Aarushi Chatterjee()
A Life In A Plant

We started our lives as a little seed.
Encased as an infant with love and care:
Sprouting slowly into a kid,
And hey presto! There's a sapling there.
At three the roots dug slowly in.
The shoot peeped fearfully out;
And the next moment at the age of five,
The kid was busy capering about.
Soon came the leaves, and out erupted branches.
Into a sturdy child of nine or ten;
With tender buds creeping out slow,
And no more hiding in its den.
Growing and growing, all the time
Getting fresher and stronger each day.
Ever ready, ever strong,
To face every trouble that comes the way.

Aarushi Chatterjee
A Little Bird Rhyme

The cuckoo is calling.
The doves are drawling.
The sparrows are chirping.
The chaffinches are twerping.
The peacocks are dancing.
The peahens are prancing.
The crows are crying.
The partridges are lying.
The ducks are quacking.
And I-? Just- listening.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Alone

He looked around behind him, there was no one there
He was alone in the darkness, alone in despair.
His enemies had fled, having set out to snare
Leaving in their wake destruction past compare.

His wife lay at his feet, how gentle she had been!
A faultless, blameless life was hers; her conscience pure and clean.
He remembered how she'd sought him, calling- 'Help me! Oh, my Bill! '
But when he reached her she was gone, the brutes having done their kill.

Tears sprang to his eyes as he stood upon the quay
Staring at the half-baked earth where hundreds of bodies lay.
His daughter had been long slain; how beautiful, how bold!
He bent down to hold her; her hands were ice-cold.

His son lay as if sleeping; a dull ache arose
Fate had overtaken him, lent him its hard blows.
Perhaps it was waiting, for him death was close
He sat in the murky sand; dejected, morose.

A cool autumn breeze fanned the millions dead
Cooling the hot blood that the martyrs had shed.
He stood helpless near the family which he had once known
The surroundings were wistful, and he was all alone.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Artemis

O bloodthirsty centaur with cloven hooves
A sharp-man's torso, heavy-jowled face
Cast aside your spear, and come forth
Bow at my feet with your horsy grace!

For I am Artemis, goddess of the wild
Take me not, through my looks, as a mere child
These stubby fingers can wield a bow
Sharper, and finer, than the Radiant Apollo

These stiff-necked arrows that can shoot down deer
With the supple ease of who stands here
Before you, hail her, Goddess of the Hunt
Beware, her spear lies by her side, not blunt!

And yet, this Goddess whom fierce lions fear
Can give life to slain fledglings and make vines grow
Forests bloom as her form walks
Through the evergreen stalks, emitting a silvery glow.

So cast aside your ego, she can smash it all
Her able Hunters lie back in thrall
A movement awry and you shall sprawl
Biting the dust, in a blood red shawl!

Aarushi Chatterjee
Autumn

After the rainy season long,
It breaks into an autumn song
The faint falling of the leaves,
The sight of the dried, bare trees
The cool winds blowing east and west,
Time by time taking a rest.
The falling leaves ever time,
Lie in a pile along with a rhyme;
"We'll grow again, come back to life,
After the autumn and winter strife.
Till then, we'll lie on the snow-covered bed,"
Chant the leaves, Brown, Yellow and Red.
Then, finally, winter comes,
The songs stop, and so do the hums;
And then winter lies down her snowy spread,
And everyone goes to bed.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Blind

She looked out and heard
The street kids revel in the rain
She longed to go join them
Rattled the window bars in vain
She hoped they would hear her
Include her as a friend
Bring light into the dark
Dreary days she had to spend
Even on sunny days
She saw no wondrous light
Though she heard their raucous laughter
Their screams of delight
She looked out with glazed eyes
Trying her hardest to see
Her spirit fluttered wildly
Her lonely heart ached to be
The lovely sun, the dark blue sky
She longed to behold
The birds that flew in summer and
Then vanished in the cold
Sometimes her mother wheeled her out
To have the morning air
But the helplessness of those faded eyes
Drew her deeper into despair
She struggled hard to fling off
The melancholy knocking at her door
But sunk into spiritlessness
Day by day, more and more
She was their age and everything
Only they didn't think she was of their kind
Because the girl was
Blind.

Aarushi Chatterjee
How The Bear Got His Tail-Stump

Listen, all ye folks
The tale I have to tell
Is all about the merry days when
Brer Rabbit lived in the dell
A perfect little scamp was he
His bobtail wagged about
As long and hard as his tongue did
Uncountable rules did he flout
Tricks thousands of them he played
On every creature under the sun
Brer Fox, Brer Wolf, Brer Bear and all
Of them, every single one!

