

Dr Snigdha Jha

अनकही

UNSAID, UNKEPT, UNEXPLORED EMOTIONS



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Dedication

The English Poems of This Anthology Is Dedicated to The Memory of Papa and Pinku Mama. Two Most Loved, Most Gentle Souls Left This Earth in a Gap of Little More Than One Year. May Both of Your Souls Rest in Peace and Keep Showering Your Blessings on All of Us from Wherever You Are. You Are Missed in Every Conversation, Every Milestone and Every Breath We Take. God Has Stopped Manufacturing People Like You. You Are Out of Sights but Never Out of Minds.

Acknowledgements

This Bilingual anthology अनकही: Unsaid, Unkept and Unexplored Emotions comprising almost 57 poems in English and 46 poems in Hindi was conceived, created and compiled during days of extreme exasperation. 3 years in succession saw deaths of three most loved individuals of my life. The fag end of year 2023 saw the death of my beloved maternal grandmother who was more a mother to me than my birthgiver herself. Even before we could heal from this loss. My father in pink of his health was diagnosed with end stage liver cancer. He succumbed to his illness and within 58 days of diagnosis his mortal remains became a part of flora and fauna of sacred Ganges. This loss was so sudden, so devastating that my whole existence appeared to crumble. There is no healing after losing a parent, we just act to be fresh and fine. In comparison to this grief even the death of octogenarian grandmother appeared small, a kind of liberation. We started to thank God for taking her gracefully without hearing about the death of her favourite, lifelong caregiver son in law.

But wait, God was not to be pacified even with this for he was bracing himself for tragedy of still greater magnitude. Pinku Mama was my mother's cousin and my adorable local guardian during my hostel days at university of Delhi. His death while returning from his workplace was a bolt from the blue. He left unexpectedly without a trace of illness. Since he was in his early fifties it left not only his immediate family members shattered but also all of us to mourn endlessly.

This book is written as a tribute to all three of them. THE English anthology as such is dedicated to the memory of Papa and Pinku Mama. The Hindi anthology as such is dedicated to the memory of my maternal grandmother who loved me beyond possible Human discretions. She was the one who taught me Hindi alphabets and all the rituals pertaining to love, celebration, and death.

It would be sheer ingratitude if I fail to acknowledge the contribution of my bonafide mother in teaching and inspiring me to make study my vocation. With

father emerging as a fond, distant memory she is the only living parent left. Her sheer presence in life is enough in instilling a deep sense of awe and reverence

I owe my gratitude to my husband Er Dilip Kumar Jha ,too for his existence alone is responsible for spontaneous outburst of creative exuberance.

In this world of changing human values what keeps me going is the presence of my only child. My son Skand in his mid teens is an epitome of kindness and sympathy. Sometimes when I look at him I simply marvel at the amount of goodwill and innocence he has in his kitty. Humble to the core it's a privilege to be his mother and bask in the glory of my physical creation. His contribution in creation of this anthology lies in being patient and perseverant even when his normal meal schedules timings were altered. A single child's mother is also blessed with two nephews and niece who fill the gap of siblings for my child Skand and another child for myself. My niece Tunmun is an intelligence incarnate who helped me with technical support during writing of this book. Nephew Monu is a sweetheart and in house entertainer whenever I got bored with continuous writings and editings he cracked jokes and altered memes for inciting smiles

My two younger siblings brother Er Mayank Abhishek and sister Dr Neha Nupur too deserve commendation for they were the founder and pillar of strength for both me and my child at times of dread, disaster and Destitution. My brother has no parallels in human forms even for others he can sacrifice his hunger ,time and travel. Whenever lull or melancholic moments abounded in my life he stood selflessly with his care, counsel and concern. His wife Neha and my sister in law too motivated me during dark hours of frustration.

I also owe a gratitude laden heart to my mousi Jayshree Mishra and her two sons ,my adorable kiddo darling brothers Romi and chhotu who always showered bucketful of love on me .My mousi an epitome of beauty is carved in the image of my Nani . I have full faith that she would Always be there as a cheerleader

Amongst the family members lastly I owe my thankfulness to Munna mama ,Dipu mama and Mami. All leftover siblings of my dead father three uncles and three Pissis or buas now are the elixir of my life. With father gone forever it is in their looks we find a striking resemblance which gives not only me but my other siblings too a

mirage of father's existence. Their existence and survival is necessary to help us sail the oceans of depression that crept in after Papa's demise. Paternal cousins too always supported me with their power and prestige. It is not possible to mention each one's name here because my father's family is a bit large but let it be known to each one of you since all of you bear some part of my father, all of you have amalgamated yourself into my being.

The publisher of this anthology BlueRose Publishing House too deserve commendation for compiling such a beautiful anthology. This is my second anthology with them the other being a contributed one titled Poetic pigeons and I must confess that they have performed their duty quite well

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BILINGUAL ANTHOLOGY ENGLISH

1) An Invocation to God

O'my Lord God High
Creator of all things
Beautiful and Bright

You are the cause of my survival,
sustenance and strife
Without your providence
And Provide
I am nothing more than a toy
How much we
Evolve in technology and science
Without your will
Nothing in this world can move
Or stand upright
Still whenever foolishness dawns
On our egoistic
Self supine
We bask in the glory of
self appraisal and might

But with change of time and space
As I mature and grow old
I acknowledge the fact that
Pomposity is something
You truly disdain
Showing the vainglorious ones
Their true place
You present for other mortals
A lesson in morality mundane
Sometimes I truly
Hate you for difficulties life present
But slowly I realise that

You are doing it purposely
Bracing me
For battles belligerent
Had you not penalized
myself with low dosages of
Atrocities alkine
The greater misfortunes
Would have crumbled my
Existence sublime

O'my Lord God High
Please keep showering your
Blessings benign
From Heaven High

2)

In memory of my Dad In Heaven

Papa you left too soon
Like blinking of eye
Or twitching of eyebrows arc
The dreaded disease affected you like
A whirlwind snatching
You in midst of your
Loved ones
You had the best farewell
Anyone can imagine
You were loved immensely
In life and so everyone made it a point
To see you breathing
one last time
The funeral reveries
Diverted the pain
If not lessened it to
Great extent
But now as we return
To our daily chores
And routine
Your absence bites
Us from within
Making living
A nightmarish hell
Several times a day
I dial my number from your
Phone
So that the word
Papa flashes on screen
Giving me solace that
You are still around
Nothing has changed

Building is same
So are furniture and
Interiors
You sweat hard in your
Life
Giving us the best
Luxuries and comforts
But everything is
Meaningless without your
Existence
Had anyone cautioned
About your early
Departure
We would have
Cherished you more
Because now that
You are gone
Nothing can lessen
The heartache I feel
To see your empty
Chair and bed
I feel envious of
The cook who continuously
Addressed his father as
Papa Pristine
Because this word has become
Obsolete in my life
You were full of
Admirer and friends
But I have been orphaned
For Nothing or no one
In life can ever fill
The space you left vacant

3) To My Little One

To my little one
When you are
No more little
I long for those days
When I could just
Hold you into
My arms
The sleepless nights
When your cries
Turned the house
Upside down
And your penetrating
Shrills
Deafen the
Ears of even
Most hard of hearing
Lass
That time it appeared
As if the difficult
Days and nights
Would never pass
And you would
Always be that
Cranky child
But everything
Passed like the blinking of
One's eyes
And Today as
You edge towards
Maturity
I pray to God
With all sincerity

To bestow
His blessings
So that you evolve
As a better human
Being
Having
Compassion
For all and
Sundry

4) Tea-time

Tea time is not only a routine
Between couples
Whose love is young
And sanguine
It's a unique moment
To let eyes dance like mannequin
When elders are absorbed
In their own worthless
Discord
Some casual flying
Kisses
Too gets exchanged
Like snake's
Soft silent hisses
Imagining the contours
Of beloved's
Bodies
And then
the love making
In privacy pristine
At once lets
Their blood boil
Just like
The shimmering
Hot cup of
Tea in sight and
They start
Looking forward
For night
To arrive
With all their might

5) Fasting feasting

Why is fasting
Essential
Is it just an undue
Ostentation
Or does it have
A wider
Implication
Nearly every
Major religion
Of this world
Makes it mandatory
To follow fast
With perfect
Dexterity
Yes fasting
Is at times
Necessary
For cleaning
And purifying
Our body and
Soul
Perfectly

Self imposed
Denial of food
And water in
Profundity
Is a type
Of penance
In sublimity
However denial
Should also be

Of inner vices
Then only the fast
Reaches it's
Apogee

Once the undeterred
Fast of continuous
Recurring hours
Is broken
Even the simplest
Of food
Gives us a satiety
Of infinite
Magnitude
So feasting of
Destitute
Should be
Solemnized
Every weekend
In continuity

With their hunger
And thirst
Quenched
You will get
Satisfaction
Immense
For no partying
Of glamour, glitz
And popularity
Dense
Would give you
Satisfaction
Equivalent to
Feeding these
Downtrodden
Class in distress

6) Moon

Symbol of nascent beauty
And profound purity
O ' moon you have
Been my constant companion
From early childhood and
Even before
In your Indelible presence
And fictitious assistance
A fussy eater and obstinate
Child that was I

Gormandized all morsels
Believing it to be
Send by none other than you
A tumbler full of milk
Which otherwise would
Have taken hours to finish
Gets empty in some
Fleeting uncouth moments
Or minutes
Time passed by and you
Became my trusted
Confidant of my
Hidden desires and
Unfulfilled dreams of youth
My unborn child 's beautiful
Face was outlined
Gazing endlessly at
You during nights in
Tandem and
Ceaselessly
During difficult days of

Pregnancy

I played same games of
Deceive which my grandmother
Played in order to fulfill my child's
Hunger and other needs
With passing days you have
Assumed for me the role of a
Soothsayer
For difficult nights
Abounding in lull and
Melancholy are spent
Staring fixedly at your
Beautiful face
Crying horrendously for
Eradicating all pain, sufferings
And negativity

7) **An Advice to Small Town Youth**

You stepped out
From the confines of
Your house
To a place which
In terms of beauty, glamour
And sophistication
Blows your mind and
You aspire to be a
Part of this cosmic
Universe

You work hard
Day in and night
For achieving your
Goal
In stipulated time
However, to lessen
Mental tension
And turmoil
You take recourse
To drugs and wine
And feel like
Letting the strife
Soothe
With the smoke
Of cigarettes
In random puffs

Your waywardness
Let's you lose the
Concentration
Line and you
Keep losing
The upcoming
Deadlines
You yourself
Feel doomed
Don't know
How to come out
Of this
Disastrous
Loom

At this time
Comes to your
Recluse
Your partner
Whom you have
Chosen not just
For your social
Desires
But also, your
Rushing adrenaline
Needs
If chosen with
Proper
Care and attention
She helps
You to curb
Devastation
For no friend
You have would
Listen to your
Blabbering
At 12 in the
Midnight

However, if you are
Unlucky in this
Arena too
And your partner
Develops a liaison
Just to enhance
Her social
Mental and financial
Status
No one can avoid
The catastrophe
And your life like
The famous
Small town
Self-made
Celebrity Sushant
Lurks in apostrophe
So better be
Cautious
To avoid unreturnable
Loses

Don't develop disdain
If the partner
Is chosen
From your
Parent's neighboring
Lanes
For your parent's
Choice
Is for your
Betterment
It's only through
A good dedicated
Companionship
That you would
Be able to sail through
Life's upcoming
Hardships

8) **Monsoon Rains**

Hailing from the land of farmers
Agriculture is our main occupation
Monsoon plays an important
Role
Not just drenching
Our souls
But also, in growth of
Seeds and saplings
For better germination
And higher production
A tapestry of different
Rivers and lakes
The land is hailed
The best
For growing crops
Even in haste

But Nature has it's
Own say
In dealing things
In her own way
So, at times
These life supporting
Rivers and dams
Break the barriers
In their prime
Flooding the nearby
Villages and towns
With roaring waters
In infinity
The same life
Nourishing rivers

Which fills our
Eyes with delight
Looks serpentine
At great height
Horrendously shrieking
Is an ominous sight
At night

Now the same
Monsoon rains
Which was awaited
Ever since the
Heat reaches it's
Apogee
Now appears as
A curse from
Skies
Bracing us for
Differing
Devastating
Analogy
Condemned to live
Our houses
We now spend
Our lives
On highways
Gazing vacantly
With only roaring
Vehicles in
Proximity
We curse our
Destiny
For being born
In a country
Where everyone
Treats us like
Unwanted weed
Paying no heed

To our needs
They rejoice
In their misdeeds
Seeing Flood as
An Opportunity
These corrupt ministers
And officers
Witness flood as
Event with endless
Possibility
Of swarming
Their treasury
With unacceptable
Funds and money

9) Enlightenment

Often it happens
Yes, it happens very often
Not only in reel life
But our real lives
When we are swinging
Back and forth in an
Abyss Of happiness and
Contentment profound
An unknown episode either

Of failure and rejection
Shatters our existence pushing
Us into dark dungeons of
Destitution and depression
In throes of passion
Then are we compelled
To question divinity
For our life 's calamity
Better let our lives affected
With incessant misfortunes
Rather than give a
Slight glimpse of
Providence and
Then a series of never
Ending sorrows

But O 'Lord with
Passing years
We are able to decipher
Your mechanizations
You afflict us with pains
So that we can enjoy

Life 's gains
Thus, it is through sufferings
That our lives become
Purified of sins and
We are able to enjoy
Each and every moment
With our closest
Of Kins

10) In praise of Sunset

Sunset o' sunset
Thou art so kind to me

Although a melancholic by disposition
You always fill me with new inspiration
Sun, they say is a powerful God
Amongst vast deities of Hindu pantheon
Reckoned for it's anger and destruction
But if prayed and pacified properly
Can fill your lives
With unbounded love, luck and prosperity
Impressed with all these grandma's tales
I too decided to perform rituals
To fill my life with joys and joys

Chhath it is called
One of the most difficult of Hindu festivals
Where we pay obeisance to our most revered
Sun God at sunset and sunrise
Believed to be the monopoly of ageing and old
I started doing it in prime of adulthood
An unbreakable fast of nearly 36 hours
Is enough to crumble one's lively spirits
But here too it was the sunset
Which provided me with relief
Soothing in appearance
It's always quick in its arrival
Thus, giving hopes of undying survival

