

Poetry Series

**Vanita Thakkar**  
**- poems -**

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# Vanita Thakkar(21st March)

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

## \* Camouflaged Trust? ! !

What is it  
That comes along  
Camouflaged as Trust  
And claimed broken?  
Appreciation,  
Which keeps turning upside down?  
Or peeping Curiosity  
Soaked in sore patience,  
Seeking answers  
That lie within?  
Or Cleverness  
Often mirror-imposed in Fox  
For its scavengerly habits?  
Or all these together  
And much more  
Unknown to my ignorant awareness,  
Turning me into a protagonist  
In a farce of converting  
Disguised, disastrous expectations  
Into challenges,  
Too overbearing for my frail being,  
But for the unfailing grace of  
That Omnipresent Nobody.

(31.04.2011)

Vanita N. Thakkar

Vanita Thakkar

## \* Mirror

A Mirror is a Mirror,  
My dear!  
It shows  
What is,  
Is your vision clear?

Reflections are reflections,  
My dear!  
Pleasing or otherwise  
They may appear.  
Are your reactions impartial?

Preferences are yours,  
My dear!  
What you see  
And want to see, may differ.  
Is your focus proper?

Fears are fears,  
My dear!  
They breed dishonesty.  
Beautiful, how can it appear?

Pride is pride,  
My dear!  
If not fear, it gives  
Shameless honesty.  
Beautiful, can it appear?

Mess is mess,  
My dear!  
Greed and pride and fears  
Cannot yield better.  
Why do you blame the Mirror?

(10.07.2010)

Vanita Thakkar

## \* Remembering Oliver Twist

Old and bold,  
Fit and set,  
Fagin lives on  
With his whip  
Of punishment  
Ready to strike  
Anyone,  
Who asks for more.  
The roots of his reign  
Stretch deep and wide  
Across colonies of  
Developed or developing  
Civilized Jungles,  
Where misused freedom  
Tip-ties tongues  
And overgrown independence  
Asphyxiates;  
And thronging webs of  
Silence and sins  
Flourish and stink ....

And amidst miseries  
Of lonely crowds,  
Poor Oliver's  
Dumb-found plight  
Struggles for strength and might  
To speak right for Right.

Vanita Thakkar

(05.05.2011,10/07/2011)

Vanita Thakkar

## \* She

What is it  
That you want  
Of her?  
What is it  
That you are looking for  
In her?

Flares of  
Your devouring desires  
Turn her  
Into a lifeless cavity  
For you to stuff your vanity  
Or into a destroyed molten personality  
For you to mould to your fancy  
Or into an unaffected tomb of frozen emotions  
For you to despise or pity or worship ....

You have amazing ability  
To degrade!  
She is the best of  
Creator's masterpieces,  
But to your eyes  
She is His mistake –  
The root of vices –  
Whose vices?

She has form,  
She has mind,  
She has intellect,  
She has spirit,

She is receptive and reflective,  
Sensitive and creative ....  
She is the secret, the mystery  
That you yourself are!

If only you could see that  
She is a human being!  
Do you know

What that means?

(21.01.2010)

Vanita Thakkar



## \* Spare Me For Good

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

(01.06.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

## \* Tears And Sighs

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

(01.09.2009)

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

Vanita Thakkar

## \* The Quest

History -  
A story  
Of past glory,  
A lesson  
Of time gone,  
Never undone,  
Of pride,  
Of might  
And insight  
Gained and hurt,  
Recovered and lost,  
Of heaping wants,  
Growing needs,  
Wild as weeds,  
Tall as trees ....

Frozen slabs  
Of Time,  
Ever freezing,  
Ever flowing ....  
Drawing,  
Landscaping,  
Wiping,  
Winding ....

Where in this  
Wilderliness  
To trace  
The roots,  
The overgrowths  
Of seizures  
Of indecency  
On modernity,  
Laziness on  
Cleverness,  
Clumsiness on  
Youth ....  
In the crazy  
Whirl winds

Of Power games?

Vanita Thakkar

## \* To Sir, With Regards.....

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

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

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

(12.09.2009)

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

T - TOUGHNESS

E - EXCELLENCE-ORIENTED

A - ABLE

C - CONFIDENT

H - HUMBLE

E - EMPATHETIC

R - RIGHTEOUS

Qualities - in a Drona / Krishna which help Arjuna.

Vanita Thakkar

## \* Transformation

Where can there be  
A room for  
Reasoning for Rights  
In a den of demands?  
Suffocated Sense of Responsibility  
Keeps gasping  
In its choking ambience of  
Gloomy ambitions,  
Overgrown expectations,  
Stuffy misconceptions  
And wild rumours,  
Nurturing misunderstandings  
And generating factoids ....

The purity of Love and Truth  
Prevails and flourishes  
In spite of  
Poisonous emissions from  
Such factories of factoids,  
Ready to gush in  
And sanctify them  
Into Caves of Contemplation,  
Pathways of Realization.

