

Gitanjali Poems from East & West

*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 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**

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Dr Krishna Kumar

2003

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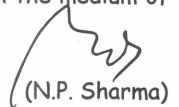
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I am delighted to have this opportunity to provide this message for inclusion in this anthology of poems titled 'Gitanjali Poems from East and West'. The anthology contains contributions from persons of all ages ranging from the youngest author of seven to the oldest one, well in his sixties, writing in as many as six languages of the Indian sub continent apart from English. All the contributions are invariably intellectually stimulating and written with a lot of feelings. While some of the poems are indeed of a very high calibre, one should not sit in judgement on their standard and quality. The objective has been to encourage those with a potential to express their feelings and emotions through the medium of poetry and to provide them recognition and appreciation.

The Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle is a symbol of richness of culture and unity in diversity which is the hallmark of the Indian Society. The Circle has been doing commendable work to create cohesion and better understanding between the British society and the people of the Indian sub continent by organising several literary programmes/activities and I have had the honour to be associated with some of these activities.

I wish it Godspeed in its efforts to promote international understanding in the multi-cultural society of the UK through the medium of literature.


(N.P. Sharma)

Foreword

Gitanjali Poems from East and West is the testimony of what can be achieved within a very short time if we really want. Members of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle and other contributors worked really hard to meet the deadline given. It contains multilingual poems in six languages of Indian Sub-continent with their gist in English. It is a perfect mix of age, race and gender containing a poem by 7 year old Vibhati Bhatia. To add new colour to this collection of poems published by Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle some of the poems are reproduced in poets own handwriting which I hope would be appreciated.

Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle was established in 1995 to promote harmony and understanding between people sharing this globe through language, culture and religion and also to promote the ideas of a little girl "Gitanjali" who died at a 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 and the inclusion of Vibhati's poem in this collection is the living proof. In addition to organising public poetry and cultural programmes the group members meet regularly and recite their fresh original poems, discuss literary issues and support each other. Since its inauguration in 1995 it has organised more than 150 programmes and published two anthologies of poems of Gitanjali group members. In the future, it is hoped that, more such groups would be started in other parts of the UK and the world so as to spread India's ancient slogan of "Vasudhaiva Kutumbkam". Over the years a number of distinguished scholars have been invited to Gitanjali programmes and they all have expressed hope for a better tomorrow following its aims.

Poems included in this anthology are going to be recited on 12th October at the Library Theatre in Birmingham to celebrate Birmingham Book Festival 2003 arranged by Jonathan Davidson of Book Communications. It includes poems, by Julie Boden, the reigning Poet Laureate (2003) of Birmingham, and also by young poets like Gurpreet Bhatia, Paritosh Sharma, Bobby Sura and Surjit Dhami. Inclusion of these poems has added a new refreshing dimension to this anthology. The poems included in this anthology should not be judged for their class and standard but for the sentiments and feelings displaying sensitivity and high level of emotions and as such I salute to dear Vibhati's poem about Baba jee. I hope you would enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed its editing and putting in shape.



Dr. Krishna Kumar
Founder and Chairperson
Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle

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When I Saw Babaji

When I saw Babaji through the sky,
he made my heart happy.

When I saw Babaji through the sky,
he made me smile.

When I saw Babaji through the sky,
he gave me loads of blessings.

When I saw Babaji through the sky,
I felt grateful to see Babaji.

When I saw Babaji through the sky,
he made me feel very lucky.

When I saw Babaji through the sky,
I thought to myself wow its Babaji.

When I saw Babaji through the sky,
he made everyone precious.

Vibhati Bhatia (Age7)

শান্তি

তুমি আকাশের তারা একরাতে গুণে শেষ করতে চেয়ো না, নিরাশ হবে।
তুমি ঝড়ের সাথে সাথে পা ফেলে ছুটতে চেয়ো না, ক্লান্ত হবে।
তুমি কোকিল ডাকের করুণ কাকলির অনুকরণ করো না, ব্যর্থ হবে।
তুমি সমুদ্রের ঢেউ সারাদিন ধরে গুণে বাহবা কিনতে চেয়ো না, হতাশ হবে।
তুমি আমার নিবিড় নিশ্চিত পরিপূর্ণতার পরিসমাপ্তি চেয়ো না, রিক্ত হবে।
আর আমার ভালোবাসার গভীরতা মাপার চেষ্টা করো না, হারিয়ে যাবে।
তুমি আকাশের তারার মিল্কতা উপলব্ধি করো,
তুমি ঝড়ের বেগের কাছে মাথা নত করো,
তুমি কোকিল গানের সুরে বিভোর হও।
তুমি সমুদ্রের ঢেউয়ের উদ্বেলতা অনুভব করো,
তুমি আমার স্নেহ মমতা ক্ষমার অমৃতধারায় প্লাবিত হও,
আর আমার ভালোবাসার একাগ্রতায় বিশ্বাস করো।
তখন শান্তি পাবে, সুখী হবে
আর আমাকে গ্রহণ করতে পারবে পরিপূর্ণভাবে।

অনুরাধা রক্ষিত

Peace

You will be disappointed if you want to finish counting all the stars in the sky in one night.
You will be exhausted if you want to run as fast as the gust of wind.
It will be of no avail if you want to imitate the melancholic chirping of a nightingale.
You will be despondent if you want to earn an accolade by counting the waves of the sea all day long.
You will be dispirited if you want me to lose the serenity of my heart and soul.
And you will lose yourself completely if you want to fathom the depth of my love.
You feel the calmness of the sky and the stars,
You accept the power of the wind,
You mesmerise yourself with the tune of a nightingale.
You realise the inundating nature of the waves,
You be drenched in the nectar of my affection and forgiveness,
And have faith in the intensity of my love.
Only then you will find happiness and peace
And be able to become mine forever.

