

Poetry Series

MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR
- poems -

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MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR(26 JUNE 1926)

DR. MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar's is one of the significant post-independence voices in Hindi and Indian English Poetry, expressing the lyricism and pathos, aspirations and yearnings of the modern Indian intellect. Rooted deep into the Indian soil, his poems reflect not only the moods of a poet but of a complex age.

Born in Jhansi (Uttar Pradesh) at maternal grandfather's residence on 26 June 1926; 6 a.m.

Primary education in Jhansi, Morar (Gwalior) and Sabalgarh (Morena) : Matric (1941) from High School, Morar (Gwalior) : Inter (1943) from Madhav College, Ujjain; B.A. (1945) from Victoria College, - at present, Maharani Laxmi Bai College - Gwalior; M. A. (1948) and Ph.D. (1957) in Hindi from Nagpur University; L.T. (1950; Madhya Bharat Govt.)

Places of work — Bundelkhand, Chambal region and Malwa.

High School Teacher from July 1945. Retired as Professor on 1 July 1984 (M.P. Govt. Educational service) .

Selected once for the post of Professor of Hindi Language & Literature, in Tashkent University, U.S.S.R. (1978) by UGC & ICCR (NEW DELHI)
Principal Investigator (U.G.C. / Jiwaji University, Gwalior) from 1984 to 1987.
Professor in the IGNOU Teaching Centre of Jiwaji University, Gwalior in 1992.

Worked as Chairman \ Member of various committees in Indore University, Vikram University, Ujjain & Dr. Bhimrao Ambedkar University, Agra.

Worked as a member in the managing committees of 'Gwalior Shodh Sansthan', 'Madhya Pradesh Hindi Granth Academy' & 'Rashtra-Bhasha Prachar Samiti, Bhopal'.

From time to time, poems included in various Text-Books of curricula of Educational Boards & Universities of India.

Worked as one of the members in the Audition Committees of Drama / Light Music of All India Radio (Akashvani) - Stations Indore and Gwalior. Contracted Song-Writer of All India Radio \ For all Radio Stations (Light Music Section) .
Broadcast many poems, talks and other programmes from Indore, Bhopal,

Gwalior and New Delhi (National Channels) Radio Stations.

Conducted and directed many literary societies in Ujjain, Dewas, Dhar, Mandasaur and Gwalior.

Appointed as one of the Award-Judges by 'Bihar Rashtra-Bhasha Parishad, Patna' (1981 & 1983) , 'Uttar Pradesh Hindi Sansthan, Lucknow' (1983) , 'Rajasthan Sahitya Akademi, Udaipur' (1991,1993,1994) & 'Hindi Sahitya Parishad, Ahmedabad, Gujrat (2001) .

Poems translated, published and broadcast in many foreign and Indian languages.

Received awards, four times (1952, 1958, 1960,1985.) from Madhya Bharat & Madhya Pradesh Govts.

Edited literary magazines 'Sandhya' (Monthly) and Pratikalpa' (Quarterly) from Ujjain.

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Lyric-Lute [1] / By Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar

[1] GIFT OF GOLD

Dawn brought the gift of gold!

O, buds! wake up and get up,
fill the gift in anchal¹,
Get decorated in golden appearance,
fill sweet feelings in red-roses,
Filling new brilliance in body,
Swing in new gusto,
In odorous cold ripples,
Every love-laden vein is heart-stealer!

Open the inner oriels-doors-windows all,
Now, never surround the visage in such darkness.
O, bathe in golden sea,
O, decorate the body with ornaments,
O, sing song of a new morn,
Let the heart-peacock dance lustrously!

1 Hem, Lap

[2] SONG OF THE DAWN

Ruddiness of the dawn infused love in the heart stealthily!

When fresh first ray fell on body
Ignorant playful heart became — a deer,
With the guileless raptures of love,
And the overwhelmed emotions of modesty,
Came cold breeze of dawn and made
the body aromatic!

Seeing dear dawn, when little lotus bloomed,
It appeared as if the gift of heaven was found,
Swinging branches wearing new ornaments,
How joyful is the atmosphere!
Filling golden tint, the dawn made earth fresh!

[3] BOATMAN

Evening is accumulating around, Boatman!

Filling tears in the eyes
now, somebody might have kindled the lamp,
And balancing the anklets
somebody might have sung the song,
Echoing the secret of the life,
continuously calling the sandy bank of the sea!
Splendour of the dawn is spreading around, Boatman!

Reddish-west-ward-direction-bride-like
Somebody might have decorated herself
in saffron auspicious,
Somebody's silvery love
might have dazzled like moon,
Turn the helm
towards the returning colourful birds,
Creation is entirely an illusion, Boatman!

[4] WHO ARE YOU?

Like redness of dawn
overcast the heart-sky,
who, you are?

Coloured the dull world with love,
Filled the mute world with sweet song,
Offered the golden world, so easily,
which is found only, in having a great fortune,
Like spring, perfumed the mango-groves,
who, you are?

Roaming in the lonely galleries of heart,
Swinging, embracing with fresh rays-arms,

Awoke my dream-beguiled deceptive life-conscience
by the act of caressing,
Allured me so much, like a sky-fairy,
who, you are?

Filled my void, dejected heart-lake
Gave tune to passion and compassion,
Shining new peaks of desires,
Made my love honest-auspicious-beautiful,
Charmed me so much,
O, pious!
who, you are?

[5] YOU EMBELLISHED IN SONG

You embellished my look in your song,
I'll embellish you in my heart with love!

Hue of tender feelings is filled,
Seeing it, fields light-green are blooming,
Don't give so much love, sustain a little,
When you inhabited me in your song
I shall stay you in my thoughts for ever!

You gave your arms to unsupported life,
You gave cloud-like shade to heated body,
And filled new desire to live,
You confessed your love in song
I shall express my heart — singing that song!

[6] YOU SMILED

You smiled, the lotus of my heart bloomed!
Seeing you, I rejoiced, I attained my attainable!

My moon! why did you raise
Tide in the ocean of life in such a way?
O, Beautiful lady! my ages' homeless love

Got support in you!
Now, a novice dream of love, inhabited in eyes!

O, charming cloud of Sawan¹!
Why did you wet me like this?
O, Lightning! why you did so restlessly
embrace me in your arms with love?
May we never be detached, O, destiny! be kind!

¹ The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

[7] O, DESTINY

O, Destiny! the plant of my courtyard may not be dried!

It is the symbol of first sweet acquaintance,
May swing, wave and remain ever-green,
O, Destiny! the heart of my lover may not be hurt!

On the long rugged, lonely path
The life may pass joyfully,
O, Destiny! the heart of my heart-dweller
may never remain indifferent!

The world may never look us with ill-will,
The darkness of pain may go far away,
O, Destiny! my youth may never remain separation-burnt!

¹The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

[8] QUEEN DAWN

Simple-hearted pretty young queen-dawn is bathing
in blue sky-lake, delightfully!

Bound in love-act with Moon
she drank the lip-nectar whole night,
And redeemed it with her sacred love,
made the world fragrant
with fresh sweet-scented paint,

Thinking love-gestures, flows the reddish silky threads!

Whose face is filled with new hue of lotus,
As if carrying the feelings of satisfaction,
Blessed pleasing heart delighted
in sweet thoughts of her lover,
Without any purpose, diffusing water-drops,
every quarter in cheerful mood!

[9] PLEASANT MORNING

Every morning of life may be refreshing!

Stuff the laughter of spring,
of rivers, shores, moist banks,
of flowers, bracelets and garlands,
Every particle's tale may be a comedy!

Sweet songs of birds
Crazy love of raptures
Innermost waves of modesty,
Illusive world may not be strange!

With pleasing looks of love
Fill the world with desires,
with enfolding loving arms,
May youth be exciting and loving!

[10] SHORT LIFE

The world of flowers is ours!

We spend lavishly the bright laughter,
Fly sweet nectar of flowers,
Likable to us; the swinging of the wind,
Every thread of jingling heart is ours!

Take us to make garland,

Collect us to adorn the 'Maang'¹
(of your beloved life-partner)
To inhabit your lonely dwelling,
Too innocent love is ours!

Don't shy, seeing us,
Don't express deceptive feelings,
Oh, don't tease so much!
The adornment of short duration is ours!

1 Parting line of hair (on a lady's head)

[11] MERRIMENT Of HOLI¹

It's the month of 'Fagun'², joy of Holi is all round,
Delightful ardent passions seen every where!

Beads studded in ears of corn, golden fields,
Unitedly are dancing merrily all around!

Showering love, East Wind is rambling,
Showing its green beauty, mustard is standing with unfold face!

Tabor, cymbals, drum are being played on in every village,
Accompanying are intoxicating new melodious words!

Wearing silver Payal³, O, girl-companion dance,
There has come desired lover, playful girl-friend, dance!

1 A Hindu festival.

2 The last month of the Indian Calendar..

3 An ornament for the ankles.

[12] HOLI

Holi, came once again, with varied new colours,
Holi, brought once again the intoxicated raptures!

Holi, once again came showering gold in the day,
Holi, hovered once again diffusing silver all the night!

Holi, Oh, when did fasten the tinkling bells in my feet!
Holi, being well executed the tune, has filled dancing gestures in body!

Holi, poured out in the heart forcibly intoxicating liquor,
Look, how our step-motions have become peculiar now!

Holi, we are playing drum in your welcome,
Holi, having intoxicated we are spreading Gulal¹ all round!

1 Red farinaceous powder which Hindus throw on each other's person during the Holi festival.

[13] SONG OF EQUALITY

Let us bathe today
In the colours of human equality!

The light of those bright colours —
which is inherent in everybody's body and heart,
Mingle in the them
your dull shining twilight, now,
And just throw away
the collected age long concealed dirt!

Forget all differences of the world
of colour-caste, of money-rank-age,
Only echo in all directions
the sounds of victory of human glory and greatness,
Demolish today
the pride-fort of false dignity!

[14] LET US BURN

Let us burn
Sin instigating desires!

Let we become a new perfect human,

Completely free from inferiority, peerless,
Let us rejuvenate
The emotions of universal liking!

May there be no mutual antipathy,
Love for individual freedom may bloom,
Let us abolish
Trampled devilish servitude!

Life may not be hard at every foot-step,
Storm may not persist on sky all times,
Let us shed
Villainous, demoniacal, calamities!

[15] RAIN

(1)
Embracing fresh slaty clouds
Love-laden rain has come!
It gave, at ease, every dejected heart
the gift of sweet feelings!

(2)
Breaking the continuous monotonous sound
when creating a tune, clouds shower drizzling showers,
Then secret beauty of new-creation
Spreads uncovered to the far horizons!

(3)
Bearing new stirs in the pond of heart
Waves are dancing amorously,
In indistinct current of sweet sap
Oh, which drenched my life like this!

[16] KINDLE THE LAMP

Kindle lamp in every courtyard,
Celebrate the festival of lamps!

Golden light may spread in every home,
Visage may be attractive, each particle may be bright,
Sea of lustre may fluctuate!
Adorn the pitch dark night!

Filling roli¹ in the night's lock of hair,
The glimmering innocent rays may dance,
Clouds of light may come overcastting,
Bathe, forgetting all remembrance!

Remain full with fresh love every heart,
Earth — wept for ages, be blessed,
Come O, fortunate wives! with worship plates
And flow lamps in the celestial Ganga!

1 The red powder which is used by Hindus in worship or in filling the maang of a married woman.

[17] GARLAND OF LAMPS

Enjoyment is spreading in each home, today!

With sweet exciting music
And with love brimming heart
Flamy lamps are dwelling in each home, today!

With youthful golden body
The glittering night
Is distributing laughter-gift in each home, today!

With lovely decoration
With raptures of recreation
Lamps are performing circular dance¹ in each home, today!

1 A dance performed by Lord Krishna.

[18] INVESTITURE

Agreed, it is the dark Amavas! night,

But, why to be terrified?

Assume — in a moment
I kindle the bright radiant lamps,
Agreed, the appearance of dear earth is not graceful,
But, assume — in a wink,
With quite new art, I adorn a brand new bride again!

Tell darkness that now it is the rule of light,
Crown is adorned on the head of every lamp,
Assume — in some moments
I convene investiture in all quarters!

1 The last day of the dark half of a month.

[19] PUT ON LAMPS

(Girl) Friend! Put on lamps!

Dark night may not come now,
There may be no downpour of darkness any more,
In extinguishing lamps
Friend! Fill sneh¹, quietly!

Face of lover may shine with laughter,
In the hope of coming suitable new time,
With reddish lips
Friend! Talk, gently!

Wet years of separation are passed
Blessed new passionate songs may echo,
Friend! the husband has come
Win his heart, silently!

1 Love, Affection / Oily substance

[20] ATTACHMENT FOR BEAUTY

Glittering beauty of someone doesn't allow me to sleep!

Enchanting last quarter of the night,
The world is covered with dense darkness,
With lively cold waves of love
Smiles, attractive simple face of someone!

Heavy pain that I got
Is a diamond for my poor heart,
Collyrium, with tears of pleasant love,
Glimmering, inexperienced simple life-time of someone!

Charmed peacock-like delighted heart,
Restless arms eager to embrace the sky,
How hard-felt is the fire of separation,
Disturbing, sweet fragrance-memory
of someone!

[21] ILLUSION

Like magnolia-perfume your memory is impregnated my breaths!

Jasmine-like elegant, delicate-bodied, where are you?
Where is your rainbow-like glittering coloured appearance?
Mesmerizing¹ me, your charming beauty is overspreading!

You, are like Kalp-latika² for all human imaginations,
Made life a garden, full of Java³ flowers,
Losing all, I only silently flowed the celestial Ganga of my soul!

Where are you, my illusion, true?
Aasavari⁴ of my heart, dhoop-chhanh⁵ of my contentment
I have adorned my way of life-gallery
with your life-paintings!

1 Madhumati-mad (Trance-state / Half-conscious state)

2 According to Indian mythology, the tree of Lord Indra's paradise, which yields anything desired.

3 A red flower used in worship the idol of goddess.

4 A musical mode.

5 Cloth in which wrap and waft are of different colours.

[22] THE NIGHT IS PASSING!

Your memory is haunting,
The night is passing!

Today, in such a solitude of life
I awake in your thoughts,
The whole creation has slept,
Earth is singing a lullaby!

Many sights swing in the eyes,
Your each past talk seems alive,
Even, your casual looks of bygone days
Are appearing pleasant this day!

We are flowing in the stream of time,
But, O, sweet-heart! have faith in love,
Tomorrow, creeping-plant of heart will flourish,
Which is fading how much, now!

[23] THE NIGHT OF AGHAN¹

During this cool night of aghan; Oh, I missed you!

Since evening, the lonely heart is very cumbersome,
Somewhat faded is the lotus of life —
helplessness of what sort!
Not known, how far is the golden morn!

Losing the riches of dreams,
eyes are helpless, heavy and empty,
Looking the course of destiny, with drops of tears,
Heart is throbbing like the leaf of peepal² tree!

The hem of Rohini³ is far; silent moon weeps,
Wide-spread moonlight-sea is searching every corner,
Whom to tell the secret of heart!

1 Ninth month of the Indian Calendar (Margsheersh)

2 A holy tree of Hindus.

3 According to Hindu mythology, wife of moon. Fourth amongst twenty-seven constellations.

[24] YOU ARE AWAY

Dear! far way you are,
my heart is immensely restless!

Environment somewhat is strange, today,
As if somebody has snatched the essence of life,
Am I so unfortunate
being myself is the cause of separation-pain!
Simply, regretting silently,
Life — a gloomy night!

Missing somewhere the luminous-garland,
Disturbed sawan¹ is showering at the door,
All alone am I
During the extreme end of the night,
Although, awakened, but forgotten every thing,
Eyes don't fall asleep even for a moment!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (rainy month)

[25] TO THE BELOVED

Otherwise, to remain far, like this
Why did you live in my heart?

Way of life is unknown
With provisions nil,
Storm is raising in the sky, in the heart,
No peace even for a moment,
Otherwise, to bear the burden alone
Why did you so fix thyself in my thoughts?

Oh, the fire — of life's dearths,
Is burning all around,
Depression is enclosed in my spirit,
Tired is the peacock of heart,
Otherwise, to burn so mutely

Why you impressed so much, the soul of my songs?

[26] BIRHIN1

O Dear, when will you spread
your innocent rosy smile!

Heart is out of sorts, lonely and very heavy,
O, merciful, touch my heart-beats,
This Birhin is waiting for you,
with heart full of life's burning pangs!

The vine of youth is fading in the sunlight,
Tell her about the sweet sensual love,
Wearing silver anklets
I wish to dance like a peahen to my heart's content!

Night is sleeping with her heart-stealer — Moon,
Every direction, like an emotional woman,
is vibrating with songs,
Hey, How to bear such an unknown sweet pain of heart!

1 A woman who is separated from her lover.

[27] WAITING

How many days passed
Dreams didn't come!

Entire night I remained wakeful,
Upset heart is unsteady like a peepal-leaf,
Secret desires gathered and disappeared,
Dear husband didn't come!

Clouds making noise in the sky,
Peacocks dancing in forests — this and that,
My heart-stealer, Alas! has forgotten me,
Home didn't come!

Filling buds-flowers in the hem,
Set afloat lamps at the river-bank,
Longed eagerly to get the foot-dust,
Feet didn't come!

1 A holy tree of Hindus

[28] YEARNING

How much sweet dreams you bestowed,
But, arranged not the least love on earth!

Alone, I am searching in this world, for ages,
But, didn't get desired intimate friend anywhere,
Helplessly, time of life passed in hue and cry,
Couldn't hear charming music for a moment,
You poured the milky oceans of smiles,
But, didn't drench a single heart with compassion!

On one side, you spread well adorned
colourful merriments of hundreds of springs,
And distributed, with both hands, in gratis
Jewels like Sun and Moon; bracelets of Star-flowers so,
But, on my prolific life-course
You didn't sow a single seed of sweetness!

[29] FILL WITH LOVE

O Dear, fill Sneh¹ in my silently extinguishing lamp, this day!

The wick may shine, and splendour spread,
World of mine may turn into a fresh golden appearance,
Everlasting smile may play on tear-drenched visage,
To the life — silent-troubled-cursed —
Give love-boon of worldly pleasures!

The door of my heart is closed for ages,
Strayed away and wandered in darkness — my love,
Every string of my life-harp is broken,

Sinking in the worldly ocean,
Give him arms, give him voice of faith!

1 Love, Oily substance

[30] VIGIL

Far somewhere, continuously
Sweetly, the harp is being played!

Intoxicating night has come,
Every quarter is intoxicated,
Remembrance recurrent in the mind,
Consciousness immersed in the thoughts of beloved!
The world is sleeping silently,
Lost in sweet dreams,
In absence of water-like look of the beloved
eyes transfigured themselves into fish!

Filled with hope and despair,
Infused with thirst of life,
The heart is restless, silent and sad!

Every moment is weeping,
Oh, what sort of calamity has fallen down
As if everything of mine was snatched!

[31] DECEPTION

Whom I thought boon
Same became a curse!

New moon had just glittered,
Clouds, at once, spread in the sky,
As soon as the garden became fragrant
Thunderbolts flashed on the head,
Whom I considered propitious and sacred
Same became a bitter sin!

Getting whom I decorated dreams of life,
They became only ironies of fate,
On whom gold reflected bright light,
Same are smeared now with ashes,
Whom I considered the essence of pleasure
Same became more and more painful!

[32] NO MORE

On my sky, no more, the moon will rise!

In your memory, the whole life will pass,
Ought to cross the dark lonely path,
How this load of sad life will be sustained!
Losing the raptures;
calm, helpless, mute, fruitless heart,
Losing the waves of emotions,
perpetually immersed in sadness, poor heart,
The tide of excitement
will not remain in the ocean of life, any more!

Love-delighted, joy-filled, rainbow-coloured Holi,
Passion-drenched Pancham Rag¹, echoing in the garden,
Never known, destiny will swallow, this way!

1 The fifth note in music; acknowledged as the note of cuckoo's cooing.

[33] DAWN JUST TO APPEAR

Don't shed tears more,
The dawn is approaching!

All lamps are extinguished
Came such a hurricane,
All supports are demolished,
Browbeat the clouds of annihilation,
Being defeated, O, Traveler! Don't stagger,
The dawn is approaching!

Stream is overflowing, leaving its course helplessly,
Horrible darkness is overcast —
Intoxicated... unrestrained,
Don't relinquish the hope in the advent of Sun,
The dawn is approaching!

