

Where the Sea Whispers Stories...

GOAN *Pearls*

Dr Pavitra v Deshprabhu



BlueRoseONE.com
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
India | U.K.

Copyright © Dr Pavitra v Deshprabhu 2026

All rights reserved by author. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the author. Although every precaution has been taken to verify the accuracy of the information contained herein, the publisher assumes no responsibility for any errors or omissions. No liability is assumed for damages that may result from the use of information contained within.

BlueRose Publishers takes no responsibility for any damages, losses, or liabilities that may arise from the use or misuse of the information, products, or services provided in this publication.



BlueRoseONE^{com}
Stories Matter
New Delhi • London

For permissions requests or inquiries regarding this publication,
please contact:

BLUEROSE PUBLISHERS
www.BlueRoseONE.com
info@bluerosepublishers.com
+91 8882 898 898
+4407342408967

ISBN: 978-81-6744-461-5

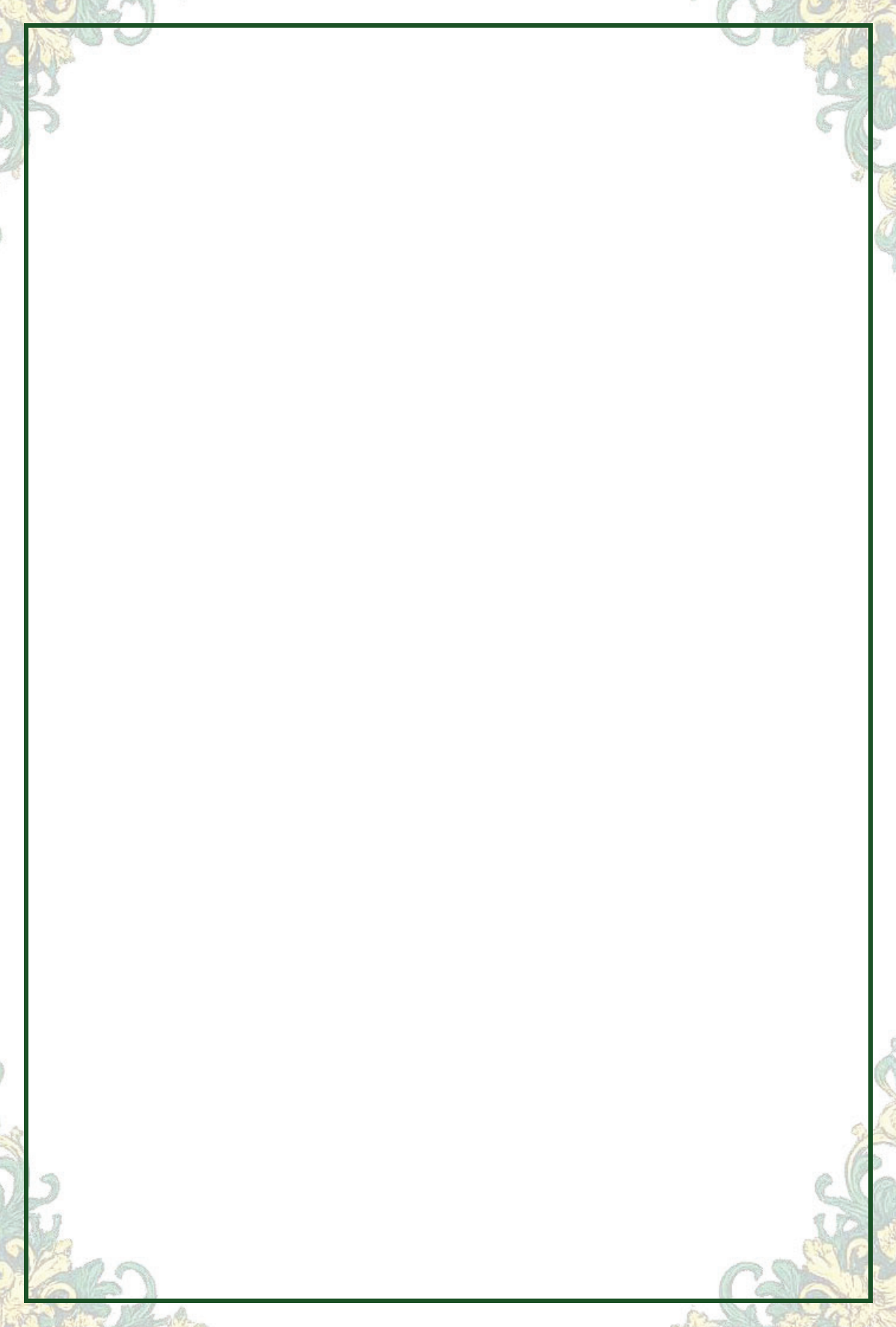
Cover Design: Ajay Dhyani
Typesetting: Sagar