Anuradha Rakhit

কবিতা

নৈশব্দ্যের গভীর সাগরে ডুব না দিলে
কবিতার কথা আসবে কি করে?
অনেক মনের মৌন ভাবনার দোসর না হলে
কবিতার ভাব আসবে কি করে?
ভাঙ্গা স্বপ্নের টুকরোয় রক্তাক্ত না হলে
কবিতার রঙ আসবে কি করে?
অনেক মনের বেদনার ধাত্রী না হলে
কবিতার দরদ আসবে কি করে?
কবিতার শুরু থেকে সারা পর্য্যন্ত
তুমি না থাকলে
কবিতা - কবিতা হবে কি করে?

শেখর নাথ বসু

Genesis of a poem

In a poetry

Words can only come from the depth of silence

Theme can only emerge from being a silent companion of many minds

Colour can only be painted from the agonising pain of broken dreams

Depth can only be felt from being a fellow sufferer in the sufferings of many
minds

And all these will become poetry if you are there with me from the beginning
to the end.

Sekhar Nath Basu

CONUNDRUM

Who am I
What am I
Why I am here?
Question asked for eons
by our ancestors , almost all of us.

Shall we try to find at least
a probable answer.
We were born to procreate,
continue the human race:
we do, despite our animal daftness.

So what is real *life*?
What passes the *torch* on?
We have a body, minds, and
elusive something else:
call it *conscience* or *soul* .

Mind dies, body is left behind
earth to earth, ashes to ashes
'Soul' - '*super consciousness*'
migrates to another body:
Soul is eternal.

Soul has no birth no death.
It regenerates, like the trees.
Tree leaves die, branches die
But the tree revives,survives:
So does each soul.

Researchers finding the DNA-found 'the Holy Grail'
of religions' founders and philosophers.
Souls, Spirits, reincarnate in other lives,
other bodies through the DNA and genes.
The cycle of 'dharma' 'karma'
Confirm: Soul is eternal.

Rajni ROY
8th August 2003

WELCOME EMILY

**Law, Ian married fair
Medicine - Julie
and produced an heir,
With primogeniture gone
sexual equality supreme
Emily will inherit
the Harrison jackpot;
unless a brother or a sister
claims the new baby cot.**

**We are very very pleased.
Congratulations.
Welcome to the family club,
sleepless nights
but happy days .
Cherish your bundle of joy
to your hearts' content:
time passes so quickly;
soon Emily will be a lady
just like mummy.**

Rajni ROY

PATHWAYS

**Where there is care
there is love
where there is
communication
there is room for
understanding.**

**Where there is
understanding
love finds and
makes a home.**

**Where there is trust
its a prelude to
lasting cerebral love
gift of love is
accepted
with grace.**

**Where
there is no trust
suspicion reigns
supreme.**

**Love is made
without emotion
love is rejected
without compuction.**

**Rajni Roy
June 2003**

BURST of BRITISH SUMMER

**England is a land of seasons
not gradual, but
sudden change of seasons:
like I first had four decades ago.**

**In March, sailing from France
I had mist, rain and sun in Paris,
strong wind, waves, hailstones and
snow in the Channel:
brilliant sunshine
at Victoria station
all in a day !!**

**John Smith the British Council
Representative who came
to receive me, an overseas student,
said with a smile-
“Hallo and Welcome
to typical British weather !”**

**Things haven't changed:
last week we had rain, wind
with hailstones as big as marbles;
and a burst of summer sunshine
all in an afternoon!!**

**Long live British weather.
Cool Britannia
make the best of it
enjoy roses whilst they bloom.**

**Rajni Roy
21 June 2000**

DIWALI

**Hindu festival of Diwali is a comprehensive festival.
It takes in Thanksgiving for return of Lord Rama
to his rightful throne: triumph of good over evil,
and, the start of Ramrajya - *utopia*
with fireworks and deepavli lights.**

**Diwali echoes British Harvest Festival,
Guy Fawkes 5th November, and Christmas all rolled into one.
How appropriate that we now have
multicultural, multi-faith, multi-ethnic community in Britain;
which in harmony celebrates our varied customs.**

**So roll on multicultural festivals :
we are ready
if you are ready for us.
Diversity and unity of purpose our strength:
and for this we, the new British, give thanks.**

Rajni Roy

DRESSINGS

You hurt me and wound me.
Then to dress my wounds
you bring me flowers.

You stab my heart
with broken promises,
and then with kisses;
you want to cement the damage.

But remember:
joins get cemented,
yet, the crack remains.

KALPANA GANGULY

APPEARANCES

Just because I do not
Share my dreams
Does not mean I don't dream
Just because I do not say
I love you
Does not mean I don't
Just because I do not
Shed tears
Does not mean I don't hurt
Just because I remain silent
Does not mean I don't have a voice
Just because it is dark
Does not mean day is over

KALPANA GANGULY

ARCHIVES

In the archives of my mind,
too many cob-webs.

In the archives of my mind,
abyss and labyrinths.

In the archives of my mind,
emotions entwined with confusion.

In the archives of my mind,
nothing is something:
and, something cannot be nothing.

KALPANA GANGULY

*LOVE'S LABOUR
NOT LOST*

*Let me count the ways:
to love you- just As You Like It.
I will be your Juliet
Your Rosalind and Tempest*

*Your music, the food of love
Your love sonnet ;
I will not say- 'To be or not to be'
I will just BE- as you wish me .*

*I will be your Midsummer Night's dream,
You will not be Taming this Shrew ;
As I will be tame, just As You Like It.*

*Without much ado let me say
I will love thee, always
just AS YOU LIKE IT.*

*Kalpana Ganguly.
Dec.2000*

यादें

भीड़माड़ और दौड़ धूप की
नीरस दिनचर्या से हटकर,
शान्त और नीरव स्थल में
सुख की चन्द श्वासों लेकर
झांका मैंने अन्तरमन में।

इसमें कितनी परछाइयां थीं
कोमल, बचपन, मचलता यौवन
महकते बसन्त, भीगे सावन,
टूटे सपने, अधूरे अस्मां
कुछ रूके रूके और कुछ चलते कारवां

सब यादें बैठी हैं मदहोश
बनकर एक अजब मेहमान,
गहरी निद्रा में लीन
कदाचित् समय चक्र से
बन कर अनजान।

दीता वक्त लौट नहीं आता
न ही लौटता है बिछड़ा भीत
किस भ्रम में बैठी हो यादों?
किस मोहपाश में फंसी हुई हा?