A fiery red balloon in sky
Sunset is marked by
Nature's craftsmanship
Of indelible worth and merit
It's also a time of everyone's return
Form their places of daily sojourn
Fatigued by their daily chores
Takes respite in beloved's arched brows

11) Hope

Born out of
A mother who is
In extreme pains
Of body and mind
Hope tries to
Get delivered
As early as possible
To relieve it's
Mother of excruciating
Pain.
But no it's delivery
Is not as easy as one expects
It to be
Failure and rejections
It's two deadly
Foes tries to
Aid in it's abortion
So that it's existence
Is lost forever and
They reign supreme
Pushing the mother
Into deep dungeons
Of agony and despair
But alas that Hope
Is a fighter and it doesn't
Allow anyone to
Supersede
Fighting endlessly
It finally succeeds in
Overcoming all
Failures and despair
Thus, filling everyone

Lives with mirth and
Gaiety
Let's all hail the
Hope and pray that
It continues it's
Presence
In our lives
So that it brightens
Each of our
Gloomy nights

12) Pangs of Rootlessness

Hailing from some distant
Plains
My wretched fate ployed
With circumstances
Compelling me to leave
Home and settle in midst of
This desert

Accustomed of living
In a place full of greenery and
Foliage
How am I going to survive
In this life 's peculiar
Voyage

Days were passing like
Months and
Months like years
Making my sustenance
Stifling
When I was caught by
A revelation
The desert resembled
A child dilapidated
Weak and skeletal
In muscles
Radiating beauty even
In his torn rags

Beauty is not the
Slave of ornamentation
Life with flexibility can
Be made to live in any
Environment
Like the grains of sand

Which has the capacity to get
Cooled and heated
With same vigor and
Intensity

13) Who is She

Who is she?
She has a name
But seldom is she
Ever addressed by it
She is someone's wife
Daughter in law and
Adorable mother
Her role becomes her name
She is so devoted and
Dedicated that she herself
Forgets her name
Very often these days

However, gazing at her
Sole mirror
In her magnificent room
The very question of her
Existence
Who is she gnaws her
From deep within
Is she a helpless beast
Ruled by mighty ferocious
Beast the propagators
Of patriarchy
Or a puppet
Compelled to dance
On her family's command

No matter what she is
Give her a little
Love, care affection
Which she secretly aspires
And truly deserves

14) Hands

The hands that binds themselves
In benediction before deities
For my welfare, happiness and
Health
Which constantly massaged my
Face, back and whole body
To be precise
So that my features are pronounced
And skin shines with brilliance
Benign
Those very hands were
There to relieve and
Lessen my colic, periodical
And labour pains
As I followed the trajectory
Of growth from childhood, puberty
And adulthood

Even when I suffered from
Mental turmoils
Those very hands were there
To wipe the tears and
Scars

What an irony of fate
It is that today
When those ailing hands
Require the support
Of strong, youthful hands
Like mine
I remain so much adhered to
My personal and professional

Responsibilities sublime
That my hands can be
Of no use other
Than
Wiping tears in
Remembrance of
Her love supine

15) A woman's confession

Allured by the glittering
Sight of coins, notes, dollars
Pounds, Gold and diamonds in
Hordes
I ignored and belittled
The complete adoration of
My husband.
Loving me was his obsession
Caring for me his passion and
Hugging me Closer
Forever his fondest
Hallucination

However, that time I was
So much overpowered with
The thought of abundance of
Money that his
Penury and poverty
Irked me
His deepest kisses, bites
Or even closest embraces
Nothing excited me and
I was totally repelled by his
Love making acrobatics

Unable to bear this for
Long
He straight forwardly asked me
The cause of my indifference and
Insolence
Waiting for a chance to voice
My discontent

I told him that I hate this life
Sans glamour, luxury and
Comfort
He was taken aback by this
But slowly and silently
After gaining composure
Assured me to provide
Everything within a year or
Two

From that moment he
Invested all his energies
In earning money and the
Like and as promised
Within a year provided
Everything I desired

Bedecked with ornaments
I now live a life of luxury
But my lover of past
Is now lost
He is now a mere
Machine
A workaholic whose
Business never allows
Him to sit still
He never now stares
At me
Save alone kiss or
Hug
I long for his love
Adoration and attention
But never dare to speak
For it was for me that
He got completely transformed

16) Right time

No matter how
Hard you try
Things would
Commence and
Take proper time
Only to ripe
A Crying baby
Delivered only
Some mere minutes
Before
Attains maturity
And proper growth
Only with the passage
Of time
Repeated massaging and
Continuous unabated
Feeding
Won't make him a
Man
In a day or
Two
He has to follow
The trajectory of
Growth from
Infancy to
Adulthood

Similarly, how hard
You try

Your right time
Would come

Only when it is
Destined
Problems would
Be sorted out
On their own
You just have to
Keep proper patience
And the like
Don't get too much
Bogged by the
Prevailing tensions and
Get jealousy stricken
With other's
Prosperity and
Delights
Today it's his time
But tomorrow yours
Too would come
Someone up there
Is sitting and taking
Care of everyone's
Needs and desires
You just have
To keep belief
In his powers
Don't leave his company
Even when you
Are wallowing in
Happiness and
Fecundity of
Things, matter and
Materials
Keep your feet Steeped
To the ground
Having a stoic attitude
Both in pleasures and
Pains
Unleash the strength

Within yourself
Through power of
Prayers and
Helping attitude
Only then
Can you explore
Your true self
And bad times
Would never come

17) A special night

Let this night be
A night of new
Revelation and reveries
A night which marks
The beginning
Of new unadulterated
Happiness and hopes
Encompassed into
Each other's warmth
Let not only our bodies
Melt
Instead let our souls
Get amalgamated
A new better soul
Would then emerge
Having the perfections
Of both and
Negativities shunned
We would then not
Only be bodies
Of flesh but
An incarnation of
Love and wisdom
A different type of
Love would it be
Then
Not marked by lust
Or possessiveness
But a love which
Has the power to
Heal or repair
The wounded or

Bored
The memorable night
Would then be a prelude
To a fresh, awakening
Dawn

18) **Body shaming**

God created
Everyone with distinct features
And face
An anatomy
of every
Body
Shows internal
Organs and
Blood veins
Running
Haphazardly
In distinct
Pathways and
Frames
Still we torment

Our fellow
Beings
Whose body
Contours
And stature
Is not within
Set standards
And parameters
The vainglorious
Ones
Blessed
With flawless
Skin and
Complexion
Bright as sunshine
Takes pride

In mouthing
Peculiar names
To those
Who are dark
And pimples
Adorning them
Like freckles
On course
Bed
Your entity is
Akin to dead
If you are either
Obese or
Overweight
The world the
Cruel one
Takes extra
Pride
In letting
Your self esteem
Crumble if
You fail to
Reach even the
Average
Height
But let me
Tell you o'
Propagators of
These
Vicious thoughts
And design
Hereditary, circumstances
And Climate
Plays a pivotal
Role in shaping
A personal
Externalities
But the vitalities

Of inner
Self reflects
Your upbringing
And Grace
The body one day
Is destined
To perish
But your deeds
Remain
Even after
Decades of
Demise
For generations
To ape and
Relish

19) Catharsis

Sometimes yes at times
I just want to yell
Aloud my Discontent
Arising out of inner
Fury and furore

Dismayed over my
Helplessness to be
Of any use to my
Ailing parents and
Household of my birth
I just want to challenge
All restrictions and limitations
Imposed by patriarchy and
Society at large

Oh my revered prophets Of
Patriarchal Prejudices
Even a small plant needs
Time and space in new
Environment
To sustain and survive
But you want me
Made of cascade of
Bones and flesh
To adapt into
New environment
Forgetting my parents and
Roots.
All my attentions and
Fidelities
Should now shift

Towards my new
Home
My husband's parents
Are now my own and
My parents the burden of
My brother's soul .

My mother suffered
Greater pangs of pain
At the time of my birth
Then why should
My only brother
Face all the responsibilities
Alone
The prevailing traditions
Needs reformations
And can be made acceptable only
With some new revisions

20) Pain

O ' my darling benumbing
And paralysing sensation
You are my true companion
For everyone and everything
Comes and goes
But you continue
Your indelible presence

You change your form
And attributes
Sometimes you strike me at
Physical levels and at times
Mental levels
You and I are as Inseparable
As milk and water
Like these two miscible
Liquids you have completely
Merged yourself with my
Surreal existence
Together we are bound by
An eternal bond

Not a tormentar
You are my healer
And benefactor
A prelude to greater joy
You augment me
Towards union
With my creator
And thus achieve
Total salvation

21) **Ramblings of a swine flu afflicted**

The deadly disease has claimed
So many innocent lives
Now it's my turn
I can feel the death's toll banging
The banging is so intense that all my senses
Are getting numbed
I can see my long dead grand father
He is calling me with arms wide open
People say it's hallucination
Caused as a result of convulsion
But I can very clearly see his affectionate smile
Ready to caress me
But I m not in a position to die
What will happen to my only child
Who will fondle him?
Who is there to tolerate his idiosyncrasies?
My ageing parents would lament
But then other siblings would act as supplement
My husband would have another wife
But my child would never have a normal life
I must live
For I have so much to give
I will fight with this disease

With my strong will power
I will thwart his malign wings
This intense pain would act as a revitalizer
Making everything smooth for my survival

22) Apocalypse

What type of civilization
Are we heading towards
Where goodness has lost
It's essence
Vileness, sordidness and
Treachery have become
Quite rampant and
Simplicity, soberness and
Truthfulness are ridiculed
With Gusto unmatched
The age of surfaces it is
Having optimum thrust on
Appearances and ostentation
Whosoever dupes his partner
Is rewarded with unflinching
Dedication and devotion
Whereas those true ones
Gets violence ,tortures and
Traumas in return
Why is there such a
Subversion of values
Or whatever has been
Preached through
Time immemorial
Requires some
Serious modification
Bad is the new good
So henceforth
Do we require to
Redefine the truth

Or is it a sign
Of impending
Apocalypse
A devastation of magnitude
Infinite
Is required to bring forth
A new better developed
World
Where goodness prevails
And vileness is pushed
To dungeons clandestine

23) Nostalgia

A time machine of
Magnitude infinite
Should be my vehicle
To carry me backwards
Into my own long lost
Childhood
When I was just a little
Girl
Having infinite curls
With grand and great grand
Parents at my side
I had the monopoly to do
Whatever I desire

The days were golden
And nights silver
without a care in the world
The childhood passed swiftly
With sweetest of memories
To recapitulate

Teenage and adulthood
Had their own merriment
And Strifes
But none could rival the
Joy of that Holi toy
For which we waited
For months in advance
Or that Diwali cracker
The glimpse of which
Compelled us to dance
With hairs crumpled

Millions of expensive gadgets
Could not give the same joy
Nor hordes of diamonds
And gold ornaments
In tandem

Wish those days to come back
At least once
Where I would again be
The Queen of my house
An apple of parents and
Grand parents eyes
No tears or mental tensions
To bog me down
And no negative people
To demoralise and devastate
My existence and
Entity

24) Friendship

Intricated and interwoven
Into a myriad of bonds
Human life is a tapestry
Of relationships
Starting with womb
And ending with final
Dissolution of
Corporality
Most of these relations
Are imposed either by blood
Body and Kinship

The bond of friendship
However stands distinct
And distinguished
Encompassing in itself
The freedom of choice
Monopoly to choose
Whom we think best
Fits our taste and
Temperament
A friend provides
Us with companionship
Right from kindergarten
They are a vital nutrient
For healthy physical and
Mental growth
A competitor in every
Phase of development
They are the catalyst
Who propels us forward
With honest criticism and

Vociferous appraisal
They are the harbingers
Of fame and fortune
In our lives
Long live the
Spirit of camaraderie
And all our friends
Who make life
Pleasurable and worth
Living

25) A promise to My Love

O ' my love
I don't know
Why I love you
So much
With you by my side
Life feels like heaven
On ride
Without you in domain
Everything appears
Sinister and profane
You are my goddess
You are my luck and
Every good happens
Only in your presence
Misfortunes and
Calamities struck me
Only when you are not around
For no harm can befall
A person
Who is flanked by
A soul so benevolent

Yet I don't know
Why at times
I hurt you and
Become a cause of
Your sorrows and
Depression
It rips my heart
To see your tears
Coming out of
Extreme Exasperation

I love you so much
That I cannot tolerate
Even Fleeting moments
Of ignorance and separation
So henceforth I I shall
Live live life on my
Terms
Without further delay
I make loving you
My vocation
And I promise to
Keep you happy
In all situations
Sweet or sour
To be precise

26)

Ramblings of an acid attacked victim

My beauty lay crushed and crumbled
Under the feet of those
Who claimed to love me
Beyond all possible human discretions
But grew aghast with continuous rejections
It hurt their male ego
To watch me throwing
All those materials
They used for proposing

The avengers of my fate
Then combined all their hatred
In a beaker full of foul smelling liquid
And threw that acid over my pretty face
Making it a myriad of
Exposed skeletal muscles and bones
I writhed in unbearable pain for help
But could get it only after an hour or more
The sojourn to hospital
Was no less detrimental
As I was overwhelmed
By recurring thoughts of euthanasia
Which in my case would act as panacea
But circumstances never allowed
And I am condemned to live
A life worse than death
With a disfigured face
Once a cynosure of all eyes
Now fit only for evoking sympathy
In some and horror in many

My jilted lovers
How cruel you were
To perform such heinous act
You took my rejection
As something closer to betrayal
Arising out of self appraisal
But I wanted to avoid distractions
And concentrate solely
On fulfilling my dead grandmother's dreams
Of becoming a renowned doctor
But see now my whole life itself
Has become dependent on doctors
For survival and sustenance

27) Dream world

My dream world
A surreal atmosphere
Emanating out of
My own hidden, unfilled and
Unbridled passion
Is my own private space
Where I can breathe freely
Without any interference and
Undue hindrance

Oh I don't need either
To sleep or close
My eyes tight
To visualise it with
All my might
Just a segregated and
Silent corner is all I need
To transport myself
To this world so
Serene

Here I am the monarch and
I am the mistress
With no cacophonous sound
To put me into distress
The rhapsody of silence
Is my valuable harp
Making the grey matters
Of my brain sharp
Thus composing verses
And lyrics in praise of
My fictitious lover

