

Poetry Series

Vanita Thakkar

- poems -

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Vanita Thakkar (21st March)

An Assistant Professor in Mechanical Engineering, I have a passion for Music and Literature.

Works:

Poems, stories and articles in english, hindi and gujarati published in magazines and anthologies.

*** Spare me for good**

You all know
As clearly as I know
That I can do well
WHATEVER I WANT TO DO.
Perhaps that is why
You want me to want
To do that
Which You want me to do,
Which You think
I should do.

(01.06.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

*** Tears and Sighs**

Tear-waves of
Passion and Elation,
Pain and Plight,
Sympathy and Empathy
Of feelings –
Known and unknown,
Surging from the bottomless lake
Of emotions within
Do not always
Reach the shores of eyes.
Sensitivity rocks them,
Sensibility stops them
And they remain
Crushing and crashing,
Soaking and choking,
Spreading and expanding,
Evaporating and fuming
Within,
Burning the being
As silent sighs –
Vapourized tears,
Till they escape out
To dissolve and dissipate
Into the Endless,
If not pacified and calmed by
Soothing stretches of Love.

(01.09.2009)

(Inspired by 'Time Place and Action' by Arkay Das)

Vanita Thakkar

*** To Sir, With Regards....**

Strong and soft,
Sensitive and sober,
Your TOUGHNESS radiates
And glorifies you, as a Teacher.

EXCELLENCE in approach,
ABLE, Knowledgeable,
CONFIDENT and HUMBLE,
A patient listener,
Your EMPATHY has helped many,
As a Guide and a Teacher.

RIGHTEOUSNESS in words and actions,
Rare and Precious, commends reverence,
I am honoured to be your student, sir,
You are like an Answered Prayer.

(12.09.2009)

* For Prof. G. D. Karhadkar (M. S. University of Baroda) - with THANKS and REGARDS for all his help, guidance, empathy and patience.... A B'DAY gift in advance (25th September) .

T - TOUGHNESS
E - EXCELLENCE-ORIENTED
A - ABLE
C - CONFIDENT
H - HUMBLE
E - EMPATHETIC
R - RIGHTEOUS

Qualities - in a Drona / Krishna which help Arjuna.

Vanita Thakkar

*** Why Not Try? !!**

Longing and waiting
Are a part of Life.
It is not impossible to
Beautify them.
One can at least try! !

(10.01.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

Anger

A spark, a flame, a fireball,
Anger, borne of dry desire
Hurts and harms
Hearts and homes
Burns and breeds destruction
Of emotions, relations and creations.

When untamed, a wild weapon,
When tamed, a friendly flame
That fuels the vision
To fight for the right.

(22.06.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

Condolence Message To DEVIL on DUSHEHRA

Soul-stirring condolence
On the demise of
Yet another of your dreams
To destroy me.
Helpless you are
Against your pangs of
Attraction and Repulsion,
Entangled you are
In self-made snares of
Insecurity and fears.
Could you not see yourself
Turning into a battle-field of
Hidden appreciation and expectations,
Active suspicion
And implemented, gross degradation?
I wish tiredness
To your misled eyes
For their scavengerly ventures
So that they can have
Time and space
For better dreams and aspirations.

(28.09.2009 - DUSHEHRA*,2009)

* DUSHEHRA - is the Hindu Festival to celebrate victory of Good over Evil, Right over Wrong and Justice over Injustice, in memory of the victory of Lord Rama on the mighty Ravana in the epic RAMAYANA.

Vanita Thakkar

Discretion

There is difference between
Sadness and despair
Worth knowing
One leads to gloom,
The other brings along doom.

There is difference between
Self-respect and ego
Worth knowing
One is a wise protector
The other, a blind snare-weaver.

There is difference between
Indignation and Anger
Worth knowing
One is a righteous path-builder.
The other, a dumb destroyer.

There is difference between
Serenity and silence
Worth knowing
One effuses eternal calmness
The other can emit soundless clamours.

There is difference between
Management and manipulation
Worth knowing
One leads to progress
The other connects to disgrace.

