

Oasis Poems

*An anthology of Multilingual Poetry
with their translation in English*



Editor:
Dr. Krishna Kumar

“Gitanjali is a unique multilingual literary circle in Birmingham, a city known as the big heart of England with which I have had privilege of close association for many years.

A multilingual literary circle requires the liberal and large-hearted disposition of a multicultural perspective of society. A tribute is due to those who founded Gitanjali and have nurtured and sustained it through the years.

Born of compassionate commiseration and poetic creativity, Gitanjali has grown into a remarkable multilingual literary group and a forum of multiculturalism under the able, inspired and dedicated stewardship of Dr. Krishna Kumar.

Gitanjali has built wonderful bridges of goodwill across linguistic divides and has enriched the cultural life in Britain by means of linguistic symbiosis and literary synergy.”

**Dr. L.M. Singhvi
MP and Senior Advocate
Former High Commissioner of
India in the UK**

“It is not as simple as it appears to edit an anthology and that too when it is a mix of many minds coming from varied lands and languages as the reader is about to discover.

Readers will find that Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle has set many minds thinking.”

**Dr. Raj Kumar
Poet, Psychiatrist,
“The Milestone”
5, Jia Mau, Lucknow, India**

Oasis Poems

Dr. Krishna Kumar

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On the Cover: Paintings on trees in Indian Mythology

Front Cover (Bel Tree)

Celebrated in Indian Mythology as a symbol of Goddess Laksmi's devotion to Lord Shiva, Bel Fruit (Wood Apple) is offered to Lord Shiva in worship.

Back Cover (Kadamb Tree)

Associated with Lord Krishna, the tree became immortal when touched by divine nector "amrita" being carried by Garuda, vehicle of Lord Vishnu.

PREFACE

I moved into our house in the autumn when the leaves were falling from the majestic oak and sycamore trees that graced our garden. I cleared the golden foliage from the lawn, crunching the leaves between my fingers, lifting them to my face to smell their musty aroma. Later in the year the low winter sun glowed on the garden as the enormous trees silhouetted against the sky.

When spring came and the leaves filled out on the sixty foot sycamore I realised with dismay that it blocked out all the light. I could see the sun smiling on the gardens of my neighbours while mine remained resolutely in a woodland shade. The grass was patchy, it could barely grow. No shrubs in the tree's vicinity could survive. And so it was that a tree-surgeon came round with a rope and a saw. I asked him to cut the sycamore back to twelve foot. I went to work.

I will never forget coming home that evening. My garden was unrecognisable. It resembled a war zone. Sawdust, like shrapnel had gathered on every leaf turning the once vibrant green into creamy grey. There were dents in the lawn where the giant limbs had fallen. Without the massive canopy of leaves the sun was so bright, it was as though a giant had turned on a light switch in the sky.

I don't think its an exaggeration to say I went into shock. I almost felt bereaved. I had not realised what a jolting absence I would experience when that enormous tree was no longer there. Above all I felt I had not revered the tree sufficiently. It was as though there was something sacred about the tree that I had not recognised before and which little in British culture had prepared me for.

Before I saw these luscious paintings by Sarvesh Saini, I did not know that trees have divine qualities in Indian mythology. I find it enormously

reassuring that they do. Sarvesh communicates the mystical nature of trees through these archetypal images and in so doing unveils a truth we have forgotten in the West.

The poetry in this collection also explores the mystical nature of trees. There is a collection of tree poems, all communicating in their different ways that sense of awe and honour. The sacred theme is developed in other poems. If we can see the tree as mother, as the root of eternal life, as the shelter of wandering spirits, as Parmjit Kanda describes, then we can only be respectful of the whole of nature. Whether the poems in this collection are about monsoons, time or orgasms, they engender a sense of the numinous.

This anthology was created for an event in Birmingham called Oasis Café Theatre. Oasis was set up by Birmingham's poet laureate, Julie Boden, as a mixed arts event held in the Orange Studio every second Friday of the month. Her vision was to create an oasis in the desert of the city, introducing people to art forms they might not otherwise have experienced. Oasis Poems is a souvenir of the June event in which Sarvesh showed his paintings, Gitanjali Literary Circle read poetry and Aravinda Rao sang semi-classical Indian songs.

Whenever we chop down trees without honouring their sacred nature, whenever we forget that we belong to the mother earth, whenever we suppose that there is more to life than loving humanity, we are living in a spiritual desert. May this anthology be an oasis to us all.

Jo Ind

Jo Ind
The Birmingham Post, June 2003

Introduction

Welcome to this oasis of poetry written by the 'Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle,' and performed at the Oasis Cafe Theatre, the Orange Studio, Birmingham. Those of us who gather together on the 13th June, 2003 will drink of the spice of the evening, listen to the sound of the tabla and harmonium, wash our eyes in the rainbow colours of Sarvesh Saini's tree paintings and read this poetry in the context of that moment. In this collection it is hoped that, in Seamus Heaney style, we can, 'smuggle something back from the otherworld... before the buzzer goes off,' (Salmagundi) and present something of that experience to you in the words within the white space of these pages.

Sarvesh Saini's paintings have provided a springboard for a gala of responses echoing the popular poetry subjects of Love, Death, Nature and Mysticism. In poetry about love Rajni Roy celebrates his soulmate, Kathy Ganguly highlights its hypocrisy, Prajmit Kanda creates an image of erogenous zones becoming, '...active like mindless bees eager to make sweet honey,' to show us its passion, Mishu Barua paints love's colours and Jai Verma shows us love's destiny dancing. Sadly, in Satya Kanda's lament "Don't Disturb Me", we see the void that love leaves in the world of the bereft. Philosophical issues are addressed too as Mishu Barua looks at the, 'dust of a forgotten past,' Aravinda Rao asks us to, 'Let History be,' and Dr Krishna Kumar, who was the driving force of this anthology, asks us to examine ourselves by looking into our darkness with the light of our own inner eye and to consider the present time as a progeny of the past. Darkness is also addressed by Anuradha Rakhit who expresses her belief that the dark can hold no fear if we are motivated purely by that first theme of 'Love.' The roots that ground us to our life's experience are presented in poems by Dr Sekhar Basu, a retired consultant who worked in the geriatric ward of a General Hospital and who, in his poem 'Nostalgia' looks back on bygone moments. The force of Nature drives itself through Banasree Nandi's poem, 'Monsoon' and then, of course, we come to the poems on the subject of trees.

After my father's death I wrote a poem for my brother that has now been translated into many different languages. It was a simple poem containing the image of a fallen tree:

'...We are the same tree, you and I.
Born of the same wood,
struck by the one blow.
We are the same tree, you and I.

