும் முகனும் அைியா*
The stars unable to see the difference between the moon and the maiden's face and confused about their relative position, stood in place. Krishnaraj

1117/1330. My love has no stains on her face unlike the blotted moon.

Does the maid have the stains like the truncated moon waxing to its full brightness and having stains? Krishnaraj

*maru* = Stain, blot, spot, especially on the moon.

The full moon has irreducible permanent stains on its face. Does the maid have the stains on her face? The answer is No.

The moon in most of its phases is defective with missing parts except at full moon. My love's face is never defective, unlike the moon. Besides, my love has no stain on her face as the moon has. Since my love's face has no defect and no stain, the stars are able to distinguish between the blotted moon and the stainless face of my love. Krishnaraj

1118/1330. O Moon, Go, get you face fixed, washed or whatever.

O Moon! If you can radiate and shine like the maiden's face, you would be loved (by some one). Then I will bless you.

O Moon!. If you can get a radiant shine like my love's, you will also become a girl worthy of love. At that point in time, I will offer my blessings to you both. Krishnaraj

1119/1330. O Moon! Once you get flower eyes and radiant face, you must not appear in public.

O Moon! If you become a maid with flower eyes and radiant face, you must not appear in public for all to see you. Krishnaraj

O Moon! You have been wandering the firmament. Many souls are looking at you. First you must have eyes like my love. You must have a stainless radiant face. Stay home and stop wandering, being looked at by a zillion...
As I enjoy my love's face and eyes, you stay home and be loved by your lover.

But you would never have eyes and radiant face like my love's. You are not going to stop strolling in the firmament. Your feet are getting callous and sore. My love has very soft soles and cannot endure to step on flower petals and downy feathers. Thus she cannot roam around like you do in the firmament. Krishnaraj

**Verse 1120/1330.** Petal and down are too hard on my love's tender feet.

Anichcha flower petals and swan's downy feathers will hurt my love's feet like the Caltrop thorn.

The Aniccha flower petals and the swan's downy feathers are very soft, though they may hurt his love's feet like a thorn. That indicates the tender soft soles of his love's feet. Krishnaraj

**Section 113: காதற் கில்லன்றல் = Love's Grandeur or excellence.**

Lovers after union and separation have mental soliloquy. Five verses depict the male's thoughts and five those of the female. Krishnaraj

**1121/1330.** Her milk-and-honey-sweet words sustain me.

Her sweet words are a mix of honey and milk that spring like water from under her pure white teeth. Krishnaraj

The welling saliva which springs and bathes her pure white teeth and which I drank during my union sustains and energizes me as milk, honey and her sweet words sustain me. Krishnaraj

**1122/1330.** We are the soul and the body; we are one.
My love with this belle is like the bond between the soul and the body.
Krishnaraj

Soul and body are the prime mover of life on earth. One without the other is unimaginable for a human being or any other being. Both are complementary. When the soul leaves the body on earth, it seeks another body; that is its nature. The soul that I am, seeks the body that is my love. One without the other is not complete. Animation of one without the other is impossible. The love that the soul has for the body is like the love I have for my damsel. Krishnaraj

1123/1330 O image of my love. Leave forthwith from the pupil of my eye.

O image of the damsel in my pupil, go away. (Because of your appropriation of the pupillary space,) there is no place for my beloved with a beautiful forehead. Krishnaraj

My love has the rightful place in the pupil of my eye; you, the image of my love, have no right to be there. O image of my love, may I gently say it to you: scram, scoot.... Krishnaraj

1124/1330 She is life of my life; her separation is death of my life.

The damsel decked in select jewels is like living for my life. On separation (from me) it is like death for my life. Krishnaraj

1125/1330. Her virtuous qualities are unforgettable.

My love with radiant desirable eyes is of virtuous conduct, which though I forget is unforgettable and I always keep thinking. Krishnaraj

1126/1330. He is such a fine dexterous lover, whom she keeps in her eyes.
He never enters my eye; he never sustains injury by the batting of my eyes. He is such a fine dexterous lover. Krishnaraj

My lover abides in the interphase between my eyes and the eyelids. He is neither inside my eye nor outside my eye. I am afraid whether I may injure him when I bat my eyelids. It is not so. He is a very fine dexterous person. Krishnaraj

She abided in the pupil of her eyes. He abides in the interphase between the eyes and the eyelids. The idea is that he is so precious to her that she keeps her lover in her eyes. He is so dexterous that he does not sustain injury by the batting of the eyelids. This is poetry at its best. His image is present on her corneas and the image does not sustain injury by the batting of her eyes. Krishnaraj

1127/1330. **Mascara, if worn, may hide my lover in my eyes.**

Since my lover is in my eyes, collyrium is not applied to my eyes. It is because I think it will hide him. Krishnaraj

I keep my lover in my eyes in and out of sight. On days I am separated from him, I do not wear any eye make-up. (Her love sickness from separation prevents her from wearing the eye make-up. Even if she wears mascara, who has the privilege to see her eyes except her lover? Another concern is that the collyrium may hide him.) My lover is in my eye, my heart, my mind, my body and my soul. Krishnaraj

1128/1330. **My lover abides in my heart and throat so I am afraid to eat hot foods.**

My lover is ever abiding in my heart (throat) so I fear eating hot foods. It is because I think it will scald him. Krishnaraj

कण्णु - Nhenju = Heart, Mind, Conscience, bosom, throat.

Nhenju is throat and the rest. It is poetical to call it heart.

It is a common custom that the whole household waits until the man of the house comes home before they eat their evening meals, which is eaten very
late in the evening, sometimes before bedtime. In a household with the couple only, the wife does not eat until her lover comes home. But she decks herself with fresh clothes and coiffure for the evening with mascara, sandalwood paste... waits for her lover to come with a string of woven flowers of fragrant Jasmine and receives him. She immediately and deftly perches the flowers on her hair. There is no public demonstrations, such as kissing, hugging, and adulatory words such honey..., unless they are in absolute privacy away from prying eyes and live by themselves, which is not the case most of the time. Krishnaraj

1129/1330. **I don't close my eyes for fear that my lover will disappear.**

*Strangers wrongly accuse him of desertion.*

I think my lover will disappear if I shut my eyes. The strangers in this place say that my lover has done me harm. Krishnaraj

I stay awake all the time fearing that if I close my eyes, my lover will disappear. The strangers and family members wrongly think that my lover has deserted me causing me sleepless nights. Krishnaraj

1130/1330. **Townspeople know nothing (diddly-squat) about my lover.**

What a heartless gossip of this townspeople. They disparage my lover as deserter, who abides in my heart with joy. Krishnaraj

