

## Wilderness House Literary Review 7/2

*Mamatha Kodidela*

### **The Primal Yearning**

Butterflies flutter all around  
As a soul wakes up  
To a myriad of melodies  
Chanting a single hymn:  
It isn't love  
When your songs lay  
Dying  
Under fake stares;  
It isn't love  
When your songs lay  
Vegetating  
Under false promises.

Hidden under piles  
Of incongruous thoughts  
Desire for freedom bursts forth  
Like the gush of thousand waterfalls.

A relentless dream  
Wiggles out of the crevices  
Of his fantasies, and  
Flutters its wings  
Dusting off the mites  
Of treacherous sentiments.