

WHISPERS OF LIFE

THROUGH THE EYES OF A SOLDIER

VIJAY KUMAR BHASIN



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Foreword



These poems shimmer with beacons of emotions, passions, mood, sentiments and of a soldier's heart that sensed humanity even while combating.

"Whispers Of Life" is not just a collection of poems, but is the psyche of a soldier accentuating nation, society, fraternity and vitality.

About the author



Major (Dr) Vijay Kumar Bhasin, is PhD, Diploma in UNO and Specialized in World Bank from Hague , Artificial Intelligence Certification Course from IT Tirupati who is a Kargil partially-disabled veteran, born in poverty in a small village of Uttarakhand. Presently, he is a social worker playing mesmerising piano for the suffering, neglected and the dispossessed in the society~ cancer patients, war widows, blinds, terminally ill patients, life convicts of Central Jails, Sindhur migrants , hospitals and many such other institutions. In his own little unique way, Dr. Bhasin brings joy and a feeling of harmony in their lives, and makes them forget their pain, albeit for a short time.

Was a member of Parliament Committee for one year. He is also author of various geopolitical books and founder editor of two International Journals. Had also participated in GATT and WTO negotiations to protect the larger interests of the farmers. He had also taught part-time in IIM Ahmedabad and Birla Institute of Management (BIMTECH).

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Part 1:
Humanitarian

(1)
Rickshaw puller's tale



I drive my rickshaw through morning's haze,
Before the sun begins to blaze.
To feed my kids, my mother too—
Each drop of sweat, my badge so true.

Keep moving on, don't let it slide,
My honest toil, my only pride.
At dusk they wait with hopeful eyes,
“What did you bring?”—my child's cries.

One wage won't do, my son must strive,
To help us all, to keep alive.
I roll again through morning's gloom,
To earn our bread, escape this doom.

Some passengers curse, I hold the pain,
A silent tear in pouring rain.
The cop demands my daily sweat,
Yet I don't break, I don't regret.

I stumble, fall—but still I rise,
A smile beneath these weary skies.
One day, a wallet on the street,
My heart stayed pure, refused deceit.

Returned it whole, no greed, no claim,
He offered cash—I felt no shame.
I bowed and said, “My soul feels whole,
Only honest work can feed my soul.”

My son won't pull this rickshaw cart,
I'll give him school, a brand-new start.
I ask the Lord for just one grace—
Let learning light my child's face.

O Rickshaw Man, your tale runs deep,
You sow the roads where cities sleep.
Your sweat has shaped tomorrow's dawn,
Your name will rise when we are gone.

(2)
The Beggar Dawn



I go out early, when it's still dark,
With empty stomach, heart's deep mark.
A begging bowl, my soul it keeps—
My heart it breaks, my spirit weeps.

I don't care for weather or pain,
Be it heat, cold, or pouring rain.
I go out early, without food,
Praying for mercy, quiet and crude.

I sit roadside, hoping still,
Maybe someone shows goodwill.
Hours pass, my hands stay bare,
Nights bring hunger, silent prayer.

No alms today, no food at home,
No medicine for those who groan.
My parents sick, my heart it bleeds,
Yet fate denies our humble needs.

Oh Lord, what kind of fate is this,
Even my roof has gone amiss.
Hear my plea, O God above,
Fill my bowl with grace and love.

One day, my God came from the skies,
Filled my bowl—what a surprise.
“Come home quickly,” mother said,
“Did you find a donor?” she gently pled.

Seeing the bowl, her eyes did shine,
Even father's gaze turned divine.
He hugged me close, his voice was plain—
"You'll never have to beg again."

"I'll get you into school, my son,
Your dreams will rise like morning sun.
Study well, let your name glow,
Let the world your spirit know."

I go out early, without food,
But now I walk with hope renewed.
That darkness once, so deep, so grim—
Will never return, not on a whim.

Yes, that darkness will never return again...
A new dawn rises, free from pain.

(3)
The Ordeal and the Orison



Come, see—this too is a horrendous tale,
Where ‘gentlemen’ come, their morals pale.
In drunken haze, they tear apart,
For pleasure’s sake, they break the heart.

I came to earn, a woman fair,
They priced her soul, stripped her bare.
I became a toy, a fleeting thrill,
No voice, no shield, no strength, no will.

No one listens, I can’t cry,
Who hears my plea beneath this sky?
No home, no kin, no sister, brother,
No place to run, no loving mother.

Even if I flee, I must return,
Madam beats me, lets me burn.
Locks me up for weeks in pain—
“You ran again,” she shouts in vain.

I cry and scream through every night,
Who do I tell of this cruel plight?
Even God seems angry now,
But watches still, with silent brow.

Then one day, a man arrived,
A cop in uniform, dignified.
He said, “I’ve come to take her out,”
But I rejected him with doubt.

“Seen many like you,” I replied,
He didn’t leave, he only sighed.
“I’ll come again,” he softly swore,
And next day, sirens shook the floor.

Police vans came before the dawn,
Four officers, uniforms on.
He spoke with warmth, a father’s tone,
“Come sit with us, you’re not alone.”

The girls all cried, “Take us too,”
From this place where nightmares brew.
He took me to the inspector’s side,
“Don’t be afraid,” he gently cried.

They gave me clothes to wear with grace,
Announced a shelter, a safer place.
A new home came, I’d changed so many,
But this one felt like hope uncanny.

Now I turned twenty-two, grown,
The inspector came, not alone.
He found a soldier, brave and kind,
Arranged my wedding, peace of mind.

He gave me away like parents do,
Commissioners came, officials too.
Industrialists, one by one,
Blessed our union, under the sun.

We received a dower, rich and wide,
A modern flat, a place to reside.
Oh Lord, if this was all your plan,
Why the ordeal, why the ban?

Now I ask one final plea,
Deliver my sisters, set them free.
Still trapped in filth, in stench, in fear—
This is my prayer, my orison clear.

Listen, O angel deity above,
Free them too, with grace and love.

(4)
Don't Call Me Blind



Don't call me blind—I see everything, fully.
Your shoulders may shift, but my cane stays truly.
It tells me where the road may bend,
Where to pause, where to turn, where journeys end.

My cane is my mother, my guiding light,
Showing me the way through day and night.
I don't need pity—I stand alone,
Self-reliant, strong as stone.

You have your family; the world is mine,
When I stumble, help arrives in time.
If I stop, a hand will lead,
Across the street with gentle speed.

When crossing's hard, the world stands still,
All vehicles pause by silent will.
I carry blessings from my Lord,
Each step a prayer, each breath adored.

When my eyes close, it becomes night,
When they open, the world turns bright.
No complaints to doctors, none to God,
I walk with peace where others plod.

Don't call me blind—I see everything, fully.
You search for peace, I live it truly.
My eyes are closed, my world is dark,
Yet light within ignites a spark.

No complaints, O Lord—I bow in prayer,
You've given much, beyond compare.
If You must give, then give to one
More helpless still, whose hope is gone.

My faith in You will never sway,
I've wondered why I'm blind each day.
But I never gave up—my dreams still soar,
To be a judge, a doctor, more.

A lawyer, commissioner—I'll rise,
With vision clear beneath closed eyes.
You have books, vast oceans wide,
I have one Braille book as guide.

But with this book, I'll win the fight,
Conquer the world with knowledge's light.
Just one small plea, O God above,
Give back my sight, with grace and love.

