

Under the Lemon Tree!

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Listen to me...

You will realize that

My silence is a still point;

A missing link

of the untangled thread.

Yet through my open gate

It appears

on a bright Sunday afternoon there,

Hundred miles far away

A lemon tree in your garden

speaks in half-truths:

A bruise of yellow, a hush of sweetness

The virgin, tender leaves tremble

Drifting soft breath behind the window,

Where our names are written-forever.

Slowly, you are swallowed by the thin air

Dropping behind the gentle murmur of yellow petals.



Spring whispers its secrets here;
The wind lays out its predictions.
And you know that I am gone
Far away- a hundred miles.
Walking past familiar faces
I stand still
With the soft drizzle of old memories
And the musty smell of sweet blossoms.

Hear me for a moment...
In my little orchard,
Under my own lemon tree,
Rain drops hit the breathless air;
And the golden song resonates-again.

A Rejuvenating Tale

You are an old mind that dreams in
folded shimmering layers,
and the scented silk hidden in an ancient chest
breathing the fragrance of time.

Sometimes you are

A Raindrop

A tiny drop that recalls the huge mountain it once kissed,
the bizarre cloud it clung to like a fragile promise;
the deja vu of chilled glaciers
as cold as an unspoken truth;
and the warmth of seas
like a mother cupping a newborn's face.

You can transform into

A River

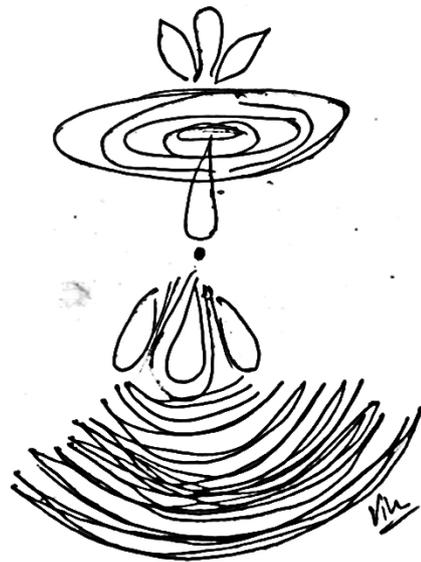
Your cursive spell

is a whispered recollection

of grandma's tales that

braid myths into a young girl's hair.

The currents are moments that cradle forgotten footsteps,



reminiscing rich and vibrant lullabies drifting across the dusk.

You might engulf like

The Sea

You bear the grief of storms,
like heavy messages of unsent letters,
yet gleam with the hope of springs
that rise time and again—

Your memory
does not pause;
it returns.

Touch it, and you can feel
centuries breathing beneath your fingers—
for water remembers everything,
even when we do not.

Threads of Change

O Koshaja!

Singing to the rhythm of wood and will

You shimmer under the sunlight of a quiet dawn;

Dyed in turmeric treasure

And washed in the scent of the rain.

You are born anew by the threads of change

in the signature weaves of Kanchipuram's gold-lit lanes.



On the move...

The city fabric hums a louder tune-

Design studios in glass towers

create geometric patterns from codes,

And not by calloused palms.

Retelling the tales of Benaras brocades are

“Luxury Couture” and “Heritage Line”.

With the lens of glowing screen brighter than the indigo,

Designs walk down runways and campaigns

from cotton fields to creative stores.

The algorithm replaces the knot of promise;

Unfolding the cloth-

A token of memory

A souvenir of survival!