There is difference between
The Enlightened and the Intellectual
Worth knowing
One personifies purity
The other justifies impurity.

There is difference between
Impurity and filth
Worth knowing
One can many a time give favours
The other is only for scavengers.

There is difference between
Human and Man
Worth knowing
One leads Life
The other concedes life.

(31.07.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

Dusk

The western horizon is turning crimson,
The shadows of trees are beginning to lengthen.
The lotus folds in, trapping the bee
And to their nest, the birds are returning.
The sunshine is gradually drifting away,
The humming breeze sings of the departure of the day.
Here ends another day's work!
And countless feet turn homeward,
To be back before the lamps are lit
And the moon peeps in to greet,
For, soon in, the night will crawl
To wrap the land in her dark shawl,
Under whose folds, we shall creep
Into the world of dreams, in our sleep.
All the tiredness may it absorb!
While the Sun goes to light up the other end of our Orb.

(28.11.1989)

Vanita Thakkar

Education

Long, long ago
In a Gurukul,
A dumb student, Varadraj,
Struggled in vain
To study and learn,
But, always,
His laziness and foolishness won
And he became and remained
An object of fun.
His classmates surpassed him,
Completed their studies
And left for home,
Leaving him behind,
Ashamed and alone
Gurujee's perseverance,
Patience and compassion
Also gave way,
One day
And with heavy heart
And kind words,
Varadraj was told
To leave for home

On his way back,
Dejected, despair-loaded Varadraj
Stopped by a well
To quench thirst
And his eyes fell
On the eroded stone wall
Of the well.
He wondered,
If a rope can erode,
Leaving pits and marks
On stony well wall
Can hard-work not carve,
Can hard-work not enliven
My stone-dumb brain?

He went back
And told this to Gurujee,
Who gladly
Gave him
One more chance -
Not in vain, again,
For he worked hard
And excelled
Gurujee's kind support
And purity of his pupil's
Intentions as well as Efforts
Fetched desired results.

(24.08.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

Expectations

Time goes on and on.
The future, absolutely unknown.
And ambitious as he is,
Man always expects bliss.

Joy, to the present they nurture,
These lovely dreams of future.
But, alas! It is a fact that
Everything does not happen just as we expect.

(29.06.1987)

Vanita Thakkar

F-Bond

The other day, I went to see
A friend, who does research in Chemistry.
After the usual, "How do you do? "
I said, "I have a question for you –
Can you name the bond
Which is the strongest of all those found? "
She laughed, "Are you kidding?
That's the simplest question in Chemical Bonding!
It is known the whole world round
That ionic is the strongest bond to be found."
Woefully nodding my head I said,
"You are wrong, I am afraid.
Compare all the data, fresh and latest
F-bond is stronger than the rest."
"F-bond? ", She jumped off her chair
And gave me a confused glare.
"Yes, F-bond", I replied.
"What's that? ", She cried.
"What's its length and strength....?
And what about its existence....? "
"To digest the information I am going to impart,
Put aside your brain and apply your heart.
Its bond length and bond energy –
Both tend to infinity.
Its full name is "Friendship Bond" and you see,
It exists between you and me."

(13.04.1990)

Vanita Thakkar

I am....

I am the shores of a river
Running parallel to each other,
I myself am the river,
Which separates the shores.
You can know me
If you go deep down into my heart,
Where the shores meet.

(10.01.1992)

Vanita Thakkar

In the Library

I looked at
The racks packed with books –
Of various sizes, on different subjects.
Oh! So many of them.....!
A sea of books
Like a sea of strangers
In a crowded market place.
And I.....?
The burden of
A strange heaviness
Loaded my being.
I slowly walked towards a window
And looked at the clear, blue sky.
A sigh slipped into its infinity.
Outside, a squirrel was racing restlessly
And a bird was singing on a nearby tree.
Some students were chattering and laughing....
The burden slowly vanished as my spirits rose.
Lovingly, I glanced at the "Strangers" in the racks
And turned to the one in my hands.

