



**Poetry in
English from
Young & Old**

**Poetry in English as it appeared in Praagaash from
July 2018 to June 2020 (Compiled : M.K.Raina)**

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www.mkraina.com

Dewdrops on the Rose



Avishi Khar

She walked out of the house
At midnight blue,
To see where the sun arose,
As the wind blew,
She saw the dewdrops
on the rose.

With a happy smile,
She saw across the lea,
To start a rhyme,
And be as happy as me.

As the butterflies flew,
She walked across
On her naked toes,
To see the nature's true, when
She saw the dewdrops on her rose.



Sun Will Rise



Prof. Majrooh Rashid

If my absence has turned
Everything around
into vast snowfields ... ?

Remember me
The sun will rise
from the depths of the past
And appear through the crevice
Of this chilly moment.

Greenery will sprout from the frozen ice
The snow will melt away
And streams of life will flow
And rush towards the ocean
Through the plains eternity.



Nightingale



Sneha Mantoo

A melody, a star,
A beautiful creature
Who amongst defines the
Nightingale ...

None
She is far more beautiful than this.

She sings all day
Beautiful and divine
Making the world a paradise.

She thrives for none
She cares within
The smile of the folk in her conferral.

When her song plays
The sadness fades
Brights the sun in its own ways.

Trees go merry and sway
Birds seem happy flying far away
The joyful squirrel jumps off and on
Swinging on the branches of banyan ..

Then comes dawn and night twinkles
Enjoying the sweet melody of nightingale
But nothing stops her going on and on.

They sleep under her lullaby
Like the child in the cradle
And like a mother she hushes them bye ...

Yes, she is beautiful
Because she is nightingale



Season of Fog and Smog



Prof. Majid Rashid

Oh season of fog and smog!
You behaved the same dispassionate way
Throughout.

Did I ever make a complaint to you
For your maltreatment of me?

No ... never.

Nevertheless

You have a sharp memory
And you can therefore
Easily recall the bygone seasons
When the chilly winds blew
From your icy palms
And tried to freeze my blood and
squeeze my veins.

I always survived
Though my brow lost its sheen
In the crinkle of my nightmares.

Remember
You can never deprive me of the spring
That always blossoms in my ribcage.



Two Poems



Prof. Majrooh Rashid

Snow, will you ever
Get over
Your callousness
That creates rupture
Between Heaven and Earth?
Peer inwards
It may help you
Overcome
Your age old attitude
To the life around.



Both Harmukh and Zabarwan hills
Blushed
When the morning sun
Appeared
Surprisingly on the horizon
And smiled broadly.
The ice melted under my feet
And streamlets of faith
Flowed down my eyes
Bubbling towards the heart's sea.



The Fire



Prof. Majrooh Rashid

The fire
blossoming
on you lips.
Soothes the burns
inflicted by
the black inferno
of my soul
to my dreams
and lights up
the cunning darks
of my inquisitive spirit,
coiling up
around my breath
and escapes to the greenery
across the road
and turns into sunny day
of mid spring.
I stand indebted to you
all my life;
How shall I repay you,
could you suggest
some way out method?



The Kiss Worth Dying For



Samay Raina

Light looks at darkness
in his ear she whispers
'We are not meant to be together
We're different

Walking away, she sheds a bright tear
He tries holding it but
it trickles down his skin
Forgets that darkness
cannot hold light within
She smiles from a distance
and obliquely speaks
Words, lost, but the pain he reeks
He looks at the tear that she had shed
The hole it had made in his palm
had now fled
He looks above
She shines at a distance
Though he cannot hold her
He can feel her existence
This thought enlightens the dark
He runs towards her

footsteps darker than chark.

Darkness looks at light
in her ear he whispers
'we are meant to be together
We're different

Coming closer, he sheds a dark tear
She holds it, it glows bright and vanishes
Remembers that light can only exist
When there is darkness, a bit, to resist
He smiles from near and firmly speaks
'I know that if you touch me
Then i will die.

But dying in your arms would be
the sweetest goodbye
The tear that had vanished
never returns
She looks at him, his love she learns
They kiss and thus they recombine
He vanishes into oblivion
the sweetest way of dying.



