

ETERNITY

A spiritually Enlightened International Magazine

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Marvellous Issue

Many thanks for the excellent issue of Eternity Vol.5, No. 1, 2011. It's indeed nice experience to hear so many voices from all over the world. Thanks Eternity, carrying my poem. I wish you every success to all your efforts and dreams.

Dr. Mahasweta Chaturvedi, IWA
Editor, Mandakini
Bareilly - 5 (U.P.)

Positive Thinking

Thank you very much for Eternity Magazine #1, Vol. 5, 2011, which I just received. I read your page " Positive Thinking" and I agree with you. I wish all success for your noble ideas to be spread across the globe for the welfare of mankind. Please send me an e-mail when you receive this letter.

Dr. Teresinka Pereira, President
International Writers and Artists Association
(IWA)
Ohio, USA

Positive And Inspiring

Received the last issue of your beautiful magazine "Eternity" with thanks. Congratulations! An edition, plenty of philosophy affecting thoughts and sentiments.

Your Editorial " Ideas should rule the world" is very positive and inspiring!

First spoke about the ideas and idealism, and came the great Plato, and the word Ideas with Greek Philosophy.

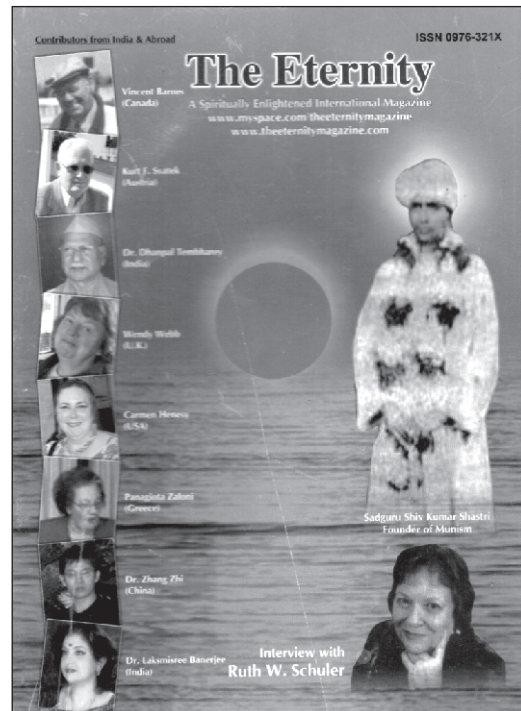
It's very interesting to read your interview with Ruth W. Schuler. Poetry section too is very enriched with the works of various international poets. I am very much impressed.

Really a very splendid issue.

A spiritual nectar!

My congratulations again and Best Wishes !

Danae Papastratou, PhD. Litt.D.
Editor, Perigramma
Athens, GREECE.



Thanks For My Interview

Many thanks for publishing my interview related to my career in poetry and writings in your esteemed magazine, Eternity. I have been associated with Indian poets for a long time. But my stint with Eternity always inspires me. It is great a feeling for me to be on the cover page of a spiritually enlightened magazine from India - a rare happening in the whole world.

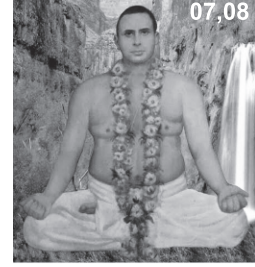
The editorial, 'Ideas should rule the World' is very encouraging and thought provoking. I enjoyed reading the poetry of D.C. Chambial, Patricia Howe, Mahasweta Chaturvedi, Carmen Henesy, Debjani Mishra, Bipin Patsani & Najwa Brax. It also gave me an information about poet philosopher Nabakishore of India. I appreciated the art work and painting by David L. Transue and Suparna Ghosh.

Positive Thinking by you as always is inspiring and motivating. In total, the magazine has been a milestone in global literature.

Ruth Wilds Schuler
Former Editor, Prophetic Voice
California(USA)

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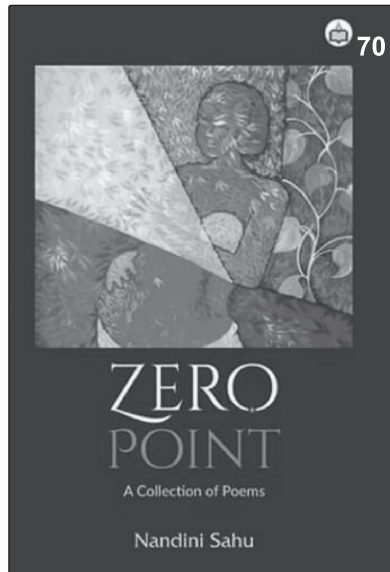
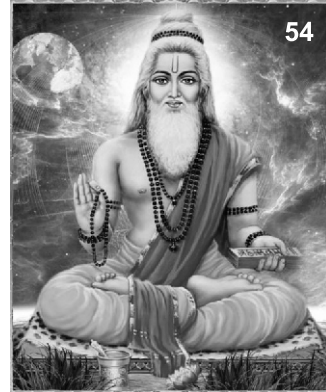
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Editorial



A JOURNAL LIKE ETERNITY NEVER DIES...

The last editorial I wrote for Eternity was long back in 2011. And, its title was: **IDEAS SHOULD RULE THE WORLD.**

Almost nine years have passed. In the mean time, many poets and writers like: Ms. Indra Sharma (Canada), Vincent Barnes (Canada) and Elleen Sirwardhana (Sri Lanka) have already left me and Eternity for good.

And, the most shocking of the news is that Najwa Salam Brax from New York too has passed away on November 28, 2012 at the age of 64.

I knew it only last year. She was with me, supporting me from the very initial days of *Eternity*. Her idea and philosophy seemed to me as tailor-made for *Eternity*. When she was alive, I had a Najwa Brax Column on Spirituality. And, that page will remain in *Eternity* with her write-ups in the days to come. Her departure is a great loss for Eternity. I deeply condole her death. But she's a holy soul and must be in heaven as a benevolent angel.

I am also very sad to announce the death of great poet Dr. Mahasweta Chaturvedi who've been editing Mandakini in English and Hindi. I was bestowed with prestigious Mandakini Literary Award by her. May her holy soul remain in peace and tranquility.

Thus I've been writing the editorials on various contemporary themes and issues as *Eternity* is meant for welfare of mankind. To seek spirituality within literature, art, song, music, culture and in each and every sphere of human life, mind and soul.

But alas!

Always spirituality is misunderstood all over the world. And, the global masses lead a life of helplessness, fear and panic due to lack of their spiritual knowledge. The epidemic they call Covid-19 has broken the very fabric and existence of human beings. Neither physicians, social thinkers nor the so called spiritual gurus of the modern age can know its reason. Everyone becomes helpless. As per instructions of World Health Organization (WHO) all prefers to use masks, keeps social distance and remains frightened. Life becomes a mess.

As this world is being guided by materialistic ways of life, people are away

from spiritual knowledge and its essence. As always this grave problem has its solution within true spirituality. If someone believes in the inner self (soul), meditate on it; no fear will be created within. It's because the soul within body is its real master and the real guide and caretaker of the body. If the body is put under its direct jurisdiction, no medicine is necessary to cure COVID-19. And, there arises no chance for COVID-19 for anybody.

In this context, I have written an article: 'A Disease Is Not A Disease' in which I have discuss how through spiritual knowledge, will power, chakravedan yoga, power of mind any disease can be cured. And, people can lead a blissful and peaceful life.

Eternity leads a spiritual movement. WHO(World Health Organization) has to oblige it today or tomorrow.

Therefore, my endeavour always is to include poets, writers, thinkers, reformers, spiritual activists and philosophers. Also singers, musicians and artists with their aesthetic sensibilities. And, so far I have discovered the spiritual essence through writings of Goldie Morales and Najwa Salam Brax in America, Pamela Constantine in England, Joanne Olivieri in San Francisco, Rod Farmer in Maine, Melissa R Mendelson in New York, Anneke Buys in The Netherlands, Peter G. P. Thompson in London, Wazir Agha in Lahore , Desmond Brogan in Yorkshire (England) etc. And, the eternity movement goes on....

Although with supernatural invasion *Eternity* could not come out for a long nine years; but like a phoenix it is coming out again from its hibernation.

And, this time we have put legendary Poet Jayanta Mahapatra on the cover page of *Eternity* who have inspired poets and writers across the world.

Also on the back cover there is Padmasri Pt. Prafulla Kar, the celebrated living legend of music, culture and song of our time. And, the legendary actress of Indian movie in regional Odiya Cinema, Banaja Mohanty is there too lest she should be forgotten.

And, in the inner cover page there is a tribute to Najwa Salam Brax whose contribution to *Eternity* and Spirituality is unparalleled...

And, down the years as mentioned earlier, my editorial has brought forward various essence, ideas and philosophy.. 'Essence of True India' was the title of my editorial in 2006 issue of *Eternity*. My other editorial was : "True Spirituality only shall invite Peace in this Planet" that was published in 2008 issue.

Another memorable thought presented before global reader was by providing the article : "On Obama, America and World Peace" in a special issue of *Eternity*. Last of this kind, the editorial published in *Eternity* of 2011 was: 'Heralding A New Movement'.

In addition, in the first issue in 2005, the editorial was : "Positive Thinking" which I have made a separate regular column in *Eternity*.

Now, it is going to be a truly international magazine as it has given birth to *Eternity International Organisation* and *Aatmagyana Yoga Utthana Society* (an organisation to uplift true spirituality through yoga in which meditation is a part) for welfare of humanity; and to spearhead the eternity movement globally for peace, spirituality and sublimity. And guided by our revered Sadguru Shiv Kumar Shastri Ji, protection of environment and sound health have been added in our activities.

Tolstoy, Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Confucius, Emerson, Martin Luther, Ruskin, Whitman, Buddha, Gandhi, Tagore, Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo, Kabir.... all of them have carried forward this legacy of spiritual essence and truth during their periods.

Eternity just revives them.

Upanishadic thoughts of universal love and fellow feelings are imbibed.

Eternity International Organisation's Literary Festivals too give similar message to boost this philosophy and ideology.

We need to inspire this great spiritual essence amongst humans across the globe.

And, from 2020, *Eternity* will be a quarterly magazine. It will be published four times in a year in March, June, September and December. So I seek all of your help and blessings from across the world for this great cause to make a global movement on spirituality.

This much for this new issue...

WHEREABOUTS OF HAPPINESS

By Sadguru Shiv Kumar Shastri

1

There is an urge to visit a place without any cause if a large number of people go there. But all of a sudden a thought comes within that all these people must not have been stupid. Otherwise, why are they going there? Of course, there must remain the source of happiness and bliss there. And, you think to go and participate in that crowd. You expect to get in touch with peace, bliss and happiness there. You think your heart that is suffering in heat and sadness shall turn cool and comfortable. For this, you have visited many places, temples and tourist places, but later you only repented. You got nothing. You have underwent such a long tiresome journey and sufferings; spent a huge amount for peace and bliss, but achieved nothing. Your desire remained unfulfilled. Then the mind decides no more to go anywhere.

2

Indeed our soul remains extremely hungry for peace, bliss, joy and happiness. It is because once upon a time it remained the epitome of peace, tranquility and ecstasy. And, it is remained within the sea of happiness. So it searches for all this here. For that, it runs here and there outside, on circumference and on mundane things out of ignorance. But soon it discovers this as an illusion.

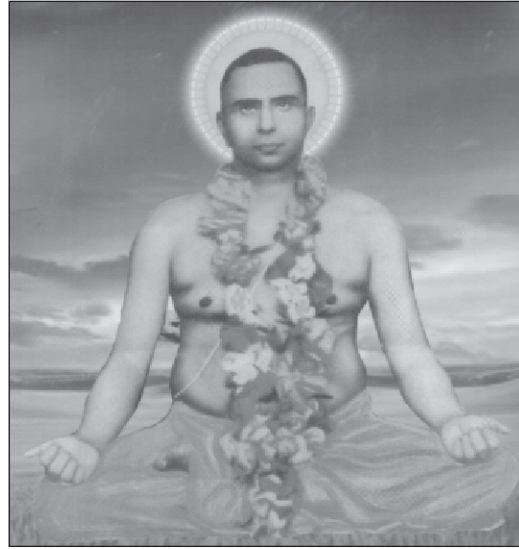
But where is bliss here in this world ?
It is not outside.

The real bliss and peace is at centre, inside and within you, me and everybody. You yourself are the epitome of bliss, peace and happiness. So return back. Come within your own self. And, stop running hither and thither for happiness. You will find peace within your own mind.

(Translated from Adi Muniswar Yogeswar Sri Shivkumar Shastri Ji's Shanti Dayee Bichar)

What Sadguru Said :

1. Never ask God to help you, but pray Him to make you strong enough to face and overcome any obstacles and sufferings in life.
2. Never get frightened and nervous to face difficult situations in life. It will make you



bolder and stronger to face still greater obstacles in life towards newer and bigger achievements. And, through continuous endeavour and struggle only you can get real happiness.

3. Believe in it that clouds cannot keep the Sun under its shadow for ever. Similarly, lies cannot rule over truth for all time.
4. The person who cannot conquer laziness, can never overcome the impact of lust in life.
5. Do more and more yogic exercises, practice it daily and lead a life of hard labour and perseverance towards your duty and goal. By this, the fickle mind shall get tired and it will stop running after lust.
6. In stead of hearing needless talks remain in meditation, implementation and purification of your conduct and behaviour. Keep conquering your bad habits and bad demeanor.
7. Similar things attract each other. So remain joyful always. Keep smiling and stay happy and positive. As a result, all joy and happiness will come rushing towards you.
8. If you want to invite God inside your heart, you need to adopt such good virtues that exist within God. In order to attract God towards you, you yourself should become the Almighty God taking all His good virtues.



USE YOUR OWN INTELLECT AND EXPERIENCE

By Sadguru Shiv Kumar Shastri

1

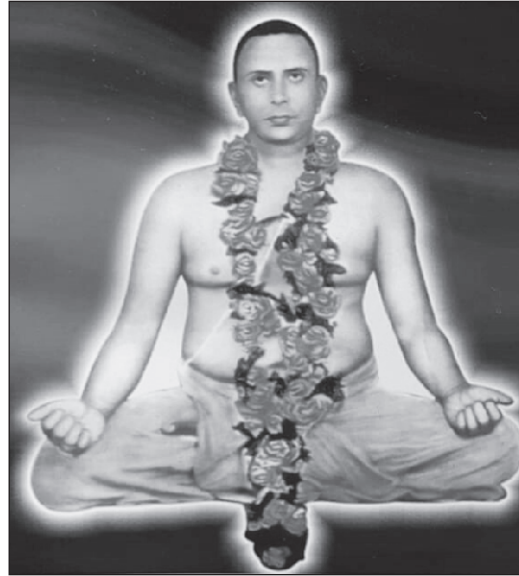
Thoughts, ideas and beliefs of ninety nine percent people are guided by books, stories, religious tales, commentators, orators, movies and plays. Generally books, stories, explanations and speeches blended with exaggerations and lies are liked by common men. The stories such as a person cut down the moon into pieces and a great saint could altogether feed and satisfy two thousand people with a small fish are very famous. It is very interesting to know the stories of the lovers like : Laila-Majnu and Shirin Farhad. It is hilarious to read the story of brave Hatim. But from their stories and legends, people go far from the knowledge of truth and reality. People often give less attention to the things they observe with their own eyes. They are not eager to know the reason behind past happenings and experiences. But it is a fact that true knowledge can only be known through one's own intellect, unbiased experiences and happenings seen and savoured by own eyes. Not giving attention to stories in books or to anyone else's tales; one must consider and judge everything without being biased. By this, true knowledge can be established. No one can get real peace at heart without it. This is the source of real peace, bliss and ecstasy.

2

People's nature is to like exaggerated stories of ghosts or false praises for any person. But this way truth is murdered; and knowledge gets assassinated. So real knowledge gained through endeavor and experiences cannot see the day light. And, true knowledge really is gained by one's own eyes, unbiased experiences and self-retrospection. Indeed your own soul is the ocean of real knowledge and bliss.

3

Our humanity has been duped time and again till today by not using the self-intellect; and by not believing in what one's own eyes see and savour. It has been neglecting the eternal, ever vibrant soul lying dormant within. Man has been running after the dead and the lifeless. Believe always in your own self, not expecting any hope



from others. The person who is leading a life with self-help, self-pride, self-esteem and self-belief is always blessed with success, happiness, peace and bliss.

(Translated from Adi Muniswar Yogeswar Sri Shivkumar Shastri Ji's Shanti Dayee Bichar)

A Brief Introduction of Adimuniswar Yogeswar Sadguru Shri Shivkumar Shastri :

Born in a priestly family in Gorakhpur of Uttar Pradesh beside the Himalayas, Sadguru Shivkumar Shastri was born on the full moon night of 4th October 1884. He was an inborn yogi and he took incarnation as a saviour of true yoga in this planet after several thousand years. He practiced yoga for 52 years and founded Muni Samaj - a spiritual institution of free thinkers on December 26, 1935 in Gorakhpur city. Through this institution he preached Chakravedan Yoga newly discovered by him for welfare of mankind. The member of Muni Samaj is called a muni. He never uses medicine; but cures any disease through yoga, meditation, pranayam and pranab jap. By the time Sadguruji passed away in February 12, 1962 he already had created a great society of munis of nearly sixty thousand from Kashmir to Kanyakumari. His trendsetter books of true spirituality in Hindi include : Santidayee Bichar(Novel Ideas To Get Peace), Nirog Hone Ka Adbhut Upay(Strange Ways To Remain Healthy), Aatmabal Monobal Aur Ichha Shakti(Spiritual Power, Will Power and Power Of Mind), Yoga Bigyan(Science Of Yoga), Sachitra Yoga Sadhan(A Book On Yoga With Illustrations), Buddhabasta Aur Kurupta Dur Karne Ka Upay (Ways And Means To Get Rid Of Ageing And Ugliness) etc.

Najwa Brax Column :

On Spirituality

JULIA AND HER OTHER SELVES



Julia is twelve years old and matured enough to dream of a better life and brighter future even in another world. Her soft voice is like twittering that calls songbirds to join the festival of joy. She always amuses herself by singing and chirping with red cardinals and blue birds. When the rose-smelling breeze kisses her face with tenderness, she whispers her thanks and combs her golden hair to keep it away from her eyes.

**God granted us love and light;
each flutter echoes His might !
With true-hearted intuition
you see reincarnation -
Breaths of life beat everywhere,
Spring source-flames constantly glare;
each sunset succeeds sunrise;
seasons pass and seasons rise ...**

Julia loves both home and school and likes to take part in entertainment activities. She is used to doing her homework in her flower garden where a sky-blue pond of small red fish amuses her.

When excited by the beauties of Mother Nature, Julia has a special way of expressing her impressions and thoughts poetically.

**Tulips and birds, wind and wing
grace my eye-lids, make me sing.
Budding roses smile while grown,
soon they will be in full-blown,
cardinals will start to chant;
life will surge in every plant.
The wondrous hues of the sky
make me wonder how and why.**

She sees herself as a beautiful girl whose wide and smiling eyes look as peaceful as two doves spreading their white dream skyward. Early one bright day, while sitting on the porch pondering colors, shapes and life, she day dreams of a huge white bird in the sky. As the bird draws near, he shrinks to the size of an eagle and then alights on her table.

"I'm the Mighty Bird, protector of tiny birds. I can perform miracles: look up there."

Julia smiles and looks up at the sky. A gorgeous garden stands in the air radiant with the nine Muses of inspiration wrapped in ethereal

veils while great musicians play on instruments made of iridescent feathers. Heavenly music engulfs every atom in ecstasy.

"Please, Mighty Bird, let me join them."

The white Bird plucks a feather from his wing and asks Julia to plant it in her hair, which she does. Suddenly she feels the flutter of her inner wings release her dreams. She starts to fly. "Look, I'm flying without wings." Just as she reaches the Fantastic Garden, she chants, describing what she senses.

