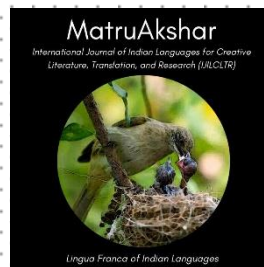


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Creative Literature, Translation, and Research

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MatruAkshar Journal
International Journal of Indian Languages
for Creative Literature, Translation and Research




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Editorial Views

Editorial Views

Dear Readers,

Namaskar ... !!!

With sincere apologies for the delay, we are publishing the Issue II of MatruAkshar Journal. Being a tool of transferring knowledge from one language to another, MatruAkshar is trying to prove the importance of translation. As Michal Šimurka points out the special place of translation in his article on 'Importance of Translation', he says, "Surely, **you cannot be expected to learn every language**. There must be an easier way.

Enter **translation**.

Translation is more than just changing the words from one language to another. Translation **builds bridges between cultures**. It allows you to experience cultural phenomena that would otherwise be too foreign and remote to grasp through your own cultural lens." (Lexika)

The thought behind the Journal is the same as mentioned by Šimurka- to build bridges. Through the literature published in every Issue, we are trying to pose the stand every representing language takes in the social scenario. Being a very huge entity, India has 1500+ language dialects. Many of them are on the verge of extinction. And every State being set in different geographical, economic and sociological position, it carries different consequences in its socio-cultural life which is reflected in the contemporary literature written in the particular language.

Indian literature written in the regional languages is largely dissociated from each other as the languages differ in their scripts as well. Except some classical works, no other literature is translated into other Indian languages. In certain languages, there is Devnagari Script for the language, still it is beyond understanding because of their specific vocabulary, idioms and cultural differences. Therefore, it is an essential task to reach the people of other language groups with certain tool of translation. By translating the literatures in Indian languages into English, it can reach beyond the borders. By reading the literature in MatruAkshar Journal, one can understand the undercurrents in Indian society.

In the Volume I, Issue 2 of MatruAkshar, we have translations from Bengali, Hindi, Konkani, Manipuri, Marathi, and Punjabi languages. There are poems, short stories, and classics. Rabindranath Tagore, the first Nobel Laureate of India, is reaching the readers through translation. At the same time, contemporary writers are exploring the post-postmodern sensibilities through the regional languages. That is also a feast for curious readers.

In this Issue, we are adding one more section- **Inter-Lingual Translations**.

It aims at giving space to the translations one Indian Language to another. We have a galaxy opened through this section. There are translations from Tamil – Hindi, Sanskrit-Rajasthani, English- Marathi , ... the translation from Bhagvad Gita, Tamil Saint Poetess Abhirami Bhattar, Sudhakar Gaidhani, and other inter-lingual translations are unveiled for the learned readers.

Literature is a journey into the History... the creators are readers are inevitably a part of the process of Moving Ahead step by step.

“Let’s join our hands together to enlighten the masses through Literature that soothes, consoles, illuminates the souls, and assists them in building beautiful future through their wonderful imagination...”

Waiting in anticipation,

Tejaswini Patil, Ph. D.

Founders,

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International Journal of Indian Languages for

Creative Literature, Translation and Research.

Bengali

Poetry



Pranab Ghosh, West Bengal

Pranab Ghosh, based at present at Kolkata, is an award-winning journalist, writer and poet. His poems and prose pieces have appeared in journals published from India and abroad, including Dissident Voice, Piker Press, Impspired Com, Memoryhouse, etc. He has served in such media houses as HT Media Ltd., Business India Group publications, Eenadu Digital, The New Indian Express etc. His third solo book of poems *Karma Cola* was published in June, 2013, and his fourth book of poems *Love, Religion and Politics* has just arrived.

১. শ্রমিকের স্বপ্ন

অসীম যন্ত্রণা কোমরের ঠিক উপরে
অসীম যন্ত্রণা ঘাড়ে...
যন্ত্রণা মাথার পেছন দিকে...
যন্ত্রণা 'অবশ' হয়ে যাওয়া মনেও...

ওরা বলছে তুমি 'বুঝতে পারছ'
ওরা বলছে তুমি 'আলোকপ্রাপ্ত' হচ্ছ।

আমি বলি এটা কর্মফল
হে প্রেয়সী আমার...
শুধু তোমার নয়
অন্যেরও
আর সেটাই তোমাকে পঙ্কু করছে
রাত যত বাড়ছে

এ সময় আত্মা বিনিময়ের
হে প্রেয়সী আমার...
রাত্রির পরে সকাল আসবে তোমার মনে

এ সময় তো উপভোগ করার
যখন তুমি পড়ে আছো
তোমার অনড় সজ্জায় !

বল তুমি হে প্রেয়সী আমার ...

এটা লেনন্ না এটা মার্জ ?

বল বল ... কি হতে চাও তুমি ?

বল বল ...

আমি হতে চাই

শ্রমিকের স্বপ্ন

আমি শুধু

তাই হতে চাই ॥

1. Workman's Dream

Pain in the lower back...

Pain in the nape of the neck...

Pain at the back of the head...

Pain in the mind gone numb!

They say you are becoming aware,

They say you are getting
enlightened.

I say it's *karma*, Beloved,

Not only of yours, but of others' too,

That's making you numb,

As evening sets in.

It's soul-transfer time, Beloved.

Beyond dusk, the dawn shall descend on you.

It's time for pleasure, Beloved,

As you lie still,

Unable to move.

Is't Lennon, or isn't Marx?

Tell me, Beloved, who do you want to be?

I want to be a workman's dream,

That's all I want to be!

২. জরুরী অবস্থা

এই সন্ত্রস্ত সময়ে
আমরা এক সাথে
নিই শ্বাস
আমরা এক 'জাতি'।

এই সন্ত্রস্ত সময়ে
আমরা থাকি এক
আকাশের নিচে
আমরা এক 'পরিবার'।

এই সন্ত্রস্ত সময়ে
আমরা বলি কথা ।
একে, অপরের সঙ্গে
আমরা এক 'সংগঠন'।

এই সন্ত্রস্ত সময়ে
আমরা হাতে হাত ধরে
পথ হেঁটে চলি
অন্য পৃথিবীর
এক ভালোবাসার স্বাদ নিয়ে ।

এই সন্ত্রস্ত সময়ে
আমরা লড়ি বাঁচার তাগিদে
যেন বিপ্লবের ঠিক পরে
এ এক অন্য সময় !

এই সপ্তম সময়ে
জীবন, সম্পর্ক আর ভালোবাসা
সব যেন রাখা আছে এক
'অন্তর্ভূতী স্থগিতাবস্থায়'!

'বেঁচে' থাকাটাই
জরুরী এখন যেন!

2. Emergency

In these terrified times,
we breathe collectively,
we are a nation.

In these terrified times,
we live beneath the same sky,
we are a family.

In these terrified times,
we speak to each other,
we are an association.

In these terrified times,
we hold hands and
walk down the streets
like lovers from
another world.

In these terrified times,
we struggle to live,
as if it was a different time
just after the revolution.

In these terrified times,
Life, relations and love,
all are kept in
suspended animation.

To survive
is the present emergency.

৩. আত্মানুসন্ধান

তুমি বসে থাক চোখ বুজে
দেখবে অনুভবে মহাশূন্যের ওপারে
চলে গেছে তোমার আত্মা ।

তুমি বসে থাক চোখ বুজে
দেখবে অনুভবে তোমার আত্মা ছুঁয়েছে
তোমার পরমাত্মাকে ।

তুমি বসে থাক চোখ বুজে
দেখবে তোমার আত্মা ছুঁয়েছে
তোমার জীবন, তোমার গহীনে।

তুমি বসে থাক চোখ বুজে
দেখবে অনুভবে তুমি আর তোমার
আত্মা আছে মিলেমিশে ।

তুমি বসে থাক চোখ বুজে
অনন্ত আলো ঢেকে দেবে
তোমার আত্মা, তোমার মন, তোমার দেহ ।

তুমি কি এবার গাইবে 'গান'
তোমার দুচোখ বুজে ?

3. Soul-searching

If you sit with your eyes closed,
You feel your soul transported
beyond the void.

If you sit with your eyes closed,
You feel your soul nudge your
super-conscious self.

If you sit with your eyes closed,
Your soul embraces your life within.

If you sit with your eyes closed,
You feel in unison with your soul.

If you sit with your eyes closed,
Eternal light engulfs
your soul, your mind, your body.

Will you sing a hymn now
with your eyes closed ?

Poems by: Pranab Ghosh
(Both original and translated)



Jibanananda Das

Jibanananda Das, a Bengali poet, writer, novelist and essayist, is often acknowledged as the premier poet of Bengali literature after Rabindranath Tagore, and considered as one of the greatest modern poets in Bengal. He was born on February 17, 1899, in Barisal district in the then undivided Bengal. He was dimly recognized during his lifetime. However, he became the Bengal's best loved poet over the time. His poems were regarded as part of the Bengali consciousness across the border between India and Bangladesh. Jibanananda was one of the five masters of Bangla poetry, known as Pancha Pandab during the Kallol school of thoughts in Bengali poetry in the 1930's, along with Sudhindranath Dutta, Bishnu Dev, Amiya Chakravarty and Buddhadev Bose, who pioneered in bringing the essence of modernism in twentieth century Bengali Poetry.

১. বনলতা সেন

[জীবনানন্দ দাস]

হাজার বছর ধরে আমি পথ হাঁটিতেছি পৃথিবীর পথে,
সিংহল সমুদ্র থেকে নিশীথের অন্ধকারে মালয় সাগরে
অনেক ঘুরেছি আমি; বিম্বিসার অশোকের ধূসর জগতে
সেখানে ছিলাম আমি; আরো দূর অন্ধকারে বিদর্ভ নগরে;
আমি ক্লান্ত প্রাণ এক, চারিদিকে জীবনের সমুদ্র সফন,
আমারে দু-দণ্ড শান্তি দিয়েছিল নাটোরের বনলতা সেন।

চুল তার কবেকার অন্ধকার বিদিশার নিশা,
মুখ তার শ্রাবস্তীর কারুকার্য; অতিদূর সমুদ্রের 'পর
হাল ভেঙে যে নাবিক হারায়েছে দিশা
সবুজ ঘাসের দেশ যখন সে চোখে দেখে দারুচিনি-দ্বীপের ভিতর,
তেমনি দেখেছি তারে অন্ধকারে; বলেছে সে, 'এতোদিন কোথায় ছিলেন?'
পাখির নীড়ের মত চোখ তুলে নাটোরের বনলতা সেন।

সমস্ত দিনের শেষে শিশিরের শব্দের মতন
সন্ধ্যা আসে; ডানার রৌদ্রের গন্ধ মুছে ফেলে চিল;
পৃথিবীর সব রঙ নিভে গেলে পাণ্ডুলিপি করে আয়োজন
তখন গল্পের তরে জোনাকির রঙে ঝিলমিল;
সব পাখি ঘরে আসে—সব নদী—ফুরায় এ-জীবনের সব লেনদেন;
থাকে শুধু অন্ধকার, মুখোমুখি বসিবার বনলতা সেন



Tathagata Banerjee

Tathagata Banerjee is a trilingual novelist, poet and essayist. His published books are called 'Insomniac Soliloquies', 'Postcard From Memory Lane', and 'Hurts that Hate You'. Banerjee has two poetry collections, 'Diary of the Buddha Poet' and '*Neon Sanjbbatir Dystopia*'. His works have been collected in anthologies like '*Mahanagarir Tirey*', '*Shotoborshe Satyajit*', '*Alfazon Ki Udaan*' and more. SHP Nationwide Writing Competition announced Banerjee to be the top-ranking author in the country in English language. The writer had been declared a 'Featured Author' by 'Beyond The Panorama' magazine.

1. BANALATA SEN

[JIBANANANDA DAS]

I have been walking these earthly ways for a thousand years
from the Sinhala seas to the Malay waters, in the dark
I have wandered a lot; in the gray world of Bimbisara and Ashok,
I have been there too; even farther in the darkness, in Bidarva City;
I'm a tired soul, the ocean of life surrounds with its ebb and flow,
she offered me momentary peace, Natore's Banalata Sen.

Her locks are like the ancient dark nights of Vidisha,
her face like the sculptures of Shravasti; on a faraway ocean
like a mariner shipwrecked and lost
who discovers green grasslands deep into the Cinnamon-Island,
I've discovered her likewise amidst darkness; said she, 'Where were you all
this while?'
raising her bird's-nest eyes, Natore's Banalata Sen.

At day-end, like the sound of dewdrops,
evening alights; the Kite wipes off the sunshine-smell of its wings;
once all earthly colours are dimmed, manuscript begins preparation,
then alight with fireflies' flicker for the sake of stories;
All birds come home - all the rivers - all transactions of life are wrapped up;
remains only darkness, to sit face-to-face with Natore's Banalata Sen.



Sunil Gangopadhyay or Sunil Ganguly

Sunil Gangopadhyay or Sunil Ganguly (1934-2012), born in Faridpur (now Bangladesh), was an Indian Bengali poet and novelist based in the Indian city of Kolkata. In 1953, he was one of the founders and editors of the poetry journal *Krittibas*, long the platform for a dynamic generation of the poets. A prolific writer, Gangopadhyay published over two hundred volumes of poetry and fiction. The recipient of many awards including the Indian Sahitya Akademi Award (the highest national award for literature), he had two novels made into films by Satyajit Ray. He created the Bengali fictional character Kakababu, and wrote a series of novels on this character, which became significant in Indian Children's Literature. He received the Sahitya Akademi Award in 1985 for his novel *Those Days (Shei Samay)*. Gangopadhyay used the pen names Nil Lohit, Sanatan Pathak, and Nil Upadhyay.

২. সত্যবন্ধ অভিমান

[সুনীল গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়]

এই হাত ছুঁয়েছে নীরার মুখ

আমি কি এ হাতে কোনো পাপ করতে পারি ?

শেষ বিকেলের সেই ঝুল বারান্দায়

তার মুখে পড়েছিল দুর্দান্ত সাহসী এক আলো

যেন এক টেলিগ্রাম, মুহূর্তে উন্মুক্ত করে

নীরার সুষমা

চোখে ও ভুরুতে মেশা হাসি, নাকি অশ্রুবিन्दু ?

তখন সে যুবতীকে খুকি বলে ডাকতে ইচ্ছে হয়-

আমি ডান হাত তুলি, পুরুষ পাঞ্জার দিকে

মনে মনে বলি,

যোগ্য হও, যোগ্য হয়ে ওঠো-

ছুঁয়ে দিই নীরার চিবুক

এই হাত ছুঁয়েছে নীরার মুখ

আমি কি এ হাতে আর কোনোদিন

পাপ করতে পারি ?

এই ওষ্ঠ বলেছে নীরাকে, ভালোবাসি-

এই ওষ্ঠে আর কোনো মিথ্যে কি মানায় ?

সিঁড়ি দিয়ে নামতে নামতে মনে পড়ে ভীষণ জরুরী

কথাটাই বলা হয়নি

লঘু মরালীর মতো নারীটিকে নিয়ে যাবে বিদেশী বাতাস

আকস্মিক ভূমিকম্পে ভেঙ্গে যাবে সবগুলো সিঁড়ি
থমকে দাঁড়িয়ে আমি নীরার চোখের দিকে....
ভালোবাসা এক তীব্র অঙ্গীকার, যেন মায়াপাশ
সত্যবন্ধ অভিমান-চোখ জ্বালা করে ওঠে,

সিঁড়িতে দাঁড়িয়ে

এই ওষ্ঠ বলেছে নীরাকে, ভালোবাসি-

এই ওষ্ঠে আর কোন মিথ্যে কি মানায় ?