तुम भी पंख पखेरू फ़ैलाओ
तोड़ दो पिंजरा और उड़ जाओ !
नील गगन में उड़ो मुक्त हो,
और सांस लो खुली हवा में।
निकलो हृदय के कारागार से,
देखो क्या कुछ है इस जग में।

यादों ने पिंजड़े को तोड़ा,
और उड़ गई असीम गगन में।
लेकिन पल भर की उड़ान थी,
हृदय विवश था रूदन कर उठा,
यादों की विरह में घायल,
विह्वल हो क्रन्दन कर उठा

बोला हृदय कर चीख पुकार
लौट आओ मेरी यादों लौट आओ
तुम बिन मेरी हर धडकन बेमाने हैं
संग तुम्हारा ही मेरा जीवन है।

—स्वर्ण तलवाड़

Memories

The human mind is composed of a network encompassing our thoughts, emotions and memories. These memories are a product of specific moments in one's life. Hence we desire to keep them firmly in our grasp, with the time memories do fade and endeavour to escape, however they rarely detach from us completely and remain forever within our subconscious.

Swaran Talwar

अकेला राही

अकेले अकेले चली जा रही हूँ
मैं तन्हा हूँ, तन्हा चली जा रही हूँ

न कोई मंजिल, न कोई ठिकाना
न कोई अपना, जहाँ है बेगाना
मुला कर वो योंदें, चली जा रही हूँ
मैं तन्हा हूँ, तन्हा चली जा रही हूँ ।

न आसों हैं, जख्मों पर सरहम लगाना
न आसों हैं, जख्मों का सीना सीलाना
रफ़ कर जख्मों को, मैं जी रही हूँ
मैं तन्हा हूँ, तन्हा चली जा रही हूँ ।

कैसे कहें मैं, मोहब्बत की ख़ातिर ?
कैसे गुजारा मैं, ग़ुरबत की रातें ?
रवासी शही के जगम, लिखे जा रही हूँ
मैं तन्हा हूँ तन्हा चली जा रही हूँ ।

अकेले अकेले चली जा रही हूँ
मैं तन्हा हूँ, तन्हा चली जा रही हूँ ।

चंचल जैन

“Walking Alone”

I walk alone
Sadly, pensively
I wander alone

I've no place to live
Nowhere to go
I write songs of
Silence to forget
The sad memories
Of the past love, hate and
Bitterness of destitute life
Aimlessly, I walk alone
Sadly, I wander alone

Chanchal Jain

Loneliness

There're feelings
You can't express
There're experiences
You can't explain
There are pains
You have to suffer alone
Even agonies, you can't share

There are friends
Who cheat you
Hurt you, desert you
You have to cry alone
Even grief, you can't share

You have to live alone
Without any help
Without any love
Even life, you can't share

तेल और रेत की राजनीति

रेत में मिला खून
दर तक लाल नहीं रहता
रंग और पानी
रेत सोरव लेती है।

कहीं रेत के तले में तेल है
कहीं उसकी कीमत खून है
खून - जीवन का तेल
हरती के तले में नहीं बनता
जीवन का पूरा रंग
रेत में मिलने के लिए नहीं है
तेल लेने वाला
खून भी खरीदते हैं
और तेल भी।

जानकार लोग कहीं-कहीं
जो इस पन्नीदा बातों को समझते हैं
मुझे बस इतना पता है
तेल की कीमत
खून नहीं है।
रेत में मिला खून
दर तक लाल नहीं रहता।

रमा जोशी

The Politics of sand and oil

It seems some wise (?)
people understand the politics
of sand and oil. All I know
is that the cost of oil is
not blood - which is uselessly
spilt on the sand. Life's oil-
blood - should not have to
pay for the oil underground.

Rama Joshi

Birthsong

I whispered to the stars
May all your dreams come true

I whispered to the moon
May her face shine down upon you

I whispered to the sea
to hold you in her arms

I whispered to the owl
to fill your nights with psalms

I whispered to the cockerel
to herald in your days

I whispered to the trees
to make a bridle for your ways

I whispered to the Earth
to ground you

I whispered to the Sun
to call you.

May the stars dream you,
moon shine you,
sea hold you,
wind reveal
the ringing of your
days.

Julie Boden
(From 'Through the Eye of a Crow' 2003)

Beloved

From that first morning song
you must have known
that I would drive
these choking roads
to find
you.

And now I come

not comically
as a child waddling his father's wellies
on a dew wet grass,

not meekly as the young
betrothed who learns to say
'Amen.'

Not dreamily climbing up
the ladder of another's sleep.

Nor do I come barefoot,
bravely
fast racing the spearhead
chasing on an arrow's
flight,

but with shell to my left and
pen of a sword to my right
heart's embers fanned
by your eyes shining the faces
of strangers.

I come to you slowly
following the trail of the
pony path

A
woman
wet-socked
walking.

Julie Boden
(From 'Through the Eye of a Crow' 2003)

bina sahaare` chalnaa aayaa.

Jub-jub Toone` bansi bajaie, mantr mugdh maen dauri Aai;
Kahien se` ek kasak si aai, anjan` main thokar khaai.
Tum ne` baraa ke` haath jo thaamaa, man hi mun baraa itraie..

Socha ab na jaane` doongie, tumse` yeh vachan bhi loongie;
Doge` saath sdaa hi mera, raah ho tung yaa ghanaa andhe`raa.
Ungalie thame`rahoge` meri, jeeven kar doge` ujyera..

(We human beings have this in us to take credit for the achievements and to blame God/kismat/destiy/fate for our failures)

Uthatie girtie pahonchi shikher par;
Dekhi kshitiz par zhalak jo teri.
De`ne` ulaahna dauri che`ri..

Vachan deke` phir kyon muh phe`ra;
Dhoondtie rahi sahaara te`ra.
Jab jab maine` thokar khaai, tumko thie awaaz lagaai!