**Zephyrs surround this Garden
where birds inspire brush and pen ---**

**To see beauties in no time,
inner rays the sun can climb
and kiss away fogs and tears,
entwine them in blissful cheers.**

**Dear muse, hear my pleading verse
and help me great realms traverse.**

I sit in green grass amazed the heavenly scenes around me: The rosebushes dance and sway; the roses open and close their petals on which ballerinas as small as butterflies waltz. Lips of pearled dew swirl with prayers. Alert-eyed lilies are the guards, while mystical music makes everything sway and chant. Hoopoes wear their crowns with pride like kings. Spiders weave wonderful webs of light, swaying gently in a subtle breeze. Streamlets of iridescent light cascade from here and there, enlivening surrounding water, while gilded rays dance entrancingly, reflecting the pulsating, flowing colors. Like tiny angels, daisies quiver with unique beauty. Butterflies, haloed with bright eyes, infuse Zephyrus wings with inspiration. Both lions and lambs live together peacefully. Everything beats with miracles. Overwhelmed by the heavenly scenes, I express my joy :

**So vividly majestic,
glorious and aromatic,
evergreen and ever-bloom,
heavens to my eyesight loom.
The weird beats of this Garden
resounding the real Eden.
In radiance like mystic rays
it blooms with royal arrays.**

One of the nine Muses shows Julia masterpieces of art that were produced by the greatest artists on Earth, and then asks her to open her hand. The Muse rubs Julia's palm, fueling the girl with energy and lofty visions. High-spirited, Julia says,

**Where else but here can you get
Solomon's wise alphabet !
I long to linger a wing,
discover his magic ring,
drink from the raindrop of joys
and chase the Garden's convoys.
A tune, a scent and a view
in rainbowy tones I view.**

Erato - one of the Muses- plays her flute, then asks her to take the feather from her hair and burn it. Once set aflame, a new white bird springs forth. Tears of joy stream down Julia's face.

"Everything that is consumed by fire, its essence is saved in a place somewhere afar in the endless sky. Nothing is annihilated," the Muse tells her.

"But what is the essence of fire?" Julia asks.

"Fire is an agent of combustion - destruction, then construction!"

"You mean like the sun."

"Yes, in a certain way."

Julia takes a deep breath and asks, "How can I visit the sun?"

"It could happen after death, but you can visit the surroundings of the sun in your lifetime. In order to go there, you have to study hard, and earn a college degree in astronomy. The more knowledge you earn, the more scientific secrets will be revealed to you."

Satisfied, Julia chants :

**Like a flight, time flies away,
let's have a dream every day,
a miracle may occur,
out of the blue without blur.
I scan the blue tent to find
a bright niche to test my mind !**

"I'd like to be an astronomer !" Julia says, clapping her small white hands:

**I want to be a sailor,
and a bright astronomer,
I want to be a songbird
and propel my wings skyward;
dawn-flame sails, take me away
to islands in your strange way.**

She decides to study hard to fulfill her goal.

**Pens and paper stay with me
you're my hope, my honeybee,
help me travel from planet
to planet and win my bet
and nurture my budding guess
and clear my sky of grayness !**

"Promise me, Mighty Bird, you'll take me to the sun or any other heavenly bodies as soon as I finish my study."

"I will, my dear, at your will."

The Muse gives her a small feather like a sun ray and asks her to keep it in a safe place until she grows up and becomes a brilliant astronomer. Julia kisses the feather while looking at it with wonder and delight. Her face beams with happiness. "How lucky I am !" She repeats, while wearing the precious feather around her neck. And from time to time, she looks at it and whispers happily:

**Though my feather is so thin,
a miracle dwells within.
Everything is well preserved,
that's what I've learned from my Bird;
somewhere a gold-brilliant stream
will awake my sweetest dream !**

Ten years later, Julia graduates. While wearing the cap and gown, she looks up at the sky, remembering her Muse. Have I been dreaming a childish dream ? She asks herself. "But no, here is the tangible proof. The feather. But why me ?"

Julia tells the secret of the Bird's to her best friend, Cassiopa, who does not take it seriously.

"Julia, you are a dreamy girl, nothing of what you've said can exist or happen." "Do not tell anyone such stories, otherwise ..."

"But life is full of mysteries, and for some unknown reasons miracles can occur." Julia tries vainly to make her friend believe her.

June comes and the roses are ready to show their beauty and scents. After breakfast, Julia brings the miraculous feather and sits in her charming garden.

Remembering the Great Bird's promise, expectation grows within her. Soon she will visit another planet ! Soon ! She feels something approach. She starts jumping for joy and looks around to make sure that she is not dreaming.

**In my dream weird scenes parade ---
My other selves serenade ...
Facts and fancies intertwined;
truths surpass our restrained mind.
Let's profit from Daheshism,
from wisdom and heroism.**

While her eyes are grazing the blue, waiting for the miracle, two birds appear beside her: a red one and a blue one. She looks with awe at them and starts singing about joys. At once, the pair of birds talk to each other in song. Julia hurries and fills the feeder with bird seed, encourage them to linger. She thinks of nothing but the wondrous birds.

**I ride in the wind at night,
cross the ocean of delight;**

when I gaze in the dark guise,
enchancing streams of Moons rise...
we are here and we are there:
Shadows... echoes... everywhere.
Mother nature is in bloom;
stars glitter in glow costume.

"Oh, dear friends, here you are; you come back to help me roam your worlds," she says merrily. "I really am honored you've chosen me."

With the finger, Julia draws on their heads a pentagonal star. The birds start talking to her in English about the after life, the other worlds and their inhabitants and how every human being has doubles (look-alike personalities) living in them.

"We are messengers of our spiritual Guide, the Mighty Bird. We choose you because you have a spiritual energy (Sayyal) that belongs to us. We are one spiritual family."

Julia tries to absorb what she is told. "But what is sayyal?"

"We all emanate from one divine Source-Spirit, and sayyals are the breaths of life in all creatures."

"Can sayyals exist apart from the bodies?"

"Yes, Sayyals can exist apart from bodies. When released, they become spiritual spectrums that cannot be seen by the naked eye because of their elevated degree and ethereal nature. For instance, fire fully releases sayyals from bodies. Also, in dreams sayyals become freed from matter.

"Am I attached to my other sayyals in various worlds?"

"Yes, each sayyal of yours is connected to some sayyals that are related to yours here and far away on the other planets. Above all, all humans are connected by a common sayyal. If you feel close to a person, this means his/her sayyal is attached to yours as a result of past reincarnations. That's why the presence of some people, like your friend Cassiopa, makes you feel comfortable."

"And your presence makes me also rejoice. Am I affected by those around me?"

"Yes, you are invisibly connected with things around you and surrounded by environments and circumstances that belong to you. Every creature, whether human, plant, animal or inanimate object, is permeated with consciousness. For instance, when a prophet or a spiritual Guide comes down to Earth, all the spiritual Fluids that belong to him come with him. Keep in mind that whatever happens to you is just and inevitable, so always be grateful and look at things positively. The freedom that God granted you as well as all creatures can change your destiny for better or worse."

Without boredom, doubt and fear
insight grows out of this sphere;
looking at God's handiwork,
arrogant thoughts do not jerk !
Beyond light flights of fancies
run rivulets of mysteries;
my eyes long for a winged flight
that unites all wings with might !

"May I get proof of the existence of such lofty worlds and doubles ?" Julia asks the birds gently.

"Gaze at the pond and tell us what you see," the birds tell her.

"I see my face."

"That face you see is a reflection of yours, right ?"

"Absolutely."

"Like you, Julia, every being on Earth is a reflection of his/her own reality," the birds continue. "Look at the sun. Isn't it like a huge mirror that reflects another sun and so on ? ... But the real sun is forever shining in the Spirit World."

While pondering over her thoughts, she rhymes,

**The great sun tells every morn
how a soul can be reborn,
where there's a view so divine
in the realm of yours and mine;
our souls can touch the far sky
through dreams rolling up and high.
Fill your dreams, you'll find a thrill
at the carnival of trill !**

She is thrilled at the great news about the sun. "But how do you know these things ?"

"We drank from the Fountain of Eternity which helps us to help those who deserve to obtain knowledge. While no one can enter any world without just permission, you are allowed to travel to another planet where one of your doubles belongs. Julia, you are allowed to take this trip for a reason, and for a just reason we've chosen you. We can assure you, you'll soar. Just close your eyes and spread out your arms."

Julia closes her eyes and takes a couple of breaths in relief and stretches out her marble-like arms. The bluebird perches on her right arm and the cardinal on the left. Her blond hair stretches like a bouquet of rays, and she finds herself flying. "Wowwww..." she cries.

**What amber glow of my dreams
blesses my night with light streams;
I'm here, yet up there's my home
where nestles my light-pearled dome;
looking down upon poor Earth,
--- day and night, death and rebirth---
I thank my Guide and my Shield,
who helps me see Heaven-Field !**

Once alighted on a lofty world, she is allowed to open her eyes.

"Oh, my ! Oh, my !" She repeats, "What a wonderful view !" She sees giant beings of light roaming, flying, preaching and performing miracles while the inhabitants kneel and sing heavenly songs.

**Huge Beings of light with Lyres
beaming blissful tongues of fires;
over there another me
calls my name with ecstasy;
I turn my head, spread glances;
what wondrous music ... dances:
"Julia, listen carefully,
we're Birds of fact, of fancy !"**

Soon, one of her doubles appears to her, but her look-alike personality is much brighter.

"Oh, am I a reflection of my other selves ?" She cries.

"You're me and I'm you. We both belong to one Spirit. There are many look-alike personalities of yours in other loftier and lower worlds. Moreover, each one of them can affect all the others. Also, you and Cassiopa are spiritual relatives, and that's why you like her. Tendencies and emotions do not vanish. The spiritual light in your lower double is dim, whereas in the loftier one it is bright. Knowledge diminishes relative to the diminution of spiritual light. Dear Julia, seek out knowledge and beauty; be good, warm-hearted and accomplish great deeds in order to join your other loftier selves forever. By your own will you can fulfill your goals both in your current life and afterlife. Individuality is very difficult to explain. Each person is a bouquet of scents, colors, shapes and belongs to a spiritual stem, a universal Self to which he is always related."

"Does each life have a purpose ?"

"Yes, the purpose of life is in itself. Struggle to improve yourself, to learn, to create, and to affect others positively."

"But why don't I remember my other selves on other planets ?"

"Consider this, Julia," The bird brings a piece of paper and writes on it :

"Things happen in life for just spiritual reasons." Then he tears it into one hundred bits, and hands the pieces to her, asking, "Can you tell the sentence from these torn pieces ?"

"No."

"It's impossible, therefore, to know who you are unless all of your doubles are merged together into one spiritual, unique entity."

"This makes sense of who I am."

"Since you've gotten insight on the nature of yourself, you are more responsible for your behaviour than any other human being on earth, for the more you get spiritual knowledge, the more personal responsibility increases. So, observe with insightful eyes what is going on around you,

and believe in divine reward and retribution. The angels are always at work to help creatures; watch for miracles everywhere, and muse over life. Think of yourself as a tree; its roots are in the Worlds of Spirits, and its fruits are in different paradisiacal and material spheres. Therefore, you are a fruit from your own tree that bears many fruits in various places across the universe."

"Can two fruits of mine exist in the same world ?"

"Yes, they can," he continues. "Your Spiritual Fluids have already pre-programmed most of your life. Not all people are created equal." She sings joyfully,

**What a spellbinding display !
I find my sparkling pathway ;
here whatever you may miss
are answers of no or yes !
In the swarming knowledge grove
birds sing toned to treasure grove ---
Reflection of other worlds,
connection to inspired words !**

"I am reveling in strange feelings. I wonder, am I here in Heaven or Paradise ? Are they different ?"

"Yes, they are different. Heaven consists of spiritual realms where ultimate happiness and absolute truths dwell. These worlds are the nearest reflection of God --- the shoreless oceans of Light-Spirit, beyond the boundaries of time-space. Paradise- in which you are now- comprises a highly exalted physical world, where arts, inventions, beauties, ecstasies, miracles ... dwell. They contain billions of planets and stars."

"That's just amazing, but what about Hell ?"

"Hell consists of a low material world where ignorance, evil, torture ... are widely spread. It comprises billions of planets distributed in the lowest various spiritual degrees. The stay in hell is not forever, for the All-Merciful God established the law of reincarnation to give the spiritual Fluids opportunities to reincarnate facing tests, trials and temptations according to each world. Consequently, if a spiritual Fluid uplifts itself to a higher degree, it would get rid of the world of suffering; otherwise, it causes itself to fall to a lower world."

Julia thanks the two birds. Once they warmly embrace saying farewell, Julia hears her mother's call, "Julia, wake up, it's already seven o'clock !"

A flame-colored feather falls from her hand. She spends moments amazed and perplexed wondering, "Am I in a state of awakening or still dreaming ?" She pinches her cheeks. As she becomes certain of her awakening and of the reality of the feather, she gets convinced that what happened to her was real and that beyond Earth there are extraterrestrial conscious lives !

*** Aaina Chopra Column :**

TO ALL THE WOMEN WITH DREAMS- DREAM ON !

It's high time women learned to be their own cheer leaders.

With the womanhood fervor coloring us "purple" and feminism wind blowing "all strong and powerful", these days the term "feminism" seems to have lost its real meaning. Apparently the word has been hijacked and reduced to a mere fad and almost everyone is queuing up to hop on this bandwagon in an attempt to look trendy and chic. Sigh!

Of course feminism means different things to different people.

But majorly it is about strengthening the idea of creating an equal world with equal rights, equal opportunities and equal benefits for both the genders which makes a perfect sense as "the equal world is indeed the enabled world."

Put simply, it is predominately about levelling the playing field between genders and bridging the gap between sexes.

Amidst all the "feminist and women's liberation messages" making the rounds nowadays, I want to take a moment here to share my two bits on the same.

Look, as much as I respect this quest for equality, there is something I consider just as much significant.

And it is:

Empowering oneself on a personal level aka self-empowerment.

Self-empowerment is what I consider foundational to all-round success in life. Not only it is about getting a grip on life back and taking control of it but it also extends to enabling and transforming the lives of fellow females around you.

Bit by bit, a tribe is formed.

A tribe of independent motivated and empowered women who believe in "together we soar" mantra.

So here is something to chew on, for all the ladies out there!

Fill your cup first-

- While juggling multiple roles at home and work, don't lose yourself.
- Note that a strong footing in a



relationship with yourself guarantees smoother and saner relationships with everyone around you. Love yourself. Celebrate yourself.

- As they say, "you can't pour from an empty cup."

Let no one imprison your dreams. Don't forget that they are yours-

- Take charge of the wheel of your life and keep driving it along a direction that well aligns with your goals and happiness.
- To be able to do that, you need to tap into your psyche and identify what triggers your happiness. Once you find that, keep treading towards it, in defiance of all the odds and ambiguities that keep popping up on the way.

Be a trooper. The Unshakable one-

- In the face of all the odds stacked against you, keep pushing through.
- Never settle when it comes to self-respect. and for that, the first thing you need to do is to brush aside the self-depreciating attitude that is ingrained in us through generations.

Keep doing you-

- Be bullet proof to all the unsolicited, uncalled-for opinions and counsels while you are on a march towards your dreams.
- We women are not meant to be tossed around based on the perspective of others.

#No stamps of approval needed-

- Dump the attitude of seeking validations of well thought out decisions for yourself.
- As long as you are clear about the choices you make, no stamps of approval are needed.

Borrowing a quote from Madonna here:

"I'm tough, ambitious and I know exactly what I want. If that makes me a bitch, okay."

In a nutshell-

We all have that unyielding spirit within that lays hidden inside all of us, without us having the

faintest idea about its existence. It is only when push comes to shove that we encounter our inner gem of fortitude and grit. Time to say "hi" to her.

Make your voice count.

Be the change-maker.

Not only for your life but also for fellow women around.

Don't forget that the change starts with you.

THE TIME IS NOW!

Aaina Chopra

Writer, Content Marketer, Podcaster, Poet and a big time "quote-geek"

Writing fascinates her and this is what defines her.

Aaina is a dynamic and a spirited writer who is best known for weaving write-ups that are evocative, informative, engaging, demonstrative and error-free. Quite passionate about her craft, every time she writes something, it is worth the reader's while.

Having helped a significant number of businesses and start-ups with their content and marketing strategy, she considers engagement as the key to building and fostering meaningful relations.



POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY

No one was ever a great poet without being at the same time a profound philosopher, for poetry is the blossom and the fragrance of all human knowledge, human thoughts, emotion, language.

-- James A Butler

Poetry is not a word game; it is not an ego game. The writing of poetry, like metaphysics, is a serious business.

(Extracted from Goldie Morales' book Poet Philosophers)

Are the poets, at heart, in search of a philosophy? or, is philosophy, in the end, nothing but poetry?

(Extracted from Goldie Morales' book Poet Philosophers)

BLAME IT ON CORONA ... !

* Bigneswar Mohanta
India

Our beautiful world created by the Almighty God, now seems devastated by Covid (19) ... after Tsunami, Katrina Hudhud and Amphan ... for all such mess, and corona restrictions. Rulers and the ruled go on blaming the creator, God and His Desire ... But Supreme Soul -- is a manifestation of all... When humans go wayward, cruel and indisciplined ..., the results are presented with Corona and natural calamities, global warming and climate changes... Blame on your misdeeds. Why blame on Corona ... ?



*A writer and playwright, poet Bigneswar Mohanta happens to be the science teacher of Madarangajodi High School, Mayurbhanj, Odisha.

*** Chitra Lele Column : THE INNER SPARK**



The Inner Spark is embedded in our heart-hub. It is the source energy that beats to the tune of compassion, care, love, wisdom, truth and so much more --- it is limitless in its impact ... it is a Gracious Gift from above.

Call it what you want --- inner connection, inner voice or inner spark..; and it is always there. It nurtures us, guides us and calms us. But for this to happen, a constant connection with this inner essence is needed. Constantly remaining connected to the external world through technology makes one less genuine. Rather than seeing ourselves as who we truly are and making efforts to awaken the potential within.

We are more involved in creating a fake personae in order to have a likeable 'online' presence through various social media options. Most of the people have forgotten about their innate constant connection with their innerself. This is the real deal. This is what life should be about. This is where we find a sense of direction and a sense of meaning.

Charge the Creative Cells : One most effective way of enjoying and nurturing the inner constant connection that I have found is by developing some form of art/craft. By devoting 2-3 hours for a creative arts activity per week can recharge the human battery and creative cells. This leads to increased performance in all areas of life. I myself have experienced this quantum leap in all aspects of my life.

Spirituality and creativity go hand in hand. Our brain has two hemispheres --- left and right. Each hemisphere performs a distinct set of functions. The left hemisphere is ruled by analysis, reason and logic; and there is ample opportunity in life to develop the left hemisphere

faculties. The right hemisphere is about emotions, creativity and inspiration. As far as opportunities for developing the right hemisphere faculties goes, they are limited. We need to cater to both the halves equally. This balanced growth will help each and every person to bring her/his own unique perspective about the various aspects of life to the table.

Creativity unleashes the deeper aspect of one's being. It is about integrating the fragmented, material self with the unified, spiritual self. A spiritual person is able to think outside the box and look beyond the limited options.

A spiritual person is able to share her or his creative gifts with the world in an unconditional manner. A spiritual person is able to understand that we have only limited our unlimited creativity for the intended purpose of having certain types of physical experiences. Once we overcome this limitation then life becomes a source of creative energy.

Creativity builds up the inner personality. It allows the true self to flow through the expression of various creative activities.

Research demonstrates that creativity heals both the physical as well as non-physical aspects of one's being. The constant connection between us and our inner-self is much needed as this is where we find the 'real' insights to transcend the 'fake' judgements and 'false' beliefs.

