**Legendary love**

( Love Tales and love events in verses)

**Rm Shanmugam Chettiar**

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**Oedipus (430BC)**



Oedipus was king of Thebis;

Jacarta was wife of Oedipus.

Oedipus was sincere in his duty.

‘While you suffer, none suffers more than I’,

With this, he resolved to save the city

By finding out the killer of King Lains.

Teiresias, a blind prophet, accused him,

‘You are the cursed polluter of this land.’

‘Terrible things indeed’ has the prophet spoken,

The killer of King Lains shall be banished’

The tension mounted and the truth revealed.

He was the son of King Lains whom he killed.

He married the king’s wife, Jacasta,

Without knowing that she was his mother.

Crippled with ignominy for the killing,

Oedipus preferred death but banished himself

As the banishment was the cure of the city.

Jacaste loved Oedipus and believed in chance.

‘Chance rules our life and the future is all unknown.

Best live as best we may, day to day’

She could not allow him to be doomed.

Oedipus must not know about his origin,

Which would reveal her relation to him.

She met her death, a proper end of incest.

Feb., 2008

**Cleopatra’s Glory (69BC to 30 BC)**



Cleopatra was the queen of Egypt;

Cleopatra was the queen of beauty.

She came to the throne at her eighteen

The first century BC witnessed it. 1

To get back her Egypt from her brother,

She sought the hand of Julius Caesar,

The mighty one Rome had ever seen,

And set to sell her asset of beauty. 2

While in exile, she was able to reach

Caesar when he chanced to visit Egypt,

By getting her smuggled into his room,

Rolled up in a carpet sent as a gift 3

Cleopatra emerging from the roll,

Caesar was stunned and fell for her in love.

He made her queen of Egypt in no time,

And made her his consort with all respects. 4

Bound by her charm, grace and wit together,

Caesar clued to her and bore her a son.

He brought her home to be adored by Rome.

They led a life, each proud of the other. 5

The rise of Caesar was the cause of his fall.

His rise in power and love for Egypt

Were good enough for his conspirators

To rise and annihilate him unaware. 6

Cleopatra with her son fled to Egypt

And Mark Antony succeeded the throne.

No wonder, her beauty arrested him.

No wonder, his valour imprisoned her. 7

The Rome emperor and the Egyptian queen

Loved, like of which no pair ever did.

The spring sprang, love spurted, and the passion flowed.

She was all and she was the world for him. 8

He took to Egypt and slept with the queen.

His rivals from Rome used his weakness,

And invaded the Egyptian sea.

War broke; Antony woke and fought but lost. 9

The majestic queen became the captive.

False news spread that she was killed. Shocked,

Antony killed himself with the sword he wore.

She sought to burry him with state honour. 10

She heard she would be taken to Rome,

To be chained and drawn in Rome she adorned.

Romans took care that she killed not herself,

And they kept her well safe amidst water. 11

She had serpents brought in the fruit basket

And had them sting her to join her lover.

She loved Caesar and lived a royal wife.

She loved Antony and lived a loyal wife. 12

A woman can love as much in succession.

Widowhood is not an impediment

And the land after the harvest is not waste.

Cleopatra is a perfect example. 13

*‘Age cannot wither her, not custom stale*

*Her infinite variety; other women cloy*

*The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry*

*Where most she satisfies.’ W. Shakespeare*

Apr., 2008

**Pyramus and Thisbe love (8AD)**



Pyramus and Thisbe were close neighbours.

Pyramus and Thisbe were intimate lovers.

His parents and her parents were rivals.

They lived in the city of Babylon.

The houses connected by a common wall,

Both families were near and hence hostile.

Pyramus was handsome and Thisbe, pretty;

They were growing near, and hence fell in love. 1

Pyramus and Thisbe were forbidden to love.

Because forbidden, they were attracted.

Pyramus and Thisbe were prohibited to talk.

She found a way to talk to her lover.

She found a crack on the wall dividing

The twin houses, and threw a stone to draw

His eyes and both whispered love each other. 2

They fixed their tryst one day near Nina’s tomb

Under a mulberry tree for being together,

And to transact their feelings for each other.

Thisbe arrived the spot a little earlier,

By when she found a lioness with her mouth

Bloody from a recent kill, approaching.

Terrified at the sight she fled the spot,

Her clock slipping down behind her by then. 3

Pyramus arrived a little later

And was horrified at the shocking sight

Of his sweetheart’s clock, which the lioness had torn

And left the traces of the blood behind

All along the track, to instantly conclude

That the lady had been devoured by some beast.

Pyramus killed himself, falling on his sword-

A Babylonian way of suicide. 4

His killing himself had caused a splash of blood

That stained the white mulberry fruits dark purple.

After a while, Thisbe came back to the site,

Where she saw Pyramus body in the pool of blood.

Racked with uncontrollable agony,

She took her lover’s sword and threw her body

Onto it and ended her life with him.

The deaths of the both are the play of fate. 5

With her dying breath, she pleaded with the gods

That be in a single tomb their bodies

And that the mulberry trees in that site

Bear fruit in the hue of dark and not white,

In the memory of their tragic love.

Mulberry fruits turn dark when they are ripe.

Ovid’s is the oldest surviving version

Of the story published in 8 AD. 6

June, 2020

Story Location Clue: The story of Pyramus and Thisbe is remembered in the mosaic displays of Paphos. This city is located west of the Troodos Mountains.

This tale was the inspiration for W. Shakespeare to write play Romeo and Juliet.

**Helen Of Troy (AD 500)**



A mythological beauty, she had been;

A legendary beauty, she had grown.

Who is it other than Helen of Troy,

The epitome of seductive beauty? 1

A symbol of man’s erotic desires,

From the other women, Helen differs

In that she never employed her charms

To gain power of self-aggrandizement. 2

Her era dates to fifth century B.C.

The fairest of women had been the one

Whom all women should hate and yet envy,

And all men should fear and yet desire. 3

No wonder, men were captive of her charm,

But not was she captive of any man.

She had admirers; none did she admire.

Her fairness deserved more than what she got. 4

A puppet she was in the heavenly battle,

Where Greek Gods and Goddesses had sported.

As such, she must be absolved of the taints

She was attached with, sadistically. 5

Helen was the daughter of Zeus and Leda,

The Greek God and Goddess. Born of an egg,

And brought up by a shepherd, she became

The prince of Sparta, a kingdom’f the Greek. 6

At her age ten, Helen was kidnapped

By an Athenian Hero for her charm

And was, however, brought back unscathed

By her brother; so famous she became. 7

At Helen’s wedding, numerous suitors

From far and wide came to claim her fair hand.

They were made to swear an oath to defend

The chosen husband in the event of 8

A rival attempting to abduct Helen,

The beauty that bred danger where she trod.

The oath assumed a greater importance

In the development of the Trojan War. 9

Helen was married to Menelaus,

A warrior, on his highest offerings.

On king’s death, he became the king of Sparta.

Helen bore a daughter; nine years rolled. 10

Paris, a Trojan Prince, came to Sparta

To marry Helen, whom he had been promised

By Aphrodite, after he had chosen her

As the fairest of all the goddesses 11

So that she could claim the golden apple

Thrown by the Goddess, Eris, from anger

Of not being invited by King Peleus

For his marriage to Sea Nymph Thetis. 12

Once Paris arrived in the house,

And Menelaus was fated to leave it,

Helen eloped with Paris to Trojan.

The war broke, all suitors participated 13

The war lasting for over nine years,

Helen lived these years as a willing captive,

More to the design of Aphrodite.

It is unfair to brand her as unfaithful. 14

The end of the war was brought about

Through the Trojan horse built and left ashore,

With their heroes hidden in it. The foes

Drew the horse into the fort for their fate. 15

The heroes sacked the city and captured

And caged the fairest queen to her shame.

The Greeks and the Trojans despised her alike.

No woman of her status could be that worst. 16

Menelaus was to slay his faithless wife.

As he raised his sword, she dropped her robe

From her shoulders, revealing her assets.

It made him let the sword drop from his hand. 17

Helen defied Aphrodite to remain

With Paris, who was soon to meet his death.

Her woes about her hasty decision

To leave Sparta and her spouse crippled her. 18

‘I will not serve his bed since the Trojan women

Hereafter would laugh at me, all, and my heart

Even now is confused with sorrow’

Helen lamented thus to Aphrodite. 19

Helen returned as the queen of Sparta.

Chastity, outraged, could be recovered;

Women are resilient, given a chance.