Tathagata Banerjee

Tathagata Banerjee is a trilingual novelist, poet and essayist. His published books are called 'Insomniac Soliloquies', 'Postcard From Memory Lane', and 'Hurts that Hate You'. Banerjee has two poetry collections, 'Diary of the Buddha Poet' and '*Neon Sanjhatir Dystopia*'. His works have been collected in anthologies like '*Mahanagarir Tirey*', '*Shotoborshe Satyajit*', '*Alfazon Ki Udaan*' and more. SHP Nationwide Writing Competition announced Banerjee to be the top-ranking author in the country in English language. The writer had been declared a 'Featured Author' by 'Beyond The Panorama' magazine.

2. TRUTH-BOUND PIQUE [SUNIL GANGOPADHYAY]

This hand has touched Neera's face
Can I commit a sin with this hand?
At that veranda on a dying evening
Terribly brave sun rays shone on her face
Like a telegram, which suddenly reveals
Neera's charm
Is it laughter that glitters on her eyes and brows, or tale?
Then I want to call the young lady 'little one' —
I raise my right hand, to my male fist
I murmur silently,
Be worthy, become worthy —
I touch Neera's chin
This hand has touched Neera's face
Can I commit a sin with this hand, ever?

These lips have told Neera, Love You —
Will a lie ever be suitable on these lips?
Coming down the staircase, I remember the crucial
Thing that I forgot to tell her
She, swan-like, will fly with the foreign winds
In a sudden earthquake, the stairs will collapse
Frozen, I stare at Neera's eyes...
Love is a fierce confession, like a spell is
Truth-bound pique - my eyes burn,
Standing on the staircase
These lips have told Neera, Love You —
Will a lie ever be suitable on these lips?



Sangeeta Banerjee

Author and Translator

Sangeeta Banerjee is a trilingual poet, a literary enthusiast, and is currently associated with Heritage Academy as a full-time English faculty member. She is an active member of the Intercultural Poetry and Performance Library, Kolkata. She is the author of the book “Trifling Metaphors: Verses From a Chaotic Soul”(2021). Her literary works have been published in various esteemed journals. She is a recipient of the 21st Century Emily Dickinson Award, hosted by BookLeaf Publishing.

১. সময়ের ব্যবধানে

মেঘ, তুমি কি জানো বৃষ্টি লুকিয়ে রাখার মানে?

নগরীর বুকে, পথে-প্রান্তরে রাস্ত্রের ভীড়ে

যখন হৃদয়ে নামে জ্বর, ভাঙে প্রাসাদ,

এড়িয়ে চলি ভালোবাসা, সন্তর্পণে।

তবু এড়ায় না আলোড়ন, আলো মেখে

বয়ে চলে সময়ের নদী, বয়সের মতো।

নগর, তুমি কি জানো সবুজ লুকিয়ে রাখার মানে?

শব্দ ছেড়েছে ছবি, মৃত্যু ছেড়েছে বিষাদ,

শহর জুড়ে আজ এক ক্লান্ত অবক্ষয়।

ভগ্ন হৃদয়ের সুর আজ মাতেনা ছন্দে,

স্বপ্ন দেখি তবুও, ক্যাফেরা মাতে উন্মত্ত ভায়োলিনে,

তুমি আমি আজও ভাঙাগড়া ইতিহাসের সাক্ষী।

মন, তুমি কি জানো ব্যথা লুকিয়ে রাখার মানে?

নোনা জলে ধুয়ে যায় চোখ, সময় যেন আফিম,

ঘুম ধরে যায় শুধু, তবু ঘৃণ ধরেনা তাতে।

রাত্রি বাড়ে, ঘড়িতে বাড়ে সময়ের স্রোত,

করণ বৃষ্টি নামে আজ কলোনিতে,

মন বোঝাই করে অপেক্ষা, স্মৃতি আর সময়ের ব্যবধানে।

1. TIME AND DISTANCE

Cloud, do you realize what it means to secrete the rain?
Amidst the lanes and masses of the city,
When my broken heart feels feverish pangs, facades crumble,
I drift away from love, carefully.
Still, I feel the passion, throbbing,
Like the river of time, ageing softly.

City, do you realize what it means to secrete the soft green hue?
Unpainted words remain with sorrow-less deaths,
What remains is a lingering aura of waste.
The broken hearts do not believe in rhythms anymore,
Still, we dream about the mad tunes of violins in cafés,
Where you and I still stand, creating history.

Mind, do you realize what it means to secrete pain?
The salty waters wash the eyes,
Addicted to time, we sleep, but remain alive.
The night deepens, time and tide flow through the clock,
The colony gets drenched today in sorrowful rain,
And rain brings in waiting, between memories and time.

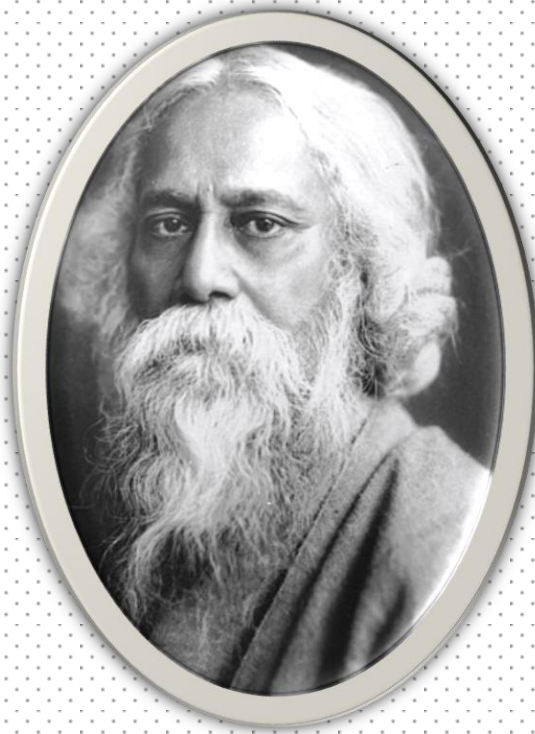
২. হেমন্তের ঝড়

আমার সমস্ত না থাকা জুড়ে থাকে
হেমন্তের ঝড়, কাশফুলের সুবাস,
ভিজে থাক হেমন্ত অবেলার বৃষ্টিতে।
মনের মধ্যে জাদুঘর, হাজার জীবাত্মের ভীড়,
আড়ালে থেকে জ্বালালে আগুন, হেমন্ত।
আজ সেই ঝড়ে খানখান মন খারাপ,
ধুয়ে যায় ছাইচাপা সব ক্ষত।
টুকরো হয় হৃদয়, হেমন্ত।
যেতে দিই মেঘ, বৃষ্টি, সৃষ্টি, ধ্বংস
কাব্যিক বিহ্বলতার মাঝে।
এখনো প্রাণ আছে, হেমন্ত,
তাই হৃদয়ের টুকরো বিলিয়ে দিই।
কংক্রিটের মাঝে তারা ফুটে উঠুক আবার,
বৃষ্টির ছিটেফোঁটা হয়ে।

2. AUTUMN STORM

My absent presence is overlaid
By an autumnal storm, the scent of *kaash* flowers,
Let my Autumn stay drenched in unseasonal rain.
The fossils crowd the museum of my heart, but
Autumn, you still ignite surreptitious fire.
The storm shatters despair,
washes away the ruins of hidden wounds.
The broken heart breaks again, O Autumn.
I let everything go in poetic frenzy,
Clouds and rain, creation and disasters.
Life remains in me, I feel it, Autumn,
As I give away the broken pieces of my heart.
Let them flourish in the concrete jungle,
Let them crash on the earth like rain.

Classics



Rabindranath Tagore

Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), the illustrious son of Maharshi Debendranath was born at Jorasanko Thakurbari in Calcutta. He received his education at home, and at the age of seventeen years was sent to England for formal schooling. Though he did not finish formal schooling, he was a polymath. He met with early success as a writer in Bengal. His translation of his own collection of poems 'Gitanjali: Song Offerings' fetched him the highest literary award, and he became the first Nobel Laureate in India. Tagore was equally adept in all literary genres, but he is primarily known as a poet, as *Bishwa Kobi*. He established 'Bishwa Bharati', a university in Shantiniketan as an inclusive seat of education.

সমাপ্তি

পথে যতদিন ছিনু ততদিন অনেকের সনে দেখা।

সব শেষ হল যেখানে সেথায় তুমি আর আমি একা।

নানা বসন্তে নানা বরষায়

অনেক দিবসে অনেক নিশায়

দেখেছি অনেক, সহেছি অনেক, লিখেছি অনেক লেখা-

পথে যতদিন ছিনু ততদিন অনেকের সনে দেখা।

কখন যে পথ আপনি ফুরালো, সন্ধ্যা হল যে কবে!

পিছনে চাহিয়া দেখিনু কখন চলিয়া গিয়াছে সবে।

তোমার নীরব নিভৃত ভবনে

জানি না কখন পশিনু কেমনে।

অবাক রহিনু আপন প্রাণের নূতন গানের রবে।

কখন যে পথ আপনি ফুরালো, সন্ধ্যা হল যে কবে!

চিহ্ন কি আছে শ্রান্ত নয়নে অশ্রুজলের রেখা?

বিপুল পথের বিবিধ কাহিনী আছে কি ললাটে লেখা?

রুধিয়া দিয়েছ তব বাতায়ন,

বিছানো রয়েছে শীতল শয়ন,

তোমার সন্ধ্যাপ্রদীপ-আলোকে তুমি আর আমি একা।

নয়নে আমার অশ্রুজলের চিহ্ন কি যায় দেখা!



Amita Ray

AMITA RAY, a former Associate Professor in English and Vice- Principal of a college, is based in Kolkata. She is a translator, short story writer, reviewer and poet. She has four volumes of translations and a collection of short stories to her credit. She has brought out a collection of poems *UNTIL BIRDS SING*. She is an Executive Council member of the IPPL Kolkata. Her translation of Abanindranath Tagore's *KHIRER PUTUL* has been inducted in the post-graduate English curriculum of Burdwan University.

THE END

While on journey down the path
I encountered many a soul.
Arriving at the end point
You and I are alone.
In the many springs and many monsoons
during the passage of many a day and night
I observed a lot, endured much,
penned many creations —
In the journey down the path
I encountered many souls.

Caught unawares, the path itself ended,
knew not when eventide fell!
Looking back, I found, all
have retired since a long spell.
In your silent solitary abode
unknowingly I had entered,
wonderingly immersed in
the new songs of my heart.
No inkling was there, the path ended
trailing to sundown.

Is there in the weary eyes
trace of a trickling tear?
Myriad stories of a vast journey,
are they scripted on the forehead!
You have closed the window,
the cool couch lies ready,
in the gleam of Your evening lamp
You and I are alone.
Does my eye reflect
a trace of my tears!

Hindi

Poetry



डा. तेजस्विनी दीपक पाटील

आर्ट्स अँड कॉमर्स कॉलेज कासेगाव सांगली, महाराष्ट्र में अङ्ग्रेजी की सहयोगी प्राध्यापक के रूप में कार्यरत, आप त्रैभाषिक कवयित्री हैं। आप के अङ्ग्रेजी भाषा में तीन कविता संग्रह Talons and Nets, Verses of Silence, A Glass of Time प्रकाशित हैं, जिस में एक रोमानियन भाषा में अनुदित हो चुकी है। आप की अङ्ग्रेजी कविताएँ भारत, इंग्लंड, अमेरिका, साऊथ आफ्रिका आदि देशोंसे प्रकाशित कविता संग्रहों में समाविष्ट की जा चुकी हैं।

आप का हिन्दी कविता संग्रह 'कायनात' के शीर्षक से प्रकाशित है। आप की मराठी कविताएँ प्रातिनिधीक कविता संग्रहों में तथा पत्रिकाओं में प्रकाशित हो चुकी हैं। इन के अलावा आप की एक समीक्षा पुस्तक भी Relations and Relationship शीर्षक से प्रकाशित है।

आप तीन आंतर्राष्ट्रीय, एक राष्ट्रीय तथा दो राज्य स्तरीय पुरस्कारों से सम्मानित हैं।

आप आंतर्राष्ट्रीय मासिक पत्रिका, Innsæi, An International Journal of Creative Literature, Art, Translation and Research for Peace and Humanity की संस्थापक संचालक हैं। आप आदिशक्ती महिला ग्रामीण बिगरशेती सहकारी पतसंस्था की संस्थापक संचालक हैं।

Dr. Tejaswini Patil(Dange) works as an Associate Professor in English in A.C. College, Kasegaon, (Sangli, Maharashtra). Founder Director, INNSÆI Journal & MatruAkshar Journal. She's a widely published trilingual poet writing in Marathi, Hindi and English. The books to her credit are- English- 'Talons and Nets', 'Verses of Silence' and 'A Glass of Time', translated into Romanian. Hindi poems, Kaainat. A reference book: 'Relations and Relationship', Edited: Poetry and Literature World Vision Anthology 'Literature and Art for Peace and Humanity'; 'Mystical Voices', Lilith Vol.1, Wings of Poesy.

Awards: Diploma: Nominee for the World Award from Rahim Karim (2022); Certificate as Peace- Pax Ambassador and Delegate in Karad from Argentina; International Double Certificate of Appreciation from China, Greece, Mexico (2023); Certificate of Thanks and Gratitude on International Non-Violence Day 2nd October, 2022. Poetry: the best of 2020: Poets of the World (U.S.A.), Peace-PAX Ambassador & Delegate in Karad, Maharashtra, India (Argentina)

मौन

मैं मौन हूँ।
इस लए नहीं की वह मौन
मेरे अंदर से कुंड लनी की तरह
लपट कर आया है
मस्तिष्क तक।

इस लए नहीं की वह आसपास से
पनपता है हर डाल, हर शाख पर।

इस लए भी नहीं की
मेरे मौन रहने से कसी की
कोई भी बात रूकती नहीं है।

मुझे पता है,
मुझे बोलना चाहिए।
आसपास की हर चन्गारी
जब बुझा दी गई है और
एक एक उठनेवाली आवाज को
दबाया जा रहा है,
मुझे बोलना चाहिए।

मगर मेरी जबान पर
सनातन संस्कृती का पहले ताला लगाया गया था,
जिसे मैंने तोड दिया।

फर उन्होंने पैतृक शृंखलाओं से
बाँध दिए पैर
और बंद कर दिया काल कोठरी में।
मैंने वहाँसे भी रोशनी के सुराग निकाल लए।
तो अब उन्होंने कीलें ठोक दी है

निर्वस्त्रता की...
सरे आम निचोड़कर रखने की।
अब कोई आवाज सुनाई नहीं देती,
जो धीरज बाँध सके
मेरी जैसी कई आवाजोंका।
मैं चुप हूँ, भयभीत हूँ, मौन हूँ।

Silence

I am silent.
Not because that silence has popped up
Clinging around the Kundalini
Up to my cerebrum;
Not because it grows naturally
On every branch, every bough;
Not even because
My silence does not obstruct
Anyone's flow of life.

I know, I need to speak.
when every spark is extinguished
And every speaking voice is smothered.
I must speak.
however my voice was first locked
by the strong seal of the ancient culture
that I broke.
then they enlaced my feet with patriarchal chains
and locked me in the dark dungeon.
But I searched for the signals of the light.

Now, they have hammered my tongue
with the nails of the nakedness
with the dread of extracting my essence in public.

I don't hear any sound of support, cheer
To rise again.
So, I am frightened, I am quiet, I am silent.

Konkani

Poetry



संजीव वैरेंकार Sanjeev Verenkar

Sanjiv Verenkar is an eminent Konkani poet, essayist, and journalist. He passed away at 64. He was conferred on with the Sahitya Akademi award in 2021 in Konkani for his collection of poems 'Raktachandan.' Verenkar started writing in Konkani in 1978. He described himself as "a social poet". He authored 17 books, nine of which are poetry collections. Some of his poems have been translated into English by Prakash Thali and published in a collection, "Village Evening".