With this constant inner connection, I have grown spiritually in all my roles (student, software engineer etc.); and my mindful awareness has grown too.

** Chitra Lele happens to be a young software engineer, solution architect, record - setting author, award-winning poet, thinker and research scholar...*

Apart from developing software solutions based on ethically - aligned and designed principles, she's pursuing her higher studies in computer science. She's also an academic author and peace ambassador. Her publications include : scholarly articles, research papers, poetry anthologies, academic and reference books. Some of her books are : English Language ; The Gateway to Global Growth, Organisational Democracy , Collaborative Team Culture, Holy Hues, Ignite the Inner Spark etc.

No doubt her work, research and books will add great value to all spheres of life.



SPIRITUALITY IN AMERICAN LITERATURE



Celina Rose Mariotti
Shelton, USA

Since the 19th century, American authors have included somehow and somewhere in their books, something of religion.

Authors like the famous Mark Twain injected humor but at the same time reflected the spirit and culture of our nation. In his autobiography, he speaks of different clergymen he was friends with especially when he lived in Hartford, Connecticut. One of them was a clergyman named Joseph Twichell who was a good friend of Mark Twain's. Twain's neighbor was Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin, a signature novel of the plight and sinfulness of slavery in America. One of her main characters, a child named Eva seems to represent God and the angels. In the story of Uncle Tom's cabin, Uncle Tom, his wife and children are being sold. Uncle Tom ends up on a river boat that sails down the Mississippi River. Uncle Tom meets and becomes friends with a young white girl named Eva. While on the ship, Uncle Tom saves Eva from drowning. The little girl who was about six years old begs her father to buy Tom. Eva's father buys Uncle Tom from a slave trader and Uncle Tom goes to Mr. St. Clare's home in New Orleans with his family. Eva is very angelic. She loves everyone and everyone is touched by her. Eva becomes very ill and before she dies she gives a lock of her hair to the slaves so that they will see each other in Heaven. These kinds of characters often appeared in 19th century American literature. Because our country was founded on Christian beliefs, and most of the writers of the 19th century were all Christians. So their deep faith in the Lord was sewn into their stories. It was part of their everyday life. That can also be said of 20th century American writers as well as 21st century writers. Because of all the different people in our country now, many writers in America reflect their own culture and religious beliefs in the books they write.

Mark Twain really had a way with words. In the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn", he tells the story of an orphan named Huck Finn who befriends with a runaway slave named Jim. Huck who is homeless and has bad habits like lying and stealing, finds love and acceptance for the first time in his life. Religion often ties in with superstition. In the book, Jim and Huck are

superstitious. A matter about birds in the book ties in with superstition. Superstition is woven into our Christian-Judeo society, here in America.

Here is an excerpt from "Adventures on Huckleberry Finn" where Jim is superstitious that the birds mean death. In America, if birds are found in a chimney or in the eaves on the porch it portends that someone in that house will die.

"Some young birds come along, flying a yard or two at a time and lighting. Jim said it was a sign it was going to rain. He said it was a sign when young chickens flew that way, and so he reckoned it was the same way when young birds had done it. I was going to catch some of them, but Jim wouldn't let me. He said it was death. He said "his father laid mighty sick once; and some of them caught a bird, and his old granny said his father would die, and he did."

Nathaniel Hawthorne though he didn't belong to any formal religion, his stories were about the evil in humankind. And in his writings he did reflect religious thinking. Nathaniel Hawthorne and Herman Melville were good friends and Melville dedicated "Moby Dick" to Hawthorne.

The House of Seven Gables is somewhat based on Nathaniel Hawthorne's family and life. His ancestor, Judge John Hathorne, (Nathaniel changed the spelling of his last name) was the Judge at the Salem trials. He sentenced men to be hanged for witchcraft. A curse was placed on the family which carried down to Nathaniel. With his story of "The House of Seven Gables", Hawthorne sought to reveal the truth. He was most centered on the truth of the human heart and the truth about himself.

The story of the "House of Seven Gables". Is about the Pyncheon family. A recluse named Hepzibah decides to join the real world. Her cousin, Judge Jaffrey is the reincarnation of her ancestor Colonel Pyncheon who was a wealthy, powerful man who wanted some of the acres that belonged to Matthew Maule. Using his power to get the land, he had Maule hanged as a witch. Maule died cursing the Pyncheon family. Maule's son Thomas built a mansion on the site of the Maule cottage for Colonel Pyncheon.. But on the day the House of Seven Gables opened, Colonel Pyncheon was found strangled to death. Judge Jaffrey was a cold and relentless man and years back he had committed a crime. The House of Seven Gables is a tale of mystery but the spirituality in it, is how evilness in the Pyncheon

family locked them in a cycle of loneliness. It is a tale of the weaknesses of people when they have power and abuse other people. But they do suffer for their evil doings.

Another well-known New England author of the 19th century was Henry Wordsworth Longfellow. His father, Steven Longfellow told the young Henry that he would have to have some kind of substantive job as he wouldn't make much money with his writing. Funny that what was true for writers in the 19th century in America, is still true here in the 21st century. The life of a writer can be a hard one and a lot of people don't relate to what us writers like to do and how we spend our time. We all have had to work hard to achieve our goals, and for most of us it took a lot of years.

Longfellow's father wanted him to be a lawyer like he was. Longfellow decided to be a professor. But his greatest desire was to be a poet. And he wrote many beautiful, lyrical poems.

In his work, "Evangeline", he includes some of his religious beliefs. Longfellow was a Unitarian, so he had a broad Christian view and tolerated all faiths. He especially had a worship of nature and that is very evident in "Evangeline". He writes about the Catholic Church in "Evangeline" in his depiction of the priest who guides Evangeline throughout the story. Longfellow's setting of Nova Scotia in "Evangeline" and his descriptions depict an image of Heaven.

The young lovers are somewhat like an Adam and Eve from the Bible setting out to wander North America. So, he is yet another American author of the 19th century to bring spirituality in American literature and, his poem "The Slave's Dream" is much more adored across the world. He has put Upanishadic thought of soul (brahma) in his trendsetter poem based on spirituality.

One of the most outstanding poets and writers of the 19th century was Ralph Waldo Emerson. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts on May 25, 1803. He studied at Harvard and was a teacher. But afterwards, he became a minister. He didn't remain a pastor for very long. When his nineteen-year old wife died of tuberculosis in 1831, he wasn't able to give the sacrament of Communion. So he resigned as a preacher and he sailed off to Europe. In Europe he met up with the Scottish writer, Thomas Carlyle. Carlyle had his own philosophy; and he despised hypocrisy and materialism. He believed in the individualism. Emerson developed his own philosophy.

Emerson's philosophy was to challenge traditional thought. He became an advocate of

"Transcendentalism". In his time, he was known as the "Sage of Concord", (Concord, Massachusetts). Emerson's first book, "Nature" was on the subject of "Transcendentalism". He also wrote essays. One of his well-known works is "Essays First and Second Series (1841-44). Some of his other works include "Poems", "Representative Men", "The Conduct of Life" and many others.

Here is an excerpt from his poem, "Fable":

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel
And the former called the latter "Little Prig"
Bun replied
"You are doubtless very big
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together

As with most writers of his time, his poems were about nature. About the universe and the beauty around us. He wrote with his own intuition.

Here is an excerpt from "Song of Nature":

Mine are the night and morning,
The pits of air, the gulf of space,
The sportive sun, the gibbous moon
The innumerable days
I hid in the solar glory
I am dumb in the pealing song,
I rest on the pitch of the torrent,
In slumber I am strong.

Here nature itself is speaking of the world we live in and the wonderful gift it is.

Emerson had great role in spreading spirituality in American literature.

One of our most well-known celebrated poets of the 19th century American writers was Walt Whitman. One of his most famous poems is "O Captain ! My Captain !" a tribute to President Abraham Lincoln.

Here is some information on Walt Whitman and his life:

Walt Whitman was a poet, journalist and a lover of freedom. He was born in the town of Huntington in Long Island, New York. Walt Whitman went to work as a printer and a journalist. He worked for the Brooklyn Eagle. But because of his belief in "free soil", they would not make him an editor. So he packed up and traveled to New Orleans to work on the newspaper Crescent. When his book "Leaves of Grass", which was a tribute to America came out, Ralph Waldo Emerson gave him a great review. But most part of his book wasn't widely received. Whitman worked as a war correspondent and a government clerk. He died at his home in Camden, New Jersey in 1892.

He worked for eleven years in the hospitals in Washington, DC. He never made much money at any of his jobs. His meager salary and whatever

royalties he had, he used to take care of his widowed mother and invalid brother. He also sent money to the people he nursed. He was always busy working at his writing, composing new poems. Many of his writer friends sent him money.

Here is an excerpt from his poem "Excelsior" published in his book, "Leaves of Grass":

Who has gone farthest?
for I would go farther
And who has been just?
for I would be the most just
Person of the earth.
And who most cautious?
for I would be more cautious
And who has been happiest?
O I think it is—I think
no one was ever happier than I.

Here is an excerpt from his Poem "O Captain! My Captain!":

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman was a charitable, caring, kind soul who was often misunderstood. His love for America and for mankind is unparalleled.

One of the outstanding writers of America in the 20th century was John Cheever. His stories were about middle-class America and they were moralistic. He exhibited in his books people's faults, fears, lies, and bad behavior. In his story, "The Enormous Radio", he portrays a fall from innocence much like the story in the Bible when Eve gave Adam the Forbidden Apple and they were expelled from the Garden of Eden.

Another great poet and writer was Robert Frost. He was born in San Francisco in 1874. When he was eleven-years old, his family moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts. A young Robert Frost took an interest in reading and writing poetry when he was in high school. He went to Dartmouth College in New Hampshire in 1892 and Harvard, but he never earned a degree. He had an assortment of occupations. He married Elinor Miriam White in 1895 and she was a source of inspiration for a lot of his poetry. They moved to England where he became influenced by many of the contemporary British poets of the time. He published two collections of poetry while he lived in England. He returned to America in 1915.

His work was never simple. He was interested in truth more than logic. He wrote about rural life as he was a farmer. President Kennedy

asked Robert Frost to read one of his poems at Kennedy's Inauguration. President Kennedy once said of Robert Frost: "He has bequeathed his nation a body of imperishable verse from which Americans will forever gain joy and understanding".

The first stanza of his poem "The Road Not Taken" is the following:

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth

The last stanza of his poem, "Stopping in the Woods on a Snowy Evening" is:

The woods are lovely dark and deep
But I have promises to keep
And miles to go before I sleep
And miles to go before I sleep

His poems exemplify his way of looking at life. A philosophical, religious view. In "The Road Not Taken" he talks of a traveler faced with a fork in the road and which road to take. As in life, we are faced with many choices, which one is the right one for us to choose. What does God have in store for us?

In the poem, "Stopping in the Woods on a Snowy Evening", a traveler comes upon a farm on a snowy evening which looks very inviting. He contemplates what he should do. He decides he has a lot to do, "But I have promises to keep". Promises he's made in life that he intends to keep like so many of us. "And miles to go before I sleep", he has a lot more walking to do to reach his destination. And in life we have much to do before we see a dream come true.

Another great American author, playwright, short story writer and screenplay writer, was William Faulkner, who hailed from Mississippi. His works are how he saw life in the South, the racism that went on. He used his conscious to show what people were like in the South and their way of life.

Faulkner's first published story was "A Rose for Emily". It's one of the most famous stories written by an American. One of his most well-known books is "The Sound and the Fury". In 1949, he won the Nobel Prize for Literature and he was the first person from the state of Mississippi to ever win one.

Many of his stories were emotional, complex and sometimes Gothic. He wrote of the poor, white Southerners, the former slaves, the working-class Southerners and the aristocrats.

The spirituality in this story is through the pain and sorrow of its characters and the faith of Dilsey.

There are many American writers of the past and present who have spirituality in their books.

Some of those writers are Luanne Rice, Catherine Marshall, Jan Karon, Dannielle Steele and even Taylor Caldwell.

American writers have always used spirituality in some form: religion, mythology, nature, and emotions.

Footnote: Some of the research for this article came from Wikipedia, the online encyclopedia. Some research came from the actual books. And some came from the website, poets.org etc.

BLISSFULLY REBORN

*Chitra Lele
London (U.K.)

The ambrosial landscape flaunts
acacia
in full bloom,
Bursting the heavily laden molecules
of gloom
To bond the globules
of inherent goodness
cohesively,
Resulting in the dense mass of ennui
evaporating.
The third eye flashes idyllic visions :
a feast for many - a - sense,
infusing unswerving temerity, for all
challenges to face.
Sullen thoughts evaporate into thin
air,
Disappear into the horizon of a
promising future.
The realms of sanctity
don a mesmerising dewy look
Impregnating the mind with an
altruistic outlook,
And build the ingenuously
strong wall of immunity
To protect mental nacre
with a mackintosh of profundity.
The overwhelmingly unfathomable
cosmos
Showering droplets of unhindered
reverie across
Heralds the coming of a new
resplendent dawn
And transforms life into pristine
paradise,
blissfully reborn.



* Chitra Lele happens to be a young software engineer, solution architect, record - setting author, award-winning poet, thinker and research scholar ...

Apart from developing software solutions based on ethically-aligned design principles and pursuing her higher studies in computer science, she's also an academic author and peace ambassador. Her publications include : scholarly articles, research papers, poetry anthologies and academic and reference books. Some of her books are : English Language; The Gateway to Global Growth, Organisational Democracy, Collaborative Team Culture, Holy Hues, Ignite the Inner Spark etc.

No doubt her work, research and books will add great value to all spheres of life.

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A DISEASE IS NOT A DISEASE

By Harekrushna Mahanta, IWA,
Editor, Eternity



Sadguru Shivkumar Shastri always says : "A disease is not a disease, but the affect of our fear, misconception, superstition and indisciplined ways of life." But the common men of this planet who

believe that medicine only can cure disease hardly agree with the philosophy that a person gets cured always with the help of the Inner Self. The medicine infect just helps awakening and arising the power of immunity that lies within to protect the body. It just helps enhancing positive essence and will power that cure diseases.

It indeed needs spiritual knowledge to understand the mystery of upkeeping sound health within human body.

Who is the master of body ?

The soul lying dormant within the body (the inner self) is the creator and master of body.

Generally, it is said : Body is the temple (home) of God.

What is the Soul ?

It is the part and parcel of the Almighty God.

But people never realise its real essence. They never ask the master of the body (the soul) to take care and protect the body from outside elements and enemies. And, no one asks the inner self about the creation and existence of corona virus for which the world is so much frightened of. It is because to convey our message and wishes to the Soul (the Inner Self), we need to meditate and follow spiritual ways of life which generally is ignored and neglected by materialistic minded people of today. And, the result is the disease called COVID-19; and its outcome like : Locked Downs and Shut Downs followed by untold agonies, losses and helplessness amongst humans across the world.

Let's ask this simple question to ourselves : "Is the corona virus more powerful than the soul, the manifestation of the Almighty God ? If we are sons and daughters of God, why is

this sort of epidemic spread in this planet by Him ? Have we committed some shortcomings ... ? Why our God, our Father punished us, His own creations ?

It's our moving away from spiritual essence; our pride for science, medicine and medical sciences. Our laziness and waywardness have given birth to such diseases. And, it's our ignorance that keeps people in panic and fear. Fear leads to loss of immunity power within body. And, this exactly is happening amongst people.

But wise people blessed with spiritual knowledge very well know that disease itself like death has no strength. Our lack of knowledge, our fear from ignorance make us helpless, weak and lead us unto disease, harassment and ultimately death. No doubt, this is our ignorance on true spirituality across the world. If WHO (World Health Organisation) follows this path of real spirituality, our planet can be saved and sustained. Or else, it surely shall face a disastrous consequence.

We are not masters in this earth, but guests. We must not forget it. Depending on science and medicine has become a total failure.

But where Science fails, Spirituality wins.

But unfortunately, World Health Organisation (WHO) goes on spreading negative news and fears in this world. Fear Virus is being spread across the world. Our world is heading on a sheer wrong path. The global media is preaching panic at the behest of the Governments of different nations.

In the age of Ramayan and Mahabharata we know how sages and saints visit the kings to guide them at the period of crisis. But alas ! So called Spiritual Gurus have been selfish. They lack sincerity in meditation and spiritual essence. They have no such seriousness in practice of pranayam (meditation and yoga through respiration), swaddhay (self retrospection), dhyana (meditation) and samadhi (super consciousness). They have been billionaires and their main concern is money; but not to unleash spiritual power and its real essence. Now a days we've no sages like : Vyas, Valmiki, Viswamitra, Vrigu, Manu, Parashar, Buddha, Mahavir, Vivekananda, Goswami Tulsidas, Kabir, Shivkumar Shastri and Dayananda Saraswati etc. Then who will guide and advice the WHO or the Heads of Governments ? Thus, for no reason people have been facing untold agonies and problems across the world. No doubt, it's a fact that this disastrous

state of our planet can be averted through Spiritual Knowledge; and its ways of life.

Never by locked downs, shut downs and by spreading panic and fear. Because this way immunity power of humans is being destroyed every day.

The media should stop preaching fear and venom about disease time and again. Disease is never stronger than life. Positive Essence is necessary through which Japan has conquered Covid-19.

Unless the WHO (World Health Organisation), Geneva follows this truth preached by Adi Muniswar Yogeshwar Shiv Kumar Shastri, no science nor medicine can save humanity from the menace of this so called epidemic.

Let us see when this world will follow the path shown by Eternity ... ? The more the physicians, more medicine ... more the diseases.

But this world goes on waiting for vaccines and medicines to cure this world from the epidemic called Covid-19. And, side by side it goes on spreading fear and panic.

Without Positive Thinking can one be cured? Whatever we think, our body cells change accordingly. Unfortunately in

India and the rest of the world, the print media, electronic media and social media go on preaching the dangers of corona and its bad affects all day long each day throttling any good development and gracious thoughts. In this way, the global masses are moving on the negative trends, opposite to remedy and cures.

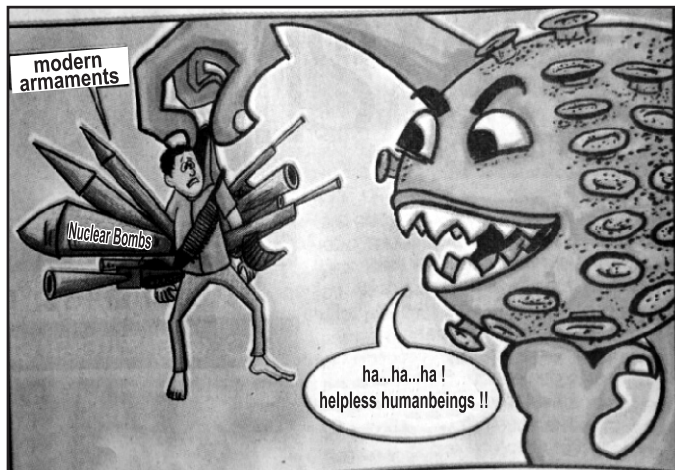
Our Sadguru says that politicians and religious gurus are never to be believed and trusted. But these leaders and politicians now have become the guides, philosophers, physicians and masters of the nations. And, they have been misguiding and befooling people. They go on frightening common people in the name of Covid-19 and Corona Virus. And, the corona restrictions go on troubling people for months together. Like Raja Rao's novel The "Serpent and the Rope", people now get

frightened of the diseases. They through their ignorance think that the rope - like - disease is as dangerous as a serpent. And, today religious gurus are silent because they lack true spiritual knowledge.

A disease is never strong before a person with spiritual essence. It's as ordinary as a rope. But a person forgets the power of the inner self and is getting terribly frightened of diseases. That's something uncalled for. Our body is the manifestation of our soul. There exist natural arrangements to protect the body from dangerous diseases, viruses or any outside dangerous elements But our medicine and various restrictions stop this natural care and arrangements of our body and help inviting different diseases. Corona Virus is like that. But it's been growing through the wrong handling; and by panic and fear.