First Edition: September 2026

Contents



Goa my Motherland	1
The Goan Pearls	2
The Giants of Majorda.....	3
Life a Lesson	4
Goa Calls	5
Mandovi's Saga.....	7
River Zuari	9
The Cashew	10
Kalpavriksha.....	11
The State Tree	12
Memory of Rail	13
The Aguada Lighthouse.....	15
Majorda Days.....	16
Maad - The Coconut Palm	17
The Toddy Tapper	18
My Life's Journey	20
The Tapestry of Goa	22
The Golden Soil.....	23
The Well in the Backyard.....	24
The Song of the Ramponkar.....	25
The Goan Poder	27
The Emerald Tide	29
Sun-Kissed Yield	30
The Song of the Goan Tides.....	31
Rain a Blessing	32
Go and See	34
The Goan Hills	35
The Silent Cry of Goa	37



Goa my Motherland



Upon the western coast it shines, an emerald by the sea,
A land of art and quiet beauty, cherished, proud, and free.
Bound by the roaring ocean waves and Western Ghats so grand,
Where rivers weave through lush green plains across this blessed land.

Though history left its heavy mark through years of dark design—
Of dictatorial shadows cast, and suffering by line—
The brave stood tall against the reign, their sacrifices deep,
And now the noble souls who fought in honoured glory sleep.

The heritage they left behind in stone and arched doorway,
Stands alongside the chapel spires where peaceful shadows play.
For temples, masjids, churches stand as emblems side by side,
Where unity and kindness dwell, and harmony is pride.

From fisherfolk who cast their nets to earn their daily bread,
To doctors, scholars, architects where bright ambitions tread,
This haven harbours gentle hearts, compassionate and wise,
Where every honest, noble craft is praised beneath the skies.

Here, kantaram and classic raags drift softly on the breeze,
While world-famed poets, singers, stars find inspiration's ease.
The aroma of fish curry rice and spices fills the air—
A feast for every traveller who comes to linger there.

Though freedom brings its quiet trials, the heart of Goa stays:
A peaceful soul, a welcoming home, a light for all our days.

The Goan Pearls



The Portuguese found light through windowpanes,
And tides leave oysters empty on the sand.
Yet in the quiet stillness that remains,
I find a richer treasure in this land.

My pearls are gathered words, forged in the calm,
Arising from the soil, the sea, the skies.
They bloom like memories, a soothing balm,
More precious than the gems that pearl-fishers prize.

They smell of rain-soaked Goan mud and earth,
They wear the shades of mountain, wave, and blue.
In every line, a quiet song finds birth,
A tribute to the old world and the new.

For every friend, each meal, the art, the grace,
The gifted light that guides a grateful hand—
My soul belongs to this eternal place.
My heart bows down to you, my motherland.

The Giants of Majorda



Beneath the blazing Goan sun,
Where coastal breezes gently run,
The sandy fields of yellow gold
Wove stories that are proudly told.

Not tiny seeds of modest grace,
Nor hybrids born to win a race,
But giants wrapped in deepest green,
The grandest melons ever seen.

Spread wide across the coastal land,
Resting like treasure on the sand,
Bound to the mother vine's embrace—
A sacred, timeless, summer space.

Slice through the dark and emerald skin
To find the ruby heart within,
Dipped in the sweetness of the earth,
A warmth that gave such beauty birth.

