“Amaru Shataka”

by Kavi Amaru

Editor and Translator: C. R. Devdhar, M.A.
When the husband came to the bed, the knot of the garment released of itself instantly; and the garment, too, held by the loosened girdle, slightly covered the hips; this is all I remember now; but once locked in his embrace, I do not recollect even faintly who he was, who was I, or how was the love-dalliance. (1)

Tell, Oh charming one, who is the happy one at whom you are looking to-day with eyes that turn languidly, overflowing with love- with eyes which time and again close themselves, which for a moment turn to him directly and then flicker to and fro in bashfulness, then move away for a moment and betray involuntarily the feeling of love that has nested in your heart. (2)

It was you who gave your love to her, and it was you who entertained and cherished her for a long time; and it is you who have, as fate would have it, inflicted a fresh grief on her. The resentment she feels is hard to overcome and cannot be obviously allayed by soothing words. Oh cruel one! let this friend now weep piteously out of a full throat. (3)

A rogue of a lover, notieing his two beloved girls seated on the same couch, steals behind them cautiously, and under the pretence of playful fun, he closes the eyes of one and then turning his neck a little, kisses the other one whose heart leaps with joy as thrills of pleasure pass through her
frame, while the orbs of her cheeks beam with restrained
smiles. (4)

Lying on the same bed with averted faces, suffering for
want of response in their conversation, though the desire to
placate each other lay in the heart, the couple was jealous
of their prestige; but slowly their glances mingled as the
eyes rolled to their corners, and their love-quarrel suddenly
broke down in laughter and passionate embraces. (5)

At the utterance of the name of a rival beloved, the
beautiful one, reposing on one and the same bed with her
lover, suddenly turns her back on him in anger feeling wilted
and notwithstanding his bland honeyings she rejects him
in her excitement; when, however, he kept quiet, she
immediately turns her neck briskly and looks at him lest
he should grow languid (in sleep). (6)

Even though the brows are wrinkled, the eyes stray,
nevertheless, full of deep yearning (towards the beloved
one); even though speech is suppressed, this accursed face is
lit up with a smile; though the heart is steeled, the skin
of the body begins to bristle with joy. How then, oh
beholding that person (the beloved), could this anger be
sustained for long? (7)

"He is asleep, now thou, too, shouldst sleep, Oh
friend!" With these words the female friends depart.
Thereupon I, eager that I was, and like one possessed
by love, pressed my mouth against his mouth. When,
however, I noticed, from the rippling of the skin of the
rogue that he held his eyes closed in a feigned manner, I was
seized by shame which he swept away by indulging in acts
appropriate to the occasion. (8)

Pining in separation for a long time, their limbs weak-
ened by the aching of intense longing, a young couple greet
each other again and again after a long time and the
world appears to them as new-born; and after the
long day has somehow drawn to its close, and it is to
them already night, their conversation continues without
abatement, but not so their love-play. (9)