These townspeople are running amuck with rampant malicious gossip that my love, my life and my joy has deserted me, though he abides in my heart in love and happiness. The gossip is that he, having had surreptitious union with her, had abandoned her causing a grievous hurt and making her ineligible for marriage to another prospective suitor. People would regard her as a used commodity and would not want to associate with her. Krishnaraj

It is not at all true. We have mutual love and respect. We are happy with each other. There is no question of desertion or lack of his love for me. Krishnaraj

**Section 114. Abandonment of Reserve**
In the previous section, the lovers had their own mental soliloquy and reminiscing, keeping their secret love under wraps. Later unable to engage in secretive union, their love transcended public scrutiny. Leaving aside the society-imposed modesty, they moved together in public view expressing their love for each other. This section deals with that stage in the saga of their love. Krishnaraj

1131/1330. **Having enjoyed premarital sex and suffering loss of consortium, the only comfort a boy has riding a Madal.**

- **மடல்** = A wooden horse made of palmyra stems on which a thwarted lover mounts to proclaim his grief and win his love.
- **மடலூர்தல்** = To ride a horse of palmyra stems, as a disappointed lover to win the girl of his love. Krishnaraj

Having experienced premarital sexual relationship, the separation is agonizing to the lover whose only comfort is riding a Madal (மடல்). Krishnaraj

In the days gone by, when the lovers are discovered, the parents urgently make arrangements to sanctify the relationship with marriage. If marriage is not possible for any reason, the boy is subjected to a ride on a wooden horse decorated with palm leaves, which makes the town know the secret love affair of the boy. The headmen of the town discreetly find out from the boy who the girl is and arrange marriage with the consent of the girl's parents. Riding the Madal is also an expression of regret and willingness to marry the girl. Krishnaraj

1132/1330. **My soul and my body desires to ride the Madal and marry the girl.**

Unable to suffer separation (from love sickness), my body and my soul leaving aside the shame (of discovery) want to ride the Madal (wooden Palmyra horse). Krishnaraj

My body and my soul cannot bear the separation from my love, though I have been discovered. I am going to leave aside the shame and take
advisement from body and soul, which say, "take the ride on Madal and marry the girl." Krishnaraj

1133/1330. I am guilty of immodesty and lechery, ready to ride the wooden Palmyra horse.

Before I had modesty and manliness; today I joined the lecherous company ready to ride the Madal. Krishnaraj

To me modesty and manliness are the things of the past. Today I am a shameless lecher ready to ride the Madal. If only my love's parents have consented for marriage, I would not be in this position. Her parents do not see a prospective son-in-law in me. My self-respect and self-image are in tatters. What am I going to do except ride the Madal? It has become a certainty for me. Krishnaraj

1134/1330. Crossing the rapids of passion to reach the shore is impossible.

Could the raft of modesty and manliness help me cross the rapids of love and take me to the shore? Krishnaraj

Modesty and manliness are the raft. The rapids of passion and love are ferocious. The raft of modesty and manliness is damaged and leaky. I cannot cross the rapids with a leaky raft, because I will certainly drown and die. So I am left with no choice but to ride the Madal, the Palmyra horse. Krishnaraj

1135/1330. My sweet gave me gifts of misery of lonely evenings and a prospect of a ride on the wooden horse.

A swirl of misery on lonely evenings and a ride on the Madal are the gifts from the belle with jeweled girdle and beautiful bangles. Krishnaraj

I am in a swirl of misery in the evenings because I am afflicted with love sickness and worry about riding the Palmyra horse. Lonely Evenings and hazy nights afflict me acutely because I do not have my love by my side. Her absence makes me brood on the humiliating looming ride on the wooden
I miss hearing the jingles of her bangles on her beautiful wrists and seeing the flashing jeweled girdle around her slender waist. Krishnaraj

1136/1330. **My lot is that I don't get a wink of sleep on account of my sweetheart. Riding the wooden horse occupies my nightmarish thoughts.**

Because of the maiden, my eyes do not close. In the middle of the night, I keep thinking of ride on the wooden Palmyra horse. Krishnaraj

1137/1330. **It is noble that a girl does not ride a wooden horse.**

Though I suffer oceanic love-misery, there is no greater noble-mindedness than a maiden who does not ride the wooden horse. Krishnaraj

The lover regrets to note that he succumbed to love and the maiden would have had greater control over her impulses. The Girls, the lover thinks, have a greater control over the sexual impulses than boys have. Having succumbed to love, I am forced to ride the Madal. Krishnaraj

Now we will find out what a girl thinks about abandoning the reserve as compared to the boy, as she entertains mental soliloquy. Krishnaraj

1138/1330. **Love sickness out of the closet and on the streets.**

The Girl thinks as follows. My love sickness has come out of hiding, though the girls are supposed to have a higher restraint over their passion and are capable of compassion.

Krishnaraj

This love sickness of mine has been in hiding in my mind and now has come out in the open for everyone to know, causing me shame and distress. My reputation is in tatters in the house among my family members and on the streets among the public.

Krishnaraj

1139/1330. **Love drives me mad.**
As if the people on the street were not in the know, my passion makes me go to the streets, look here and there and appear as if I were seized by madness. Krishnaraj

My love sickness makes me go the streets and look for my lover, hoping he will show up. Krishnaraj

1140/1330. Laughter is cheap if you don't know what love is.

On account of having not suffered love sickness and distress, the unafflicted ignoramuses laugh at me right before my eyes. Krishnaraj

Section 115. Rumor Mongering.

The townspeople engage in rumors and derision upon seeing what is perceived as the immodest couple, who come to know of the gossip-mongering public. Five verses are the voice of the boy and five are the girl's. Krishnaraj

1141/1330. Barring rumors, my life is steady.

As the rumors rise and spread, my life stands steady. By Grace, many do not know that fact. Krishnaraj

I know that there is a rumor going around about me and the girl. I kept wondering whether the girl has forgotten me after our surreptitious trysts have ended. I even thought I will end my life if I do not rejoin her. The rumor that she goes out in the streets like a crazed person, abandoning her modesty and looking for me is good news to me. My thoughts of suicide on failure to rejoin her are unknown to the townspeople, which makes me very happy indeed. All the news about me and my sweetheart are out on the streets; there is nothing more for them to know. Krishnaraj

1142/1330. This town has cast derision one, not knowing the excellent qualities of my sweetheart.
Not knowing the excellent qualities of my sweetheart with flower-like eyes, this town has cast derision on me. Krishnaraj

1143/1330. This gossip has done me right because I feel I attained what I intended to get.