My Words Cheat Me



Prof. Majrooh Rashid

You always took my words otherwise
I don't doubt your understanding ...
Rather I have appreciated it all along
The fact of the matter is ...
There is something intrinsically wrong
With my phrases.
They don't speak my heart
Rather they prove dissemblers
One they reach your ears
How can they express my reality ...
That is the question ... ?
Is there a way to tame them?
So that they only emit the meaning
That blossoms in my feeling
And withers in the thought process.



Wails And I Left



Prem Nath Shad
(Translation by R.N.Kaul)

Offering as sacrifice
All the small gatherings of a life-time
Under duress, at the altar of indifference
I left my home for ever,
All the heritage of faith and trust
I delivered back to them
And left
I did not know whom to trust.

Tears flowed apace
The heart cracked
I fed my hearth with its own blood
And I left my home.

Like taken unawares by fire
I left the doors open
I left, leaving windows unbolted
I don't know to whom I trusted the keys
You know I had to leave in haste
How would I know?

With hands folded
I entered the Puja room
Washed Shiv Lingam with milk

Offered him candy sugar cane
And bowing backward left.

I put a marigold garland round my cow
I fed her with a morsel of dry linseed
And left.

I tied the new born calf in a dry rope
I kissed its forehead
And left

Like a mother caressing her child
That is snatched from her.

In the early dawn stealthily I left
There was frost on the ground
And the wind was icy cold.

My breath got choked
My throat felt gagged as if in a chain
Just leaving,
I cast a last glance at my home
Bending askance my shoulders
From the narrow lane.

Fear, helplessness, apathy
Ruled the roost in Kashmir
These strengthened my resolve
And in despair I left.

I left my heavenly home
Most probably for ever.



Rolf



J.N. Dhar 'Kundan'

Rolf, the artist of colour and form
Is a creator, a father.
His paintings are the kins of the soul.
His creation a shower of ideas.
He mingles ideas and concepts with colours.
And gives them expression
Through the tongue of the brush.
But neither the brush
nor the colours are seen.
Only the ideas and concepts emerge and
A rapport is created
with the intellect and the soul.

Rolf is a juggler of colours.
He plays with all hues, and in no time
A painting is born, a creation unique.
Which puts forth the ideas of
Vedas and Upanishads,
The secret of spiritual realm,
The thoughts of the soul and
The account of the journey of the self.

These paintings lead one
from superficial to the minute,
Known to the unknown,
apparent to the hidden.
Where blossoms a lotus of thousand petals.
Where is thrown open the door
of the cave of self-realisation.

These paintings are the result of devotion,
The fruit of the prayer and meditation.
They reflect the wisdom of Vedic seers,
Their vision of the past,
the present and the future.
They depict the radiance
of a celibate student
And the glory of his concentrated penance.

These paintings have in them –
The flames of the holy fire,
The serene peace of the jungles,
The depth of the oceans and
The limitless span of the skies.

Rolf is not an Indian.
How does then his mind carry
The fragrance of Indian philosophy?
How do his paintings reflect -
The depth of Indian thought?
Because, the ultimate Truth is one;
The Truth is universal.
It cannot be put into compartments –
Of Indian and Western.
For the Truth is one, the Truth is one.



We Will Be There ...



Prutush Kaul

In every storm
that washes away the dust of time
I stand erect in midst of rubble.

With every new friendship
blooming in those half-lit classrooms
I sit in the corner
in form of engravings on the desk.

With every prayer
coming from the hearts of old men
I stand still with my locked door
and old flags.

People in large numbers
take a dip in me
to wash their sins
but I'm all alone when animals quench their thirst by me.

There are talks of me
and obeisance is paid to the dead,
but I'm not dead at all.

I still live in these deserted houses
I still ring
the broken bell of my friend's house
I still walk around
the dilapidated temple
every morning,
pouring water on the lonely deity.

We were always there,
our spirits never left.



30 Years of Exile



Vineet Kaul

It's been 30 long years
Time tested us breath by breath

Many died, few were born
Hope remained, to always be torn
Lies were spread to hide the shame
We won't die even as
our bodies don't remain

Truth fights and one day
the sun will rise
That day Vyeth will shine



Hope



Dr. Mudasir Firdosi

Let's talk of hope
Hope to be, to exist, to live
To breathe free, talk and cry
To laugh and smile, joke and giggle
Let's talk about being human
Human to ones own being, body and soul
Human to other beings, men and women
Children, those aged and not able to stride
Human, but humane to all colours and shapes
Human to the lovers of all gods, of all dieties, and of none

Let's talk, not of hate any more
Hate consuming the reason for no good gain
Hate dividing families, villages and inner peace
Hate burning the soul into a hideous unknown.