Sahaara to tum de` nahi paye`, phir kis baat pe` ho itraye`!..
Dekho! Tum ab phir muskaye`, mridu haasmay.nayan` jhapkaaye`
Main ne` wachan nahien nibhaayaa?
Gir kar` uthane` ka tumko kisne` thaa sankalp dilaaya?
Haan mai ne` anguli nahie pakrie, tub hi to tumhe` bina sahaare` chalnaa aayaa.

tub hi to tumhe`
bina sahaare` chalnaa aayaa.

Yesterday, being Sunday, due to the Engg works at the local rail track, the trains were running irregularly. In a hurry I boarded the Express train that did not atop at the small station I was to get down. Hence sitting at the last stop waiting for the connection I started moaning at the unfairness of the situation. Like a lightening this thought transported me to my childhood days when my mom used to recite us stories of Mirabai's unflinching faith. During those days, in my childhood innocence I'd make up a dialogue with God, insisting Him to 'promise that he'll never abandon me.' And then in this mental role-play I'll hear Him say, "You also promise me that you'll never give up, no matter how hopeless the situation be." All this I have tried to express in these few lines in Hindi. (Roman script)

Vibha Cale

প্রশ্ন

অতি অহংকার মানব জাতির।
প্রকৃতি আমায় প্রশ্ন করে
করেছ কি উপলব্ধি আর্তনাদের চিৎকারের ব্যাথা?
কখনো করিনি।
বুঝেছ কি হাহাকারের মর্ম?
তাও বুঝিনি।
দিয়েছ কি কখনো সন্তান হারাকে সান্তনা?
তা দেইনি।
দিয়েছ কি কখনো জলবিন্দু তৃষ্ণার্তের গলা ভেজাতে?
না দেইনি।
দিয়েছ কি কখনো নিজের গায়ের চাদর শীতে কাতরা অভাগীকে?
কখনো দেইনি।
আর্তের বেদনায় প্রলেপ দিয়েছ কি কোনদিন?
না দেইনি।
শৃশানের চিতায় নিজেকে শূইয়ে দাও দাও করে জ্বলতে পেরেছ কি?
না পারিনি।
মানব জাতি বলে করেছ গর্ব
সেই কিসের গর্ব আজ?
মানব জাতির হয়নি মানবতার প্রকাশ।
যদি হতে না পার সত্যিকারের মানব
তবে কেন এসেছিলে এ পৃথিবীতে?
প্রকৃতি আমায় বিদ্বপ করে।
কেন এসেছিলে পৃথিবীতে প্রকৃতির মুখে চুন কালি দিতে?

বনশ্রী নন্দী

BANASREE NANDI

Questions

Nature is asking me questions
about how to be a proud
human being.

We need to have some
qualities in us to claim us as a
human.

We need to be sensitive and
to have sharing towards
others.

Without that how can we fulfil
to be a human being?

जब पिया घर आए

शाम ढले पिया घर आए, मैं दुल्हन सी शरमाऊँ
हुई बावरी मैं तो, घर का हर एक दीप जला आऊँ

कदमों की आहट सुनते ही, चौखट के पीछे छुप जाऊँ
छुपा-छुपी के इस खेल में, मैं अपनी सुधबुध खो जाऊँ

अपने पिया मिलन की आस में, मैं गदगद हो जाऊँ
मन पर न मेरा काबू, दिल की धडकन न रोक पाऊँ

दबे पैरो चलकर, मैं दर के पट खोल आऊँ
सहमी, शरमायी मैं पिया से नैना न मिला पाऊँ

आँचल भी साथ न दे, मैं चुनरी मे लिपट जाऊँ
पलकें झुकी हुई, मैं अभिनन्दन भी भूल जाऊँ

जग की न मुझे खबर, मैं बावरी हो जाऊँ
मैं तो दीवानी, पिया के रंग में रंग जाऊँ

जय

The Return of my Beloved

*I feel shy like a bride as dusk brings my beloved closer
Crazed by happiness I light every lamp in my house*

*The music of your footsteps prompts me to hide behind the door
In my playfulness my senses are lost*

*Happiness engulfs me as the moment of our union approaches
I lose control of my mind and my heart gallops*

*I tiptoe to open the door to you my love
But my inhibitions keep my gaze away from you*

*Even my veil betrays me when I am trying to hide
In my shyness I even forget to greet you*

*Dazed by your love I cease to relate to the world
Drenched by your affection I find eternal bliss*

Jai Verma

کیا ہے تاب دلبر نے کئی ہیلے بہانے سے
 صبر بھی آزمایا غیر کی محفل میں جانے سے
 وہ ہر جانی پلٹ آئے گا میری جاہ میں دم سے
 برس پڑتا ہے بادل بھی میرے آنسوؤں بہانے سے
 نہ تھا کچھ ہوش موتی چن لئے بے باک سے ہو کر
 حجاب ان کو تو آیا نہیں پڑے میرے منانے سے
 نصیحت پہ نصیحت کی نہ سینے کی قسم کھاؤ
 پیا کرتے ہیں شاعر تو لوں غالب کے رونانے سے

Rahman

The Gist

Though I pleaded with many a reason and excuse, to dissuade this loved person, from going to the aliens get-together, yet all to no avail. At last I had this wishful thinking; if ever there is force in my longing, the loved one will return to me, since even a cloud sheds its droplets after noticing my tears!

And so tranced was this beloved person, after all, that a little bit more consoling, the pearls of tears were gone and a sudden smile came after all.

My beloved advised me time and again not to dip myself in wine again, full well knowing that since the time of saints and seers the poets have been doing this dipping in wine !

R.K.Mahan

To Kipling.

'East is East and West is West
The twain shall never meet.'

Can you tell me who said this?
Can't be poet, can't be man
He must be a patriotic pig;
Or was he a poetic twit?

If you go around the world
West turns East, and East turns West
It all depends on where you stand
The same land can be East and West
Seen from New York, London's East
From New Delhi, it is the West.