He has been awarded the Vimala Pai Puraskar for 'Aswasth Surya', Vishwa Konkani Kavita Kruti Puraskar, Dr T M A Pai Foundation Award for 'Sanj Sulus', All India Radio Puraskar for 'Vastu Purushacho Asth Zatana' and Konkani Bhasha Mandal Puraskar for 'Bhavjumbar' and 'Mumbar'.

1. कोले राजा जावंक सोदता

रानातल्या
वाग, शंवांची जाता ना जावंक लागल्या
देखून कुयो घालीत घालीत
कोले नाचुंक लागल्यात
आपलेच राज्य येतलें म्हणून

म्हज्या धाकट्या स मधाक तर
रानात वाग शींव आसतात
म्हणून खबरूच ना
तें कोल्यांकूच राजा म्हणटा

हांवें ताका कतलें सांगलें
कोले राजा न्हय म्हण
तें आयकुंकूच तयार ना

ताचीय म्हणून तशी
व्हडलीशी चुक ना
ताणे राजा म्हणून मरयताना
कोल्यांकूच पळयला

हांवूय ताका
वाग हाडून दाखोवंक शकूंक ना
म्हाका आतां एकूच भरांत
स मधा वांगडची आनी फाटली
सगळीं भुरगीं
कोल्यांकूच राजा म्हणत म्हणून !!

2. एन्टिक

ते दिसा

म्हज्या एका मत्राल्या

सोय-याच्या आ लशान

बंगल्यांत हांव भतर सरलो

ताका "एन्टिक"वस्तूंचो

सामको सोंस

संवसारांतलें जें जें पोरणें

तें तें ताका प्रय

ताचे खातीर तो

कतलेय पयशे मेजता

ताच्या बंगल्यांत

दर एके सुवातेर

खंयच्या खंयच्यान

फयदा करून हा डल्ल्यो

"एन्टिक"वस्तू

सोबीत ब-यो मां डल्ल्यो

सानन धाकणो,खलबतो,

खावचे पानांचो डबो,ताबूल फळें,

सो-याचे कार्बे

धोलतेर, वॉलतेर सगळें

"ह्या वस्तूंचें मोल करप कठीण

फुडाराक त्यो मेळच्योच नात

हांवें हें सगळें सांबाळून दवरलां"

अशें सांगून ताणे

बंगल्यांतल्यो वस्तू भोवून दाखयल्यो

एकूच "एन्टिक"पीस सोडून

तो ताणे वृद्धाश्रमात व्हरून दवरला!!!

Translation



Mukesh Thali

Mukesh Thali is a noted writer, Translator, lexicographer, journalist, columnist and a multifaceted personality. Retired from All India Radio Panaji as a newscaster on 30 June 2023. He has four essay books published in Konkani and has penned original and adapted, translated plays for Kala Academy Konkani Drama Competition, wrote one act plays and has Won prizes. His *Do re mi fa* prize winning Konkani drama book has been published. He has translated around 60 Konkani short stories into English. Published in renowned magazines like Frontline, Sahitya Akademi journals.

Awards:

Goa Konkani Akademi and Goa Kala Akademi State Award for Hansdhwani Konkani essays book. Konkani Bhasha Award for best columnist and also for radio journalism.

Chamber of commerce and industry award for radio journalism. Lokmat daily Goan of the year Award.

The Fox Aspires for the Throne

The lions and the tigers
Of the jungle are becoming extinct
The foxes, therefore, are
Capering in glee
Howling and whistling,
Anticipating their imminent Kingdom

MY younger daughter Samidha
Does not have an inkling
That those big Cates even exist
She has awarded Kingship to the fox

In vain did I try
to make her understand
that the fox is not the rightful King.
But she listens to naught.

Indeed, she is not at fault.
She has seen none but the fox
parading as King.

where are the lions and tigers
That I could get
For her to behold?

Now i shudder in fear that
Soon she her peers and posterity
Would hail the fox as King of the jungle

The Antiques

That day
I called upon my friend
At his splendid bungalow

He is very fond
Of antiques,
All things old, the World over
To him are quite dear.
On them he spends a lot.

In every nook and cranny
Sit pretty
Many a marker of antiquity

Oven mortar
Betel leaf tin, a dice game,
Wine carboy,
Rocking chair....

"Scarce can one estimate
The worth of these priceless rarities
The future hods no place for them.
Hence i have collected them"

Saying thus
He led me on
a round of his house.
Acquainting me with
Each of his priced possessions.

Curiously, one was missing.
The one that now
Graces the confines
OF an old age home.

Short Story



Devidas Kadam

Devidas Kadam is one of the eminent Konkani writers. He has written short stories, dramas, and novels. He has been conferred with many prestigious awards including the Sahitya Akademi award.

मठी

ग्राम पुरसा मठयेंतली बसका सोंपली. गांवठण हाल्लें. शंकरबाब कमराचो वालो सांबाळत उठलो. उठटना तेका पांय धरिल्लेवरी जालें. देवा, हांव जाणटो जावं ना मू? मनांत येवजुवप जाता थंय आसा, खणांतच मन थ कल्ले वरी दिसल. बेठेंच. इतले बेगीन जाणटो जावप म्हाका उपकारचें ना. चार भुरगीं गांठीक आसात. तीं मार्गाक लागता मेरेन रटें दण्णोंक जाय!

शंकरबाब भायर सरलो.

पांयांक चामड्याची जोतीं चडयतना तेणें पुरसा मठयेर नदर भोंवडायली. कत्याक हुसको करतात हे मठयेचो? मठी अजून खंय जीर्ण जाल्या? म्हगेर घरा मठयेक चयल्यार ही काय बरी! गळ्ळेच पावसान

दोन थेंबे जाल्यार भतर गर्भगुडी ना? पुरसाक काय थंडी जोर बादचो ना. तोच हेरांचो थंडी-जोर पयस करता... गरजे भायर ताकतीक ही... येवजणेंत तो चलूंक लागलो. तेच्या सांगात्यांक- गोंयदाक, सुकूक,

कुशालीक- “येतां रे...!” म्हणचें धंगणय तेका उरूंक ना.

हेर दुगदगे उणे आसात म्हूण आयज एक नवो दुगदुगो तकलेंत वसतेक येयिल्लो. हुसको कुशीक काडून तकली हगूर करूंया म्हटल्यार कर्जदारी कसो तकलेंतल्यान हालनासलो. सामको खुरमांडी घालून ब शल्लो.

मनशान इतलें भजूड कत्याक आसचें? चार जणां मुखार तेणें आपली कथा आनी व्यथा मांडूंकय फाटी-फुडें करचें? घरांतली अब्रू चार वण्टीं भायर वचूंक दिवं नये, ही मनशाची संकुचीत वृत्ती. एक फुट करो

हंब तो!

मागीर तेणें स्वताकूच वचारलें, तशें आसल्यार तुवें तेंकां सांगूंक ना कत्याक? घडये तेंकां तुजी

काकूट येता आसली. तो जाणा, खंयचोच मनीस तशें करिना. मनीस आयजवेर हो हंब घेवनच जियेला. आपली काकूट केल्ली कोणाक जाय?

तो हेंवूय जाणा, भायल्या वेव्हारा कडेन भतरलो हिशेब जुळ्ळो जाल्यारच मनीस तडीर पावता, नातर तो घुस्पता. हें घुस्पवप भोव जीव खावपी आसता.

आयज तोवूय घुस्पला...

शंकरबाब चर चर करून जोतीं वाजयत चलतालो. एकटोच. आपलेच येवजणेंत. हरशीं तो आपल्या हेर सांगात्यां वांगडा गजाली करत येवपी. पुणून आयज तेका एके खर येवजणेन हेरां साकून वेगळायत

सटसटीत पावलां मारत चलूंक लायिल्लो. मनीस आपलेच येवजणेंत घुस्पल्यार खंय तेका हेरांची सांगात नाका आसता. ताचेंय तेंच जाल्लें. तकले वयर कांव कांव करत कावळ्यांचें एक भरें दिगंतराक वचूंक

ला गल्लें. तेंचेर नदर वचना फुडें शंकरान मनांत म्हणलें,

“चल्ले बाबडे आपल्या घरा.”

शंकरबाबाक दिसलें, हरेकाक, तो मागीर जीव-जंतू आसूं, जनावर आसूं, सवर्ण आसूं नातर मनीस आसूं, घरा परतुचेंच पडटा. घर कोणाक चुकलां? जिवाक थीर करपी, इसाम दिवपी घर हें हरेकाक जाय आसता, देखुनच सगळी आपलीं घरां करतात.

आतां तेका खोलायेन होलमलें, खऱ्यांनीच मनशाक मोह-माया कर्तुबाच्या सांपळ्यांनी बांदून दवरता तें घरच! हातूंतल्यान सुटप भोव कठीण. हातूंत घुस्पल्ल्यांक मर्ण सुदीक नाका आसता. मर्ण मनशाचो पूर्ण

वसव हें सुदीक वसरायेर उडयता हें घरच!

हेंच घर मुखार मनशाक कतें करूंक लायना? ह्या घरा पासत रटे दण्णोवचे पडटात. हाडां झरोवचीं पडटात. वटवटे काडचे पडटात. चौंय दिकांनी हेडचें पडटा. जिवाक वसव, इसाम मेळचे

पासत केल्लें हें घरच जिवाचो वसव आनी इसाम दोनूय गोळाक लायता. मागीर तो आपले भतरूच मुमुरखें हांसलो. तेणें मनांत म्हणलें, खरे हुशार फकीर-संन्याशी! तेंकां घरां नाका आसतात... मागीर तेणें येवजिलें, तशें चवंक गेल्यार तेंवूय खरें न्हूं! कां सुदीक निमाणे कडेन वसोव घेवंक खंयतरी आला शरो जायच!

एकवटीत, हरेक जिवाक राबितो करूंक घर जाय, हें कोणूच न्हयकारचो ना.

पुणून...

देवाचें कतें...?

देवाक खन्यांनीच घर जाय...?

देव पुराय ब्रह्मांड व्यापून आसा म्हणटात, मागीर तेका हे इल्लेशे देवमठ्येंत घुरमटोन दवरप सारकें? तुमकां मान्य आसल्यार दवरात गा! पुणून, हें करतना, हेरांचे घरमठयेर नांगर धुंवचो ना हेचें धंगण आसूं!

आमी सगळी तेचींच भुरगीं म्हणटात न्हूं? तो आपल्या भुरग्यांक मार्गार उडोवन आपूण सुरक्षीत रावंक सोदतलो? शंकरबाबाच्या ह्या वचाराक चार जणां मुखार मोल ना, हें शंकरबाब जाणा.

भौसाचेर जाल्लो एकवटीत संस्कार होच खरेलो. घरची वाट माड्डयतना तेका मक्तासुराचीं

उतरां कानार मारिल्लेवरी

परतून परतून येवजतालीं. आदी आमी देवाची खुंटी मारून, मागीर आमची मठी जोडल्या. देखून

देवाचे मठयेचो वचार आदीं जावंक जाय. मागीर आमचे मठयेचो! आमी भजल्यार कोंता येता,

देव भजूंक फावो ना! तेका भजूंक दिना जाल्यार, तो आमकां भजूंक दिवचो ना!

देव भजता?...

देव केन्नाय भजला ?...

देवय केन्ना भजूंक ना आनी मक्तासूरय भजूंक ना. आमी सगळे गांवकार जिते आसा मेरेन

देव कसोच भजचो ना! भाटां-बेसान गरेस्त आ शल्लो मक्तासूरय भजचो ना! भजल्यात

आनी भजतात ते आमी. रैताव, कुळवाडी, नांगर कशे गांवकार! सगळे वटेन भजतात! गेल्ल्या पावसांत आमी भजिल्ली. घरमठयेंत भतर रावनय भजिल्ली. भायर घोण्यांनी पावस रकतालो आनी वसकळ जाल्ल्या नळ्यांतल्यान भतर गळटालें. मागीर करप जालें. खंय खंय म्हण ताटां दवरतले ? थंगा तोप दवर, ताटां दवर पोरूं भजिल्लीं, तशीं, अंदूय भजतलीं. भजचेंच! अंदू घर सारकें करूं ना जाल्यार इपस्टा जातली. घराचे पाकाशे बरगल्यात. रिपी मोडल्यात. तेतूंत माकडान उडी घेवन नळेय गेल्यात. कतलीं वर्सा जालीं घराचे कोपरे कलवांनी शवप जाता. फाटले वटेन वणटीर गळून गळून वणत पडूंक पावल्या. वणटीन खांब्या कडल्यान आंग सोडलां. धंय माती भरूनूय भरवंसो ना. ह्या पावसांत घर दुरुस्त करिना जाल्यार ती शेर्त पडटा. भतर जनेलांची,

दारांचीय परिस्थिती येगळी ना. तेंच्यो चौकटी वाळटेन खायल्यात. तेतूंतल्यान सांसवां गळटात. घरकान्न कतले दीस जाले, फाटीक लागल्या, "घर सारकें करून घेया, ना जाल्यार ह्या पावसांत तें हुडी घेता! मातये वणटींचें आजें- पोंज्यान का डल्लें पोन्न घर तें!"

एक दीस केंवरे काडत शंकरबाबान म्हणलें सुदीक, "घेवं, घेवं, हुडी घेवं. सगळीं रातचीं न्हिदिल्ली आसतनाच घेवं हुडी. एके परीन पुराय मेकळे जातले. फाटल्यान रडूंक कोण उरचो ना."

खण्यांनीच घर जाणट्या मनशां वरी बागवोन येयलां. भरवंसो दवरप पशेपणाचें. दामुली पायण बलांटून शंकरबाब बांदार येयलो. मुखाल्ल्यान कुश्टबाब येतालो.

"बसका जाली रे शंकरा?" म्हणत कुश्टबाब येवन शंकरबाबा मुखार थारलो. खांदा वेलें खोरें सकयल दवरलें. काश्टेच्या मुखार सोडयिल्ल्या शेवान हुमेन चप च पल्लें तोंड पुसलें. तो उकतोच आसलो. आनी वावरा गेल्लो आतांच परततालो म्हूण तेचें हुमेन भजिल्लें आंगच सांगतालें.

"दी, एक इडी दी..."

"खंय गेल्लो तूं?" शंकरबाबान आपले धवे बंडेंतल्यान धवो चवकनी इडेकंडो भायर काडत

वचारलें.

“पोरसाक अगळ काडून येयलां... जालें ना पोरसूं करचें आतां?”

“म्हगेलें आनी अगळ काडचें तशेंच उरलां...” अशें म्हणत शंकरबाबान कंड्यांतल्यान एक इडी काडून कुश्टबाबाक दिली. आनी एक आपल्या तोंडाक लायली. लार काडून आपली इडी पेटयली. मागीर “हूं...घे” म्हणत पेटिल्लें लायटर कुश्टबाबा मुखार धरलें. कुश्टबाबान इडी पेटोवन दुकोट सोडत वचारलें,

“बसका जाली?”

“हय तर!” मागीर कुश्टबाबाच्या तोंडा कडेन रोमून चयत म्हटलें,

“तूं येवं ना कसो ?”

“तूं आनी कतें इचारता शंकरा? सून भाणत जाल्ली नकळो ?

सुयेर न्हू? देवळमठी भश्टय म्हणटा?”

“थोs थोs थोs थो! इसल्लों मुरे हांव!” शंकरबाबान पोल्यार मारून घेत म्हणलें.

“तकलेर नाका नाका जाल्ले पेज येयिल्ल्यान, हे दिसाडेन भोवच इसरप जाता, ना अशें न्हू!”

“म्हाका सांग, कतें थारलें बसकेंत?”

“पुरसामठ परथून बांदचो!”

“पुराय ?”