Helen is a proof for all men to note 20

*How Helen looked, no clues;*

*Yet her name has power*

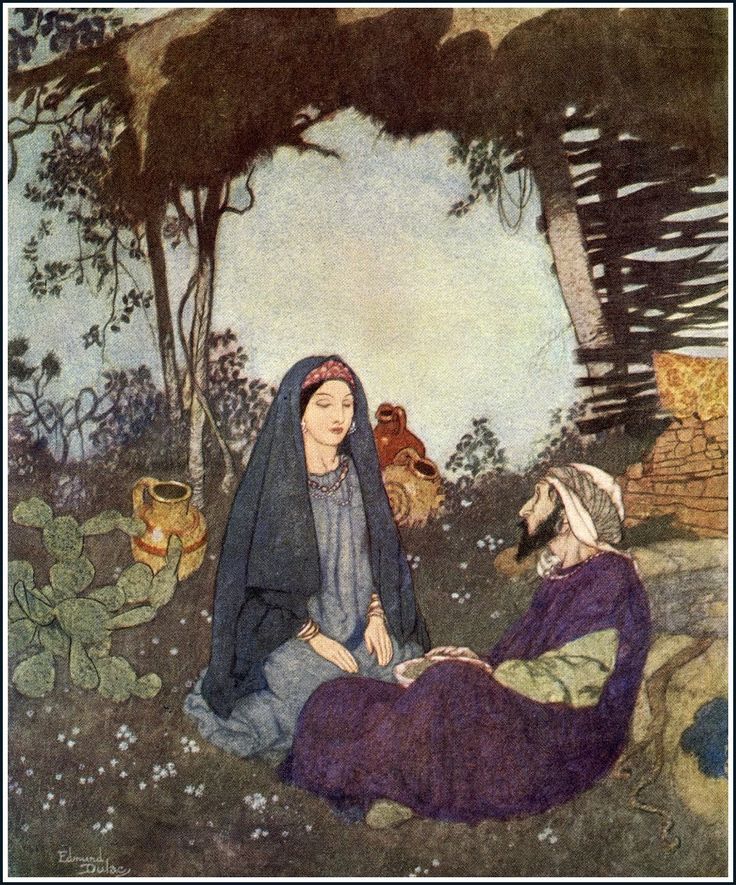
*To inflame men’s heart, ho!*

*Aug., 2008*

[Aphrodite is Greek Goddess; her counterpart is Venus.

Zeus is Greek God; his counterpart is Jupiter.]

**Layla and Majnun**



It is a fictional tragic love story.

Qays ibn aL Mulawwah was just a boy

When he fell in love with Layla al Aamrriya

In the Arab region in 7th century.

Layla was tender as a cypress tree.

She could slay the whole world with a flicker

Of her eye lashes with such a beauty.

She was known for her beauty in the school. 1

She was equipped with two lustrous eyes

And a mole on her cheek when she was born.

Whose heart would not have filled with longing

At the sight of the girl with such black hair?

Even the milk she drank has turned the colour

Of roses the skin on her lips and cheeks.

Qays was one of the best pupils in the class.

He fell for her and she, for him at once. 2

Qays had given his heart to cute Layla

Before he understood of what he gave away.

They drank by day and dreamt by night all along.

Glances were the marks that they were scoring.

Like musk deer, love is betrayed by its scent.

Their eyes were blind and ears deaf to the world.

Everyone knew that he was mad of her

And her parents took her home and kept in. 3

His heart fell ill, longing for his beloved.

Soon everyone knew that he was obsessed.

Qays had lost all chances to see her face.

Parents hid her away from his approach.

Layla hid her sorrow from her parents

And, when she was alone, shed lonely tears.

The separation from his beloved robbed

The youth of his home. He lost his balance. 4

At night he, when everyone was asleep,

Would steal his way to the tent of his girl,

Recite his poems of her and kiss the threshold

And would hasten back before the day dawned.

‘East wind! Be gone early in the morning;

Caress her hair and whisper in her ear.’

‘One who has sacrificed everything for you

Lay in the dust on his way to you dear.’ 5

Layla was a lute and Majnun, a viola.

One day he stole her vision in her tent

At night in front of a candle burning.

She seemed a fairy, Majnun wondered.

He was a fairy torch, Layla exclaimed.

Parents were perturbed in son’s madness.

They pleaded to the parents of Layla

To give her hand in marriage to his son. 6

‘Your son is so obsessed of my daughter

That the people call him Majnun – mad man.

How can I take a mad man as her groom?’

Said her father and withheld his daughter.

Majnun left his parents and ran away.

He wandered in the wilderness with hair

Falling unkempt about his face in despair.

He noted neither reproach nor sympathy. 7

From a bud to a blossom Layla has grown.

Half of an enticing glance from her eyes

Would have been enough to conquer many kings.

She was in secret when she looked for Majnun.

She was also burnt in the fire of longing.

However, she was married to Ihn Salam,

Against her wish and disregarding her wish.

Hearing Layla’s marriage, Majnun mourned. 8

His family eventually gave up hope

For his return and left food in the open.

Majnun was seen reciting poetry

To himself or writing it in the sand.

Some years later, Layla’s husband died.

She was not free yet to join her lover

As she was to grieve for her husband’s death.

They had been separated for lifetime. 9

Layla fell ill and died of broken heart.

News of Layla’s death reached Majnun ears.

He reached the place where Layla was buried.

He wept and wept and surrendered to the grief

And died at the graveside of her beloved.

The love story of Layla and Majnun

Is a tragic love, termed Kuwara love-

The love that does not succeed to marriage. 10

‘I pass by these walls, the walls of Layla

And kiss this wall and that wall.

It’s not love of the house that has take my heart

But of the One who dwells in those houses.’

June, 2020

Andal, the mystic (800AD)



Andal is on literature, music and dance.

Andal is on drama, cinema and Margali.

Andal to Vishnu as Meera to Krishna;

Andal belongs to eighth century though.

Her unique hairdo is Andal Kondai.

Her massive garland is Andal maalai.

The parrot in her hand is Andal parrot.

Srivilliputtur is known for Andal.

Vaijayanthimala gave her a shape.

Ariyakkudi gave her verses a tune.

Vasanthakumari lent her a voice.

Andal is the pride of vaishnavites.

Parents unknown, Srivalli is revered.

Parents unknown, Sita is revered.

Parents unknown, Andal is revered.

They were made to be incarnations.

28.01.2018

(Andal fell in divine love for Perumal,

A form of Vishnu, and spent her life in devotion to Perumal

And at last she had been accepted as the consort of Lord Narayana, who dwelled in Srirangam. She refused to marry any human being and was in ardent love for Narayana. She has sung thirty songs to be sung at dawn to wake the lord on thirty days during Dec and Jan. )

**Radha is an enigma (1100AD)**



Is Radha a person or a concept?

Is she the milk maid or incarnation?

Is she a love companion of Krishna

Or a symbol of devotion for layman?

Radha is an imaginary figure,

Known through Jayadeva’s Gita Govinda

Written during the eleventh century.

No puranas prior speak of Radha.

Radha is Krishna’s love in the people mind.

Radha and Krishna in romantic love

Is portrayed by dance, folklore and painting

For the people to enjoy sexually.

Radha is not a separate entity.

Radha and Krishna form an entity.

Radha is not married to Krishna though

But her pure love for Him is outstanding.

The necessity of creating Radha

And her indulgence of love for Krishna

With sexual focus in devotion

Must be from tantric, sexually explicit.

No female creation was ever made

As cute as Radha, the epitome of love.

No dance can be with such sensual mood

As the one where Radha and Krishna romance.

No other Goddess combines the element

Of devotion and love so exquisitely

As does Radha in love shown to Krishna

Spiritually and physically.

Radha-Krishna relationship is holy.

Radha is seen as an individual soul

Longing for the Supreme for a merger.

Radha is found to be the quest of love.

Apr., 2019

**Tristan and Isolde, a tale (1200AD)**



A high tale of Love and of Death is here

Of the knight Tristan and the queen Isolde;

To their full joy and to their sorrow too,

They loved each other and died together. 1

“Little son! I’ve longed a while to see you,

And now I see you the fairest thing born.

In sadness came I hither, in sadness

Did I bring forth, and in sadness has gone

Your first feast day. And as by sadness

You came into the world your name shall be

Tristan; that is the child of sadness, ho”

Said Blanchefleur , sister of King Mark, Cornwall. 2

Then she kissed him and soon after died.

She was left behind by her husband

On his way to wage his war and was killed

By Duke Morgan. Marshal Rohalt brought up

The child that grew well in fight and music.

Fate made Tristan reach King Mark through huntsmen.

Tristan took the harp and played it to Mark,

Who was pleased and took him as his liege. 3

Marshall Rohalt introduced to King Mark,

Tristan as his sister’s son much later.

The king of Ireland sent a champion

Morholt to demand tribute from Cornwall.

