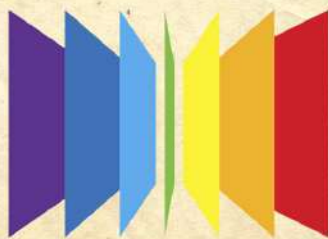


Trshaad

A Collection of Poems

A



VIBGYOR

INITIATIVE

*T*rshaad... an Arabic word, mostly used as an expression of concurrence or agreement in a poetic symposium.

This is our first-ever endeavor into the fascinating world of poetry. The attempt is made to motivate people to get involved in Art during the third phase of the lockdown due to pandemic COVID-19.

The collection is dedicated to the bereaved families who have lost their near and dear ones due to the pandemic.

Regards

Team VIBGYOR.

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“

Poetry is a deal of joy and pain and wonder, with a dash of the dictionary.

”

-Khalil Gibran



◀—————▶

ENGLISH

◀—————▶



<i>Poems</i>	60
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You Know Why the Free Bird Chirps

- *Abhinandan Bhattacharya, Mumbai*



To be heard,
for some validation
Of tales
from many a mysterious nation,
Of failed promises
and broken hearts,
Of governments teetering
on unwarranted charts.

Soaring new realms;
his plumage outstretched
To fill in new breeze
and shun the captor, wretched,
Tethered was his spirit
to the golden orb so splendid
Clawing at his soul;
free, when he undid.

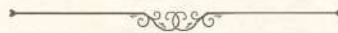
Now, a nightingale,
serenading to seasoned stoic
Now, a crowned rooster,
hailing a day so heroic
Now, an amiable ekster,
wary of further deceit
Now, a watchful eagle,
to beak away feathers of conceit.

With desires all askew,
 he bothers no warm nest
 Jonathan seagull in his wings,
 he makes for a different crest
 Perched at his vantage point,
 he reads the face of heaven
 To explore new lands,
 beyond some treacherous raven.



Summary: By now all of us are aware that we're living through extraordinarily strange times. It is quite contrary to the so-called free-spirited human being to be confined to an ordered lockdown. What those moments when the same human beings had caged animals for their amusement?

What about those situations when bonded laborers shed silent tears craving for the elusive silver lining to illuminate the darkness within their hearts? People with their slimy insinuations have taken almost everything for granted. This poem is a metaphorical take on all those souls who have turned over a new leaf after breaking free from the shackles that seemed to choke them and have found a voice of theirs to sing without any fear of bias and judgment. Whether it be a suffocating relationship or a well-spun conspiracy of insecure minds always looking out ways to sabotage your growth, You Know Why the Free Bird Chirps will help give a voice to many and a beacon light to all to live fearlessly without compromising on one's integrity and ethics.



Ode to Autumn

- *Abhishek Ghosh, Kolkata*

I want to hear the music of the blue sky,
Where the sky floats, playful yet shy;
The dew on the grass starts off the day,
Sweetness in the air, autumn on its way!

I want to hear the laugh of the kids,
Riding on the rainbows, spreading the smile;
The reflection of colors fades over time,
It's all in the heart, let the child shine!

I want to hear the whisper of the leaves,
Twirling, twisting with the crispy, cool breeze;
The departure of the green with a promise to keep,
It's all in the determination, let it not sleep!

I want to hear the roar of the lion,
Accompanying the Goddess on her eternal fight
Good vs. Evil, is fought over the ages,
It's all in the mind, you win through choices.



Summary: Autumn characterized by white cotton clouds, floating in the blue sky. As we walk through the grass, we witness the morning dew adding freshness and calmness to our life. Autumn brings the colors of the rainbow, which are so pure, just like the mind of a child. A child is always playing and smiling unlike us who are bowed with the expectations of our self. We shall try to keep the child alive. Autumn is characterized by the fall

of the leaves, but at the same time, it makes a promise that it will return in Spring. We too sometimes may seem to perish, but we shall come back stronger. Autumn is divine for Durga Puja. The divine mother symbolizes a win of good over evil as she kills the Mahisasur. So it is very much necessary for us to think well and make the right choice.

Tiger-lilies

- *Ananya Mahapatra, New Delhi*

Tiger-lilies will grow in your backyard again,
 Their petals will unfold like fiery tongues of dragons,
 Their shocking orange hues will spill out like the evening sun,
 Their speckled sheen will glow like embers,
 with the soft persistence of the beating heart,
 Of a child dreaming of firebugs.

Tiger-lilies will grow in your backyard again,
 Their stems will sway in the morning breeze,
 To the secret rhythm of Monarch butterflies,
 Their necks angled, their anthers thrumming in synchrony,
 To nature's glorious symphony, To Her victory song;
 Of tangerine hopes and new beginnings.

Tiger-lilies will grow in your backyard again,
 Their roots will dig into the ravaged earth;
 their bright balsamic roots.
 Like convoys of healers they will find succour,
 through parched routes and perdition.
 Their bulbs will launch a silent invasion;
 Of life, of living. The eternal nature of creation.



Summary: This poem depicts the resilience of nature and its beings, the way they tend to heal themselves and those around them, even after calamities and devastation. This poem is an ode to hope in the wake of the pandemic that surrounds us. Tiger-lilies are bright tough flowers, that claim the soil, no matter how sere or barren. The world will not be the same, a lot will change with the devastation coronavirus has brought with it. But let us be brave like tiger-lilies and survive for a new world.

A Mom Like my Mom

- *Anindita Ghosh, Singapore*

It's that designated day of the year to celebrate our Mother...
 Makes you browse through old pictures and memories re-gather...
 But I just wanna tell you - I remember you every day mum...
 Every time your taught dishes we make that taste so yum...
 I still scream #Mummy! every time - whether in fear or in pain...
 Even though miles away - on my subconscious
 right next to me you remain...
 Every time any talent of mine receives an applause ...
 I know in my heart that you are the root cause...
 Every time I teach my little son life lessons...
 I dig into your instilled values, beliefs, stories, reasons...
 The biggest lesson I learned from you is how to be a mother...
 Coz there's no job in the world I would do rather ...
 Of the 101 hats that I am so proud to have worn ...
 Being #AMomLikeMyMom to my son is truly the most special ONE!



Summary: The poem depicts the love and affection towards Mother, irrespective of any specific day. It talks about the values that are being inherited from another, which gets transferred to the generations ahead.

White Shadow

- *Anu Elisha, Bengaluru*

White as milk
soft as silk
sinuously she moves.
A beam of moonlight
in the dusk of twilight.

Her fur so soft
a gentle touch
like a feather
against my skin.

A rustle of leaves
and silently
she crosses my path.
A gleam of silver
a flash of white.
I reach for her
but she is gone.

Yet I can feel her presence
the faint scent of vanilla
perfumes the air.
I know that somewhere
She waits for me...



Summary: The poem talks of my beautiful white cat Mephy, who left us in 2002. Mephy made a lasting impression on our entire family and is deeply missed. Not a day goes by that I do not think of her, or feel her gentle presence near me. I long for the day when I will see my beloved pet again.

Resurgence

- *Asha Elisha* , Bengaluru



We are mere specks in the infinite plan
Running in circles since the creation of man
No time to stop, no time to savour
The simple pleasures each day can offer.

Pillaging the treasures of Mother Earth
Wrecking the peace of home and hearth
With a digital world and virtual friends
Burnt out shells, where will it end?

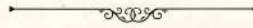
Somewhere, somehow, a silent plea
To the Lord of Heaven, Earth and Sea
Rose up in anguish from all creation
To stop the killing and wanton destruction.

In His boundless wisdom and love
A Hand reached out to pause from above
All but the essence of our existence
Compassion, empathy, passion and persistence.

We bow our heads in humble prayer
Forgive us, Lord, we did not care
We pledge that we, in the days to come
Will lend ourselves to build and bloom.



Summary: The poem speaks of the mindless, thoughtless, and destructive existence of humankind. Nature itself rejects this way of life and appeals to a Higher Power to intervene on its behalf. The silent cry is heard by the Supreme Creator who brings the flurry of activity to a standstill and forces people to relook at their values. This brings realization and repentance, with a promise of revitalization.



Education Or Confusion

- *Daksh, Navi Mumbai*



Education Education Education
So much of confusion.

It is a journey starting from home till death
Add the degrees, subtract failures,
Divide the time and multiply skills
It's nothing but merely math.

Kids are restricted to gadgets and video games
Unaware of the neighbours' names.
Where are the morals and the ethics
Working like a machine on the theories of Physics.

Education has become time pass in the name of fun activity,
Kids are not aware of their responsibility.
How to gauge their capability and eligibility,
When advance technology is ruining their ability.

Is it our Education System or We as a parent
 Leading them unknowingly to the place
 where they can only lament.
 It's high time don't go behind the number
 Enthuse, enlighten, encourage kids to be better.

Set them free and reach
 the possibilities of the unlimited sky
 Inspite of their age and gender.
 Let's begin the new era of education with no confusion,
 To do their best with confidence and motivation.

Summary: The poem is about the confusion about our education system and its effect on the students.

The World has Paused

- *Deepa Karappan, Mumbai*

The World has paused
 So much pain and suffering has been caused
 It Makes us compelled to rewind
 Never have we seen anything like this before
 Crowded places , Beaches now only remain as abandon shores

As we rewind, we understand
 Life was busy with absolutely no time
 Always rushing to meet timelines

To the gardens , we went only for workout
 Never did we stop to admire the lilies spread-out.

How we used to catchup with friends
 Laugh and enjoy as though nothing would ever end.
 We cheered and hugged , enjoyed the time
 Believed our lives were in our hands ,
 controlled closely with fists tight
 Carefree and impatient aimed to reach heights
 Little did we expect that things could change any side.

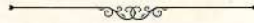
Everything happens for a reason they say
 There is no doubt come what may
 This is a sign not to be ignored
 Nature has its recourse to balance and evolve you know
 The world has paused for a reason to unwind.

As we take each day in its stride
 Remember the unfulfilled dreams
 and numerous aspirations which died
 The world has lost many souls
 Many still unwell and many left
 The world has paused for us to Think.

Today is true , Future remains an uncertain test
 As you march give your Best
 Live each day as though it's your last.
 Enjoy the pleasures and Blessings as forever it won't last
 Listen more with compassion and kindness
 The world has paused to remind us
 to act with mindfulness
 Live a life ahead in Hope,
 Impress the creator and not the creations amore.



Summary: The poem aims to provide a brief of how the world suddenly paused . It provides a purpose to every crisis that one faces , thus there is reason behind everything is stated. The poem is written in view of a life of a young normal working individual who was busy and tied amidst the work and social life when a pandemic and crisis of this unseen magnitude happens to make everything around come to a stand still . The Fast-moving hectic life came to a sudden pause.



Her Smile

- *Dheer Shah, Mumbai*



Lost in the day was a beautiful smile,
 The smile that had sunshine!
 I woke up to its rays,
 Her magic, her beauty, in her own ways,
 It is the reason to start,
 And I keep going until the day falls apart,
 Falls apart and breaks in to the night,
 I look forward to see again that light,
 The light that shines bright,
 From her smile,
 Which lasts through thick and thin,
 With no speck of grin,
 I realise, it was not the day or the night,
 It was me who got lost in her beautiful smile.



Summary: This poem is about my experience during my courtship period with my fiancée. It is about how a woman comes in to your life and makes life even more beautiful by spreading love all around. It is my observation of how she brings to life the joy that was lost somewhere in the attic.

The Longest Round Left

- *Gargee Sononi, Pune*



Once a little charm dreamt!
 Of the longest round left.
 She tried to turn over the other side of it,
 But on the ladder she had climbed only one step.

Then the sun arrived at her window pane,
 Knocking at the door of her little brain
 He said ' Oh buddy! Come out and see.
 See the round place ahead'
 He smiled to the charm
 who stayed awaited for the next step
 And the sun went back the step he had climbed,
 All over again.

Suddenly , when the sun took aside
 A question arouse in the gates of little charms head.
 She let her in which asked her the same-
 When is the ladder going to end?
 The small buddy now had to stop,
 she had to think on this spot
 She asked the mighty for help.
 And then when she found her friend moon
 On the side of her roof...

She exclaimed...So, Mr . moon!
 You took the pain of climbing a step all over again?

Why do you do this?
 Why do you come ahead and go back again?
 All of the skynight heard the little heart yell,
 But Mr. Moon preferred to listen than tell.

Again the little charm dreamt
 Of the longest round left
 She tried to turn over the other side of it
 But on the ladder she had climbed only one step.

Then the sun arrived,
 This time with a lighter light,
 Today she got to see the marvellous sight
 She got to see the sun waving at Mr. Moon that night
 Who was at the verge of going down a step again!
 She rushed at the window pane, questioning her friend
 -why is he going back all over again?

Till the time she could gear,
 Mr. Moon had already forgot to glare
 With the disappointed face,
 She turned to the sun, who told the same again
 'look around this round place,
 each climb here awaits for your tiny steps '

The girl for a while forgets about the night
 And starts her journey to the side
 of the longest round left
 As the 1 step journey comes to an end ,
 The sun now asks the bees to return home
 And then sighs at the little lone.

While taking leave, he tells her-
 I have asked Mr. Moon to answer you
 Today the sky night will see the moon tell.

Now, the little charm knew,
 She had to stop and wait.
 Coz now, she'll get the answers
 To all the little steps.

Then, when she saw her friend moon
 Arriving beside the roof,
 She rushed for him
 for he had to answer her questions which rained.

Oh moon! I waited long!
 Come on ! tell me what's wrong!
 Then the sky night heard Mr. Moon tell.

Oh little charm! Listen to me carefully
 -the longest round left which you dreamt
 I am a part of it which will never end,
 Also the sun plays a part
 in same round which will never end.
 Its our job to go back and climb again because,
 We are a part of THE TIME-longest round yet left.

You are gonna grow
 A step ahead everyday.
 But you won't reach at the side of the round
 Because you won't even understand
 when you crossed that side
 In the journey of your little steps.

You will walk away someday.
 But we will remain here
 Climbing up and down again and again
 Coz, we are a part
 Of THE TIME-the longest round yet left.



Summary: The poem is about the ceaseless spiral-time. It passes but we get wasted all together. It is an unending process which will keep going on but we humans have no right to stop it! And that is why to live in TODAY as no one knows whether there is a tomorrow for you in life.

IT

- *Joy Banerjee, Kolkata*

It starts when you feel you can,
 It stops when you push for ban,

It breezes when you cheer for cries;
 It serves when you shout out for friest

It complains when you left for good;
 It shades you in the summer under the hood.

No one cares it does have a heart,
 Looking you for ages with mud and dirt.

A little care can grow it gently,
When you realize we will be all gone without it,
and still the smoke comes out from your Bentley.

Please step up and come forward;
And please save the trees,
not just only with your word.



Summary: We all take good advantage from the trees around us. We do many things from artifacts to papers, all are being done by processing trees. Above all, we get oxygen for living. And yet we cut down, destroy, and even waste our beloved trees. We all have big words for the purpose of protection of trees. But still, they suffer the most. And foolishly it is we, who digging up the graves of their own demise.

Crisis Today

- *Kalpita Patil, Mumbai*

Facing the unknown with untold fears
Praying for all holding unshed tears

Waiting for tomorrow till the sky clears
Just some time before the victory nears.

Running around the life we built
Suddenly we felt the balance tilt

Need to calm before the storm builds
We will make the healers guilds.

Surely to overcome this crisis we unite
Never do we surrender to our fright

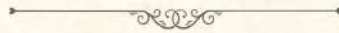
We won't lose our hope or sight
We need to stand up and give fight.

This war may be different, it may be new
Before we understood we lost a few

But there is hope for tomorrow to renew
Only person to help you is my dear you.



Summary: The poem tries to give hope to people in the present crisis. We have been very busy during the earlier days running through our life and suddenly the speed has ceased to be. Though this war is new for humankind, we would certainly be able to overcome the situation. The poem gives us a message that through hope and courage we will surely win over this situation. The poem tries to give us hope that only we can help ourselves.



Miracles of Life

- *Kalpita Patil, Mumbai*

Miracles of life waiting to be explored
Just look around the world if you ever get bored.

Each small drop of rain, each beautiful snow flake,
Each glass full of water and river without break,
Small baby's saliva wetting his bib,
a duck going in for a dip,
Little tears showing someone's fears,
even a small coffee sip,
All is water and yet so different,
world is beautiful if you ever wonder.

Each flame in the fire place, fire licking the wood,
Be it forest fire or burning gas stove to cook food,
Flame in the lamp or candle burning to bestow light,
Small glow-worms creating magic
or be it sunlight bright,
All is fire and yet so different,
world is beautiful if you ever wonder.



Summary: The poem emphasizes whatever we see around us is the miracle of nature/life. It explains how two of nature's elements take various forms and all forms appear so different and yet miraculously the same. The world is so beautiful if we take time to look around and wonder.

Retrieving Lost Worth

- *Kamalika Ganguly, Kolkata*

Looking back at little beautiful things,
That life had to offer through moments sublime,
Makes me realize how we had taken for granted,
The daily simple but memorable times.

We all wanted a vacation
From the schedule that was cumbersome,
And undervalued our busy lives,
To find our way back to boredom.

The complains and whining about our house helps,
Have now been replaced by those of back-pain,
It made us value the ones who got us through
Those tasks not so easy but mundane.

While some are trying their hands at cooking now,
New exotic dishes which their palates crave,
Many others crave
for a morsel of food and drop of water,
To get home through thousands of miles
they need to pave.

We undervalued shared laughter,
A hug, handshake and hearty conversation,
Only to desire for human companionship,
In the midst of this isolation.

Looking back at little beautiful things,
That life had to offer through moments sublime,
Makes me realize how we had taken for granted,
The daily simple but memorable times.



Summary: This pandemic brought about a change in the way we lead our lives, with people being asked to stay indoors for the collective better, and a lot of people stranded in the midst of this situation having a hard time to get back home. This change in lifestyle, makes us introspect into the lives we had before this outbreak and goes to show how we took so many moments for granted, which now given a chance, we would love to relive again.

The Awakening

- *Ketan Talati, Mumbai*

Purpose of life i find,
There should be no ego in the mind,
No hate no judgment only love that bind.
Integrity and honesty both combined.
Share my haves..THINK I will leave all behind.
World needs to smile ..I for sure will be more kind.

Purpose of life i find
I will love the tree.
I will leave the water clean .
I will let the birds free.
I will let the animals be.
I will leave the oxygen in air I promise I will be fair.

THE PRAYER

God please don't tie me to the chair,
 I promise I will be fair, I m in complete despair,
 The daylight is tube light, I m in a dungeon plight.
 The Nature is only might, I shall never fight.
 I thought I was strong, no I was wrong.
 I lost lost and lost , God I can't pay any more cost.
 Raise ur hand to quell the despair, Please I know u r fair.

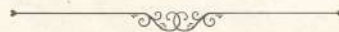
God I don't want to be tied to the chair .
 Tulips are blooming, landscapes allure
 Air is pure, I want to breath fresh for sure
 Sky is painting, with all colours of VIBGYOR
 Chirp of birds , sounds that cure.
 One more chance, forgive me I child of yours

God I don't want to be tied to the chair



attention to.

Summary: Put in the house for more than 60 days with only walls to stare. Snubbed by the nature he realised that with his might he cannot fight. He acknowledges his mistakes. He pleads the almighty to set him free from the lock down. He wants to enjoy all those things which he never paid



The Doll

- *Madhurika Venkatraman, Chennai*



Her eyes are blue,
Her lips are tinted,
Glassy orbs watch with a faded hue,
Her smile weak and wilted.

Golden hair covers her back,
Silken threads frame her face,
Underneath she begins to crack,
But her mask is still in place.

She walks down the well-lit hall,
With laughter and music it is filled,
But on deaf ears these noises fall,
For her beating heart had long been stilled.

She nods and smiles to those around,
Like a lifeless puppet on strings,
Her past feelings and emotions sink to the ground,
To herself only harm she brings.

A human she ceased to remain,
And became one carved by others,
She is no longer one with a heart and soul,
But merely a doll that solely withers.



another's.

Summary: The poem tells the tale of a girl who began to let herself become one formed by others, rather than listening to a heart of her own. She begins to lose herself and lets herself be controlled by the ideas and opinions of others. She no longer has a mind of her own and becomes the slave of

The Winner

- *Mathangi Sunderrajan, Tirunelveli*

Move on! Let go! Take life in its stride.
 The head rules; seems to play a winning game.
 All, in seeming picture perfect frame.
 Stealthily, the heart creeps "What a sham!"
 Floodgates of memory open for a tide,
 Heart aches, breaks, insults and slights
 Sneak in to torture and taunt.
 The Ego balks of the past affront;
 Ghosts, decades old, come back to haunt.
 The head's rule fades into invisible sights.
 Unnoticed, the Spirit slides in to proclaim
 Its resplendence, its untold glory;
 Its rightful place in Man's story,
 To evolve and past torments bury.
 To Move on, Let go! And Stillness reclaim.



Summary: The poem is about Man's head, heart, and spirit which rule his life and emotions. In the first 3 lines, the person is a rational thinking man, able to conceal his heartaches. However, at a weak instance, the heart takes over, exposing his vulnerability to past events and their scars. But what saves a Man finally, is his undying Spirit, which is untouched and resplendent and restores him to a divine state of calmness.

Life in my Fifties

- *Mathangi Sunderrajan, Tirunelveli*



An ordinary life too is simply spectacular;
 Traveling the beaten track is no less miraculous,
 As all life is about perspective, nothing ever lackluster.
 Regrets have long vanished as no life is ever flawless.
 I love life in my fifties; Gratitude fills my heart.

Nature shows the way as the old matures and fades away,
 Paves the way for the New to bloom and flourish.
 Let the young be inspired and loved every day
 By the maturity and magnanimity which now I cherish.
 I love life in my fifties; Generosity fills my heart.

Life is still magical and ever so dynamic,
 Endless variety and throbbing vibrancy,
 Unexplored horizons promising views panoramic,
 As my heart soars with Life's symphony.
 I love life in my fifties; Exuberance fills my heart.

Why am I here? Why me? Why not me? Is life ever fair?
 Unanswered questions that troubled the mind,
 Have long been silenced for all I care,
 Certain questions must remain unanswered to mankind.
 I love life in my fifties; Surrender fills my heart.

A newfound freedom that comes with wisdom,
 Quick to forgive, with no taste for melodrama;

Experiencing life in all its rhythm;
 No room for doctrines or any dogma.
 I love life in my fifties; Calmness fills my heart.

So many roles; all just transitory
 A few crafted to perfection, but many not.
 I am the protagonist of my life's story,
 Friends and family my supporting cast.
 Happy to be alive, healthy and lively,
 Ready to face the days that decrease,
 Until I journey to meet my Maker, mighty.
 To reach my home and find everlasting peace.



Summary: The poem is about how, a life, however ordinary it be, is still to be cherished. These are the sentiments of a woman who is into her fifties, who finds Life is still worthy and lovely to live with the gifts, which are mentioned in the poem, that come with maturity and experience.

Every dog has its day

- *Mathangi Sunderrajan, Tirunelveli*

We remained, untouched and neglected;
 Forgotten relics of decades ago.
 Having seen better days, until wretched
 We became of overuse and got tucked in rack below.

Faded and jaded, lying bored of an existence
 Dark and gloomy, not worth a penny.
 Clinging to memories of the pretty world outside,
 Of glitzy shops, chic restaurants and vacations many.

Suddenly, one day words did we overhear,
 Of a virus deadly, lockdown and other things they said.
 Didn't make sense; we didn't care.
 Our respect for our mistress long been dead.

What happened next, you will not believe;
 Having been dormant so many years,
 We were yanked out much to our intrigue,
 Shocked, we were of this turn of affairs.

One after another, we fitted her so snugly.
 (she is much larger now, we suspect)
 Day after day, she seemed so comfy,
 As she cooked and washed, cleaned and swept.

We wondered why, but couldn't care less;
 The underdogs, frayed and ruined,
 Became all-time favourites but she looked a mess
 With her undyed hair, sans her jewels.

Cottons starched stiff, silks and crepes light
 Lay untouched, watching us, the salwars horrid
 Parade in and out in revengeful delight.
 "Life takes a U- turn; we are now the lauded".

They didn't go out for work or pleasure.
 Everything was very different and strange.

Our respect restored, happier than ever,
We, the old and wise, knew all things, one day change.

On a fateful day, sweeping outside, mistress overheard,
Passers-by, Look! How nice! Here the maid,
Continues to work through lockdown, undeterred ".
She straightened, shell shocked, caught off guard!!

In a fury, she marched towards our pile.
Picked and dumped us all into a dingy abyss.
What fate awaits us, we know not. Meanwhile
We hail this 'lockdown 'as we have had our bliss!!!



Summary: The poem is in a lighter vein with a light touch of philosophic truths as the heading suggests. The discarded old salwars, which the mistress wears at home during the lockdown, while she goes about her housework, in the absence of a maid, tell their story with insight, wisdom, and resignation. But there is a touch of humor too when the hapless mistress is mistaken for a maid by passers-by and when they tell of how she has put on weight.

Lessons from a pandemic

- *Mathangi Sunderrajan, Tirunelveli*

Nothing ever happens as an accident.
Nothing ever is without reasons.
Delve deep for the spiritual lessons.
For this catastrophe, is a teacher stringent.

Oh! The monotonous dull lives we lead,
 Seem today like a heaven unparalleled.
 Uncertainty in air, normalcy quelled,
 Remember with GRATITUDE all that we enjoyed!

Doctors, nurses, front line workers we abused
 And criticized without any distinction,
 Are out there battling this infection
 HUMILITY is another lesson; we sit safely cocooned

Look at Nature regenerate Herself , so free,
 Breathing a sigh of relief from the assault
 Upon Her by our attitude nonchalant.
 Cut down our voracious MATERIALISM is lesson three.

Nothing ever is permanent in this world.
 A microscopic virus is playing havoc;
 Man's brilliance is now a joke tragic.
 SURRENDER to a Cosmic Superpower is the only resort.

We are all interconnected in ways unseen.
 Religion, race, boundaries are factors
 That go for a toss, when humankind fractures.
 Let UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD
 be the guiding beacon.

Yes, learn that nothing ever happens by accident.
 Nothing ever happens without a reason.
 Most of all us will survive this virulent demon.
 But are we ready to learn the lessons taught?
 Else, you see, this won't be the last time
 Humankind faces a deluge for its crime.



Summary: The poem is a didactic one, telling that all events happen for a purpose. It's up to Man to learn lessons from it and move forward with more foresight and wisdom. So too, with this pandemic.another's.

Unsung Heroes

- *Mathangi Sunderrajan, Tirunelveli*

Just another face in a teeming million;
 No heroic story to proclaim with pride.
 Travelled the beaten track without rebellion;
 Resignation to destiny, the only abide.
 No peaks to conquer; No skies to soar;
 No strength to scale; No wings to unfurl.

A prosaic life with no poetry.
 Colourless, changeless and dead as a pan.
 Dreams and hopes slayed entirely.
 To voice a dissent is never the game plan.
 Rock the boat? Spill the beans?
 Shatter the bonds? And....pay the price?

So many shades and impressions of a courageous trail;
 To break free, and to rage and roar
 Is no doubt a page out of a heroic tale.
 But to suffer and surrender without a war,
 Needs a nerve and a fearless key,
 As, for many, breaking free, a denied decree.

Glory to the winner on the pinnacle high!
 But forget not the humble oppressed,
 Trudging wearily without a cry.
 And storms, without a whimper, weathered.
 No peaks to conquer! No skies to soar!
 No strength to scale! No wings to unfurl!
 Just a simple mundane life to lead;
 With tolerance and courage and a heart left to bleed.