The union with whom is
Not viable in reality
But here we are one
Not by serendipity
But by birth or
Legacy
It is he who daily fondles
Me with embraces and
Kisses
Propelling me to a satisfying
Slumber
Without any inhibitions or
Murmur

28) Solitude and soliloquy

Gregariousness inherent in his genes
Propels man for seeking solace
In terms of lifelong liaisons
Friends, relatives and mates provides succour
But at times the pain is so intense
That it cannot be healed
Even with a glass of liquor

Dismayed by delving deep into
Throes of depression and melancholy
What one requires is solitude
And vociferous incessant soliloquy
Solitude helps one to start an inward journey
Taking into one's stride
The cause of casualty
In solitude you are bound
To be true to your self
Shunning all pretensions
And unkempt inhibitions
You are blessed
With a child like innocence
At this time whatever u babble
Has traveled straight from head to naval
So it bears the stamp of authenticity
Rewarding you with an escape from prejudices
Which in turn lends your personality
A brand new vitality

29) “From Rabbles to Marble altars”

Swayed over by an upsurge of emotions
She finds herself gasping for breath
As she goes to receive prize
Conferred upon her for promotion of local art
The organizers' were sympathetic
And lend their hand for support
But she politely refused and reparteed
My octogenarian body still has the capacity
To alight thousand of such steps
This prize is not solely mine
But it belongs to each and every member of my group
Who toiled day and night incessantly
For it's promotion and exposure
Imparting it a worldwide recognition and versatility

Primarily the local art had limited exposure
Practised only at times of celebration
But it was she who inspired the poor and widowed
To make it a source of their livelihood
Which would help them to be financially independent
But the roads to success were terse
As the region was dominated by male chauvinists
Who abused her horrendously
For corrupting their pious women folk
She was even labelled as a master whore
Compelling other women to be a part
Of her clandestinely practised whoredom
At times she shed silent tears
But never refrained from her duty
When the art gained prominence
The artists too were appraised
Now the same men regaled and

Basked in the glory of their
Talented women relatives
She silently smiles on seeing
Such positive changes
And kept on tirelessly working
For upliftment of her region
Society and nation as a whole

30) I me myself

I am my own saviour
Light and my lover
Clandestine
There's no one
Who understands my
Agony distress
And delights
Till the time I thought
I have hands to wipe
My tears and
Sympathize with my
Lot and the like
I kept writhing
Uncontrollably in
Pain without a shoulder
To lean and
Recline
Friends family and
Relatives tried to
Find the cause of my
Suffering in my
Own imaginary
Fabricated defects and
Drawbacks

However it was only
After a decade of
Hardships ,tears and
Turmoils that I
Started to understand
That it was their own
Way of rationalizing

Their own misdeeds
And sins

So now I have taken
The reigns of control
Of my life in my
Own little hands
Enough of grudges and
Grievance
It's time to
Bounce back
No hurdle is greater
Than my newly defined
Self confidence
Which would pave
My paths and
Help me evolve
As a better person
Profound

31) Shattered dream

Swaying back and forth
Continuously on an abyss
Of fondest memories
Deep
Nurturing it further
Through my heart's
Purest of blood
Sublime and sweet

Did I dare to
Dream of inhabiting
A place I so much love
Since my childhood
And even before
The glamour, grandeur
And sophistication
Of that place
Bedazzled me
Compelling me to
Fondly aspire
For becoming a
Part of that Cosmic
universe

But divinity had
Some set plans unknown
And so I failed only
By some few devastating
Uncanny steps
Asunder thus lies
My existence and
Hoarsely did I cry

As an aftermath.
Of my shattered dream
Both sweet and
Sublime

32)
Painting father's portrait on
canvass of words

Tall, dark and handsome
Is he
Having features better than
Most Gods and Goddesses
We either read in scriptures
Or see
Carved in statues or
Paintings made free

Yes exactly his face is
Like a statue in which
God like a skilled
Potter used best clay
To make his most
Well shaped nose
Very large and vivacious
Eyes and an equally
Shaped lips

Not only is my Father
An epitome of male
Beauty
But also unmatched.
In character and
Benevolence
Right from the
Age when he was
Something just

Above his teens
Started earning and
Working day in and
Day Out for clearing
His father's outstanding
Debts and
Mentored his
Siblings financially
So that all of them
Could study and
Stand upright on their
Feet
Most of them reciprocate
His goodwill
Through a gesture of
Extreme obeisance and
Devotion
However in a family
Comprising of
Members more than
Thirty
There remains some
Nastiest ones
Whose tongue neither
Falters nor
Lip quivers in
Mouthing obscenities
Simpleton that he is
He never itches an
Eyebrow and
Advices us to follow
The suit and ignore
Such extreme
Eccentricities

Hailing from an age
Of hard core male
Chauvinists
We two sisters were
Placed on a pedestal
Much higher than our
Only brother
In our ever resplendent
Household
In whole line of
Maithil Brahmins clan
Hardly have I met a person
Who paid such respect to
His in laws and treated
His wife's siblings and
Near and dear ones
As his own

May Goddess Durga
Whose true devotee
Is he
Always bless him
With sound physical and
Mental health so
That he maintains
His poise and never
Stop himself from
Propagating the spirit
Of goodness and the like

33) Bidding Adieu

Never had I thought
Bidding adieu to this.
Place.
A tiny burgeoning city. .
Suburbs in this desert
Would be so difficult
As the days of separation
Comes near
I tend to develop a bond
Stronger and delicate

The beginning months were hard
For me to survive..
I hated it's
Ever pervading silence
Simplicity of lifestyle
Prevalent amongst
Folks
By and large
Money they have
Umpteen
Still they lack
Sophistication as they.
See refinement in tastes
An undue distraction and
Harbinger of devastation

But as my tenure completes
And I head towards a place
Better developed and serene
There in me I see developing
Seeds of appreciation for it's

Scanty vegetation and sparse
Population

Yes this place has given
Me a lot
I have started seeing
People and place in
Newer and better light and
Perspectives
The innocence of raw and
Underdeveloped
Is matchless and their
Traits of loving selflessly
Deserve commendation
Topography of desert is
No less soothing than
Mighty hills or
Mustard laden fields
One just need the inner
Eyes for recognizing beauty
Of all types

34) Be my Valentine

I don't have
The affiliations of
Blood, body, kinship
Or sex
To call you as
My own
Still every breath
I take every step
I march and every
Little prayer I offer
Is for you and your well
Being

When you are not
Around
I feel as if I remain
Devoid.
Of something very
Divine
The cause of my
Being
An antidote for my
Depression
I stand stupefied
Encompassed with
A feeling as sweet
As this

Many people have claimed
That this happens
Only when you are
Love sick

So I implore you O'

my sweet little mistress
To lessen my distress
On this valentine's day
Be my and remain mine
For years in tandem
Let's us assume the
Role of a beloved and
The lover and
Stay the same
Even after years of
Our Marriage
Beyond our physical
Deaths and
Spiritual rebirth

35) A suggestion to Parents

Hold those hands soft
And tight
Convince them to keep
Depression at bay
With all your valor and
Might
When your child is under
Stress ,frustration or
Anger
Don't take sides with this
Bad, mad, cruel and cunning
World
Instead try to soothe him with
Your healing touch and
Very loving gaze
Give a befitting reply to
All his tormentors
Who pride themselves in
Gnawing his soul
With comments that are
Both somber and dark
The days of desperation
Would surely pass
And very soon the
Nights writhing in
Pain and exasperation
Would be a memory
Bygone forlorn
But how you as
A parent manage
His frustration
And rejection

Would leave an
Indelible impression
On his personality
And soul's progression

36) An Ode to my child

Harbinger of joys
And pleasure
Paramount
My child your mere
Existence
As a three week
Old Foetus
Has kept me spellbound
And filled me with
Delights unknown
Cloistered in the deepest
Pores of my womb
You getting nourishment
From my blood and food
Completed nine months of
Gestation
And got delivered as
A Crying male
Baby of pounds
Seven

Time passed
As if propelled
By the oars of
A fast moving
Ship
My tiny tot
Of yesteryears
You are now a super.
Handsome
School going boy
Of six

Time is approaching
When you will
No longer need your
Mamma 's support
You will have your
Own existence
And fly to scale heights
Unfathomable and
Unknown.
Up up and up in
The sky you
Must soar
But never forget your
Roots
Don't be a part of
This world's whimsical
Number game
Concentrate first on
Becoming a good
Human being
Having compassion
For weak and downtrodden
This would be the loan
Of your mother's milk
Which had been
Your elixir and saviour
Since birth till age
Three

37) Memory and oblivion

Burden of my memory
Deep
Suffocates my being
And Compels me to weep
Ah !the memory
The same memory
Which had been
My most well possessed
Wealth
During my school days
And beyond
Is now my foe
Stiffling my composure
Serenity and sanity

Daily do I importune
Divinity
For blessing me with
Some unknown waters of
Lethe
To help me forget
All the vile and sordid
Details from my
Life
Infidelities, atrocities
And exploitations
To be precise
Let me have a
Brand new existence
In oblivion
Where I am blessed with
A Child like innocence

Having malice for
None
And pretensions and
Hypocrisy to shun

38) Saga of An Indian Girl Child

Lavishly pampered and
Sanguinely arrogant was
“She “
A unique girl with
Awesome combination of
Beauty and brains
Suitors she had many
Who queued in her vicinity
For having just a glimpse.
Of this damsel
So pretty
Mesmerized and transfixed
They stood when they
Saw her academically
Excelling in dignity
Each just envy
The lot of her future
Mate
Who would conquer her
In nuptial bed

But fate had something
Else in store
For she reposed full
Trust in parent’s choice and.
Consented for an arranged
Marriage
With the boy and family
Of their choice
She loved her parents and
Their Sentiments
Conservatives at heart

Any romantic liaison
Would have shattered
Their hopes and stained
Their well earned reputation
A reputation which was
Earned after years of
Toil and turmoil
It therefore would be
A sin for her.
To malign their names
Just for her heartache

The marriage was arranged
With undue ostentation
And Reverie
The likes of whom
Very few have
Seen

But alas that marriage
Never provided her
With Contentment
She so truly deserveth
The inmates of her
New household
Were masters of
Bellicosity
Sadists who regaled
In curbing her confidence
And composure
Each United with other
To fill her with a sense
Of inferiority and
Dependence
Amazed at the audacity
Of the repulsive and distorted
Who commented on her
Proportionate features and

Figure

She at times shed silent tears
With her lost self confidence
And self esteem

She appears a caricature
Of past jovial and free
Going girl
The monsters however
Are still not satisfied
They blame, accuse and
Horrendously abuse her
Of imaginary lies and
Fabricated ploys
Unable to bear all
This tortures and
Traumas she committed
Suicide and thus
Story of a brainy beauty
Meets her deplorable end

39) Picture perfect

Not all stories
Of life are
Just a sweet song
Of mirth and
Gaiety
On surface they
Might appear to
Be so
But in reality
They are all
Afflicted with
One life's calamity
Or another
So
It's no point
Getting jealousy
stricken
Seeing the picture
Perfect couple
Romancing on
High mountains
Or breath taking
Sea beaches
Their awesome
Compatibility
As depicted on
Social websites
Fills us with
Awe and we tend
To envy their lot
Lamenting our
Own hardships

And tragedies

Social websites like
Facebook, orkut
Instagram
Are like fairy
World
Where every member
Appears to be
Wallowing in happiness
Success and glamour
There is no place of
Life's penury
Ugliness and sordidness
For many throbbing
Their lives just on
Antidepressants
It has calmed their
Tensed nerves
By providing
Cathartic and
Cooling effects
So we should
Take them just
As a world
Fictitious and gay
Where serenity prevails
And tears and Sighs
Are kept offshores
So don't get judgemental
About other's lives
No one in this
World is bereft of
Tensions and Turmoils
Better to take these
Platforms as just
A source of entertainment
And the like and

Keep all sorrows and
Sufferings at bay
At least
For some
Uncouth moments

40) Long lost love letters

Surreptitiously swayed by
Nostalgia and the like
Did I decide to
Clean my dead grandfather's
Closet filled with old books
And files
My grandmother volunteered
To help
But I implored her to
Sit quiet
Segregating old books
From new
I got exhausted and
And was willing to
Recline

When all of a sudden
Old torn stacks
Of letters fell
Suitably protected in between
The folds of a book
The handwriting was familiar
So I got curious and
Read them all in one single
Go

It was my grandfather's
Love letters
Addressed to his lady
Love
My grandmother who
Was away from him

For more than a month
Steeped into throes of passion
And intense longingness
The letters were remarkable
For their felicity of expression
And subtlety of thoughts
It was hard for me to imagine
My old grandfather
As a youth so tender
And passionate

When I handed those letters
To my grandmother
She cried profusely
In remembrance of her mate
So soft hearted and fragile
The letters she said
Were long lost
But thank God that
You found them
Once again
They are now my
Elixir

Written in his own
Handwriting
They are now the
Treasured tokens of
My long lost love
And a mirage of his indelible
Presence and unconditional
Love

41) Transience

Love, laughter and
Happiness have
Limited validity
So are the tears
Which explodes
Spontaneously
Out of
Extreme melancholy
If both sadness and
Happiness are so
Transient
Why then do we
Become highly
Ecstatic when inundated
With pleasures and
Deeply sombre
When grief stricken

How happy we feel
When loved ones
Comes to meet
However it rips our
Hearts when
They depart
Nothing is permanent
Neither their stay
Nor is their
Departure
So we should
Always remain the
Same
Both in pleasures and

Pain
Infatuation with
Mortal beings is
Just a misnomer
As it can lead to
devastation
Attachment is lethal
For your soul's
Progression
So it's good to
Maintain a poise
In all circumstances
Precise
Only then Can you
Achieve a salvation
Both supreme and
Sublime

42)

Explore your true self

It's time ,yes it's high
Time for O' woman
Of the third world
To Arise and Awake
Break the fetters and
Unchain yourself
From all patriarchal
Prejudices

Don't get dismayed
Over age old customs
And beliefs
It is the trick and
Manipulation of males
To dominate and diminish
You to the status of
A mute Beast
Creating power lies
With you
So you are supreme
And superior.