Jamaadas can be James
For people have their different names
In the world from place to place
But joys and sorrows are still the same
Caste, ~~Caste~~ colour and creed can change
Different pattern, different game
But underneath the rules are same
of ~~pleasures~~^{pleasures} and pleasures of human race

But to Kipling, the West is best
'Rule Britania' was his test
Then, why born in West, he lived in East?
Oh, there was a jungle-boy to tame
To make him civil and to raise
To serve the great British race
And to sing the songs of praise

That's why to East, Kipling came
To win the poetic, political game

So, it was Kipling who said this!
Pleased his ego and felt so big.
Ignorance, ~~blind~~ is ~~blind~~ blind for him
May his soul rest in peace!
May his soul rest in peace!

शब्दोंके अर्थः

(1) शब्दोंका सोझारपी मौन धरकुं रहल नई;
मौनधारी जुवनसाधु, शब्दोंके हरानी जावुं छै.

For a craftsman of words, it is difficult to remain silent;
A saint in life has his silence speaking more than words.

(2) दुःखारी बरला प्रहुरपी पछि अंयकुं रहल नई;
निजानंदी प्रहुर लो संसार जूझानी जावुं छै.

For Praful, bitter in life, it is difficult to lift even a feather;
Praful, happy within knows how to make the world give in.

Praful Amin

संतुष्टि

कौन यहां
संतुष्ट रहा है
अपनी अपनी किस्मत से
जिसको जब जितना
मिल जाता
उससे उसको अधिक चाहिये
इंसां की तुमने
यह कैसी
सोंच बनाई
नियति बना दी ।
अवसर जब
उसको मिलता है
मांग न पाता
वह तुमसे कुछ
जो शाश्वत हो
और न बदले ।
इसीलिये वह
भटक रहा है
जल मुट्टी में पकड़ रहा है
सूरज की किरणों को अक्सर
हाँथों में वह मसल रहा है
और
समय की चौखट पर जो
अपने सर को पटक रहा है ।
यह कैसा
क्रम इस जीवन का
मानव खुद से
झगड़ रहा है
कौन यहां संतुष्ट
रहा है ।

CONTENTMENT

Humans have
Ever been contented
By their own fate
They always want more and more
Than what they get.

What a strange !
Thinking of humans
You have made
And thus shaped
Their destiny.

When given a chance
They never can ask
Anything universal
That remains the same.

That is why
Humans continue to wander
And try to hold
Water in the fist
And also try to rub the sun rays
Between the palms.
And thus continues
To bang the head
On the threshold of TIME.

স্বপ্ন সফল

স্বপ্ন সফল হয়েছে আশার সতেজ ফসল ফলেছে,
কল্পনা রং পেয়েছে তাহিতো জন্ম সফল হয়েছে

সুপ্ত গানের কথাগুলি আজি সেতারের সুরে বেজেছে,
লুপ্ত দিনের স্মৃতি গুলি তাহি বারে বারে মনে পড়েছে

দিকে দিকে যত গিয়েছে নয়ন চকিত মধুর নেচেছে ক্ষণে,
সম্প্রবিনার সংগীত যেন দিগন্তে রং ঢেলেছে মনে

লীলা চঞ্চল চকিত নয়ন, সারদাকে মন করেছে স্মরণ,
দূরদৃষ্টির অনুভূতি তাহি নিখিল বিশ্ব দেখেছে

শত শংকাতে, বহু সংঘাতে তাহি জন্ম সফল হয়েছে,
স্বপ্ন সফল হয়েছে আশার সতেজ ফসল ফলেছে

দিব্যদৃষ্টি চহিনাকো মন, সত্য সভ্য সৃষ্টি চাই
ভক্তিবিনার ঝংকারে শুভ শংখনিবাদ পাই

যতনেতে যেটি যায়নি পাওয়া, অভিধান যেটি দেয়নি,
হৃদয় মালায় এসে গেছে ওটা, ভয় তবু কেন যায়নি

মুক্তির মাঝে শক্তি এসেছে, আকৃতি মিনতি বহু দূরে,
ক্ষোভের পর্দা দূরে সরে গেছে ত্রিমূর্তির ঐ আগমনে

মন মর্মরে, নবকস্মলালে, এক খুশীর প্লাবন এসেছে
তামসীর শেষে অবশেষে এক নতুন সূর্য্য উঠেছে

ডঃ বিমল পাল
Dr. Bimal pal

DESIRE DELIVERED—This poem is an infusion of audio & visual perceptions using rich & vivid imagery. It joyfully expresses the emotion of an aspirant when his own foresight turns into reality. The final verses celebrate the metamorphosis of a feared failure into an extraordinary success echoing spiritual liberation

ওগো বধু সুন্দরী

ওগো বধু সুন্দরী,
সাত পাক নিয়ে, বধু বরন পেয়ে
শংখ উলুতে গৃহেতে আসিলে,
সংসারে রচিলে শান্তির আধার
চির জনমের তরে ।
সংসার মরুতে উদ্যান হয়ে
ভূম্বা মেটীও শুভবতী মনে ।
বহু বলিদানে আনিলে শান্তি গৃহরশে ।
বয়েছে কন্যা এখনো সেবিকা,
ধন্য তহিতো আজ মাতা পিতা ।
ভগ্নি রূপেতে ভাইফোঁটা দিয়ে
যমকে এখনো সরাও দুরেতে
আরোগ্যের পথে দীপ হাতে নারী,
গরীয়সী তুমি জগদ্ধাত্রী ।
অধুনা সমাজে পুরুষের মাঝে,
পাশাপাশি থেকে অতি মহিয়সী ।
মাতুরুপেতে সন্তানের কাছে
স্নেহময়ী দয়াবতী ।
স্বোমটার মাঝে শান্ত সোম্য
তবু চঞ্চল দিনরতি ।
প্রখর তাপের জীবনসূর্য্যে
তুমি স্নিগ্ধ তরুছায়া ।
জঠর জ্বালার কঠিন পীড়নে
ক্ষুধা সরে যায়, পেয়ে তব দয়া ।
তুমি সরোবর শান্তির বাঁধ
দুঃখের রাতে মধুমতি,
বেহুলার বেশে স্বামী ফিরে পেয়ে
হলে তুমি মৃত্যুঞ্জয়ী ।
যাবেনা হারিয়ে সরস প্রকৃতি
রেখে শুধু মরুভূমি ।
তাই বাদলের মেঘ বৃষ্টি ঝরিয়ে
শ্রদ্ধা জানাই মহিয়সী,
ওগো বধু সুন্দরী