Summary: The poem is about the plight of a woman caught in an unhappy or abusive marital life. Usually, those who walk out of such marriages are hailed as courageous or trail-blazers. But to stay stuck in such situations for the sake of children, parents, or social norms requires a different type of courage. This is the other side of the coin, so prevalent in the Indian context.

The last (lost) generation

- *Mathangi Sunderrajan, Tirunelveli*

To be able to say what you really feel,
 Without fear or sounding brazen or hurting souls,
 To do what you want, not what you ought to ;
 Be respectful, be humble, be nice and calm.
 All over-rated platitudes,
 to clip your wings or hold your tongue.
 A well-raised girl from a ' good family'-
 demure and delicate

But strong enough to withstand all assault,
open or veiled.

An ideal daughter in law,
to carry the burdens and the lineage;
A friend, an agony aunt, a hostess, a cook, a housekeeper
To keep the flag of the family's name flying high.
A wife par excellence, gracious and a pillar of support
When things go wrong,
an ambassador to maintain peace at home.
A great mother, a woman
with no expectations of her own!!

Oh hoots! Nothing in return indeed!
Who pays for my sleepless nights, bone-weary work?
Sealing my mouth, forcing a smile,
swallowing a snide remark;
The rituals and celebrations
that left me drained and quickened my aging.
The silk sarees that fill my wardrobe
in every hue and combination.
The diamonds & gold that lay
in the dark recesses of my locker-
Will they quell my resentments or regrets?
Or restore my health or numb my senses?

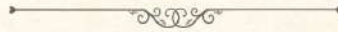
Well, finally, I did try to find my voice.
As In-laws gaze down benignly from framed pictures.
And the fledglings having flown
to thrive in distant lands.
The sprawling house is silent with a sole mistress.
My spouse is a shadow of his old self,

wrapped in his own world.
 My bones creak with arthritis
 and I peer into the future, expectantly.

I gather myself with all my strength.
 I want to shout; say outrageous things.
 Show an attitude; break decades-old rules.
 But wait, my voice is so feeble, no more than a squeak.
 Nothing outrageous breaks the barriers of my mind.
 My sassiness is taken for a poor joke.
 And rules which were ropes that throttled me,
 And my lifelines that now define me.
 I surrender. I open a window as all doors are closed.



Summary: The poem is about the plight of many women in the joint family setups in the Indian context. They work so much, sacrifice so much, they become the last priority to themselves. When she hits the 50s/60s she finds herself with freedom and leisure she isn't accustomed to. Her health has taken a beating. But she has to succumb to nothingness as years of conditioning have left her clueless and helpless. She is part of a lost generation, as also the last generation that would put up with this loss of individuality.



My Grandma's Tale

- *Muktha Rose Gimmy, Kottayam*

Flipping through travel lapses
 sitting idly by the window
 only universe she
 immersed herself in
 rewinding her trodden pages
 never blinking eye
 not to miss out her sun,

Childhood fantasies blinked
 gushing with warm feelings
 ocean kissing sand banks
 sight of her man
 with a ruby studded ear.,

Love being a seductive poison
 never satisfies
 as a fountain
 luring for a sip.

Wrapped herself
 on her bare man's chest
 counting stars
 on cold nights
 igniting passions
 of woven dreams

out of engraved cravings
 pinning her soul
 smothers of lust and love
 heaven blesses with
 showers of angelic petals.

Ludicrous night
 rolling up the sleeves
 moaning under the
 starry sky
 the only soul
 stirring inside her
 brandishing the yang.

Her yang long gone
 yet now in her last pages
 isolated in boat of sorrow
 marooned from green luses
 surrounded by depths of sea
 none able to hear her
 wailing mercilessly
 desolation of sad and fear
 withering her soul
 fretting moments
 prospective of being together .



Summary: This is about the woman's life with her man from being a new lover and wife to the time when left alone. The memories of love, dreams, lustful nights, death, depression, and mind sick. It is inspired by watching my grandmother on her death bed, the shared stories of my grandpa, and the sight of her last few cheerful days.

Jasmine

- *Muktha Rose Gimmy, Kottayam*

Loving the hot summer
 she glances onto the sky
 dashing in the breeze
 she sways her body
 with all the freedom
 she relinquishes it
 until we sapiens indulge in

Her mighty beautiful vines
 kisses the sky
 renders shelter to
 every living who passes her

Never complains of the long
 negligence she suffered,
 but welcoming all of them
 to enjoy her beauty and health.

Now in her glorifying years
 she attracted many

though that turned out to be
 a lust of the body

A prey like every girl
 born in world
 withstanding all cruel
 nasty torture,
 Why do they destroy
 such a mesmerizing beauty?

Lust in them
 turned into a voracious beast
 wanting to suck
 every bit of blood in her

Never can one
 withstand such cruelty
 now that her body
 tortured and strewn,
 Enjoyed in the bask sun

liking her parts one at a time.

A tormented one,
tragedy befallen
pretty leaves lying on ground
her body now covered
with resins awaiting her doom
she can't claim to be
the beauty once was
which made others jealous

Others now delivers poetry
on her beauty
none awaits
on her shelter anymore

Now I see a little girl
across the street
looking at the ravaged parts
weeping all day long
Igniting a fire in her mind.



Summary: This is about a beautiful woman raped and tortured by the people who once enjoyed her company metaphorically symbolized as a jasmine vine. She paved a way for a little girl to be strong, independent, to be brave and beautiful at the same time. Not just to suffer, keeping quiet, or blaming your fate or life for the misfortunes. Painted by the violence and life difficulties faced by every woman every day.

Enigmatic Love

- *Muktha Rose Gimmy, Kottayam*

As the myriad colours of season
swishes over my face
valley of my heart
trails for the glimpses of thy love
So irrevocable
as my body quenches for
the final breath

Compassing through
spectacular twilight
sun merging unanimity
with ocean
heart quantifies for divinity
Love so pure and intense
shall nowhere to be found.

Sight of a single soul
so blissfully skips a beat,
Sparks running fiercely ,
wildly conquering
wisely thoughts
warming up the heart

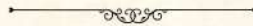
spreading that butterflies
Which is very rare!

Taming the troubles
riding it the way
ought to be
Leading you in direction
that none ever venture
nor understand
The only right one
woo you in the
strings of your soul
creating the nausea
of intense precious love.



Summary: The poem is about mature love expressed in its miraculous forms as seen by her. Love is a new chapter in her diary which wonderfully colors her soul mischievously making her realize the true emotions and its depth.

Finally establishing and realizing the lover soul is marked for her from her experiences with him.



Away... But safe...!!!

- *Nandana Varma, Mangaluru*



To my ever loving and proud father
 I still remember your gleaming eyes
 The day I flew to grab my dreams
 You smiled strong though you hate goodbyes
 The virus no doubt is making us shake
 But have faith Dad, here I'll be safe...

To my extremely strong and selfless mom
 Who waits for my every other video call
 Let it be Covid, plague or thunderstorm
 My spirit won't lockdown, your child won't fall
 I know the media updates make you crave
 To meet me soon, but trust me I'm safe...

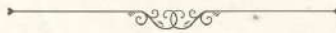
To my dotting strong better half
 You've stood by my side all these years
 Your silent arms that hold me tight
 Have been chasing away all my fears
 With people dying all around, its hard to be brave
 But one day I'll come back to you, dear till then I'll be safe..

To my adorable little kids back there
 My hopes, my dreams, my bundles of joy
 The world around is going through a lot
 But I'll take care of all, you read, play and enjoy
 Your school, your friends, your golden days
 I'll bring them back and all will be safe...

To all my friends and people who are dear
 What you call pongal, baisakhi, easter or Vishu
 Were moments for me to see you make merry and cheer
 This year are all replaced by funerals and grave
 But this too shall pass, just stay home and stay safe...



Summary: Whether it be the plague, world war, or COVID 19, when one half of the world suffers in pain and dies, the other half, the little more privileged ones get to stay at home safely, to sit back and think what led the world to this day... Being one among those privileged ones, today I've written a poem for those who are away from their homes and stranded all alone in some distant unknown lands during this lockdown. This poem is an assurance from their side to their loved ones back home that they will never lose hope and courage and stay safe so that they can come back once again to their loving families... But meanwhile, those who have got the luxury of choice to stay home, please stay in and stay safe... So the poem is called AWAY... BUT SAFE!!!



The little admirer of the sun

- *Nandana Varma, Mangaluru*



In an April morning, I glanced at the sky,
 Looking upon a bird flying high.
 She was addicted to the glare of the sun,
 And for her the journey was real fun.
 To reach her destiny, she flew higher and higher,
 With great conviction and unwilling to retire...

For the rays of the sun was her quest,
 And the world around mocked her thirst,
 But a hidden danger was on her way,
 and I was stunned with nothing to say
 will the sun's rage stop her flight
 Or will she succeed with all her might?

She looked strong, though small and sweet,
 so innocent and ignorant to sun's heat
 but alas! the deep intense heat of the sun,
 Started sucking all her strength and fun.
 She had made up her mind to proceed forward
 But her wings were burnt and she fell downward...

I stood there numb with shock and fear,
 The little one could not cry, speak or drop a tear,
 The world blamed her for aspiring sun's blaze
 And stamped her dreams as stupid craze
 and what I did was no different rather
 stood helplessly as a mute spectator...

What happened next was a surprise,
 With half-burnt wings she moved to rise
 Though with struggle, her wings fluttered
 and her cruel critics were dumbfound shattered,
 And then the little bird flew higher and higher
 With great conviction and unwilling to retire...



Summary: This poem is a message to all those who fear to take risks and go out of their comfort zones and also to those who mock and discourage the ones trying to do so. Through the story of a bird who tries to reach the sun the poem tries to give a message that Failures are never full stops to your journey, just punctuation for you to introspect and try harder for success.

The Gentle Silence

- *Nitin Suresh, Kottayam*

The gentle silence drifted
 across the aisles where once
 men stood to solemnly pray every day
 to evoke the blessings to cover
 on sins and lives of theirs gone astray.

Outside lay scattered boots
 That withstood riots that the
 Meek shuddered at every count
 Every hunt for every drop of blood
 The silence of anger growing into
 Harsh turbulent crescendo

The gentle silence yearned peace
 Amidst cacophony of prayers
 The gentle silence wasted on souls
 The figurines cried for the men to be calm
 As revenge brewed on the aisles
 For the seemingly hopeless invisible balm...



Summary: Every religion teaches the principles of brotherhood and kindness as one of the best ways to achieve salvation and to be blessed. But the mere mortals irrespective of the path they follow seeks redemption through closing their hearts, minds, and through hatred at extremes. The teachings twisted and interpreted to mirror their narrow idea of their world and believing they have the monopoly of Path to God. The place of worship and the grandiose could not stop the lesser portals. Another battle will start.

Dancing into the night

- *Nitin Suresh, Kottayam*



She sat in the dimness of the room
 Watching buds unfurl for nectar and bloom
 She was a dancer by the day and night
 Gestures, sounds and emotions engulf within

Divine call to break shackles of loneliness
 She took early to the stage to commune
 Lamppost in the road to solitude and ruin
 Merging in the crowds cheers and cacophony

Stillness engulfed for the movements of buds
 Orchestrated as god possessed in the tendrils
 Flower itching to bloom and petals emerge
 Nature's embryo in a silent pregnant move

Twirling of dress and the teens tender finger
 Language of love and emotions and anger
 Eyes unfurling amidst strains of music
 Meditating and praying before dancers surrender

As the night went on she saw the colors emerge
 Just like chapters and verses of her dance
 Beauty that evolved for nature's way
 To live and hold audiences sway

Love bedrock of emotions gone astray
 Beauty a stamp that posted to many a heart

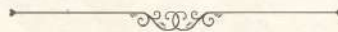
Amidst the two she had reasons to cheer
In the roller coaster stage of a splendid life

She blossomed in the tender care and love
Danced with abandon for every emotion
Finding its own freedom and reason
Blending with moods of every season

She never knew when and why it happened
Crumbled petals falling in harshest morning sun
Love faded to become a stolen memory
Moments, dreams, thoughts fading into distant oblivion



Summary: This is the story of a girl who is devoted to Dance. Who learns through dance, discovers the world through her dance, mirrors the world through dance, and meditates through the form of dance. The beats heard and the unheard guides her in the world. She finds the ultimate divine and the soulmate through her dance. In this closeted mission, the emotions are unshackled when she finds a mirage and form in Love from a stranger. Her world is disturbed as those beats change and the prism through which she sees the world through becomes contorted. But as time lingers your poses, your perfection in those gestures and the interpretation of the world change. Can love survive the bedrock of Time? She seeks to find answers in the poem.



Little Things

- *Prisha J Bhanushali, Mumbai*

Life isn't all about the ups and downs,
 The highs and lows,
 The smiles and frowns,
 It's about the in between's.
 It's the smile on your face,
 While you watch your favourite show,
 It's the moves that you do,
 While you jam out to your favourite songs,
 It's the insides jokes,
 You share with your family,
 It's ice-cream,
 You try to lick off from the corner of your lips,
 It's the birthday cake,
 Smashed on your best friend's face,
 It's the photos you click of your favourite people,
 While they're not paying attention,
 It's the 2am calls,
 When you're flustered with thoughts,
 It's always the good times,
 That we remember at the end of the day.



Summary: In our daily chaotic life we tend to forget to enjoy the little things in life. This quarantine period has made us realise that life goes on but if we take these minute things for granted our life is same as that of any machine working in a factory. This period teaches us to value our loved one's and the quality time we spend with them and make sure we make every minute count.

Home

- *Prisha J Bhanushali, Mumbai*

Home,
 Is where one arrives,
 And all their despairs vanish,
 All their agonies are gone,
 And the heart doesn't ache.
 Where you can finally take off
 the fake smile plastered on your face,
 And where you can let the tears stain your face,
 It's where you don't fear being judged,
 It's where you know you won't be hurt,
 It's where you will be allowed to dream,
 And dance to the rhythm of your favorite beat,
 It's the place that brightens your soul
 and warms your heart,
 With love.



Summary: Home is somewhere where you can be you without trying to impress anyone. It's where you know no one will judge you or put you down. It's where your loved ones will help you grow and mold yourself in such a way that no power can break you down. It's where you don't have to pretend to be someone that you are not. It's where you are always welcomed with a warm smile.

Dreamless Nights

- Pritika Venkatraman, Chennai

A gentle summer breeze
 Ripples across the lake
 Under moonlit skies
 She searches, seeks
 Stardust traces the path
 Until she spots it
 A will-o-wisp
 Tantalizing
 Dancing over the water
 Just out of reach
 Close, but not close enough
 Sunrise is not far off
 And the voices are nearing
 Whispers,
 Tendrils of words
 Climbing up her legs
 Imprisoning her
 Until it is too late

She opens her mouth
 to scream
 A single petal floats
 To the ground
 Her shriek pierces
 Through the dawn air
 She claws at the ground-
 And then she is gone
 Only a petal left behind
 To show that
 she was ever there
 A curtain of silence
 Shrouds the earth
 The sun has risen
 It's warm light drowning out
 The magic of
 The starlit night.



Summary: The poem is about a girl who goes searching through the night for her dreams. The moonlight and the stardust lighting up the night conveys a sense of magic in the air that fills her with a sense of hope that makes her believe that anything is possible. The will-o-wisp represents her dreams that remain out of her grasp, the light representing her dreams give her hope. At the same time, it also seems to mock her because it is impossible to reach them. As she tries to reach it, the people around her drag her down with their words, filling her with a sense of despair, and hold her back, pulling her further and further away from reaching her dream. As the sun rises, the magic light and the will-o-wisp, her dreams, disappear, signifying that it is too late for her to achieve them.

Once Upon A Quarantine

- *Priya Narayan, Mumbai*

Once upon a quarantine, a stitch in time saved nine.

A virus swept the world by its feet,
with all its might and tremendous beat.

In the alleys, nooks and corners,
It knew no boundaries or genres.

Rich and poor were all alike,
with a marvelous speed did it strike.
As the nations shivered and quivered,
stay at home all were ordered.

No malls, no theatres, no restaurants,
no shopping, no parties, no needs and wants.

Self-protection was an urgent need,
social distancing was well agreed.

Basic necessities seemed so dear,
as the families grew more near.

The weary father, the old grandparents
the oft ignored mother who always ran errands.

The traveling husband, the lonely wife,
the naughty children bursting with life.

The TV sagas and reality shows,
all wiped out in a silent blow.

Back to the golden age we went again,
with effects and tales so appertain.

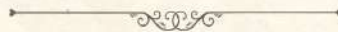
Divided shows and home cooked meals,
homes filled with giggles and squeals.

Netflix, amazon, zoom and video call,

not once did they let us falter or fall.
 They brought us together in a bond,
 to build everlasting ties so strong.
 We swore at the the virus the other way round,
 but all it did to us was refresh and rebound.
 In the months to follow it will be history,
 trailing behind a blurry mystery.
 It will slowly recede and depart,
 with permanent memories etched in our heart.



Summary: The year 2020 is going to be an unforgettable year in history. This situation has impacted the world irrespective of color, creed and socio-economic status. However, in the face of negative events, there is a silver lining too. With this poem, I want to convey the subtle message of the Universe which is re-correcting its course of action for itself and people. Though we are facing many adversities in our life, we have learnt to live with basic amenities with happiness and contentment in our hearts. It has given us ample time to take that necessary “pause” in our lives to rethink, rewire and redefine our goals in life. Family bonding and essential life skills are the two main pillars of learning that nature has taught us. It is entirely up to each individual to use this golden opportunity to be in tune with the Universe.



Difficult People

- *Reena Sinha, Chennai*

We've all come across them, sometime or the other,
For some, it's a one-time hassle, for others, a daily bother.

Difficult people come in all ages and forms,
There're no clues to help spot them, nor any norms.

How to deal with them, no one can tell,
But they sure make our lives a living hell.
A domineering parent who wouldn't let go,
A cantankerous boss with a massive ego,
A nagging wife breathing down your neck,
A headstrong child who doesn't care a heck,
An opportunistic colleague, a troublesome friend,
A suspicious neighbour, always ready to offend,
I've had my share of them too, as all of us do,
Let me share some of my experiences with you.

A student of mine he was, a little boy of eight,
An innocent face, but a heart full of hate
For his mother, his teachers, his school and studies,
And, will you believe it, even his buddies?
His teachers complained, his mother was ashamed,
He day-dreamed in class, whether Science or Arts,
His notebooks were empty, his homework undone,
Negatives he had so many, positives not one.
He was often marched down to the Principal's office,
He was often punished, at times given toffees,
But kindness or sternness, nothing seemed to work,

He'd stare hard at you and stand like a rock.
 I prayed hard to God to show him the light,
 Years later, suddenly I met him on a flight.

"Hello, young man," I said, "What a difficult one you were!"

"So I was," said he, "but then, did you care?"

I was taken aback by his bitter stance,
 What had I done to get such a response?

"I was difficult," he said, "but so were you,
 What you did to me, I did unto you.

You never gave me a chance, you always complained,
 You never allowed me to express or explain."

His outburst on me had a sobering effect,
 It forced me to sit down and reflect.

Had I known all this, years ago,
 I'd handle him differently, without much ado.

My thoughts went back to my former boss,
 Who never ever agreed with my views or thoughts.

Undercurrents, bitterness, tension in the air,
 Anger, hatred, for she was being unfair,
 Fear, that she may cause me some harm,

I always lived in a state of alarm.

Would things have been different, had I understood

That I was the cause of the difficulty too?

My pupil and boss have taught me a lesson,
 While judging people, let us not hasten.

Difficult people do not love being so,
 More often that not, they just do not know!

Or perhaps, just cannot let go.

Sometimes it's their egos that come in the way,
At other times, it's ours that blocks the way.

Here's what I learnt about dealing with them.
Peep into their minds and try to understand
What makes them act the way they do,
Their ego, a whim, some truth about you?
Then deal with them as situation demands,
Calmness for anger, obedience for commands,
Compliance for stubbornness, truth for falsehood,
Humility for arrogance, will do a lot of good.

It always pays to bow down for a while,
To help them realize, it wasn't worth their while.
Be a parent to a mother, who acts like a child,
Be a child to a daughter, who acts very wild,
A boss can be handled with gentle persuasion,
A friend, with a calm and forgiving disposition,
Psychological handling while dealing with them,
Can turn them around and make them your friends.
A positive attitude will also help,
Then negatives will become roads to success!

Let us consider yet another fact,
We haven't perhaps thought of that:
It's strange but true that we don't realize
We are often those difficult people whom we so criticize.
A wonderful father may be a horrendous boss,
An excellent teacher may be at a loss
When it comes to dealing with her children dear,
So she fills their lives with misery and tears.
It's therefore odd to put people in slots,

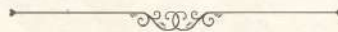
Say who is difficult and who is not.
 We are all difficult and easy at times,
 Like our lives that are filled with
 both rain and sunshine.

So what's to be done when a difficult one
 Walks into my life, removes peace for strife?
 Apply understanding, patience, tact and thought,
 Try my level best and leave the rest to God.

Difficult people or people misunderstood?
 It's all the same, it's just the way you look!



Summary: This poem says that all of us come across some people in our lives, be they our friends, relatives, or colleagues, who are very difficult to deal with. More often than not, we don't know how to handle them or deal with them. This leads to constant friction and sometimes strained relationships. The poem ventures to give some strategies on how to handle such people in our lives. The poem also presents a new perspective that all of us are difficult to deal with in certain situations. In that sense, all of us are 'difficult people'. The poem ends stating that if we change our perspective towards viewing such people, perhaps it would lead to a better relationship with them.



Hope is Rising!

- *Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru*

The World is trembling
 Alarm bells are ringing
 Virus is worrying
 Warriors are fighting
 Economy is sinking
 People are moaning
 Children are feeling
 Media is choking
 Fools are protesting
 Critics are slamming
 BUT
 Hope is rising
 Pollution is waning
 Birds are singing
 Silence is echoing

Humans are praying
 Artists are creating
 Scientists are racing
 Seers are imploring
 Service is humbling
 We are witnessing
 AND
 SD is working
 New order is emerging
 Faith is surging
 Virus is slowing
 Time is measuring
 Lord is listening
 Hope is rising
 World will be Smiling!



Summary: The poem expresses my mood against the present pandemic setting. I tried to portray the dark situation as well as the bright side of it, as we all know one day we shall come out of the crisis smiling.

BYOI (build your own Immunity)

- *Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru*

It's time to realise as a whole NATION,
the value of real food and good NUTRITION.

to increase our body's own IMMUNITY
And fight out the virus wandering in our COMMUNITY.

The mantra at home is plain and simple IMMUNITY,
Still a powerful recourse to build internal body STABILITY.

When science is not ready yet with a SOLUTION,
Let building immunity be our strong AMMUNITION.

Our consciousness of a state called HOMEOSTASIS,
Can increase our body's defense in such a CRISIS

Build Your Own Immunity is the answer for NOW,
It's easy and possible, I'll tell you HOW.

Lets bring back our grandmothers ancient RECIPES ,
Whose hidden values are full of useful REMEDIES.

Exercise each day is vital in your ARMOURY,
Do it sincerely, giving no scope for TRICKERY.

Let's not get cowed down by the virus PHOBIA,
But BYOI and bow down to goddess HYGIEIA.

This too shall pass without any FEAR,
And soon we can be rid of all the scary GEAR.

At a time when the crisis is riding a dizzy HIGH,
Lets all ride over it without a SIGH!



Summary: These lines occurred to me while during the pandemic crisis. We were watching helplessly as the number of COVID 19 deaths was rising worldwide and the only control we as individuals have to stay Healthy and safe is by improving our body immunity. In the poem, I have tried to express the need for the whole nation to understand and imbibe good nutrition and some ways in which we can achieve that and stay safe free from fear.

The Hard Lesson

- *Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru*

Here my dear children, is a slice of my life,
Not filled with spice nor with strife.

I shall begin to trace it out nearly for you,
As these are hard lessons for the human milieu.

Once upon a time
In the early 21st century in a distant dragon land,
a terrible virus took over, unknown and novel at hand.

It had its origins in the buzzing city of Wuhan,
A Corona virus which crossed from bat to man.

Deceit and power ruled the army in command,
Whose leaders hid the truth and took their own stand.

Three weeks later in the end of Jan
with little regard to human vulnerability,
They announced to the world the dreaded possibility.

People travelled merrily between the west and the east,
Oblivious to the danger from this deadly beast.

Days and weeks did, as usual, roll by,
During which the virus took a roller coaster high.

Across oceans and deserts it had spread its thorns,
Even a bull might have been easy to bring down by its horns.

The ravage it caused to humans across the globe,
Put nations under lockdown to arrest the microbe.

Scientists and doctors were scurrying about,
With full pronged efforts, trying to wipe the pandemic out.

While the virus was mutating and taking new forms,
Doctors faced a challenge to change their protocol norms.

An unimaginable gloom
and deathly silence took complete charge,
Over cities, towns, villages and the whole world at large.

The world got shut and went into a 'sleep mode',
the rest of god's creation were enjoying in their abode.

The massive numbers of people who were dying,
Was causing stress and fear in those who were living.

The vaccine trials was out there happening,
With every hope of success, for a new beginning.

The world was struck and succumbed to a new life order,
As the virus had penetrated across ever border.

The West and Super powers faced untold grief,
They learnt their lessons on 'Who was a thief'.

The world needed a tremendous correction,
And economy needed to be stoked
for a massive resurrection.

It could take months or years for nations
to get back on their tracks,
All due to a virus which deviously evaded human hacks.

A lesson was learnt the terribly hard way,
That the smallest of specks too, had a drastic say.

But before long we shall get rid of this horrible pandemic,
A story which would feature in the worldwide academic!



Summary: The poem expresses the entire pandemic as I perceived it in a story form. The step by step development of the pandemic has been expressed with a final come that this pandemic shall in future find its way into the academic world in schools and universities.

The Three Golden Rules!

- *Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru*

Suddenly I felt I was at the brink of existence,
With no past, present or future tense .

But somewhere I could see a bright ray of hope,
And the path of correction is within each ones scope.

The 3 golden rules for virus prevention,
Have to be followed with our utmost gumption.

SOCIAL DISTANCING is the first Big Mantra,
Following this in no way decreases our Swatantra.

WEARING A MASK is the next big one,
Your only risk is getting recognised by none.

WASH YOUR HANDS and always keep them clean,
It's the simple soap you need and no other sheen.

Always remember the 3 golden guidelines,
You need to abide by for sometime in your timeline.

Don't let it slip lest you fall into the grip,
Of the dirty virus which has made us all flip!



Summary: The poem expresses my thoughts of the main rules to be followed to Protect ourselves from the C virus attack. I have stressed on the 3 main Golden Rules, viz. Social Distancing, wearing the mask and washing hands.

Bring back harmony!

- *Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru*

Experts say it will take long, to see the end of this crisis story,
Which has turned all our lives upside down and hoary.

It has put mankind into a deep state of worry,
it's time for each one us to feel incredibly sorry.

Mother Earth has shown us many a time her fury,
We've shown disregard to her warnings and her untold misery

We've been selfish to extract every bit for our own glory,
Ignoring her signals and let life go awry.

It's time to sit back and reflect on our actions so gory,
hell has broken loose and today it's quite scary.

Now it's time to make amends and calm down the HER fiery,
We have a big responsibility on hand to bring back harmony.

We must act with wisdom for the rest of our journey,
And pass on valuable lessons of life and not just money!



Summary: Through the poem, I've tried to bring out my feelings about our disregard for Nature and exploitation of Nature for our selfish greed. The virus has thrown life out of balance and in it is our responsibility to bring back harmony by using our sense of discrimination in all our actions.

Hello World!

- *Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru*



Hello World, just hang in there,
We're on our mission to drive out the scare.

Moving in our own land like aliens galore,
This little microbe has raised a furore.

Little did we fathom a virus attack,
Would take down the world, while we were slack.

Scientists out there are having it rough,
Burying inside research, to produce a vaccine tough.