No modern fruit can ever claim
The glory of Majorda's name;
For God's own craft upon that soil
Outshines a thousand years of toil.

The summer heat may come and go,
And modern markets overflow,
But childhood memories hold the prize:
Those green spheres under Goan skies.

Life a Lesson



In the gentle breeze of Majorda, under Margao's open skies,
I learned the rhythm of the world through wise and loving eyes.
A home where faith was quiet strength, where prayers soft-spoken grew,
Two pious souls—God's sweetest gift—who taught me all I knew.

They carved in me a steady heart, a spirit calm and deep,
So when old age claimed their earthly grace and called them to their
sleep,
I was not lost within the dark; their light remained behind,
To help me stand alone with grace, confident and kind.

They taught that if you seek respect, then offer it to all,
Hold every faith in sacred trust, let every altar call.
To honour every human heart, to walk with dignity,
To cherish who you are inside, yet live in harmony.

To seek true knowledge, let the mind grow bright and learn to bloom,
To bring a light of intellect wherever there is gloom.
To laugh as children with the young, carefree beneath the sun,
And speak with dignity and grace when youth's bright day is done.

Be gentle with your neighbours, lend a hand to kin in need,
Turn far away from foolish strife, clear-eyed of heavy greed.
For all we touch and all we hold is dust upon the wind;
No worldly treasure lingers long when life approaches end.

In this short life, this quiet stage, only our deeds remain—
The seeds of karma planted deep through sunshine and through rain.
To leave a trail of kindness here, to walk the honest road,
Is how we build a happy life and bless our heart's abode.

Goa Calls



Where emerald forests meet the foaming tide,
A gentle land now yields to restless waves—
Not just of sea, but crowds that surge inside,
While quiet beauty slowly meets its grave.

Once known for sun, soft sand, and azure skies,
For ancient temples, steeples reaching high,
The true soul of this haven deeply lies
Where monsoon rains fall softly from the sky.

In roaring waterfalls, in lush green fields,
In quiet groves where sacred nature yields,
We built the tables, rolled the glittering dice,
And invited the world to dance and drink.

For trade is good, and tourism has its price—
But step back from the edge and pause to think.
For what is joy if safety slips away?
What good is gold if peace of mind is sold?

The gentle Goan hearts that welcome day
Now watch dark shadows in the night unfold.
Not theft, nor fear, nor blood upon the ground
Should be the echo in this holy sound.

This soil holds spirit, sanctity, and grace,
A home meant for humanity to bloom.
If we destroy the roots that built this place,
We trade our paradise for hollow doom.

Look in the mirror—ask what we become
When wild greed rules and sympathy grows cold?
Are we but beasts that blindly chase the sum,
Or human souls with sacred truths to hold?

Let rain restore the fields, let forests stand,
Give back the peace to those who call it home.
Protect the sanctity of this good land,
Before the magic vanishes like foam.

Mandovi's Saga



The waters once flowed pure and bright,
A sacred, life-bestowing sight.
For creature, bird, and Goan heart,
The river was our soul, our start.

We swam its breadth, both young and old,
In currents brave and stories told,
Before the neon casinos came
To play their economic game,
And cast a shadow on the tide
Where quiet gratitude has died.

I still recall that tragic day,
When concrete gave and washed away—
The single bridge fell to the deep,
And left so many homes to weep.
Cars lost to pain, the ferry rowed,
As Bardez bore the heavy load.

Then came the call to build anew,
And changing visions swiftly grew.
Steel arches rose where waters gleam,
And Atal Setu spanned the stream.
A marvel of the builder's art,
Yet breaking nature's gentle heart.

Now susegad is forced to speed,
Surrendered to a restless greed.
The concrete spreads, the trees depart,
And silence leaves the weary heart.
Along the bridge, the shadows grow,
Where troubled minds now seek the low.

Oh, give us back the open land,
The quiet hills, the untouched sand!
Restore the river, wild and free—
The old Goa that used to be.
A silent prayer upon the shore:
Will peace return to us once more?