So I may see this lush green land,
Though in the dark, I understand.
I find my joy, my peace, my spark,
Even in shadows, even in dark.

Will You hear me, my Lord, someday?
This is my prayer, my soul's display.
My closed eyes, my meditation—
Don't call me blind—I see all creation.

(5) Water, The Essence Of Life

Water, you are the foundation of life,
Without you, the world is barren.
You are the messenger of greenery,
You are the earth's beautiful attire.

Water, you are the stream of life,
Without you, all is desolate—
Without you, the world loses its charm.
You bring green to the fields,
You flow from rivers to oceans.

Because of you, crops sing,
With you, humanity bonds.
In every drop, your tenderness,
In the ocean, your infinite power.

When you fall, life smiles,
When you withhold, all feels empty.
Without you, trees cannot grow,
Without you, rivers cannot flow.

You are the coolness in a mother's embrace,
You are the sparkle in a child's laughing face.
Without you, even breath dries up,
Cracks appear in the lap of the earth.

Listen, O human! Mend your ways,
Water is life—this is the true prophecy.
Protect every drop—it is God's gift,
Or thirst will become your identity.

As long as water flows, the world will live,
When water fades, mankind will perish.
If water survives, tomorrow survives,
This is the law of the earth we cherish.

Preserve it, don't plunder it,
Every drop holds the line of life.
If water survives, tomorrow survives,
This is the destiny of earth's strife.

(6}
Come, Plant Trees



Plant trees, bring back the green,
Let forests laugh, let the skies smile.
Come, let's cleanse Mother Earth,
Let's pledge to protect her from ruin and trial.

There isn't much time—plant trees, save the world,
Let this be our shared, beloved slogan unfurled.
Have you ever thought—these trees hold life,
They are the dwelling of gods, beyond all strife.

In their shade, sages once taught,
Wisdom of ages, deeply sought.
Ignore this truth, and even the Sun
Will scorch the earth till all is undone.

****Come, plant trees, bring back the green.****

These lush valleys, these beautiful sights,
This land once flowed with water's delights.
The sweet scent of flowers will vanish soon,
Their smiling colours will fade by noon.

You've wounded the soil that gave you birth,
O human, what have you done to earth?
Our lives depend on nature's grace—
Give it respect, give it its place.

The Himalayas melt, the blue sky weeps,
Floods drown the land, the farmer grieves.
No one is spared—nature strikes back,
A warning clear on a crumbling track.

As if she's saying loud and plain:
"Save this Earth—don't be foolish again."
Come, plant trees, bring back the green.

O human, have you ever thought—
You took too much, and gave back naught.
In greed, you poisoned the very air,
Forgot your duty, forgot to care.

You mixed poison into the skies,
How will you face your children's eyes?
Even birds and beasts have lost their home,
In this ruined garden, where can they roam?

Earth, land, soil—she has many names,
But we have defiled her, brought her shame.
Come, let's take a vow today,
Spread this message, show the way.

Let's change the face of the world we see,
With thriving forests, with every tree.
Let's make it beautiful once again—
Let's save the Earth from grief and pain.

Come, let's plant trees together.
Come, let's save the Earth forever.
Come, plant trees, bring back the green.
Let this be our eternal dream.

(7)
Reliving Life in Seconds



Reliving your entire life in the space of seconds,
Like a flash of light, you run outside your body.

Watching the memorable moments you lived through,
Brief period of life pre-mortem, terminal lucidity unfolds.

A question that has puzzled doctors for centuries—
Before the heart stops working, they say:

There is the forming of neural oscillations and brain waves,
The brain plays a final recall of important life events.

Reliving your entire life in seconds,
Letting the replay of life unfold in those final moments.

A feeling of death before its actual occurrence,
Fatigue increases, interest in surroundings fades.

Facial muscles and jaw drop, skin turns pale,
You feel and expect the approach of death.

A premonition, a warning of demise beforehand comes,
Expiration departure time and expiration mis-en-scène unfolds.

All pending undone tasks and struggles reminisce,
Ongoing feelings of end of life and oblivion come beforehand.

Dropping your entire life like switching off light—
Esteem and give reverence to your parents while they still alive.

Better record their lives, their life, skills and experiences,
Their favourite sayings, songs and stories while they still with you.

Help us face each new day with hope and certainty.
Oh God, surround the grieving and mourning family.

Comfort them in sorrow, help them find solace,
Grant them eternal rest, shower upon them your eternal
blessings.

Allow me time to sit with you God, in peace,
And pray for bringing peace onto this transient universe

(8)
No Dowry Shall Stain Our Land



I'll take no dowry...
I'll give no dowry...

Let the world hear my vow today—
Love can't be priced or sold away!

Why are you selling your daughter's dream?
Why weigh her life in a greedy, gluttonous scheme?

Has humanity tumbled, humbled so vulgar,
That love must beg before a wedding hall?

My inner voice keeps questioning—
Why selling your daughter with dowry?

I'll take no dowry, I'll give no dowry.
Love's not a deal, nor trading in gold.

I'll take no dowry, I'll give no dowry!
My heart is rich, my soul bold—will not auction.

A father toils, grinding his total life in pain,
While laughter cackles down the greedy lane.

I stand before the world mirror and assert:
Dowry is a sin—not a way of selling daughter.

No gold, no silver, no diamond I need,
Just love and honour—my only creed.

He who wipes a stranger daughter's tears
Is recalled as a true, veracious, revered man.

I'll take no dowry, I will give no dowry—
It has always been my oath, pledge divine.

Respect for daughters, faith for love—
That is my walkway, that is my symbol.

Let's rise together, bring a sunrise—
Where no bride's smile decamps for dowry.

I'll take no dowry... I offer no dowry.
This is Vijay's call—a voice in defiance.

We take this pledge, hand in hand as one—
No dowry shall stain our land.

We'll offer no dowry, we will take no dowry,
We'll offer no dowry, we will take no dowry.

Part 2:
Patriotic

(9)

India is Ready



Not once, but a hundred times—we are ready.
To lay down our lives for the nation—we are ready.
Even the skies bow when they see us—we are ready.
Not once, but a hundred times—we are ready, we are ready.

We will never let our heads bow—O nation, we swear by you.
Let the world come, let Pakistan come—
We've come to make them bow—O nation, we swear by you.
Not once, but a hundred times—we are ready, we are ready.

Hindustan, we salute you—we've come to sacrifice for you.
We will never let your honour fall—we've come to humble the enemy.
Retreat is not our way—heads may part from bodies,
But we've come to strike down the enemy.

Mother India, we salute you—we've come to sacrifice for you.
In Kargil and Galwan—you called us forth.
Ask the young widows about their fate—their vermilion was wiped away.
They forgot the wars of '71 and Kargil—how we defeated them.

Whenever you raised your eyes—we corrected their course.
My India, land of gods and goddesses—is greater than all nations.
Everybody is ready to die for the soil of this land.
Not once, but a hundred times—we are ready.
To lay down our lives for the nation—we are ready.

(10)
Brave Indian Soldier



I am a brave Indian soldier,
Standing tall with pride.
The tricolour flutters—honour, glory, dignity wide.
Victory to India, victory to Mother Bharati...
Victory to India, victory to Mother Bharati...

Posted high at twenty-two thousand feet,
Wrapped in snow, where cold and courage meet.
The wind like thorns, the storm like flame,
No trees, no birds, no beast to name.
But this land is ours—we claim, we keep.
In silence and frost, our vigil runs deep.