In the rings of our years
simply read this:
'We are the same tree, you and I.'

but there seemed no better way of conveying the sense of our loss and our bond with each other. Celtic Shamans, Bards, reciters of the Vedas and many of the great saints spoke of the oneness with or the wonder of trees as they addressed their people and opened and healed the ears of their tribe. In the roots of the tree we are grounded; in the wind that moves the leaves we sense a thing divine. In this collection Anuradha Rakhit sees herself as akin to the Aspen tree and she longs to become a speck of dust, Sarvesh Saini, in words instead of paint, urges mankind to open itself to the mystery of trees.

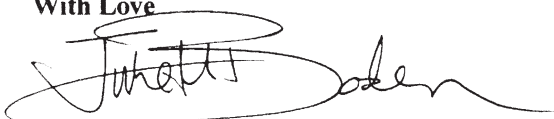
Chanchal Jain's poem shows the difficulty of living with nature as we vie for our own place in the world. Reading Chanchal's poem awoke the pain of the memory of a day when an avenue of trees were felled along the edge of my garden to make way for a new road and something within me cried with them as they fell. As each of the great trees shook the ground beneath me, as they fell I wanted to run out and hold them and to ask (as Parmjit Kanda does in, 'Mother Tree,') for their forgiveness. The sound of the fall of those trees and the sound of Satya Kanda's lament still echoes in my bones.

To those who read this anthology after the event, I hope that you enjoy the visual form of the words on the page. To those who are here on the evening, keep the auditory faculty open wide, let your pulse feel the flow of the poems as the rhythm, the rhyme, the internal assonance of the original language pumps through your veins. In the words of Paul Durcan, 'Poetry is born of speech and silence... it is a form of music.' More than that I believe it to be a primeval quest to express the wonder of each moment, a striving to say all that cannot be said in words of simple logic. Poetry is a reaching out... a communion... a gathering around an oasis or, in the words of Swaran Talwar as she sings to us their meaning; poetry is wandering upon the horizons.

I am privileged and happy to meet you as you prepare to taste the poetical waters of this 'Oasis'.

May your god go with you as you wander your horizons.

With Love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Julie Boden', with a large, sweeping flourish underneath.

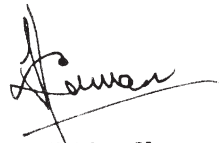
Julie Boden
Birmingham Poet Laureate 2002 - 2003.

Foreward

Oasis Poems is the product of a co-operative project triggered by Jo Ind's thinking and Julie Boden's overwhelming support. Members of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle worked hard to achieve it. The testimony of their effort is this anthology of multilingual poems, the gist of which, in English, is now in your hands.

Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle was established in 1995 to promote harmony and understanding between cultures through language and also to promote the ideas of a little girl "Gitanjali" who died at the tender age of sixteen. The group strives to encourage children as well as adults to express their emotions in writing and also on the platform. In addition to organising public poetry and cultural programmes the group members meet regularly and recite original poems, discuss literary issues and support each other.

Poems included in this anthology are going to be recited on 13th June 2003 at the Oasis Cafe Theatre in Birmingham. This event would comprise of multilingual poetry reading, an exhibition of colourful paintings by a celebrated artist from India Mr. Sarvesh Saini on Mythological aspects of some Indian tress and also semi-classical Ghazals by Vice-Chairperson of Gitanjali group Ms Aravinda Rao and her party. All poems, except for the poems of Julie Boden, the reigning Poet Laureate of Birmingham, have come from the pens of Gitanjali members. The anthology truly cuts across the barriers of age, sex, religion, race and political boundaries. The anthology is perfect cultural mix of East and West. I hope you would enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed it's editing and putting in shape.



Dr. Krishna Kumar

Founder and Chairperson
Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle

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वृक्षहीन धरा बाँझ समाना
घोर अंधेर घना अज्ञाना
ताहे ये तरुकथा बखाना
फल दिये व दीनो पानी
वसुधा, नभ, जल चक्र चलानी,
साध सरीखे पर उपकारा,
निज स्वार्थ न कभी विचारा,
उसकी ही ये जात है ॥
तरुवर फल नहीं खात है ।

- Man, avaricious, selfish and indulgent, goes on cutting trees mindlessly never realising that it is a blow on his own self, on posterity.
- Many a divine have trees as their abode, so do innocent birds. Even such a blessing of ancestry, a symbol of prosperity, is sacrificed to greed.
- Trees, a celestial gift, celebrate fertility, ritualise all that is auspicious, and adore all that is divine.
- Trees - preserver of essential elements of universe- have all their blessings for humanity and nothing for themselves.

Note : This poem invokes a common man to be alive to the divine in nature and sensitises him towards preserving trees, reposing faith in the mystery of creation as expressed through 'Tarukathaa' paintings by the poet.

Sarvesh Saini

Mother Tree

For a moment,
time stood still,
as though I peered through a pin hole camera.

Those waving leaves like hands,
so mysterious,
The eye of the mind,
had it begun to betray me.

A cold shiver,
racing through my body,
spreading like cancerous cells,
unforgiving and relentless.
Capturing my thoughts,
and taking me beyond where I stood still.

I am not alone it would seem,
whispers in the silent night,
those leaves,
incarnations of souls gone by?

Dear mother tree,
root of eternal life,
let me touch the wandering spirits that you shelter,
maybe then I can understand what they say.

Forgive me,
for hurting you,
watching you bleed.

Perhaps you will guide my soul,
maybe then I might be worthy as one leaf,
on the many branches you hold.

The word love

- L** ove is a hypnotic spell,
that the magician cunningly swirls
you into, which you never want to leave.
- O** rgasms become waiting to rush beyond the
borderline,
to freedom and prance the flag of victory.
- V** olcanic tremours raise themselves through yours
veins, erupting into a larva of passion,
that you can't stop.
- E** rogenous zones become active like mindless bees,
eager to make sweet honey.

हाथों की लकीरें

मौहब्बत की ये कहानी है, हम सुनाएँ ज़रा
नूर का ये दरिया है, सब्दे की चादर देखो ज़रा

खुशी का पैग़ाम लाएँगे हम
प्यार के नग़मे सुनायेंगे हम

सुखियाँ भी आ जाएँगी आसमाँ में ज़रा
मेंहदी भी अपना रंग दिखाएगी ज़रा

हाथों की लकीरों में, तुम बस जाओ ज़रा
तदबीर तो अपनी है, तक़दीर मेरी बन जाओ ज़रा

तुम्हारे हक़ में, मैं दर मरार करूँ
मर्ज़ी है हमारी, आशिक़ी करूँ न करूँ

खुशगवार हैं हम, कि तुमने हमें चाहा
एक नज़र के दर्मियान दिल वर पाया

तसव्वर है तुम्हारा, चाहत है तुम्हारी, सज़दा मैं करूँ
तुमने जब अपना कहा, ग़रूर मैं अपने पर करूँ

जय

Destiny of Love

Let me narrate to you a tale of love:
A feeling that changes perception of the world,
Makes it more vibrant and beautiful.
One finds beauty in flowing water and misty dawns.