The deriding speech of the town’s gossip makes me feel as if I gained what otherwise is unattainable. Is the gossip unfair? Krishnaraj

This gossip has done me right because I feel I attained what I intended to get.

1144/1330. Deriding gossip made my love invigorating.

The deriding gossip grew my love; without it, its nature would have waned and become bland. Krishnaraj

Despite our love came into the public view and scrutiny, it thrived and flourished; otherwise its nature would be lost and become insipid. Krishnaraj

1145/1330. Love is inebriating.

As inebriation with the liquor increases one's craving for more, so does passion revealed by gossip increases desire and sweetness. Krishnaraj

Liquor induces inebriation, which feeds on more liquor feeding on more inebriation. The experience of inebriation induces desire for liquor. Any gossip about his drunkenness does not diminish or abolish his drinking, but his love for liquor increases. More he imbibes, more he gets high; higher he gets, more he drinks. Krishnaraj

So is love and passion, which once experienced enhances the desire for more of the same. As the town gets thicker with gossip, my love for my sweetheart thickens and gives me greater and greater pleasure. I welcome this gossip, which whetted my love for my sweetheart. Krishnaraj

1146/1330. One embrace too many: the gossip that swallowed the town as the mythical snake swallows the moon on eclipse.
I embraced my love only once. Yet the gossip is as if the moon was being swallowed by the mythical snake. Krishnaraj

I united with my love only once. What of it? The eclipse of the moon happens once a month and the enveloping dark night falls as the mythical snake RAhu swallows the moon. That is the dark night of lunar eclipse. One encounter is all that took for the derisive gossip to seize and swallow the town as Rahu does to the moon. Krishnaraj

1147/1330. **My love sickness grows on the manure of public scandal and water of harsh words of my mother.**

The town gossip is the manure; mother's words are the water; thus this disease grows.

Krishnaraj

My love sickness derives its nutrition from the manure of town gossip and the water from my mother's harsh words. Krishnaraj

Look girl!, I can't go out without someone talking about your love affair with that boy. I had it with you. How could you do this to us? People in the bazaar make snide remarks; some say things right on my face; some giggle; some look at me with side glances and quizzical eyes. My body, mind and soul cringe every time some one walks up to me. I am always afraid that they will say something about you. Our family reputation is in the mud. How could I ever find a bridegroom for your sister or for that matter your brothers? We are doomed. Our reputation is dragged down on the streets. You earned us the name of a family of loose moral values. Krishnaraj

1148/1330. **Extinguishing my love with rumor is like killing the fire with clarified butter.**

Extinguishing my love with gossip is like extinguishing the fire with clarified butter.

Krishnaraj

Derision and gossip will not extinguish my love for my lover. It is like saying that one could extinguish fire with clarified butter (gasoline in modern times).
To this day all Hindu ritual fires are fed by clarified butter ranging from marriage ceremony to funeral ceremony. There is no ceremony in Hindu religion without the use of fire. Butter is the food of gods. Krishnaraj

1149/1330. **Calumny does not cause any fear in me.**

"Give up fear," so he said. My lover has remained aloof when I am subjected to public derisive gossip. Why should it cause any fear in me? (No, it doesn't.) Krishnaraj

My lover told me once, "no matter what others say, I am here for you. Do not give in to fear." My lover, having said that, remains away from me when I am the subject of public derision and rumor. Should I fear this gossip and calumny? (I will not succumb to them.) The girl comforts herself as follows: "My lover having given such assurances is trying right now to get in touch with me. I am not concerned. I will remain steady. He will certainly come looking for me." Krishnaraj

1150/1330. **My lover will show up any time. The more they pile on me the rumors, the more he will attempt to reach me.**

My lover will offer me help when he desires to do so. Let this townspeople continue to engage in derisive rumor to my liking. Krishnaraj

This is what the girl says to herself. The reason why she is beginning to like the rumor is that as its intensity rises so will the attempt on the part of her lover increase to reach her. To her it sounds beneficial that the townspeople increasingly engage in derisive rumor. Krishnaraj

End of கவண்டின் நல்குவர் காதலர் யாம் கவண்டும் எடுக்கும் இவ் வூர். 1150.

**Division. கவண்டின்: Monogamous Marital Bliss.**

**Section 116 பிாிவாற்ைானம = Pangs of Separation.**
The couple are married and live a life of marital bliss. But the husband has to leave home on account of his job. This section deals with the pangs of separation as the husband says, goodbye. Krishnaraj

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1151/1330. <strong>Goodbye precipitates separation anxiety.</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>கொல்லானம் உண்கடல் எைக்கு உனர் மற்றும் நின் வல்வரவு வழ்வார்க்கு உனர்.</strong> 1151.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tell me if you are not going somewhere; if not, talk of your imminent return to my survivors. Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1152/1330. <strong>Fear of separation.</strong></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>அன் கண் உனடத்த அவர் பார்வல் பிாிகவார்</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>His countenance gives me delight; the fear of separation gives me sadness. Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1153/1330 <strong>His separation makes me lose my courage and composure.</strong></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>அாிதகரா கதற்ைம் அைிவுனடயார் கண்ணும் பிாிகவார் இடத்து உண்னம காண்.</strong> 1153.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On account of the true love for the departing husband, even the intelligent wife cannot be courageous and contain her distress. Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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<thead>
<tr>
<th>1154/1330. <strong>Fear of separation overpowers her.</strong></th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>அளித்து அஞ் ல் என்ைவர் நீப்பின் கதளித்த கால் காய்கு உண்கடா தவறு.</strong> 1154.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What blame do I have, if I, trusting his words of reassurance against fear, challenge him for leaving me (for the sake of the job). Krishnaraj</td>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1155/1330 <strong>I cannot concur with his decision to leave.</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>ஓம்பின் அனமந்தார் பிாிவு ஒம்பல் மற்று அவர் நீங்கின் அாிதால் புணர்வு.</strong> 1155.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I must prevent departure of my husband who promised security for me. If he were to leave, I cannot consent, comply and concur. Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<th>1156/1330. <strong>His departure is imminent.</strong></th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>பிாிவு எனரக்கும் வன் கண்ணர் ஆயின் அாிது அவர் நல்குவர் என்னும் நன காய்கு உண்கடா தகச்.</strong> 1156.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His departure is imminent.</td>
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</table>
If he were to have a strong will in announcing his departure, I must give up the notion that he will stay his departure in deference to my wishes. Krishnaraj

**1157/1330. Loose bangles jingle announcing lover's departure.**

Krishnaraj

---

This is one of the moving verses that Valluvar composed. The bangles on the forearm were tight before; because of her lover's departure, she lost weight and thus the bangles lost their hold and slid down beyond the creases of her wrists, making a jingle from the loose fit, which is announcing the departure of her lover to the gossip-prone townspeople. Krishnaraj