Days stretch long, nights shrink tight,
Each hour a battle, each breath a fight.
Hands stiffen, feet freeze, lungs strain,
Yet I stand, the sentinel in snow and pain.
My only friend—a transistor small,
It sings of strength when shadows fall.
Soldier songs in static air,
A lullaby, a whispered prayer.
In every note, I find my grace,
A homeland's love in this frozen place.

It sings of parents, of children dear,
Of a wife whose voice I long to hear.
No letters come, no messages fly,
Just memories and a lullaby.
Sometimes I hum, off-key, alone—
Lata, Kishore, Mukesh, Rafi's tone.

Then comes the crackle of wireless breath,
A message that cuts through cold and death:
“The family is safe, the nation is strong”—
These words—they carry a soldier along.
“In ten days, your post will pass,”
And hope returns like spring to grass.

I count the days, I scan the snow,
And there—Balwinder, face aglow.
He hugs me tight, like kin, like flame,
And suddenly, I feel my name.
Perhaps he brings a letter, a smile—
A whisper from home, across the miles.

This is the story of a soldier’s post,
Where pain is plenty, but pride is most.
We smile through storms, we stand through night,
We hold the line, we guard the light.
No harm shall touch this sacred land—
We bury the threat with our own hand.

Every uniform echoes the cry:
Victory to India! Victory to Mother Bharati!
Victory to India! Victory to Mother Bharati!
Victory to India! Victory to Mother Bharati!

(11)

Astute Soldiers



Left, right, left, right, thum
Left turn, right turn, halt
Look up, look straight, chest out

O Indian Soldier, proud we are of you, salute we all
High on altitudinous heights where few would dare to fall
Shielding the border, guarding the Line of Control day and night
Not letting terror creep, we hold the line, we hold the light

Strike them down if they attempt misadventure on our ground
Oh Indian soldiers, who could be braver, who more renowned
In the achiever's roster stand Thimayya, Sunder, Jacob and more
Air Marshals, Captains, countless names that history will store

Bravo to Admiral Arun Prakash who brought back a wounded flight
Landed a rudderless Mirage, turned peril into light
Bullet-punctured, fire-scarred, yet he steered through storm and smoke
Kudos and ovation rise for every daring stroke

You are our luminaries, valiant warriors, lion-hearted and true
Strongest flotilla at sea, a sky force in proud hue
Devil guerrilla commandos, paratroopers from the land
Enemy lines shiver, shake, and falter at our stand

Equipment forged at home, crafted with steady hands
Missiles, drones, tanks and planes born from our own lands
Public enterprises designing every vital part
Led by headliner women officers, waving the tricolor with heart

When duty called, you answered with courage, heroism,
fearlessness
You made foes kneel, you stilled their mischief, you broke their
boldness
Dare not repeat Galwan or Kargil, our training holds them fast
So tough, so ready, so relentless, anchored to the past

Not forgetting the captures, the prisoners taken in the fray
Ninety-one thousand stories of valour marked that day
Sleep soundly, countrymen, our combatants are alert and wired
Watchful through the long night, by duty's flame inspired

O Indian soldiers, we hail, avow, and bow to you
You led us to Vijay, Vijay, through trials brave and true
Victory in every heartbeat, victory in every stride
We stand behind your courage, with honor, with pride

(12)

India a powerhouse of missiles



Stay away, stay away from India,
Steer clear of this land, heed the call.
Turn back, turn back—better to withdraw,
For we stand ready, firm and tall.

India fired once and learned to build the shield,
Salute to Abdul Kalam, the missile man revealed.
Hail Tessy Thomas, the mind that sparks new flight,
Give us more ideas—forge strength in the night.

Reflecting skill and prowess, DRDO's steady hand,
Deterrence forged at home, a safeguard for our land.
Guided missiles, platforms varied, ranges wide and long,
Prithvi's first thunder, Agni-V's distant song.

From Astra's reach to Prithvi's air defence,
BrahMos, BrahMos-II—precision and immense.
Nirbhaya, Dhanush, Shaurya, Prahar, Pralay's might,
Sea, air, land—our posture holds through day and night.

Do not meddle, do not test this nation's will,
A decisive, measured response stands ready and still.
Subsonic, supersonic, hypersonic in the sky,
Guided by laser, GPS, infrared to fly.

Stay away, stay clear of preeminent India
Respect our strength, respect our resolve.
Run if you must, retreat and rethink,
For peace is guarded by the power we evolve.

(13)

Kashmir Valley Will Shine Again



That valley will smile again,
The tricolour will wave once more.
That valley will smile again,
The tricolour will wave once more.

Kashmir was ours, is ours, will remain—
This cry will rise from every vein.
Gunpowder stole the children's play,
Now fear in a mother's arms must stay.
Mosques, temples, schools, and books,
Tremble now with haunted looks.
Behind black veils, they hide their face—
Not men, but shadows, lost in disgrace.

They play with blood, they wear no name,
Demons cloaked in human frame.
But we will not stop, we will not bow,
We'll cleanse the land—we make that vow.
Where heroes fell, their blood still sings,
There the tricolour proudly clings.
We'll restore the dreams of every child,
Dry their tears, make their hearts run wild.

Where bullets echo in the air,
We'll raise our hymns, our silent prayer.
Every shadow of terror will flee,
Every home will light a lamp, set free.

We are the sons of this sacred land,
We never learned to yield or stand
In fear—we rise, we fight, we swear,
With every inch, our blood is there.
Where once the breeze held jasmine's trace,
Now sobs echo through alleyways.
But Free Kashmir is not just a name—
It's our vow, our pulse, our flame.

The broken line of '47—
It must be erased beneath the heavens.
This is no whim, this is resolve,
A fire in hearts that won't dissolve.
Kashmir was ours, is ours, will remain—
Every drop of blood repeats that claim.
That valley will smile again,
Mother India will hum again.

She will sleep in peace again,
When hymns rise through the mountain rain.
That day will come, that moment will rise—
That valley will smile again...
That valley will smile again.

(14)
Martyrs Anthem



Let us bow to the sacred soil, where victory chants rang loud,
Where freedom's warriors carved history with a blade unbowed.
We bend, we breathe, we pledge again—this land, this blood,
this vow.

Subhash Bose cried, "Give me your blood, and I shall give you
freedom," —a thunder that shook thrones.
That voice rolled through ruins and kingdoms, turned silence
into stones.

Chandrashekhhar Azad chose death over chains, never bowed,
never sold his name;
He walked the forest with a salute, broke oppression's iron
frame.

Bhagat Singh, Sukhdev, Rajguru smiled as they climbed the
gallows high,
Their laughter lit a patriot flame that fire and time can't die.
Who matched their courage, who will rise the same? Yet
memory sometimes fades—
Still countless silent bodies lie where freedom's price was paid.

Even now from Kargil to Galwan, sacrifice flows at every front,
Brave souls stain earth with courage—each heartbeat a fearless brunt.
Mothers' laps grow empty, yet the tricolour lifts each soldier's name;
At borders still the soil drinks blood, and martyrs echo with
their fame.

It is through these heroes my India rose and claimed her light—
My India is great, my India is great, in day and darkest night.
Martyrs, we salute you; without you all feels hollow, bare—
You are Mother India's pride; the world stands on the strength
you bear.

We honour you—you are our pride.

