

KAIVYA TARANG

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



तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय काव्य तरंग

Project Supported by *Awards for ALL*

Editors

Dr. Krishna Kumar and Mrs. Rama Joshi



Dr. Krishna Kumar

Dr. Krishna Kumar was born in India in 1941 and has lived in Birmingham since 1980. He is an engineer by profession but poetry is his passion. He has taught in many countries and has published more than 40 technical papers and a technical book. He took an early retirement in August 2004.

Dr. Kumar's poems have been published in many anthologies and magazines in the UK. He has published three anthologies in Hindi and also edited three anthologies on multilingual poems with their translation in English. He has recited poems on a number of occasions in the UK, USA and also in India.

Dr. Kumar established, in 1995 a multilingual poetry group, "Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle", to promote harmony and understanding between cultures through languages. The group strives to encourage the 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 in 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 Network has promoted poetry and story writing and has created an audience of poetry lovers.

During the 10th anniversary year of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, in 2005 Dr. Kumar was instrumental in successfully organising an "International Multilingual Symposium" in Birmingham UK. Dr Kumar is the recipient of many honours and awards in the UK and India.

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Foreword

Prof. Indra Nath Choudhuri

Wherever Indians have gone and settled, they have created a mini India in that country. Britain is also not an exception. Here in every major city where Indians live, many of them write poetry relating it to two homes and two cultures simultaneously -the culture of origin and the culture of adoption. Here in Britain also they write and speak in different Indian languages and do emphasize that multilingualism is an all pervading element of the Indian psyche. I am happy that under the editorship of Dr. Krishna Kumar, Mrs. Chitra Kumar and Mrs. Rama Joshi the 'Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle' has brought out this anthology of multilingual poetry with their translation/gist in English of poets living in different parts of England. One can see bi-cultural pull in these poems and the creation of a new culture which finally emerges in their writings.

All these poets, while writing on different themes, have shown the propensity to keep the ties with one's native land and at the same time romanticize it and develop new bonds within one's adopted homeland. Their texts themselves are journeys between source and target cultures, between homelands and the current place of abode or in other word *des/pardes* or 'imaginary homelands'.

In this diasporic poetry written in different Indian languages, sometimes the poets feel homeless in their new home or nostalgically think of their homeland which they have left or create an imaginary homeland where they live and articulate many issues emotional or otherwise which they confront in this imaginary homeland. These poets in their narrative carry the inscriptions of their complex perspectives perspectives that are simultaneously shaped by their ethnicity, gender, migrancy and post coloniality.

During my sojourn in different countries England, Europe and America what I have realised that these writers of Indian languages both young and middle aged bring out literary journals, publish books of poetry or fiction of distinction and arrange literary gatherings and struggle hard to remain at the centre of literary attention and feel extremely disappointed by seeing almost total apathy towards their writings in the homeland historiography. The division between writings produced from within India and Indian diasporic writings is quite sharp in India. Let us not forget that diasporic writings are invariably concerned with the individual's or community's attachment to the centrifugal homeland. It is in this context I suggest that Indian literary world should with open arms create an organic connection among the diasporic subjective self and Indian creative world and follow the objectivised policy of welcoming one and all into its literary fold which will not denote hegemony but solidarity for creating a self fulfilling integrative world. I congratulate the editors for bringing out a multilingual collection of poetry of different Indian languages with their translation in English of high merit and magnitude.

Dedication

Kavya Tarang is dedicated to all, past and present, Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle members who have contributed to the progress of the group. It is also dedicated to all those who believe in the concept of lingual harmony for unity and peace.



Dr. Ajay Tripathi

Dr. Ajay Tripathi was born in New Delhi where he had his early education. He completed his MBBS and MS (Ophthalmology) degrees from Medical College Rohtak, India. Thereafter he completed his double FRCS (Ophthalmology) from the Royal College of Surgeons in Edinburgh and Glasgow in 1998. Since April 1999 he is working in Birmingham as an Eye surgeon. He has presented and published many papers in international meetings and journals. Ajay started writing poems in Hindi during his college days about fifteen years ago. Some of his poems have been published in reputed magazines in India. Since joining Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle his creative writing has got a new lease of life. Ajay has recited his thought provoking poems on a number of public platforms.

मैं आया हूँ

कुछ मायूसों की बस्ती में
मैं ख्वाब बेचने आया हूँ
उन मुद्दों का जो ज़िन्दा हैं
मैं दिल बहलाने आया हूँ।

बेनूर निगाहों की खातिर
ले कर प्रकाश मैं आया हूँ,
मैं वस्त्रहीन कंकालों की
खातिर कुछ कपड़े लाया हूँ।

चेहरे की चंद लकीरें जो
जीवन गाथा बतलाती हैं,
उस गाथा का हो अन्त सुखद
उम्मीद जगाने आया हूँ।

मैं नाकामी के मरुथल में
इक बूंद ओस की बन कर के,
खुद को मिटवाने की खातिर
ही अपने घर से आया हूँ।

जहां धर्म ने बोई है नफरत
और लहू बहा है नदियों में,
मैं घुस कर ऐसे दलदल में
इक पुष्प खिलाने आया हूँ।

मैं गोवर्धन के पर्वत को
उंगली पे आज उठा लूंगा,
शोषण से मुक्ति का ले कर
इक मंत्र बाण, मैं आया हूँ।

शेषनाग तुम मुझे बना
जीवन सागर मंथन कर लो,
अमृत तो अपने पास रखो
मैं विष को चुराने आया हूँ।

जब तक तुम सहते जाओगे
जुल्म करेगा ही जुल्मी,
मिल साथ उठो संघर्ष करो
हिम्मत जुटलाने आया हूँ।

हो पार्थ तुम्ही, तुम गुडाकेश
तुम को ही बाण चलाने हैं,
हैं कुरुक्षेत्र ये रणभूमि
मैं सारथी बनके आया हूँ।

खुद ही सोचो क्या अच्छा है
खुद ही सोचो क्या करना है,
तुम चंद्रगुप्त मैं चाणक्य
ये बात बताने आया हूँ।

इस गाथा का हो अंत सुखद
उम्मीद जगाने आया हूँ
हर गाथा का हो अंत सुखद
उम्मीद जगाने आया हूँ।

I have come

I have come
to the city of oppressed and depressed
to sell some dreams and to entertain those
who, though living, look like dead.

I have brought some glitter of hope
for the eyes deprived of all light,
I have brought some clothes
for naked and fragile skeletons.

I have come to provide
a happy ending,
to the life story depicted by
wrinkled and worried faces.

I have come from my home
as a dew drop,
to destroy myself and give some respite
to burning and deserted unsuccessful lives.

Where religion has sown hatred
and rivers are full of blood,
I have come to such a place
to plant some flowers.

Today, I will lift
the mountain of Govardhan on my finger*
and give a message of liberation from
oppression and sufferings.

Make me Sheshanaga**
and churn the ocean of life
keep the nectar to yourself
I have come only to remove the poison from lives.

Until you resist
the oppressor will continue his tyranny,
arise together and revolt
I have come to encourage you.

You yourself are Partha,^{*} and also Gudakesha[†]
it is you who has to fight the battle
this life is the battle field like Kurukshetra^{##}
and I am here only to guide you.

Think what is right
Think what is good
You are Chandragupta^{***} and I am Chanakya^{***}
This is what I have come to tell you.

**Mythological reference, when Lord Krishna lifted the mountain of Govardhana on his finger so as to protect his people*

***Mythological reference, when Gods and Devils churned the ocean, while Lord Vishnu slept on thousand headed snake-Sheshnaga.*

**The names for Arjuna*

The battle field of Mahabharata

**** The famous historical student- teacher relation*

वो गलियारा...वो चौबारा...

है याद मुझे वो गलियारा
वो इक आंगन वो चौबारा,
वो चंचल बहती शोख नदी
मादक समीर वो वन प्यारा ।

वहां ऊंचे थे कुछ पेड़ बहुत
जो नभ को छिपा ही लेते थे,
उनके पत्तों को बींध-बींध
और फिर धरती पर गिर-गिर के
छांव और धूप के कुछ टुकड़े
में खेला करते थे ।

उस आंगन में ऐ दादी तुम
मुझ को खूब खिलाती थीं,
अच्छाई का सच्चाई का
मुझको नित पाठ पढ़ाती थीं ।
सीधे सादे उन किस्सों में
तुम सीख बड़ी दे जाती थीं,
हर इन्सां को इन्सां समझो
ये बात रोज़ समझाती थीं ।

वहां सहज सरल मैं जीता था
वहां बचपन मेरा बीता था,
वहां भोलेपन की माटी में
सपनों का अंकुर फूटा था ।
पेड़ों पर सावन के झूले
भूलें तो कैसे हम भूलें,
हर छोटी बात पे हंसता था
जीवन झिलमिल कैसे भूलें ।

फिर इक दिन वो भी आ पहुंचा
जब मुझको दूर ही जाना था,
विद्या अर्जित करके अपना
जीवन ये सफल बनाना था ।
उस कुम्हलाए से चेहरे पर
रेखाएं कुछ थर्राई थीं,
प्यार भरी वो आंखें फिर
झिलमिल झिलमिल हो आई थीं ।
मैं छोड़ चला फिर साथ तेरा
और सफर बना जीवन सारा ,
जाने किस मोड़ पे छूट गया
वो इक आंगन वो चौबारा ।

कब बचपन के वो खेल खिलौने
छूट गये कुछ याद नहीं ,
कब दूर चला आया तुमसे
क्या बोलूं मैं कुछ याद नहीं ।
थी याद तुम्हारी बसी हुई
मेरे मन की हर इक धडकन में,
क्या तुम भी याद करो मुझ को
क्या जानूं मैं, था पास नहीं ।

वो शहर जहां मैं जा पहुंचा
एक जिगह अजूबी थी यारों,
चालाकी झूठ का राज वहां
सच्चाई कुंठित थी यारों ।
बचपन की शिक्षा ने मुझको
पल पल पर दिया सहारा था ,
अब इक कमरे के अंदर ही
आंगन भी था चौबारा था ।

कुछ पा लेने के बाद मुझे
अब याद गांव ही आया है,
बचपन की यादों ने मुझ को
फिर वापस यहां बुलाया है ।
आया हूं तो सब बदल गया
पनघट, चक्की, झूलै, मन्दिर,
कोई मुझ को ना बता सका
दादी को कहां सुलाया है ।

वो प्रेम मूर्ती कहां गई
जीवन की पूंजी कहां गई,
शिक्षा की देवी कहां गई
वो एक कहानी कहां गई ।
है कौन मुझे जो बतलाए
मैं जीवन में यूं क्यूं हारा,
क्यूं छूट गया था प्रभु मेरे
वो इक आंगन वो चौबारा ।

अपने आंगन से प्यार करो
अपने गलियारे में खेलो,
अपनी नदिया के तीर चलो
तुम चंचल लहरों से खेलो ।
जो वक्त गुज़र अब जायेगा
फिर कब आयेगा दोबारा,
तुम तरसोगे फिर आंगन को
ढूँढोगे अपना गलियारा ।

है याद मुझे वो गलियारा
वो इक आंगन वो चौबारा ।

I still remember...

I still remember
Those streets
That courtyard
That joyous, flowing river
That intoxicating wind
And that lovely forest.

The trees were rather tall
Almost hiding sky from the view
And they were pierced by sun rays
Whereafter, pieces of brightness and shades
Used to play together on that soil.

In that courtyard, oh grandma
You used to feed me well
And used to teach me lessons of morality
And humanity
Passing on valuable teachings
Through simply told stories
Teaching me to respect all humans and religions.

I used to live a simple life there
Filling my childhood with innocence
Those swings on the trees
How can I forget
I used to get immense happiness
From the smallest things in life.

Then a day came
When I had to leave you
To go to get educated
And achieve something in life
The wrinkles of your face were restless
Those kind eyes had tears
I left you and since then
This life has become an endless journey.

When did I leave behind
Those toys and games of childhood
When did I come so far away from you
I don't remember
Do you still remember me
When I am not close to me
I don't know.

The place where I reached
Was strange indeed
There was no truth to be seen
Vices were prevalent there
At that time
The teachings you gave me
In childhood
Stood me in good stead
And somehow I survived
In this cruel world.

Now that I have achieved few things
The village seems to be calling me
When I reached here
Everything seems to have changed
No one can tell me
Where they put you to rest
Where are you oh my grandma
Where are you oh my teacher
Where are you oh my precious possession
Where are you
I repent the day I left you.

It is better
To stay in your own courtyard
To play in your own streets
To play in the river
And enjoy the winds
The time once gone
Never returns
And we keep on searching
Our roots
Our courtyard
Our streets.



Dr. Anuradha Rakhit

Dr. Anuradha Rakhit was born in Kolkota (India) and has lived in the U.K. for the last three decades. A retired teacher who likes to write poetry to express feelings of loss and sadness, joy and happiness. She writes in English as well as Bengali (Native Language). She is very active member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham since the beginning.

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 কাকিলির অনুকরণ কোরো না, ব্যর্থ হবে,
তুমি সমুদ্রের ঢেউ সারাদিন ধরে গুণে বাহবা কিনতে চেয়ো না, হতাশ হবে,
তুমি আমার ভালোবাসার গভীরতা মাপার চেষ্টা কোরো না, হারিয়ে যাবে।
তুমি আকাশের তারার নিক্কতা উপলব্ধি করো,
তুমি ঝড়ের বেগের কাছে মাথা নত করো,
তুমি কোকিল পানের সুরে বিড়ের হও,
তুমি সমুদ্রের ঢেউয়ের উদ্বেলতা অনুভব করো,
তুমি আমার স্নেহ মমতা ক্ষমার অমৃতধারায় প্রাবিত হও,
আর আমার ভালোবাসার একাগ্রতায় বিশ্বাস করো।
তখন শান্তি পাবে, সুখী হবে,
আর আমাকে গ্রহণ করতে পারবে পরিপূর্ণভাবে।

Fulfillment

If you want to finish counting all the stars in the sky in one night
You will be disappointed.
If you want to run as fast as the gust of wind
You will be exhausted.
If you want to imitate the melancholic chirping of a nightingale
It will be of no avail.
If you want to earn an accolade by counting the waves of the sea all day long
You will be despondent.
If you want me to lose the serenity of my heart and soul
You will be dispirited.
If you want to fathom the depth of my love
You will lose yourself completely.
Instead
You feel the calmness of the sky and the stars,
You accept the power of the wind,
You mesmerize yourself with the tune of the nightingale,
You realize 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.