---

**1158/1330. Separation cause misery in me.**

Krishnaraj

---

It is a misery to live in a town without relatives. It is more miserable to live separated from my sweetheart. Krishnaraj

---

**1159/1330. Lovesickness burns upon removal of touch unlike the fire.**

Krishnaraj

---

Fire burns only upon touch; lovesickness burns upon removal. Krishnaraj

---

Fire burns on touch. Lovesickness does not burn as long as the couple are in touch; once the touch is sundered, lovesickness burns. What a paradox. Krishnaraj

---

**1160/1330. Separation will come to an end.**

Krishnaraj

---

Having tried hard to tolerate the misery of lovesickness on account of separation, many live happily ever after. Krishnaraj
Sorrow has taken over the girl; she hasn't been eating well since her husband left her on job and so became thin and weak. She sits there crying all day long. Separation of husbands happens to many newlyweds on account of job, military assignments... as happening at present in USA and elsewhere in the world (Oct/2008). The wife puts up with the separation, pines away her days and nights in memory, suppress and sublimate her natural yearnings. The wife in our saga consoles herself by saying that his return will be a reward, worth waiting for. Krishnaraj

Lovesickness is a never-ending gushing stream.

I will hide my lovesickness, which is like a stream; the more I draw, more it gushes.

Lovesickness is a gushing stream which never seems to abate and dry up though I keep on drawing. Krishnaraj

I am unable to contain this lovesickness. I am too bashful to intimate this message to my lover who caused my sickness. Krishnaraj

How can I, being a girl, admit my lovesickness and send a message to my lover that I am wasting away for want of love from him? Even when he stays close to me, I feel bashful to announce my desire to him. I am limited by virtue of being a girl and so express my desires by sidelong looks, by touch, by a smile only he knows what it means, by giving him lukewarm milk at bedtime, by grazing him, by giving him pan, sweets... He, being a man, sweeps me off my feet and holds me in embrace. Krishnaraj
1163/1330. Lovesickness and modesty are the two burdens that weigh equally on my life.

My unbearable lovesickness and my modesty in my body and mind are hanging like weights at the ends of the pole of my life. Krishnaraj

Lovesickness and modesty are of equal weight hanging at the end of the bending pole of my life, which at any time can break from the heaviness of the weights. I am stuck between a rock and hard place (as the English idiom goes). My life is bent, stressed, and creaking; it can at any time simply break. Krishnaraj

1164/1330. Love is a ocean that needs a raft of a lover to reach the shore.

Love and passion is like the vast ocean; but I do not have the raft to traverse it and reach the shore. Krishnaraj

My lover is the raft I ply in the ocean of love and passion to reach the shore.

1165/1330. His love causes me grief. What if he is unloving?

My lover's friendship causes me so much grief. If he is hostile, what will he be?

My lover's friendship causes me so much grief in his absence. What if he is unloving?

1166/1330. Joyous love is big; sorrow with no love is bigger.

Joy that comes with love is as expansive as the ocean. If the love does not find expression, the sorrow that comes with it is larger than the ocean.

Krishnaraj

KAmam = KAmam = sexual pleasure.
1167/1330. I see no shore in this ocean of love.

Swimming in this expansive ocean of love, I see no shore in these dark nights of loneliness. Krishnaraj

1168/1330. Night spends sleepless nights with no companionship.

O Night! You make all creatures of the world go to sleep and rest but you say night is not for you and stay awake without companionship. Krishnaraj

1169/1330. Long and slow nights without my lover are tyranny.

The nights, moving slow, cause me greater tyranny than that of my lover. Krishnaraj

Absence of my lover prolongs the nights. These nights drag on for ever. The long and slow nights are more tyrannical than the tyranny of absence of my lover. Krishnaraj

1170/1330. If only my eyes go the way of my mind, there will no tears.

If my eyes go the way my mind goes, they would not be swimming in the flood of tears. Krishnaraj

My mind goes seeking my lover and gets some comfort in his company. If my eyes go the way of my mind, there will not be such a torrential flood of tears gushing forth from my eyes. Krishnaraj

1171/1330. O Eyes, You showed him to me and caused this lovesickness. Why then are you weeping?

O Eyes! You caused this intractable disease I suffer, because you showed him to me. Why then are you weeping? Krishnaraj
O Eyes, you caused the love sickness in me. You showed him to me and thus I fell in love with him. That being you fault, why then are you weeping?.

Krishnaraj

1172/1330. **Lovesickness: Foolish eyes fell in love and now they cry upon his departure.**

Without deliberation, desire-driven and collyrium-laden eyes fell in love with my lover, now intercedes on his behalf and suffers misery. Krishnaraj

The eyes without deliberation fell in love with my lover not considering that he may leave you at any moment. The same eyes cry in pain and misery now that he is not here anymore. Krishnaraj

1173/1330. **Lovesickness: Befooled crying eyes draw derision.**

The eyes fell in love with him the instant they saw him. Now the suddenly crying eyes draw derision. Krishnaraj

1174/1330. **Lovesickness: Eye dry from lack of tears.**

Having caused constant misery, these collyrium-laden eyes have become dry, unable to shed any more tears. Krishnaraj

1175/1330. **Lovesickness: vaster as ocean and sleepless eyes in distress.**

My eyes that caused lovesickness incomparable in size even to the ocean stays open without sleep and languishes in distress. Krishnaraj

1176/1330. **Sweetness in distress.**

How sweet it is that the eyes that caused me unhappiness are in distress! Krishnaraj
1177/1330. **Eyes in love and longing go dry.**

Let the eyes that saw him in love and longing go dry from shedding tears. Krishnaraj

1178/1330. **My lover is elsewhere. Pining eyes, no tranquility. What stupidity!**

He having made love to me without real love is living elsewhere. My eyes not seeing him are pining for him without peace. What stupidity! Krishnaraj

1179/1330 **My eyes do not go to sleep whether he is with me or not. Thus, it causes distress to me.**

When my lover is not here, my eyes do not go to sleep; If he is here, the eyes do not go to sleep. Thus, my eyes cause me unhappiness all the time. Krishnaraj

1180/1330. **My eyes are the doorway for the townspeople to see my lovesickness.**

It is not difficult for the townspeople to know the secrets of my heart from my revealing eyes (which announce my distress). Krishnaraj

Section 119 Verses 1181-1190 **Separation-Sallowness-Sorrow.**

The lovers, when separated, suffer a kind of pallor peculiar to the languishing woman. The skin becomes pallid or sallow revealing the underlying undertones of her complexion. You have to see it to know it. The woman fusses over the pallor afflicting her. She soliloquizes to herself about her predicament. Krishnaraj

1181/1330. **To whom could I tell the pallor of separation?**
I am unable to tell my beloved lover the change in my complexion. To whom else could I tell? Krishnaraj

1182/1330. The separation-pallor is afflicting my body with great pride.

