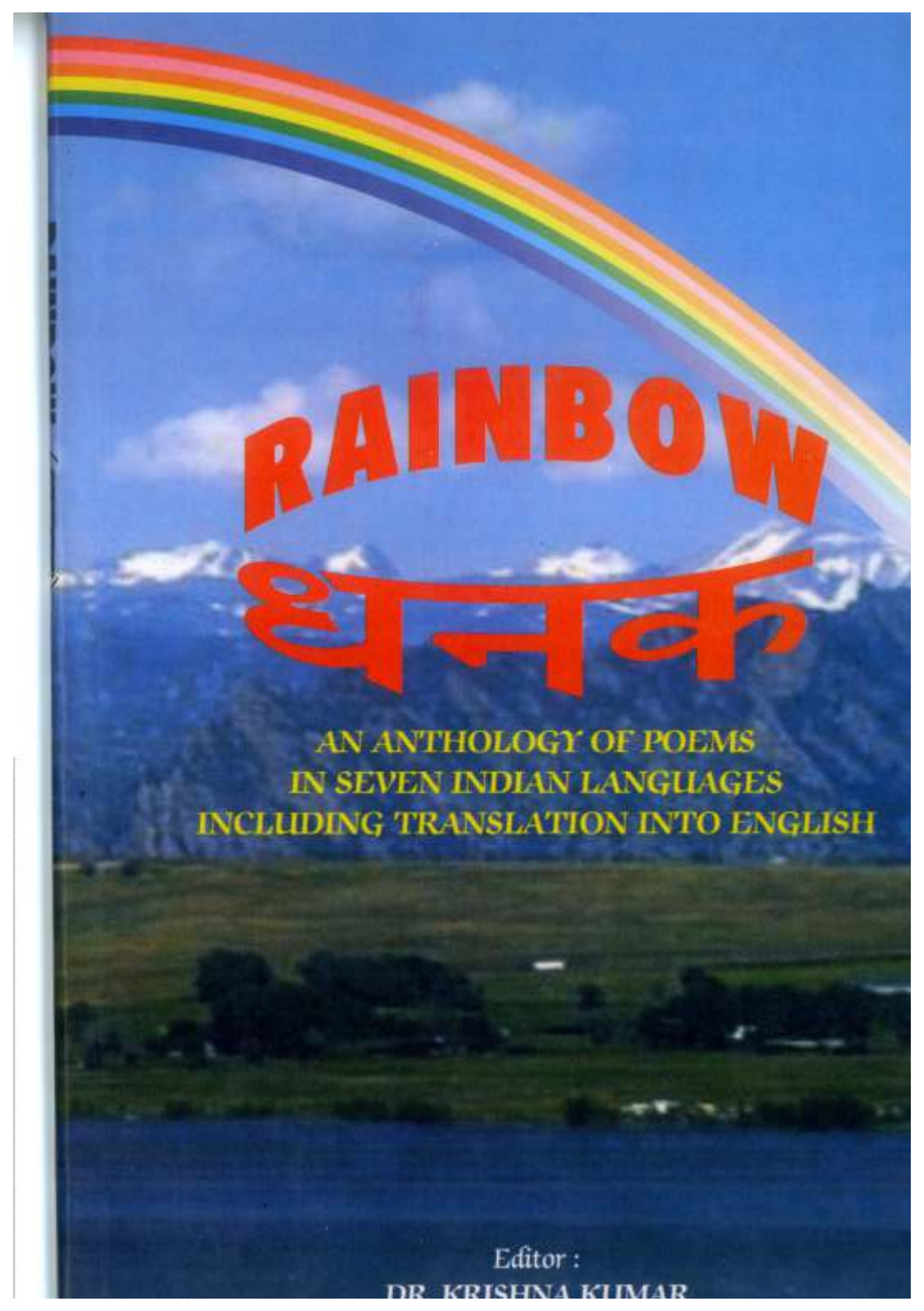




RAINBOW धनक

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS
IN SEVEN INDIAN LANGUAGES
INCLUDING TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH

Editor :

DR. KRISHNA KUMAR

RAINBOW

धनक

**An Anthology of Multilingual Poetry
in Hindi, Gujarati, Punjabi, Bengali, Urdu,
Telugu (with English translation) and English.**

Editor:
Dr. Krishna Kumar

RAINBOW

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POEMS (in English and Indian languages)

Editor: Dr. Krishna Kumar

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GITANJALI MULTILINGUAL LITERARY CIRCLE,
98 Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Brimingham B29 5HA (U.K.)*

FOREWORD

BY

DR. L.M.SINGHVI, M.P., Senior Advocate,
LL.M.,S.J.D., Honoris Causa LL.D., Litt., Nyayavachaspati;
Former High Commissioner for India in U.K.

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

A multi-lingual literary circle requires the liberal and largehearted 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 in poetic creativity, Gitanjali has grown into a remarkable multi-lingual 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.

The present anthology is the fruit of many years of vibrant and cultivated multi-lingual literary interaction and participative endeavour in the garden of Gitanjali. Each poet and his or her work in this anthology represents a shade of distinctive colour and blossoming of a flower of special beauty and fragrance. Together, the poems and literary expressions included in this welcome anthology make a beautiful garland of flowers and a veritable rainbow of colours. To behold that floral bouquet in its colourful and lyrical diversity is a joy.



(L.M. Singhvi)

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Birmingham Central Library

Editorial

GITANJALI MULTILINGUAL LITERARY CIRCLE, BIRMINGHAM

The word 'Gitanjali' conjures up images of Rabindra Nath Tagore and his poetry. It is also the name of an Indian girl who died at the tender age of sixteen leaving behind a legacy of deeply moving poems.

To celebrate her life and to promote her work, Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle was formed in Birmingham, U. K. The aims of this group are enshrined in a leaflet known as "Gitanjali". These are to encourage young children to express their feelings, experiences, and imagination through poetry and to open a hospital to provide treatment to all children. It also helps to stimulate and cajole the older generation into reviving their interest.

The multilingual nature of the group is really laudable. Poems are written in a number of languages of the Indian sub-continent including English. For the benefit of every one the gist of many of these poems is also translated into English.

Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle conducts a number of activities. The group meets regularly and recites original poems, discusses literary issues and supports each other by joining hands with other groups i.e. "Ahinsham" Manchester, "Hindi Samiti" London, "Bhartia Bhasha Sargam" York, "Sampad" Birmingham and many more. A yearly Kavi Durbar is held wherein established international poets are invited.

In March 1998 the group, in collaboration with SAMPAD, organised a unique programme called "Yuv Vani" in which children recited their poems. In April 1998 we, in collaboration with local Sant Nirankari

Mission and Sandwell Federation of Indians, organised a thematic poetry programme on "why man who made the guided missile is misguided". In May 1998 the group also participated in Jubilee 2000 celebration on World Debt organised mainly by Christian Aid.

We have brought out a number of relevant publications from time to time. In 1997 the group published an anthology in Hindi by Priyamvada Devi Mishra and also in April 1998 the group in collaboration with SAMPAD published "Yuv Vani", an anthology of poems by young children.

Patrons of this group include august persons such as Dr. L. M. Singhvi, former High Commissioner of India in London, Mrs. Kamla Singhvi, Mr. Ramesh Pandey, former Consul General of India in Birmingham and Mrs. Sudha Pandey. Dr and Mrs Singhvi have succeeded in bridging the gap between East and West and are singularly responsible for the birth of this group. Mr and Mrs Pandey gave much needed initial impetus to activities of this group. Gitanjali's mother Mrs. Khushi Baddrudin of Mumbai has been a distant patron.

We are indebted to valuable suggestions made by Dr. Raj Kumar of Lucknow, a Poet and Psychiatrist. His comments and guidance have been most helpful in improving the professional flavour of this anthology.

In future progress will be focused on usual activities as well as forming children's wing of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle. The group also aspires to publish anthologies of individual members.

The Editorial Board

PREFACE

Rainbow is a collection of poems by the members of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham. Like the rainbow this anthology is painted on the canvas of English by the silence between the words of seven other languages of the Indian sub-continent. It contains original poems in Bengali, Gujarati, Hindi, Marathi, Punjabi, Telugu and Urdu with their translation in English. It also contains original poems in English.

The anthology truly cuts across the barriers of age, sex, religion, race and political boundaries. It contains some moving poems of Rishav Datt Agnihotri aged twelve and it also contains some thought provoking poems of Priyamvada Devi Mishra aged seventy-seven. It contains poems by Mubarka Mehta from Pakistan and also poems by Kalpana Ganguly born and brought up in East Africa, while majority of poems are of people from India. The anthology is a cultural mix of East and West. And as such it should appeal to people of all ages. In most cases the poet or poetess who wrote the original poem has done the translation in English. It is acknowledged that in some cases the translation may not have done full justice to the original. However, it will help readers to understand gist these poems.

A generous grant by the Arts Council of England, A4E, to support our project PIP A POP (Poetry in Print and Poetry on Platform) has been most helpful in publishing this anthology. The foreword by Padmashree Dr.L.M.Singhvi, former High Commissioner for India in London and currently Member of Parliament (Rajya Sabha , India) has added a further dimension to this anthology. An anthology of this kind is truly an artwork of Gitanjali group and is dedicated to one and all across the world in the name of Gitanjali who died at the tender age of sixteen.