They are aware of
Your destructing powers
You are only that
Mighty Durga without
Whose help the monstrous
Demon Mahisasur could
Neither be defeated
Nor killed
It's time for you Draupadi
To come and save

Your Honours without
Waiting for Krishna
You have been meek
And docile Sita for long
Meekly tolerating
Rama 's atrocities
And exploitations
Explore the clandestine
Kaali
And with ferocity and
Fearlessness .
Face the demonic
Beasts
With a power and
Gusto unmatched
Thus making your
Society bereft of
All negativities
And crime

43) Indian women's plight

I am an Indian woman
Born with a revelation
Of inferiority and
Dependence
From cradle to coffin
Do I need a male
For my sustenance and
Survival
At first it is my
Father and brother
Who protects me
And safeguard my
Honour and virtue
Handing the reigns
Of authority to
My husband in
Youth
They feel their
Responsibilities
Curtailed
And can now
Dare to sleep with
Legs streched

Advocated by scriptures
And grandma's tale
I am compelled to believe
That my husband is
My supreme Lord
And indispensable
Mate
To him must I be

Bound
Dedicating my life
And service to him
And his entire
Family
Forgetting my existence
Dreams and desires
I silently dedicate my
Life fulfilling their
Demands

Growing weak and
Emaciated my son
My baby of yesteryears
Becomes my custodian
Till death do us
Apart and he
Lights my funeral
Pyres

What a life swayed
Over by questions of
Belongingness
Do I lead
The house I am born
Is not my own
The house I go
Never accepts me
As it's own
Vacillating between
Two pole ends
I lead a life of
Mental variability and
Vicariousness

44)

A note for my growing son

Till death do us apart
I will be there for
You my child
Safeguarding you from
Vicious men and tribe
Physical protection
You don't need any more
For you have grown
Taller and stronger
Than short statured
Figure of mine
But mental strength
You would always
Get
As you pass the
Trajectory of growth
From budding
Immature teenager
To a strong man
Right now you are
A baby in body of
Adult
There would be dilemmas
Weaknesses and complexes
To be precise
The cruel world would
Mock you for slightest
Imperfection they visualise
But you don't have to lose
Heart or
Feel inferior or
Inadequate

Rather you should brush
All these negative thoughts
With a shrug or air of
Indifference
Revitalize yourself
From thoughts
That are superior
And sublime
Only then can you swim forth
The seas of depression
And emerge as
An individual
Awakened and
Agile

45) **My Mother**

Unique is she
Not only in taste and
Temperament
But in thoughts and
Actions too
Few can match her
Persona as she
Believes In Actions
Other than
Mere bombastic words

A woman of indelible worth
And merit
She is an institution in
Herself
A voracious reader
She uses her
Knowledge and experience
For betterment of her own
Family
Extended and enlarged

Her immense generosity
Is a trait which at times
Irks her
For she believes in
Giving unconditionally
Without caring for rewards
Or publicity
A band of useless servants
When implored to get
Ostracised

Is still kept on grounds
That they are poor and
Deprived and consequently
Have very little or
Nothing to eat and survive
So if they are kept
Their problems of
Food ,clothing and shelter
Is resolved and with
Proper nourishment would
Have a healthy
Physical and mental
Growth

In a society which
First believes in
Over feeding their
Own clan
She gives first
Morsel to weak and
Downtrodden
Non communal in
Political leanings
She has given us
The lessons of
Religious tolerance
Imparting in us first
A good knowledge of
Our own scriptures
Placing both sisters.
On a pedestal much
Higher than our only
Brother
She has not preached
But also practiced
Gender indiscrimination
To the core

46) An Ode to Samosa

O' my darling delicacy
Define I love you
With all my might
My association with you
Dates back to a time
When I was just a little
Child
The intensity of love
Can be understood
From the fact that I
Consented to accompany
My uncle to village supine
Without my mother in
Sight
On condition that he would
Feed me with just
Samosas and no other
Food to be precise
He consented and first
Time in life I accompanied
My grandmother and uncles
To village
Without parents
To be precise
Village was not
Developed at that time
Relatives had to fetch you
From kilometers undefined
But still they obliged
And I was enthralled
These all thoughts
Are creeping into my

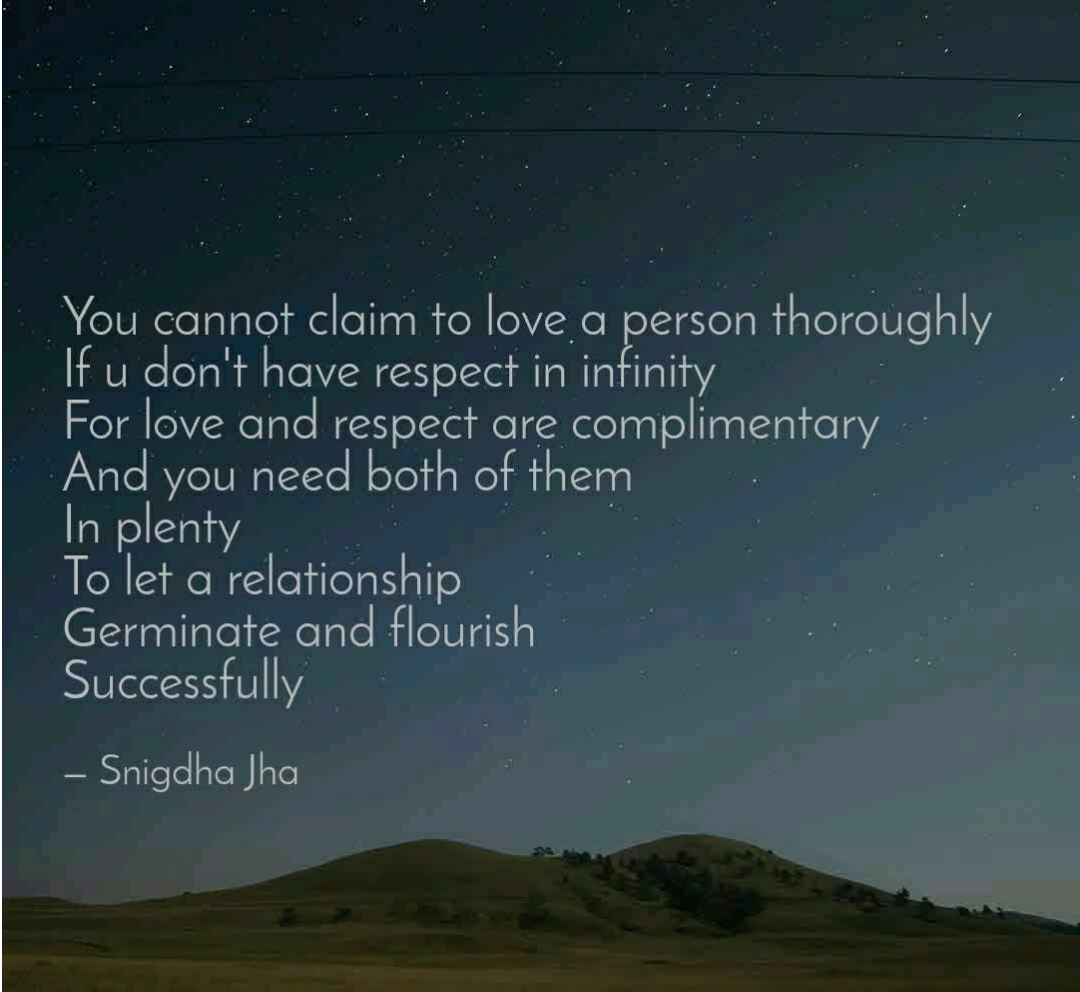
Mind because today as
I wait for my flight
Your mere presence
Lights my mind
And waters my mouth
But alas the frame
I have desist me from
Picking you and
Gormandize in one single
Bite
Just I have one prayer
My Lord protector
And guide to
Improve my body's
Size so that I can gobble.
My first love
Without any second thought
Or cry

47) **Say no to domestic violence**

When suffering becomes
Your fate
Lull and melancholy
Your most trusted companion
And living a nightmare
Don't take the recluse of death
For end of all troubles.

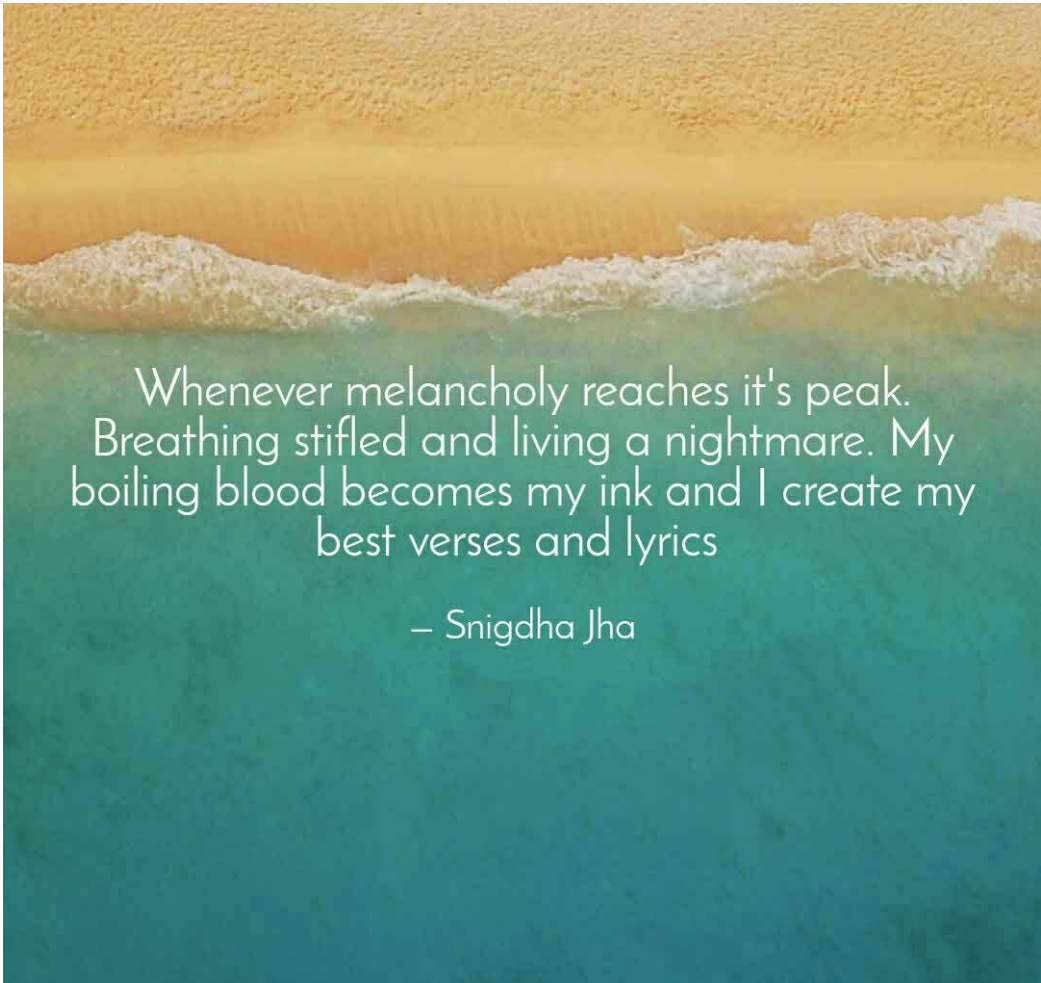
Instead A rise and awake
Tears and bruises have been
Your mates for long
It's time to change partners
Welcome mirth and gaiety
You were born a human
Don't diminish yourself
To the status of A mute
Beast
Give voice to your
Discontent
Pay the exploitative
Male in his own coin
Don't be an incarnation of
Forgiveness and Benevolence
Teach the man a lesson
Of life
Let him be answerable
To every wound
Every abuse he hurled
To degrade you
Both physically and
Mentally
Then and only then

Can the whole women race
Be emancipated
Asunder would stand
The practitioners of
Domestic violence

The background of the image is a dark, starry night sky. The stars are small, white dots of varying brightness. Below the sky, there is a dark, silhouetted landscape featuring rolling hills. The hills are covered in sparse vegetation, and the overall scene is dimly lit, creating a serene and contemplative atmosphere.

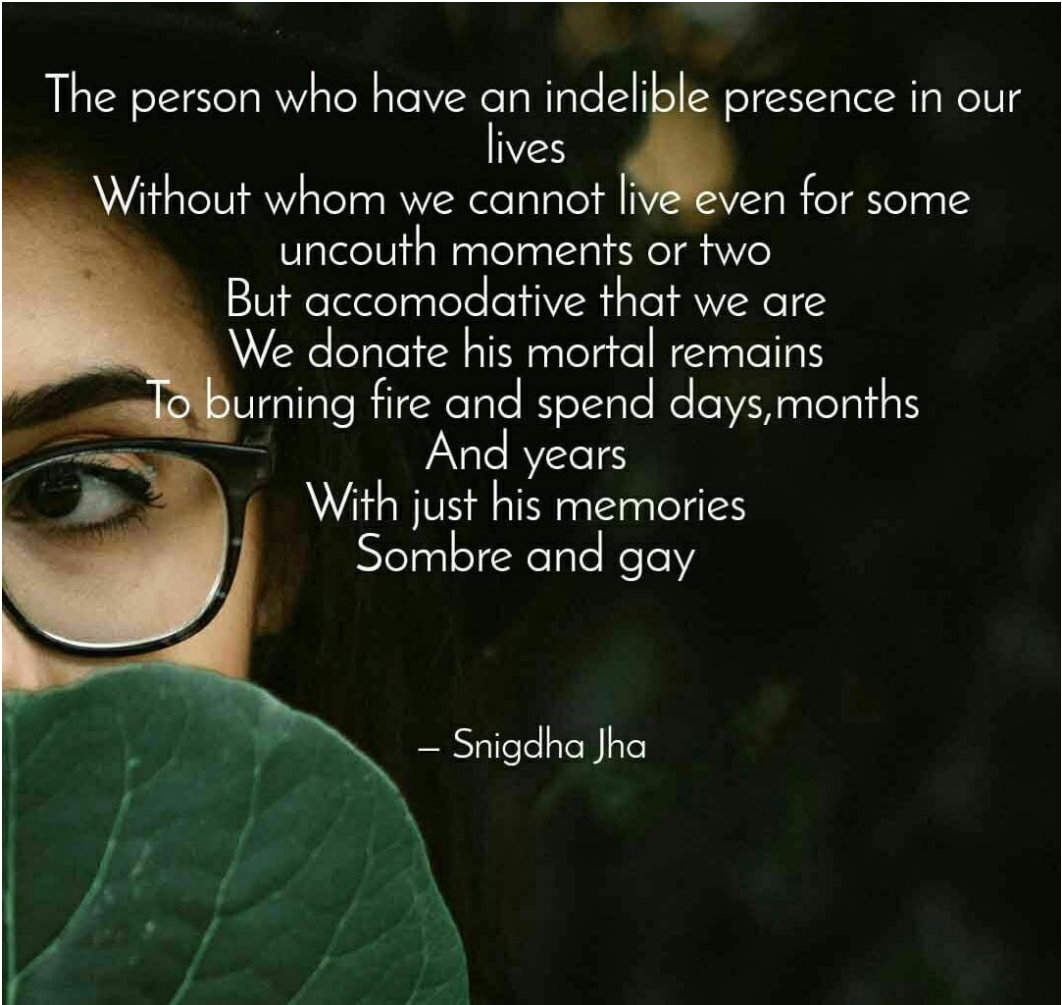
You cannot claim to love a person thoroughly
If u don't have respect in infinity
For love and respect are complimentary
And you need both of them
In plenty
To let a relationship
Germinate and flourish
Successfully

– Snigdha Jha



Whenever melancholy reaches it's peak.
Breathing stifled and living a nightmare. My
boiling blood becomes my ink and I create my
best verses and lyrics

– Snigdha Jha

A person with dark hair and black-rimmed glasses is partially visible on the left side of the image. A large, vibrant green leaf is positioned in the lower-left foreground, partially obscuring the person's face. The background is dark and out of focus, with some light spots suggesting an outdoor setting.