The separation-pallor, created by my lover, reigns over me with great pride, and having spread all over rides on my body. Krishnaraj

1183/1330. My beauty and modesty are afflicted by lovesickness.

Having given me distress and separation-pallor and in exchange, my lover has taken away my beauty and modesty. Krishnaraj

1184/1330. My lover is on my mind and speech. Could this pallor be a deception?

I am thinking of my lover; I talk about him; that being so, could the separation-pallor be a deception? Krishnaraj

1185/1330. My lover goes there; my body suffers pallor here.

My lover goes there; my body suffers pallor here. Krishnaraj

1186/1330. Pallor (sallowness) is Darkness.

As darkness looks out for the lamp to leave, so does the pallor wait for the embrace of my lover to leave. Krishnaraj

1187/1330. Pallor took the place of embrace of my body by my lover.

As death took the place of embrace of my body by my lover.
I was lying in embrace of my lover; I was to leave it; then pallor picked my body.

Krishnaraj

1188/1330. They see pallor and yet don't admit my lover's separation.

She is in a state of separation-pallor, so they say. No one tells that my lover left me.

Krishnaraj

Chapter 120. எண்தும் பொருளின் விளக்கம் = Loneliness and excessive pining

My lover's wellbeing is comforting though body pallor invites derision.

Considering my lover remains in good condition, having induced love in me and having separated from me, it is alright the body pallor from lovesickness invites derision. Krishnaraj

1190/1330. Let them talk about my pallor as long as my lover's absence does not invite derision.

It will suffice if my lover's absence invites no derision. It is alright if the talk is on my pallor. Krishnaraj

1191/1330. Blameless reciprocal love.

The one who gives love to and receives love from the beloved attains the blameless fruit of love. Krishnaraj

1192/1330. Reciprocal love is like the rain the living.

The reciprocal love between the lover and the loved is like the rain to the living. Krishnaraj

1193/1330. Good life is love.
The pride of good life belongs to the beloved (who receives love from her lover). Krishnaraj

1194/1330. *What is paucity of love?*

Love from the lover, if not forthcoming: Does it mean paucity of love? Krishnaraj

1195/1330. *Unrequited love.*

If the loved one does not reciprocate love, what is he going to do to me? Krishnaraj

1196/1330. *One-sided love is no joy.*

Love is like the scale. Two-headedness is happiness; one-headedness is not joy.

Joy is love like the balanced two-headed scale. One-headedness is not happiness. Krishnaraj

1197/1330. *Cupid is biased.*

Cupid sees not my pain and grief; he takes sides with one. Krishnaraj

1198/1330. *Living without sweet news from the beloved takes firmness.*

No sweet words came from my loved one. Living in such world is firmness (of mind). Krishnaraj

1199/1330. *Praise of my absent lover is poetry to me.*
The loved one bestows no help; praising him is sweetness to my ears. Krishnaraj

1200/1330. Suppress your deep passion.

Suppress your deep passion.

O Mind, I bless you. You tell your affliction (of love) to unafflicted him. Suppress your ocean-wide passion. Krishnaraj

Chapter 121 Ruminant Lamentation (Krishnaraj)

Sad Memories

1201. Love is more delicious than wine.

Insatiable delight from thought of love is greater than toddy—Krishnaraj

1202. Thought of lover gives instant joy.

It is true that love offers joy more than anything else in that

the thought of lover gives joy instantly. Krishnaraj

1203. Aborted sneeze is a failure of remembrance.

I feel the imminence of a sneeze that aborted. It is like my lover who was about to think of me and yet did not. Krishnaraj

1204. Mutual mates in the hearts.

In my heart, he remains for ever. Do I also remain in his heart? Krishnaraj

1205. Unrequited love.

Does he not have shame having removed me from his heart,
while I enter his heart incessantly? Krishnaraj

1206. Reminiscing joyous days.

The reason why I keep on living is I keep reminiscing the joyous days (and expecting those joyous times to return). Krishnaraj

1207. Scalding heart.

What would happen to me, if I forget him? The thought scalds my heart. Krishnaraj

1208. Lover pleasant and great of heart.

Irrespective of any kind of thoughts I have of him, my lover’s greatness is that he is never angry with me. Krishnaraj

1209. Absence leads to ebbing life.

He says we both are not separate. My dear life ebbs thinking of his absence and lack of companionship. Krishnaraj

1210. Lover’s return dispels unhappiness.

O Mind, hail to thee! As I behold the returning lover who left me forlornly, all unhappiness would leave. Krishnaraj

Chapter 122. கைவுநினலயுனரத்தல் Utterance of the Nature of Dream (Krishnaraj)

Dream Visions

1211. How would I entertain the dream-vision?
As the dream-vision came to me as an envoy of my lover,

what kind of feast would I offer to it? Krishnaraj

1212. Come sleep, tell my lover my life.

Come sleep, tell my lover my life. When my fish-like eyes laden with eyeliner go to sleep on my supplication, I would disclose (in the dream) the truth of my existence to my consortin lover. Krishnaraj

1213. My life perseveres because of him in my dream.

My life perseveres because of him in my dream. The lover did not come in waking hours for joyous union.

My life would persevere because I saw him at least in my dream. Krishnaraj

1214. Dreams bring me consortium I miss in daytime.

Dreams bring me consortium which my lover does not offer me in the daytime. -Krishnaraj

1215. Sight of him in dream and in person are alike.

Dream-Delight of seeing him lasts for the duration of a dream.

The delight of seeing him in the waking state is alike. -Krishnaraj

1216. My lover in dream would not leave me.

If waking hours do not exist, my lover in my dreams would not leave me. --Krishnaraj

1217. My lover torments in my dreams.
1218. **He embraces me as I go to sleep.**

As I fall sleep, he embraces me; as I awaken, he runs into my heart. **Krishnaraj**

1219. **Seeing the lover in dreams is seeing him in person.**

They, who do not see their lovers in dreams, perish knowing their lovers did not make them joyous during waking hours. **Krishnaraj**

1220. **I see my absent lover in dream who others think left me.**

The townspeople blaming the departure of my lover in the waking hours, know not my lover and I had joyous encounter in my dream. **Krishnaraj**

**Chapter 123**

Eventide Bemoaning (lover's absence)

1221. **Evening eats my soul.**

O Eventide! You are not Eventide. Hail to thee. It is the period of the day, that eats alive the bride's soul. **Krishnaraj**

1222. **Eventide! our mates are hard-hearted.**

O timid and confused Eventide! Are you not full of sorrow? Is your mate hard-hearted as my lover is? Long life to you. **Krishnaraj**
1223. Pain and fear accompany evening.