‘Lord King, by your leave I will do battle.’

Tristan fought Morholt in single combat

And killed him, whose wound bore his sword’s piece.

Morholt too wounded Tristan, his wound bleeding. 4

No doctors could heal, and he lost all hope.

He allowed himself to drift in a boat

Across the sea and in a week got the shore.

It was the same place where Morholt lay

And their lady was Isolde the Fair,

Who alone could save Tritson but wished him dead

When she discovered that he only killed Morholt,

And yet took pity and made him recover. 5

Anguish, King of Ireland, offered his daughter

In marriage to any knight who would slay

The fearsome dragon that was tormenting.

Tristan accepted the challenge not for himself

But for his uncle King Mark and killed it.

Isolde was coaxed by her father King Anguish

To go with Tristan to marry King Mark.

She set off with Tristan for Cornwall. 6

Isolde's mother had prepared for Isolde

To share with Mark a potion; they who drink

Of it together love each other forever

In life and death. One day in the voyage

Triston and Isolde were served the potion

By the maid for their thirst, thinking it as wine.

They were drawn close and he planted the first kiss.

Tristan and Isolde consummated their love. 7

‘Yet she is hopelessly in love with him

The King’s Nephew, knight and heir to his kingdom!  
Forlornly she walks… her ermine and velvet  
Cloak gathering the remnants of broken shells.  
Oh God! She is sick from love…ravished by it!  
Tristan’s scent, the taste of his lips upon  
Her tongue, a remembered touch… Oh God!  
She’d swoon if she recalled more of him.’  8

When they arrived in Cornwall, Branwen, her aid,

Was introduced as Isolde and taken in marriage

To King Mark. The threesome managed to fool King Mark for some time but Mark found it out.

He challenged his nephew to a duel.

His nephew willingly lost in the duel .

As the treason should not go unpunished,

Tristan was sentenced to banishment, not death. 9

Tristan began a new life in a new land,

But remained faithful to Isolde for some time.

After a time, he met a beautiful woman

Also called Isolde, of the white hands.

He married her but never forgot his Isolde.

In a fight with six men to rescue a woman,

He got brutally wounded and sounded his wife

That only queen Isolde could cure his wounds. 10

His wife’s brother was entrusted with the job.

Tristan asked him to use white sales upon return

if King Mark released Isolde for this voyage,

And black sales if he did not. He agreed.

Moved by affection, Mark sent him his wife.

Not to lose him to his old love, Tristan’s wife lied

That the sail was black. Hearing it, Tristan died.

Arriving late, Isolde collapsed and died. 11

(This story was much circulated during 12th century, with different versions. Romeo and Juliet of Shakespeare must have been inspired by this episode with a background of history as far back as 7th century.)

Aug., 2019

**Lancelot-Guinevere love (1300AD)**



Guinevere was the wife of King Arthur,

The legendary ruler of Briton,

Who led the defense of Briton ably

Against Saxon invaders in the late

5th century and was hailed in folk songs.

Arthur married her, stung by her beauty,

In spite of a warning from his man Merlin

That Guinevere would be unfaithful to him. 1

Sir Lancelot was a knight belonging

To the Round Table and the most trusted

Knight of king Arthur in the battlefield.

He was known for his valour and posture.

When Guinevere was abducted by a design,

Arthur entrusted to Lancelot the job

Of undertaking a journey of hurdles

And fetching his queen safely from the spot. 2

Lancelot encountered many challenges.

He battled three axe bearing man squarely,

Lifted a heavy stone slab of a tomb,

Fought against an overly prideful knight

And crossed a bridge made with sharp swords.

He discovered Guinevere in the castle.

He fought men and broke into the tower.

He returned with her to reach King Arthur. 3

Guinevere acquainted with Lancelot,

Whose bravery and chivalry she was

An eyewitness to and was drawn to him.

A villainous and fatally flawed woman,

She was portrayed for the illicit love

She exhibited to the king’s knight.

Lancelot and Guinevere loved each other

And gave themselves to each other heart and soul. 4

Arthur took no notice of the growing

Attachments between the queen and Lancelot

In the very first, duly weighed by the trust.

The courtly love they ardently pursued

Lacked corporal lust and retained blushes.

The king accused his wife of adultery

And banished Lancelot, who left with heavy heart.

Eventually, the queen returned to the king. 5

Failing to produce an heir and unable

To be with her man, she went to depression.

Following the death of Arthur, the queen

Entered a convent and served as a nun.

The story of Guinevere was floated

Suggesting that women, the married ones,

Were expected to be high in moral

Than the men during medieval period. 7

June, 2020

**Padmavathy, the queen of Chittor**

**(1300 -1400AD)**



The tale about Padmavathi of Chittor

Has no base of historical evidence.

She is glorified for her chastity

And self immolation in defiance.

The tale of Kannaki of Poompukar

Has no historical events to back.

She is personified for chastity

And retaliation against misjudgment.

The epic around Seetha of Ajodhya

Has only mythological references.

She is epitomized for her fast virtue

And staunch resistance to guard chastity.

Padmavath is the pride of Rajputs.

Kannaki is the pride of the Tamils.

Seetha is the pride of most of Hindus.

All the three heroines are goddess equal.

There are many versions of these fictions.

All versions uphold woman’s purity.

The Hindi film Padmavathy must follow suit.

To stall its release by some is immature

Nov., 2017

**Chittore Rani Padmini (14th century)**



The legend of cute Queen Padmavati

Is a tale of lust and war, the tragic.

The epic poem of Padmavati was written

By Malik Muhammad Jayasi far back

In the early sixteenth century.

There are many versions of the epic

But all spoke of the beauty of the queen,

Lust of the Sultan and the glory of Rajput. 1

Padmavati, also known as Padmini,

Was the second wife by swayamvara

Of King Rawal Ratan Singh, who had ruled

Chittorgarh, also known as Chittore.

Padmavati is known for her beauty.

She was the daughter of king Hamir Sank,

The Chauhan ruler from Shingala kingdom.

Chittor Rani Padmini she has become. 2

Alauddin Khilji, the Sultan of Delhi,

Who ruled in the thirteenth century,

Heard of the beauty of Padmavati

From Raghav, a brahmin musician,

Who took refuge with the Delhi Sultan,

After he was banished from Chittore fort

For his indulgence in sorcery act.

He sang the queen’s beauty, to settle his score 3

Intrigued by the description of Padmini,

Alauddin marched with army to Chittorgarh.

Camping outside the fort, he sent a word

About his wish to see the beauty of the queen.

Not to upset the Sultan and invite his wrath,

Ratan Singh relented to the Sultan’s wish,

Which Rani Padmini declined from modesty.

Rajput queens cannot be seen by strangers. 4

Rani was coaxed to let her reflection

From a mirror be seen by Alauddin.

Smitten by the beauty from the mirror,

He decided to have her as his own.

Her husband was kidnapped when he saw off

The Sultan outside his fort and Padmavati

Was bargained for exchange of the king.

Gora and Badal came to the queen’s rescue. 5

In the name of Padmavati and her aids,

A hundred palanquins carrying soldiers

In disguise led by Gora and Badal

Reached Delhi and brought the king back.

Alauddin Khilji’s rage went out of bound.

Meanwhile, Ratan Singh was killed in a duel

With Devpal, the king of Kumbhalner,

Who also was enamoured with Padmini. 6

The Sultan army, unable to break the fort,

Laid siege on Chittor, cutting off supplies.

Many events took place and the fort fell.

Men dying in the battle, sensing the defeat,

Women in the fort, led by Padmavati

And Nagmati, the queens, committed jauhar,

By jumping into the huge fire pit set.

Alauddin got empty fort and the charred queen.

June, 2020

**Anarkali (late 16th century)**

****

The fictional tale of Anakali

And Salim has been adopted into arts,

Literature and cinema in India

From the late seventeenth century onwards.

The love story of Anarkali-Salim

Is the story every lover would know

And is invoked to refer to the love

For its intensity and purity. 1

Nar Ud Din Mohammad Salim to be known

By his imperial name as Jahangir,

The son of Akbar, Mughal emperor

During 16th century in India.

Anarkali, born as Sharif un-Nissa

And also known as Nadira Begum

Was a courtesan from Lahore region.

Anarkali means pomegranate blossom. 2

Anarkali was the renowned beauty

And the talented courtesan in dance.

Salim was the man of passion in art

And the man of sensitivity for women.

He fell in love with her for her beauty,

And discounted her birth as courtesan.

She knows that their romance was forbidden

In the eyes of Mughal Emperor Akbar. 3

Salim could not hold himself from her charm.

Anarkali could not hold him away.

The emperor could not digest the fact

That a prince was in love with a courtesan.