(14.02.1995)

Vanita Thakkar

Kindergarten days

My school days are, now, over,
But, to this day, I remember:
First, when I was admitted to the nursery,
I was as frightened as could be.
I looked around and wanted to flee;
Many little unfriendly eyes stared at me,
The stern-looking teacher, wearing a white saree,
With her sunken eyes, thro' her glasses, glared at me.
I was made to sit in the first row.
Then, with a stick, she began to show
The number, on the board, which were written.
She said, "Say with me children, ONE....."
"ONE, " In unison my obedient classmates cried,
But, I couldn't, for my throat had dried.
My eyes were on the long, thin stick
Which, to the deepest core, made me feel sick.
Thenafter, the sequence of troubles started.
Next morn, at eight, I was in bed.
Mummy came to awake me,
"You'll be late to the school", said she.
"I'll never go there." I declared.
I shed tears and screamed, but wasn't spared.
Everyday, there were long sessions of weeping,
Till late hours, I kept on "sleeping".
When "woken up", I would say,
"I will not brush my teeth today
Because if at all I do so,
To the horrible school, I will have to go."
Our neighbour's son would be rushed to call the "police".
Almost everyday, the school-bus I used to miss.
I, thus, was a fortnightly visitor.
Today, like a dream all this appears!
The other day, we met our old neighbour.
Looking at me she exclaimed, "Oh dear!
When you cried while going to the K.G.
I never thought, with distinction, you 'ld pass higher secondary! "

(28.07.1989)

Vanita Thakkar

Let Us Reach Out

If you look thro' my eyes,
The world is really wonderful With EVERYTHING that it has.
Just like you,
I have my own way of Seeing,
Feeling and Experiencing EVERYTHING,
Which may be similar or Different from yours.
I don't ask you to change your outlook.
I respect it,
Because I love mine.
Come, let's share and add to the marvels! !

(07.10.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

Love

Love is the silvery song of silent longing,
Love is the soothing symphony of Timeless belonging.

Its glow, like the soft radiance of rising sun
And its shades of shared moments of pain and fun,
Unveil the budding story of being and becoming.
Love is the silvery song of silent longing,
Love is the soothing symphony of Timeless belonging.

Its ambience, like the purity of pearly dew drops,
Imparts fresh, fragrant breathes to sad, sinking hopes
And nurtures ONENESS with understanding and caring and sharing.
Love is the silvery song of silent longing,
Love is the soothing symphony of Timeless belonging.

(10.08.2006)

Vanita Thakkar

Madness

The immortal insanity of
Love and Truth
Gets projected as Immaturity or Madness
By Practical Escapists,
Who fail to cast and mould It
To their desires or
To their misconception of
Benefit or Advantage or Goodness.
God bless their good health
And their sanity!
They are on a shoreless voyage,
Drifting away from themselves
Into madness called hypocrisy –
Ugly when open,
Misleading when concealed,
Dangerous always,
More so, when intoxicated by
Acquired authorities,
Typically known as Power.

(07.04.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

Man Instinct

In the lovely, open meadows outside the village,
Where the grass shivered when the breeze passed
And the chirping of little birds echoed in the peaceful milieu,
A group of asses was enjoying the taste of juicy grass.

A weak, old ass, with a tired look on his face
Was having a tasty meal, cut off from the rest.
Away from him, a naughty youngster was planning of
Teasing 'The Silly, Old Fellow', just to make a jest.

Suddenly, he began to run, shot past the old ass
And nearly dashing hard, scared him out of his wits.
The poor, old ass gave a sad sigh
And without any angry retort, continued with his feast.

The old one ignored the act and remained quiet,
While the youngster tried to anger him, in vain;
Getting impatient at the cold reaction of the old fellow,
The young ass repeated the act, again and again.

The young ass then, irrupted,
Gave a hard blow with his hind legs to the poor, old fellow
And feeling quite satisfied by his cruel act,
Moved away towards the other end of the meadow.