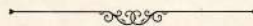
Until then with patience we wait,
And steady resolve till we catch the bait.

Lessons to learn are many to tell,
Peace and friendship and not 'go to hell'

Hello World, give us a place safe for all,
To ride on with life without befall.



Summary: In this poem, I have tried to convey a positive note to the entire world. With patience and steady resolve, we can come out victorious in this fight against the Coronavirus.



Dear Universe

- *Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru*

You've made mankind stupefied and dumb,
All we can do now is just nod our thumb.

You've brought life on earth to a grinding halt,
We realise now it's due to our assault.

You've forgiven us a number of times,
We plead you to forgive us this one more time.

You've taught us each a very grave lesson,
We shall pledge to make serious amends.

You've kept us going for billions of years
We've taken for granted our powers down here.

Today we realise you are keeping count,
Of all our faults and mean account.

Life is under a cloud of fear & gloom,
We pray you shall uncover and grant us the boon.

You've proved again you're superior than us ,
We collectively fold our hands, so you shall protect us.

You've brought us to realise in your loving land,
Today we are desperate for your helping hand.



Summary: This poem takes the form of a prayer to Mother Universe. I have tried to seek forgiveness from Her so that the human race can stay on safely without abusing her abode.

Why

- *Riaan Bhanushali, Mumbai*

Why did god make us?
Did he make us to be happy,
Or to make others sad.

Did he make us to fool
Or to tell us the truth

Did he make us to fight against ourselves
Or he made us to share

Why did god make us?
Can you tell?

He made us to feel free
And enjoy life till the end,
Never has he ever disappointed us,
In every single thing he says,
Have you ever asked him,

What does he hide?
 He will always tell us
 "I am always there to confide"

If you are telling the truth
 And no one but one person believes
 That one person is god
 God is always there for you
 Whether near or far
 He'll never let you get a scar
 All I know is that he is with us
 But I don't know why he made us



Summary: It expresses a feeling of a person who is confused about why he has been made by god. He simply does not understand the meaning of life and has been questioning God for his existence. He wants to know if God will always be by his side and protect him from what he fears. He is questioning the god because he has that sort of curiosity and fear in his mind that god won't be there for him during his tough times.



The Invisible Guest

- *Roshni Divyesh Lappawala, Pune*

Animals can be the starter, People can be a carrier,
 Invisible guest is the secret mover,
 scientist can be the vaccine inventor,
 Doctors and medical staff are the warriors,
 staying home can be safer,
 Sanitizer can be the good hand cleaner,
 Mask can be the protector.

Breaking laws can put us in danger,
 children miss to play games outer,
 Healthy food can be immunity booster,
 we are missing to go out for a dinner,
 Spending precious time wisely and better,
 Students becoming an online learner,
 Same situations for the common man and emperor,
 more difficulties for the daily wagers.

Pollution become less and air becomes auto purifier,
 Nature becomes richer,
 Seas and rivers become more cleaner,
 Blessing for environment and wildlife lovers,
 The bigger problem in lockdown is Hunger,
 we all must fight like fighter,
 The guest called as Corona is not ready to surrender,
 Guest will go away if we all work together.



Summary: It depicts the current pandemic situation. First stanza states about the origin of the invisible guest which is corona virus and how scientist, doctors, medical staff and people are fighting together against corona virus. People understand the criticality and have taken proactive measurement to prevent the virus. Second stanza is about how community is dealing with the essentials like food and how lockdown situation has impacted children and students' day-to day lives. Third stanza describes how corona virus situation has impacted environment. Nature hits the reset button. There are many people facing problem for the food. Hunger is the biggest challenge in some of the affected regions. People need to collaborate and fight against corona Virus.

Mother to Motherhood

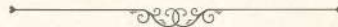
- *Ruhi Sharma, Bengaluru*

Mother a boon,
 Motherhood a sturdy journey.
 A love from womb,
 To luv from soul.
 Morning sunshine turns to night,
 Mug of coffee turns to feeders of milk,
 Gorgeous look turns to dwindle,
 Dreams of career turns to stress,
 Dressing sense turns to tousled.
 Sleepless nights to sleepless mornings,
 Restless journey to restless life.
 But
 An unconditional love to conscious life,

An admirable journey to memorable life,
 Ur own reflection to own childhood,
 U cherish the wonders of tiny steps,
 Accomplishments of your toddler milestones,
 Sunshine ever through the roots of luv.
 Mother's Love an upbringing to nurturing
 to healing throughout the life.
 Mother's by spirituality to mother by choice.



Summary: This poem I have composed on behalf of my present scenario. I am mother now and cherishing my motherhood but going through a lot of hardships in my life. I forget everything when I am with my kids. Their small gestures, expressions, infinity of love and warm touch with their little hands gives tears in my eyes with happiness. I feel very proud and thank Almighty for blessing me with sweet babies. I am proud "Mother Of Triplets" and nurturing them alone without the help of any maid. My parents and brother supported me initially as my kids were pre-mature. Now they will be three years old on this 6th June.



Lost

- *Samhita Krishnan, Chennai*



"Come close my dear",
I heard him whisper in my ear,
He was so old, so wrinkly,

His expression changed and he looked at me blankly,

"Who are you?" he asked me.
I looked at him, with tears welling in my eyes.
"Grandpa, it's me.." I tried to remind him desperately.

His expression changed for a second.
He looked at me and smiled.

"Who are you?" he asked me yet again.
I looked at him as I told him a fifth time with pain,

As I turned and looked out the window, he made a slight sound,
I turned to see that there was no one around.

Just a dusty bed in a brightly lit room



Summary: This is a poem about the guilt one feels when they remember a lost one. The narrator remembers a memory of their grandfather. She had not visited him in such a long time that he forgot her. He is old and senile. It is inspired by my personal experience as a granddaughter and the emotions that I felt when I met my own grandfather.

The War Inside Her Head

- *Sanchia Rebello, Mangaluru*



She sat in silence,
Her body restless and uneasy.
Her mind was like a battlefield,
Her thoughts, the soldiers.

"Stop it", she screamed, as she began to weep,
And yet again, she cried herself to sleep,
Her thoughts had once again, left its trail,
How long was her wait?

Without batting an eyelid,
Days on end, she fought and fought.
Her body, exhausted,
Her mind, not.

"What can be more difficult than battling your own thoughts?", she
wondered,

"How long can I hold on to these unrealistic beliefs?", she thought.
Day after day, the never ending trauma,
She was drowning in her insecurities.

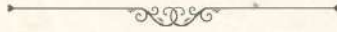
"If I've got this far, I will survive,
Whilst my thoughts, as irrational as they seem,
On me, they'll still thrive.
I will overcome, I do not accept defeat!"

Fighting a war, she may never conquer,
 She's a proud warrior who refuses to surrender,
 But the question still remains -
 Can you say you are one too?



Summary: The poem is based on the theme 'Mental Health' and it talks about the fight and struggle of a person who is fighting a mental illness, day after day. The poem begins by throwing light on how irritable and uneasy the girl feels. Using a simile, the poet compares what's going on in her

mind, to the scene of a battlefield. Stanza two and three, speak about the girl pleading for it to stop, while yet another night passes by, with her crying herself to sleep, to no avail. How the long-drawn out battle, with her own mind, has made her physically fatigued, although her mind won't give up. In stanza four and five, she begins to question herself, as she drowns in her insecurities. Thereafter, she challenges herself to keep fighting and to never accept defeat. Lastly, the poet questions the readers whether they can call themselves warriors too?



Invitation

- *Saraswati Krishnan, Chennai*



We have a Golden Moment to share,
 For a golden couple – a lovely pair;

Who have shared a beautiful relationship
 In their FIFTY YEARS of friendship;

Who have lived through thick and thin,
& have been pillars for their kith and kin;

We invite you to celebrate their day
To cherish this moment in a blissful way!



Summary: this is an invitation for my parents' 50th Wedding Anniversary held in July 2018 – on behalf of their daughters and son-in-laws. The poem describes the beautiful relationship shared by our parents in these 50 years and how they have stood by each other in good and bad times.

Father

- *Saraswati Krishnan, Chennai*

Holding your hands
I took the first step,
Always in my life
You have been giving me a pep!

Of your family and work,
You do take good care;
Father, you are really great
'coz you are just and fair.

Whenever I think, I fail,
And feel like crying;

Standing by my side, you say,
 “Don’t give up, just keep trying!”

Dedicated to you, my dear father,
 On this occasion of ‘Father’s Day’,
 I pray to the Lord Almighty –
 May all success and happiness come your way.



Summary: The poem is about how the girl looks upon her father right from her infant days to her school and life challenging days. She wishes her father more and most in life and dedicates this poem to him on Father’s Day.

Mother’s Day

- *Shanthi Balasubramanian, Chennai*

Happy mother's day Mother Earth
 Happy mother's day Mother Nature
 I can see them smile with gay
 This is the best Mother's day
 Abusing them all these days
 Without remorse we made hay
 Shaken they arose and put a stay
 Taught us a lesson in their own way
 As children mistakes we do commit
 Realising, to them we submit
 O Mother forgive us and remit
 This Mother's day sure is the best And feel like crying;



Summary: We have abused the Earth and Nature all these days. The environment has been polluted to the extent of creating a hole in the ozone layer. The natural resources of the earth have been looted and rivers polluted. It's as if Mother earth is angry and teaching us a lesson that the pandemic has caused man to think and repent for his mistakes. The nature and environment have cleansed themselves. So this Mother's Day seems to be the best Mother's Day as it has done good to the earth and nature.

Light of Hope

- *Shilpi Ganguly, Kolkata*

It is the time of uncertainty and turmoil.
 Let not your mind be filled with fear and agony.
 Open your mind and overcome fear,
 Things will fall in place my dear.

With a zeal fight the hurdles that come your way,
 There is hope and success on the doorway.
 Cling to your faith, the time will pass,
 Let the trust and courage, enlighten your path.

Move along with hope, faith, zeal and trust,
 They are the pillars of confidence that comes first.
 It is the time to stand and move along,
 As, life must go on, it cannot stop.



life is worth living.

Summary: We are passing through a time test of uncertainty, fear and unknowingness. It is through the spirit of positivity and confidence we have to make a way and hope for a better future. With open mind and courage, we need to fight with the hurdles that block our way. It's all because this

Ladder of Life

- *Sneha Chhadva, Mumbai*

O Earth the holy wonder,
 Let me catch the speed of thunder...
 From the spur of rise in your vicinity,
 Your gloomy light has pour the anxiety...
 To touch the almost seem less endless boundary,
 With hurdles, obstacles and infinity to cherry...

O Earth the holy wonder,
 Let me catch the speed of thunder...
 Just as the sprout of bud; flourishes with its feels,
 Tiny young brain starts its journey to get zeal...
 With a little fidget,
 little murmur makes its existence felt,
 And begins the struggle to be dealt...

O Earth the holy wonder,
 Let me catch the speed of thunder...
 With everyday passing; shrub gaining confidence,
 Getting more active, to strive its presence...

With the brain developing, one starts nurturing,
 But the fight to foster, just grows crazy as days passing...
 Still the fighting spirit of the soul sores,
 Lends the ability to fight more...

O Earth the holy wonder,
 Let me catch the speed of thunder...
 Years pass by; plant steady and still,
 Waiting for itself to get the post; it wills...
 Here starts the actual phase of a fighter,
 To embark an identity in the platter...
 Seeming so close to the horizon,
 But yet; seeming endless for completion...

O Earth the holy wonder,
 Let me catch the speed of thunder...
 Ages pass by; tree with its full flare,
 Outburst its shine with fruits, flowers and glare...
 As expected, development seems almost complete,
 As a warrior, accomplishes every task with full zenith...
 But yet this holy wonder,
 Doesn't want one to wander...

O Earth the holy wonder,
 Let me catch the speed of thunder...
 This urge... this thirst,
 Keeps alarming as one ages ...
 This holy wonder, filled with mystery of treasure,
 Is difficult to loot altogether...
 But yes, if we continue to be with the pace,
 We can very well be a part of big fat race...



Summary: The idea of birth itself is; welcome to the world of mystery which is like a jig-saw puzzle. This needs to be solved by continuous learning, nurturing, and observing at various stages of life. This phase of self-growth has been described by comparing it with the life cycle of a bud into a full-grown tree. The struggle of a bud trying to outshine by making its presence felt by use of external factors such as weather, soil, sunlight, and create an identity until its fully grown tree. In the case of a human, each one needs aim at making their presence felt by use of external factors such as constant learning, observation, imagination, innovation, hard work, etc. This lockdown has allowed one to appreciate the very fact of the existence of nature in its purest forms. This allowed me to spend time to pen down thoughts on the importance of life with the help of mother nature.

Dear Humans

- *Snigdha Jain, Ahmedabad*

DEAR HUMANS,
 Who thought, a PANDEMIC,
 Was what we needed, to wake us from our sleep,
 A sleep so deep, nobody remembered it seems,
 Living in a trance,
 Achieving targets and goals,
 Attending meetings, filling applications and forms.
 Vying for promotions, sometimes only to add more zeroes
 in your account.
 All the while,
 Nature being trampled, being used and abused.
 Emotions repressed, relations only for profit.
 A million contacts only out of selfish reasons.

Ads after ads, selling everything,
 Wanting to reach the stars,
 Settle on mars.
 Everything moving so fast, no time to pause.

BUT, NOW WHAT!

Forced to untie the laces and take off the shoes,
 Forced to sit and think, forced to observe.
 Admire the house you built but never lived in.
 Appreciate the love you got but never had time for.
 Smile at your kids who waited for so long.
 Undeniably horrible, Unquestioningly terrible,
 So many human casualties,
 Families destroyed; lives lost.
 Smiles forgotten, sleep deprived and hungry.
 "Health is Wealth", always taken so lightly,
 But the smoke from crematoriums feel so heavy today.

REFLECTIONS,

Don't have time for it now?
 In the future, but which future?
 Surety about the future which is uncertain!

Ironic!

Have to study for exams,
 Will learn the guitar,
 which you wanted to since childhood,
LATER.

Have to meet the client,
 Will write the novel, which was your dream,
LATER.

The tiny chest, locked and sealed,

At the bottom of your heart, full of faraway dreams,
Overflowing with lost hopes.

“CARPE DIEUM”, a word more fashionable
than its meaning.

Tattooed on more bodies than lives which applied it.

“SIEZE THE DAY”, doesn’t seem a trend anymore,
Becoming more of an impossibility.

The undying human spirit, overcoming every obstacle,
This shall pass too....

But will the scars vanish, will the struggle be forgotten,
Will the pain disappear and sacrifices erased?

The shadow of it buried.

Will we go back to way things were?

Will we learn and evolve,
or start to sow the seeds of another disaster.

As a species,

Will we come closer or move further apart?

Accept the differences or fight over it?

When we live to see another day, will we change!

Or will we remain stubborn,

Arrogant of our superiority.

EVERYDAY!

New stories of hope come to fore,

Songs sung in balconies,

Claps echoing around the world,

Everyone stepping up,

Salute to people working despite the risk.

Our abilities to show compassion,

To be selfless, to sacrifice,

Is it temporary?
 Only activated in moments of crisis!
 Will we carry this attitude forward?
 In my country we say, "umeed pe duniya kayam hai".
 I hope we emerge as better people in the end.



Summary: I pen down this poem when the pandemic began taking hold in India. Trying to record the mix of emotions I was feeling at that time and the anxiety and stress that we all felt because of the uncertainty of the situation. The poem offers my reflection on how we have lived life till now and how we need to change our perspective on certain things and become better.

Home is Peaceful

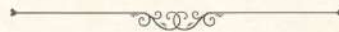
- *Snigdha Jain, Ahmedabad*

Home is peaceful
 Peaceful is the world outside
 Outside is where we thought our lives was
 Was is what we'll turn into
 Into ash from is
 Is is not just a two lettered word
 Word is not just part of language
 Language have tense
 Tense symbolise time
 Time describes our existence
 Existence is never in isolation

Isolation and caging is what we did
 Did with species that share our planet
 Planet is not our alone
 Alone is what we made ourselves
 Ourselves cooped up inside our house
 House is where we are trapped
 Trapped are we and our cohabitants free
 Free finally from our tyranny over them
 Them will rue this ground
 Ground from where we all came
 Came from the soil which we called dirt
 Dirt is what we'll turn into
 Into a was of history
 History that will recite
 Recite how we destroyed our earth
 Earth our home.



Summary: This poem is just my reflection on life amidst the backdrop of the global pandemic of Coronavirus going on and how we might have led ourselves to this moment.



She

- *Srividya Ramakanthan, Kolkata*



It was always dark as an eclipsed night
 Bcos my eyes were closed to sense the light
 I never felt lazy although it was warm and cozy .
 It was quite inside

My tiny hands and legs were still very delicate
 Neither did i drink nor i ate
 For every thing i needed was available through a pipe

As i rolled , i could hear the noises outside
 I moved my legs and hands with fright
 I could feel the touch of a hand now and then
 But i know i was well protected inside my den!

This was my world,untill 9 months passed by
 when one day,i heard loud cries
 I was been pushed away from my den!
 Untill i saw a strong light ,
 for which i cried with my whole might
 They cut the pipe
 I was cold and moist
 untill an angel held me in her arms!
 She smiled at me and gave me a kiss
 As if this was her utmost wish



Summary: A poem about the unborn child's feelings.

Divine Feminine

- *Subhaashini Ghosh, Mumbai*

Divine Feminine
All encompassing
Beginning to end
Like Russian Dolls
Many mysteries unfold

Sea – feminine
Masculine mountains
Twins
In womb together

Divine Feminine
Pillar of strength
Courage untold
Tenderness and care
With warmth to share

Takes nonsense
Upto a point
Fury unleashed
Is Kali and Shakti divine

Shame – less
Character- less
Unbridled
Unchained
Divine Feminine
Where “less” is more

Flowing, creating
Touching lives
Transforming
Emerging
Mothers, Sisters
Daughters and wives
Fathers, Sons
Beyond the obvious divide

Divine Feminine
The way to be
Its now and forever
My journey within !!



Summary: This poem is about self-discovery.

8:17 CSTM

- *Subhaashini Ghosh, Mumbai*

Today its bindi
Clips, hair bands
And Rubberbands of sorts
To hold and to adorn
Women and girls
Look on..... buy aboard
Locals in Mumbai

Taking people to work
To home, to destinations
where the clock rules the roost
7:29 CST, 8:15 Khapoli
Hustle bussel of feet
Locals in Mumbai

Blue check shirt
Pink sari, green kurta
Each distinct
Rainbow abound
Locals in Mumbai

Cell at hand
Thoughts galore
Lost to the world
Kings & Queens of their
realms
Onboard
Locals in Mumbai

Get in get out
travel together
Strangers to friends
Sharing a glance
a smile, a seat
A nap perhaps
Locals in Mumbai

Peak time rush
Novice's nightmare
Experts delight
Lifeline
Locals in Mumbai



Summary: It's based on Mumbai locals trains, pre-COVID times, and sadly now when it's not been used as before.

The Moon and the Angel

- *Subharaj Saha, Hyderabad*

When the sun sinks in the ocean deep,
 After a long tiring day, to sleep,
 The moon glides out of the drowsy skies,
 And silently on the world she pries.
 She fears that the beauty she is known for,
 Maybe it will be hers no more.
 For ever since she heard about an angel divine,
 She haughtily asks "Whose beauty is more than that of mine?
 The moon seeks her in enchanted forests and oceans deep;
 It pries into houses of people lost in sweet sleep.
 Asks the moon bewildered, "Where is she -
 The one, whose beauty enchants all, more than me?"
 And then a dazzling light blinds the moon's eye,
 And in that moment, escaped from her lips a startling sigh.
 On the ground below, gently sleeping near the silver stream,
 Was an angel of unparalleled beauty it seemed.
 Her face was as fresh as a newly bloomed bud of the morning,
 A curly lock of golden curl, her forehead was adorning.
 In her sleep, as she smiled an innocent smile
 To the world, it seemed, time would stop for a while.
 Suddenly she stirred and her heavy eyelashes fluttered,
 "Can anyone be so lovely?" the moon muttered.
 Her rosy lips seemed to have been made from the nectars of heaven,
 Her gown with the golden threads of Midas weaven.
 Her lovely feet were as graceful as a gliding swan,
 Her hands as nimble as if she could recreate dawn.

The moon smiled, defeated yet not sad at her plight,
 For she had seen God's
 most beautiful creation that night.
 "Lovely are you", she whispered and "lovelier your heart"
 "O charming angel who walks upon this earth
 Your enchanting beauty finds no match anywhere.
 You win, I lose. That's the only justice fair".



Summary: This poem talks about how the moon compares her features to that of a beautiful girl whom she has heard about. She initially uses multiple comparisons between both of them but eventually concedes defeat when she realises that the girl in question is more beautiful than her.

My Love for You

- *Subharaj Saha, Hyderabad*

Today my love you won't see,
 Today you will laugh at me.
 But truly speaking, I won't mind,
 For someday you will find,
 How true I was for you;
 And then those lovely eyes will fill with dew.
 The heavenly beauty with a heart of stone,
 Will then search for this mortal of skin and bone.
 By then it might be too late-
 By then I might not wait.
 But it is not for you to regret,

For can I my love, ever forget?
 Even if with you, I am not there,
 You will fill my love in the air.
 Every morning when the birds will sing,
 They will to you, my memories bring.
 I will have loved you till my last breath;
 And I won't stop loving you...Even after death!



Summary: In this poem, a disillusioned lover who has been forsaken by his love tells her how much he loves her even though she has now forgotten him. He is not angry with her as he is happy within himself due to his undying love for her which he says would be enough for him his whole life. He however does say that eventually she would miss him once he is no more and then would realise his love for her.

Inner Strength

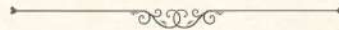
- *Swathi Raghunath Mukherjee, Mumbai*

TIME was at a standstill
 Mind in anguish
 Feeling of Isolation
 Life's Journey down the hill
 TIME was at a standstill.
 Closed doors and empty roads
 Stared at me in desperation
 Bounded by, sense of apprehension
 Mind around, pondering with desolation

TIME was at a standstill.
 Gazing from my window
 Feeling the Silence
 Gentle breeze and leaves rustle
 Chirping birds and flowers bloom
 Reminiscenced the timeless moments
 TIME was not on standstill.
 Freedom to search within
 Urged my passion with patience and resolution
 TIME was not on standstill.
 The Power of Oneself
 The Power of Soul
 Inspired me to enjoy the timeless moments
 Feel the Inner Glow.



Summary: There are moments of silence when one gets time to reflect and ponder on thoughts. These thoughts are the timeless moments to be valued and treasured. These moments to adore and regain one's inner strength and pursue one's passion.



Rooms

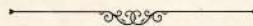
- *Thilaak Jai Ganesh, Chennai*



I build things in the rooms of my head,
 that does not fit through the door,
 I break it down to carry it out,
 but it is not the same as before
 I question the reason for sharing it all,
 Every piece, every bolt, every part,
 I try to think if what I got in return
 Someone else selling all my thoughts
 I still let everyone to look in my head,
 Through the two windows they can see,
 You can peak at what I'm building insidebut
 none of it completely.



Summary: Ideas and emotions are rarely unchanged on their way out of a person's mind. The observer may always not be able to comprehend or empathise. Reducing the complexity of the message, "breaking it down", or changing our emotion to get through to the observer, is done at the cost of the integrity of the message. An idea once spread, cannot be erased again from everyone. It can only be held safely in the mind it originated. A person cannot afford to remain entirely shut off from everyone and everything. The observer might think he has understood a person, "sized him/her up". Which need not be. Even if an observer is confident in his/her judgement of a person, there could be so much more to the person which is not known.





←—————→

HINDI

←—————→



<i>Poems</i>	48
<i>Participants</i>	31
<i>Cities</i>	12

तराजू

- *Abhinandan Bhattacharya, Mumbai*

अहंकार के तख्त पर बैठे हजारों ख्वाहशियाँ हैं,
उन ख्वाहशियों की डोर को जरा पकड़ के रखिए ना ।

क्या मेरा है, क्या तुम्हारा है
कसिकी सत्ता हमेशा चलने वाली है ?
दुनि भर के तेज और प्रकोप के बाद
उस भास्कर का ओज भी कुंद - कुंद अस्त हो जाएगा ।

सोचते बहुत हैं, करते उतना ही कम
इसी उधेड़बुन में रहती है आंखें हमेशा नम ।
गलि-शकिये के पदों से कभी बाहर झांकिये ना ।
कुछ कदम हमारे कुछ मुस्कुराहट आपकी,
जदिगी के बगीचे में वापस हरियाली लाइए ना ।

थाम लीजिए मानवता का हर वह हाथ
क्योंकि वापस तो जाना है उसी तन्हाई के साथ ।
चेहरे की शकिन को चलए आपस में बांट लेते हैं,
एक बार ही सही इंसानयित धर्म को अपना जी लेते हैं ना ।

कशमकश की करवटें भी अजीब है साहब
वहां धर्म जाति और राजनीति के तराजू तौलते हैं
नफरतों की दीवार जहां हिमालय से भी ऊंची है
उन्ही रंजशियों के उस पार दो प्यार के अल्फ़ाज़
कभी आप भी कह दीजिए ना ।



Summary: Each one of us needs a fine balance in life, a balance within us and without – something that would fine tune and iron out so many creases that otherwise make the journey undulating and knocks us off the seat when the adrenaline gets too quirky. It is important to understand the essence of being a true human being first and extend our hand of compassion and affection without any vested interests at all. It is necessary to rise above all the petty biases that tend to be abrasive for the health of a developed society that aims for peace, prosperity and passion. ‘Taraaju’ is all about striking that balance in life. It’s an immensely difficult job but not an impossible one. How often do we find a rose without its thorns? There is a balance in everything that is a part of Nature. That is the law of the Universe. More often than not, we believe this balance would be brought to effect by someone else. However, it’s a marvellous thing when we take the onus and venture out to lift the baton for humanity first.

जिंदगी

- Ajinkyasingh Rajansingh Marod, Pune

मेरी जिंदगी की कशती कहां जा रही है ?

जो राह ना भी चाहू वह नजर आ रही है ।

बचपन में क्या सोचा करते थे,

आज कुछ और ही सिखा रही है ।

किसी पंखी को आसमान में ऊपर,

तो किसी को नीचे गिरा रही है ।

कुछ को खुशी तो कुछ को गम दिखा रही है ।

यह जिंदगी है जनाब अपनी कसरत रचा रही है,

जीने का तरीका वह तुम्हें सिखा रही है ।

बचपन में जो माँ कहती थी,

“ बेटा खुश रहे हमेशा ।”

आज बेटे की हालत देख,

उस माँ को ही रुला रही है ।

ए जिंदगी तू क्या चीज है?,

जो मरते हुए को भी जीने के सपने दिखा रही है ।

समय के साथ जिंदगी हमारी क्या धुन यह सुना रही है ।

क्या सोचते थे और क्या होता है,

यह तुम्हें समझा रही है ।

यह जिंदगी है जनाब अपनी कसरत रचा रही है,

जीने का तरीका वह तुम्हें सिखा रही है ।

कहते थे वह तुमसे कुछ कर गुजरना है,

कभी कहा उन्होंने क्या किसलिए यह करना है ?

जिंदगी को समझने के लिए जिंदगी का वक्त लग जाता है,

इसलिए कोई नहीं जिंदगी को समझ कर जी पाता है ।

जीने का वह तरीका तो सिखा रही है,

लेकिन क्या उस तरीके से जीने का समय दिला रही है ?

यह जिंदगी है जनाब तुम्हें नचा रही है,

तुम इसे हंसकर जियो या रोकर,

यह बस चलती जा रही है ।



Summary: The theme of this Poem is about the ups and downs one may face in his life. It portrays the situation of people who have gone into an unexpected phase of life. It shows how the life itself tries to teach us the way of living happily in all good and bad situations.