Love brings a message of happiness
And makes you sing songs
Just as the sky turns vermilion red,
Just as the love spreads on the henna-stained palms of the
happy bride.

Oh my love, be part of my destiny, be part of me.
I am so lucky to be desired by you.
On the altar of love, I offer myself
And it is my pride to be loved in return and be part of you.

Jai Verma

ব্যর্থ রূপ

গন্ধহীন পলাশ ফুল -
রঙ্গীন রূপ যার,
না লাগে পূজাতে তাহা
কিবা মূল্য তার ?

দেখিতে কার্তিকের মত
যার নীচ, হীন মন -
কি কাজে লাগিবে বল
তার সুদর্শন !

নাহি লোভ, নাহি হিংসা,
এমন অন্তর যার -
সকল হৃদয় জয় করে
তার ব্যবহার ।

দয়া-মায়াহীন জন,
অসৎ, চতুর প্রানী -
কোন্ সমাজে আদর তাহার,
কে বলিবে জ্ঞানী ?

এ সংসারে পায় শ্রদ্ধা
বহু গুণ যার,
অমর রহিবে ধরায়
সুনাম তাহার ।

**" THE MEANING OF POEM " BYERTHA ROOP "
BEAUTY WITHOUT VALUE.**

MEANING OF THE POEM IS, --- WHAT IS THE USE OF OUTER BEAUTY ? IF ONE HAS NO BEAUTY INSIDE .

AN EXAMPLE-- THERE IS A MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWER IN THE EASTERN PART OF INDIAN SUB-CONTINENT, CALLED PALASH. IT IS VERY NICE TO LOOK AT , BUT HAS NO FRAGRANCE. NO ONE USE IT FOR GARLANDS OR WORSHIPPING GOD . IT IS NO USE FOR ANY GOOD OCCASION . IT HAS NO VALUE TO ANY ONE.

THEN WE SEE A PERSON IS VERY GOOD LOOKING, LIKE A HINDU GOD KARTIKA . BUT HE IS DISHONEST, CORRUPT AND CUNNING. WHO HAS NO INNER BEAUTY . THE SOCIETY WILL HAVE NO LOVE AND RESPECTS FOR HIM.

IT IS NOT THE LOOKS OF A PERSON, BUT HIS BEHAVIOUR AND GOOD WORK EARNS HIM, LOVE AND RESPECT OF OTHERS. GOOD WORK OF A PERSON, CAN MAKE HIM IMMORTAL IN SOME WAY.

DILIP BHOWMICK.

জ্ঞানী-জন

ঈশ্বর এক, অনন্ত ব্রহ্মঃ
শত নাম যার,
দেখিতে মানুষের মত
রূপ নহে তার ।

তিনি এক মহাশক্তি,
ব্রহ্মঃ-নিরাকার,
সৃষ্টি করেন - রক্ষা করেন,
তিনি মুক্তিকার ।

সকল জীবে বিরাজ তাঁহার,
সকল স্থানে বাস,
তঁরই গড়া চন্দ্র-সূর্য্য,
অনন্ত আকাশ ।

সারা জগৎ সৃষ্টি তাঁহার
সবকিছুই তাঁর দান,
সকল প্রাণের মূলে তিনি,
তিনিই বিশ্বের প্রাণ ।

সুন্দর, উজ্জ্বল, উত্তম তিনি
মনেতে সবার,
বহুরূপী, এক, অনন্তব্রহ্মঃ -
বিপ্বরূপ তাঁর ।

সকল জীবের একই ঈশ্বর,
এমন হয় যার মন,
সেই-ত প্রকৃত মানুষ,
মহাজ্ঞানী জন ।

WISE MAN

"GOD IS ETERNAL". HE HAS MANY NAMES. I SEE HIS IMAGE - NOT LIKE AN ORDINARY HUMAN. HE IS THE MOST POWERFUL NON PHYSICAL SPIRITUAL BEING. HE IS THE CREATOR, NURTURER AND LIBERATOR. HE IS OMNI PRESENT. HE IS IN EVERY SOUL.

HE IS THE CREATOR OF SUN, MOON AND THE ENDLESS SKY. HE IS THE CREATOR OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE. EVERY THING IN THE UNIVERSE IS HIS GIFT. HE IS THE MASTER OF ALL SOULS. HE IS THE SOUL OF THE UNIVERSE. HE IS THE BEST, THE BRIGHTEST AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL.

**HE IS KIND AND HELPFUL TO EVERY ONE.
HE IS THE ONE, AND HE HAS MANY IMAGES. HE IS THE ETERNAL BEING. HE IS THE IMAGE OF THE UNIVERSE**

"GOD IS ONE. WE ALL HAVE ONE GOD". HE WHO HAS THIS FAITH, IS A MAN OF GREAT KNOWLEDGE. HE IS A WISE MAN.

DILIP BHOWMICK.

सिद्धि और साधना

तुम घोर तपस्वी बैठे मौन
ऊँचे पर्वत के शिखरों पर
मैं हूँ साधक सुरबाला
विचर रही धरती पर ।

तुमने सब कुछ साध लिया
ज्ञानी बने और मोक्ष लिया
मैं जीवन वीणा के तारों पर
कोई सुर साध न पाई
कोई राग छेड़ न पाई
कोई धुन बांध न पाई ।

अभी न बना मेरा कोई आधार
अभी न हुआ कोई गीत साकार
अभी नहीं मैं तज सकती
यह मोह माया संसार ।

तुमने तो पूर्ण कर ली शिक्षा
अब दे सकते हो दीक्षा
मैंने तो कर्म बीज हैं बो डाले
अभी बची है मेरी कठिन परीक्षा ।

तुम सन्यासी मैं कर्मयोगिनी
तुम दर्शक मैं अभिनेत्री
तुम सिद्धि और मैं साधना
तुम मृगतृष्णा मैं आशा ।

तुम आकाश मैं धरती
मैं हर पल तुमसे कहती रही
हम इक दूजे से अलग नहीं
भले हम दोनों का मिलन
क्षितिज रेखा का भ्रम ही सही ।

हमारे इस मधुर मिलन के बिना ...
कैसे पूर्ण होगी प्रभु की आराधना ?
कैसे सफल होगी मेरी जीवन साधना ?