দান

তোমার কাছে চাইনি কিছু, জানাই নি মোর প্রেম
যখন তুমি কাছে এলে, নীরব রহিলেম,
তোমার দুটি আর্থির পাতা, ভরে গেল অডিমানের ব্যাথায়
দেখে ও আমি উদাস অবহেলায় মুখটি লুকালেম।
ভয় ছিলো মোর মনে, ভগ্ন রিক্ত মনে আমার
অবশিষ্ট আছে কি আর কিছু তোমায় দেবার মতো ?
বলো তো, কথায় যা বলতে পারিনি, চোখের ভাষায় যা বোঝাতে পারিনি
তুমি কি বোঝানি আমার সেই গভীর দীনতার ভাষা ?
এখন বুঝেছি আমার কাছে এসেছিলে নিতে কিছুই নয়
শুধু তোমার দেবার আনন্দটুকু পূর্ণ করতে।
অজান্তে যদি কোনো ভুল করে থাকি, তুমি কিন্তু হয়ো না কঠোর
তোমার অপরিসীম ভালোবাসার দানে পূর্ণ করে দাও আমার এ জীবন,
আর রেখে যাও আমার অন্তরে তোমার অন্তিম অধিকার।

Gift

When you came to me
I remained silent without asking you anything,
Or expressing my deep feelings for you.
I noticed the sad expressions of your eyes
But still I turned my face around from your gaze,
My empty heart was unable to offer you anything
But
Did you not realize my unexpressed, unuttered pangs of agony?
I know now that you came to offer me
Your unbounded love without expecting anything in return.
If I have offended you unknowingly
Please, please do not judge me harshly.
Just fill my heart to the brim with your love
To make sure that my heart is just for you, for you only.

Go and Open the Door

Go and open the door
Look at the shadow of the moon
Hanging pale over the water
And celebrate that darkness
Like a butterfly of flame in the mirrors of your mind.

Go and open the door
Look at the glowing sky
Taking on light from the sun
Embrace that light at daybreak
Like a woman who once danced at ebbing tide.

Go and open the door
Step out onto the unknown
Through the cold stethoscope of fear
Listen to your inner voice
And translate that fear into Love.

Go and open the door
Whisper the words of Love and Hope
To the hollow wind
And let it carry them through the shimmering leaves
Like an imaginary sweepstake.

Go and open the door
Love, the empty silence within,
The great absence in our lives,
Comes unexpectedly
And welcome those eternal footprints of Hope and Love.

It's good to be Alive

The air was soft but tense
At the consulting room the doctor gave me the news
Like a matter of fact way.
All my hopes and aspirations
Vanished in a moment
Like a slow, suspended skeins of smoke.
Life seemed meaner
My mind filled with unimaginable grief
The burden of sorrow began to slide sideways down.

Fear came but faith lingered on
Moments swept by me like the wind
I had no idea what was closed in Fortune's fingers
Time will be the best judge of that.



Mrs Aravinda Rao

Mrs. Aravinda Rao is a scientist with deep interest in the Arts and a flair for poetry. She has been writing poems in both English and Telugu (Native language) for some years. She is an enthusiastic member of Gitanjali. She writes about a wide variety of subjects, and takes many examples from daily life. Many of her poems are reflective of nature, concerned with questioning the nature of life and the self, and learning to love nature and realising the omnipotence of God.

దేవుడు - మనిషి

ఓపిగ్గా చే సావు
భూమి మీద దింపావు
బెరుకుగ నీవైపు చూసి
ఇప్పుడేంచెయ్యాలన్నాను !

ఆ కదిలే మనుష్యులతో
కదం కలుపమన్నావు !
ఆ మారే కాలాలతో
పరుగెత్తమన్నావు !
ఆ కదిలే బాటలలో
కరిగిపోమన్నావు!
ఆ చల్లని ప్రకృతిలో
ఒదిగిపోమన్నావు!

నీ మాట విసి నేను
బహుదూరం వెళిపోతే
నిన్ను చూడాలంటే ఎలా?
నీతో మాట్లాడాలంటే ఎలా?

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

God and Man

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

When you 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 these moving people,
Run along with the 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 do not forget you!
I can see you night and day,
I will come for you one day.”

అర్చన పత్రం

ఓ పత్రం గీసాను!
వాక పత్రం గీసాను!
మహర్షులైన పిత్రాన్ని
మహామహిమ గు పిత్రాన్ని
మధురమైన పిత్రాన్ని
మమతలకు పిత్రాన్ని
తెచ్చిన పిత్రాన్ని
తనె లాకు పిత్రాన్ని
సొగసు పలుకు పిత్రాన్ని
సొబగుల పిత్రాన్ని

చెట్టుచేమలు లేవు
చామంతులు లేవు
కారుమట్టులు లేవు
కాటుక కళ్ళు లేవు
జలపాతాలు లేవు
బడివాసలు లేవు

మధురమైన పత్రంలో
మొవ్వుగా ఉన్నాయి
రెండు చక్కటి మనసులు
ఒకటి నాదే! ఒకటి నేదే!

A Unique Picture

I painted a picture!
Yes! I painted a picture!
A picture full of excellence,
A picture full of power,
A picture full of love,
A picture so very graceful,
A picture so full of nectar.

It has no green trees,
It has no red tulips,
It has no dark clouds,
It has no haunting eyes,
It has no waterfalls,
It has no heavy storms.
In this enchanting picture,
There are only two shapes,
Two lovely hearts,
One mine and one thine!

WHO AM I ?

Who am I ?
I asked myself !

You are our daughter
My parents said,

You are our sister
My sisters and brothers said,

You are my wife
My husband said,

Your are my mother
My son said,

You are our friend
My friends said,

If that is my only identity,
Then I am not I !

Who am I ?
I ask myself !!

Blank Page

My life was a blank page
Before I met you
As I have never met
Anyone so exciting !

My life has been a blank page
Since I have met you
As I have been too busy
To write anything on it !

My life remains a blank page
Now that you have left me
As I cannot think of
Writing anything on it !



Dr. Bimal Pal

Dr. Bimal Pal was born in 1949 in Purulia, West Bengal (India) and had his early education in a boarding school and then studied medicine in Kolkata. He is now settled with his family in Walsall. A general practitioner by profession, he has keen interest in poetry, gardening and music. After joining Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham, Dr. Pal has recited his poems in Bengali at a number of places within the U.K.

শ্রীশ্রীরামকৃষ্ণ পরমহংস

শ্রীশ্রীরামকৃষ্ণ পরমহংস,
শাশ্বত তুমি চিরসত্য ।
ভাস্কর আছো যুগ যুগান্ত,
ত্যাগের মহিমা ছড়ায়ে ।
প্রেম ক্ষমা ধর্ম স্নেহপরায়ণ,
জীবের সেবা আর কৃপাতে প্রকট ।
করুণা ছড়ায়ে আসিলে ধরায়,
মানুষে দেখালে রাস্তা চলার ।
অশেষ মহিমা স্নেহভরা নদী,
উজ্জাদ দয়ার তরুণ তুমি ।
জগত হ'ল হৃদয় আমার,
তোমারি মধুর বাণীতে ।
সংসারেতে এসে সংসারীর রূপে,
তব মুখ নিসৃত কথামৃত পড়ে,
আর তোমারি দেওয়া লাগিটিকে ধরে
এগিয়ে চলেছি তোমারি শরনে,
তোমারি চরন তলেতে ঠাকুর ।
কখনো তুমি ধনুকধারী,
কখনো আবার বাজাও মুরলী ।
শংখ চক্র আর গদা পদ্ম হাতে
বিরাজিছো তুমি বিশ্বরূপেতে ।
শ্রীশ্রীরামকৃষ্ণ পরমহংস,
শাশ্বত তুমি চির সত্য

God which is one, undivided & eternal truth becomes evident through various forms & in various aspects of personality under different names. However they all represent the same eternal truth. They exist only to promote positive philosophy in life. The eternal truth is apparent when evil is destroyed & goodness shines through. Hence there needs to be dedication towards the divine path.

জীবন দর্শন

রাত্রি যাপনে ভোরের স্বপনে
দর্শন বহুকাল,
জীবনে মরনে অতি আনমনে
আলপনা কবিতার ।
নত মাথা করে পুষ্প ছড়িয়ে
তরুণের হওয়া যায়,
পূর্ণিমা রাতে জ্যোৎস্মারি রূপে
আলোক বরানো যায় ।
বহু জনমের বাসনার মাঝে
মজ্জেছে মন এক স্বাদে
ছেড়ে সবকিছু, ভুলে রামধনু
অমৃতসদনে যাবে ।
যত কথা আছে অন্তর মাঝে,
তত কি তারকা প্রকৃতিতে ?
শত জোনাকীর আলোর ঝিলিকে
ব্যাকুলতা আসে তামসীতে ।
রস্ত্রে রস্ত্রে অনুভূতি আসে
বিশ্ময়ের এক অবকাশে,
চলে যেতে হবে ভবসংসার ছেড়ে
নটকের এই অবসানে ।
শ্রদ্ধা যতনে ভণ্ডিপরায়ে
সপিয়াছে মন শ্রীহরি পদে,
ঈশ্বর করো প্রভু দিনমনি এসে
দেখিও রাস্তা প্রতি ঈশ্বরে ।

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE- Life is a journey and this poem describes the philosophical aspirations of the human mind as it progresses through this odyssey. At first there is a constant yearning to be righteous. This is then surpassed by a desire to be selfless and helpful just like the full moon so generously gives us light in the darkness of night and the tree contributes to our welfare. This sense is followed by endless universal questions & a craving for enlightenment. Finally one realises that this world is nothing but a stage & one's role in this play may end at any time, but the end can lead to the goal only with total surrender to God.

পরমাত্মাই প্রকৃতি

যুগে যুগে বহু শতক ধরিয়া ধরনীর শত দেশে
প্রশ্ন এসেছে বারে বারে বহু ক্ষনে, পরমাত্মাকে নিয়ে

ভাস্কর যিনি মহান আত্মা প্রকাশিত জনগনে
বিকশিত পরমাত্মা তিনিই প্রকৃতির এই রূপে

আঁখি পল্লব খুলেই প্রকৃতিকে দেখি জন্মদিনের থেকে
প্রকৃতির মাঝে সব জীব আছে অতি আদর আর সোহাগে

প্রকৃতিমন্ডল জীবনবন্ধ আশা ভরসার কক্ষ
ভৃক্ষা মেটায় আহার যোগায় সরিয়ে গ্লানি দুঃখ

প্রকৃতির বুকে ব্যস্ত জীবন হিমসিম জনারন্যে
ছুটি উপভোগ প্রকৃতিরই দেওয়া উপত্যকা জনশূন্যে

মন্ডলে তব সূর্য্য ওঠে সরিয়ে আঁধার দূর
জীবনেতে আনে আশার আলো জাগিয়ে বাঁচার সুর

পরমাত্মাকে বর্ণনা করা কখনই নয় সম্ভব
পরমাত্মাই মহান ব্রহ্ম বাদ বাকি সব দম্ভ

জীবনচক্র ঘুরিতেছে তব পহিয়া অ
পরমাত্মা তুমিই প্রকৃতি, তুমিই ি

Physical manifestation or realm that we see in the cosmic nature
is merely an echo of the infinite truth often called God.

তবু সে সমাজপতি

বর্ষার পরে শরৎ এসেছে নিয়ে শ্মিগ্ধ সুরের হৃন্দ,
জনসমাগমে সভাকক্ষ নেই আর নিশ্চন্দ।
সুধীবৃন্দের কোলাকুলিতে পরিবেশ হয় শুদ্ধ,
বক্তৃতা আর করমদনে নেই আর মন রুদ্ধ।
সভা সমিতির আলোচনাটি যতই এগিয়ে যায়,
মতভেদ আর বচসটি যেন ততই বাড়িতে চাই।
সমালোচনা ও গন্ডনাতে সভা হয়ে যায় ক্ষুব্ধ,
তপ্ত রাগে মন হয়ে যায় ক্রান্ত এবং ভ্রান্ত।
গায়ে দেবে কাঁটা, বুক পাবে ব্যাথা,
তবু কি হবে না লজ্জাতে নত মাথা?
যখন ভুলে গিয়ে এক পাশে ভরপুর দুই নম্বর খাতা,
ফেটে পড়বে সভাকক্ষ সুধীবৃন্দের করতালিতে।
না হয় খাতাটি পাশে ভরপুর তার,
কিন্তু তবু সে সমাজপতি,
তাই ছেড়েছে কলম, শুধু ছাড়ে নি অহং
কেবল বাড়ে তার ভীমরতি।
আর মহারথি সেজে পশ্চাতে থেকে
ভোলে না দেখাতে দুর্বল আর লাজহীন এক ছতি।
আবার ওই সমাজপতির ভগ্নীপতি কিংবা ভহিরাভাই
নামাবলি ছেড়ে গলে টাই ভুলে পহিতারা কসে যায়।
লাগে না ভালো মোটেই এসব ছাই,
তাই ছেড়ে চলো যাই
নিরুপায়ে সভাকক্ষ,
(দেখো) প্রকৃতি রেখেছে মুক্তাঙ্কনে সবুজ সুর আর হৃন্দ,
আছে সভ্য নদীর বন্ধ।

This poem looks at the gross corruption & deceit that occur in politics. It focuses on a congregation where to start with, there seems to be a feeling of unity & warmth. However as the meeting proceeds quite a negative picture emerges when arguments, conflicts & bickering become apparent. The situation becomes worse when even a most dishonest leader with his supporters mesmerises the masses. It is shocking & impossible to accept when the masses applaud these so called leaders disregarding their shameful acts. Finally the poem focuses away from the gathering to the river bank where another beautiful world of peace & bliss exists.



