

# MatruAkshar Journal

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

(IJILCLTR)

(Peer-Reviewed Online Journal)

## Categories

Creative Writing | Translation | Research | Interlingual Translation

Poetry | Short Story | Fiction | Non-fiction | Essay | Memoir

Classics | Book Reviews | Research Articles

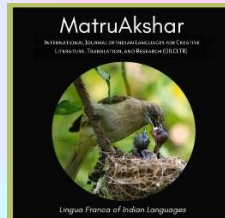
## Languages Featured in the Issue

| Assamese | Hindi | Kannada | Konkani | Malayalam |

| Manipuri | Marathi | Rajasthani | Telugu | Tamil |

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Let's create an identity of India through languages ...

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## **VISION AND MISSION**

### **VISION**

To translate, enrich, preserve, accentuate, and provide an identity to the Indian creative literature, languages, dialects, research, oblivion, and unobservant literary pieces to the world literature and to become the platform for exchanging and honouring Indian languages and literature in the global literary forum.

### **MISSION**

1. To provide a platform for vibrant literary culture among creative writers in all languages in India.
2. To promote translation as a tool for the exchange of Indian literature and cultural heritage to the world.
3. To share Indian literary research works from Indian languages to the world literature.
4. To encourage the development of poets and writers in society.
5. To provide an ambience among the literary communities to work together for a common cause.
6. To provide a platform for the expression of suppressed thoughts within.
7. To encourage hidden voices from the grassroots contributors allowing them to express human values.
8. To support peace and humanity through creative literature, translation, and research.

## About the Journal

*MatruAkshar*, an International Journal of Indian Languages for Creative Literature, Translation, and Research (IJILCLTR) is an international peer-reviewed, online literary journal in Indian Languages published quarterly.

The etymology of *MatruAkshar* is derived from an Indian word which means *the Language of Mother*. *MatruAkshar* is an intuitive expression of wordless thoughts from Indian lingua franca to the global readers.

The journal intends to provide a platform for creative literary works and research of young literary enthusiasts writing in Indian languages around the globe, a medium of expression to enrich Indian languages and literature to spread peace and humanity. It is a subscription-based journal for scholars, researchers, and literature enthusiasts.

We are focusing on the eighth scheduled of the major Indian languages mentioned to the constitution of India which list 22 Indian languages – Assamese, Bengali, Bodo, Dogri, Gujarati, Hindi, Kannada, Kashmiri, Konkani, Maithili, Malayalam, Marathi, Manipuri, Nepali, Odia, Punjabi, Sanskrit, Santali, Sindhi, Tamil, Telugu, Urdu and Rajasthani. Further we wish to concentrate on the dialects as well. *MatruAkshar* will provide an impetus to the creative literature focusing on – poetry (all types), short stories (fictions and non-fictions), essays, memoirs, one-act play, travelogue, and book review. In order to enrich and proliferate the literature in Indian languages to the global readers and researchers *MatruAkshar* will add a new chapter in world literature. In the research field, we intend to explore the endangered languages, dialects, and folk literature in Indian context. For this purpose, *MatruAkshar* will translate all the literary and research works of Indian languages into English.



## EDITOR'S VIEWS

MatruAkshar Journal is a multilingual journal devoted to translation of Native Indian Literature for the international readers. Another objective of the journal is to translate the literature into other native languages in order to reach the Indian readers as well. India, being a multilingual country, has vast scope for interlingual exchange of literary contents. The ancient literature by saints in the respective regions has been translated into other Indian languages to some extent. However, the major core is still virgin.

Indian literature has its own region specific as well as pan-Indian literary theories some of which have been derived from ancient Sanskrit theorists like Panini, Bharatmuni, Anandvardhan, Tholakappyar, Bhasa, Abhinavgupt and others. (Ganesh Devi) There are different literary theories like Cankam/ Sangam literature, Tirukkural literature, Tanka literature, etc. which are yet to be familiarized to even Indian readers. MatruAkshar intends to reach the depths of core of Indian Literature along with their dialects.

This issue has texts form ten languages viz. Assamese, Hindi, Kannada, Konkani, Malayalam, Manipuri, Marathi, Rajasthani, Telugu, and Tamil. Interlingual language translation has Tamil to Hindi translation. We, the Executive Board Members appeal the scholars, researchers and creative writers to reach to us in order to spread the horizons of Indian languages beyond the boundaries.

Come....

Let's create an identity of India through languages ...

# **ASSAMESE**

1. **Mayuri Goswami, Assam translation by Nitusmita Saikia**
2. **Rantu Datta translation by Nitusmita Saikia**
3. **Nitusmita Saikia translation by Self**



**Mayuri Goswami, Assam**

**Bio:**

Mayuri Goswami, a renowned writer from Assam. Her poems have been published in more than fifty Assamese magazines. Mayuri Goswami is involved and member of various literary organisation within the state like All Assam Kabi Sanmilan, Assam Sahitya Sabha and many more. With her teaching job, she is a part time journalist by passion, announcer in Guwahati Radio centre and had experience as Television announcer. She had three published Poetry Anthology in her account.

## কবিতা এক সূৰ্য্য

কবিতাই সূৰ্য্য।  
কবিতাৰ পোহৰত আজি  
জিলিকিছে মানুহ।  
দেৱতাৰ দৰে মানুহ।  
কবিতাৰ পোহৰে আজি ,  
পোৰা সোনৰ দৰে উজ্বলাইছে  
মানুহ।

আজি শব্দৰ প্ৰাচুৰ্য্যৰ সময়।  
মানুহৰ সময়।  
ঋষিতুল্য মানুহৰ জ্যোতিৰে  
ঐশ্বৰ্য্যৰ সময়।

আজি কবিতাৰ দিন।  
আজি কবিতাৰ সুদিন।

কবিতাই সলাব পাৰে সময় ।  
কবিতাই সলাব পাৰে মানুহ ।  
কবিতাই বন্ধ কৰিব পাৰে যুদ্ধ।  
কবিতাই স্ৰজন কৰিব পাৰে বুদ্ধ।  
শব্দৰে মুকলি কৰিব পাৰে  
সকলো অৱৰুদ্ধ বাট।  
শব্দৰে গঢ়িব পাৰে মনৰ পৰা মনলৈ,  
সমাজৰ পৰা সমাজলৈ,  
পৃথিৱীৰ পৰা সৰগলৈ যোৱা বাট।

কবিতাই আজি সূৰ্য্যলৈ মেলিদি দুহাত,  
সূৰ্য্যৰ সকলো পোহৰেৰে  
নিজকে কৰি জ্যোতিস্মান।  
কবিতায়ে আয়ুস্মান।  
আজি কবিতাৰ দিন।  
আজি কবিতাৰ সুদিন।

**Translation**

**Nitusmita Saikia, Assam**  
**Editor-in-Chief, Assamese Language**  
**MatruAkshar Journal**

**Bio:**

Nitusmita Saikia, since last 19 years, has been working professionally as an instructor in National Cadet Corps is a trilingual writer from the state of Assam, India. With her job, she is also working in the field of literature as a poet, story writer, playwright, quote writer etc.

The journey of writing in mother tongue (Assamese) had started early in school days and Nitusmita Saikia got involved with many forums and associations of poet and writers at state and district and later national level. Organisation like Assam Sahitya Sabha, Assam Lekhika Samaroh, All India Poetess Conference, Motivational Strip, and many more with which Nitusmita Saikia is actively working for the upliftment of literature.

Her English writing journey has begun from 1999 and since then she has never stopped her flow of ink. Apart from poetry, she writes short stories, plays, quotes and articles both in English, Assamese (mother tongue) and Hindi languages. She uses “nsaiko” as her pen name for poetry and quote writing. She has been writing recently for magazine like FM(US), GloMag(India), Poetry Today(India Kolkata),Tuck magazine(US), Innsaei(India) and Sandhan(India), Barnil Assamese Magazine(India), Sipoy etc. She also a regular writer for new papers like Adhunik Assam, Ganavarta from Assam.

**Translation**

**Poem Is The Sun Only..!**

In the light of poetry,  
today men are shining,  
like the deity; the people are..!  
today  
the light of poetry  
illuminates the people like the gold aflame..!

Today it is the era of abundance of words...  
It is the time of men...  
dripped in the aura of saint like men  
time has become enriched and prosperous,

Today is the day of poetry  
Today is the happy day of poetry

Poetry can change the time,  
Poetry can change the people  
Poetry can stop the war  
Poetry can create  
it can open all the blocked roads ...

The words can build the path from mind to mind  
from heart to heart,  
from society to society,  
The path which goes from the earth to heaven...!  
Words of poesy can pave the way...!

Poetry extends its arm towards the sun  
and with the touch of these golden rays,  
it emits itself like the sunlight,  
Because poetry is eternal...!

Today is the day of poetry...  
Today is the best day of poetry.



**Rantu Dutta, Assam**

**Bio:**

Rantu Dutta, is an Assamese writer from Assam Jorhat. Being a literary worshipper he has been into writing since school days. He writes for various local Assamese magazine and news-papers. Basically, he writes on social causes and voice for justice. He is a teacher by profession and working on the developments of the language Assamese.

Translation by Nitusmita Saikia

## ৰিক্সাৱালা

কাউৰী-কুকুৰা মাটিত নৌ-পৰোঁতেই  
চাউল মোকলাবলৈ বুলি  
সি ওলাই যায়  
জেপত লৈ কাউৰীঠেঙীয়া কেইটামান আখৰ  
চাউল আটাৰ পৰা বিস্কুটৰ পেকেটলৈকে  
সকলোৰে হিচাপ থাকে তাত

তাৰ পিন্ধনত এটা ফেদুৱা গেঞ্জী  
তাৰ কলাফুলত অহৰহ আন্দোলনতাৰ তেজেৰে চলা  
তিনিচকীয়া বাহনখনেই  
সুখ-দুখৰ লগৰী  
আধুনিকতাৰ ধামখুমীয়াত উটি যোৱাজনৰ  
"ঐ ৰিক্সা" বোলা মাতষাৰে  
কাণত মৌ বৰষে  
জেপৰ কাগজটুকুৰা খেপিয়াই চায়

তেজবোৰ খৰকৈ চলে  
তাৰ তেজতকৈয়ো এতিয়া  
তেলৰ দাম বেছি।



**The Rikshaw Man..!**

Before the crowing and cock-a-doodle-do  
in search of a morsel of rice,  
he goes out  
carrying a few illegible words...  
from rice; wheat to biscuit packet  
all the calculations are there  
in attire his beloved stained vest  
there is revolution continuous in his calves

his three wheeler that runs with his blood  
only companion of his happiness and sorrow..!  
in the call 'oi rikshaw...!' by the one  
floating in the current of so-called modernity  
honey trickles down the ears  
and so, he checks the piece of paper in his pocket  
the blood runs fast and furiously  
Since the price of oil is higher than his blood.



**Nitusmita Saikia, Assam  
Editor-in-Chief, Assamese Language  
MatruAkshar Journal**

**Bio:**

Nitusmita Saikia, since last 19 years, has been working professionally as an instructor in National Cadet Corps is a trilingual writer from the state of Assam, India. With her job, she is also working in the field of literature as a poet, story writer, playwright, quote writer etc.

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বেহু !

জীৱন বৃত্তৰ পৰিধিৰ সীমাত  
এখোজ এখোজ কৈ এয়া মই !  
নাই কোনো ওভতনি; তথাপি প্ৰতিক্ষা  
হেৰুৱা দিনৰ চিনাকি জোনাক  
জানোচা আকৌ এবাৰ নামি আহে !