“हय! चौंय वटेच्यो पोरन्यो वणट्यो पाडप. थंय नट्यो वणट्यो उब्यो करप, वयर सलेब.”

“ सलेब?”

“हयतर! देवळमठी सलेबाची काडले बगर तेका सलेबाचें घर काडूंक मेळना न्हू! देव कोपचो ना?”

“सारकें तुजें हां शंकरबाब, आतां व्हडल्या घरचीं मनशां, तोंड कोण उगडटलो?”

“पूण आमचेर पेटणे पडटात! तेमी हूडटात म्हूण आमच्यांनी हूडूंक जाता? आदींच आमगे पांयांक पेटके येयल्यात...!”

“हय रे ss बाबा!” कुश्टबाबान इडयेचो झुरको घेवन दुकोट भायर सोडत म्हणलें. “पूण एक खरें

रे शंकरा, देवळमठी खूबच जीर्ण जाल्या रे!”

“हय रे, पूण म्हगे घरा मठये इतली न्हू न्ही!”

हाचेर कुश्टबाब खो-खो करून हांसलो. हांसतां-हांसतां खोक-खोक करून खोकलो. उपरांत 'हाक् थू' करून बचको भर थुकत म्हणूक लागलो,

“सारकें तुगेलें, जण एकल्यालें जण एकल्याक!”

“आनी तेंवूय देवा परबे पयलीं जावूं जाय म्हणटा! तेचो पूत वज्जेर जावन येयला न्हू, तो पयशे उबे केल्यार बांदून दिवची जापसालदारकी घेता म्हणटा.

“तशें जाल्यार तेंकलें मुरे येवन!”

“म्हणच तकली पकार जाल्या.”

“गांवठणान मत दिलें?”

“मक्तासुरान सांगल्यार गांवठण ना म्हणटा?”

कुश्टबाबान हुस्कारो सोडलो. तेच्या तोंडांत आ शल्लो ना शल्लो दुकोटय भायर सरलो.

“ कतें तें?”

शंकरबाबान इडयेचो घोंट घेयिल्लो तो तेणें नाका-तोंडांतल्यान भायर सो डनासतना नकळट गळ्ळो. घुस्मटलो आनी खोकू लागलो.

‘मरूं तो!’ म्हणत खीण भर हड्डें पुसत रागलो. जशें काय हेणें हड्डे वयल्यान पुसतकीर भतर दुकोट सकयल देंवतलो.

“ शवरामान सांगलें तेका, आपूण एक घरामठी काडची येवजितां. आपलें घर पोन्नें जालां...”

“मागीर कतें म्हणलो?”

“तेचीं सददांचींच शाणेशास्त्रां! आपलेंच खरें करप!... शवराम मागीर तोंडांत फोव घालून ओगगी.”

“म्हाका सांग, एकेकल्याक फाळो कसो येयला?”

“खांडयेक तीन हजार आनी शेंडयेक पांयशीं रुपया.”

“म्हाकाय अंदू जडच तें! धुयेले व्हार डकेचें येवजितालों...!”

“तुका फकत धुयेले व्हार डकेचें! म्हजे मुखार इल्ले पेच नात!”

शंकरबाबान इडये पोंत मोखून भायर मारत म्हणलें,

“एक खरें कुश्टबाब, गरेस्त मनशाक केन्नाच कसलेंच मुखेलपण दिवं नये, तेका गरीब मनशाक मतींत घेवन वचार करप जमना! आनी दुसरे म्हणल्यार, उगडूंक शकूंक जाय.”

गांवठणान तोंड

“सारकें तुजें!” कुश्टबाबाकूय तेजें उलवणें मानवलें.

मागीर उलवणीं मदींच तुटयत शंकरबाबान म्हणलें,

“कुश्टबाब, हांव येतां, आयजच हांवें घराकडेन हरी मेस्ताक आपयला. तिनसांज कात्रेरशें यो म्हूण सां गल्लें...”

"बरें..."

शंकरबाब चलूंक लागलो. खोरें उखलून खांदार घेवन कुश्टबाबय चलूंक लागलो. चार पावलां फुडें वतकच शंकरबाब अचकीत थारलो. फाटल्यान चयन तेंणें कुश्टबाबाक सादयलें,

"कुश्टा, हांयें कांय उलयलें ना हां! कांय उलयलें ना!"

"हां... हां... कळ्ळें!" कुश्टबाबान हात उखालन सांगलें. "कांय उलयलो ना तूं!"

दोगूय दोन दिकेन फुडें चलूंक लागले...

शंकरबाबान हिशेब केल्लो, पांच खांडयेची जमीण म्हटल्यार पंदरा हजार रुपया. चार भुरगीं आनी आमी दोगांय म्हटल्यार स जणांले शेंडयेचे तीन हजार वट्ट अठरा हजार! दिवचें कांय चुकना!

कुश्टबाब धुयेले व्हार डकेचें येवजिता, 'तेगेले धुये परस म्हगे व्हडली धूव दोन वर्षांनी व्हड. गळ्याक लागलां. आदीं मोडूंक येयिल्ली घरा मठी दुरुस्त करूंया म्हूण आसां. व्हार डकेचें फुडल्या वर्सा चवया

म्हूण आसां. व्हारडीक तोंडाची ती? नोकरे शपायाक दिवची म्हणल्यार उण्यांत उणें एकोणीस तोळे भांगर आनी एकोणीस हजार मागतले. ते भायर हेर खर्च!

रैताव मनीस, शेतकामती. करतलो कसो?

खेतें हागतलें कतलें आनी शेणी थापतलें कतलें? पांच खांडये जमणीर स पोटां भरूंक जाय. दोगूय धुवांक मॅट्रीक मेरेन शकयलें, व्हडलो पूत बारावेक आनी धाकलो धावेक. तेंच्या शक्षणाचो खर्च उणो?

आतांचो जमानो चयल्यार भुरगींय चडच जालीं ती. करतलो कतें तेंकां? हें आतां येवजता... तेन्ना बायले म्हऱ्यांत वयतना येवजू ना! शंकरबाबाल्या बापाय तेंपार तेंगेली धा खांडयेची जमीन आसली.

स खांडयेचें सरदें शेत आनी चार खांडयेचें वांयगणा शेत. शंकरबाबाल्या बापायच्या दुर्येसाक लागून तीन खांडयेची वांयगणा जमीन वकप जाल्ली. शंकरबाब नेण्टो तेन्ना, तीग भयण्यो. तेच्या बापायक तोंडाचो बाव जाल्लो. पोळ्यां मेट धरिल्लें अंकोला मेरेन आनी देवबाग धरिल्लें जोयडा मेरेन पुराय पुराय वखदळी, वैज जाल्ले. गूण येवंक ना. ल्हवूच तकलेक एक गोळ येयलें. तेतूंतच सोंपलो. मागीर दोन खांडयेची जमीण भयण्यांच्या व्हार डकां वेळार वकप जाली.

तूर्त तेचे कडेन एकूय वांयगणा शेत उरूंक नासलें. वांयगणा शेतां ही दोन पकेचीं. सरदें एके पकेचें. एके पकेन कतें कर्म जाता?

ह्या सरदया शेता भरवंशार सगळं करूंक जाय! हेरांलें तशें न्हू. तेंगेर वांयगणा शेतां आसात. घरांत कोण ना कोण रोजेक आसात. फाटीं उरला तो शंकरबाब.

वर्सभर हाडां दण्णयल्यार सुदीक अखेरेक मना सारके चार पयशे गांठीक मेळनात. इतलीं वर्सां मेळयल्लें, आवयल्या दुर्येसान धुयलें. आवय सोंपतकीर बायलेन धुवूक सुरू केला. तेका पंदरा पंदरा दिसांनी उमास-पुनवेक भन्नी येता. दमो खंय!

खंय खंय कुटूक-मुटूक करून पंदरा वीस हजार उरल्यात. हेजेन घर दुरुस्त करुंया म्हणल्यार ही आतां

पुरसा मठी हड्डियार येवन बसल्या.

शंकरबाब घरा पावलो तेन्ना धर्तरेर काळसाण पातळूक ला गल्ली. तेची घरकान्न आंगणांत तुळशीक दिवो लायताली. घोवाक चयन तिणें म्हणलें, "हरीबाब येयला. वासरेर बसला..." शंकरान जोतीं काडून दारांत दवरलीं. भतर येयलो. वासरेर बांकड्यार हरी मेस्त च्या पीत ब शल्लो.

"शंकरबाब, येयलो?"

"भायर गेल्ल्याक घरा येवचेंच पडटा न्हूं हरीबाब! घर कोणाक चुकलां? जनावरांक आनी सवण्यांक सुदीक चुकना. तें मागीर कशेंय आसूं, बरें आसूं नातर म्होडकें आसूं!"

"तुगे घर मात सामकेंच म्होडकें जालां शंकरबाब. हांवें पुराय चयलें. अंदू सारकें करना जाल्यार ह्या पावसांत शेत हूडी घेता!"

"तें हांवूय जाणा रे. पूण साधारण खर्च कतलो येतलो?"

"म्हगे कोंता परमाणें वीस-पंचवीस जायच."

"फुडल्या वर्सा च्या तशें जाल्यार...!"

हरीमेस्त शंकरबाबाल्या तोंडाक चयत रावलो खीणभर. "अंदू घर सारकें करिना जाल्यार फस्तीक पडटलो तूं शंकरबाब!" हरी मेस्तान परतून सांगलें.

"फुडें चया, फुडें चया, म्हूण मुखार धुकलीत तुमी घराची परिस्थिती इतल्यार हाडली. आनिकूय फुडें चया म्हणटात?" शंकरबाबाले घरकान्नीन मुखार येत म्हणलें. खीण भर शंकरबाबान घरकान्नील्या तोंडाकडेन थीर नदरेन चयलें. मागीर म्हणूंक लागलो,

"तूं सांगता तें खरें गो. पूण हांयें अंदू पुरसा मठाक अठरा हजार दिवंक जाय न्हू? ना जाल्यार देव भजतलो! देव भजल्यार जाता तुका! सांग..."

शंकरबाबाली घरकान्न हेचेर कांयच उलयली ना. ती शेडको येयिल्ले वरी सटसटीत भतर गेली. कांय खीण थंय कण्ण, करांव मोनेपण पातळ्ळें. झाडामाडांतल्यान वाऱ्याचें एक पान लेगीत हालूंक ना. तुळशी मांडये वयलो दिवो सुदीक थीर, संथ पेट्टालो.

शंकरबाबान ह्या मोनेपणाक जाग हाडत म्हणलें, "बरें, यो तूं हरीबाब. देवाच्या मनांत घडये हें घर सारकें करचें नासुंये!"

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## Translation



### **Vaishnavi Hegde Agranayak**

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In her leisure time, she enjoys crocheting and knitting.

## The Abode

The meeting at the mathi, the village temple, had concluded. The community of village elders rose to their feet.

Shankarbaab gingerly held onto this waist-cloth as he stood up. He felt as though one of his legs was stiffening up as he rose. Oh! Have I become old? As soon as this thought arose, his mind felt exhausted. For no apparent reason. I cannot afford to get old so soon. Four children are bound to me. I must keep my nose to the grindstone until they make something of themselves.

Shankarbaab left.

As he slipped his feet into his leather slippers, he ran his eyes over the village temple. Why do they worry about this temple? Has it dissolved down yet? As compared to the abode of my house, this is so much better! If a couple of raindrops do trickle down from it, isn't there the inner sanctum? Purus, the God, does not get affected by cold or fever. He cures others' colds and fevers... This is an unnecessary exercise.

Lost in thought, he began walking. He did not even realise that he had forgotten to bid farewell to his companions - Gonyad, Sukru, Kushali.

As if there weren't enough worries, this was a new worry that had come to stay in his mind. He considered keeping his worries aside and not thinking about them, but they sat in his head like a disgruntled money lender. It had stubbornly settled in.

Why must man be so scared? Must he hesitate to disclose his life and his state of affairs? 'The vulnerabilities of the household must not cross the four walls of the house is man's narrow-minded nature. A false ego!

Then he asked himself if this was so then why did you not tell them? They could possibly have felt sorry for you.

He was aware that no man does that. Every man lives with his ego. Who likes it when others feel sorry for him?

He was also aware that a person crosses over the other stepstone of success only when the outward business and the internal feeling match, if not, he gets lost. This feeling of being lost gnaws at life.

Today, he was also lost...



The 'charr...charr...' sound of Shankarbaab's footwear could be heard as he slid them against the road as he walked. Alone. Lost in his thoughts.

Usually, he would talk and walk along with his companions. But today, a strong line of thought had compelled him to separate from his companions and hastily walk alone. It is said that when a person is consumed by his thoughts, he does not need the company of others. He was undergoing the same. Above his head, a flock of crows was flying away towards the skies. As Shankar looked at them, he thought, "The poor things are going home."

Shankarbaab thought, everyone, regardless of whether it is an insect or a worm, an animal, a bird or a human, he must return home. Who can escape his home? Everyone wants a home that gives stability and rest, thus, people build homes.

He was then struck by the realisation that the thing that entrappes a person and ties him down by the skeletons of duties is his home! It is difficult to escape this. Once you're stuck here, a person does not even want death. A house even makes a man forget that death is his final, complete rest!

Does the house not make a man do everything? One must labour hard for it. Work one's fingers to the bone. Toil tirelessly. Undertake long journeys. The house which is built in order to provide rest and relaxation ends up putting both rest and relaxation on trial.

He laughed to himself.

Then he thought, wise are the saints and masters! They have no want for a house... Then he continued, actually, even that is not true! In the end, they too need a resting place.

All in all, it cannot be denied that every life needs a house to live in.

But...

What about God...?

Does God really need a house...?

It is said that God is in the entire Brahman, then is it fair to keep him congested in the tiny Devalmathi, the abode of God? Do it if it means something to you! But while doing so, take into account that it does not mean breaking another's Gharmathi, house! Aren't we said to be his children? Would he prefer to throw his children to the streets in order to live protected?



Shankarbaab knew that his thoughts held no value in the eyes of the elders of the village community. The popular learning that was ingrained into everyone would be the only truth.

He could still hear Maktasur's words as he trudged the path to his house.

When we first settled into this virgin land, we established the stake and space of God before we built our shelters around it. So, the space for God's shelter must be our prime concern. Then comes the issue of our own homes! We can suffer the forces of nature, God mustn't! If we don't let him suffer, he will not let us suffer as well!

Does God suffer?

Has he ever been drenched in the cold rain? Ever been affected by the forces of nature? God has never been affected and neither has Muktasur, the chairman of the temple committee.

As long as all the villagers live, God shall never suffer! A man as wealthy as Maktasur, the owner of numerous fields and lands shall also not suffer!

Those who have suffered, and are still suffering are us. Raitav, Kudwadi, Nangar, the villagers! Suffer in every aspect!

We were soaked to the bone in the previous monsoon, in spite of being indoors, in our homes. The rain was roaring outside and trickling into the house through the loose tiles. Then came the whole process of keeping vessels and plates everywhere to contain those drops. How much area of the house could we have covered with those plates?

Just as we had been drenched last year, so will we now. We must!

We will be in a fix if the house is not repaired this year.

The roof has bent inward. The beams are broken. To add to that, monkeys have also broken down the roof tiles. For the last few years, the corners of the house have been secured merely by stitched-up coconut palm leaves. The back wall of the house is about to collapse due to continuous water seepage. The walls have withered away from the columns. Filling the gaps with soil may not solve the problem. The house will surely run into the ground if not repaired before this year's monsoon. The windows and doors also endure the same misfortune. Termites have chumbled through them.

The wife has been nagging him for many days, "Get the house repaired or it will cave-in this monsoon! It is an age-old ancestral house made of mere mud and bricks."

One day, a frustrated Shankarbaab had even said, "Let it! Let it cave-in! May it cave-in while we're all asleep under it at night. Then we shall all be truly free. No one will be left behind to grieve.