The content expresses a person's life in a dramatic manner. He is sailing into a boat of life with hundreds of uncertainties around him. His present has changed drastically as compared to his childhood. His mother too has become very emotional seeing his condition. While he is in such a situation of fear all around him, still on the other hand he has many wishes and dreams which he desires to fulfill. He thinks whatever he has been told by the society whether it actually helped him to understand the true meaning of life or not. He thinks that life is too short to understand it completely and thus one should try to live every moment of life happily because whatever happens, life goes on!

लफ्जों ने कहना छोड़ दिया

- Ajinkyasingh Rajansingh Marod, Pune

लफ्जों ने कहना छोड़ दिया,

बातें अब कही जाती नहीं ।

वह जो तुम से जुड़ी थी यह मेरी जिंदगी,

अब किसी और की हो पाती नहीं ।

बातें पुरानी हो गई,

रातें अब कट पाती नहीं ।

मुलाकाते पुरानी हो गई,

यादें फिर भी छूट जाती नहीं ।

देखकर तुम्हें जो खुश हुआ करते थे,

तस्वीर में वह खुशी मिल पाती नहीं ।

नजर आता है पलकों पे तेरा चेहरा आज भी,

वो चेहरा किसी खुदा से कम भी तो नहीं ।

वह चेहरा मुझसे कहता हो जैसे,

“ तुम ठीक हो या नहीं ? ”

कहता हो जैसे,

“ खयाल रखना अपना , खुद के लिए
नहीं तो मेरे लिए ही सही । ”

सुन ले आज जो कह रहा हूं ध्यान से,

हर वक्त यह मौका मिलेगा नहीं ।

चाहे कहीं भी जाए तू,

तुझे भूल पाऊंगा नहीं ।

पता है कह चुका हूं यह हजार बार,

पर शायद आगे कह पाऊंगा नहीं ।



Summary: The theme of this Poem is about a heart broken lover who is sharing his feelings towards his love for the last time. It shows how he feels and goes through when his heart is broken. It is about few last words by which he wants to express what he feels about his love.

The content elaborates how in the end he has to stop expressing his feelings due to certain circumstances. It shows how difficult it is for him to move on and be with someone else. It is not easy for him to forget the memories they made together. He is not able to find that happiness in the photographs which he used to get by seeing her in front of him. He wants to tell her how much he loves her and won't be able to forget her ever. He is saying all this for the last time as they are going to apart after this forever.

सामंजस्य

- *Anindita Ghosh, Singapore*

आज सुबह बरामदे में एक छोटीसी चिड़िया ने मुझसे पूछा

इस शहर के इंसान कहीं हैं ?

क्या हुआ जो गलियां इतनी सुनसान- छाया सत्राटा यहाँ है ?

कहीं है वो प्लेग्राउंड में चहकते हुए बच्चे ?

उनकी मासूम किलकारी तो हमें भी लगते थे अच्छे !

मैंने चिड़िया से कहा ...कोरोना को हमें है हराना !

तो अब तुम सब देखो - मानव चिड़ियाघर का नज़राना ...

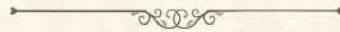
अमरीका यूरोप मिडिल ईस्ट हो या चाइना...

कोरोना के केहर ने दिखाया है सब को यही आइना ।
संसार स्तब्ध है आज - भयभीत है और लाचार भी ...
कहीं परिवार का सुख है - तो कहीं है हाहाकार भी ...

अब बस दुआ है यह की - जब ये संकट टल जाए...
इंसान को तब भी यह दिन याद रह जाए ।
क्रेद की ये ज़िन्दगी 'गर हमें न भाया ...
बाकी जीवों के साथ भी न करे यूँ निर्दया ...
उनका भी विधाता है वही - जो तेरा भगवान है ...
सामंजस्य से जीए - इसी में सबका उथ्थान है ॥



Summary: The conversion of a bird with a fellow human, as it fails to see any much human movement or activity around. The description of Corona disaster, and charging up the hope for the better days to come soon.



एक महज़ पेड़ था

- Bhavika Lakhwani, Pune

उन छोटे परिंदों के लिए एक घरोंदा था,
उस बेघर परिवार के लिए एक छत था,
पर हमारे लिए तो वह महज़ एक पेड़ था।।

उन गिलहरियों के लिए खाने का खजाना था,
उन तितलियों के लिए खुशियों का बगीचा था,
उन बच्चों के लिए झूले के बराबर था,
पर हमारे लिए तो वह महज़ एक पेड़ था।।

उन फूलोंको संभालने के लिए सक्षम था,
उन पत्तियों के लिए पानी का स्रोत था,
उन टहनियों को पकड़े रखने वाली ताकत था,
पर हमारे लिए तो वह महज़ एक पेड़ था।।

हमारी सांसे चलती रेह उसका एक एहम कारन था,
हमारा पेट भरने के लिए फल फूल का पिटारा था,
हमे धूप और बारिश में देने वाला सहारा था,
पर फिर भी हमारे लिए न जाने क्यों वह महज़ एक पेड़ था।।



Summary: The poem describes how we as humans ignore what a tree does for mankind. We ignore all the small things that we receive unknowingly from all the plants. We fail to notice that a single tree gives harbour or is source of food for many animals / birds. The tree is strong enough to hold the leaves and give support to branches. Small kids use tree branches as their swings. All other living things can understand the importance of tree but we fail to notice and acknowledge the importance of trees and take them for granted and cut them for our own luxury.

वो उदासी को मुस्कान में बदलने का हुनर रखता है

- *Bhavika Lakhwani, Pune*

सर्दियों में हम सुबह कम्बल को ढूँढ़ते

वो पत्तों और टहनियों पे ओस ढूँढ़ता

हम बारिश से राहत के लिए सूरज की उम्मीद करते

वो सूरज का इंतज़ार इन्द्रधनुष के लिए करत

हम पूर्णिमा की रात चांद को निहारत

वो ईद के चांद का इंतज़ार करता

हम सड़को के गड़दों से बचकर चलते
 वो पानी से भरे गड़दों के पास तस्वीरे खिचता

हम टपकते उस छतसे हताश होते
 वो बूँद को तस्वीर में कैद करने उत्सुक होता

हम ट्रेन की भीड़ से नाराज़ होते
 वो वहा भी खुशी ढूँढ लेता

दुनिया तो हम सब एक ही देखते है
 वो बस अपना नजरिया बदलता है
 वह तस्वीरे लेने का शौक रखता है
 वो उदासी को मुस्कान में बदलने का हुनर रखता है



Summary: A photographer knows how to find happiness in insignificant things to normal eyes. He goes in search of things that usually cause frustration to normal human. A photographer knows how to convert sadness into a smile. His perspective towards things is commendable. He amuses us by his skills to find extra ordinary things in ordinary situations.

एक लम्हा

- Bhavika Thanki, Porbandar

अकेली थी रात
 हम थे साथ
 कह रहे थे पिछली बात
 और युही बेहेक गए
 हुम् रह नहीं सके
 और यह सब बस
 तुम से कह नहीं सके
 गुजर गई वो रात
 ज़िन्दगी में एक लम्हा भर के
 आज भी वो लम्हा याद करते हैं रो के
 और सोच ते है
 के काश रोक लेते खुद को मोड़ के.



Summary: One moment, the poem is based on one moment where two people were deeply in Love and shared their soul but couldn't be stayed together at the end. A girl has committed for marriage she wasn't happy and falls fir another guy they shared moment but by the time guy came to know about her and left her. She wanted to say from starting but she wasn't able to because of the fear that he would leave.

चेहरा

- Deepa Karappan, Mumbai

यह चेहरा जो दिल का झरोखा खेहलाता है
 आँखों की रौनक और लब्जों पर मुस्कराहट दिखा जाता है
 अंदर से मैं कौन हु , मेरे सपने क्या , मेरा गुस्सा क्यों कभी न यह दर्शाएं
 फिर भी मेरे चेहरे को ही मेरी शक्तिशयत मान लेते है लोग क्यों

अगर दिल मेरा काला और कठोर है
 शब्दों में मेरी कड़वाहट झलकती है
 फिर भी चेहरा अगर अगर सुन्दर और मोहित है , तोह
 तारीफ में कोई कमी न छोड़े है लोग
 मेरा चेहरा ही है, वह सुनहरी तस्वीर
 जिससे देख कर मेरे दिल को परख लेते है लोग

गलियों में गुमने वाले
 संदेहजनक नजर से देखे मुझे
 कोई इर्षा से तोह कोई जलन से
 प्यार जिससे है उसीको मिटाने की सोच , कैसे रक् सकते है लोग

चेहरे की रौनक , चीन लिया उन् बुद्धिजलों ने
 तेजाब ने मेरे चेहरे को न मारा ,
 मर गयी मेरी पहचान सरो आम उन्ही गलियों में

चेहरा सुन्दर और मन कड़वा
 दिल में खोट और जुबां में तारीफ का दिखावा
 ये दोस्त मेरे , चेहरा इंसान की रूह नहीं दिखता है
 चेहरे से नहीं दिल से प्यार करना
 अगर प्यार न मिला तोह
 चेहरे को तकलीफ देने के ख्याल से रूह पे अच्छ न डालना



Summary: The poem is inspired by Chapak , a Hindi movie made on the story and life of survivors of acid attacks in India The poem aims to provide an insight on how people view women only as a means of beauty .Chehra symbolizes face of a women which unfortunately is the only think looked upon. *A women's true inner self , her personality her dreams her inner beauty is all ignored and only obsession with the fairness and beauty remains.*

ब्रह्माण्ड की अनुभूति

- Dr Ramesh Chandra Joshi, Mumbai

कोयला बिनता रहा हीरा कनी दिखलाई दी
 और अँधेरे में मुझे फिर रौशनी दिखलाई दी ।
 हो रही हैरान आँखें देखती चारों तरफ
 रंग-ए-फितरत सी बदलती हर तरफ दिखलाई दी ।
 जज्ब-ए-ख्यालों में किसी के डूब इतना सा गया
 कि मुझे महबूब की आवाज़-ए-पा सी सुनाई दी ।
 आब-ओ-भाप-ओ-बरफ तो लगते रहे दिगर दिगर
 पर रसायनशास्त्र की नजरों में यक दिखलाई दी ।
 नक्स-ए-कायनात का दीदार जो शब में किया
 तो खुदी सी फैलती चारों तरफ दिखलाई दी ।
 राज-ए-कायनात को देखा तथागत की नज़र
 शून्यता से आती सी सब चीजें क्यों दिखलाई दी !
 और यहूदी आइंस्टाइन को न जाने क्या हुआ !
 सत्यता सब कुछ उसे सापेक्ष सी दिखलाई दी ।
 मेरे ख्यालों को न जाने क्या हुआ इस दौर में
 हर अदा महबूब की रंगीन सी दिखलाई दी ।



Summary: The poem describes the feeling of realizing the existence of this universe, while a diamond is found out from digging a coal mine. It's the feeling of reinforcing this realization in connection to theories from the maestros. The ultimate expression is colorful world in its all dimensions.

खुदी और बेखुदी

- Dr Ramesh Chandra Joshi, Mumbai

एक दिन मुझसे खुदी चुपचाप आकर जो मिली
 पूछ ही ली बेखुदी इतना मचलती किस लिए
 मेरे होने से ही तेरा होना है जाहिर यहाँ
 मैं न होती जो तो तू आती नज़र फिर किसलिए !
 खुद है जब तब ही खुदा भी दिखाता सा तुझको है
 जो न होती मैं यहाँ, दिखता खुदा फिर किसलिए !
 फिर खुदा होता अकेला गुप्तगू को बेकरार

घूमता सा दीखता कोल्हू के बैलों की तरह ।
 यक मेरे होने से है आयी फजा मैं है बहार
 फिर भी तौहीनी मेरी करती हो तुम फिर किस लिए !
 मेरे आते ही जहाँ मैं बन गया आफरीदगार
 वो हमांदा-ओ-हमांगीर हम्द उसके नाम की
 जो न आती मैं जहाँ मैं तो कहाँ ये रंग-ओ-बू
 फिर भी करती हो जहालत मेरी हो तुम किस लिए !

उसकी बातें ध्यान से सुनती रही मैं कुछ घड़ी
 सोचने पर बात ने मज़बूर मुझको कर दिया ।
 ये तो हमशीरा है मेरी ये समझ आने
 अपनों से ही इतनी नफरत दिल में है फिर किस लिए !



Summary: A conversation between two opposite characteristics of mankind, Ego and the anti feeling of the same, who debates about their existence and pros and cons from their own perspective.

कोरोना – लक्ष्मण रेखा

- Dr. Ramdulare Lal Pathak, Farrukhabad

घेर लिया है दानव नें सब विश्व हमारा,
 त्राहि त्राहि कर रहा विकल कोरोना मारा;
 है क्या कोई कहीं प्राण जो आज बचाए,
 जिजीविषा का अभ्यंतर जग भर का हारा;
 दिव्य दृष्टि से रक्षा-हित ऋषियों ने देखा
 रहो घरों में मत लाँघो लक्ष्मण की रेखा।

कपटी की भिक्षां देहि। सुन याचक वाणी,
 मर्यादा कों लाँघ बाह्य आई कल्याणी;
 पकड़ लिया रावण ने भीषण रूप दिखाकर,
 विवश हो गई भारत की अस्मिता भवानी;
 पश्चाताप अगाध-जुलधि मे डूबा देखा
 किन्तु हुई थी देर लाँघ कर लक्ष्मण रेखा।



Summary: To enlighten the world to restrict themselves at their houses during the world wide pandemic Corona.

साथ साथ

- Dr.Kartik Bhadra, Valsad

बड़ा कठिन है सफर.. चलो साथ साथ चले
डगर से मिलेगी डगर..चलो साथ साथ चले

माना रास्ते हैं विकट और बड़ी धुंध भी है
ज्ञान का रथ,सामर्थ्य का गांडीव उठा यह धर्मयुद्ध भी है
मंजिल आएगी नजर..
चलो साथ साथ चले

तू अकेला है कहां हौसला बना के तु चल
पूरा जहां है तेरा सबको साथ लेकर तू चल
सफल होना है तय,..
चलो साथ साथ चले

अब हसीन है सफर.. चलो साथ साथ चले
डगर से मिलेगी डगर..चलो साथ साथ चले



Summary: It's purely a motivational poetry. It says that even though the path is very difficult but if we will be together.. Whatever difficulties may be -coronavirus or any other obstacles or difficulties- we are going to win surely if we are together..!!!

"कोरोना"

- Dr.Kartik Bhadra, Valsad

कुछ दिन तो बस घर पर होना
'कोरोना'से फिर क्यों है रोना?

हाथ। ना धोना हो जीवन से
बारी-बारी हाथ है धोना

घर से हम बाहर न निकले
घर पे खाना और है सोना

कुदरत ने यह जता दिया है
मनुष्य क्या है एक खिलौना

निसर्ग के हम नियम न तोड़े
कभी भीगे ना आंखका कोना

इस जंग में हम जरूर जीतेंगे
शर्त है-सबका साथ हे होना

अटकाव के सब नियम पालकर
मस्ती से जी लो..खुश रहो ना !!



Summary: It's all about not getting panic..but fighting out the pandemic by following all rules and steps to prevent it!!

माँ

- Gangeshwar Singh, Kolkata

कौन है वह मौन खड़ी?

अपनी जिद पर अड़ी।

स्वयंप्रभा! शक्ति स्वरूपा!

वह माँ ही तो है।

न जाने कहीं से इतनी शक्ति पाती है?

न थकती है न हारती है

अनवरत् संघर्षरत रहती है।

जब माँ पर लिखना चाहा

क्या कहूँ?

उसे अथाह पाया।

जिद थी-लिखना शुरू भी किया।

पाठशाला वाली अपनी फटी कापी भी उल्टी पलटी।

उसमें माँ की छाया ही दिखी।

लिखना जब सीखा, पहले माँ ही लिखा।

विस्मय, आश्चर्य, आह्लाद से रोमांचित हो मन डोला।

मेरी लेखनी थम गयी। ये क्या?

पूरी प्रकृति जैसे सजदे में झुक गयी।

कौन है वह मौन खड़ी?

अपनी जिद पर अड़ी।

स्वयंप्रभा! शक्ति स्वरूपा।

वह माँ ही तो है।

माँ जीवन के कोहराम पर मानो

पूणे विराम है।

आराम है।

विश्राम है।

माँ के ख्यालों में सना तन मन तरबतर।

अथाह की राह?

और एक प्रयास ही सही।

बहुत सी बातें हैं, अनकही।

माँ अशेष अमृत घट-सी है।

अमृत घट से अमृत ही झरता है।

उसका तन, मन, स्तन और मौन यही कहता है।

कौन है वह मौन खड़ी?
 अपनी जिद पर अड़ी।
 स्वयंप्रभा!शक्ति स्वरूपा।
 वह माँ ही तो है।
 जननी की कोख अजीब "लैब" है
 बस चन्द बूंदों से ही इंसान बनाती है।
 युगों युगों से
 राम श्याम बनाती है।
 यीशु रहमान बनाती है।

श्मशान को फिर से बियावान बनाती है।
 पाव को सवा सेर और नन्हका को शमशेर बनाती है।
 हो कुछ भी, उलट पलट।
 वह माँ ही तो है जो औलाद को फ़ौलाद बनाना है।
 कौन है वह मौन खड़ी?
 अपनी जिद पर अड़ी।
 स्वयंप्रभा शक्ति स्वरूपा।
 वह माँ ही तो है।



Summary: The poem is a tribute to all the mothers. It's about her strength and resolve with which she provides the best for her child. She is an embodiment of unconditional love . Words do not give justice to defining a mother and all her infinitely beautiful qualities. Behind every successful man / women is a Mother's effort and endless sacrifices . It was penned down especially for mother's day .

संयोग

- Gauri Kini, Mumbai

ज़िन्दगी की रफ़्तार
जब थम जाए तो
क्या किया जाए

कुछ दोस्तों से बातें की जाए
कुछ नई कलाएँ सीखी जाए
कुछ गाने गुनगुनाए जाए
कुछ पौधों की देखभाल की जाए
कुछ खाने के नए पधार्त सीखें जाए
कुछ बीती यादों को ताज़ा किया जाए
कुछ सीमित चीज़ों के साथ जीना सीखा जाए
कुछ घर परिवार को अह्लियत दी जाए

कुदरत ने अपने आप को सवारने का मौका लिया
है

साथ साथ खुद को भी सवार लिया जाए



Summary: This poem is meant to help people to cope from the present situation of COVID-19.

तस्वीर

- Joy Banerjee, Kolkata

खयालों से निकल के आई जो तस्वीर,

उसको बिखरके टूटने ना दो;

जिंदगी हैं एक खेल की तरह,

किसी गम की वजह से इसे मायूसी मत दो!



Summary: The poem says to live upto one's dreams, and keep the hopes alive.

बादल

- Joy Banerjee, Kolkata

किसी को महफ़िल में आने की इजाजत नहीं होती।

कोई जीत के हार जाते हैं,

और कोई गिर के उठते हैं;

जिंदगी किसी की मोहताज नहीं होती!

अगर दिल की बात हमेशा सुन लेते

तो आज गम के बादल ना होते



Summary: There are many who have talents but could not show it to the world since they are under privileged. Some fall due to financial reasons, some failures are still rising from the ashes. Some quit, for the responsibilities to be taken up.

लमहे

- *Kalpita Patil, Mumbai*

सब लमहे खुद की किस्मत लेकर आते हैं
 कुछ भरी मेहफिल कुछ तन्हाई ही पाते हैं।
 कभी कुछ बन जते हैं अपनों के अरमान
 कुछ बनाकर हमे शबाशी दिला जाते हैं
 कुछ रह जाते हैं उस शिद्दत के निशान
 खूद सीड़ी बनकर हमे ऊंचा बन जाते हैं
 कुछ लमहों को नसीब होता है गम
 हमरे साथ रह कर आसुओंसे से पनप जाते हैं।
 कुछ लमहे देते हैं दिलासा और तन्हाई के गवाह बन जाते हैं।
 कुछ कभी साथ नहीं छोडते दिलका तुकड़ा बन जाते हैं
 ये कभी प्यार से झिलमिलाते हैं कभी गमका नासूर बन जाते हैं।



Summary: The poem narrates how each moment brings its own luck. We think we are experiencing emotions alone, but the moments come to our life along with their luck. Some moments are remembered forever for the happiness they bestow on us or as painful events in our life. Some moments continue to stay with us throughout our life with love or hatred depending what we experienced during that moment.

फिर मुसकुराएगा इंडिया

- *Kalpita Patil, Mumbai*

आज घर रह लेगा, कुछ दुरी रखेगा,
 इस महौल में भी खुश रहेगा इंडिया ।
 आपने कुछ तरीकों से, जिने के सालिखों से,
 दुनिया को नया सबक सिकाएगा इंडिया ।
 अपनों को प्यार देगा, औरों को सहारा देगा,
 मिलकर आज लडेगा इंडिया ।
 कल तो रोशन ही होगा, स्वच्छ और सुन्दर ही होगा,
 हौसले से जंग जितेगा इंडिया ।
 कसौटियाँ पार करके, कल खरा उतारेगा,
 फिर मुसकुराएगा मेरा इंडिया ।



Summary: The poem gives us the much needed boost to handle the current situation. With the lock down and social distancing required though stressed we will surely succeed. India will successfully be able to come out of this situation.

मन

- Malabika Singh Menon, Mumbai

मन को कौन समझाए,

जब घनघोर अंधेरा छाए

दिलासा कौन दिलाए?

जब कोरोना महामारी से पीड़ित होकर

लोग धीरे धीरे प्राण गवाए

संसार को कौन बचाए?

जब मजदूरों की रोजगार उनसे छीन जाए

भूख और गरीबी तेज़ी से बढ़ जाए

समस्या को कौन सुलझाए?

जब आशा की किरण बुझती जाए

अंत दिखाई ना दे पाए

आशा रूपी दीया कौन जलाए?

मन को कौन समझाए?

मन क्या तू इतना कमजोर है

की इस समस्या से जुज ना पाए?

आत्मा अजर अमर है और शरीर नश्वर

क्या तू ये समझ ना पाए?

प्रकृति के साथ जो किया था खिलवाड़

उस कर्म से रोते रोते ही मिलेगा छुटकारा

सृष्टि हमें यही समझाये

मन तू क्यों ना समझ पाए?

मन तू याद रखना

अंधेरे में भी चंदा दीया जलाए

वैसे ही तू खुदकी अंतर तिमिर मिटाए

मन शायद अब तू समझ जाए।



Summary: The Covid situation makes us wonder about the hopelessness of the situation. Philosophical questions run through our mind. We question god for throwing such an uncertain situation at us and for making the world suffer with death, hunger and poverty (especially the poor people).

उठा पटक

- *Malabika Singh Menon, Mumbai*

यह जो है न बेगाना सा
खूनी,फसादी,बलवाई वायरस!!

कविता ,कहानी ,नाटक और फिल्मों में खूब धूम मचायेगा।
अतीत बन इतिहास के पन्नों पर ही रह जायेगा।

मानता हूँ -

तब भी

यह सतायेगा।

स्वजन बिछोह बार बार याद दिलायेगा।

पर

कोरोना आया है तो जायेगा ।

यह हो नहीं सकता-

सब लूट जायेगा, सबों का दिल टूट जायेगा।

आंधी तूफान में सब उड़ जायेगा।

रख दिल में हिम्मत अपार।

अतीत गवाह है-

मरम्मत और नव निर्माण होगा।

फिर से-

दिल में नया बवंडर और तूफान होगा।

कोरोना आया है तो जायेगा ।

आज नहीं तो कल,

काल के गाल में समायेगा, धराशायी हो जायेगा।

कविता, कहानी, नाटक और फिल्मों में खूब धूम मचायेगा।

अतीत बन इतिहास के पन्नों पर ही रह जायेगा।



Summary: The poem is all about Corona Virus. The theme of poem dwells upon devastating nature of Corona ,its defeat in near future and ray of new hope for regeneration. There is message for all to be optimistic and face the sufferings boldly with courage considering the fate of such in the past.

शहर की गलियां

- Pankaj Narshana, Mumbai

बहुत याद आती है

मेरे शहर की गलियां सारी

वह चाय की टपरी वह बड़ा पाव की लारी

नुक्कड़ की मस्ती पान के गल्ले की यारी

ट्रेन की अनाउंसमेंट विंडो सीट की मारामारी

लंच ब्रेक की इंतजारी

वह बॉस की डांट और दोस्तों की किलकारी

वो ट्राफिक का शोर

वह रास्तों पर लड़ना झगड़ना

वह पार्किंग की मारामारी

वह हर रेड सिग्नल पर रेसिंग की तैयारी

वह आईपीएल का स्कोर

टोल नगाड़े चारों ओर

वह सीटियां और ताली

और हारने पर खिलाड़ियों पर गालियों की कव्वाली

रहते थे इंतजार में हम कब आएगी वीकेंड की बारी
वो रेस्टोरेंट्स की लंबी कतारें
वह संडे की वन डे आउटिंग की तैयारी

यारों बहुत मिस करते हैं यह सब हम
पता नहीं कब खत्म होगी यह बीमारी
प्लीज घर पर रहना
मानो यह बात हमारी

जल्द ही आएंगे वह दिन फिर से
जल्दी दिखेगी सबके चेहरे पर खुशियां सारी

बस करो अब यह लॉक डाउन
तिच्या चमारी

क्योंकि याद आती है हमें मेरे शहर की गलियां सारी



Summary: These words are of all of us during the lockdown we all are missing the fun, gathering and meeting people, going out whenever we can do whatever we can, enjoy however we can. But since this lockdown, we all are missing this.

आज दुकान बंद है

- Pankaj Narshana, Mumbai

आज दुकान बंद है

कैसी घड़ी है आई कैसे दिन है यह लाई हर गली हर मोड़ पर शहर के हर छोड़कर आज दुकान बंद है

बिकता था जहां सामान सारा उस मॉल सुपर मार्केट या ऑनलाइन हर जगह आज ताले बंद है आज दुकान बंद है

मंदिर मस्जिद याह गुरुद्वारा हो वह चर्च या हो कोई और सहारा
इस मुश्किल समय में जब थी जिसकी सबसे ज्यादा जरूरत
आज उन्हीं के सारे द्वार बंद है
हां आज उनकी भी दुकान बंद है

देती थी जो CAA ,CAB को गाली
या NRC ना लाने की जिसकी थी पूरी तैयारी
देश के टुकड़े टुकड़े और संविधान बचाने वालों की हां आज दुकान बंद है करते थे कालाबाजारी कभी
धोखे कभी मक्कारी सब रिश्त के दलालों की हां आज दुकान बंद है

नेता हो या अभिनेता याह क्रिकेट के तारे
जब आई मुंह दिखाने की बारी तो आज उनके भी मकान बंद है हां
आज दुकान बंद है

बस छुट्टी तो है किस्मत आम आदमी की सारी
जिनको तो हर हाल में निभानी हर एक जिम्मेदारी
वह बिजली का बिल या हो दाना पानी

वह किराया घर का याहो पगार पानी

उससे तो कहने का भी यह हक नहीं भाई साहब आज जरा कष्ट है क्योंकि

आज दुकान बंद है



SummaryAll of us in lockdown are caged in our houses and also our shops, businesses, malls, and many commercial establishments are closed. many are facing the issue of earning and paying their bills this poem relates to this current condition.