Eventide comes brimming with tears and torment

and gives me growing pain and rising fear. Krishnaraj

1224. Eventide is an enemy.

Since my lover is not here, the Eventide comes as the foes of the killing fields. Krishnaraj

1225. Kind morning and cruel evening, why so?

What was the unknown good I did to the morning?

What was the unknown evil I did for the evening? Krishnaraj

1226. Alone in evening without husband.

I have never known the evening grief, when my wedded husband

never left me alone. Krishnaraj

1227. Love-sickness is Morning bud blossoming in the evening.

This love-sickness buds at dawn, grows during day and

blooms in the night. Krishnaraj

1228. Evening flute call is a killer omen.

The sound of herdsman's flute as the ill omen in the evening appears like

the scorching killer implement. Krishnaraj

1229. Enveloping Evening is town's grief.
As the mind-muddling evening spreads and envelopes,
this town appearing muddled and deluded suffers from grief. Krishnaraj

1230. My ebbing life with thought of my lover defies death.

Thinking of my wealth-seeking garlanded lover, my life defies death.
It appears to ebb during the confounding evening. Krishnaraj

Chapter 124 Languishment of body and limbs
Body and Limbs Languish

Soliloquy of the bereft girl
1231. My eyes in grief lost out to fragrant flowers.

Leaving grief and misery to me and having gone to distant lands,
my eyes with teary thoughts of my lover lost out in shame to the fragrant flowers. Krishnaraj

1232. Teary eyes betray my lover away.

My sallow eyes with dewy tears appear to say to others of the absence of my lover. Krishnaraj

1233. My withering shoulders reveal absence of my lover.

The shoulders that appeared robust on the nuptial day have withered looks now
and seem to say to others my separation from my lover. Krishnaraj

1234. My bracelets are loose from shriveling hands.
Because my companion-lover is away, the golden bracelets slip off my shriveling erstwhile beauteous, shining and smooth bamboo-like limbs which lost their luster and beauty. **Krishnaraj**

1235. Loose bracelets tell the story of absent lover.

The loose bracelets of the once-beauteous arms of days past, now shriveled tell the story of my tyrant-lover's cruelty. **Krishnaraj**

1236. My soul aches for I called my lover a tyrant.

My soul aches for I called my lover a tyrant; it does not ache to see the shriveling arms and slipping bracelets. **Krishnaraj**

1237. Once tight Bracelets jingle because of thinning limbs.

O My Heart! You announce the sound of loose bracelets on my thin arms, (invite my far-gone lover) and gain greatness. **Krishnaraj**

1238. My love's forehead is sallow from separation from me.

As I relaxed the tight embrace of my love, the forehead of my love wearing gold bracelets became sallow. **Krishnaraj**

**The Lover**

1239. Cool air blows between our bodies in union.

As we were in union and embrace, the cool air crept in the (incidental) gap between our bodies and induced sallowness in her big-rain eyes. **Krishnaraj**
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1240. Her sallowness cause me grief.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Could it be the delusion of my eyes? Sallowness of my love with bright forehead,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at my separation before, causes me grief. Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Talking to the Heart (Krishnaraj)**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1241. O Heart, I need a remedy to cure her sallowness.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O Heart! Whatever it is, would you not think and reveal to me a remedy to cure this advanced illness? Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Soliloquy**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1242. O My Heart Do not despair.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O Heart! He is not my lover. It is a folly to despair. I bless you (hail to thee). Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1243. My lover has no sympathy for me.</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>My lover, who caused me this great sorrow, does not entertain any sympathy for me. Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1244. O Mind, Let my eyes see him.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>(Otherwise,) deprived of their desire to see him, these eyes would devour me. Krishnaraj</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 1245. He deserted me. Should I leave? |
O Heart and Mind! Is it fair to say that my lover gave up on me just because he did not reciprocate my love? Krishnaraj

1246. O Heart, You rush to embrace him.

O Heart and Mind! When you see the lover whose consortium you enjoy after your love-quarrel, you do not sulk. Why do you entertain this temporary estrangement or false anger? Krishnaraj

1247. Desire Vs modesty: twin afflictions.

O Heart and Mind! Either you give up your sexual desire, or you give up your modesty. I cannot endure these twin afflictions. Krishnaraj

1248. O Heart, you fear of his fleeing.

O my foolish Mind and Heart! You go after your fleeing lover, languishing that he would not come in love of you. Krishnaraj

1249. Your lover is in your heart.

O My Heart and Mind! While your lover is in your soul, whom are you looking for outside of yourself? Krishnaraj

1250. Beauty would desert you with departed lover on your mind.

As you keep the departed lover in your heart and mind, you would further lose your beauty. Krishnaraj
1251. Axe of passion breaks Reserve and Modesty.

The axe of sexual passion breaks the door of Reserve bolted by my Modesty. Krishnaraj

1252. Lust rules my mind in the evening.

Lust is one without eyes (vision). Its occupation is to rule my mind at the midnight hour. Krishnaraj

1253. Sexual passion is like unpredictable sneeze.

I hide my sexual passion. But without previous warning as in a sneeze, it appears. Krishnaraj

1254. My sexual reserve gets the best of me.

I say I am of sexual reserve. (Sooner than I say) my sexual passion breaks out of hiding into the open (assembly). Krishnaraj

1255. Greatness is rare in sexual passion.

The greatness in not (seeking favors from) tailing behind the enemy, and is not the paradigm for the one susceptible to sexual passion. Krishnaraj

1256. Misery of sexual passion envelops me.

As one tails behind the enemy and desires to surrender to him, O My Fate, this misery (of sexual passion) envelops me. Krishnaraj
1257. His consortium in passion is my loss of modesty.