The house had indeed bowed down like an old man. It would be foolish to depend upon it.

Shankarbaab crossed over from Damu's courtyard onto the Baand, the boundary of a field.

Kushthbaab was approaching from the front.

"Is the meeting over, Shankar?" he enquired as he stood in front of Shankarbaab. He lowered the hoe from his shoulder. He wiped his sweat-drenched face with the long front part of his loin-cloth. He was unclothed. It was evident from his sweat-drenched body that he was just getting back from work.

"Give me, give me a Beedi, cigarette...!"

"Where had you gone?" Shankarbaab enquired as he removed the square white Beedi packet from its white bundle.

"From digging around the courtyard.... Isn't it time now to get on with that work?"

"I am yet to start that..." Said Shankarbaab as he removed a Beedi from the packet and handed it over to Kushthbaab. And he put the other to his lips. He lit his Beedi with a lighter. Then he hovered the lit lighter in front of Kushthbaab's face as he said, "Hmm... Here"

Kushthbaab lit his Beedi and as he let out the smoke, questioned again, "Is the meeting over?"

"Of course!" Then he continued while peering at Kushthbaab's face, "How come you weren't there?"

"Why are you even asking me this question, Shankar? Didn't my daughter-in-law just deliver a baby? Am I not under sayer the celebratory period? Do you want me to pollute the Devalmathi, the abode of God?"

"Oh! Yes, yes yes! I had forgotten!" Shankarbaab exclaimed as he smacked himself across the face. "I won't deny that of late, things have been skipping my mind due to too many unnecessary pressures and stresses!"

"So, tell me, what has been decided at the meeting?"

"The temple of the Purus, the village deity, is to be rebuilt."

"Entirely?"

"Yes! All the old four walls are to be broken, replaced with new walls, a slab on top."

"Slab?"

"Oh yes! He will not be able to build a house with a slab until the roof of the temple has one! Won't God be angry?"

"You are right, Shankarbaab, they are wealthy people, who will open their mouths in front of them?"

"But we are caught in the crossfire! Can we leap high just because they can? Our soles are already blistered...!"

"So true you speak!" Kushthbaab continued as he took a long drag of the Beedi and blew out the smoke. "But, one thing is for sure, Shankar, the Devalmathi, the abode of God has considerably withered!"

"Absolutely! But not as much as my Gharmathi, house, has it?"

Kushthbaab guffawed at this statement. He even had a harsh spell of cough as he laughed. Then, as he spat out a mouthful of spit, he spoke, "You are right, to each his own!"

"And that too needs to be done before the festival, it seems! Since his son has become an engineer, he has stated that he will take up the responsibility of building it if the funds are raised."

"If that is the case, it will have to happen immediately!"

"Thus, I am peeved."

"Did the village elders give their opinion?"

"Will the elders deny Muktasur?"

Kushthbaab sighed. The residual smoke from the Beedi left his lips.

"What is it?"

Instead of releasing it from his mouth or nose, Shankarbab unconsciously swallowed the smoke of his next drag, suffocated over it and started coughing. "May he die!" He blurted out as he rubbed the front of his chest for a while as if that would push the smoke down.

"Shivram told him that he is considering building his Gharmathi, house, that his house has become old..."

"What did he say to that?"

"His usual words of wisdom! Stubbornly pushing his own agenda!... Shivram then bit his own lip and stood silent."

"Tell me, what is each one's contribution?"

"Three thousand rupees per thousand square metres of land and rupees five hundred per person."

"This year, that amount is a lot for me as well! I was planning my daughter's wedding...!"

"You only have to worry about your daughter's marriage! I have many challenges!"

Shankarbaab announced as he threw the useless end of the Beedi "One thing is for sure, Kushthbaab, a rich man must never be given any leadership, he is incapable of considering the plight of the poor! And secondly, the village elders must learn to open their mouths."

"You are absolutely right!" Kushthbaab said in agreement.

Shankarbab spoke breaking further conversation, "Kushthbaab, I shall take your leave now. I have asked the carpenter, Hari, to come home today. I had asked him to be there around evening..."

"Ok..."

Shankarbaab resumed walking.

Kushthbaab also picked up the hoe and continued on his path.

After he had walked a few steps, Shankarbaab suddenly stopped. He turned around and called out to Kushthbaab, " Kushtha, I have said nothing, Ok! Not a thing!"

"Yes... Yes... Understood!" Kushthbaab raised his hand as he said, " You have not uttered a word!"

Both of them walked away in opposite directions...

Shankarbaab had done his calculations, five thousand square metres of land meant fifteen thousand rupees. Plus, four children and us meant three thousand rupees. A total of eighteen thousand! And no way of getting out!

Kushthbaab was contemplating his daughter's marriage, 'my daughter is two years older than his. Desperate times. The house is also breaking down, shall I repair that first?

Considering the wedding for next year. A wedding is not an easy feat! Giving her off in

marriage to an employed man means arranging for at least sixteen tole gold and nineteen thousand rupees.

I am but a farmer, how will I manage that?

Beggars can't be choosers. Six people were dependent on his five Khandi of agriculture land (ten thousand square meters). Both his daughters had completed high school. The older son was in the twelfth and the younger one was studying tenth. Was education cheap? If the current times are to be considered, he had too many children. What could he do about it now? Why think of this now if I didn't think then!

During his time, Shankarbaab's father had ten Khandi of land. Six Khandi Rabbi crops and four Khandi for Kharif crops. Shankarbaab was compelled to sell three Khandi of the Kharif land when his father took ill. Shankarbaab was a young man then, he and his three sisters. His father suffered from mouth cancer. They tried every medical facility from Polem Meth to Akola and Deobaag to Joyda. But nothing came to fruition. He suddenly got a lump on his head and succumbed to it. Then two Khandi of land was sold during the sisters' weddings.

He had no Kharif land left anymore. Kharif land would give two harvests, while Rabi would give one. How would that be enough?

We have to depend on the Rabbi crop for everything!

Others don't have to bear this. They have Kharif lands. Someone or the other in the household is on a job. Shankarbaab was the only one left behind.

Even if he gives his blood, sweat and tears for the entire year, he still does not end up making enough.

His life savings had been long wiped out by his mother's illness. Once his mother had passed, his wife started, occasionally, falling ill. She would get chest congestion every fifteen days or so, it was asthma.

Scrambling for scraps and pieces every now and then had led to his current savings of a meagre fifteen to twenty thousand rupees.

The plan of using this money to repair his house had gone down the drain as the work of repair and construction of the temple had come up.

As Shankarbaab reached home, the world around him was getting darker. His wife was lighting a lamp in front of the Tulsi Vrindavan on the front porch. Seeing her husband, she said, "Haribaab is here, he is sitting on the verandah..."

"Shankarbaab, you are back!"

"Haribaab, everyone who leaves must return home, isn't it? Who can escape this? Not even animals or birds have that option. No matter the state of the house. A strong one or one that's about to collapse!"

"However, your house is almost in ruins, Shankarbaab. I have examined the whole house. If you don't repair it this year, it will most definitely crumble!"

"I too am aware of that. But what would be the approximate cost of getting it done?"

"As per my estimation, it must come up to around twenty to twenty-five thousand."

"Let's push it to next year then...!"

A bewildered carpenter Hari stared at Shankar for a moment. "You will be in a fix if you don't repair the house this year, Shankarbaab." He reiterated.

"This same attitude of postponing work time after time has led to its current state. Do you still want to further delay it?" His wife questioned.

Shankarbaab peered at his wife's face for a moment. Then he continued, "Whatever you are saying is true. But, I must give eighteen thousand rupees to the village temple this year, or else God will suffer! Would you be fine with that? Tell me..."

Shankarbaab's wife did not respond. She promptly went into the house as a mark of her discontent.

For a while, everything was silent. Not even a leaf was rustled by the breeze. Even the lamp in the lap of the Tulas burnt still and silent.

Shankarbaab broke the silence as he said, "Haribaab, please carry on with your evening now. The almighty may not have it in his heart to repair this house!"

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Manipuri



Birendrajit Naorem (Manipur)

বিৱেন্দ্ৰজিৎ নাওৱেম ১৯৫৯দা মণিপুরগী, শিংজমৈ মখা নাওৱেম লৈকায়দা পোকখি। দি কলচৰেল ফোৱম, মনিপুরনা ফোঙবা “ঋতু” গী জোইন্ট এডিটৰ ওইৱশ্মী। হৌজীক ফাওবদা ৱাৰীমচা লাইৰিক অনী য়াওনা শৈৱেং লাইৰিক তৱেং ফোঙদুনা মনিপুৰী খোৱিৰোলগী পূক্লেদা চাওৱবা খুদোল তম্বা ঙমথ্ববা অইবনি। শৈৱেংগী লাইৰিক অমসুং চেফোঙ কয়াসু এডিট তৌদুনা ফোঙখিৰা লৈৱে। লেমজনিংঙাই ওইৱবা **সাহিত্য একাদেমি এৱাৰ্দসু** মহাক্কী শৈৱেংগী লাইৰিক “লাস্থেংনৱিৰা লান্মী” দা ইং ২০০৪দা পীদুনা ইকাইখুম্বা উৎখি। মনিপুর স্টেট এৱাৰ্দ ফোৱ লিটৱেচৰ-২০১৩ সু মহাক্কী “**তুৱেল নঙদি**” হায়না মিংথোনবা শৈৱেংগী লাইৰিক অসিদা পীখি। মসিদসু নত্তনা তোঙান তোঙানবা খোৱিৰোলগী লূপ কয়ানা পীবা মানা তৰুক হেন্না ফংথ্ববা অইবা অমনি।

Birendrajit Naorem: He is an eminent Manipuri poet of Manipur, India. He was born in Shingjamei Makha Naorem leikai, Manipur, in the year 1959. He was a former joint editor of ‘Reetu’, published by *The Cultural Forum Of Manipur*. He has published two books of short stories and seven books of poetry in Manipuri, so far. He has also edited some poetry anthologies and magazines. He was honoured with **Sahitya Akademy Award** for his poetry book “*Lantbengnariba Lanmee*” in the year 2004. He was also honoured with **Manipur State Award for Literature (2013)** for his poetry book named “*Turel Nangdi*”. Besides, He was honoured with many other awards from different literary organisations of Manipur.

थम्नोयसिना हायरि

नङ्गी अचुषना

ऎबु मायथीवा पीवियु.

नङ्गी मीनषना

ऎबु माय पाकहनवविगनु।

नङ्गी अशेऱ्वा फजवना

ऎबु नङ्गी नुऱ्गी अथीवना

ऎबु मपा लैतना फजवा ओइहनविगनु।

ओमथै लैतना थीहनवियु

ऎबु मपा लैतना फजवा ओइहनविगनु।



Misna Chanu

Misna Chanu is a bilingual poetess, author, translator and an editor from India. She is a post-graduate in Botany. Writing is not her hobby or passion but a call of her soul. Since childhood, she has been writing poetry and has published two poetry books; “A Little Piece Of Melancholic Sky” and “Many Shades Of Love” and three International Anthologies “Under The Azure Sky”, “May Love Heal the Love” and “Beyond The Language”. Her works have been translated into 11 foreign languages and published in many national and international journals, anthologies and multilingual magazines.

This Heart Is Telling

Defeat me
By your truth,
Don't let me achieve victory
By your deceitfulness!
Make me profound ugly
By your authentic beauty,
Don't let me be the majestic
By your ugliness within!

Marathi

Short Story



डॉ. वर्षा फाटक Dr. Varsha Phatak

परिचय : डॉ. वर्षा शिरीष फाटक, सहयोगी प्राध्यापक आणि विभागप्रमुख, मराठी विभाग, आठल्ये-सप्रे-पिन्ने महाविद्यालय, देवरुख. त्यांचा अध्यापनाचा अनुभव १५ वर्षे आहे. विद्यावाचस्पती पदवीसाठीचा त्यांचा विषय “डॉ. विजया राजाध्यक्ष यांच्या ललित साहित्याचा चिकित्सक अभ्यास” असा आहे. पीएच.डी. मार्गदर्शक म्हणून सध्या पाच विद्यार्थ्यांना मार्गदर्शन करत आहेत. ‘भाषा आणि जीवन’ विद्यापीठ अनुदान आयोग पुरस्कृत त्रैमासिक मधून ‘नदीष्ट’ आदिबंधात्मक समीक्षा लेख प्रसिद्ध झाला आहे. विवेक साप्ताहिक पुणे आयोजित राज्यस्तरीय कथालेखन स्पर्धा उत्तेजनार्थ क्रमांक प्राप्त. त्यांनी झी मराठी म्हणींवरून कथालेखन स्पर्धेत उत्तेजनार्थ क्रमांक प्राप्त केला आहे. त्यांनी ‘सर्वस्पर्शी’ दिवाळी अंक २०२३ आयोजित राज्यस्तरीय कथास्पर्धा तृतीय क्रमांक प्राप्त केला आहे. याशिवाय विविध मासिकांमधून आणि शोध पत्रिकांमधून चिकित्सक लेख प्रकाशित झाले आहेत.

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कथा:

सुटका

देवबाग तसं डोंगराच्या पायथ्याशी घनगर्द वनराईत वसलेलं, छोटसं दुर्गम गाव. सप्तलिंगी नदीकाठी शे-पाचशे कौलारू घरांची वस्ती. नदीपल्याड तालुक्याचं गावठाण. वरच्या वाठारात बामणांची धा-पांच घरा आणि वाटली गुरवांची वस्ती. मधल्या अंगाला सोमेश्वराच्या देवळानजीक सद्या पावसकराचा दुकानं. गावातल्या बाया-बाप्यास्नी लागेल ते सामान त्याच्याकडे मिळे. तसं गावातल्या माणसाला असं काय लागतं? होळीच्या टायमाला मुंबयकर आलं की कायनू बायनू आणत. मांगच्या टायमाला असा सद्याच्या दुकानात रेडियो आला व्हता. सगली बापय माणसं संध्याकाळच्या टायमाला कारीक्रम ऐकायला येवन बसत. पर बायांना मातुर नदीवर आल्याबिगर कुणाकुणाकडल्या वार्ता कळत नसतं.

तशी दल्या गुरवाची शेवता म्हणजे गावातलं चालतं-बोलतं वर्तमानपत्र. उजाडायचाच अवकाश शेवता मोठ्या तोऱ्यात वरच्या वाठारापासून खालच्या वाठारापर्यंत दिवसभराच्या वार्ता सांगत फिरत असे.

शेवताकडे आज अगदी ताजी खुसखुशीत वार्ता होती. वरच्या पाराशी वासंतीला पाहून न पाहिल्यासारखं करत तिने आपला मोहरा नदीवाटेकडे वळवला.

दिस भरत आल्यानं जडावलेली वासंती पारावर भरलेली कळशी टेकवीत शेवताला हाक मारू लागली. नदीकाठच्या सखारामची सून काल रात्री बाळंतीण झाली असं नदीवर पाण्याला आलेल्या बायका बोलल्याचं चुकतं कानावर पडलं होतं. वासंतीला बघून त्यांनी विषय बदलला होता. त्यामुळे तिची वार्ता ऐकायला ती आतुरली होती.

“शेवता sss शेवता अगं थांब की वाईच. रातच्याला खल्लीकडं एवढी मानसा का गे जमल्याली?”

“घरला चल मंग सांगताव. म्हणत वासंतीची कळशी उचलत पाराला वळसा घालून ती वासंतीच्या घरात शिरली.

“आता काय जाला ता सांग?” पाण्याचा पेला शेवताच्या हातात देत घामाने डबडबलेली वासंती पदरानं घाम पुसत शेवन्ताला अधीरपणे विचारू लागली.