The old ass stumbled and struggled to control himself,
Uttering a painful cry for the blow he got,
Then, looking towards the delinquent
With a disgusting look in his eyes, thought,

' 'Man' Instinct this dolt has got;
Enjoys in disturbing other and laughs after having hurt.
I really pity this young fool,
Who thinks too high of himself, although he's idiot.'

(08.08.1987)

Vanita Thakkar

Misunderstandings

Misunderstood silences
Give rise to
The necessity of
Usage of words
And misunderstood words
Throw one back into
The darkness of silence
To dig out
Some more words –
better and more precise.

Vanita Thakkar

Motherhood

I was a little more than
Five years old,
Had not started
Going to school, yet.
Everyday,
I listened to the radio,
Heard songs –
Most of them Hindi Film songs
And was very impressed
By Lata Mangeshkar
One day,
Curious,
I asked my father,
"Pappa, does Lata Mangeshkar's daughter
Also sing so beautifully? "
"Lata Mangeshkar
Does not have a daughter."
"Why? "
"She is not married."
"So what? "
I wondered! !
I had the impression that
At a certain age,
Every girl becomes a lady
And a mother,
Bearing and rearing children,
A phenomenon as natural
And as matter-of-fact as
Flowering of plants, trees
"You are a fool! ",
My not-so-elder,
But wise brother quipped
And unknowingly spared
Pappa's adult answerlessness.

Later on,
I grew up,
Accumulated age,
And I saw,
Birth-givers
Not becoming mothers
And Motherhood
Craving in childless arms
And I wonder,
Where did It get trapped?
Where??
Where is It struggling?
On its way from
Doll-house to home?

(12.07.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

Mr. and Mrs. Mouse

Mr. Mouse married Miss Mouse.
He brought her to his house;
To lead a "happy" life
With his beautiful wife.

Mr. Mouse was rather lazy.
After marriage, he also became crazy.
First, Mrs. Mouse enjoyed the favour,
Then, she lost her temper.

One morning, she began to shout,
"Mend your ways or get out"
Poor, dear Mr. Mouse!
He had to leave his house.

Mr. Mouse began to earn for a living,
He, also, became hard-working.
Meanwhile, Mrs. Mouse was in trouble.
Life, to her, had become a lonely struggle.

One day, when she slept quietly,
A cat crept in swiftly.
The watchman Dog came just then,
Seeing him, away the cat ran.

Mrs. Mouse felt sad and scared,
"Oh! Can these miseries not be ended? "
She dressed herself and went to Mr. Mouse
To bring him back to 'his' house.

She felt sorry for being impertinent,
And made up her mind to be loving and patient.
Mr. Mouse came back, gladly,
For, he had also suffered badly.

Vanita Thakkar

My Ego

How much have you suffered
Because of your notions of my ego?
You degraded and maligned yours!
You got justifications to trouble me.
You are successful indeed!
Your hostility does harm me,
But, it will bear bitter fruits.
I am glad to give you happiness
From my miseries.
Do I not owe Thanks to you
For being better than worse?

(20.03.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

My Well-wisher

No words there can be
To Thank you –
Your “goodness”
Weighs heavily upon me!
Your intentions,
Your help,
By any means,
Seeking fulfillment,
Your pride over
The safety in
Your cage of protection
Who will protect me
From you,
My well-wisher?

(20.02.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

Night

She journeys towards the Western Horizon,
In her majestic way, smooth and serene,
Dressed in her star-studded robe,
Spreading the fragrance of night-queen.

Oh! Let all the noise in the ocean of silence drown
So that we hear what she softly sings:
"From my far-off horizontal abode I come
To sing the glory of life, dear Earthlings!

"Look, far and near – see everything
That you saw but a few hours back;
The colourful vivacity of Nature
Had disappeared under my shadow, black.

"The virids, blues, reds and violets,
The indigoes, purples, yellows and pinks
Are but the results of the games of sunlight;
In my nightly tenebrosity, every colour sinks.

"That is what bright sunlight is for,
The unique difference of every creation shows the Sun,
And I, in my somber way display
That every shade is a part of One.