[34] YOU

Truly, how innocent you are!

Gestures are beyond your comprehension,
Sweet feelings of your heart can't be perceived,
Engrossed in yourself, indeed you are
The companion of supernatural fairies!

You are not formal in the least, for a moment,
Even then, heaven knows, how you remain in my mind!
Becoming a spring-air,
You loiter — forest to forest!

[35] DON'T BE HARD-HEARTED

Dear! don't look towards me
with such extraordinary large eyes!

Don't reflect so much lunar-attraction,
on flooded heart,
I touch your feet, please take aside
the lustre of your beauty,
Or, throwing tie of silky rays,
arrest me in your eyes!

No more shower the pleasant love-nectar
on the surface of my mind,
This is not proper, after enchanting,
pine the heart, like this,
Allow me, at least to touch
your sparkled flower-marked hem!

In this rainfall of beauty,
impressed-wet-heart is forgetting the way,
Mind, you shall be responsible,
if overflowing ocean of youth breaks limits,
Will you come nearer,
don't be so hard-hearted!

[36] THE BEAM

The innocent beam of the moon
is descending with joy!

Seeing the whole creation slept,
On the unhindered silvery sky-route
Taking upon body-parts,
cautiously putting the speedy footsteps!

Remaining free, trampled the route,
Every village, house, street and city,
Neither remained a little calm-quiet,
nor performed her routine night-sleep!

[37] WHO SAYS

Who says, my moon is not a living being?

My moon laughs and smiles excellently,
Plays and then hides herself far off,
Who says, my moon's heart doesn't palpitate?

Throughout the night she also remembers someone,
Observe, she also sighs in separation, often,
Who says, my moon is not in full youth?

She ever gives to the world coolness,
She ever showers dense nectar-rain,
Who says, my moon is not able

to give sandalwood-like soothing sensations?

[38] SPRING

Today, Dear! every limb is full of gusto, as the spring has come!

Far off green fields are waving,
Full with fresh odour breeze is roaming,
Experiencing strange feelings birds are singing,
Today, Dear! genuine feeling of love occupied the heart!

The garden bloomed with varied flowers and leaves,
Silently, sky is singing the song, moving to and fro,
Dawn is blushed, being an auspicious moment for union,
full of newness, freshness, oddness!

[39] SAWAN1 HAS COME

Sing, Dear! the songs of love!

Lively sawan has come,
Clouds of love are pouring down,

Far away, in the fields
watery, contented, grand greenery smiles,
On the branches, agile buds burst into laughter
Spilling cups full of ambrosia,
Don't go far from my presence,
Come and persist in my life!

Cool breeze is blowing,
Whispering something in the ear,

Musical notes, during bird's union,
are reverberating in the garden,
The heart of the earth is palpitating,
Influenced by the silent and loving attraction of the creation,
Particles of the world are being in motion,
With the feeling of disinclination,

You please don't go, avoiding me like this!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

[40] CLOUD AND MOON

Moon is playing hide and seek
with fragments of clouds in the sky!

The moon is beautiful, charming, attractive and fair-bodied,
Why is so absorbed; while the cloud is ugly and black,
Can anyone tell, how happened such an improbable, this night?

Both are constantly flying
But as the cloud laughs, intense passionate moon
Then, caught himself, in both the arms of the cloud,
Who can say, who'll lose the chance!

By running, both have approximately measured
The sky with footsteps,
Both have a bit taken and a bit given, today,
May this pretty pair live long and remain ever youthful!

[41] REQUEST

Dear, come and buzz
the chord of my dormant heart!

Resplendent moonlight is spread in sky and earth,
Night, as if lost in herself, is silent,
And how lovely you are — O, exciting lady!
Bring me under control
and fill intense passions in me, for a moment!

Intoxicating red are the beautiful lips.
Eyes are more innocent simple than a doe,
Body is fair-skinned — like lightning, glass and water,
Arms are like branches — new and fleshy,
Just now, hum a sweet new song
Full of life!

The world is more beautiful than heaven,
Every quarter is echoing,
Hey, this love is acceptable to the world,
O Dear Partner! long-awaited
sweet union-festival, now celebrate!

[42] IN MOONLIGHT

Bathe in new moonlight, bathe!

Today, stars slept, shutting their eyes,
A few are running towards the horizon,
Untied now our hearts' knots,
On the bed of beam, celebrate the love-night!

Gusts of wind singing union-songs,
Sweet notes have moved the heart,
New dreams are staying again,
Laugh and remove the curtain of hitch!

Youth awoke moving and smiling,
Unfolding and shying, came nearer,
Brought many respectful-persuasions,
Beautiful-faced! Don't hold yourself forcibly, any more!

Somebody embraced the black-bee,
Passionately slept in the odourous embrace,
Caressing with love, swung in the cradle,
O, bashful lady! Capture me too!

[43] WHAT WRONG I DID

Tell, what wrong I did with you?

You were half-bloomed tender bud,
When you met me first by oversight,
I too had an experience insufficient,
It was difficult to control myself for a moment,

That's why, I accepted you as mine forever!

In panorama of life, the night was dark,
Both were lost in themselves, had no aim,
When I was standing alone and confused
Love! I found you surrendering yourself,
That moment, you offered me all your love,
Preserved through ages!

You did not stop my embracing hand,
You were free from any anxiety,
surely, there was no deception,
You came in my lock-up, without uttering a word,
As if I got the boon in its body-form,
How simple, mute, innocent, crazy the heart was!

[44] THE SONG OF SEPARATION

Your devoted love is now with you!

The life of mine is the night of Amavas¹,
It's only a matter of repentance,
Today, my home is deserted,
Humming on silent lips is the song of separation,
But, happy I am —
A pleasant world is now around you!

I was destined for the mirage,
Even the dainty nectar turned sharp poison,
Near acquaintance has now become tentacles,
Previous meetings became painful, at this moment,
But, happy I am —
Auspicious adornment is now in your lot!

Life is full of tornadoes,
Without sneh², how long the lamp will alight,
The terrible tide is advancing
The helm, which was in hand, has fallen,
But, happy I am —
You stand on firm foundation, now!

1 The last day of the dark half of a month.

2 Love, Oily substance.

[45] THANKS

You bestowed
blooming-lotus-like transient smile to closed lips,
End of you, thanks!

Full-blown spring was scattered
On every branch of the world,
When each whit of the earth played fresh Holi,
Echoing my heart's silent space, you sang a melodious song!
End of you, thanks!

Dense-open woods covered in cool rays of the full moon,
When new lamps of hope used to flicker,
in the hearts of everyone,
In my darkness of ages,
you brought that glimmering gold morn,
End of you, thanks!

When, full of intense passions, lovers play flutes,
for beloved persuasions,
Echoes of songs and jingle sound
when come from each house,
Your presence, for only a short duration,
inhabited my deserted heart-home!
End of you, thanks!

When the evening comes with life and love,
On every crossroad, fair of lovers'-meet followed,
Crushed with the aspersions of the world
You awake again my broken ego!
End of you, thanks!

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

[46] CLOUDS HAVE HOVERED

Looking your intoxicating smile, clouds have gathered!
Feeling your eyes thirsty, clouds have hovered!

O, Young lady! your anklets are jingling,
Always, swing each pal1, your well-built, beautiful, delicate body,
The charm of your appearance is now no more tolerable,
Seeing for a blink only, eyes are arrested!

Jhumer2 shines on the span of your bright-red-fair forehead,

Your curly hair are flying frou-frou in the air,
Each limb of your beautiful body, bent with its own load,
Your flowered hem slips from the breast, over and over!

Hearing your song, the whole world faints,
Settling a world of much pleasure, it sleeps care-free,
Sinking in your song's tune, the ship of heart lost,
You overflow the stream of love — unknown and straight!
Indelible is, from my memory, your that meet at Panghat3, ,
O, beautiful-faced! being restless when I said, "You are very naughty! "
At that very moment your veil of shyness opened,
Your those wile less words were very charming and intoxicating!

1 Equal to 24 seconds.

2 An ornament worn on the head.

3 A quay from which people draw water.

[47] SLEEP

At this moment, my eyes are becoming sleepy!

Night — coming from the sky, is patting;
like mother's gentle hands,
The hem, engraved with bright stars, is spreading,
Drowsy eyes feeling comfortable,
Ripples of shining nectar
are trickling from the moon-like face!

The resonance of your affectionate melodious song
is being heard, in the shaking of flowers and branches,
That very music is reverberating

from the side by stones, rivers and rivulets,
Melody is soothing the heart with delighted feelings!

The gates of eyelids have closed, but dreaming as —
I am sipping cool milk from someone's new breast,
Yes, well in senses too; know where am I,
A healthy fleshy, swaying-body-shadow is covering me!

[48] LIGHT THE LAMP

In my desolate home —
Darkness of ages is overspread,
Life-lamp was lighted — it's a dream,
As much affection is in you
I'll know — it is mine
If you kindle the lamp in my distressed heart!

What's this life from ages? — a desert,
Exists on the earth like a furnace,
Lonely path, again with full of waves of mirage,
I'll accept — there is a ocean of passion in you
If you bathe my sterile heart!

Each moment, coming and going
only of sandy storms,
What being built? — even the remaining collapses
I'll understand — the value of your songs
If you amuse my heart — a dry-pond!

It'll not be possible to remain alive
Even for a moment, for the body and heart,
of the wax-like vein,
No remedy, only to bear assaults silently,
I'll realize — the magic of tenderness
If you tickle the wounds of my stony heart!

[49] RESTLESS WITHIN

The heart is restless, today,
to talk something, Dear!

The monotonous prolonged silence
is burdensome, now,
When cool, wet, silvery ocean
is waving, continuously,
The heart is restless
To meet freely, Dear!

When young sprouts have overcast
in dry insipid creation,
Oh, I destined
only a solitary place,
The heart is restless
to unfold some secrets, Dear!

[50] MY MOON

My moon is away from me!

Solitary night is crying in empty sky,
The darkness is pouring down from all directions,
That's why, the brightness of lily is without glow!

God knows, in which loneliness writhes The Innocent!
There is a great risk to her life — Oh, she might have not taken poison,
Since, she is imprisoned in a towering mansion, and helpless!

These eyes are looking continuously, with joy, hope and trust,
to each and every ray of light, rising in the horizon,
Because, it is true, she has certainly the yearning to meet!

[51] IN THE DARKNESS OF AMAVASI

Behind which curtains of sky,

concealed is moon, at this time?

I am asking you,
O, silent glittering stars!
I am asking you,
O, incessantly flowing streams!
Beneath which depth, concealed is moon, at this time?

I am asking you,
O, free and slow gusts of wind!
By whom my moon is stolen
Run and stop him swiftly,
Beyond, too far from the eyes, concealed is moon, at this time!

I am asking you,
O, Trees! guards thousands,
Why are you standing quietly?
Call the name, with your full voice!
Away somewhere from my world, concealed is moon, at this time!

1 The last day of the dark half of a month.

[52] WE HAD MET

We had met, for some moments,
on the path of life!
The heavy burden of monotonous silence
had been lessened!

The deep dark smoke of tiredness and melancholy
had been emitted,
Acquiring you, pleasure waves waved
on the deserted heart and mind!

But, did the way of life
ever become man's destination?
Could ever remain overcast
cloudiness in the sky of happy Saawan? 1

Just found out, how rare and valuable
are the moments of love,

Time and again, still resound
pieces of your song!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (Rainy month)

[53] IN VAIN

Day and night went astray, in every place,
To attain the world of happy heaven!

The buds bloomed or half-bloomed
When, swung to captivate the Madhup¹!

Pined, in a lonely place
To get the gift of pleasurable aromatic body!

In life, what did and what not,
To get your love for a few moments!

Remain absorbed in perplexity continuously
To get the base-point of faith!

By putting the life at stake
Continued to play, knowing defeat as fore-decided!

1 A large black-bee

CONTINUED

MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Lyric-Lute [2] / By Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar

[54] HELPLESSNESS

Far, from the sky, looking the Moon!

Being awakened, passed the mid-night,
But, couldn't express indistinct heart's desire,
With tearful eyes, looking the Moon!

Though, heart is appearing calm outwardly,
But within, is suppressed intense storm of youth,
Feeling the pain of separation, looking the Moon!

The smile is spreading in the whole sky,
But, how helpless, unfulfilled the yearning is,
With heavy body, looking the Moon!

[55] ATTRACTION

As nearer I come to you, Moon
The more you move away, cautiously!

Tell me before, will you not let me reach?
Oh, say already, you will not accept my love,
The more I need you O, Moon!
The more you change and move away!

Will you not ever come in my lonely life?
Will not like smiling in bonds of love?
The more I try to bind you O, Moon!
The more restless you become and move away!

Why do you look continuously, standing,
from the above?
Why do you throw your silken well-arranged rays?
As soon as, I, the wretched entangled inadvertently,
In same manner, you the Simple one! move away!

[56] MOON AND STONE — 1

Oh, Moon, you are stone-hearted!

There's no sense; loving you,
It's vain effort to persuade you,
It's useless to invoke one's tender feelings of life,
□When you are not kind at all!

It's good for nothing to talk to you,
Only, passing the whole night awake,
Lethal, betraying, lie is your bond of love,
You want self-victory — that's all!

Self-absorbed, throwing the bright string,
What you see, at this side?
Supremo of Heaven! free inhabitant of the sky!
Oh, how does it concern you —
Whether there is creation or destruction?

Your attraction is not true,
Your showering love is not true,
True is not, your refreshing silvery smile on lips,
You are engrossed in yourself, at present!

[57] MOON AND STONE — 2

Moon, you are not at all stony!

You have also a tender heart,
The affection is overflowing in full,
Very much emotional and agile, you are,
That's why, you are at close quarters, not outside the heart!

You are progressing on your path,
You are nourishing amidst storms,
You are facing the winters' cold, smilingly,

So, it is wrong to say, you are not a companion of man!

You are in the bonds of someone's love,
You are hope of somebody's life,
You are the tune of song in someone's heart,
The only regret is — Ah! you are not on the earth!

[58] DON'T KNOW WHY

I know, I can't associate myself with this moon,
As she cannot move from heaven, even by omission!
Her steps always move on the sky,
She favours only the silvery world,
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!
Remember her again and again, don't know why!

I know this moon will not come in my arms,
Never, even by mistake, devote me,
Her imaginary world is everlasting,
It's beyond anybody's control, to seize her,
Don't know, why I show meaningless right, on such!
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!

I know, this moon, will not speak to me, in any manner,
Never will untie her heart's knot, even forgetfully,
Her eye-language is not easy,
Outright disappointment, in understanding her,
With her only, I behave so emotionally, don't know why!
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!

I know this moon is the worshipper of grandeur,
Is the roamer of charming, intoxicating, imaginative world,
And innumerable thorns are lying on my way,
The winds of deprivation come always and howl,
Still, I adorn the path only with her appearance, don't know why
Still, love her, with the core of my heart, don't know why!

[59] COMPANY

Do the company of moon ever be left?

Where-ever we go and live, this moon will also be there,
The frenzy of our life will also survive there,
Do tell, does anyone, up-date
has plundered the beauty of moonlight?

She will smile with us in the days of happiness,
Will show compassion and shed tears to see us sad,
Living far, in separation, has never
broken the bond of love!

She will come in our sleep and decorate sweet dreams,
Will tap the weary body with exceedingly cool breeze,
Will flow ceaselessly and with same pace,
Since the fountain of love has spout!

[60] CONCEALMENT

Always glanced the moon stealthily from the lattices,
And thus avoided catching moon's eye!

Sent always false messages to the moon,
And thus hid heart's secrets from the moon!

When I looked at the moon, I smiled knowingly,
And thus concealed the pang of my heart from the moon!

I tried hard to comprehend the moon, but in vain,
And couldn't for a moment say the golden dream to moon!

Continued to make mistakes, without thinking good or bad,
Committed love with moon — a someone's perpetual trust!

Ages are passing on silently, I am also silent,
Since, on which support, now I talk to the moon!

[61] DON'T REALIZE LIKE THIS

Don't think, I am on the shore now,
I am still in the mid-current of life's stream!

□

Wave is lovely to me,
□love its each blow,
Have love with each
string of the wave,
Don't think I dwell in a secure abode, now,
Still am I in the open space!

Forgotten songs remain in my mind,
Have attachment to every hurt sentiment,
For each unseen storm
likely to come at each step in life,
Don't think I have found the garden of heaven,
I am still in a desolate place, amidst autumn!

Search for altogether a new ray,
colourful and bright firmament,
Want to enjoy a lovely dream,
Don't think, the moon is now in my possession,
I am still in darkness all round!

[62] SO, TO MEET YOU

So, difficult now to meet you!

How many ages have passed in silent waiting,
The clouds of long thirsty eyes are emptied-out,
On the deserted path of lonely life,
there is nothing, except a vast expanse of autumn!

Before me, all are strange and new,
Oh, well acquainted dreams have gone where?
Have searched out continuously with vigilance

Each corner of sea-land-sky!

[63] SELF-CONFESSION

Don't be so mad!

Whom you consider, each moment,
a straight rapid fountain,
That's a burden-some, painful, deprived,
ever lonely, void unfertile land,
Keep your heart under control,
Don't be so feeble!

Why looking so attentively —
it's stone not wax,
O, Chakori¹! it is a morning sun
not the moon,
Before any stranger
don't be so innocent!

It's not a cloud pleasant and cool,
Only a cloud of hot smoke,
O, Ignorant! don't search in it
again and again life's support,
All is a mirage,
Don't be so unsteady after that!

The deserted garden that you are adorning
with such great efforts,
How will it flourish,
try to understand a bit, the helplessness of heart,
Remaining in the tearful eyes
Don't become collyrium of grace

1 A bird enamoured of moon according to Indian myth.

[64] VALUE OF TEARS

When was it possible for the world
to assess the value of my tears?

It simply kept on gazing,
the unwinking flow of tears,
Looking with two merciless eyes; that's all,
as if, lamps devoid of affection,
Which human being sang the song
in tune with my agony?

Is there any fellow-traveler of life,
just matching one's heart's desire,
When one is facing and suffering
sobs, mute sighs, and death?
Is there any, who is protected
by the intricacies of heart?

[65] LET RUN DOWN

Let run down the tears of mine,
But don't confer the gift of love!

On the path, as I stop,
On each step when I bend,
Fighting with the storms
Get tired, entangled in the whirlwind,
Let me move in a tottering manner,
Don't give me support for a moment!

Whether the tide rises in the ocean,
No matter, the boat caught in the whirlpool,
Looking the thick rainy clouds gathered
the heart palpitates in quick successions, even though,
Let me move forward
Don't give helm in my hands!

On the dark path of life,
On the bushy and thorny path of life,
Support less and alone,
Enlightening my heart
I shall go stumbling and rising,
Don't give me the world of easily obtainable light!

[66] DESTRUCTION

I am fading each moment!

Stars envelope in the sky,
Waves merge in the ocean,
Tunes of the lyre are lost
In the sound of blowing wind,
One day in the stream-trend of time
Agile; I will also vanish!
The youth of flowers is of short duration,
The song of the black-bees is short lived,
When their heart-beats of desires
are so transient
Lasting for a short time, my mortal body
Will also become feeble!

The day declines and the dust diffuses in air,
The night rolls every moment
The ages are passing with their own pace,
The world is changing continuously,
I also move on the path of life
With internal uneasiness!

[67] EVOLUTION

I keep glowing every moment!

Buds on the branches of trees,
Row of stars flickering in the sky,
Little by little, look in full perfection
With the new lustre of life!

Dry river receiving water up to the brim
The desert being full with dripping drops,
When each particle gets life
Too fill vim in my heart!

Infusing sweet joviality in the world
Came fresh spring on the earth,
My words also getting tunes
When cuckoo started cooing!

[68] FLOW OF PASSION

Today, passions are in full sway!

Vanquishing the ocean of tears,
The heart gets rid of pain,
The burden of ages
became light,
Heart has sung a song;
Reverberating its clank!

Heat of the sun has gone,
Burning sensations of soul are calm,
In the shades of clouds
Prevailing the cool wind!
Got the love of beloved
In her silent acceptance!

Merged, within the blink of an eye
All the hardships of night and day,
The heart became happy,
Like the leaf of a garden,
Attained now everlasting happiness
Materializing the paradise!

[69] NIGHT

Limitless moonlight has spread,
Heart-peacock is dancing,
Entangled with the eyes, the sleep has gone away!