The person who have an indelible presence in our
lives

Without whom we cannot live even for some
uncouth moments or two

But accomodative that we are

We donate his mortal remains

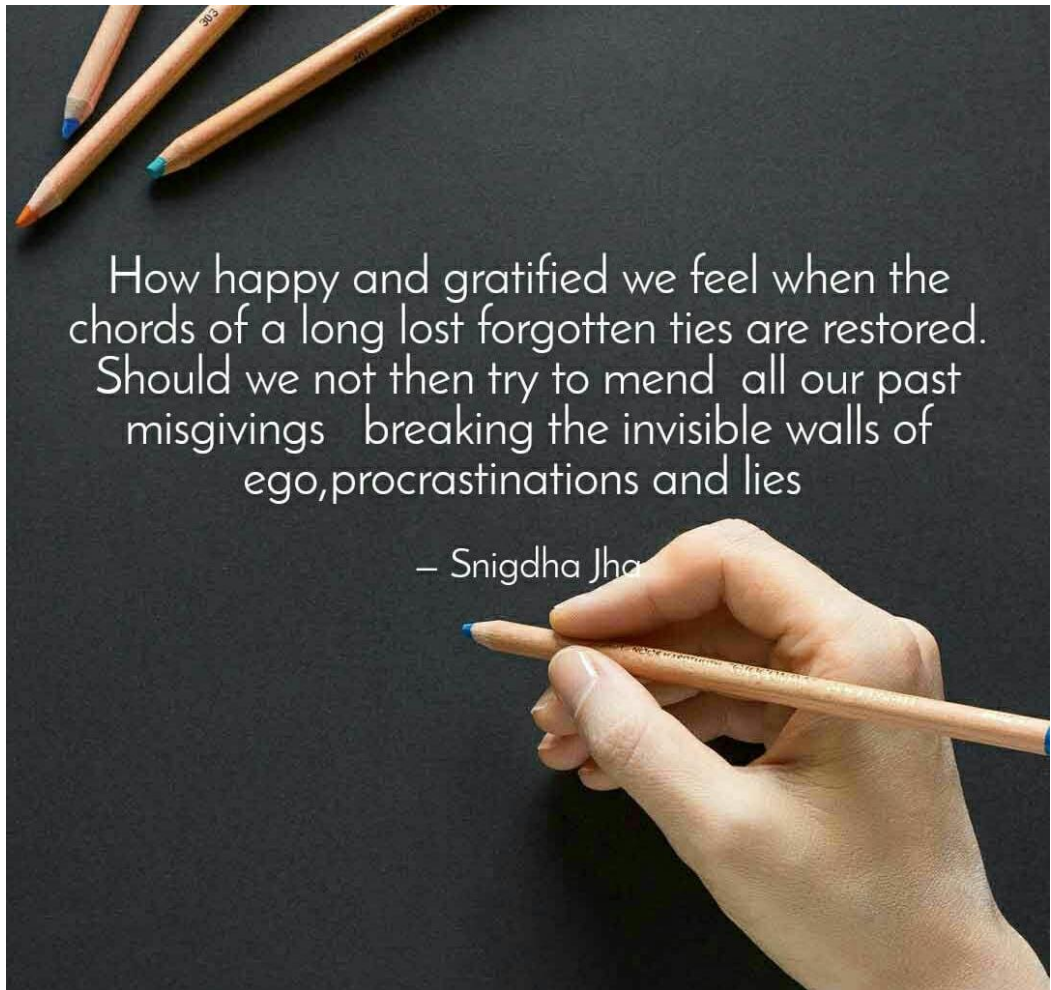
To burning fire and spend days, months

And years

With just his memories

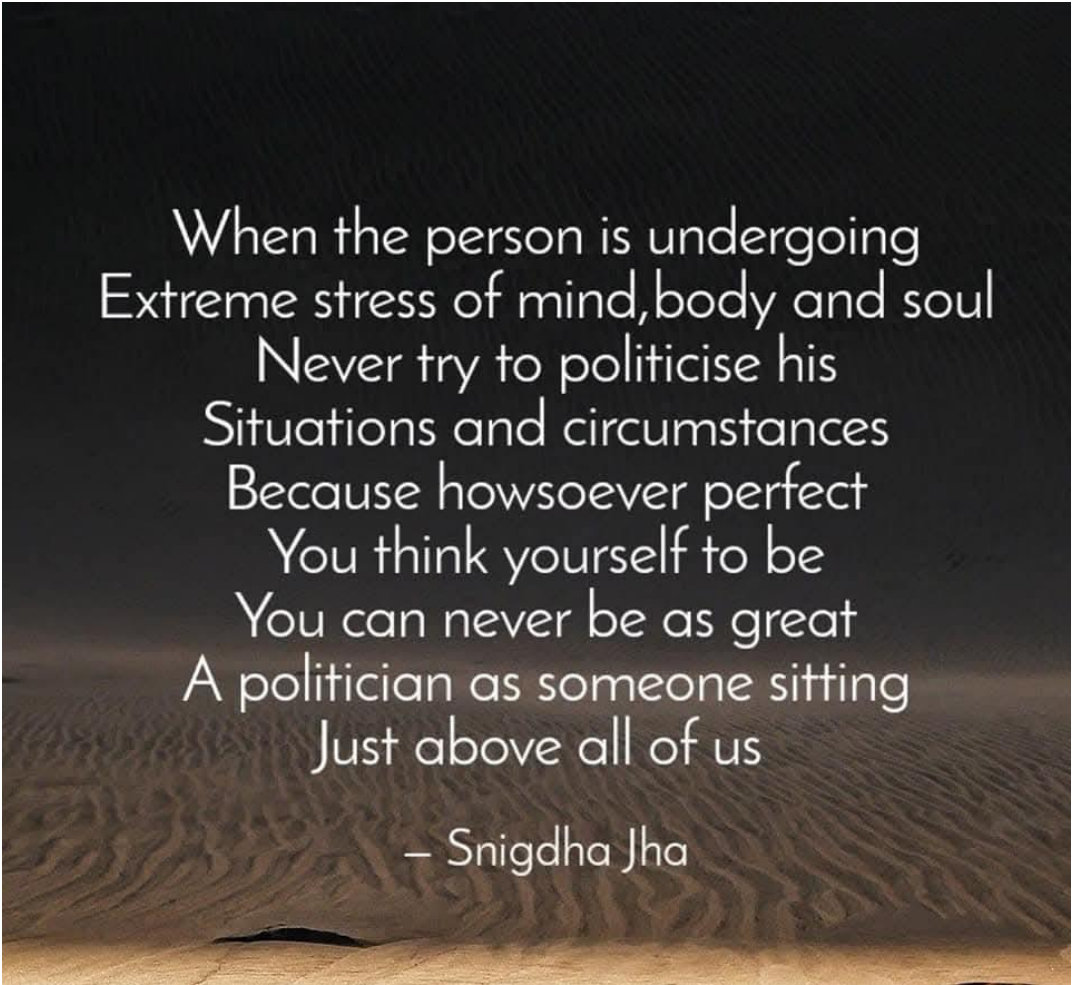
Sombre and gay

– Snigdha Jha



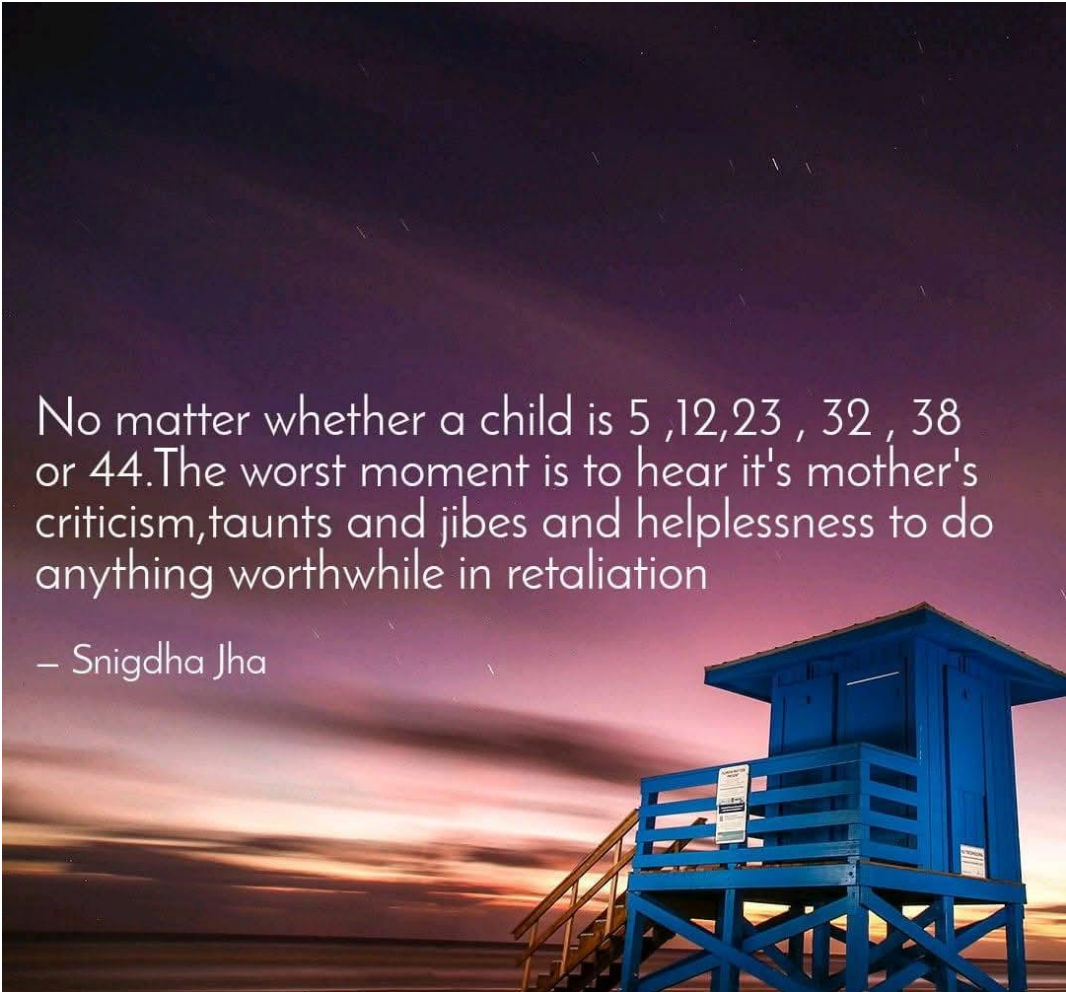
How happy and gratified we feel when the
chords of a long lost forgotten ties are restored.
Should we not then try to mend all our past
misgivings breaking the invisible walls of
ego, procrastinations and lies

– Snigdha Jha

The background of the image is a photograph of a desert landscape. The foreground and middle ground are filled with sand dunes that have distinct, wavy, and rippled patterns, likely created by wind. The sand is a warm, golden-brown color. The sky above the dunes is a deep, dark, almost black, suggesting a clear night or a very dark, overcast day. The overall mood is serene yet somber, providing a stark contrast to the white text.