We honour you—you are our pride.

We bow, we sing, we keep the flame—your courage is our guide.

(15)
A Troubled Land



Listen, O people of the world – hear this tale of a troubled land,
Knocking on every door, bowl in hand, begging at every stand.
Masters of empty promises, merchants of borrowed time,
Their ledgers swell with paper ghosts, their coffers sing no rhyme.

They trade dignity for loans, they bow to foreign banks,
Counting interest like a harvest while the common table
shrinks.
Leaders in gilded corridors, contractors of plea and shame,
Spending on shadowed ventures, while the streets whisper their
name.

Listen, O people of the world – hear this tale of a troubled land,
Where children wander hungry, where mothers clutch an
empty hand.
Bullets fall in alleys, bread is begged at dawn,
A thousand troops march orders out, and hope is trampled on.

They taught the young to hate in some dark, twisted school,
Handed weapons to small palms, broke every human rule.
Women, elders, sick and frail – none spared the bitter cost,
A nation's promise frayed and torn, its future nearly lost.

Listen, O people of the world – hear this tale of a troubled land,
Leaders flee to foreign harbours, leaving dust upon the sand.
Hands were placed upon their shoulders, yet the schemes
remained unseen,
A spectacle of shame and loss, a stage of what had been.

But listen – not for scorn alone, nor only for the blame,

Hear the cry of ordinary hearts who bear the public flame.
Call for truth, for justice, for the hungry to be fed,
For honest hands to mend the wounds and lift the bowed-down
head.

Listen, O people of the world – hear this tale and heed the call,
Hold leaders to the light of law, let dignity return to all.
For nations rise when people heal, when promises are kept,
When bowls are filled with bread and not with lies that steal
our breath.

Listen, O people of the world – hear this tale of a troubled land,
Not to mock, but to remember: the cost is paid by human hands.
Turn the page from begging bowls, from debt and shadowed
schemes,
And build a future where the children wake to honest, hopeful
dreams.

(16)

India–Afghanistan Solidarity



Listen, O world – when violence crosses the line,
Missiles fall while ministers are far, the night is pierced by fear.
Innocents tremble, chaos echoes, and the air remembers every
cry,
Yet from the dust a voice replies: we will not stand aside.

We stand with you – shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand,
We stand with you – against the dark that scars the land.
We stand with you – not in words alone but in every plan,
We stand with you – to heal, to build, to help you stand.

They said the border was a line drawn long ago,
But lines are not the measure of the hearts that rise and grow.
When people rose to push back, the tide of fear was checked,
And those who sought to spread the night found courage in
respect.

India stands with you – shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand,
We stand with you – till peace returns to every strand.
We stand with you – let trade and bridges span the sand,
We stand with you – let markets hum across the land.

India stands with you – shoulder to shoulder, side by side,
Break the mold of terror, bring a brighter tide.
When we stand together, the pride of the wicked breaks,
The fire of terror fades, and every land of valour wakes.

(17)
One Flag, One Election



Hurry, hurry – time for one election, one flag,
India looking, looking for a single flag to wave.
Hurry, scurry – the drumbeat calls, one vote, one day,
A chorus rising for a different way.

Remodelling, reorienting the democratic frame,
Lessons from Sweden, Latin America – years of change.
South Africa, Great Britain – paths that ripen slow,
Parties shifting focus from contests to the common good they sow.

As advocated by Ramnath Kovind – a plan laid out with care,
Punctilious constitutional thought, reforms to prepare.
Hurry, hurry – align the clocks, let assemblies and Lok Sabha
meet,
Panchayat and municipality ballots marching to the same beat.

Periodic polls that swell the cost, money and muscle sway,
One election trims the burden, steadies governance each day.
Less government spend, resources used with wiser hand,
Uninterrupted policy, a steadier, surer land.

Reduce voter fatigue, revive turnout's steady flame,
Stabilize the economy, keep production in its frame.
Migrant workers find relief – more time for service, care,
Judicial strain eased, officials freed from endless electoral wear.

One election asks for consensus, legal change, and balance true,
Aligning terms and handling dissolutions – hurdles to get
through.

Financial, logistical, constitutional threads to weave and mend,
Strengthen state economies, make practical reforms ascend.

Hurry, utmost hurry – one flag, one election's call,

Efficiency with representation, fairness for us all.

Oh loving India, Vijayee – time to remodel, time to mend,

One flag, one election – a new chapter to begin.

(18)

Humpy Bumpy Road to Reservation



Oh – humpy, bumpy, bumpy road,
Hurry down the lane to reservation's gate;
A level field, a fairer code,
A promise born to right the weight.
Humpy, bumpy – the road repeats.

Levelling a history long deprived,
Constitution's framers carved equality's name;
A scaffold for merit, for chances revived,
Gender, caste, income – a balancing aim.
Humpy, bumpy – the road repeats.

Yet new lines rise where old ones stood,
Claims and categories multiply and grow;
Merit's mirror fogs in shifting wood,
The path grows thorny as debates blow.
Oh – it's a humpy, bumpy road.

Social ills and healing walk the same track,
Playacts, hedges, half-measures in the sun;
Still the law upholds fairness at its back,
Aiding equal shots for the deserving one.
Wow – the road is long to go.

High-decibel debates, horse-and-buggy fights,
Impact, execution, force and strain;
A commission's call in changing nights,
A policy's echo, a nation's gain.
Humpy, bumpy – the road repeats.

Quotas counted, seats set aside –
SC 15%, ST 7.5%, OBC 27% in line;
EWS adds ten, totals near sixty wide,
Courts and states measure, judge, and define.
Hey – it's a lengthy road to tread.

A cap declared – fifty percent the rule,
Some states press past, some panels plead;
Reservation lifts and tests the school,
Balances justice with merit's need.
Listen – it's a humpy, bumpy road.

Voices clash – dissent and fierce reply,
History's moves, the cost of change revealed;
A policy that asks the nation why,
And asks the nation how the wounds are healed.
Bumpy road, humpy road – responsibility calls.

So march the many on this winding way,
With hope, with anger, with careful art;
Bumpy, humpy – toward a fairer day,
A heavy task that asks the heart.
Vijay, Vijay – onward on this road.

(19)
Youth Anthem



Hey hi, listen—oh listen, listen, listen, all!
Indian youth plunges—look, look how the economy blooms.
A relay passed from age to age, the baton warm in eager hands,
Young blood carrying dreams, passions, hopes—ready to build
the lands.

Youth is the future, sprinting down the track,
An incredible force with vision at their back.
Torchbearers of innovation, idealism, and fire,
Brimming with fresh perspective, lifting the nation higher.
Hey hi, listen—listen!
Indian youth plunges—look how the economy blooms!

A catalyst for change—social, political, economic, cultural too,
Backbone of a young nation, bold, energetic, true.
Sixty-five percent under thirty-five, three-seventy-one million
strong,
India's largest youth reservoir—creativity, dreams, and song.
Hey hi, listen—look, look—how the economy blooms!

Raised on rapid sparks of thought, their currency is voice and
share,
Not just dollars but social validation, deep conversations, care.
Shifting from materialism to kindness, creativity, and craft,
Mindful consumption, purpose-led work—new values on the
draft.

Seize their talent, harness their will—let investments find their mark,
Let research, startups, labs and labs ignite the nation's spark.
From market to market, from campus to factory floor,
Youth in motion fuels the growth, opens every door.
Peek, peek, look-see see—look how the economy shoots.