ভাৱাৰিষ্ট শিতৰ বেলা মিয়মান মনত,  
একোহালি স্মৃতিয়ে জাকি মাৰি যায়,  
হাত সাৰিব পৰা নাই,  
নাচোৰবান্দা মোৰ মায়াবিনি অতীত,  
সেই সোৱঁৰণিৰ জালত ক্ষণে প্ৰতি খেলে,  
প্ৰহেলিকাৰ খেল মোৰ বৰ্তমানে।

তিতা মিঠা পল অনুপলবোৰ গাঠি দিলোঁ  
জীৱনৰ এধৰীয়া মালাত,  
তথাপি ঠাইতে ছিঙো ,  
পলকতে খহি যাওঁ যেন,  
মোৰ এমোঠি আবেগ!

এচলু পাৰ্থিৱ বন্যতাৰ কিনো এনে এঠা,  
ভাগৰি পৰে মোৰ দিন; নাযায় নোপোৱাই ৰাতি,  
নিৰৰ্থক পৰিপ্ৰশ্নৰ বেহুত  
অস্ত্ৰবিহীন মই আজি অকলশৰীয়া...!

**Translation (Self)**

**Trap... The Maze...!**

On the border of the circumference of life circle  
here I am step by step,  
no turning back; yet waiting...  
what if it comes back again...  
the very familiar moonlight of lost days...!

In the winter eve so much saturated in thoughts  
within the sad mind

fly past of a flock of memories,  
cannot get rid off...!  
in those entangled threads of rumination,

my presence plays in each instant  
the game of mysteries...!

have knitted together  
the bitter sweet moments in the garland of life...  
yet

As if it will detach itself; It will erode away instantly  
my fistful emotions...!

what is that charism of earthly wilderness,  
the ritzy delights of life...  
my day gets tired of....  
the night does become stagnant...  
in the puzzle of meaningless questions  
Armless I am lonely today...!

# **HINDI**

1. Dr Sushma Maruti Chougale (Mandekar) **translation** by Tejaswini Patil



डॉ. सुषमा मारुती चौगले (मांडेकर)

आपने अनेक कार्यशाला, FDP एवं संगोष्ठियोंमें सहभाग लिया है। उन्होंने विविध महाविद्यालयीन समारोह का संयोजन एवं सूत्रसंचालन किया है। आप फोटोग्राफर, विडीओग्राफर, डीजायनर, विडीओएडीटर, यूट्यूबर के रूप में कार्य किया है। महावीर महाविद्यालय, कोल्हापूर के हिंदी विभाग एवं हिंदी अध्ययन मंडल द्वारा संपादित पदवी के स्तर पर (ऐच्छिक) हिंदी पाठ्यपुस्तक 'साहित्य सौष्ठव' के संपादक मंडल में सह संपादक के रूप में कार्य किया तथा पाठ्यपुस्तक का मुखपृष्ठ बनाया है। आपका लिखा पुस्तक '21 वीं शती के हिंदी उपन्यासों में राजनीति', विद्या प्रकाशन, कानपुर द्वारा प्रकाशित किया हुआ है। आप श्री पंचम खेमराज महाविद्यालय, सावंतवाडी (स्वायत्त) तथा महावीर महाविद्यालय,, कोल्हापूर (स्वायत्त) के अध्यापन मंडल की सदस्या है।

नारी, आज भी ...

फलक टंगता है बाहर  
अंदर सोनोग्राफी चलती है,  
आज भी मन के कोख से  
बच्चियां गिराई जाती है।

कोई नहीं लगाता पटाखे

मेरी पैदाइश पर,  
ना कोई भजन पार्टी  
मेरे जन्मदिन पर।

अगर लगाए चार-पांच पटाखे  
सबका मजाक बनता है ,  
बेटी तो पराया धन है,  
पैसा व्यर्थ में ही लूटता है।

अजब यह रीत है हमारी  
दाम देखकर बेचना पड़ता है।  
पाल पोस कर बेटी को  
पराया बनाना पड़ता है।

आज भी बलात्कार कहीं पर  
आज भी जलाया जाता है  
अंधे कानून का पटका घोड़ा  
बाजी ले ही जाता है ।

दो-चार को बार-बार गिनाकर  
बदलाव बदलाव चिल्लाते हैं।  
आज भी उम्र बढ़ाकर  
बाल विवाह रचते हैं ।

स्त्री पुरुष दो चक्र संसार के  
तभी यह संसार बढ़ेगा।  
गिर गया जो चक्र एक भी  
रथ बीच में रुक जाएगा।

**Translation by Tejaswini Patil**

**Woman, Even Today**

Board is hanging outside  
Sonography is performed inside  
Even today, from the womb of mind  
Female foetuses are aborted lined.

No crackers are not used  
After my birth in this world  
There is no Bhajan party  
Arranged on my birthday.

If someone uses four-five of them  
Everyone makes fun, try to tame  
Daughter is the treasure of other  
Wasted money, why doesn't bother.

Our traditions are surprisingly set,  
Goods is sold by the market rate.  
Daughter, who's brought up with love  
Is made alien from the grove.

Anyone is raped anywhere, even today  
Anyone is burnt anytime, even today.  
The horse of the blind laws  
Is won with the false clause.

Recounting for two-three times  
They shout about the 'Change'  
Wrongly presenting her age  
Child marriage, they arrange

Two wheels of the chariot of life  
When man and woman together face strife  
If one of them is broken by chance  
The chariot will stop in trance.

Dr Sushma Maruti Chougale



# **KANNADA**

## **Poetry**

1. Dr Prabha Sastry translation by Self



**Dr Prabha Sastry, Karnataka**

**Bio:**

Prabha Shastri Joshula, originally Devarakonda Prabhavathi, is a multifaceted personality known for her contributions as a poet, writer, translator, and singer. She holds M.A. degrees in History and Telugu. Her parents are Devarakonda Venkaiah and Devarakonda Bhaskaramma. She is married to Dr J.C.V. Shastrigaru, a former Geology Professor and Head Dean at Mysore University. Prabha has published numerous works, including "Rasasudha", "For You," "Madhurabhava," and "Katha Prabha." She has received several titles such as Comedy Poet Vatamsa, Kalatma, Kavichandra, and Kavitashri. Her accolades include the BR Ambedkar Ratna National Literary Award, Udaya Kalanidi, and the Sahiti Ratna-2023 award. She has also been honored internationally, participating in various literary gatherings and serving as a Cultural Ambassador. Prabha has written over 2000 poems in Telugu and 150 in Kannada, and her works have been recognized in multiple countries. She continues to contribute to literature in three languages and has been celebrated for her efforts in promoting Telugu culture and literature. Her address is 2213, 4th Cross, K-Block, Kuvempunagara, Mysore - 570023, Karnataka.

## తండ్రి ప్రేమ

నాన్న ఓర్పులో ప్రతిమ  
 విసిరే తుఫాను చూపు  
 ఉక్కే సముద్రం కోపంలో  
 గుండెల మీద పడుక్కోబెట్టుకొని  
 జ్వరం వస్తే కథలు చెప్పేవాడు  
 బడికి పోవడానికి ఏడిస్తే  
 భుజం మీద కూర్చోబెట్టుకొని తీసుకెళ్లేవాడు  
 అయినా,నాన్న... నిన్ను ఎలా  
 మరిచి బ్రతికేది  
 అడిగినవన్ని ఇచ్చేవాడివి  
 కంటి చూపుతో గదిరించేవాడివి  
 పిల్లల్ని సిపాయివిల్లా పెంచావు  
 బడి పంతులు మా నాన్న...  
 ఎదురు మాటలు లేవు  
 చదవడానికి క్రమశిక్షణ ప్రజ్ఞ  
 ఎక్కువ తక్కువ మాట్లాడరాదు  
 అమ్మ మధ్యవర్తిత్వం ఉన్నా  
 నాన్న అంటే మరేమిటో ఏదో ప్రేమ బలం  
 బాధలో ముందు పిలిచేది నాన్ననే  
 నాన్న అంటే అదో శక్తి ప్రోత్సాహం  
 నాన్న పోయి పదేళ్లు గడిచాయి  
 నాన్నా...నాకు నువ్వు కావాలి  
 ఒక్కసారి వచ్చి.పో....నా బంగారు నాన్న  
 పల్లెకు వెళ్లితే ఆయన కూర్చునే పడకుర్చీ ఖాళీ  
 నాన్న కిర్రు చప్పుల శబ్దం లేదు  
 అప్పుడప్పుడు కలలోకి వస్తాడు  
 కళ్ళల్లో కన్నీరు తెప్పిస్తాడు  
 ఒంట్లో బాగలేక పడుక్కుంటే లేమా అంటాడు  
 అదే మనస్సుకు ఏదో బలం అందం అండ...!!  
 ప్రభాశాస్త్రి జోష్యల,మైసూరు.

**Father's love**

Dad is the epitome of endurance  
Show the storm that is throwing  
The sea of iron is angry  
Lying on the heart  
He used to tell stories when he got fever  
If you cry to go to school  
He carried it sitting on his shoulder  
But, Dad... How about you?  
Forget and live  
He gives all that is asked  
He was a roommate with his eyes  
You brought up your children like a sepoy  
My father is a schoolboy...  
There are no counter words  
Discipline to read  
Do not talk more or less  
Even with the intercession of Amma  
Dad is nothing but the strength of love  
It was my father who called first in distress  
Dad means that is the encouragement of energy  
Ten years have passed since my father passed away  
Dad...I need you  
Come and go once....my golden father  
If he goes to the village, the bed he sits on is empty  
There was no sound of father's squealing  
Sometimes he dreams  
Brings tears to the eyes  
If he is not feeling well and lies down, he says Lemma  
The same mind has some strength and beauty...!!

# **KONKANI**

1. Diksha Halankar translation by Aditi Barve
2. Ratika Rane translated by Self



दीक्षा हळणकर, गोवा  
**Diksha Halankar, Goa**

परिचय:

She is Asst. Professor at Srinivassa Sinai Dempo College of Commerce and Economics. Loves teaching reading.

## रकाद दिवपी

आमच्या दारात आसले  
एक सोबीत झाड  
एक कावळो सदांच  
थंय येतालो, बसतालो.  
खावपाक दिल्यार खातालो  
ना जाल्यार हेवटेन तेवटेन  
पळयत रावतालो.  
जेन्ना जेन्ना तो  
करतालो कावकाव  
हांव आवयक विचारी-  
कितीं म्हणटा गे तो ?  
ती माका सांगी-  
तो म्हणटा मामा येतलो.  
हांव ल्हान भुरगें देखून  
हांव चितताले  
हो म्हणटा कावकाव  
तेचो अर्थ मामा कसो जाता?  
पुण सांजे खरोच येतालो मामा  
खेळणी आणि खाजे घेवन.  
तेन्नाच्यान हांव कावळ्याक  
खावपाक दीव लागले.  
तेका विचारूक लागले-  
“येतलो काय मामा?”  
पुण तो कसोच उलय ना जालो  
घड्ये ताका कळटाली...  
फकत म्हज्या आवयची भास.  
पुण तो रुख पडलो तेन्नाच्यान  
कावळो मोनो जालो.

**Translation****The Messenger**

In Front of Our House  
There stood a lone tree,  
And a crow always came,  
Perching there.  
If given food, it would eat,  
Otherwise, sulking and brooding,  
It would fly off and keep watching.  
Whenever it cawed,  
I would ask my mother—  
"What does it say?"  
She would reply,  
"It says uncle is coming."  
As a little child,  
I would wonder—  
How could its cawing mean  
That uncle was on his way?  
But by evening, Uncle would truly arrive,  
With toys and snacks.  
From then on, I began feeding the crow,  
And asking it—  
"Is uncle coming today?"  
Yet, it never really answered.  
Perhaps it only understood  
My mom's language...  
But when the tree was felled,  
The crow, too, stopped speaking.



## रातराणी

सांजेच्या वेळार  
नाकांत म्हंज्या  
एक म्होवाळ  
परमळ गेलो  
आवयक विचारले  
कसलो गे माय  
हो परमळ  
घमघमता ?