Mrs Chanchal Jain

Mrs. Chanchal Jain was born and brought up in the Punjab State of India where she completed most of her education. She came to Birmingham in 1966 and gained further qualifications from Birmingham University in 1978. A teacher by profession but has also worked in many other sectors in the U.K. She has been writing and reciting poems from her school days. After joining Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham in 2001 her writing has taken a new turn. She is the current President of Indian Ladies Club Birmingham.

सागर की लहरें

चंद्रमा की किरणों की
चाँदनी से चमकती हुई
चाँदी जैसी सागर की लहरें
रात के अँधेरे में
शांत पवन के झोंकों से
धीमे-धीमे आगे बढ़ती हुई
रेत के किनारों तक पहुँच कर
मेरे पावों को छू कर
वापस जा रही जा रहीं हैं।

शांत है ब्रह्मांड, शांत है सागर,
शायद, चंद्रमा की शांत किरणें
चुपके से दूर तक
सागर की गहराइयों में
झाँक कर उन्हें परखने का
प्रयास कर रहीं हों,
शायद, कोई अनजान
जल मंथन करने वाली हो।

क्या सागर अपनी सीमा में रहेगा?
या अपने प्रकोप का प्रदर्शन करेगा?

देख रही हूँ
चाँदनी का प्रकाश
धूमिल पड़ रहा है
चाँदी जैसा चमकता आकाश
एवं हीरों जैसी चमकती लहरें
धूमिल पड़ रही हैं।

रात के अँधेरे में
काली घटाओं के आगमन से
प्रचंड पवन के झोंकों से
काली स्याही की चादर ओढ़े

सागर की बढ़ती लहरें
आलिंगन करना चाहती हैं
अपनी गहराइयों में
छिपाना चाहती हैं
मेरे अशांत अंतर्मन को
शांत करना चाहती हैं

गीली रेत पर बैठी चिंतन कर रही हुई
आती जाती लहरों को गिनती हुई
अनगिनत प्रश्न पूछ रही हूँ
किंतु, कोई उत्तर नहीं मिल रहा है
न सागर की गहराइयों से
न विशाल ब्रह्मांड से
या इस धरती से
जिस पर बैठी मैं
सागर की लहरें गिन रही हूँ।

The Waves of the Ocean

The moon is shining in the sky
The waves of the ocean
Are glittering like silver
Under the bright moonlight

Cool breeze is blowing
The waves of the ocean
Are rising and falling
Coming and going
Touching my feet
As I stand all alone
On the sandy beach

I feel inner joy and happiness
To see the tranquil ocean
And the waves shining like
The clusters of diamonds
Under the magical moonlight

I am spellbound
I feel as if
The moonlight is
Trying to pierce through
The surface of the ocean
Trying to measure
The depth of the ocean
Or trying to find out
Whether there's a storm
Brewing!

The storm!
Will it rise above the surface of the ocean?
Will it disrupt the tranquillity of the universe?
Will it cross the boundaries of the nations?
Create havoc and destroy the peace of the world?
Who knows?

The moon is waning
The moonlight is getting fainter
The sky is enveloping a canopy of clouds
Waves glittering like diamonds
Are getting darker and stronger
Coming faster and faster
To embrace and take me
To the depths of the ocean

Sitting still on the wet sand
Lost in a world of my own
I'm counting the encountering waves
Asking countless questions
But in vain

No one can answer me
Neither the waves of the ocean
Nor the depth of the ocean
Neither the sky
Nor the earth
Or the beach
Where I'm sitting alone
Counting countless waves

मुंबई की एक झलक

मुंबई की खूबसूरत
ऊँची ऊँची आधुनिक
इमारतों के बाहर
टूटे फूटे फुटपाथों पर
छोटे छोटे स्टाल लगाए,
गले में नेकलेस की तरह
छोटा सा मोबाइल लटकाए,
लोग अपना अपना छोटा मोटा
धंधा करने में व्यस्त हैं,
कोई फल और सब्जी-तरकारी
बेच रहे हैं,
कोई पी.सी.ओ. लगाए
बिछड़े दिलों को
जोड़ रहे हैं।

सड़क पर कारों, टैक्सियों और
स्कूटरों की भीड़ में लोग
छह-छह कतारें बनाए एक साथ
एक-एक इंच आगे बढ़ने की
कोशिश में लगे हुए हैं।

फुटपाथ पर ठेले वालों की भीड़ से
सड़क ट्रैफ़िक की भीड़ से
आसमान, शोर और पेट्रोल की
बदबू से तड़प रहा है।

टैक्सी-ड्राइवर बताए जा रहा है:-
'शहर के यह अमीर
भारत को लूट रहे हैं,
देश का धन अपने ऐश के लिए
विदेश भेज रहे हैं,
मुंबई शहर में बिजली
बेदरदी से फूँकी जाती है,
मुंबई शहर के बाहर
गावों में बिजली भी नहीं है,
रहने के लिए अच्छे घर नहीं,
खाने के लिए दो समय का
खाना भी नसीब नहीं होता
लोगों के घर नीकरो के
बल पर चलते हैं
लेकिन, उनकी पगार से

गाँव में बसे परिवार का
पेट भी नहीं भरता।

क्या भारत की उन्नति
आधुनिक संसार में है ?
जहाँ अमीर और ही
अमीर होते जा रहे हैं,
गरीब भूखे ही
मरते जा रहे हैं।

The City of Mumbai

The poem 'Mumbai Ki Ek Jhalak' is about this well-known City which has the rich splendour of high-rising buildings. Foot-paths along those buildings are used by many poor residents who run their meagre businesses to earn their livelihood.

The noise of the high-pitched salesmen and the traffic is overpowering. The over-crowded roads with cars, taxis, scooters, rickshaws and wheel-barrows convert three lanes into five or six, and the people are eager to get out of the traffic-jam.

According to our highly-educated and enlightened taxi-driver, the rich use most of the quota of the electricity whereas some of the neighbouring village have no electricity.

It seems Mumbai is a city of contrasts where the rich are getting richer and the poverty-stricken footpath residents are starving to death.



Mrs. Jai Verma

Mrs. Jai Verma was born in Jiwana and educated at Ragunath Girls' College Meerut, receiving a B.A. in English Literature, Economics and Drawing & Painting. She has been resident in the U.K. for more than thirty years and has worked as a Hindi teacher for fifteen years before becoming a qualified manager for the health service in Nottingham. She is extremely active in promoting Asian art and poetry in the UK, acting as the chairperson of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Trent. Jai is a correspondent for *Pravasi Times* whose poems have been published in various magazines in the U.K. and India. She has organised a number of Asian poetry events, including a Kavi Sammelan in aid of the Asian Tsunami appeal.

एक पल

एक पल के लिए जी लेने दो
एक पल ही तो बस अपना है
इस पल को मुझे छू लेने दो
आसमान से टूटे तारे से पूछा तुम कहाँ से आए
फुर्सत न एक पल की अपनी एक झलक दिखा जाए
तारे ने कहा मैं बहुत दूर से आया हूँ
एक लम्बा सफ़र तय कर आया हूँ
तुमने जो मुझे देखा
बस यही है एक पल मेरा अब न मैं ठहर पाऊँगा,
अंतरिक्ष में कहीं खो जाऊँगा
फिर न कभी किसी को याद आऊँगा
नदी का कल-कल करता पानी अपनी चंचलता दिखलाए
अपनी धुन में बेख़बर एक ही दिशा में बहता जाए
मझधार में डूबे हुए को अगर तिनके का सहारा मिल जाए
एक पल के लिए वही तिनका नाविक की नाव बन जाए
इठलाती-लहराती नदी सागर को मिलने जाए
अपना अस्तित्व भुलाकर वह सागर में खो जाए
उस पल के बाद नदी फिर कभी नदी न कहलाए
आसमाँ की घन-घोर घटा बादल बन कर बरस गयी
बारिस की बूँदें एक पल में नई उमंग जगा गयी
ये भूली-बिसरी बातें मुझे कहाँ से याद आ गयी
गिला, शिकवा और शिकायत समय के साथ मिटा गयी
जीवन की धूप छाँव गुपचुप में खो गयी
बस एक पल के लिए मुस्कान मेरे चेहरे पर आ गयी

A Moment

Let me live this moment
Let me feel this moment
This moment is only mine

A shooting star came across the sky
Its journey covered millions of miles
Its moments glimpse will I cherish
To be then lost in infinity

The river is flowing in union
It winds and entwines
Only to merge with the ocean
It's unaware that it loses its entity

Raindrops escape from the dark clouds
To create new hope
The forgotten memories are flooding back
All anguish and pain are behind me

As life's ups and downs are lost in silence and then
That moment's happiness embraces me

अगला कदम रखें किधर

चल रहे थे कभी रेत पर और कभी जमीं पर
बिछी हुई थी फूलों की दरी राह पर
पाँव रखते ही अहसास हो गया उस पर
फूलों के साथ-साथ काँटों की थी डगर
काँटों की चुभन की क्या शिकवा कर
ये तो फितरत है काँटों की चुभन सहन कर
फूलों ने मगर जब दिखाया अपना रंग
तब समझ न आया कि पाँव किधर रख
गुलाब और खुशबू से महका था चमन
चाँद तारों से झिलमिल करता था गगन
उम्मीद के सूरज की नज़र आती थी किरन
मगर बार-बार याद आती रही काँटे की चुभन
पलक झपकते ही गुज़र गया वक्त जैसे लगा कर पर
रोशनी में आ गये हम अँधेरों से निकल कर
लेकिन अब तक न समझे कि अगला कदम रखें किधर
गलीचे पर जमीं पर या रेत पर

Footsteps

I have walked on sand and the ground
The path was as soft as the carpet of flowers
On the first step I realised at once
Life is not just a bed of roses without thorns
Why would we complain of pain
From thorns, that much we expect
It was when I saw flowers change colours
That I didn't know where to turn
The gardens glowed with scent of flowers
The sky was shining with the moon and stars
My heart could see some rays of hope
But I still remember the pain of that thorn
Time passed like it had wings
Our mind has enlightened
But still I wonder where next to go
On land, carpet or sand

कहाँ जा रहे हो

कहाँ जा रहे हो?

किधर जा रहे हो?

चुपके से किसी ने ऐसे पुकारा
सरे राह हमको सबा ने सवांरा
जीवन में हमने देखा है अक्सर
सुबह होती है शामे-दामन पकड़ कर
मौका मिला जिंदगी में कभी
बस माँग सकते हो एक ही वर
बेझिझक तुम्हें माँग लेंगे हम
दुनियाँ के नबी दुनियाँ की नज़र
कदम चार चलकर न होगा बयाँ
चाहें पहुँच जायें क्षितिज के उस पार
ज़मीं आसमां मिलते हैं जहाँ
मिलन सात रंगो का होता है वहाँ
रात में सोते हैं इस उम्मीद से हम
बिखरी हो सुबह एक सुनहरी किरण
दिलों में प्यार दोस्ती का सबक
खुशबू से महका हो हमारा चमन

नबी--पैगम्बर, सबा--हवा, सरे राह--रास्ते में, नौबहार--बसंत

The Journey

The wind whispered
Gently in my ear
Where are you going
What is your desire
I have seen the circle of life
Darkness leads to the light
If I had an eternal wish
From God or human
Without hesitation
It will only be you
Kings came and emperors followed
They all have to cross difficult paths
They became history in the memory of mankind
Life is a beginning of an endless journey
At the horizon earth meets the sky
Glories of seven colours merge in a rainbow
With this thought we go to sleep
Morning will be a ray of hope
Hearts will be filled with love and friendship
Scents of the garden will bring springtime hope

ऐसा क्यों

आसमाँ के रंग बदलते हैं क्यों ?
कहकशाँ इतनी दूरी पर होते हैं क्यों ?
जमीं घूमती है सूर्य के चारों तरफ
चाँद भी घूमता है धरा की तरफ
अँधेरा अच्छा लगता है सितारों के लिए
अन्यथा सितारें चमकते नहीं
खुद व खुद खींच लेगी चाहत मेरी
कशिश है जैसे जमीं में भरी
चाँद को रात में खो जाने दो
सुबह के सुनहरी रंग बिखर जाने दो
परछाइयाँ भी अब तो बढ़ने लगी
तन्हाइयों की बेइंतहा होने लगी
इल्म नहीं है तुम्हें मेरे इंतज़ार का
शुरू हो गया यह सिलसिला प्यार का

Why?

Why do the colours of the sky change
And why is happiness so out of range

The earth revolves around the sun
And the moon then paces the earth

The stars shine brighter in the dark sky
To spread glow to the galaxy

My love will bring you closer
Like the earth's magnet keeps it together

Let the moon lose itself in the night
Let the day scatter the golden light

The shadows are getting longer
For a zenith now I have lingered

You do not know I am waiting
And that this is the beginning
Of love



Dr. Jugnu Mahajan

Dr. Jugnu Mahajan writes poetry in Hindi, Urdu and English. She writes on all aspects of life and her poetry reflects her vast experience in dealing with people across the continents. She is a Paediatrician by profession and writing poetry is her hobby. She is an active member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Trent.