Life — has materialized in eyelids,
a happy new world,

That's why the splendour of silent eyes is increased!

The silvery night is very alluring,
The wind has blown from the far east,
The intoxication of night is fully overcast in sky!

How lovely is the song of night,
Listening to which one loses one's attention,
Some secret of creation is hidden somewhere, certainly!

[70] DENSE CLOUDS

Fresh dense captivating clouds gathered
and overcast the whole sky!
This day, they are giving thousand blessings
to the distressed earth!
Look, how much dark is the mass of clouds!

The sky is roaring
In a grave voice, alike a musical instrument,
As if, wanted to perform all the musical notes,
Look, these clouds are female attendants of the sky!

Let drops of water fall — non-stop
With intense speed; not mildly,
Rain in the whole world
So that all the calamities be far away!
Look, how compact are these clouds!

[71] SING THE SONG

You say, "Sing the song, today! "
It's a union-festival — auspicious and sacred!

You, forcibly fill the vibrations of pleasant waves in life,

And just then, come quietly, steal the heart's wealth,
Feelings of sadness are lost,
you make me forget past-sufferings!

You are sweetish cool spring of my life's stream,
Influencing the tune of my life's poems, every moment,
At the time of utter defeat,
Looking towards you, I feel myself victorious!

[72] YOU

You are tender shoot of my life's tree!

You give distinct recognition to my youth,
Lustre lost face got brightened, due to you,
Your movements prove my living existence, yes!

I admit, during the stormy-rainy season,
I shook from the root,
Yet, I sing your song,
thoroughly from the depth of heart,
Only, on your strength, I fight fearlessly — unceasingly!

[73] THE SAFFRON OF YOUR 'MAANG1'

How is it, this day, diffusing out
the saffron of your 'maang'!

I saw you very closely,
There was no where, any sign of joy, on your face,
Don't know why, you kept on standing, with fixed feet, self-absorbed!

When you are bestowed with such a lyrical life,
Tell me, then why is so restless
the state of your body and mind,
Don't know, which ideas of uncertain future
causing you distress!

The bright moon-like face is appearing depressed,
Each breath is cumbersome, getting unnerved,
Don't know why, today the flowers of each garden are withered away!

1Parting line of hair (on a lady's head.)

[74] YOUR REMINISCENCE

Only, your reminiscence is with me!

Today, why this, a very old incidence
is taking shape in my thoughts?
Today, again like that night of farewell,
Why tears are running down in the eyes?
When only the frenzy is with me!

Chatki¹ is saying this painfully —
"How difficult is the path of love,
The obstructing world can't see,
Remains the burns only, to be forgotten,
Only this complaint is with me! "

But your reminiscence, a life's wish,
became that ineffaceable line of vermilion —
Before which, not a little,
life is worried now, for your remote presence,
The moon is with me to look at!

1 A mythological Indian bird. Drinks only the rain-water during the 'Swati' constellation.

[75] REMEMBRANCE

Years' old memory is just recollecting in my mind!

The tree, in front of me, is as much old
so much is the incidence,
The day when the sky
was drizzling continuously,
The moon had hidden behind darkened clouds!

Standing on the roof,
Feeling thrills in darkness,
You were singing the song,
Just then, I also came nearby,
Met two lovers with love,
Frenzy of that very day alone is saved in the eyes!

[76] IN AWAITING

The stars disappeared, in waiting for someone!

Counting them, passed the lonely night,
They were strong support for the heart-beats,
The rays from the east are fetching the day,
The hem of hope and despair has blown away,
Continuously with the streams of tears
They have washed away the overcast darkness of the sky!

Eyes, seeing the path, remained awake the whole night,
The innocent lamp of heart, kept on flickering with sneh¹,
All the forthcoming moments, appeared as if full of burns,
The heart has been worshipping continuously since ages,
O, Dear! rising in the heart, non-stop,
such unusual thoughts — good or bad!

Walking from the path, spreading towards the horizon,
When sometimes, you will be nearby, smilingly,
It's my belief, O, companion of life!
You will never forget me like this,
O, Papeehe²! say — all the wretched kalps³ of the Viyogi⁴ have been
completed!

1 Love, Affection, Oil substance.

2 Papeeha (Chatak) — A mythological Indian bird. Drinks only the rain-water during the 'Swati' constellation.

3 A day of Brahma (one thousand 'mahayug' — 4,32,00,00,000 years of mortals)

4 Man separated from his wife or beloved.

[77] THE RESULT

Is this the result of ages' long devotion?

I am a devotee of your attractive form,
Always look unwinding your grace-glory,
But the morn of happiness has vanished,
it's the evening of life!

I have called you in dream,
Decorated the room of heart,
But the fountain of love is simply flowing
Incessantly from the ages!

Ears are attending to the sound of footsteps,
My both the eyes are eagerly awaiting,
But there is seen not even a glimpse of yours!

[78] DESIRE

Desire of mine!

Just as sky,
Restless shivering,
Can't contain itself in the heart,
Imagination of mine just as — dense fresh clouds!

Candid lamp,
Constant brightness,
Trilling voices of pain are imprisoned in the heart,
Complete life-worship of mine is well adorned, today!

No burns,
Sink in nectar,
The unflickering flame of heart is burning constantly,
Always object-oriented is worship of mine!

[79] IRRESTISTIBLE

I shall not bow down before misfortune,
Though remained unsuccessful in life, today!

Not even for a moment kept dormant
the feeling of devotion,
No matter, if I am defeated,
I shall not get tired on the lonely paths,
Away, how-so-ever away may the destination be!

Today, the darkness alike Amavas¹ is overcast all-round,
But, just tomorrow, the dawn will smile all-round,
I shall not stop in the crippled dilemma of mind,
Though I may not have any support!

1 The last day of the dark half of a month.

[80] UNSTOPPING FEET

In the dark night of despair no ray of hope glows!

Nowhere, now the stars in the sky shine,
All horizons of the earth invisible, afar somewhere,
But, I keep on going support less somewhere, constantly,
All the birds of heart are not tired, still,
The rugged way difficult and full of thorns,
but feet not stopping anywhere!

Constantly vomiting poison — every story of the path,
Storms continuously demolishing
all secured eminent structures,
But, constantly progressing, free and powerful life,
Not least unsuccessful became the devotion of my soul,
Extinguished the fast kindling flame
of inauspicious rival time!

Lightening and roaring dense clouds are frightening,
Becoming rough and complicated continuously each way,
Encircled darkness enhanced each step like smoke,
Due to terror, signal-lamps of the road extinguished,
It's the night of annihilation, but even at this dreadful time

My eyes did not fill with tears!

[81] AN INCOMPLETE IDOL

It is decided, now
this life will not give you any grace!
Now, life will not give you,
any more spare time!

Remembering the passed days,
how long would you burn?
Entangled in the opposite currents
how much would you flow?
Oh, how long would you tolerate the strokes of the storms?

Life will not give you any more turn
to play such a way,
Life will not give you
now any more vitality!

May all impossible fancies materialize,
May all warbling desires get shape,
May we experience all leaping loving passions,

The life will not give ever
such heaven,
The life will not give ever
such fortune!

[82] INTOLERABLE

Very sad heart
Tired body
Very sad heart!

Sky — full of sultriness
Air — stand still
Suffocation, Suffocation, Suffocation!

Overcast dense darkness
No where any ray
Eyes gone astray!

Very disappointed heart
Very dejected heart
Burn, Burn, Burn!

[83] SUPPORT

I don't want to go along with you
Even if move away the support of life!

If lived, begging somebody's mercy
Then, for what?
I shall feel no anxiety, even negligently,
For myself,
Not least regret, whether extinguish
This only shining star in the sky!

Will laugh and live
Without success,
Human life doesn't brighten up
Without futilities,
I have great confidence that
This flowing stream of life will not cease

[84] NO LIFE

Is it life? No, not at all!

Good fortune is not the only wish of heart,
To weep on misfortune is a crime here,
To forget —
Moments of distress are indications of great future,
If, having no so much faith
Then, that can never be an outlook of life,

No, not at all!

Dreams only overcast in the sky of eyes,
Who sing songs for only themselves,
To forget —
Excellence, service-rendering
are the basis of humanity!
If so much is not acceptable
Then your breath is tied up,
And in the heart there is no palpitation,
Not at all!

Not only flowers bloom in the garden,
Dust also spreads at every feet,
To forget —
Ever revolt against hindered and imprisoned life,
If you have so much attachment with life,
Then, what's the frenzy of might,
Is it youth? No, not at all!

[85] COMPANION

Those who suffer the calamities of life laughingly —
Are my only companions!

Dense darkness on the
thorny, rugged, stony and lonely way,
But, those who set out,
having enlightened new dawn in their eyes,
Dauntlessly which play with life and death —
Are my only companions!

When angry fast winds roar on head,
When failed all hopes and desires of future,
Then in that utter disappointment
those who endure many hardships in life —
Are my only companions!

Dashing against obstacles
those who could not know ceasing,

Before getting the destination
those who could not know tiring,
Throughout the life
those who concord with the youthfulness of life —
Are my only companions!

[86] THIS IS NOT DESTINATION

This is not your destination!

You have to go further,
You have to burn more,
You have to struggle hard on the path of life!

You have to drink more poison,
Then only is the living successful,
Today, it is the time, surely, for your test!

Storm is before you, .
But, man is mighty,
Who whipped all the creation of calamity with feet!

This is my faith,
History speaks,
I am the same that makes the body of destructive designs
□ shiver!

[87] DEVOTION TO SONG

Tune of hope and belief
I have been playing on the lyre of time, constantly!

The dense darkness surrounded on the way,
Terrible is the whole atmosphere today,
Clouds gathered and sky roaring,

Have been singing victory-songs
In front of death / at funeral pile!

Collect, Man! Life-courage everlasting,
Burn in the fire, which is sharply flamed,
The youth will be brightened up thus,
Giving performance of powerful songs,
Have been awakening the world!

[88] DAWN

Is a bit of night remained till now?

Silence, felt as if the dawn slept,
Eyes looking towards the horizon,
Why not the creation is changing its guise?

The dawn is not giving any boon,
The song of birds is silent still,
But, my consciousness awakened,
As life is listening a new message!

I have no love for dreams,
Have searched for a man of dutiful heart,
May my new country remain awaking!

[89] LAMP OF LIFE

This lamp of life kept on burning alone
the whole night!

Wind came with a destructive force,
Sky roared in the madness of power,
But, the lamp was engrossed in burning without repose,
Till the new golden time didn't come in the world!

It has been constantly burning laughingly
the whole night,

It has been reared up even amidst the storms,
Has been crushing the vanity of tyrants,
It gave gleaming light
to mute, ruined and troubled men!

[90] INTRODUCTION

Sweet stream of love I am!

Those who came not close to me,
Kept distant acquaintance only,
Thought me devoid of feelings,
Laughing ridiculously, neglected me,
Ebw they came to know,
Ocean of love I am!

Seeing mine frail body, with a bird's eye,
Turning their face, became aloof from my way,
Ebw they came to know,
The axis of power I am!

I didn't smile a little,
Because the life was much perplexed,
So, the people who think me the mute stone,
Ebw they came to know,
Tinkling of harp I am!

Leaving me alone on the bank
Those who went away on their boats,
Now, entangled in the waves of tide,
And the ocean is roaring on them,
Ebw they came to know,
Elm of salvation I am!

[91] FESTIVAL OF LIGHT

Each house is gleaming with the small lamps of soil!

The earth covered with the waves of darkness,
But, floating on it lambent light-boat,
Have to burn, whether sky may be devoid of stars and moon!

Overcast ugly smoky vapour on the world,
But, flows constant the ocean of love,
In the deserted heart of time,
you have to remain full with compassion!

Structures of the world are dismantled due to fast storms,
But, parallel to it smiles new shape,
Will erode the curse of devastation,
when the new steps of creation fall forward!

Exploding uproars from each corner,
Now the attachment to dreams is breaking,
Decayed death will disappear
in the stir of new life!

[92] TIDE AND BOATMAN

The boatman is rowing the boat!

Tearing the heart of ocean
run terrible waves, nonstop,
Winds rustle with angry tone
right on the head,
Dense darkness overcast in the sky
from this horizon to that,
Some murderous creature is taking long breath nearby!

Each moment, coming from afar
dark clouds of annihilation are amassing,
Suppress, with horrible roaring,
the voice of powerful hope of victory,
Gloating last time, assisted by death,
but constantly forwarding, with steadfast courage,
he is challenging the adverse circumstances!

[93] INVINCIBLE

The youthfulness of the age cannot be defeated!

To the organized peoples' consciousness,
To the desire of new creation,
To the age old devotion of proletariat class,
To the dream of happiness of man,
To the hopeful mansion of peace,
And to the life-sky full of redness of dawn,
Have you heard the story of destroying them?

Feet hard as steel,
Who fought with the storms,
Could not tremble even a step,
Remained standing solid as a mountain,
Challenge the foes,
Fight and kill,
Those who sacrifice life in doing worldly duty,
When does their fierce life-force become slow!

Summons the power,
Fills enthusiasm in heart,
Hearing which feeble man's chest swells with glory,
Which covers way in darkness,
Echoes in each quarter,
Tells the new message of revolt to stars,
Cannot stop the voice of peoples' salvation!

[94] NEW CONSTRUCTION

I am constantly going on constructing a new path,
And shall keep on!

Path — on which there is a net of thorns,
and layers of darkness,
Path — on which there is a heap of stones,
And is inaccessible desolate,
Path — on which is blowing storm —
with destructive typhoonic-sound,

Path — on which snow is falling,
and is inviting death,
Becoming a lamp, I am burning only on that,
And shall keep on!

Today, in chain of rigidity, life is tied-up,
Wounded age-bird fluttering in illusion,
entangled itself in parapet,
Like cremation area — silence, stagnancy is prevailing,
and the voice has choked, now-a-days,
In front — terrifying rugged quarters,
amassed in fog, are seen,
Like a flower, I am blooming in the ruined garden of the world,
And shall keep on!

[95] GO ON ADVANCING

Go on advancing on the way!

Far is your destination,
But, steps will not be weary,
Youthfulness of age has not lost courage till today,
O, Fighters against storms!
Go ahead fiercely, fearlessly, happily!

Strength of faith is with you,
Matchless force of history is with you,
Having untired stamina to bring again,
new spring in the future world,
O, Young man! with your blood,
build a new strong mansion in the world!

Darkness is disappearing,
New morning is coming,
Each particle of the world is singing
new song of creation,
So, you too go on fighting
for the dignity of new age!

[96] FAITH

Proceed with faith, the obstructions of the way
Will remove!

The fire of your life will shine like embers,
All dark quarters will glitter in flooded light,
Vanity of your foes will smash into pieces!

Sing constantly that song which is full of hope,
Language of your eyes, should tell the constancy
Of your aim,
Then, being defeated, rival will show humbleness towards you!

All rocks of adversity will crack and break,
Roaring storms, inflicting sufferings,
will bent and submit to dust,
The man will sow and water the seeds of comfort
Motivated by you!

[97] BLIND AGE

Be cautious
Oh, watchful guards!

Many demons are surrounding
to snatch the freedom of man,
Darkness spreading swiftly
to swallow each ray of future,
Be cautious
Oh, watchful soldiers!

Today, overcasting
dense blood-showering terrifying clouds,
Thundering in the sky
destructive cruel thunderbolts, impatiently,
Be cautious
Oh, saviours of world peace!

[98] BEHOLD FLASHES

Adopt new thoughts!
Improve the fallen state of the society,
Improve it!

Ceased flow may flow again,
Spirited song may echo,
Let there be limitless love-treasure in the heart,
Filling that, numberless people may get up,
Awake the earth and call out the morn,
Call out!

The country may remain organized,
No man may be suppressed,
No one bear hunger and thirst,
May be seen altogether a new guise,
Time restored, behold the flashes,
Behold!

In the overwhelming stream of joy
Love — white and red,
Flow, flow, flow, flow!
Acclaim victory of humanity,
A new hut is built, reside in it,
Reside!

[99] BIRD OF THE AGE

In void sky, you, the bird of the age
will fly with a constant pace,
You will fly!

You can never stop,
Wings will keep on rising and falling,
You can never get tired,
On the way, clouds will come and gather,
Giving the new message of liberty,
to the world, you'll go forward,

You'll go forward!

On the fiery path, with healthy heart,
Feeling support of inner-self, and dauntless,
Torch-bearer, lamp of knowledge,
With new creation, hail to the proletariat class,
Giving challenge
to the hostile powers of the age, you will ascend,
You will ascend!

[100] SITUATIONS AND SUSPENSE

Not worried; nevertheless afraid too!

When life is at stake,
Facing struggles at every step,
New Bhairvee¹ is being resounded,
Not at all possible to stop anywhere
There is defeat; together with victory!

We are feeling all passions,
Desires and renunciations,
Someone calls — 'Come back',
Someone adorn, saying — 'Good-bye'!
Weeping and wailing; as well singing too!

There is reflection of bad in good,
Where is deception; there is faith too,
Even curse is with bliss,
'Human' is weak, moreover is truly great,
Unholy; is sacred too!

Who is challenging like this?
Who is caressing like this?
Man — is drenched in hostile conflicts,
Man — is always present in moments of enjoyment,
He is a foe; as well a friend too!

1 A tune which is sung in the early morning.

[101] CHANGING ERA

Look, the time is changing!

A new flame is enflamed in the world,
Fire of life is anew,
Burning all that is tattered and worn out,
All that is old — is demolished and destroyed!

The flames of devastation are terrible
Overcasting the whole sky,
Momentum is reckless; impossible to suppress!

Each one is coming forward,
Before eyesight each particle is feeling free,
Reality has come in front,
There is no fabrication any more!

Don't show resentment to this,
Don't inhale breaths of spite,
It will continue moving;
Useless to pave the way with thorns!

[102] WHERE IS REST?

Where is rest for us?

We have fought even the death,
Each moment progressing ahead,
All the thorns of the path
See, are thrust into the dust by now,
Moving forward, we have to destroy the darkness hence on!

We haven't cared for troubles moreover,
We haven't seen dust too,
We haven't seen
the smiling sweet flowers in the way,
We haven't known what is love and ties of affection!

We are not what we were yesterday,
We are marching at our own pace,
Whether it is defeat or victory
We remained alike at every moment,
We have strange and firm faith to change the world!

[103] BEAUTY OF THE WORLD

Let the independence of each and every country
remain intact forever!

We love independence limitlessly —
more than our own existence,
No eligibility is laid down anywhere
to be a patriot,
Let the feeling of democracy remain keen always!

Innumerable people of the world
are undivided and equal,
The feeling is same, though
there are several National Anthems,
Let the feeling of equality remain burning every moment!

Abandon : That throw
the humanity of man to flames,
Adopt : That bears
high-minded humanism,
Let ever flow the waves of enthusiasm for secularism!

[104] FAITH IN DEMOCRACY

Quarters echo with the proclamation of democracy!

Now each man is the part of the government,
The value of life is enhanced,
Feelings are dedicated to the Independence!

Darkness will not raise head now,

The sky will gleam with light,
Our notions are inspired by resolute object!

The tune of sorrow will be silent,
The desire of pleasure will materialize,
Inequalities of every kind will end, now!

[105] REPUBLIC - RELIC

Fill the golden rays
of Republic day in the heart!

May the inner-self, enlighten
And echo the entire gamut like warbling,
Give sweet voice to
the splendid feelings of Republic day!

Equality may reflect in the eyes,
And spill the sea — full of love,
Do resonate the faith of Republic day in each particle!

All brutality may pass away,
Dignity may come in each man,
Remove your sin
in the compassionate-Ganga of Republic day!

[106] RESOLUTION

Dignity of human may ever be secured and respected,
It 's our resolution!

We ourselves be the maker of our fortune,
The power of people may not decrease,
The freedom of man may not be least snatched,
It's our resolution!

Having tied in the thread of unity,
All may proceed on the path of progress,

Nobody may be reproached
in the name of Religion, Language and Caste,
It's our resolution!

Illiteracy and poverty may eliminate,
Humanity may be free from class difference,
Earned money may not be limited to selected people,
It's our resolution!

CONTINUED

MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Lyric-Lute [3] / By Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar

[1] SING

Sing; so that life a lyric may become!

Man is helpless at each step,
Each silvery love-dream is shattered,
Sunken in sea of tears
The sun of hope is far, far away,
Sing, so that each particle a friend may become!