“ता काय सांगू बाय अदुगर नकाएवडी च्या दे मंग सांगताव.” वासंतीनं लगबगीनं चा करून आणला. ‘चा’ चा घोट घेत शेवता उमेदीनं सांगू लागली, “जल्ला ! रातच्या पातुर डोळ्याव डोला नाय. म्हादयाच्या बायकोचं दिस भरलेलं आणि हा धुमशान पावस. ती बाय कल येई तसं बोंब मारी. तिच्या इव्हल्याने कोनाचाच जीव थाऱ्याव नाय. सगली मानसा निस्ती घरावाटली उबी.”

“आगे बाय, पन आपल्या गावात काय डागदर न्हाय. तिचा दीर रिक्षावाला हाय ना? तेला सांगायचा नाय आका केदारीला आनायला?”

“अगा पर ती काय ऐकून घील तवा ना! बाय ती शिकल्याली ती म्हणं कशी? ‘माजी काय डिलेव्हरीची तारीख दिल्याली ती काय अजून आलेली न्हाय. मी काय त्या आकाकड जायाची न्हाय.’ ती हटूनच बसल्याली. ता घरची मानसां काय करतील?” डाक्टराकड जायचा मन्जे हाताशी पैका नगं? शेवंता फणकाच्याने बोलली.

“ती पहिलटकरीन पन तिच्या सासूला समजाया नगं?” वासंतीने विचारलं?

“त्याचा जाला आसाम्हायेरी गेली व्हती तवा ती कनच्याश्या डागदरकड गेल्याली. त हल्ली कायसा फोटूवर बगतात ना त्यावर तिला म्हन म्होरच्या मैऩ्याची तारीख दिल्याली.”

“मंग काय जाला?”

“आगे माजे बाय सगली वाडी तिका सांगून दमली. मंग तिचा दीर त्यो यशवंता मांगच्या टायमाला म्हमईला व्हता बग, त्यो आन त्याची दुरपती दोघावा आकाकड गेली. तिका काय ती ह्याची हिस्ट्री सांगतल्यानी. आन रिक्षात घालूनशान घराक घेऊन आले. तो पावसाला काय थोप न्हाय. पऩ्याच पानी वाडत चालेल्ल. तिची सासूबाय देव पान्यात घालून बसल्याली.”

“पन मंग जाला काय ता सांग. सोलजायला गाऩ्हाना तरी घालाय सांगायचा.” भावुकपणे वासंती म्हणाली.

“आता तिला सोडवायचा बागतील का गाऩ्हाना घालाय जातीवं? तुला एक सांगताय वासंती या चार बुका शिकल्याला पोरींचा काय खरा नाय.”

“व्हय. सासूबायचं ऐकाया नगं? मंग?”

“सांगताव ना मदीच बोलू नग. तो वाडीतला बबऩ्या, सदऩ्या.....”

“त्यांचा काय आनकी?”

“नाय गा. ता अख्ख्या वाडीतला बापाय मानुस गोला जालेल.” शेवऩताच्या स्टोरीत आता कुठं दम भरायला सुरुवात झालेली.

“मंग?”

“मंग काय म्हादऩ्या निस्ता कुऩ्यासारा पिसाल्लेला. लालेलाल झालेला. म्हनला, “इथं बापाय मानसाच काय काम न्हायी. वाटला लागा. ता यशवंता आकाला लागलीच घेवन आला. तिला म्हनाला, ‘गे बाय आता तूच काय त बग. अशाला आसा हाय. कोनाला अंगाला हात दिखील लावाय देत न्हाय.’ पर आका मोटी हुशार. खोलीतल्या बारीतूनच तिनं बगल्यान अन वलकलान का तिका काय करायला पायजेल.”

“अगे, शिमग्याच्या टायमाला त्या शिवा झेपल्याच्या बायकोला अशीच सोडवलीन न्हाय काय? बायेर बाप्ये होलीच्या बोंबा मारीत आणि ही बाय पोटात जसं वलवलाय लागलेलं तसं हिचीपर बोंबा मारायला सुरवात.”

“मंग?”

“मंग आका केदारनीला आनलेली तिला सोडवायला. आणि तिचा बाप्या मानुस मातर पार कामातन गेलेला.”

“म्हन्जे?”

“अगे पिऊन निस्ता ल्हास जालेला त्यो. शिवाचा भाव सख्या जव्हा बोलवायला गेला तव्हा आका जेवायला बसल्याली. चमचीन घास घेतल्याला बगून सख्यान इचारलंन, ‘आका, सायबिणीसारी चमच्यानी जेवतस. त म्हनली कशी ‘बालतीनीला सोडवायला बोलवाया कोण कदी बी येतंय. आज तीकाट कालवण हाय तुज्या भावजयीला आग नग व्हायला.’ सख्याला काय कलाला नाय. तवा म्हनली, ‘तू माज्या त्वांडाकडं नग बगू. तुला नाय कलायचा.’

आका आली. तिने हात लावायची खोटी दुसऱ्या मिंटाला ट्याहा ट्याहा sss पोरगो आसा धबधबित निस्ता.” आन खरी हकीकत तर पुढंच हाये. बालबालतीनीला न्हाऊ घालून आका तिथच पडवीला बसून राहिलेली. घरातल्या बायाना आक्रीत वाटलं. म्हून जनाक्कानं इचारलन, “आका काय गे चा घेतीस काय जराशी?”

आका म्हनली, “नगं. पर नर्मदाला आलं घालून दे. अन तिला काय वाटताय ता सांग.” म्हातारी घाबरली. लागलीच नर्मदाला चा घेऊन गेली. तो नर्मदा पोटात दुखतय म्हून पुन्हा ओरडायला लागली. आकाला जुल्याचा अंदाज लागलेला. जनाक्का आकाला हाका मारत पडवीत आल्यावं आका उठून आत धावलीच. पाठोपाठ दुसरं जुवलं पोर. तिला कलला म्हनुनच ती थांबलेली.”

“अगे पन हिचा काय जाला?” वासंतीच्या पोटातल्या गोळ्याने तिला दुशी मारली. तशी तिची उत्सुकता आणखी ताणत गेली.

“ताच सांगताव, हिच्यावरून तरी अनुभव घ्याया नग काय? ती शिमग्यात बालत जाली. आन ही आखाडात. काय जास्त दिस झालेलं नाय. मी म्हंते हल्लीच्या पोरीबाली शिकतात तं काय? आमी पन असाच ना बगतलला. पोरगं कसं जलामत ते.”

“म्हंजी नक्की काय बगलास तू?” आपल्या पोटावरून हळूच हात फिरवीत वासंती पुटपुटली.

“अगे बाईचा जलम. सगला म्हायत असायला हवा. ती आका बग. कंचीकड बी सांगावा येऊ दे कंची वेल न्हाय की तिच्या जीवाला उसंत न्हाय. अगे डागतरला काय कलतंय? तो

आपली मशिन पोटावरून फिरीवणार अन मंग सांगनार अशाला असा हाय ता. आकानं म्हातुर आता गोठ्यात लेबररूम केल्याली. दिसाच्या चारचार बालतिनी व्हत्यात.”

“अगे त्या झगडीणीला काय सांगलान माहिताय? मोटा आप्रेशन कराया लागेल पोर आडवं हाय. अरा पन तारिक अनि म्हैना सांग काय ता म्हंजे तिच्या घोवाला त्या टायमाला मुंबईसून बोलवायला बरा.”

“पर तिचं सासू सासरे हायत की घरात”

“हायत. पर त्याचंबी वय झालया. तिनं वाडीतल्या जाणकार बायकांचं ऐकाया नगं?”

“असतील पर ज्याच्या त्याचा बापाय मानुस असल्येला बरा. ता डागदर म्हनतो कसा अजून एक मैन्यानं फोटू काढून सांगतो कंच्या तारकेला या ते. त्या तारकेला पोटात दुखू दे नाहीतर नग, पर हित घेऊन या. आप्रेशन करून प्वारं बाहीर काडनार म्हनला.”

शेवन्ताला सगळ्या गावातल्या बायकांची हिस्ट्री तोंडपाठ होती आणि सांगताना ती जरासुद्धा दमत नव्हती. वासंतीचा जीव मात्र कासावीस झाला होता. ताणलेल्या उत्सुकतेने तिने पुन्हा विचारलं, “मंग?”

“मंग काय पोटात दुकायच्या टायमाला डागदरला फोन केल्येला. त तो कुटतरी भायेर गेल्येला. म्हनला दवेखान्यात आडमीट करा. मी सांजच्याला येतो. सकलपासून दुकाय लागलेला. ती बाय आंग निस्ता पिलवटून घोवाला शिव्या घाली.”

“आता आमाला काय प्वारा जाली न्हायीत? पयली यशवदा तिच्या पाटचा मारत्या अन त्याच्या पाटची लक्ष्मी अन चवथ्या टायमाला जाला तो अरजून.

त्या आठवणीने गोरीमोरी होत शेवंता लाजत पुढे म्हणाली, “तवा हयं नाव पन यानी हौशीनं ठेवलील. सोलजाईला त्या टायमाला मी नवस बोल्येलो. आताच्या वक्ताला पोरगा होऊ दे. पाच नारलांच तोरन बांधीन. जाला बाय मनासारका. मंग तवाच आप्रेशन करून घेतल्येला. ता असा मानसाला अनुभव घ्यावा लागतो.”

अगा पर त्या “झगडीनीचा काय जाला ता सांग!”

“ता काय इपरीतच सगला. डागदरकडं आडमिट करायला म्हणून लक्ष्याच्या बैलगाडीत घातलेली त बैलगाडी दवेखान्यात जायपोतूर ही बाय गाडीतच बालतीन जाली. कसला आप्रेशन अन कसला काय आप्रेशनचा धसका घेतलान तिनं. दवेखान्याच्या आत काय जाया लागलेलं न्हाय. आता रीतीचा म्हणून दवेखान्यात दाकवून आनलेली पन असा तो चमित्कार.”

“आता हिचा काय ता सांग.” म्हणत दुसरीकडे एखाद्याची खाजगी बाब अशी चव्हाट्यावर आणल्यावर त्या बाईला काय वाटत असेल या विचारानं वासंती कावरीबावरी झाली.

“सांगताव. हा ता जाला काय सकलपासून तिचा प्वाट दुकाया लागलेला. भायेर हाऽऽऽऽ पावस आता मजारल्याची गाडी पन व्हती दारात पण तेल न्हाय टाकलेला.’ मी म्हनला,

‘बाई मानसाचे दिस भरल्यावर काय तेल टाकायची वाट बगायला पायजे? हे जेचा तेला समजाय पायजे का नग?’

“आता पुड जाला काय ता सांग. इतक्या येलात शकुंतला बालतीन पन जाली असती.” इतक्यात पोटातल्या गोळ्याने वासंतीला जोरदार दुशी दिली.

“हा ती बाय काय आकाला अंगाला हात लावू देईना. पन आका मोटी हुशार. आजपातुर इस वरीस आख्ख्या वाडीतल्या बायकांची बालतपन तीन केल्येल्या असतीव. ती शिवाला म्हनली कशी ‘हे बग मी रिक्शा आनल्ये. रस्त्याचं काम चालू हाय. सगळीकडं खडी पसरलेली हाय. तुला म्हनून सांगते, ‘तिला सांग, ‘दवेखान्यात जायपर्यंत आका माहितगार हाय म्हनून निस्ती बरोबर येवदे.’ तू जरा हलत डुलत रिक्शा चालव. तिला लय टायम लागायचा न्हाय. मग पुडचा काय ता मी बगून घेईन.”

“पुढचा आकाला सगला म्हायत. का हिला कसा हलवला त.....”

“आता सांगतस काय ते पटकन? भायेर सांजावला. जेवनाच बगाया नग?”

“अगे ताच सांगताय. तुला यवडा टायम नसेल तर म्या जाता बाय, पन नंतर म्हनून नगं का काय ता येवस्थित कल्ला नाय म्हनून.”

“हा ता आदी तिला रिक्शेत बशिलानी. रिक्शेला स्टार्टर मारून रिक्शा चालू केल्यावं आका धावत येवान बसली. भायेर मिट कालोख पडलेला. हा डोंब पावस. रिक्शाची झापडा लावलेली. तेनी वाडीतून डामरी रस्त्यापावेतो दोनदा रिक्शा घुमावलानी. अन तिसऱ्या टायमाला वाडीत वलीवताना म्हाद्याने असा काय बिरेक मारलान की आकाच्या हातात पोरगो. ट्याहाsss ट्याहाsss” कंचा डागदर अन कंच काय? हयो नक्षत्रावानी पोरगो म्हनून सांगू?

“आता काय बी सांगू नगस म्याच येते शकुंतलेला बगून.” म्हणत पोटात अवचित आलेली कळ दाबत वासंती झटक्यात उठली. अन अगे आई sssss गं ss म्हणत तिथेच कोसळली.

Translation:



Mr. Diwakar Anant Patankar

Mr. Diwakar Anant Patankar has been a Member of BoS in English (Athalye-Sapre-Pitre College (Autonomous), Devrukh. He has actively participated in 18 webinars on English Literature and Language Teaching Pedagogies, held at both the national and international level. He has discoursed guest lectures on several topics at various reputed institutions. His participation in the international conference on Language, Literature and Culture and in the “Drama Therapy” workshop, organized by “The Pangia World Theatre; USA” in 2011 is significant.

A Release

Devbagh is a small remote village situated in dense forest at the foot of the hill. The place is settled with five to six hundred Kouлару¹ houses along the river Saptalingi. Taluka place is on the next bank of the river. In the Upper Vathara², there are 1-5 houses of Bamans³ and Gurvas⁴. Near the temple of Someshwara in the middle, there is a shop run by Pavaskar⁵. The villagers should get the necessary goods from there. What does a village man need? At the time of Holi,⁶ Mumbaikars⁷ used to carry something. When these people came at village, they saw a Radio in the shop. All the villagers used to come to listen to the program in the evening. But the women do not know the news from anyone unless they meet at the river.

A girl named Shevanta of Datta Guruv knows everything about the village. Her day used to be spent in discussing the happenings of the day in village.

Today, Shevanta had something secret and important to say. Pretending not to see Vasanti, she turned and continued for the river.

Vasanti started calling out to Shevata with carrying a Kalshi⁷ full of water. It was slightly heard that the women who had come to the river said that the daughter-in-law of Sakharam; who lived on the bank of the river, gave birth to a child last night. Seeing Vasanti, as very eager to hear the news, they changed the topic.

"Shevanta sssvanta.....wait and wait. Why is there so much gathered in the hall at night?"

"Let's go home". Said Shevanta, and carrying with Vasanti's Kalshi, she turned and entered into the Vasanti's house.

"Tell me what's going on now?" Offering a glass of water to Shevanta, Vasanti who was drenched in sweat started asking Shevanta impatiently with wiping the sweat by a cloth.

"What do want to hear?," Said Shevanta and asked for a tea. Vasanti brought tea immediately. After taking a sip of 'tea', she said, "Jallalla!⁸ everybody present there was so restless. No one could sleep at night for a single minute. The delivery of the

Mhadu's wife appeared so closed and was a heavy rain outside. Everybody; present there, was restless and lost in thinking.”

“The doctor is not available in our village. Call the brother-in-law of Mhadu’s wife to bring Akka Kedari.” continued Shevanta.

“Mhadu’s wife was a learned woman and so she refused to go to Akka Kedari for her delivery,” said Shevanta.

"She's is the first delivery and so the decision should be taken by her mother-in-law," said Vasanti.

“Mhadu’s wife went to the doctor when she went back to her mother’s house. The doctor had given a date after a month," Said shevanta.

"Then?"

“Telling this to Mhadu’s wife, everybody got tired. Her brother-in-law who was in Mumbai last time went to Akka Kedari with his wife. They told everything to Akka Kedari and got her into a rickshaw and brought a house. Still, the heavy rain continued. Her mother-in-law kept the Gods in water.”