यादें

एक भूले से नाम को उसने पुकारा
यादों के बादलों ने मुझे आ घेरा
एक सुरीली आवाज़ का संगीत झंकारा
एक नूपुर की छनक ने किया इशारा
आँखों के आगे आया एक तपता चौबारा
अल्हड दिनों में खिलखिलाता एक चेहरा
दिल जब हम दोनों का था आबारा
एक सफ़र जो हमने साथ था गुज़ारा
कठिन राहों में तब था एक दूसरे का सहारा
आज वो साथ नहीं रहा हमारा
फिर भी ख़्वाबों में आता है वह चेहरा
रात के आसमाँ में नज़र आता है सितारा
अतीत का आलम हो जाता है सुनहरा
ख़्वाबों की कश्ती को मिल जाता है किनारा
और फिर समय के साथ भूल जाता है वह नाम तुम्हारा

Memories

I heard someone call a forgotten name
Old memories came rushing in my mind frame
I heard the sounds of the ankle bells
And saw the sights of hot roads & wells
I pictured that laughter filled youthful face
My heart started beating out of pace
I remembered the difficult days of youth
Memories of times of careless sleuth
Times when there was no worry or bother
Times when we were for each other
I dream of your face lit like the guiding star
Beautiful serene like the morning flower
And then I wake up to life mundane
Again your name is lost down memory lane

जब देस जाओ

अबके जब देस जाओ
एक मेरा काम करके आना
उस सुनहरी धूप की
एक चंचल किरन घुरा लाना
गंगा कि लहरों पर दीप नाव बहा आना
हर सिंगार के फूलों की खुशबू साँसों में बसा लाना
अबके जब देस जाओ
एक मेरा काम करके आना
सावन की पहली बूँद को पलकों पर बसा लाना
इंद्रधनुषी रंगों को पलकों में छुपा लाना
आरती के सुनाद को मन मंदिर में समा लाना
स्नेहिल आँखों से छलका प्यार दिल में बसा लाना
जल्दी वापिस आने का वादा माँ से करके आना
अबके जब देस जाओ
एक मेरा काम करके आना

Bring back for me....

To my country when you go this year
Bring me back a few things my dear

Bring me a ray of that golden sunshine
Along with the colours of the evening sky
Fill your breath with scent of Har Singar flowering
Bring me the sounds of Arti in the morning
Come with unconditional eternal love filled in your
heart

Bring me the look in her eyes as you part
Bring me the cool light of the full moon
& promise the mother that you'll be back soon

To my country when you go this year
Bring me back a few things my dear



Mrs. Kalpana Ganguly

Mrs. Kalpana Ganguly was born and brought up in East Africa where she was a teacher for a number of years. She came to the U.K. over thirty years ago. Apart from being a Civil Servant, she is involved in various community projects. Her love for poetry reigns supreme. She is a founding member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham and has recited poems on the stage on a number of occasions.

DREAM

Congregation
Integration
Globalization
A dream
A noble dream at that

Congregation
Compassion
Meditation
Self- realisation

No parameters
No linguistics
No multi linguistics
Just love linguistics

Benevolence
Silence
Tolerance
Make the noble dream of
"Vasundhare Kutumbukam"

The integration
as real as
the five elements:
Air, Earth, Fire, Water, the Sun

FRIENDS IN THE GARDEN

She was an only child
They always made allowances
For this lonely child-----
When she talked about fairies
They nodded and humoured her

She knew what she saw-
They couldn't see
In her secret garden
Multicoloured geraniums
Brightened up her lonely days

Creeping jasmine took her to childhood days
She used to talk to the fairy
At the bottom of her garden
Memories are now like hazy negatives
Subject in the picture gets distorted
Like an out of focus print

NEVER ALONE

She always sat as she sat by the pond
Reflecting and pondering
How transient everything was
Goldfish there just swimming round
As though searching for soul-mate
Who was no more there
Leaves on the trees were changing colours
As they always did
Squirrels searching for nuts
That they always hid
Songs that birds are singing
At times lamenting
Surely frogs in the pond will be droning
When she will be sleeping
Doctors had diagnosed her suffering
And that was big 'C'---
Macmilan Nurse will be here to see
How she was coping
She never feels alone or lonely
Her laughter now is tinged with tears
Loss of all that gives her joy
Will be the only cause of her sorrow

TAINTED DREAM

I painted me a dream
Taking colours from Nature
From Nature I took colours
Took orange from the Sun
And painted friendship's warmth
Took red from the sun-set
For the glow of love
From the fields, with green
I painted eternal relationships
Took silver-white from the clouds
To paint serenity and calm
Never did I take the grey
From the clouds
And yet my dream was splashed with dull-grey
But then
It was a dream that was painted



Dr. Krishna Kumar

Dr. Krishna Kumar was born and educated in India and the U.K. He 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. Dr. Kumar has published three anthologies of Hindi poetry and edited three anthologies of multilingual poems, including their translation/gist in English, of Gitanjali members. Dr. Kumar initiated many novel programmes to promote Indian culture and languages in the U.K. He is the recipient of many honours and awards in the UK and India. In 2005 he conceived and implemented "International Multilingual Symposium IMS 2005".

दो और छह (सुनामी I)

दो औ छह के
गैठबंधन से
है छब्बीस बनाया इसने
पिछले कुछ वर्षों से जिसने
हर इंसां की
नींद उड़ा दी
और बढ़ा दी
उलझन उसकी ।
करता है संकेत
निरंतर-

'तुम प्रकृति के
साथ हो लो
छोड़ दो उससे लड़ाई
औ बुझाओ आग
जो तुमने लगाई ।
अन्यथा जल-मग्न होगा
यह धरातल
विष्णु होंगे
शेष शैय्या पर विराजित
और विस्मित हो खड़ी
यह मनुज रचना
मूलतः होगी पराजित' ।

नवसदी के आगमन का
विश्व ने स्वागत किया

जो किया
अच्छा किया
पर अपरिचित सा रहा वह
प्रकृति की नव योजना से
कर दिया प्रारम्भ इसने
क्रोध अपना अब प्रदर्शन
जनवरी छब्बीस को
था भुज्ज का भूचाल आया
हर तरफ़ केवल तबाही
सैकड़ों की मौत लाया ।
क्रम तबाही का हुआ आरम्भ
वर्ष कैसा था भयावह ?
सहस्र दो अरु एक का ।
माह सेप्टेम्बर
इसी तारीख को
चेन्नई में फिर
वही भूचाल आया
कर दिया विध्वंस
जिसने शहर का ।
छब्बीस का भीषण क़हर
चलता रहा,
चीन, जापां और न्यूजीलैंड में
ईरान में भी
फिर वही भूचाल आया
हर तरफ़ केवल तबाही

साथ लाया ।
 किन्तु मानव ने
 न इससे सीख ली
 वह प्रकृति पर
 जुल्म बस करता रहा
 बन हठी वह
 स्वयं को छलता रहा ।
 फिर इसी तारीख को
 माह अन्तिम
 और पिछले वर्ष में
 विश्व का सबसे
 बड़ा भूचाल आया
 औ सुनामी लहर की
 आगोश में
 जगत का हर व्यक्ति आया ।
 सहम कर
 बैठा हुआ
 हर व्यक्ति है
 प्रकृति के आक्रोश से
 क्या करे वह
 समझ में आता नहीं
 नीतियाँ अरु अस्त्र सारे
 व्यर्थ है
 नाशकर्ता यह
 कोई सद्दाम,
 या लादेन नहीं
 ईराक या अफ़गाँ नहीं
 अन्याय के आधार पर
 जिनको मिटाया जा सके ।

प्रकृति के आगे हमें
 झुकना पड़ेगा
 प्रकृति का सम्मान
 करना ही पड़ेगा
 मात्र जल का असर
 देखा है अभी
 पवन के संग अनल
 पर खामोश है ।
 समय थोड़ा ही
 बचा है पास में
 अन्यथा अब
 हाथ मलना ही पड़ेगा ।

Two and Six (Tsunami 1)

The union of two and six
Results in twenty-six.
For years it has been
destroying peoples sleep,
And intensifying their anxieties.
It continues to point out
'Align with the Nature,
Stop conflict with it, and
Extinguish the fire which has been set'.
Otherwise, dissolution of the world,
Is certain.
Lord Vishnu will sleep (*1)", and
The entire creation of "Manu (*2)"
Will stand defeated.
The world did well by
Welcoming the emergence of the
New millennium, but
Was totally oblivious of
Nature's new plans.
It started to demonstrate its resentment -
And on twenty-sixth January
Arrived the earth-quake in "Bhujj", which
Resulted in massive destruction all around.
Thousands of people died.
What a dreadful year
Two thousand and one was?
Which Initiated a series of destruction.
Again on the same date,
In September (2001)
The same earth-quake
Destroyed the city of Chennai.
And brought terrible destruction in
China, Japan, New Zealand
And Iran.
But human beings
Learnt nothing from these.
And continued their atrocities
On the mother Nature, and

Obstinate humanbeings continued
To deceive themselves.
Then again, on the same date in
December two thousand and four
The deadliest earth-quake ever
Struck the Humanity.
The "Tsunami" engulfed, almost
Each and every person of the world.
Almost everyone is, now, frightened
With the anger of Nature, and
Know not what needs done.
Rules, logic and weapons
Are of no use, as
This destructor is neither
Saddam nor Bin Ladden,
Iraq or Afgan
Which could be eliminated
On the pretext of injustice to mankind.
We will have to surrender
To Nature
We will have to respect
The Nature.
We have seen the awesome impact
Of water as yet,
The fire combined with the wind
Is quiet at the moment.

To put things right
Only a little time is
Available at hand, otherwise
We will be left,
Wringing our hands.

(*1) Name of a thousand headed snake, regarded as the symbol of eternity, on which Vishnu sleeps throughout periods of dissolution of the world.

(*2) Name of the man regarded as the progenitor of the world and its inhabitants, seen as a son or personification of Brahma.

सुनामी 2

दो औ छह के
इन अंकों में
क्यों ऐसा आक्रोश
भरा है
क्यों ऐसा बारूद
भरा है
तहस नहस सब कुछ करने का
लगता इसने
ठान लिया है ।
पहले इसने की बरबादी
भुज्ज में भूचाल बन कर
पलक मारते ही
लाखों को निगल लिया इसने
अजगर सा
काल रहा सब
खड़ा देखता
विस्मित इक
छोटे बच्चे सा ।
कैसे लिखी
विधाता तुमने
एक समय पर
इतनी मौते
कैसे यह
सम्भव कर पाए
नटनागर तुम
कुछ तो बोलो
जीवन और मृत्यु का शाश्वत

समीकरण
मिथ्या लगता है।
दो औ छह के
उस ताण्डव से
लोग अभी भी सम्भल रहे थे
यादों के धुंधले पर्दों पर
चित्र नए कुछ
खींच रहे थे ।
उसने फिर से करवट ले ली
अन्त वर्ष का आते आते
पहन सुनामी का
अब चोला
इंसानों की
नींद उड़ा दी
सौम्य, धीरी, गम्भीर समुन्दर
तुमने क्यों
मर्यादा छोड़ी
होड़ लगा ली
क्यों धरती से
जिसने जुल्म
सदा ढाने में
सभी नीतियाँ
जग की छोड़ी
कब तक यह चलता जाएगा?
औ
अनर्थ होता जाएगा ।
दो औ छह के

गँठबंधन से
हर मानव भयभीत खड़ा है
किंकर्तव्य विमूढ़ पड़ा है ।
भय लगता है
कल क्या होगा
सोच सोच
मन चुप रोता है
किन्तु सोचने से क्या होगा
जो भी होगा
अच्छा होगा
यही प्रकृति है
यही नियति है
आत्म समर्पण
करना होगा
भारत का इतिहास पुरातन
सदियों से चलता आया है
यदा कदा थोड़ा सा गिर कर
केवल इसको
उठना आया है ।

Tsunami 2

Why digits like
Two and six are full of anger,
Why digits like
Two and six are full of explosive.
Determined they appear
To destroy the universe.
First it did the destruction in Bhuj
As an earth-quake, and
Within no time
Like a python, it swallowed
Millions of people, and
The TIME, just kept on watching
Like a terrified child.
Oh God! How could you do it
So many deaths at one time
Oh Creator! How could you let it happen.
Please do say something,
As the equator
Life and death
Appears false.
People were trying to come to terms with
The "Tandava(*)" of two and six
And on the misty curtains of their memory,
They were trying to sketch
A new painting ~~~~~
The Nature again turned over, and
By the end of the year two thousand and four

It wore a long-gown of "Tsunami"
To destroy human sleep.

Oh Sea ! patient, placid and dignified,
Why did you give up your noble custom?
Why did you start to compete with the earth?
Which abandoned the principles of the world
In perpetrating wrong.
How long will it continue? and
How long this futality will last?
With this union of two and six
Humans are terrified, and
Uncertain what to do?
Afraid, what will happen tomorrow?
Thinking about it
The heart silently cries.
But by mere thinking nothing will happen
What ever will happen
Will happen for a good
This is Nature, and
Destiny too.
We will have to surrender.
The old history of India,
Has been repeating itself for centuries.
Sometimes, after a little fall,
It really knows how to rise again.

(*) Mythical dance of destruction by Lord Shiva.



Mr. Narender Grover

Mr. Narender Grover was born in Lahore (now in Pakistan) and moved to India during partition of the country. He was educated in India and the U.K. He started writing poetry in Hindustani at the age of seventeen. His poems have been published in India and also in the U.K. After becoming a member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham, he again started writing poetry after a gap of many years. Narender is equally keen in theatre and vocal and Indian instrumental music.

विरह

कट रही पल पल जवानी आह भरती
आज तुम मेरे हृदय का भार ढो लो ।

कौन है जो नयन में तुझको छुपाए
कौन है जो पीर में ढलता ही जाए
कौन पोंछेगा छलकते अश्रु तेरे
मुख छुपा कर शाम घन में और रो लो ।

भर दिया आंगन विरह के गीत गा गा
मिट गया भंवरा मिलन की आस करता
सो न पाई रात सुन तेरी व्यथा को
और कुछ पल ज़िंदगी का भार ढो लो ।

तुम हंसो न मूक ही जीवन बिता दो
बढ़ रही उपा की लाली को मिटा दो
तुम कली रह शूल ही से प्यार कर लो
मृत्यु जल से ज़िंदगी गुल आज धो लो ।

हर किरण आई नया श्रृंगार ले कर
मुख उगा लेकिन निशा की भोर लेकर
तुम रहो मदमस्त जीवन की डगर में
इस स्वपन की आड़ में कुछ और सो लो ।

Virah

Love enriches life and yet it loses all meaning, depth and dimension when the lover goes away leaving behind his beloved to face the heartaches and pain of separation. Suddenly life becomes very dull and dreary and loses all its charm. The fragrance parts away from the flowers, the little rainbows disappear from the delicate dew drops nestling on the soft rose petals. The rhythm, sound and beat turn into sighs, pain and grief. Her forlorn lover has no body to return and share pangs of separation. In desperation he turns to the cloud in the sky to share his pangs of love which the separation of love has brought upon him.