As my beloved in the spirit of sexual passion consorts with me in similar desire and passion, I have no cognition of modesty. Krishnaraj

1258. His conjugal arts overwhelms my grace and modesty.

Is it not injunction of the thief endowed with many conjugal arts the smashing weapon of my feminine grace and modesty? Krishnaraj

Cupid is the god of love; it is his injunction to break the feminine grace and modesty. Krishnaraj


I went in a sullen mood. As I became aware of my mind's desire to consort with him, I embraced him. Krishnaraj

1260. Fiery sexual passion precludes love-quarrel.

For those whose mind melts like fat in the fire, would they, after an embrace, feel like engaging in love-quarrel? Krishnaraj

Chapter 127. ஆவர்வயின்விதும்பல் (Mutual Yearning--hankering after and hastening towards each other--Krishnaraj)

1261. My fingers are worn from counting the days away from my lover.

My eyes lost their luster and moistness. My fingers are wearing thin from counting the days since he departed. Krishnaraj

1262. Forget him at my own risk.
1263. **My lover in search of riches; I of his companionship.**

As my lover has gone in desire of wealth, I am (barely) living with the desire of his return and my soul as my companion. *Krishnaraj*

1264. **My heart climbs like a vine on a trellis.**

As I keep thinking of the return of my absent husband, my heart gains strength by climbing on the trellis (like a vine, looking for my husband). *Krishnaraj*

The sexual passion is the trellis; the cognizing mind is the vine and deprived woman. *Krishnaraj*

1265. **Seeing him, my sallowness would fly.**

Soon after I see my lover with the satiated eyes, sallowness of my thin body would disappear. O Maid, you would witness it. *Krishnaraj*

1266. **Let my lover come.**

Let my lover come. I would imbibe the love potion and in one day, my love-malady would dissipate completely. *Krishnaraj*

1267. **Should I pick a quarrel or embrace him.**

Would I engage in love-quarrel at the arrival of my lover, the apple of my eye?
Would I embrace him? Or would I totter with the sentiments of both? Krishnaraj

The Lover on the journey of his mind.

1268. Feast of union to the point of satiation.

After I complete my task satisfactorily and obtain release from the king, I would go home and indulge in the evening feast of consortium with my love to the point of satiation. Krishnaraj

1269. One day is like one week with absent lover.

One day would appear like seven days to the spouse, when she languishes in the mind the day of anticipated arrival of husband from distant land. Krishnaraj

1270. What good is it to go to my love with broken heart?

If her heart is broken, what purpose does my accomplishment serve? What if I gain the king's accolades or prize? What if I go to my love with riches? Krishnaraj

Chapter 128. அணுவெழுத்துகள் Mutual Reading of Cues-Krishnaraj

Lover to his Love

1271. Your eyes are talking.

Though you try to hide, your lined eyes defy you and have something to tell me. Krishnaraj

1272. You, slender beauty! You are virtue itself.

You are a beauty that delights the eyes and of bamboo-like shoulders.
My love, you are the epitome of feminine virtue. Krishnaraj

1273. I see a thread of suffering during my absence.

As the (concealed) thread shines in the stringed gems, there is one thing in her jewels that shines in this woman. Krishnaraj

Purport: It is obvious that the thread though invisible is part of the garland of gems.

The looseness of jewels (bracelets) announces the patient suffering and thinness because of separation from her lover.

A thread of suffering from separation from her lover is obvious in her thinness of limbs and looseness of jewels. Krishnaraj

1274. Her smile conceals a secret.

As the fragrance remains (concealed) in the bud, there is a secret in the bud of her smile. Krishnaraj

Purport: Bud contains the fragrance and reveals it as it blossoms. The bud of her closed lips before her teeth conceals inside of her a smile, visible when they blossom. Krishnaraj

1275. Your sorrow is a welcome relief.

The sorrow hidden in this close-bangled woman (because of separation) contains a cure for the relief of my great grief. Krishnaraj

Purport: When the lovers were together, they were sound of health and mind. Her bangles were tight over her hands so thy did not jingle. Having been separated from each other, her health and mood deteriorated, she became thin and her bangles jingled during separation. She suffered pangs of separation and developed sallow complexion. These infirmities of her body, mind and soul contain the ambrosial cure for the lover's grief. Krishnaraj
### Purport: The long separation resulted in her body becoming thin from lack of proper eating in the absence of her lover-husband. Even before she realized this emaciation, her bangles or bracelets knew of her thin hands and announced her condition by their excessive jingling.

### Purport: The husband witnessed her silent demonstration (remonstrance) of what happened to her body, mind and soul.
since his separation (absence). Krishnaraj

1280. A woman's eyes talk of love-pangs.

She spoke with her eyes of her love-sickness;
that is how a woman's womanhood attained greatness. Krishnaraj

Chapter 129. புணர்ச்விதும்பல் = Longing for Consortium --Krishnaraj

The woman

1281. Love and not toddy gives joy at sight and thought.

Toddy does not give joy at thought or sight, but love does. Krishnaraj

1282. When Passion is tall, sulking should be millet-size.

When cumulative passion grows as tall as Palmyra tree,
one should not entertain even a millet-size quarrelsomeness. Krishnaraj

1283. Though he does not satisfy my will, my eyes want to see him.

Though my lover does his will without heeding my desire,
my eyes are not peaceful not seeing my husband. Krishnaraj

1284. I went to complain but ended up consorting with him.

O my Confidante! I went to register my complaints with him;
I forgot and my mind's eye went for union with him. Krishnaraj

1285. When I see him, I do not see his blemishes.

As the eye does not see the eyeliner pencil when "writing," I do not
see my husband's faults at the sight of him. *Krishnaraj*

**1286.** I see his faults, when he is away.

I do not see my husband's faults at the sight of him; out of sight of my husband, I see his faults only. *Krishnaraj*

**1287.** I feign sulking expecting rescue.

Feigned sulking is like jumping into waters knowing of certain rescue. *Krishnaraj*

**1288.** Your (manly) chest is intoxicating.

O Thief! What derisive miseries wine does to the winebibber, your bosom is likewise. *Krishnaraj*

**The Lover**

**1289.** Love is softer than flower.

Love is softer than flower. Only a few know the season and indulge in it. *Krishnaraj*

**1290.** Her longing eyes impatient for an embrace.

The husband: She, more than me, advanced in a hurry for an embrace and she showed languished longing eyes. *Krishnaraj*

Chapter 130. ்நிகராணத்தையோக்கியம் = Rebuake of the Heart (because of her hastiness for embrace and consortium—Krishnaraj)
The woman

1291. His heart alone is insightful.

அவர் கந்சு அவர்க்கு கந்சு கந்சும் கந்சும் கந்சும்?

O My heart! While you saw his heart gave him insight, why did not my heart give me the same? Krishnaraj

1292. Heart has no clue of his disinterest.

அவர் கந்சு அவர்க்கு ஆதல் கண்டும் எவன் கந்சு?

O My Heart! Though you see he has no desire, you tell him he would not leave you. Krishnaraj

1293. Your pursuit finds no friendship.

அவர் கந்சு அவர்க்கு ஆதல் கண்டும் எவன் கந்சு?