Let's talk of hope, to hope for spring again
Full of flowers of all shades, blossoming full on
The ambiance, an eternal cure for tired souls.

Let's talk of hope of a rising sun
Warm, glowing, creating life on the muck.
Sweet sleep under the shade of the walnut tree
and falling leaves of Chinar on banks of the Dal

Let's talk of love, unadultrated flowing through
the eyes, meeting briefly for the first time
Love to cure us of our misery and malign.
Let's talk of hope to be here tomorrow,
in peace, for what we cherish will come.



Elegy
The Demise of Nale` Mae`r



Dr. K. L. Chowdhury

Oh, where is Nale` Mae`r,
the canal that flanked my backyard,
from where we slid down the slope
for a dip now and then,
and walked along her banks,
keeping pace with the oarsmen
that ferried fair-skinned tourists
while we sang them a comic rhyme:
'Me`m sahib salaam
pate` pate` gulam'?

Oh, where is the arch bridge,
a grand mosaic of brick and stone -
on whose parapet walls we sat
till dusk merged into night,
watching the crows,
flock after flock,
flying across endlessly,
turning the sky into a black canopy,
cawing all the way,
coming home to roost
on tree tops and house roofs.
I hear Nale` Mae`r has been filled up
and there is an asphalt road instead

where automobiles move furious and fast
raising clouds of dust and noise,
drowning peace of the neighbourhood.

The quaint little bridge is gone too
as also the boats and passengers.
Kids no longer play the water games,
the crows no longer fly across the sky,
and when it rains,
the city floods in no time,
for the benevolent Nale` Mae`r
is no longer there
to channel the rainwater away.



Book of Life



Dr. Mudasiir Firdosi

Book of life on the ledge,
dusty, full of memories.
The kid in me smiled,
Is that really you?

Remember the days when
it was fun to be home,
lazing all day around,
and no worries known.

Gobbling the cream from the milk pot,
feigning it was never you!
Keeping mum when mum inquired.
That day, going to the shop,
buying biscuits on credit
taking your dad's name,
devouring the biscuits fast on the run.

Running wild in the fields,
falling from a tree branch with a thud.
Broken arm hanging low,
fun was, however, worth the pain.

Those days, happiness, lived
within us unconditionally,
innocent days of joy, desire,
and infinite dreams to grow old.



Nirvana



Poetry - Meem Hai Zaffar

The honey from your lips,
Soaks all the layers and levels of my consciousness.

The harsh surfaces become soft and smooth.

I escape the curvatures of my conditioned existence,
And dissolve in an infinite expanse of light.

Your eyes conjure multiverses,
Beyond the mundane universe that confines me,
Your look breaks the shackles of space and time,
And I recognise my omniformity.

Your look manifests me as You.

Your forehead, the eternal tablet,
Is a mirror that reflects the minute mosaic of Creation.

Inscribed therein is every detail of Being and Becoming.
To meditate and behold your forehead,
Is the Nirvaan.

The two birds from Amarnath,
Warm themselves up in your bosom.
Lost in Divine song they fly high in the sky of consciousness.

Your bosom is the Universal Vibration,
All the particular currents of vibration emerge there from,
And therein they find their ultimate repose.



Huma Asle Maheshwar Bood
(Ali Mardan Khan's Shiva Astuti in Persian Language)
English Translation



Dr. H. K. Kher

He was precisely Maheshwar,
the King whom I saw at night.
He wore the skin of a lion,
the King whom I saw at night.
His attire was of soot (Basam)
and he wore the snake as a holy thread round his neck.
The Ganges flowed from his head,
the King I saw at night.
He had three eyes on his forehead,
which were brighter than the sun and the moon.
Three karans (creation, sustenance and death)
stood hand-folded before him,
the King whom I saw at night.
The nectar was in his hand, the conch and the water lily.
The crescent of the moon he wore on his head,
the King whom I saw at night.
Uma sat on his left side, brighter than a hundred suns.
He rode an ox,
the King whom I saw at night.
I beheld a strange hermit
and I saluted him saying 'Namo Narayan'.
I kissed the dust of his feet,

the King whom I saw at night.
He cast a glance on me, the poor man,
from his sparkling eyes.
His abode is beyond the space,
the King whom I saw at night.
I Mardan Ali Khan, the slave of the King of Kings,
I saw strange secrets,
the King whom I saw at night.