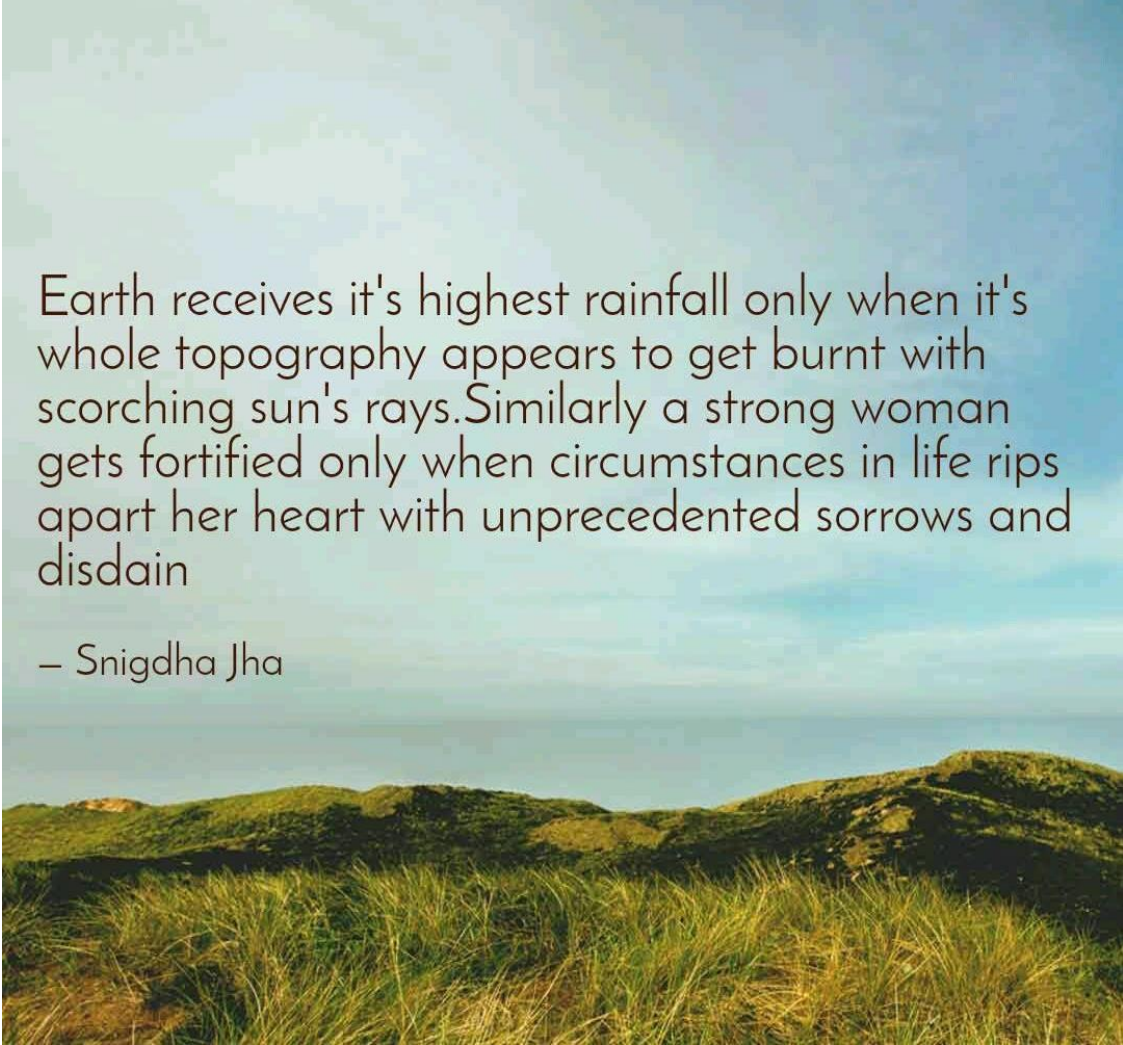
When the person is undergoing
Extreme stress of mind, body and soul
Never try to politicise his
Situations and circumstances
Because howsoever perfect
You think yourself to be
You can never be as great
A politician as someone sitting
Just above all of us

– Snigdha Jha

A blue wooden lifeguard stand stands on a beach. The sky is a mix of deep purple, magenta, and orange, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The ocean is visible in the background, and the stand has a set of stairs leading up to it.

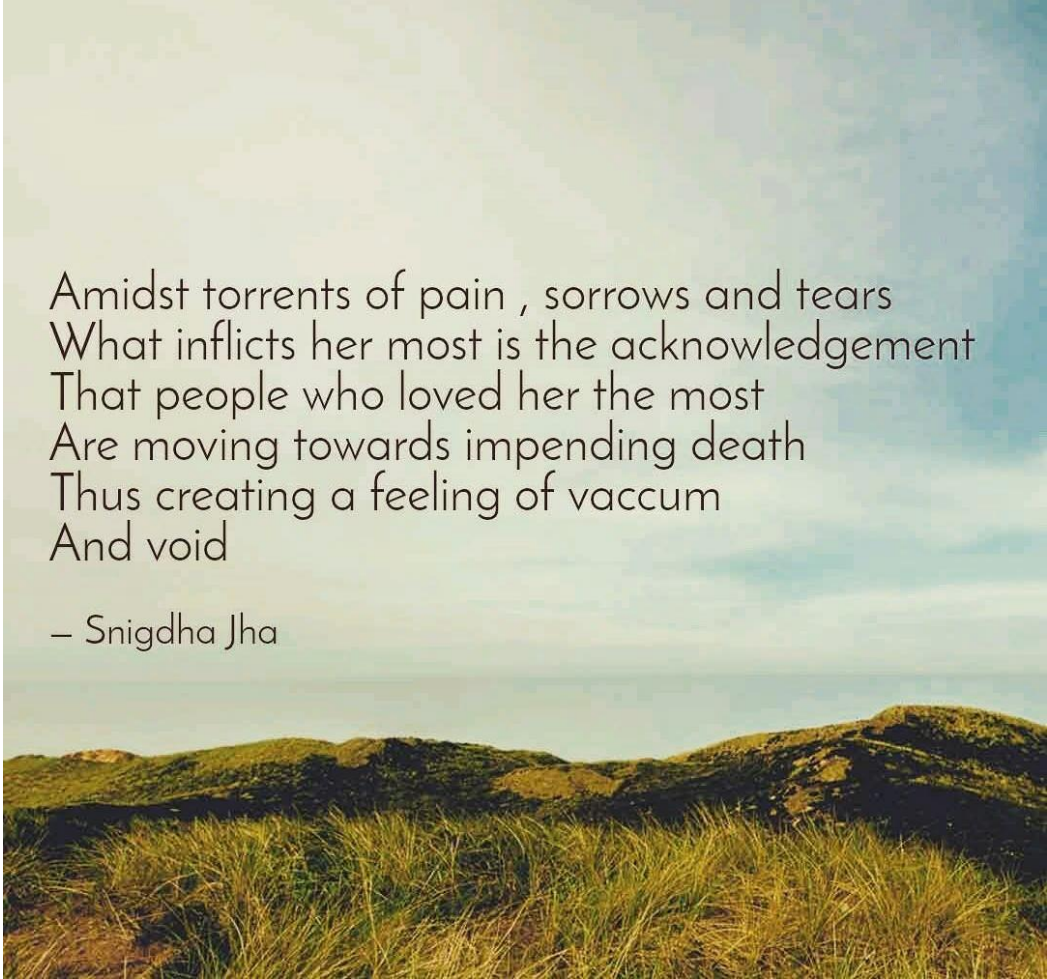
No matter whether a child is 5 ,12,23 , 32 , 38
or 44.The worst moment is to hear it's mother's
criticism,taunts and jibes and helplessness to do
anything worthwhile in retaliation

– Snigdha Jha



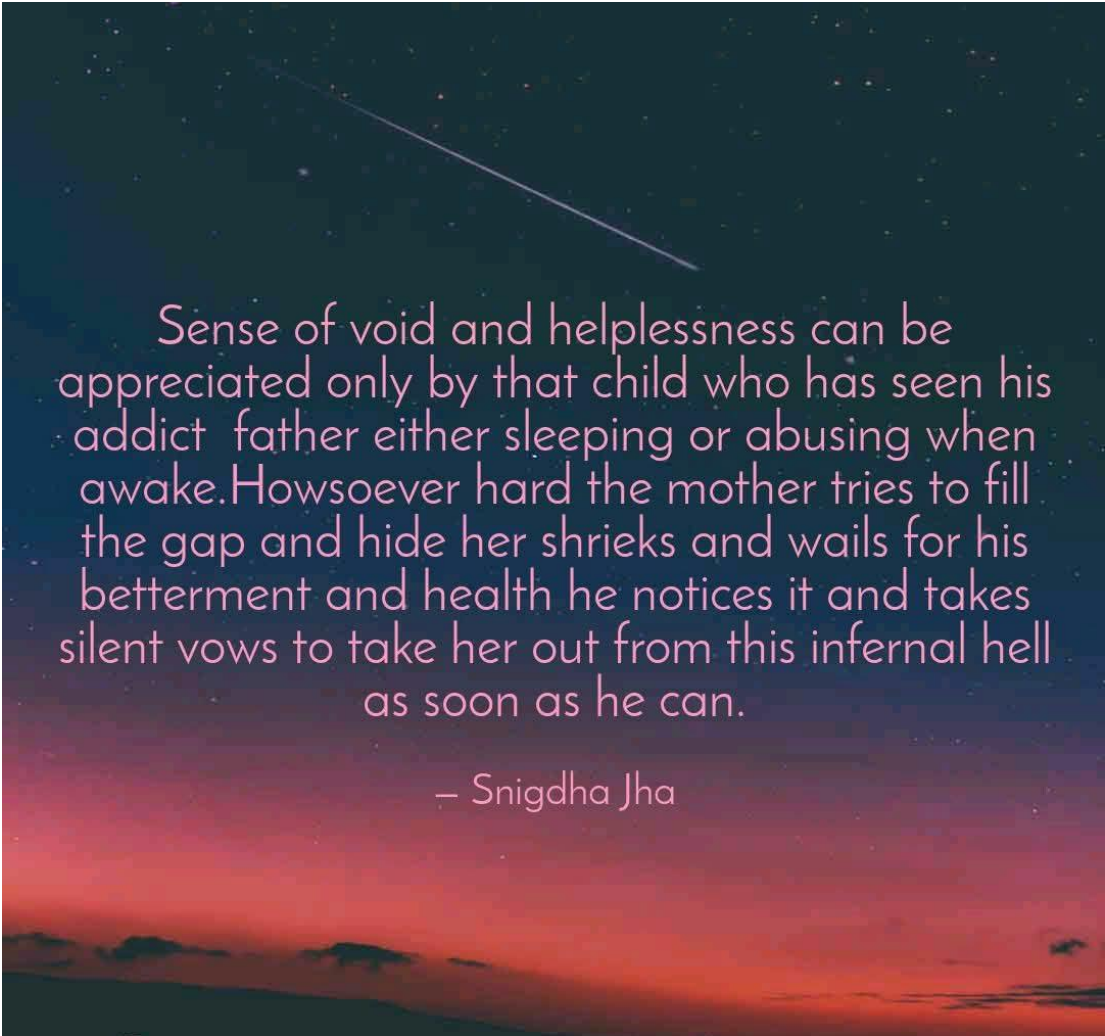
Earth receives it's highest rainfall only when it's whole topography appears to get burnt with scorching sun's rays. Similarly a strong woman gets fortified only when circumstances in life rips apart her heart with unprecedented sorrows and disdain

– Snigdha Jha



Amidst torrents of pain , sorrows and tears
What inflicts her most is the acknowledgement
That people who loved her the most
Are moving towards impending death
Thus creating a feeling of vacuum
And void

– Snigdha Jha

The background of the text is a composite image. The upper portion shows a dark, starry night sky with a single, bright shooting star streaking diagonally from the upper left towards the center. The lower portion shows a vibrant sunset or sunrise horizon with a gradient of orange, red, and pink colors, and some dark, silhouetted clouds just above the horizon line.

Sense of void and helplessness can be appreciated only by that child who has seen his addict father either sleeping or abusing when awake. Howsoever hard the mother tries to fill the gap and hide her shrieks and wails for his betterment and health he notices it and takes silent vows to take her out from this infernal hell as soon as he can.

– Snigdha Jha

Before grief makes a permanent abode
in your hearts.

Let positivity breeds hope
So that laughter and love
Becomes mate
Snigdha Jha

– Snigdha Jha



HINDI ANTHOLOGY

DEDICATION

जन्मदात्री नहीं जीवनदायिनी थी वो
माँ नहीं माँ की भी मां नानी मां
थी वो
हिन्दी वर्णमाला सिखाने वाली, मुझे प्राणों से अधिक
चाहने वाली
स्वर्ग से भी ढेरो आशीष लुटाने वाली

मां को समर्पित
मेरी ये छोटी सी हिन्दी काव्य-संग्रह

1) रोशनी बिन दिवाली

रोशनी का महापर्व है आज
सब के घर आँगन में
सजी दीयों की साज
लेकिन मेरा मन है विचलित
और उदास
क्योंकि जिसने रोशनी से
करवाया प्रथम साक्षात्कार
वो चली गई हर बंधन को
तोड़ उस पार
माँ नहीं नानी थी मेरी
लेकिन माँ से भी बढ़कर
लुटाया मुझ पर प्यार
और दुलार।
मेरी नानी मेरी माँ
जीवन के हर रंग
रूप और त्योहार में
है तेरी अमिट छाप
सुबह कि धूप में तुम
शाम कि छांव में तुम
मंदिर की घंटी और
शाम कि आरती में तुम
उदय और अस्त में तुम

आव्हान और विसर्जन
में तुम।
होली के रंग और
दिवाली के दीप में
तुम।
कहाँ है मेरा अस्तित्व
तुम्हारे बिना हमदम
हे मातृ शक्ति तुझे
नमन।
मेरी अंतरात्मा में तू बसी
है बन के सुगंध
आलोकित कर मेरे मन
को हर क्षण हरदम।

2) विरह की वेदना

यहां न कोई हरियाली
न फूलों की क्यारी
रेत ही रेत हैं
चारों ओर
दिखता नहीं है
कोई छोर
शमशान सी छाई
खामोशी
भर देती मुझ में
मायूसी

मैदानों में मैं
पली बढी
क्यों रेगिस्तान में आ
कर बैठी
नसीब ही मेरा
खोटा है
क्यों मेरे साथ ही
ऐसा होता है
ऐसे ही कोसा मैं
करती थीं
उन सारी परिस्थितियों

को
जिसने मुझे यहां
लाकर फेंका

आज जब जाने की
बेला है आयी
आँख मेरी क्यों
भर आयी
अब सब मुझको
अपना सा लागे
छोड़ना सोच कर ही
दिल मेरा कांपे

मनुष्य जीवन की
यह विडंबना बड़ी
अलगाव के वक्त ही
हम वस्तु, वक्त ,लोगों
और जगहों का महत्व
समझ पाते हैं ।
शायद इसीलिए शोकसभा
में हम केवल मृतक का
गुणगान कर
अपना शीश नवाते है

3) मेरा बच्चा

घुटनो पे सरकते सरकते
खडा हो गया जाने मेरा बच्चा
कब बडा हो गया
मेरी अंगुली थाम जो करता
था ऑगन की दो किनारो
की सैर
रोज अब मेरे संग कदम से कदम
मिला कर चलता है
काफी तेज
चाहे राह मे नदी ,नाले
हो या खेतो की मेड।

अ आइ इ ई
से आगे बढ न जाने कब
वाक्य संरचना की बारी
आयी।
अब तो साहित्य और दर्शन मे भी
उसने रुचि दिखायी।
ऑग्ल भाषा के किस्सो कहानियो
की करने लगा समीक्षा
मानो बन बैठा अभी से
ही प्रवक्ता