मैं तस्वीर कार हूँ

- Pankaj Narshana, Mumbai

मैं तस्वीर कार हूँ

चलता हूँ दौड़ता हूँ

उठता हूँ बैठता हूँ

उछलता हूँ कूदता हूँ

जब लगे बात नहीं बनी तो लेट भी जाता हूँ

मैं तस्वीर कार हूँ

मैं तस्वीर बनाता हूँ

हंसता हूँ हंसाता हूँ

अपने गम को छुपाता हूँ

अपने सपनों को पूरा करने

आपके सपनों को सजाता हूँ

तस्वीर कार हूँ

तस्वीर बनाता हूँ

कुदरत के हो नजारे

याहो रास्तों के खेल सारे

देश की हो कोई धरोहर

याहूँ ब्रह्मांड के तारे

सच्ची कहानी बताता हूँ

मैं तस्वीर कार हूँ

मैं तस्वीर बनाता हूँ

हो आपके शादी की आतिशबाजी

क्या हो दंगों की बर्बादी

हो वो खूबसूरत चेहरे
याहो जख्मों के घाव गहरे
सब की असलियत दिखाता हूं
मैं तस्वीर कार हूं
मैं तस्वीर बनाता हूं

जंगल के शेर
यह आम आदमी की समस्याओं के डेर
त्योहारों की मस्ती
जंग से उजड़ी मस्ती
सबकी खबर दिखाता हूं
मैं तस्वीर कार हूं
मैं तस्वीर बनाता हूं

भले ही लाखों ना कमाता हूं मगर
सब की बेशकीमती पलों को सजाता हूं सवार ता हूं
सब के होठों पर मुस्कान लाता हूं
मैं तस्वीर कार हूं
मैं तस्वीर बनाता हूं

छोटा सा खिलौना मेरे हाथों में
जिससे मैं खेलता हूं
उस छोटे से डिब्बे में आपकी दुनिया को सहजता हूं
आप जो देख ना पाए
वह मेरी नजरों से दिखाता हूं
मैं तस्वीर कार हूं
मैं तस्वीर बनाता हूं



Summary: Myself being a passionate photographer know how hard one works to capture the priceless moments. The hard work behind the camera is always ignored and all credits go to the gears, but the ultimate switch to freeze the moment is with the photographer.

मृत्यु-जीवन का सत्य

- Pooja Awasthi, Jhansi

फिर एक अध्याय हुआ है खत्म।
एक कहानी के मिटने के बाद॥

फिर एक किस्सा हुआ है खत्म।
एक हिस्सा मिटने के बाद॥

जीवन की इस डोर को पकड़े रहा वो।
पलटता रहा उसके पन्ने दर पन्ने॥

मिली कई कसौटीया....
मिली कई कसौटीया उसे,
पार करता गया वो हिम्मत से॥

छाती चौड़ी, मूछे तनी।
फिरता रहा वो बगियन में।
पकड़े रहा वो फूल हाथों में महकाने को घर-भर में॥

मिली नहीं जिन्दगी उसे.....
मिली नहीं जिन्दगी उसे,
तो महका गया उसे चिलमन में॥

फिर एक अध्याय हुआ है खत्म।
फिर एक किस्सा हुआ है दफन॥



Summary: As the life starts with one cell and slowly-slowly numerous cells join and form a mother's womb, We see multiple colors of life within approx 273.75 days while in womb and rest of our life after that. Life is a beautiful thing and subtle sometimes, but ends finally i.e., DEATH

आत्मग्लानि

- Pradeep Kumar, Mumbai

मैं
चोर हूँ
तरह-तरह की चीज़ें चुराता हूँ
पर
कविता नहीं चुराता
उसके छंद चुराता हूँ
और रचता हूँ
एक नई कविता
अपने स्मरण से
नये-नये शब्दों के साथ
कुछ नया करने की कोशिश में।

मैं
उसकी पंक्ति नहीं चुराता
उसके धुन भी नहीं चुराता
उसके भाव चुराता हूँ
और कहता हूँ
एक नई कविता
अपनी भावनाओं से
नए-नए रागों के साथ
कुछ नया करने की कोशिश में।

मैं
उसके विषय नहीं चुराता
उसके शीर्षक भी नहीं चुराता
उसकी अदायें चुराता हूँ
और लिखता हूँ
एक नई कविता
नए-नए विषयों के साथ
नए-नए शीर्षकों के साथ
कुछ नया करने की कोशिश में।

इस चोरी के लिए
मुझे कोई कुछ नहीं कहता
मुझे हथकड़ी भी नहीं लगती
मुझे अपमानित भी नहीं होना पड़ता
पर "आत्मग्लानि" होती है
अपने आप से
की आखिर मैंने
कुछ तो चुराया।



ख्वाब

- Renuka Kulkarni, Mumbai

एक ख्वाब देखा, दिल ने एक ख्वाईश की,
दुआ मांगी थी हम दोनो ने, जो खुदा ने वो कुबुल की।।
नहीं जानते थे हम ये पर तेरे आने से जिंदगी बदल गयी,
एक वो दुआ थी की तू आये एक ये दुआ है की तू सदा मुस्कुराये,
तेरे सूनहरे कदम खुशीयो के रास्ते चले,
और आये जो कभी गम तो तू कभी ना डगमगाए।।



Summary: When a lady got news of Pregnancy, she and her husband always dream to have a BABY GIRL, and when she finally took a birth, both of them giving her blessings that Be always Happy and keep smile, and if you find any hurdles on your way while growing up, be strong always.

सामान्यता की इच्छा

- Ruchita Bhatia, Mumbai

यूं गम-सुम सी है जिंदगी,
ना जाने कीतनी ख्वाहिशें है,
गीन गीन के निकल रहे है दिन
अब बनी सब गुनजाइशै हैं,
काम करने से जब थकता जीह
कुच्छ खेलने का मन करता भी ,
घर बैठे करने को है काफी कुच्छ,
पर समय मिलता ही नहीं
क्या यही जिंदगी है?

बच्चों को खेले देख, मन भर जाता है
अपना ही बछपन फिर से याद आता है
अब कोरोना के छुट्टियों में दिल तोह काफी करता है
चलो कुच्छ पेन वेन उठाए, थोड़ी तस्वीरें ही बना।
पर इतनी जिम्मेदारिया है
आए दिन, बारा घंटे, काम ही काम की कचरिया है
कब हटेगा यह सब, कब मिलेगा आराम
थोड़ा हम भी खिल उठे करदो अबी यह काम तमाम



Summary: This poem talks about the frustrated life of working class who despite being locked at home, have to work for more than normal hours. Their desire for some respite, or an opportunity to step out only increases with passing time.

पिघल जा! ऐ मानव,!

- Sangeeta Bharara, Mumbai

पिघल जा! ऐ मानव,
 बहुत दिन बीत गए,
 माहिने, साल, सदियां बीत गई,
 तुझे देखते हुए, ऐ मानव।
 तू ना सुधरा,
 रोज़ इक नया प्रयोग,
 एक नया परीक्षण,
 मेरा आंचल तार तार हुआ,
 मेरा सीना चूर चूर हुआ,
 तू ना पिघला, ऐ मानव।

रोज़ नए भवन,
 रोज़ नई इमारतें,
 हर रोज़ इक नई खोज,
 मेरा आंचल बदरंग हुआ,
 मेरी सांसों में ज़हर घुला,
 तू ना पिघला ऐ मानव।
 मेरी नदियों की कलकल धारा,
 कचरे का ढेर हुई,
 मेरे झरने, मेरे पेड़,
 पौधे, पत्ते सब बेनूर हुए,
 तेरी तृष्णा की अग्नि में

भस्म हुए।

तू ना पिघला, ऐ मानव!
 अभी तो केवल आंख दिखाई है,
 एक ही बात तुझे समझाई है,
 मेरे एक एक कण में विस्फोट है,
 गर, मैंने करवट बदली,
 तो तू किधर जाएगा,
 मौन शून्य में बिखर जाएगा।
 पिघल जा, रे मानव!
 संभल जा, रे मानव!
 नहीं तो अबकी बार ना बच पाएगा। दूर आकाश की सीमा रेखा में
 बिखर जाएगा। बिखर जाएगा।।



Summary: This poem is requesting humans to stop cruelty on Mother Earth and is asking for mercy for Mother Earth. It States how we humans are experimenting and testing on earth and God-created creatures. It States how we keep building monuments, buildings, and have created concrete jungle. We research and create irresponsibly. It states this epidemic is the last chance for us to become responsible, it's the last warning from Earth. If we don't improve and become responsible for our eco-cycles and earth, it will be catastrophic.

जीवन बीत गया।

- *Sangeeta Bharara, Mumbai*

दुखों में सिमटते हुए,
सुखों की तृष्णा में,
जीवन दुपहरिया में,
बीत गया।

न आनंद की मधुर बेला छाई,
न रंजो गम की सांझ ढली,
जीवन इक त्रिशंकु सम,
बीत गया।

दूर कहीं,
क्षितिज पर बनी,
अपनी पहचान की तलाश में,
जीवन कभी पिता, पति,
और कभी पुत्र की छाव तले,
बीत गया।



Summary: This poem states how women lead their lives in search of happiness, but usually, their lives end only in sadness. Sometimes their apathies just don't end there is no joy in their lives. Sometimes in the search of their own identity, their lives end up just being someone's daughter, wife or mother.

समय चक्र

- *Sangeeta Bharara, Mumbai*

समय चक्र, क्यों चलते ही जाते हो?
 ले लो इक पल विश्राम,
 क्या केवल,
 चलते चलोगे बिन प्रयास,
 क्यों नहीं है तुम्हें,
 रुकने की आस,
 आज!! इक पल रुक जाओ!!
 ले लो, इक लघु अल्पविराम!
 तुम चलते ही चलो, क्या यही
 सृष्टिकर्ता की अनुमति है।।

हे सृष्टिकर्ता!!!
 अब के समय चक्र ऐसा चलाना,
 हर रुप में हमें आप ही मिल जाना,
 मिल गए हैं जो घाव जानें अनजाने,
 नेह का अपने! उन पर मरहम!!
 अवश्य लगाना!!
 अवश्य लगाना!!



Summary: This poem states how time keeps ticking, waits for none. It's requesting a time to wait, to relax for a while, and is asking the time, has the creator not assigned breaks for it. In the Second verse this poem is requesting the creator to love and appease those who are emotionally and mentally wounded and are hurt with life events.

सुनहरी कल!

- *Sangeeta Bharara, Mumbai*

सुनहरी कल! तेरे आने की आहट है।
हवाओं में इक अजब सा गुरुर है,
पत्तियों पर नया सुरुुर है,
पुष्पों ने खोले हैं अपने नयन,
हर परिंदे, पंछी की किलकारी में,
गज़ब का सुकून है।
फिज़ाओं में अनकही चाहत है,
कोयल की कूक में,
अजब कयामत है,
फिर से वही खेत खालियान,

फिर से वही कल कारखानों,
का मधुर गान।
धरती की धड़कन पर झूमती रेल,
आकाश का सीना चूमते वायुयान।
जीवन में जीने की सुगबुगाहट है।
पर जरा संभाल कर मानव!!
इस बार ज़रा संतुलन की,
दरकार है।।।
सुनहरी कल,
तेरे आने की आहट है।।।।



Summary: This poem states how a golden tomorrow is waiting for us. The wind, trees, flowers, birds are a harbinger for a better and new tomorrow. It states again life will get back to normal after this epidemic ends. How factories, railways, airways every activity will be back to normal. But this time we have to be careful and responsible we have to maintain the balance and eco cycle even while progressing and creating.

Tribute to Martyrs!

- *Sangeeta Bharara, Mumbai*

तुम रहो अपने घर में महफूज़,
हम रहे हैं सीमा पर शत्रु से जूझ,
खून का कतरा कतरा बह जाए,
सांस लम्हा लम्हा थम जाए,
नहीं फिक्र चाहे ये तन तिरंगे,
में लिपट घर वापस आए,
रहे आबाद वतन मेरा,
इस मिट्टी से करूं तिलक
धरती मां पर जान फना हो जाए॥



Summary: It's a tribute to our soldiers who fight for the nation without any worry for their family and themselves.

चश्मा

- Sanhita Joshi, Mumbai

हर कोई देख रहा है
लेकर अपना इक चश्मा,
रखता है अपनी बात
जैसे हो कोई फलसफा | १

कोई है देखे रूमानी,
कोई है देखे रूहानी,
सबको चलानी है
बस अपनी मनमानी | २

हर आंख मे चिपका है
अपना ही एक नजरिया,
दीवारें उंची खड़ी करके
झगड़े है हरा और केसरिया | ३

कितनी अलग अलग है बातें,
उनकी अलग अलग है परतें,
या फिर चश्मे से देखने की
होती है अलग अलग शर्तें? ४

ईन चश्मों और शर्तों के बिना
क्या दुनिया देख सकते हैं ?
न कोई अंदरवाला,
न कोई बाहरवाला | ५

भीतर न मिटे अंधेरा
तो बाहर कैसे हो उजाला ,
आखिर
मैं भी चश्मेवाला |
तू भी चश्मेवाला | ६



Summary: The poem titled The Spectacles is a reflection on how humans are enslaved by the point of views, ideologies or strong opinions that they cling to. This limits our abilities to view the world in many limitless ways. It sets judgements, boundaries, colours our vision and creates barriers of communication. Eventually, it casts humans as someone who is either on this side or that side. This leads us to eternal darkness in our lives since we are always wearing some or the other spectacles.

प्रकृति

- *Saraswati Krishnan, Chennai*

प्यारी प्रकृति है हमारी, कितनी सुंदर कितनी न्यारी !

ईश्वर ने है इसे बनाया, सब के लिए है इसे रचाया ।

पेड़ों की हर पत्ती _ डाली, देती है सब को छाया ;

दूसरों को देकर खुश रहते, यह है कुदरत की माया ।

नदी, पर्वत, पशु-पक्षी, कुदरती शोभा बढ़ाते हैं;

इसे नष्ट न करना हे मानव! हम प्रकृति को चाहते हैं ।

इससे हम लेते बहुत हैं, अफ़सोस, देते कुछ नहीं ।

क्या सीमित है हमारी समझ? क्या रह गई है हममें कमी?

चलिए, सब आदर करें प्रकृति का, जो सबको मिलता एक समान,

कभी कष्ट न पहुँचाए इसे, देते रहे इसको सम्मान ।



Summary: This poem was written by me in December 2015 as an assignment for my son's school activity. The poem tells about the beautiful nature that God has created for all living beings on the earth. It also tells about the bountiful nature that GIVES but doesn't take anything from us. Since it is available FREE to us, we must use the resources wisely and stop it from destruction. It's our duty to respect the nature for all that it gives us to sustain our living – and that is available to all equally.

विटामिन

- *Saraswati Krishnan, Chennai*

एक पौष्टिक आहार है विटामिन,

जिसे हमें लेना है हर दिन ।

सब्जियाँ, फलों में हैं ये भरपूर;

बीमारियाँ भाग जाती हैं दूर ।

रोज़ इसे खाने से मिटती है सुस्ती;

भर जाती है तन - बदन में स्फूर्ति और तंदुरुस्ती ।

ऐसे आहार से बढ़ता है बुद्धि - बल,

तो दोस्तो ! याद रखिये मेरी यह बात हर पल । ☺



Summary: This poem was written by me in November 2016 as an assignment for one of my friend's daughter's school project. Including Vitamins in our food as a nutrient, is the main theme of this poem. It says that by eating lot of vegetables and fruits, lot of vitamins add nutrition to our body and we are free of illnesses. By consuming it regularly makes us healthy and active.

निमंत्रण

- *Saraswati Krishnan, Chennai*

हमारे नाना - नानी हैं बड़े प्यारे,

जो हमें बुलाते राज दुलारे;

मिलता है उनसे ढेर सारा प्यार.....

प्यार, लाड़ और दुलार ।

हम चाहते हैं उनकी खुशियाँ बाँटने -

बुला रहे हैं आपको इसी बहाने;

मनाने सालगिरह एक सुंदर जोड़ी की -

जो है हमारे प्यारे नाना - नानी की । ☺



Summary: This poem was written by me in June 2018. This was on the occasion of my parents' 50th Wedding Anniversary. This poem and another in English was a part of the invitation card that was printed and sent to relatives and friends.

अपना लिखो, नया लिखो

- *Sheetal Lashkari, Navi Mumbai*

सब कहते है अपना लिखो, नया लिखो
जब मेरी भावनाएं दूसरों से जुड़ी है तो मैं अपना कैसे लिखूँ ??

मैं अपने दुख से दुखी नहीं, दूसरों के सुख में हूँ दुखी,
अपना सुख मुझे दिखता नहीं, दूसरों के दुख में हूँ सुखी।

आज राम को लोग देखते नहीं, क्योंकि
है राज रावण का, वो भी दस सुखी।

हर बात हो रही है गलत, सही कुछ भी नहीं,
और इतना होने पर भी, हमारी - बस नजरें, झुकी !!!

हर जगह हाहाकार है, शांति बिल्कुल भी नहीं,
जहाँ भी देखो बस दर्द है और जनता भूखी।

अगर बदलना है इन हालातों को, आदत भी,
रखो अपनी नजर पैनी और तीखी भी ।

आप कहते हैं अपना लिखो, नया लिखो,
जब दुनिया की गतिविधियों पर मेरा कोई जोर नहीं,
अपनी भावनाओं को कैसे बदलू, अपना कैसे लिखूँ ।

Summary: The poem shows the feeling on how to write anything new, when the poet or any artist takes the inspiration from the world and serves it in his words.

मेरा फोन मेरी जिन्दगी

- *Sheetal Lashkari, Navi Mumbai*

एक नयी विमारी के डर से सब कुछ उथल-पुथल हो गया,
अपने पराये हो गये और पराया अपना हो गया।

भागकर जाते थे आफिस कहकर बहुत काम है,
अब वही आफिस बेगाना हो गया।

जीवन की आपाधापी ने, जिनसे कर दिया था दूर,
वही गली, मोहल्ला और घर फिर से अपना हो गया।

सिमटकर रह गयी है दुनिया, एक छोटे से यंत्र में,
पता ही नहीं चला, कब जिन्दगी थम गयी,
और मेरा फोन मेरी जिन्दगी हो गया।

Summary: The poem is written to show the effect of pandemic Corona and how we have restricted our lives to phone.

जिंदगी

- Soma Dhar, Mumbai

जिन्दगी के हैं कई रूप
 कभी है छाँव तो कभी है धुप
 यूँ वक्त जाया न कर धुप के इंतज़ार में...
 छाँव के अंदाज भी होते हैं बड़े ख़ुब

 माना की तुझे मिलि है कफी ठोकरे
 छुटा है अपनो का संग
 फिर भी तू यूँ मायुस न हो....
 जिन्दगी के हैं कई राग... कई रंग

माना टुट चूका है तु कई बार
 जख्मी हुआ है तेरा दिल
 फिर भी तू यूँ निराश न हो...
 अलग रंगो से करदे उन जखमो को सिल

 तो अब खुद को कर बुलंद इतना
 कर ले कोई नई ख्वाहिश
 चल चले वहान... जहान होति हो उम्मीदों की बरीश



Summary: This poem is all about different colors of Life filled with Ups and Downs. One should not be in low state of life of some misfortune rather to see the different colors of it, different opportunities and converting it into a state of having wisdom, courage, freedom and happiness with new hopes and wishes. Life will always throw many challenges, but all you have to do is to smile and embrace it.

ये पल

- *Subhaashini Ghosh, Mumbai*

यूं साथ साथ बैठना
 यूं मुड़ के बात करना
 कभी सामने देखना
 कभी अपने अपने चाय को
 कभी तुम्हें सुनना
 कभी अपने ख्यालों को
 अच्छा लगा मुझे

तुम्हारा यूं कहना
 कि हां सोचा था कुछ
 हुआ कुछ और
 यह मानना, यह कहना
 सच्चाई से, दिल से
 अच्छा लगा मुझे

कुछ पल साथ बैठना
 कुछ कदम साथ चलना
 चाहे मिलजुल के |
 चाहे लड़ते झगड़ते
 फिर भी जानना
 मुश्किल है जीना
 एक दूसरे के बिना
 अच्छा लगा मुझे

यूं एक दोस्त का मिलना
 जिंदगी की राह में
 कुछ सेंसिटिव सा
 कुछ बिंदास
 कुछ लड़खड़ाता
 कुछ नॉन जजमेंटल सा
 अच्छा लगा मुझे



Summary: This poem is about a heart to heart conversation with a dear friend, realizing that there will be differences of opinions, misunderstanding between the two. Yet the bond of friendship that binds the two friend is cherished more than before.

फिर आया याद बचपन हमारा

- *Subhaashini Ghosh, Mumbai*

बहुत दिन बाद
आज फिर याद आया बचपन हमारा
कितना अजीब है ना
नहीं ! बचपन का याद आना नहीं....
पर कोई एक चीज देख कर
वह सारी बातों का ताजा हो जाना

आज ऐसा ही कुछ हुआ
एक फूल से फिर खेल उठा बचपन हमारा

लगा की कितने दिन बाद कर रही हूं बचपन की बात
लगा कि बड़े होते होते वह लोग कितने कम हो गए
जिनसे करते थे बचपन की बात

लगा कि वह लोग जिनके साथ
जिनके छांव में गुजरा बचपन हमारा

आज सामने तो है
मगर रोज मरारा की जिंदगी में
कहीं छुप गए
उनका वह पहचान गहरा

जिससे बना मेरा यह हसीन बचपन सुनहरा

आज फिर आया याद बचपन हमारा



Summary: This poem is about suddenly being reminded of one's childhood and its happy memories... and the people who help make those memories. It's about realizing that some of those people are still around only in life's struggle we forget to cherish them in the present.

आज आंखें नम है मेरी

- *Subhaashini Ghosh, Mumbai*

आज आंखें नम है मेरी
तुम्हारा जाना तो तय था
उसी दिन सोच लिया था
दो साल पहले
एक तरह से तैयार थी तब

फिर सुना कि
नहीं तुम तो ठीक हो रहे
वापस आ रहे

पर्दे पर देखती थी तुम्हें
तुम्हारी उन आंखों को
उन में डूब जाती थी मैं

एक उम्मीद थी
इंतजार था
तुम्हारे वापस आने का

तुम आए भी
बस जाने के लिए
अब नहीं थी तैयार में

आज आंखें नम है मेरी ।



Summary: Written on the night Actor Irrfan Khan passed away... a fan's expression of grief.

हम हिन्दुस्तानी हो गए

- *Swati Alok Bharara, Mumbai*

इतने अनपढ़ हो कर भी, हम पढ़े लिखे हो गए ।
 इतने अलग हो कर भी, हम एक हो गए ।
 इतने गरीब हो कर भी, हम दानवीर हो गए ।
 इतने विशाल हो कर भी, हम सिमट कर हो गए ।
 इतने निराशावादी समय में भी, हम आशावादी हो गए ।
 दुनिया की नज़र में कुछ न हो कर भी,
 हम आज सब कुछ हो गए ।
 आज हम और भी हिन्दुस्तानी हो गए,
 आज हम और भी हिन्दुस्तानी हो गए ।



Summary: This poem states how in this epidemic how uneducated Indians have demonstrated responsible and well-informed behavior towards this epidemic compared to western countries like US and UK. How Indians have displayed unity in diversity. How large-hearted Indians are.

परछाई

- *Vikas Shrivastava, Bengaluru*

पानी में अपनी परछाई देख,
 मैं घबरा गया,
 सोचा एक ही बहुत था,
 एक और कहीं से आ गया,

हवा के धक्के से ये लगा की,
 गिर ना जाऊं कहीं,
 खुद के इस प्रतिबिंब से,
 मिल ना जाऊं कहीं,

खुद को खुद से अलग रखना,
 हम सभी जानते हैं,
 और फिर भी बिना प्रतिबिंब के,
 स्वयं को पूरा मानते हैं....



Summary: This poem is about realizing that we have many facets of our personality. We behave and act differently in different situations easily. However the objective is to have one facet of our personality being prominent in most of the situations. This will bring harmony within and will keep us away from a lot of emotional stress.

द्वारकाधीश

- Vikramsingh Rajput, Pune

स्वर्ग में श्रीराधाजी और श्रीकृष्ण इनके बिच का यह वार्तालाप है ऐसी कल्पना कर यह रचना करने की चेष्टा की है ...

राधाजी माने प्रेम दिवानी उन्हे कुरूक्षेत्र की कृष्ण भगवान की भूमिका पसंद नहीं आयी होगी ऐसी धारणा कर यह प्रस्तुती है ...

तो अपना गुस्सा प्रदर्शित करते हुये श्री कृष्ण जी को वे ज्यादातर कान्हा कह संबोधती पर आज उन्हे द्वारकाधीश कह कर संबोधन कर रही है . यह श्रीकृष्ण जी को अपेक्षित नहीं था इसलिए वह अचंबित हो गये है .

यह एक केवल कल्पना है , किसी की भी भावनाओं को दुखाने की कोई भी मनिषा नहीं है ... बस एक कविता के रूप में इसका आनंद ले यह प्रार्थना...

राधा मिली कृष्ण से

द्वारकाधीश बतीयाय

अचंबित कृष्ण पुछत रहे

क्यों कान्हा नहीं बुलाय

मुस्काती राधा बोली कृष्ण से

जब तुम संग रास रचाय

प्रेमभरा तोर नैननमे

तबहु कान्हा कहलाय

छोड गये सब सखा सहेली

दिये वृंदावन बिसराय

दुर कियो अपन आपको

जब नुतन राज बसाय

जिन उंगली थामे गिरीराज को

उनपे चक्र उठाय

छोड बासूरीके स्वरोंको

अधम नाश कराय

राग धरा उस नैननमे

जहा कभी प्रेम बहाय

सुला करन गयो कुरूक्षेत्र को

दियो भाई-भाई लडाय

प्रेम छोड द्वेष को

दियो आप बढाय

कान्हा नाम हटा स्मरणसे

द्वारकाधीश कहलाय

नही भावत राग द्वेष को
सबही प्रेम रूचाय
कौन भजे लोभ मोह को
प्रेम ही प्रेम पुजाय

जावो देखो धरापर
मुरत तुम्हरी बसाय
नहीं कहत द्वारकाधीश कोय
बस कान्हा कान्हा सुमिराय

This poem is about a conversation between Shrimati Radha Rani and Shree Krshn in the Golok (Abode of RadhaKrshn). Shreemati Radha Rani was upset with Shree Krshn due to Mahabharat blood bath and to express her anger she addressed Him as Dwarkadheesh instead of Her usual loving address as Kanha. Astound by Her address He asked Shreemati Radha Rani the reason for this, Shreemati Radha Rani spoke with a faded smile and reminded the Lord of His loving eyes because of which she performed Raas with Him. She continued how he left his loved ones and Vrindavan to establish a new City. The finger which once lifted the Giridhar Mountain had now Sudarshan Chakr, the lips which played melodious flute had played fierce Cronch and waged war. The eyes used to be ocean of love showered rage and led brothers to fight. You have forgotten love and increased animosity hence I forgot your name Kanha and could only remember The Dwarkadheesh. Love is worshipped everywhere and not the anger and greed. Go on earth and see yourself; you're worshipped as Kanha, epitome of love and not Dwarkadheesh.

और इसके उत्तर मे श्रीकृष्ण ने क्या कहा ...

