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My Friend's First Crush

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ABSTRACT

My close friend told me about his first crush; then by me, it was put into words in the poetic sense based on the narration. On his request, it was put by me in such a way as if he narrates the literature. In his adolescence, someone impressed him with her beauty, and she was his lady teacher. Writing about her beauty made me more passionate towards poetry and shaping the story with a special poem. It is impossible to accept that God has created her so beautiful, but for him she was a precious gift. Just writing some lines about her makes him younger in the poetic sense. After all these years a bounding of love and joy that his heart experiences, is not easy to express in words, but still it has been tried by me. The following poems will explain the relationship of the adolescent boy, who couldn't express the feelings of his heart, of the first crush that later turned into lady love.

1. THE FIRST MEETING

The class was a bit noisy;

A young lady with chalk pieces and a book

in her hand entered the class.

My eyes were just watching her

and mind was almost struck at a glance.

The way she impressed me so much

that her beauty ruled my heart for the life time.

Her smile was awesome and

to survive for that lovely smile life existed on the earth.

The strong teethes, shining white and

glory of those eyes was acceptable for many promises.

The way she appeared in the sari made her more attractive,

and my eyes were on the feast of joy staring at her continuously.

Somone wounded my heart with a simple smile

and still today those wounds bleed to admire and adore that beauty.

2. IN WHAT WAY SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL?

Those long black hairs neatly combed and tied;

Decorated with milky white Jasmine flowers

that almost touched her lower abdomen.

Her eyes were like tides in the sea, hitting many hearts

with a strong attraction and non-compensating, the damage.
The curved eyebrows; thick black grass cultivated systematically.
Her nose was just like a peacock that opened her feathers
subject to moods of anger and joy.
Lips were like mines of honey and
every human bee can squeeze it abundantly in quantity.
The cheeks were brown like the chocolate cake with the fabulous chin.
The stiff chest and the lovely waist made her more
attractive, when she turned around to write on the blackboard
With the promising arms and cop like thighs; her body was targeted by many eyes.
Beauty of the lady that ruled many male hearts
and stabbed them mercilessly in no time.
Dictionary doesn't have words to tell
about the stunning beauty; rare in God's creation.

3. MY FEELINGS ABOUT HER

Adolescence did not allow me to think in,
what way I was related to her?
Her glamour, physic, walking, laughing and everything in her was
so immortal that it made me utmost happy.
If it was love it was not matured, attraction was a gender possibility
and emotional imbalances, it could be;
For my survival she was needed by me
and as there was a conflict to define her position.
It may neither be the joy of love and affection, nor the attraction of
opposite sex; She dwells in my heart to give life
with her lovely smile, feeding me with the honey of her lips,
milk with those lovely eyes and infinite love from the sacred heart.
The boundless attachment she developed was quite strong
and roots of her love are so deep,
that they cannot be traced no more.

4. WHY IT WAS NOT EXPRESSED?

A student cannot express his feelings, isn't he?
Emotions fear more and cost badly;
All those mornings and evenings my eyes enjoyed
the beauty and they were floating in the joy of the sea.
If she peeped into my eyes in the class, my eyes surrendered
and heart contracted with unusual velocity.

Watching her was a great joy and I don't want to lose it any case.

My desire was little to touch once but not a possibility in those days.

She moved, to and fro, with her gentle smile,
an attractive personality and sexual monarchism,
that was just an emotional blackmail.

I stood far from her and watched from a distance
with the endless joy.

I did cry for her loudly in my bed,
scratched my heart with the feelings,
drew her figure in my notebooks,
enjoyed her beauty in my dreams
and she vanished with her smile.

Not to tell her name, being in the dilemma
of such a shame; I did exist, in a such a position,
as it was my adolescence.

5. AN INCIDENT OF HEART THROBING

I was sitting on the bench and weeping for the headache
that affected me badly and fell asleep after some time.

A gentle hand touched my forehead
and strong fingers scribbled my hairs.

With feeling uneasy to get up, just opened my eyes slowly,
after a second it was realized by me that she
was my Goddess of beauty; I was utterly happy and
the heaven failed before me to create such happiness.

She asked me go home immediately and it felt
like becoming a child and sleep in her arms forever.

After some days she met me in the class
and asked about my health condition.

Just slapping my back, she asked to eat well
and that ended the first year of my high school.

6. LOOSING HER FOR NO REASON

I was supposed to see her as quickly,

But days can't run for me, aren't they?

The first day of the school started and
my eyes were hunting the beauty;

Then it was learnt that she
was transferred to some other place.

The dream in my eyes dried so early, that even it was
painful to hear for my heart than ears.
My heart cries so loudly for that gentle smile
and God should not have been
so merciless on the poor guy.
I miss my Miss every fraction of a second and
searching for that lovely smile,
still today my eyes wander.
My adolescence paid me so badly and
the wounded heart still cries

Conclusion:

My friend shared his feeling and based on that such a poem has been written. It clearly states how did he fell in love at first sight. Then, how his feelings were matured with his age. Finally, he provides the pain of love, as it was not easy to accept her absence.