He sent words to her to stop the romance.

He threatened her with dire consequences.

The prince revolted against his father

But was defeated and sentenced to death. 4

Sensing the trend, Anarkali renounced

Her love to save her lover from the death.

Yet she was entombed alive for her love.

The love episode was in their teenage.

The heart broken Salim lived to be the king

In the year sixteen five and later married

Nur Jahan after seeing her widowhood.

Salim built a rich tomb for Anarkali. 5

The audacity to be in love

And the pain that is endured in the journey

Of it is special and relatable

To everyone who have ever loved someone.

The love that fears and has inhibitions

Is not love but it is lust and is a sin.

Love destroys the life and lovers are known

Only when they are dead, so be they dead. 6

June, 2020

**Pride And Prejudice**



Elizabeth, I fell in love with you,

Without seeing you in person.

Without being born in your days,

With a figure that I carved of you,

Out of manners written in words

By Jane Austin in Pride and Prejudice.

I have cut such a figure of you in my thought.

Like of which no heroine could match

If she were to enact you in a play.

You are the epitome of pride,

The pride without vanity,

The pride without humility either;

The pride with a royal aura

Without any royal blood.

You have had such pride as forbade

You even to reveal your love

To one you were deeply in love with,

And to one who condescended to love

Till he himself laboured to spell.

Elizabeth, I fell in love with you

For your pride, poise and composure.

Dec., 2004

**Heloise (1079-1142) and Abelard (1101-1164) in love**



Peter Abelard was a French philosopher.

Heloise was the niece of Fulbert, a canon.

He was born in ten thousand seventy-nine

And she was twenty years younger to him.

He was teaching philosophy in Paris.

She was aspiring to learn philosophy.

Abelard must be 40 when he met her.

Heloise must be in her 20 to see him. 1

Heloise, of no mean beauty, stood out

Above all by reason of her knowledge,

Which was abundant, as much as her charm.

He wanted to teach; she wanted to learn.

Her beauty attracted him to teach her.

His reputation drew her towards him.

He wanted to have her so he taught her.

Fulbert consented his stay with them. 2

Proximity is a culprit for passion.

Their corporal presence in study paved

The way for him to advance upon her

And exploit her passion for having sex.

‘All men are under a necessity

Of paying tribute at some time or other

To LOVE, and it’s vain to strive to avoid it.’

He wrote in his correspondence about her. 3

He wrote, ‘Charming Heloise, said I, blushing,

If you know yourself, you’ll not be surprised

With the passion you have inspired me with.

There was a most happy understanding

Between us; the same house united us.

We improved the time with the sweet of love.’

Love is incapable of being concealed.

Abelard was obliged to leave her and the house. 4

He could not live without seeing Heloise.

He entreated her servant to help him

For money but attractive as she was,

She wanted him to have her his mistress.

So entirely did he love his Heloise

That he turned her desire down and left her.

Heloise’s singing master helped their meet.

Both had an ardent meeting in her garden. 5

The first news she acquainted with him plunged

Him into a distraction. She must be

Delivered of a burden she was feeling.

She was soon shifted to her sister’s house

In Brittany. It is a robbery, he felt,

Which love had made him commit and it was

A sort of treason. Next step he did was

Asking Fulfert’s pardon with confession. 6

He further offered to marry her in secret.

‘Will it not be more agreeable to me

To see myself your mistress than your wife.

And will not love have more power than marriage

To keep our heart firmly united?’ she told.

However, marriage took place in secret.

A boy was born and entrusted to his sister.

To hide marriage, she was sent to nunnery. 7

It was Abelard who kindled in her love.

It was Heloise who watered in her love.

‘I have your picture in my room and never

Pass it without stopping to look at it.

If a picture can give me such a pleasure,

What cannot letters inspire?’ she wrote,

‘I shall read that you are my husband

And you shall see me sign myself your wife.’ 8

‘You can only relieve me with tears and words.

I will still love you with all the tenderness

Of my soul till the last moment of my life.’

She wrote and reasoned against marrying,

‘The name of wife is hoourable in the world

Yet the name of your mistress had greater charms.

In marriage I am necessitated

To love always one who loves me or not.’ 9

Heloise is considered the first woman

In 12th century on feminist philosophy.

‘Happiness is the union of two persons

Who love each other with perfect liberty,

Who are united by an inclination

And satisfied with each other merit.’

She preferred to be known as mistress

Rather than wife and enjoyed that liberty. 10

He spent his time with monks. Fulfert mistook

Abelard to have abandoned Heloise as a nun

And got him castrated through his servants.

After castration, filled with shame from this,

Abélard became a monk, without retaliation.

It was at this time that they have exchanged

Their famous letters having literary merit.

They convey the remembrance of lost love. 11

June, 2020

(The Abelard-and-Heloise tomb is found in Pere Lachaise site in North East of Paris.)

**Josephine Napoleon (1763 – 1814)**



‘You shall be crowned the Queen of France and sit

On the throne by the side your husband.’

Said the priest astrologer when she was seven.

Josephine was then just a maid servant,

And was borne by a maid servant to her master.

She was given away by her father

To a French noble Viscount Aleksander

Beauharnais, who married her in ‘79. 1

Josephine in due course bore him a son

And a daughter. In French revolution

In ’89, her husband was guillotined

And Josephine was thrown into prison.

Paul Barras, a French General fell for her,

Secured her release and made her his mistress.

However, she failed to be his trustworthy.

She received other Generals also. 2

Her eye fell on Napoleon Bonaparte,

A promising young man still unmarried.

The widow invited Napoleon for lunch,

Where he fell completely under her spell.

They became lovers and her attention

Was diverted from Barras to his relief.

She shed crocodile tears to Paul Barras

And married Napoleon in ’96. 3

Josephine did not love Napoleon as much

As he loved her and it took her years

Before she warmed well to his affection.

He was mad of her and kept a picture

Of her in his pocket to kiss it now and then.

Not a beauty and well past her prime age,

If she bewitched him, it’s her hypnotic charm.

His love letters to her are the world famous. 4

While Napoleon languished in the battlefield,

Josephine lived in Paris, enjoying herself.

She wanted him for social recognition

And he wanted her for her hypnotic face.

He was in dark about her amorous

Escapades with her new lover Charles.

He realized that she had no love for him

And gathered himself to war and nation. 5

She was the first wife of Napoleon

And as well the first empress of French

When he became emperor in 1799.

Not trusted but loved, she was retained.

Napoleon made up his mind to divorce her

And marry a princess to bore him an heir.

He divorced her in the year eighteen nine

And married Marie Louise, who bore him a son. 6

Josephine was let to leave the place

With dignity with all jewels and fortunes

That she kept in the tenure of queenship.

She was not disturbed from separation.

She lost the sympathy of her children

For her debauchery and self-centeredness.

Napoleon was dethroned and exiled.

Josephine died, uttering napoleon’s name. 7

June, 2020

**Barrett and Browning in love (1806–1861AD)**



Elizabeth Barrett was a poetess

And Robert Browning, a renowned poet.

He fell in love with the poetry of her

And subsequently started loving her.

‘I love your verses with all my heart.’ Wrote he.

Her invalidation did not deter his love.

He loved her when she was at thirty-nine.

He loved her despite six year over age,

Her dark eyes and a large well shaped mouth

Were the features that attracted Browning.

‘When you came, you never went away.’

She wrote to him after his first visit.

She declined his proposal for marriage.

Her invalidation might ruin his life.

When she recovered, she eloped with him,

Fearing the wrath of her tyrant father.

They lived for sixteen years in Italy,

Both writing and living happily.

She died in 1886, leaning on his chest,

She had made a poem about her love for him,

‘I love thee to the depth, breadth and height

My soul could reach. .......................

........................... and if God chooses,

I shall but love thee better after death.’

Jan., 2018

**Jane Digby- the pursuit of love (1807-1881AD)**



Born in 1807, lady Jane Digby

Was as romantic as of adventure.

Even at sixteen she turned the nobles on.

Her parents had counted on her beauty. 1

Her marriage with Lord Ellenborough,

A rich, thirty-year-old widower, failed.

She bore him a boy to make him potent.

She waned away and was sought by lovers. 2

She fell in love with Prince Falix.

Neither of them buried their secret.

A marriage with him could not be made

As he, a catholic, cannot wed a divorcee. 3

‘Jane Digby was’ Prince Falix acknowledged,

‘Among the greatest beauties of her time.

She had given up everything for him-

Fortune, reputation, friends, and family.’ 4

Tired of being admired, desired and sought,

She set of to see the rest of the world.

She became mistress of King Ludwig,

Whom she was fond of but not in love with. 5

‘Without love feeling, life is a dreary void.