“Then what happened? Instead, express with Garhana⁹ before Goddess Solajai." Vasanti said emotionally.

"Now we want to rescue her, why should we go for expressing Garhana?, said and continued “Vasanti, it is no good with these children who have learned.”

“Is it good to disobey whatever said by mother-in-law?”

"Don't tell me, don't talk. That Babya,¹⁰ Sadya¹¹ of the village.....”

“What about them?”

“Nothing. But the whole village gathered at the place." Shevanta's story has now begun to fill its breath.

“Then?”

Mhadu got, extremely, restless and angry, said, "Why you all here?" What is the use of men here?" “Yashwanta, go and bring Akka Kedari, immediately. Tell her everything that Mhadu’s wife is not allowing to touch her for delivery.”

"Last time, in the Month of Holi, the same thing happened to the wife of Shiva Zeple.....

“Then?”

"Called to Akka Kedari, immediately, to rescue her." Her father was a drunkard."

"So?"

"He lost control on himself due to over drinking. Aka was taking a lunch when Shiva's brother went to call her. She was taking a meal slowly, so asked, why are eating like this?" Akka said that she was waiting for someone to call and carry her for delivery.

Aka came. She used to touch but was painful. Aka made bathed to the delivery woman and sat there on the couch. The women present there in the house felt angry. Seeing this, Janakka asked, "Aka, would you like to have a cup of tea?"

Aka said, "No" and said to give tea to Narmada. And tell her what you think." The old woman was scared. Immediately she carried a tea to Narmada. Narmada started screaming again saying that her stomach was hurting. Akala guessed that there are twin babies. Janakka shouted to Aka to come to the Padawi11. Aka got up and ran inside. It was another twin boy. She took a pause as she knew it.

"What happened?" An injury took place in Vasanti's stomach as a child hit to another. Her curiosity grew stronger.

"That's right, let's get some experience from this, right? She got her delivery in Holi. "I mean, what exactly are you seeing?" Vasanti purred as she slowly moved her hand over her stomach.

"Everyone should know the birth of a girl, all phases in her life. Doctor does not know anything. He will spin his machine on his stomach and predict. Aka built a labor room a place for delivery.

"What does that brat know?" A fat operation of wife of Zagade will have to be performed. Inform the date and month of the operation as her husband had to come here from Mumbai."

"But her father-in-law is in the house?"

"Yes... there... But he is old. She has to listen other women nearby, hasn't she?"

"There will be others whose father is better off being a human being. Doctor said we will do Sonography and then we can take decisions. In that case, if complications found, we can do seizer for this case.

Shevanta had the story of all the women in the village and she did not tire at all while telling it. But Vasanti's felt restless. "So?" she asked again with strained curiosity.

"At the time of delivery, they called Doctor when the pains increased. Doctor had gone outside. He told to admit the patient in the hospital. I will come in the evening. Due to severe pains, she uttered obtusely to the Doctor."

"I too have children Yashvada followed her Maruti and Lakshmi, and Arjun. Shevanta blushed at the memory.

Oh, tell me what happened to that wife of Zagade!

"That's what happened. In order to get admission to that Doctor, Lakshya's bullockcart was called put her in. On the way to Doctor, she took the shock of what kind of operation and got delivered in the cart. But to follow the formality, she was checked by Doctor.

"Now tell me what about this." On the other hand, Vasanti was shocked by the thought of how that woman would feel when someone's private matter was brought up.

"Now tell me what to do. Shakuntla would have become delivered in this way." Meanwhile, a child in the stomach hit the girl.

"To no one she allowed to touch. Aka was so intelligent. Since long, more than twenty years, Aka handled the delivery patients from all the village. She told Shiva, 'Hey bug, I brought the rickshaw. Road work is going on. gravel is everywhere. She says to you, 'Tell her,' till you go to the hospital I will take care and handle everything. It won't take time. You should drive the rickshaw.'"

"The next step is known to Aka?..."

"What are you saying so quickly? Evening spread on. They had to prepare meals for night.

"I am saying the same thing. If you don't have enough time, I'll go bye, then don't say, 'Why don't you do it?'"

"There took her in a rickshaw. The rickshaw should be started by hitting the starter. It was a dense night with heavy rain. The rickshaw was covered with waterproof sheets and doors. The rickshaw drove twice to get to the asphalt road from the wadi.

On the third time, while walking in the wadi, Mhadya pressed the break of Rikshaw that she threw the baby in her mother's hand.”

"Now what can I tell you. I will come to see Shakauntala,” said Vasanti and suddenly woke up with pains in her stomach and got collapsed there, saying aaaaaa sssss sss.

Punjabi



Prof. Gurbhajan Singh Gill

An eminent Punjabi poet, Prof. Gurbhajan Singh Gill (Born on 2nd May 1953) is the son of S. Harnam Singh Gill and Tej Kaur Gill. Youngest of all his siblings, he is a persistent Punjabi poet, literary commentator, literary editor of agricultural Science, and patron in the field of rural sports who got his primary and senior secondary education from Gurdaspur, and graduation and Postgraduation from G.G.N Khalsa College, Ludhiana, and S.C.D. Government College, Ludhiana, respectively. He has served in several respectable positions like President of Punjabi Sahitya Akademi, Ludhiana from 2010 to 2014, Senior Editor (Punjabi) at Punjab Agricultural University, Ludhiana from 1983 to 2013 and Secretary-General of Prof. Mohan Singh Memorial Foundation, Ludhiana. He is currently the Chairman of the Maharaja Duleep Singh Memorial Trust, Bassian, and the Punjabi Lok Virasat Academy. He is a prolific writer who has published a number of collections of “nazams,” “ghazals,” and “geets” during the past two decades, a few of which are *Sheesha Jhooth Bolda hai* (Poetry Collection), *Har Dbukhda Pind Mera hai* (Gazal Collection), *Surkb Samundar* (The first two collections are in a single volume), *Do Harf Raseedi* (Ghazals), *Agan Katha* (Poetry collection), *Mann de*

Buhe Bariyaan (Ghazals) and recently published *Charkhadi* (Poetry Collection). For his contribution to Punjabi language and culture, he has been conferred with several prestigious awards like “Shiromani Punjabi Kavi,” “Bhai Vir Singh Award,” “Shiv Kumar Batalavi Award,” “SS Misha Award,” “Prof Puran Singh Award,” “Prof. Mohan Singh Poetry Award,” and many more.

ਸਮਾਂ ਨਿਰਪੱਖ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ

ਸਮਾਂ ਨਿਰਪੱਖ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ ।
ਜਾਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਪੱਖ ਦਾ ਹੁੰਦੈ,
ਜਾਂ ਸਾਡੇ ਪੱਖ ਦਾ ਹੁੰਦੈ ।

ਨਿਰੀ ਨਿਰਪੱਖਤਾ ਨਾਹਰਾ ਨਿਰਾ ਹੈ,
ਕਿਉਂ ਉਲਝੇ ਮਨ ਮੇਰਾ ਮੋੜਾਂ ਤੇ ਜਾ ਜਾ ਕੇ । ਪਵੇ ਏਨਾ ਭੁਲੇਖਾ ਕਿਉਂ,
ਇਹ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਧੂੜ ਬੱਦਲ ਦਾ ।

ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਇਤਿਹਾਸ ਹੀ ਜੇ ਮੰਨਦੇ ਹੋ,
ਤਾਂ ਦੱਸੋ ਕਿਸ ਵਕਤ ਨਿਰਪੱਖਤਾ ਨੇ, ਸਾਥ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਹੈ ।

ਅਸੀਂ ਹਰ ਵਕਤ ਹੀ ਇਕ ਪੱਖ ਹੋਏ ਹਾਂ ।
ਤੁਸੀਂ ਖੁਦ ਵੀ ਤਾਂ ਇਕ ਪੱਖ ਸੀ ।

ਅਸਾਡਾ ਪੱਖ ਸਿੱਧਾ ਹੈ,
ਜਿਦ੍ਹੇ ਵਿਚ ਤਪਸ਼ ਹੈ,
ਜਿਦ੍ਹੇ ਵਿਚ ਠੰਢ, ਅਗਨੀ ਤੇ ਜ਼ਬਤ ਹੈ ।
ਜਿਦ੍ਹੇ ਵਿਚ ਜੋਸ਼ ਵੀ ਤੇ ਹੋਸ਼ ਵੀ ਹੈ।
ਮੈਂ ਬੇਹੋਸ਼ਾ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਕੱਸਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ,
ਮੈਂ ਹੋਸ਼ਾਂ ਦੀ ਪਹਾੜੀ ਤੋਂ ਹੀ ਉੱਚੀ ਬੋਲਦਾ ਹਾਂ ।

ਤੁਸੀਂ ਜਦ ਪੱਖ ਪਾਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ, ਨਿਰੀ ਨਿਰਪੱਖਤਾ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ, ਤਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਫਿਰ ਕੂਕਦਾ ਹਾਂ ।
“ਨਿਰੀ ਨਿਰਪੱਖਤਾ ਨਾਹਰਾ ਨਿਰਾ ਹੀ ਹੈ” ।

ਜਿਦ੍ਹੀ ਰੰਗੀਨ ਝਿਲਮਿਲ ਤੋਂ,
ਮੇਰਾ ਮਨ ਦੂਰ ਨੱਸਦਾ ਹੈ,
ਮੇਰਾ ਮਨ ਤੂਭਕ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਹੈ ।
ਤੇ ਹੁਣ ਇਹ ਗੱਲ ਸਿੱਧੀ ਹੈ,
ਜਦੋਂ ਵੀ ਸੁਪਨਿਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਖੰਭ ਉੱਗੇ ਨੇ, ਅਸਲ ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਉੱਡੇ ਨੇ ।
ਤੁਸਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕਦੇ ਉਹ ਪੁੱਗੇ ਨੇ ।
ਤੁਸਾਂ ਫਿਰ ਕੁਤਰ ਦਿੱਤੇ ਨੇ,
ਤੇ ਫਿਰ ਹਿੱਕਾਂ ਸਹਾਰੇ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਕੇ ਅਰਸ਼ੀਂ, ਅਸੀਂ ਸਭ ਰਲ ਕੇ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਹਾਂ ।
‘ਸਮਾਂ ਨਿਰਪੱਖ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦਾ’ ।
ਜਾਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਪੱਖ ਦਾ ਹੁੰਦੈ,
ਜਾਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਪੱਖ ਦਾ ਹੁੰਦੈ ।



Dr. Mandeep Kaur

Dr Mandeep Kaur Randhawa is an Assistant Professor in the P.G. Department of English at Gujranwala Guru Nanak Khalsa College, Ludhiana. Born in 1991, she passed her high school with distinction and secured University position in English Honours and Masters in English. NET qualified in English literature, her area of interest is Trauma Studies and she has completed her Ph.D in this field from Panjab University, Chandigarh under the title “Madness and Muteness as Emotional Responses to the Holocaust: A Study of Elie Wiesel’s Experience as a Survivor.” She has presented more than 20 research papers in National and International Conferences and several articles and book chapters have been published in various journals and edited books. She writes short stories as well. She has written two books on Literary Movements for the students of Masters in English and has edited four books entitled *Voicing the Vacuum in Indian Diaspora*, *Emerging Young Writers*, *Tales of our Times: An Elixir for the Wise*, *Concerns of Immigrant English Literature*.

Time can never be Impartial

Time can never be Impartial,
Its either yours
Or mine.

Sheer impartiality is a catchphrase mere,
Why my mind baffles
on twists and turns,
Why creates illusions of dusty clouds.

If you believe solely in History,
Then proclaim
When did impartiality stand with you!

We always are biased.
You yourself chose a side.

Our side is unswerving one,
Replete with fervor,
Brimming with chill, fire and seize.
Full of passion and consciousness.
Even unconscious, my voice I never cease,
Louder I speak from the heights of responsiveness.

You, when call biasedness
Purely unbiased.
Only then I scream,
“Sheer impartiality is a catchphrase mere”
From the colourful flickering of that
My conscience fled,
My conscience dreads.

And now certain is that
Whenever grow the wings of dreams
Real world can never let them stream.
You never endure
By clipping, you stopped their soar.
And then after attaining the heights forcefully,
We say one and all
Time can never be Impartial,
Its either mine
Or yours.

Inter-lingual Translations

English to Marathi



Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, Odisha.

Smruti Ranjan Mohanty, son of Raj Kishore and Shantilata Mohanty is from Padmapur, Jagatsingpur, Odisha, India. Working as finance officer in Govt of Odisha, he is a multilingual poet, essayist and writer with publications in newspapers and in national and international magazines, journals and anthologies. Three collection of poems, 'Mana Upabana', 'Aroma of Wilting Petals', 'Something I Look At' are to his credit. He writes extensively on life and its intricacies which are widely acclaimed. His collection of poems and proses are published in his different blogs. He has been conferred with hundreds of accolades in the international arena which includes Order of Mahatma medal, Kairat Dussinov Medal for poetic excellence, Haven International Muse award in 2020, Order of Shakespeare, Double Cross Gold Medal from World Union of Poets, Rabindranath Tagore Memorial certificate, Certificates of honour from different literary organisations and groups. In the year 2019, 2020 and 2023 he has been awarded with the medal of International Faith Poet of the year by Destiny Poet International Community of Poets, Wakefield, U.K.

My Mother

Minutes and hours have passed
Since you left this world
Where you were my mother
I was your erring son
The situation has not changed
The same darkness all over
No trace of the sun as yet

When I look at your room
Where you recited and let us listen to
Most of the mythologies including
The epics Ramayan and Mahabharat
Among your listeners
I am probably the lone survivor
I see that empty cot
Where we had shared so much time
So much of love, life and smile
Where you used to sit and sleep
Where from you showered on all of us
Your love and affection
Guidance and concern

Since the last five and a half years
You were confined to bed
But you were always lively
And full of grace
When I met you last
I could never think
Your days were numbered
And I will lose you,
My heaven on earth forever

Since months
I was feeling restless
I used to get up from sleep
And feel a sad melancholy deep within
A fear constantly haunted me
As if I was going to lose something precious
Something very special, very different

Something more than me and my life
Nothing can be as precious as you, my mother
My heart and soul, life and breath
My earth below and sky over

Now It is all over
My relationship with you for years
Ended in ashes and smokes
Tell me! how can I live
The rest of my life
When there is no you, my mother?



Dr Kalpana Gangatirkar, Maharashtra

Dr Kalpana Girish Gangatirkar is an Associate Professor of English in Mahavir Mahavidyalaya, Kolhapur from 1992. She is a P.G. Coordinator of the Department of English of her college. She is a lover of Literature and to inculcate reading culture and reading habits among college youths, she has established "Granthvedh : A Reading Forum ' in her college. In the same way, she is the founder of Tejaswini Yuvati Manch", a forum for girls. She is a Ph.D. Guide of Shivaji University, Kolhapur and five students are pursuing research under her guidance. She has worked on various academic committees of the University. She has presented more than 25 papers at National and International Conferences. At the same time her more than 25 papers have been published in various National and International Journals.

She is a bilingual poet writing in English and Marathi and a Short Story writer as well. "Reflection ", a collection of short stories has been published. She enjoys translation activities and had been a coordinator of Transportation Proficiency Course in her college.

माझी आई २

तू हे जग सोडून
अनंत क्षण अन् तास उलटलेत
पण सतत चुकणारा मी... तुझा मुलगा
आ ण तू माझी आई
हे समीकरण तसेच आहे.
अजूनही सूर्याचा मागमूसही नाही
आ ण अंधार गच्च दाटलेला!
त्या भकास खोलीकडे पाहिलं
की श्लोक म्हणणारी,
रामायण, महाभारतातील पुराण कथा
आम्हाला ऐकवणारी तू आठवतेस!
तुझ्या श्रोत्यांमधला एकटाच उरलो आहे मी!
ती कॉट ज्यावर बसून
वर्षाव करायचीय तू
असीम प्रेम , वात्सल्य आ ण
न संपणाऱ्या काळजीचा!
जिथे जीवनाने रसरसलेले
आनंदाचे,मौजेचे अनेक क्षण
अनुभवले आपण एकत्र
तीच कॉट...रिती तुझ्या वना!