सुन बात राधा की
गोवर्धन सकपकाय
निहारे गोरी के मुखको
मंद मंद मुस्काय

जल स्वयं मे बेरंग है
ना रूप अपना कोय
मिले जोको संग है
वही रंग-रूप अपनाय

हात धर भोली राधा का
लियो नजिक बिठाय
बात बडी सिधी है प्यारी
आवो तुम्हे समझाय

तुम हो मुरत प्रेमकी
नही कुछ और रूचाय
बस प्रेमरस बरसे वनमाही
इसलिए तुम संग रास रचाय

तुम देखौ प्रेमसे मोहे
 प्रेम ही प्रेम बरसाय
 पायो वही प्रतीफल मुझसे
 मुझपे जो हो लुटवाय

तुम सही वो भी सही
 नही गलत भये कोय
 तुम भजे कान्हा को
 वह द्वारकाधीश भजाय

तोर प्रेम माने पिया को
 सखास्रेह अर्जुन दिखलाय
 तुम भाये कान्हा कहे
 उन द्वारकाधीश कहलाय

मै तो भुखो प्रेम को
 जो दे उन संग जाय
 तुम दिधो वह एक रंग
 बिजो अर्जुन दिखलाय



Summary: Hearing this Shree Krshn was dismayed, with a subtle smile He held Radha'a hand, making her sit beside Him, replied, O my beloved, listen this simple philosophy of life, water doesn't have its own colour and shape. It becomes the one with which it merges. You are the epitome of love, you

know nothing except love. You live in the abode of love, thus I perform Raas only with you. You poured me in love and got love back, whatever you gave me I returned that to you. You see me as your lover so you got Kanha, Arjun see me as a friend so he got Dwarkadheesh. Both are shades of love, you love Kanha and he loves Dwarkadheesh. Whoever gives me love I would go with them; with you I am one shade of love, with Arjun the other.

मनवा बैरी भयो हमार

- *Vikramsingh Rajput, Pune*

ईश्वर की आराधना करने हेतु मनुष्य प्रयत्न करता रहता है पर इस कार्य में मन ही एक बड़ी बाधा बन जाता है ...

इसीलिए मन को बैरी की उपमा दे कर यह कविता लिखी है ।

प्रेम की भावना श्रेष्ठ भावना ... अपने संतो ने भी प्रभु से बहोत प्रेम किया । प्रेम अक्सर हम अपने प्रियतम से ही करते है । इस कविता में ईश्वर को ही अपना प्रियतम जान कर यह रचना करने का प्रयास किया है ।

मनवा बैरी भयो हमार..

बिन तुमरे कछु नाही सुझतं..

कैसन कटे दिनरात

मनवा बैरी भयो हमार..

सोच ख्याल सब बस तुमही तुमही

दिलमें बसों बस तुमरो प्यार

मनवा बैरी भयो हमार..

एकही भाव उठतं अंतरमें

ना कोई और जज्बात..

सुमीरन करें नाम तीहारो...

छुटा घर संसार...

मनवा बैरी भयो हमार..

चंचल मन दौडत चहु ओर

पकडन लावु मोडु तुम ओर

जोर लगावु पर नाही ठहरत

भागे बारंबार...

मनवा बैरी भयो हमार

मन वश कर जोडु तुम संग

निभावु प्रित बस तुमरेही संग संग

मेरी यही भक्ती यही प्यार

प्रभुजी ..मनवा बैरी भयो हमार



Summary:The biggest obstacle for Man in connecting with God is the restless mind. Therefore the wandering mind is explained in the poem.

नारी की अभिव्यक्ति

- Yash Awasthi, Jhansi

नारी आदिशक्ति है
 नारी से ही होती भक्ति है,
 नारी अधिमुक्ति है
 नारी से होती अर्थमुक्ति है,
 नारी महाशुक्ति है
 ईश्वर की वह साक्षात् नियुक्ति है,
 नारी हर प्रश्न का उत्तर
 परिवार ही उसकी एकमात्र शक्ति है,
 नारी मुक्ताशुक्ति है
 अन्ततः उससे ही मिलती मुक्ति है।



Summary: The Poetry describes the light which the women possess which ultimately is the key root of the origin of this Universe. It is women which is the end of the Universe through her power of giving emancipation.



←————→

BENGALI

←————→



<i>Poems</i>	16
<i>Participants</i>	4
<i>Cities</i>	3

শিক্ষার বিরস্বনা

- Abhijit Sen, Kolkata

লেখাপড়া করে আমি হব না জমাদার
 করব নোংরা সমস্ত শহর দেখাব অহংকার
 করব খাটো তাদেরকে যারা হবে না ধনে মোর এট পার
 জ্ঞান দেব বড় বড় না বললেও করব তা বারংবার
 বুদ্ধিমানের ভেক ধরে ভুল বোঝাব বারবার
 জেনে শুনে দেখে বুঝে করব ভান না বোঝার
 বিদ্যা বোঝাই বাবু হয়ে করব এইভাবে বৈতরণী পার
 এমন লেখাপড়ার কত যে গুন গাজন গাইব তার
 করব উপহাস তাদের কে যারা করবে রাস্তা পরিষ্কার
 আর বলব সন্তানদের হবি ওদের মত নগন্য , করে তিরস্কার



Summary: The poem is a satire about the egoistic mentality of being educated. The usual tendency to be snobbish, and ignore real time issues to be concerned with, not using the knowledge for a better world to stay, but just to beat own drums to the world,

সাংবাদমাধ্যম

- Abhijit Sen, Kolkata

কলম লেখে আজগুবি বলে মিথ্যা আজি
 তারা এখন জেহাদীদের পক্ষ নেয় তাতেই হয় রাজি
 যারা শান্তির দূত সেজে চালায় তরবারি
 কলম তাদের রক্ষাকর্তা সাজে তাই যে বিপদ ভারী
 হলুদ সাংবাদিকতা করে বানায় অত্যাচারীদের নিরীহ
 পয়সা কর না নষ্ট কিনে কাগজ বা খবর দেখে , কর না তাদের আর সমীহ
 কারণ তারা গণতন্ত্রের নাম নিয়ে করে তার অপব্যবহার
 তাই তাদের মুখোশ খুলে দাও আজ তাদের কর বহিষ্কার



Summary: The poem is a satire about the media industry. Pen is mightier than sword, is in true sense in today's world. The media is a dirty game now, where the criminals get a clean cheat, and the other way round for the innocent beings. Its like a masked crime itself.

নানারঙের দিনগুলি

- *Abhijit Sen, Kolkata*

পুরোনো সেই পূজোর দিনের কথা ভুলবি কিরে হয়
 সে যে পায়ে হেঁটে চলা নিজের
 চোখে দেখা সেকি ভোলা যায়
 মোরা বাগবাজারে ফুচকা খেয়েছি দুলেছি
 নাগরদোলায়
 গুনগুনিয়ে গান গেয়েছি আহিরীটোলায়
 লেবুতলার ভিড়ে হল ছাড়াছাড়ি গেলাম কে কোথায়
 আবার মুদিয়ালীতে হল দেখা সেই সন্ধ্যাবেলায়।
 পুরোনো সেই পূজোর কথা ভুলবি কিরে হয়
 সে যে পায়ে হেঁটে চলা নিজের
 চোখে দেখা সেকি ভোলা যায়
 আয় আরেকটিবার বন্ধুসকল আয়রে প্রাণের মাঝে আয়
 আমরা আবার করে বেরাব ছুটে সেইসবদিনগুলির ন্যায়



Summary: Childhood portraits the most colorful day's one one's life. The poem cherishes the memories of those vibrant colors.

করোনার প্রভাব

- Abhijit Sen, Kolkata

শহর আমার মলিন আজি দেশে করোনার ছায়া
 থমকে গিয়েছে সবকিছুই যেন কেমন ছন্নছাড়া
 থেমেছে সবার গতি আজি যেন বদলে গিয়েছে কায়া
 ঘরে বসেই জীবনযাপন নিকুপায় আজি সকল জীবনধারা
 মহামারীর প্রকোপ থেকে বাঁচার তাগিদে নতুন জীবন খাঁজার মায়া
 সন্মুখে আজ লড়ছে সবাই কিছু ঘরেতে বসে আর কিছু হয়ে কর্তব্যে ঘরছাড়া
 গৃহবন্দী এই দশা থেকে বাসনা এটাই যে কবে মুক্তির সাধ হবে পাওয়া
 যেদিন হবে আরোগ্য সবার এরোগ হবে পৃথিবী ছাড়া



Summary: Corona has created havoc on the whole country cities are today deserted . It's like everything has stopped and people are looking helpless . They are coping up with the new way of life and they are facing tough challenges . Some are facing it on the streets out of their duties and some are

staying at home .we all hope to get freedom from this home captivity along with the panacea which can remove this disease forever and bring wellness.

বুদ্ধজীবী উবাচ

- Abhijit Sen, Kolkata

দেখেছ চটে হাওয়াই চটি স্বাদটা কেমন তার
 যদি চটে নাও বিনাভেবে পারে কত উপহার
 কঞ্চল আছে সাইকেল আছে আছে কত কি আর
 বিনা পয়সায় খাওয়া আছে যদি চাটো শতবার
 ভেবে দেখে জানিও আমায় আমরা গণ্যমান্য আর
 যারা চাটে বিনা দ্বিধায় তাদের জীবন চমৎকার
 রঙিন চশমা পরে দেখবে নানা উৎসব আর উন্নয়নের জোয়ার
 হঠাৎ তোমার জাগলে বিবেক চটির ঘা খাবে শতবার
 তাই এসো ভাই জিভে শান দিয়ে চিন্তা থাকবে না আর
 বিনামূল্যে সবই পারে যতদিন চলবে এই ধরনের অপচয়ের সরকার



Summary: Lick the boots of political masters to realise it's taste and get several gifts like freebies and free meals if intellectuals lick more. Life is amazingly well if we lick the boots without worrying anything we will get Grand undeserved respect too with participation in gala and all across sponsored by masters but if suddenly your conscience wakes up you get punishments. So leave conscience just sharpen your tongue to lick more as long as this kind of wasteful govt lasts.

ভাষা বিভ্রাট

- Abhijit Sen, Kolkata

ইংরাজিতে কোথায় বসবে হরফ বড় হাতের আর কোথায় ছোটো হাত
ছোটো ছোটো কচিকাঁচা মনে রাখতে গিয়ে কুপোকাত
পিশে মেসো কাকা মামা সবাই এরা আঙ্কেল
নাম না জানলে কোনো ফলের বলে দাও সে এক ধরনের অ্যাপেল
পটল নাকি পয়েন্টেড গোর্ড , রিজ গোর্ড নাকি ঝিংয়ে
তালশাস নাকি আইস অ্যাপেল স্নেক গোর্ড চিচিংয়ে
পিসি মাসি কাকি মামি সবাই নাকি এরা আন্টি
শিখলে না পরে এই ভাষা থাকবে না কো তোমার মান টি



Summary: Kids find difficulty in intricacies of English as they use capital and small letter unlike other Indian languages which only one letter . All relations in india which have specific names are being treated as uncle or aunty. Majority of other fruits & vegetables whose names are specific in other languages but they are described as some Apple or Gourd in English despite that due to keep our social respect intact we have to learn English igniting our own languages across the country .

বাঙালী ভোজের খাঁজ

- *Abhijit Sen, Kolkata*

কোথায় গেল মোচার ঘন্ট আজি কোথায় গেল পুলি পিঠে
 বিরিয়ানি বাঙালী খাবার এখন চিলি চিকেন লাগে মিঠে
 চচ্চরি আর ঢাকাই পরোটোর হয়েছে আজ রান্নার ইতিহাস বইতে ঠাঁই
 কেউ আজ বলেনা কেন আমার বাড়িতে বানানো সন্দেশ চাই
 কোথায় গেল তেল কই আর চিংড়ি মালাইকারির স্থান
 পিঞ্জা বার্গার রোল চাউমিন মোমো এরাই মন জিতে যান
 সববত বললে নেতিবাচক ভঙ্গি স্মুদিতে জোড়ায় প্রাণ
 একই জিনিস অন্য ভাবে বেশী পয়সা দিয়ে সবাই খান
 বেলের পানা আমের পানা হয়েছে অচ্ছূত আজি ,কোথায় কেউ আমসি বা লেবুর আচার খান
 ক্ষতি নেই অন্য খাবার দেখতে চেখে কিন্তু বাংলার ঘরের রন্ধন শৈলীর ঐতিহ্য ও মেজাজ কেন
 ক্রমহ্রাসমান।।



Summary: It's about culinary delicacies of Bengal which is being avoided or neglected to cook by modern Bengalis in their home specially in Bengal and those are only finding places in restaurants or old recipe book as history and nobody try to experience it in their own houses by cooking it which earlier was a part of culture of Bengali household in cities too. Our culture is open to all kind of foods that perfect but why not rejuvenate the culture of cooking those marquee Bengali recipes at home as heritage.

বঙ্গকর্মসংস্কৃতি

- Abhijit Sen, Kolkata

খাচ্ছি বসে হারামে রয়েছি বড় আরামে
 না খেটে যদি পাই স্বর্গ গালাগালি দেব কর্মঠদের নামে
 না আছে শিক্ষার
 প্রয়োগ কি করব পরিশ্রম করে শীতে বা গরমে
 পা চেটে জুটে যায় ডাল ভাত কি হবে আর বেশী শ্রমে
 এইভাবে আমরা চুলোয় যাব ধীরে ধীরে ক্রমে ক্রমে
 মিথ্যা আন্দোলনে করে অচল সব ,বুলি ফোটার বামপন্থার নামে
 তবুও উন্নাসিক হয়ে বাঁচব মোরা যদিও জীবনে আঁধার আসে নেমে
 এই ভাবে পড়েছি মোরা কাজ না করার অলীক প্রেমে
 সব কিছু নিপাত যাক ,বদলাব না স্বয়ং ভগবান এলে নেমে।
 তাই আরেকটু যাও থেমে ,চাতালে বসে আড্ডা মার কি হবে অত কাজ করে ঘেমে ।।



Summary: It's about work culture of present day Bengal how procrastination and sheer lack of enthusiasm in doing work is deteriorating a state . People are busy in mindless agitation and they are in love with not improving work culture and hence they are wasting times in frivolous matters and every time they are in favour of stopping everything and then doing harm to overall industrial environment of the state and people still are not bothered in such kind of dismal state of affairs.

মানব রচনা

- Abhijit Sen, Kolkata

একদা কি আসল খেয়াল হঠাৎ বিধাতার মনে
 রচনা করলেন মানবজাতি এই পৃথিবীর সনে
 সৃষ্টি করলেন স্রষ্টা শ্রেষ্ঠ কীর্তি রাখবার তরে
 দিলেন বুদ্ধি তাদের যাতে তারা জগতের ভাল করে
 আবির্ভাবে মানব দেখল এই সুন্দর পৃথিবীর পরে
 তাঁরাই সবচেয়ে বুদ্ধিমান সমগ্র জীবজগত জুড়ে
 ক্রমে তারা হল শক্তিশালী নিজ বুদ্ধির জোড়ে
 করে নিপাট অবহেলা অন্য সকলকে রাখল পশ্চাৎপরে
 অন্য জীব ও প্রকৃতি কাঁপে থরথর সেই মানবের ডরে
 অবলুপ্ত হতে থাকল তারা ক্রমে ক্রমে এক এক করে
 সভ্যতা বানিয়ে মানব দেখাল তার সকল দস্ত ভরে
 বলল আজ তার ভয় নেই কোনো তার মনের অন্তরে
 স্রষ্টাকে দেখিয়ে বৃদ্ধাঙ্গুষ্টি নিয়ে নিতে চাইল সে তার আসন কেড়ে
 হল বল কৌশল আপোস আড়াল আর অদৃশ্য মুখোশের অন্তরে
 এইভাবে ক্রমে মানুষ মাতল মারণাস্ত্র অধিকারের দৌড়ে
 এক বোতামের চাপে প্রতিপক্ষকে নিমেষে ধূলিসাৎ করে
 শক্তি প্রদর্শনের মদে মত্ত হয়ে তারা প্রতিযোগিতা করে
 হঠাৎ এসবের মাঝে এল এক ভয়াবহ জীবাণু তেরে
 বিপন্ন ও দিশাহারা শক্তিমান মানব দিল তার সকল কাজ ছেড়ে
 বাঁচার তাগিদে হল অসহায় সেই শক্তিধরেরা বন্ধ হল নিজঘরে
 বাধ্য হল সত্যিকারের পড়তে মুখোশ নিজের মুখের উপরে
 অদৃশ্য মুখোশের আড়ালে থাকার পুরোনো ভনিতাছেড়ে
 সর্বশক্তিমান বাস্তব আজ অসহায় শক্তিমানদের থেকে ক্ষতিগ্রস্ত এই প্রকৃতির উদ্ধারে
 তার মানব রচনার আসল কারণ কি আজও তার সৃষ্ট মানবেরা বুঝতে পারে ???



Summary: It's about creation of human race. Almighty thought human will be his best creation and it will be beneficial for nature and earth . But once human landed on earth they try to beat all others in race and become powerful. Then suddenly came a pandemic which has shown how powerless is so called powerful human race and nature starts reclaiming it's lost things from human race as real omnipotent.

যন্ত্রী

- Adhir Mukherjee, Spain

হে যন্ত্রী এ যন্ত্র কেন রাখো ধরি
নাই সুব, নাই ছন্দ, নাই গতি যার
নিশ্চল নিখর মতি,
একি শোভা পায়?

সূর্য, চন্দ্র, গ্রহ তারা
দিতেছে আলোর ধারা
তবু অন্ধকার ভরা আমার হৃদয়।
মনয় যে বায়ু বয় শরীর জুড়ায় রায়
তবু কেন স্বলে এই হিয়া?
তুমি যা দিয়েছ ভার সে বহিতে পারে না আর
তবে কেন রাখো ধরি আপন করেতে করী;
দূর করে ফেলে দাও মহাশূন্যের ওপার।



Summary: The poet depicts to the people of today, who can work all day like a machine. They are losing their rhythms, the strings of true meaning of life. Without it, its just lifeless body. When there is enough light to clear the minds, there still prevails darkness in person. He wants to get rid all our negativity and live our lives the positive ones.

ক্যানভাস

- Adhir Mukherjee, Spain

জীবনের ক্যানভাসে,
যে ছবি করেছি শুরু হয়নি তা শেষ,
তবু বসে আছি।

ঘসে আছি, সময়ের অপেক্ষাতে
আমার আগে ও পরে
সবাই চলেছে ঐকে-
আপন মনের মাধুরী দিয়ে।

আমার পাত্রের রঙ গিয়েছে ফুরায়
তবু বসে আছি সময়ের অপেক্ষাতে।
ক্যানভাস ভরেছে শুধু ধূসর ও নীল রঙে
তোমাদের থেকে একটু সবুজ রঙ দেবে?
ঐকে যাব তরুলতা।



Summary: The poet himself is in grief as he sees many unpleasant things. He saw death to his loved ones. He wished to do many things to save them but he couldn't. All that were colourful in his life, had vanished. He begged to give a little attention to him so that he can put a mark by his own creations in order to every person can remember him by.

আমার ছবি তোলা

- Asit Kumar Ghatak, Bally

ছবি তোলা ! সে তো এক শিল্প 1
 জানি বুঝি অল্প স্বল্প 1
 এ নিয়ে আছে অনেক গল্প 1
 যা জানি তা খুব অল্প 1
 ছবি দিতে হবে লাইক পেতে -
 ইনস্টাগ্রাম, হোয়াটসঅ্যাপ আর ফেসবুকেতে !
 ছবি তুলি মন আর মাথা খাটিয়ে
 চোখ দুটোকে লেন্স ভেবে নিয়ে 1
 দেখি ছবির মান বাড়ছে অনেকখান
 দিকে দিকে ছড়িয়ে পড়ছে জান পহেচান 1
 এই ভাবেই ছবি তুলে যাই 1
 সমালোচনা থেকে শিক্ষা পাই 1
 আর ভুল হলে তা থেকে শিখি 1
 দেখি ঠিক করা যায় নাকি 1
 শিখি শিখি আর শিখি 1
 একদিন না একদিন শিখবো ঠিকই 1



Summary: I know photography is an art but knowledge is small. There are many stories of photography but I know a small portion of it. I post photos in instagram, whatsapp and facebook to get like. I click it with my heart and using brain, consider my eyes as lens. Then I saw my clicks are getting

some levels and people know my name as a photographer. I click this way. I learn from criticism and mistakes and try to rectify. Learn learn and learn one day I deffinitely done. I am Sri Asit Kumar Ghatak living with my parents, wife and son. I am in service in a reputed company. I am a passionate photographer by heart. I do all types of photography in my limit. I want to click more and more and more before I sleep.

উষা

- *Papia Mitra, Kanchipuram*

মরতে মরতে বেঁচেছি আমরা,
বাঁচতে বাঁচতে শিখেছি।
জীবনে অনেক করেছি আমরা
কারণে অকারণে ঠকিয়েছি।।

সূর্যোদয়ের রঙ দোখানি
সূর্যাস্তে চোখ খুলেছি
Night shift- এর জীবন গড়েছি
Package ছাড়া ভাবিনি।।

চাঁচি লিখিনি, ছবি আঁকিনি
রাখিনি commitment
Degree- এর পেছনে ছুটেছি শুধু
বাকিটা adjustment।

সামাজিকতা brand value তে
বিশ্বায়নের নাম ভাঙ্গিয়ে
Laptop- এ মুখ গুঁজেছি
ঘাড়, পেন, খাতা নিষ্পয়োজন
Smart phone এ সুখ খুজেছি।।

শিল্পীরা সব খুন হয়েছে
এসেছে গুণী যুগ
Reality show তে নাম দাওনি?
সম্মানহীন মুখ।।

Packaging – একত রঙ, সঙ্গে কিছু free
ভেজাল খেয়ে বড় হবে শিশু
But don't worry its safe,
MSG free।

নারী পুরুষ সব সমান সমান
পেশা থেকে নেশা
সম্পর্ক শুধু FB status
Divorce case-এ ঠাসা।।

Instant – এর দিন এনেছি
কংক্রিট করে ফেলেছি সব
Flat –এর everything is automatic
Balcony- তে বনসাইটব।।

হঠাৎ কোন COVID এসে
বন্দী দশায় জীবন কাটে
Planning, plotting ভেসে গেছে
মানুষ এখন হুঁশের বসে।।

শব টাও এখন ছোঁয়া যাবেনা
এমনই ভবিষ্যৎ।
পৃথিবী এখন হাস্যময়ী
আমি-তুমি নিরব।।



Summary: We are acclimatizing to this present lifestyle in the course of time. When any creation loses its harmony it needs to burn down into ashes and those ashes should raise a new creation. Today Mother Nature is probably pushing us to an end for a new world.

অপেক্ষা

- *Papia Mitra, Kanchipuram*

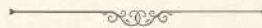
যে মুহূর্তে "আমি এখন অনেক দূরে, আর ছুঁতে পারবেনা " বলে হাসছ তুমি
তখন থেকেই পথ চলা শুরু আমার
তুমি শুধু দুরেই যেতে যান, কিন্তু সে দূরত্ব ভাঙব আমি
খুব সহজ হয়ত নয়, কিন্তু একদিন হবে
আছে অঙ্গীকার।।
তোমার মতে, এক জীবন গেছে চলে,
এখন মধ্যরাতে পিছুটান স্মৃতির
কিছু প্রেমহীন কিছু বেরাঙন

আমার কাছে প্রতি মুহূর্ত এক একটা জীবন
 কিছু গেছে খাম খেলালী সুরে,
 হয়ত গত বসন্তে কিছু পাতা খসেছে
 পরে আছে কিছু, আলগোছে
 তার হাজার বসন্ত বার্কি।

তোমার এখন কত যশ, তারায় তারায় ভরা
 স্মৃতির খামে ধুলো,
 আমি কেবল শত তারা বাদে
 একটি তারার খোঁজে
 অপেক্ষার চেনা গলি, যা শুধু তোমার আমার
 বহুকাল আগে হারিয়েছে
 দেখা হবেই আবার সেই সঙ্গম স্থলে।।



Summary: She is waiting for her lover who is far away from her, breaking the dream that they dreamt together. But she is determined that one day he will be back to her at the same place where they were used to be.



মনের সাথে তুই

- Papia Mitra, Kanchipuram

তোর চোখে কেন জল?

কি হারিয়ে সম্বলহীন আজ

মন কে প্রশ্ন কর

এক বার বুঝিয়ে বল

বুঝবি, মন কিন্তু সুখী

মন আকাশে বাঁধনহারা

মন বসন্তে দিচ্ছে উঁকি

মন তো বড়ই সুখী

শুধু তুই কেঁদে কেঁদে মরিস

মন কে ভাবিস ঘুড়ি

নীল আকাশে উড়তে দিয়েও, লাটাই টা টেনে ধরিস।।

ভালবেসে শুধু শরীর খুঁজেছিস, খুঁজিসনি কোন প্রান

বুঝিসনি ভালবাসার সারমর্ম, দিসনি মান

চোখ বুজে দেখ

আত্মা খাঁচায় আছে যে

প্রেম নিয়েছে প্রেম দিয়েছে

তোর এই জীবন্ত জীবন থেকে সে

মন কে তুই জ্ঞান দিচ্ছিস?

জানিস, যা যা তুই আড়াল করিস

মন কে ভাবিস বোকা

মন কিন্তু সবই জানে

সব হৃদিস রাখে, যায়না কিছুই ঢাকা।।

এ বার একটু জিঁরা, এ বার একটু মনের কথা শোন

মনে ও রয়েছে অনেক কথা,

মনেই রয়েছে তোর সেই জীবন্ত জীবন

তাই আজ একটু মনের কথা শোন

মন বলছে -

যা হচ্ছে তা হোক

যা হবে তা ভালোই হবে

দিন সবারই আসবে

তোর কি হবে না হবে তাতে কার কি আসবে যাবে?

দিন ত সবারই আসে

একদিন দিন তোরাও আসবে

সেদিন তোরাই আসবে।।



Summary: It is the world's greatest illusion that I am in control. When one get's hurt they try to console their inner self try to control their mind, but heart and mind is always like a free bird. Our conscience is very sorted and she knows everything. She knows our fate is already settled and sealed,

চিঠি

- Papia Mitra, Kanchipuram

ইচ্ছে হলে চিঠি দিও।
 হলুদ খামে নীল কালিতে,
 ইচ্ছে হলে চিঠি দিও।
 যত্নে লিখো আমার নাম
 আদরের আল্লাদি।
 ঠিকানা - চিলেকোঠার ঘর নীল বাড়িটার
 সময় করে চিঠি দিও
 আল্লাদির আবদার।
 বছর কুড়ি কেটে গেল,
 একটা চিঠির আশায়।
 চিলেকোঠার দেয়ালে আল্লাদি
 স্বপ্ন দিয়ে ভাসায়।
 ঋতুর চক্রে দিন পেরিয়ে
 স্কুল থেকে কলেজ।
 বাড়ির দেখা ছেলের সাথে
 সংসার হল বেশ।

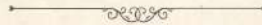
কেটেছে অনেক দিন;
 হলুদ, নীল, সাদা এলো না কোন খাম।
 আল্লাদি এখন পিঙ্কির মা,
 মুছে গেছে ডাক নাম।
 পিঙ্কির মা রাধে, বারে, চুল বেঁধে দেয়।
 পিঙ্কি এখন স্কুলে।
 বড় সংসার, অনেক দায়িত্ব
 বড় গিন্মি বলে।
 পিঙ্কির বাবা, দাদু দিদা
 সবাই খুব খুশি।
 সবার জন্যে আছে বউমা
 সবার সাথে সুখী।
 বছর তিরিশ আরও গেল,
 পিঙ্কি এখন বিদেশে।
 সময় কিছুটা ধমকে গেছে
 আবসরে এসে।

চিলেকোঠা আজ আন্তাকুড়
 বন্ধ ঘরে গুমরে কাঁদে,
 চিলেকোঠাও আজ একা।
 সময় আছে? 'চিঠি দিও'।
 আল্লাদি কে লেখা।
 ডাক পোস্টে চিঠি এলো।
 ছুটে এসে আল্লাদি
 চিঠি হাতে নিলো।
 হলুদ খামে নীল কলমে,
 'আদরের আল্লাদি'।
 মুহুর্তে ভাগে ঘুম
 ভুলে যাওয়া ডাক নামে।

একটা চিঠি কেউ দিলো না
 কেউ রাখে নি কথা
 এক আকাশ লেখার ছিল,
 হোল না কিছুই লেখা॥



Summary: This poem is a story of a lady waiting for a letter (through post) for her life. She has a world full of relations but none fulfilled her little unsaid wish of sending her a letter. Her life is compared with the attic of her house which was used during her childhood by her but was abandoned as she grew old.





