

Poetry Series

**Sobhan Kumar Kommala**  
**- poems -**

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# Sobhan Kumar Kommala()

# A Small Desire

Can't this day continue like this....  
Without getting dark?  
Mine is a small desire Dear... a very small desire,  
To look into your beautiful eyes forever.

Sobhan Kumar Kommala

# Human?

The eyes which are filled with lustful feelings...  
How can they see the beauty of the nature?  
The heart which craves for flesh and blood...  
How can it know about peace and freedom?  
The tongue which has eminence in hypocrisy...  
How can it speak truth?  
The hand which always knows nothing about charity...  
How can it receive any?  
The mind which is devil's paradise...  
Where is the place in it for Love?

Sobhan Kumar Kommala

# Inebriety

I don't know,  
How wine makes the body float!  
But each thought of yours,  
Makes me inebriated!  
Really, I enjoy it a lot, my Love.

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# Jasmine

Jasmine,  
Oh, the most fragrant,  
Amongst all the flowers,  
You must be specially blessed by God,  
To enthrall our hearts in cool moonlit nights!

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# My Expectation

I always expect  
My being with you  
Like, the bark to a tree,  
Colour and fragrance of a flower,  
Coolness of the Moon,  
Sweetness of honey  
And warmth of rugs.

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# My Village

I wonder what words  
Can describe the beauty of my village!  
The murmurs of purple mouthed pegions  
From the turrets of the temple,  
The gentle breeze from the paddy fields,  
The crazy little silver fish in the ponds,  
The rhythmic ballads of  
Working women in the fields yonder,  
The jingles of the bells from  
The dewlap of oxen, and The Queen of the night  
Through the coconut leaves!

Sobhan Kumar Kommala

# Roses

All the roses in my garden,  
Hide under their branches  
In coy,  
When they look at your lips, my Love.

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# Safest Place

After my mother's womb,  
The next safest place for me,  
Is your Heart.

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# Voice

My voice may not be  
As sweet as a Cuckoo,  
But it is sincere  
To express my love for you.

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# Your Absence

Dear,  
The thought  
You leave me alone  
Makes me forlorn  
Then tears gush out in torrents!  
I wonder,  
What balm can cool my laments.

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