Dr.Krishna Kumar

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Dr. L. M. Singhvi, Member of parliament, India Former High Commissioner for India in London	: for the Foreword and active support
Mrs Kamla Singhvi	: for active support
Prof. Indra Nath Choudhuri, Director Nehru Centre, London	: for advising the editorial panel
Mr. M.K. Verma, Lecturer Department of Linguistics, University of York	: for advising the editorial panel
Mr. Tirath Ram Bharadwaj, Retired Saturday School Languages Co-ordinator Wolverhampton	: for advising the editorial panel
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Rishav Datt Agnihotri

Was born in 1987, plays football, hockey, basketball and enjoys music. Takes part in all forms of performing art but above all enjoys writing poetry. Started writing poetry at the age of five. On several occasions recited poetry on stage organised by Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle. Rishav is impressed and influenced by poems of Gitanjali.

RAINBOW

To My Beloved Father

With whom I share my last name.
He was gone before I came.
I do not really know him
With all my heart I vow him
When I think about him
My feelings never doubt him
Tears stop in my eyes
My heart sinks, it does not rise
If he was alive
His love for me would jump and dive
He'd love me like any other dad
But
He was gone, Oh! My beloved dad
It makes me feel very sad
He can't come back
It's like getting the sack
He can't express or confess any thing
He may want to do many many things
He is stuck in there where no-one would dare
He can't say 'Hi'
He can't say 'Bye'
He can cry but he would not know why
It is like an arrow with no bow
Or a crow with no beak
It will be hard not to seek
I will love him with all my heart
I will make sure we will never be apart.

Rishav ,

Just a Simple Brontosaurus

Long ago around 16 BC.
A dinosaur lived in a big teepee.
This was a big fat Brontosaurus.
Who always sang the same chorus.
She sang all night, she sang all day.
This so sad she had no pay,
One day her tummy was rumbling.
She felt dizzy and started tumbling.
She hated leaves and grass,
So she went to a health food class.
She heard meat and said 'Ah'.
She went to the cliffs and shouted 'Rah'.
She started eating and killing.
Every where blood was spilling.
She ate lots of meat.
In her mind it said eat eat eat.
She ate her children and her dad's wife.
No one could believe she took their life.
But that was not all.
She ate every thing because she was tall.
She found out all the dinosaurs were extinct.
She asked herself am I the link?
Just a year later
She said, " I can't eat an alligator.
For a long time I will sleep.
That is a promise I will keep."
Now she has woken up in the 21st century.
She looked through the trees and saw gently.
She did not know what she could eat.
I will eat them! They are meat.
She gobbled them all up.
She did not have water in a cup.

RAINBOW

She was very old as her brain went cold.

She sat down as her tummy was in pain.
It was so bad her eyes were about to rain.
But then she heard a crying sound.

She heard it all around.

She looked and saw she had babies.

They were so healthy they did not have rabbis.

When they were about nine or ten.

The whole thing happened again and again.

All us humans are a bunch of laughs.

Sad greedy desires are cutting us in half.

But one day when we are in the dinosaur's shoes.

We will know it is our turn to choose.

Rishav

Shifali Suenaina Saini

Started writing poetry at the age of fourteen. The main source of inspiration being her mother who used to write poetry a long time ago. Her poems are mainly about life, love and different types of human emotions. Enjoys listening to music, still and video photography. Poetry is a way in which she expresses herself. On several occasions read poetry on the stage and on the BBC radio.

जमाने ने

जमाने ने सिखा दिया है, अगर कौट भी हो
गहों में , दर्द सह के भी सिखा दिया है जीना

फूलों का क्या कसूर , जो खिलते हैं कौटों में,
इस दिल का क्या कसूर जो प्यार करता है बेवफाओं से!

कौन कहता है कि काली घटा के आगे से रूफाठ आते हैं ,
कौन कहता है कि सूरज के डूब जाने से कशियाँ डूब जाती हैं

वे हमने देखा है रूफाठ के आगे से टूट जाती है जिन्दगी
पर रूफाठ के जाने से आती है जिन्दगी ।

सुनैना

RAINBOW

Translation

The World

The world has taught me to walk alone.
Even when I was hurt,
It taught me how to live alone.

What is the fault of the flowers
That grow among the thorns?
What is the fault of this heart,
That falls In love with liars.

Who says that the black cloud brings thunder
Who says that when the sun goes down, so do
The sailing boats.
I have seen , I have seen that when thunder
Comes, life is lost,
And I have seen , I have seen that when the
Thunder goes a new life is born.

Suenaina

Titiksha Shah

Was born and educated in Maharashtra State of India. Since early 1980s lived in the U. K. and worked hard to create awareness about literature and culture of Indian sub-continent. Knows atleast half a dozen languages of India and writes poems in Hindi and Gujarati. Keenly interested in music and theatre. Has organised many programmes and actively contributed to activities of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle.

सपनों की नगरी

सुबह होने तक
कोहरा छूट जावेगा
संसार जग जावेगा
किर कोलाहल मच जावेगा ।

ले चल कोई महानगरी
वा कोई जादूनागरी
है कोई ऐसी नगरी
जहाँ गहदारी हो न पगड्डी ?

जल कहल हो वा राज कहल
फरीशे ही फरीशे हो
परवाने हो टीलों पर ,
और अफसानो सुपनाओं में !

पर , सपनों की इस नगरी में
शाग डलने को है ,
मैली चादर ओढने को है ,
किर सुबह होने को है.....

तितिक्षा

RAINBOW

Translation

DREAMLAND

With the dawn creeping in,
The mist will disappear
World will come out of the slumber
Once again it will expand and linger.
Olord !Take me to an illustrious land
Or an illusionary land
Is there a aqualand
Where exist no roads nor streets?
Be it aqua palace or a royal palace
Angels be all around,
May lovers be on the ridges
And dreams on the ground !!
But in this dreamland,
Darkness is about to set in
With a curtain of filth and foul to slip in
Once again,
The dawn is about to creep in

Titiksha

Krishna Kumar

Was born and educated in India and the U. K. Has been writing poetry in Hindi since 1954. In April 1995 established Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle in Birmingham with a view to improve harmony within the people speaking different languages. Most of his spare time is now used in promoting the aims of the group and it's members.

RAINBOW

कब सरल

पर्वतों से
पथरों को
काट कर लाया सरल
पथरों को
काट कर मूर्ति
बनाया भी सरल ।
किन्तु इन में
प्राण का लावा
नाही आया है
चेला को बेच अब
सोचा हुआ इन्साफ है।
सो गये इन्साफ को
फिर से जगावा
कब सरल ।

कृष्ण कुमार

RAINBOW

Translation

Has It Ever Been Easy ?

It is easy
To cut the mountains
And bring the stones down
It is also easy
To carve the stones
To make an idol
But –
It is'nt easy
To put life and soul
Into the idol
Having sold the consciousness
Lying in slumber
Is Mankind
Has it ever been easy
To awaken the man
Who has gone
Into such a sleep.

Krishna Kumar

विषधर

आजन्म पीता रहा
जगन्ने का विष
देता रहा वापस
जो कुछ वहाँ पाया था ।
छेड़ दिया
विषधर न
केंचुल वहाँ अपना
बिना विष दान किये
दर्शन कर विषधर का
वापस चला गया ।

कृष्ण कुमार

RAINBOW

Translation

Vishdhar

I
Drank the poison of the world
And kept on drinking
To the end.
Returned in equal measure
What ever I got
From this world.
The snake
Cast it's skin
And slipped away
Frustrated and disappointed
As it's venom was no match
To the poison
Of this world.

Krishna Kumar

RAINBOW

Neel Kamal

Born and brought up in India,obtained his degree of medicine from Patna medical college. Practices both in India and also in the U. K. Enjoys writing and reading poetry in Hindi.

आशाओं की श्रृंखला

आशाओं की श्रृंखला, कलियों सी मुस्कान लिये,
लुभाती मानव को, उसके अगले पल के लिये!

चमक दमक कर फिर धूमिल होती,
सपनों का आकर लिये समा जाती,
गुंजाहिल होता जब मानव,
बोझिल उसके ठोंठों में !

न अन्धेरे में न उजाले में,
नही छूटता देस साथ,
जीवन के आशिवादे में !

ढलती शामों में लुप्ट होती,
देती दिलासा फिर से आने की,
प्रज्वलित होती उषा की प्रखर किरणों में !

नीलकण्ठ

RAINBOW

Translation

The Chain Of Hope

Like a smile of buds
The chain of hope
Tempts mankind
Towards it's next moment
Like a lightning it shines
And then turns smoky
His eyes are ladden
When mankind is distressed
Always remain with you
All the time in this garden of life
Either be in dark
Or in light
It disappears in dying evening
But gives solace
To return again
It blazes in radiant rays
Of early morning sun.

K.Kumar

RAINBOW

Priyamvada Devi Mishra

Was born in 1924 in India. Has been writing poetry in Hindi since her childhood. Came to the U. K. in 1992 and started rewriting poetry after nearly five decades having joined Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle. Recites poems regularly on the stage. In 1977 published "Anubhootian", a collection of her poems in Hindi.

आईने में.....