ডঃ বিমল পাল
Dr. Bimal Pal

The Poem takes the form of a salutation to the diverse roles of a bride once she begins her new life. It portrays the conventional responsibilities, modern duties & establishes that she has maintained her position as the cornerstone of society

దేవుడు - మనీషి

ఓపిగ్గా చే సావు
భూమి మేద దింపావు
బెరుకుగ నీవైపు చూసి
ఇపుడేంచెయ్యాలన్నాను

ఆ కదిలే మనుష్యులతో
కదం కలుపమన్నావు!
ఆ మారే కాలాలతో
పరుగెత్తమన్నావు!
ఆ కదిలే బాటలతో
కరిగిపోమన్నావు!
ఆ చల్లని ప్రకృతితో
ఒదిగిపోమన్నావు!

నీ మాట వినే నేను
బహుదూరం వెళిపోతే
నీన్ను చూడాలంటే ఎలా?
నీతో మాట్లాడాలంటే ఎలా?

నీవు నన్ను మరచినా
నీన్ను నేను మరువను!
నీ ఉనికి నాకు తెలుసు
ఓ రోజు వస్తాలే నేస్తం!

ఆరవిందా రావు

GOD AND MAN

Oh! God! You have created me
With such patience
With such perseverance
With such kindness
With such fondness

When you have placed me
On this earth
So full of colours
So full of others

With fears in my heart
And tears in my eyes
I looked at you and said
“What do I do here?”
“Where do I go from here?”

God smiled and said
“Move with those moving people”
“Run along with changing seasons”
“Walk along those tedious paths”
“Learn to love Nature’s Wonders”

But if my journey
Takes me to unknown lands
“How do I see You?”
“When can I talk to You?”

God smiled and said
“You might forget me – but”
“My child, I don’t forget you!”
“I can see you night and day”
“I will come for you one day”

Aravinda Rao

कविता :- "सुमन"

पूज्या भारत माँ की शत शत प्रणाम!

(रचना - डा० प्रसाद "सुमन", करमिंदम, बंगलौर)

सब देव देवियाँ एक और, है भारत माँ तू एक और!

तेरे चरणों में मेरी श्रद्धा कसीम, सादर कर्पूर

सब देव देवियाँ एक और, है भारत माँ तू एक और!

जन्मनी मेरी तू एक और!

स्वर्ग में श्रेष्ठ बनी ये धृष्टी, जिसको तूने ज्ञान दिया

करता प्रणाम ब्रह्म भूतल को, जलु को तूने ज्ञान दिया

मातृरूप में है जन्मनी तूने हमको प्राण दिया

लौह रूप में फिर फिर आकर, इंद्राणी का अभिमान दिया

तेरे पद पदमों में मेरी श्रद्धा कसीम, सादर कर्पूर

चरणों की रज पाने को, मेरी खिन्ती शत कोटिक निधुर

सब देव देवियाँ एक और, है भारत माँ तू एक और!

जन्मनी मेरी तू एक और!!

प्रसाद सुमन

S PRASHAD

Becoming the Undefined

I exhausted my life,
seeking to define the
subjects of this creation,
but within this pursuit,
failed to define myself.
What blunder was made
in becoming the undefined.

An occupant directed
A renewed quest,
provided a map
and revealed the treasure.
Unveiling the veiled
Accomplishing the journey.

Now are seen riches
Proximate, in subtlety.
no longer piercing
the ignorance of my mind.

The ancient wisdom,
appearing distant, but close to me,
has touched the deepness of the defined,
and caught my self from me.
I now commit
becoming joined
to the infinite reality.

Gurpreet Bhatia

The Eye of the Creator

*Looking at his creation,
the author suspended his belief,
Paused and issued a notice of thoughts.*

*The tapestry of divine threads
begins to whither,
No pattern now remains.*

*Diversity formed,
torn by harmful minds.
Unity not called upon,
duality prevails.*

*Observe.
The ways of the human,
Greed, the Company of choice.
Question. Not what to give.
But the splendour of taking.*

*Discuss.
Not compassion
But the depths of intolerance.*

*Witness.
The Disappearance of Love.*

*Desires torment,
All perspectives of thought.
Contentment banished, unity dissolved.
Where does this journey lead?*

*Reverse.
This progression.
Seek counsel
And reform the self.
Step upon, the path of awareness.*

Gurpreet Bhatia

Old Oak Tree

I stand before you—an old oak tree.
Wide in girth, arms outstretched, deep
in root.
Silence is my unspoken virtue—
quietly I hear.
Without a word I watch.

Many have sat in my peaceful shade,
for a moments rest before moving on.
Many have spoken, aloud or in
thought,
and I have listened to every word.

And what have I learned ?
I have learned of a changing world,
forever moving and rarely still.
A place it seems, where there is always
somewhere else to be,
something else to be doing, someone
else to become...

This is to me a foreign land,
where it seems easier to take
and so painful to give.
Above all, it is this that bewilders me.

Despite growing burdens
and heavy hearts,
Few contemplate the sharing of loads.
Even with the air man breathes
and the water he drinks,
He casually engages in
games of chance.

His hands are too small,
to hold all that he wants,
And yet he wonders why fulfilment
evades him –

Can it be any other way ?

And then, I have witnessed
the slavery and servitude,
To whims and desires, habits and
passions.
Through chemical means,
man seeks to regain lost pleasures,
To overcome sadness, bear pain,
find passing utopias.

I see this sad story
in the world I look upon -
Broken homes, divided hearts,
fragmented minds.
I try to whisper to passers-by,
“in togetherness, is hope and joy”.

