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**THE ENDLESS SEARCH
(Translated)**

Dr. Praveena H

HOD, Department of Studies In Kannada, Haveri University, Karnataka, India

Translated by

Mr. Kiran K

Lecturer, Department of Studies in English, Haveri University, Karnataka, India

I, an everyman,
how do I speak of love?
On the grounds where Akka Mahadevi wandered,
dissolving into forest and longing,

like Allama Prabhu,
who sought its rhythm
in the beat of the *maddale*—

what intimacy does this thing called love hold?
Entwined between life and feeling,
it pursues me.
Is this what we call love?
Unknown in its weight and solemnity,
no mind, however insightful, can grasp it;
yet, no one has ever ceased
the pursuit of it,
forever and ever.

The mahout's melody struck Amruthamati's heart
like a poisoned dart—
is this also love?
I cannot fathom.
What enchantment was she seeking,
tossing and turning?
Love,
or lust,
or something unnamed?

We might have unearthed its secret
if we had known the whereabouts of Janna;
yet, even if found,
he would only leave us
with another chant of love—
the echo of Sunandha and Chandashasana—



and the search begins again.

What illusion is this love?
That which haunts,
enchants,
becomes the beat of the *maddale*,
the song in the forest,
the silence of meditation,
the life that moves through flesh and bone...
The Yggdrasil that refuses to die.

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