4) पिता बिना पितृ -दिवस

मैं क्या लिखूँ पितृदिवस पर विशेष
मेरे पिता की अब बस स्मृतियाँ रह गई है
शेष।

पिता की शख्शियत ही थी कुछ ऐसी
जिनके बिन हर बात अधूरी
कालचक्र ने मुझसे भी किया
क्या क्रूर मजाक
अपने पितृ निवास के समीप
सरकारी नौकरी मिलने
की खुशी पे किया कुठाराघात
असाध्य रोग से पिता को
पीड़ित कर
मुझको बनाया अनाथ
और जिस घर के वजूद थे
पिता
उस घर में अब रहती हूँ
मैं
पिता के यादों के साथ।
क्या क्या सपने सजाए थे
पिता के साथ घूमने फिरने

और साथ चाट पकौड़ी
खाने की
सब पे लगा विराम
और जिंदगी हो गई
बेनूर और उदास
कहां चले गए पिता
कितनी दूर, कितने पास
ये सोच कर आँखें
बरसती है
हर दिन, सुबह शाम

गंगा तट पे जब इकलौते
भाई ने किया था पिता
का संस्कार
तब से नदियां बन गई
मेरे लिए खास
क्योंकि

पूरे कार्यकाल में पिता ने नदियों
को ही तो बंधा है
गंगा और उसकी सहायक नदियों
को नियंत्रित कर जनमानस को
बाढ़ की विभीषिका से बचा
नदियों को भी अपयश से
बचाया है।
इसलिए मां गंगा ने भी उनको

खुद में समाहित कर
अपना ऋण चुकाया है

5) मेरे मौला

अंदर के तुफानों को मैं
अंदर ही में दफन कर पाऊं
ताकत इतनी दे मौला कि
टूटे दिल की किरीचों को
मैं अपने आप ही समेट
लाऊं
दुनिया की दस्तूर बुरी है
कोई यहां नहीं किसी का।
मिल जाना है खाक
में इक दिन।
फिर क्यूं किस से
वैर है करना।
अकेले आए है
अकेले जाना है।
और अकेले जीवन के
हर रंग में रंगना।
मदद की किसी से
गुहार न लगाओ
आप ही गिरो
और आप ही
फिर संभल भी
जाओ

6) मेरे पापा

मन में पापा
तन में पापा
जीवन के हर क्षण में पापा
अवसाद में पापा
उल्लास में पापा
जप में पापा तप में
पापा
पूजा पाठ में पापा
व्रत त्योहार में पापा
जीवन के हर रंग में
पापा
साँसों की सरगम में
पापा
दिल की हर धड़कन में पापा
ईश्वर न होकर भी
ईश्वर से न कम थे
मेरे पापा

7) कृष्ण

हर कदम पे नाटक
हर क्षण तकरार
ऐसा थीं कृष्ण की
लीला
ऐसा था उनका प्यार।
भक्तों के जीवन में भी
तुने भरे है संघर्ष के
कांटे और कुछ क्षणिक
सुख और सुकून
के गुलाब।
अब तेरी ही जिम्मे
है कान्हा
इस जीवन की हर
आस।
मुस्कुराता रह देख
के हमारी दशा
या थाम ले जीवन
के कठिन डगर पे
थरथराते कदमों को
बन के साथी, सृजनहार
और श्रृंगार

8) जीवन कैसे जीए

दिवाली बीती होली की
अब बारी है।
इस होली और दिवाली
के बीच उमर गुजर
जानी है।
कितनी यादे अपनो के साथ
जुड़े।
कितने अपने बस याद ही
बन कर अब रह गये
उनके जाने के गम मे
कितनी होली और दिवाली
हमने फीकी मनायी है।

फिर क्यो अपनो से हम बैर करे
इससे बेहतर तो यह है कि
सब मिल जुल कर संग चले
हर दिन होली और रात दिवाली
जैसी सजे।

छोटी कविताएँ

किस्मत कि है महिमा न्यारी
इससे बड़ा न कोई खिलाडी
ये चाहे तो राजा को भी
बना दे भिखारी और
रंक को करा दे ऐरावत
कि सवारी

2)

सबसे बड़ी शिक्षक तो तु
है ऐ ज़िन्दगी जिसने राहों
में कांटे बिछा कर भी
उन पर मानसिक संतुलन
खोये बगैर संभल कर
चलना सिखाया
इसलिये सबसे पहले
शिक्षक दिवस की ढ़ेरो
शुभकामनाये तुम्हे

3)

पितृत्व पाने से पहले जिसने अपने सारे पैतृक अनुबंध को पूरी शिद्दत के साथ निभाया। जो अपने घर से लेकर ससुराल तक ,हर अनुज के लिए एक अभिभावक की तरह प्रस्तुत रहे। वो पिता के रूप में क्या रहे होंगे उन बच्चों से पूछो जिनकी आंखें उनके देहावसान के ढाई साल बाद भी बरसती है।

4)

अब तो रहम कर मौला

दुखों के सागर में डूबा के

अब तो सब्र कर

कितने अपनों को रुखसत

किया मैंने चंद दिनों में

अब तो जो है उन्हें नजर का

काला टीका लगा दे

और महफूज़ रख

उनको ।

5)

मेरे हमदम, मेरे हमनवा
कौन है दुनिया मे तेरे सिवा
मेरा सगा
तुने ही मेरे शामों को
रंगीन कर
रातों को रोशन किया
भूल कर सारे गिले शिकवे
आ कर दे हर गम को
अलविदा

6)

छोटी सी उम्र और तजुर्बे हजार
कभी धूप तो कभी छाँव
कभी फूलों की टोकरी तो
कभी काँटों पर पाँव
करूँ तेरा शुक्रिया या दे दूँ
तुझे आँसुओं की बौछार
तू ही बता मेरे मालिक मेरे
सरकार

7)

कितने आंसू आहों के सैलाब बहे
कितने ख्वाब और हसरतें
दफन हूये दिल के तहखानो मे
तब जाकर सुन्दर सुर्मयी शामों
का आगाज हुआ

कैसा भी हो वक़्त कट ही
जाता है
और धीरे धीरे हमे
आदत हो जाती है
हर घाव हर जख़्म के साथ
जीने की
टीस और चुभन तो
रहती है
लेकिन दर्द वो
जालिम अब दर्द
न होकर हमसफ़र
बन जाती है

9)

जिंदगी कहां है तु
हर ओर ढूंढा
न कहीं नजर आती
है तु
गली, मुहल्ला, चौक
चौबारा हर ओर ढूंढा
न कहीं नजर आती
है तु
थक कर जब बैठ गई
तो अचानक मुझको
अपने बच्चे की हंसी, खुशी
और हर धड़कन में
नजर आई तु

10)

मुश्किल वक़्त भी गुजर जायेगा
खुशियों से घर आंगन महकेगा
कुछ लोग मगर अंतर मन को
छलनी कर मेरी यादों में
चुभन बन
कर जीवित सदा रह
जायेंगे

किसी की गुनाहो की इतनी भी
माफी न दे ऐ दिल की वो
तेरे वजूद और शख्शियत की
अहमियत ही भूल जाये
क्योंकि दुष्ट सांसे लेना
भूल सकता है
लेकिन चालें चलना
कदापि नहीं

गम कि थी आंधी आयी
छोड़ चले सब बारी बारी
एक अकेला साथ खड़ा वो
अधरों पे मुस्कान लिए जो
मुझको भवसागर पार करा
उसने मेरा साथ न छोड़ा
दुनिया से लड़ पड़ा हमेशा
आज जब उसको मेरी
ज़रूरत पड़ी है
क्यों मैं उसको
नैतिकता का पाठ
पढ़ाऊँ

कल कि सुन्दर ईमराते आज खण्डहरों में बदले
गोद कि सुन्दर गुडिया न जाने कब जवान हो
कर अब बुढ़िया लगने लगे
वक्रत और दरिया कब रोकने से
रुके
फिर भी न जाने लोग क्यों
धन ,यौवन और सुन्दरता
के मद में अपनो को अकेलेपन और
अपमान का दंश देते चले

हैरान हूँ कुछ औरतो कि
नादानियों से ,
चलने का ढंग नहीं
और दूसरो के भाव भांगिमा
कि समीक्षक बन बैठी
है।

15)

कब तक ओढ़ू मैं नकली मुस्कुरहतों की
नकाब ऐसे
जानती हूँ जब दिल तरप रहा है
आसूओं की समुन्दर में डुब
जाने को जैसे

बड़ी और छोटी दिवाली मनाते मनाते
जाने कब दिवाली की खुशियाँ छोटी
और हम बड़े हो गये)

आती थी बचपन की हर शाम
चैन और सुकून भरी रातों का
पैगाम लेकर
होती है न अब शाम
सुबह के बाद आ जाती
है जालिम रात
मेरी तन्हाई, आहों और
कराहो का हमसफर बनने
लगता है कि भाता है
उसको मेरी आँसूओं का
समुन्दर जैसे
बयान करू मैं उसकी
सारी दुश्वारियाँ कैसे ।

अपने दुःख और दुष्टों के
सुख देखकर तु मेरे वजूद
पर शक न कर ऐ वंदे
कामयाबी के मद में चूर
होकर वो पापी खुद अपनी
विनाश गाथा लिखेगा
और तु अनेक झंझावातों
को झेलता हुआ
परमार्थ सिद्धि के
चरमोत्कर्ष पर
जायेगा

19)

नदी के उस पार उजाला दिखाई देता है ।
तेरे बिन जिंदगी मे बस अंधेरा दिखाई
देता है ।
आ जाओ कि मेरा वजूद तुम बिन
आँसूओं और आहों का बेरौनक
आशियाना नजर आता है ।

20)

पलकों पर सजे सुन्दर ख्वाबों के घर
मकबरो में बदले
इतने दर्द सीने में दबाए हम बैठे
कि मेरे अशकों को भी
छलकने से डर लागे।

साज मेरे आवाज हो तुम
गीत मेरे अलफाज हो तुम
तुम बिन मेरा जीवन अधूरा
लगता है सब सूना सूना
सांसों की सरगम है तुमसे
वीणा की तारों सा झंकृत
दिल चिहूँके
हम तुम जब साथ चलेंगे
जलतरंग हर ओर बजेगें
देवता भी अंतर्नाद करेंगे

— Snigdha Jha



तन्हाई का राग है अनुपम
इससे बेहतर कोई न हमदम
टूटे घायल दिल की सरगम
क्यूं बांटे कोई किसी से
हरदम।

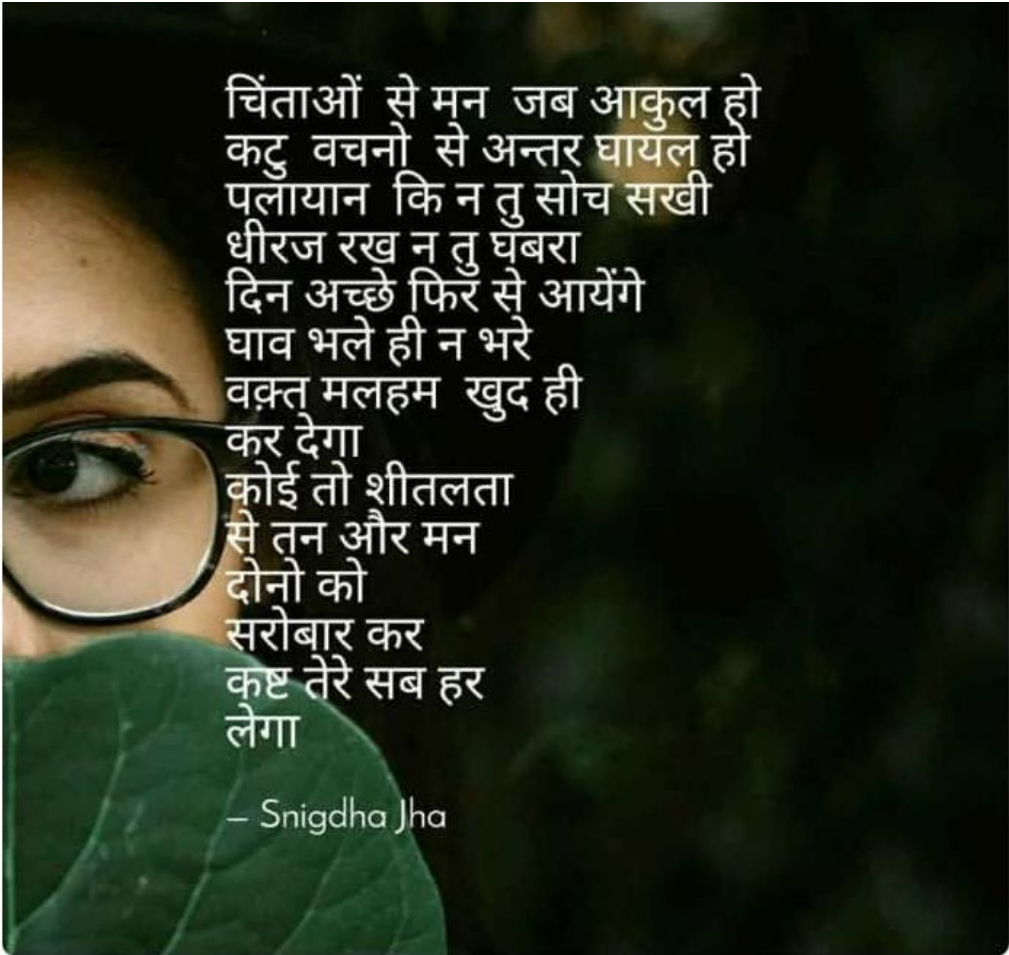
खामोशी को मीत बना कर,
अपने
दुखों को तु स्वयं ही हर।

— Snigdha Jha

गले की फांस या
धरकन की सरगम
जो भी हो तुम
जाने के बाद यादों
की फुलवारी में
हमेशा मेरी मनपसंद
गुलाब बनकर आना

– Snigdha Jha





चिंताओं से मन जब आकुल हो
कटु वचनों से अन्तर घायल हो
पलायन कि न तु सोच सखी
धीरज रख न तु घबरा
दिन अच्छे फिर से आयेंगे
घाव भले ही न भरे
वक्रत मलहम खुद ही
कर देगा
कोई तो शीतलता
से तन और मन
दोनों को
सरोबार कर
कष्ट तेरे सब हर
लेगा