So one sunny day, when our tale begins
Brer Rabbit needed some fun
His lawns were clipped, his bobtail flipped
His gardening was done
So off he goes, on a merry trot
To Brer Terrapin's, his best friend
Oh! All those pranks they played and planned up
Their skiving tricks just had no end
Brer Terrapin, Brer Rabbit found
Lazed not on his usual lazing ground
Not in his shell, nor in the dell!
'Maybe, ' thought Brer Rabbit, 'he's out catching mackerel.'
So off he scampered, his bobtail swishing up and down
Sure enough, by the pond he found
Brer Terrapin going- splish! Splash!
Darting up and down a stone, like a flash
Sliding down the slippery rock
Hitting the water with a merry -thock!
'Howdy, Brer Terrapin, ' Brer Rabbit called.
'Oh, howdy, Brer Rabbit, ' the turtle bawled.
'Come and have a try, ' and back down he went
Then scrambled onto the bank, his energy spent.
It's a nice game indeed, ' Brer Rabbit said
'But I'd rather just sit and watch you instead! '
'It's lovely, ' said Terrapin, and again he went
Sliding down the rock, and like a vent
The water came frothing up, with a splash
As Brer Terrapin made a merry dash.
'Wonderful, ' cried Brer Rabbit, clapping his hands.
'Do it once more, ' but then, squinting through the sands
'Hey, it's Brer Bear! Now, how do you do?
Would you like to play at our game too? '
'Humph! ' snorted Brer Bear, his long tail knocking down a passing wren
(You mustn't forget, Bears had long tails then!)
'That's a mighty good game, now, to be sure! '
'You can join in if you like. We don't mind more! '
Said Brer Rabbit, as polite as could be
Though his naughty brain buzzed like a bumblebee.
'Humph! ' snorted Brer Bear again
'What are you doing then? You're not playing the game.'
'Oh, Brer Bear! I've had my share,
'If I did it all, it wouldn't be fair,
I'm sitting out here for my clothes to dry,
Meanwhile, why don't you have a try? &quot;
'Join in? ' Brer Bear stocattoed.
'Why, yes, you must! ' Brer Terrapin echoed.
Brer Bear he looked at the water frothing below
Then heaved himself up on the rock, mighty slow
But he wasn't very sure if he wanted to go
But Brer Rabbit, old rascal, a mighty tease
He howled, 'Brer Bear's afraid of the water -bees,
'He's afraid his fur will get wet, what a shame! '
'Yes sir! ' echoed Terrapin, 'he won't play the game.'
'Of COURSE I'm not scared, ' growled Brer Bear
Bristling all over his bristly hair.
'Off I go now, ' and down he went
Brer Rabbit laughed till his tears all spent
First the going was slow, Brer Bear grinned like he should
Brer Rabbit and Brer Terrapin, they cheered, 'Mighty good! '
Then he went a little faster, his grin faded a bit
But the two rascals shouted, 'Terrific! A splendid hit! '
Then he slid down mighty fast, for he'd come to the slippery part
He groaned, went green, felt for his heart
And then- with a mighty-plunk! Plunk! Plunk!
He splashed into the water, sprayed and sunk.
'Enjoyed, Brer Bear? ' said Brer Rabbit as Brer Bear scrambled out.
'You know, I did give you the benefit of doubt.
You look rather green. Are you sick and pale?
‘Ahoy! Come and look! At Brer Bear's tail! ’
Brer Bear, he saw everyone looking at him mighty queer
He felt around for his tail- heavens! His poor
Long, long tail had fallen off clean
The moment he had gone off-splash! -into the stream
Poor Brer Bear. He gave a mighty sob
For where his tail used to be, there was only a DOB.
And so, my friends, from that day in the dell
Where began the story I had to tell
Bears have had no tails, only little stumps
Of fur, that stick like bristly bumps
To their backsides. And Brer Rabbit? He lived, and stayed
In the woody green dell, where mighty fine tricks he played!

Aarushi Chatterjee
It's Still A Beautiful Day

When I peeped through the window at play
I saw it's just another rainy day;
People passed me covered with Macs
Boots hitting the soddy ground with cracks
The earth was full of damp puddles
The sky was a dark ditch-grey.
And still I saw, through the cloudy mist-
The cloud with the silver lining.
Because-you know-I'm sure I saw
The sun-the beautiful sun- was still shining.