River Zuari



Underneath the Ponda skies, where ancient waters meet,
The Zuari weaves its silver thread to make a realm complete.
Jeevan flows in every surge, as Sanskrit scriptures knew,
Where sacred banks nurtured the soil and life eternally grew.

I remember childhood days beside that rickety iron span,
Where caution paused the engine's rumble, altering the plan.
We stepped into the open air and walked the bridge ahead,
Watching the car creep slow and light, where timid angels tread.

A gentle nudge from river waters? A forced and quiet stroll?
Perhaps the Zuari demanded reverence from every passing soul.

Decades drifted like the tides while bureaucracy moved slow,
A quiet gap between two talukas where rivers used to test the flow.

Yet patience yields to promises, and steel now crowns the tide,
Where Salcette meets with Ponda in a brave and seamless stride.

Today the journey's fearless, swift, and steady on the crest,
While beneath the modern majesty, the river takes its rest.

Carefree, pure, and luminous, it pours its ancient grace,
A silent stream of divinity into the temple's sacred space.

The Cashew



Sun-kissed hills of emerald green,
A coastal paradise, a vibrant scene—
Where short, sweet branches bow and bend,
And Goan summer days attend.

Adorned in yellow, red, and gold,
A story of the harvest told,
The cashew tree stands proud and bright,
A truly heartwarming, welcome sight.

The juicy fruit, a summer treat,
With tender seed, rich, raw, and sweet.
Then roasted slow over open fire,
A crunchy delight we all desire!

It blends the gravies, smooth and fine,
Garnishes sweets with a rich design.
From humble seed to noble feast,
A prized treasure of the East.

And from its nectar, clear and pure,
Flows Goan spirit, rich and sure:
Sweet Niro fresh from the morning press,
Light Hurrak for afternoon's caress,
And famous Feni, bold and strong,
Where coastal traditions all belong.

Across the plains and mountain crest,
The cashew wears its summer best—
Calling tourists to the sea,
To taste the fruit of Goa's tree.

Kalpavriksha



Standing tall against the open sky,
A regal palm that reaches high,
With feathery fronds that catch the breeze,
The majestic queen of coastal trees.

From crown to root, a selfless guide,
Where nature's treasures all reside.
No part is wasted, none cast by,
Underneath the tropical sky.

Beneath the shell, the kernel sweet,
A rich and nourishing, wholesome treat.
Pressed deep within, the golden oil,
A soothing balm for daily toil.

The woven husk of fibrous coir,
Yields sturdy ropes that never tire,
Crafting mats and brushes strong,
Where durability lives long.

Even the bark and sturdy trunk,
When days of timber are unsunk,
Provide the beams to build a home,
Where families shelter, safe from foam.

O tree of life, generously given,
A blessed gift sent down from heaven,
In every branch, in every part,
A generous and giving heart.

The State Tree



Tall and slender, crowned in green,
The grandest guard the coast has seen.
It sways with grace in ocean breeze,
The undisputed king of trees.

Roots that anchor deep in sand,
Reaching skyward, proud and grand.
Its fronds rustle a tropical song,
Where sunlit, lazier days belong.

Heavy clusters hanging high,
Silhouetted 'gainst the sky.
In every shell, a cool surprise,
Sweet water under sunny skies.

Wood for shelter, leaves for shade,
From fronds and husks, a life is made.
A generous soul from root to crown,
It never lets the island down.

Memory of Rail



Across the green of memory's field,
Beyond the backyard fence,
A ribbon made of iron and rust
Awoke the inner sense.

The South Central tracks cut through the grass
Where early childhood played,
And on that stage of dirt and sky,
Unending tracks were laid.

A simple rhythm hums along,
A gentle, haunting rhyme—
Fish and chips and bread butter jam,
Defying space and time.

From Vasco's coast to Londa's pass,
The heavy freights would glide,
Their engines gathering steady speed
With iron grit and pride.

And when a sudden, screeching halt
Shook loose the quiet air,
We'd scramble out the back-door latch
With innocent, silent prayer—

Hoping no shadow fell today,
Hoping no life was lost.
And almost always, relief would bloom:
Just a red-lit signal crossed.