दीप शिखा

गई रात सपनों में देखा
गई रात खल्वों में आए
गई रात मिल नदी किनारे
जाने कितने दीप जलाए ।

गई रात जब नदी किनारे
चन्दा ने चूमा लहरों को
चाँदी में लिपटी लहरों ने
मधुर मधुर मल्हार सुनाए ।

गई रात कण कण में मेरे
एक नई ज्वाला विचलित थी
गई रात उर के दर्पण में
सोए भाव उमड़ते आए ।

गई रात प्रियतम ने मुझको
बांध लिया नूतन बंधन में
गई रात जब मिले स्वास स्वर
मिल वह दीप शिखा बन पाए ।

गई रात कंपित अधरों पर
खेल गई ज्वाला जीवन की
गई रात जाने कितने ही
गीत नए हम ने जनमाए ।

Deep Shikha

From the first moment when human heart felt the stir of emotion in it, there came along the sense of deep longing to be with the loved one. The soft cuddly arms around you, the warmth and smell of your lover's body and breath sparks such human dreams and emotions which know no bounds. Deep Shikha is the expression of such a fantasy which is real pulsating and throbbing for a pining heart.

ادھوری ملاقات

بہت خوش ہوئے اُن سے مل کے تو ہم
فسانے لیوں تک تو آئے اُمڑ
تری چشمِ نم آج بھی نم رہی
ملے ہم تو سکتے کا عالم رہا
مگر بات دل میں چھپی رہ گئی
سُفینے کنا روں سے ٹکرا گئے
مرے آسودوں میں کمی رہ گئی
ہم سفر تو نہ وہ بن سکے
ہمیں عشق کی جَبتو رہ گئی
چلے گام دو اُن سے مل کے تو ہم
منزل مری دُور تر رہ گئی

Adhoori Mulakat

In this poem the poet depicts the scene when two lovers meet after a long separation forced upon them by the circumstances. They are overwhelmed with emotions and just stare into each others eyes without saying anything. Those precious moments fly away very quickly and once again their eyes are full of tears and thus long goodbye lingers on.

دعائیں

اللہ ہمیشہ تمکبان ہو تیرا
نہ دامن کبھی تیرا کاٹوں سے اُلجھے
وہ کل تک جو میرے چمن کی کلی تھی
ہواؤں میں پیغامِ اُلفت بھرا ہے
بہاریں رہیں تیرے قدموں میں ہر دم
جدھر سے تو گزرتے مہک ہو گلگوں کی
ترے پیارے ہاتھوں میں مہندی لگی ہے
تری مانگ تاروں سے ساجن سجائے
یوں دامن ترا موتیوں سے وہ بھر دے
مری تو دعائیں ترے ساتھ ہر دم

کوئی غم کبھی تجھکو چھوئے نہ پائے
تری راہ پھولوں سے موٹی سجائے
وہ گلشن کی اب باغباں ہو گیء ہے
مری آنکھ خوشیوں سے نم ہو گی ہے
خزاں تیرا آنچل کبھی چھوئے نہ پائے
تری راہ میں پھول کھلتے ہی جائیں
جنا کا نیا رنگ چڑھتا ہی جائے
ترے ہاتھ کی مہندی گھلنے نہ پائے
تری مشکلیں ساری آسان کر دے
خدا تیرے دامن کو خوشیوں سے بھر دے

Blessings

This poem depicts feelings of the parents of the bride, when their daughter is getting married. Here the parents wish that may God shower on their daughter with his blessings. They pray for her well being and prosperity and wish the Almighty to save her from all ills and misfortunes and grant her a blissful married life.



Mr. Peter Isacke

Mr. Peter Isacke was born in 1952 and lives in Birmingham. He was educated at Bournville Arts College, Birmingham College of Dramatic Art and Birmingham University. He founded Sutton Coldfield Poetry Group in 1970 and the Apple and Mirror Poetry Group in 1984. Peter is a full time professional poet. So far he has published eight anthologies of poems in English. The most recent of his anthologies include "The Turkey Hall in 2004 and Angel of The Lost and Found in 2005"

Hills Above Bucknell

Those jets that cut into the Shropshire hillside peace
are like demons teeth.
They disturb my quiet!
Roaring across birdsong and cock call
destroying the natural settled calm of the countryside here.
They carry destruction mindlessly
and are flown by clown-like American soldiers
who feel, no doubt, that they are doing what is necessary;
smart, tough soldiers of hard grins and habits
but as shallow and disturbing as the jets they fly!
Why must such severe sound tear the landscape
and raw beauty of rural Shropshire?
Why must terror shock our hearing, taste and smell with
thoughts of
death and absolute destruction!
There are people and innocent animals living here,
below their thunderous pollution!

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The Church

Was dedicated to St Julian in twelfth century.
It is grinning with gargoyles.
Shadows creep around wilderness of graveyard
as thick thick white frost clings to wet
thin fingers of green grass.
The church is lying in state,
dark in silhouette against skyline
smelling of musty centuries-
reverent damp, cold stone odours.
The church stands gaunt through November rain,
strong through ferocious winds like an iron factory,
it rises stark in cold night air,
the Moon ... a white mouth behind it,
silence and hundreds of ghosts are there.
Spiders scuttle, ancient pews creak, stain glass windows
display exquisite lights when kissed by sun.
Kneeling people sometimes pray; outside headstones
hold deep sentiments and death dates.
The church is turreted with rutted stone
and stands for England with huge 'E'.
A large black bible lies open at the Book Daniel.
The warden holds in high regard
anything that lies down with lions!
The church is without vicar
but choir-boys will come on Sunday
from scant of village beyond scant of wood
and aged Mrs Spiers will cough into her prayer book,
as a visiting priest asks God to "deliver us from Evil."

Church houses rare tombs
held through four centuries as if ageless - de Morrison
memorials!
Ten carved children kneel at their feet,
hands held in stone prayer;
and 'very charitable in life' read Latin words on tomb.
Americans will, come Summer, take brass rubbings
from the neighbouring vault,
and their little children will skate up the aisle.
The church has four walls surrounding,
and four angels fly above the tower,
while beyond, in sodden meadows a cold grey horse,
tosses his mane.



Mr. Rajni Roy

Mr. Rajni Roy was born in Tanzania and studied at Hull University and Lincoln's Inn London to get a First in the degree of Barrister-at-Law. He retired from UCE in Birmingham in 1993. Rajni has written and published widely in Law but his passion lies in Bridge and Poetry. He is an active member of Cannon Poets and Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham.

I FEEL

When I am with you

I FEEL

able, balmy

calm, daring

ecstatic, fine

glad, and ready

for go

happy, idolised

jolly, kind, loving

Yes, loving and loved.

Young, half my age

and zippy too

I FEEL BAD

When I am not with you

When

I keep you late

suffocate you

get you mad

get you stressed

I ALWAYS FEEL

I care

I love you

and I do not

ever want to

part from you

LOVE

Love is like the Moon
waxes and wanes
has tides and ebbs.
Love is like sea
some times stormy
at times calm.
Love is like air
present everywhere
necessary for all.
Love is like the Sun
lighting up life
everyone loved or loving.
Love is cerebral
restless like our mind
always ticking.
Love is a roller-coaster
of emotions up and down
with a jaunty ride.
Love is experience
we all want
even if it does not last.
Love is *sine qua non*
without it
life would be dull.
Love is music
always welcome
listen with your heart.
Love is a rainbow
capture its glorious colours
before it fades.
Love is happiness
enjoy it- do not
let it pass you by.
Love is like life
you will
never know it all.

MOTHER

'Ma', Mum, Mamma,
Mom, Mater, Mother
You will never be gone.
You lived and you died
for your nine children
giving each one
all of your love
always, all of your life.

When you loved, you divided
your life into nine whole ones
and when you left us suddenly
still loving us all
you divided your eternal soul
into nine loving clones, your children;
each one your good image and yet
individually different and unique.

Mum you are immortal
you always will be :
your eternal love
will rise again and again
through your children, grand children
always loving always keeping
the torch of love alight.
I see love alive in my grandchildren.

Mum, and all mothers every where
we respect and remember you all;
this and every other Mothers' Day
till the end of mankind.
One can have love from many
but only, one mum each
there never will be two for the price
of one 'delivery' !!

WALK

Walk
Walk on
Through each
Day of life

Life is for
Living one
Minute, one hour
One day, at a time

You can't live
Two of any at one time
Nor can you live
To-morrow to-day

Yesterday is history
To-morrow is unborn
So WALK and LIVE
Each moment to-day

WALK on
LIVE at a pace
Live each day
As if it was your last

Then you
Would have lived
All moments, whole
Of your life
At its best.



Mrs.Rama Joshi

Mrs.Rama Joshi was born and educated to postgraduate level in India and worked as a lecturer in English before coming to the U.K. in 1968. In the U.K. she gained a further postgraduate degree in Social Sciences. She has worked as a teacher, a community relations officer and a senior lecturer in the education department. She has been actively involved in various community projects. Rama was appointed as the first Asian Justice of Peace in Birmingham in 1973. She has been writing short stories and poems in Hindi since her college days. Her creative writing was revived after having joined Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle. Some of her poems have been published in various literary magazines in India and the U.K.

विदेशी (धरती) माँ

तू मेरी जन्म-भूमि नहीं
मेरे बच्चों की जन्म — भूमि है
तेरा मेरा तो गहरा नाता है
तेरी धरती पर सालों साल
बहुत कुछ पाया मैंने

तन के लिए ही नहीं
मन के लिए भी

तन मन की तपन को ठंडा करने वाली
तेरी सुखद हरियाली
तेरी प्यार से भिगाने वाली — बरसात
भिगाये सारा साल

कभी कभी उगने वाली
तेरी धूप के क्या कहने
ऐसी चमकदार और ताज़ा
जी चाहे डिब्बों में भर लो
और छुपा छुपा के रखो

इसी धूप की आस में
कितनी काली राते — अँधियारे दिन
एक से लगने वाले — रात और दिन
बीत जाते हैं

तेरी शांत नीली गर्मी की शामें
मानो कहती हैं
इतना लम्बा दिन है
अब तो कुछ कर लो

तेरी ऊँची नीची धरती
मुझे अब अपनी सी लगती है
तेरा प्यार — दुलार मुझ तक पहुँचता है
जैसे तू मेरे कदमों को पहचानती है.....

तू मेरी जन्मभूमि नहीं
मेरे बच्चों की जन्म भूमि है
तेरा मेरा तो गहरा नाता है.....

Alien Mother Earth

The poet says this land is not my motherland but my children's motherland, so she feels a deep connection with it. This land had fulfilled her mental and physical needs and she feels it has bestowed its riches on her. She relishes its beautiful seasons as they all seem to have a special message. The beautiful rain, the greenery, the fresh sparkling sunshine, and the dark nights- she has come to appreciate them all. Its uneven ground now seems to recognise her footsteps. It seems to have adopted her.

बचपन का घर

घर ईंट और पत्थर
सब वही हैं
पर लोग जो इसे सीमेंट की तरह जोड़ते थे
बिखर गए हैं
अब यह घर घर नहीं

एक वक्त की मार खाया मकान है
जिसका हर एक निशान
हर एक घाव
साफ़ नज़र आता है

कितना रोष आता है
इसके टूटने पर
क्यों ठीक नहीं करते
इसके दोष

फिर सोचती हूँ
यह घर चाहे
टूट कर दोबारा भी बने
यह अब कभी
मेरा घर नहीं बन पाएगा।

Childhood home

Bricks and mortar of this house
Are the same
But the people
Who cemented it together
Are no longer here
This place now is not a home
But a dilapidated house

Feeling annoyed and upset
I want its imperfections
Remedied
Then I realise
This house may be rebuilt
As new
It will never again
Become my home

प्रकृति और मैं

सजी-धजी है प्रकृति
डाली डाली पक्षी हैं झूमें
नया हो कर आया है दिन

हरी घास फूलों को दुलारे
नहा-धो कर आया है आकाश
रोज की चहल-पहल शुरू

तुम भी
सज धज के
तन कस के
लिए मन बस में
दुनिया का सामना करो

साँस लिए
आस लिए
जियो

प्रभु ने जीवन दिया है
प्रभु ने जीवन दिया है

Nature and myself

The poet observes how nature rejuvenates itself everyday-how it appears new and fresh and the bird-life is one with it. Observing all this, the poet resolves to learn from nature, to get adorned, to be mentally and physically fit to face the world- and enjoy life- God's greatest gift.

बीत गया

बीत गया — बीत गया
एक और दिन
कल आएँगा
मैं रहूँ न रहूँ
समय रहेगा
और रहेंगे — रात दिन

जानते हैं
समय ऐसा ही न रह पायेगा
ये ही पल बीत जायें
तो इनका मूल्य बढ़ जायेगा

आने वाले लोग
बीते समय पर तरस खायेंगे
कैसे लोग थे — बेचारे
पिछड़े — भोले — अनजान
आज हम भी तो

अपने कारनामों पर
फूले नहीं समाते हैं
आज जहाँ है
समय के साथ हैं
बराबर पाँव बढ़ाते
भले कितना ही दौड़ें
समय हमें पीछे छोड़ जायेगा

बीत गया — बीत गया
एक और दिन.....

The passing of time

Time flows as days and nights and tomorrow is assured. People come and go but time stays on. We all know-time always looks good with hindsight.

The future generations will always look at times past as backward and undeveloped and the people who were living then as old fashioned and quaint.

Living in the present- we take pride in our achievements and feel even ahead of our time.



Mr. R. K. Mahan

Mr. R.K. Mahan, Hind Ratna and Justice of Peace, was born and educated in India. After having worked for seven years in India, he emigrated to the U.K. in 1967 and made West Midland as his home. Until late 1980s he was very active in Indian Overseas Congress, U.K. He is actively involved in various Indian community programmes and generously supports them. He has been writing poetry in Urdu since his school days. Mr. Mahan is an ardent supporter of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle and its programmes.