आईने में देख रहे हो
 पुन औरों के चेहरे को
 कभी किसी शीश में पुन
 अपना चेहरा देखा है ?
 औरों की हरियाली में , पुन
 सूखी घास देखते हो
 अपनी बगिया का क्या पुन
 सूखा सावण देखा है ?
 सूरज की किरणों को क्या पुन
 हाथों से गल सकते हो ?
 कसूरी की खुशबू को क्या
 झोंचल से ढक सकते हो ?
 जाल डालने से क्या लहरों
 का बढ़ना रुक सकता है ?
 पथ में उड़ी हुई धूल से ,
 सूरज क्या ढक सकता है ?
 पानी की काँई से धिर कर
 भी सरसिज शोभा पाते
 काटों में फूले गुलाब भी
 उपवन को कहका देते ।
 घोर निशा में चाँद सितारे
 स्वयं प्रभावित होते हैं
 कुटिल समय में अपने सद्गुण
 स्वयं प्रकाशित होते हैं ।

प्रियवदा देवी मिश्रा

RAINBOW

Translation

Looking in the mirror

You are looking in the mirror
At the faces of other people
But have you ever seen
Your own face in the mirror?
In the green pasture of other people
You are looking for a straw
But have you seen the barren spring
Of your own garden
Can you destroy the rays of sun
By rubbing them in your hands
Can you encapsulate
The fragrance of musk in your Aanchal?
Can you stop the advancing waves
By putting a wall around the sea
Can the dust of the path
Cover the brightness of the sun
Surrounded by moss and algae
Still the lotus flower looks elegant
A rose grows among the thorns
Still fills the garden with its fragrance
In the deep darkness of the night
The star and moon glitter
Similarly encircled by bad days and cruel times
Virtues will shine themselves

K.Kumar

Aanchal :That portion of saree which covers the breast of a women.

हिन्दी गज़ल

जिस निर्जन की याद ने मेरा मन तस्साया सारी रात !
जब वह आया मैंने मन का धाव दिखाया सारी रात !

मेरी निर्जन रूत के साथी हूँ गगन के तारे थे !
अधियारे बेचारे ने भी साथ दिखाया सारी रात !
हम मतवाले हैं दिलवाले, विष के प्याले पीते हैं !
दिन को उत्सव साझ को उत्सव बिगड़ा गया सारी रात !
कई चुगो से अमृत ठाकन के भाग्य बने थे जीवन का !
पिया मिलन की एक घड़ी से मन गुस्कावा सारी रात !

कजरी आँखों के आँसू मेघा बन कर बरसे हैं !
दिन में स्निग्ध साँझ में स्निग्ध मेह बरसाया सारी रात !

मैं बैठी थी बग़ल टुल्लूट, वे आए बग़ल टुल्लू !
बार बार बस एक ही सपना नींद को आया सारी रात !

श्रीरामशर्मा कीर्ति

Siri Ram Sharma “Meeth”

Was born in Jullundher, India, in 1932. Having worked for nearly 33 years retired in November 1997. Has been involved in creative writing since 1952. Though writes mainly in Urdu, he has written equally well in Hindi and Punjabi. Established a number of literary groups in India and the U. K. His poems have been published regularly. His literary activities have been revived after having joined the Gitanjali group.

RAINBOW

Translation

Hindi Gazal

Thoughts of my unfaithful lover haunted me all night
When he came, I spent, all night, showing the wounds of my heart
The only companions to my lonely nights, were stars up in the sky,
Of course, there was helpless darkness also standing by.
We are big hearted, carefree lovers, we drink cups of poison full,
We spend days and evenings rejoicing,
A night we sing songs of separation from lover.
Tears in my eyes have been destiny for ages,
But a momentary meeting with my lover made me hazy all night
Tears from my darkened eyes fall like raindrops from dark clouds
They drop during the day, in the evening and through out the night
I was sitting dressed like a bride and
My lover appeared dressed as bridegroom
"Meeth" the poet had this dream, time and again throughout the night.

S.R.Sharma

हिन्दी गज़ल

जिस निर्जन की वाद हो मेरा मल तस्सावा सारी रात !
जब वह आया मेहो मल का घाव दिखाया सारी रात !

मेरी निर्जन रूत के साथी दूर गगन के तारे थे !
अधिवारे बेचारे हो भी साथ लिगाया सारी रात !
हम मताले हैं दिलवाले , पिप के प्याले पीते हैं !
दिन को उत्सव साझ को उत्सव बिरहा गाया सारी रात !
कई युगों से अमृत ठाकन के भाग्य बने थे जीवन का !
पिया मिला की एक घड़ी से मल गुरूकाया सारी रात !

कजरारी आखो के आसू मेघा बन कर बरसे हैं !
दिन में रिजिजि साझ में रिजिजि मेह बरसावा सारी रात !

मैं बैठी थी बढकर दुल्हन,वे आए बढकर दुल्हा !
बार बार बस एक ही सपना मीत को आया सारी रात !

श्रीराम शर्मा मीत

Swaran Talwar

Teaching being the profession she writes poetry as a hobby. Through this medium she enjoys expressing herself on various themes related with human experience and emotions. Has performed on the radio and also on the television. On the stage took part in poetry reading organised by Gitanjali and other groups.

RAINBOW

गोती

तु जाओ कितने युग बीते
ठाही रहा अब ध्यान ।
सागर तल के अन्धकार में,
सीप मुख के बन्दीगृह में,
एक तपस्वी जैसे बैठा मौन
में हूँ एक सुन्दर गोती
मौन रहा वस्त्रात ।

गह देखता गोताखोरे की,
काश! कभी मुझे खोज निकाले ।
ले जाकर मुझे सागर तट पर,
सीप मुख से मुक्त करा कर,
नवजीवन मुझ को दे डाले ।

मैं भी देखू सागर तट पर,
लहरों का उन्नाद भरा चौकन ।
रेत के ऊपर टहलने वालों के
बनाते मिटते पदचिह्न ।
किलकारियाँ मारते बच्चे ,
सुन्दर नवदम्पति टहलते ।

मैं भी देखू सूर्य किरणों को,
सागर लहरें संग करों अखिली ।
इच्छा ठाही किसी सुन्दरी की
ऊँगूरी के नक्शों में जड़ जाऊँ ।
या फिर ठाई नवेली झुल्लिह के ,
माथे के टीके में जगमगाऊँ ।

RAINBOW

Translation

The pearl

I have lost the sense of time
And I do not know how long since?
Deep seated at the bottom of sea,
Like a yogi in a state of trance.
Imprisoned in the dark dungeon,
Of a sea shell I am a beautiful pearl.

How I wish one day,
Some divers would search me
And bring me to the seashore.
It would be to be released,
To be reborn, rejuvenated and be free.

I would like to feel the warmth of fresh air,
I would like to hear children's laughter,
It would be fun to see them
running on the sand,
I would love to see the couples
walking hand in hand.

I would enjoy the beauty of golden sunrays
Falling on the blue sea,
I would love to see the silver moon rays,
Playing hide and seek with rising waves,
I do not wish to be set in a golden ring,
I do not crave for glamour and fame.

RAINBOW

बस इतनी इच्छा है मेरी ,
मेरे प्रियतम मेरे कहलाई ।

मन्दिर में प्रतिमा के तेरी,
चरणों में पायल की डोरी
मैं भी उस में जाऊँ पिरोवा,
जन्म सकल हो जाए मेरा ।

प्रभु पायल की मोती लड़ियों में ,
मिल जाए यदि कुझ को रसाह ।
बन जाऊँ मैं अतिशायवाह ।
मैं हूँ एक सुन्दर मोती
वही गींग रहा करदान ।

स्वर्ण तलवाड़

RAINBOW

Rama Joshi

Born and educated to postgraduate level in India. Came to the U. K. in 1968 and gained some further qualifications. Works with Birmingham City Council as a Senior Lecturer. First Asian Justice of Peace (JP) in Birmingham since 1973. Has been writing short stories and poems in Hindi since her college days. Her creative writing was revived after having joined the Gitanjali group. Some of her poems have been published in various literary magazines.

RAINBOW

Translation

All I wish is to be a part of
My lord Krishna's ankle chain,

To rejoice my freedom and
Think my life was not in vain.

Swaran Talwar

RAINBOW

विदेशी सपने

ऊँचे सपने,
मीठे सपने,
विदेशी घर पर सोये सपने
कौन जगावे सोये सपने
कौन बुलावे खोये सपने
सोचा क्या था
चाहा क्या था
होगे आपने कौन पसए ?
झूठे सपने
स्थाली सपने
जीवन दू ही बीता जायेगा ?
जीवन दू ही रीता जायेगा ?
होगा ऐसे
चल कर मेरे पास आऐंगे
मेरे सपने
मेरे आपने
सच होंगे सब सुन्दर सपने
मेरे आपने
ऊँचे सपने
मीठे सपने
विदेशी घर पर सोये सपने.....