"A unique representation of Life –
ONE LIFE – is every individual creation.
Try to experience this blissful oneness
Even under the resplendence of dazzling Sun."

(08.01.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

Perfection

Perfection – unattainable:
A guiding star
To students, artists,
Continuously inspiring
Them for improvement;
A source of humility
For the Enlightened,
Saving them from
The vices of blinding ego.

Perfection – unattainable:
A tool and a weapon.

Perfection – unattainable:
But, measurable? !
By man –
Whose perfection lies
In being imperfect? !

Perfection – the Creator's Nature:
In its infinity we dissolve,
Through surrender.

(12.09.2008)

Vanita Thakkar

Rain Again! !

The dripping clouds
Swept away the sweating summer
And here comes rain, again!
Flooding the lanes of memory,
Awakening my sleeping mood
To read and write
And to enjoy the delight
Of the wet memories of:

- That rainy day
When my good, old class
Was inspired and guided
To write poetry
By our English teacher,
- Those lazy hours
Spent by the window –
Doing nothing,
Reading books of my choice,
Watching wet birds play in puddles.....
- The joy of seeing
A patch of blue sky
After a heavy downpour,
- Rainbows and wet sunshine.....
- Dragging my two-wheeler
In pouring rain, on flooded roads.....
Monsoon adventures and displeasures.....

Monsoon is perhaps best spent
Sitting by the window,
Watching rain come and go –
Like the passing showers of Life.

(17.06.1997)

Vanita Thakkar

Rainbow Bridge

A cluster of grey, water-ladden
Clouds came drifting
Along with the somewhat strong wind,
Hid the Sun
And sent down showers
Of unexpected raindrops beneath
On the cold, gently flowing waters
Of the Manas River,
Which border
The Manas National Park –
A jungle of tall, wild grass
Stretching miles together –
And which separate
India and Bhutan.
We – a group of tourists,
On our way
To the opposite bank
Were nearly mid-way,
When my parents' old wedding shawl
Had to be held raised
As a lame shelter
Against the unforeseen, wetting showers.
The sudden downpour
Was not to last long.
The showering clouds drifted away
And glowing sun-shine made way
Thro' the washed, moist air
And lo!
There appeared
Bridging the two never-meeting shores
And the two alien People
A colourful rainbow!
A rare sight of beauty –
Viewed unblinkingly
From the boat below –
It lasted for a short while
And left indelible marks
Of cherished moments in our memories,
Which whenever recalled,
Give the everlasting Joy of Beauty,
And the divine message of Unity
That Nature is free from
Man-made notions of boundary.

(05.12.1995)

Vanita Thakkar

Sadness

The Sadness within
Stares –
In silent pining
With tearless eyes
And dry lips
As the clamours of Fears
Ring in its ears –
Unaffected by the noise
And the pains of wounded, bleeding heart
Searching, Waiting for the Strength
To raise its hands –
Folded with Devotion
And dissolve its Spirit
Into the eternal calmness of Surrender.

(05.03.2005)

Vanita Thakkar

Silent Diction

Can you see the joy
 that peeps out
Of the brightness of eyes
 perceiving ecstasy all about?
For the best of joys
 is far too deep
To come within
 shallow words' grip.

Can you hear the echo
 of untold misery
That retreats from
 sad lips shut despondently?
For, the great pain
 is too bitter
For the subtle words
 to endure.

Seeing in, out and around,
 we discover
That in order to communicate,
 words, all can't shower.
So, may we learn the Silent Diction
 not aye relying on words, fragile,
To know, to understand more
 and to make life more worthwhile.

(22.12.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

Success

In the garden of Life
The plant of Success flourishes,
Bearing flowers of Contentment
And fruits of Happiness
Only when the water of Hope
Is there to nurture it,
Safeguarding it against
The heat of defeat
And Self-confidence is there
At its side to care
And protect it against
The devastating winds of despair.
Sow seeds of your Dreams
In the soil of Sincere Efforts,
Sprinkle Faith and Forgiveness
To destroy the doubts, the ifs-and-buts;
With a Prayer in your heart,
Nurture your plant of Success.
You have with you
My prayers and best wishes.