Gaze—hey, listen, listen—see how boys and girls make bloom,
Government empowers, gives a hand, not chains to bind or doom.
Guided by purpose, flexible, ready to deploy,
Be Vijay, be Vijay—let the economy rise with joy.
Hey hi, listen—Indian youth plunges—look, look how the
economy blooms!

(20)
Brain Drain



Shue shue out, shue shue out –
Shue shue out brain drain, shue shue out brain drain.
Brains on the move, feet on the run,
Chasing brighter wages, chasing foreign sun.

Industries thin, labs grow quiet, cities lose their spark –
Stop the exodus, wise ones, mend the broken arc.
Young minds fled since years gone by,
Roots pulled up beneath the sky.

A costly leak, a future thinned,
Promising startups left unpinned.
Scarcity of skill, innovation slowed,
Growth stumbles where talent flowed.

They leave for pay, for ease, for tax relief,
For comfort, for chance, for a different brief.
Yet remittances flow, knowledge crosses seas,
Diaspora bridges, small boons and expertise.

A double edge – loss and gain entwined,
A complex ledger in the nation's mind.
Kerala's sons and daughters far and wide,
Millions working oceanside.

Students spend fortunes to learn abroad,
Money drains out, ambitions prod.
Tech giants hire, labs overseas call,
Our brightest answer a foreign hall.

But listen — tides are turning slow,
Homecoming echoes begin to grow.
Digital rails hum with twelve billion beats,
Payments swift, the nation's heartbeat meets.

Startups rise, research labs glow,
A homeland calling — come back, let's grow.
Cheap meals that fill the hungry soul,
Neighbours who help and make you whole.

Healthcare quick, costs that heal,
Hospitable hands, a communal feel.
Yoga, spirit, culture's gentle art —
Reasons to stay, reasons to start.

So weigh the dream before you roam,
Find value here, build your home.
We don't just live — we relish, thrive,
With warmth and faith that keeps us alive.

Shue shue out, shue shue out —
Shue shue out brain drain, bring talent back again.

(21)
Communal Harmony



Wow wow – we all, brothers, sisters,
Rejoicing, merry, hand in hand.
Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Sikh, Buddhist – Bhai Bhai,
Peaceful hearts across the land.

Lucknow's lanes whisper etiquette and grace,
Uttar Pradesh – a living, breathing embrace.
Traditions woven, languages like song,
A tapestry where every thread belongs.

Rationing respect, sharing values wide,
Interfaith dialogues, warmth we cannot hide.
Schools that teach many tongues and many ways,
Children learning unity in bright, curious days.

Curriculum of many colours, spirit multiracial,
Students rise together – literate, cultured, racial.
A mosaic thriving since the dawn of time,
Different beats, one steady rhyme.

Denounce the derision, condemn the hate,
Reinforce brotherhood before it's late.
Religious leaders join, hands clasped in trust,
Nurturing understanding, turning anger to dust.

Indian faiths practice patience, restraint, and care,
Tolerance and open minds breathe in the air.
No instigation, no hatred sown,
Acceptance grows where kindness is shown.

Temples and mosques stand side by side,
Communal harmony in every stride.
Cloth for Krishna stitched in mosque and shrine,
Shared devotion, a single sign.

Old stories of unions, bonds that cross the caste,
Chhatrasal and Ruhanni Bai – echoes of the past.
Muslim and Hindu, blood-brothers sworn,
Cheerful voices greet the dawn.

Wow wow – we brothers, sisters, Vijay, oh Vijay,
Rejoicing, merry, together we stay.
Unity, liberty, fraternity – our guiding tether,
India's spirit: one heart, one people, forever.

(22)
Building Border Roads



Aye aye oh, aye aye oh – look at Indian creation,
Oh yes, Indian brainchild, Hind invention.
Aye aye oh, first maiden of the world,
Built round the year at nineteen thousand and twenty-four feet
— behold this swirl.

Hats off to you, Indian Border Roads, carved through Umling
La's frozen pass,
Shortening the miles, saving time – a ribbon across the glass.
Icy curves, razor peaks, where avalanches roar and blizzards bite,
Still you cut a path to Ladakh's heart, a daring line of light.

How many lives were given while the mountains caved and
sighed?
Salute to the bravehearts who never faltered, never lied.
Engineers and workers, men and women, hands that dared to
dream,
All for beloved Hindustan – they built the impossible seam.

Aye aye oh, kudos to the designer's mind, the planner's steady hand,
Music keeps playing in minus fifty, where only the fearless stand.
Cheers to young Indian engineers – the world once doubted,
then believed,
Even rivals watched in wonder as our feats were achieved.

Airports at high altitudes, raised in record time and will,
From gloom to gleam the Ladakhi faces sing – Delhi-Srinagar
within reach, still.
Glooming turned to celebration, a shout that climbs the sky,
Hats off to Border Roads – our builders who dared to fly.

Aye aye oh — it's Indian people's creation, victory in every stone,
Hats off to the Border Roads, to every worker who made it home.
Vijay, vijay hamaree — let the mountains hear our song,
A nation's pride, a nation's stride — together, brave and strong.

(23)

Galloping Indian economy



Cheer, cheer, celebration! Oh oh, o o o – you, you all
Cheer, cheer, celebration! Oh oh, o o o – you, you all

New India lays a solid stone, a foundation firm and wide,
Propelling the nation forward, to the global rising tide.
Sustained, sustainable growth – a billion-plus in stride,
One point two five billion hearts, together as our guide.

Cheer, cheer, celebrate – you, you, brothers and sisters!
Cheer, cheer, celebrate – lift the flag, raise the listers!

Thanks to NITI Aayog's spark – innovation, tech, and plan,
Enterprise and efficient craft, a modern, steady span.
A Jan Andolan of energy, ambitious targets set,
India on the cusp of change – three decades of growth to get.

Aiming for a four-trillion dream, by twenty-twenty-two,
Broad-based growth, inclusive reach – a future to pursue.
North-East, hilly districts called, one-fifteen in the frame,
Modern farms, private-public ties – lift every village name.

Deliver public services fast, root out black money's stain,
Expand the tax base, heal the banks, let honest systems reign.
Direct transfers stop the leaks, accountability in place,
Transparent governance, a steady, trusting pace.

Cheer, cheer, celebration! Oh oh, o o o – you, brothers and sisters!

Cheer, cheer, celebration! Oh oh, o o o – you, brothers and sisters!

Flagship schemes across the land, forty-one fields in bloom,
Participative programs rise, women lead and jobs resume.

Empower, employ, uplift – let every promise show,
A nation built by many hands, together watch it grow.

Cheer, cheer, celebration! Oh oh, o o o – you do Vijay!

Cheer, cheer, celebration! Oh oh, o o o – India on display!

(24)

Glorious Winning Team, World Cup 2025



Ya ya ya yaaa – glorious winning team,
Well done, young, pretty, stunning dream.
Patil roared with forty-five thousand strong,
History made, a jubilant song.

Ya ya yaaa – you gorgeous, stunning team,
Vijay, Vijay – our victory gleam.

A rollicking start – Shaifali and Mandhana blaze,
Boundaries flashing, crowds in a daze.
Deepti's off-spin, a world-class art,
Wickets that broke the rival's heart.

Ya ya yaaa – you gorgeous, stunning team,
Vijay, Vijay – our victory gleam.