Vanita Thakkar

## \* Why Not Try? ! !

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

(10.01.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

# Anger

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

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

(22.06.2009)

Vanita Thakkar



# Condolence Message To Devil On Dushehra

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

(28.09.2009 - DUSHEHRA\*,2009)

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

Vanita Thakkar

# Discretion

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is difference between  
Impurity and filth  
Worth knowing

One can many a time give favours  
The other is only for scavengers.

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

(31.07.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

# Dusk

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

(28.11.1989)

Vanita Thakkar

# Education

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

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

He went back

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

(24.08.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

# Expectations

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

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

(29.06.1987)

Vanita Thakkar

# F-Bond

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

(13.04.1990)

Vanita Thakkar



# I Am....

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

(10.01.1992)

Vanita Thakkar

# In The Library

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

(14.02.1995)

Vanita Thakkar

# Inspiration

Ignorance,  
Intoxicated by  
Pride and Greed -  
Alone or together;  
And at times,  
Flavoured by Anger,  
Generates mistakes -  
White or grey or black -  
Which may be  
Cumulative and contagious.  
The ensuing storm of chain reactions  
Rocks and twists and turns  
Minds and lives....

Amidst these chaos,  
If sparkles of Inspiration  
To improve and grow  
Kindle a lamp within,  
Thank His Grace  
And your courage  
And keep it  
Glowing and glowing! !

Vanita Thakkar

# Kindergarten Days

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

(28.07.1989)

Vanita Thakkar

# Let Us Reach Out

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

□

(07.10.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

# Love

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

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

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

(10.08.2006)

Vanita Thakkar

# Madness

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

(07.04.2009)

Vanita Thakkar



# Man Instinct

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(08.08.1987)

Vanita Thakkar

# Misunderstandings

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

Vanita Thakkar

# Motherhood

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

Later on,  
I grew up,  
Accumulated age,  
And I saw,

Birth-givers  
Not becoming mothers  
And Motherhood  
Craving in childless arms ....  
And I wonder,  
Where did It get trapped?  
Where? .....?  
Where is It struggling?  
On its way from  
Doll-house to home?

(12.07.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

# Mr. And Mrs. Mouse

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Vanita Thakkar

# My Ego

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

(20.03.2009)

Vanita Thakkar

# My Life

The limited measures  
Of my perception  
Try to fathom,  
To quantify and define  
My possibilities,  
My limitlessness.

How much?  
How good?  
How bad? ....

Where do I stand? ....

The urge for Uniqueness  
And craving for Oneness –  
Are they antonymous  
Or naturally co-existent? ....  
Are they there?

Uncommon or common,  
Liked or disliked,  
Nobody can live  
My life for me.

Vanita Thakkar

# My Well-Wisher

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

(20.02.2009)

Vanita Thakkar



# Night

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

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

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

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

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

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

(08.01.1991)

Vanita Thakkar

# Perfection

Perfection – unattainable:

A guiding star

To students, artists,

Continuously inspiring

Them for improvement;

A source of humility

For the Enlightened,

Saving them from

The vices of blinding ego.

Perfection – unattainable:

A tool and a weapon.

Perfection – unattainable:

But, measurable? !

By man –

Whose perfection lies

In being imperfect? !

Perfection – the Creator's Nature:

In its infinity we dissolve,

Through surrender.

(12.09.2008)

Vanita Thakkar

## Questions -

Glaring, staring,  
Hurling, whirling,  
Piercing, pining,  
At times, peeping,  
Playfully gleaming,  
Spoken or wordless ....  
'Why ....? ', 'Why ....? '

Answers -

Exploring meanings,  
Consoling sadness,  
Passing time ....  
Losing or surrendering  
Surrendering and waiting ....

You and I - All,  
But, wait,  
For the Ultimate.

Vanita Thakkar

# Rain Again! !

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

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

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

(17.06.1997)



# Rainbow Bridge

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

Give the everlasting Joy of Beauty,  
And the divine message of Unity  
That Nature is free from  
Man-made notions of boundary.

(05.12.1995)

Vanita Thakkar

# Sadness

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

(05.03.2005) □

Vanita Thakkar



# Silent Diction

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

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

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

(22.12.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

# Success

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

(03.07.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

# The Book Of Nature

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

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

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

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

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

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

(19.06.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

# The Sculptor

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

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

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

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

(23.07.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

# The Shadow

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

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

(10.07.1988)

Vanita Thakkar

# The World Beyond

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

(23.05.2003)

Vanita Thakkar

# To My Friend(S)

Dear Friend(s) ,

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

Vanita (06.05.1991, Mon.)

Vanita Thakkar

# Twitter

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

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

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

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

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

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

(09.10.1987)

Vanita Thakkar



# We

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

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

Vanita Thakkar