Wandering on the Horizon

**You are the holy man
Sitting in a trance
On the top of the mountain,
Touching the sky.**

**You have achieved perfection
You are the master
I am still striving
Wandering on the earth.**

**You are the judge
I am the performer
You are the ultimate goal
You are the mirage, and
I am the hope.**

**Although we are apart
Yet we are one
The sky and the earth
Meet at the horizon.**

Swaran Talwar

Note : Lord Krishna has said in Gita that the only tool we humans have in our hand is our “Karma”. The reward lies in the hands of God.

কোনদিন

কোনদিন মেঘলা আকাশ হবে ঝঞ্জাটহীন
তকতকে রোদেলা, সুনীল -
আষাঢ়ের দিনে এই কথা তাই লিখি,
হয়তো তেমন সেই ক্ষণে অনাবিল
আমার সাধন-ধ্যান সার্থকতা পাবে,
ফুল ফুটে নিঃশব্দ বিলাসে
গন্ধ ছড়িয়ে দেবে বিশ্ব-নিখিল ।

কোনদিন অনন্ত যুগের মত দিন হবে -
দু'হাত ছড়িয়ে আমি তোমাকে পাঠাবো নিমন্ত্রণ
আমার কাব্যপাঠের ঘরে,
বুকভরে ধরণীর আঁণ নেবো সদ্য-সতেজ -
বিদ্যাবতী-র বরে সকল বেদনা ভুলে আমি
ক্রমে ক্রমে পরিপূর্ণ হব, আমাকে তখন
তুমি জানবে পুরুষোত্তম বলে ।

কোনদিন, আমাকে চিনবে তুমি ।
অমৃতলতায় ছাওয়া কুঞ্জবনের খুলে দ্বার
শত রমনীর কোলাহল হতে আমি
তোমাকে তুলে নেব স্বর্ণময় পুষ্পকরথে,
তারপর স্বর্গীয় বাগানে
কেবল মিলন হবে - মধুর মিলন,
নির্মল পাতায় ছাওয়া চম্পক-বনে
আমাদের ঘর পাবো কোমল সবুজ ।

কোনদিন আকাশের পাড়ে পাড়ে রং
জড়াতে জড়াতে সূর্য পাটে যাবে -
আমার মনের মত নদীটিকে মনে হবে
প্রশান্ত, গভীর -
হেঁটে হেঁটে সেই প্রান্তে যাবো
যেখানে দাঁড়ালে অজান্তে মন কথা ক'বে -
দিকে দিকে 'আমি আছি, আমি আছি' রবে
প্রকৃতির প্রত্যাভরণ পাবো ।।

Someday

Someday the gloomy sky will be spotless,
without storm, sunny blue -
that's why I write my thoughts in the days of torrents,
may be in that unbound moment
my contemplation-rituals will be triumphant,
blossoming with a spontaneous luxury
flowers will fragrance the farthest world.

Someday, days will be like an eternal era,
unfurling my arms - I will send you invitation
to join me in my room of poetry reading -
take the earth's fresh, rousing smell a full lung,
with the blessings of the goddess of wisdom -
forget the sorrow and gradually become
satiated,
then - you will know me as the best of men.

Someday, you will understand me .
Revealing the arbour of undying creepers
from the charm of a hundred bests of women -
I will pick you up in my golden, flight-chariot.
Thereafter, in the heavenly garden,
there we will fall in love, into sweet lovemaking,
In the champaka forest - shaded with shiny leaves -
get our home tender and green.

Someday mixing colours gradually on the banks of the sky -
majestically, the sun will go down,
the pristine river - just as set in my heart -
will seem deep and still,
we will go to that edge, walking,
standing where, inadvertently, a soul will
crave to sing,
where, from everywhere, with a 'I am here,
I am here' scream
we will get nature's reply.

২১-সময় বদলায়

সময় বদলায় -

আমাকে বদলেছে,
যেমনটি ছিলে তুমি -
ভীষন বদলে গেছ ।
বোঝাই স্মৃতির ধূলো
কবেকার -

ঢেকে আছে আমাদের
ফেলে আসা, সোনামাখা
সেই দিনগুলো ।

সময় কি পিছু ফিরে ?

তাহলে চাওয়া যেত
দুজনার আরও কিছু
প্রেম-কূজনিত বেলা,
বলা যেত - বেরোতে যা
বেরোল না বুকচিরে -
মাকড়ের মত দিনমান
জাল বুনে বুনে

খেলা যেত ভালোবাসা খেলা ।

অশুভি রেণু রেণু সুখ,
কিছু সুখের অসুখ,
নিষ্প্রাণ পৃথিবীতে শুধু
শেষবার হাসা,

উপহার দেয়া যেত

এক ডালি ফুল - আর,
ফরহাদী খুনে ভালোবাসা ।।

Time changes

Time changes .
It changed me,
as you were -
now have changed a lot,
gathered memories' dust
of a far-forgotten past
are covering our those left behind,
golden, cherished days.

Does time stare back at all?
It was to wish then, some more
of those love-chattering moments,
there was to say -
all those were about to come out
reaping through a heart,
like a web-spinning spider, a whole day,
was to play the love-game.

There was to pick
numerous grains happiness,
some illnesses of happiness,
one last laugh on this lifeless earth -
was to present with
a bunch of flowers, and love,
with the lover's blood.

मेरे बचपन का घर

घर ईंटें और पत्थर
सब वही हैं
पर लोग जो इसे सीमेंट की तरह जोड़ते थे
बिखर गए हैं ।
अब यह घर घर नहीं
एक वक्त की मार खाया मकान है
जिसका हर एक निशान
हर एक घाव
साफ़ नज़र आता है
कितना रोष आता है
इसके टूटने पर
क्यों ठीक नहीं करते
इसके दोष
फिर सोचती हूँ
यह घर चाहे
टूट कर दोबारा भी बने
यह अब कभी
मेरा घर नहीं बन पाएगा ।

Childhood Home

**Bricks and mortar of this house
Are still there
But the people
Who kept it together
Are no longer there
Now this house is not a home
But a run – down house
With all its cracks- obvious.**

**My annoyance is directed
Towards people who don't put it right.
Then I reflect
This house may be rebuilt
As new.
It will never again
Become my home.**

Rama Joshi

बुद्धिजीवी और युद्ध

बुद्धिजीवी कहते रहे
युद्ध नहीं होगा
अब दुनिया बदल गई है
युद्ध से भला कुछ संवरा है ?
जीवन बहुमूल्य है
बुद्धिजीवी कहते रहे ।
युद्ध हुआ - धमाके से
धमाके पर धमाके
इमारतें खंडहर हुईं
निर्दोष जानें गईं
सब दलीलें नाकाम
बुद्धिजीवी कहते रहे ।
समाचार सुने नहीं जाते
तस्वीरें देखी नहीं जाती
इसलिये - समाचार सुनना बन्द
तस्वीरें देखना बन्द
बुद्धिजीवी कहते रहे ।
जीत तो निश्चित ही थी
ज़ालिम को मरना ही था
पर मरा कहाँ ?
चलो कुछ राहत मिली
युद्ध ख़तम हुआ
बुद्धिजीवी कहने लगे
जो हुआ सो हुआ
कोई और बात करें
दुनिया बहुत बड़ी है
बुद्धिजीवी कहते रहे ।

War and The Chattering Classes

The chattering classes discuss war and its implications endlessly. They are convinced – there will be no war. The world has changed. War does not solve anything – they say. But – war does break out – with big bombs to shock and awe. Innocent lives are lost. Arguments are useless.