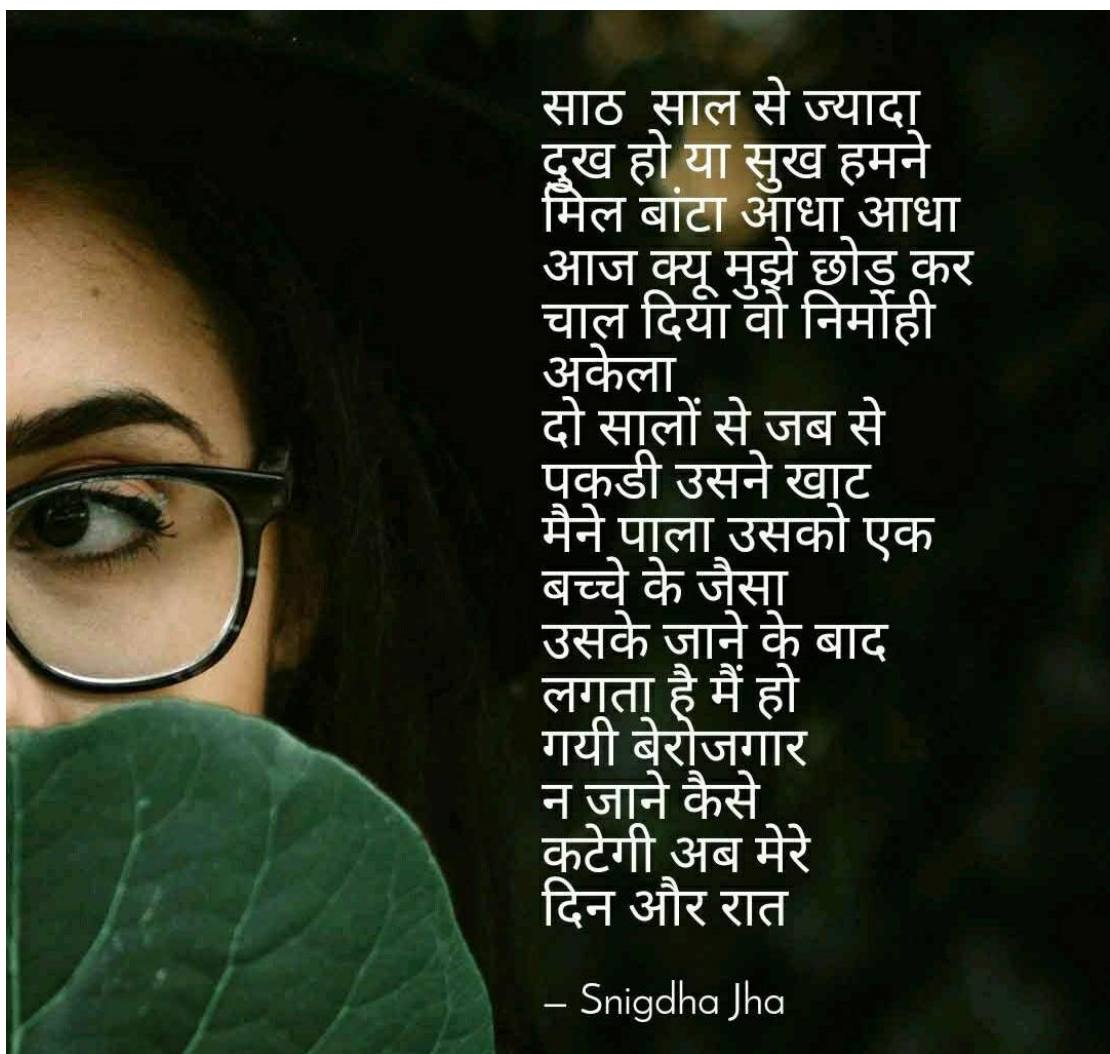
– Snigdha Jha

रिश्तो को सहेज कर रखिये जनाब
न जाने कौन कब तस्वीर में
बस एक याद बन कर रह जाये

— Snigdha Jha



एक ऐसा घर एक ऐसी
डगर चाहती हूं। जहां न
हो कोई मतभेद और न
मनभेद। बस कहकहों
का अनवरत दौर चलता
रहे चलता रहे। सब
मिलजुल कर साथ रहे
बस आंसू, आहों और
कराहों पे प्रतिबंध रहे।



साठ साल से ज्यादा
दुख हो या सुख हमने
मिल बांटा आधा आधा
आज क्यू मुझे छोड़ कर
चाल दिया वो निर्मोही
अकेला
दो सालों से जब से
पकड़ी उसने खाट
मैने पाला उसको एक
बच्चे के जैसा
उसके जाने के बाद
लगता है मैं हो
गयी बेरोजगार
न जाने कैसे
कटेगी अब मेरे
दिन और रात

– Snigdha Jha

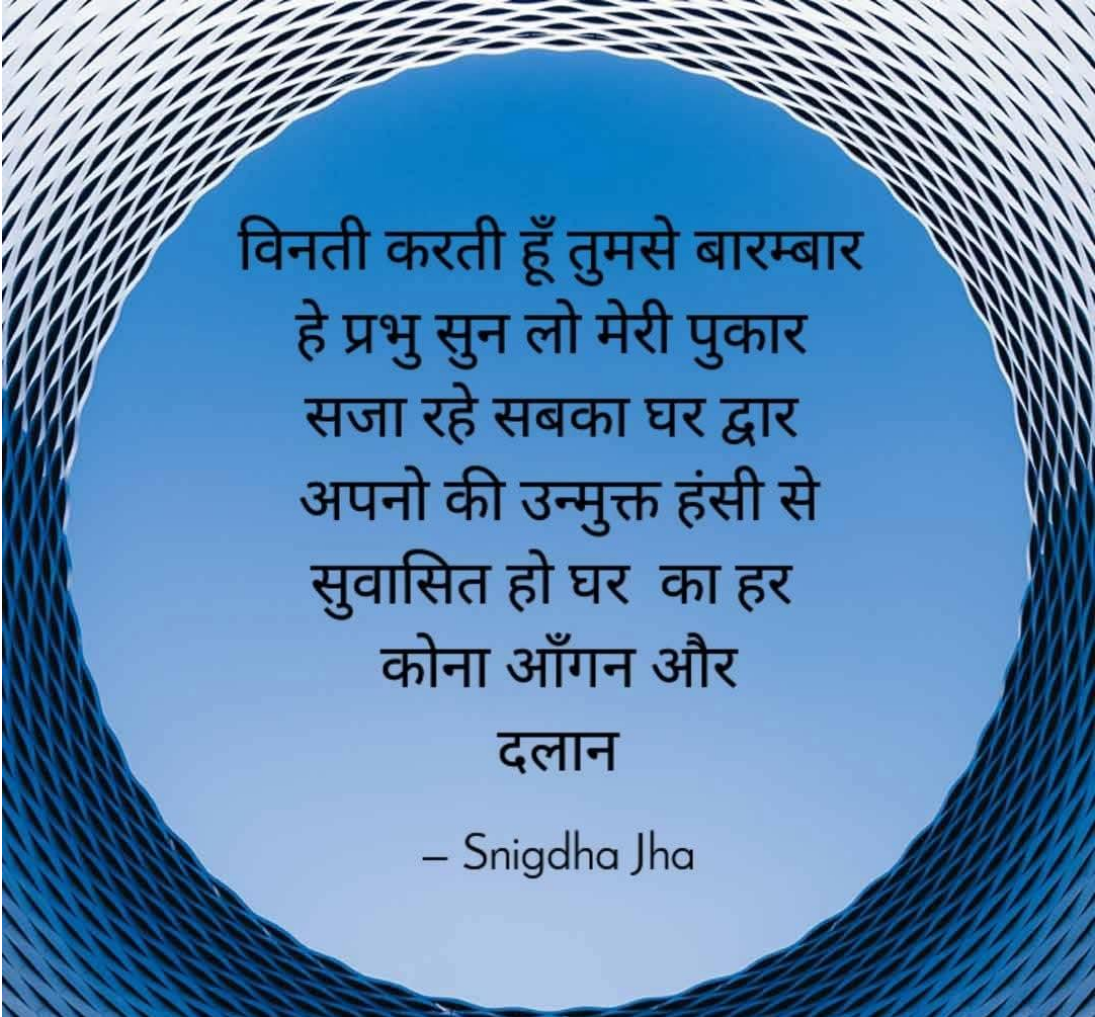
छोटी सी उम्र तजुर्बे
हजार

कभी धूप तो कभी छांव।
कभी फूलों की टोकरी
तो कभी काटों पे पांव।
करू तेरा शुक्रिया या दू
तुझे आंसुओं की बौछार
तु ही बता मेरे मालिक
मेरे सरकार।

धरा ऊर्वर तब ही होती है
जब जेठ की दूपेहरी में
महिनी जलती है
वैसे ही यारों नारी
फौलाद तब बनती हैं
जब उसके कोमल
मन को हम
नित अपशब्दों और
व्यंग वाणों से
छलनी करते हैं

– Snigdha Jha

आंसुओं का दर्द है गहरा।
इस के उपर न कोई पहरा
टूटे घायल दिल की धड़कन
है यह
या है यह
सुखद बीते
यादों की
सरगम।



विनती करती हूँ तुमसे बारम्बार
हे प्रभु सुन लो मेरी पुकार
सजा रहे सबका घर द्वार
अपनो की उन्मुक्त हंसी से
सुवासित हो घर का हर
कोना आँगन और
दलान

– Snigdha Jha

प्रीत के रंग में ऐसे रंगे
कुछ लोग
न जाने कब
दिन ढले
हुई हैं कब
भोर
बावरी समझे न
उसे हर ओर
बन जाऊ मैं
भी बावरा
ले कर शारंगी
और ढोल

– Snigdha Jha



कुछ लोग कितने भी दुखी क्यों न हो
भले ही रोज अपनी किस्मत को
कोसे
लेकिन आत्मिक संतोष दूसरो
को व्यंग वाणो से आहत कर
ही पाते है

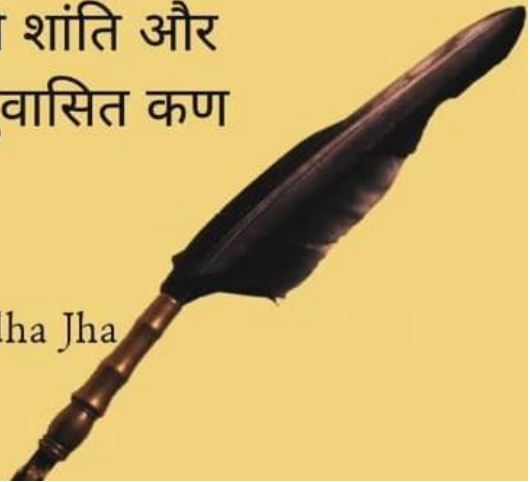
– Snigdha Jha

बदलती है शामें बदलती है
रातें

कब अपना बचपन बिता और
कब बच्चे का बचपन पता ही
न चला। कुछ न बदला तो वो
थी यादें गुजरे जमाने की
गुजरे पूर्वजों की जो दिल के
इक कोने में हमेशा कभी
आंसू बनकर टीस देते हैं तो
कभी हंसी बनकर तन मन
दोनों को सुवासित करते हैं।

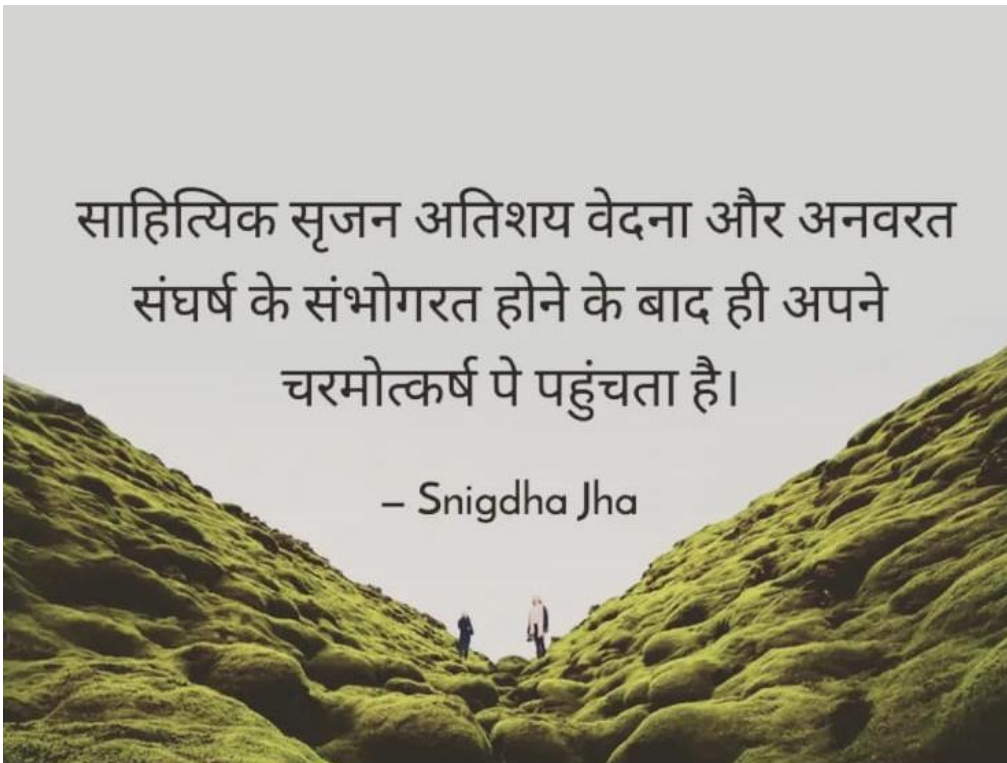
अपनी आँखे खोलो गिरीधर
चिरनिद्रा से जागो नटवर
पीडा से है बोझिल जीवन
अर्पण है जीवन का हर क्षण
भर दो इसमे शांति और
सुकून के सुवासित कण

— Snigdha Jha



साहित्यिक सृजन अतिशय वेदना और अनवरत
संघर्ष के संभोगरत होने के बाद ही अपने
चरमोत्कर्ष पे पहुंचता है।

– Snigdha Jha





बागवान ने
नित फूलों को अपने
खून से सींचा
अब उस फूल की
नियती का कोई क्या
करे
जिसे देवताओं के चरण
छोड़
रोज रात तवायफो के
दर्द और तनहाई का
हमराज बनना पड़े

– Snigdha Jha