We'd stand and watch the endless run,
The cars a rolling line,
Until the guard's small cabin passed
To mark the end in time.

A waving flag, a flash of red,
A joy so bright and clear,
Although the tracks were far away,
The sound felt close and near.

The sight has dimmed, the years have flown,
The world has grown so loud,
Yet back behind the house in Majorda,
Beneath that childhood cloud,

The signal clears, the engine calls,
The memory starts to bind,
And still the quiet iron rail
Runs deep within the mind.

The Aguada Lighthouse



Across the jagged, ocean-carved divide,
Where restless waters meet the silent stone,
The lighthouse stands above the churning tide,
A solitary watchman on its throne.

With alabaster tower, tall and steep,
It meets the furious pounding of the gale,
And casts a beam across the velvet deep
To guide the drifting ship and tattered sail.

Though fog descends to veil the rocky shore,
And sea-spray blinds the dark, treacherous night,
The sentinel turns steadfast as before,
An unwavering beacon of burning light.

A quiet guardian against the foam,
It whispers through the storm: I'll lead you home.

Majorda Days



Underneath the Goan sun, where time moved soft and slow,
Stood a house of Portuguese craft, in a village long ago.
Through arches framed in bougainvillea, pink and ever-bright,
And madhumalti weaving grace into the golden light.

An orchard breathed in fragrance—mango, guava, pineapple sweet,
With heavy chikoos, jackfruits low, and watermelons at our feet.
They said the fruit tasted sweeter then, grown from a gentle soil,
Where kindness bound each neighbour's heart through quiet days of toil.

Doorways open across the lane, no boundaries drawn by creed,
Catholic, Hindu, Muslim souls bound by a shared, warm need.
Every feast was everyone's, every light a common cheer,
A simple, peaceful harmony we held so close, so dear.

And through the streets, the local lore—memories forever stayed:
Of Filomena's wandering gaze, that made us half-afraid,
And Mariapiedade, short and dark, with his belly round and wide,
Calling out Vosai! Vosai! as we shuffled to hide.

Beside the shore where cool winds blew, and waves washed clean the
sand,
Lived stories like Damodar Mauzo's, rooted in the land.
Though years have drifted like the tide, the quiet charm remains—
In Majorda's sweet and timeless heart, untouched by loss or gains.

Maad - The Coconut Palm



Beside the mirror of the quiet lake,
Where silver ripples gently break,
A tall palm stretched into the blue,
To hold a wonder that I knew.

High on that swaying frond of green,
The grandest craft I'd ever seen:
A weaver bird had spun its home,
A woven vase, a golden dome.
With blade and grass, with loop and string,
A masterpiece of engineering.

As a child, I'd stand and gaze,
Lost within a worried maze:
What if the wind begins to blow?
What if the fledgling falls below?
What if it drops into the deep,
While still too young to fly or leap?

But years rolled on, and vision cleared,
I saw the truth behind what I feared:
The Almighty gives to all who breathe
The subtle arts they spin and weave.
He guides the beak, He binds the thread,
And guards each tiny, helpless head.

In Goa's lush and blessed land,
Upheld within a caring hand,
Such miracles are left to bloom—
In coconut palms and woven rooms.
For innocence is kept secure,
By divine love, serene and pure.

The Toddy Tapper



High above the emerald fronds,
Against the morning haze,
A solitary song awoke
The Goa of old days.

He sang a tender kantar loud,
A melody so free,
Unruffled by the dizzy height
Upon the palm-nut tree.

With simple gear and weathered grace,
A rope within his hand,
A sharp koyti bound to his waist,
He knew the sunlit land.

Just clad enough to shield his form,
He scaled the slender bark—
A climb so daring, swift, and steep,
It left the monkeys stark.

He tapped the tender coconut,
To draw the precious sur,
That sweet, intoxicating drink,
So traditional and pure.

A delicacy nurtured well
In Goa's coastal breeze,
Born from the sweat and steady rhythm
Up among the trees.

But now the song has quieted,
The renders fade away;
The ancient craft of tapping palms
Is lost to yesterday.