तिणे म्हळे  
भायर वचून  
एक नदर मार  
रातराणी परमळटा

ना जाल्यार  
तुज्या काळजांत पळय  
आमचो जावय  
तुकां आपयता

## **The Jasmine**

At Evening Time  
A fragrance softly wafted  
Into my nose,  
Gentle, tender, familiar.  
I asked in wonder,  
"What, O Mother,  
is this sweet scent?"  
She replied,  
cast a glance outside,  
"It's the night-blooming jasmine  
Spreading its perfume."  
And then,  
With a knowing smile, she added,  
"Now look into your heart,  
Our son-in-law is perhaps missing you."



**Ratika Rane, Goa**

**Bio:**

A passionate poet and a writer, Ratika Rane hails from Goa. She is an Assistant Professor in English at S.S. Dempo College of Commerce and Economics Cujira, Bambolim-Goa in the department of English. Her interests are Creative writing and exploring new places. She has been writing poetry for the past twelve years, and gave her writing an online platform for five years. She writes in English, Konkani, Marathi and Hindi and is into translations too. She is a published poet of an e-book which has got an ISBN number for her poem titled "SHE " of an e-book and have co-authored five anthologies. She has won the 21st century Emily Dickinson award, presented by Book Leaf Publishing for her outstanding literary achievement in their Writeathon contest. She is also a freelance translator and has translated three short stories from Konkani to English. One of her Konkani poems title, "tujhoch tu" has been telecasted on RDX Goa. In one of her quotes, she says “choose kindness for if they ever remember you, you'll blossom in their heart”.

## तुजो उगडास

आयज पयल्या पावसान  
तुजो उगडास केलो,  
देखून मळबातले ढग  
म्हज्यां काळजान व्हांवले.  
खेळ काय उतरांनी  
आयज देखून मांडलो,  
यादिंच्या झर्या मुखार  
घोशांचो पावस लेगीत कमीच दिसलो.

**Translation (Self)**

**Your Memory**

Today, the droplets of the first rain  
reminded me of you,  
While the clouds poured in my heart too.  
The words played its game.  
And the heavy downpour seemed meager  
as compared to the spring of your memories.

## चली

जशी सकाळ जाता,  
घरामुखार एक नवीन फुल फुलताना दिसतां.  
सवण्यांच्या आवांजान तेंवूयबीन  
आपले गीत गुणगुणता.  
हिरव्यागार वाठारान रूप तांचे उठोन दिसतां,  
तांचे हास्य पळोवन सगळी झाडां-पेडां लेगीत खोंशीत नाचता.  
सोबितकांय तांची जशी गुलाबाची कळी,  
ते फुल म्हळ्यांर जण ऐकल्याच्या घरान आशिल्लें  
'चली'.

**Translation (Self)**

**Girl**

As the sun rises,  
A flower blossoms in front of the house.  
With the sound of chirping birds,  
She too sings along.  
With the surrounding greenery her beauty enhances,  
And with her smile the nature dances.  
Her beauty is like a bud of rose,  
The flower is none but a girl in every household.

# **MALAYALAM**

## **Short Story**

1. Dr (Major) Nalini Janardhanan translation by Self





Dr. Major Nalini Janardhanan

**Bio: (English)**

Dr (Major) Nalini Janardhanan is a doctor who served in Indian Army as an Army Medical Officer. She is a popular writer of Kerala who got Katha Award and a writer of many medical books for which she got IMA Sahithya Award. She is an Akashvani and Doordarshan approved artist of Ghazals and Bhajans. She is felicitated with many Awards for her contributions towards society as a Doctor, Singer, Writer, Army Officer and for her social service like Vanita Ratnam Award, Literoma Golden Star Award, Jwala Patriotic Couple Award (shared with her husband Colonel Dr Janardhanan), Smile Plus Global Award etc.

**(Malaylam)**

ഇന്ത്യൻ ആർമിയിൽ ആർമി മെഡിക്കൽ ഓഫീസറായി സേവനമനുഷ്ഠിച്ച ഡോക്ടറാണ് നളിനി ജനാർദ്ദനൻ. കഥാ പുരസ്കാരം നേടിയ കേരളത്തിലെ ജനപ്രിയ എഴുത്തുകാരിയും നിരവധി മെഡിക്കൽ പുസ്തകങ്ങളുടെ രചയിതാവുമാണ്. ആകാശവാണിയിലും ദൂരദർശനിലും ഗസലുകളിലും ഭജനങ്ങളിലും പ്രശസ്തയായ കലാകാരിയാണ്. ഡോക്ടർ, ഗായിക, എഴുത്തുകാരി, ആർമി ഓഫീസർ എന്നീ നിലകളിൽ സമൂഹത്തിന് നൽകിയ സംഭാവനകൾക്കും വനിത രത്നം അവാർഡ്, ലിറ്ററോമ ഗോൾഡൻ സ്റ്റാർ ആവ തുടങ്ങിയ സാമൂഹിക സേവനങ്ങൾക്കും നിരവധി അവാർഡുകൾ അവർക്ക് ലഭിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ട്.

ഹൈവേ

ജയ്പുരിലേക്കുള്ള യാത്രയെക്കുറിച്ച് സുനിൽ വളരെ ആവേശത്തിലായിരുന്നു. ഒരു ഔദ്യോഗിക പര്യടനത്തിന് പോകുന്നു എങ്കിലും പിക് സിറ്റിയിലേക്കുള്ള യാത്ര ഒരു സുഖകരമായ യാത്രയാക്കാൻ അവൻ ആഗ്രഹിച്ചു. ജയ്പുരിലെ ഹവാ മഹലും കോട്ടകളും സന്ദർശിക്കാൻ അവൻ ആഗ്രഹിച്ചു. ഡൽഹിയിലെ സുഹൃത്തുക്കളെ അവനോട് ജയ്പുരിനെക്കുറിച്ച് വിശദമായി നേരത്തെ പറഞ്ഞതാണ്. മങ്ങിയ മണൽക്കുന്നുകളിൽ നിന്ന് വ്യത്യസ്തമായി ആളുകളുടെ വർണ്ണാഭമായ വസ്ത്രങ്ങൾ... ഗംഭീരമായ കോട്ടകളും കാല്പനികത നിറഞ്ഞ കൊട്ടാരങ്ങളും... മരുഭൂമിയിലെ സൂര്യാസ്തമയത്തിലും നിലാവുള്ള രാത്രികളിലും നാടോടി കലാകാരന്മാർ നൃത്തം അവതരിപ്പിക്കുന്നു.... രാജസ്ഥാനിലെ പ്രസന്നവും തണുത്തതുമായ സായാഹ്നങ്ങൾ...

എത്രയും വേഗം ജയ്പുരിലെത്താൻ അവൻ ആഗ്രഹിച്ചു. അവൻ ഹൈവേയിലൂടെ ഡ്രൈവ് ചെയ്യുകയായിരുന്നു. അവന്റെ കമ്പനിയുടെ മാനേജിംഗ് ഡയറക്ടർ ഒരു ഡ്രൈവറെ കൂടെ കൊണ്ടുപോകാൻ നിർദ്ദേശിച്ചിരുന്നു എന്നാൽ ഡ്രൈവിംഗിൽ വിദഗ്ധനായിരുന്ന സുനിൽ ഡ്രൈവറെ എടുക്കാൻ വിസമ്മതിച്ചു. അവൻ സാഹസികനായിരുന്നു- വളരെയധികം ധൈര്യവും ആത്മവിശ്വാസവുമുള്ള സുന്ദരനായ ഒരു ചെറുപ്പക്കാരൻ.

ഹൈവേ വളരെ വിശാലമാണ് - അവൻ വിചാരിച്ചു. രാത്രിയിൽ ഗതാഗതം താരതമ്യേന കൂടുതലാണ്. റോഡിന്റെ ഇടതുവശത്തേക്ക് നിൽക്കാനും മിതമായ വേഗതയിൽ കാർ ഡ്രൈവ് ചെയ്യാനും അവൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. രാത്രി ഡ്രൈവിംഗ് അവന് ഒരു പ്രശ്നമല്ല. "നിനക്ക് അറിയാമല്ലോ, രാത്രിക്ക് മുമ്പ് ജയ്പുരിലെത്തണം. രാത്രിയിൽ ഹൈവേയിലൂടെ വാഹനമോടിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിക്കരുത്!!" - സുനിൽ തന്റെ സുഹൃത്ത് അജിത്തിന്റെ വാക്കുകൾ ഓർത്തു. ജയ്പുരിലെ രജപുത്ര കുടുംബത്തിലെ അംഗമായ അജിത്സുനിലിന്റെ അടുത്ത സുഹൃത്താണ്. ഓഫീസിൽ നിന്ന് അവധി ലഭിക്കാത്തതിനാൽ സുനിലിനെ അനുഗമിക്കാൻ അജിത്തിന് കഴിഞ്ഞില്ല. ഹൈവേയിലൂടെ രാത്രിയിൽ വാഹനമോടിക്കരുതെന്ന് മുന്നറിയിപ്പ് നൽകിയപ്പോൾ അജിത്തിനെ കളിയാക്കിയതെങ്ങനെയെന്ന് സുനിൽ ഓർത്തു. "ഹൈവേയിൽ എന്നെ തിന്നാൻ ഒരു പ്രേതം തയ്യാറാണെന്ന് എനോട് പറയരുത്!" - സുനിൽ ചിരിച്ചുകൊണ്ട് അജിത്തിനെ നോക്കി കണ്ണിറുക്കി. അജിത്തിന്റെ മുഖം

ഭയം കൊണ്ട് വിളറി. " സുനിൽ, നിനക്ക് അറിയില്ല, നീ പറഞ്ഞത് ശരിയാണ്. ഹൈവേയിലൂടെ രാത്രിയിൽ പോകുന്ന യാത്രക്കാർ റോഡിൽ ഒരു സ്ത്രീയെ കണ്ടതായി റിപ്പോർട്ടുണ്ട്".

"അതെ, അവളെന്താ പറയുന്നത്?' ദയവായി എന്നെയും കൂടെ കൂട്ടൂ' -എന്നല്ലേ? അവളെ എന്നോടൊപ്പം കൊണ്ടുപോകുന്നതിൽ എനിക്ക് വളരെ സന്തോഷമുണ്ട്. പിങ്ക് സിറ്റിയിൽ ഒരു കാമുകി ഉണ്ടായിരിക്കുന്നത് രസകരമായിരിക്കും!" - സുനിൽ അജിത്തിനെ കളിയാക്കി. "യാത്രക്കാരുടെ വാക്കുകളെ വിലകുറച്ച് കാണരുത്, സുനിൽ. അവരിൽ ചിലർ ഒന്നുകിൽ അപകടങ്ങളെത്തുടർന്ന് ഒടിവുകളോടെ കിടക്കയിലോ മാനസിക ആശുപത്രിയിലോ ആണ്. ഒറ്റയ്ക്ക് പോകുന്ന ഡ്രൈവർമാരിൽ ഭൂരിഭാഗവും അപകടത്തിൽ പെടുകയും സംഭവസ്ഥലത്ത് തന്നെ മരിക്കുകയും ചെയ്തുവെന്ന് കേൾക്കുമ്പോൾ നീ ആശ്ചര്യപ്പെടും!" - അജിത്ത് താക്കീത് ചെയ്തു.

സുനിൽ സ്വയം പുഞ്ചിരിച്ചു. പേടിക്കാനൊന്നുമില്ല. ഞാൻ പ്രേതങ്ങളിൽ വിശ്വസിക്കുന്നില്ല. മരണശേഷം ഒരാൾക്ക് എങ്ങനെ ചുറ്റിക്കറങ്ങാൻ കഴിയും? മരണശേഷം മൃതദേഹം ഒന്നുകിൽ സംസ്കരിക്കുകയോ കുഴിച്ചിടുകയോ ചെയ്യുന്നു. എന്തായാലും, ഹൈവേയിൽ ഒരു സ്ത്രീ പ്രേതം വേട്ടയാടുന്നുവെന്ന് അവിശ്വസനീയമാണ്. ഞാനൊന്ന് നോക്കട്ടെ! അവളെ കണ്ടുമുട്ടിയാൽ ഞാനവളെ ഉപേക്ഷിക്കില്ല. സുനിൽ തന്റെ കാർ സ്റ്റീരിയോയിലെ സംഗീതത്തിന്റെ ശബ്ദം വർദ്ധിപ്പിച്ചു, രാത്രിയിലെ തണുത്ത കാറ്റ് ആസ്വദിച്ച് അവൻ ശാന്തമായി ഹൈവേയിലൂടെ കാർ ഓടിച്ചു.