स्ना जोशी

RAINBOW

Translation

Foreign Dreams

Lofty dreams
Sweet dreams
Lost in a foreign land
Who can awaken these dreams?
Who can send for the lost dreams?
My thoughts
My wishes
How could strangers be friends
False dreams
Empty dreams
Is this how it will be
Life spent aimlessly
That is what will happen.
My dreams will
Follow me
My dreams
Will become me,
All beautiful dreams
Real and
My own.
Lofty dreams
Sweet dreams
Lost in a foreign land

Rama Joshi

RAINBOW

घाट

दूर बहुत दूर
मेरी आँखें
किसी को निहारती रहती हैं
किन्हीं अनाचीन्हें कदनों की
घाट जोहती रहती हैं
दूर बहुत दूर
मेरे प्राण
किसी आँख की प्रतीक्षा में
जागते रहते हैं
मल के किवाड़
कभी बन्द करते ।
दूर बहुत दूर
मेरी कल्पना
उन क्षणों को संजोवे रखती है
वह क्षण जो
मेरी आत्मा को प्रकाशित कर देगे ।
दूर न जाने
कितनी दूर
मेरी आकांक्षाएँ
भागती रहती हैं किसी सुनहरे
गविष्य को लाने बन्दी करके
जो ना जाने कब कैसे
किस रूप में आवेगा
दूर बहुत दूर
मेरी आँखें
किसी को निहारती रहती हैं

स्मा जोशी

RAINBOW

Translation

Waiting

Far far away
My eyes
Keep looking for some one
Keep waiting for the sound
Of some unknown footsteps
My being
Stays waiting
For some one at the door,
I leave open
Far far away
The doors of my heart
My fantasy
Treasures those moments
Moments
Which will brighten my soul
My ambitions
Far far away
Fly
To capture a golden future
A future
Which
I know not when
How
And in what form
Will come
Far far away
My eyes
Keep looking, searching for some one.

Rama Joshi

Anuradha Sharma

Born in India and spent most of her life in Himanchal Pradesh. Arrived in the U. K. in 1966 and worked with social services. Has been writing short stories and poetry in Punjabi and Hindi from the age of fifteen. Has written more than 300 poems. Interested in philosophy and all forms of performing arts.

शबलम्

चन्द खुशगुजार लहो की आरु में,
शबलम् सत भर पड़ी सोती है !
इसी आलम में सुबह होने तक,
पूरी जिन्दगी की गुंजर होती है !

कभी हरी घास के तर्क बिस्तर में लिपटी,
मधुर सपनों के इलाज में सिमटी,
अपने देवता के चरणों में जैसे लिपट कर लेती है !
सूखी घास के सीने को तर रखने वाली,
घाट की आशा में अपने अस्तित्व को ही खोती है !

कभी कशेरु में भाग्य से एक झूठ ही आखिर,
सीप के अन्तर की प्यास बुझाने की खातिर,
पल में आसमान से गिरकर बनती मोती है ,
और फिर किसी अँगूठी का लगीला बन कर,
इलाकर इलाकर खुश होती है !

कभी फूलों के कुसुम पर सजी निश्चयी,
खुशबू की चाहत में हर डाल पे निश्चयी,
एक फटके से सितारों की तरह चमकने की आस में,
बेददी से पौव तले दबे सहनी खातक होती है !
सुबह भीत जागे के मृग में शर्क से जैसे पाली पाली होती है

कभी अलजान सही में पड़े पड़े खुद को खलावे,
अकेलेपन के दुख जैसे सब से छुपावे,
आसमान में पैदा होने वाली गुलामी के आलम में,
घरती के पूरे आवरण को प्यार से धोती है,
शबलम् से भी बदतर है जिन्दगी "अनु" ऐसी,
बेकदर एन्हाईवों में कब क्यों और कहा पड़ी लेती है !

अनुराधा शर्मा

RAINBOW

Translation

Dew drops

For the brief delightful moment of longings.
Dew drops sleep all night long.
In a spell, until the morning dawns.
Completing it's life-cycle.
Sometimes wrapped in a soft bed of green grass.
Awaiting sweet dreams
As if enfolded in her Lord's feet shedding tears
Shedding the tears of harass.
Each tear, wets the core of dry grass
Yet diminishes its own existence in hope of love in mass.
Some times strong in millions, this fortunate.
Single dewdrop succeeds at last.
Fulfilling the inner thirst of the oyster
In no time, falling from the sky to become a pearl
Which moulds into someone's bejewelled ring
And then shines with happiness.
Some where, adorned on the face of flowers.
With yearning for the fragrance spread upon every branch.
With one swift hope to shine like stars
Gets, trampled under the feet and vanishes.
It regrets in despair as the morning ascends.
So melting into moisture dishonourably.
And some times, in the strange abandoned place.
Makes oneself cry hiding it's loneliness from every one.
Existing from the sky, for mysterious spell of odyssey.
Washes the earth with love.
Your life is far worse than a dew drop **Oh Anu**
Undesired, in loneliness, when, why and where
you see grieving away.

Anuradha Sharma

RAINBOW

Smita Najran

Born in Punjab. Brought up and educated in Mumbai. Came to the U. K. in 1964 and settled in Birmingham. Always loved poetry and music. Involved in various community and religious activities. Started rewriting poetry after 30 years having joined the Gitanjali group.

RAINBOW

उपहार

प्रिय तुम्हें उपहार क्या हूँ
जो कभी था अब कहाँ है
जो कभी है कब रहेगा
जो नहीं वह तो नहीं ही
विश्व क्या हरदम रहेगा ?
हम अलग हैं देखने को
स्वयँ भी मैं हूँ तुम्हीं में
जब अलग तुमसे नहीं मैं
खो चुकी माँस तुम्हीं में ।
तन तुम्हारा, मन तुम्हारा
और जीवना धन तुम्हारा
क्या रहा मेरा जो अब तक
हो नहीं पाया तुम्हारा ?
शूल कम मैं स्वयँ को
चाहती होना तुम्हारी
जब स्वयँ अपनी नहीं मैं
किर तुम्हें उपहार क्या हूँ ?

प्रिय तुम्हें

रिमिता नागरा

RAINBOW

Translation

Gift

O ! beloved what could I offer you as a gift
What had been is no longer
How long will it last that which is now ?
That which didn't exist could never be
Would this world remain for ever
Though we are different in appearance
Even so I am to be seen in you
Since I am not separate from you
I have lost all my identity in you
My body and mind is yours
And my life too is yours
What is there mine that remains
Which is no longer yours
Forgetting I only wish to exist for you
When I no longer belong to myself
What then can I offer you as a gift

Vikas Najran

RAINBOW

स्मृतियाँ

लाख सगाला और मठाया
अपने चंचल मन को ।
मगर ठा माठा ले ले आया
खोद पुसनी हर वादों को ।
मकड़ी जैसा सूक्ष्म जाल है
चक्यूह भावों का ।
फस जाती इसके बन्धन में
खो बैठी सारे सपनों को ।
फूलों की पशुड़ियों जैसे
कोमल भाव हमारे ।
जुदा कहीं मैं कर पायी
पर कौटो से फूलों को ?
सागर की लहरों जैसे
बेटाब हमारे औसू ।
रही सेकती सदा मगर
मैं नौनो की कोरों को ।
स्मृति की इस कशती को
कब से चला रही हूँ ।
चला रही हूँ मगर खो चुकी
दूर कहीं धैरों को ।
अपनों ने भी कभी शिकायत
गैर भला कब अपने होते ।
कृष्ण कहने से अब क्या होगा
सी लूँ इन होठों को ।

स्मिता नाजरा

RAINBOW

Translation

Memories

Reasoning over and again
In seclusion with my restless mind
Yet it would not heed my wishes and
Continued to uproot buried memories
This mind has created a very fine web
A web in which my feelings are trapped
My dreams entangled and lost
My feeling are as delicate as petals
Unable to free from the surrounding thorns
Uncontrollable as the tides of ocean
Are my tears
Trying forcefully to hold them back
At the corner of my eyes
Sailing on the waves of these memories
I have been so long
But no shores in sight
Those close to me found cause to complain
So strangers then would remain as strangers
What use is there for all this now
Better these lips remain sealed.

Vikas Najran

RAINBOW

Varinder Rana

Was born and brought up in Punjab in India. Came to the U. K. some fifteen years ago and settled in Birmingham. Enjoys writing and reading humorous poetry in Punjabi and also in Hindi.

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RAINBOW

Translation

Madness of Marriage

Will some one help me get married ?
How does it feel to be nagged by your wife?
Will some one help me get married ?
I feel like arguing with my wife
Some times I will get beaten
Some times I will get food, build up my health
Please let me find out
Will some one help me get married ?
Whether I get food ,or I get beaten
I will do the vacuum cleaning
Just help me get married
Will some one help me get married ?
I will wash clothes; I will wash dishes
Make me lucky
Please show me that day
Will some one help me get married ?
All my life I have listened to BBC radio
Now let me listen to my wife
Even if it is sarcastic comment.
Will some one help me get married ?

Varinder Rana 'Tandu'

शादी का भूत

मेरी शादी कोई कस दो रे,
 गुझे घोड़ी पर चढ़वा दो रे,
 कैसे खाते हैं गालियाँ बीबी की,
 अरे गुझको भी स्थिरता दो रे !

मेरी शादी कोई कस दो रे,
 गुझे घोड़ी पर चढ़वा दो रे,
 दिल मेरा भी करे मैं भी तो करूँ,
 झगड़ करी अपनी बीबी से ,
 कुछ मार खाऊँ, कुछ धी शक्कर
 कुछ सेहत मेरी बनावा दो रे !