O My Heart! Going in pursuit of him is your will. Is it like the paradigm that for the deprived there are no friends? Krishnaraj

1294. O Heart, I would not seek your counsel anymore.

அவர் கந்சு அவர்க்கு ஆதல் கண்டும் எவன் கந்சு?

O My Heart! You would not firm up to feign sulking (and later reap the benefits).

Hereafter, who would listen to your advice? Krishnaraj

1295. My heart fears for his absence and departure.

அவர் கந்சு அவர்க்கு ஆதல் கண்டும் எவன் கந்சு?

It fears for his absence; it fears for his departure.

My heart suffers constantly (without respite). Krishnaraj

1296. Loneliness devours me.

அவர் கந்சு அவர்க்கு ஆதல் கண்டும் எவன் கந்சு?

My heart thinking of being alone with me appear to devour me. Krishnaraj
1297. My shameless stupid heart took my modesty away.

Being caught by the shameless stupid heart,

made me forget my modesty. Krishnaraj

1298. My heart full of love of life and him.

My heart, having love of life and thinking it would come to ruin,

always thinks of him. Krishnaraj

The husband

1299. When heart fails, all else fails.

If one's own heart fails to give support when in grief,

who else would give support? Krishnaraj

1300. O Heart fail me not; you are my refuge.

O Mind! If one's own heart does not offer support,

strangers would not be of any help. (Therefore), you are my refuge. Krishnaraj

Chapter 131. புலவி = Coyness--Krishnaraj

The Confidante to the Mistress

1301. Hold back your love; see him twist in the wind.

O Mind! Would you desist embracing him by feigning ill humor?

Let us see his agony from deprivation of consortium. Krishnaraj

1302. Sulk a little but not too long.
Sulking is like the salt. If you let the salt go long, it is like a little excess salt. **Krishnaraj**

Wife Addresses Husband

1303. Keep him dangling but not too long.

If the feigning lover is left unembraced, it is like giving grief to the already aggrieved. **Krishnaraj**

1304. Risk not cutting the faded vein by its roots.

Not appeasing the woman in gloom is like cutting the faded vein by its roots. **Krishnaraj**

Husband

1305. A little tiff from loving husband is ambrosial.

To be in a tiff with the flower-eyed is joyous for the virtuous loving husband. **Krishnaraj**

1306. Love without a little anger and strife is sour and stolid.

Absence of strife big and small in love (between a couple), is like over-ripe or unripe fruit. **Krishnaraj**

Absence of strife big and small = கவிவின் பராமரித்த சவா RNG கவிவின் அட்டகரணம் அத்தும = Absence of loathing and sulking

1307. Risk consortium by pouting too long.

Love-quarrel has its grief. Would consortium be put off too long?

Or it may not even take place. (That is a cause for anxiety.) **Krishnaraj**
1308. Grieving alone is bitter.

If the lover were not present to feel the lament of his love, what purpose does it serve to grieve? Krishnaraj

1309. Love-quarrel with your beloved is sweet.

Cool water near a shade is sweetness. Likewise, love-quarrel with the beloved is sweet. Krishnaraj

1310. He leaves me dangling, when I need him most.

My heart desires is to consort with him who leaves me dangling in lament. Krishnaraj

Chapter 132. Subtlety and Feigned dislike of consortium--Krishnaraj

1311. Your bosom is the cynosure of all feminine eyes.

Your bosom appears beautiful to the eyes of all with feminine nature wanting to experience it.

O Inductor of desire, showing off your beauty! I would not come close to you. Krishnaraj

1312. I sulked in silence, he sneezed and made me say, "long Live."

I was in a tiff (without uttering a word to him); wanting me to say "Long Live," he sneezed. Krishnaraj

Husband or Lover

1313. This garland is for your eyes only.
I wore a garland; she accuses me saying that

I wanted to show it off to some other woman. Krishnaraj

1314. I love you more; more than who? Krishnaraj

I said, "I love you more than any." She lamented, "more than any, " more than any." Krishnaraj

1315. "You are my life partner." That brought tears in her eyes. Krishnaraj

I said, "This birth, I will not part with you." Her eyes were brimming with tears. Krishnaraj

1316. "I thought of you." "Why did you forget me other times? she said" Krishnaraj

She sulked and failed to embrace me. Krishnaraj

1317. I sneezed. "Who was thinking of you?" she said. She cried again asking, "Who was thinking of you, when you sneezed?" Krishnaraj

1318. I suppressed my sneeze. "Whom are you trying to hide from me?" I suppressed my sneeze. She cried saying, "Someone known to you is thinking of you. You are trying to hide it from me." Krishnaraj

1319. My reassurance does not help. Krishnaraj
I reassured her. She said in anger, "You make the like saying to others also." 

Krishnaraj

1320. "You are looking at me now. Whom were you thinking of before?"

I remained silent thinking only of her and took a look at her.

She was angry and said, "Whom were you thinking of all this time, now looking at me." 

Krishnaraj

Chapter 133. வண்ணமுனை Fondness for love-querrel

The Love or the woman

1321. Quarrel has its benefits.

Though he may be faultless, picking a quarrel with him

has the power to induce love in me for him. Krishnaraj

1322. Rosebud on a thorny stem does bloom.

Though minor problems from love-querrel make sincere love

fade temporarily, it blooms well later. Krishnaraj

1323. Union is bliss better than heaven.

The union of lovers following a tiff is like the union of earth and water.

There is no blissful joy such as this even in heaven. Krishnaraj

1324. A tiff without union cleaves the heart.

The tiff not ending in union and embrace

has the weapon that would cleave my heart. Krishnaraj
He, the lover or husband

1325. Take a break from surfeit of love.

Though he is blameless, there is happiness in leaving

the soft shoulders of his love. Krishnaraj

1326. A strife in love is sweeter than union.

Digestion is better than ingestion. Strife in love is sweeter than union. Krishnaraj

1327. Loser in love-quarrel wins in the next union.

Those who lose in love-quarrel would win later. That will be discovered

in the next union. Krishnaraj

1328. Vigorous union after love-quarrel invites a repeat performance.

Would I experience effusive joyousness in union to the point of

perspiration on the forehead by engaging in love-quarrel again? Krishnaraj

1329. Sulk long into the night.

Let my brightly jeweled love suulk;

as I supplicate, let sulking go long into the night. Krishnaraj

1330. Joy in love is sulking. Union is joy to sulking.

Joyousness to love is love-quarrel; once it is over, consortium and embrace

are joyousness to love-quarrel. Krishnaraj
The Holy Kural Ends.
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