പെട്ടെന്ന് ഒരു തണുത്ത കാറ്റ് അവന്റെ മുഖത്ത് സ്പർശിച്ചു. അവൻ വിറച്ചു. "എന്താണ് സംഭവിക്കുന്നത്? ഞാൻ കാഴ്ചമീരിലല്ല!" അവൻ ഒരു പുഞ്ചിരിയോടെ ആലോചിച്ചു. ഒരു നീല മൂടൽമഞ്ഞ് അവന്റെ കാറിന് മുന്നിലെ അന്തരീക്ഷത്തിലൂടെ ഒഴുകി. രാത്രിയിൽ വിരിയുന്ന ചില അജ്ഞാത പൂക്കളുടെ മധുര ഗന്ധം അവന്റെ മൂക്കിലേക്ക് ഒഴുകിവന്നു. റോഡരികിൽ നിന്ന് ഒരു വെളുത്ത പുക ഉയരുന്നത് കണ്ട് അവൻ ആശ്ചര്യപ്പെട്ടു. പുകയുടെ ചുഴികൾ ഉയർന്ന് ആകാശത്തെ സ്പർശിക്കാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. ഒരു നിമിഷം! കാറിന് മുന്നിൽ ഒരു സ്ത്രീയുടെ മങ്ങിയ രൂപരേഖ അവന് കാണാമായിരുന്നു. അവൻ വേഗത കുറയ്ക്കാൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു. ആ സ്ത്രീ പതുക്കെ അവന്റെ കാറിനടുത്തേക്കു വരുന്നു. അവൾ കാറ്റിനൊപ്പം ഒഴുകുന്നതുപോലെ തോന്നുന്നു. അജിത്തിന്റെ വാക്കുകൾ ഓർത്തപ്പോൾ സുനിൽ നടുങ്ങി. അതെങ്ങനെ

സാധ്യമാകും? അതൊരു പ്രേതമല്ലെന്ന് സ്വയം ബോധ്യപ്പെടുത്താൻ അവൻ ശ്രമിച്ചു.

ആ സ്ത്രീ വിൻഡ്സ്ക്രീനിനടുത്തെത്തി. സുനിലിന് ഇപ്പോൾ അവളെ വ്യക്തമായി കാണാൻ കഴിഞ്ഞു. വിവാഹവസ്ത്രം

ധരിച്ചു സുന്ദരിയായ ഒരു യുവതിയായിരുന്നു അവൾ. ഒരു ചുവന്ന സിൽക്ക് സാരി ധരിച്ചിരുന്ന അവൾ നെറ്റി മറച്ചിരുന്നു. വധുവിന് അനുയോജ്യമായ ധാരാളം സ്വർണ്ണാഭരണങ്ങൾ അവൾ ധരിച്ചിരുന്നു. അവളുടെ മുടി മുല്ലപ്പൂക്കൾ കൊണ്ട് അലങ്കരിച്ചിരുന്നു. പെട്ടെന്ന് അവൾ അവന്റെ അടുത്തുചെന്ന് പുഞ്ചിരിച്ചു. ആ പുഞ്ചിരി വളരെ ആകർഷകമായിരുന്നു, ഒരു നിമിഷത്തേക്ക് സുനിലിൽ ഒരു കാന്തം പോലെ അവളിലേക്ക് ആകർഷിക്കപ്പെട്ടു. അവൻ മയക്കത്തിലായിരുന്നു... അവളെയും കൂടെ കൂട്ടണമെന്നു മാത്രമായിരുന്നു അവന്റെ ആഗ്രഹം.

പൊടുന്നനേ ഒരു മരത്തിൽ ഇടിച്ചപ്പോൾ ഗ്ലാസ് കഷണങ്ങൾ മുഖത്തും ദേഹത്തും തുളച്ചുകയറുന്നതായി അവന് തോന്നി. അവന്റെ മുറിവുകളിൽ നിന്ന് രക്തം ഒലിച്ചിറങ്ങുന്നുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. സുന്ദരിയായ ആ വധുവിൽ നിന്ന് കണ്ണടക്കാൻ അവന് കഴിഞ്ഞില്ല. ഏതോ അജ്ഞാത ശക്തി അവനെ ഹിപ്പനോട്ടെസ് ചെയ്തതുപോലെ തോന്നി. ക്രമേണ അവന്റെ ബോധം നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ടു. മരണത്തിന്റെ ലോകത്തേക്ക് സാവധാനം നീങ്ങുന്നതിനുമുമ്പ്, ആ വധുവിന്റെ വശ്യമായ പുഞ്ചിരി മാത്രമേ അവന് ഓർമ്മിക്കാൻ കഴിഞ്ഞുള്ളൂ!!!

"ദൈവമേ! ഒരു അപകടം കൂടി! ഇത് വളരെ കൂടുതലാണ്. ഹൈവേയുടെ ഈ ഭാഗത്തിന് എന്താണ് കുഴപ്പം?? എല്ലാത്തിനുമുപരി, എന്തുകൊണ്ടാണ് ഒരേ സ്ഥലത്ത് ഇത്രയധികം അപകടങ്ങൾ സംഭവിക്കുന്നത്? ശരിക്കും പ്രേതബാധയുണ്ടോ?" സുനിലിന്റെ മൃതദേഹം പുറത്തെടുക്കാൻ ശ്രമിക്കുന്നതിനിടെ ഇൻസ്പെക്ടർ വിജയ് അത്ഭുതപ്പെട്ടു.

അപ്പോഴും സുനിലിന്റെ ചുണ്ടിൽ ഒരു പുഞ്ചിരി അവശേഷിക്കുന്നത് ഇൻസ്പെക്ടർ വിജയ് ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചു. മരണത്തിന്റെ ലോകത്തേക്ക് പോകുന്നതിൽ അവൻ വളരെ സന്തുഷ്ടനാണെന്ന് തോന്നി... പ്രേതങ്ങളുടെയും ആത്മാക്കളുടെയും ലോകം!!! അജ്ഞാത രഹസ്യങ്ങളുടെ ലോകം!!!!

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**Translation (Self)****THE HIGH WAY**

Sunil was highly excited about his trip to Jaipur. Though he was going on an official tour he wanted to make it a pleasant trip to the Pink City. He always wanted to visit the Hawa Mahal and Forts of Jaipur. His friends in Delhi told him in detail about Jaipur. The colourful dresses of the people in contrast to the dull dunes... The majestic forts and romantic palaces .... The folk artists performing dances during the sunset and moonlit nights of the desert.... The pleasant and cool evenings of Rajasthan....

He wanted to reach Jaipur as soon as possible. He was driving down the Highway. The Managing Director of his Company suggested him to take a driver along with him. But Sunil was an expert in driving, and he refused to take a driver. He was adventurous. A dashing handsome young man with lots of courage and confidence.

The highway is quite broad – He thought. The traffic is comparatively higher at night. He tried to keep left and drive at a moderate speed. Night driving is not a problem for him. “You know Sunil, you should reach Jaipur before night! Don’t try to drive along the highway at night!!” – Sunil remembered the words of his friend Ajit. Ajit is from a Rajput family in Jaipur. He is a close friend of Sunil. Ajit could not accompany Sunil as he did not get leave from his office. Sunil remembered how he made fun of Ajit when he warned him not to drive at night along the highway. “Don’t tell me that there would be a ghost ready to eat me on the highway!” – Sunil laughed and winked at Ajit. Ajit’s face became pale with fear. “You don’t know Sunil, what you said is correct. The passengers going at night along the highway are reported to see a lady on the road”.

“I see, what does she say? ‘Please take me along’ – isn’t it? I would be too happy to take her along with me. It would be fun to have a girlfriend in the Pink city!” – Sunil made fun of Ajit. “Don’t underestimate the words of the passengers, Sunil. Some of them are either in bed with fractures following accidents or in the mental hospital. And you will be surprised to hear that most of the lonely drivers met with accidents and died on the spot!”-Ajit warned him.

Sunil smiled to himself. There is nothing to worry. I don’t believe in ghosts. How is it possible for somebody to roam around after death? The human body is either cremated or buried after death. In any case, it is incredible that the highway is haunted by a lady ghost. Let me see! I wouldn’t leave her if I happened to meet her. Sunil increased the volume of the music in his car stereo. Enjoying the cool breeze of the night he calmly drove along the highway.

Suddenly an ice-cold wind touched his face. He shivered. ‘What is happening? I am not in Kashmir!’ He thought with a smile. A blue mist drifted along the atmosphere in front of his car. A sweet smell of some unknown flowers blossoming at night flowed into his nostrils.

He was surprised to see a white smoke rising from the roadside. Whirlpools of smoke rose and tried to touch the sky. One moment! He could see the hazy outline of a lady in front of the car. He tried to slow down. The lady is slowly approaching his car. It is as if she is drifting along

with the wind. Sunil shuddered when he remembered the words of Ajit. How is it possible? He tried to convince himself that it was not a ghost.

The lady came closer to the windscreen. Sunil could see her clearly now. She was a beautiful young woman in a bridal dress. She was wearing a red silk sari with which she covered her forehead. She was adorned with a lot of gold jewellery befitting a bride. Her hair was decorated with Jasmine flowers. Suddenly she came close to him and smiled. The smile was so enchanting that for a moment Sunil felt himself attracted to her like a magnet. He was in a trance.... All he wanted was to take her along with him.

Suddenly, he hit himself on a tree and felt shreds of glass piercing his face and body. Blood was oozing from his wounds. He could not take his eyes off the beautiful bride. It was as if he was hypnotized by some unknown force. Gradually he lost consciousness. Before drifting slowly into the world of death, all he could remember was the enchanting smile of the bride!!!!

“Oh God! One more accident! This is too much. What is wrong with this part of the highway? After all, why do so many accidents take place at the same spot? Is it really haunted?!” Inspector Vijay wondered while he was trying to take out the dead body of Sunil.

He noticed that a smile was still left on the lips of Sunil. It was as if he was so glad to go to the world of death. The world of ghosts and apparitions!!!! – The world of unknown secrets!!!!

# **MANIPURI**

## **Poetry**

1. Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh translation by Self
2. Dr. Irungbam Deven translation by Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh



তয়েঞ্জম বিজয়কুমার সিংহ  
Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh

**Bio:**

তয়েঞ্জম বিজয়কুমার সিংহ (১৯৫৭ - ) খবক্তগী পোণ্খারবা ইলেক্ট্রিকেল এনজিনীয়ারনি। পামজবদগী ইংরেজী অমদি মণিপূরীদা রারীমচা, শৈরেং অমদি রাং ই। মণিপূরীদগী ইংরেজীদা রারীমচা, শৈরেং অমদি দ্রামা কয়া হন্দোকথ্বে। ইংরেজীদগী মণিপূরীদা হন্দোকপদসু খুং থায়। লাইরিক মঙা ফোঙথ্বে। মহাক্কী রারীমচা অমসুঙ শৈরেং খরদি ভারতকী লোল খরদা হন্দোকথ্বে। মানা ইংরেজীদা ইবা খরদি ওঃ ইউঃ পীঃ, সেজ পাব্লিকেশন্স, মার্গ, পেংগুইন বুক্স, ন্যাশন্যাল নোলেজ কমিশন, স্প্রিংগার অসিনচিংবনা ফোংবা অখনবা লাইরিকশিংদা য়াওথ্বে। মানা ইংরেজীদা ইবা অদুগা মণিপূরীদগী ইংরেজীদা হন্দোকপা খরদি সেন্ট্রল, স্টেট অমদি প্রাইভেট ইউনিবর্সিটি খরদা তল্লী।

**Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh (1957- )**, a retired Electrical Engineer, writes short story, poetry and essay in Manipuri and English. He has translated many Manipuri short stories, poems and plays into English. He also translates from English to Manipuri. His short stories and poems have been translated into other Indian languages. His original works in English have appeared in anthologies and volumes published by OUP, SAGE Publications, Marg, Penguin Books, National Knowledge Commission and Springer, among others. Some of his original works and translations are taught in central, state and private universities.