मेरी शादी कोई कस दो रे,
 गुझे घोड़ी पर चढ़वा दो रे,
 चाहे मार खाऊँ, चाहे डिकर
 चाहे करता किस्म घर में हूँ
 मेरा टीका तो लिखा दो रे

मेरी शादी कोई कस दो रे,
 गुझे घोड़ी पर चढ़वा दो रे,
 कपड़े मैं छोड़ूँ, बर्तन मैं धिरेँ
 किरमत मेरी चमका दो रे
 गुझे वो दिल दिखला दो रे
 मेरी शादी कोई कस दो रे,

मेरी शादी कोई कस दो रे,
 गुझे घोड़ी पर चढ़वा दो रे,
 B.B.C. सुना अब तक कैसे
 बीबी से कुछ सुनावा दो रे
 चाहे ताते ही सुनावा दो रे,

मेरी शादी बस कस दो रे,
 गुझे घोड़ी पर चढ़वा दो रे,
 गुझे घोड़ी पर चढ़वा दो रे,

वरिष्ठ रचना

RAINBOW

Amrat Kumar Patel

Born, brought up and educated in Gujarat State of India. Worked in contracting industries of the U. K. for nearly 30 years. Published two novels "Malti" and "Golden Moon" both in Gujarati. Has written more than 300 poems in Gujarati and English. A regular contributor to activities of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle.

તુટેલી વિજ્ઞા

અરે ! રડો નહીં મને, દુર્દશા જોઈને,
 અવતરી હું તો હસવવા માત્ર આ જગતને.
 ભીજવ ના નૈન તારાં,
 કરાસ હાસ જોઈ મારા,
 શોક નીદરયાં ઘેરીશ નહીં એ નૈન,
 તિમિર સ્હેજ ભાળી કહીશ નહીં રેન
 કાળી નિશાયાં હું એકલી બેસી,
 નિહાળુ રશ્મિ હજી ઘે હસીખુશી,
 નથી મને અંતરનું દર્દ કદીએ?
 પદી મને કરીયાદ શીદ કરીએ
 ગાયાં તાં ગીત ઘણાંએ ઉંસ્તાદ સાથે
 તુટેલા આ તંતુ નાચતા જાદુઈ હાથે.
 હવે તુઝ્યા એથી શું ?
 હજીએ આનંદ મા છું.

અમૃત કુમાર પટેલ

Translation

The Broken Sitar

Oh! Don't cry over me seeing me forlorn,
Only for other's pleasure, I was born.
Oh! Don't shed your tears, seeing me broken,
Look at me yet to be disheartened,
Oh! Don't shut your eyes in sadness,
Don't call its night seeing little darkness.
Lonely may be; in my bleak time,
But still my ears ring with sweet rhymes,
Then why should be I bemoan?
Now that only strings is broken!
I played the best
Many songs with my masters,
These broken strings in past
Danced with many magic fingers
Now it's broken; So what?
I still enjoy, recalling my past.

Amrat Kumar Patel

સ્વર્ગની દુનિયા

સ્વપ્નમાં દીઠી મેં સ્વર્ગની દુનિયા
 અહા! આજ સૌંદર્યના યોગમ ઘેરાયા.
 દીઠું અનેરું પેલી જુની દુનિયાનું પરિવર્તન,
 હાશ ! તુઘ્યાં ખુન ખરાબીના ભયંકર બંધન.
 રંગ અને જાતલાતખ નાઝગડાથી દુર,
 સંભળાયા ત્યાં મેળજુલના મીઠા સુર.
 દીઠાં મેં ઘેરા વદળાં વિખરાતાં,
 દીઠાં મેંકા અંધારા ઓગળતા.
 આકાશનો ચંદ્રમા તેજીલો પ્રકશતો
 ઓહ પ્રભુ ! સત્ય હજી એવું હું વાંછતો.

અમૃત કુમાર પટેલ

RAINBOW

Translation

UTOPIA

Alone I was with beauty all around,
In my dream seeing a perfect world.
See the Old World that turns around,
Once violence, hate and fear abound.

Colours and races have long since passed
Peace and harmony is here at last,
See the clouds moving,
See the darkness fast fading.

The moon shining brightly,
Casting its silvery beams happily.
Across the sky which is blue,
Oh God! I hope it's all-true!

Amrat Kumar Patel

ધુમરી

ધુળની ધુમરીઓ વળે છે,
 પણ આજે મન ધુમરીઓ ચઢ્યું છે
 આ વાવાઝોડના ઐંધાણ છે,
 કે દુખતી રંગનો પડકાર ??
 કદાચ તિતિક્ષાના ગાંડપણનો ચિત્કાર

તિતિક્ષા

RAINBOW

Translation

WHIRLPOOL

A whirlpool of dust forms
But today mind is a sea of whirlpool
Is this a sign of an impending storm
Or a rendering of a hurting vein ?

Perhaps a premonition of Titiksha's heart b.....

Titiksha

RAINBOW

પૂજા સત્ય

વિચારોના વમળમાં
પીંખાઈ ગયા પંખીના માળા
વીંખાઈ ગયા તરૂંપાનના મેળા
ચીરાઈ ગયા હૃદયના પડદા
લુંટાઈ ગયા શબ્દો અધરના

મુરઝાઈ ગયા બાગ બગીચા જ્યારે,
સમજાઈ ગયું તિતિક્ષાને પૂજા સત્ય ત્યારે.

તિતિક્ષા

Translation

The Truth

In a hurricane of thoughts
Birds nest have dispersed,
The fair of trees and leaves lay scattered
Torn are the walls of this heart
Words stolen from the lips
When bushes and gardens withered away,
Alas, Truth dawned in Titiksha's way.

Titiksha

RAINBOW

Praful Amin

Born in Gujarat, India and lived in the U. K. for more than three decades. Teacher by profession but now involved in banking services. Actively involved in all forms of social activities in Birmingham. Poetry is his passion and promotes work of other literary people. Has developed a new style of poetry writing based on Garbha dance tunes. Published poems in various anthologies. Writes equally well in Gujarati and English languages

RAINBOW

રામ મળ્યા

ના જાપ જાયા, ના ધ્યાન ધર્યા
તો યે રમતાં રમતાં રામ મળ્યા
અરે, અડધે રસ્તે રામ મળ્યા
મને રમતાં રમતાં રામ મળ્યા

ના બ્રહ્મનો બ્રમહું કરતો રહ્યો
હા, વનવગેડે હું ભ્રમતો રહ્યો
મને ભ્રમતાં ભ્રમતાં બ્રહ્મ મળ્યા ... મને રમતા

ભલે તાલ નહીં, બે તાલ સહી
ભલે સૂર નહીં બે સૂર સહી
હું ગુંજન કરતો બ્રમર રહ્યો ... મને રમતાં

એ ગુંજનમાં મેં વેદ ભણ્યા
એ કૂંજનમાં મને કૃષ્ણ મળ્યા
એમ અલખ નિરંજન શિવજે મળ્યા ... મને
રમતાં

પ્રફુલ્લ અમીન

RAINBOW

Translation

Neither did I chant " Ram,Ram " nor did I meditate.
Yet while I was simply playing, I met him,
Yes I met him, half way on the road
I did not waste my time on Universal abstract;
I simply kept on moving
Across the woods and plains of the world.
While roming I realised the Universal spirit.
I met ram simply while playing in the field.
True I can't keep the rhythm;
True I have not melodious voice
Yet like a tree, I kept on humming
I met ram simply while playing in the field
And in that humming I learnt Vedas (the sacred
book)
In that joyful humming I met lord Krishna
And the master of music and the dance Lord Shiva.
I met ram simply while playing in the field.

Praful Amin

RAINBOW

Malini Deshpande

Interested in reading and writing from childhood days. Commenced publishing stories in Marathi in children's magazines. In later life the interest widened to include Hindi and Bengali languages and literature culminating in Hindi and Bengali broadcasts. Marathi readers were introduced to the translations of Bengali literature in Marathi magazines. Since joining Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle restarted writing and reading in Marathi. Have recited poems on the stage organised by the group.

RAINBOW

गाद

घर्षणटवे घंटागाद
मंदिरात घंटीगाद
मसजिद नटवे अल्लाह गाद
सर्व सागे एकच आहे ईश्वर
मग काँ घालता वाद ?

मालिनी देशपा

RAINBOW

Translation

Echo

The bells ring in the church
As they do in the temple
Allah's name echoes in the mosque
We all say there is only one God
Then why all this discord?

Malini Deshpande

कृणी कृणाचे ठाही

या जंगी कृणी कृणाचे ठाही
जो तो अपुल्यापुरो पाही

अठ स्वताचे च गाणे गाई
या जंगी कृणी कृणाचे ठाही
स्वतः स सकजती थोर शहाणे
दुसरे सारे असे गबाले
उणे-दुणे काढूनी सगले
नित्य अतरे जाले
असेल पैका दाडी भर बसा
डियम असे हा जंगी जैसा
श्याम श्याम वाजे तर चाले ठाणे
ठवठर मोडीत जाणे
जोवरी आव तोवरी बसा बसा राव
कष्टाचे कृणी काढू ठका ठाँव
शुभ्य ठाही म्हणूठ सदा काव काव
स्वतः गात्र स्वाती भाव भाव

मालिनी देशपांडे

RAINBOW

Translation

We are alone

No one belongs to any one
Every one is looking after themselves
And sing their own praises
In this world we are alone!
Think one self as great and wise
Others to be imbeciles
Profiteering from the poor
With ever widening gap!
If you have kudos, take a seat
Or else take a hike!
Money spins, money talks
Imagine the place without it.
The more the wealth the more the respect
Where labour has no place
But the happiness appears to be a mirage
Still carry on demanding privileges
Under the influence of wealth!