←—————→

MARATHI

←—————→



<i>Poems</i>	12
<i>Participants</i>	10
<i>Cities</i>	4

Saad

- *Dr. Veena Sagar, Navi Mumbai*

ओलेती ही वसुंधरा
 नभ चुंबी तिचिया अधरा
 पाहुनी हा प्रणयरंग
 चित्त होतसे धुंद
 ये रे संख्या मम प्रिया
 म्हण रे मला तुझी 'प्रिया'
 आर्ततेने साद घालते
 तू त्वरेने ये इथे
 मला चढली तुझी नशा
 सरून जाईल ही निशा
 विलंब अता नको करू
 मी अशी किती झुरू
 विरह व्यथा ही जाळिते
 पण मूक तू असा तिथे



Summary: (After the rain) Earth is drenched in water and the sky is kissing on her lips. Seeing this romance, my heart is filled with same feelings. O my beloved, please come and say that I am your darling. I am calling you in distress, come immediately. I am addicted to you and this night will be over. Don't be late, I am tired of this wait. The pain of separation is burning but you are silent there.

एक दिवस नक्की येईल

- Dr. Veena Sagar, Navi Mumbai

एक दिवस असा येतो
 कोरोना नावाचा विषाणू
 सर्व जगात पसरतो
 आणि सारा मोहरा फिरून जातो...
 वाटत आहे जीवन म्हणजे
 केवळ मास्क आणि सोशल डिस्टंसिंग
 बाहेर कुठे जाणे नाही
 कोणीही घरी येणे नाही
 हे असे कुठवर चालणार
 कोणीही ठामपणे सांगत नाही
 दिवस असेच निघून जातील...
 असलेल्यात भागवण्याची

सवय आता जडवली
 कोंड्याचा मांडा करण्याची
 रीत आता गवसली
 संगीत, कला, लेखन, वाचन
 यातच आता गुंतवावे मन
 चिती आहे एकच समाधान
 माझा भारत आहे महान
 एक दिवस असा येईल
 कोरोना विषाणू नष्ट होईल
 असा दिवस नक्कीच येईल
 सारा मोहरा फिरून जाईल ...



Summary: One day a virus called corona comes and spreads all over the world and the entire scene changes. Feeling as if life means only masks and social distancing. Nowhere to go out and no one to come home. How long this situation will be, no one is telling with assurance. The days will go by like this. Now getting habituated to be contented with whatever is available and found the recipe how to cook delicacies with available material. The mind is kept engaged in music, art, writing and reading. There is only one feeling of satisfaction that my India is great. One day will come and corona virus will vanish. Such a day will surely come and the whole scene will be again change back to normal.

रामुर्मी

- Gargee Sononi, Pune

त्यागाची ती रेखा कधिच तिने ओलांडली
त्यास आपल्या मनि ठेऊन दूर ती चालली
सुख त्याचे हरपले
व्यथा रामाची कोणीच नाही जाणली

तिला जात बघे देव स्वतःला म्हणे
काय हे भोग माझे या मनुष्य जन्मी मी सोसले
ह्याच वेदना माझ्या मीच माझे जाणले

एकटाच तो राहिला
अपवाद ह्या प्रजेचा ठरला त्या निष्पाप पालकांचा अपघात
अखेर तो एकटाच राहिला

वचन चालले..
सुख चालले..
प्रेम चालले..
पाऊल तिस दूर चालले...

हतबल राम
निश्चयाचि हाक हि नाही आवरलि त्यास..
राजधर्माचाहि त्यास धाक..
सर्वस्व जात असतांनाही नाही थांबवू शकला सहायकास..

रामाचे हे दुःख कोणीच नाही जाणले
त्याच्या अश्रुंना ना कोणी सोबती उरले...

त्याग हा हि नाही पुरला त्या निर्दयी प्रजेस
स्वतःस नाही आवरला तो मान त्या प्रजेस..

विषय अनमोल असा
विषय हाच त्याग..
तरिही लागणारच ना
ओढ सोबतीची ह्या दुराव्यास...



Summary: the poem Is about lord Rama's character sketch in the situation of distance with Sita. I have tried to express the feelings of him when everyone just talk about Sita's sacrifice. I wasn't easy for Rama to held such a great position without the queen. Still both of them sacrifice their relation to perform their homage.

“अल्पविराम”

- Prashant Dhavse, Navi Mumbai

किती पळशील
थोडंसं थांबून बघ.....

बघ हे निळे आकाश
नको घेऊ कवेत
नुस्तच न्याहाळ
मुक्तनिरभ्रविशाल....

तूही हो तसाच
विहर त्या आममंतात
तोड सर्व पाश विचारांचे
सामावून जा निसर्गात

किती पळशील
थोडंसं थांबून बघ.....

बघ हा सागर
नको लावूस थांग

नजरेतच सामाव
अथांग....शुभ्र....विशाल....

तूही हो तसाच
बघ न्हावून त्यात
कर मनाला शांत
भिजून जा खुशाल

किती पळशील
थोडंसं थांबून बघ.....

पंचमहाभूतांतून घे स्फूर्ति
फेकून दे वेगडी वृत्ती
जा निसर्गाकडे
हो त्याचाच आनंदाने

किती पळशील
थोडंसं थांबून बघ.....

फिरून रानावनात
आनंद घे नितांत सुंदर

बस निवांत छायेत
एकरूप होऊन शांततेशी

किती पळशील
थोडंसं थांबून बघ.....

सोड ते चाकोरीबद्ध जिणे
नाही जगाला घेणे देणे
येता संकटे अंगाशी
एकट्यानेच झगडणे

किती पळशील
थोडंसं थांबून बघ.....

श्वास घे दीर्घ
भिन्न दे तनमनात ऊर्जा
ठेव विश्वास स्वतःवर
लाभेल स्वास्थ्य चित्ता

किती पळशील
थोडंसं थांबून बघ.....
.....पुनः पळण्यासाठी



Summary: Alpaviram (,) is a sign use in Marathi grammar to break a sentence to give more information about the subject. The thought behind this poem is to see the life before and after. We live our life for money, success, or materialistic things but this current stoppage has shown us that the above doesn't make our life complete. One should take a little stop to observe why and where exactly one is approaching.

A Dream for Motherhood

- *Renuka Kulkarni, Mumbai*

तू जन्मदाती, तू रूप ईश्वराचे

तू जिजाऊ, तुझ्यामुळेच शिवाजी राजे

थोडी जरी तुझ्या सारखी झाले

तर धन्य आयुष्य माझे!!!



Summary: A girl always dreamt of to become a reflection of her MOTHER in Life, and then she would believe that her Life is on a right way.

खारीचा वाटा

- *Rupesh Chindarkar, Mumbai*

पोलिस यंत्रणा, डॉक्टर, परिचारिका सर्वांची कौतुके आम्ही मिरवली,

तुमच्या ह्या सोहळ्यात त्यांनीही हजेरी लावली,

पण दोन शब्द त्यांच्यासाठीही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी पेलवली,

टाळ्या म्हणू नका, दिवे म्हणू नका, पुष्पवृष्टी ची विमाने आम्ही शहर भर फिरवली,

पण दोन शब्द त्यांच्यासाठीही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी पेलवली,

तळीराम पण सुखावले आता, घरपोच दारू जी पोचवली, आमची तहान मात्र सरकारने नाही मिटवली,

दोन शब्द त्यांच्यासाठीही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी पेलवली,

गृहिणीचा बाजारहाट आणि नोकरी , तारे वरची कसरत जणू ,पण तीही आम्ही गाजवली,

दोन शब्द त्यांच्यासाठीही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी पेलवली,

खेळ बंद , वाढदिवसाच्या पार्टीया बंद, बाहेरची मौज मजा ह्या महारोगापाई घालवली,

पण दोन शब्द त्यांच्यासाठीही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी पेलवली,

सिनेमा, सर्कस, बाहेरगावी जायचे अपुरे वादे आणि अभ्यासाचे सौदे ,सर्व काही ह्यांनी पचवले,

दोन शब्द त्यांच्यासाठीही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी पेलवली,

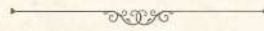
ऑफिस मधले शिष्टचार तुम्ही घरी ही गाजवले, मीटिंग च्या वेळा त्यांनी ही पाळल्या,

पण दोन शब्द त्यांच्यासाठीही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी पेलवली,

पण दोन शब्द त्या छोट्या जवानांसाठी ही, ज्यांनी नकळत कोरोनाची बंदी सहज पेलवली.



Summary: This is an attempt to highlight the sacrifices done by our little soldier at home in this war against Corona. However small their participation and contribution may be, without them this war and fight is incomplete. While we are busy singing the contribution of Authorities ,paramedics, security and NGO's , we cannot ignore their part , it's priceless. Salute to every each and every small wonder back home.



"क्षण सृजनाचे"

- Sateja Deodatta Rajwade, Thane

+वैशाख वणव्यात तनमनाची काहिली।
झिम्माड पावसाची गोष्ट मनात राहिली।
+चातक तो वाट पाही, साद घाली रानोमाळी।
शीणलेले मन माझे, होऊ पाहे पावसाळी।
+आकाश निरभ्र, वारा साफ पडलेला।
वाट पाहून जलदांची , श्वास घरात अडलेला।।
+एका सांजवेळी, काळ्या ढगांची ती दाटी।
अन् पाठोपाठ आले, पावसाचे गीत ओठी।।
+वळीवाची सर आली, मन पाऊस पाऊस।
माती सांगे पावसाला, नको दूर तू जाऊस।।
+भेट झाली पावसाची, आसुसल्या त्या मातीशी।
दरवळे मृद्गंध, उधळला दाहीदिशी।।

+थेंबाथेंबाचा पाऊस, होई रिमझिम धारा।
बेधुंद झाले वारे, धुंद गगन गाभारा।।
+पंख ओले पाखरांचे, तरू-वेल भिजलेली।
भिजलेला आसमंत, गाणी गाई रुजलेली।।
+जशी सृजन चाहूल, फुला-पानांना लागली।
तशी मनात माझ्याही नवी पालवी जागली।।
+गंधाळले मन माझे, सांगे कवितेच्या ओळी।
जाई पाखरांच्या संगे, रंगी रंगे सोनसळी।।
+ पहा, थांबली ती सर, सोने शिंपडून गेली।
ओल्या मातीचा सुगंध, मन व्यापूनच गेली।।
+आनंदला मनमोर, मोहुनिया गेला पार।
इंद्रधनुसमवेत आता नवा अविष्कार।।



Summary: The poem is depicting the essence and eagerness of dry soil which is devoid of any trench of love and the after effect of exhilarating meeting of the thirsty soul of soil and first drizzle of raindrops which results into blooming of sand, soil and soul.

पाऊस आणि मी

- *Shraddhesh A Jadhav, Mumbai*

त्या दिवशी पाऊसही जणू माझ्यासाठीच वरसत होता,
माझ्या अश्रुंना न जाणे तो का लपवत होता,
माझ्या मनातलं दुःख त्याला कळलं होतं,
माझ्यासाठी तोहीदेखील माझ्यासारखाच कोसळत होता...

कोणास ठावूक मला काय झालं होतं,
त्याला कोठून सांगू माझं मलाच उमगत नव्हतं,
न जाणे तो माझंही दुःख का लपवत होता,
माझ्यासाठी तोहीदेखील माझ्यासारखाच कोसळत होता...

त्याला काहीतरी सांगायचं होतं,
गप्प किती वसणार, थोडं त्यालाही बोलायचं होतं,
कधी डोक्यावर, कधी खांद्यावर, पुर्ण शरीर भिजवत होता,
माझ्यासाठी तोहीदेखील माझ्यासारखाच कोसळत होता...

त्याचे अश्रू भरपूर काही सांगून गेले,
तोही दुखी होता, अतः या मनालाही भिजवून गेले,
तोही त्याच दुःखः इतरांपासून लपवत होता,
माझ्यासाठी तोहीदेखील माझ्यासारखाच कोसळत होता...

दोघांचीही अवस्था एकाच होती,
दुःखाच्या अथांग सागरात बुडालेली नाव होती,
या नावेला तो सुखसागरात नेत होता,
माझ्यासाठी तोहीदेखील माझ्यासारखाच कोसळत होता...

शरीर तर भिजले होते, मन देखील पार भिजुनी गेले,
डोळ्यातील आसवांऐवजी ओठावरी हास्य फुलले,
जाता जाता तोही देखील माझ्याकडे पाहून हसत होता,
माझ्यासाठी तोहीदेखील माझ्यासारखाच कोसळत होता...



Summary: The rain is the essential element of the ecosystem as well as life. After eagerly awaiting the first rain shower after the exhausting summer; as we inhale the petrichor; we feel refreshed and this feeling overpowers the negativity in one's life. The poem depicts the story where (discussion with) the rain helps someone to come out of depression. The metaphor of rain is used to describe that how it falls but for a greater cause, one has to look upon a rain and overcome his failures in a difficult times.

थांबवा थांबवा थांबवा, स्त्री भ्रूण हत्या थांबवा

- *Ulhas Muralidhar Kasar, Thane*

मनुपेशीत तेवीस गुण, शास्त्रे पुरुष हो कारण.... थांबवा थांबवा
थांबवा स्त्रीभ्रूणहत्या थांबवा

सुत असो अथवा सुता, भेद नाही ऐसे मानता

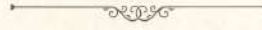
थांबवा थांबवा थांबवा स्त्रीभ्रूणहत्या थांबवा

कुणी होईल मूर्ती सुधा, वा कल्पना चावला.... थांबवा थांबवा थांबवा
स्त्रीभ्रूणहत्या थांबवा

कुसुमसुत प्रार्थित, नका होऊ स्त्री शापित.... थांबवा थांबवा थांबवा
स्त्रीभूणहत्या थांबवा



Summary: Male to Female ratio has been disturbed with the help of ADVANCED technology in Bio-Science. The culture of having a Son, INSTEAD of Daughter, by some orthodoxies will lead to bad consequences in near future. The superstition that 'For the birth of a Female baby, ONLY and ONLY the Woman is Responsible' has led to either Divorces or Murder of women in such 'SOCIETY'.



द्वंद्व

- Vikramsingh Rajput, Pune



हे एक द्वंद्व आहे... माझं माझ्याशीच....

विषय मात्र एकचप्रेम... जे मनापासून केलेलं पण असफल झालेलं ...

सुखा पेक्षा दुःखचं जास्त देणार्या आठवणींना झुगारून द्यावं की त्यांना कवटाळून बसावं हा संभ्रम आणि त्यातून निर्माण होणारा द्वंद्व...

त्याचा निकाल काही लागत नाही.... आणि तो चालत राहतो सदा सर्वदा.... अथक ...

आताशा माझं माझ्याशीच पटत नाही

तुला विसरावं म्हणतो मी आणि तुझ्याशिवाय त्याला दुसर काहीचं सुचत नाही ...

आताशा माझं माझ्याशीच पटत नाही

मला होतात वेदना असह्य, तुझ्या आठवणींच्या, अन् तो त्यांच्यातच रममाण होतो

विसरून सार्या जगाला तुझ्यातच तर तो विश्व पहातो

मी म्हणतो नको ते भुतकाळाचे जोखड, चल फेकून देऊ लांब

तो म्हणतो अरे नको करूस असं जरासच थांब

अरे कसं सांगु तुला प्रेमाशिवाय अमृत्य असं ह्या जगात काहीच नाही

आताशा माझं माझ्याशीच पटत नाही...

मी म्हणतो, का ठेवायचं असं ज्याचा होतो अनामिक त्रास

तो म्हणतो कसा, अरे हाच तर आहे तुझ्या जीवनाचा खरा श्वास

मी म्हणतो कशाला ते दुःख कवटाळीत बसायचं

विसरून गतकाळ वर्तमानात जगायचं

तो म्हणतो वर्तमानातील वाटचालीला भुतकाळाचीच शिदोरी लागते

कालच्या भक्कम पायावरचं नाही का उद्याची इमारत ऊभी रहाते

बरोबर आहे तुझं पण माझंही काही चुक नाही ...

आताशा माझं माझ्याशीच पटत नाही...

सतत चाललयं द्वंद्व माझंच माझ्याशी
कधी कधी धुमशान तर कधी संवादा-ऐशी

सततचीच भांडणे अन् नेहमीचीच आणिबाणी
विषय मात्र एकच, तु अन् तुझ्या आठवणी

कधी होते माझी तर कधी त्याचीही सरशी
मी घेऊ बघतोय फारकत तो एकनिष्ठ तुझ्याशी

अजुनही ह्या द्वंदाचा निकाल काही लागत नाही

आताशा माझं माझ्याशीच पटत नाही....

आताशा माझं माझ्याशीच पटत नाही....

माझं माझ्याशीच पटत नाही....



Summary: It's A war ... Between Me and Myself Dual Mind Fight ...Fight about the unsuccessful Love and its memories One side of mind refuges to recall the memories of that Love and other side wants to retain the same not only retain but wants to live with it.....That Memories gives more pain than the joy so first one want to forget those but 2nd one believe that this is true love..., no matters it became successful or not , but for him it's a life

मी नजर फेरूनी घेतो

- Vikramsingh Rajput, Pune

पहिल्या प्रेमाची ही कथा आहे... अल्लड वयातील प्रेम... love at first site वगैरे गटातील हे प्रेम आहे. मला तु अतीशय आवडते पण ते सांगण्याचे धाडस मी करू शकत नाही...

पहील्या नजरेतच मी तुझ्या प्रेमात पडलो , माझ्या साठी तु अप्सराच जणु , तुला पाहीले की सार्या जगाचा विसर पडतो सतत तुझ्याच विचारात असुनही मी हे प्रेम तुझ्या जवळ व्यक्त करू शकत नाही सांगणे तर दूरच पण चुकून नजरा नजर जरी झाली तर तु सुद्धा माझ्या प्रेमात पडशिल ह्याची सुद्धा भीती वाटते ...

अश्या कोवळ्या वयातील हे कोवळं प्रेम...

मी नजर फेरून घेतो

तुझ्या समोरून जाताना

मन बावरे होते

तुला चोरून बघताना

अप्सरा भासली होती

प्रथम तुज पाहीले जेव्हा

प्रेमात बुडालो मी

पाहीले लाजुन हासताना

नकळत गुंतलो मी

विसरून ह्या जगताला

माझे न राहीले काही

केवळ तुलाच स्मरताना

धाडस हे होत नाही

तुला सांगायचे कसे हे

शब्द थिटेच पडतील

मन रिते असे करताना

मज वाटते भीती की

होईल प्रेम तुजलाही

पुन्हा हृदयात उतरेन मी

तुझ्या डोळ्यात या पाहताना...



Summary: Isn't it kind of amazing how a person who was stranger can suddenly stole your heart at your first sight? I think I am in love at first site . You are the person who are entering my life out of nowhere but suddenly means world to me.

को रोना को रोको.....ना

- *Bhushan Vibha Vilas Palande, Mumbai*

कोरोनामुळे सगळे जनजीवन झाले आहे **बंद**,
परंतु लोकांना मिळतोय पुरेसा वेळ जोपासायला

नव-नवीन **छंद!**

Social-distancing च्या नियमांमुळे
Outside वावरण्याची गती झाली आहे

मंद.....

परंतु घरी राहून लोकांना उमगतोय

नव-नवीन गोष्टींचा **गंध!**

जरी असेल outside food खाण्यावर त्रिबंध
तरी सुद्धा, घरोघरी दरवळतोय नव-नवीन

पाककृतींचा **सुगंध!**

कोरोनाने दाखवून दिले आहे आम्हाला,
स्वच्छतेचे महत्त्व.....

आत्मनिर्भरतेचा मंत्र जोपासून,

जगाला दाखवून देऊ....

भारतीयांमधील **कर्तृत्व!**



Summary: During this pandemic situation all around, people have to locked themselves in their own habitat forcibly. Though the environment is clean and filled with fresh air, too much panic situation is experienced due to the corona. But as we knew- Mumbai never sleeps, Mumbaikar never stops...



←—————→

GUJARATI

←—————→



<i>Poems</i>	10
<i>Participants</i>	8
<i>Cities</i>	3

કહેવું છે કંઈક

- Ankit B Thakkar, Mumbai

કહેવું છે કંઈક પણ કહેવાતું પણ નથી,
કશ્મકશ છે કેવી કે ચૂપ રહેવાતું પણ નથી,
દૈ અજાણ્યું છે આ કેવું જે સહેવું તો છે,
પણ સહેવાતું નથી.

તારા પ્રેમ ની ઋત નો ઉનાળો જોવો તો છે,
પણ તારી પ્રીત ના વરસાદ થી મન ભરાતું પણ નથી.

તારા હૈયા ના હિંચકા માં ઝૂલવું તો છે,
પણ ઈકરાર ની આ લસરકુન્ડી લસરાતી પણ નથી.

તરતા આવડે છે આમ તો મને દુઃખો ના મહાસાગરમાં,
ખબર નહીં કેમ ,તારા સાથ વગર જિંદગી નામ ની
આ નાનકડી નદી પાર કરાતી પણ નથી.

કહેવી છે એક વાત તને પણ,
એકાન્ત ની આ તક ક્યારેય શોધતા મળી ન્હેતી ,
ને આજે આ મળેલી તક મને ગુમાવતા આવડતી નથી.

એ તો ખબર નથી ક્યાર થી ,
પણ કદાચ સર્જઈ હશે આ દુનિયા જ્યાર થી,
બસ હું તો તને પ્રેમ કરું છું ત્યાર થી,
હું તો તને પ્રેમ કરું છું ત્યાર થી.

સ્વીકારી લે આ ગીત ને,
અજમાવી લે; સાચી છે મારી પ્રીત રે,
અર્ધ જીવન વીતી ગયું છે તારી યાદ માં,
વીતી ન જાય અર્ધ આ જ ફરિયાદ માં,
કે કહેવું છે કંઈક પણ કહેવાતું પણ નથી,
કશ્મકશ છે કેવી કે ચૂપ રહેવાતું પણ નથી.



Summary: It's, journey of boy's first love which starts from, a wish & ends on a wish How he feels for his beloved, how he assures that he can win the World , but not without her, how he wishes tell her that half of his life he has been waiting to express his feelings in light of her memories & how he doesn't wish that the other half to sway away awaiting her ,only in the wish to confess his feelings One day he meets her, he confesses his love , for it was more important for him to express his feelings for her.

Rain and You

- *Dr.Kartik Bhadra, Valsad*

બસ,આ બે પ્રસંગો મારે મન મહોત્સવ છે
તને સંભારવું પણ, તારું આવવું પણ

ચાલ,સમયની રેતમાં ઓગળી જઈએ
હેત ક્યાં આમ વરસે શામટુ પણ

ને વાતાવરણ માં ફેલાઈ ખુશબુ પણ
લે.. આવ્યો વરસાદ,ને સાથે તું પણ



Summary: In present poetry, love of one who loves u..may be our lover or better half..is compared with rain!Rain and this person both have a special space in our life..!Both..when arrive..it spreads a special fragrance..innour life!We are merely not satisfied with just a short time showering..but in fact,we don't satisfy only..dil mange more.. !An artistic way of presentation..in this poetry!!

સેતુ

- Dr.Kartik Bhadra, Valsad

આપણી વચ્ચે પ્રેમનો સેતુ
છો ને આવે રાહુ-કેતુ!

સુખ અને દુઃખ તો ભાગ્ય પ્રમાણે
કોઈ ન લેતું, કોઈ ન દેતું

કૃષ્ણ-રાધા શો આ જન્મારો
શ્વાસ મળે ને સંગીત વહેતું

રગદોળાયેલા શમણા જોડી
કોઈક જીવનના બનીએ હેતુ

તોફાનોને કોણ ગણકારે?
એક હો ઈશ્વર, ને સંગે તું !!



Summary: It's a romantic poetry..which is related with some philosophy of life,and some motivation..!! it's said that nobody can break the bridge between we two..! Not even RAHU-KETU!! It's like krishna playing flute in Vrindavan..where With Radhaji,when he plays flute, a beautiful showering of music starts in both heart!! Both..say that when they are together and if God is with them..they are least bothered about world!!!

ચાલને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ

- Dr. Ira Patel, Mumbai

ચાલને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
કેમકે મને તારી સાથે જીવવું અનહદ ગમે છે.

ચાલને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
એક કપમાંથી ચાય ની ચૂસતી ભરતા ભરતા,
એક થાળિ માં પીરસેલી સ્વાદિષ્ટ વાનગી અકમેક ને
આગ્રહ કરી ને જમાડતાં જમાડતાં.

ચાલને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
મારા હાથની બનેલી તારી મનગમતી વાનગી
નો સવાદ માણતા માણતા,
કેનડલ લાઈટ ડિનર પર વેજ સૂપની ચૂસકી
ભરતા ભરતા.

ચાલને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
ઢળતી સાંજે દરિયા કિનારે ક્ષિતિજ ને નિહાળવાનો આનંદ લેતા લેતા,
મૌસમના પહેલા વરસાદમાં સાથે ભીંજઈને
એ મીઠી માટીની સુગંધ માણતા માણતા.

ચાલને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
તારી ગાડીમાં લોંગ ઢરાઈવ પર મનગમતા
સંગિતને સાંભળતા સાંભળતા,
સાથે બેસી સિનેમા હોલમાં તારો હાથ પકડી
નાટકની મજા માણતા માણતા.

યાવને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
સાથે બેસી આપણા ભવિષ્ય ના ઘરના
સ્વપ્નો જોતાં જોતાં,
સાથે બેસી આપણા બાળકોના ઉજ્જવળ ભવિષ્ય ના સ્વપ્નો જોતાં જોતાં.

યાવને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
મનની બધી મુંજવણો પડતી મૂકી તારી
સાથે ખળખળાટ હસતાં હસતા,
લાગણીઓના વરસાદમાં ભીંજાઈને
પ્રેમ કરતાં કરતાં.

યાવને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
આપણા જીવનની નાની નાની અદ્ભુત
પળોને મન ભરીને માણતાં માણતાં,
એકમેક ની આંખોમાં એકમેકને
સોધતાં સોધતાં.

યાવને આપણે સાથે જીવી લઈએ
આ જીંદગી નામનું કુલ કરમાઈ જાય
તે પહેલાં પહેલાં,

કેમકે મને તારી સાથે જીવવું
અનહદ ગમે છે.



Summary: Let us live together is and amazing feeling of living each and every moment with your life partner limitlessly. Make each and every small act of everyday's journey of life very much precious by being understanding and supportive for each other. life is only one and if we can cherish all moments together with unconditional love then earth is our heaven.

એ માનવ હવે તો જાગી જા

- Jayesh O Bhanushali, Mumbai

જિંદગીભર ખોટા ભ્રમમાં જીવતો રહ્યો
તે બધું પામ્યો જે તારું નોતું.
ધન દોલત ને ખોટી વાવવા,
જિંદગી ની દોડમાં હકીકતને અનદેખો કર્યો.

એ માનવ હવે તો જાગી જા....

ઘડિયાળની ઘંટીમાં કોયલની કુહૂ ભૂલી ગયો

ફાઇવસ્ટાર હોટલમાં જમતા જમતા ઘરની વાનગી ઓ નો સ્વાદ ભૂલી ગયો.

એ માનવ હવે તો જાગી જા....

ચમચમાતી ગાડીઓમાં ફરતા ફરતા બે ડગલા મિત્ર સાથે ચાલતા ભૂલી ગયો.

મોલમાં ટાઇમપાસ કરતા કરતા સ્વજનો સાથે સમય વિતાવવાનું ભૂલી ગયો.