Loving and being loved is air to breathe.’

With this in mind she fell for the Baron,

A Bavarian noble man, young and handsome. 6

He proposed but she was hesitant,

Thinking about her love for Prince Falix.

‘There exists something in a first passion

That no time can efface.’ she felt and wrote. 7

The king helped her marry the Baron,

Suspecting the seed, she carried as his.

But the child was the image of the Boran.

She bore him one more before she parted. 8

Count Theotoki, a Greek, was her next lover.

There were secret assignations with him.

She was required to choose between two men

Who wished to behave more nobly than the other. 9

‘No woman will ever possess me, dear,

As you have possessed me. A mistress

I will have but I cannot have another Jane.’,

Wrote the Baron, accepting her parting. 10

She went to live and love Theotoki,

Saddened at pain she has caused to the Baron.

Getting divorced, she married Theotoki

And stalled it after several years. 11

At sixty plus, General Hadji Petros,

Was attractive to women and the queen.

At forty-five, Jane became his mistress

And felt freer as mistress than as a wife. 12

Her last lover was Medjuei, an Arab.

He was fascinated by Jane from the first.

He presented to her a beautiful mare.

When he proposed, she accepted instantly. 13

She discovered that he had all the qualities

She had sought in other men. She exclaimed,

‘I’m forty-seven and as much in love

As a young girl of fifteen years old.’ 14

Jane and Medjuel married for thirty years.

It was a passionate relationship to the end.

‘Had I in early life married the Sheikh

I could not have caused so much grief.’ 15

In 1881 Jane died with him beside.

As the service in the cemetery over,

Astride Jane’s Arab mare, his gift to her,

He galloped away, gazing the coffin.

For her love mattered, which she sought in men.

Jan., 2018

**Mata Hari (1876-1917AD)**

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The seductive spy was Mata Hari.

Born in 1876, in Netherlands,

Found guilty of spying for Germany

By the French, she was executed

At her forty-one, notwithstanding her beauty.

Mata Hari, the exotic dancer,

Was not pure but might have been innocent.

Though a whore, an international woman,

She had been known as, in a euphemism,

An insatiable hunger for male attention.

Propelled by her sexual drive to make men slaves,

She lost her virginity to her Headmaster.

Her prey were mostly military giants,

In whom she found strong arms

And whom she found gallant and sweet.

A female fatale that she was,

The one who ordered for her execution

Must have been an impotent.

She had rocked Europe and wrecked heads,

With no one to rock her cradle nor her heart.

Aug., 2007

**Mohammed Ali Jinnah’s fall (1876-1948AD)**



Jinnah,40, was hard pressed to ignore

Ruttie, 16, who wore gossamer-thin

Saris that clung to her subtle body,

And who had a ready flirtatious laugh. 1

He was her father’s good friend and his age,

And went to stay with him in Darjeeling

For a month to escape Bombay summer.

It was the summer of nineteen sixteen. 2

His age dissolved in his personality

And her age enhanced in her majesty.

A tendril had found a brown twig to cling to,

With proximity as the great culprit. 3

Jinnah was a Muslim and she, a Parsi.

He is a widower and she, still blossoming.

Sir Dinshaw Petit, a man of fortune,

Thwarted his bid to marry his daughter. 4

Her drive for her survived the denial.

Her fall for him survived the consequence.

They kept in touch in secret, and eighteen

Turned to, she eloped with him forever. 5

Jinnah and Ruttie scandalized Bombay.

A glamorous couple they became known,

Cruising down Marina Drive at sunsets

In his convertible, her hair loose in wind. 6

Soon she gave birth to a daughter, Dina.

Sooner she plunged into some mysticism.

The difference in age and temperaments

In them grew too obvious to ignore. 7

She died at 29, alone and lonely

In the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay,

By a collapse in a mysterious way;

Who knows it could have been a suicide. 8

She drove me mad; she was just a child and

I should never have married her, he told.

He packed away her jades, silks and all

And rarely mentioned her later in life. 9

Jinnah moved to London with Dina

And his spinster sister Fatima to live.

How successful Jinnah and Ruttie had been

In marital life is a question mark. 10

June, 2015

**Edwina Mountbatten (1900 – 60)**



Edwina was patrilineally descended

From the Earls of Shaftesbury.

When Lord Louis Mountbatten met Edwina,

She was a leading member of London

Society and their marriage, which was held

In nineteen twenty-two, attracted crowds

Of the royal family with prime heads.

It was dubbed then ‘the wedding of the year.’ 1

Edwina was one of the most beautiful

Women In England, said Drew Pearson.

She was known to have affairs all her life

And did little to hide it from her husband,

She herself being ten times richer than him.

A disgruntled wife took Edwina to court

For her indulgence with the married men.

Hugh and Laddie were her serious lovers. 2

Edwina’s interests in India’s

Freedom struggles pushed her into the arms

Of Jawaharlal Nehru, a person

Of charismatic personality.

A man of passion and sensitivity,

Nehru found in her a kind of solace

That he hadn’t got from his deceased wife.

Edwin-Nehru love blossomed in forty-five. 3

It was from the hand of Lord Mountbatten

That the freedom of India was delivered.

Edwin was instrumental for its happening,

Which was because of her crush on Nehru.

Both of them were remarkable people

Needing each other with high intellect.

The volumes of letters Nehru wrote her

With love were preserved by Mountbatten. 4

Edwina had the chance of privacy

With Nehru when he visited London

Two years after India’s freedom.

She maintained live contact with India

In order to have Nehru’s company.

Whenever Nehru visited London

He stayed with Edwina and Mountbatten.

She often came to India to stay with him. 5

It was in sixty and Nehru was past seventy.

He invited Edwin for the Republic Day.

She had privacy with him during the stay.

It was her last meeting with Jawahar.

She left him without telling about her health.

Edwina’s death came soon and shocked the world.

Hearing it, Nehru was a broken man.

Homage was paid to her in the both houses. 6

Mountbatten knew that Edwin loved Nehru.

Indira knew that her father found a soul.

Vijaya Laxmi Pandit complimented her

Saying Edwin came to her brother’s life

When he had no wife and fulfilled the void.

‘The God or some fairy gave you beauty,

Intelligence, grace and vitality- great gifts.’

Nehru told her, recognizing her greatness. 6

June, 2020

**A doe eyed Bengali beauty (1928-2014AD)**



Sonali Dasgupta then

And Sonali Rossellini now

Passed away this week all alone,

At the age of eighty-four in Rome. 1

It was in nineteen fifty-seven.

A scandal broke of an affair

Between Sonali , 27

And Roberto Rossellini, 57. 2

The occurrence was in Bombay.

Blitz and Film India flashed the news:

‘To elope with Roberto Rossellini’

It became talk of the town all the way. 3

They flew to Paris and then Rome.

She took her second son, one year,

Leaving the other with her husband,

Harisadhan Dasgupta, a filmmaker. 4

A doe eyed Bengal beauty was she.

An aspirant of an actress was she.

She led a humdrum existence,

Playing a second fiddle to her spouse. 5

Her husband deputed her to assist

Roberto Rossellini, a celebrate

Film maker of Italy, in script writing

In his documentary of India. 6

Discomfited and yet flattened

By the attention Rossellini lavished,

She, 5’8”, succumbed to his charm

And slipped into her arm and then bed. 7

She had to desert her family

And elope, with no other way left,

As she had conceived illicitly.

She gave birth to a female child. 8

All the fifty years while she lived in Rome,

She dressed in saris and looked Indian.

She lived with elegance and grace.

Her estranged husband has later died. 9

Her second son died, and daughter fled,

Having converted to Islam.

Her first husband died in penury.

She died alone, aloof; who knows how? 10

June, 2014

**Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis (1929 – 94)**



Jacqueline Lee Bouvier (Jackey) wrote a letter

To her fiancé John Husted insisting

To not give credence to the rumour

About her relationship with John Kennedy,

But she was wrong and had relationship

With John Filzgerald Knnedy, in whom

She found all she wanted to get in life:

Wealth and the heart to let her spend as she liked. 1

She broke the engagement with John Husted

Without remorse and gave him back his ring.

She had an uncanny foresight to hook

The right man from wooing two at a time.

She married John Kennedy in ‘fifty-three

And became the first lady of US

In ‘sixty when he became President.

With that came the pinnacle of her life. 2

Jackey became an international icon

For style, elegance, poise, and extravagance.

‘Mr. President is worried about

My budget more than that of the US.’

Said Jackey, and John Kennedy once said,

‘I am accompanying Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy.’

On French Paper heading about her visit:

‘The US first lady is beauty incarnate.’ 3

Jackey came to India on a state visit

And charmed Indian PM. J. Nehru.