If all such preaching through media and

newspapers stop; and people are allowed to take care of themselves, everything gradually will become alright. Sadguru Shivmuni narrates his childhood restrictions with food. Diseases came to him in new forms. His parents became exhausted and thought that their beloved



child would die. So they stopped all restrictions, medicine and food. But as a result, the child took food as he liked, became free and joyful. Very strangely, all his diseases vanished. He got fully cured. His health too got developed.

Similarly, see how a bull is strong, healthy, happy and well-built in comparison to an ox. First one is free, but the later is in bondage with various restrictions. So when restrictions will be over, people will realise about their inner strength, inner self and spiritual essence, ... no disease can frighten humans in this planet?

Will World Health Organisation (WHO) agree with this philosophy of Eternity for welfare of humankind?



POETRY FROM INDIA AND ABROAD ...

MERELY EXPRESSIONS

Dr. Mahasweta Chaturvedi
Editor, Mandakini
Bareilly (U.P.)

Pain and sufferings
Are merely expressions.
Being an atheist,
You are increasing
the depression.
Problems can be solved
Through intense devotion.
Believing in God,
Is not merely emotion
When the boat of life is battered,
By the stormy waves of the
obstacles.
Imparting the pilot of wisdom,
Who exhibits the miracle ?
Let us ask our Master.
To grant us sound intellect.
By pure mind & Sincere faith.
We can see the light of the Almighty.



APOSTLE OF EARS

* Ananta Kumar Giri



Apostasy
Apostle of Fear
Where are Apostles of Ears
Marching in the Name
of Kingdom of God,
Ram Rajya—Kingdom of Rama
Banishing Sita and
Killing Shambuka
On the Way
Sacrificing Innocents as Lambs.
Where are your tears ?
Where are your Ears?

[Pope Francis uses the phrase of Apostle of Ears in his book On Mercy. I dedicate this to Pope Francis and other sadhakas and sadhikas of this anxiety-ridden and apathetic world of ours. Bangalore, September 4, 2017]
*He is a Professor at Madras Institute of development studies, Chennai. As a prolific author, writer, thinker and poet, he has delivered lectures in various universities of the world.



Eternity International Organization Founded by Harekrushna Mahanta, IWA publishes Eternity International Magazine (Bhubaneswar, New Delhi and Mumbai) organized an International Literary festival at Idcol Auditorium, Bhubaneswar on December 16, 2018 ...

ଆନ୍ତର୍ଜାତୀକ ସାହିତ୍ୟ ଉତ୍ସବ ଉଦ୍‌ଯାପିତ

ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର, ୧୩/୧୨/୧୯/୧୯୯୯/୧୯୯୯/୧୯୯୯:
ଦେଶର ଅନ୍ତର୍ଭାଗୀୟ ସମାଜ, ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର
ତରଫରୁ ଗତ ଉଦ୍‌ଯାପିତ ଉତ୍ସବର ଉଦ୍‌ଯାପନ
ଅତିଥିମାନଙ୍କୁ ଏକ ଅନ୍ତର୍ଜାତୀକ
ସାହିତ୍ୟୋତ୍ସବ ଆୟୋଜନ କରାଯାଇଛି। ଏଥିରେ
ମୁଖ୍ୟ ଅତିଥି ଭାବେ ଡ. ରାଜ ମାଲତ୍ରା,
ପ୍ରଫୁଲ୍ଲ ଶର୍ମା, କମଳା ଦେବେନ୍ଦ୍ର କରକେଳ,
ବିକ୍ରାନ୍ତ ଦିଗ୍‌ବୀରଙ୍କ ଏବଂ ସରୋଜିନୀ
'ପୋଏଟ୍ରୀ ଏବଂ କଳା'ର (ପିଲ୍ଡା) ସୋଡ
ଦେଇଥିଲେ। ସମ୍ମାନିତ ଅତିଥି ଭାବେ
ମାଲତ୍ରାଙ୍କର ବିଶିଷ୍ଟ କବି ଡ. ଅମିନୁର ରହମାନ
(ଦକା), ଦେବଦତ୍ତ ଶତପଥୀ କବି ସତ୍ୟେଶ୍ୱର
କେଶରୀଙ୍କ ଓ ପ୍ରଭାତ ପ୍ରଭାତୀ (କାଠମାଣ୍ଡୁ),
'ବିଲ୍ ବକ' ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ପଢ଼ିବାର ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଥିବ।
ଏହାସହ ଦେଶର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସାହିତ୍ୟିକ,
'କେହିପୁର' ଇତ୍ୟାଦି ପଢ଼ିବାର
ସମ୍ଭାବନା ଥିବ। ଅନ୍ତର୍ଜାତୀକ
ନେତା କବି ଡ. ବାଲକୃଷ୍ଣ କରକେଳ,
(କୋଟାପୁର), ତଥା ପୁରୀର
ତଥା ସମାଜିକ କର୍ମୀ, ମୁମ୍ବାଇ
ଦେଇଥିଲେ। ସତ୍ୟେଶ୍ୱର କବି,
କେଶରୀ ଓ ମାଲତ୍ରାଙ୍କ
ଦେଇଥିଲେ। ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସାହିତ୍ୟର
ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦେଶକ କମଳା ମହାନ୍ତିଙ୍କ
କାର୍ଯ୍ୟକ୍ରମରେ ଉଦ୍‌ଯାପନ
କରାଯାଇଥିଲା। ଦିନିକି
କେଶରୀ ତଥା ସମାଜିକ କର୍ମୀ
କେଶରୀ ତଥା ସମାଜିକ କର୍ମୀ
କେଶରୀ ତଥା ସମାଜିକ କର୍ମୀ

The news of International Literary Festival organized by Eternity International Organization, Bhubaneswar was published in the daily Odia newspaper, **Nitidin** from Bhubaneswar.
Dr. Rita Malhotra, President of Poetry Across Culture, New Delhi, Poet Dr. Aminur Rahman (Dhaka), Poets Santosh Pokhrel and Subash Parajuli (Kathmandu), Dr. M.S. Venkatramaiah, Editor, Bizzbuzz (Bangalore), Dr. Arabind Choudhury, Editor, Kohinoor (Patna), Poet Dr. Birabhadra Karkidholi (Gangtok) and Namrata Chadha (Former Women Commission Chairman, Odisha) graced the august literary festival held on Dec. 16, 2018....

Mayurbhanj's Legendary Leader

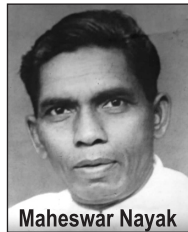
* Umesh Ch. Nayak

Although he remains almost unintended he enlightens his birth land, and his advent at Galusahi, a unknown hamlet, as if at Goddess Kichakeswari's behest ...



From a rural village boy - poor, neglected and coy Maheswar Nayak became a legendary leader - an M.P., a philanthropist and a Minister.

The soil of Mayurbhanj became proud when there the ashes of Mahatma Gandhi reached... The water of the holy Baitarani became more pure and holy...



With this great son of several virtues, his life - stories are now legends. His poems like Gangadhar Meher are so much blended with metaphor.

May his soul rest in peace.
Let's recall his words, his essence.
May he inspire us from God's land.
May his memory be written in gold.

(Translated by Harekrushna Mahanta)

* Seventy Six year old Umesh Chandra Nayak is a great philanthropist, writer, poet, social activist, organiser and a great son of India.

His father Purna Chandra Nayak was a visionary leader and a great thinker of Sukruli. His mother, Saraswati Nayak was a religious and pious woman. And, both influenced the life and philosophy of Sri Nayak who happens to be a relative and admirer of Legendary Leader, Maheswar Nayak on whom he has composed this poem.

Sri Umesh Nayak has been associated with great writers like : Gopinath Mohanty, Mohapatra Nilamani Sahu, Santanu Acharya, Radhamohan Gadnaik and Asit Kabi etc.

He is instrumental in making many Literary Institutions at Khariar Road, Keonjhar, Badbil and Baripada.

Although born in a small village called Galusahi near Sukruli, his social literary and cultural activities were seen in Bhubaneswar and Cuttack too. He has been helping many literary magazines and activities in his home district Mayurbhanj. Even in this old age he is seen busy with various social activities.

Now, he is the founder President of Maa Kichakeswari Sahitya Samaj, Sukruli in Mayurbhanj district of Odisha. He has retired as Sub-Divisional Engineer, Tele Communication Department, Keonjhar Division, Odisha.

DESTINY

*Saumya Saraswata Panda
Bhubaneswar, India

This was her chance,
To lose her destiny
She lost it, barely lost it
No chance to regain !
But she strives,
To get it back again
A ray of hope,
Still with her
Because her beliefs
are with her
Her work is with her.



Lord is there, to held her hands
To pull her out, from the dry land,
The desert, towards the greenery
Towards the moonlit night,
from the dark jungle
Of the Tropic of Cancer.

Ah, a lost destiny !
Can you defeat her ?
Can you break her ?
No, she thinks,
you can't
Because the power, who made us,
the Almighty
Watches everything, judge everything
Inside her heart, in her breath,
in her work.

*A reputed writer, poet and columnist in Odia, she is at present the Asst. Professor at Naxatra Institute of Media Studies in Bhubaneswar.

To find God you must know how to love not God, but the human beings around you: the trees, the flowers, the birds. Then, when you know how to love them, you will really know what it is to love God.

- J. Krishnamurti

Poetry From India & Abroad :

THE INDIAN WAY



***Jayanta Mahapatra**
Cuttack, Odisha

The long, dying silence of the rain
over the hills
opens one's touch,
a feeling for the soul's substance,
as for the opal neck
spiralling the inside of a shell.

We keep calm ; the voices move.
I buy you the morning's lotus.

We would return again and again
to the movement
that is neither forward nor backward,
making us
stop moving, without regret.

You know :
I will not touch you, like that
until our wedding night.

*Born on 22nd October, 1928 at Cuttack, Jayanta Mahapatra is a major Indian English poet. He is the first Indian poet to win Sahitya Academy Award for English poetry. He's the author of popular poems like : Indian Summer & Hunger that are regarded as classics in Modern Indian English Literature. Mr. Mahapatra is the undoubted benchmark in Indian English poetry tradition. He's a poet of landscape ; and his poems are a kind of search for peace in the natural essence.

Most of his important collection of poems include : Close the Sky Ten by Ten (1971), *Svayamvara* and Other Poems(1971), A Father's Hours (1976), A Rain of Rites (1976), Waiting (1979), The False Start (1980) and Relationship (1980) etc.

A finest poet of Indian English Literature, he's been awarded with a Padmasri.

His poems mostly talk about the grim realities of India apart from its geographical beauty.

PUT MY JOY DOWN IN RHYME



Najwa Salam Brax
New York, USA

When a miracle occurs,
I put the free glee in rhyme.
My heart waltzes with light.
His teachings exalt my virtue.
Like a butterfly led to the most magical
Flower, I follow him, witness his power
in the hope to get my soul drifted
on the new road- Daheshism.
He eases my hunger for knowledge,
drifts me back into birthing
and hugging dreams, speaks my mind,
reveals my hope and rescues me
from dangers, this prophet, my Beloved
Guide whose miracles are art eternal itself.
I wage against the dark side of mine
and put my joy down in rhyme.

NO TOURNIQUET ON SOUL

Annalee Wade
Idaho, USA

The microphone becomes a rose
when she presses it against her chest.
Invisible thorns pierce her heart
and release a gusher of pain
to surge up her throat :
"Too late my brothers, too late,
but never mind"
The congregation swoons, gasps for air
as sister's voice bleeds into the organ music
and floods the tiny church
"All my trials, Lord, soon be over."
Confined in stained glass
Moses watches his children
flounder in a red sea of emotion.

NOSTALGIA



AMINUR RAHMAN
Dhaka, Bangladesh

I hear the jingle of chains
and lose myself continuously
in the never ending clinking
Intense pungency of old tobacco
makes me dizzy
Again euphoria touches my soul.

I hear the jingle of chains
and feel invisible through
my heart and soul
I humble myself like many
I crave to rise above the darkness
But again lose myself
into a deep unconsciousness

I hear the jingle of chains
I look for them amidst the clattering
Brace myself to face them
they hit me with larger vigour
feel the breath through the backbone

I hear the jingle of chains
I see myself reflected in the faces
covered with bloody coffin
In the pebbles hidden by earth
and I tremble with fear
And collapse while retreating
words approached me as a shackle
And fasten my two hands
clattering of the chain goes
and goes into a gradual wane.

I hear the jingle of chains!!

Dr. Aminur Rahman was born in Dhaka, Bangladesh in 1966 and graduated with an M.Pharm. At present, he is considered to be one of the most well known poets in abroad from Bangladesh. He has published six collections of poems in Bengali. His work has been translated in more than twenty five languages and has 4 poetry books in English, 4 books in Spanish, 2 in German, Japanese, Mongolian (chapbook), Arabic, Chinese, Bahasa Malay and Russian languages. He is a renowned writer and art critic. So far, he has translated twelve books of poetry and edited few poetry magazines and books including SAARC Anthology of poems and short stories. He has represented Bangladesh in the Poetry Festivals in Colombia, Malaysia, Mongolia, India, Iraq, Japan, Sri Lanka, Spain & Nicaragua. He was Awarded Chingghish Khaan Gold Medal (2006), Heaven Horse Award (2015) in Mongolia, Numera World Award of Letters (2016) in Malaysia, Contribution Award for International Poetry (2016) in Taiwan.

SUNRISE AT PURI

***Yudhisthir Mohanta**
Karanjia (Odisha)

Like a ball of fire
the sun rises here
from blue, sublime water
of the Bay of Bengal ...
The whole surroundings
mesmerized and tinged.
The enchanting hue
captivating the horizon
amidst dancing waves.
Visitors gazing
at Lord Jagannath
there in Puri -
the holy abode of the God ;
the endless sea
by the side ...
Sunrise and Sunset
are great feasts
for human eyes
here at Puri's
beautiful beaches.



*Headmaster of Sialjoda High School, Keonjhar district (Odisha), Yudhisthir Mohanta also is a poet at heart. He too is well known as an orator and thinker.





REFUGE

Nandita Samanta
Kolkata, India

The kohl-lined hazel eyes
in an askance traces the sea
every dawn and the sunset
-in them, a fixed horizon set.

In between this second and the next
there's half a moment
to escape to an abstruse infinity
with a raw desire of wonting in candidness

just in case set free from the hoop
have something to hold on to
between yesterday and today
before the sorrow in her being
permanently set in.

She'd keep one sweet memory
in a fervent order in the heart
declining thousand random favours
and many doubtful whispers of trust.

Of the many possibilities
one chosen in naivety
left no threshold to hold
along the jaggedly eaten shorelines of time.

She keeps walking for miles
on the bony shells of erstwhile
one ebbing wave to pull
into the kohl darkness; and-
her inner turbulence meld with the sea.

Nandita Samanta by passion is a poet, a short story writer, a reviewer and an artist. She practices as a parenting and relationship advisor. Her writings are published regularly in many national and international anthologies, newspapers, magazines, webzines and journals. Many of her poems have been translated into different languages. Her poetry collection : 'Scattered Moments' finds a place of honour in many prestigious libraries in Kolkata, and has also been translated into French and Bengali; and are to be published soon. The publication of 'The Trapeze Of The Mind', her next compilation is in progress.

SELF REALISATION

Harekrushna Mahanta
IWA



Like an oasis in a desert
spirituality is so soothing,
so sweet
an essence for mankind
blended with the
blessings splendid.
It's an impact of our age old
philosophy ;
humility, sincerity and sublimity ;
the influence of saints and sages -
their divine influences.

Vyas, Valmiki, Buddha and Mahabir
Sadguru Shivmuni, Vivekananda and
Kabir...

Emerson, Tolstoy and Confucius ;
Mahatma Gandhi, Martin Luther and
Socrates -

all spiritually manifested this planet
and its environment ...

What is needed utmost ?
To follow it, becoming strict
for all of us dwelling in our planet.

It must be followed sincerely
with sheer sanctity.
No colour prejudice, no caste
discrimination;
but to think being human.
Inspite of onslaught of materialism,
rush for name and fame,
wealth and affluence ;
people adore the significance
of the inward journey
through meditation and inner joy
by self retrospection,
and ascent divine.

Look now at Corona Restrictions
Covid 19 sufferings.
Where gone our strength of science,
its pride and prejudice... ?
No medicine, no physician;
but our inner self,
its halo and strength
can keep us healthy and blissful,
powerful and joyful.
Nothing else can, never
to discover this for ever.
Our need is self Realisation,
devotion and meditation.

CRITIQUE OF MY POEM IN CLASS



Jeanne Leigh Schuler-Farrell
San Francisco (USA)

They wade through the entrails
in their sturdy Wellingtons.
The fourteen surgeons
encircle my poem
as it lies naked
and exposed
on cotton white sheets.
Flickering fluorescents above
reflect in chromium eyes
that probe
each line and image.
With every turn
of their instruments –
“What is this?”
some new malignancy revealed.
They confer in muffled voices
from behind aseptic smiles.
As one extracts a withered spleen,
another stoops
to salvage a discarded verb
from the miasmatic rubble
beneath his boot.
The minutes pass.
As they finish their dissections
and transplantations,
they shake their heads.
These fourteen surgeons
trudge out in single file,
close the door
and leave me to the autopsy.



Music is the universal language
of mankind ...
poetry their universal
Pastime and delight.

..... Henry Wordsworth Longfellow

THE BUILDERS



Muhammad Shanazar
Rawalpindi (Pakistan)

Who knows what loss do we meet,
When spend moments of the life spoilingly,
And lazily surfeit the mouth of lust,
Turning back to the pure deeds of purity,

The curtain was raised for moments a few,
And I was shown the toiling busy hands,
Whose movements are attached to our deeds,
And was led to the world of sandy soil,
Uneven humps stretched beyond the sight,
Plains un-vegetated, or without forest green,
Neither light nor darkness prevailed the zone.

A region was specified for the work of
construction,
The fresh dug earth lay long in heaps,
Along the trenches of foundations deep,
Some half erect buildings I did see,
The rooms roofless, the yards wide open,
With no walls around, confining the lawns.

A team of labourers I did find resting,
Sitting alert in rows straight and long,
Besides them laid their shovels and pikes,
I was disclosed the mind baffling mystery,
“They are The Builders, move their hands,
When we perform the blessed living deeds,
And they take rest when humanity sleeps”.

Introduction :

Born on November 25, 1960 in Rawalpindi (Pakistan), he is Associate Professor in English. He is an International poet of peace, human values, spirituality and sublimity. He is Ambassador in the World Union of Poets, Italy.

He also is World Icon of Peace, WIP, Nigeria. Dr. Muhammad Shanazar has been bestowed with awards and citations from across the world for his poetry and writeups, and various activities on peace and literature.



WAKE UP - WELL IN TIME

Namrata Chadha
Bhubaneswar, India

Don't wait for others
to be nice,
just be nice.
Nationalism doesn't come
with a rally of Arms.
Or, shouting slogan of Ram,
or loud offering of Arjaan.
Joy and bliss never attain
with chanting
sutras or in Sunday prayers.
But without understanding of fight..
all these societal harms!
May Maa Durga be
with us,
be greeted
with safe and sound..
Not with gender biased,
unsecured and perverted..
Throwing of acids on
innocent faces,
pelting stones on soldiers,
lynching by mob...
slaughtering of cows
never, never be our
dream abode
our Mother India.
Be modern ;
but let us not forget
our culture
of tolerance, of spirituality,
freedom of religious beliefs and practices.
Oh !
Don't you know
communal fights..
always come with high price.
Be wise,
protect our generation
from ongoing vice.
We insane species worship :
Jesus, Buddha, Allah
or Rams.
But destroy killing humans.
Practice what you preach
spread warmness.
Not with cold-blooded vengeance.
Broken promises,
lost dreams depress
mind and
pseudo means leave them for ever.
Have a new start.