I saw the old aunties-white haired women pass by
Grumbling at their muddy shoes
I saw the gentlemen stride past; their faces grave
Still suffering from office blues
I saw the middle aged mothers come by, displeased
Thinking about the washing line-
The clothes all flying loose.
And still I saw-through the drippy wires
The delighted children at play, all smiling,
Because-you know-I'm sure I saw
The sun-the beautiful sun- was still shining.

And though I knew- it had just rained a bit too much
And tempers were on edge
And heard the screams of mothers wild
As the soaked clothes lay- windswept
On the hedge.
And the Earth was all soddy-
Soddy mud
The sky was a dark-ditch grey
And yet I knew
As I pulled back the blinds
It was still-
A beautiful Day.

Aarushi Chatterjee
As I stood one sunny spring day
Near a blue lake where the ripples gave way
To yield to the rising sun, its reflection
And my gaunt features replete with dejection.

I pondered my uncertain future
As bubbles of dark blue and white
Raced across the shimmering waters
And set the crimson-necked cranes a-flight.

I knew it was going to be pretty hard
A difficult decision I had to take
Painful is starting on new journeys
Leaving people you love in your gloomy wake.

Walking through the mists of time
Following my way through dreary lands
Footsteps traced up to a night no more
Blown away no less by the wispy sand.

This was life, and I well knew
As I stared upon my miserable face
There were things other than strife too
That I must need be bear in grace.

My destiny was written maybe
Somewhere in those bubbles, never ceasing to shine
And with a heart afresh I left them to go their way
And me to go on mine.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Lilies In The Water

With Monsoon come the strange lilies,
Blossoming in the stream
Giving out such sweet scent,
Reflecting on their leaves
The pale sunlight beam.
Heads turned towards west,
Waiting for sunset
And like stars in the dark,
Everything else they forget.
Gaily floating on the water,
On their stalk dances a prince.
His robes are coloured white,
Fresh, soothing, mellow and bright.
His crown is coloured yellow,
(As the Lilies' beautiful head)
And slowly, gently, wavering slightly
He goes to sleep on the waterbed.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Memories

As I wander over cornfields with my old stick at my side
Wearing up the singing hill where once a boy I lied
Oh how I laughed as I remembered playing childish games
Running along craggy rocks and bathing in the Thames

Climbing up the cherry trees and scaring off the birds
Making motley little groups and free with careless words
Scrambling through the long wet grass and sliding down the hill
Playing as Red Indians and dancing over our kill

Lying on our backs at peace with heaven, earth and sky
Smelling in the sweet air where the grass is greener by
Oh how I miss those glorious days as a happy carefree boy
Running wild in a world where no dirty tricks may man employ

Free and fair in word and speech and play and tongue
As I trudged up the hill like a merry schoolboy I sung.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Mother

When I was young
You held my finger
Clasped that little hand.
Led me through
All my struggles
When life was slow
You took a stand
You taught me all
You made me grow
Never a pinch
Or a pain
You let me know...
I blossomed bright
Your tears of joy
Which I still see
As you saw me grow
As you, after all, made me.
Your sweet, sacrificing heart
All spent in others
You put into me
When I shall grow up
Wherever I be
With you not reaching out
At every step
What happiness would I see?
I am still growing-
Soon I shall grow up
And I will be
A young woman
But with a mother
Who made me.
I love you Mom-
Hold me still
You want me
To go ahead in life-
And I will.
But without your eyes
Love-filled eyes watching
Where would I be?
Someday I will
Tell a tale- to the world
Of that noble woman
Who made me.

Aarushi Chatterjee
On A Midnight Stroll

Aarushi Chatterjee
Save Mother Earth

SAVE MOTHER EARTH
When she was young, like a mother
She nurtured all mankind.
Gave us food, gave us water,
All the comforts that she could find.
Bloomed in trees, to give us shelter
Made for us clouds, to give us rain.
Grew us crops, with lasting soil,
Gave us blessed, sweet-scented rain.
Preserved for us, a rich blue sky
Lakes, mountains, ice-melted hills,
Gave us all Nature's beauties,
Flowers, rivers, butterflies with frills.
So beautiful she looked, green with trees
Sky full of birds, seas full of fish,
The kindest warmest mother of mankind
That all her children could ever wish.
But as she grew older, Man grew strong
Disregarded her affection, indulged in wrong.
Cut her trees, polluted the seas
Shot down the birds, shook off her pleas.
Filled her air with smoke,
Her land barren of green,
The Mother grew weak, old and lean.
She calls to her children,
Full of despair,
We are killing our mother
How can we dare?
Save dying Mother Earth
To her we must bow
She was there for us always
And we must save her,
Now.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Small Things