The sur grows scarce upon the soil,
A memory half-reclaimed,
As modern shadows dim the trade
That time and progress tamed.

My Life's Journey



Born where the sea-breeze meets Mumbai's roar,
A neonate carried to Goa's shore.
To Savordem, Panchwadi, wild and green,
Where no taps flowed and no lights were seen.
No doctors, no roads, just the earth and tree,
A quiet beginning that set spirit free.

Then child steps wandered to Majorda's ground,
Where silica sand and new hope were found.
At St. Aloysius, the lessons ran deep—
A sacred promise the heart still would keep.
Mass in the morning, Puja at night,
Every child precious, every mind bright.
No lines drawn by faith, no section apart,
Just secular love held close in the heart.

Then onward to Margao, where tall shadows fall,
Where city noise rises and quiet grows small.
Where ego touched days and the pace fast became,
Yet good found the good in the midst of the game.
For kind souls were waiting, though crowded the street,
And ladders were climbed on steady young feet.

To Bambolim's halls, where the healers are made,
Through thick and through thin, where the foundation stayed.
And off to ESI, where duty gave sight,
To human compassion, to struggle, to fight.
Colleagues and friends adding spice to the years,
Sharing the wisdom, the triumphs, the tears.

Then love called my name to Pernem's sweet grace,
A scenic, soft haven, a beautiful place.
Where language and food carry scents of their own,
And the warmest of hearts made the land feel like home.

Oh, Goan soil rich with art and with mind,
With faith and with unity, gentle and kind.
Every sharp lesson, every turn on the road,
Has built me up strong for the weight of the load.
From village to city, from ocean to soil,
A life blessed with love through the journey and toil.

The Tapestry of Goa



From Pernem's northern sands to Canacona's shore,
Where Chorla's misty peaks meet Mollem's wild core,
A land carved by rivers, blessed by the sea,
Resplendent in beauty, ancient and free.
Three realms now divide what one spirit holds dear:
North, South, and Kushavati standing tall and clear.

Twelve talukas woven through hill and through plain—
Bardez and Tiswadi, Sattari's domain,
Salcete and Ponda, Mormugao's bright crest,
Sanguem and Quepem where quiet truths rest.

Where Harmal and Morjim embrace the tide's calm,
And Colva and Mobor sing ocean's soft psalm,
The rivers pour infinite grace to the deep—
Mandovi, Zuari, where blue shadows sleep,
While Chapora, Terekhol, Galjibag glide,
To weave golden threads where the waters divide.

Here fruit-laden branches and wild forests grow,
Where blossoms on hedges in crimson bursts glow.
A paradise cradled by sea and by stone—
The sweetest soil that the world's ever known.

The Golden Soil



Where ancient bells and temple chimes
Resound across the quiet hills,
Goa remembers gentler times,
Where faith is peace, not conflicting wills.

In Ponda's heart, the lanterns glow,
In old Church aisles, the candles burn,
From village streets to tides below,
There's love in every single turn.

The saint reposes, quiet, blessed,
While sacred fires soft-light the night;
Every village, an honoured guest,
Living together in harmony's light.

For Goenkarponn was built to stand
On bonds of warmth and human grace,
A gentle heart, a welcoming hand,
A sacred, timeless, peaceful place.

Though shifting winds may blow across
And changing tides may brush the shore,
True gold will never lose its gloss—
It shines as brightly as before.

Hold fast the roots, preserve the flame,
Let ancient wisdom lead the way,
For silver, gold, remain the same,
And goodness wins at end of day.

The Well in the Backyard



There was a depth beneath the earth,
A cool and quiet, hidden space,
Where water waited, pure and clear,
Beside our childhood home and place.

The hempen rope, the heavy wooden wheel,
The rhythmic strain of arm and chest—
A daily toil that felt like play,
Where simple work was at its best.

We pulled the darkness up to light,
The bucket splashing down below,
And brought to surface, dripping bright,
A treasure cold as mountain snow.

No modern tap, no bottled chill,
Could match the sweetness of that strain;
To drink from hands so worn and warm,
And wash away the summer's pain.