□

Surrounded on all sides is darkness dense
Hurt is each heart, full of pain,
Shall mute cover of troubles life-long
For ever remain thus overhead?
Sing, that defeat victory may become!

□

Breath is overcast with helplessness-suffocation,
Smoldering is life smarting-burning fed,
Full of poisonous dense-dust particles
Is sky of man's wishes,
Sing, so that suffering a music may become!

□

[2] A WISH

Let life flow freely,
Let it lead to victory!

Let each one find solace
Under the tree-shade of blessings!

Let there be songs played day and night
On the harp of the soul!

Let sweet dreams ever come
And bring pleasure and laughter!

Let no one be sad

Let laughter ring!

Let each man become gold
Made pure in the inner fire!

Let each one bear bravely
The knocks of the unknown fate!

[3] WHO ARE YOU

Who are you long-lost in waiting,
So awake in the dark mid-night?

Clouds of darkness are fleeing fast
From end to end of universe,
The atmosphere is calm and quiet
And without a wink
The stars stare in sky
Who are you, sweet! so awake
In the company of galaxy of stars?

Whose lamp is it burning
With light new at the door?
It is illuminating the path,
Light is reaching out far beyond,
What is this lamp, flickering alone
In the face of the furious wind?

Again and again to-day
Strikes somebody the chords of heart-lyre
And from black lustrous eyes now and then
Flows down love on both the cheeks,
What is that agony
Touching the heart of lotus full awake at night?

[4] TO THE MOON

Please smile not and tempt me thus,
Or else I shall kiss your cheeks!

Yes, lavishly endowed with beauty you are
Your graceful eyes reflect the dream world of happiness
Where dance the naked damsels
Where new beauties enter and add to glamour
Go and join the beauty parade
Please shed not your lustre here!

How stealthy are your steps
Like a thief you traversed the sky
But no sooner the golden sun withdraws
All your lustre bewitching spreads out,
Cover not your limbs with attempt so vain!

For ages past I have seen you so mute
Tell me please, I ask, 'Who are you? '
Now never shall you escape from view
Strewn is the entire court-yard with your treasure to-day
Please pause in your path
and enshrine me softly in your heart!

[5] THE BEAUTY OF THE SLEEPING MOON

Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

So care-free physically,
Mentally so free from worries;
And so content with life
Holding somebody's loving 'Anchal'!
Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

With feelings all anew,
With imaginations all novel,
With desires all maiden;
And with a heart full of a world of dreams!
Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

With happiness oozing out of every breath,
With nectar like hopes,
And thirst eternal;
Clasping light luminous to his heart!

Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

[6] MOON LIGHT

Giving herself airs the moonlight approaches me,
Knowing me alone, the moonlight beguiles me ever!

Slowly on the parapets comes down the moonlight,
Lovely and sweet song sings the queenly moonlight!

On my roof and tin-shade spreads the moonlight,
With my hands and face openly plays the moonlight!

Sleeps not herself nor allows others, the moonlight,
At dawn, nobody knows where flees the moonlight!

This moonlight speaks not to me none knows why,
Fills the heart with strange nectar of love this moonlight!

[7] NO GRIEVANCE

No grievance have I against you today!

The helpless eyes conceal the whole secret
The pleasant pictures of our meeting
Are enshrined in the heart,
I think over and over again,
Far far away a new path search I!
No habit though have I of forgetfulness Dear!
No grievance have I against you today!

Willingly or unwillingly sweet dreams
I sometimes enjoy;
Thus intoxicated I conjure up your image
No harm if I smile,
And create a new world of my own;
No mischief indeed is this!
No grievance have I against you today!

Sometimes even a tree embraces a creeper lone,
The tired Lotus also takes the Bee in the cosy petal-fold
When she shields and shrinks
Your memory torments me all the more
Beauty of the universe is nobody's pawn!
No grievance have I against you today!

[8] LUST FOR LIFE

The man lives on
By the cravings of love!

The lightnings crash near him,
The tornadoes roar and rage around him,
But a faith mysterious
Over brims his heart,
And sleeps he cosy and comfortable
In the shade of dreams and visions splendid!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

In front of him mountain peaks dizzy,
Around him yawn chasms deep
But fired with faith divine
The man moves on
To get comrades genial
On his way eternal!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

The death's orchestra plays on,
The mango-groves once jubilant and gay
Are silent and deserted now;
But with faith divine
In the midst of tears and sighs
The man laughs on!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

[9] WINTER

Wet and heavy is the night,
And far away is sleep!

A deep murkiness is all around,
And a long way off is the crimson morning,
All sounds are still,
At such a time, why are you silent,
Do share a secret with me!

The fog rains quietly,
Cooled has been the sky's heat,
Silently meet the earth and sky,
At such a moment be with me,
Or else, the cold body will shiver!

Only the silence reigns
Trees sway beyond the fields,
Unexpectedly do the doors rattle,
Do not open the window and peep out,
There is intoxicating wind lies in wait!

[10] WINTER-WET

Slowly descended
The dew-drops
All through the night!

An ice-cold silence
Shields the sleeping earth,
On leaves and flowers danced
The love-puppet night,
The artist mist
Constructed a canopied dwelling!

Here, there and everywhere,
Like scattered diamonds are drops of water,
Stealthily prowl about

The gusts of wind,
Like a guard
Woke the waterfall ringing!

Lively is the gathering
Presided over by the night,
Her lover tightly held in her arms,
Wakes and sleeps the beloved,
Hidden somewhere
In the frightened dawn!

[11] O WIND!

O wind!
Come, tuning a song,
Come, sweeping,
Shaking the boughs
Come, raising the dust!
Lovely fragrance filled
O vital Eastern Wind!
Come skipping
Over the distant mountain-peak!

O Wind!
Mad and over-brimming with youth
Come, kissing
These new green leaves
Come, humming a tune,
Come strewing the shreds of cloud!
Drunk and forgetful of mind,
Drunk and forgetful of body,
With laughter bubbling
Sweet and vivacious,
Vibrating the heart strings
Come, dancing!
O Wind!

[12] NEW LIFE

Man's life is filled with helpless moments;
The days and nights are all dark and dreary
And the stale talk of those dire needs
Rap my heart —
How long will it take the rains to come?
The song of life is left half-sung — never done!

The same old dreams deceive as yet,
And the heart is filled
With those very lusts, throbs and commotions —
How long will it take a new world to bear?
My life is filled with dreary moments!

The hot winds blow
Howling at the nests,
Scaring me to wonder —
How long will it take the spring to bloom?
My life is fading amidst autumn's dead leaves!

My fatigue-intoxicated body aches
And my heart is rendered
Weak, helpless and demoralized —
How long will it take to beam a smile?
My life becomes a show of skeleton!

Man's morrow is bright and gay,
Be it though not a better path,
Strewn with thorns, an intractable path,
But he tramples down the thorns
Alleviating adversities comes then
The New Life beaming smiles!
Mitigating darkness comes then
The New Life showering light!

[13] WE KNOW IT WELL

We'll march removing hurdles,
Cleaving the dark
We'll march!
For, we know it well —

That lightning flashes not in the blaze of noon!

Awake, incessantly shall we proceed
Erecting an edifice anew.
For, we know it well —
That youth falters not — no, never!

The opposing gales will gaze in wonder,
And the adversities will then quickly end;
For, we know it well —
That the breaths of the undaunted
Are wasted not — no, never!

[14] KEEP AWAKE

(1)
Keep awake, in this world till dawn!

There is terror all around,
The wounded humanity weeps
Bear the strokes, till people are united!

Let each man be free from bondage
Fight against the current
Till the people's strife to victory rages!

Fight death,
Do not give up
Move towards the goal, do not stop
Till the savages are broken and defeated!

REMAIN WATCHFUL
[KEEP AWAKE]

(2)

Remain awake
till it is morning the world over!

Fear frowns everywhere,
hurt humanity is wailing,
bear the brunt
till organized protests ensue!

Let every man be free from confinement,
contend against the tide,
till the flaring up of
the victory war of masses.

Fight death, feel not tired,
march unto the end, stop not
till the tormenters cower and crumble!

[15] HELPLESS

If life is pain,
Then bear its pangs
We must!

If life is a secret,
Then remain silent
We must!

If there is no harbour
Then row on
We must!

If life is a calamity
Then be washed away
We must!

If fire surrounds us,
Then burn constantly
We must!

How terrible is truth!
Then utter every falsehood
We must!

[16] ONE NIGHT

Like a flash of lightening
You came in the dark sky of my life!

In my arms you swung
When swayed freely the month of sawan¹!
Like a shruti² tune you rang
When the kajali³ was heard outside!

Like the music of anklets you chimed
When the tri-yama⁴ became fragrant!

Standing near the tulsi⁵ in the courtyard
You shone resplendent, O the only one!

Like a flame you glowed
Coming in my forlorn home and courtyard!

1 The fifth month of the Indian Calendar (rainy month)

2 A minute part of a musical note produced at the time of carrying one musical note to another.

3 A type of folk-song sung by ladies during Bhadon (a rainy month) festival.

4 Third part of the night — a time of union of husband & wife.

5 A famous basil plant. It is considered holy by Hindus and worshipped in their courtyards.

[17] SUDDENLY

(1)
Today I remembered you,
My heart resounded with song!
As if the sound of Anhad¹ echoed in my heart!
~~A~~fter years,
O, after years!

Your company was the only truth,

Your hand the only protection,
Everything has disappeared, but
The ecstasy of each lived moment remains!

Ages have entered oblivion,
Sowing dreams in nights,
But those sweet images
Have always inhabited my life!

1The inner sound of the heart which can be heard by yogis.

SUDDENLY

(2)

Your memory flashed up today
and titillated my mind,
after ages,
many years.

Your company
was a palpable fact,
your hand a handy armour.
Every thing is lost in the past
frequent infatuation persists.

Ages have gone by
slowly, gradually,
nursing dreams every night,
but those sweet kaleidoscopic pictures
have been the inspiration of life.

[18] WELCOME

The blooming orchid in my yard
strews a multi-shaded grandeur sweet.

Her soft and silky tangled tresses
have a perfect shiny gloss.

She has snugness in her arms
and an insight in her eyes.

Naively she squeaks like a sparrow
and warbles dulcet notes.

Lanky and fresh
as if dangling from a tree twig
she feels bestowed upon the riches divine
and seems gloating over all her lot.

She appears thoroughly satisfied
adorned as she with trinkets fine.

The orchid is blooming
the beautiful blossom in my yard.

(To my grand-daughter baby Ira)

[19] PASSION AND COMPASSION

You create music [rhythm] in heart,
I will sing the song of life!

In this way
Let our age go on dwindling,
Let the throbbing breaths in our hearts
Move on!
Let the waving wick of love
Go on burning in both of our hearts!
Let the mutual emotion and compassion
Of our living souls
Go on cherishing!

You tell a story
Of enchanting love,
Listening which
I can sleep peacefully,
For a while!

And lose myself
In sweet and charming dreams
Forsaking my entire grief!

You make your tears of love
Overflow towards me,
I will make
The splendour of heaven
To stoop down
At your feet!

MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Selected Poems Of Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar [1]

[1] LUST FOR LIFE

The man lives on
By the cravings of love!

The lightning crash near him,
The tornadoes roar and rage around him,
But a faith mysterious
Overbrims his heart,
And sleeps he cosy and comfortable
In the shade benign of dreams and visions splendid!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

In front of him mountain peaks dizzy,
Around him yawn chasms deep
But fired with faith divine
The man moves on
To get comrades genial
On his way eternal!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!

The death's orchestra plays on,
The mango-groves once jubilant and gay
Are silent and deserted now;
But with faith divine
In the midst of tears and sighs
The man laughs on!
The man lives on by the cravings of love!


[2] REAP THE PADDY

Reap the paddy, mow the paddy
Mow on, reap on! !

All the fields to the vision's end
Are full and mature!
So ripe and full! !
Rustling and surging

With glee overbrimming!
Flow with the air
And laugh like blooms,
Get up and quit the old hovels
Comrade! the open fields are beckoning you!
Reap the paddy, mow the paddy
Mow on, reap on! !

Water trickled through the glaciers,
And ran in many rapid restless currents
Carrying along the alluvial dust,
Down the heights of the Himalayas.
The dust drenched in sweat of labour,
Shot up in the bowers and on boughs
Blossoms white, red and yellow
The gracious Mother Earth
Blesses you with a life-long and happy!
Reap the paddy, mow the paddy
Mow on, reap on! !

When the monsoon clouds dark and dense
Enveloped the sky and hovered over head,
The dry bowers of heart
Were drenched with hopes divine,
With abandon and delight;
As if,
The beautiful white - 'Kajal'¹-applied eyes
Of a pretty, healthy, sweet, delicate mellow maid
Bedecked with lustre bewitching
Over brimming with live emotions new
And dreams of simple life,
Sing the song of a world reborn!
Reap the paddy, mow the paddy
Mow on, reap on! !

The seeds sown by your labour devout
For the world's resurgence and remarking
Have come to blossom,
The fond dreams nurtured in the lap of eye-lids
Those seeds now find fulfilment and fruition
And embrace these myriad spikes
And play with abandon in the cool moon-light

Be up and doing,
Hear O! you master of the vast land
From Kanya-Kumari to mountain Kailash!
Hear and hail the new upsurge!
Behold the families all of the village,
Find the fruition of their dreams!
Reap the paddy, mow the paddy,
Mow on, reap on! !

The teeth are fallen
Hair are dry and dull,
Yet in the wrinkles of the face
There dances a smile — easy and natural!
The fragrance embraces the whole universe
The sky drips with odour sweet
Wake up! the pride of my land!
Reap the paddy, mow the paddy
Mow on reap on! !



1 A preparation made out of the soot of an earthen lamp burning mustard oil and applied to the eyes by an overwhelming majority of Indian women.

[3] O WIND!

O wind!
Come, tuning a song,
Come, sweeping,
Shaking the boughs

Come, raising the dust!
Lovely fragrance filled
O vital Eastern Wind!
Come skipping
Over the distant mountain-peak!

O Wind!
Mad and over-brimming with youth
Come, kissing
These new green leaves
Come, humming a tune,
Come strewing the shreds of cloud!

Drunk and forgetful of mind,
Drunk and forgetful of body,
With laughter bubbling
Sweet and vivacious,
Vibrating the heart strings
Come, dancing!
O Wind!

[4] THE SPLENDOUR OF THE EARTH

Green and all green and 'Sonfia'¹
Oh Dear! are the boughs,
The laden boughs!

Rows after rows are rustling
Thousands, millions, rows innumerable!
The lavish caresses of the breeze,
Have filled the air with a joyous outcry.
Oh, on our earth descends
A green youthful fairy!
With blooms new on all her curves.
Green and all green and 'Sonfia'!
Oh Dear! are the boughs,
The laden boughs!

Suffused with dim red are the skies
Smeared as if with 'Gulal'²
Are the spacious cheeks of Heaven.
Bedecked with fineries,
A bewitching beauty every branch to-day,
Carefully adorned with foliage patterns.
Oh Dear! enveloped is every branch
In a captivating green 'Chunary'³!
Green and all green and 'Sonfia'
Oh Dear! are the boughs,
The laden boughs!


1 A light green colour similar to that of aniseed.

2 A long piece of cloth loosely thrown over the blouse, shoulders and head by Indian village women.

[5] WOMAN REBORN

You aren't a purse-purchased commodity of man,
Nor are you the soulless slave girl,
The brainless hand-maid and the lifeless doll.
No longer are you the age-old
Down-trodden footwear of man,
Not a source of pleasure and pastime any more
Frailty is not thy name,
A bed of roses you desire not.
Nor are you caught in the whirl-pool any more
But banks distant you adorn now,
No longer shall injustice crush you,
New power and zeal of the time is with you;
Your hands are now free from chains;
Prison social or personal confines you not,
Nor does man dominate your mind and body
That you submit to his whims
And utter not a complaint even by chance
On behalf of the youths millions of the world
I speak, not as your lord, but as a friend;
I simply wish to bind you
With bonds silken of eternal love!

[6] YOUTH

Time shall pass away
But youth shall endure!

From time immemorial the current of youth
Washing aside obstacles galore,
Has constantly flowed on,
And shall ever flow on!

From time immemorial the orchestra of youth
Has been playing on
And shall ever play
The new melody of resurgent life!

The vibration shall never die,
But shall forcefully resound
In the sky, in all directions,
In every city and in every street,

To shake all from slumber deep!

The world of dreams
The world of darkness
Is bound to dwindle!
The darkness will stagger,
And darkness will die out,
But the light of youth
Shall never grow dim!
Time shall pass away
But youth will endure!


[7] LOSE NOT YOUR HEART!

Do not lose heart!
One day the heart-rose shall bloom
In the midst of impediments galore!
So, lose not your heart!

Sport with the fury of storms,
If they rage and roar around you.
Stand up to the heavy rocks
They fling at you!

You know well enough
The weather is rainy;
There's rough and tumble in the sky,
The dark clouds hover and thunder above
Let all that be a song sonorous to you!

True,
Flashes the lightning, again and again
But to you a crackling of firework it is!
If you tread your track unmoved
Your destination itself will arrive one day
And meet you half way!
Do not lose heart!
One day the heart-rose shall bloom
In the midst of impediments galore
So, lose not your heart!


[8] SUFFERING

Youth you are of the up coming age,
Shedding tears
In remembrance of the beloved,
Or for her betrayal
Behoves you not!
Clouds are gathering,
Breeze vernal blows slow,
Sky is lit up with moon-light!
Far away are you from beloved!
Or she has broken your trust
Simple and sentimental you are,
Enshrined in your heart is love,
And desire lurk there,
And longing too for happiness,
And dreams of a fresh, golden smiling life!
But, today they are shattered,
As if a thermometer slipped
From the hands on a stone,
The tears roll like mercury,
As though lost now is all your control!
Heed no more that
The candle is burning out,
And like sharp thin thorns
The memories are piercing the heart!

These pigeons
Calmly sitting on the roof
Do they too,
So remember some one?


[9] DILEMMA

What's is this weariness?
That leaves inert every limb, every nerve!

Deadened is the mind to sensations all,
Heavy and tired are the eyes with sleep!

How is it,

That fatigued out is my soul
And the vault of heaven resounds not
With the melody of my soul?

Wax-like melt the convictions firm
Oh! why hope of future too
Is receding fast like a star
Away and away from sight?

Thorns lie concealed in the dust
On life's road difficult
And strewn with impediments is my path.

How is it,
That my soul's lamp flickers fast
As these storms rage in the skies?
Ah, a reality, it is too grim
An illusion it can't be!

Forget it! shall I?
Or shall I weakened by weariness,
Sleep and swing on the chords of dreams
In the quiet woods of calm breath?

Or, abjectly surrendering to stark reality
Shall I rein in the soul?
(Which dormant lies already.)

Or shall I,
With all the might of the soul
Fight every movement of reality?


[10] VISION

Indeed attached to the earth though we are
Yet the bond of love for the moon and stars
Is unbreakable as ever,
In dreams and ideals we do indulge,
Yet no less significant is our pledge
To make them real!


[11] THE BEAUTY OF THE SLEEPING MOON

Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

So care-free physically,
Mentally so free from worries;
And so content with life
Holding somebody's loving 'Anchal'!
Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

With feelings all anew,
With imaginations all novel,
With desires all maiden;
And with a heart full of a world of dreams!
Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!

With happiness oozing out of every breath,
With hopes nectareous
And thirst eternal;
Clasping light luminous to his heart!
Cosy lies the moon on the star-spangled carpet!


1Hem, Lap.

[12] WHO ARE YOU?

Who are you long-lost in waiting,
So awake in the dark mid-night?

Clouds of darkness are fleeing fast
From end to end of universe,
The atmosphere is calm and quiet
And without a wink
The stars stare in sky
Who are you, sweet! so awake
In the company of galaxy of stars?
Whose lamp is it burning
With light new at the door?
It is illuminating the path,
Light is reaching out far beyond,

What is this lamp, flickering alone
In the face of the furious wind?

Again and again to-day
Strikes somebody the chords of heart-lyre
And from black lustrous eyes now and then
Flows down love on both the cheeks,
What is that agony
Twitching the heart of lotus full awake at night?


[13] LIGHT THE LAMPS

The storm is petering out
Now in the new abode
Do light up a lamp — anew!

Dreams - their dome
Once lit up with moon and stars
Lies deflated — torn!
The harp-strings, all pieces
The ones that emitted melodies once!
I want to forget all
So please sing me a song
Fresh and sweet
In a new strain!