She too was impressed and drawn close to him.

She had acquaintance with Aristotle Onassis,

The Greek tycoon on his luxury yacht

To negotiate marriage of her sister Lee

To Onassis who found interest in her.

Onassis forgot Lee and fell for Jackey. 4

The president was assassinated

And fell on his wife lap in ‘sixty-three.

She meanwhile bore for him a girl and a boy.

In her widowhood, Robert Kennedy,

For whom Marlin Monroe fell, though in vain,

Was the chief and close supporter for her.

Had he not been assassinated later,

Jackey would have remained as a widow. 5

Jackey married Onassis in ‘sixty-eight.

A sense of estrangement set on Onassis

From a leakage of her personal letters

Made to her former escort and lover,

Roswell Gilpatric in nineteen seventy.

Onassis was getting alienated from her,

And died in seventy-five, for Jackey

To get second widowhood without regret. 6

Jackey had several male companions.

And her quest for third husband was alive.

Maurice Templesman, a known associate,

Was her life companion when she celebrated

Her sixty first birthday in ‘eighty-nine.

She had kept herself remarkably young.

Jacqueline liked to forget all tragedies

And lived in peace, pleasure and opulence. 7

June, 2020

**Prince Margaret ever young. (1930-2002AD)**



As younger sister of Queen Elizabeth

And daughter of King Georg VI of England,

Margret Rose was born in nineteen thirty.

As freedom seeking and pleasure loving,

With a sematic beauty coupled with

The Lucite complexion, has she grown up.

As could be like any bohemian girl,

She was an amalgam of Elizabeth Taylor. 1

A handsome world war II flying hero

Was Group Captain Peter Townsend, who was

Aid to Margaret’s father King George VI.

He, a divorcee, was the first person,

On whom Prince Margaret developed a crush

In her mid-twenties and much intended

To marry him, which the church didn’t sanction

As the marriage was to him, a divorcee. 2

She wanted to marry the man she loved

And didn’t mind giving up her claim to the throne.

It was her mother Queen Mary who forbade

Her from marrying him and losing the grace.

Margaret sublimated her libido

In dancing till late at night in the clubs

And dipped into London’s bohemian circles.

Townsend married Marie Luce years later. 3

She stumbled upon Antony Armstrong Jones,

A photographer, well educated

And a trendy fast living commoner,

Who dared to court Margaret instantly.

She liked his looks and admired his works.

Her mother found in her happiness and joy

After many years and gave approval.

She married him at her age of twenty-nine. 4

In due course of time she gave birth to a son

And a daughter with life not much rosy.

Margaret unresolved love for Townsend

Was dormant in her heart and her husband

Loathed all formalities of royal life.

Tony, her husband, later broke away

And invited most glamorous women

To spend nights with him in some cottages. 5

Margaret felt humiliated by him

There were many suiters to Margaret.

Lord Patrick Lichfield, a photographer,

Was one of them. Dominic Elliot

Was the other, whom she knew before

She knew Townsend, and she moved close to him.

Her other friends were Derek Hart, a TV man,

And Peter Sellers, the well-known film star. 6

Margaret met in Scotland a wealthy son,

Roderic Llewellyn in ‘73

When she was 43 and he 25.

She had good time with him in many ways

And he was much mad of her company.

Margaret-Roddy affair became public.

Queen Elizabeth stepped in and resolved,

‘The two mutually agreed to live apart. 7

Separation brought the princess freedom.

Her obsession with the pleasure of life

Did not slow down with her advancing age.

Like Elizabet Taylor, Margaret loved dancing.

Armed by wealth inherited by her mother,

She lived a queen life, engaging herself

In various social organizations.

Even at 60, she had friends her sons age. 8

02.07.2020

**Divorce and remarriage (1932-2011AD)**



Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton

Fell in love in the set of Cleopatra,

As ardently as queen Cleopatra

And General Mark Antony in the play.

She was twenty-eight and he, thirty-five.

They had been in love scandal for four years

By when they divorced their spouses and married.

They had been married just for ten years,

Of which the latter half made them estranged.

They divorced in year 1974,

To be married again after a year,

Which did not last more than a year.

He was her fourth and fifth husband of eight.

He was the one she was drawn to most passionately.

She died in 2011 as a divorcee

And he in 1985 as a divorcee.

In spite of passion, love and position,

They could not be a happy couple.

Feb., 2016

**Sophia Loran (1934AD)**



‘Shophia Loron, the majestic,’

To say of you, I am apologetic.

You were born low, as illegitimate.

Your mother made you legitimate.

It is your mother who made you the great.

Her love for you was total, and vital.

Carlo Ponti was, who made you the screen queen.

Older by twenty years, he was mad of you.

He could not coax you to be less than a wife

He had to give up his family as price.

In Hollywood actor, Cry Grant,

You found your love and warmth

But it is Carlo who got your warmth.

You had to yield as a grateful dog.

You never changed husbands unlike Monroe.

You never betrayed your husband.

Nor did you sell yourself for wealth and fame.

Your two sons are legitimate,

By which you rank high in estimate.

Your mate is the most fortunate.

You seduced attention all over.

No worthy man could lay hand on you,

The poorest of poor, who grew the richest of rich.

You were not the queen of Rome

But you swayed as the queen of celluloid.

You were honoured with Mrs. World,

For consistency at your five and sixty.

As much you barred men as you lured-

A lover of gratitude and solitude,

A symbol of honesty and majesty.

A blend of beauty, love, and culture,

You last by your inner beauty.

You still exist so no scandal is thrown.

May, 2002

**Ratna Sari Dewi Sukarno (1940AD)**



First President of Indonesia

Was Dr. Bango Kamo Sukarno,

Known for his love for women and wine.

During his foreign trips he was keen

To meet the best of women with wine.

On a state visit to Japan, he went

In the year of nineteen fifty-nine’

Where he was introduced to a lady. 1

By Naoko Nemoto’s exotic beauty,

He was fascinated and fell for her.

She was a bar hostess and at nineteen.

He was 58 and got a good treat.

Sukarno and she fell for each other.

He found in her a source for his passion.

She found in him a way for fame and wealth.

He later married her as his fourth wife. 2

He renamed her Ratna Sari Dewi,

to suit the Indonesian language

After she converted to Islam.

With her marriage to the President,

She became the First Lady of the land,

And moved to a palace built for her.

An oil painting of Dewi in westen clothes

Was hung on the wall of the drawing hall. 3

Ratna led a luxurious life and enjoyed

The power of her husband in all manner.

The interest of Japan was always

There in her heart, and she made a huge wealth

And put it in the bank of Japan and Swiss.

She lived in her villa like a queen

And built a bridge between her man and Japan.

She was keen that her husband was in power. 4

In the meanwhile, a military coup

Under Gen. Suharto was staged

And Sukarno was made a captive head.

His twenty years of rule as dictator

Came to an end to the plight of Dewi.

She came there to marry power and wealth,

And was not ready to wilt with her husband.

To flee Indonesia was her option. 5

Dewi was pregnant. Under the pretense

Of delivery, she left for Japan.

Her husband had built for her villas

in Djakarta, Paris and Tokyo.

She went away to enjoy the life

Of luxury in Paris for two years.

She gave birth to a daughter in Paris

And named her Kartika Sari Dewi. 6

Once she thought of returning to her husband

But left it for fear of prosecution.

She expressed grief over the fate of him

And gave him up for good in her rest of life.

During Dewi’s stay in Japan, she made

Friendship with one Masahiko Tsugawa,

The famous film star and kept his company.

She, not a divorcee, could not marry him. 7

Sukarno fell ill and his wife returned

With their child for him to see his product.

He laid down his life in their presence

In nineteen seventy, when he was sixty-nine.

‘I loved her as the jewel-essence. Instead

Of being the jewel-essence herself, jewels

Had become the essence of her life.’ said he.

A well-known media figure she is now in Japan. 8

June, 2020

**Marilyn Monroe. (1945-62AD)**



A tragic angel of sex,

A seductive child woman,

A legendary Love Goddess,

A blonde, a beauty persona,

A voice as much voluptuous,

You, Marilyn Monroe,

As betrayed by those who mattered you,

And ill-loved by those who you mattered,

Having taken over doze of sleeping pills,

In 1962, a fateful year of sex hunters,

At the ripest age of six and thirty,

Over the failure of much cherished

Marital bond with Robert Kennedy,

Had left us high and dry as sex starved.

From a poor soil and from a broken home,

You came out as an illegitimate child.

You were not to die as an invalid.

You found that your body was an asset,

With which you wanted to bet the world,

With which you wanted to take revenge

On all men, low and high, who fell by.

You had slept with many,

Even for a paltry sum.