Malini Deshpande

RAINBOW

Madhavi Honap

Born and educated in the Maharashtra State of India. Was encouraged by her father and a teacher to write poetry at a very young age. Some work has been published in the Indian newspapers and magazines. After joining the group restarted writing poetry after many years and since then has taken part in many programmes of the group.

आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे ।

आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे, आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे
 आहेत त्याचा हाजू धरून नाहीत साची आठपण करून ।
 आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे, आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे
 पुढच्यास हेच मोगलाशहाणा मैलाचे दंगडशकाकुशका नावा ।
 मोगच्याचे शहाणपण घेतून शकाकुशका लाथ मारून ।
 आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे, आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे
 पुढचे कुणी पाहिले आहेपुढे काय आहे कुणी सारे जाणसे आहे ।
 आपल्याला पुढे जाऊन पहायचे आहेपुढचे सारे जाणावचे आहे ।
 आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे, आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे
 थोबा दाय भर किर्तीती ध्या भाकशेच । पुढे चरणी श्यायवा आहे ।
 मागे वळून पहायचे आहे किर्ती चालले किर्ती चलावचे आहे ।
 अंदाज ह्याचा ध्यायवा आहे ।
 कालचा सूर्यास्त किमशयवा आहे उद्याचा सूर्योदय पहायवा आहे ।
 आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे, आपल्याला पुढे जायचे आहे ।

माधवी होनाप

RAINBOW

Translation

All women have to go ahead

We have to go ahead, We have to go ahead.

Hold hands of the women
who are around you.
Think about the women
who worked so hard for you.
But let us have only one thought in our mind.

We have to go ahead, We have to go ahead.

Give support to women
who need you.
Take advice from the women
who are ahead of you.
Let us work on the basis of give and take, because

We have to go ahead, We have to go ahead.

Hold on for a minute have a bite to eat,
Look behind how far you have walked,
Look ahead how far you have to walk, because
You have to forget yesterday's sunset,
Think about tomorrow's sunrise because,
LADIES DON'T STOP NOW !

We have to go ahead, We have to go ahead.

(This poem was written for a special Campaign on violence against women
,25th May 1994)

Madhavi Honap

तुलना

झोपलेल्या बाला तुला पाहून हेवा मला वाटला।
 लहानपण देगा देवा असा धावा करवासा वाटला।
 कालगी नाही जगाची तुला शांत मिटल्या डोल्या।
 किकर आहे उद्याची मला राजिदिवा लड्याला ॥१॥
 जेवण तुला आहे गरयणार बाधा तुला कळूना देणार।
 मला मात्र स्वैपाक स्वताच करावचा आहे ।
 कळूना स्वताः आपले पोट दावचे आहे ।
 बसण्या संगेत झुंजे राहून थकत कामावार जावचे आहे॥२॥
 संगता संगता थकलास तू उचलून कुणी तरी तुला देणार आहे।
 लंगडत लंगडत चालणाशा मला आधार कुणी देणार आहे ।
 चालताना मार्गदर्शन करता बोट पुढे कुणी तरी धरणार आहे।
 चालताना मार्ग चुकले तर खेचडत कुणी तरी मार्गावर मला आणणार आहे॥३॥
 पावले तुझी बघ पडताना पाहून सर्वांना आनंद स्तूप होत आहे ।
 काठी चष्म्या शिवाय मला चालत नाही हा हसचाना विषय आहे ।
 तुला जेणाशा दांताचे सर्वांना कोंपुक आहे माझ्या बोलक्या तोंडाची थड मज होत आहे ।
 माझी काठी तू होशील माझा चष्मा तू होशील हवा देव्या अशिवर मी जगते आहे॥४॥

माधवी होळप

RAINBOW

Translation

Comparisons

I watched my grand child sleep
And I envy that
He is being fed and nurtured by his parents
Whilst I must look after myself.
When he crawls they smile
And when he falls they pick him up
When I walk slowly and painfully no one watches
And when I am tired no one cares.
When he takes his first step
The laughter and joy fills the air
But as I totter on unsteady legs
They, laugh but not with joy
As his teeth appear one by one ,
is told how clever he is
But as mine disappear they laugh in derision
When he holds the hand of his parents
He goes where he pleases
Whilst I am led.
Perhaps child when you grow up
You will help me to walk, to talk and to see.

PERHAPS .

Madhavi Honap

RAINBOW

ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਗਜ਼ਲ

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਜਦੋਂ ਤੋਂ ਹੋ ਗਈ ਆਦੀ ਗਮਦਿਆਂ ਤਸਿਆਂ ਖ਼ਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ।
ਯਾਦ ਭੁਲਾ ਬੈਠੀ ਏ ਚਦਰੀ ਰੋਸਦੀਆਂ ਸੋਹਲ ਬਹਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਆ ਸੱਜਣਾ ਸੱਭ ਰੋਸੇ ਭੁਲਕੇ ਇੱਕ ਦੂਜੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਮ ਜਾਈਏ ।
ਇਹ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਨਫ਼ਰਤ ਦੀ ਸਾੜੀ , ਸਾਰ ਕੀ ਜਾਵੇ ਪਿਆਰਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਕੋਲ ਬੜੇ ਰਾਜ਼ੇ ਦੀ ਧੀ ਨੇ ਕਾਮੇ ਦੇ ਗੱਲ ਬਾਹਾ ਪਾ ।
ਰਾਜ਼ੇ ਸਿੰਘਾਸਣ ਨੂੰ ਲੋੜ ਮਾਰੀ ਸੁਰਖੀ ਸੀ ਅੱਖਬਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਸਾਡੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਕੀਕਣ ਯਾਰਾ ਜੀਵਨ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਨਿਭ ਸਕਦੀ ।
ਸਾਨ ਚਿੰਤਾ ਪੇਟ ਭਰਨ ਦੀ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪਈ ਸ਼ਿਰੀਸ਼ਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਇਸ ਨੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਸੱਭ ਕੁਝ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਬਚਨ ਨਿਭੋਣਾ ਸਿਖਿਆ ਏ ।
ਇਸਕੇ ਕਦੀ ਨ ਗਿਣਤੀ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੁਸਨ ਦਿਆਂ ਇਨਕਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਵਾਲੇ ਮੂੰਹ ਦੇ ਮਿਠੜੇ , ਰੂਹ ਦੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੇ ਕਾਲੇ ਨੇ ।
'ਮੀਤ' ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਦਰ ਨ ਕਾਈ ਤੇਰੇ ਵਰਗਿਆਂ ਯਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਸ੍ਰੀ ਰਾਮ ਸ਼ਰਮਾ 'ਮੀਤ'

RAINBOW

Translation

Punjabi Gazal

Since this mean life got used to sharp thorns of worries
The smile that the springtime brings has faded away from its memories.
Dear friend let us forget our differences and create harmony
This world is full of hatred; it knows not what love is
Yesterday, a princess from high royalty embraced a labourer
She rejected the throne, and became the headline of newspapers
I wonder if we two can be compatible in life,
Because my worry is my hunger, and your worry is your make up
A true lover risks everything and always stays true to his word
He pays no attention to unfaithfulness of the partner
All those we come across are sweet tongued but bad at heart
They don't know the true worth of a friend like MEETH.

Siri Ram Sharma MEETH

ਸੱਚਾ ਸੂਰਮਾ

ਖਾਵੇ ਜੁੱਤਿਆਂ ਵੱਟੀ ਤੇ ਮਾਰੇ ਨਾ ਡਕਾਰ ਉਹੋ
ਸੱਚੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਦੀ ਭਰਾਵੇ ਪਛਾਣ ਇਹੋ ਈ

ਬੇਲਣਾ ਖਾ ਕੇ ਵੀ ਨਾ ਮਾਰੇ ਚੀਕ ਉਹੋ
ਬੱਲੇ-ਬੱਲੇ ਸੱਚੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਦੀ ਸ਼ਾਨ ਇਹੋ ਈ

ਝਿੜਕਾਂ ਖਾਕੇ ਜੋ ਬੈ ਜਾਏ ਟੋਲਟ ਤੇ
ਠੰਡ ਵਰਗੇ ਸੱਚੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਦੀ ਪਛਾਣ ਇਹੋ ਈ

ਕਰੇ ਗਲਾਂ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਵੱਟੀ ਕੋਲੇ ਪੁੱਛ-ਪੁੱਛ ਕੇ
ਕਹਿਲੇ ਕਾਰ ਸੱਚੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਦੀ ਪਛਾਣ ਇਹੋ ਈ

ਅੱਖ ਚੱਕੇ ਵੱਟੀ ਤੇ ਪਤਿ ਬੇਹੋਸ਼ ਹੋ ਜਾਏ
ਸਾਰੀ ਦੁਨਿਆਂ ਚ ਬੰਦਾ ਭੱਲਵਾਨ ਉਹੋਈ

ਖਾਵੇ ਜੁੱਤਿਆਂ ਵੱਟੀ ਤੇ ਮਾਰੇ ਨਾ ਡਕਾਰ ਉਹੋ
ਸੱਚੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਦੀ ਭਰਾਵੇ ਪਛਾਣ ਇਹੋ ਈ
ਸੱਚੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਦੀ ਭਰਾਵੇ ਪਛਾਣ ਇਹੋ ਈ

ਵਰਿੰਦਰ ਰਾਣਾ(ਠੰਡੂ ਰਾਮ)

RAINBOW

Translation

True Warriors

He who gets battered by his wife, but still
He does not tire, that is the real warrior.
Even after being beaten by the rolling pin,
He does not scream, that is the real warrior.
He who get diarrhoea after being shouted at
By his wife , Like Tandu real warrior is that
He is the real warrior
Who does not say any thing
Without his wife's permission. !
He is the great warrior
Who faints when his wife stares at him once!
He who gets battered by his wife ,but still
He doesnot tire , that is the real warrior
That is the real warrior.