Ask me not
How many times
Did I fall and rise
On the stream of life
Many a time
My emotions lay dead in dust
And often soared in the blue,
Yet do I know —
I have drained the cup of poison to the dregs,
Sure do I know —
Unshakable is its effect!
But why don't you
To my lips bring the flask of nectar!

The desire still burns,
And the portals of heart

A tide of laughter knocks,
Dear! the love is still alive with all its aspirations,
Steeped in the flowery sweetness of spring
Several nights of enchanting mad moon still remain,
Talks of faith and betrayal
And thousand other trivial things!
Smile and smile a little
And be with me, my company!


[14] TO THE MOON

Please smile not and tempt me thus,
Or else I shall kiss your cheeks!

Yes, lavishly endowed with beauty you are
Your graceful eyes reflect the dream world of ☐ happiness
Where dance the naked damsels
Where new beauties enter and add to glamour
Go and join the beauty parade
Please shed not your lustre here!

How stealthy are your steps
Like a thief you traversed the sky
But no sooner the golden sun withdraws
All your lustre bewitching spreads out,
Cover not your limbs with attempt so vain!

For ages past I have seen you so mute
Tell me please, I ask, "Who are you? "
Now never shall you escape from view
Strewn is the entire court-yard with your treasure ☐-day
Please pause in your path and enshrine me softly in ☐ your heart!

[15] MOON LIGHT

Giving herself airs the moonlight approaches me,
Knowing me alone, the moonlight beguiles me ever!
☐
Slowly on the parapets comes down the moon-light,
Lovely and sweet song sings the queenly moonlight!

□

On my roof and tin-shade spreads the moon-light,
With my hands and face openly plays the moon-light!

□

Sleeps not herself nor allows others, the moonlight!
At dawn, nobody knows where flees the moonlight!

□

This moon-light speaks not to me none knows why,
Fills the heart with strange nectar of love, this □ moonlight!

□



[16] NO GRIEVANCE

No grievance have I against you today!

The helpless eyes conceal the whole secret
The pleasant pictures of our meeting
Are enshrined in the heart,
I think over and over again think I
Far far away a new path search I!
No habit though have I of forgetfulness Dear!
No grievance have I against you today!

Willingly or unwillingly sweet dreams
I sometimes enjoy;
Thus intoxicated I conjure up your image
No harm if I smile,
And create a new world of my own;
No mischief indeed is this!
No grievance have I against you today!

Sometimes even a tree embraces a creeper lone,
The tired Lotus also takes the Bee in the cosy petal-fold
When she shield and shrank
Your memory tormented me all the more
Beauty of the universe is nobody's pawn!
No grievance have I against you today!


[17] CONVICTION

Full well do I know

A day is to come
When before my eager eyes
With a pitcher of nectar you will come!
As comes a rain-laden cloud
And hovers in the sky!
You would open the door
With hands as fair as mirror
And stand in modesty
With your innocent cheeks
Blushing red and rosy
Your eyes would tell me
Who-knows-what in language mute!
The moon thrills 'chakore'¹
At dawn, lilies open up
So your face glamorous
Shall make some one restive
And he will be lost
In dreams sweet and bygone!
But soon he shall beckon you
And ask, "How are you?
When did you come? "
What shall your answer be?
Perhaps none, except two deep sighs
And then you may put
Your 'Anchal'² on your eyes!



1 A bird enamoured of moon according to Indian myth.

2 Hem, Lap.

[18] DAY-DREAMING

From morn till night
Nothing could I do
But set afloat in fancy's ocean
Lamps of long-long cherished dreams!
And draw living Ajanta frescoes
On the canvas, my heart!
How intensely I've been seized
By your beauty!

From morn till night

Nothing could I do
But wander in the Elysium — my thoughts
Like a traveller free from bonds!
Like a love-lorn bee
I've only kissed and kissed
The buds, bright, ravishing, drunk
And drenched in honey!
How tormented am I
By your beauty!

From morn till night
Nothing could I do
But release the innocent doves
In the firmament — my feelings
And soothe a heart
Ablaze in the raging fires of want
I wandered — wandered all the time
Engrossed in thoughts of you
How strongly seized am I
Body and soul
By your beauty!



[19] THE BLESSEDNESS OF MAN

A glamorous marriage procession life is
For the man having love as God's gift,
Lucky is he; for him alone there is
Spring in nature; rains in the world!



[20] THE MAN

Finding the beloved's lap
Where is the man, hasn't fallen asleep!
Where is the man hasn't lost himself
Having got the beloved's love.
Hero is he, who hasn't shed a tear
And has treasured the anguish in the heart!

[21] BETRAYAL

No more do I indulge in dreams now
Nor do I sigh, off and on, in separation,
Believing you as fascinating as the Moon.
No longer remains the lunacy of love
The sign of the diseased mind.
Reflected not in my eyes any more
Your lustrous beauty as before!
For I have witnessed
The picture of living truth,
A picture of the world and of life
Full of pain and agony restless!
Deep sorrow of some innocent soul,
In torrents of tears,
Pours down on earth!
Darkness prevails so dense all around,
That Aurora in displeasure tarries.
To win over the damsel of the dawn
The myriad songs I would sing forth,
And to dispel the darkness,
I would bedeck life with light!
Until the blooming love pervades the entire universe,
Until a new kingdom of joy and smile
Descends and sheds its lustre on the earth,
Let not your memory creep into my life,
It weans away the mankind from the path of duty
And breaks millions of simple and sincere hearts!



[22] NOT ALONE

I am not alone,
Not alone am I,
The resurgent age is with me
And I too on my part
Zealously keep pace with it!
Innumerable arms lend me strength,
And freely draw upon
My energy untiring!

Myriads of men around me
Are constantly on the march,
Advancing on and on!
Along the thorough fare of liberty
There's no despair,
There's no despair,
Nor helplessness any!
No obstacles can stand
The upsurge popular
All are being swept away!
Has snow melted away
On some Himalayan peak?
Soil new is being created,
Fearless, peaceful habitations new are emerging!
Green, red, yellow and rosy gardens
Are in full bloom to-day!
Man is being initiated into humanity,
And sunken cheeks
And the long fallen faces
Their cheerfulness have regained!
Keep pace with that life
And cheerfully
Attune yourself to that life!



[23] LIFE-STREAM

Dread not
The new song of life's revolt!
A new song of creation
It is, of rising tempo!

The process slow of mountain formation
Governs not the mighty creative human force.
(It is as true as the sky is blue!)

The glacier beyond 'Gangotri'
Creeps slowly on the slope
By the gravitational force of earth
It creates and wrecks on small scale;
And brings about changes trivial

Such is not the stream of human revolt!
Refined is popular taste of my time,
Morbid it certainly is not! !

On the wall of the age
Descends a brilliant crimson light,
Of conviction bold and glamour rare!

[24] STATE OF NIGHT

Cooler is growing the night!
The faint sound of mills echoes at intervals,
From a source unknown!
The distant whistle of an engine
Stabs the tranquility,
Somewhere the swarms of mosquitoes
Spin the queer buzzing din,
Sometimes come out the rats
And run a competitive race,
The clock strikes the hours!
The world to a stop has come
And static, inert, dull and calm,
And senseless lie the souls who
Breathe unawares in state unconscious!

The porters, the watchmen and the workers
All are under the spell of sleep —
As if a woman casts her spells
And beckons to her lord for a close clasp
Of body and soul
For a calm and complete merger
Of identities in state relaxed!
Waking from the dream
One laughs on oneself!
Wondering at the irony of repeated errors!

Boundless is the dreamland
And matchless the whole funny affair.
But tangible truth is night
Growing calmer and cooler,
The wind drenched in moonlight

Constantly blows humid and heavy,
Dew is in the making above
To make the night frosty!

Oh Dear! Only the morn,
Would lift the silken veil
From the charming face of a bride-nature!

[25] FAR ACROSS THE FIELDS

The dark and dreadful night of the winter!

The decayed mud-hut far across the fields,
Where life is mute and morose.
The mist awful shakes every soul,
The people's mind is oppressed.
It's a tale of repression of the dumb souls!

It's a final fatal blow to the tender heart.
Look, those wounded and tormented,
Roll in dust with life despised
And stricken with pain and grief,
Tied up, exploited and drenched in blood
The dark and dreadful night of the winter!
A most pitiable out-cry of grief
Arises over the dignity lost.
Poison of disparity permeates all around;
Polluted stand all culture
Every breath is a shiver and the body all a shudder!
The dark and dreadful night of the winter!

The disastrous lightning is crashing
On the poor humanity,
Civilization a synonym of violence and loot —
Devoid of affection all;
Dawn is lost in desolate darkness!
The dark and dreadful night of the winter!

[26] LIFE TODAY

The smile of life has withered away,
And dark clouds shroud the Moon!

The night stands denuded of its beauty,
As if the belle widowed has been!

Stands robbed the spring of human happiness,
And all the flower and foliage are fallen!

Blasted lie the flowing fields,
The sand-storm blew so cruel!

Heart rending seems every dream,
And aspirations on all sides are being crushed!

Crumbled are the customs of the present world,
The path of love lies twisted and turned!

Stands intact only the forest of motives selfish,
Housed where in are the dacoits' dens!

Every where is playing the funeral music,
And coffins colourful are being arranged!

Constrained are we to lie down there,
Fatigued and broken by pain!

So much has life been crippled,
It falls and staggers paralysed!



(27) THE MIDDLE CLASS — 1

Overcast is the sky!
Prevails all around
The thick darkness
One feels after closing the eyes.
Birds are calm and quiet
Resting cozily in their nests,
And from every mansion

Are pouring forth pleasant notes
From Piano or 'Tanpura'¹
But under the leaking roof
From the pangs of recent child-birth
Groans a mother
Yet the life of man,
Is undying
Nay — is springing forth as ever!



1 A musical instrument of four strings.

(28) THE MIDDLE CLASS — 2

It's ten O'clock in the night
Distantly are heard
The discordant drum-beats of a marriage party!
And at a high pitch the Radio Ceylon is blurting out!
The stale and insipid film-songs
Either from 'Aan'¹ or 'Barsat'²!
And in the house nearby,
Half-asleep and bored
A maid, thirty-year old
Lies restless in bed
Dreaming and thinking of her beloved,
Her father, a clerk poor,
In a heap of files drowned,
(Caught in the labyrinth of life!)
Pauses to think —
"Far advanced is the night
Tomorrow shall I look into the rest."
His eye-lids are heavy with sleep
As he dreams of days carefree of childhood!



1 An Indian film in Hindi.

2 An Indian film in Hindi.

(29) THE FUTURE

On man's future path
Reigns the limitless darkness,

Reigns the thick darkness!
No moon nor sun visible,
Not even alarm-trumpet is heard!
On the cliff of death
Stands the hushed humanity,
Staggering off and on!
The Earth is terribly trembling
With blasts of atom and hydrogen bombs!
Island after island is vanishing
And cities almost all,
Ever dreaming the tragedy of 'Hiroshima'!
On the vast expanse of the sky
Plays the flame with lurid fire,
Smoke, Smoke, all around!
On man's future path
Bright light is needed,
The flood light is needed!
In place of sand dunes precarious
We need a solid concrete dam!
So that Man may have a firm footing,
In the face of storms
And Man may resist on
Strong, valiant and patient!
Nor let there be any groans and sighs!
Let every man laugh
A laughter — white and pure!
And let hopes bloom
Of a future happy and glorious!



(30) LIGHT

May the future of man —
From the darkness,
From the ever-spreading fear of cold war
Be free!
Be absolutely free! !

May the rays of pure reason
Spread far and wide,
May the forces hostile to progress

Be torn to shreds
May the society from class and colour distinction,
And the man from man's bondage
Be free!
Be absolutely free! !

Let not the new mental horizon
Be overcast
By whirlwind, dust and lightning
Never
Oh Never! !
Nor let the crest of the new order
Crash and crumble down!

Let the pious divine efforts,
And the yearnings for world peace,
Adorn the Earth like golden dawn,
And redeem the world afflicted
And caress with love and affection,
Let not the pollen of new feelings
Be scorched and consumed by fire!
From the destructive power of various weapons
From the venomous and the devilish hate campaigns
May the modern civilization
Be safe!
Be absolutely safe! !

(31) CONVICTION

Firm is the conviction —
Some day the sky shall clear of clouds dark!
Sunny days, not one but countless
Shall descend on earth
With laughter pure, dripping with light!

Hark not, O, Life's traveller!
At this hour of pouring rain,
Let not the fear of getting drenched
Dampen your spirits high!
Rest assured —
The carpet of violet rays awaits

You on your path ahead!
All water shall dry up
And cold shall vanish
The current mighty of your eternal energy
Shall inflict utter defeat
On clouds — your rivals
Who boast of rains inexhaustible!

Under the dense and dark clouds
The tiny lamp of man's undying faith
Has flickered strong as ever!
Lost it has got somewhat
In the black blanket of darkness
You search it out,
And with it light your lamp,
Soon shall you see,
A myriad lamps lit up!
And drive darkness away,
And open up a new path golden!
As the light of conviction burns eternal
For a better world to come!

Conviction therefore is firm
That the transitory dusk
Shall pass through the transitional darkness
And wrest from heavens
A rosy dawn of life new!

(32) THE FIRMAMENT WILL CHANGE ITS COLOUR

No more shall the dark shroud
Envelop our heads!
And within moments
The firmament will change its colour!

The 'Malay breeze'¹ is beckoning
Capering and dancing!
On every bough
On every leaf
A new awakening is blazing

And world's history takes a turn.
Gone are the paths of dreadful darkness
And gone are the pain ridden tragic ages,
Descends on Earth an age of light golden!

The musing Earth is moving,
The inert world vibrates with new song
Every corner resounds
The night is over,
The night is over!
The long awaited golden morn
Stands at the door
And offers to every heart
Presents of zeal and joy!

From the world will banish
The dense darkness of sufferings,
And the close atmosphere of dejection heavy!
Surely will the firmament take a new colour!

1 A breeze coming from the direction of mountain Malay — a mountain of India,
out of seven main mountains.
There is a luxuriant growth of sandal trees on Malay mountain.

(33) WITH FLAGS OF PEACE

No matter how vigorous
The drum-beat of war may be
We shall hold fast
The banner of peace aloft!
And the suppression of the voice of peace
We shall not allow!
From the dawn of history
We have faith in peace and humanity,
Gautam and Gandhi are dearest to our hearts!

Molesting anyone is sin for us,
We come not in any body's way
Quarrels we do not pick,
World friendship and mutual love
Is our message eternal,
Enough affection have we

For the tormented and destructed world!

Our hands will uplift the down-trodden,
And we shall save
Millions of down-cast mute molested
Fear-stricken injured sisters
From the cruel clutches of the devils!

We love smiles of children innocent;
Alluring are the folk-songs of the shepherds and farmers!
We shall never let these songs of mirth
Turn into painful sighs and groans!
Nor let the smiles be blood-stained!
We pledge we shall never let the lightning
Crash on the innocent dreams of Resurgent Man!

(34) GALA OF NATIONAL LIBERATION

Today is the eventful day,
That had witnessed the break-up and the fall
Of the chains of bondage tied to our feet!
The clang of the fall had resounded the world over,
And disconsolate tired people all,
Were aroused from slumber deep
And the ground had slipped
From under the feet of tyrants all!
History of the hungry and the exploited
Turned a new leaf of hope,
And heaved a long sigh of relief!
The powerful empires shrank with fear
And crumbled to the abyss of decline
The powerful current of time washed away the empires!
Indeed difficult it is to dominate any
Impossible it is to suppress any
Fired with a burning zeal new,
The youth is determined to fight the forces adverse!

Today is the eventful day
When darkness was dispelled
Our firmament lit up with a new Moon!
That pierced the heart of darkness

And shed the radiance of self-reliance on us!
Sure, the darkness will surround us never again

Nor shall utter doom blind us any more
No more shall we spend nights in writhing gloom
No more shall the rivers of sorrows swell!

Novel is the rising youth!
Novel is the saga of the nation!
Impediments have turned friendly,
Magnificent is the current of history!
That is the landmark of Victory!

This is the eventful day
When life smiled anew
And bestowed a thrilling kiss on our lips!
Myriads of roaring voices resounded in welcome
With great eclat did we celebrate
The gracious dawn of knowledge,
Destiny itself condescended to dance
And so mad with music we ran
And the world witnessed us
Rushing on with winged feet
New blood speeded in our veins,
Un-aided and undaunted
We inspired other nations to fight,
And healed up all wounds old;
And on a new ground we built up
A colony fresh and peaceful;
With tears of joy
Millions of women looked forward
Millions of strong men waited ready
To change the face of the nation
All had earlier fought
Against social evils and impediments hard!

Remember! this is the eventful day
On which on our soil burst forth
In blooms and blossoms new,
When age old prison doors were flung open
And people separated long
Rushed into each others embrace!

When singing victory songs
Out of the prison came
The soldiers of freedom universal!

This is the day
To usher in which
Gladly embraced widowhood
Many a woman blooming and young!
This is the same day
The very same day is this!

Of attack successful, utter sacrifice
Complete renunciations and campaigns,
This is the day Universal resurgence
This glorious day
Of the famished, the naked and the suppressed!

(35) THE MASSES

The reign of terror
Has ever failed to stay;
For the masses
Never sleep like 'Kumbh Karan'!
And are never smitten by death!
If proofs are needed —
And beating of their hearts
Need be tested —
Turn over then
The pages of history of any nation!
Or else, visit and go round my land — India!
Where man has buried deep
The age old dead weight of dark despair
Into bowels bottomless of earth,
And saplings of conviction and hope bright and new
Have been implanted in their place!
And myriad lamps of life sublime
Have been lighted!
To drive the darkness out,
And where rivers over brimming
Flow freely on, gurgling,
The new message of the changing age!

Where, men to change the World
Unite together with zeal and vigour!
And with their hard work
Sow the seeds of vibrant life on Earth!

1 A demon, who was the younger brother of the notorious villain Ravan of the great Sanskrit epic 'Ramayan'. According to popular belief 'Kumbh Karan' used to sleep continuously for six months.

(36) VISIONS

Some where across the horizon
Has thundered the collective voice
And sent a thrill
Over the free waves of my firmament!
Felt I early at dawn
That my heart-beat had changed!
That season had changed,
As if snow on the Himalayas had melted
The Ganga-Yamuna their banks have overflowed
And lashed and broken the rocks,
Oh! how much water
Have they stored in their hearts!
In the free oceans of the East
Are surging waves of aspirations new,
New storms are blowing!
Of them we have heard of course,
But never before saw the descending on Earth.
But today in the morning sky
We have caught a glimpse of them,
Stark stood out the truth
Dispelling and smashing illusions all!
Clouds thin had spread out
I beheld on their screen a panorama
As if the demon of capitalism

Was taking its last breath
Under the heels of resurgent man!
As if somebody was leading to 'Nandan Garden'¹
A crowd of
the hungry, the naked and the down-trodden!

Again it appeared
As though a pack of pigeons had arrived
To deliver a message of joy!
And I saw as if
The ears of wheat had strewn all over!

This panorama has given me conviction firm,
And new inspirations for life's struggle,
And an impression of the might of the toiling masses!
Today those very pictures
Are reflected on the firmament!
Those very pictures
Are inscribed on minds of millions!
And the same ideals
The world is keen to uphold!

1 The mythical garden of Indra, the king of gods.

(37) RESURGENCE

A new flame is blazing in every direction;
Life is lit up with red twilight.

The earth resounds with new footsteps,
Every ray is scattering a new light.

Age old darkness has been dispelled
And on the path descends a new dawn!

Revival of the past; this certainly is not
Altogether a new look has earth worn.

Simply to destroy class distinctions
Awakening is adoring the common man.

The age and the civilisation have taken a turn
The creeper of culture is blooming with flowers new.

The flowers full of sweet scent
Send a thrill of joy into the fertile land.

The mansions of selfishness and exploitation are crumbling

And on ruins of fallen houses surges a current of creation new.

O men, coiled up in the freezing winter;
Rise and rejoice over the approaching 'Kuro-Siwo'¹.

O 'Hori'² the sun-burnt peasant beheld!
Vital rain-laden breeze is rushing up!

And embrace your old and haggard wife 'Dhanial'³
(Just control affection brimming over!)

You are now the master of the heavens
Man's dream into reality turns!