A hundred-four for the first wicket's pride,
Deepti clinched the fifth, turned the tide.
South Africa fought with pace and roar,
Nadine's thunder, Laura's century soar.
But Radha's return met a mighty smash,
Dercksen's power met India's clash.
Still the scoreboard told the tale –
India stood firm, would not fail.

Shaifali stepped out, drove and flicked to fame,
Harmanpreet, Smriti, Mandhana played the game.
Pratika chimed in, seventy-eight in hand,
Amol's plan – a triumph grand.

Oh you team — done wonders, wah wah,
Vijay, Vijay — hear the hurrah.

Catches spilled, chances slipped away,
South Africa fell short by fifty-two that day.
Two histories met — one joy, one pain,
One captain's heartbreak, one nation's gain.
India's total — second highest in the Cup,
Hard work, dedication — they rose up.
Young victors crowned, unconquered flame,
Jai Mahan, Jai Bharat — remember the name.

Ya ya waha waha — unconquered you remain,
Jai Mahan, Jai Bharat — Vijay Vijay hamaree.

(25)

Teach the Enemy a Lesson



Enemy kept terrorising India,
Forgetting our threat—to teach them a lesson.
Thirteen died in the blast that evening,
Suicidal bomber Mohammed Umar, Jaish’s confession.

Terror modules spread like shadows—
Overground workers, sleeping cells, family collaborators,
Becoming threat, becoming echo,
Targets marked: Red Fort, temples—Hindu, Sikh, Jain—twenty-
five sacred altars.

Thanks to our intelligence, we raced the clock,
Chased whispers, breathed in seconds,
Stopping something monstrous before it struck,
Modi from Afghanistan declared: no perpetrator shall be
unpunished.

White coat doctors—stupid, earning lakhs monthly,
Yet some turned traitor, turned deadly.
Blast struck at six fifty-five,
Multiple cities marked, but we stayed alive.

RDX captured—twenty-nine hundred tons from Faridabad,
Thirty timers, twenty detonators,
Gynaecologist Sayeed, lady doctor,
Operated Kashmir to Saharanpur, Faridabad to Hyderabad—no
borders.

Encrypted channels—indoctrination, funds, logistics,
Al Falah University, Lucknow—radicalising, recruiting,
Arms procured, minds polluted,
One twenty cars used to terrorise, biochemical factory rooted.

Biological warfare unleashed from Tindivanam—castor seeds,
An act of war, clear and cruel.
India calls out Pakistan's delirious leadership,
Fully involved, fully fuelled.

Four thousand calls to Pak in three days,
A massacre of fifty thousand planned.
Dr Umarul Nabi—driver, suicide bomber—
Premature blast, police raids unmanned.

Behind it all—a preacher, paramedic,
Professor of poison, Maulvi Irfan of GMC Srinagar.
Teach the enemy a lesson, teach the enemy a lesson,
Victory—Vijay—will always be ours.

Part 3:
Spirituality

(26)
Divine Rescue



Rescue me, O God, make haste, be near,
I take refuge in the light you gave.
Rescue me, O God, make haste, be near,
Save me, Lord, through every wave.

Spiritual guide, philosopher divine,
Eternal faith in your celestial shine.
Wish to walk as your missionary true,
Pre-monastic vows, a life made new.
Divine India, beacon bright, spreading Vedanta, Yoga bliss,
Peace and love to all the world — your gentle, healing kiss.

In temple, church, and mosque we pray,
In Vedas, Bible, Quran we find our way.
In deepest sorrow, in the darkest night,
There glows within the soul of light.
Out of huts of shame and pain I rise,
Leaving fear behind to meet the morning skies.

Though the sun is veiled by cloud and storm,
Hold on, brave heart, keep faith warm.
Victory comes as prophets say,
Hold fast, hold true, step into day.
Oh my God, make haste, be near,
Come to rescue, wipe each tear.

Where wars still run and fathers turn from sons,
Where darkness blinds and every hope seems done,
Remember days of strife are numbered in life's book,
Dust of earth is blessing when we learn to look.
Plants and herbs bring peace anew, the world breathes in His nod,
On life's narrow ridge I stand, between the sea and shifting sod.

Spread far and near the silver haze, soften roughness, blur the maze,
Loving God, in mercy see — give others more than you gave me.
Forever may our faith remain in joy, in sorrow, loss and gain,
Help me, O God, O Lord, make us Vijay Vijayee — your light
our lasting reign.

(27)

Heavenly love

I'm lucky – God opened the gateway of my arrival,
Into a world so beautiful, artfully crafted by His hand.
Divinity called and held me close; I breathe in gratitude,
Oh Lord, you chose me – I thank you from within.

Divine guide, philosopher and light, you steady every stride,
Your unfailing love surrounds me, day and night my faithful guide.
You keep your promises to hearts that trust and dare to dream,
You calm the storm, lift me from dust, you smooth the rushing
stream.

O oh, O oh oh – I am cradled by your mercy, sheltered in your
name,
You make me cross the sea of fear; in sanctuary I claim.
You are the lamp in umbra, the spark that drives away the night,
No room for dread when you are near; my heart is filled with light.

You fill my days with hope and courage when the journey grows
austere,
You bless my steps when trials come and whisper, “I am here.”
Rainbow vows remind me still – storms pass, your promise stands,
You hold my hand through every wave and lift me to dry lands.

Bless me, bless me, O God of heaven and earth, forgive my
wrongs,
Pour wisdom, peace, compassion in, make my spirit brave and
strong.
Smoothen every weary path, let clemency renew my way,
O oh, O oh oh – my divine Lord, be near me every day.

Make me Vijay Vijayee again.

(28)
Blessings for Children



My children, O my children —
May your path be strewn with Godsend gifts,
May faith be your companion on the hard and bumpy road.
When shadows fall, remember the Lord walks by your side.

My children, may a lamp of love glow in every heart,
Son and daughter, both my own — follow the path of truth.
When you tire in life's long race, seek refuge in the Lord's
embrace,
Tears will turn to jingle, sorrow will soften into love.

When eclipse and crepuscule darken the sky, hold steady, hold fast,
The Lord's hand steadies the trembling, the storm will pass.
Spot joy in what is given, find the divine in every lot,
In every breath, in every face, God lodges and abides.

May a lamp of love glare and glow in each one's heart,
May your actions follow honesty, your days begin with grace.
May bliss and pride and gentle joy remain your faithful friends,
May your voice carry warmth and tenderness to every place.

Remember to honour mother and father, guard their dignity
with care,
Let your home become a temple where love and reverence share.
Let life echo the sweet flute of adoration and calm,
Let kindness be your currency, let truth be your psalm.

My children, you will not be left out by the eternal God,
May passion and compassion light your way and never part.
May you always be loved, may you always be Vijayee,
May your days be blessed, your hearts be brave, your spirits free.

(29)

Divine Doctor



Oh Doc, my Doc – Doctor, where are you?
My heart's a trickster, skipping beats – ya ya, it's true.
Pulse dodging, eighteen a minute, yet I feel oddly fine,
A grin beneath the monitors, a joker in the line.

Made to accelerate – military hospital lights, ECG's slow hum,
Colonel's quiet verdict: ICU's your destiny, the drum.
A loitering test, a hurried call, the corridor's quick pace,
Wheeled on a creaking stretcher into a crowded, green-gowned place.