Characters in question !
Bodies on sales !
Questioning purity becomes
a cultural cocktail.
Wake up well in time,
Don't wait for others
to be nice.
Just be nice...
Just be nice...



Namrata Chadha

Namrata Chadha happens to be a great thinker,
woman activist and the former Women
Commission Chair-person of Odisha.

NIGHT STORM

Konrad Hopkins
Paisley, Scotland

Night
Assimilates
the cats:
fangs of lightning
gash:
they pounce like thunder
on the rooftops:
pure hate
between heaven and earth,
the rival cats.

I GREW UP IN AN AGE OF POETS

(*Best to meet in poems* – Eunice de Souza)

Arundhathi Subramaniam
Mumbai, India

I grew up in an age of poets
who told me joy
was for cabbages
until I found
that beneath their smoking
empires of sulphur
there lay a shiver
of doubt,
that they wondered,
as I did,
about what it might mean
to be leafy,
to wilt,
to be damaged sometimes
by upstart caterpillars
and still stay green --
chaotically, wetly, powerfully
green.
Now I meet poets
who exchange visiting cards,
are best friends with the dentist,
all dankness deodorised,
their poems cool seashells,
their laughter splintered eggshells,
poets who never seem
to wonder
about cabbages
at all.
Still best to meet in poems.



An Introduction :

Described as 'one of the finest poets writing in India today' (The Hindu, 2010), Arundhathi Subramaniam is an award-winning Indian poet. She is the author of twelve books, of which five are of poetry. Widely translated and anthologised her book, *When God is a Traveller* (2014) was shortlisted for the prestigious T.S Eliot Prize. Her new book of poems *Love Without a Story*, published earlier this year with Westland Amazon, in its second reprint.

As editor her most recent book is the Penguin anthology of medieval Indian sacred poetry, *Eating God*. As prose writer, her books include : *The Book of Buddha*; the bestselling biography of a contemporary mystic, *Sadhguru: More Than a Life*; and most recently, *Adiyogi: The Source of Yoga* (co-authored with Sadhguru).

International awards and fellowships, including the inaugural Khushwant Singh Prize, the Zee Women's Award for Literature, the International Piero Bigongiari Prize in Italy, the Mystic Kalinga Award, the Charles Wallace, Visiting Arts and Homi Bhabha Fellowships, among others. She has written extensively on culture and spirituality, and has worked over the years as poetry editor, cultural curator and critic.

PAPA'S BEDROOM



Namita Nayak
Jagatsinghpur, Odisha

Papa's bedroom has been locked since a pretty long time, since the day he breathed his last in the hospital. Yesterday when I opened the room I found small ant - hills on the decrepit legs of the discoloured almirah. The moth - eaten wooden almirah is still standing. in one corner of his bed - room reminding me of the hide and seek game between me and my brother. The manuscript which papa had prepared for his radio - talk is still placed on the shelf. For papa it was more than emerald, more than pelf. The Phillips radio - set he had purchased from Cuttack with his pension money is leaving against the wall. Cobwebs haven't spared the volumes and the rust - eaten speaker. After returning from school in the evening it was his regular habit to listen to BBC, Radio Dhaka and Bhajans sung by Raghunath Panigrahi, Balakrishna Das and Bhikari Bal. No body has cared to have a look at the old torch which he used when the stray dogs barked at night during unscheduled power - cuts in stormy nights he used the torch to take a glimpse of the coconut and tamarind tree when were swaying in the incessant rain and uncontrolled wind like possessed beings. The Oxford English Dictionary he was consulting

while reading English classics has turned yellow, all its pages now dog - eared. Today as I am browsing through the pages of his old manuscript, his voice reverberates from his bed room like the voice of God. There is no roof over my head, I feel shattered.

HOD of English,
GBM Mahavidyalaya,
Kaduapada, Jagatsinghpur

YOU ARE IN MY POEM

Lopamudra Mishra
Puri, Odisha



You are in my pen
My ink whispers your name,
You are in my pen,
My lines sparkle with your colour,
Each alphabet is aware
of your flavour,
My verse may run from
stiff mountain cliff,
To deep roaring ocean,
I carry your thoughts with
abundance passion,
My feelings are pure
as mountain dew,
So they hide you in puzzles few,
The connection is platonic, and,
Strong is the binding,
I fantasise you while walking,
Running, singing and dancing,
Your gracious presence
enhances my words,
My pledge is to weave
you as a garland in grace.



FOR SOMEBODY

Dr. Niranjan Agarwalla.
Karanja, Mayurbhanj



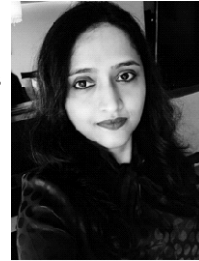
There is everything in you
That I can speak of;
But not of
Your angular gaze
And petal like smile
For it kills me.
I want to forget you
Wipe you out of my memory cells,
And I know I can
Only if you start coming
To my dreams
For nothing is impossible in it.
In fact I like you,
Though not the most
Do not know why
This is not the limit too.
1986.
I like you
But you like me not,
For it doesn't speak
Of your heart .
You can pay me;
But I shall not,
For It may help you -
Mis-understand me.
I can speak to others
But not to you,
For it makes us suspect
In the eyes of others .
I deliberately like you;
For I know-
In love
I will be a failure.
I have a desire to convey it.
Have a pleasure of sharing each other,
But I am sure
I won't;
For I do not want
The society take a chance.



FATE OF STORIES

***Rumpa Ray-Ghosh**
Mumbai, Maharashtra

In the age long voyage of life
Some stories sail smooth,
Lulled by the rhythmic billows
Along the direction of the
drifting waves
They turn into tales
of prediction
Eventually touch
the shore to settle
In the sands of contentment...



Few stories are hit by the tumultuous storm
Hauled windward, losing the course of flow
Inconsistently they skim on the face of ocean
Intensely crave to reach the destination
Doomed to drown in the deluged ripples
In the time to come, such stories
Remain unsettled, incomplete and untold...

*Rumpa Ray-Ghosh is a published poet, content writer, Blogger and a teacher. She's also a trained classical vocal singer. A teacher in St. Thomas School, Mumbai Rumpa publishes her writings on her blog : www.fragmentofimagination.com. She's published the book of poems : *Musical Marvels of Self*.

Also, she happens to be a Sangeet Visharad from Bhatkhande Sangit Vidyapith, Lucknow.

OH, ALMIGHTY GOD BLESS US ALL !

Srikrishna Samal
Srikrishna Nivas
Karanja, Mayurbhanj

Oh, God bless me,
Bless us to all,
That created by you
We are all.
Fire, Forest, Water, Air
And almost all things are
Created by you.
So almighty God, for our faults
Forgive us you.
We should never be lazy,
Never be proud, never be selfish,
We should work for the people
As per their wish.
Oh almighty God bless us all
That, we work to fulfil your will



POETRY FOR ETERNITY



***Bharat Ch. Dash**
Karanjia, Odisha

Eternity is a gift of God..
Whoever disbelieves it,
his life must be in mud.
And, who relies on it,
his life is sure to bloom
just like a lotus bud..

*A writer, orator and research personality he has been awarded by many social, cultural and literary institutions. He is now President of North Odisha Literary Organisation. His books are of great credentials in Odisha.

“TEACHER FOREVER”

***Dr Debasis Bezbaruah**
Guwahati, Assam

I recall the days
When the school-bell
hanging
in a duck's neck
Reminds the passing
of time
The moments that
never return,
Ringing still in heart
While I swim across
The sea of life.
The school classrooms
The treasure of happy knowledge
Teachers taught
The magic skill
To look, to realize
The beauty-bright light of wisdom.
Great are the days
Gallant Gurus
Exotic chants of guiding Geeta,
A name, a philosophy
Blowing across like as a flowing river
There I realize Radhakrishnan
As in every teacher forever.



*A writer, poet & dramatist Dr. Bezbaruah teaches in Guwahati University Institute of North East India Studies (GUINEIS). He also is the author of *Muktakantha*, a masterpiece in Assamese.

YOUTHS AND SPIRITUALITY

***Dr. Bhagabata Lenka**
Karanjia, Odisha

Youth are like baby plants;
needs care and attentions,
for any nation -
America or Japan.
To make youths worthy,
useful and outstanding..
discipline and
single-mindedness
a must..
And that only happens
when youths be spiritual,
adopt path
of meditation and spirituality.



* Principal of R.N. Degree College, Kadadiha, Karanjia, Dr. Lenka is a renowned writer, speaker and an award winning author of many books to his credit. He has been awarded with Tulsi Samman, Pujya Puja Samman, Dr. H.K. Mahtab Memorial Award, Vaniratna Award, Pratibhashree Samman, Friend of Nature (Prakruti Mitra & Prakruti Bandhu Puraskar) Award etc.

(Translated by Harekrushna Mahanta)

TO DEPART IN ONE'S SELF

Pf Kurt F Svatek
Austria

To seek one's self,
to go find one's self
can the wanderer,
still frightened
by old dreams,
only far away from
the big cities.
Step by step
the enemy does not
stay the enemy
and the friend a friend.
Cozy dawn surrounds the hate.
The wanderer hears the rhythms
of the throbbing blood
while warmth pours into the hand,
and safety in the slight of even
an unknown soul
can promise hope on
an ordinary morning.
Life is no longer a vain
search for warmth.
People do not possess each other,
instead they go together
as a flame that passes through
another flame.



AUDIBLE AUDIENCE



Prof. Nandini Sahu
New Delhi (India)

I am a spectator to my own self
as it is uncovered to me
as manifold tensions contrive
a poem
as my self seeps into poetry.

I imprison, then liberate,
the resonance of my soul
and dispense of my soul
and dispense my anatomy
into words.

I write with an impatience
an urge
to witness the heart
poured on a piece of paper !

Poetry makes me
modest, aware
of my own margins;
while I hold
my personae so dear I, too,
become one.

I transcend myself
in the mystifying silences
of rainy eerie nights,
words divulge themselves
to me
in their multiple ragas.
measures, punches
and poetic sense.

Not that I occasionally
do not
open up the hurts
long healed
as I witness
the epic texts are born
by regular retellings.

Monolithic narratives commence
through poetry
through my audible silences.

Today Pf. Nandini Sahu is a major voice in contemporary Indian English Poetry. Her creative output has been widely published in India, U.S.A., U.K., Africa and Pakistan. Her published volumes of Poetry include : *The Other Voice*, *The Silence*, *Silver Poems On My Lips*, *Sukamma And Other Poems*, and *Zero Point* etc. that are trendsetters in the world of Poetry this day. Nandini Sahu's *Sita (A Poem)* is a whole new take on the Indian epic. An edited anthology of women poets titled *Suvarnarekha* is her great tribute to them. At present, she's a Professor of English at the School of Humanities, Indira Gandhi National Open University (IGNOU), New Delhi. Here, she's designed Academic Programs on Folklore and Cultural Studies, Children's Literature and American Literature. Her research interests further include : Pan across Indian Literature, New Literatures and Critical Theory. A serious theoretician and critic, Pf. Sahu has authored/edited volumes like : *Recollection as Redemption* ; *Post - Modernist Delegation to English Language Teaching* ; *The Post Colonial Space : Writing the Self and the Nation* ; *Folklore And The Alternative Modernities (in 2 Vols)*; *Dynamics of Children's Literature.....all titles cumulatively bring out the range of her oeuvre !* In addition, she's also the Chief Editor/ Founder Editor of *Interdisciplinary Journal of Literature and Language (IJLL)*, and *Panorama Literaria*. Both are bi - annual and peer - reviewed journals in English. Indeed, Pf. Nandini Sahu's preoccupation with poetry began very early in her life. Her growth to this height seems unparalleled in the world of literature when we focus at her humble birth in a teacher's family at G. Udaygiri in Kandhamal District of Central Odisha.

The Hon'ble Vice President of India and Hon'ble Vice Chancellor of IGNOU, New Delhi has honoured her on April, 2019 with the coveted Gold Medal for her contribution to English Studies in India. Also, Pf. Sahu has been honoured with Poiesis Award of Honour - 2015 and Shiksha Ratna Puraskar. She too has been bestowed with Buddha Creative Writers' Award. A double gold medalist in English Literature she too won All India Poetry Contest. The Legendary Poet, Nandini Sahu can be further discovered through her website : www.kavinandini.blogspot.in

MY VILLAGE

*Keshab Sigdel

Kathmandu, Nepal

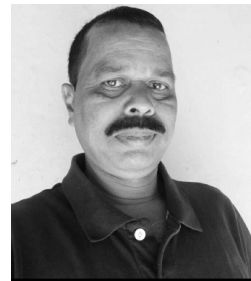


I still remember
There used to be an old
Panasonic radio in our house
That broadcasted everyday
The eulogies of the royal family,
The news about conflicts
in Gaza stripes and Jafna islands
Delays schedules of the flights
To Kathmandu, Tumlingtar,
Pokharan and Jomsom
Price list of vegetables and
fruits in Kalimati outlets
And weather forecast of different places;
But, it never uttered the name of my village
Till the end of the news bulletin.
I was always astonished by these questions:
Is Kathmandu so poor
that we need to keep telling
vegetable rates every day?
Does Kathmandu never follow a time table
that we need to keep repeating
the delay schedules every day?
Is Kathmandu so insensitive
that we need to remind the measurement
of the temperature every day?
But I now realize that the story is otherwise.
My village is like a downcast:
Though few seasonal vegetables
grow in my village
Their prices are never announced
in the radio
No one has to tell our people the chill
of the winters or about the hot wind
These statue-like people in the village
Reached nowhere even living
with acute sensibilities
As if Kathmandu has blocked their movement
with its remote control.
But when they grow impatient
due to irresistible hunger
They themselves declare their schedules
to look for their country in *kalapahad*
These statue-like-people!

* Keshab Sigdel is a poet, translator & editor. His published poetry books include : *Samaya Bighatan* (Dissolution of Time, Kathmandu: 2007), *Six Strings* (co-authored, NWEN: 2012) and *Colours of the Sun* (Poesis, Slovenia: 2017). Editor of *An Anthology of Contemporary Nepali Poetry*, he is the member of the International Coordinating Committee of World Poetry Movement. He works as the Assistant Professor of English at the Central Department of English, Tribhuvan University, Kathmandu.

THE ETERNITY

Arabinda Parida
Bhubaneswar, India



When the lips
Touch the cheeks
Life takes a turn
The bodies remain apart
As usual
The soul unites
Flowers of dream
Start blooming
And the dove
Spreads its wings
Like a butterfly
In each day
Each moment
Death dies
And life enlivened...
The love
Doesn't end
And life travels
Till it attains
The eternity.

An Introduction :

Arabinda Parida is now the Editorial Consultant of Nitidina Odiya newspaper from Bhubaneswar. He is a residential translator of Government of India's Ministry of Information & Broadcasting. He too is a columnist and short story writer.

POETRY IS EVERYWHERE

Leslie Tripathy
Mumbai, India



Life calls
Moon calls
Temples ring bell
God's bless me
Children smile
I get confused
Stars look the same too
Are children stars too?
Even a piece of stone
talks to me
I think of my friends
Ready to make me smile
Angels.. Where are you?
I think of everyone
who dreamt for me
With me
I am wherever you are
Bless me
Fill my body with dreams
Every night I draw a rainbow
with your blessings
You... I.. Our Poetry

WHY DO SPRING FLOWERS BLOOM IN WINTER ?



Yang Yunxia
Chongqing City, China

Why do spring flowers bloom in winter?
The snow is melting
When the wind on branches and twigs
Are waking up while burning

The iron-cast buds, the steel-forged petals
And the eyes bestowed by hawk
Open all of a sudden

A tree of red plum holds fast to the cliff
And shakes off the nightmare
Bursting open boldly to fight
against the wind and snow

To forget is to become sober again
To tolerate is because the fire is not ready
To mention tomorrow and high
wind blow up the hand

Once the petals fall
They will cover all the wild
graves and raven cries

About the Poet :

Yang Yunxia is a poetess in contemporary China. Born in 1976 in Huize, Yunnan province, she is a member of China Film Literature Association and Yunnan Writers Association. She writes poetry, essays, screenplays and lyrics. Her song "Dream Drunk in the Water Village" won the first prize of the Mainland Fifth Song Creation in Yunnan Province. Her poem "Revelation of Spring" was published in "Prose Poetry". Her poems were published in magazines such as : "Shanghai Poets", "The World Poets Quarterly", "Chinese Poets", "Dian Lake". To date, her one million words of literature have been published. She has published essays like: "Anthology of Yang Yunxia", "The Will of a Road", and the poetry collection "Peacock Words" etc. Now her works are in the publicity department of Qujing Economic Development Zone.

SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE

Kallol Choudhury
Hailakandi (Assam)

My lotus-heart yearns
for a place of confluence
where there's spiritual influence.
That's Prayag -
a place of Tribeni Sangam
where three rivers -
Ganga, Jamuna,
Saraswati meet.

We worship and give offerings
at Goddesses' feet.

Also, we do take holy dip there
into sublime and spiritual waters.

We very honestly absolve ourselves of sins.
This holy spot is fortunate

to have some nectar,
may have come after the churning
of the great ocean.

Here gods assemble during every Kumbh
in this edifice of sacred foundations.

Here Lord Brahma made a divine sacrifice.

And, we not to pay any price.

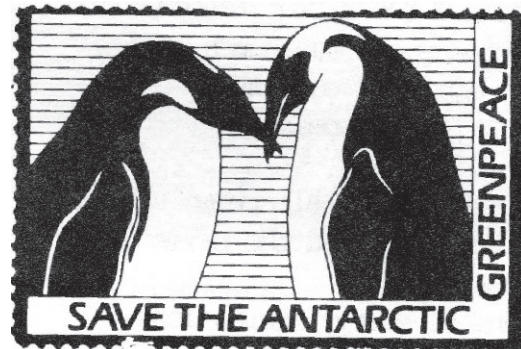
Everyone has desire to come here
even for once.



A brief introduction of the Poet :

Kallol Choudhury is one of the major poets of North-East India. He is the author of six books including one in Bengali, *Tumi Jao Megheder Kachhe*. He's translated Jayanta Mahapatra's Kendra Sahitya Academy Award Winning Poetry Book, "Relationship" into Bengali. And, that trendsetter book in Bengali has been published by Kendriya Sahitya Academy.

One of his Book on folktales has been published jointly by Oxford University Press & India International Centre. His poems, short stories & translations have been published in Oxford Anthology of Writings from North East India, Chandrabhaga, I.I.C. Quarterly, The Statesman, Asian Age and Rastriya Sahara.



MY QUEST FOR YOU

Swati Sulekha
Bhubaneswar, India



I searched for you
in heaven and hell
But could not find
a place where you dwell
My search continued
here and there,
everywhere
But could not get
You anywhere.
Kept on searching,
struggling and battling
Trying consistently and toiling
Still my search
continued here and there,
everywhere.

Went to a Temple,
Church and Mosque
But the Pundit, Father
and Imam could only boast
Of meaningless notions,
ideas and beliefs
Aching my heart and
longing for relief.
Still my search continues
here and there,
everywhere.

Filled with despair,
sat hopelessly
Concentrating on my
'Third Eye' chanted
'OM' endlessly
My inner soul awoke
questioning me silently
'How can you see
things so vaguely ?
I am here, within you,
very near
Why are you searching
elsewhere ?'

Finally I behold myself
with new feelings
I personify myself with
new meanings
My quest for your
heavenly abode came
to a termination
I became awakened and
enlightened, filled
with illumination.