The chattering classes say – war news/pictures are shocking. Let us not watch them.

Then the war ends. Yes, they say- victory was a fore-gone conclusion. The tyrant regime had to be destroyed. Did the tyrant die? Yes – some people find relief – they say.

The chattering classes have moved on to other topics for discussion. The world is huge. Let us keep talking – they say.

Rama Joshi

A MARRIED WOMAN LAMENTS

Before we were wed-
To you I looked an angel in white
Now when I get a new outfit you say too much it has cost
Why all this expense
Before we were wed-
Flowers you used to send-
Now anniversaries and birthdays forgotten-
Before we were wed-
There were plans for Eternal honeymoon
And writing of love poems
All I hear now is plans for pension
And all you say-too much paperwork to be done
Before we were wed-
For you I was the only one
Now at the parties
You have roving eyes-
Let us turn the clock back
Make it how it was
Before we were wed.

Kalpana Ganguly

Love Laws

**Unit, integrate
create one race
create one nation
sanctimonious sages
utter these slogans
Society has no place for discrimination
Can hearts be changes by legislation?
I hear black mama say to her daughter
'Me no want in de family white-trash'
and white mum to her daughter
'No Paki will be son-in-law of mine'
Oriental mother to her daughter
'If you bring black devil into the fold
mother will commit Hara-Kiri'
Indian Ma to her daughter
Dare not blacken my face
In my family untouchables have no place
Society says who to love and how much
These are the Love-Laws
All embracing love unlimited
Yet limited for some.**

বর্ষা

রিম্ কিম্ কিম্ বাদল বরষে ।
মন উতলে উঠে মোর
মেঘের গরজে গরজে ।
বলে মন গুন গুনিয়ে তাই,
ঝির ঝির হাওয়ার সাথে
তারই মত বয়ে চলে যাই ।
সেই সুদূর পাহাড় পেড়িয়ে ।
চঞ্চল মন বুঝোনা-তো কিছু
অদূর প্রান্তর যায় ছাড়িয়ে ।
ফুলের গন্ধে মন মোহিনী
পাগল হয়ে যায় ভুলে সব
মেতে উঠে মোর মন সঙ্গিনী ।
নরম কুসুমিত বৃষ্টি ভেজা উল্লাসে
এই খুশীর প্রাঙ্গনে,
ভিজে যাই আমি রোমান্সের আবেগে ।
পাখীরা গায় সুখে কলকলিয়ে
সে যে আমারই মনের কথা ।
তাই বাজায় বাতাস মধুর সেতার তাল মিলিয়ে,
মেঘরাজ যখন বাজায় ঢোলক,
মনে দেয় মোর আর ও দোলা
চমকিত করে আলোকিত করা বাতির ঝলক ।
আকাশ জুড়ে রয়েছে রংয়ের খেলা ।
মন মোর উতলা হয়ে যায় উড়ে
খেলবে রং আমার সাথে সারা বেলা ।
উড়ে যায় আঁচল মোর পশ্চিম দিগন্তে ।
ফুলের গন্ধে মৌমাছির হয়েছ পাগল ।
তারা দেবে আমায় সাধ যেতে ঐ প্রান্তে
উচ্ছলপূর্ণ সন্ধ্যায়, আকাশ পানে চেয়ে
দিনের শেষে সূর্য্য চলার পরে
মেঘরাজ বলে তারাদের ধৈয়ে
তুমি এলে কেন আমারই অঙ্গনে ?
শুধু আমার অধিকার এই পথে ।
দেবোনা তোমায় যেতে সেখানে ।
আমি রাজার ও রাজা
তাই চন্দ্র, তপাকে রেখেছি বেঁধে ।
দিনাম শুধু অন্ধকার আর বাঁধা ।

MONSOON

Its raining making beautiful music,
My mind becoming restless,
By the thundering.
My mind is whispering,
That let's go along with tempestuous wind,
And across the mountains.
My restless mind does not understand,
Crossing the border, beyond the level,
My mind is becoming mad,
By beautiful fragrance of flowers.
My mind is excited,
By getting wet by the soft delicate shower.
I am getting wet again and again,
In this court-yard of joy.
Birds are singing happily,
Exactly that of what I wanted to sing,
Saying the same of what is in my mind.
Winds are giving company with a beautiful sitar.
My mind is more and more restless,
When the clouds is playing his drum,
My mind is swinging more and more,
I wander by the wonderful flash of bright, pleasant light.
Clouds are chasing the stars,
Why did you come on my way ?
I deserve the right in this court-yard,
I won't let you enter my kingdom.
I am the king of all kings,
I have captured the sun and the moon,
To create an obstacle of darkness for you.

Banasree Nandi

చరిత్రని మార్చుకు!

తలుపు తెరువు కాని లోపలికి పోబోకు

నోరు తెరువు కాని మాట్లాడ పోబోకు

కళ్ళు మూయు కాని కన్నీరు కార్చద్దు

మదత విప్పిన లేఖ చదవబోకు

గురిపెట్టిన బాణం వదలబోకు

వెళ్ళని గదిలోను

పలకని పదంలోను

కార్చని కన్నీటిలోను

వదలని బాణలోను

చదవని మదతల్లోను

చరిత్ర చాలా ఉంది

వదిలేస్తే బతుకుతుంది

కదిలిస్తే మారుతుంది

LET HISTORY BE !

*Open your door but don't step in !
Move your lips but utter no words !
Close your eyes but shed no tears !
Aim your arrow but do not shoot !
Open the letter but do not read !*

*In unentered rooms
In unsaid words
In unshed tears
In unleashed arrows
In unread letters*

*There lives history
So leave it alone
Try not to disturb
Lest it gets distorted*

P Aravinda Rao

अंधियारा

बाहर तनिक अंधेरा है
नयनों के दीप
जला लेना ।
हाँ
बाहर घोर अंधेरा है
दीपक जलता
लेते जाना
अंधियारे से डर लगता है
अंधियारे में डर लगता है
अंधियारे से डर कर रहना
अंधियारा अंधा होता है ।
तुम मेरी बात
समझ लेना
बाहर बस अब
अंधियारा है
अंधियारे से बच कर रहना ।

डॉ. कृष्ण कुमार

Darkness?