## স্বর্গদা সুম

ঔরাঙ মঙদা  
 অঙকপা লমদম অমদা লৈরশ্মী ঐহাক  
 চংলু চংলুবা মফম খুদীং  
 পূকচেল শেংবা, শু-নোম্বা কনবা মী ঙক্তা।  
 মৈ মুত্তে, লম্বী ফৈ,  
 অফবা ঈশিং রাত্তে, ঈরম-খোংলম শিং নাল্লী,  
 অমোং অকায় উদে, অপূম-অশা লৈতে,  
 স্ট্রাইক তৌদে, নম্ফু-হাফু তৌদে, লম্বী থিংজিন্দে,  
 মীয়ামগী মীফম ফন্নদে, রা শাংনা ঙাংনদে, তৌরোইদবদা  
 হায়জিন্দে,  
 মীয়ামগী খোংচং চত্তে, লাউ-খোঙদে, দাবী তান্দে,  
 মায়থোং খুদীং নোকমি-নোকমি।

নোংঙাল্লকপদা মীংকপ থোরকই  
 অকি-তুজুংগা ইরোয়ননা  
 করিনো মালেমসিনা ওইরল্লীবসিবো?

অশিবা হকচাং কয়া তাদুনা লৈরশ্মী  
 মায়কৈ শিন থুংনা, য়াউরম্বা উবদা  
 খবরগী অহানবা লামায়দা  
 খজিঙুং নে তায়।

মখা পাথরুই চা থরুা থরুা  
 য়াউরশ্মী বারী কয়া মী ফাখিবগী,  
 হুরানবা মকোরুা হুরানবা মচা দন্দী পীখিবগী,

চহি নৌরিবী নূপীমচা অমা  
ময়াম চঙদুনা নমজা নমথেকপীখিবগী,  
ওফিস মৈ থাখিবগী।

অশিবা হুই অমনা মশাগী মথীবোং মরিন চাথোকথ্বে।  
মী চাবা কাও অমনা কৈথেল নৈখায়থ্বে।  
পুথ্রী তৌবগী যাত্রা হুনথ্বে।  
শোরোক মপান্দা য়ুংবা মাইলস্টোন অমা শঙ্গাথ্বে।

তাইবংপাল মপুনা য়াইফরে!  
করিসু অহোংবা লৈতেনা।  
ওরাও ফত্তা-নুংদা থোকখিবা য়াউদেনা।

অদুবু নুংনাংবদি কোক্তরি  
ওরাওগী নুঙায়তবা মওদুগী,  
কুঠী তন্ন লৌথোকই  
চংলি তফিং তফিং খুবাক ময়িসু  
য়েংবা হৈবা ওঝা পাঞ্জিগী মনাক্তা।

মুন্না পায় কুঠী ফাক্তোক্লুগা  
হোংলি অঙ্ক চেজেৎ অমদা,  
খুবাক ময়ি অমুক য়েংই  
অমুক ই চেজেত্তুদা।

মমায় হাইফেৎ থাঙ্গলকই  
উপলিবা আনোক্তু শেমজিন শেমজিনা  
হঙলকই রাহং মমিৎ অনিদুনা।

তাঞ্জা চারে খন্দুনা  
রারী লী মঙ নুংঙাইতবগী।

হায়রকই, 'এঃ ইবুঙুঙো, করিসু নুংশা থীনিঙাই লৈতে,  
মৈ লাকপা, অফবা লম্বেল, অশেংবা ঈশিং  
নঙগী কুঠীদা য়াউদে।  
খুবাক ময়িনসু অদুম হায়রী।'

দষা কোকই, থোরকই হরাওবনা নীংদোল চাংলদুনা,  
মফম কৈদসু চংলরোই ঐদি  
শিদ্ৰিফাউবা স্বর্গসিদা সুম লৈরনি।

**Translation (Self)**

Paradise Revisited

Saw a dream last night.  
I was in a strange land.  
Honest and hardworking people  
Surrounded me wherever I went.  
Uninterrupted supply of electricity,  
Good roads, clean running water,  
No overflowing of smelly drains, no garbage heaps,  
No strikes, no lockouts, no blockades,  
No public meetings, no long speeches, no false promises,  
No procession, no shouting, no demand  
Everyone was all smiles.

At the break of dawn,  
I woke up with a feeling of mild terror  
What has come over the world?

Headlines blasted of dead bodies  
Recovered from various places,  
On the front page of the morning paper,  
Making me feel better.

Over a cup of morning tea  
I read stories of abduction,  
Of punishments meted out  
To petty thieves for petty crimes  
By master criminals.  
A minor girl was gang-raped.  
Office building was torched.

A dead dog ate its entrails.  
A man-eater bull ransacked the market.  
Foundation stone of a pond was laid.  
A milestone beside a road was inaugurated.

Thank God!  
Everything was normal.  
No untoward incident had happened yesterday.

Still worried about  
The disturbing incidents of my dream  
I took out my horoscope  
And went to meet an astrologer,  
A palmist of repute.

He opened my horoscope  
And made some hectic calculations.  
After reading my palm,  
Started scribbling on a piece of paper.

Adjusting his thick glasses,  
He looked up  
Inviting questions from me.

Taking the opportunity,  
I narrated the dreadful incidents of my dream.

“Ah,” he said, “Don’t you worry my child!  
I see no electricity, no good roads,  
No clean water in your horoscope.  
The lines in your palm confirm it.”

Thanking my stars, I came out jubilantly.  
I would not be going anywhere else.  
Paradise is where I will remain till my last days.



ইরুংবম দেবেন

Dr Irungbam Deven

**Bio:**

ইরুংবম দেবেন (পোকপা ১৯৬৯) এনাটোমিগী প্রোফেসর অমনি। মহাক কবিনি অমসুং রারী মচা ইবনি। শৈরেংগী লাইরিক তরা অমসুং রারীমচাগী লাইরিক অমা মণিপূরীদা ফোঙখে। 'চিংনুংগী হারি' হায়বা শৈরেংগী এন্থোলোজি অসিগী কো-এডিটরনি। মহাক দিব্রুগড়, শান্তিনিকেটন, জলন্ধর অমদি নিউ দেলহিদা সাহিত্যগী খোরম খরা যাওরুরে। ইম্ফালদা লৈবা সাহিত্যগী লূপ কয়গী মেম্বরনি। হৌজিক মহাক 'সাহিত্য লৈচল' চেফোঙগী এডিটর ওইরি। মহাক তায়েঞ্জম জয়েন্তা পোএত্রি এৱার্দ ২০১৮ অমসুং সাহিত্ত্বিকাদেমি এৱার্দ ২০২০ যাওনা এৱার্দ মঙা পীদুনা ইকায়খুম্বে। লৈফন্না হৈৱাঙ্গোইথোং অৱাং মাইবম লৈকায়, ইম্ফাল, মণিপূর (৭৯৫০০৮) নি।

**Irungbam Deven** (b. 1969) is a Professor of Anatomy teaching medical students. He is a poet and short story writer. He has written ten books of poetry and a collection of short stories in Manipuri. He is the Co-Editor of Chingnung-gi Hari, an anthology of Manipuri poetry. He has attended a few literary functions held at Dibrugarh, Santiniketan, Jalandhar and New Delhi. He is associated with various literary organizations based in Imphal namely, Manipuri Sahitya Parishad, Manipuri Literary Society, etc. He is the current Editor of Sahitya Leichal, the journal of Manipuri Literary Society, Imphal. He has been conferred five awards including *Tayenjam Jayenta Poetry Award 2018* and *Sahitya Akademi Award (Main) 2020*.

নুপী

মহাক্তি উপালনি।

করিসু হায়জদে মহারুদি

হৌজনবা লেঙদবা লৈবাক মচেৎ অমা

থরুবা ঈশিং খরা নৎতনা।

চহী কয়া চঙনা হোৎনজদুনা

মরা তানা হৌথ্রবা মশাবু

মীওইবগীদমক

মশাগী হৌফমদগী ফুকতুনা পুররুগা

লম্বী লমশাং কয়া কোয়না চৎলবা মতুংদা

থাজিল্লি মহারুগা

লম্বানবা মফম অমদা অমুক।

কল্লবা লৈহাও চেম্রবা লমদা

হুংচিল্লি থোৎলবা মরাশিংনা

থিজরকই লাইজ ঈশিং;

হৌগৎলকই থৌনা ফনা।

মশাশিং ফন্দোরকই

কল্লবা নুংশাগী মঙালদা।

ঈশ্বোরকই অহোয়নদুম অনৌবা য়েনীং

থোৎলবা হকচাংদগী।

নোংলৈ নুংশিংনা কন্না লুম্বদা

তুখিগদরা হায়দুনা পাখৎচৈ।

ফাজিল্লি মহাক্তী মরাশিং

লৈবাক লৈশাগী লৈমায়দা

শম্বাংবু চেৎনা পুনশিনবগুম্বা।

ঈকং থোরকই নোংলৈ নুংশিং লাকই  
করম্বে শোয়দনা তুরনি খল্লি তুদে  
চেৎনা য়াল্লি অহাঙবা মালংগী মশাদা।  
চাউরকই রাংলকই লেপ্তে লেপ্তে...।





তয়েঞ্জম বিজয়কুমার সিংহ  
Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh

**Bio:**

তয়েঞ্জম বিজয়কুমার সিংহ (১৯৫৭ - ) খবক্তগী পোথারবা ইলেক্ট্রিকেল এনজিনীয়ারনি। পামজবদগী ইংরেজী অমদি মণিপূরীদা বারীমচা, শৈরেং অমদি বারেং ই। মণিপূরীদগী ইংরেজীদা বারীমচা, শৈরেং অমদি দ্রামা কয়া হন্দোকথ্বে। ইংরেজীদগী মণিপূরীদা হন্দোকপদসু খুং থায়। লাইরিক মঙা ফোঙথ্বে। মহাক্কী বারীমচা অমসুঙ শৈরেং খরদি ভারতকী লোল খরদা হন্দোকথ্বে। মানা ইংরেজীদা ইবা খরদি ওঃ ইউঃ পীঃ, সেজ পাব্লিকেশন্স, মার্গ, পেংগুইন বুক্স, ন্যাশন্যাল নোলেজ কমিশন, স্প্রিংগার অসিনচিংবনা ফোংবা অখনবা লাইরিকশিংদা যাওথ্বে। মানা ইংরেজীদা ইবা অদুগা মণিপূরীদগী ইংরেজীদা হন্দোকপা খরদি সেন্ট্রল, স্টেট অমদি প্রাইভেট ইউনিবর্সিটি খরদা তল্লী।

**Tayenjam Bijoykumar Singh (1957- )**, a retired Electrical Engineer, writes short story, poetry and essay in Manipuri and English. He has translated many Manipuri short stories, poems and plays into English. He also translates from English to Manipuri. His short stories and poems have been translated into other Indian languages. His original works in English have appeared in anthologies and volumes published by OUP, SAGE Publications, Marg, Penguin Books, National Knowledge Commission and Springer, among others. Some of his original works and translations are taught in central, state and private universities.