A brief introduction :

Swati Sulekha shares a keen interest in poetry especially on the theme of spirituality. A voracious reader, she's quick witted and a well-travelled person. She believes that literature helps in the building of a sound personality. She thinks poetry is for peace... She's born and brought up in a family of yogi. Her father Bimal Ch. Dixit is a great exponent of Munism in Bhubaneswar.

THE WORD

Goldie Laden Morales
California, USA



The brief recurrent springs stir
in the heart
With all their fire and cold
And breed the sacred Word
as sharp as fear,
Too splendid to behold.
The arts of man are but
a futile search
For that elusive thing
Which trembles in our
kiss and yet evades
The songs we strive to sing.
Our baffled minds in strange
and dreadful awe
Once more attempt to reach
The supernatural Word that
must elude Our most exotic speech.
If music cannot find a voice for it,
Nor poetry explain,
How can I hope to speak the Word for you
And make its meaning plain?

WORSHIP

Tomas Hardiman
Dublin, Ireland

The water-bearer sits in solitude
attending Sunday Mass upon the shore
receiving the life-giving host
through open senses
absorbing in holy reverence
the symphonic smell of seaweed
and the aromatic lapping
of the waves upon the stones
while the song of Lugh
gives strength unto his brittle bones.

INCARNATE



Suparna Ghosh
Toronto, Canada

Then, my wings were light
and copper-toned
and I flew high and travelled far
and sucked nectar from cloud flowers.
That was before my countless births
gave me large wings
with woven diamonds.



FRIEND REQUEST

***Manjushree Mohanta**

When I understand your ascent ,
I accept your friend request.
When our understanding
rules the rust ,
I do accept your friend request.

Like Gangadhar Meher,
the versatile poet
who never saw Indumati,
the introvert ...
and, about her he told
the world
through his poetry "Indumati"
the legend ...



And, yes I too not like to see your facebook;
rather I am in your heartbook.
No need of another book
when there exists the heartbook.

As the ideals of two souls become similar,
friend's request
accepted, friendship starts for ever.

I may be on the earth or mars,
I am always with your essence.
ill or well, sorrow or ecstasy
my association remains with utmost sublimity.

* She's a revolutionary writer and poet
both in Odia and English languages. She
happens to be the Sr. Teacher of Jashipur Sishu
Vidya Mandir (Mayurbhanj), Odisha.

GOD BESTOW MY FATHER



Punit Singh
Rohtak(Haryana)

God bestow my father !
My favorite pal to be with
Whose altar, my favorite shrine to be at
My unfathomable love for him
Whose blessings made the world livable for me
My never ending search to get another glance at
him
Whose words enlightened my vision to recon...
My own deep buried, forgotten potential
Whose love counts the purest of all
My deepest gratitude for this once living god of
mine !
Whose death could not defeat him as he will
always be alive in ...
My words, expressions, actions and intentions !
Love you daddy !!!

A short Introduction :

*Punit Singh is currently serving at the most
esteemed Scholars Rosary Sr. Secondary
School, Rohtak in Haryana. She's teaching,
writing, editing & training apart from online Media
Monitoring. She believes in "Karma" strongly. She
is a humanitarian, socialist, anthropologist and
universalist.*

MY STRONG DREAMS

Diksha Priya
Law Student, Kolkata

They said
My Dreams
were not strong dreams
As I was misfit
Lost in the sea of imaginations.
Every time
The term my falling is a mistake;
But the only thing I believe
Is my strong Dreams ...
My falling Dreams would be
Salvation one day.
My Falling dreams would be
Reason of
My Freedom one day !



POSITIVE THINKING



Harekrushna Mahanta, IWA
Editor, Eternity

Now a days man remains too busy. No one has time to talk or to listen; or to read. So no question of self retrospection or self analysis arises. All are on a move. Although having no clear goal in life. Youths remain busy with Mobile, Facebook and WhatsApps. Internet mania is engulfing this civilization.

And, the retired few remain busy with their diseases, medicine and physicians. The business men and employees too remain absorbed with various plannings day and night for earning money and profits. They have enough money; but they cannot enjoy. No holidaying, no refreshing.

They are never to help any good mission as their family has been restricted to spouse and children.

No one is happy in the true sense. So people hardly smile or laugh. One of my friends opine how she can smile; and how she can laugh without any reason.

Here indeed lies the truth of Life. Man has come to this earth to laugh, be merry and remain in touch with his creator. But that divine link is being shattered as man forgets his Inner Self. He does all deeds and ignores himself. So the positive essence is being ignored time and again.

What is life ?

Sadguru Shivmuni says you are born to laugh, love and celebrate. But it is possible when you see this worldly incidents like things happening in a game or play. May it be cricket, football or chess.

Why taking seriously ? Never to give any importance to disease, ageing or seriousness. Any suffering too shall pass away. There is no night or darkness always. Morning is to come. Sufferings surely are to be over.

So keeping pleased should be in our demeanour and attitude. Always remain positive. By doing meditation and self - retrospection. To become sublime and honest.

Remain justified and blessed whether you are a politician or a poet, entrepreneur or an engineer; young woman or a young man, house wife or a soldier on the battle field.

But the question arises how a person can remain happy ? Can an individual remain pleased and cheerful in this Age when everyone runs after money, name and fame; comforts and ease ?

Parents these days want their daughters and sons to be rich in stead of wise and sublime.

Now a days people face sorrows, sufferings; and pangs of disease and ageing. They lead a disastrous life. No one is really happy. But they do not find time to think its reason. Every where in this world now there is problem and problem. But our thinkers, scientists and educationists don't find its reason and solution as it is never within books; but within our inner selves.

Society, Nation and the World itself seem not in the right path. All run after materialistic glory and comfort that make us idle; and far from ideals which our forefathers had been adopting from ancient sages and saints.

It is very simple. Just to remember the Inner-Self daily and ask the conscience what is really right. To remain kind, disciplined, ideal, spiritual and peaceful. To lead a life with yoga, meditation, spiritual essence and truth of philosophy. That practice enkindles peace and joy within.

Whether in East or West, remaining cheerful should be our goal. Rest is not of much importance.

An individual needs to take good food, but also needs rest and tranquility in life. If parents lead this sort of peaceful life, they can guide their children accordingly. They are to be ideal, sincere and honest.

Each and every problem our families, societies and the nation is facing these days is due to our ignorance. The world moves ahead without an aim. Humans remain busy without any goal. Goal has been missed some where. Lack of spiritual knowledge makes our planet sorrowful these days.

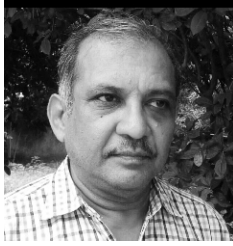
As our Sadguru says never to be misguided by religious and political leaders. They create hatred and jealousy, war and violence.

When we know our real goal as salvation, why one should remain in anxiety and sorrow ? Nothing have we brought to this planet, nothing we can take after death. So, the period between life and death must be joyful . For it, we must do our duty honestly and sincerely.

That spiritual path gives us smile, joy and peace always. We remain positive, healthy and active. No weakness, no disease, no ageing. But always to remain cheerful.

If we become kind towards birds, animals, plants and fellow human beings, if they all remain with us, why should there be pollution? Similarly, if we respect our parents and elders, why will they curse our creation ? If our youth all over the world adopt spiritual essence, they are bound to be sincere, honest and sublime. There should always be joy and peace in our planet.

Let all of us strive to lead this sort of life, and remain joyful and happy.



WE THE LESSER BUDDHAS

Sashibhusan Rath
Bhubaneswar, India

Our true nature is Buddha. I am a Buddha, you are Buddha and everyone of us is a Buddha. Our Buddha nature is that which rebels against the tyranny of ignorance one time or the other. The Buddha in us is the inner teacher and sometimes it is a disciple too. The Buddha nature is simply the birthright of every sentient being and our Buddha nature is as good as any Buddha's Buddha nature.

Whatever may be our lives, whatever may be our way of living, our Buddha nature is always there. That is our true nature. It can be compared to the sky and the confirmation of ordinary minds can be compared to clouds. It must be remembered that clouds are not the sky, and does not 'belong' to it. They only hang there and pass by. They can never stain or mark the sky in any way. The Buddha nature exists in the sky-like nature of our mind. It is simple, natural, open, free, stainless, limitless and beyond the limits of purity and impurity. The only difference is the Buddha nature has a radiant clarity of awareness what the sky does not have. Sky is only a metaphor.

Even though we have the same inner nature as Buddha, we have not recognized it because it is so enclosed and wrapped up in our individual ordinary minds, only a fragile wall of a vase separates the inner space from outer. Our Buddha mind is enclosed within walls of our ordinary minds. Once we are enlightened the space 'inside' merges instantly into the space 'outside'. They become one. We realize that they were not separate, never different, they were always the same.

Death is viewed as a natural process, a reality that I accept will occur as long as I remain on this earthly existence. Knowing that I cannot escape from it, no point in worrying about it. If I wish to die well I must learn to live well. For a peaceful death we must cultivate peace in mind and in the way of life. In meditation one can acquaint oneself with the process of death. This is a great spiritual realization. Experienced practitioners engage in meditation as they pass away. Often their bodies do not decay long after they are clinically dead. Death is neither depressing nor exciting, it is simply a fact of life. Most people die unprepared for death, similar to as they have lived, unprepared for life.

What happens at the moment of death is that the ordinary mind and its delusions die, and in that gap the boundless sky-like nature of our mind is uncovered. The essential nature of mind is the background to the whole of life and death like the sky which holds the whole universe in its embrace. If we know only the aspect of mind which dissolves when we die, we will be left with no idea as to what continues thereafter. We do not know the new dimensions of the mind and what goes on. Therefore it is vital to familiarize with the nature of mind when we are still alive.

Milerapa, the Tibetan poet saint said "My religion is to live... and die without regret." He said the thing called corpse we dread so much is living with us here and now. The longer we postpone death, the greater the fear insecurity that haunts us. Death is a mystery. It is absolutely certain that we will die and it is uncertain when or how we will die. Nobody knows whether one will wake up tomorrow. If you breathe out and can't breathe in you are dead. It is as simple as that. Tibetan saying, "Tomorrow or next life which comes first, we never know.". In the passage of moment to moment there is a possibility of imminent death. Tibetan word for body is "lu", it means 'something you leave behind' like baggage. This temporary refuge is discarded, we are only travellers. Chuang Tzu says "Man's thirst for survival in the future makes him incapable of living in the present. Human beings spend all their lives preparing, preparing and preparing... only to meet the next life unprepared."

Our crucial task is to strike a balance, to find a *middle way*, to learn not to overstretch ourselves with extraneous activities and preoccupation but to simplify our lives more and more. The key to finding a happy balance in modern lives is simplicity. Once the time is complicated, it is just to simplify our lives.

Those who survive near fatal accident or a NDE (near death experience) describe a panoramic life review: the most important thing in life is human relationship and not materialistic things. Every single act one does is recorded, even if one ignores it at the instant of action, it always comes later. Life review takes place in glorious presence of a 'being of light'. Whatever we have done with our lives makes us what we are when we die. Everything counts.

When you look deeply, you realize that there is nothing that is permanent and constant. We ignore the truth of impermanence. Therefore, we have anguish in facing death. As you think more and more about a tree, you will discover that everything in the universe helps to make the tree what it is, that it cannot at any moment be isolated from anything else; that at every moment its nature is subtly changing. This is what is meant by "things are empty", they have no independent existence. Modern science speaks us of extraordinary range of inter-relations.

Gary Zukav writes in *The Dance of Wu Li Masters* that the macrocosm and microcosm are nothing but change, activity and process-a flux. Subatomic world is a continual dance of creation and annihilation, of mass changing into energy and energy into mass. Transient forms sparkle in and out of existence, creating never ending forever newly created reality. Similarly cells of your body are dying, neurons in the brain are decaying, expressions on our body and face are changing. What we call our basic character is only a mind-stream, nothing else. Today we feel good, tomorrow we feel opposite. Look at a thought as it comes, it stays, it goes. The past is past, future has not arisen. Present thought becomes past. The only thing we really have is now-ness, is now. Insight of Buddhism is that life and death are in the mind, and nowhere else. Mind is revealed as the universal basis of experience- the creator of happiness as well as creator of suffering. Mind has two aspects. The ordinary aspect of mind is that which senses duality, discrimination, rejection. It plots, thinks, desires. It is flickering, unstable, cunning, skeptical, distrustful. It has a false, dull stability, self protective inertia, stone-like calm of ingrained habits. The other aspect is the nature of mind untouched by change or death, primordial, pristine awareness, intelligent, always awake, knowledge of knowledge. Nature of mind is not exclusive of our mind only. In fact it is the nature of everything. To realize the nature of mind is to realize the nature of all things. The logical mind seems to be fascinating but it is the seed of delusion. That is why people are often of sensed with their theories and miss the point of everything. We are fragmented into so many different aspects. We do not know who we really are or what aspects of ourselves we should identify with or believe in. Contradiction, dictates control over inner lives scattering in all directions leaving nobody at home. We have taken energy from nature and have perverted it to create a mask. A mask behind which we try to disguise our real self : we forget our origins and skillfully manipulate relations and materials to protect self interest. In the fog of emotional instability and

mental anguish we forget our deep-seated Buddha nature.

Buddha has a deeper meaning. It means a person, any person who has completely awakened from ignorance and opened up to his or her vast potential wisdom. Buddha was a human being like you and me. He never claimed divinity, he merely knew he had the Buddha nature, the seed of enlightenment. The way of the Buddha is the path of enlightenment through self-enlightenment through self-knowledge, knowledge of every aspect of the self; what the self is, what the self is not.

The Buddha nature is the birthright of every sentient being. Our Buddha nature is as good as any Buddha's Buddha nature. Even though we have the same nature as Buddha who have not recognized it because it is wrapped up and enclosed in our ordinary individual minds. The space inside and outside an empty vase is the same. When one is enlightened the vase shatters into pieces. The fragile wall separating inside from outside ceases to exist. The inside space merges in outside space. They become one. Then we realize they were never different but one and the same! Engaging oneself in perpetual mindfulness and becoming faithful to oneself is nothing but transmutation to bodhi.

I am the Buddha

I come quietly

And from the ashes of former self

The phoenix of true self rises

Many among the human race have such a momentum of self-deception that it has become an entrenched defense mechanism of the unreal self. And that self has convinced the soul that in order to survive and to be successful in the world, it must lie continually. Perpetrating deception is most damaging because it damages real self. If you love truth, be willing to challenge unreality. Cultivate discernment and then you will perceive clearly what is true and what is not. This can be achieved by transcending the ego and be unattached to mockery or praise, pleasure or pain, poverty or riches, adulation or indignation, and being indifferent to gratitude or ingratitude of mortals, indifferent to their cursing or garland of approbation. Ego is the imposter of the true nature, . This bull's unyielding nature can be subdued by moving from one's self-centeredness.

Buddha nature is the skyline nature of our mind. It is so pure that it is beyond the concept of purity and impurity. Buddhism aims at looking into the nature of mind and to free us from the fear of death. Spiritual truth is not something elaborate and esoteric; it is in fact profound common sense. The sky is our absolute nature which is boundless

and absolute, the ground is our reality and relative. The meditative posture we take links the absolute and relative, sky and ground, heaven and earth like two wings of a bird, integrating sky-like deathless nature of mind and the ground of our transient mortal nature. To meditate is to make a complete break with how we normally operate. It is free from anxiety competition, ambition. Meditation is returning (bring mind) home, release and relax. Resting in the nature of mind means there is no effort, only wakefulness. A fundamental trust is present. There is nothing in particular to do. Meditation is not something that we do; it happens spontaneously. There is a link between the posture of body and attitude of mind. Mind and body are inter-related. Sit as if you are a

mountain. Keep back straight like an arrow or a pile of gold coins. Sit legs crossed (need not be lotus posture). When mind is wild, gaze 45° downwards, if dull and sleepy bring gaze up by 45° or more. Forms and sounds occur but these are empty; thoughts do occur and these are empty too.

Buddha is made of non-Buddha elements. It is like understanding has no separate existence. Understanding is made of non-understanding elements. We are humans made of non-human elements, we too are having non-Buddha elements, but we are only lesser Buddhas (and it's our responsibility to make a Buddha out of that).



HOW TO ACCUMULATE WEALTH HONESTLY ?

Rajendra Muni

Easy Way To Inherit Wealth :

You may be young without money, but you need not be old without it. There are many ways to be wealthy. The easy and simple way is to inherit wealth, but everyone is not lucky enough in this manner. You can still be wealthy by following the hints mentioned here under :

Clear Goal :

First mark your goals clearly. Write down everything you want to accomplish as a dream plan. Then make a detailed outline of each of your plan.

Regular Saving Is Most Necessary :

If you save only Rs. 500 every week for 35 years, you will get Rs. 80 lacs in your hand. Keep just 10 percent of whatever you earn for long term benefit. This honest habit will provide a decent capital for your plans.

Saving Extra Tax To Government :

You should not pay extra tax to the Government by investing cautiously. In our country the salaried class in the highest tax payer. For example, you can buy a home by taking a housing loan and get maximum benefit. The property prices are sure to go up and you save tax also. Every rupee you save on tax will help you accumulate wealth.

New Ideas And Hard Work :

You can produce any good thing in your field of liking and enter into business. **New ideas and hard work will help you to make money.** You can succeed as a producer or businessman soon.

Money Means Freedom :

Money means freedom and you can do whatever you want with it, but making money is not easy. When you do not know how to deal with money, start with a small project and you can make it big by your new ideas and labour.

Stock Market :

Stock Market is a high risk place Before entering into it determine how much risk you are willing to take, and then play accordingly. No one has made money in the share bazar without making mistakes. If you are confused talk to your financial advisor or broker to help you invest.

You Should Control Your Expenditure :

Calculate all your assets and liabilities income and expenditure. Then make an investment plan and work out an estimate of the gain you expect. Make safe investments where your hard-earned money grows for the years to come.



Pamela Constantine's Column :

THE POET AS AWAKENER AND PROPHET

We survive amid the debris of upturned values, discarded ideals and out-worn thought forms. Society often seems alien to our true humanity. We exist in it like strangers, somehow shut off from a brighter, happier life whose forgotten reality still manages to haunt us. Many carry a deep feeling of loss. This has lasted so long that they no longer know what they have lost. It is simple. All sense of soul has departed from general culture.

As daily I go about my task of supplying literature for the comparative few who are awakening to that sense, I am aware of so many who came before me and the vital treasury which they have bestowed in their soul-infused writings. Poets in particular have left for us soul-food of great refinement and revelation, for all true poets express from the Sublime, evoking with the words of clay the higher World of Light where soul is sovereign.

Since soul is in our spiritual essence- the divine Seed of Love-in-potential which we must steadfastly draw upon to release the inner god-poets often the most authentic of prophets, as the illustrious Indian Master Kuthumi declared: "The true poet is always the Seer." Even so did my early poems, written before the soul's full immersion into the human condition, act through the ensuing years as an indicator of my own ongoing steps back into the Light.

Poetry must again become a voice for Man's soul, for the spirit of mankind, since the soul is Love. And is not Love the real heart of life and creator of all new forms ?

This is always what the high Romantic and Transcendentalist poets infer by the term 'love'. As the great German poet put it, "The world must be Romanticized. Then one would recover the original meaning. Romanticism is nothing but a raising to a higher power... In this operation, the lower self must be identified with the higher." Such poets have always been amongst us, either in preparatory lives or actual lives as poets of soul.

As a prime example I would cite Plato, who formed one of the earliest spiritual Mystery Schools and reincarnated in the late eighteenth century as Percy Bysshe Shelley, foremost of the English high Romantics, of whom the celebrated scholar and poet Kathleen Raine wrote, "Only those lacking in all sensibility to a poetry which speaks to the soul in its own language and of its native place and state can read Shelley

unchanged." (Though I do not believe Ms. Raine knew of his earlier incarnation, pure poetic insight caused her to describe Shelley as the most Platonic of poets.)