A laugh, a clap, a pat on the back
a little game with a jumping jack
a cherry topped cake, a choc the flavour you like
a summer scented morning, a ride on a bike.

a red-orange sunset, a nice clean slate
a little bit of extra jelly added to the plate.
words of praise from a teacher who you thought wasn't really nice
a hallo from a friend you never thought about twice

little things that give us pleasure
little things that make us glad
don't push away these things of life
don't let yourself be sad!

Such little things give us pleasure too, don't they?

Aarushi Chatterjee
Springtime

When poppies bloom and springdales dance
when the grey squirrels jump about in play
as the new leaves flutter in the wind afresh
as the gentle spring breeze makes its way.

'How beautiful! ' sighs the golden peacock
as he perches on top of a tree.
'the soothing freshness of the wind
makes me feel so free! '

there are flowers on the tree branches
dewdrops clinging to the grass
which the blue-crested pigeon says
looks like a gleaming glass.

watch out while touching the scented roses
because they contain ferocious thorns
as the nightingale spreads her wings
cocks and coos, as she blows her horns.

the beautiful melody rings through the trees
through the grass, through the gate, through my ears
Beautiful, I murmur, to the birds and the boughs
and my faithful puppy-dog hears.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Summer Has Come

When water runs down dry shingles
The ponds become full to overflow
When the spine of the mountains tingles
With the melting of the snow
Summer has come at last; my child;
Summer has come; I know!
When beds of little babies are jumped out of;
When children go about with smiles;
Not a single cold or cough
To be heard of a child from miles;
When the fog clears away, leaving drops of dew;
When the bright brown sun begins to show;
Summer has come at last; my child;
Summer has come; I know!
When ice-cream shops open round the bend
And juices all down the road;
When all the pocket-money seems to spend;
When mothers have sweaters safely away stowed;
When dreams come floating from faraway
When the summer fairies sing their song;
Summer has come, oh my child;
Summer is coming along! 

Aarushi Chatterjee
The Call Of The Wintry Night

The year has moved past like flames of fire
And now to face the sleet
It's going to be a long season's wait
For the roses again to meet
Its arms are long, welcoming
The sun shines with a withering glow,
My boots sink deep into the ground
The houses are flaked with snow
The lights are flickering and fading
It's nearly no more light
The children's cries are far behind
As I melt into the wintry night.
My hands are gloved,
The heart is both warm and cold
But the cheeks are rosy with sleet:
As night covers the icy town
I move into the darkness deeper still
My Mother still calls me to eat.
And yet as I
Pause by the belt of trees
And gaze into the softly falling snow
And think of the fire, the welcoming fire,
Mum, and the dear sister whom I know;
A delightful warmth creeps through my snowy heart
And turn back towards the cottage,
But my steps are slow.□
Through the sheet of icy darkness
I can still hear the sweet old voice calling:
And make my way back
Into the fire of warmth
But the snowflakes are still falling.

Aarushi Chatterjee
The Cuckoo

Perched high upon that tree,
Singing her pretty little song
Dances the sweet-voiced cuckoo
Singing all day long.
Singing of the bees that hum,
Singing of anything coming her way,
Singing in her drawly voice
All about the beautiful day.
Many a child are sitting below
Below that big fig tree,
Listening to the dancing cuckoo,
Who's gone so merry.
Her shrill voice rings like an echo
Passing through the trees,
She keeps on singing; clear and pure-
Make everyone feel at ease.
At last she stops and spreads her wings,
And in the breezy wind does she fly
Goodbye, sweet-voiced cuckoo
A very merry goodbye.

Aarushi Chatterjee
The Silent Valley

Sunlight showers the valley
shadows pass and poppies grow
fern and wild roses embroider the rocks
the northern glade is steeped in snow

Sunlight showers the valley
looking down upon a snow-steeped glade
bright flowers, grasses of green and blue
that grow in the summer and fade

Sunlight showers the valley
rose-tinted clouds give way
to the crimson sun that shone
upon the raggedy rocks that lay

Sunlight showers the valley
a stream originates, gentle in its flow
gliding over the rocks, darting down the path
strewn with wild grasses, quite and slow.