Each leaf, each branch, my every
being
Came forth from an unseen part of
me.
To this day I stand firm and strong
In the land that has mothered
and cared for me.

Many storms have passed,
many suns and rains
But my roots have guarded my
dignity.

~ ~ My humble presence is a
message for all -
*“grow slowly, but surely, to your
highest destiny”*

As I have learned from passers-by
The story of their lives,
I wonder if they too, will take a page,
From the story of my life.

Dr Bobby Sura

So Ends the Dance of Duality

There have been many times in my life where I have filled pages with
My thoughts, my hopes and the messages of my heart.
I have watched them flow from my open mind, and smiled
To myself at what I've been thinking and where I've been going

There are times where I have felt boundless within this grand symphony
We call the universe and seemingly floated through clouds and heavens sublime
There has been little I have felt unable to achieve or win
Or gain in these moments

Yet in ignorance, these feelings of liberation, of freedom
And utmost joy have disappeared as quickly as they came and
Like a banished emperor, I have fallen to earth in shame and poverty to
Become a penniless pauper - bewildered and alone

Blown from pillar to post by the winds of despair,
I have felt little more than a speck in a fathomless sea.
My struggle yielding fatigue and weariness
Visibility fading, heart shrinking, breathlessness setting in

But, the eyes of clarity and hope have penetrated this confusion,
And I have smiled to myself, in knowledge that the source
Of unending wealth is deeper, wider and more generous
Than I could become or ever wish to be

But this too is an illusion – another lapse in wisdom and insight....
For I'm not apart from this whole, and know it to be an intimate part of me
From the waves and the tides, the sea is not apart and I am never separated from
this
Great ocean of life, of nature and existence itself

I am You and You are me, and so ends the dance of duality

Dr Bobby Sura

Beauty

Elegance drenched in pure passion
 swayed in spiritual delight.
The tender touch of wisdom
awakened the senses to a godly height.
Caressing my thoughts with his words
my mind quivered in the sight of his.
 As I gazed into his love
he graced mine in the warmth of bliss.
The subtle beauty of his eternal light
 whispered his love in my mind.
 Covering my being with his,
he gently held my soul in his arms forever.
Love at first sight created the ocean of my heart
 that was once just a river.

Surjit Dhani

Torturer

**My days become the night of despair
Because I follow illusions without care
Stabbing in the darkness of doubts
I stumble on fear that mounts
Carrying the load of sin
My mind is pressured into the donjon of ego
Subjected to unrelenting torture
I painfully stared at my torturer in anger
The hands of my torturer strikingly similar to my own
His structure and facial framework resembled my own
Eventually I recognized my torturer to be me.
My humanity mutilated and burned to ashes
I gauged my own love and suffered
From my own pride a million lashes**

Surjit Dhami

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय

॥१॥

आँखें सामें आँसू हैं शरीर
मनमां चाँदी छिटाई है शरीर

तीं मनो आँसू बाँध दीधुं हरी
लाजपुं हँस हँस है शरीर

पंजी पीली न धरुं गुरुं विनर
अपहारी अरे न धार है शरीर

दश जाय दशनी गौरदी नो तुं
अरे न ली शरणा है शरीर

अरे शरणां हनु य अकर्म है
हरी न लूँल पाठ है शरीर

॥२॥

नैध ली अने य अजापी रंग है
अना अकर्म ली है ल अजापी है

लभने नैधने अजापक दीयो गम
अगने नैधने अजापी है शरीर

अने ललेने अजापक-अकर्म है शरीर

गुण अना अजापक अजापी रंग है

जीवुं ईध ललापक नैध अजापक नैध

अरे लारा नाभनी अजापक है

अलपलकमां अरुण अजापी अकर्म

अंतनी अरुण नैध गुणलंका है

In front of my eyes, there is endless space, my Queen, and my heart is restless in agony. What have you spiked my drink with, my Queen? It has hit my brains. A bird itself has turned into a cage; my garden, we have the similar fate. I have only a ten-by-ten room and you, my Queen, but is ~~it~~ ~~it~~ my whole kingdom. And that dream is still in ~~fact~~ ~~fact~~ fact, even though I have a broken rickety bed as my possession, my

Gazal no. 2.

Observe this party of "gazal-recital" with care. It is a fellowship of poetry-loving simple people immersed in saffron colour, a symbol of spiritual significance. Seeing you, we became speechless; seeing our state, the world got stunned! Well, he may move about in a kaleidoscopic attire, but at least his favourite colour is khaki - a symbol of ~~renunciation~~ worldly renunciation. I have neither education ~~nor~~ practical nature; I am simply infatuated by your Name. In a flash of the moment I developed my divinity due to ~~the~~ ^a blissful grace of the saint. His grace instantly frees me from worldly delusion, O Adam.

मेरी राँवें दुनियाँ.....

मेरी मुला कात मरुकरती रही,
मेरी दुनियाँ आँधी बन मुझे मरालती रही
मेरी नाँवली बन उमरकती रही,
मेरी कादल का गुदे टूकती रही।
मेरी रंग बन रियली रही,
मेरी लश्कर बन बरसती रही।
मेरी दुलबुल बन चरकती रही,
मेरी रथार बन मुझ पर उमरकती रही।
मेरी लड़िका बन बरहती रही,
मेरी काँधी बन मुझे टोकती रही।
मेरी जेबा बन गामरकती रही,
मेरी पाथर बन मुझ पर बरसती रही,
मेरी दुलबुल जी दुखी फिर दे कर दिवा घर से बेहार,
मेरी मराल बनती को तरह
मेरी किराने गिरती रही रंगरकती रही

मधु

This Poem describes the agony of a person who at each & every steps is tortured in a variety of ways by the people & the world.

However, un-willing to accept defeat continues to flow like a wave on the surface of a river.