Eyes open you may see through darkness. Yes, with the darkness intensifying you may need a lamp around. But what of that other engulfing darkness – the darkness of gloom and doom, of ignorance and of hate, petrifying and scary as it is. Beware of this darkness descending all around, not able to differentiate, for being blind. Eyes within may only decipher.

Dr. Krishna Kumar

वह मेरा बेटा है

मैंने यह
बहुधा देखा है
मुझसे आ मेरा अतीत
बातें करता
झगड़ा करता है
और
कहा करता है प्रतिफल
वर्तमान को
भाग्य न समझो
मेरा वह
प्यारा बेटा है ।

डॉ. कृष्ण कुमार

Past and Present

I have had experiences of my Past confronting me so often, to argue and make me come to terms with the reality of Present, not just as chance, but as progeny of the Past - result of one's own 'Karma' in the past.

जिंदगी और मौत

जिंदगी
लंबी
खुली
सुंदर डगर ।
मौत है
पर
तंग
इक तरफा गली
है जैहा से
लौट कर
आना
कभी संभव नहीं ।

डॉ. कृष्ण कुमार

Life and Death

Life is
A long
Open beautiful road.

But
Death is
One way narrow street
Making return impossible.

Dr. Krishna Kumar

April

ऐधाश वसंतनां

April showers

छे वर्षानां आपटां,

Are signs of spring.

पशांमां प्राश.

Life in leaves

पृक्षोमां जन.

The breathing trees

पंजीनां गान!

Tits now sing!

ऐप्रिल आव्यो रंगरस लाव्यो

Shades of green, the April brings

स्वर, संगीत ने सुगंध लाव्यो

In my England, the world is green

आ सीनाश, आ लीलाश

Soft green, dark green

डेवी कुमाश! नही कथाश

Tender leaves pretty green

धेरी लीलाश, आही लीलाश

Deep green, light green

लीली भीठाश, लीली उज्जस

Sweet green, bright green

डाणीओमां छुथ्यो प्रकाश

Twigs and light play hide and seek

ऐप्रिल आव्यो रंगरस लाव्यो

The wealth of green, the April brings

स्वर, संगीत ने सुगंध लाव्यो

In my England, the world is green

तइश तरुवन ले छे स्नान

The young green lady takes a bath

तेज किरणोमां सूकवे वाण

In the sun would dry her hair

पत्ते पत्ते, भँडे आड.

Sweet, sweet the leaves now smell

पवन छेरोमां पेले नाच !

Her hair now dance in breezy air

लोसावे सीने ऐप्रिल नार !

The April girl seduces all of us!

The health of green, the April brings
In my England, the world is green

એપ્રિલ આવ્યો, રંગરસ લાવ્યો
સ્વર, સુગંધ ને સંગીત લાવ્યો

The health of green the April brings
In my England, the world is green

બંસી વાગી રાધા નાચી
લીલી લીલી રાસલીલા આવી
એપ્રિલ આવ્યો, રંગરસ લાવ્યો

To Krishna's tune, Radha danced
The world in love also danced
Resurrection comes, bells now ring
Elves dance in the village green

લીલાં લીલાં પાણી વચ્ચે લીલો મારો બેટ
લીલાં લીલાં ગામોમાં, અહીં લીલા લીલા પાર્ક
લીલા લીલા પાર્કમાં અહીં લીલાં લીલાં જાડ
લીલાં લીલાં જાડો ઉપર તાજાં લીલાં પાન
ડીસેમ્બરની ડોસી આજે કરતી ફૂદાફૂદ
એપ્રિલ મહિને આવ્યું એમાં, ફપરાણીનું જોમ
ઘેરો લીલો, આછો લીલો, લીલો મારો દેશ
રવિ કિરણોમાં શોભે એનો, શોભે આ પરિવેશ

એપ્રિલ આવ્યો, રંગરસ લાવ્યો
સ્વર, સુગંધ ને સંગીત લાવ્યો!

DREAM-MASTER

Dreams
good dreams
harbingers of
good things
to come

Scary dreams
portent with
bad omens
of events impending

Happy dreams
wishful dreams
cold dreams
wet dreams

They all
come and go
leaving a trail
of emotions
memories behind

You can fulfil
a dream
deny it
or live it

Be a dream-master
have dreams
make some
come true
it's up to you.

PASSION CHANGED

**In my youth I was
nicknamed 'randy Reg'
my come up upance came
one valentine day –**

**When four pretty girls said
they would dance with me
they all came
but none danced with me!**

**Now in my sixties
and still passionate
I jumped in Health Club hot tub
with four shapely maidens-**

**two younger than my daughter
two young enough to be my lover
I looked and saw in each one
an image of my sweet heart**

**I closed my eyes and chuckled
at my lucky dream vision
knowing my soulmate sweetheart
was alone worth more than all women**

**they too smiled and muttered
'this old man is enjoying harem'
I knew why I was smiling silly
They thought they knew**

**I knew they did not know
but we all kept smiling
me with my eyes closed
they with their eyes open!**

LOVE and PEACE

**Life is too short
to have strife and look for fault**

**We all need love and peace
and when we get it, life is ease**

**Never trifle with love or peace
because we may lose them in a sneeze.**

Rajni Roy

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো

রামধনু নয়,

দিনরাতের আকাশ হয়ে এসো

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

বন্যা নয়,

বোশেখ শাওনের নদী হয়ে এসো

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

গাছ নয়,

পাতলা ঘন ছায়া হয়ে এসো

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

ফুল নয়,

আবছা লাজুক সৌরভ হয়ে এসো

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

ঠিকানা নয়,

চেনা অচেনা পথ হয়ে এসো

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

বিচার নয়,

ছোট বড় ক্ষমা হয়ে এসো

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

স্মৃতি নয়,

চেতন অবচেতনের স্বপ্ন হয়ে এসো

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

শেখর নাথ বসু

If You Love Me

If you love me
 Be my sky
 Not rainbow.
 Be my silence
 Not echo.
 Be my path
 Not address.
 Be my sun
 Not shadow.
Let's be "US"
 Not you and me
If you love me.....