Down, down, down in the valley
a quaint little countryside lies in sprawl
sweet sounds echo in the silent valley
as the pretty spring-birds call.

Aarushi Chatterjee
The Start Of A Day

Dusk is gone, dawn has come.
Light seeps through the shadows of the sky.
The black curtain turns into silver,
Then into a gleaming blue, by and by.
And slowly by surely appears,
A yellow ball, big and bright.
Brightening up the shadowy earth,
Wiping away the remnants of the night.
The world arises from the sleep,
Facing another day of life.
Wondering what fate has in for them
A sunny day or one of strife?
And slowly begins, what I can say,
The start of a fresh new day.

Aarushi Chatterjee
The Veil

Why do you hide under that veil my dear?
Is it society or shame you fear?
Why weigh yourself down with a sheet of white
When to walk with your head up is your birthright?
Why hide that face under folds of cloth?
Be brave, my child, the world fear not.
Why bow you down when you can stand high
With head held up in the golden sky?
Why crush those dreams which haunt you now
Why follow those which make you bow?
Why dispel the spirit of courage you possess
Why be cowed down just by your dress?
Summon that hidden courage, and speak out
You are finer and bolder, the veil without.

Aarushi Chatterjee
The Veil Which Covers Sorrow

You are sorrowful, weighed down with plight
And yet do not permit it in public sight.
Your heart aches, down with despondency
And yet you fear the glare of society.

You bottle up your thoughts encased secure
Pretend to be untarnished, still pure,
Despite what caused you sadness, still causes you now,
But you keep it in your heart, no tears do you allow.

People around you whisper, in hushed voices of grief
But no, you mustn't cry, that is your belief,
And yet your head throbs, your heart stumps low
But no! It is unholy, you think, to let the tears flow.

You put on a guise, half sorry, half gay
Go about like an easy mind, roam about in the day
But in the night, when undisturbed, all alone
You creep under the covers, , and relieve the heart of the stone.
Those tears in society, which you fear to show,
Now you weep silently, and let the tears flow.

Aarushi Chatterjee
True Beauty

I don't care if you got a wonky nose
A sun-tanned face or too big toes
I don't care if you got too crooked teeth
Or a chin that sticks out for a mile.
I don't care if you got hair white or grey
I don't care if you're blind as a bat by day
All I look for in you is a smile.

I don't care if your knees bend all the time
I don't care if you wear specs costing just a dime
I don't care if your face looks wrinkled and old.
I don't care if you talk with a lisp in your voice
I don't care if you stammer or make too much of a noise
All I look for in you is a heart of gold.

I don't care if you look really ugly on sight
‘Cause true beauty always comes from inside
I don't care if you got the dullest eyes
‘Cause your goodness makes them radiant as skies
I don't care if your teeth show up too much
‘Cause when you smile they’re just a lovely touch.

Aarushi Chatterjee
What A Beautiful World He Made!

What could be more beautiful
Than the creation of the hands of He?
Beauty eternal that captures our life
But we so ignorant quite fail to see?

A sun in the sky a bird on a tree
A golden horizon a jewelled blue sea
A rose in a garden the gentle hum of a bee
He made them all with His own hands for we

Flowers that bloom in their fragrance and time
Stars in the night sky celestial sublime
Winds that surround us with breezes each day
Clouds that don't stop but are never faraway

Moments of peace in this circle of strive
Beauty surrounds us and keeps us alive
Rivers and mountains and glaciers He laid
What a Beautiful world He made

Through sunrise and sunset
Through struggles and shade
We live, dream, aspire
In this beautiful World He made.

Aarushi Chatterjee
Wind Whispering Through The Trees

Wind whispering through the trees
In the ear of the passing swallow
Telling the baby squirrel- 'don't fear the badger
Sleep safely in your hollow.'
Wind whispering through the trees
Going too swift to follow.

Aarushi Chatterjee
World

World endless, boundless, dreamless
World full of black brown white
World so vast unimaginable
World full of darkness and light.

Cities, mountains, lakes and valleys
Rippling streams and tumbling dreams
Voices of thousands of voices calling
Silence, stars and bright sunbeams.

A world too cruel, sometimes too kind
A world too big for my untamed mind
A world befuddling with people muddling
A world with sweetness, with crushing grind.

A world that sings of word and deed
A world with varying caste and creed
A world of joy, sometimes terror and thrill
Where people help in need or kill.

A world that's plunged into despair
Surfacing at times for gasps of air
A world of wonder, a world too vast
Where God made His people to last.

Aarushi Chatterjee