محبت کے رنگ

اب کے برس بہار کا کچھ اور رنگ ہے - چشمِ فلک بھی دیکھ کر دنیا کو دنگ ہے
ساتھی نے کیا پلا دیا ہے اپنے زند کو - مستی میں جھومنے لگا ہر انگ انگ ہے
تیرے بغیر کرتا ہوں محسوس اس طرح - جیسے فضا میں بھٹکی ہوئی اک پتنگ ہے
نرگس نے دیکھا اور گل تر نے یہ کہا - کیا مے کدے کا سا قیا اپنا ہی دھنگ ہے
ناز وادا اٹھائیں گے اس بے وفا کے ہم - یہ وقت کا مزاج ہے دل کی امنگ ہے
اک عمر تک تو ناز اٹھا تے رہے مہمان - اب تو محض یہ فرض و محبت کی جنگ ہے

Impact of love

This time spring has different shades
The marvels at greener glades
What a wine in glass has the Sakee girl
Served to this client ?
For the man swings in each limb
To the tune of the serving maid !
Without you I feel like a kite in the wind !
Even the Nargis blossom said " your style is unique " !
For long we have pampered the coquette disloyal
Now Mahan , the battle is only for the playful fun !!

بہکاوا

دھرم کی آڑ میں تو نے خدا کو بیچ ڈالا ہے
اندھیرے ہیں تیرے دل میں دکھاوے تو اجالا ہے
ترے مستک کا یہ ٹیکا کسی کے خون کا قطرہ ہے
تو گانے گیت بھگتی کے خدا کو تجھ سے خطرہ ہے
تو دیکھ باتھ کی ریکھا کبھی کنڈلی ملانے تو
یقین خود پر نہیں تجھ کو زمانے کو جھٹلانے تو
ترے سودھے ہوئے جوڑے الگ ہیں یاد کرتے ہیں
خدا کی مار ہو تجھ پر یہی فریاد کرتے ہیں
سنبھل جا وقت ہے آپیں کسی کی بااثر ہوں گی
ترے جیون کی پھر گھڑیاں تجھی پہ تنگ تر ہوں گی

Illusion

Watch out ! - in the garb of religion what profit you raise,

Even God is in danger from your songs of praise !

You are turning " dawn " into " dark " ,

And your " anoint" into blood"

People s plea into curse ,

Clear vision into mud !!!

Hark , mend your ways,

Lest your breath turns into craze !!!!

بندش

نہ ساون ہونہ پھا دوں ہونہ پت جھڑ ہو بنا بندی
بنا شمش وقمر کے بھی نہ ہودن رات کی بندی
محبت بھی ہے اک بندی عداوت بھی ہے اک بندی
وفا بھی تو ہے اک بندی جفا بھی تو ہے اک بندی
ادب سے پوچھتا ہوں آپ سے اک بات آساں سی
کیا ماں ہوتی بہن ہوتی یا پیاری ساس بن بندی
بشر تو اک بشر ہے اس کا بھی اک نام ہوتا ہے
پکاریں نام سے ہر کو میاں یہ بھی تو اک بندی
نشہ بندی جمہ بندی سرحد بندی نظر بندی
بنا بندی کے ہو جاتی جہاں بھر کی فضا گندی
دھرم بھی تو ہے اک بندی کرم بھی تو ہے اک بندی
جو سچ پوچھو تو ساری کائنات اللہ کی بندی

Limitations

Could spring , autumn day or noon ,
Seasons order , or the sun and the moon ,
Loyalty , love freedom or hate ,
Happen without an order of restraint ?
Mother , sister or relations in - laws
Fame or name or power in paws !
Could they happen without limit or tact ,
Could religion , deed or a caring act ,
Work without Almighty s limit of fact ?

کتھا

اندھیرے میں اگلے جو تلاش ہے وہی بند
تصور میں سمیٹے جو حقیقت کا حسین پھندا
مقدر سے لڑے اور وقت کی رفتار سے غافل
اسے ہی جان پڑتا ہے محبت کا عجب دھندا

اے تاجر دیکھ لے تیری تجارت خون سے لدھ پتھ ہے
سکون نہ لحد میں پائے گا جیسی تیری فطرت ہے
گرا کر بمب معصوموں کا قتل عام کرتا ہے
چچیرے کو بنا ظالم اسی پروار کرتا ہے

سمئے ذرا شرما کر
سمئے ذرا شرما کر کیا خوب لگے ہے - پیغام محبت ہے دیا ایسا لگے ہے

Verse

One who seeks light in the dark is a real being ,
One who sorts truth in fancy s trap is a seemly brim.
One who fights with destiny while with time unconcerned ,
He recognise such an act , love s miraculous trim !

Sher

My dear, love was bashful, O what a sight
It appears as though she conveyed her love



Mr.Sarvesh Saini

Mr.Sarvesh Saini, an Indian civil servant of 1985 batch, has been associated with the activities of Gitanjali ever since he came to the UK in 2002. He writes in Hindustani, except an occasional dab in English. His other interest lies in painting and he has held a few successful exhibitions of paintings both in India and the UK. His 'Tarukathaa' series of paintings on trees in Indian Mythology has been well received in India and the UK. The subject of his ongoing contemplation and painting is 'Navgrahahs'- nine planets in Indian Mythology.

थैला

दिल्ली से दुबई, दुबई से मुम्बई,
रेल की रफ्तार, या इक्के पे सवार ।
थामे ये हाथ, हर सफर में साथ ।
थैले की आज हर जगह ज़रूरत है ।
कश्मीर की वादी, बेटी की शादी,
दाऊ जी का घेवर, मेहरा के जेवर,
आशिक की यारी, मंडी से तरकारी,
ब्रिटेन से रज़ाई, माँ की दवाई,
बाटा की सेल, बच्चों की रेल,
टॉयलेट का रोल खोले सभी पोल ।
चलना थैलों की फ़ितरत है ।
तभी तो है थैले दुनियाँ में फैले ।
चलें हम कदम, पैरों ज़्यादा दिमाग़ों से कम ।

इस थैले में घर से मिठाई आई है ।
खामोश सी दस्तक, कलेजे में टीस,
होंठों का कम्पन, पेशानी पे चुम्बन,
ठिठके थे पांव, याद आया गाँव
सूनी सी आँखें, दरिया सा प्यार,
दिमाग़ों की जीत, दिलों की हार ।
साथ में इक स्वेटर भी है ।

दिल की सारी गर्मी को गूँथ कर इसे बनाया है,
उन्ही हाथों की दुआ ही शायद इस सर्दी की दवा है ।
ऊन तो इक बहाना है
बस सब बलाओं से बचाना है ।
ये जो भी बताया है, इसी थैले में आया है
थैले ने भी गज़ब का दिल पाया है,
दिखने में बौना, पर समुन्दर समाया है ।

शहर का छोर, लावारिस से ढोर,
मंडराते से गिद्ध, कुत्तों की होड़ ।
लगता है थैले का आखिरी पड़ाव आया है !
नहीं जानते शायद !
मानस की जात, हिकारत की लात,
नन्हे से हाथ, चिपकी सी आँत ।
बीन कर ढेर से इन्ही नन्हे हाथों ने इसे निकाला,
और इक बड़े से थैले में इसको डाला ।
यही थैला ही देगा अब इस नन्हे मुँह को निवाला ।

Thaila

This poem uses the imagery of an ordinary carrier bag to convey a host of societal images back home.

The opening lines convey the extraordinary mobility, use, importance and relevance of an ordinary commonplace item like a bag. This gives a flavour of the society that provides the setting for the poem.

The poem then moves on to capture the ethos and sensitivity of the families caught in the cycle of mobility and immigration, both in country and overseas. The reluctant move away from the dear ones is seen as a sort of rationalization that gets better of the emotions.

The closing lines are a contrast to the opening opulence and flamboyance and reflect the utter neglect and callousness to which the childhood is subjected to and the contempt shown to millions of poor and needy.

गलीचा

नया दौर, नई धोर, नया ढंग, नए रंग
वही ताना, वही बाना, पर कच्चे रंग, मोह भंग ।
सुन, यह इक तारीखी फसाना है,
गलीचा तो बस इन्सानी रिश्तों का पैमाना है ।
हाथों में पले, कई रंगों में ढले,
रहते हैं आखिर पैरों के तले ।
पैरों में नमी न दिलों में गर्मी,
हाथों में कंगन आरसी को तलाशें
आइना है गलीचा पर कौन इसमें झांके !
रिश्तों की यह अजब बेबसी है,
गलीचा तो है, ज़मी पर नहीं है ।
गलीचों की जिन्स पे न जा,
सिर्फ इनकी हालत और मजबूरी पे तरस खा ।
मैंने आज जिस भी गलीचे को उठाया है,
खाली गर्द की पतों में लिपटे बेशुमार जज़्बातों को पाया ।
लाखों दहलीजों ने इसी कहानी को दोहराया है,
दरवाजों के बाहर चिथड़ों के ढेरों को,
बस तुनक मिजाज़ी का मोहताज ही पाया है ।
चार दिवारी से भी छोटा हुआ सब्र का सिमटा दायरा,
रिश्तों की कश्मकश से लबालब,
बड़ी पोशीदगी के साथ, गलीचे के हाथ,

सरका देता है,
 हर वो अहसास-ओ-जज़्बात जो हो नागवारा ।
 गलीचा तो बेचारा है खुद ही से हारा ।
 देख गलीचे की कैसी बेबस ये सूरत है,
 होगा दरवाजे के बाहर,
 बस हल्की ठोकर की ज़रूरत है ।
 शायद है दादी का वो गलीचा नुमायाँ,
 कभी दस्तरख़ान कभी बिस्तर बनाया,
 शायद का साथी, कभी था मुस्सलाह,
 ख़ों का आशीश, रहमत-ए-अल्लाह ।
 नेवाले और इबादत की पाकीज़गी के दम,
 कच्ची सी डोर से थे बंधे सब कदम,
 ख़दों से वाकिफ़, भटकन थी कम ।
 भौंखों से कतरा गर बाहर भी आया,
 गलीचे के गर्म आगोश में समाया ।
 गांधी न हृद दिलों को मनाया,
 ना ही सीखा, तभी सब था पाया ।
 दादी का वो इक गलीचा नुमायाँ !
 गही ताना, वही बाना, घिसे से फूल, पर पक्के रंग ।
 झूलहे की गर्मी, ठंडी सी छांव,
 गहत भरे दिल, धरती पे पांव ।
 गही ताना, वही बाना,
 मनोखे ये रंग-सभी तो हैं संग ।

Galeecha

This poem in Hindustani mirrors human relationships. The poem opens in a modern setting portraying the vivid colours of life. 'Galeecha' a carpet or a rug is used as a symbol to reflect a contrasting view of relationships.

In the modern context the relationships are shown as fragile without being grounded in culture and devoid of any rooted value pattern. The gender neutral fracture in relationships and ensuing emotional distress is conveyed through the carpet imagery.

Contrasted to this are the trust, emotional bond, security and relative permanence of relationships rooted in tradition based on mutual understanding, sacrifice, sharing and caring. Through the imagery of a rug a tapestry of warmth of home and hearth and, in turn, of lasting relationships is woven.



Dr. S.N. Basu

Dr. Sekhar Nath Basu was born in Kolkota (India) and has lived in the U.K. for the last three decades. He is a Physician by profession but poet by obsession. He has published two anthologies (collection of poems in Bengali) and also produced an audio cassette. Dr. Basu is an active member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham.

কবিতা

গভীর নৈঃশব্দে হারিয়ে না গেলে
কবিতার কথা আসবে কি করে?
ভাঙ্গা স্বপ্নের টুকরোয় রক্তাক্ত না হোলে
কবিতার রঙ আসবে কি করে?
হৃদস্পন্দনের ছন্দে মাতাল না হোলে
কবিতার তাল আসবে কি করে?
ঝড়-বৃষ্টি-রোদে-জলে না ডিজলে
কবিতার স্বাদ আসবে কি করে?
কবিতার শুরু থেকে সারা সব কিছুতেই তুমি না থাকলে
কবিতা, কবিতা হবে কি করে?

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

মা

আমি বারবার আকাশের কাছে ছুটে গেছি বিস্তৃতির জন্য,
আমি বারবার পাহাড়ের কাছে ছুটে গেছি স্থিতির জন্য,
আমি বারবার সমুদ্রের কাছে ছুটে গেছি গভীরতার জন্য,
আমি বারবার গাছের কাছে ছুটে গেছি ছায়ার জন্য
আমি বারবার মাটির কাছে ছুটে গেছি দয়ার জন্য।
এত ছোটোছুটিতে ক্লান্ত আমি।
সব কিছুই এক নিমেষে পেয়েছি
যখন মাগো, তোমার কোলে মাথা রেখেছি।

Mother

Many a times I

Looked upto the sky to sense its vastness
Ran upto the mountain to acquire its stability
Ran upto the sea to feel its depth
Ran upto the tree to enjoy its shade
Prayed to earth for its forgiveness.
After all my efforts I am tired now.
But I attained everything
As soon as my head touched your lap.

তুমি আমাকে

তুমি আমাকে এত উচ্চতা দিও না

আমি সূর্য হোয়ে জ্বলে যাবো।

তুমি আমাকে এত রঙীন কোর না

আমি রামধনু হোয়ে মিলিয়ে যাবো।

তুমি আমাকে এত প্রেম দিও না

আমি মোম হোয়ে গলে যাবো।

যদি পারো তোমার আমার অনুভূতির মাঝে

পালক, পালক স্বপ্নের সেতু বেঁধো,

তবেই আকাশ হোয়ে রয়ে যাবো, আকাশ হোয়ে রয়ে যাবো।

Don't put me on such a high pedestal, I will blaze like the sun. Don't paint me with so many colours, I will disappear like a rainbow. Don't shower me with so much love, I will melt like a candle. If you can just fill our hearts with soft feathery dreams, only then we will remain forever like the sky.

যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো
রামধনু নয়,
দিনরাতের আকাশ হোয়ে এসো
যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।
বন্যা নয়,
বোশেখ শাওনের নদী হোয়ে এসো
যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।
গাছ নয়,
পাতলা ঘন ছায়া হোয়ে এসো
যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।
ফুল নয়,
আবছা লাজুক সৌরভ হোয়ে এসো
যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।
ঠিকানা নয়,
চেনা অচেনা পথ হোয়ে এসো
যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।
বিচার নয়,
ছোট বড় ক্ষমা হোয়ে এসো
যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।
স্মৃতি নয়,
চেতন অবচেতনের স্বপ্ন হোয়ে এসো
যদি ভালোবেসে থাকো।

If you love me....