Madthu Sharma

শুভ দেওয়ালী

ঘরে ঘরে দেওয়ালী আজ
আনন্দে প্রাণ ভরা
লক্ষ লক্ষ প্রদীপ জ্বলে
সুন্দর বসুন্ধরা ।

ঘরে বাইরে ঘাটে মাঠে
রাশি রশি বাতি
আধার রাতে গঙ্গার স্রোতে
উজ্জ্বল প্রদীপ স্মৃতি ।

সকল মনের আঁধার যেন
এখন বহু দূরে
শুভ আশার সুন্দর ভাব আজ
সকলের অন্তরে ।

চারিদিকে বাজির আওয়াজ
কিন্তু আতঙ্ক নাই মনে
দেওয়ালীর আনন্দ আজ
সকল প্রাণে প্রাণে ।

এ আনন্দ রহে যেন
মনেতে সবার
প্রতিদিন দেওয়ালী যেন
আসে বারে বার ।

দেওয়ালীর শুভেচ্ছা মোর
পাঠাই সবার তরে
উজ্জ্বল সুন্দর প্রদীপ জলুক
প্রতি ঘরে ঘরে ।

DIWALI THE FESTIVAL OF LIGHT.

**FESTIVAL OF LIGHT IN EVERY HOME TO DAY.
EVERY LIFE IS FULL OF HAPPINESS AND JOY !
THOUSANDS OF CANDLES ARE BURNING BRIGHT
EVERY WHERE.**

**MOTHER EARTH IS SO BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT.
INSIDE, OUTSIDE AND ALL GARDENS OF EVERY HOME,
THE FIELD AND RIVER BANKS, COUNTLESS OF BRIGHT
LIGHTS ARE BURNING WITH JOY !
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT ! MANY THOUSANDS LITTLE
LAMPS FLOATING AND TRAVELLING DOWN THE RIVER GANGES.
I FEEL THE HAPPINESS AND JOY OF DIWALI.
IT SEEMS ALL SORROW AND DARKNESS OF THE MIND ARE
FAR AWAY TONIGHT.
A SPECIAL NEW HOPE OF HAPPINESS IN EVERY HEART.**

**THE FEARFUL LOUDEST VOM VOM SOUND OF FIREWORKS
COMING FROM EVERYWHERE, BUT NO ONE IS AFRAID,
NO ONE HAS ANY FEAR.
EVERY ONE FEELING THE JOY OF DIWALI IN THEIR HEART.**

**LET THIS HAPPINESS REMAINS WITH EVERYONE TODAY AND LET THE
HAPPINESS AND JOY OF DIWALI COME AGAIN AND AGAIN. TIME AND AGAIN.
AND LET DIWALI COME TO EVERY HEART EVERY DAY.**

**I SEND MY BEST WISHES OF DIWALI TO ALL.
LET THE BRIGHTEST AND JOYOUS LAMPS OF DIWALI
BRINGS THE HAPPINESS IN EVERY--HOME.**

Dillip Bhomwich

The Garden

As green as ever,
Is my garden beyond,
Nourished by the rain, the air,
Nourished by me,
It is the abode of all life,
That is found around my house,
It is the abode of the plants,
Of the insects,
Of the mammals,
They find it to be their natural home,
Their m though, as one may say,
Prefers his own house,
Built by his own kind,
Artificial though it may be called,
To stay in comfortably, cosily and with ease,
As well as go out whenever he may please,
To the garden.

Paritosh Sharma

Desert Rain

The scorching heat of the Sun I could not stand
No human, animal or plant to be found on this Barren land,
I being the only one in the desert,
No force to save myself, having lost my alert,
Sweaty, burnt, thirsty I suffered,
I awaited relief from this condition which couldn't be tougher
I was not expectant of what was to happen.
All my bitter feelings this would dampen,
It started with the sky's darkening,
Then the roar of the thunder like a storm Awakening,
Water drops began to fall from the sky,
Though small in the beginning was this heaven's Cry,
I was joyed so much when they cooled my body and face,
They grew and grew in intensity till my position
I couldn't trace,
I was in the rain lost once again,
This time though I did not go insane,
Finally I could relish the rain,
It drew away all my sorrow, my suffering and my pain.**Paritosh Sharma**

Paritosh Sharma

दहलीज़

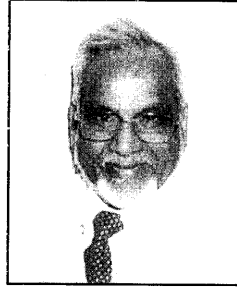
गांधी कर दहलीज़
चरकी
कल ही थे दारिद्र्यल हुर
सुरख पैरों के निशां
सुबह से स्त्रज लिए और रात से चन्द्रमा
आगोश में सपने लिए, सपनों में इक कहकशां
फिर आज क्यों हिलने लगीं
दिवारें, क्या कुद कमज़ोर थीं ?
या फिर
कपोती की परवाज़ कुद ज़्यादा बुलन्द ?
पर काटने की हसरतें
या ज़मीं से उठे पाँव
ताबीज़ की नाकाम ताकत
या इल्म की थी इतहा ?
संस्कारों की सिसकियां
आक्रोश हर सू बेजुबां
तासीर इसकी क्या हुई
थी बरगद की जो उठ्ठी दांव ?
कुमहलाते कलियों के मन
आतिशयशां ये आशियां ।
दूर तक बस दूरीयां
और सिक्कड़ता आसमां ।
पीर पोखीदा भी बस
कसमसा टकराती थी जा किवाड से

सदियों की जद्दोजहद को बाँध कर रखा था जिसे
 इस सैलाब की पेशेनगर
 देखो ये किवाड़ भी
 आप ही से दह गया
 सब वह गया
 बाँध कर दहलीज़
 घर से
 ख खस्त होते पाँवों को
 मूक सी,
 मजबूर सी
 दहलीज़,
 वस तकती रही ।

सवेश सैनी

The poem mirrors the institution of marriage coming under severe stress from the day the new bride enters till the circumstances conspire towards her exit. It provokes one to ponder and introspect about these circumstances attributing such failures to all who, caught in petty egos and self interests, are not able to reconcile desires, aspirations, attitudes and concerns of each other rendering the children/child as ultimate sufferers.

'Dahleez' is a symbol of collective helplessness of the custodians of this sacred institution in keeping it intact.



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.)*

£2.50