साडे पाच वर्षे अंथरुणाला खळलेल्या
तुझ्यात कोठून आला हा रसरशीत डौल?
त्या शेवटच्या भेटीत
वाटलं ही नाही की
सरत आलय तुझ आयुष्य
आ ण मी गमावतोय
तुला...माझ्या पृथ्वीवरील स्वर्गाला!

कत्येक महिने

ही उदासी सोडतच नाही मला
रात्री अचानक झोप मोडते अन्
भरून जाते मन वषण्ण खन्नतेने
अना मक भयाने झपाटून जतोबमी
खूप खास अन् अमूल्य असं
हरवतेय काही...

माझ्याहूनही....माझ्या जीवाहूनही
मौल्यवान....

आई....माझी आई...

माझा आत्मा,माझे मन
माझा श्वास आ ण अवघे जीवन !
माझी जमीन आ ण असीम आकाश
माझी आई !!



Mr. Sudhakar Gaidhani

Mr. Sudhakar Gaidhani is M.A.M.F.A. from Nagpur University- Maharashtra -India. His mother tongue is Marathi. He knows three languages, Marathi, Hindi and English. His poems have been translated into 34 languages of the world. He has received many State, National and International awards including WILLIAM BLAKE INTERNATIONAL AWARD from Contact International Journal from Romania and "SILVER CROSS For CULTURE-- WORLD MEDAL from World Union of Poets- Italy. Contact International journal has dedicated its Oct-Dec.2021 issue to Gaidhani's poetry with the honour as--; The Celestial Year 2021 CONTACT INTERNATIONAL is named after our LAUREATE, THE GREAT INDIAN EPIC POET SUDHAKAR GAIDHANI.

He has published his 6 collection of poems, 2 epic poems, 125 Short Radio Plays and 3 full-fledged dramas which have been staged. His poetry book was in his own MA study exam syllabus in Nagpur University.

Municipality Khapa City has opened a beautiful garden in two acres at Gaidhani's birthplace in his name and the honour--"MAHAKAVI (Epic Poet) SUDHAKAR GAIDHANI GARDEN" in 2006. World Academy of Arts and Culture- USA/World Congress of Poets has conferred upon him The Honorary Degree of "DOCTOR OF LITERATURE (Litt.D.) held in 2017 in Mongolia. DOCTER OF HONORIS CAUSA -2022 Honorary Doctorate in Cultural Convention from Latin American Confederation of Writers, Artists and Poets of the World- Objectives and Principles of the UNESCO Convention, PARIS, 20/10/2005- ARGENTINA Law 26305/2007 pact of San Jose de Costa Rica. Works available in the several World Libraries including Library of Congress- Washington, USA). A recent recipient of the prestigious Maharshi Walmiki Award for his literary contribution.

GLORY TO THE POET'S DEATH

No one cared when the poet
Who was walking around with wealth of words -
But poor in circumstances
Was shivering with cold.

One day he succumbed to the terrible hunger
That tormented him all the time.
Now his admirers prepared a shroud
Woven with golden threads for him.

A bronze statue was announced
by the National Literary Society.
The government posthumously
awarded him the title of

" Great National Poet".
The poet's soul was hiding
behind his own beautiful marble grave-
And laughing loudly
watching this social drama.

Translation



दीपक नामदेव पवार Deepak Namdeo Pawar

श्री दीपक नामदेव पवार हे गेल्या सव्वीस वर्षांपासून अध्यापन कार्यात रत आहेत. इंग्रजी हा त्यांचा अध्यापनाचा विषय असून मराठी, हिंदी आणि इंग्रजी कविता लिहिणे तसेच अनुवाद करणे हा त्यांचा छंद आहे. अनेक मसिकांमधून आणि स्थानिक नियतकालिकांमधून त्यांच्या कविता, कथा आणि वैचारिक तसेच ललित लेख प्रकाशित झाले आहेत. तसेच अनेक राष्ट्रीय तथा आंतरराष्ट्रीय नियतकालिकांमधून त्यांचे शोध निबंध तसेच कविता (हिंदी आणि इंग्रजी) प्रकाशित झाले आहेत. ते भाषा आणि संस्कृतीचे संवर्धन करणाऱ्या आंतरराष्ट्रीय पातळीच्या संघटनांचे सक्रिय सभासद(संपादक) आहेत.

कवी मरणाचे वैभव !

कुणीच कधी पर्वा केली नाही त्या कवीची
जेव्हा तो आपल्या भोवती
शब्दांचं गारूड / शब्द दौलत घेवून
पण परिस्थितीने दीनवाणा झालेला
थंडीत कुडकुडत
करत होता त्याची पायपीट .

आणि एक दिवस
ज्या भुकेने त्याला आयुष्यभर छळलं
तिनेच खावून टाकलं त्याला.
आता मात्र त्याच्या चाहत्यांनी
सोन्याच्या धाग्यांनी
विणलेलं एक देखणं कफन
केलंय त्याच्या साठी.

अन् एक कास्याचा पुतळा सुद्धा
घोषित झालाय "राष्ट्रीय साहित्य संस्थे कडून",
अन् सरकार ने 'महान राष्ट्रीय कवी'
म्हणून मरणोत्तर किताबही दिलाय.

त्या कवीचा आत्मा मात्र
त्याच्याच सुंदर, संगमरवरी
थडग्याच्या आत दडून बसलाय
अन् हसतोय
खदाखदा ह्या सामाजिक
नौटंकी/तमाशाकडे बघून.

Tamil to Hindi

Classics



Saint Poetess Abhirami Bhattar

Abhirami Pattar @ Subramaniya Iyer was a Hindu saint from the south Indian state of Tamil Nadu. He is famed as the author of a collection of hymns called Abhirami Anthadhi which is widely regarded as one of the foremost works of modern Tamil literature.

Subramaniya Iyer was born to Amirthalinga Iyer in the village of Thirukadaiyur. Thirukkadaiyur has one of many elegant Brahmin quarters near the temple called agraharams established by the Maratha ruler Serfoji I, a great admirer of Brahmin poets and bards, in the early part of the 18th century. The village was famous for its Shiva temple, called Amritaghateswarar-Abirami Temple, Thirukkadaiyur. Right from his childhood, Subramaniya Iyer was drawn to the temple and Goddess Abhirami.

1.

பணையும், கொழுந்தும்,
பதிகொண்ட வேரும்
பனி மலர்ப் பூங்
கணையும், கருப்புச் சிலையும்,
மென் பாசாங்குசமும், கையில்
அணையும், திரிபுர சுந்தரி

ஆவது அறிந்தனமே!

2.

- அபிராமி அந்தாதி

சொல்லும் பொருளும் என நடம் ஆடும் துணைவருடன்

புல்லும் பரிமள பூங்கொடியே நின் புதுமலர்த்தாள்
அல்லும் பகலும் தொழும் அவர்க்கே

அழியா அரசும்

செல்லும் தவநெறியும் சிவலோகமும் சித்திக்குமே

- அபிராமி அந்தாதி



Mr. K. Ramanathan, Tamilnadu

Mr. K. Ramanathan, born in 1962 in Tamilnadu, wanting to bridge cultures of the North and the South through literature went on to do Masters in both Hindi and Tamil languages. In this endeavour, in M.Phil he did a comparative study on the works of Mahakavi Bharathi and Rashtrakavi Maithili Sharan Gupta. He has presented many research papers on Sangam Tamil literature in Hindi. His works also include hindi translations of contemporary tamil books. Presently he is associated with Central Institute of Classical Tamil, Chennai in the project for translation of Sangam Literature in Hindi. In addition, he has 35 years of experience in teaching Tamil and Hindi. Also he writes spritual articles in Hindi and Tamil magazines including Sapatagiri, published by Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanam.

1.

हे अ भरामी! समझ लया मैं ने
श्रुति के डाल व पल्लव सा खडी हैं देवी जड पेड बराबर!

शीतल सुमन बाण गन्ने काले
हाथ मृद पाश व अंकुश
रखी है लोक तीनों की देवी।।
(अ भरामी अंतादी)

2.

शब्द व अर्थ संयोग सा
अपने पति के साथ
सानंद नाचती अ भरामी!

सुगंधत सुमन खले बेल
सम हो तुम अ भरामी!
अब खले कमल सम
चरण तेरे हैं अ भरामी!

करते पूजन जो सदा तुझे
अ मट आनंद सहित
सुगति और शवलोक
पाते वे अ वलंब ॥
(अ भरामी अंतादी)

Sanskrit to Rajasthani



Bhagavad Gita

The **Bhagavad Gita** ('The Song by God'), often referred to as the **Gita**, is a 700-verse Hindu scripture, which is part of the epic *Mahabharata*. It forms the chapters 23–40 of book 6 of the Mahabharata called the Bhishma Parva. The work is dated to the second half of the first millennium BCE.(Wiki)

यया स्वप्नं भयं शोकं वषादं मदमेव च ।
न वमुञ्चति दुर्मेधा धृतिः सा पार्थ तामसी ॥ 35॥

सुखं त्विदानीं त्रि वधं शृणु मे भरतर्षभ ।
अभ्यासाद्रमते यत्र दुःखान्तं च निगच्छति ॥ 36॥

यत्तदग्रे वष मव परिणामेऽमृतोपमम् ।
तत्सुखं सात्त्विकं प्रोक्तमात्मबुद्धप्रसादजम् ॥ 37॥

वषयेन्द्रियसंयोगाद्यत्तदग्रेऽमृतोपमम् ।
परिणामे वष मव तत्सुखं राजसं स्मृतम् ॥ 38॥

यदग्रे चानुबन्धे च सुखं मोहनमात्मनः ।
निद्रालस्यप्रमादोत्थं तत्तामसमुदाहृतम् ॥ 39॥



Mohanlal Verma, Rajasthan

Mohanlal Verma is an academician, poet, novelist and editor of The Triveni (An International monthly literary magazine in Hindi, English and Rajasthani Languages). He has four books of poetry to his credit namely The Songs of Humanity, Stop Sexual Abusing, Mother India, My Love, a prose Satire- Narada Visits the Earth and a novel, Super Lady. He's published a research paper on 'How to improve below class level students at secondary level.'. The awards, he's been conferred on are -Diploma Level 1st by Kenya Govt and Motivational Strips; Muse 2020 Awards by Haven International; Certificate of Honour by Motivational Strips; Poetic Adulation Award by Haven International; Certificate by World's Famous Writers, 2nd poet of Gammo Style writing; Best Teacher Award by Directorate of Education, Bikaner, Rajasthan (India)

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35.

बा धारणा सगती जकी सूँ एक मनख आ बात मान लेवै कै नींद, भै, दुः ख, अर हंकार सूँ आपां कदै ई नी बच सकां. इस्यो मनख ना तो इण बुराइयां सूँ बचणै री कोई सोच राखै अर ना ई आ नै छोडण रो कोई प्रयास करै, अर हरमेस ई इसी धारणा बनायाँ राखै.

कदै ई तो इस्यो मनख भोत ज्यादा सूतो रहवै, कदै ई मौत, बीमारयां, मान, अपमान, रै भै सूँ, स्वास्थ्य अर धन रै खोवण रै भै सूँ जक डजेडो रहवै.

कदै ई इस्यो मनख सोग अर चंत्या मायने डूब्यो रहवै अर कदै ई जद बिनै मन चाई चीज मळ ज्यावै तो हंकार सूँ फूल ज्यावै.

ई तरां री धारणा सगती मनख नै दूजां मनखां रो नुकसान करण वास्तै, दूजां मनखां नै दुःख देवण वास्तै अर वां रो धन हडपण वास्तै प्रेरित करै. इस्यो मनख परमाद, अ भमान, दम्भ, ईरखा, दवेस मायने डूब्योडो रहवै.

हे पार्थ ! इण तरां री धारणा सगती नै ताम सक धारणा सगती कहवै.

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हरेक मनख सुखी रहवण वास्तै कर्म करै. अर ओ सुख ही 'ज है जकै रै वास्तै आपां कर्म रा भारा बांध लेवां.

भगवान करसन कहवै, " हे भारत ! इण संसार मायने तीन तरां रा सुख होवै, जका रो आनंद आपणो सरीर इण संसार में लेवै. म्हें तन्नै अँ तीन सुख कसा होवै, मनख कीया वांरो आनंद लेवै, मनख दुःख सूँ लारो छुडावण वास्तै वण सुखां नै भोगै, सगळी बात थानै बताऊँ.

मनख सांति, संतोस अर आपरी इच्छा पूर्ती वास्तै कर्म करै अर जणा अँ मळ ज्यावै तो बीं अवस्था नै सुख रो नांव दियो है.

क्यूँ कै सुख नै पावण वास्तै मनखां रा कर्म न्यारा न्यारा होवै तो सुख एक सरखो कीया हो सकै. तीन तरां रा कर्म होवै तो सुख भी तीन तरां गा होवै.

जको सुख सरु में जहर सरखो घातक होवै अर छेकड़ जागे इमरत सरखो लागै, इस्यो सुख सात्विक सुख होया करै.

जको मार्ग संघर्स सूँ भरियोडो अर खेचळ करा' न पछै सफलता कानि ले ज्यावै, बो सुख इमरत सरखो लागै, इस्यै सुख नै सात्विक सुख कहवै.

बेद इस्यै सुख रै मार्ग नै श्रेय रो मार्ग बतायो है.

37.

जको सुख सरु में जहर सरखो

घातक होवै अर छेकड़ जागे इमरत सरखो लागै, इस्यो

सुख सात्विक सुख होया करै.

जको मार्ग संघर्स सूं भरियोडो अर खेचळ करा'

न पछै सफलता कानि ले ज्यावै, बो सुख इमरत सरखो लागै, इस्यै सुख नै सात्विक सुख कहवै.

इस्यो सुख सात्विक बुद्ध सूं ई मळै अर बा बुद्ध आत्म जान सूं ई मळै.

बेद इस्यै सुख रै मार्ग नै श्रेय रो मार्ग बतायो है.

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राज सक सुख इन्द्रियां अर बस्तु रै संजोग सूं जलम लेवै,

बा बस्तु जकी सूं आपणी इन्द्री रोमां चत हो जावै.

इस्यो सुख पळ भर रो होवै, मतबळ घणी ताळ कोनी रहवै. इस्यै सुख रै

पछै लाळच, चंत्या, अर मोह माया रै जाळ मायने आपणी आत्मा पज ज्यावै.

सरु में इस्यो सुख ईमरत सरखो लागै

क्यूं कै ओ सुख आपणी इन्द्रिया अर इंद्रियां रै राजा मतबळ आपणै मन नै बस में कर लेवै. ई रो अंत जहर सरखो घणो माडो होवै.

हे अर्जुन इस्यै सुख नै राजसी सुख कहवै.

39.

जको सुख सरु सूं ले'न

छेकड़ तांई आपणी आत्मा नै मोह जाळ मायने पजायां राखै, मनख री आळस, पर

माद, अर नींद नै पछाण नी सकै, अर

इंयां मान लेवै कै आं सूं बडो कोई दूजो सुख संसार में कोनी. ओ ई'ज परम सुख है.

जीयां कै जकै मनख नै नसै करण री लत लाग ज्यावै, बीं मनख नै ठा होंता सोंता

ई कै नसो सरीर रो नास करै, बो मनख नसो नी छोडै.

हे अर्जुन ! इस्यो सुख तामसी सुख होया करै.

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