If you love me
be my sky
not rainbow,
be my silence
not echo,
be my path
not address,
be my sun
not shadow.
Let's be "us"
not you and me
If you love me.....



Mrs. Swaran Talwar

Mrs. Swaran Talwar was born and brought up in India, obtained a B.Ed degree from Delhi University and further academic qualification from Birmingham University. She is a retired teacher by profession and has had many prestigious positions in various social and cultural groups. Swaran has worked as a freelance artist for B.B.C. Television. As an amateur poetess she has enjoyed participating in literary activities of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle and Kriti UK. Her poems and stories have been published in various literary books and magazines in the U.K. and India.

रेखाएं

उभरती रेखाएँ, सिमटती रेखाएँ
बनती रेखाएँ, मिटती रेखाएँ
हाथों की रेखाएँ, मस्तक की रेखाएँ
या कल्पना में यादों की रेखाएँ !

ज्योतिष रेखाएँ
क्षैतिज रेखाएँ
ऊर्ध्व रेखाएँ !

हो मांग की रेखा
या हो लक्ष्मण रेखा
अदभुत चमत्कार है इनका

समानांतर रेखाएँ सत्य कहती हैं
कि मिलन भले न हो पर साथ तो चलेंगे !
लक्ष्मण रेखा कहती है सब कुछ सीमित है
कि सीमाओं में ही रहना जीवन है !

क्षितिज रेखा भ्रम में डालती रहेगी
जीवन है भ्रमजाल और मायाजाल
गणित की रेखाओं जैसे
एक एक बिन्दु से जुड़कर
बन जाते हैं रिश्ते
इन्हीं रेखाओं के बीच घिरा रहता है मानव जीवन !

LINES

Bright lines and Faint lines
Developing and Disappearing lines,
Vertical, Horizontal, Converging,
Diverging and Parallel lines,
Lakshaman Rekha
(Boundry Line Of Protection)
Sindoor Rekha
(Symbolic Line of marriage)
Mayavi Rekha
(Mystical horizon)
Time lines of Memory Lane,
Dot by Dot all lines Are formed,
The journey of our life,
Follows the line of KARMA
Fate and Destiny

परिभाषा

भूकम्प से, सैलाब से
या सूखे के प्रहार से
धर्म जाति और भाषा के नाम
या हिंसा के प्रकोप से
जिसका भी खून बहा
जहाँ भी बहा.....
रंग तो उसका लाल ही है

आह की भाषा क्या है ?
पीड़ा की लिपि क्या है ?
घावों का कौन सा व्याकरण है ?
इक्कीसवीं शताब्दी में
विज्ञान के चमत्कारों से गर्वित मानव,
तुम्हारी सभ्यता की परिभाषा क्या है

Definition

Earthquake, Flood or suicide Bomber,
Whatever the reason.
Calamity of nature
Or
Violence by man
Story of bloodshed----
Tears, pain, sorrow, wounds and suffering
What script, grammar or words to choose?
To define -----
The definition of our Twenty First Century Civilization.

मृगतृष्णा

युगों-युगों से मौन खड़े पर्वत
देखते बदलों की ओर
काश ! वह भी स्वच्छन्द होकर
उमड़ते, घुमड़ते, गरजते, बरसते
सिमटते, उभरते विचरते रहें
असीम गगन में चारों दिशा ओर !

कभी साकार होकर तो कभी निराकार होकर
भ्रम में डालते जो भी निहारता उनकी ओर ।

पर्वतों की गोद में जन्म लेकर नदी
धारा बनके धरती के आगन में बही !

कितने गांव और नगर बसे उसके तट पर
देवी समझ करने लगे पूजने भक्तजन ।

सोचती रहती फिर भी न जाने क्यों नदी
सागर में मिल जाना मेरी विवशता नहीं ?

अस्तित्व को खोना मेरी भक्ति नहीं, मुक्ति नहीं
काश मैं भी उमड़ते, घुमड़ते, गरजते
बरसते, सिमटते, उभरते बादलों की तरह
स्वच्छन्द होकर असीम गगन में विचरती रहती..!

Mirage

The silent mountain gazes at the sky,
And desires to be free,
Like the clouds which float along the horizon.
Their random metamorphosis creates infinite illusions for the
human mind.

A river is born in the bosom of this mountain.
As it glides and meanders along its course,
the river feels liberated
Like the clouds, drifting in the sky.

As the river ends its journey, it is robbed of its identity
When it merges and unites with the sea.
So like the mountain, the river also longs to be a metamorphosis
Cloud, Dancing and twirling across the horizon.

Note: Sometimes in life we wish we could go back and change
the course of events. I have tried to express this universal
human emotion, by using the desires of a mountain and
river as examples of these aspirations.

दर्पण

बरसों से कमरे की दीवार पर टंगा दर्पण,
आज गिर कर दो हिस्सों में टूट गया है।

मैंने उसे जोड़ जाड़ कर,
फिर से टांग दिया है।

दर्पण के बीच दरार पड़ गई है,
जो मेरे प्रतिबिम्ब को दो हिस्सों में बांट रही है।

कहते हैं दर्पण कभी झूठ नहीं बोलता
तो क्या ?

मैं भी दो हिस्सों में बंट गया हूँ।
मेरी भावनाएं मेरे अनुभव, मेरी आशाएं और कामनाएं
अब आधी दायें और आधी बांयी ओर रहेंगी।

वैसे जीवन में सब कुछ पूरा-पूरा कहां मिलता है
बंट जाता है सब कुछ टुकड़ों में ।

आधा, चौथाई, तीन चौथाई या तिहाई
और फिर धीरे-धीरे सब घटता रहता है
और बढ़ता रहता है एक शून्य की ओर।।

MIRROR

It is truly said ----
The mirror never tells lie.
My reflection in the broken mirror
Is divided into two parts.

The mirror represents the
Fragile nature of life.
Life is a continuous process
Of Addition, Subtraction,
Multiplication and Division.

Everything reduced to half, one third,
Quarter and eventually to a naught.
Life is a mystery
May be a naught for nothingness
Leads to complete fulfilment.



Mr. Somdutt Sharma

Mr. Somdutt Sharma was born in 1950 in India. He has a M.A. in Hindi and is trained Yoga teacher. Mr. Sharma, who is a priest by profession, has taught Hindi and Yoga in many countries including Singapore. Mr. Sharma is an author of many books dealing with Indian heritage and culture. He is an active member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Trent.

आनन्द

जैसे हो आनन्द मीन को, अथाह सागर में ।
मणि से हो जैसे कि आनन्द अहि फण में ॥
चन्द्रमा के सामने चकोर को आनन्द जैसे ।
जैसे हो आनन्द युवती को आभूषण में ॥
प्रजा को आनन्द जैसे प्रजाप्रिय राजा से हो ।
दयानन्द को आनन्द जैसे गुरु के चरण में ॥
रंक को आनन्द जैसे राजनिधि पाए से हो ।
योगी को आनन्द जैसे ओऽम की शरण में ॥
“सोम” को आनन्द जैसे वेदामृत पान से हो ।
वैसे है आनन्द वैदिक धर्म के वरण से ॥

Contented

Like fish is contented in the deep sea
The cobra is proud of its “mani”
Like the nightingale is singing happily around the moon
The maiden's jewellery is her boon.
As subjects adore their kind ruler
“Dayanand” is blissful of his teacher's feet
As wealth gives pleasure to the beggar
The “yogi” derives happiness from 'Aum'
As religion is inseparable with scriptures
“Som” is merged in the Vedas.

हाय आसार फिर

हाय आसार फिर मरने के हुए जाते हैं,
और हम धूप की भांति ही ढले जाते हैं ॥
मोह माया के नशे में है हम डूबे हुए ।
सपने में भी न सोचा कि लुटे जाते हैं ॥
चांदनी आ गई कहती है कि दिल साफ़ करो ।
वर्ना पड़ता है ग्रहण चन्द्र ढके जाते हैं ॥
इतना समझाया फिर भी न समझ आया है ।
जिन्दगी को व्यर्थ में ही लोग जिए जाते हैं ।
शर्म तो यह है कि सब जान के अनजान हुए ।
और आखिर इसी दौलत पे मरे जाते हैं ॥
“सोम” तृष्णा न थकी, मन न थका अभी तक भी ।
हम थके, तन भी थका और प्राण थके जाते हैं ॥

Hai Aasar Phir

Signs of life are near
I am going down like a sunset.

Intoxicated with wordly pleasures
I didn't envisage the end is so near.

The moonlight is beckoning to bath your soul
As the eclipse is drawing close
Even after being fully aware
Life was led in vain.

It is a pity that people are oblivious
That wealth is not here to stay
I am tired, the soul is tired
"Som", but the thirst is there
The longing is there.



Dr.Vandana Mukesh Sharma

Dr. Vandana M. Sharma was born and educated in India and the U.K. She has lived in the U.K. with her family for the last three years. Vandana has received various awards in India for her literary contributions to Hindi language. She is fluent in Hindi (native language), Marathi and English. She is very keen in all forms of Art and so is her family. Her poems in Hindi have been published in various magazines in India and the U.K. As the Secretary of the organising committee of IMS 2005 Dr. Sharma made a significant contribution to its success in 2005. She has been an active member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham, since May 2004.

आदमी

सहेजे सहजता
बंद बक्से में,
हँसी पर लगा कर ताला ।
भीतर से खौलते,
बोलों को तौलते,
मुस्कुराहटें ओढ़े हुए
कैसे जोश से
मिलते हैं गले
मेरे अपने
कितने अपने ?

Man (Aadmi)

Aadmi is a small poem throwing light on everyday hypocrisy and artificiality of man. It tries to read through the layers of made up smiles to decipher a cold and artificial self.

पीड़ा

अपने घर से दूर पुनः,
मैं तिनका-तिनका जोड़ रही ।
देश छोड़ परदेस गयी,
पीड़ा फिर भी मौन रही ।

कहते हैं जो करता ईश्वर
भला उसी में तेरा है ।
मन को यह समझा पाना
कितना कठिन और दुश्कर है।

जीवन में हर परिवर्तन,
कुछ नया सिखाने आता है ।
स्वीकार करें, हर परिवर्तन,
मजबूत बनाने आता है ।

अपने घर से दूर पुनः,
मैं तिनका-तिनका जोड़ रही ।
देश छोड़ परदेस गयी,
पीड़ा फिर भी मौन रही ।

यदि यह सच है तो,
क्यों मन आशंकित हो उठता ।
क्यों सही गलत के गुणा-भाग में,
उलझा-उलझा जाता ।

Pain (Peera)

This poem, written in Hindi, is an expression of the pain of an immigrant. An immigrant, moving away from home for various reasons, suffers in silence. There, however, is a consolation amidst all this pain, that of gaining in experience and enriching through change, an eternal truth of life. Even this truth, at times, fails to allay fears and doubts. In the end, the poem moves towards an acceptance of destiny.

ज़िंदगी

दायरो में बंधे हम
अपने ही बनाए,
मकड़जालों में जूझते अकारण
कसमसाते/छटपटाते
और बंधते ही जाते
मुक्ति की कामना लिए,
पंखहीन पाखी
की पीड़ा भोगते ।

Life (Zindgi)

This small poem in Hindi is a reflection of self-created vicious cycle of everyday living from where there is no escape. The more one wants to free oneself, the more is one drawn into it.

सुनामी

समय-समय पर	समझती है ।
प्रकृति	शायद अब समझ लें
नूतन पाठ पढ़ाती है	वह सब करती है,
तुम कितने निर्बल हो	किंतु विज्ञान के गुमान में चूर
इसका प्रमाण दिखलाती है	आज का मशीनी मानव
क्या करें?	कभी पिता के सिर
तुम्हारी याददाश्त का	तो कभी माता की छाती पर
भूल शीघ्र सब जाते हो ।	झूठी विजय के
फिर पुनः उसी की छाती पर	झंडे गाड़ता है ।
तुम दलते रहते मूंग सदा ।	तब प्रचण्ड हो कुपित प्रकृति
रौदते हो, खोदते हो,	चण्डी बन जाती है ।
कभी तेल तो कभी,	कभी भूकम्प, बाढ़ या
रत्नों की खानें ।	सुनामी बन
वह माँ है, धरित्री है	कहर ढहाती है ।

Sunami (Tsunami)

This poem describes the reasons behind all natural calamities. All such occasional incidents are a pointer towards man's mindless exploitation of nature. Man's endeavour has been to defeat nature through science, by ripping through the mother earth or by trying to conquer the skies. Nature expresses its wrath through earthquakes, floods or a Tsunami.



Mrs. Vibha Cale

Mrs. Vibha Cale is an academician who is settled in West Midlands. She was educated in India and the U.K. and is a Lecturer by profession. Along with many other volunteer roles in different establishments, she is, at present, serving as a College Governor. She has been writing poetry in English and also in Hindi since her school days. After becoming a member of Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle, Birmingham she got motivated to write in Punjabi as well.

गर्वित पराजिता

जल कर दिए की लौ सी
तेरे मन मंदिर में समाना चाहा !
पल दो पल के लिए शायद
तूने भी धरा से उठाना चाहा !!
यह क्षणिक सम्मान
तड़प कर लौ ने अपनाना चाहा ॥
पर
हाय! बाती का गर्व
मंदिर से पावन भाव बिना
जल जल कर मर जाना चाहा !!

पाकर क्षणिक सम्मान
न हो पराजित गर्व मेरा
इसीलिए तो शाश्वत
जल रही गर्वित पराजिता !!

Garvit Prajita

It's a poem about a proud person who despite the temptations would not compromise and accept her rights in half measures. She strives to be in the company of her beloved but without requisite emotion, respect and status in society - nothing can tempt her to indulge in momentary pleasures. So she feels defeated but lives with dignity and integrity.