**Translation****Woman**

She is a tree.  
She demands nothing—  
Except a small space to grow  
And a little water to drink.  
For the sake of humanity  
Her body, deeply rooted to the ground for years together,  
Is uprooted from the original place  
And is taken on long rides  
Then she plants herself again  
At a new unfamiliar place.  
Her soft roots bore through  
Hard infertile soil  
And manage to find water;  
She starts growing vigorously.  
Begins to spread out her branches in the strong sun.  
New shoots start sprouting  
From her tender trunk.  
When the storm starts blowing  
She is afraid of being blown down.  
Grasps her roots  
On the firm soil  
Like tying hair tightly in a bun.  
Drought occurs, storms come  
Apprehension is there that she would fall  
But remains intact  
She hangs tightly on the chest of empty space.  
Keeps growing taller and taller....

# **MARATHI**

## **Classics**

1. Saint Bhagubai translated by Dr Indrayani Sampatrao Jadhav Kuduchkar

## **Poetry**

1. Dr Shivkumar Agrawal translated by Self

## **Research Article**

1. Aditi Barve translated by Self



### Saint Bhagubai

Bhagubai was the daughter of the famous Marathi saint and poet Tukaram. For 25 years after Tukoba's passing, Bhagubai lived at her maternal grandparent's place. In her abhangas, she lovingly addresses Lord Panduranga with a mother's tender feelings. She humbly acknowledges that like a child, she too has made mistakes. But she pleads with the Lord to accept her with love, to hold her in the embrace of his affection. Her devotion to Lord Panduranga is a perennial gift to her. Her expression is representative of women of her contemporary social scenario.

## अभंग १

आलो तुझ्या दर्शनासी । भेट घावी बा आम्हासी ॥  
 सर्व संत हो राउळी । मी रे एकटी तळमळी ॥  
 करुणा आईक विठाई । मज बाळा भेट देई ॥  
 देव आले हो बाहेरी । मज नेले खांधावरी ॥  
 भागु म्हणे भेट झाली । माझी चिंता हि हरली ॥

## अभंग २

काज नाही हो जनासी । रिझवावे त्या देवासी ॥  
 जन हासतील मज । आता जाते मी निर्लज्ज ॥  
 मागेपुढे नाही कोणी । सख्या विट्ठलावाचोनी ॥  
 अनायाचे करितो काज । म्हणोनी भरोसा आहे मज ॥  
 भागु म्हणे झाली निर्भई । आहे माझी विठाई ॥

## अभंग ३

कृपेच्या सागरा । मायबापा ज्ञानेश्वरा ॥  
 देहेभाव हा सोडून । बा माझे धरा ध्यान ॥  
 जेणे पाषाण तारिले । मुखे पशु वेद बोले ॥  
 भिंती चालविली । ऐसी कृपाळू माऊली ॥  
 ऐसा कृपाळू भक्तांचा । मायबाप हा आमूचा ॥  
 विश्रांतीचा ठाव । भागु म्हणे ज्ञानदेव ॥

## अभंग ४

तुज असता मज गांजती जन । मग काय जिणे देवा तुझे ॥  
 अनाथांचा नाथ ऐसे म्हणविसी । करुणा कैसी न ये तुज ॥  
 अनाथ म्हणवुनी धरीयेले दूर । मग कैसा दातार म्हणविसी ॥  
 भागा म्हणे मज न सोडवावे आता । पावे कृपावंता पांडुरंगा ॥

अभंग ५

मी रे अपराधी मोठी । मज घालावे बा पोटी ॥  
मी रे तान्हुले अज्ञान । म्हणू का देवू नये स्तन ॥  
अवघ्या संता तू भेटसी । मी रे एकली परदेशी ॥  
भागु म्हणे विठोबासी । मज धरावे पोटासी ॥

## Translation



डॉ. इंद्रायणी संपतराव जाधव कुडूचकर

Dr Indrayani Jadhav Kuduchkar

## Bio:

डॉ. इंद्रायणी संपतराव जाधव (कुडूचकर) या गेल्या २५ वर्षांपासून अध्यापनक्षेत्रात कार्यरत आहेत. सध्या त्या गेनबा सोपानराव मोझे एसीएस सिनीयर कॉलेज, येरवडा, पुणे येथे सहा. प्राध्यापक या पदावर कार्यरत असून यापूर्वी त्यांनी महाविद्यालयात प्रभारी प्राचार्य म्हणून कार्यभार सांभाळला आहे.

त्यांना इंग्लिश, मराठी तसेच हिंदी साहित्यामध्ये रस असून सध्या संतसाहित्यावर वाचन-लेखन चालू आहे.

Dr Indrayani Sampatrao Jadhav, M.A. (Eng), M. Phil., Ph. D

Indrayani Jadhav (Kuduchkar), Ph. D. works as Assistant Professor in Department of English in G. S. Moze College of Arts, Commerce and Science, Pune (Maharashtra). She has worked as In-Charge Principal of the College in the past. She has a teaching experience of 25 years in various colleges. During her academic career, she has studied works of notable writers in English literature. For her M. Phil. Thesis, her subject was 'Joseph Conrad's Short Stories: A Thematic Assessment'. She did Ph. D. on 'The Selected Novels of Julian Barnes: A Study of History and Metafiction'.

Presently, she has immersed herself into contemporary women writers.

**Abhang 1**

We have come to see you | Come to meet us (O Vitthala) ||  
All saints being inside the temple | I am alone suffering great pains ||  
Have mercy on me, O Vithai | and come to meet your child ||  
God himself came out | And took me inside on his shoulders ||  
All my worries got resolved | As I met Him, says Bhagu ||

**Abhang 2**

People don't have any work | Except to appease the God ||  
Though the people will laugh at me | I go to Him shamelessly ||  
None is around me | except my companion, Lord Vithhala ||  
As he resolves all injustice | I trust Him wholeheartedly ||  
I have become fearless, says Bhagu | As my Vithai is with me ||

**Abhang 3**

O ocean of mercy | My tutelar Dnyaneshwara ||  
Disregard my countenance | and call me up ||  
He, who redeemed rock | And made the animal chant Vedas ||  
He is the benevolent Mother | Who made the wall walk ||  
He, who is generous towards devotees | Is our tutelary deity ||  
He, who is eternal place of rest, says Bhagu | Is our Dnyaneshwara ||

**Abhang 4**

If people offend me despite your blessings | What is the meaning of Your being, o  
Lord ||  
If you call yourself the Protector of the orphans | Why don't you turn compassionate  
towards them ||  
If you call yourself benefactor of this world | If you keep me away being an orphan ||  
Shower your blessings on me, O Panduranga | And liberate me now, says Bhagu ||



**Abhang 5**

As I am a big sinner | Forgive all my sins ||

As I am an ignorant orphan | Why don't you feed me ?

As you meet all saints | I feel lonesome in this alien world ||

Keep me close to your heart, Vithoba | Says Bhagu ||



Dr Shivkumar Agrawal, Maharashtra

**Bio:**

Dr Shivkumar S. Agarwal is an Associate Professor in English in Arts and Commerce College, Vaduj, Dist. Satara. He is a bi-lingual poet writing in Marathi and English. Two books of English poetry are to his credit- A Prayer to My God and The Man. Mail id: shivkumaragrawal111@gmail.com

अरे, मी प्रश्न विचारतोय तुला, माय-बापा, उत्तर हवंय मला.

देवा, तुझ्या बाबतीत ते म्हणतात

की,

तू त्यांना मदत करतोस जे स्वतःची मदत करतात.

खरं आहे बुवा त्यांचं.

आणि

खरं असेल तुझं पण.

पण देवा, त्याचं काय रे,

जे स्वतःची मदत करूच शकत नव्हते

आणि इतरांवरच वरच अवलंबून होते?

घास भरवण्यासाठी आणि कपडे करवण्यासाठी,

आणि अगदी नैसर्गिक विधी उरकण्यासाठीही?

आणि ते निसर्गाच्या दैवी सौंदर्याचं स्रोत होते.

पण त्यांना अनाथ की रे बनवलं गेलं

त्यांच्या जन्मदात्या माता-पित्यांकडून.

ज्यांनी,

ज्यांनी

त्यांना जन्माला तर घातलं खरं

पण केवळ आनंदप्राप्तीसाठी बरं.

आणि हो, कर्तव्याची जाण नाही ठेवली त्यांनी

नरकात ढकललं रे त्यांना जन्म दिला ज्यांनी.

डोळे देखील उघडले नव्हते आणि दृष्टी त्यांची गेली

अरे, भरण्याआधी जीवन-संधी निर्वात पोकळी झाली.

फूल उमलण्या आधी त्याच्या विस्कटल्या पाकळ्या

आणि युद्ध उघडण्याआधीच त्यांनी तलवारी टाकल्या.

देवा,

वीज लपालली आकाशी, पण

प्रकाश त्यांचा गेला.

खुलण्याआधी मार्ग नासिका  
दर्प त्यांचा मेला.  
जीवनारंभाआधीच रे भावड्या,  
संसार त्यांचा मोडला.  
आणि त्यांनी श्वास अखेरचा  
उकिरड्यावर सोडला.  
त्यांचं काय रे, देवा परमेश्वरा?  
अरे मी प्रश्न विचारतोय तुला, माय-बापा, उत्तर हवंय मला

**Translation (Self)****I am Asking a Question, Answer Me, My Father**

Of Thee, they say,  
That...  
Thou help those who help themselves.  
Right, they may be  
and,  
too, right thou might be.  
But what of them, my Master,  
Who were helpless to help themselves  
And were dependent on others  
To be fed, and to be clothed;  
Even to perform their natural duties?  
They were the source of divinely beauties.  
Lord, they were made orphans  
By their own fathers and mothers  
Who,  
Who  
Gave them birth  
For their mirth;  
But made their life hell  
By not doing them well.  
Before they opened their eyes, their life was closed  
Before filling up the gaps, their world was hollowed  
Before blooming the flower, scattered were its petals.  
Before opening a war, God, they were lost in battles.  
My Lord,  
Before lightening in the sky could finish its action,  
Their light was withdrawn;  
Before their nostrils could open and start smelling,  
Their fragrance was gone;  
and,  
and, their last breath was lost in a roadside dustbin.  
What of them, Sir?  
I am asking a question, answer me, my Father.

# Research Article

शोधनिबंध



**Ms. Aditi Barve (Goa)**  
**Executive Board Member**  
**INNSÆI Journal and MatruAkshar Journal**

**Bio:**

Assistant Professor Aditi Barve, Head of the Department of English at S.S.Dempo College of Commerce and Economics, Cujira Goa. Winner of the Maharashtra State award for her translation 'Saudintle Diwas'. Poet, dramatist, anchor, translator and loves languages.

## मनावर ताबा मिळवणे

'शालेय मुलांमधील आक्रमकता: लिंग, कौटुंबिक घटक आणि हिंसाचाराशी ओळख' या शीर्षकांतर्गत मुकुल सेहगल आणि अजीता नायक यांनी लिहिलेला एक शोधनिबंध हल्लीच वाचनात आला. हा अभ्यास वाचताना त्यांनी लिहिलेल्या एका निरीक्षणाने मला धक्का बसला-

"लिंग कोणतेही असो, ज्या मुलांनी 2 तास/दिवसापेक्षा जास्त वेळ टीव्हीवर हिंसा पाहिली, त्यांच्यात अभ्यासातील इतर कोणत्याही बदलाच्या तुलनेत सर्वाधिक आक्रमकता होती. त्यापैकी, ज्या 'मुलांनी' टीव्हीवर 2 तास/दिवसापेक्षा जास्त काळ हिंसा पाहिली त्यांच्यात मुलींपेक्षा जास्त आक्रमकता दिसून आली. एकूणच नमुन्यात मुलींपेक्षा मुलांमध्ये जास्त आक्रमकता दिसून आली. इंग्रजी माध्यमात शिकणा-या मुलांमध्ये इतर माध्यमांत शिकणा-या मुलांपेक्षा जास्त आक्रमकता दिसून आली."