એ માનવ હવે તો જાગી જા....

મંદિરોમાં ભગવાનને પૂજતા પૂજતા ઘરમાં મા-બાપને પુજવા નું ભૂલી ગયો.

ખોટું દેખાવો કરતા કરતા હકીકતમાં જીવવાનું ભૂલી ગયો.

એ માનવ હવે તો જાગી જા....

એ માનવ હવે તો જાગી જા....



Summary: Its first time written the poem , that too in gujrathi . my poem is about human nature , title says “now at least get awake ” . Poem points on artificial life a person leaves ignoring the nature , emotions ,lifestyle, family and in last line it says leave the arrogance and start leaving

natural real life.

બાળપણ તો ખોવાઈ ગયો

- Jayesh O Bhanushali, Mumbai

બાળપણમાં જોયું એક સપનું મોટા થવાનું,
આજે મોટા થઈ ગયા તો બાળપણ ખોવાઈ ગયું.

બાળપણમાં બેફિકર તડકામાં રમતો,
આજે મોબાઇલની રમત માં ખોવાઈ ગયો.

બાળપણમાં મિત્રો સાથે વાતો કરતો,
આજે whatsapp facebook પર ચેટ માં ખોવાઈ ગયો.

બાળપણમાં વડીલ થી વાર્તા સાંભળતો,
આજે Kindle માં ખોવાઈ ગયો.

બાળપણમાં રોટલી શાક ખાતો,
આજે પીઝા બર્ગર માં ખોવાઈ ગયો.

બાળપણમાં વરસાદમાં ભીજતો,
આજે છત્રી માં ખોવાઈ ગયો.

બાળપણ તો ખોવાઈ ગયો....



Summary: This poem is about how things have changed title is "childhood is lost". Poem says how we dreamt in childhood, things we did as kids and now we have changed and our childhood is lost by latest artificial things.

બની જવું છે

- Kavita Solanki, Adipur

કિરણ થઈ રવિની,

ભોર બની જવું છે ;

યાંદની શીતળતાનો

શોર બની જવું છે .

અથાગ પરિશ્રમનાં સાગરમાં

અફળાતી એ વહેરોને ,

અર્પે ક્ષણભર વિરામ એ

કિનારો બની જવું છે .

વાક્ર યાતુર્યથી પર થઈ

સમજી શકાય જે ઉરમહી !

મૌનનું મર્મ એક એવું

સંવાદ બની જવું છે ,

આંખોની ભાષા ન સમજાય

એ ફૂર મહેરામણનું

સ્પંદન બની જવું છે .

સમયનો આધીન છું ,

નથી મુજ હસ્ત કંઈ...

વ્યસ્તતાથી પરસ્ત છું ,

સંબંધમાં મદમસ્ત છું ;

બસ વિરામની શોધમ એક

વાગણીનો છોર થઈ-----

સમયની હર થાપને

પરાસ્ત કરી જવું છે .

પ્રીતભરેલા હૈયામાં

ઉમંગ છે હજારો ...

દરેક નહીં બસ એકને

સંપૂર્ણ જીવી જવું છે !

પરખાય ભલે છેલ્લી ક્ષણે

ઢળતા મુજ નૈનોની કથા

અસ્ત થતાં એ કિરણોનો

શ્વાસ બની જવું છે !

કવિતા તો રચાય અઢળક

આ દુનિયાનાં મહેરામણમાં

પણ " કવન " રૂપે જગતમાં

અસ્ત થઈ જવું છે ॥



Summary: In the darkness of world, people are filled with egos & hates, but the poetess wants to be the light sources to remove this darkness from the people.

How do I write in Gujarati?

- *Ketan Talati, Mumbai*

શુ લખુ હું કવિતા

સમય ની મર્યાદા કે વિચાર ની દુવિધા
ભાષા ની કઠિનતા કે શૈલી ની આધિનતા
નથી જડતા શબ્દો ના જોડ અને વાક્યો ના મોડ
દીર્ઘ 'ઇ', દીર્ઘ 'ઊ', દ્વસ્વ 'ઉ' કે દ્વસ્વ 'ઊ' કોને મૂક કોને લઉ

શુ લખુ હું કવિતા

નરસિંહ મહેતા ને ભૂલી ગયા, વિદેશી લેખક જયી ગયા
ગીતા નો સાર ના લીધો, અંગ્રેજી પુસ્તક નો સાથ કીધો
નમસ્તે ને છોડી ને, જુની રીત રિવાજ તોડીને
હેન્ડશેક ગમી ગયો, ટપુડા સંસ્કૃતિ તુ ભૂલી ગયો

શુ લખુ હું કવિતા

હા, લખીશ હું કવિતા, માતૃભાષા માં કવિતા
શબ્દો ના પ્રાસ પર અને વાક્યો ની મીઠાશ પર
સરદાર ની બીક પર, ગાંધી ની શીખ પર
કચ્છ ના રણ પર, અંબા ના ઘર પર
સાવજ ની ધાડ પર, ગરબા ના ઢોલ પર
હા હું લખીશ કવિતા



Summary: The author is worried how will he write in Gujarati, he is left all traditions and forgotten the language. He laments that is has discarded his traditions. But in the last para is decided to write a poem, on the wonderful culture of Gujarat, maybe on Sardar Vallabhai or on Mahatma. Or on the lions or on the Garba, Or on the Kutch or on the Goddess Amba life.

એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ

- *Kirtan Gunvant Vegad, Mumbai*

સુવર્ણ અવસર લઈ આવ્યો, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 પ્રભુ સાથેનો મારગ ઓછો કરાવવામાં મદદ કરી, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 મંદીર-મસ્જીદ બંધ કરાવી ને ભગવાન ઓળખાવ્યા, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 કુટુંબીજનો સાથે સમય પસાર કરાવે, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 સગાવહવા, મિત્રો ના ખબર પુછવા માટે સમય આપ્યો, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 પોતાની જાત ને ઓળખવા માં સહાય કરાવી, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 આપણી અંદર સંતાયેલા એક કલાકાર ને જન્મ આપ્યો, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 વ્યસ્ત બની ગયેલી આ ઝિંદગીને આરામ કરાવ્યો, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 માનવનું જીવન સરળ બનાવ્યું, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 ઓછી વસ્તુઓમાં પણ કેવી રીતે જીવવું, એ શીખવાડ્યું, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 પૃથ્વી ને પ્રદુષણથી થોડી રાહત આપી, પ્રકૃતિ સ્વચ્છ કરી, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 ઘેર બેસીને પણ દેશની સેવા કરવા એક અવસર આપ્યો, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .
 એવો આ અવસર ચુકશો નહીં, કે સલામ કરતો જાય, એવો આ કોરોના વાયરસ . . .



Summary: That's the Corona Virus... which explains how it impacts positively for the human and the Environment. And due to corona virus (lockdown), how human being gets to know god within themselves. Due to corona virus, temples are closed, but humans get to know where the god is. Due to this only, we get the time to spend with our family friends and we find new talents within ourselves only.

ઉંબરો બન્યો ડુંગર

- *Mahendra M. Dholakia, Mumbai*

ઘડપણ કાં તું આવ્યો, તુજ કોણ જુવે છે વાટ,
તું સહુને અળખામણો, જેમ માંકડ ભરી ખાટ,

દાંતલા પણ ખરી પડે, લાળ પડે મુખમાંય,
શ્રવણે સુણ્યું જાય નહિ, વળી ધોળી હોય રોમરાય,

કેડ દુખે, ગૂડા રહે, મુખમાં શ્વાસ ના માય,
ગાલે પડે કરચલી, રૂપ શરીરનું જાય,

જીભલ્ડી પણ લડથડે, આજ્ઞા ના માને કોય,
અહીં સૌ સહુના કામ માં, ખબર ના પૂછે કોય,

ઉંબરો તો ડુંગર થયો રે, પોળ થઈ પરદેશ,
ઘડપણમાં વ્હાલી લાકડી, તમે જુવો જરાના વેશ,

ખરું કહ્યું સંસાર છે અસાર, જાણી કર તું ધ્યાન,
સતત અભ્યાસમાં લીન રહીને, સમ્યક દર્શન પામ,



Summary: As we move towards old age, the body begins to lose its charm. All body parts begin to wear out. People start neglecting you. The difficulties start increasing to such an extent that even crossing the entrance of the house becomes a big challenge. The task of going out becomes as challenging as going abroad. This is the harsh reality of old age. The crux of the poem lies in the last two lines which explains that everything in the world is immaterial. It is the time to introspect in order to gain knowledge and lead a life on the spiritual path.



TAMIL



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நாம் காக்க பட்டோம்

- Rema Hebbar, Bengaluru

ஆட்டம் எல்லாம் நின்னு போச்சு
கூட்டம் எல்லாம் சிதறி போச்சு
பேச்சு எல்லாம் குறைந்து போச்சு
புன்னகை எல்லாம் மறைந்து போச்சு
பசி ஆனால் ரொம்ப கூடி போச்சு
கிச்சனில் வேலை மிக அதிகமா போச்சு
வீட்டு உள்ளே நன்றாக அடைச்சு வச்சு
குழந்தைகள் அனைவரும் போர் என்னும் பேச்சு
கரோனா நாம்மை காக்க பட்டு
உலகம் முழுவதும் பிரம்மிச்சு போச்சு
மானிட பயம் பொங்கி ஆறாக ஆச்சு
உலக பொருளாதாரம் கவந்து போச்சு
வருமானம் எல்லாம் தொலைந்து போச்சு
நஷ்டம் மட்டுமே கூட போச்சு
நம்பிக்கை என்பது காத்தோட போச்சு
உண்மையோடு விளையாடி பெரும் விளையாக வந்தாச்சு
சூனா மூது மரியாதை உடைந்து போச்சு
பிரதமர் நம்மை காக்க கடமை பட்டு
ஆண்டவனால் நாம் ரக்க்ஷிக்க பெற்று
வாக்சூன் எப்பொழுது வரும் என்று ஒரே மூச்சு
ஒரு பாடம் இதில் நமக்கு தெளிவாக புரிந்து போச்சு
இது காலச்சக்கரத்தோட விளையாட்டு மெட்டு



Summary: The poem portrays the situation that is a result due to the pandemic. Though I have written one Tamil (my first poem in Tamil) the thoughts conveyed apply to the whole world. In the end I have submitted the whole occurrence as a game played out by the wheel of time.

அழகு

- *Shanthi Balasubramanian, Chennai*

எத்தனை அழகு எத்தனை அழகு
கொட்டிக் கிடக்குது இயற்கையில் அழகு
குயிலின் குரலில் இனிமையைக் கண்டேன்
மயிலின் ஆடலில் நளினம் கண்டேன்
மானின் துள்ளலில் மகிழ்ச்சி கண்டேன்
களிற்றின் நடையில் கம்பூரம் கண்டேன்
பசுவின் கண்களில் தாய்மையைக் கண்டேன்
வலம்புரிச் சங்கினில் ப்ரணவம் கேட்டேன்
வானவில்லினில் வண்ணங்கள் கண்டேன்
மின்னல் இடியில் சூற்றம் கண்டேன்
கடலின் அலையில் ஆரவாரம் கண்டேன்
ஆழ்கடலில் அமைதியைக் கண்டேன்
இவை அனைத்தும் தோற்கும் இடமொன்று கண்டேன்
இறைவன் அளித்த மழலையின் வடிவில்
குதலை மொழியது குயிலைப் பழித்தது
தளர் நடையது மயிலைப் பழித்தது
மழலையின் ஓட்டம் மாணைப் பழித்தது
கண்ணில் தெரியும் குறும்பது கண்டு
வானவில்லோ நாணம் கொண்டது
என்னே விந்தை எந்தையின் படைப்பு!



Summary: How much beauty lies in Nature. I see sweetness in cuckoo's voice, grace in peacock's dance, happiness in the deer's prance, majesty in elephant's gait and motherhood in cow's eyes. I hear the sound of 'Om' in the valampuri conch. I see colours in the rainbow.

பெண்

- *Shanthi Balasubramanian, Chennai*

இறைவனின் படைப்பில் உயர்ந்தது யாதெனில்
 பெண்மையும் தாய்மையும் இணைந்த படைப்பது
 கருணை முழுதும் அவள் விழியில் வைத்தான்
 அன்பு முழுதும் அவள் நெஞ்சினில் வைத்தான்
 எங்கும் இருந்திட இறைவன் நினைத்தான்
 தனக்கோர் பிரதியாய் பெண்ணைப் படைத்தான்
 பிரிக்க முடியாதது இறையும் கருணையும்
 சேர்ந்தே இருப்பது பெண்மையும் தாய்மையும்
 மனிதன் முதலில் ஜனிப்பது பெண்ணில்
 ஜனித்து முதலில் பார்ப்பது பெண்ணை
 முதலில் அருந்துவது பெண்ணின் பாலை
 பின் எதற்கிந்த வன்மம் பெண்ணின் பால்
 ஒவ்வொரு பெண்ணிலும் தாய்மையைக் காண
 எழுமோ காமம் மனமது நாண
 எடுப்போம் சபதம் பெண்மையைப் பேண
 அது தவறிடில் புவியில் இருப்பதும் வண்ணே



Summary: The loftiest of God's creations is the woman who is a combination of femininity and motherhood. He kept compassion in her eyes and filled her heart with love. God wanted to be everywhere. He made woman as His representative. Godliness and compassion cannot be separated.

அரங்கன் துயில்

- *Shanthi Balasubramanian, Chennai*

அணி அரங்கத்தே துயில் கிடக்கும் எம்கோவே
 பணி பல முடித்தோம் என்றறங்குதியோ எம்தேவே
 தணியாத காதலுடன் காண வந்தேன் உன் சேயே
 மணிவிழி திறந்தென்னைக் காத்தருள்வாய் நயே
 மீனாக அவதரித்து வேதங்களைக் காத்ததோ
 ஆமையாய் உருவெடுத்து ஆழ்கடலைக் கடைந்ததோ
 வெண் வராகமாகி உலகை உய்வித்ததோ
 சூறும் நரசிம்மமாய்த் தூணைப் பிளந்ததோ
 வாமனனாய் வந்து மூவுலகும் அளந்ததோ
 இராமனாய் மும்முறை அவதாரம் செய்ததோ
 கண்ணனாய் வந்து கேளிக்கை பல புரிந்ததோ
 கல்கியாய் வருவதற்கு ஆயத்தம் செய்வதோ
 எந்த களைப்பிற்காய் ஓய்வெடுத்தாய் நீயிங்கு
 நு அரங்கநாதனோ அன்றி உறங்கும் நாதனோ
 கண்ணா கார்வண்ணா உன்னுறக்கம் துறவாயோ
 உன் பக்தர் கலி தூரக் கமலக்கண் திறவாயோ



Summary: Oh Lord who's sleeping in Srirangam! Are you sleeping having accomplished many tasks? I came with a burning desire to see You. Please open your eyes and protect me. Please forego your sleep and open your eyes to protect your devotees.

கலியின் வினோதம்

- Subadra Krishnan, Navi Mumbai

அகிலமெல்லாம் கட்டி ஆண்டது அமெரிக்கா !
அகிலத்தையே ஆட்டி அலைக்கழிக்கிறது சீனா !
சிறு பறவை (வெளவால்) செய்த பெரும் புயல்,
பெரும் பறவை (கழுகு) இறை ஆகினது !

வங்கத்தின் கூம்பேறிய பறவைக்கு வழி
தெரியவில்லை - கரை கண்ணில் படவில்லை
நுண் கிருமி - அகிலம் உண்ட பெருவாய் ஆனதுவே
அழிதோர் உலகமெல்லாம் ஊழின் பிடியில் கட்டுண்டதுவே.

பேச்சு முச்சற்ற பெருமாளுக்கே - அருமருந்தாய்
ஆனது சஞ்ஜீவினி, அனுமன் கையில்,
இன்று அனுமன் யாரோ ? சஞ்சீவினி எதுவோ?
ஏதொன்றும் அறியேன் பராபரமே !

என்று போகும் இவ்வல்லுயிர் சாபம் ?
என்று பொலியும் இயல் வாழ்வு ?
என்று காண்போம் கண்ணுக்கினியன?
இல்லதும், உள்ளதும், அல்லதும் அவன் அருள்.

தூர்தர்ஷன் தூரத்தில் இல்லை
அரசியல் முதல் ஆன்மிகம் வரை வீட்டிலேயே தருகிறது
ஒவ்வொரு உயிரிலும் ஆன்மா உண்டென்பர் - அன்று
தொலை பேசியின் அலை ஓசை உடம்புடனே விளையாடுகிறது இன்று .

யூ ட்யூப் என்பதோ ஒரு சக்ரவியூகம்
உள்ளே போனால் வெளியே வர முடியாது !
இன்டர்நெட் வலையில் சிக்குண்டு உள்ளோம்
எதற்கு வெளியே வர வேண்டும் ?

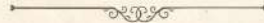
நடை சாத்தியாகிவிட்டது கோவிலில்
கடை அடைத்து விட்டது வீதிகளில்
படை எடுத்தன பறவைகளும் விலங்குகளும்
பசியுடனே - விடை கிடைப்பது எப்போது ?

இருப்பிடமே வைகுண்டம் வேங்கடம்
பொறுப்புடனே உள்ளிருப்போம்
பொறுமையுடன் காத்திருப்போம்
சுருங்கக் கட்டி பெருக வாழ்ந்திடுவோம்.



Summary: The poem titled 'Strange is Kali Yug' picturizes present situation. Even superpower is helpless. The big eagle is prey to the storm created by small bats. Like a bird on the post of a ship, we are unable to navigate to shores. Big mouthed small virus is eating the world by play of fate.

Hanuman brought Sanjivini, where is the Sanjivini for us? When will this curse end to see normalcy?. TV feeds us politics to spirituality in the house. Mobiles are the athmas in our bodies with U tube and internet being the chakravyyuha. Temples and shops on streets are shut. Birds and animals are fleeing in hunger. What is the answer? Our house is the answer to live patiently, responsibly in a small way for big goals.





URDU



<i>Poems</i>	2
<i>Participants</i>	1
<i>Cities</i>	1

کائنات کا احساس

- Dr Ramesh Chandra Joshi, Mumbai

کویلہ بیناتا رہا پیرا کنی دکھلائی دی
 اور اندھیرے میں مجھے پھر روشنی دکھلائی دی
 ہو رہی حیران آنکھیں دیکھتی چاروں طرف
 رنگ ا فطرت سی بدلتی ہر طرف دکھلائی دی
 جذب ا خیالوں میں کسی کے ڈوب سا اتنا گیا
 کی مجھے محبوب کی آواز ا پاسی سنائی دی
 آب و بھاپ و برف تو لگتے رہے دیگر دیگر
 پر رسائینشاستر کی نظروں میں یک دکھلائی دی
 نقش ا کائنات کا دیدار جو شب میں کیا
 تو خودی سی پھیلتی چاروں طرف دکھلائی دی
 راز ا کائنات کو دیکھا تھاگت کی نظر
 شونیتا سے آتی سی سب چیزیں کیوں دکھلائی دی
 اور یہودی آئنسٹائن کو ن جانے کیا ہوا
 ستیتا سب کچھ اسے ساپیکس سی دکھلائی دی
 میرے خیالوں کو ن جانے کیا ہوا اس دور میں
 ہر ادا محبوب کی رنگین سی دکھلائی دی



Summary: The poem narrates the feelings when someone realizes the existense of this wonderful universe even at the dungeon darkness. Like a diamond being found in a coal mine. All the phenomenons are like magical, even the way water forms ice.

انا اور انا

- Dr Ramesh Chandra Joshi, Mumbai

ایک دین مجھ سے خودی جو بجاپ آکر جو ملی
 بوجھ ہی لی ہے خودی اتنا مجلتی کیس لئے!
 میرے ہونے سے ہی تیرا ہونا ہے ظاہر یہاں
 میں ن ہوتی جو تو تو آتی نظر پھر کیس لئے!
 خود ہے جب تک ہی خدا بھی دیکھتا سا توجہ کو ہے
 جو ن ہوتی میں یہاں ، دیکھتا خدا پھر کیس لئے!
 پھر خدا ہوتا اکیلا گفتگو کو ہے فرار
 گھومتا سا دیکھتہ کولہو کے بیلوں کی طرح
 یک میرے ہونے سے ہے آی فضا میں ہے بہار
 پھر بھی تو بیلی میری کرتی ہو تم پھر کیس لئے!
 میرے آتے ہی جہاں میں بن گیا آفریدگار

وہ ہمنداں و ہمنگیر . ہمد اسکے نام کی
 جو ن آتی میں جہاں میں تو کہاں یہ رنگ و بو
 پھر بھی کرتی بوجہالت میری ہو تم کس لئے!
 اسکی باتیں دھیان سے سنتی رہی میں کچھ گھڑی
 سوچنے کو بات نے مجبور مجھ کو کر دیا
 یہ تو ہمشیرہ ہے میری یہ نظر آنے لگا
 اینوں سے ہی اتنی نفرت دل میں ہے پھر کیس لئے
 پھر لگا جیسے خدا موجھکو بنا سا یوں رہا
 اسکی باتیں سچہ تو ہیں پر قابل قبول نہیں
 جیس سے پیدا خود ہوئی پردہ اسی پر ڈالتی
 وسوسے پیدا ہے کرتی ، یہ سبھی ہے اسلئے



Summary: The poem narrates the feelings of conflict between the ego and the anti feeling of the same within a human being. One insists on being of a chrecter, poles apart from the other instinct. It speaks about the values of Human Being and their behavior.



←—————→

SANSKRIT

←—————→



<i>Poems</i>	1
<i>Participants</i>	1
<i>Cities</i>	1

चिन्ता मास्तु, चिन्तनमो करोतु

- Saraswati Krishnan, Chennai



चिन्तायाः का आवश्यकता? चिन्तनेन सर्वं साध्यं भवेत् ।

चिन्तया उद्विग्नता भविष्यति; चिन्तनेन स्पष्टता प्राप्यते ।

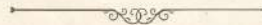
चिन्ता रोगं जनयति; चिन्तनं उपायं जनयति ।

चिन्तया रोग पीडितो भवति; चिन्तनेन कार्ययोजना भवति ।

भो मित्राणि ! अतः चिन्तां त्यजन्तु ; सुजनैः उक्तवचनचिन्तनं कुर्वन्तु ।



Summary: All of us face challenging situations or tough times. Through this poem I wish to convey that under such circumstances, worry causes stress and becomes the reason for many illnesses; no result comes out of worrying. Whereas, if we 'think' / 'ponder' / 'ruminate' on our thoughts, we may get clarity, ideas and solutions to our problems. So, "Don't worry, think of ways to remove the worry and be happy!"





←—————→

TELUGU

←—————→



<i>Poems</i>	1
<i>Participants</i>	1
<i>Cities</i>	1

కరోనా వీరులు

- Theja Rathnam, Tirupati

పురుగు ప్రకోపం ప్రపంచం పాకెనాయే
 రోగం దూపం ఎవ్వరూ ఎరుగరాయే
 ప్రాణం కోసం పరుగు నిలకడాయే
 కలకలం గడతేర్చు తీరం కానరాకపోయే

ఏ గ్రహమో గాని నీవు భువి ప్రకొస్తేవి గద
 PPE కిట్ లు లేకున్న గాని
 ప్రజల గొరకు నీ ప్రాణం పణ మెడితేవి గద
 డాక్టరన్నో.... నీవు దశావతారమన్న
 భద్రమన్నో.... నీ కుకలం ముఖ్యమన్న

కంటికి కునుకైన లేకపోయే గద
 మా బతుకులకు నీ గుండె అడ్డెస్తేవి
 వెయ్యేళ్ల ఊడిగమైనా తక్కువ గద
 డాక్టరన్నో....నీ ఋణమెట్ల తీరునన్న
 భద్రమన్నో.... నీ కుకలం ముఖ్యమన్న

ఎండనక వాననక కాపల గాస్తీవి గద
 ఆపద ఎదురోస్తూన్న గాని
 ముందు వరస సైనికుడైతివి గద
 విలీసన్నో... నీవు పరమాత్ముడవన్న
 భద్రమన్నో.... నీ కుకలం ముఖ్యమన్న

దాబొద్దని లక్కణ రేఖ గీస్తేవి గద
 దాటిపోడు ఎవడైన గాని
 ముందు వెనుక మోగస్తేవి గద
 విలీసన్నో... నీ పంతు గొప్పదన్న
 భద్రమన్నో.... నీ కుకలం ముఖ్యమన్న



Summary: This poem is about those warriors protecting us by throwing themselves in the front line and risking their lives for us. We owe them a lot. Those doctors in hospitals and those police men out there worked 24/7 just to save us from this pandemic. They deserve a lot of respect.



←—————→

RUSSIAN

←—————→



<i>Poems</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>Participants</i>	<i>1</i>
<i>Cities</i>	<i>1</i>

Потерянный

- Joy Banerjee, Kolkata

Когда мы трогаем руки,

В лугах полос

Бегать вместе земля за землей

На протяжении всех дней ярких

Ожидать, что вы можете держать меня за руки

Но время улетает от моего взгляда

В мгновение ока

Ты сказал мне "до свидания"

Ничто не помнит тебя по

Воспоминания о тебе, которые я потерял

Нагрузка больше, чем стоит

Моя судьба разворачивается, как бросок

Через века шепотом

Все, что я не слушал

Пришла как ложная расплата.



Summary: It's a self grievance from a young girl who fell in love once with a boy. She is trying to get all memoirs which they have had together. But like the mound of ashes, she is going through a deep sorrow and she is not ready for the burden that the time gives it to her. When she realized true

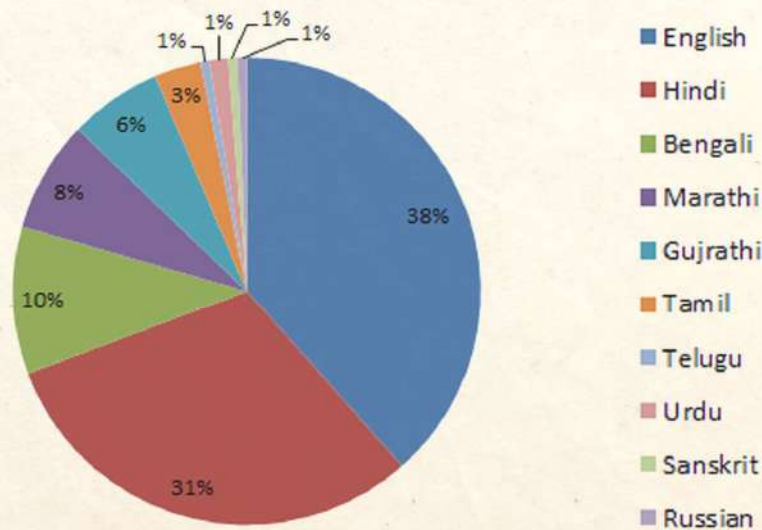
love giving her more pain than she thought, she was mourning herself and wished to get her love back. But the time is cruel and she lost the boy forever. No one comes back from the dead, only the true love remains.

The poems in this collection are not the work of any professionals.

The population represents members of VIBGYOR fraternity from multiple walks of life, and many of them attempted to write for the very first time.

We hope this gives an impeccable experience while you read Irshaad- A collection of Poems.

<i>Total number of poems</i>	156
<i>Total number of poets</i>	84
<i>Total number of cities</i>	23
<i>Total number of languges</i>	10



About VIBGYOR

Formed in April 2012 at Kolkata, VIBGYOR was primarily catering to the quests of many in the field of photography and heritage walk. Presently, VIBGYOR has 4 chapters in Kolkata, Mumbai, Bhubaneswar, and Hyderabad, where we have almost 3000 and above members from various walks of life, forming a larger family, which is ever increasing.

We are indebted to the people who supported our endeavors and also to our associates and sponsorers. To know more, kindly register yourself.



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