Nurses move like practiced tides, tubes like necklaces entwine,
Pipes and conduits cross my chest, a strange metallic vine.
They thread a food pipe, stitch a line, compress and hold me down,
An army cadet with furrowed brow, pain's small, stubborn crown.

Dr Anshul Jain with steady eyes, degrees that calm the storm,
"You're doing acrobats," he says – my heart in restless form.
Echo's tone, a worried nod, "Admit him now," the plea,
Para drops, the ICCU hums – they set my heartbeat free.

A thin long pipe, a gentle prick, a vein to softly trace,
Narcotics whisper, sleep descends, I seek a sacred place.
"Oh Lord Ganesha, Shankar, Parvati, mom and dad," I pray,
Guard me through the darkened hours until the dawn of day.

I wake to voices, "All is well," my naughty heart obeyed,
Dr Jain pats my shoulder – erratic beats now gently swayed.
"Healthy, strong, fit to go," they say, but heed this careful plea:

“No golf for twenty days,” and tablets from the pharmacy. Oh
Doc, sweet Doc, you tuned my pulse, you gave my spirit wings,
Turned a jittered, weary heart into a drum that sings.
Energetic, young at soul, romantic in new start,
Oh Doc, gifted Doc — you renewed my Vijaye heart.

(30)

Caddy your Golf-guide



Oh my caddy, my steady hand — you lift my game across the green,
Two hundred acres, sun or storm, you steady every swing I mean.
You level my handicap, you point the line, you spark my hope anew,
Without your steady shadow, every round would lose its cue.

Oh my caddy, may your world be filled with joy and bliss,
Oh my caddy, you are the music of my golfing bliss.

On blazing days or when the clouds pour heavy rain, you show
the way,
You read the wind, you read the lie of turf, you keep my nerves at
bay.
When no familiar hand is near, my heart grows heavy, dim, and
slow—
You bring the confidence to play, you teach my swing to flow.

Coaches Parashuram, Anand, Laxman, Raju — pillars of my rise,
Velu and Ramesh fixed my slips, turned errors into wiser tries.
Through their lessons I have grown, through their patience I
have fought,
Championships were won because of every lesson taught.

A caddy walks long miles, then goes home tired but proud,
He gives his children schooling, lifts their futures from the crowd.
Ravi's daughters engineers and bankers, Bassu's daughter heals
in the UK,
Unlettered hands that built bright lives — their pride lights up
my day.

May every dream your labour sowed come true beneath the sun,
May joy and beatitude be yours until your work is done.
And when my final tee-off comes, let me leave from this
fairway,
Let my caddies salute and say, "Our Sahib has gone to play."

You remain my cherished shadow, my song along the course,
Without you my Vijay victory would never find its force.

Part 4:
Empowerment of women

(31)

Woman's Resilience



Woman is power, power is woman, woman is the essence of life,
You are Lakshmi, you are Saraswati, you are the incarnation of
Durga.

Woman is power, power is woman – mother of the nation,
foundation of creation,
Your character is your pride; your dignity, your strength.

Woman is power – rise, shine, and sing,
Woman is power – crown her with everything.
Woman is power – steady as the tide,
Woman is power – light that will not hide.

She nurtures, she fosters, she breeds us with love,
In every crisis she stands – sturdy, sinewy, brave.
Sometimes Durga, sometimes Kali, sometimes the Queen of Jhansi,
An idol of compassion, a warrior who saves.
You become Kali to scatter devils and fear,
You become the Jhansi queen, fierce and clear.
You become Radha, you become Meera – the language of love you
teach,
Woman is power, woman is life – the summit we reach.

You soar with courage, you weather every storm,
You are a father's dignity, a brother's pride reborn.
A man's honor, a child's blessing – you are the sacred light,
Second form of Sita, a trove of gems shining bright.
Gentle, not weak – your sacrifice is true,
You teach the world with deeds, with courage that renews.
Kalpana's spirit, a flag that flies beyond the sky,
You make history, you lift us high.

Woman is power, power is woman — the essence of life
proclaimed,
Woman is power, power is woman — forever honored, forever
named.
Woman is power — rise, shine, and sing,
Woman is power — crown her with everything.

Part 5:
Childhood, village and
cultural fragrance

(32)

Village Pastoral Life

The fragrance of soil still stirs my soul,
Father in fields, mother's songs console.
Clay stove bread, mustard greens so bright,
Each flavour steeped in laughter's light.

The scent of earth still calls my name,
Village paths ignite a tender flame.
Let's return to where we truly belong—
Gulli-danda, dusk, and childhood's song.

Laughter echoed in dusty air,
Teacher's scolds, squat-punishments fair.
Yet joy was pure in those youthful days,
Sweet memories melt in golden haze.

City lights dim the heart's old glow,
Village lanes now in memory flow.
Even auntie's scolding felt so sweet,
Home-cooked meals—now dreams we greet.

Phones in hand, we drift apart,
Online lives, disconnected heart.
La... la... la... where did those days flee?
Ground-sleep gone, lost laughter's glee.

Fields now empty, children stray,
Pizza over maa's warm tray.
Even in gatherings, silence grows,
Each in their world, as distance shows.

I wonder—what did I truly gain?
City dreams, but love's refrain.
Mother's warmth, father's grace—
All left behind in urban chase.

Let's return where smiles still bloom,
Where mother's hug dispels all gloom.
The soil's perfume still rings my heart—
Oh Vijay, let's make a brand new start.

Part 6:
Happy go lucky

(33)
Make Merry



Sing the songs of joy, together we rise,
Laughter spills like light across the skies.

Let the day's fatigue dissolve and wane,
Let restless hearts find hush, a gentle plain.

Let the body dance, let the spirit hum,
Let celebration's chorus greet the dawn to come.

Sorrow melts to smiles, heavy voices fall,
Speak your name, share your grin, answer the call.

La la la — let laughter lead the way,
La la la — let every shadow sway.

Moments like these come once in a while,
Reunion's warmth wrapped in every smile.

In small giggles let gardens of joy bloom,
Children's playful grins chase away the gloom.

Join this laughter, not a few but a crowd,
Let music wash the pain, sing sorrow loud no more.

Let the wounds of heart break into light,
Laughter is the balm that makes the spirit right.

Our vow: let joy not lessen or depart,
Let smiles spring up like mischief in the heart.

Let drops of happiness sparkle in the eyes,
Even when late and jammed beneath the skies.

The young night waits for moonlight to appear,
Come friends, rejoice until the morning's near.

Let children tell tomorrow how we played,
How Mom and Dad taught joy that never fades.

Parents laboured long and never asked for rest,
Now let us share their load with laughter's best.

Let euphoria spread, let bright clouds gather high,
Let every face wear hope beneath the wide sky.

My lifelong prayer: let laughter fill each corner,
Let light and luck and love grow ever warmer.

Be brave, be kind, be joyful every day —
Be a heroic Vijay all the way.

(34)
Heavenly Goa



Come, my loved ones—let's go to Goa,
Where waves of love roll in and glow.
On Baga and Anjuna we'll laugh and sway,
Birthdays and anniversaries by the bay.

Silver sands where zephyrs softly roam,
Dream-blue skies and the golden sun at home.
Panoramic views that rouse the heart,
We prance with ripples where the shorelines part.

Let cheerful hearts sing in full euphoria,
Candolim calls for beach ball and gloria.
Miramar's breeze hums a lover's tune,
Laughter spills through Panaji by noon.