पुढे असंही नमूद करण्यात आलंय की कोविड-19 या महामारीने मुलांमधील आक्रमकता आणि राग वाढवला आहे. नॅशनल इन्स्टिट्यूट फॉर इकॉनॉमिक अँड सोशल रिसर्च (यूके) च्या 2022 च्या अभ्यासात प्रीस्कूल मुलांमध्ये महामारीनंतरच्या मुलांमध्ये चावणे आणि मारणे यासारख्या आक्रमक वर्तनांमध्ये वाढ झाल्याचे आढळून आले. याव्यतिरिक्त, नॅशनल लायब्ररी ऑफ मेडिसिनने 2019 मध्ये प्रकाशित केलेल्या संशोधनात साथीच्या लॉकडाऊननंतर किशोरवयीन मुलांमध्ये वाढलेली आक्रमकता नोंदवली गेली.

यावर उपाय काय?

उत्तर सोपं आहे: आपल्या मुलांना शांत, अधिक समाधानी आणि आनंदी बनवणे. त्यांना मनावर प्रभुत्व मिळवण्याचे कौशल्य शिकवले पाहिजे. बऱ्याच लोकांना असे वाटते की आक्रमकता ही एक सकारात्मक गुणवत्ता आहे आणि ती मुलांचे संरक्षण करते. पण ते खरे नाही. राग, द्वेष, मत्सर आणि मनातील इतर अशुद्ध भावना आरोग्यासाठी हानिकारक आहेत.

सध्या, शाळेत मुलांना 'सकारात्मक गुण शिकवण्यासाठी होणारे प्रयत्न' हे एक उदात्त ध्येय आहे. मुलांनी मूलभूत नैतिक मूल्ये समजून घेणे आवश्यक आहे आणि हे ओळखणे आवश्यक आहे की नैतिक जीवन जगणे वैयक्तिक आनंद आणि इतरांचे कल्याण या दोन्ही गोष्टींत भर टाकते. तथापि, जोपर्यंत व्यक्तींना त्यांच्या मनावर ताबा मिळवण्यास मदत करण्यासाठी व्यावहारिक तसेच गैर-सांप्रदायिक (सर्वसमावेशक) पद्धत सापडत नाही, तोपर्यंत ही मूल्ये शिकवताना कठोर किंवा पक्षपाती न होता शिकवणे, ही खूपच आव्हानात्मक बाब आहे. सजग राहून आणि एकाग्र होऊन मनावर ताबा मिळवणे,



हा जीवनातील एक फारच महत्वाचा पैलू आहे. केवळ नैतिकतेवर व्याख्याने देण्याची परिणामकारकता अत्यंत मर्यादित आहे.

शालेय शिक्षणामध्ये नैतिक मूल्ये, जागरूकता आणि एकाग्रतेचे प्रशिक्षण समाविष्ट केल्याने मुलांचे वर्तन आणि नातेसंबंध लक्षणीयरीत्या सुधारतील आणि त्यामुळे, त्यांना मिळालेल्या शिक्षणाच्या सोयींचा पुरेपूर लाभही घेणे त्यांना सोपे जाईल. असं शिक्षण सुलभ आणि सराव करण्यास सोपं असावं. सर्वात महत्वाचं म्हणजे असं शिक्षण प्रभावी असावं; म्हणजेच, या प्रशिक्षणाचे ठोस परिणाम दिसून यावेत ज्यात वैयक्तिक सुधारणा आणि सामंजस्यपूर्ण सामाजिक नात्यांची जपणूक घडलेली दिसेल.

असं प्रभावी तंत्र म्हणजे आनापान ध्यान. आनापान नैसर्गिक श्वासोच्छवासावर केंद्रितकरणारं एक साधं तंत्र आहे, जे आपल्याला कोणत्याही सांप्रदायिक बंधनात जखडून ठेवत नाही. मुले नैसर्गिकरित्या उत्साही, जिज्ञासू आणि शिकण्यास आणि नवीन गोष्टी अनुभवण्यास उत्सुक असतात. जीवनाच्या या टप्प्यावर, त्यांना त्यांच्या स्वतःच्या मनाचा शोध घेण्याची, त्यांच्यातील सुप्त प्रतिभा, क्षमता तसंच मनाच्या गाभार्यातील सखोल गुंतागुंत उघड करण्याची संधी प्रदान करणं केव्हाही चांगलंच ठरेल. त्याच सोबत ते त्यांच्या जागृत मनाचं निरीक्षण करण्यास शिकतात आणि वर्तमान क्षणाकडे जास्तीतजास्त वेळ लक्ष केंद्रित कसं करता येईल हे त्यांना समजतं.

आजच्या युगातील लहान मुलांचं बालपण हे भौतिक सुखं आणि तत्काल लाभ देणार्या साधनांच्या मागेच संपतं. आनापान ध्यान केल्याने त्यांना स्वतःशी संवाद साधणं सोपं जातं. बाल्य तसेच पौंगडावस्थेतील भय आणि अस्वस्थता यांच्याशी दोन हात करण्याची क्षमता त्यांना प्राप्त होते.

आनापानाचे तत्कालीन आणि दीर्घकालीन लाभ असे अनेक लाभ आहेत. लहान वयातच मजबूत नैतिक पाया असणे आणि सकारात्मक कृती करणे, या दोन गोष्टींची सवय मुलांना लागते. जी मुलं घरी किंवा शाळेत ध्यान करत राहतात त्यांची शैक्षणिक कामगिरी सुधारते कारण ध्यानामुळे त्यांची एकाग्रता, स्मरणशक्ती आणि आत्म-नियंत्रण सुधारण्यास मदत होते.

जेव्हा पालक किंवा शिक्षक मुलांसोबत एकत्र ध्यान करतात तेव्हा ते अत्यंत उपयुक्त ठरतं. हा एक महत्वाचा पैलू आहे. कोणत्याही विचारावरील प्रवचन ऐकताना मुलं सावध असतात; त्यांना प्रवचन आवडत नाही, परंतु जेव्हा ते त्यांच्या शिक्षकांना त्याच कामात गुंतलेले पाहतात, तेव्हा ही मुलं सहजतेने आणि आनंदाने सहभागी होण्यास उत्सुक असतात.

ध्यान हा एक सांप्रदायिक आणि दैनंदिन जीवनाशी संबंधित नसलेला गूढ प्रकार आहे, असा गैरसमज समाजात रूढ आहे. पण जेव्हा आपण आनापानाचा अभ्यास करणार्या मुलांमधील संयम आणि सुसंवाद करण्याची क्षमता पाहतो तेव्हा ध्यान ह्या विषयाबद्दल असलेला हा गैरसमज दूर होतो.

संदर्भ:

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## Achieving Mastery Over Mind

I was shocked to read a study titled ‘Aggression in School Children: Role of Gender, Family Factors, and Exposure to Violence’ which revealed that

“Irrespective of gender, those children who watched violence on TV for more than 2 hours/day had the highest aggression as compared to any other variable in the study. Among them, the boys who watched violence on TV for more than 2 hours/day had more aggression than girls. Boys were found to be significantly more aggressive than girls in the overall sample. Children from English-medium schools were more aggressive than other mediums.”

Furthermore, the COVID-19 pandemic has intensified aggression and anger among children. A 2022 study by the National Institute for Economic and Social Research (UK) found an increase in aggressive behaviours, such as biting and hitting, in preschool children post-pandemic. Additionally, research published in 2019 by the National Library of Medicine reported heightened aggression in adolescents following pandemic lockdowns.

### What is the solution to this?

A simple answer is: making our children calmer, more content, and happier. They should be taught the skill of mastery over mind. Many people think that aggression is a positive quality and that it protects children. But that’s not true. Anger, hatred, jealousy, and other impurities of the mind are detrimental to health.

Currently, efforts to teach positive qualities to children at school are a noble goal. Children need to understand fundamental moral values and recognize that leading an ethical life enhances both personal happiness and the well-being of others. However, teaching these values without being rigid or biased is challenging, unless there is a practical, non-sectarian method for helping individuals gain control over their minds. Developing this mental mastery through better awareness and focus is crucial in all aspects of life, while simply giving moral lectures has limited effectiveness.

Incorporating training in moral values, awareness, and concentration into school education would significantly enhance children's behaviour and relationships, helping them make the most of their learning opportunities. It should be simple and easy to understand and practice. Most importantly, it should be effective; that is, the training should have concrete results that improve personal well-being and lead to harmonious social interactions.

Such an effective technique is *Anapana* meditation. Anapana offers a simple technique centred on natural breathing, free from any sectarian ties. Children are naturally energetic, curious, and eager to learn and explore. At this stage in life, it's ideal to provide them with the chance to explore their own minds, uncovering their hidden talents, abilities, and deeper complexities. At the same time, they learn to observe their active minds, and they come to understand how to develop a more focused attention on the present moment.

In a world where much of what children encounter is driven by materialism and the pursuit of instant rewards, Anapana offers a crucial way for them to connect with their inner selves. It helps them cope with the fears and anxieties that come with childhood and adolescence.

The immediate and long-term benefits are significant in helping children to become established in lives of positive action with a strong moral foundation at an early age. The academic performance of those children who continue to meditate at home or at school improves because meditation helps to improve their concentration, memory, and self-control.

It is extremely helpful when parents or teachers meditate together with the children. This is a crucial aspect. Children are wary of preaching; they don't like sermons, but when they see their teacher engaged in the same task, he or she is asking them to do, they respond easily and eagerly.

When we see the peace and harmony of children who practice Anapana together, the non-dogmatic and straightforward approach of Anapana meditation shatters the misconception that meditation is mystical, sectarian, and unrelated to daily life.

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# **RAJASTHANI**

1. Dr Neeraj Daiya, Rajasthan translation by Dr Rajani Chhabra



**Dr Neeraj Daiya, Rajasthan**

**Bio:**

Dr Neeraj Daiya: Reputed Poet, satirist, columnist, editor and critic of Rajasthani and Hindi literature. Recipient of Sahitya Akademi Bal Sahitya Award, 2014 and Critic Award for Rajasthani, by Sahitya Akademi in 2017. Many books published. His residential address : C-107, Vallabh Garden, Pawanpuri, Bikaner-334003 Raj.

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प्रेम ई कर सकै

म्हें कैवू - दिन

थूं रात नै दिन मानै

म्हें कैवू - रात

थूं दिन नै रात मानै

म्हारै अर थारै बिचाळै प्रेम है

प्रेम ई कर सकै-

साच साम्हीं हरेक नै आंधो।

रसगुल्लो

जीसा कैया करता हा-

म्हनै रसगुल्लो।

अबै म्हेँ केवू म्हारै छोरै नै-

रसगुल्लो !

रसगुल्लो कैवै-

म्हेँ रसगुल्लो कोनी

आपणी भासा है- रसगुल्लै-सी !



## आगळ

कीं कैवणो चावतो हो म्हें।

कीं कैवणो चावतो हो थूं।

कीं कोनी कैयो म्हें।

कीं कोनी कैयो थूं।

म्हें सोच्यो- थूं कीं कैवैला....

काई सोच्यो थूं?

म्हें कियां जाणूं....?

है तो आ जूनी कथा

पण आगळ खोलै कुण....?

न्यारी-न्यारी धरती

घणा दिन हुयग्या  
दिन काई !  
घणा-घणा बरस हुयग्या  
आपां मिल्या कोनी !

छोटी-सी धरती  
तर-तर फैलती जावै  
एक धरती माथै  
बणायली आपां  
आपां-आपां री  
न्यारी-न्यारी धरती।

म्हें उडीकूं कविता

जोयां हाथ नीं आवैं कविता  
अणचींते सूझै....

जद करणी चावू बतळावण  
तो कोनी सूझै  
कोई सावळ सवाल  
सवाल ओ पण है-  
कोई कवि कविता सूं  
कांई करै सवाल?  
कांई कविता सूं ओळख पछै ई  
जरूरी होवै कोई सवाल?

सवाल है कै किती बजी है?  
सवाल है कै बारै जावो पाछा कणा आसो ?  
सवाल है कै अबार जीमसो का पछै?