You sold yourself for your need and growth,

Never for lust. You are not a man hunter.

You were deserted by three husbands.

You were belied by Robert Kennedy.

He wanted your body, not the soul.

You purred everyone to lust you and burst.

You used sex as a powerful weapon

To fight with and to beat with,

For the rise to the mount to humble men.

You sought love nowhere.

You lost it everywhere.

Love hungry and name hungry,

You were too fast to find love anywhere.

You had tuned up for men atop.

Had you turned down to fans below,

You could have got fountain of love.

I take pity for your sad death.

The solace is that I had my youth

Before you had had your last breath.

Your erotic profile still is in my memory.

A woman of sacrifice is Marilyn Monroe.

May, 2002

Hollywood, a catching pouch

Actress Gwyneth Paltrow:

He offered me the lead role in Emma.

He put her hand on me that suggested.

I was young; I was at this petrified.

Actress Rosanna Arquette :

He hired me for a role in his make.

He took me to his room for a massage.

I was in youth; I was at this mortified.

Actress Angelina Jolie :

He made an unwanted advance on me

That I thwarted in a private meeting

As I had had a bad experience in youth

When I worked for him in a production.

Actress Heather Graham:

He propositioned me,

Offering me a role in a movie

By saying his wife has let him

Sleep with other women outdoor.

Actress Lea Saydoux:

Weinstein's lurid behaviour

That i wrote in first person

Along with my bitter experience

Fell on deaf ears in Hollywood.

Cara Delevingne:

He is a ruthless sexual predator.

He sought on one occasion

To engage an actress in a threesome

With another woman shamelessly.

Ashley Judd:

He in a hotel room asked me

To watch him shower

And repeatedly suggested

With unwanted contacts to me.

Rose McGowan:

Following an encounter with him

In a hotel room during a film festival,

I reached a settlement with him.

Some others too reached settlement.

[**Lucia Evans**:](https://www.newyorker.com/news/news-desk/from-aggressive-overtures-to-sexual-assault-harvey-weinsteins-accusers-tell-their-stories)

In 2004, at his Miramax office

He was in the room alone,

And forced me to perform oral sex on him.

She said no but was overpowered.

Producer Harvey Weinstein:

I haven't entertained any actress

On a nonconsensual sex basis.

I haven't retaliated against the ones

When they have rejected my advances.

To demand sex in exchange of one's wants

Is sex exploitation and hence harmful.

To compromise sex for an aspiration

And later allege harassment is vengeful..

11.10.2017

**Apples cast off (1975AD)**

****

The tucked in apples were cut and cast.

The focused apples were cut and cast.

The craved apples were thrown as waste.

The coveted apples were thrown as waste.

The boys were sorry more than the gardener.

The boys were sore more than the gardener.

Before their decay, they have been thrown out.

Before their term, they have been cast away.

Breasts are the assets for any woman.

They serve as two way traffic of passion.

Without them stays not femininity.

To forgo them is an act of bravery.

They have been cut off by a surgery.

She has done it, before their expiry,

To cut the risk of cancer, a bold act.

Her grace is not lost but high in the mast.

28.05.2013

[Angelina Jolie, at her 37, got both mastectomies, to cut the risk of cancer]

# Visalkshi the withered love

# 

# Paganeri Episode (1965AD)

Over thirty years, you had been in my Brain,

With teenage image in tender plumage,

So romantic, so smart, and so receptive,

In talks, deeds, and walks, to hold me captive

Till I saw you, from pain and sorrow,

To only find how withered you became

So dull, so sluggish and so over aged

In talks, looks, and walks to my dismay.

With remorse I wish I didn’t see you.

You would have stayed in me what you had been.

Unromantic mate, you had fallen to,

Like a parrot perking on a thorny plant.

I know your value; yet I missed you.

I could have kindled and preserved you.

No amount of regrets could absolve me

Of the cheat that I’d committed on you.

I repent and repent for my own shake.

A diamond had been burnt to a carbon.

01.05.2002

**Vishalakshi**

Her husband is dead.

Tragic or pleasing news!

That too in a car accident.

She was my love five decades back.

Our sojourn was a month

In her village where I chanced to stay.

Loveliness and gracefulness

Combined, she was a lotus.

No wonder, I loved her.

It is wonder, she loved me.

She loved me more

Than I loved her, the poor.

Her love was pure and genuine.

My love was daring and fast.

Our eyes crossed and then talked.

Our lips talked and then touched.

It is the virgin love for the both.

She sanctioned my visit once

To her house and to the room

Where we were closeted.

She believed me to such extent

That she conceded to be undraped

And surrendered to my trust.

Too tender in age, I deserted her.

It took three decades for me

To trace her and meet her.

Then she was not a lotus

But reminded me of a cactus,

Aging being prominent.

Now she is a widow.

I am not a widower.

Otherwise, I would have wiped

The sin I committed to her.

31.12.2007

**Visalakshi-2**

Her husband died of a car accident.

It took place about three years ago.

Now she is free of encumbrances.

Hence, I could talk to her as freely as

I did fifty-two years back in her village

Where I met her, where we fell for each other.

I managed to get her phone number.

The last meeting of us was in her house

With her spouse, some twenty years ago.

She has married seven years after

Our episode, in the year I married,

Both being unaware of each other.

I saw her there after thirty- two years

By when a lemon skinned beauty queen

Has turned into a dry skinned wrinkle.

I got her over phone and shared her grief.

She was upset, implying her bond with him.

She declined my offer of any meeting,

However incidental it might be.

‘Let us forget ours as a child game

With no renewal at this stage and age’

She said. Anxiety driven, she enquired

About me and family and my life.

Now she is seventy and weak as she told.

She is as old as me who am still robust.

It means we both were sweet seventeen

When we loved each other that went to

Being together with clothes stripped of

In her bolted room with a resolution

To elope, till we were caught red handed.

How quick a woman vomits her ex-lover!

24.06.2010

**Visalakshi**

Visalakshi is under dialysis.

I heard and enquired over phone.

She displayed no attachment.

Her son family met a car accident.

I heard and condoled over phone.

She displayed no attachment.

After her husband’s death in a car accident,

When I condoled to her over phone

She displayed disinterest.

It is written on the wall

That she is not inclined to resurrect

Our love aborted fifty-five years ago.

Her virtue is commendable.

My lingering love is rejected.

I am proud I’d loved such a woman.

05.06.2013

**Ex-lover is a stranger.**

He located her after two decades,

Putting so much effort in his wide search.

Having done it, he befriended her spouse,

Making it casual and incidental.

He and she were in deep love in their teens.

They loved with an intention to marry

In spite of his lack of supporting stage.

Against their wishes, love was aborted.

His love for her has neither dried nor died.

She felt about his sexual consciousness

When he moved about in her company

And told him not to visit her anymore.

Man does not have right towards a woman

Because he had her once as his beloved.

His approach to her with sex in his eyes

Is as good as a sexual harassment.

08.01.2014

**Visalakshi 4**

She herself that day called me up,

That she never did hitherto.

She got my number from one,

Being her confident and my friend.

Given to know about my health

Affected by deadly cancer,

She was tempted to contact me

Which she never thought of doing before.

She was at ease as much as she was

During our sojourn of love

Enacted when we were sixteen,

About fifty-seven years ago.

I gathered courage that I couldn’t

In earlier opportunities

To confirm the news that was gnawing

At me all fifty-seven years.

‘She fell into well from love failure’,

The next day after we were caught

Red handed in her room by mother,

Was the news I heard when I left.

She confirmed it as true in a tone

To show me how deep she was hit

By the failure I inflicted.

Her suicidal attempt put me dry.

She consented to my offer

Of visiting her in her abode,

Which she’s never encouraged so far.

It shows she couldn’t put down her urge.

The spark of love I ignited

In her as a maiden love has stayed

In her for the past forty years

Of family and her widowhood.

She is a widow, but I am not.

Even if I were a widower,

We cannot reunite by body,

In front of our descendants.

07.06.2014

**Visalakshi V**

It was her maiden love and his was too.

They conceived it and lost it in their teens.

She had buried her love from her husband

And ignored her lover since marriage.

As a widow, she keeps him still at bay

As she wants to bury it from children.

He stands barred and wilts over five decades.

Split love like glass, is not pieced together.

30.09.2014

**Visalakshi- final**

He and she fell in love at seventeen.

It was their maiden love and maiden kiss.

Such a graceful girl he hadn’t seen before.

She fell for him in a total surrender.

An oval face, yellowish skin so soft,

A smart walk, intelligent talks so sweet,

And a simplicity turned modernity,

She made him her slave to become his slave.

Seven years later, they married severally,

In the same year, unknown to each other.

She went out of trace and out of pursuit.