Dabolim and Vasco, charm in the air,
Fish Malabar curry scents the feast we share.
Pork vindaloo sparks the tongue with fire,
Raise a toast with feni, let spirits climb higher.

Bebinca and dodol sweeten every bite,
Fort Aguada keeps its stories through the night.
Basilica bells lift prayers to the sky,
Goa is a dream where hearts learn to fly.

All who come return with smiles to keep,
Memories of sand and sea run deep.
Goa's magic binds each wandering friend—
Let new pages fill your book of Goa, again and again.

(35)
Rakhi Festival



Wao wao wao! Rakhi's here,
A festival lovely, bright and clear.
Sindoor and rice on brother's brow,
May your life shine—eternal now.

Earthen lamps with ghee aglow,
Joyful light in homes does flow.
So pure, so calm, divine the sight,
Rakhi brings bliss, hearts feel light.

My years I offer—take them, brother,
You're my soul, not like any other.
At parents' home I've come today,
To hug, to bless, to softly say:

"This sacred thread, this silken tie,
Is love's own shield, a bond sky-high.
Each sister binds with prayer so true,
To guard her brother all year through."

Brother, I vow to guard your grace,
You are my light, my sacred place.
A bond unbroken, through time it flies,
A heavenly, eternal tie that never dies.

Sister—a friend, a goddess, a guide,
She steers your soul when paths divide.
She turns your tears to smiles again,
Forgives your faults, again and again.

This Rakhi day, this love divine,
Reminds of hearts forever entwined.
Without my sister, the house feels bare,
Her blessings linger in silent air.

She prays you be my breath, my life,
Stay safe, dear brother, free from strife.
Dry eyes plead for your wellness bright,
Your joy makes my world feel right.

Brother, you're my cherished Krishna dear,
My world begins and ends with you near.
On Rakhi day I drench you in ovation,
May love and light crown each celebration.

Those springtime days—so sweet, so wild,
Ecstasy danced through every child.
Little squabbles, pillow fights,
Healed with hugs by end of night.

That aeonian bond none can break,
Brother-sister love—no one can fake.
So singular, so rare, so true,
A timeless thread that binds us through.

Part 7:
Fundamental of Truth

(36)
News Boy



Hear the newspaper boy – he's come at dawn,
Bearing news from every shore and lawn.
Tea in hand, the paper waits beside,
I flip the pages where the world confides.

Kolkata, Mumbai, politics and moon,
Headlines hum and make the morning swoon.
Each page a pocket of the strange and bright,
Odd tales that color up the waking light.

Ding-ding bell – my first guest on the street,
Some days on time, some days late with weary feet.
Harsh words slip out when patience wears thin,
He shrugs, "My chain broke," and offers a shy grin.

Winter, summer, storm – he never fails,
Soaked to the bone, yet keeps the paper hale.
Deliveries done, then off to college class,
Evening tutoring children in our lane's pass.

He reads to learn, to lift his future high,
Dreams of district office, reaching for the sky.
He sat the exams; his answers flowed with grace,
When results came in, joy lit every face.

Neighbours cheered, his mother served halwa sweet,
She hugged him close and urged, "Remember your street."
Next day he brought a boy to share the way –
Two bells now ring to greet the breaking day.

Tears in his eyes as he told his buyers true:
“I cleared the IAS” — look at the tattered shoe.
From ragged coat to badge of hope and sway,
The newspaper boy showed how dreams find their way.

(37)
You Are Gone, Irredeemable



You are untraceable, not seen or heard, and irretrievable.
You have become celestial, supernal—oh, you ethereal beauty.

Spiritual, incorporeal, invisible—
That's how quietly you left.
My eyes, numb with trauma,
Searching and combing loss.

The stars have stopped twinkling,
Shining without gleam.
Moonlight no longer glows
With warmth or romanticism.

Fields falling barren,
Missing green foliage, greenery, and leafage.
I have become detached, unresponsive,
Unsociable, and uncommunicative.

I cannot swallow this aloofness,
Repulse, or kiss-off.
Nights growing longer—
Throbbing, burning, agonizing, and excruciating.

You are gone, irredeemable, unrecoverable.
Friends gather, questioning—
How did it occur so suddenly, in a flash?

My silence suppresses my tears,
Reacting, but not responding or eliciting.
Offshore children now bid me adieu one by one,
Leaving for overseas occupation.

Scooting me into separation, isolation,
Joylessness, gloom, and somber mood.
I cannot reprove the masked shock—
So ungraspable, gigantic, yet so evident.

Only the distressed, stirred, and afflicted truly know
Where and how it twitches and twinges.

You are gone, irredeemable. Oh, where... oh, where.
Food is no longer tasty or savoury.

I have halted and concluded attending functions.
Friends have lessened, abated, shrunk and dwindled.

Callers, frequenters, and houseguests—scarcely seen.
Peeping into solitude, converting into a rambling monk.

You are gone, irredeemable.
Oh no, no—you are factually gone... hayyyy hay...
Many Vijay and others... grieved...

(38)

Bereaved Cancer Spouse



After you left, the world spun off its track,
My days went hollow, every moment turned black.
I hunted your shadow down each lonely lane,
No avenue untouched—only echoes and rain.

After you left, laughter fled and heartbeat raced,
One by one they forgot me, my name erased.
Joy slipped away like dusk that steals the light,
The garden withered, songs of home took flight.

After you left, the house grew thin and bare,
Smiles vanished, silence settled in the air.
How do I cross these long, stinging nights?
How do I find sleep when memory bites?

They left me wondering why you turned and went,
Sorrow poured its coin, a bitter, endless rent.
Maybe the tavern's glow would blur the pain—
But borrowed warmth can't mend a heart's deep stain.

Without you, the world is hollow, colors gone to gray,
Life ran off with joy and left my soul to fray.
I call your name into the dark, a small, raw plea,
The night returns my echo—only emptiness answers me.

After you left—after you left—time learned to weep,
After you left—after you left—my nights forgot to sleep.
If love was a map, your absence is the sea I drown within,
Still I keep your name like a lantern—faint, stubborn, dim.

(39)

Reflections of Life



Once I laughed in soil, danced beneath the sun,
Found morning in my mother's lap, the world in my father's hand.
My brother's laugh, my sister's chatter—every day a festival,
A schoolbag on my shoulder, dreams like lanterns in my eyes.

Then came the time to stand, to name myself by service,
The soil of my country pressed into my palms—my pride.
I wore the uniform, fulfilled the vows I'd sworn,
Each march a promise, each dawn a steady drum.

Then she came—my companion, my quiet shadow,
In her smile I built a home; with her, each hour was feast.
Tiny footsteps stitched new songs into our mornings,
Children's laughter made the rooms bloom, sorrow softened at
the door.

Slowly the seasons took their leave; my parents left ahead,
A corner of the house grew silent, a part of me went mute.
Then she left too—an unfinished song that lingers in the hall,
Yet her memory lives: her heartbeat echoes in every breath.

The children now walk their own roads, their love still fills my chest,
Sometimes loneliness becomes a tide and tears find their way.
I learn what life teaches—grief and gratitude in the same hand,
Even now I smile—sometimes for yesterday, sometimes for the
morrow.
Love never dies; it only changes geometry.

Each line of loss reshapes the map, each memory redraws the shore—
And in the quiet between the heartbeats, I find the courage to smile.