सवाल है कै चाय बना दूं पीसो कांई?  
सवाल है कै नींद आवैं बती कद बंद करसो ?  
सवाल है कै आं पोथ्यां में सारो दिन कांई सोधो ?  
सवाल है कै कोई पइसा टक्कां रो काम क्यूं नीं करो...?  
सवाल... सवाल... सवाल ।

सवाल भळै है केई सवाल  
पण कोरा सवालां सूं कांई संधै !  
कांई सगळा सवाल रळा'र  
सांध देवूं कोई कविता  
पण कांई करूं

अबार-अबार ई जलम्यो है जिको सवाल  
आप रें मगज मांय  
इणी खातर तो सगळं सू पैली कैयो-  
जोयां हाथ नीं आवै कविता अणचर्चीतै सूझै....

कविता आ है  
कै म्हें उडीकूं कविता  
जे थानै सूझै कविता  
तो उण नै खबर जरूर करजो  
- कै म्हें उडीकूं।

Translation:



### **Rajni Chhabra**

**Bio:**

Rajni Chhabra (July 3,1955) is Retired Lecturer in English, multi lingual poetess & translator, polyglot, blogger, reviewer, social activist, Numerologist, International Director 20 at W. U. P. and in Editorial team of Ruminations and Glimpses (two bi-lingual U.G.C. Journals), Global Ambassador for Human Rights and Peace (I.H.R.A.C), Associate Member of International Academy of Ethics. Published Works: Two books of Poetry in English, four in Hindi, nine books translated from Rajasthani, ten from Hindi, one from Punjabi and one from Nepali into English as target language; her two Hindi poetry books have been translated into Punjabi and Maithili and one English Poetry book into Bengali and Rajasthani; thirteen books on Numerology and Nameology. Co-authored in eight International Anthologies and coffee-table book 'Lilacs in Bloom', besides contributing regularly to digital literature. Participated in several national and international literary events.

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**1. ONLY LOVE CAN DO IT**

I say ---- day  
And you deem night as day.  
I say ----- night  
And you deem day as night.  
We are both in unison  
Because of love.  
Only love can really  
Make us totally blind.

## **2. RASGULLA**

Ma used to call me  
Rasgulla.  
Now I call my son  
Rasgulla.  
Rasgulla says  
I am not rasgulla  
Your language is like  
Rasgulla

### 3. INITIATIVE

I intended to say something  
You too intended to say something.  
I never ushered a word.  
You too never ushered a word.  
I kept wondering  
What will you say.  
What is in your mind  
How could I guess?  
This is our old story  
But who will next initiate  
Unveiling of mind.



#### 4.    **DISTINCT EARTH**

So many days have passed

Not to mention days

So many years have passed

We have not seen each other.

This small earth is expanding

Day by day

On the same earth

We have created our own

Distinct earth.

## 5. I AM WAITING FOR POEM

We cannot find poem  
Just by probing for it  
It appears all of sudden.  
Whenever, I intend to converse  
Never get any reasonable query  
My query is this  
What should a poet ask from poem.  
After acquaintance with poem  
Is questioning mandatory?  
Questioning that what is time by your watch?  
Questioning that where are you going and  
when will be you back?  
Questioning that are you taking meals now or late?  
Questioning that shall I prepare tea; will you have it?  
Questioning that I am sleepy; when will you turn off light?  
Questioning that what do you search in these books all time?  
Questioning that why you don't do something to earn money?  
Question \_\_ question \_\_ question?  
Left behind are question and counter question  
But what can be formed out of question only?  
Shall I compose a poem with amalgam of these questions only?  
But what to do?  
The question that has just arisen in your mind  
That is why I have mentioned it top most.  
You cannot find poem  
Just by probing for it.  
It appears suddenly.

The poem is that I am waiting for you poem  
If you come across a poem  
Convey to her that I am waiting for her.

# **TELUGU**

## **Classics**

1. Rigveda translated by Dr Prabha sastry



Rigveda is the oldest of the sacred books of Hinduism. It is composed in an ancient form of Sanskrit about 1500 BCE. It consists of a collection of 1,028 poems grouped into 10 “circles” (mandalas). It is said that it is likely composed between roughly 1700–1100 BCE. The Veda is one of the oldest texts of any Indo-Iranian language and one of the world's oldest religious texts.

## 1. సుభాషితం

యేనాస్య పితరో యాతో యేన  
యాతా పితామహాః ।  
తేన యాయాత్సతాం మార్గం తేన  
గచ్ఛన్ న రిష్యతే ॥

## 2. సుభాషితం

యేనాస్య పితరో యాతో యేన  
యాతా పితామహాః ।  
తేన యాయాత్సతాం మార్గం తేన  
గచ్ఛన్ న రిష్యతే ॥

## 3. సుభాషితం

సుఖం న కృషిత్కోన్యత్ర యది  
ధర్మే వర్తతే ।  
అవస్త్రత్వం నిరన్నత్వం కృషిత్ నైవ  
జాయతే ॥

## 4. సుభాషితం

ఇదం లబ్ధంమిదం నష్టమిదం లప్సే  
పునర్దియా ।  
ఇదం చింతాయతామేవ  
జీర్ణామాయుః శరీరిణామ్ ॥

## 5.

ఓం సమౌ చిద్ధస్తౌ న సమం వివిష్టః  
సంమాతరా చిన్న సమం దుహతే |  
యమయోశ్చిన్న సమా వీర్యాణి  
జ్ఞాతీ చిత్సంతౌ న సమం పృణీతః ॥ -(ఋగ్వేదం)



**Dr Prabha Sastry**

**Bio:**

Prabha Shastri Joshula, originally Devarakonda Prabhavathi, is a multifaceted personality known for her contributions as a poet, writer, translator, and singer. She holds M.A. degrees in History and Telugu. Her parents are Devarakonda Venkaiah and Devarakonda Bhaskaramma. She is married to Dr J.C.V. Shastrigaru, a former Geology Professor and Head Dean at Mysore University. Prabha has published numerous works, including "Rasasudha", "For You," "Madhurabhava," and "Katha Prabha." She has received several titles such as Comedy Poet Vatamsa, Kalatma, Kavichandra, and Kavitashri. Her accolades include the BR Ambedkar Ratna National Literary Award, Udaya Kalanidi, and the Sahiti Ratna-2023 award. She has also been honored internationally, participating in various literary gatherings and serving as a Cultural Ambassador. Prabha has written over 2000 poems in Telugu and 150 in Kannada, and her works have been recognized in multiple countries. She continues to contribute to literature in three languages and has been celebrated for her efforts in promoting Telugu culture and literature. Her address is 2213, 4th Cross, K-Block, Kuvempunagara, Mysore - 570023, Karnataka.

1.

If you walk in the path your father and grandfather walked, you will not get into trouble. There will be no opportunity for any iniquity.

2.

The seed should be planted in good fertile soil. Money should be given to a good son. What is planted on good soil, and what is given to a good son, will never perish.

3.

If you leave agriculture, there will be no happiness. If you act righteously, the farmer will never be short of rice and clothes.

4.

People's life is reduced with such thoughts that this has been gained, this has been lost, and this will be regained by intellect.

5.

Although a man's two hands are alike in all respects, they do not perform the same work; Two calves born to the same cow do not give the same amount of milk after growing up; Two twins may not have the same perceptiveness, the same strength, but differ; No two brothers from the same family may be equally intelligent.

(Rigveda)

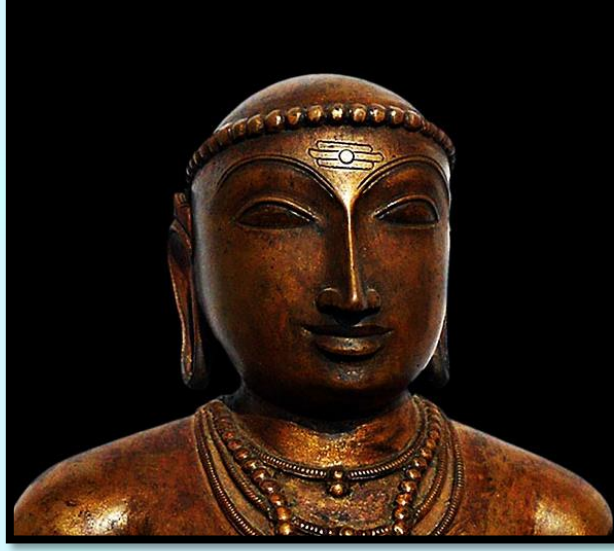
# **INTERLINGUAL TRANSLATION**



# **TAMIL – HINDI**

## **Classics**

1. Saint Appar translated by Mr. K. Ramanathan



### தேவாரம்-அப்பர்

तेवारम- संत अप्पर

Bio:

Appar (அப்பர்) also referred to as **Tirunavukkaracar** (திருநாவுக்கரசர், *Tirunāvukkaracar*) or **Navukkarasar**, was a seventh-century Tamil Shaiva poet-saint. Born in a peasant Shaiva family, raised as an orphan by his sister, he lived about 80 years and is generally placed sometime between 570 and 650 CE. Appar composed 4,900 devotional hymns to the god Shiva, out of which 313 have survived and are now canonized as the 4th to 6th volumes of *Tirumurai*. One of the most prominent of the sixty-three revered Nayanars, he was an older contemporary of Sambandar. (Wiki)

வணங்கிடுவோம்!  
ஒரு மருந்தாகி உள்ளாய்;  
உம்பரோடு உலகுக்கு எல்லாம்  
பெரு மருந்தாகி நின்றாய்; பேர்  
அமுதின் சுவையாய்க்  
கரு மருந்தாகி உள்ளாய்;  
ஆளும் வல்வினைகள்  
தீர்க்கும்  
அரு மருந்து ஆலவாயில்  
அப்பனே அருள் செயாயே.  
(தேவாரம் - அப்பர்)

வணங்கிடுவோம்!!  
வாழ்த்த வாயும் நினைக்க  
மடநெஞ்சம்  
தாழ்த்தச் சென்னியுந் தந்த  
தலைவனைச்  
குழ்த்த மாமலர் தூவித்  
துதியாதே  
வீழ்த்த வாவினை  
யேன்நெடுங் காலமே  
(தேவாரம்-அப்பர்)



**Mr. K. Ramanathan, Tamilnadu**

**Bio:**

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 spiritual articles in Hindi and Tamil magazines including Sapatagiri, published by Tirumala Tirupati Devasthanam.

1.

करें वन्दन !!  
स्तुति करने प्राप्त मुंह  
याद करने प्राप्त अबोध मन  
नमन करने प्राप्त शीश आदि से  
महान शिव को भ्रमर मंडित  
सुमन अर्पित न कर  
वंदन भी न कर नीच में ने  
कर दिया लंबा समय बेकार ॥  
(तेवारम- संत अप्पर)

2.

करें वन्दन !  
होते तुम महा अमृत हे शिव!  
होते तुम श्रेष्ठ दवा देव-जन को!  
होते तुम जन्म-मरण रोग  
मिटाता औषध ।  
कठोर पाप दूर कर हे ईश्वर!  
बना लेते हमें तेरे अनुचर !  
आलवाय में स्थित हे ईश्वर,  
करना हम पर बडी दया ॥  
(तेवारम संत अप्पर)

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**(IJILCLTR)**

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**CREATIVE CONTENTS**

**SUBMISSIONS**

1. Submission Date will be on every four months  
For Jan-April Issue –1<sup>st</sup> to 31<sup>st</sup> December  
For May-August Issue – 1<sup>st</sup> to 30<sup>th</sup> April  
For September- December Issue - 1<sup>st</sup> to 31<sup>st</sup> August
2. Publication of the Issue - Last Week of April, August, and December
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[santali.matruakshar@gmail.com](mailto:santali.matruakshar@gmail.com) etc. (Give your language mail id)
5. The Subject line must include the language of your submission. E.g. Submission for Malayalam  
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  - ii. Translation may be Self-translation or by a Translator
  - iii. In case, it is by Translator, his/ her name, image and 100-word bio should be provided.
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