The thirst was deep, the reward complete,
A joy that simple exertion gave—
Locked in the quiet of the past,
Beside the water's cool, deep wave.

The Song of the Ramponkar



Before the sun could touch the shore,
When waves were gentle, grey, and slow,
The Ramponkar would take his place,
In tides where quiet waters flow.

With steady hands and weathered grace,
He cast the rampon wide and deep,
To wake the treasure of the sea
While half the world was fast asleep.

The silver small ones glinted bright—
The verlyo, tarle, motyali,
The lepo, khapi, crabs, and kormot,
All pulled in together, wild and free.

Then came the medium, glistening haul,
The beloved bangde, smooth and fine,
With shevte, hade, and muddoshi,
And pomfret shining in the brine.

And grander still, the deep-sea giants,
The chonak, shark, and kingfish bold,
The red snapper caught in heavy threads,
A harvest worth much more than gold.

Back then, no labels bound his name,
No word like niz was needed then;
A fisherman was just himself,
Among a tribe of honest men.

The fish were fried with spicy pastes,
Or simmered slow in coconut curry,
Sold fresh and damp upon the sand,
Unspoilt by greed or market hurry.

My childhood saw the pure sea breeze,
Before the world grew sharp and cold,
When shore-side catch was shared with love,
And fish were caught for life, not gold.

The Goan Poder



The morning air in Goa stirs,
Before the sun begins to rise,
Inside the warm and glowing kiln,
Where magic bakes before our eyes.

Once born from Catholic bakeries,
With Hindu hands that joined the trade,
Inside the ancient, earthen khorn,
The finest local loaves were made.

The ring of kanknn like bangles bright,
The fluffy pav, the crusty poee,
Brought door to door with gentle cheer,
As sweet a sight as one could see.

Today the baker's craft endures,
Though times have shifted, ways have grown;
Now workers ride the classic bikes,
With horned bells ringing through the town.

The taste has changed through passing years,
Yet warmth and comfort still remain,
More crisp and clean for modern times,
A steady joy in sun or rain.

Dip the soft pav in sukha bhaji,
In chana masala or spicy chicken stew,
With jam, or chutney, or chole rich,
Or masala pav with flavours new.

A simple loaf, a sacred art,
A Goan memory rich and sweet—
The Poder stands as the giver of bread,
Bringing the village to its feet.

The Emerald Tide



When monsoon skies paint Goa grey,
And rivers overflow their banks,
The parched earth drinks the rains of June,
And offers up its quiet thanks.

The fields become a mirror bright,
Where heavy waters pool and stay,
Reflecting clouds and swaying palms
Throughout the cool and misty day.

Across the flooded green expanse,
The village turns to rhythm, slow—
The farmers tread the ankle mud
To plant the seeds that turn to gold.

With colourful saris tucked up high,
The women bend into the earth;
Their steady hands transplant the green,
An ancient, sacred song of birth.

From flooded silt to steaming bowl,
Where red rice meets the sea's rich spice,
The heart of Goa lives right here—
In monsoon rain and fields of rice.

Sun-Kissed Yield



When the summer sun shines fierce and high,
And golden light floods earth and sky,
The branches bend, the vines unfold,
To offer up their seasonal gold.

The mango hangs in amber grace,
The undisputed king of space,
Beside the cashew's jewel-bright crown,
Where sweet and nutty wealth bow down.

Dusty borums bite sweet and tart,
Chikoos hold earthy, caramel heart.
Fragrant guavas dot the green,
Fit for a coastal summer queen.

Watermelons split to show their red,
Where cool, crisp, refreshing joy is shed,
And heavy papayas glow like day,
To drive the heat and thirst away.

A gift of nature, pure and free,
From sunlit soil and ancient tree—
To nourish, sweeten, and sustain,
Till yields to monsoon rain.

The Song of the Goan Tides



The morning wakes in a golden haze,
Over silver sands and coastal ways.
The Arabian waters, broad and bright,
Dance under a canopy of tropical light.