Sisir Kumar Ghose, a member of Sri Aurobindo's Ashram, wrote, "The poetry of the soul is the soul of poetry, giving back to us the lost language of ecstasy and illumination." It is a comment I wholeheartedly endorse. To regain this language and with it recognition of ourselves as eternal beings is to become timeless in time and thus more able to serve the race in its slow progress untoward the Light.

In our own time, Goldie L. Morales, whom readers of this magazine has already known as a lucid and skilled poet, succinctly expresses the same significant truth: "Is there a language through which the spirit of the cosmos seeks to express itself? If so, that language is poetry."

Romantic and Transcendentalist poets are both imbued with a profound sense of soul. Sri Aurobindo was himself a poet of high calibre in this vein, expressing the journey of Awakening from first-hand experience in a way that stirs the soul, as in these lines from 'A God's Labour':

Coercing my godhead, I have come down
Here on the sordid earth,
Ignorant, labouring, human grown
'Twixt the gates of death and birth.
I have been digging deep and long
Mid a horror of filth and mire
A bed for the golden river's song.
A home for the deathless fire.

As the mystical Irish poet William George Russell (A.E.) once wrote: "The Romantic imagination, equally with the mystic, releases the soul from the clog of our slower, more static nature to blossom on its own ideal."

He goes on to quote the Seer in the *Upanishads* who said of the seeker, "Let him approach it saying, "This is the Mighty." He becomes Mighty. Let him approach it saying, "This is the wise." He becomes filled with wisdom. Let him approach it saying, "This is the maker of the song." He becomes the Maker of the Song."

The role of such "Musicians of the World" is a high calling and therefore a high challenge. Yet there is one assured path by which that role may always be fulfilled, given as the simple advice in which all Seers throughout the Ages have concurred. "This above all, to thine own Self be true."



SPIRITUALITY IN WAITING FOR GODOT

Swati Sulekha
Bhubaneswar, India

Waiting for Godot is a play by Samuel Beckett which was originally written in French by the title *En attendant Godot* in 1949. The English version included the subtitle 'a tragicomedy in two acts' came out in 1953. This play is an example of theatre of absurd. The theatre of absurd focussed largely on the idea of existentialism and highlighting the purposelessness of human existence and its meaningless nature. Many interpretations can be derived from this play. Many critics have already linked it to the Christian Mythology of the tale of the two thieves and the second coming of Christ. Here I would like to link it to spiritualism.

The two protagonists of the play Vladimir and Estragon are seen to be following a continuous circle of events. We are already aware of what will happen after the end. The pattern of the play might best be described as circular, the circularity of *Waiting for Godot* is highly unconventional. The ending of the two acts is not only the mere end but the beginning of this continuous circle. Hindus believe that a human soul does not die after the death of the human body, but reincarnates into a new body after each biological death. This is also known as rebirth and is a part of the *Samsara doctrine* of cyclic existence. This phenomena ends when the soul attains its ultimate goal that is Moksha. Here we see Vladimir and Estragon waiting for Godot and when Godot fails to arrive at the end of the day, they continue doing the same the next day. They hope to meet Godot in order to attain *Moksha*.

The non-movement of the characters shows the act of beings stuck in the past. In the play we come to know briefly that Vladimir and Estragon have been doing nothing, for apparently fifty years. *ArannaSutta* of the *SamyuttaNikaya*, includes the following verse:

"They do not mourn for the past,
They do not yearn for the future,
They live on the present;
Therefore they are of good complexion."

This verse is a reply to a question put by a deva to the Buddha. Gautama Buddha is believed by Buddhists to be an enlightened teacher who attained full Buddhahood and helped his disciples to end the cycle of rebirth and suffering through

his teachings. He explains the importance of living in the present and how people only tend not to forget the past and hope for the future. Here Vladimir and Estragon cannot forget the past years spent together and neither can they give away with the hope of meeting with *Godot*. Spiritualism shows us the right path and leads us to its way.

Rabindranath Tagore said: "You cannot cross the sea merely by standing and staring the water. Don't let yourself indulge in vain wishes." To win at life, we have to play, take chances. We can't stand and observe and hope for things to work out accordingly. The same can be said about the two protagonists of the play- Vladimir and Estragon. Henry David Thoreau said "Only that day dawns to which we are awake." His words echo the same thoughts of Tagore, that was to live in the present.

The lifeless tree has grown four or five leaves in the second act of the play, thereby symbolizing the hope in the minds of the two protagonists that the arrival of Godot is somewhat coming nearer. T.S. Eliot's *Fragment of an Agon* consists of a line "...birth, copulation and death" which denoted the lifeless tree in the first act and says that one birth is enough. The blooming of leaves gives us aspirations that life is not over by just the death of body.

The silences after most conversations show us that these words maybe said by people having dead souls. Most critics relate "dead voices" with dead souls of Dante's *Inferno*. This again highlights the lack of spirituality in the protagonists.

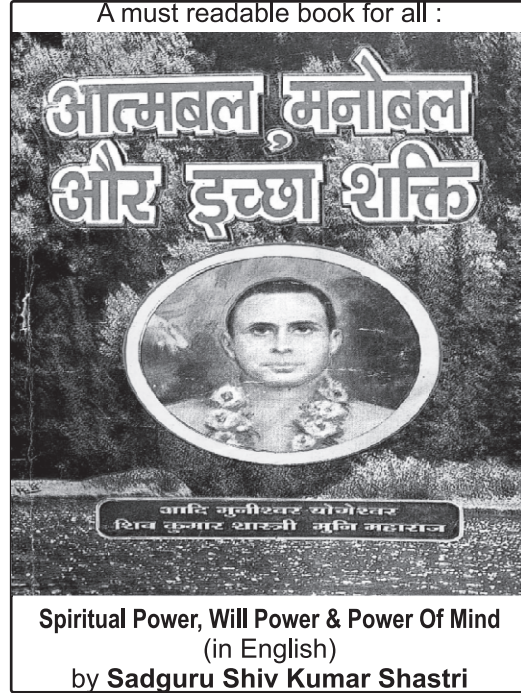
Vladimir is seen saying in second act of the play "...let us do something, while we have the chance!...let us make the most out of it, before it is too late!..." This is the single time in the whole play where Vladimir understands the importance of Karma and wants to do something useful, or else his whole life would be over before he did something. Here he talks about the importance of Karma. This holds the essence of the whole play. At the end of both the acts we can see that Vladimir and Estragon are both saying that they will go, yet they do not move. Rigveda's *Aitareya Brahman* 7.15 says "Charaiveti, charaiveti" which means move on, march along and keep moving. Their ability to understand that they must move along highlights the endless journey towards self-realisation which each one of them must embark

P.T.O.

on. Their inability to move again highlights the fact that they are mere mortals who fail to understand the power of Karma and must follow the path of spiritualism for the greater good.

In the first act of the play Estragon says "Nothing happens, nobody comes, nobody goes, it's awful!" Estragon feels helpless and waits for someone to come and rescue him out of his miserable life. Atharva Veda's *Mandukya Upanishad* 1.2 says "Ayam Atma Brahma" which means this self (Atma) is Brahma i.e. God. Here Estragon hopes for someone to come and save him but does nothing in order to be saved. He fails to understand the power of the self and in the realisation that god is within us.

Spiritualism has become an increasingly important topic. It includes a sense of connection to something bigger than ourselves, and involves a search for meaning in life. By seeing the above cited examples we can see the power of spiritualism and how it helps us to get rid of our grief-stricken lives. By creating these 'spiritually dead' characters, Beckett has showed the mirror to our real 'spirits'.



HOLY INVOCATION

(Gracious Thoughts :
Description of the Real Self)

I am immortal, healthy and powerful:
I am youthful, wealthy and celestial

The knowledge has become mine, disease and misery have vanished,
My body has become ageless, and my mind is contented.

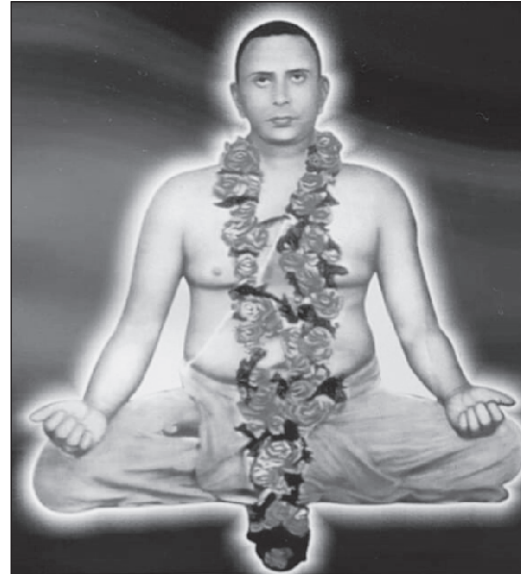
I dance with merry, sickness has left my body :
I am young, immortal and filled with riches plenty

I am king of kings, I am god of gods,
Those who denigrate the soul are naïve and vacuous.

I am free from all the bondages, I am enlightened:
I am 'Shiva', blissful, independent, carefree and liberated.

{Translated from original Sanskrit hymn of Pandit Shiv Kumar Shastri, the founder of Muni Samaj}

Translated by Swati Sulekha



Sadguru Shiv Kumar Shastri's
Subha Bhavana (Gracious Thoughts)
in Hindi is a great hymn that awakens
spiritual power and will power within
the practitioner; and that hymn has
been translated here by
Swati Sulekha

POETRY FROM INDIA AND ABROAD ...

BETTER WORDS CREATE BETTER WORLD



Words are here, words are there.
Words are accessible everywhere.
Sometimes hard, sometimes harsh
Sometimes kind, sometimes farce.
If words are applied in apt manner,
anyone's head they'll not hammer.
Everyone will realize
everything nicely.
There will be zilch to be
taken fiercely.
If words are misunderstood
by the hearer ;
or spoken with ill-intention
by the speaker.
That may make obliteration
of the society.
Ultimately that'd be harmful
for humanity.
Let us prove that
we are human beings
In the world we must
play fine innings.
Without any discrimination
on any base,
we must be collaborative
in every case.
Matter of thinking and
manner of acting
will indeed confirm
that it's fine ducking.
To lead a peaceful life
everyone must feel
the worth of the words
with a great zeal.
Words are not just
the means of transmission ;
but the suitable source
of human fascination.
Better words support
to unite the better world.
Farcical words will
obliterate the whole world.

*** Dr. M. S. Wankhede**
Nagpur, Maharastra

*Dr. M. S. Wankhede, Associate Professor of English, Dhanwate National College, Nagpur has written four books like : Arnold's Culture and Modernity and Songs of Experience, a Collection of Poems, Reality of Marginalized Communities in India and Politeness Strategies in Vikram Chandra's Sacred Games: An Insight. At present he is the General Secretary of Association for English Studies of India. His areas of interest are : British Literature, Indian Writing in English, Feminism, Dalit Literature, Translation, Autobiographical Writings, Culture, Multiculturalism, Linguistics and Language.

THE TAJMAHAL

Carmen Henesy
San Francisco, USA

An architectural treasure,
A tribute to true love,
It almost seems to glow,
From a full moon above.
Made of pure white marble,
Mumtaz Mahal lies
here,
With Emperor Shah Jahan,
Resting very near.
Such overwhelming beauty,
Reflected in its pool.
Its minarets standing guard,
Over India's treasured jewel.
Built on the River Yumna,
The Taj is an exquisite sight,
Symbolic of love for centuries,
Inspiring poets to write.



MOONSHIP

H.F. Noyes
Athens, Greece

A looming silver moonship
glows briefly in the stormy night,
like some great Viking sea bark
cast up from the deeps of time.

HAIL THE ARYAN RACE !

***Santosh Kumar Pakhrael**
Kathmandu, Nepal



Lo ! High on the Himalayas
On the top of the north of South Asia
On warmth of its fatherly lap
Love warm with decent cold
From time immemorial and untold
The whole Gangetic plain
Thwarted tribes in motion
Till south, across Indian Ocean !

Kanyakumari-Rameshwaram
Civilization has been cultivated
With Ganesha and Subramanyam.
Thousands years of heritage
Rama, Krishna and spiritual age
The Aryavarta and its race
Up to Transcaucasia and Europe did pace
Had wandered
The race conquered
This immense span
Ask, what more do a tribe can ?

Battalions of warriors in the race
With arms all in pace to pace
That was the beginning of states making
Not a simple case
Taming horses and elephants
With arrows they did invent
Toppled down their opponents
Conquered on the savage.

Overcame troubles on ways
Surpassed seas and bays
The Caspian in the west
Brahmaputra north east
In the sacred masterly quest
Of land for habitation,
Raising States, rearing civilization !
Brahmaputra and Sindhu
Ural amid till east Europe
They did march earnest
For their habiting scope.

They vigorously fought
Shelters were sought

Tribes many were fought out
The slogans of victory
In this race's history
The Vedas and the Upanishads
Puranas manifold
Philosophy oriental
Legacy Aryans hold.

The Ramayan, The Mahabharata
Through the Gita it beholds-
The world, the human world
Have been human passion
In expense of many lives
In every of its vibes
Has tilted and whirled,
And Cultural Heritage
In trends of the Age
Cautiously has twirled.

May go on the rise
Now you may too surmise
In blood, yours find their trace
Pointed nose.
Or can you ever guess
Their bravery and wisdom,
And you confess ?
Hail the Aryan race !

*Author of the legendary book : Modesty poetry,
Mr. Pokhrael is an engineer by profession.

GRAVESTONE

Ya Liu (Mute Willow)
China

In this world
Every gravestone is justified
A dog should have
Its name on its gravestone
A pig should have
Its name on its gravestone
And of course
A chicken
A duck
A donkey
Or a horse
Animals of all kinds
Domestic ones or beasts
Or human beings
All should have their own

About the Author:

Ya Liu (Mute Willow), is an independent poet of contemporary China. He edits a poetry magazine *No Boundary*. He published several poetry collections like: *Poems of Ya Liu*, *Rain Runs into the Sea*, *Scream & Country of Sacrifice*.

BEHIND THE WORLD

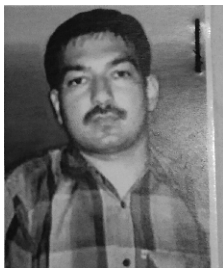
Melissa Mendelson
New York (USA)



Time waits for no one
not even for those
who have lost their way,
and as the world drifts on,
life becomes meaningless
for the lost
because where is their
reason to live ?
What if time itself
had stolen away their dreams
by aging them with doubt and regret
about mistakes that unraveled
the fabric of their selves ?
Wasting away their talent
and watching the world fall apart
as Time continues to march
into the unknown,
what can the lost do
but either find their way
to a life
they once hoped to live
after surrender to losing touch
with whom they should've been ?
Time waits for no one
not even for those
who no longer know themselves
or where they are going,
and as the world continues,
they remain standing still.

LOVE

Amit Kumar Laddi
Editor, All Round
Doran Street, Faridkot (Punjab)



Love is God
God can be forgotten,
If you forget about
God completely
nothing is lost.
But don't forget Love
Love itself is a "Laddi"
Universal experience.
Love always protects,
always trusts,
always hopes,
always perseveres.

SHOWY WORSHIP

Ashis Das
Mursidabad, W.B.



We worship Goddess idol
As power incarnation.
We out our palms together
And seek bliss, inspiration.
We chant mantras on Her name
And offer flowers at Her feet,
To pacify Her in all way
Burn incense, holy light.
All consider Goddess idol
The Mother of wealth to be rich
And the Mother of power
To destroy evil force each.

But each real goddess alive
Are ill-treated with no worth.
They're too abused to thrive
And to show power and grow.

A brief introduction :

Ashis Das is born and brought up in a village near Jangipur in Murshidabad district of West Bengal. His family background is without much of education. Yet he is an M. A. in English Literature. He began writing poems at the age of 20. "Sonnets from a Broken Heart" is his collection of poems till date. He is a primary school teacher by profession.

DREAMING

Danae G. Papastratou
Editor, Perigamma
Athens(Greece)



I will rise one morning
liberated from the ashes
of the cosmic routine.
I will rise one day
younger, more decisive,
like a spiritual song.
I will fly in the winds
transformed step by step
into a big, very big,
enormous butterfly,
one of those coloured ones
living in the valleys of Mt. Olympus,
happy enough to see the gods,
and gradually,
raising my Hands
I will pray for World Peace.

RISING

By Dr. Zhang Zhi
Editor in Chief,
The World Poets Quarterly and WORLD
POETRY ALMANAC
Chongqing City, China

You are aloft, evil,
elegance and gloomy
Like a snow leopard,
like a crescent moon
My witch, my Mona Lisa
In your melancholy
and mysterious eyes
I'm willing to be gracefully
cut by your knife
I am willing to turn
into a pile of ash



Pillowing the green hills
and rivers alone
Listening to
your wordless repent
Plum, I'll stand
in the hell or heaven
To see how you
draw back the cutting edge
of your red lips

No, in the centre of
the storm of time
I, a free poet
In the instant of falling,
will die without a burial place
If I refuse to rise.

BY THE WUJIANG RIVER

Cui Rongde, China

By the Wujiang River, I stood craggy
Something paradoxical
Ran gently before me

I seemed to have survived all dynasties
Bruised as well as precipitous
While the river kept flowing

The sun cascaded down the mountain
The eagle soared from the valley
Amid light and shadow, I was all smiles

CUI Rongde is a contemporary Chinese poet and author of the poem collections like : The Talks of the Trees in the Lowland, A Dream Back to the Tang Dynasty, and Walking Against the Light, and the novel collection: For Whom Does the Bell Ring in the Mountains?

WHEN IN YOUR FRAIL SELF



Dr. Rama Chandra Palai
Principal,
A.B. College, Bhadrak

When in your frail self you look into the sky,
They bloom in your mind's eye
Like the drops coming out of deeps.
There appears someone
you never expected at this hour
To walk with you along the dusty roads
Which lead to eternity.

The fragile little thing flutters on
a blade of grass
Overshadowing a grey blanket
of brown leaves.
A little leaf peeps from a sleeping seed
That was in deep slumber for years
Only to wink from the dark caves
of the abyssal earth.

Outworn skin swiftly goes past
The maturing self like a brown leaf
That precedes scented whiteness.

THE SETTING SUN IN THE MOUNTAIN

Duan Guang'an, China

In a deep mountain
Solitary sitting
To appreciate the setting sun splashing ink
Which dots and fills the boundless valley
While stealthily wiping me out
At the moment
My eyes are constellations
Which are glittering and twinkling
(Translated by Dr. Zhang Zhi)

DUAN Guang'an, is a famous poet of China. He has published 600 poems on periodicals and newspapers. His two collections of poems are: The Poems of DUAN Guang'an and Selected Poems of DUAN Guang'an. Some of his poems have been translated into English, Russian, Arabic, Romanian, Italian, and Japanese.

OUR REALITY

Dr. Teresinka Pereira
Ohio, USA

We need to be truthful
even in our smiles,
and the words with which
we approach each other,
or put in our poetry.

Words for the unexpected
situations, don't save
our high convenience, and
our hopes can't save distances.

We need to cut all flights
of no ending chimerical
thoughts, and multiple ways
of the daily sadness,
or the silence in which
we walk alone by
our simple reality.



THE SUFIES

S L Peeran
Bangalore, India

The sufies, the "Mutaqueens" the
truthful
Are those who have attained
In truth, that True Master
Who exists by means of infinite,
Absolute and colourless
existence.
Their whole goal is to negate
All the inner baser instincts,
The inner desires, passions.
The inhuman qualities.
And fill their cup
Of their being and life
With divine love, to utter
Forever and ever His deep
Love and sing His songs.