(03.07.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

The Book of Nature

Every creation on and beyond the Globe, where we stay
Has been given eloquence and the power to portray.

The smiling, fragrant flowers, the buzzing bees,
The chirping birds and the shady trees;
The gleaming moon, the effulgent sun,
The silent, rocky cliffs and the roaring ocean;

The bubbling stream, the rolling pebbles,
The distant horizon and the star that twinkles;
The whispering wind, the surging river water,
The verdant vales and the grassy pasture

All of them have something to convey,
But to comprehend what they say,
Listening is not the only required skill –
One must be able to See and Feel.

From the moment Time was born
And till it vanishes into the Unknown,
The works of the greatest of Authors
Have been and will go on and on.

So, instead of burying yourself in this web-page / paper,
Go out and try to read the Book of Nature.

(19.06.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

The Sculptor

A sigh of grief slipped out
As he got the blow;
The Sculptor too was moved
And tears began to flow.

But, tenderness was to be checked
For, the piece He was to create
Would otherwise remain incomplete;
So, he went on, contained and sedate.

Don't you lament, oh statue!
For, the hard blows you are getting
Are to teach you to endure
And to carve your being.

Pleasing hue to be loved by all
Is the gift of these hardships.
So, try to bear the woe
With a smile on your lips.

(23.07.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

The Shadow

We march into the future,
Venturing through the present,
Leaving behind everything on the way –
Moment after moment, day after day.

All the time during this journey,
We are ensued by the Shadow of Past.
Step by step, as we move ahead,
It remains with us, till we last.

(10.07.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

The World Beyond

In the endless void inside me,
There is an ocean of tears
And a storm of sighs
Which carries unexpressed pain –
Borrowed as well as my own.....
There is a furnace of fury,
The fire inside which,
Catalyzed by the soaring storm
Can burn the whole world
If set free.....
And there is an active volcano of memories
In a desert of harsh realities,
Beyond which is my Land of Rainbows –
Full of Love and Life.

(23.05.2003)

Vanita Thakkar

To my Friend(s)

Dear Friend(s) ,

Gratitude is all that I have to offer,
For, whether you give or take,
 You are the conveyer.
When you give me, I am filled
 With the gratefulness of
 A receiver.
And when you let me give,
 I thank you
 For letting me be the giver.

Vanita (06.05.1991, Mon.)

Vanita Thakkar

Twitter

It was a fine day!
Bright, but not too hot;
Sitting by the window at school,
I was listening to what the teacher taught.

She was explaining a poetry,
In which I was completely immersed,
When suddenly I was stirred up,
By a sweet voice that I heard.

It came from the trees nearby,
Soft and gentle, delightful and gay;
Made by perhaps, a beautiful, little bird,
By whose sweetness, I was carried away.

I hadn't seen the bird,
I hadn't heard it before.
But, as it continued to sing,
It grew dearer, more and more.

I forgot the poetry
And was drawn by that winsome sound.
I gazed at the trees to see it;
But for the teacher, I could have found.

After some time, it stopped;
The little bird probably, had gone away.
How I wished to hear it, see it!
And I yearningly waited for it every moment, every day.

(09.10.1987)

Vanita Thakkar

WE

When I fell, you were with me
In the dark, despairing shadows,
You were by my side in the brightness
Of inspiration when I rose,
You were my mistakes and lessons,
My setbacks and success,
My courage and timidity and fears,
My sorrow and happiness,
You were what I was,
Weren't you, but me?
You are what I am
You will be what I shall be! ?

Wonderstruck, however, as I look ahead,
I see –
You aren't only me
Nor am I simply you.
Yet, I cease to be I
The moment I cease to be you
And you cease to be you
The moment you cease to be me
For, my dearest, the World
As far as my eyes can see
Is a vast "YOU" called WE.
Yes, our wonderful world
Is a vast "I" called WE.

Vanita Thakkar