Foam crashes soft on Palolem's bend,
Where the palms bow low like an old, trusted friend.
In the warmth of the sun, the waters gleam—
A turquoise canvas, a sun-drenched dream.

As the afternoon fades, the breezes sigh,
And a crimson sunset paints the sky.
Fishermen pull their nets to the shore,
As the ocean whispers its eternal roar.

The sea breeze carries the salt and the peace,
Where the rush of the world finds a soft release.
Oh, wild Goan sea, forever free,
Singing the anthem of the land and the sea.

Rain a Blessing



The scorching heat had beaten down the land,
Baking the earth and burning on the sand.
The thirsty trees, the birds, the beasts, the men,
All longed to see the dark clouds rise again.

Then comes the day the heavy heavens break,
And Goan soil begins to breathe and wake.
The rich petrichor rises from the ground,
A memorable fragrance, sweet and sound.

Cool winds blow softly, soothing every mind,
Leaving the summer's weary blaze behind.
Dormant seeds and hidden spores awake,
Wild blooms burst forth by river and by lake.
The reservoirs fill up with steady grace,
Promising life and hope to every place.

Into the mud, the hopeful farmer treads,
To till the field where future green spreads.
He sows his grain beneath the pouring rain,
Trusting the winter yield will ease his pain.
The streams rush down, the roaring rivers flow,
As overcast skies keep up their endless show.

Yet beneath this beauty lies a growing threat—
A wounded planet we must not forget.
As forests fall and warmer climate reigns,
The skies grow fickle with shifted rains.

The land calls out, a plea both clear and grand:
We all must act to save this blessed land,
Protect the wild, mend what we broke in haste,
Before the rain becomes a memory erased.

Go and See



While at the paradise Goa,
Don't stay behind closed door,
Where shadows trace the things you know,
The light beyond the quiet flower,
And wilder winds that wish to blow.

Step out beneath the open sky,
Where rivers bend and mountains rise,
Leave quiet doubt and wonders by,
And look with clear tame eyes,

The world's rich tapestry unfolds,
Not in the stories softly told,
But in the steps you dare to take,
And memories you choose to make.

To feel the earth, to taste the breeze,
To find what waiting wonders be—
Leave static shores for open season,
Step out today and go and see.

The Goan Hills



Deep within the ancient green,
Where shadows dance and sunlight gleams,
The hills of Goa softly hold
A thousand treasures, silent, bold.

In quiet thickets, wild and deep,
Where medicinal blossoms sleep,
The leopard stalks, the civet prowls,
Under the watchful eyes of owls.

The bison treads the mossy floor,
Beside the python's coiled door,
A sacred realm of bark and vine,
Where nature drew a boundary line.

But iron teeth now bite the stone,
And tear away what wild has grown.
The mountain's heart is trodden bare,
With dust and gravel in the air.

As forest walls begin to fall,
The displaced beasts obey the call—
Wandering into village light,
Gentle ghosts of fading night.

Though we have broken down their home,
And forced their weary feet to roam,
They walk among us, quiet, grand,
With mercy for the human hand.

God's own creations, fierce and free,
The guardians of the canopy—
May we remember, ere it's late,
To save their paradise from fate.

The Silent Cry of Goa



Where emerald canopies once kissed the sky,
Now concrete monoliths stand tall and high.
The ancient trees are felled, the shadows fade,
Beneath the heavy march of progress made.

The sweet, old Goan song is drowned and lost
In endless rushes paid at heavy cost—
Chasing the shifts where neon lights burn bright,
We sold the quiet dawn for restless night.

The golden paddy fields lie brown and bare,
No willing hands to tend with loving care.
The red-dirt mountains carved and stripped away,
The sinking riverbeds in deep decay.

The monsoons shift, the skies withhold their rain,
As warming earth reflects our greed and pain.
She weepeth softly, but her tears are dry,
A thirsting land beneath an altered sky.

Now casinos gleam where peaceful waters flow,
A restless hub that traded away its glow.
Will vintage Goa ever rise once more,
Or stay forgotten on a crowded shore?

I hold her memory as the shadows fall,
And softly yield, adjusting through it all.