Corona Poems



Dr. K. L. Chowdhury

1- Pray who is Corona?

Children, don't go out;
Corona is stalking the land.

Who is Corona, pray?
Is he the demon who carries children away?
Is he the boogeyman who lurks in the dark?
Why can't we go out even during the day?
Why can't we go to school?
Why can't we play?
Who is Corona, pray?

Children, don't go out;
Corona is stalking the land.

But who is Corona?
We neither see a lightning.
nor hear a thunder
We neither feel an earthquake nor
sense any danger.
We don't hear a storm rumbling
nor see anything wrong anywhere.

Then why is everyone scared?
Why is everyone cooped inside?
Why are you so thoughtful, Papa?
Why cant we hug you?
Why are you so fidgety, Mama?
Why cant we kiss you?
Pray, who is Corona?

Why can't we be near grandpa
and listen to his riveting tales?
Why can't we have grandma
read us the bedtime stories?
Why do we have to wear a mask
when the air smells fresh as never before?

Why wash our hands every often
even if they are so clean?
And, yes, you had told us
that nose picking is bad
but why can't we touch our face?
We don't see no Corona there.

Pray, who is Corona?
Where is he?
If he is there
Why don't we see?
Why don't you shoo him away?
Why doesn't he let us be?

2 - There is Nowhere to Go

For once
there is no place to go.
No place is safe
None under the sun.

The planes don't fly
The trains don't run
The buses don't ply
Going out is no option.

There is no city or borough
No country, or land
to choose from
For no continent is sterile
All are in the savage grip
Of the deadly contagion.

There is no place under the sun
Where they could run.

Wherever you look
There is a sepulchral ambience
There are only empty expanses
The streets and lanes deserted
The highways and byways empty
The towns have turned into ghosts
The people have fled
Humanity gone into hibernation.

They are hiding from each other
They are hiding from themselves.
They look into their mirrors
From safe distances
Lest they are too near
Their own images.
For they have been warned -
It is the breath
It is the touch
And who knows
it may be the gaze
Even your very own

Like an evil eye.

They have been warned
Not to get anywhere
close to each other
Not nearer than two-arms-length away.
You don't kiss
You don't hug
You don't make love
Lest you catch The Bug.

The contagion stalks the earth
A phantom
An invisible speck
An asura
Let loose on humanity
That hangs menacingly
Like the curse of a yogi.
A curse that sneaks its way
Creeping inside their lungs
To take their breath away.

Cooped inside their homes
Clutching their hearts in fear
Depression running deep
They look at the score
and count the dead.
Bodies herded in mortuaries
Waiting for their turn
To be burnt into ash.
Burial is not an option
Who knows
Corona lurking inside
Might decide
To rise from the dead
And strike again

And again.

Segregation is the watchword
Videochat the only connect
Or a distant nod
Or a namaste
Until Corona is driven away.



Covid-19



Meem Hui Zaffar

The poisonous arrows of a conditioned existence kill me everyday.
Every night I am born again.
Again to be annihilated by the same vicious arrows
The play goes on and on.
No reflection of an omniscient Self.
No awareness of Divine Continuities.
Only blank spaces and empty intervals.
Life is a suspended anticipation woven of pain.
The hell-fires are scorching the barren earth.
The indifferent sky is overcast with rainless black clouds.
In this ambiance,
A poisonous seed has sprouted.
A non-hope has propped up,
Revealing the black holes of the universe



Dedicated to The Divine Mother



Dr. Chaman Lal Raina

I am the Divine Mother Durga - the Life Urge
Teaching through Markandeya how to adore Me.
The vision of Medha Rishi makes you to see Me.
I am Chandi - the Eternal Durga Sapta Shati.
Suratha is just the personification of Human desire,
who oblates me through the Celestial fire
To be in Samadhi is my Primal breath.
I abide in all the creatures of the earth,
Perceived through the senses, I alone do exist.
Touch, taste, smell, sight and sound are just functions,
To rhythm and balance the body, in spirit and mind
I am myself the Super sensuous Atman of Brahma.
I am the eternal spirit revered as Vishnu Maya
I am Maha Kali-the eternal timelessness.
Measure of the time, is my eternal play
I create day and night, month, year and aeons.
I rise with glaciers, beautiful vales and jungles
The ocean is just a drop before me.
I am a swimming action and a drifting march
I am thus revered as Shailaputri.
I am the graphics of the universe.
I am the sound, syllable and the seed of existence
I am a curve and a cone, a triangle and a square.
I am the tangent touching the circle of transmigration
I paint with Divine brush and cosmic colors