1 A warm ocean current washing pass the south-eastern shores of Japan.

2 Hero of 'Godan' — famous novel by Premchand, the leading Hindi novelist.

3 Wife of Hori.

(38) FOR THE FIRST TIME

The common folk have gathered strength
And shaken the slumber,
For the first time in World's History,
And they have risen in revolt
As never before!

Breaking away from the age-old beaten track
Fighting against the huge rocky barrier
And the most powerful current,
Side tracking thus
The desolate thorny hilly tract
And many such hurdles
Did the people's current cross
Then it flowed down
To the plain of human life
Seasoned with experience and courage of conviction!
For the first time creepers colourful
Have sprung up all around
And the parochial boundaries of all lands
Are rendered dim and all dim
In the colourful glare of these boughs!

It's because
Burns in every bosom the spark,
The live, red-hot spark of restive agony
The cataclysmic force that
Will bring about a World new
Unity of action for the first time is there,
And therefore has survived every adverse blow!
Gone never to return are
Many angry, roaring storms of fire
No inkling we had.
The new age is busy struggling
For the rights of all,
The coming years will follow suit,
The world will stand guard
On rights of all people!

From California's Death-valley
From Kalahari, Sahara
Abyssinia and Tundra
Has disappeared the dark night of ignorance
All quarters are illumined with lights new
Peoples of all countries are up,
To construct the world anew
In a variety of ways

A variety of countries thus
Are no longer idle and helpless
Discovered they have
The new device of building
A happy paradise unfettered and free!
The World entire belongs to all nations,
None is alienated, nor any longer
Is it a far-fetched dream.

Gone for ever is
The worn-out life before Revolution
In the face of firm faith
Nations all nurtured by injustice
Have banished been forth with.

The fading lamps are kindled again
Affection of the age the lamps receive,

And joyously flicker freely.
Life's cloudy night is armed with lighting
Whenever his feet falter
The torch lights up the way
And into focus is brought
The road of common man's life.

Destroyed is the darkness
Banished from the path.

The reign of terror is over
No king is there,
Nor is there a beggar,
Those neglected so far for generations
Are harking to the call of revolt,

For the first time the World is so wide!
For the first time the sacrifice is so vast!

(39) IT WON'T COLLAPSE

The wall of concrete conviction
Can never collapse!
It has been built
By the boiling blood of the toiling masses
And by their bones as hard as granite and steel,
Many a restive, yet mute martyr
Had fallen to fill the foundations!
This conviction of a new future of life
A mere haze it is not
And is not without purpose,
Even the numberless blows
Can never destroy the wall of a new conviction!
Thanks to the years' struggle
And the power of mass awakening
That the tunnel of dark days is over
The World is lit up
The truth is aglow!

The iron-wall of people's power
Stands as sentinel

In order to protect
The oppressed and the have-nots
That wall is raising its head
Challenging the class
Steeped in blood pool of lust imperial,
That wall can never collapse and crumble
For it's a fresh and organised force of the masses,
Opposite current any would dash against it
But only to reel and retreat in utter defeat!

(40) TO MAO AND CHOU

Did we
With great eclat,
Your emancipation celebrate,
For this return?

Did a sea of joy,
On your proud out-cry of victory,
surge here too,
For this return?

Did we,
Like a comrade-in-arms,
Welcome you,
As the symbol of new resurgence of Man,
For this return?

□

That you -
With aims brazen
And motives of expansionism
dirty
May commit on us an aggression
Cruel, barbarous and sudden,
And rain on us a savagery
Abominable, primitive, and
ferocious;
And that you -
May occupy our land thus?

That you —

Of war suicidal
Just retrace your steps,
Or else!
World civilized
Shall turn your blow
On you yourself! !

MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Selected Poems Of Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar [2]

[1] O WINGED STEEDS OF DESTINY

O Winged steeds of Destiny!
Holding thy reins
With confidence
And with firm hands,
We will pull them
To give ye direction,
Every time!

Lustrous and indomitable,
We are the sons of the soil
We stand by the toil
We cherish the youthful vigour;
We will pull
Thy bridle — mind you —
To give ye direction,
Every time!

O ye, the sentinels and the stars foretelling!
Our labour is marked with brilliance,
We will pull out
Thy light undecaying;
For, we can reach
The inaccessible Space
Through endurance and steadfast endeavours.
O ye, our stars!
We will, forsooth,
Take away from ye
Thy brilliance!

O ye, the moving invisible hand!
Thou art the invincible citadels
Echoing the distressed cries
Of the ill-fated ones!
Bathed in sweat
We will wash
Thy ominous lines,
And singing sweet the inspiring music

Of hard work,
We will break through
Thy citadels
Of distress and destruction!

O winged steeds of Destiny!
We will hold thy bridle
And give ye direction!

[2] GIFT OF A LIVELY FAITH

Lots of Love — love
That I have treasured all my life —
To each of those
Who are distressed
Either by Fate or the ways of the world!

I throw open the gates
Of my small habitation
To give shelter to the life and honour
Of those who are hit
Hard by Nature's ironies,
Or, by worldly ridicules.

O ye,
The downtrodden, distressed, dejected ones!
I welcome you
With the fragrant gleeful bouquets
Of new hopes and a lively faith!

Covet your life with beauty
And fill your heart
With an earthly fragrance!

[3] TO THE CONDEMNED WOMAN

O fallen woman
Condemned by the world

Come!
Me would give you cinnabar
To wish you blessedness!

O you,
Who have only known
Deep sighs and wailings
Me would bless your voice
With sweet melodies!

O you,
Who are rich
With the ironies of life,
Come,
Me would bless you
With the mirths of life!

O you,
Who are drooping
Being excommunicated,
Come!
O come,
Me would give you
The abode of lotuses blue!

O you,
Who are deprived of every-thing,
Mocked-at woman!
Come,
O come,
Me would feelingly
Tickle my fingers
Into your rugged locks!

[4] ACCEPT ME

My wishes:
Like the twinkling stars
On the breast of the blue!

My passions:
Like the bright streams

Of the fast-flowing 'Bhagirathi'!
That rises from the Himalayas!

My feelings:
Like the most beautiful garlands
Of red roses
Fresh, fragrant and blossoming!

I offer these to you
In adoration;
O celestial Beauty!
Every little bit of my heart
Is filled with
Your beautiful golden rays!

Accept me,
O accept me,
Even in my life of mundane existence
I offer to you my purest love!

1 Name of the river Ganges.

[5] THE OFFSHOOT

The forward moving force in man
Grows. The offshoot breaks
The hard crust,
Withstanding the onslaughts
Of the whirlwinds
The brilliant sprouts into a new life!
As it grows into a plant
And dances with the winds
In arrogance,
Ominous forces of destruction
Lay down their arms
With a sense of frustration;
And those that wished to sap the energy
Of life — abundant, though —
Give their way.

So do not come
in the offshoot's way,

Do not interfere
With their growth;
Let them sprout and grow
In the sun,
In the open sky!

[6] WE KNOW IT WELL

We'll march removing hurdles,
Cleaving the dark
We'll march!
For, we know it well —
That lightning flashes not in the blaze of noon!

Awake, incessantly shall we proceed
Erecting an edifice anew.
For, we know it well —
That youth falters not — no, never!

The opposing gales will gaze in wonder,
And the adversities will then quickly end;
For, we know it well —
That the breaths of the undaunted
are wasted not — no, never!

[7] STOP IT

This is not the voice
Of the down-trodden;
the starving and the naked,
Nor, is it the voice of the human rights!
This is not the voice of amity and accord.
This is not the rescue-boat of the struggling man
Who is caught in the tempest-torn sea!

When you've in your hand
The naked carcass of culture;
When your vulture teeth are red
With blood of the teeming millions

And your breath smells of a deflowered virginity,
How could you talk of human rights,
Kicking the oppressed in their chests
With your iron-boots?
Oh, stop your dirty slogans of peace!
The night has now crossed over the exploited world
And there comes the light flooding in;
Paint not the paper-walls
With spurious colours to deceive —
There they are to speak for the human rights.
The mansion of your meaningless 'humanitarianism'
Will crumble down!
Climbing up the remains
Will each man sing
Fearlessly,
The song of equality!

[8] THE DAWN

In the snowy nights
Those who lie
Under a foggy blanket
Like bundles
Drawing their knees unto their chests
Are drowsy and anxious;
But they dream of a new dawn
(Can ever groans eclipse faith?)
As increases the cold,
Nearer moves
The ember of a new life;
The eyes will behold a little while hence
A new dawn, a new millennium,
And the passions of a new life!
For, never shall extinguish the lamp
Of hopes and ambitions,
Of the toiling millions!

[9] I APPEAL

I appeal today

To the millions of the exploited world;
To the sighs of the starving,
The naked and the oppressed,
The helpless and the hapless ones —
'Do not grope in the dark any more;
Oh, do not cherish in your eyes any dreams,
Open your eyes, my friends!
Ready to greet you, peeps the morn! '
There sings the cuckoo
In the groves,
Time and again, in her high pitched voice —
'A new dawn comes,
Comes a new millennium,
And the world is completely changed! '

I appeal to those who
Climb up the Himalayas
And tread the thorny path
That their goal is almost near hand
And they will certainly attain it soon.
Then will end the long prevailing
Disease of exploitation
And the restless faces will beam in cheers.
There will blow a fresh, unpolluted wind
And the mosquitoes that suck the blood
And spread disease in the world
Will then go to the distant, dark corners!

I appeal
Oh, hail the new era,
With an irrepressible, sky-tearing voice;
Let thousands sing
The victory song —
For, the iron strength of the masses
Has this day got the better of the citadel;
Pray, such moments long prevail!

I appeal to those who worship life,
Those who are the living angels on earth,
Who lend their might to the common masses —
Dig deep the soil
The Mother Earth has been waiting for years

To welcome you,
With the gifts of silver and gold.
Strike, strike,
The turn of the poor has come at last!

[10] THE TREMOR OF TRAMPLING FEET

When the dormant ocean of humanity
Was stirred to life at the beckoning call
Everyone thought —
There struck the thunderbolt
But lo! that was the thunderous noise
Of the downtrodden!

When the thick walls of the exploiters' citadels
Cracked with the reverberating sounds
Everyone thought —
There rocked the earthquake
But lo! that was the tremor of the
trampling feet,
Of the down trodden!

[11] MANY A MAN

The day dawns —
Yet, many a man is sleeping,
They are harvesting the crop —
Yet, many a man is weeping!

The new Ganges flows today —
Yet, many a man is thirsty,
For, behaving like Chatak¹ they hold
The water to be poisonous and dirty!

The new breeze blows
Through the fields and barns,
There are many who breathe in freedom;
Still many a man shivers and sighs!

A new world has emerged though,

Some take it still to be an evil world;
Scared of their own shadows,
They are caught in illusions wild!

1 A mythological Indian bird which drinks only the rain water under the 'Swati' constellation. Here it is symbolic of a static and conventional attitude.

[12] THE WORSHIP OF ART

Why, the worship of Art
Fills each heart
With love!

Sing,
The stone will turn into wax,
The hot desert into a tidal sea.

Sing,
The whirlwinds will calm down;
The dark night
Will turn into a golden day.

Sing, O sing,
The birds of life will chirp
In the lonely valleys of death
And the desolate, dreary faces
Will gleam in moonlit smiles!

The worship of Art is meant to lit
Candle in each heart,
Or, fill it with the fragrance
Of sandal wood.

The worship of Art is meant to fill
Each heart with love!

O sing,
The world shall excel the Heaven in beauty,
No man will suffer old age;
A man will only an angel be
And a woman,
A divine damsel she will be!

Sing, O sing,
That the spring may come
To the distressed life;
The boughs and flowers may dance
In mirth;
The eyes may cherish
The sweet dreams.

O sing,
Playing on the world's harp;
Stir each mind
With the priceless tunes of love.

The worship of Art is meant to rouse
A sense of beauty
In every man!
The worship of Art is meant to fill
Each heart, with love!

[13] WHAT IS THE SECRET?

The wind is cold!
The night is still
Listless like your lips!
What the matter is?
What the mystery is?
That asleep is each ripple!
Slumber keeps vigil,
Harrowing darkness deep,
Shooting pain is afoot!
The wind is cold!

[14] A STATE OF MIND

My desires are oppressed
And restive
To find expression!

My lustful desires

Are carefully preserved by me
In a lone, hidden place,
In the hope
That they will find
Their fulfilment.

My lustful desires
Are restive
And oppressed;
Yet, they are keen to actualize
Themselves
In all experiences.

But, somehow,
The atmosphere is laden
With tear-gas,
Leaving me to weep
Unto myself; Or,
Suffer wrath of the unfulfilled desires!

[15] LIFE

All is being lost;
Nothing gained.

Life is like
An ill-arranged and lonely closed room
Or, like a yacht
On the distant sands with its bottom-holes.

Knotty problems
Tightening their grips all around
Evade solutions.

Life is nothing
But an unwanted comet;
Life is like Sita¹ —
Stigmatized and distressed;
A vast river with great whirlpools
And full of swelling waves accursed,
How to cross it?

How to bring peace to the restive mind?

Life is like
An ugly canvas
Full of mud and dust
No world of flowers blossoming it is,
For, that is all a dream.
Destiny always takes us on the wrong path
Leaving nothing for us to cling

Yet I live
On the bed of fire;
Yet I live
Holding a mountain on my head!
Yes, I live in the manner of Siva²
Drinking poison unto the neck!

Life is intricate, complex, too
It's not so easy, not that easy!

1 The wife of Lord Rama.

2 Lord Shiv is known to be the destroyer as well as the preserver of this world.

[16] THROUGH THE UNWANTED MOMENTS

O giver of life,
Give me love,
If you have given me thirst
Give me nectar to drink.

When the soul is blessed
With a physical mould,
Give it shape, give it beauty;
And fill the heart
With the tidal waves of feeling!

Oh, deny me not the natural emotions,
For, that would make a hell of life,
Or, mean the passing of years without a song
Of love or beauty.

Oh, deny me not the happy Savan¹

If you have opened up the eyes to light
Let them rock the countless dreams;
Let my consciousness enjoy
A whit
Freedom from pain or sighs
Oh, tighten not the strings of helpless moments
Let the broken wings of desire play
For a moment before they die.

Oh, do not fix the nail of vile hatred
Into the throbbing heart
Do not reciprocate the fire of anger
For the fire of love.
O giver of life,
Let me taste the sweet smell
Of every flower,
If you have given me life
Let me relax on a creeper's lap
Free from all inhibitions.

1 One of the months of the rainy season.

[17] I ACCEPT

O Large-eyed
The Khanjan¹-eyed
Pretty one
The curse
That you have inflicted on me
..... I accept.

O bestower of benedictions!
The life-giver
The poisonous gift
That you have given me
..... I accept.

1 Wagtail; often used as a simile in Indian Literature for depicting beautiful, playful eyes.

[18] AN AWARENESS WITHIN

Fill deep the heart
With anguish
And the compassionate eyes
With tears!

Agony is your only fate
Why, accept the hand
Whose lines foretell of a tragic life;
Accept the ice-benumbed, yet lovely, hand,
It has fallen to your lot
Accept it cheerfully.

Why, accept the grief-stricken life;
The tiring moments —
The dark, dirty and tearful moments
Of a darksome life,
Accept them cheerfully.

Yea, fill your iron-heart
With anguish,
And fill your barren eyes
With tears!

The clouds
With the deep salty sea
And the destruction beaconing storm
Have knocked your doors,
Extend them
A hearty welcome.
Accept them gladly
Who have brought for you
A gift of pain!
Sustain on your weak shoulders
The great mountains!
Fill deep the heart
With anguish
And the compassionate eyes
With tears!

[19] THE IRONY OF FATE

In the flower-beds of my heart
I caused the fragrant flowers to bloom
All, all my life
The flowers of feelings!

All, all my life
I caused the bewitching birds of fancy
— like silken slips of multicoloured cloth
To fly free in the immense sky!

I wished I could
All, all my life
Bring the sun and the moon
To the deep most valleys
Of my heart
To kill darkness!

But, why this error,
Oh, Providence!
That the body is tightly tied
With countless snakes
And is encircled with sharp thorns;
That the persistent strokes of the gale
Give gifts of vain venomous dust!

[20] HOW TO SUFFER PAIN: A POINT OF VIEW

Smile
If the heart aches.
If, however, the pain
Finds its expression
In the slightest wrinkle on the face,
Or, when its expression

Is even half-consciously
Disallowed —
It is only condemnable
Fie it!
It is unmanliness!

Sing

If the heart aches;
Sing with such an ease
That none can ever get at it,
Sing with the honey-soaked voice
The mirths of life!
Let not the dead, pale leaves of autumn
Even slightly rustle,
Oh, sing
The songs of spring!

Sing,
Burying sobs and sighs,
The tinkling, reverberating melodies
Of the ankle-bells;
Sing —
Being oblivious of the sad and painful moments
Of a lonely life —
The never ending laughter
Of a boisterous life!

Sing
The songs of love
Love, that is a great boon,
Love, that is priceless,
Love, that smells like Life's
Sweet scented shrubs!

Smile
If the heart aches:
Smiles that are milky white,
Smiles that are immaculate white,
Smiles that are silver-like,
Smiles that are moonlight-like!

[21] THE INCREDIBLE

Inside the auditorium
There are no spectators
It's only me —
The actor,
The hero!

Whose life —
Far from being delightful —
Has been most woeful and tragic.

It's really me
Who lives up to the main story
And sings

In broken voice
It's own requiem:
It's so pathetic, monotonous and uncharming.

I am the 'Bhojak'¹
The 'Bhojya'² too,
Soaked in sorrow,
Made of blue tendons,
Tediously and slowly grown plot;
The introduction, the middle, and the end!

But
Who are you
Like an intoxicating side-plot?
Are you 'Rambha'? ³
Are you 'Urvashi'? ⁴
Who deviates so sudden
From the main plot?
yes, its all too sudden
So out of place
So unnatural!

- 1 A person that rouses an emotion. [A technical term in Sanskrit poetics.]
2 The comprehension of a sentiment. [A technical term in Sanskrit poetics.]
3 A divine damsel.
4 A divine damsel of the court of Lord Indra.

[22] WHO ARE YOU?

In the solitude of this darksome night —
Who has poured
Into my poisonous, bitter self

The sweet words of great consolation —
Sounding like a charming musical note,
Coming from a distance,
Springing a pleasant surprise?

Oh, who is it
That opens the closed windows of my heart
To peep in
Like a spark in the dark clouds
Of a gloomy life?

Who is it
That moves
Into the charred sky, or
Into the sultry suffocating world,
Like the moist-laden east wind?

Oh, who is it
That stirs my consciousness
To mitigate my sufferings?

[23] A SUBMISSION

The flowers that fade away
Without beaming full smile
On the branches of the earth
Stir my questing spirit!

O my love, forgive me,
If I cannot sing these days
In thy praise.
Forgive me
If I cannot appreciate
The fragrance or the golden beauty
Of the physical mould.
Forgive me
If I cannot smile
At your enchanting beauty!

O my lovely love!
When the flowers are fading

And the world looks like a widow,
What meaning could there be
In the beauty-aids, or
The jingling of the ankle-bells?

Pray, Oh, Pray
That the buds may blossom
And the branches quiver with love!

[24] THE DUSK

On that hillock —
Hesitatingly sprawls a massy stone,
Black and nude and crude.
Hesitatingly — yes, perhaps,
Someone may now come
To lie on it.
Someone — yes,
May be a lover of heavenly bodies,
May be a poet,
Or, a deserted lover,
Or, someone fretted with the world!

All around the hillock
On the dark soil
Spreads a big velvet;
May be a blanket, if not a velvet,
That covers the one who 'sleeps'.

Nearby, there is the lake:
The rays of the setting sun
Weaken their embrace of the soft ripples,
Reassuring them to visit them the next day,
Say —
'Like the home-bound birds of twilight sure
We'll visit again,
Now you go to sleep! '

A soft breeze blows
As if dame in georgette sari
Crossed this way. Oh,

What a charming scene! But
Before I could enjoy it,
A rustic painter slowly but callously —
Painted it black!
It can't be redeemed —
May you, however, smudge the white
Several times
On the blue sky
It can't be redeemed!

[25] NEW LIFE

[On the stage, a young man sings in a pathetic tone. His hairs are dry and dishevelled. Its' dark on the stage; the young man's face is, however, dimly lighted. As he sings, soft melody of an instrument — quite in tune with the song — comes from behind the curtain.

Man's life is filled with helpless moments;
The days and nights are all dark and dreary
And the stale talk of those dire needs
Rap my heart —
How long will it take the rains to come?
The song of life is left half-sung — never done!
My life is given to helplessness!