Sekhar Basu

নষ্টালজিয়া

দু একটা হারিয়ে যাওয়া পরিবেশ
আজ ও আমার পাথুরে পৃথিবীকে
স্বপ্নাতুর করে

দু একটা হারিয়ে যাওয়া মুহূর্ত
আজ ও আমার শীতল বুকের উত্তাপ
ঘন করে

দু একটা হারিয়ে যাওয়া চাউনি
আজ ও আমার রঙ চটা মনে রামধনু
রঙ আনে

দু একটা হারিয়ে যাওয়া চন্দন নিশ্বাস
আজ ও আমার হতশ্রী দেহকে
সুবাসিত করে

দু একটা হারিয়ে যাওয়া পরশ
আজ ও আমার অবুঝ স্নায়ুদের
রোমান্তিক করে

দু একটা না বলা কথার ইঙ্গিতময়তা
আজ ও আমার সমস্ত বোধকে
সন্মোহিত করে

স্থান- কাল- পাত্র সব ভুলে যাই
দুরারোগ্য নষ্টালজিয়া রোগে ডুগি
এক ধরণের শান্তি পাই।

Nostalgia

Few bygone ambience
 Still makes my stony world
 Soft and green with dreams.

Few bygone moments
 Still brings to my confined time
 A touch of eternity.

Few bygone touches
 Still stimulates my paralysed nerves
 To a calm, meaningful movement.

Few bygone scented breath
 Still aromatises my dull decaying body.

Few bygone unuttered word
 Still mesmerises my soul.

I forget time, place and people
I suffer from that incurable disease
 “Nostalgia”
 But
Enjoy a sort of awkward peace.

Sekhar Basu

The Willow Tree In My Garden

I had a willow tree
In my garden
It was huge and had
So many branches
Its extensive span of roots
Was hidden under the
Luscious green grass
Surrounded by
The evergreen conifers
It stood there
Majestic like a king

Its drooping branches
Used to touch the ground
As if bowing its head
Giving thanks to
Mother Earth for
The life and the growth

In the spring
The little pale green leaves
Used to sprout
Out of its hanging branches
At times, showered with
Dew drops, they used to glitter
Like pale green emeralds
In the early morning sunshine

During the hot summer days
When fully laden with
Glorious green leaves
Looking like a canopy
It used to provide shade
From the scorching sunshine

In the autumn
Its dancing branches
With the strong rustling wind
Used to shed
Rusty brown leaves
Spreading all over my garden

Chanchal Jain

**In the winter
The strong gusty wind
Laden with dark watery clouds
Used to wash away
The summer glory**

**At night
Swinging and stretching
Its bare branches, it used to
Look like a scary ghost**

**One hot summer
We had droughts
It didn't rain much
In the spring or in the summer**

**The thirsty willow tree
Stretched its roots
To the foundation of my house
There were cracks appearing
Everywhere in my house**

**The structural engineer
Declared subsidence
There was a question of
Life and death of my house
And of my willow tree
It was decided that
The willow tree had to go**

**The tree surgeon was called
My beautiful willow tree
My pride and joy
Was chopped into pieces
And taken away
In a big bad lorry**

**I still remember
The agony of my heart
As if a part of my life was
Taken away from me
And never to be seen ever again**

Chanchal Jain

অন্ধকার

রাতের নক্ষত্রের আড়ালে অতীত নেমে আসে
অপরাধী ভীরুদের মতো
নিঃশব্দে ভেঙ্গে তছনছ করে দেয়
জীবনের শুভ্র অসারতাকে।
তবু ও রাতের অন্ধকারের স্নিগ্ধতা আমি ভালোবাসি
যে পুরোনো বন্ধুর মতো অনেকদিনের অদর্শনের পর
নীরবে আসে রাতের গভীরে
ভরিয়ে দেয় প্রেমের আলোয় এই ব্যপক জীবন।
যতদিন পৃথিবীতে প্রেম আছে
অতীতের শোভাযাত্রা জীবনের মাঝপথে এসে
মিশে যাবে রাতের নক্ষত্রের মতো
দিনের সূর্যের বর্ণে।
আর প্রেম তার জন্ম জন্মান্তরের সুর তান নিয়ে
ভরিয়ে দেবে আমাদের নিরবচ্ছিন্ন শান্তিতে।

অনুরাধা রক্ষিত

Darkness

**In the middle of the night
Past gloom comes as a culprit
And destroy life's serenity.
But still I love the stillness of the night,
Night which like an old friend
Comes and fills us with the light of love.
As long as love is there
The gloomy past will disappear
As the stars disappear in the sunlight,
And love with all its glory
Will make us calm and peaceful.**

Anuradha Rakhit

Aspen Tree

Alone I stand like an aspen tree
And listen to the rustling rhythm of the wind.
I listen to the roaring sound of the storm
I listen to the soft sound of the rain.
Silently I listen to the sound of my mind
Communing with myself
Oh! how I long to be at peace with myself!

Alone I stand like an aspen tree
And gaze at the dust on the nettles.
I gaze at the dust, which is as beautiful
As any bloom upon a flower,
The dust which is never lost
Except to prove the sweetness of a shower.
Oh! how I long to be that speck of dust!

Alone I stand like an aspen tree
And listen to the obscure song
Sung by the lonely thrush sitting on my branch,
The song which is vibrant yet empty
Oh! how I long to capture that melodious tune!

Alone I stand like an aspen tree
Alone I enjoy the sweet touch of rain on my lips,
Alone I dance at the rhythm of the breeze
Alone I sing with the thrush in harmony.
Alone I begin my quest for the true journey of my life
Oh! how I long to be at ease with the unknown!

Anuradha Rakhit

NB: Aspen tree is a tall tree whose leaves move in the slightest wind.

मुझको न छोड़ो

मैं किसी की आँख का नूर हूँ - मुझको न छोड़ो
जी रही हूँ मैं किसी का प्यार बन - मुझको न छोड़ो

जी रही हूँ मैं किसी की लाज का श्रृंगार बन कर
जी रही हूँ मैं किसी की मांग का सिन्दूर बन कर ।
जी रही हूँ मैं किसी अनुरागिनी का प्यार बन कर
मौन मेरी साधना के सब सिसकते सो गए स्वर ॥
मैं किसी के पास रह कर दूर हूँ - मुझको न छोड़ो
मैं किसी की आँख का नूर हूँ - मुझको न छोड़ो

नींद में डूबी हुई है रात की विकराल छाया
दर्द में लिपटी पड़ी है आज काया ।
मैं विरह से खूब थक कर चूर हूँ - मुझको न छोड़ो ।
मैं किसी के पास रह कर दूर हूँ - मुझको न छोड़ो ॥

सत्या कांडा

Don't Disturb Me

This poem describes the agony and deep pain of some one who is alive for her loved ones for a variety of reasons.

Satya Kanda

ਕੀ ਨਾਂ ਹੈ ਤੇਰਾ ?

ਕੀ ਨਾਂ ਹੈ ਤੇਰਾ ?

ਸੁੱਝਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਆਖਾਂ ।

ਜਦ ਵੀ ਮੈਂ ਤੱਕਦੀ ਹਾਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ

ਗੁੱਮ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ਤੇਰਾ ਵਜੂਦ !!

ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਬੱਸ ਇਕ ਬੱਚੀ
ਗਿਣਦੀ ਇਮਲੀ ਦੀਆਂ ਗਿਣਕਾਂ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਹੀਰੋ ਮੋਤੀ ।
ਖਜ਼ਾਨਾ ਤੇਰੀ ਖੁੱਡ ਵਿਚ ਸਾਂਭ ਸਾਂਭ ਰੱਖਦੀ
ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਗ਼ਰੂਰ ਨਾਲ ਸਹੇਲੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੱਸਦੀ !!

ਦੂਜੀ ਨਜ਼ਰੇ

ਇਹ ਸਭ ਅਲੋਪ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ
ਅਤੇ ਦਿੱਸਦੀ ਹੈ ਬੁੱਢੀ ਦਾਦੀ ਮਾਂ
ਅੱਲਤ ਪੋਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਚੂੜੀ ਖਵਾਉਂਦੀ
ਮਿੱਠੇ ਲੱਗੇ ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਸਹਿਲਾਉਂਦੀ
ਪੋਤੀ ਦੇ ਪੱਲੇ ਦਾ ਓਹਲਾ ਕਰਕੇ
ਲੋਕਾਂ ਦੀ ਬਦ-ਨਜ਼ਰ ਤੋਂ ਬਚਾਉਂਦੀ

ਜਾਂ ਫੇਰ ਕਦੇ

ਜਦ ਤਕਦੀ ਹਾਂ
ਤੇਰੇ ਪੱਤਿਆਂ 'ਚੋਂ ਛੁਟਕੇ ਆਈ ਹੁੱਪ ਨੂੰ
ਤਾਂ ਦਿੱਸਦੇ ਹਨ ਟਾਹਣੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਗੁੱਥੇ ਹੋਏ ਬਲਬ
ਜੋ ਡੋਲੀ ਵੇਲੇ ਦੀ ਯਾਦ ਵਾਂਙ
ਜਗਦੇ ਬੁੱਝਦੇ ਹਨ

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਤਾ

ਕੀ ਨਾਉਂ ਹੈ ਤੇਰਾ ?

ਪਰ.....

ਮੇਰੀ ਰੂਹ ਵਿਚ ਤੂੰ ਹੈਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਵਿਹੜੇ ਦਾ ਬੂਟਾ !!

ਵਿਭਾ ਕੋਲ

I don't know

I don't know

 What do they call you here
Whenever I glance at thee
 You disappear as a tree

All I can see is a little girl
 counting tamarind stones
Like gold, gems and a pearl.

Hiding this treasure
(Inside the hole of your trunk)
 To show off to her friends later.

Another moment all I can see
 Is an old face of my granny
 Feeding the home made delicacies
And trying to protect the little girl
 from the evils of society.

Or some times I happen to look at the
 Sunlight filtered through your leaves
It reminds me of the décor on the day
 I walked through the isles to leave.

I don't know what they call you here.
For me you are embodiment of memories
The tree in our kitchen garden back home
I don't know what you are called here.

Another Eden

When a city maiden walks these planned green spaces
she will recognise the snowdrop by its sigh,
she will ring a bluebell chime
from an ocean's wooded floor
where the host of daffodils once praised their sky.

Bush-tailed barbers of the bark will run to see her
and staccato footed pigeons will pop by.
She will wonder who has seen
this sweet pool, this silver stream
and the toad will show those dreams that fill his eye.

Let the spawning grounds throw up their black dot secrets,
let a sidling swim of sperm sprout form in legs.
For the butterfly must fly
as the dragonfly must die
and the rotting leaves will warm the earwig's eggs.

Every month the maid will come to walk by moonlight,
she will tread the path that love has trod before.
As she seeks eternity
in the heartwood of a tree
she will sigh, "Where is the loved one I adore?"

"Oh, Master of the Softwood," she will call him,
"I am a girl of rising sap and bark.
Feel these thin heart fibres break,
heal my senses, make me safe
inside the spiral thickening of dark."

**For twelve long months the maid who comes by moonlight
will pluck new fruit at every lunar tide.
Springing from an ancient bow,
driven by her thirst to know,
she must wait until the bridegroom claims the bride.**

**When this future maiden walks the white stone spaces
when she stoops to gather manna out of sky
all the bluebell woods will chime
all the daffodils will sing
and the Tree of Life drop blessings from on high.**

Julie Boden

A House near La Serene

Inside a house that was so briefly lent
between the fast and feast of Eastertide,
within cold walls, our children took their books
to read in other rooms.

You sat dead centre of a table's length
reading 'Twelve Bar Blues.'

Hands upon a table's thin end wedge
I watched the tall trees holding back
their thoughts in breath, then searched
to find the single blade of grass whose movement

would become the whistle sound
I offered you.

Afternoons grew sleepy there
beneath the Spring's light continental quilt.
God's artist held a yellow palette showing
hosts of dandelion head promises.

I longed to see a fine green brush
brighten up the still life scene
caught upon the glass of two french doors
between ornate net curtains,

pulled far back.

Trees awoke to yawn their way out of a midday nap,
rolled shadows down on grass as cabbage whites
played in-between the tiny seed head risings
and ants beat down a way to find a better place.

All this scene held still

until the farmer's dog came bounding
like a late March hare
across his field and up the slope of trees
between us, yapping at the shadows of his bark.

**And when I looked, my hands were heavy
in their gloves of flesh again,
fingers traced their sentence in a grain
of wood and you began to hum a 12 bar blues,**

**sometime ago, inside a house,
inside a house somewhere near
La Serene.**

Julie Boden



Dr. Krishna Kumar

Dr. Krishna Kumar was born in India in 1941 and has lived in Birmingham since 1980. He has taught in many countries and is currently a Senior Technologist at the University of Central England in Birmingham. Dr. Kumar established, in 1995 a multilingual poetry group, “Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle”, to promote harmony and understanding between cultures through language. The group strives to encourage children as well as adults to express their emotions in writing and also on the platform. Dr. Kumar was the Chairman of the Organising Committee for the VI World Hindi Conference held 1999 in London. He also participated in Jubilee 2000, along with other members of the group, and contributed poems on “World Debt”. Dr. Kumar, through BBC Asian Networks has promoted poetry and created an audience of poetry lovers. He has recited poems on a number of occasions in the UK and also in India. Dr. Kumar’s poems have been published in many anthologies and magazines. He has published two anthologies in Hindi and edited an anthology of multilingual poems with their translation in English. He has also published a technical book and more than 40 technical papers.



*Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle
Birmingham (U.K.)*

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