Varinder Rana ' Tandu '

Anuradha Rakhit

Anuradha is an amateur writer, expressing her thoughts sometimes in Bengali and sometimes in English. Her writings are mainly for personal, therapeutic purposes but she wants them to be a genuine expression of universal human experience. Through her writings, Anuradha tries to communicate on a personal level feelings of loss and sadness, joy and happiness.

ঘৰ

দুখী দুখী মন নিয়ে খুঁজছিলাম আমার ঘৰের পথ
আমাব দু চোখে ছিলো
সেই চিবকালের মধুব অবচীন স্বপ্ন
আব
বুকে ছিলো এক বাশ ভাঙা হতাশার জ্বলা
আমি জানি
এই মাঠেই একপ্রান্তে আছে আমার ঘৰ
কিন্তু কোথায় আমার সেই ঘরে পথ?
যে পথের ধারে ফোটে অজস্র বুনো ফুল
যেপথের নীল অশ্ববারে ফসফরাসের মতে
জ্বলে সহস্র জোনাকী
আব যে পথ গিয়ে মেশে সেই অচেনা বহস্যভর দিশে
স্বপ্নের আলপথ বেয়ে
ভাবনা কি যাব না কোনোদিন সেই ঘরে?

অনুরাধা বক্ষিত

RAINBOW

Translation

Home

I was searching for a way to my home
Part of me was happy-full of hopes and dreams
The other part was sad; full of dreams
I know that my home is at the end of this horizon
But where , where is the way ?
I want to go along the path
The path carpeted with wild flowers,
The path adorned with thousands of fireflies' light'
The path stretching endlessly towards the mysterious and
unknown horizon.
Can I not find my home at the end of that path,
Even in my dreams ?

Anuradha Rakhit

Sekhar Nath Basu

Born in Culcutta , India , and resident in the U.K. for the last three decades . Physician by occupation but poet by obsession. Published an anthology of Bengali poems and produced an audio cassette to go with it .An active member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle Birmingham .

গাছ

কোন গাছ কে দেখিনি
 সাথে, দুঃখে দূরত্বে বদল করতে
 কোন গাছকে দেখিনি
 ফুল ফলের গবেষণে ফুলে উঠতে
 কোন গাছকে দেখিনি
 কোন গাছকে দেখিনি
 ঝরা পাতার শোকে অশ্রু ঝরাতে
 কোন গাছকে দেখিনি
 তাটিকে অবমাননা করতে
 কোন গাছকে দেখিনি
 অন্য কোন গাছে আন লাগাতে
 হে প্রভু ,
 এককালতো আমাকে মনুষ্যরূপী জীব সাজিয়ে
 অনেক তামাশা দেখলে
 এবার আমায় গাছ করে দাও প্রভু
 এবার আমায় গাছ করে দাও

শেকর গাত বোম্বু

RAINBOW

Translation

I have never seen a tree
Changing its distance
In happiness and sorrow.
I have never seen a tree
Swollen with pride
For its fruits and flowers
I have never seen a tree
Crying for its shed leaves
I have never seen a tree
Refreshing shelter to any bird
I have never seen a tree
Forgetting its own roots
I have never seen a tree
Setting fire to another tree
Lord
You have made me human being
And seen enough of my shortcomings
Now
O lord, please
Transform me into a tree

Sekhar Nath Bose

RAINBOW

Mubarka Mehta

Born in Lahore (India), now in Pakistan, and educated in Peshawar. Started writing short stories and poetry at an early age. Some stories were read on the Peshawar radio. Lived in the U. K. since mid 1960s. Her poetry reflects the experience and observations of daily life.

”بے چارگی“

نظر دیکھتی ہے ہر روح کا بچہ ہے
ہر دم دیکھے ہر سر ہی ہے چارگی ہے

جہاں ہی رہے دی ہواؤں پہ نظر اٹھتی
کشتوں کی مانند فصل پہ نظر اٹھتی

کسی تو یہ دیکھا کہ گمراہ بھرا تھا
اپنا نہیں گھر کسی کا بھرا تھا

نظر لوٹ آتی ہے بچوں کو لئے
سوچا تھا کیا ہو گیا ہے اپنے لئے

بڑے کچے ہیں کہانی یکساں کی ہے
چھ کر جودل دیکھے مرض یکساں کی ہے

بچہروں سے ہواؤں سے پاؤں تھا اسکو
رست کیسی پٹی کھو دیا کن اندھیروں میں اسکو

بزدلی آگئیں اس سفیدی ہاتھوں میں ہے
پیشے ہیں اس آس پہ کہ شاید وہ آنے کو ہیں

آنکھ اٹھتی ہے ہر آہٹ پہ لرز ہونے کے لئے
آج بھی دل کا کھوا جھیں آہستہ دکھانے کے لئے

مبارک مہتا

Helplessness

My eyes see and my soul trembles,
There is helplessness to be seen every where.
They sacrificed their youth for the sake of their children,
Their expectations were similar to those of a farmer.
The harvest time came, stores were full,
Those stores were not theirs, to others they belonged.
Their eye-sight reflected laden with despair,
Whatever they had thought for themselves, never materialized.
All faces have the same story to tell,
Deep in their heart, they suffer from the same illness.
With love and tenderness, they brought up their children,
How cruel the circumstances, they were lost in darkness.
Their eyes are weak and lonely; their hair turned grey,
Still the hope of home-coming of their children keeps them alive.
At the sound of any footstep, their eyes rise but to be disappointed.
Their loved one has again not come home to show his face.

S.R.Sharma "Meeth"

RAINBOW

Aravinda Rao

Born and educated in Hyderabad in the State of Andhra Pradesh of India. Has been writing poetry since childhood. Inspired mainly by Padmashree Dr.C. Narayana Reddy an eminent poet from South India. Scientist by profession but poetry and music is her passion. Since the beginning contributed regularly to all programmes of the group and recited poems in Telugu and also in English.

ఓ ! చీత్రకారా !

ఓ ! చీత్రకారా! కనులేప్పిమారు
అచ్చెరువువొంది వీలవేంవవచ్చు
నే ప్రక్కలే అద్భుతమైపోయింది
నాకో మోడు కలిసిపోయింది

కాలరాత్రు వేకటిని
కురులలో దాచాను
తానొకరునే కరణాలను
లంగరు దూకిన వేసివై చల్లాను

నేలాల నేటిలో
నా కోకను మించాను
అకువచ్చి రె మ్మరినే
అంచుగా దీల్చాను

వెండి మిల్లుల నాణిని
కాలి మువ్వలలో దాచాను
గాలుల నవ్వడినే
గాజులలో దాచాను

నాకంటి మాపులో
వెరువులను దాచాను
నా వంటి సొంపులో
నవరసాలు నీంపాను

ఓ ! చీత్రకారా! కనులేప్పిమారు
అచ్చెరువువొంది వీలవేంవవచ్చు

అరవేందా రావు

RAINBOW
Hey ! Painter

Hey!Painter! open your eyes and look around!
The nature you depend upon so much hasdisappeared

Don't be sad and sorrowful !
That nature you seek for is me !
I am an embodiment of nature!

The darkness of night
is hiding in my hair,
And golden dust of sunrays
is decorating my body!

My saree has taken
the blueness of the oceans
and as its border
the green of nature!

The silvery clouds have been
absorbed into my anklets
And the rustle of the breeze
entrapped in my bangles!

The brightness of lightening
is now in my eyes and
the elegance of my body oozes
the essence of all emotions!

So! Hey! Painter! Open your eyes
Don't be surprised.....and look around!
I am your nature and I am your art!

Aravinda Rao

RAINBOW

Kalpana Ganguly

Born and brought up in East Africa where she was a teacher for a number of years. Came to U. K. over 20 years ago. Apart from being a civil servant, involved in various community projects but love for poetry reigns supreme. One of the founding members of the group and has recited poems on the stage on a number of occasions.

Undiminished Love

My love will not be frozen
In marble-monument
Nor will I have a garden
Of "forget-me-nots"
Nor will I write an immortal sonnet
For memorials are for the forgotten ones.
Therefore, I will not build a sacred shrine
Nor I will I cultivate a garden
Which changes with season.
My love for you has no need of statement
As you are in every breath
That I take.