पागल

क्षुब्ध हुआ, चिल्लाया था मैं
जब किसी ने कहा था
'तुम तो पागल हो
हर हाथ मिलाने वाले को
दोस्त समझ लेते हो'।

पर आज मैं विक्षिप्त नहीं हुआ
न चिल्लाया
जब रात भर आलिंगन बढ़ रहने के बाद
सुबह पूछा तुमने मेरा परिचय ।

बलात्कार से बढ़ कर लगा
विश्वास का यह वस्त्रहरण॥

पर
मैं नहीं रोया, न चिल्लाया, न क्षुब्ध हुआ
बस किंवदन्ती विमूढ़ देखता रह गया।
फिर थोड़ा मुस्काया
और किया भरपूर अट्ठहास॥

ऐसी विडम्बनाओं पर
अट्ठहास ही तो करते हैं पागल
और तुम सच कहते थे
मैं पागल हूँ
हर हाथ मिलाने वाले को
दोस्त समझ लेता हूँ॥

Paagal

I went mad when for the first time you called me mad (Stupid)
Coz' I'd trust anyone.
But today- I didn't feel flustered or angry
When after all those passionate interactions
You were so indifferent to me.

What did It feel like is beyond words
But I did not get angry or shout at you.
As I was so shocked
All I could do was just smile n then laugh

Yes! Mad men laugh no matter what
And you were right when you said
I'm mad that I trust everyone so easily.

ਬਚਪਨ (ਗੁੱਡੋ)

ਅੱਜ ਗੁੱਡੋ ਨੇ ਫ਼ੇਰ ਹੈ ਮੇਰਾ ਸ਼ਾਲ ਮੋਡੇ ਤੇ ਪਾਇਆ!
ਅਡਿਆਂ ਚੁਕ-ਚੁਕ ਮਿਨਦੀ ਕੱਦ ਨੂੰ, ਇਕ ਹੋਰ ਜਨਮਦਿਨ ਆਇਆ!!
ਵੱਡੀ ਹੋਜਾਂ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਪਲਾਂ ਵਿਚ, ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ ਚਾਓ ਹੈ ਛਾਇਆ!
ਕਿੱਦਾਂ ਦੱਸਾਂ ਭੋਲੀ ਰੂਹ ਨੂੰ, ਕਿਣਾਂ ਕੀਮਤੀ ਇਹ ਬੱਚਪਨ ਦਾ ਸਰਮਾਇਆ!!

ਜੀ ਕਰਦਾ ਹੈ ਮਾਰ ਓਡਾਰੀ ਪਾਰ ਸਮੁੰਦਰੋਂ ਜਾਂਵਾਂ!
ਇਕ ਵਾਰ ਫ਼ਿਰ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਗੀਟੇ, ਤੇ ਓੱਚਿਆਂ ਪੀਂਗਾਂ ਪਾਂਵਾਂ!!
ਫ਼ੇਰ ਮਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਚੋਰੀ-ਚੋਰੀ, ਅੰਬਿਆਂ ਤੋੜਨ ਜਾਂਵਾਂ!
ਫ਼ੇਰ ਵੀਰੇ ਨੂੰ ਮੱਖਨ ਵਾਲੀ ਚੂਰੀ ਕੁੱਟ ਖੁਆਵਾਂ!!

ਜਾਗਦੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਵੇਖਾਂ ਸੁਪਣੇਂ, ਓਹ ਬਚਪਨ ਮੋੜ ਲਿਆਵਾਂ,
ਬਚਪਨ ਹੈ ਕੈਸਾ ਸਰਮਾਇਆ, ਕਿਵੇਂ ਗੁੱਡੋ ਨੂੰ ਸਮਝਾਵਾਂ!!

The title of the poem, I've given, is 'Bachpan' meaning Childhood. These few lines are, in fact, a nostalgic expression. The poet sees a little girl dressing up in her mom's saree, walking in high heels, pretending to be tall and grown up & starts reminiscing about her own childhood days. She, in her minds eyes, sees herself playing with her mates, riding high on swings, enjoying her success in stealthily going out to mango-groves, yearning for the return of those carefree days. And wonders how to tell the child that 'the period which child can't wait to grow out of- is this golden childhood period only'.

Double standards

(Egotistical existence)

I CAN

I can argue on any topic,
 can give logical explanations
I can wait till eternity
for an opportunity to show what all I can do.

I can promise to stand by my friends
Can make promises to sacrifice my life for them

In my poems, I can elevate my fiancé to the sky.
Do not look at me with distrusting eyes.

I can live my life under the cover of gentility
I can lick the dirty hands of politics in the privacy
And in the daylight I can shout slogans of piety
I can go through all this like an bystander (without involvement)

Don't look at me as if I'm not a complete Man.
I can satisfy the physical needs as well as
can sing the lofty songs of spiritualism.
I can live the hypocritical life of a gentleman
And can do all the acts of a rogue.

I can facilitate anyone to see the dreams of pure love
And then have the nerve to crush them with my lust.
I have the substance.

Perhaps your definitions are not right
Me, me, oh I can do a lot.

I can make promises and then have the courage to break them.
I have the skills of living a life with double standards.



Dr. Vikas Singhal

Dr. Vikas Singhal belongs to Muzaffarnagar in Northern U.P. and after completing his schooling from Doon school, Dehradun, and Delhi Public School, did his M.B.B.S. from Maulana Azad Medical College, New Delhi. He then came to U.K. in 2002 to pursue further training in surgery. He has been a member of Gitanjali Multi-lingual Literary Circle, Nottingham, Trent, since April 2004 and writes in English and Hindi.

HIM

There he was, When I saw him walking away.
“Hey! Hey!”, I shouted, “For a while here do stay.”
“No No”, he said “I mustn't, I can't,
For this is not doomsday.”

“Hey!”, I said, “You must be so old and yet You look so young,
And you speak to me even though you don't have a tongue.”
I asked him, “What is your age,
And how long have you been on this world's stage?”

And he suddenly seemed so interested,
As if in the midst of Sahara, water he had tasted.
And then he began to tell me probably a trillion year old tale,
But not in any moment did it seem stale.

“Ha! Ha!”, he said, “I've been here since the sun and the moon,
And ever since the winds began to swoon,
I've seen the craters cool,
And it was I who took Rama and Krishna to school.”

“I have seen the Himalayas rock in Earth's cradle,
And I saw Jesus take birth in a stable.
I have seen civilization take birth,
And I saw a bomb turn Hiroshima into dirt.”

He told me he had seen men live and seen men die,
And there had been some, time and again, whose memories
made him cry.
And he said to me that he had seen men dying before they ever
lived,
And a few who lived before they died.

He sounded philosophical, and I got confused,
Getting bored I tried to change the mood.
I said to him, “You've seen generations change over the years,
To see the sorry state of things now, does it not bring you tears?”

“No, no,” he said, “It is as it should be,
For there to be a future, there must be some history.
For it is the present generation which dictates what the future
one would do,
And why should then there be much ado.”

“No, no”, I said, “how can it all be right?
You mean to say all people have genuine reasons to fight,
Do you mean to say my life is predicted,
and I cannot change things, and I should adapt to survive?”

“No, no”, he said, “That is not what I meant,
You can change everything if you have a desire and if you are
confident,
And if you can change things, you can change me too,
But if you can't change me, I will change you.”

And then I asked him one last question.
I said, “Tell me truly, Do you never stop, for no one,
“No No”, he said “I mustn't, I can't,
For life must go on, and this is not doomsday.”

“Ha! Ha!”, I said, “What are you prophesying?
You haven't even been guessing,
For the past hour you've stopped for me,
While the clock still goes on ticking.”

The Jungle goes to Elections

T' was the fateful December day,
When the winter Sun shivered to stay,
And when even the winds shirked from responsibility,
Then from somewhere amongst the firm trees came cries of
"Democracy, Democracy, Democracy...."

"We have had enough,
There is no water in the trough,
We have been tried and tested,
There are so few trees where our children can be nested."

"Our King the Lion sleeps,
Except when for our dead ones he weeps,
And then there is no compensation to those dear,
Except for the funeral costs which he by eating the dead does bear."

And thus amidst much uproar,
The Lion King was awakened and brought to the fore,
And all those who mattered were called,
To decide the fate of the jungle which had ever since been thus mauled.

The Lion king stood up in defence,
Frightened all the deer hastened behind the fence,
T' was then that the Lion king cried,
"To live for the cause of the jungle my generations have sacrificed,

And to salvage our lost pride,
Day and night have I tried,
I have held peaceful conferences and tried to communicate,
That if he our neighbour does not from his activities refrain then we
will retaliate,

Yet to our cries he turns a deaf ear,
And then maybe the human ears are not meant to hear.
So much to him have I tried to explain,
But he seems foolish for it all goes in vain.

To him have I tried to reason,
That our and his protectors the trees should not be subject to such
treason,
And to live peacefully is our right,
And to put our heads on his wall is not the humane way to show his
might.

And now, if you still put me to blame,
I will gladly step down from your service I claim."
But the people appeared much moved,
And they happily shed down a tear or two.

Just as things looked once again under control,
With nobody else having to play any other role,
T' was then that the Fox, the Tiger, and the Elephant rose,
To once again bring the forgotten issues before.

And then the Fox sighed,
"Friends, Indians, and junglemen,
Our honourable the Lion king,
Has very beautifully learnt to sing,

But we cannot put the bones of our grievances to rest,
And we cannot forget that our lives have been an acid test.
So let us vote to elect,
An animal of the people, by the people, and for the people.

And if you do thoughtfully choose me the Fox,
I will make sure that every household will keep doors open to all,
without a lock.
I will reserve the green grass for the Deer,
And the fox community can in me their own voices hear."

The Elephant could stay quiet no longer,
"Than the Fox", he said, "I am stronger.
I am the leader who can give a stable government,
To meet any challenges ahead in the firmament."

And then came the Tiger's turn,
"Vote for me and you will get your return,
For I promise drastic population reducing measures,
And to increase Life Expectancy I will personally turn vegetarian."

And thus T' was that the jungle went to elections,
To choose their leader,
Their voice, their vision,
Of the people, by the people, and for the people.

THE RUN

I tried hard to run away,
Beyond their reach and away,
But they were soon catching upon me,
To hold me in their bondage.

Mile after mile I ran,
Sea after sea I swam,
I hid my face,
And washed my hands.

But they were still close,
As to run faster I choose,
But to no avail,
As they were already upon my tail.

I closed my ears and shut my eyes,
And recited some verses to scare them away;
But they had already entered my mind,
As no freedom I could find.

They made me burn,
They used me,
They commanded me,
They thus tricked me.

Oh! How could I run away,
And what if they followed me beyond death?
I might as well stop running,
Turn and face,
And try to hold my thoughts instead.

THE VILLAGER

He was walking down the side of the river when I first saw him,
A villager from the mountainside of course,
Evidently with no fancies and no whim,
He walked on unhazed and undisturbed,
As I rest my curious eyes upon him.

He looked poor,
And what he wore was probably his only pair of clothes to wear,
A labourer or a porter by profession,
And maybe never having heard of the invention of the television.

At first thought, I was pitiful of his state,
Oh! Why were so many men born to such a fate?
To live he fought,
On every moment of life, it seems death he sought.

For a moment he had indeed,
Disturbed my beautiful vision of nature,
Oh! Why should I choose to worry about his future,
Worry about a speck in my grand vision of Himalayas,
With the sunshine fast fading from the silvery mountain tops.

Pine trees stand over the hill,
As folded hands in homage to some divinity,
As the radiant blue sky stretches its arms to infinity.
Emerald green water in waves climbs the stubborn rocks,
But, Oh! Again the thought of the lonely small man,
Comes back to me and, at me mocks.

I take another look at him,
As he in his path has much progressed,
I fix my gaze upon him awhile,
As he walks on, in a calm, merry and tranquil style.

Whom I see now, is a man at peace with himself,
Above him the mountains rise,
Below him the river falls,
Behind him is shadowed no past,
And future lies in his days meal,
Which he works for in his present.

I watch him place his foot,
Every step almost measured,
Ignorant to money, ignorant to worry,
A life many would have treasured.
As men seek this nature to discover a greater purpose to their
lives,
This man knows his, as to earn his days meal, he happily strives.

Oh! But how unholy this man, how unspiritual,
Perhaps he goes to no temple, reads no scripture,
Performs no rites or ritual,
But in God he believes,
For, his belief, his faith, his hope, is his God.

Oh! He is so selfish,
From God he hopes, as to be able to live he does wish,
He is so unlike us,
We who ask God to rid us of all worry, only to live a happy life.

Oh! But he dreams so little,
And little is but the purpose of his life,
So unlike us, who know not little of the big purpose of our lives,
We who know not and have not learnt to live
And give others the underprivileged an opportunity to live.

I look at the man again,
As he walks with the gushing torrent,
Under the shadow of he mountain.
He is now almost out of my view,
He walks on, into his future, unhazed and undisturbed,
As I rest my jealous eyes upon him.



Mrs. Rama Joshi

Mrs. Rama Joshi was born and educated to postgraduate level in India and worked as a lecturer in English before coming to the U.K in 1968. In the U.K. she gained a further postgraduate degree in Social Sciences. She has worked as a teacher, a community relations officer and a senior lecturer in the education department. She has been actively involved in various community projects. Rama Joshi was appointed as the first Asian Justice of Peace in Birmingham in 1973. She has been writing short stories and poems in Hindi since her college days. Her creative writing was revived after having joined Gitanjali Multilingual Literary Circle. Some of her poems have been published in various literary magazines in India and the U.K.

Rama Joshi has been actively involved in various community projects dealing with women and race issues. She formed and ran a group known as "Jaago" for nearly ten years with Asian professional women. She has also been involved with "Indian Ladies Club" for more then 35years and has held various senior positions as president, secretary etc. She has produced a number of booklets namely "Asian Women in Britain", "Hopes and Fears" and "Struggle and success in the UK". Rama Joshi's first anthology of poems in Hindi- "Tumhare Liye" is in the press. She received "The Outstanding Community Service Award" in 1997. This was awarded by Dr. L.M. Singhvi the High Commissioner of India in London.