The same old dreams deceive as yet,
And the heart is filled
With those very lusts, throbs and commotions —
How long will it take a new world to bear?
My life is filled with dreary moments!
My life is given to helplessness!

[The background music becomes a little high-pitched and a female voice, as yet subdued and indistinct, is heard, also echoing the tune of the song. The young man continues to sing...

The hot winds blow
Howling at the nests,
Scaring me to wonder —
How long will it take the spring to bloom?

My life is fading amidst autumn's dead leaves!
My life is given to helplessness!

[The approaching sounds of the ankle-bells accompany the melodious voice of the lady and the instrument. The voice of the young man becomes soft; but all the same he goes on singing...

My fatigue-intoxicated body aches
And my heart is rendered
Weak, helpless and demoralized —
How long will it take to beam a smile?
My life becomes a show of skeleton!
My life is given to helplessness!

[A young and vivacious lady appears on the stage. She is basked in colourful light. She is the symbol of a New Life. The young man looks at her in amazement and his song abruptly stops. But, the background music becomes somewhat sharp...

Man's morrow is bright and gay,
Be it though not a better path,
Strewn with thorns, an intractable path,
But he tramples down the thorns
Alleviating adversities comes then
The New Life beaming smiles!
Mitigating darkness comes then
The New Life showering light!

[As soon as the words, 'beaming smiles' are heard her face beams with smile. The young man, singing the background music, approaches the Lady of Life. His dry hairs wave in the air; and the Lady of Life holds his hands into hers. Then the melodies of the instrument, the song and the ankle-bells linger to reverberate for a little while.]

MAHENDRA BHATNAGAR

Selected Poems Of Dr. Mahendra Bhatnagar [3]

(1) TO MY PEN

O Pen mine!
Move on the canvas of time
So as
Fear-lorn shredded world
Is built up anew!

Dismantled, skeletal, dismayed
Man's dried up veins
Are infused with life-blood!

O Pen mine! move -
To the asleep
Harbinger the rising sun!
And to the stranded
Make path newly lighted!

To the caravan
That is restless, bent up under sands,
To it give ever ascendant
New vigour!

To the scared
Give unshaken faith!
Light up face in tears
With silvery laugh!

O Pen mine! move —
That the atrocious world's
Strong iron-fetters are all shattered,
And culture-civilization statues all
From the tyrants' deadly cruel clutches
Are freed for good!

On debris
Give new creation clarion call,
Give to each person's throat
A forceful dulcet song of toil!

In every heart
Fill love-ocean,
To the bedimmed eye
Give light in every family!

(2) DESTRUCTION PLAY
(On the blast of Hydrogen bomb)

In the hands of dollar-drunk man
There is the hydrogen bomb,
Beware! O makers of a new order,
Beware! O aspirers for the age of populace,
Beware! equality, peace, justice-loving Man!

This so-called custodian of humanity
Lately, with hydrogen-bomb
Has played on Bikini island,
Poisonous smoke of which
Has covered the Pacific Ocean
thro' and thro'!

This is that very supporter of democracy
That on Hiroshima and Nagasaki
Blasted atom-bombs,
That stamping on the Japanese people
Unbecoming dirges had sung,
That on humanity's fertile fields
Had raised leprosy,
That all around
Fire-fumes had poured!

That very, today again
Powers of Hydrogen-bomb measures!
For singing unbecoming dirges
Mouth opens!
With the initial velocity of which
Man's planet in the ether swings!

O life-architects, beware!
Dreamers of happiness-dreams, beware!

Lovers of smiles, beware!

(3) FAITH

Water!

Water each particle!

Give water to each dry plant,

To broken uprooted shrubs

Give renewed vigour

Fluent flow to grow again and again!

Give water to each dry plant!

Give naked branches

Ornaments of dew-dropp pearls,

To ever barren land

Give water-embrace

Give cool embrace!

Maybe, under deep - deep layers

Life lay asleep,

Lost in the by lanes of murkiness

Water

Water with dedication of the core within,

Maybe, breaking rocks some where

New sprouts sprang up,

The womb of earth barren

Were vibrant with life new!

Water,

Water each particle!

Each land has warmth

Each land is issue-oriented!

(4) MAN AND DREAM

Man's love of dreams

Is eternal!

Even facing death

He, rapt, dreams on!

As if,
Dreaming
Were life's emblem;
Were a tale of Yama's¹ defeat!

Dreams to man
Give smile and eagerness,
Give him tears and sighs!

Filling heart with moonlit-tide,
Creating craving for living,
To autumn
Colourful scenes of spring
A fresh present give!
Victory laurels, give!

Cherish gift of dream
Costly!
God-gift bestowed
Deck it in eyelids
Day and night!
The term 'Dreamer'
Is definition of being 'Human',
Of movement and progress
Inspiration-fount;
In trouble-sea
Of world-boat
A mighty rudder!

Glorious most beautiful attribute.
Dream-craving and attraction
Is eternal, is eternal!
Love of man for dreams
Is eternal!

1 God dispensing death in Indian mythology.

(5) LIFE

Our life
Like a Harsingar² flower
That blooms today

Shall tomorrow shed!

As such,
Each moment rare
Be full of
Merry-making,
Of honey-love!
May each heart ceaseless swing
With overflowing tide of raptures!

One day,
At last
Each shining ray
Shall flicker away....
And
On all sides
Sheer
Pitch-darkness shall prevail!

Our life
Like a Harsingar¹ flower
That blooms today
Shall tomorrow shed!

Close not
The lip-doors
On glowing milky smile,
Be there no restraint
On life-song
Being played on breath-veena²!
□
One day
Everything shall fly;
To return no more!

Our life
Like a Harsingar flower
That blooms today
Shall tomorrow shed!

1 A famous flower (Parijat) 2 Indian lute, lyre.

(6) RETALIATION

O heart!
Respond
The world's bitter bite
With tune-gladdened
Nectar-fragrant breath!

Acceptable -
On life-path...
Pang of each disregard
With calm bright laugh!

Worth receiving -
Clouds of darkness
At door,
With golden rays
Of doubt-free hope!

Worship able -
Thunderbolt god
With the music of heart,
With love outburst
With sportive love-dance!

O heart!
Respond
The world's cruel fraud
With loving feeling,
With faith!

(7) BREAK NOT

O heart wounded,
Break not!
Bear calamity's dire hammer-stroke!
In blazing
Mighty cauldrons of pain
Constant calmly burn!

Alone
In the bubbling river of whirl pooling poisonous
Hot-currents
Non-stop, unyielding flow!

Slighted heart,
Break not!
Dark and dusky clouds,
Strong noisy winds....!
Fiery waving,
Pent up stunned atmosphere!
Cruel,
As though presently, there were
Yea, presently,
Ram¹,
Sita²-kidnapping!

O heart!
Break not!

Not distant any more
New coming morn,
Might it not be
By dry, sad, pathetic, black shadow
Eclipsed!

Smiling
March on,
O heart!
To make reconciliation meaningful,
New undawned Morn,
Close by!

1 The incarnation of god Vishnu. Eldest son of Kaushiliya-Darshrath.2 Wife of Lord Ram; daughter of Janak, king of Mithila.

(8) RECOGNISE YOU CAN'T

Even routine, monotony
That is what life means,
As though poisonous serpents entwined
Were the sandalwood tree!

Morning comes
With troublesome rays of depression,
With flared up suns of wants
Having troubled unsuccessful rays,
Body slack, languorous, wounded
Unattached, wraith-like mind, slack,
Bygone, mangled

Day, cripple-like, trembling
Riding dismantled chariot
From wilderness listless
Bearing pain unbearable, unending
When evening, in night's cave
Is sunk
You will not realise
How bored accursed life feels!

Night comes
As though cruel mirage
Embodied as bride were
From colourful, shot-silk
Dream-curtains
The newly-wed peeping
Gifts of biting swindling
In arms just drops!
Untouched feelings, like fluid waves
Dashing against a hard rock
Bring a flood-tide of pain!

Thus passes away life
With just
Pitiable world of
Even routine, monotony!
Rare -
Music cadence
Sounds thrilling
Joy fragrant
Love rainbow-like!

(9) NIGHT SHALL PASS AWAY

Darkness
Night is inveterate
Night is deaf!

Exhorted [heart] passionately
To sleep!
O heart
Tired sad heart
Defeated in the game of life
Misfortune-stricken
O heart destitute
Sleep!

Night is for sleep
Dreams to cherish
For moments few
Existence is for being non-existent
Starletful this night
Is for lying in bed with fairies
Sleep!

There is pain
And desolate night is cold extremely!
Life no more is mine,
There remains no dream any longer to realise!

Night....
To keep awake is

.... In cauldrons of restlessnesses
For smouldering again and again!

Night....
Night deep
Night deaf
We spent
Keeping awake!

This same shall morrow see
Darkness will descend
Calm
Slow

Dead slow
Shroud-like
Darkness shall descend again!

O heart
For keeping awake
All silently
Close your eyes
To smoulder inside
Life-long ashes keep!

Night
Black night
Shall pass away.... shall pass away!

(10) AGAIN, AFTER AGES

After ages,
All of a sudden isn't you?
Lost in the world of dreams
Head, pillowed on arm
On the berth, you sleep!

Won't you wake up?
My journey's almost done....!
Open your eyes
Open your eyes,
Utter not a single word
To me, tho'
Have a look at me
And then
Feign sleep again.

After ages,
Now again
Getting new colour and sap fresh
Will bloom
Sun-withered flower!

After days numberless
Suddenly, so you are! !

(11) SING

Sing; so that life a lyric may become!

Man is helpless at each step,
Each silvery love-dream is shattered,
Sunken in sea of tears
The sun of hope is far, far away,
Sing, so that each particle a
friend may become!

□

Surrounded on all sides is darkness dense
Hurt is each heart, full of pain,
Shall mute cover of troubles life-long
For ever remain thus overhead?
Sing, that defeat victory may become!

Breath is overcast with helplessness-suffocation,
Smouldering is life smarting-burning fed,
Full of poisonous dense-dust particles
Is sky of man's wishes,
Sing, so that suffering a music may become!

(12) MOSQUITOES' MUSIC!

[An irony on the Experimentalist Poetry]

At the fall of night every day
The chorus of otherwise dumb mosquitoes countless
Resounds and resonates the room!

Having not the least
Grandeur of feeling and imagination
Blowing merely
Buzz, buzz, buzz!

Driving away slumber

What lullaby is this?
What symphony is this?

Better it were
D.D.T.¹
Sprinkled on them
Swish-swish, swish-swirl, swish-swish!

1 Abbreviation for dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane) a colourless chemical that kills insects.

□

(13) NEW BHARAT

Amidst strifes' flames
Sportively,
Songs of new creations
On cords of ecstasies
Sings one and sing all!
Bharat
Her dreams realises!

With intentions strong-willed
Toils each man - each woman,
Steel from Bhilai¹ shall overflow
And each flower-bed will sway to and fro!

Changed is each and every particle of Bharat,
Changed is the very life-style of Bharat!

Fled have shadows of dumb depression
Suns of raptures have come up
Dejected oppressed from ages
Withered faces are radiant!

Now lies misfortune buried,
Now is the sky liberated!

Buds that pined for bloom
In overladen mango-groves
The innocent cuckoo, that

Couldn't pour out its heart in wistful songs,
Henceforth —
What a season greets each courtyard
Buds dance
Cuckoo sings pleasant songs!

Life has fresh thrills,
Like sandal-wood, buoyant bubbles
Are spattered!

Furious Chambal²
Laughs-babbles
In arms of dams
Like a damsel
Enfolds herself!

Lo! from Indian Ocean
A cloud sprang up,
Dressed in sari³ green
The Earth waved its veil!

Life-seeds new
Now Bharat sows,
To the welfare of mankind
Devoted is Bharat!

1 A town in Chhattisgarh province; the site of a famous steel-plant.² A river in northern India.³ Length of cloth worn by Indian women.

(14) ASIA

Organised, striving, the whole Asia new
Awakened, enlightened each man of Asia
From the clutches of imperialism is now being freed
Having civilisation-literature-culture-wealth-grandeur Asia!

The lamp of China-Bharat amity in all hearts is lit
Which this era with love flame illuminates
Situated in valleys, inaccessible mountains, forests and deserts
Made each village-community a gods'-habitat!

With strong security sense, on foundation of Panchshila

With head raised sky-high, stands unshaken uniting all
With peace, with co-operation, non-stop up to its destination!
To be true, the caravan of new age architects shall reach.

No more shall the dream of man's love shatter
And confidence of his victory shall grow and grow
No more shall the ruler of tears snatch away
From women-inmates melody-tunes of
shraawan-song! 22

22 Songs (mostly folk) sung in Shraawan, one of the 12 months in Vikram
calender, a rainy month.

(15) HINDRANCES
ARE CHALLENGE

Hindrances —
Leave us not desperate,
Every moment makes us
Energy conscious!
In confrontation with difficulties
Legs
Waver not,
Instead
Having electric wings
Measure the earth-sky expanse!
Hindrances
'Terrible, insurmountable, invincible'-
It is sheer nonsense!

Hindrances -
Dependent make us not,
Hindrances -
Make us not in the least miserable
Unlaborious.

They evoke
All latent capabilities inert
Neither fear nor helplessness remains!

Lightning flashes in mighty body

New resolutions rise in mind!

Hindrances: challenges are

To accept them -

Synonym:

Of humanity-greatness!

To accept these -

Clarion call:

Of life's transcendental force eternal!

To accept these -

Cognition

Of the prowess of man

Magnanimous, ever moving!

To accept these -

Feel:

Of tireless toil

Long familiar

Human history-evidenced!

Hindrances -

Never leave dismayed

Hindrance-killers!

They make

Beliefs even more firm.

Intelligence

Confronting the difficult

Is never defiled,

Instead

Full of emergent urge

Sharper it becomes!

Each hindrance

Shall be feeble,

Destroyed

Shall in the void vanish!

(16) MY COUNTRY

In all directions

Beyond hope

Taking progressive long strides,

Taking 'Vaman-steps'1,

My Country

Constantly on and on, goes non-stop!

Of a global man perfect,
Of a happy, well cultured rejuvenated man
Round the clock chisels
Icon!

My country
Constantly on and on, goes non-stop!

Ever wary
Of ideals great,
Of reason-tested
Beliefs!

My Country
Amidst all nations
Of lots of co-operation and mutual welfare,
Lays
Foundations strong!
Darkness shrouded
A great many horizons
Illuminates!
Giving amity definitions new!
Unfamiliar
Numerous paths
Of equity
Inaugurates!

It has battered all
Distinctions of ethnicities and colour,
And of breeds and creeds.

In the real sense of the term
My Country
Man's glory
Establishes top-most!
Human grandeur
As good as dead
In all hearts
It resurrects!

My Country

To begin with:
Owns
Nations with government systems diverse!
Proposition non-parallel
Of peace and love
Resonating the world over
Faith-abiding
It makes humanity
Scorched with fires of wars horrendous!
Piercing thro' dense fog
Of doubts
She raises suns
In the sky
Of devotion and dedication!

Ascending
Stairs of progress
My Country,
Constantly
Variedly
Marching
My Country!
Pledged is -
To annihilate inequality,
To drive poverty!
To take salutary
'Ganga'² to every house and home!
To bloom blossoms of smiles
On the lips,
To make life
Worth living!

1 Long steps of Vaman — one of the several incarnations of god Vishnu; in Indian mythology; though a dwarf he covered the whole earth in three strides.²
A famous holy river in northern India.

(17) OR ELSE

If
In country mine
Persons as Gandhi and Nehru
Had not taken birth

Then -
Clamps of beastliness
Round our hands and feet
Would have been fastened!

Here
There
Everywhere
Death-dealers would have been living!

We
That today
Advance apace,
To new strong and beautiful Bharat
Unbent like steel
Give shape,
Emitting
Rays of new enlightenment
Waging war
Against darkness ignorance -
Should have been bogged
Knee-deep
In quagmire of communalism,
We all
Should have been defiled,
Should boundless
Have been narrow-minded!
All our dreams of unity
Would shatter,
Supporters of jungle law
Would plunder
All prosperity!

(18) OUR AMBIENCE

In my country
O ye crores of the oppressed!
Ye
Are not rid of
Foot-paths still,
Swimming

In the sea of boiling blood
Got not the shore!
Even in this eighth decade
Of twentieth century
Overhead yours
Is the open sky
Beneath
Is the bare earth!

Desolate looks
Cold sighs!

Crippled helplessness
Winter, rain, storm!

In the mouths of
Rotund and fat
Khadi-clad
Evil character
Businessmen-capitalists
House-owners, colonialists
Pleader-leaders
As before
Abides - 'Gandhi'

In bungalows and palatial buildings
On walls
Is hung Gandhi!
(Or on the gibbet is suspended Gandhi!)

Of manoeuvred brain
Ill-tempered
These 'destiny-makers' of new India
In 'Ambassadors'¹
Blowing dust
Spitting on the oppressed
Trampling on humanity
Loiter carefree
Those desirous of petty conveniences
Touch their feet! 2

Amazed is my whole generation

How dishonest leadership is!

1 (here) Name of a car.2 A highly respectable Indian mode of salutation.

(19) ONCE AND ONCE, ONLY

Loving wandering eyes two
Should see me -
Once and once,
Only!

Two
Love-shaken hands
Should take hold of me -
Once and once,
Only!

Serpentine arms two
Should enfold me -
Once and once,
Only!

Two
Inflamed blazing lips
Should kiss me -
Once and once,
Only!

(20) TOUCHSTONE

Were some sweet-scented
Warm-ray of love
To touch
Me -
Wax I am!

Were some 'Mugdha'¹
Chakori²
Innocent
Impatient
Stray

Eyes two
Glanced
Me —
Moon I am!

1 Straight-forward youthful girl.2 Red-legged partridge. According to the poetic lore, 'chakori' loves the moon.

(21) EPITAPH

None is for you
None is for anybody
The world utterly selfish is!

At our death -
Someone being aggrieved should
Sing pathetic songs
And shed tears
In sweet memory
(Lifelong!)
Light tearful life-lamp,
Do think thus -
A disease sheer
The world is very selfish!

Give not yourself
In vain
So much importance
Should understand
Due -
Being disillusioned -
Significance
Of self-existence,
No harm in it there is!
Whilst
The world is all selfish!

(22) MISUNDERSTANDINGS

To our reciprocal bonds
To our prosperous ever-growing relationships
To our closeness and intimacy
Misunderstanding
Often shakes violently
Shatters
Us opposite each other
Turns!

The past of our amity
False, meaningless becomes
The history of our goodwill
Having proved a mere farce
All the past happenings
In the background of unimagined strange contexts
Establishes!

We
Convinced of the otherwise
Explanation of truth
To change
Are compelled,

In darkness
In deeper darkness
In still deeper darkness
We are lost!

Misunderstanding —

The implication of human faith
Constantly tramples,
One and many misunderstandings
Constantly making hollow
Absorb
Sap of life!
Falling a prey misunderstandings
Really
A curse is,
To suffer misunderstandings
again and again
Really

An acute curse-fever trouble is!
Who knows, as a result of which curses
I have got
Gifts of misunderstandings,
Gifts of false charges and scandals
Aplenty,
Carrying which on life's back
I wander!
The bundle of misunderstandings
In its bulk
Still will how much bigger grow?
The gusto of my life
How longer shall it check?
Should I breach all relationships?
This burden of misunderstandings
All at once should throw away?
Free from worry
Of the individual and society
Should adjoin life with lifeless matter
Should I compassion strangle?

(23) FRAGMENTED
PERSONALITY

In childhood
If somebody —
Saw not
With affectionate looks

With craving
And caressed not
Hugging
With vatsal¹ feeling
Then a man's personality
Does definitely
Crack!

In youth
If one couldn't
Get some
Beloved

Partner's
Love:
Unfraudulent
Undivided
Unshaken!
Life -
Dry
Burdensome
Sheer desert
Lust-born!
Then that man's personality
Inside and outside
Certainly
Cracks!

If-
Being old
Is not heard
Speech reverential-honourable,
None is willing to hear
The tale of self-experience
□
Dumb
At this last step
Man's personality
Really,
Creaks
For ever breaks!

1 Affectionate.

(24) TUG OF WAR

For years have I not seen
Sunrise,
Sunset!

The sky full of the moon and stars,
I have not seen,
For years, have not seen!