Shades and tones are my impressions and sisters
The realms of Brahma Vishnu and Shiva...,
Are just the glimpses of my Primal thought
I bring light on the canvas of humanity
I am revered as the First Brahmacharini
Philosopher's wisdom is the shadow of my vision
Being Durga..., I am Existent the Eternal one
I am embodiment of creation, sustenance and dissolution
Rishis deciphered my Mantra in syllable, word and meter.
Visible I am in the flash of the Markandeya's eye,
Who adored me with the Anushtubha - Jagati meter
Dressed me in various colorful robes
Putting sword and missiles in my hands.
Seeing me on the couch of a roaring lion
I alone gave a vital breath to Lord Vishnu
Ananta serpent was his couch then,
Giving birth to Brahma through his naval root, just for fun.
Simultaneously Madhu And Kaitabha were born and seen
With Demonic and fierce looks they had been
Born of Vishnu's ear – wax, a miracle
Rishis deciphered the Mantra in meter and rhythm.
Hastening they were to kill the Brahma- The Lord of creation
Universe was filled with all commotion
It received the Divine recognition.
The Primal Ratri Sukta was born then
It was all dark ,eclipsed was the Sun
Thus the spontaneous Eternal cry was heard.
He begged for lease of life, s was not murdered
with the praises of Svaha and Svadha,
The "Vak" got vibrated in A U and M (OM) in Vashatkara
A new scene with unknown Sun was seen, as an annotation-
Gods were commissioned to help Brahma for procreation.
Markandeya portrayed me as Vishnu - Maya
Who was aroused from Cosmic sleep of Yoga
Yoga Nidra Was seen in the Eternity
Ornamented with conch disc, lotus and Mudra.

With the praises of word were deluded Madhu – Kaitabha:
“O demons! You are really brave and great
Ask for a boon to create your Eternal fate.”
Vishnu Maya, killed them on the thighs,
Not in water and not in space.
Take me verily, I am that Mahakali
I am Maha Lakshmi killing Mahishasura-
My own creation to justify Dharma
For Vishnu, Brahma and Indra could not defeat Mahishasura.
I was visible to other gods and to Indra .
Committed to help the Divine beings of Swarga
Thus was known with the name of Durga
I am thus revered as Brahmacharini
I play the role of Chadra Ghanta
Making the universe see the dance of Shiva Tandava
I bring luminosity around the globe.
It is just a twinkle of my eye
To keep Nine planets in motion.
Brihaspati is my intellect, Shukra is my ego.
I am the Eternal Seed and destroying every foe
I am found in all and in One
I teach “Aham Brahmasmi, Tat Tvam Asi”
I am revered as Kushmanda, I am Saraswati .
I am the beauty and aesthetics of the Vedas .
I adore the Agamas , I sing the songs in the Puranas
Am being fashioned in Tantra-Mantra –Yantra
For I am Skanda Mata of Kumar Kartikeya.
I again am invisible in Kala Ratri
I crush the jealousy of the Gods
Guiding them to the path of early dawn
Thus I am slightly visible to the Yogic eye
I m the Eternal Usha and Devi Sukta
I took birth to fulfill the dream of Kashyapa
I was born as the daughter of Himalaya
Revered as Parvati and Shiva Priya
For certain, I manifested as the Maha Gauri

For I am stronger than reason, but not in hurry
For I am the perfection of the cosmic view
This universe is but a drop of dew,
To see and playing with own self as Siddhi Dhatri

I again and again am born as Nava Durga
Some praise with the words of prescribed Puja
Some seek me for peace and prosperity.
Some adore me to arouse Kundalini .
But I lift the devotee , who loves me joyfully,
Lifting his conscience in my eternal lap.
Abiding in every tissue, nerve, vein and cell
I am Durga -- Mother of the brave, but honest one,
Feeding all without discrimination.
Some adore me with Thouand Names
Others with Kali--Chandi and Seven hundred celestial Names
But I am only Nine Syllabled One
Call me Durga, the Mother of vibration



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