Kalpana Ganguly

RAINBOW

Mother's Day

Mothering Sunday is here again
Says a mother at Dunblane
Alas! There won't be my darling
For whom my heart to day is yearning

Who was this in human form ?
Was he villain or a Satan
Asks the mother at Dunblane
Why Oh Lord, why this Satan
Chose little angels innocent
Answers we have not, nor solution
All we can but mourn
With you O Mother at Dunblane.

Kalpana Ganguly

Note: This poem refers to a shooting incident in which on 13 th March 1996 Thomas Hamilton shot dead 16 children and a teacher in Dunblane Primary School in Scotland, U.K.

RAINBOW

Shail Agrawal

Born in Varansi, India. Loves all things beautiful, mysterious or intense. Learnt various aspects of performing arts. An eternal student still learning from School of life. Very passionate and possessive about everybody and everything "Mine".

RAINBOW

Woman.....

And I, born from the eye of storm, cried loud.
Plagued by my own heart,
Came tumbling down with thunderous roar.
Circling in my own beam,
I searched for places to hide,
Darkest corners revisited,
Only to burst out in a fire-ball,
Blinded by my own light.
I was the one, who took voyages,
In ships that sail in our mind,
Leaving loved ones far behind.
I was the one, who got weather-beaten,
Tossed and turned on frothy woes,
Ship-wrecked, marooned on an island of desires.
Stubborn, relentless, unconquered,
I lay there like mother earth,
Impregnated with seeds of creation.
Bursting out on first opportunity,
In a rainbow of colours, I stood alone,
Cradling humanity, forever to come,
Creating, caring, supporting, sharing,
Enigmatic? Yes. Playful? May be!
But certainly not a play-thing.
Mock me not as weaker sex
I will rise again and again,
From my own ashes like a dead Phoenix.
Who gave this woe to my name?
In this man-dominated world, I am the woman,
Power absolute, Kingmaker, not mere a king.

Shail Agarwal

RAINBOW

A Mind's Journey

Standing in the runnels by the jetty
I watch the blue- black Sea sweeping over beaches
 It's foam like colours of anger
 Stroking the golden sand
 It's wave like imprisoned emotion
 Breaking out in an unintelligible song.

Patches of morning mist spreading flattering veils
 Over my scars of misery and loneliness.
The terrain of my own darkness unsteady with thoughts
 Slip away to sea again
 As I search in vain
 For the freedom and the rhythmic grace.

With the quivering flame of my blow - torch
 I search for an entrance
 Into the past from within the present.

Anuradha Rakhit

RAINBOW

You Say.....

You say I don't see
What you mean!
When you say you don't love me
Nor will you ever long for me!
You say I don't see
What you mean!
When you say our time together was a waste
And those sweet nothings you have whispered
Were in a haste !
You say I don't see What you mean!
When you say that you never want to see me
And those arms of yours will never reach out for me!
Then why is that
When you are in a crowded room
Those eyes which are full of gloom
Light up when they see me
And leap through the crowd to hug me!
You say I don't see what you mean
But, you see ... I do see what you mean!

Aravinda Rao

RAINBOW

Anjali Sinha

Born and educated in Delhi and the U. K. Has been writing poetry since her childhood. Her poems are full of philosophy of life and mysticism. Has performed on All India radio and television and also on the BBC radio in the West Midlands. Has been a regular contributor to activities of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle.

Voice From Eternity

When I sat one day in silence
I found myself secretly travelling
In the paths of my mind
To find mysteries of past memories
Amidst the silence I heard the slight whisper
I asked, where you come from?
It said from eternity
It was a hungry call
From some one called God
On my way I met so many
Parents, brothers, sisters and friends
But all of them were illusions past and dead
When I was tired and thirsty
I received care from the voice of eternity
Into the person called God at last I swaged
Then I realised it was here from where my
Journey began.

Anjali Sinha

RAINBOW

Answer At Dawn

The king of the sky, marched with its red hunter
And drove away the gruesome dark
I awoke in that morn
And wondered where the night has gone
Have the glittering stars
Cleared their path
On seeing the prince of the universe
Or, has the sky blushed
After beholding its lord.
Truly, I received no answer
Suddenly I heard a whisper
Uttered softly in ears
This is the promised morn
That your lonely heart has waited all along
Do not look far, do not look beyond
When ever you are sad, depressed and forlorn.
Following every nightly terror,
There is a lovely morn
Write a fresh page
In the book of your life every day
But when ever threatened by the gloomy dark
Do not tear apart
For you shall always find the answer at the dawn.

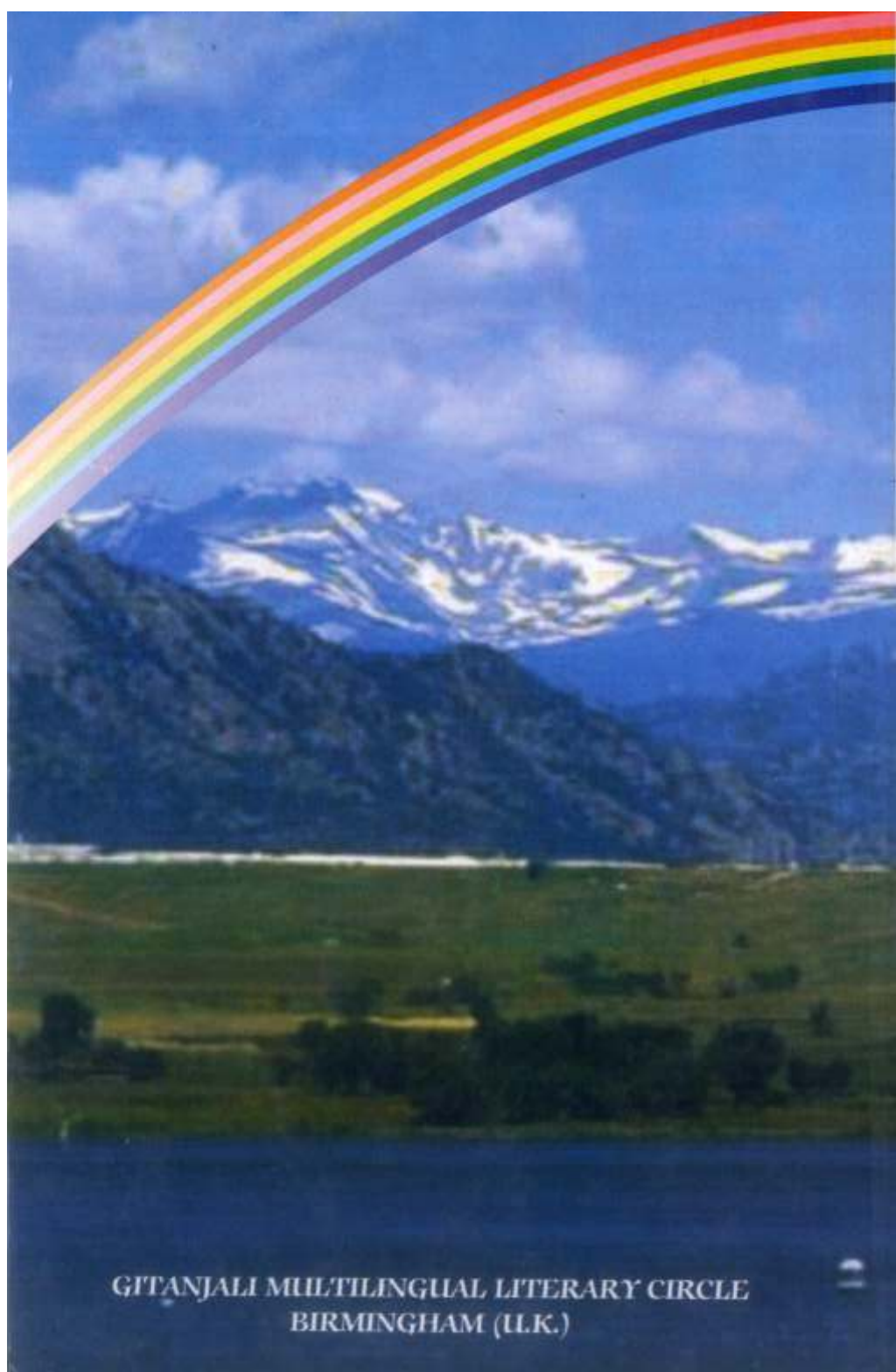
Anjali Sinha

RAINBOW

Vasundharaiv Kutumbakam

Vasundharaiv Kutumbakam Vasundharaiv Kutumbakam
I come from Bharatbhom
Now England is my home
The land I like and love
I'd like to be its dove
England, Wales and Scotland
Comprise this lovely island
 Island home , Bharatbhom
 Both are my Mabhom
Your mountains and the trees
The rivers and the seas
The Ganges and the Thames
Himalayas, Ben Nevis
Their soft and gentle breeze
And blowing icy freeze
O how long to feel !
I want to touch your feet
 Island home , Bharatbhom
 Both are my Mabhom
I ask that flowing cloud
Please take my message round
East, West, North and South
"cause you always wander around
And your voice is very loud
With a thunder you rain down
Please drive my message home :
This world is just one home
Island home , Bharatbhom
This world is Global home
 Island home , Bharatbhom
 Both are my Mabhom

Praful Amin



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