Buds bursting

Flowers fragrance-exhaling
Frantically dancing
On twigs,
Kissing
Butterflies and bees!
For years I have not seen!

For years I have not bathed in rains
Neither have I sung any song full-throatedly
Nor for years,

Have I seen
For a single moment
Mehndi¹ -fragrant hands plump,
Dyed with Mahavar²
Jingling
Two - feet
Strayed
I have not seen
Ah, for years!
Somewhat to such an extent
Was I entangled
In life's struggle -

Seeing,
Feeling,
As if not in the least
Were under control!

1 An evergreen shrub, its green leaves are used for dyeing hands and feet by women (excepting widows) invariably on the eve of marriage or other auspicious festive occasions.² An auspicious red-coloured liquid used by Indian ladies to decorate their feet.

(25) EXPLORATION

All this while:
How we lived —
We alone know!
How horrible was
The billowing-boiling-breaking
Overflow -

¶ We alone know!

Signification:

Of life: of the world

Was mysterious

¶ b-date

Now we

Know that well

Yea,

Very well

¶ We know that!

Wrapping folds countless

Man

Now transparent is,

Inside and outside

We

Rightly

Quite rightly

¶ Recognize him!

Come, let me -

The saga of

Panting, dying storm

Relate!

Striving against life on fire

The saga of man relate!

(26) INSISTENCE

Compel not

Man

So much that

Undergoing injustices -

¶ East he became!

Or

Having borne the unending

Experiences of painful sufferings -

He collapsed

¶ And a relic he became!

Compel not
Man
So much that
Life to him
Became
A sharp pricking
Ever oozing
Gangrene!

Compel not
Man
Thus -
To such an extent!

(27) WELL-WISHER

If evil wishes
Efficacious were,
Desolate
This world
Before long
Would have been!

It would have provoked
On each step
Man's Durwasa-*vanity*¹!
Eternal
Fountain of love
In netherworld
Before long
Would have been lost!

Where are you
O pious Shakuntale²!
Of curse
Live muddy reaction
Oh, where are you?

1 A great Rishi of ancient India, notorious for his anger and his cursing nature.
2 Wife of Dushyant and mother of Bharat; the renowned heroine of Kalidas.

(28) A LONGING

Were it but once
That we
Felt ourselves risen to eminence;
Tho'
For moments a few.

Were it but once
That we might live
Life natural
Putting off the mask
 of smile artificial,
Pining boundless is
Man
For hearty boisterous laughter!

Were it but once
Face to face
With the self's expansion,
How narrow minded is
Man
Unfamiliar
With benevolence!

In darkness filled mind
Once at least
Lightning could flash,
How costly
Has become
Obst of light!
Only playing is
Each man
A jester's role
Of a miser money-lender!

If only once we
Our dwarfishness
Our meanness
Could abandon
And could experience
Jubilation

Of getting on the summit!

If only once just once we
Though
For moments a few,
Had sensation
Of being atop!

(29) A POEM-PRAYER

Wedding man
With man,
Turning direction
Of brewing hurricanes
Of cruel violent passions,
Going forward
To break their horrific
Blind fury and on-rush
Poetry powerful
Is hymn, prayer it is!

Its voices
Freely reverberate in the skies
Its meanings
Be resounded
In innocent
Full of sweet melodies
In heart-passions ebullient!
May man love man
May all the world
His own family be!
Ours is this
Invaluable ideological inheritance!

Poem composed
In this transcendental mentality
Is hymn, prayer it is!

(30) GOURAIYA [Sparrow]

Gouraiya

Is obstinate great
Does aught of its will,
Gives little heed
To me!

Entering my room again and again
It chirps: it hops
I drive hither
It perches thither,
Not prepared at all
To go out!

At its will
In the sky
It flees instantly
At its will
Into my room
It flutters instantly!

To shut the doors and windows?
To fix paste-boards cover on ventilations?
But, how long should I shut
Even the doors and windows?
How long shut out wind
From these ventilations?

Gouraiya is adamant!
It, this time again,
In my room
Shall nestle,
Little nestlings
Shall breed,
To them
It shall give life....feed!

I
Said and said to Gouraiya —
Man I am
Fear me

And flee away from my room!

But,
Wondrous is its faith
Afraid of me, it isn't
Bringing straws one by one
It has piled up
In one corner of the ventilation!

No pile,
With each straw
It has constructed
Labour-room.

Surely, Gouraiya!
How skilled architect you are,
Experienced engineer you are!
This nest
Is your great art craft
Built with co-operative
Beak and claws,

It is the outcome of your dedication!
What patience
You have, Gouraiya!
In this nest
It seems -
Life's
Joys and jovialities
To congregate
Are impatient!

But;
This -
Decoration and cleanliness loving man
Civilized and well-cultured man
How shall he forbear, Gouraiya!
Your
Day after day rising-growing nest?

One day he
Will throw it off

Into the dustbin!

Gouraiya!

It is man

A great lover of art, he is!

A connoisseur, he is!

On the walls of his room

Are hung your pictures

Pictures -

In which you are there,

Your nest is there,

Your playthings are there!

Gouraiya

Flit off,

Flit off from this room!

Or;

This man

Shall devastate your brood!

In an instant

Shall end up

The world of your dreams!

And you

Seeing all this

Can't weep even!

Only -

Shall chirp,

Flit in and out,

Crazed

Deranged

Thirsty and hungry!

(31) ORDEAL

Black terrible night,

Storm

All around,

But,

Be ever lit -

Lamp....

A jewel lamp
Of goodwill: of fellow-feeling!

Growing youth
Of the country
Shan't go astray!
Luminous country's
Awakened youth
Forgetting the Age's end
Shan't go astray
Not in the least ruined!

Wipe him off -
Who is taking recourse to violence,
Wipe him off -
Who in religion-frenzy
Is spreading hatred,
Ambushing
Shoots bullets
On wayfarers
On the guiltless!
To wipe off -
Who turned
A shrine!
Into a flared up gun-powder magazine!
From these intentions ill
Youth of the New age
Not in the least
Shall go astray!

No matter
Night were blacker still,
No matter
More fierce were
Cyclonic attacks,
But,
Of goodwill: of fellow-feeling
Stable lamp
A jewel lamp
Unshaken
Be ever lit!
Saintly life's

Incessant devoted youth
Modern,
Shan't go astray!

Though
Bolt-bearing cloudlets overcast,
Though
Violent storms came,
Camp of goodwill
Camp of righteous resolve
Being doubt-free
Non-stop
As usual
Be ever lit!
Not for an instant
Will be broken
Light-flow!
Being shaken,
Youth of the country
Shan't go
Astray!
Destructive powers
Whenever emerged,
Humanity
Suppressed 'n' crushed them
Every time!
Undying —
Victory confidence!
History is
Eye-witness!
Enkindled youth of the country
Shan't go
Astray!
Conspiracies to breach
The unity
Shall fail,
We shall remain
One nation undivided
Mighty power!
Bear
Can't we in any case
Against the country

Fraud 'n' treachery / treason
Guilt!
My country's
Science-enlightened youth
In dry wells
Shall never go astray!

(32) O HISTORY-CREATORS!

Without changing
Man's destiny -
Man
That -
Is accursed
Is tortured
With life's wants,

Man
That -
Hacked rebuked agitated afflicted
With torments, with tensions;

Without changing
That
Plagued man's destiny
Without changing
The world's image -

The world
That —
Full of violence,
Reprehensible,
Wicked, nude beastliness-ridden
Blood-besmeared
Rife with cruelty
Fatal arms-might pride-frenzied,
Without changing
The picture of that
Ill starred world;
O History-creators!
In pleasurable haunts
Sleep not, sleep not a wink!

Reluctant to struggle-strife
Be not, be not!

Without demolishing
The rampart of each division,
Without shattering
Shackles fettering legs,
O History-creators
Attainable by labour non-stop
Decisive winning chance
Hey, miss not, miss not!

Without changing
Man's destiny,
Without changing
World's image,
Sleep not, sleep not!

(33) SIGNIFICANT

Phenomena -
Must in some shape appear
After all take some form!
We reach at least
(Right or wrong)
At some conclusion
Some abode.... door
Some destination.

Thus in wilderness
How long shall we stray?
Thus in fire furnace
How long
Shall we sizzling, writhe?

Phenomena —
Must some shape take
Take some shape at long last!
Lines of contrivances
Defined or dim
Must some embodiment have

At long last, have some embodiment!
That we could know
Directions
Distances
Expanses!

Thoughts —
Abstract thoughts
 Be concrete,
In depths of thought-sphere,
Be concrete this way or that
Abstract thoughts,
So that we could make up our minds,
And could dress
Them
In some language-format.

From this where or that
Some ray of light must shoot
Darkness must diffuse
And we from dry-well
Should come out
At least come out,

Phenomena -
Must assume some outline
Be exposed to wind and sunshine!
Phenomena -
Must some body-form assume!

(34) FREEDOM-SPREE (1)

It looks -
Altered a great deal!
Unfamiliar!
It looks -
Yoke borne from years
Unharnessed all of a sudden!
For years -
From long narrow
Gravelled-stony

Undesired roads
Bearing heavy burden
On body, on mind
Passed and passed
Like an acrobat
Day after day
On one and the same pole
Climbed up and down!

Thanks -
Free I am now
Like the wind -
Can go anywhere,
Can fly, dance, sing!

Thanks -
I am all-free,
Like a wave!
When I please -
Can ripple - twist,
Lie on rocks
Jump from hills
Can slip on verdures
Run
Run breathlessly
Or
Stretch in a pond
Drop by dropp scatter!

Free I am
Somewhat thus
As if
The door of cage
Opened all of a sudden
The parrot flapping wings
Should soar high in the sky
Amongst age-group co-mates mingle,
Should fondle with life-partner
Enfold it
Peck and kiss!
Whatever it pleased
And whenever

Should speak -
High or low
Agog or stealthily!

It looks -
Entwined serpent-traps of years
Were cut
Clouds of poisonous rains
Scattered off!

Now
On sandalwood trees
Will blossom musky-flowers
Mahua¹-like
Flower clusters will appear!
What never happened
It seems -
Shall happen now

Because -
A lot
Looks
New
Changed!

1 A tree with orangish-pink edible flowers.

(35) FREEDOM-SPREE (2)

Now
Carefree shall I sleep
Carefree shall I walk
Up to the Janak-tal I walk,
No hurry shall there be
Shattered are shackles
All chains!

For hours shall I bathe,
Singing tuneful-tuneless
Songs numerous
Shall I bathe!

Where are
Mine
Recordings of 'Pakiza'² and of
Gitadatta²?
In night's stillness
Shall play on them again and again
Hum now and then!

O plants of my orchard!
No complaint shall you now have,
I shall see to my heart's fill
Shall water
Shall enfold ye in arms!

O Kaner⁴, Kachnar⁵, Guava tree!
Be sad no more
O Rajanigandha⁶! O Jasmine!
Feel frustrated no more,
Your smell
Will be felt in every pore,
Every breath as if
Flower-born were!

Even in deliberately
Shall I not trample ye
O mine orchard's
Green grass!
I shall live nearby,
Shall lie on velvety body
Full of primitive urge,
With hands soft shall I caress
O lush texture!
Hey-Ho
Gay faced!

Every moment is ours,
Realised
The dream is!

1 A tank in Gwalior — a historical town of northern M.P. State.² Name of a famous Hindi film.³ A well-known playback cine-song female singer.⁴ A plant of white, yellow and red flowers.⁵ A tree, its leaves and flowers are used as

medicine & buds used as vegetable.6 (Tuberose) A flowery plant blossoming at fall of night emanating sweet smell.

(36) REALITY

Life was a longing, but a yoke cumbersome became
Life was a firmament, but a well dry became
Fancy-formulated, feelings full, beauteous form
Life was an amatory ode (Gazal) , being distracted a curse became!

(37) HELPLESSNESS

Thrust upon, undesired life, I lived
Every instant, every step, shame I lived
History, now you ask me what
Folly and dirtiness of the world, I lived!

(38) SELF-BEGUILE

Reality we concealed; life-long
Lies we told as truths; life-long
Related self-experience, as a tale
Went on humming in pain; life-long!

(39) 'DESIRE-FULFILLED'

Hey, Ho! What an applause I got,
Life-long only deep distress I got!
There remained a lot of wealth of pain
Sure enough, life burdensome I got!

(40) ANALYSIS

All debit
No credit
Life's balance nil!

The remainders

Are thorns pointed
What we picked up
Are flowers colourless stale
In our possession
Lo! dust
Dust and dust confineless!

On the way
On each turn
In or out
In market
At the hands of faith
Were ever plundered
From inmates
From outsiders
Ever
Under too sharp edged daggers
Of treachery and fraud
With boundless simplicity
Oh, were being cut!

People's
Created-weaved
Trickeries and machinations
Of all sorts
From their inferiorities and mean nesses
I much desired
To escape!

But
To see through
Blanketing gentlemanliness, civility
Put-on masks
Difficult
Too difficult
To understand
Designs
To escape their fraud!

There survives not
Any inheritance
Razed is -

The structure
That
With sweat of our brow we had built!

(41) A WISH: UNFULFILLED

I wish
This day
Avoiding
Life's strugglesome strife
In a door-closed room
Slumbering I should pass!

□

For years countless
Being carefree, insentient
Feeling
Primordial lust and love
Slept not!

I wish
This day
Lying inactive inert still
In the art-gallery of the past
Being lost I should pass!

□

For years countless
On the ways of villages deserted
In arms of towns left
Strayed not!

I wish
This day
All promises, assignments, pledges
Forgetful -
In Gangetic billowy
Your remembrance-
Weeping I should pass!

□

For years
Cbuntless
Cbnfronting

Your face
I wept not!

(42) MORE OF STRUGGLE

The dream
To realise which -
A whole generation did
Struggle
Ceaseless struggle,
Life-sacrifice unreserved
That
Is come!

Left imprinted
Joy on each lip,
Shone summits - sublime!
Inflamed
In each individual's conscience
Fire,
Novel gusto filling fire!

Sense bereft stricken country
Full of new vigour
Was awake,
Their dense desperation-darkness covered,
Blackened guise
Directions changed,
Each person was in motion
Vibrant each atom!

To make helpless
Tyrannical unkind
Imperialistic Power
Beaming with new faith
Drew on time-tablet
The outline of which dream
That,
Ay, that was realised!

But then...
Unexpected-sudden

An imminent / rumbling / tumbling all
Full of selfishness-lust
Earthquake
Demolished -
Toil-made
Sky-scrappers,
Dreams of peace and happiness
Of man tyrannised age after age!

So; again
Firm pledge we have to take,
Have to keep word,
Have to fill new colours
In dreams disfigured and dim,
Girding up our loins
We have to struggle hard again!

(43) INHUMAN

Today again
Faith is broken,
Today again
Bedimmed
Is the hope of life new!

Razed are
The fancy-palaces
On the verge of realization!
Swept are
Too fast retaliatory
Swelling tide
Gathered for ages
Splendid-life mountains of faiths!

Overcast today; again
Are clouds of doom,
The sun -
Of culture and civilization
Again is eclipsed,
Conspiracies beleaguered
This country of mine!
Today again

Is wounded to the core!

In every town is spread the smell
Of gunpowder, poisonous and fatal,
From combustibles
The earth is overlaid
Security-forts have fallen
And every rampart
Is demolished!

Racial jealousy born
Religious hatred spread
Regional-linguistic jealousy barked,
Dirty is environment!
Giant's garb everywhere!

Breaths choked
Polluted air,
Poison-mixed water
Restless life!

(44) A PAGE FROM HISTORY

It is true -
Beleaguered are we
On all sides
On each step
In the Chakra-vyuhs¹ of cannibals,
In piles
Of corpses and bones
Staggering we stand!

It is true -
Besieged are we
On all sides
On each step
In net laid far and wide
By cannibals
In their heinous moves
Of treachery!

Fastening with gunpowder tunnels

Have made inactive
Our iron feet
Our mighty stout arms!
Filled with fatal poisonous smell
With foul smell
Winds from the directions four!

It is true -
Their cruel claws
Have suffocated throat
Have suppressed
Blazing blood-red lips
Make every injustice known!

Each nerve of brain
Is bound to burst out,
Astounded we are!

Cracked prowess
Existence / Ego of entity!

It is true that
Of aggressive-retaliatory powerful hands
As if capability agility were snatched
Neither do we challenge any more
Nor scream,
Voice strangulated
As if it were the sunset
Of hope, of movement, progress,
Of humanity, victory, confidence!

No more in our wit
Does the thundering quick lightning flash
Of revolutionary faiths and feelings
As if consciousness
Were inert like matter!

We were effortless / Are helpless
Are stupefied,
Are overpowered by excessive tiredness!

But

No more now
Shall stable remain
The course of violence and cruelty
Of man against man!

We take a pledge firm
To make sturdy strife
To come out of this plight!

1 Circular labyrinth strategic deployment of army.

(45) CYCLICAL OCCURRENCES

We wished not
That in golden-silvery azure sky
Of this home
Rained fire dense,
We wished not
That ignorant-innocent childhood
And immature simple youth
Of this abode
Longed passionately for love!

We wished not
That sweet melodies
Of this abode
Be silenced.
On this land
Some one
Poisonous seeds
Of hatred, revenge and violence
Sowed!

We wished not
Clouds of doom should overcast
And wash away everything,
Roaring storms should come
Shake and ravage
Glittering rainbow
Dream-palaces
In a moment!
But

All undesired
Went on happening before us;
And we
Could only see,
All before us
Successively
All battered, shattered, demolished!

(46) SELF-EXPERIENCE

Everyman
In his calamity
 Is alone!
All the aggregate of misery
Solely is his!
In moments of pain
Man is all alone!

The night of distresses
Lonely has he to pass
In pitch darkness
Ray of hope has he to generate!

Every hurt
He himself must amuse,
Every truth
He himself must console!

He and he alone
On each step to bear
The brunts of storms
Silently has to put on the chest
Brewing, gathering, ebullient
 tides all around!
He has to suffer
Hits of misfortune
Of life accursed,
On difficult path going up and down
Playing ironies bitter
 Sports, cruel
Of destiny inauspicious!

He and he alone
Has to taste the bitter draught
Has to experience
The effect of poison-deadly
Alone
Aye, all alone!

Because the fact is this -
That in each calamity of his
All alone has lived Man!

(47) CONFRONTATION

The stones
The more I hurled
The more each sprang up!
The stones
The more I crushed
The more each leapt up!
The muds
The more I washed
The more clean each was!
The soots
The more I mixed up
The more I smeared
The more it cleared up!
Glittered becoming pure gold!
With fetters
The body whenever
I tied tight
Untied it freed-flowed
North - south
East - west
Flowing scattered!
Waved
Becoming weighty nimble mercury!
Against each danger
Supported firmly
Your blow
Marching forward I bore!

(48) THE DELECTABLE

The faith-lamp / Be ever lit
A dream / Be ever cherished
Enough is this much for self-cognizance!

The wheel of life / Be ever moving
Yama's noose / Be ever eluding
Enough is this much for breath surviving!

(49) DESTINY-DEFIANCE

Every instant when move
Construction-loving hands,
When feet give
Momentum-making company,

Image is then made!
Destiny is then made!

(50) INDOMITABLE

Afar
Is over cast dense fog -
Piercing the fog
On path
We march on!

Rocks whensoever
Blocked our paths -
Breaking rocks
New paths we pave!

Of winds
Bitter chilly
Cyclonic blows
Confronting tempestuous cyclones
Chests dilated
On each step

Are we unbudging!

Against sea-shore

Dashes

The mountain of terrific tides -

Riding raised waves

With full might

We fight!

Floods of rivers

Breaking banks overflow -

Stopping

□

Whirl-pools / pressures;

Security-ships we sail!

Dark blind night of doom

On earth

Whensoever envelops -

Illuminating the skies

Suns of hopes,

And faiths

We raise!

Jewel-lamps we light!

Whensoever volcanoes

Vomitted fire horrendous —

On lava wide-spread

Our abodes dauntless

We make!

Whensoever earthquakes

Towns and villages

Razed —

On heaps of stones

New habitations

Every time

We populate!

From blasts of

Atom-bombs / hydrogen-bombs

On devastated lands

O behold
Flag of life
We unfurl!
On all sides
Lush vegetation afresh
We grow!

How will you break their heads?
Oh how will you crack their heads?

Indomitable are they
Wonderful bend they have!
On time-tablet is inscribed
'Life is invincible! '

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