

MY FIRST LOVE

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It was a rainy season
He met me on a rainy day,
Smiled at me pointing to my mud-spotted shoes.
We were wet; without umbrellas, like two delicate roses
Perhaps wanted to get drenched in love of God.

He waved in the air; touching his finger to his thumb
As if saying '*You are looking gorgeous in pink dress*'
I was thrilled to the heart
Which was beating like a taxi's engine
Thuck- tuk; thuck tuk.

He again met me in a café; by chance or by co-incidence
We had coffee together; discussed a little about each other
Like two unknown passengers in a train compartment
He was also fond of literature as I was
This fondness brought him to the library, where I used to go on Sundays.

We met between the book-shelves
We sat together, studied together
Spring went, went also Autumn; it was Winter season
We again started reading literature after a hot coffee
In evening he stood up to go, but stammered
I didn't know why I stood up quickly as if charged by electricity
To support him...

I hold him in my arms.
He hugged me. I hugged him.
We hugged each-other.
We kissed each-other.
After that he never came...
I wonder... was it fantasy or reality
Where had he gone...?

Abstract

My present poem 'my First Love' is an outcome of a girl's imagined feeling about first love. How a girl feels in infatuation. She unknowingly falls in love with a stranger in her dream. She is unable to find the lover as it was all her fantasy.