Twenty two years off, he’d an itch for her.

As a detective, he located her,

By when she was a mother of four kids,

A girl and a boy yet to be married.

Revival of contact was established.

At sixty-six she lost her husband killed

In a car accident, and her widowhood

Didn’t encourage shortening the distance.

Later she fell to a kidney failure.

She died at her home at her seventy four.

A light that kept him on constant focus

With delight and regret was off yesterday.

He felt he’s a widower at her death.

Her mother was the only eye witness

To the episode and no one else since then.

The episode was unborn to her spouse

Or any later; be it so forever.

26.07.2015

**Visalakshi - The End**

On a visit to that tiny village,

Whose name is always romantic to me,

I relocated the house to my thrill

After the lapse of sixty long years.

The girl of this house was my maiden love.

The love that blossomed was just a month old.

In the first visit she entertained me

With warmth that culminated in kisses.

In the last visit we were closeted

With the freedom of being without clothes.

She gave me herself governed by the trust

And yet refused to lose virginity.

We were in the small floor led by a flight

Of stairs bound by doors from the verandas

That encircled an open yard inside the house.

The cell had a window throwing light on us.

Intimate chats took us for many plans

Till the stair door was knocked at to our shock

And we were caught red handed by her mother.

Her mother let me have a quick exit.

Next day i was sent to my native village.

The same day morning she fell into the well

And was rescued, I came to know later.

Both were seventeen then, I knew far later.

Seven years later in the same year

Both were married severally

Without knowing by either of us.

I met her with her house thirty years after.

She died as a widow from kidney failure.

Till her death she was cautious at all cost

That her children get no iota of doubt

About our relation by keeping me out.

June, 2018

(In the photo on the side wall, on the second tire row, the second window was the one which let the sunlight fall on our naked bodies



)

**end**

**Sexual Hypocrisy**

There is an inner urge

In flowers to seek bees,

In fruits to seek birds,

In herbs to seek cattle

And in female to males.

Woman is no exception.

Her resentment to man

Is to display chastity

And suppress sensuality

To earn parochial approval.

Oct., 2018

**6. ON SEXUAL ACT(A)**

**Then Even Death Is Worth. [A]**

Let me come now to your fortress,

Having blinded your inmates.

Let me encounter you at your door,

And take you by arm to your room,

Where let me strip you of your shyness

Along with your blouse and skirt

Against all your seemly protests.

Let me rove your tiny breasts,

Narrow thighs, compressed groin

And pubes to be followed by tongue.

My claws on the imprisoned breasts,

My legs a pillory to lock your legs,

Let me toss you up and down to heaven.

Let me seal your thirst of lust

And put me to rest of quenched lust.

Of consequences be even death.

Jan., 2003

**The Invented Sex (A)**

All mammals have posture 66

In their sexual union

And man alone has posture pq.

Man’s invented one is 69,

Where each serves the other

To equal immense sensation.

Jan., 2006

**Imaginary rape # (A)**

Any woman, the observation worthy,

Be in T.V., movie or in person,

Never escapes man’s rape in imagination.

He unwraps her breasts, surveys their shapes

And exposes her blush, kindling her lust.

He arrests her head, presses open her lips,

And betrays her shyness, burning her pulse.

He rips through her thighs, toss her up and down

And destroy her shame, wetting her mount.

He will feel he has conquered and raped.

June, 2006

**She Must Touch Mine. (A)**

I must touch the woman to grow erotic;

No need that she should.

I must kiss the woman to grow erotic;

No need that she should.

I must feed on her, biting and licking.

The only arena

Where she makes me erotic when she takes

Mine in her palm and mouth.

Jan., 2006

**Sexual Feedings**

When eyes survey, when palms cup,

When mouth licks and when piston pumps

Man eats his lust from woman’s body.

Woman eats her lust from man’s feeding on her..

Dec., 2009

**The Old One Is Expert. #(A)**

I bring my sexy buttocks;

Them, boys don’t know how to act on.

You, the aged, must be an expert.

Turn me around and ride.

I bring my two sexy breasts;

Them, boys don’t know how to handle.

You, the aged, must be an expert.

Hold me under and kneed.

I bring my hot rosy lips;

Them, boys don’t know how to padlock.

You, the aged, must be an expert.

Lift me up close and bruise.

I bring my burning lobes;

Them, boys don’t know how to pound on.

You, the aged, must be an expert.

Lay me on bed and tear.

I want a long, hard foreplay;

That boys aren’t patient to employ.

You, the aged, won’t be in hurry.

Bring me to orgasm and cheer.

Sep., 2006.

**The Value Of Kiss(A)**

An erotic kiss is close to intercourse.

A woman’s lips symbolize her private part

And a man’s tongue, his private part, in their minds.

His hygiene and skill promise her a good course.

Mar., 2008

***Man Made Devices (A)***

Woman:

Than when under my insipid handling,

The sensation I got was far exciting

When I was raided in bed by a lad.

Man:

Than when under my insipid handling,

The sensation I got was far thrilling

When she took mine in her fist and did.

Woman:

Than when under his wild penetration,

The sensation I got was far sleeping

When he moved with his tongue instead of his.

Man:

Than when under clutch of her lower mouth,

The sensation I got was far stupefying

When she got me by her upper mouth.

Man made devises are substituting,

Ventilating and exhilarating

In the place of natural devices.

Oct., 2009

**The After-glow (A)#**

Human sex differs from animals,

In that it is a languorous affair

Involving a good amount of foreplay,

And simmer of lust and passion

Until the explosive culmination

And its post coital after-glow,

With no aim for fertilization.

Jan., 2007

**Man’s Technique (A)**

Excitement is the first stage through which

A woman passes in man’s foreplay,

Her sexual glands being stimulated.

Plateau is the second stage to which

She sails with the fast heart beats together

With breasts swellings and bottom wetting,

In the course of man’s motion upon her.

Orgasm is the third stage on which

She claims following the sustained action

When her vaginal and pelvic muscles

Grow tense and subsequently contract.

Resolution is the final stage

When her heat subsides, her heart beats slow down

And the muscles relax to calm her nerves.

Man’s failure will cost his hold on her.

Oct., 2009

**Man’s Hand and Mouth (A)**

Man employs his fingers on her body,

By which a woman is fed.

He employs his mouth on her body

By which he himself is fed.

Man is a creator-cum- consumer

Of pleasure in a fore play.

Nov., 2009

**Her Expression (A)**

She lets her eyes

Travel and wander

To meet his eyes direct.

Her pupils widen and shine.

She undergoes sexual love.

Her eye brows rise;

Her eye lids half fall.

Lips parting, the jaw lowers.

Muscles grow tense.

She undergoes sex itself.

Apr., .2010

**Which is the Sexual Feed?(A)**

She waits for me and I enter the room.

I undress her and she blushes.

I embrace her and she struggles.

My kisses and bites produce cries.

Pinches and licks make her writhe.

Into her when I toss she moans.

I find my sexual feed from her

Not in my manipulations of her

But in the reactions they make in her.

Watching her reaction is my pleasure

Rather than my devouring her flesh.

Feb., 2010

**The Face is Value Giver.**

To know which breasts are lovely

From the two pairs looking alike,

I must know whose breasts they are.

The breasts owe their value to their face.

Jan., 2010

**Trans-placement of Sex**

Breasts were kept out of sights;

Cleavage grew prominent.

Groins were hidden with clothes;

Naval became distinct.

Mating across is denied;

Masturbation has taken its place.

Induced by the sight of

The cleavage and belly

Coupled by masturbation,

Man sheds his interest

To have sex with women

As people, having watched the cricket

From television, have lost

Interest in seeing it in person.

Feb., 2010

**Sexual Impulses**

Woman tempts; man is aroused.

Impulses urge; fear forbids.

Their tussle results

In molestation or starvation

Or sublimation or masturbation.

Sep., 2009

**Man’s Service to Woman(A)**

Woman! I’m happy when you make me happy,

But happier when I make you happy.

I am happy when you kiss me

But happier when I kiss you.

I am fed when I feed on your body

But more fed from seeing your body’s writhing.

Man’s service to woman is unparallel.

May, 2010 .

**Fist and Thumb(A)**

The fist to man and the thumb to woman

Are the sex-gratifying devices.

Even in mating they use these devices,

His thumb for her and her fist for him

Either to replace or stimulate the coitus.

July, 2010

**Habits have no Eye for Merits(A)**

I cannot afford to buy whisky.

I am settled with the country liqueur.

Used to it, I lost taste for whisky.

The whisky offered was put aside.

I cannot risk taking women to bed.

I am settled with masturbation.

Used to it, I lost taste for sex.

I have my mate masturbate for me.

June, 2010