MIND TURNS

SPIDER WOMAN

Pf. Shailendra Narayan Tripathy
Bhubaneswar, India

Often in heavy and
rainless night
When stars in weariness
close their eyes
Dews fall like irons on my soul
You come - Spider Woman
Weaving Cobwebs in loins
with memory and sensuality
Your hair loose like night mare
You sing songs, sirens sang
in my pubescent days
You make me restless, sleepless
As I am sucked deeper
and deeper into desires
You devour me in cold vengeance

In the beginning it's helplessness
Then it's desperate desire
to fight ecstasy
Rest in silence, thunder and rain
Who eats whom Spider Woman ?
The fly is on the top in the last half
Devouring Spider's flesh and blood
You grunt and groan deliriously
Something in the rainless night
keeps dropping.



Sunanda Kanungo
Bhubaneswar, India

To barren land
No germination of feelings
Compassion
No augmentation
Massive attitudinal
Disgrace enveloping
Unfussy perception
No sign of compassion
Cohesion, sharing
Greedy mind
Disbelieve in amalgamation
Bubble with
Attitude, ego
Adversely affecting
Sanctity of unison
Only the self ignite
Connotation of
"WE" seems lost identity
The sovereignty
Of single entity
Nurture with coziness
Empowering mind
And captivating heart.



THE LAST CLIMB

SushriSangita Mishra
Chennai , India

The surface was
uneven and sooty
On which were lying
A muddle of
assorted leaves,
some enticing flowers
And some entwined
stems of thorny reality.

In front of me was a wall
Prominent and bright
The walkway looked
difficult and muddy
But familiar to me.
I could recognise.
Many times I
have walked steady
Into this celebrated
wall of time
Many times I
have rebelled
And dashed against it
Every time it has
received, nourished
And sent me back
to the same circle
Where destiny moves
On its predefined orbit.

This time I saw
At a distance
A few steps,
Hazy and mellow,
Smiling at me
I have chosen to climb.
Where they take me
is not known
I may reach yet
another nothingness
Or I may find home.



A well known Corporate Professional in Banking and Financial Services Industry of India, Sushri Sangita Mishra is a poet at heart that had surfaced from her childhood when she was all of nine years. Sushri is a bilingual poet writing both in Odia and English. Her anthologies like: Nirabatara Sabda (Words From Silence) and Nishtabdha Aakasha (The Silent Sky) became two trendsetting poetry anthologies of Odiya Literature. Like Silent Dreams, an unparalleled poetry masterpiece by Melissa Mendelson(USA) that delineates vividly on spirituality. Sushri has created ripples with her poetic credentials blended with philosophy, metaphysics and spirituality that extend to address social and humanitarian issues like : poverty, polarity, prejudice, ignorance and anarchism.

Her poetry has been widely recognised and reviewed. Many of her poems have been translated into different Indian and foreign languages like : French, Russian, Hebrew, Bengali and Tamil.

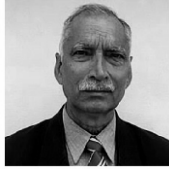
Last but not the least, she too is a gifted singer with a gifted voice.

Now she lives in Chennai.

ALL IS DONE

D.C. Chambial
Editor, Poetcrit
Himachalpradesh

The bed's ready, weeding done,
Manure blended, seeds sown
Three and four-odd and e'en
In rows three and seven.



Curiously await seeds sprout;
Heart from sun, moisture from dew
This morn saw the sandy soil
Steadily stir: tender bud
Peep out in the warm sun;
The rest stirred from sleep
In pace great, arrayed in field
Keep to catch the world stunned.

Fancy finds green buds turn
Red, full of season's hue,
Sparkle in morning dew.
Bed seeks seeds joy abound.

SUBMISSION AND THE MAGICS

Pallavi Kiran
Jharkhand, India

Take me to
any shore in a storm,
allow me to ROAR.
Ask to unleash the grief
and let no one know.
Ask not to hold
the aches within,
not in words even.
Ask not to keep the dark,
in the slightest corners
of my being.
At this, if the tears
burst and I shatter,
HOLD ME NOT THEN.
Keep up your patience,
till I turn back to look for you.
Smile out your determination,
and bring me close.
look deep in my eyes and
ON FOREHEAD,
kiss the assurance
of your 'forever stay.'
Love me then, the most
of your love that I will always need.
Show me YOUR WORLD
beyond the storm, the ocean.
Make me believe again,
In the goodness,
the beautifuls,
And the MAGICS.



THE SCULPTURE

Dr. Shuzzat Hussain
Aligarh

From the mist's dense cape
I carve your body's shape —
gently sculpting, all morning.
With my eyes shut, I sit
amid the fog's heavy sheets
as its frost settles
on my cheek, ear, and nose.
The same hands,
the same lips, the same eyes —
I find them with such ease —
Your torso floats on that river;
I shall conquer its flow.
Your figure blossoms, freeing itself,
leaving behind sun's light
and fog's ephemeral body.
You're entwined with my soul —
its root, plinth, and depth.



WHEN THE GLACIER MELTS

Swapna Behera
Bhubaneswar

The sporadic glacier
splits and melts
Scarlet lava splashes
In the solitude of life

The passions and
passionate dreams
From the brochure
of creation
lines scribble
ruminating bliss
Heaven and heart
Mingle in the rose yard
Before the scheduled
rooster call
of the dawn
Appeals to the ink
burn and blaze
The blood oozes
episodes of life
and transcripts
classy notations

The sporadic glacier melts
To form the beads;
the alphabets
In millions of languages
Of myriads of emotions
When the glacier melts ...





LOVE AMIDST THE FLAMES

Ruth Wildes Schuler

Former Editor, Prophetic Voices
Novato, California (USA)

In the early days of California, the Spanish Franciscan padres built a chain of twenty one missions, starting with one north of San Diego and stretching six hundred miles along the California coast to Sonoma. Each one was about a day's march by foot or muleback, and a man starting out early could reach the safety of the next mission by nightfall, where he would be safe from bandits, wild animals or hostile Indians.

One of these missions, the Mission San Rafael Arcangel, named after Saint Raphael, the angel of bodily healing, had an impact on the lives of my husband's grandmother and grandfather. It was on April 18, 1906, that this mission was woven into the family history of my husband's family.

On that morning at 5 AM, an earthquake of 8.3 on the Richter scale struck the city of San Francisco. My husband's grandmother, Mary Fuselli, a young girl from Italy was a waitress working in a boarding house that was open to serve early breakfast to the public. It was here that she met her fiance, Carl Schuler.

Carl was a German sailor, and when his ship was more than twelve miles out from the Golden Gate, he decided that he did not want to return to Germany, so he jumped overboard and swam back to San Francisco. He was a powerful man, 6'4" in height and a superb athlete. He lived along the docks doing odd jobs, until learned English and eventually got a job on a barge in the bay. He immediately fell in love with the feisty five foot blond Italian waitress serving breakfast in the San Francisco boarding house.

On April 18th at five in the morning, Mary Fuselli was already in the dining room setting the tables for the usual early morning rush. Suddenly the building shook, the chandelier started swaying crazily, bowls flew off the buffet and the tables, plaster started falling from the ceiling on her head. She could hear people screaming, as she made her way out of the building. Everything was in a state of chaos. A thunder-like rumble echoed as the earth tore apart. Buildings swayed, then began collapsing. Cobblestones in the street tumbled down hill in a landslide. Bricks splintered into piles of debris.

Filled with terror, Mary made her way to the rooming house where she lodged. Upon arriving, she saw that the building had collapsed

and was now completely consumed by fire. All her worldly possessions were gone. The only thing that she had left was the waitress uniform on her back.

She started to cry. What was she to do? She agonized. She would go to Carl. He would know. She had to get to the waterfront, but no streetcars were running and it was a very long way to walk. She started the journey, passing toppled buildings. Gas mains were exploding all around her and more fires were covering the landscape.

She hurriedly jumped aside as a herd of cattle stampeded down the streets. The screams of the dying filled the air. A man frantically called out to her. "Miss, please help me. A woman is buried beneath these ruins." She stopped and helped him tear off the beams holding the woman prisoner.

Several more times she stopped to help others pull people from beneath the rubble, two men, a child and a dog. She was covered in soot and ashes and her waitress uniform was now torn with pieces hanging from her frame. The fires had melted materials that were now running like molten glass in the gutters.

Firemen were screaming that the water mains were destroyed. The earth's continual shaking knocked her from her feet a number of times. She could see others falling flat and then crawling on all fours. The smell of smoke and burning flesh mingled with the dust and noise. The horses pulling produce wagons were whinnying in terror. Some were injured and others fell into gaping holes. And the flames grew higher and blocked out the sun's light. This must be what hell is like, thought Mary.

There were broken fire hydrants, women in night dresses, men in pajamas, humans kneeling and praying, trolleys off the track and wounded humans in the wreckage. Telephone communications were destroyed and live electric wires were falling and electrocuting those in the street below. The thought came to Mary, this might be the end of the world.

After what seemed like hours, she finally reached the waterfront, where vessels were pumping water furiously to keep the wharfs and warehouses from burning. Fire was rapaciously spreading over the rest of the city. There was no way to stop it. The wind drafts were sweeping the flames in all directions.

When Mary reached the wharf where Carl's barge was anchored slightly off shore, she

called to him frantically. Upon seeing her, he stepped into a row boat and made his way to her side. He threw his arms around her.

"Thank God, that you are safe, my love!" he exclaimed. "You can't imagine the terror I have felt. I wanted to come and search for you, but our captain ordered us to stay and constantly wet down our barge to keep it from catching fire from the sparks flying out from the wharf, while we moved our barge away from the docks.

I think it will be safe now. "Looking at her dirty face and ragged appearance, he laughed. "You look like the little cinder girl in the Cinderella story."

Mary told him of her experiences and he drew her into a tighter embrace. "You don't have to worry, Mary. You can come to live with me on my barge."

"Carl, I am a good Catholic girl. I was raised in the church. There is no way I can come to live with you unless we are properly married right away."

"Mary, you are being unreasonable," he explained. "The whole city is in flames. There are no churches open here where we can be married."

Then we must get married across the bay, Carl, "Mary informed him steadily with her arms folded and a determined look on her face.

Carl knew he was licked. He had no choice and threw his hands up in surrender. They set out in the little rowboat. Carl was strong and able to row the distance across the bay to the Mission San Rafael in Marin country. There, while San Francisco was being devoured by flames, they stood before the altar and gave their vows before God.

Carl then rowed back across the bay to the barge, where Mary could now go to live with him with God's grace. Ten thousand people died in the San Francisco earthquake and fires of 1906, but the city was rebuilt.

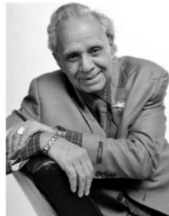
Mary and Carl eventually moved to the oil fields in Bakersfield, California where their son, Frederick was born and Carl went on to invent many mechanisms to improve the production of oil in the United States.

The Mission of San Rafael burnt down several times but was rebuilt. Marriages, baptisms and funerals are still held in the beautiful little chapel today, which remains a monument to both history and love.

IF THERE BE A THIRD WORLD WAR

Dr. Stephen Gill
Ontario, Canada

If another was breaks out
no one may survive
to watch
the white front of the moon
that is often so fascinating
and to sit in pleasant warmth
of the sunshine
or enjoy the slight
of an unmoving glossy ocean
under a starlit night.
The sky will glow
through the mist and rains
seasons may come and go
but no singer to glorify them
and also
the gleam from the moon
glancing off the ruffled lakes.
Mother shall be alone
gases hover on her
the hounds of disease wander
living will be
worse than dying
if a nuclear war breaks.



AGAIN, LIFE IS A GIFT !

Francois Szabo
Montpellier, France

Following the celestial road
Meaning that the truth
Is something difficult
When the man is
out of his soul
It's time to realize the act.

Day by day
And the night
full of answers
Each moment to ask
What's the real matter ?

Dreaming and dreaming
Awake by drums
We need tenderness
For the future.



Mathematics may not teach us how to add
happiness or how to minus sadness.
But, it does teach one important thing.
Every problem has a solution.

VEDAS: THE ULTIMATE VOICE OF THE UNIVERSE



Dr. Bidhan Datta
Editor, Heaven
Kolkata (India)

Vedas are not religious scriptures, but are meant for the welfare of mankind. Achieved after thousands of years of austerities, the Vedas are the ultimate voice of the Universe. Many queries may arise in the minds of the readers after going through the book, "Vedas : The ultimate voice of the universe".

However, if the readers take deep heed to study the treatise, then I will take them to some unknown truth. There are several views about saintly persons of native and foreign countries. Historians too have their views. Bharatvarsha (Ancient India) arose to the apex of civilization far before Vedas, well before Aryan Civilization. On the Northern frontier of India, the Himalayas is 2500-kilometer long; 500-kilometer wide. Thus the mountain is protecting Indian territory for millions of years. Foreign invaders attacked and plundered India successively, coming through the Khyber-Bolan ravines.

Dravidians are known as the creator of the ancient civilization of India well before the Aryans. Some people comprehend that the aborigines of ancient India had distinct relation with Dravidians. The dwelling place of Dravidians were at various regions of Deccan. Their dialects, social manners : customs and physical statures were quite different from those of Aryans. Tamil, Telugu, Kannada, Malayalam languages came up from Dravidian dialects. Because of Climatic Condition and Laws of Nature, physical discrimination occurred.

Aryans used to reside in North Western India i.e. Punjab, Rajputana (Rajasthan) and North Gangetic Valleys. They were tall having aquiline nose, broad forehead and long-arms. The dialect of Aryans was Sanskrit. They introduced cultured and elevated dialects. Aryans and Dravidians used to reside on two poles, but both were not the outsiders. They were original inhabitants of Bharatvarsha (Ancient India). Speculation of those Indologists about Aryan

invasion through the Khyber ravine to Bharatvarsha (Ancient India) seems to me as a mere utopia. Those worth mentioning foreign invaders who invaded India were : Persians, Greeks, Scythians, Kushans, Huns, Gurjars, Turkeys, Afghans, Mughals and Abyssinians etc. Besides that, Negroids came from Africa. This race is generally short in height, dark colored, dense shriveled hair as if pepper grains are spread on the scalp. They are known as 'Onge' and 'Jarawa' tribes. Their dwelling place is Andaman & Nicobar archipelago. Their dialect is not like Aryans and Dravidians. Still now, they are considered as uncivilized. Another race arrived in India from other outskirts of Himalayas became known as Mongolians quite different from Aryans,

Dravidians and Negritos. They came within India and settled at Assam and at the borders of India, Burma, Chittagong and within hilly-districts of Tripura, Sikkim, Bhutan, Nepal, Garhwal, Ladakh & Himalayan mountain range. They were not Indians, but arrived at Bharatvarsha (Ancient India) for the purpose of survival. Subsequently, they

developed their own culture. Their countenance was different : round head, snub-nose, yellowish-whitish complexion, mustache, beardless face and non-hairy body. Their dialect belonged to that of Austrik clan. It is assumed that they entered India during New Stone Age (Neolithic Era).

No foreigners could create any unperturbed culture within the heart of India. However, there were many conflicts between these foreigners with Aryans and Dravidians. Even then, throughout the span of millions of years, people of various races and religions built up a unique civilization creating unity amidst diversity in India forgetting all discriminations.

There is no limit of how many races settled in Bharatvarsha (Ancient India). Our civilization was so much advanced that we now get the pieces of evidence from the stone inscriptions. We also get and recover from the ancient sculpture of the edifices at the cities of



Dr. Bidhan Datta with foreign writers

Mohenjo-Daro, Harappa, Takshila, Nalanda, Sarnath and at the ruins of ancient cities, engraved paintings, idols of Gods and Goddesses, figures of humans and animals, weapons, ornaments, utensils, various precious components from ancient India.

The glimpse of initial civilization was discovered in ancient India only. Gradually, that civilization rose to the peak of prosperity by the Aryans. Ramayana, Mahabharata, various Puranas (Mythologies), Buddhist and Jain scriptures were composed. Also Creation of Kautilya's Arthashastra (Economics), Grammar of Panini and Patanjali, Manu, Parashar and Yagyavalkya took place. Besides that, Indian social conventionalism, educational system and an art of warfare etc. were described. In addition, there was Harsha Charita composed by Banabhatta. More so, poets of Kashmir composed Rajatarangini in which we get an ancient successive history of Kashmir. This is our ancient history.

The first glorious act of Aryan's literature was Rig-Veda. The value of Rig- Veda is infinite. Aryans were in habit of offering food to their deities before they take food. It is mentioned in Rig Veda about the role of womenfolks; about their obligation and their liability. Also, about their apparel and food. The ancient literature of Indian Aryans is Veda. Both Aryans and Dravidians preserved and protected Bharatvarsha (Ancient India). Aryans are the original oldest inhabitants of ancient India. Aryan civilization, culture and dialects are our own wealth and our own property. Any epic, any mythology and religious treatises of ancient India never mentioned that Aryans are outsiders; that Aryans arrived in India through the Khyber Pass. Some of the Western Ideologists opined this according to their imaginative speculation.

We cannot imagine how much accomplishments achieved by ascetics and saints of Bharatvarsha (Ancient India). Aryan saints mentioned several times in various Purans and Vedas about the enormous spiritual power obtained by yogic practices; about the method of re-appraisal of life which cannot be obtained in a research laboratory. To achieve that, it is needed to surrender and acquire eagerness. There was nothing impossible for the Indian ascetics and saints. For achieving the elevated life, it is required a higher concentration of mind; perseverance, yearning and surrender. When the historians (Indologists) often opine that Aryans are outsiders, Swami Vivekananda was compelled to say: "Which fool says Aryans are outsiders? You will have to study the Vedas, have to know about the yogis."

Some of the native and foreign historians distracted people with their imaginary description about Aryans. Aryans never arrived in India from Europe. Again, Aryans did not depart to Europe from India too. American Philologists Whitney rightly said that there is no way to arrive at the wrong conclusion in connection with the original habitation of Aryans, as well as the arrival of Aryans in ancient India from Europe, by discussion on mythological episodes, history, dialect, various yoga and belles-lettres. Europe was then a country of barbarian races, and then the splendor of the education did not reach there. Their dialect was of low standard. They were a nomadic race. There were equestrians. They used to reside in the low hut made of twigs and tendrils. They used to stay in the pits of the earth during the winter season. Their only wealth was domestic animals. All these cannibals with elongated head were only barbarians. The historians, who tried to establish these people as Aryans, were just to propagate their erudition.

Aryans in ancient India were scattered at various places, yet their education and culture was same. A single saint did not compose Veda.. Veda is the consequence of perseverance and performance of tens and thousands of saints. All these substantiate that Aryans are not outsiders; they were first and foremost aborigines of Bharatvarsha (Ancient India). We get the name Aryavarta from the book Manu Samhita. Kulluk Bhatt, the annotator of this treatise, interpreted the name Aryavarta. This is the place, which is within the geographical boundary of India, and where Aryans took birth generation after generations.

So many saints and ascetics took birth in Bharatvarsha (Ancient India). I personally feel that there was a written language in those days. In one hymn of Samaveda, it was mentioned in the seventh and eighth chapter of Vedas that whoever would recite Rig Veda would achieve superior accomplishment. It was narrated in Puranas and other ancient treatises that Vyasdeva compiled four Vedas. How Vyasdeva compiled these treatises if the ancient saints did not compose these treatises?

We can see that there is mention of numbers from Ek (one) to Sahasra (1000), Ajut (Ten Thousand) etc. in several parts of Rig Veda. Ancient saints had profuse knowledge of the Principle of enumeration. During ancient days, the disciples used to memorize the narration of the script and vernacular by their preceptors. It is mentioned in Rig Veda about King Shantanu; that is why we can easily conclude that ancient saints composed Rig Veda far before the birth of

Vyasdeva. During the period of ancient India, the manuscripts used to be composed on palm-leaves. No single saint or yug (era) composed Vedas. That was the consequence of perseverance and performance of tens and thousands of saints and ascetics.

Vedavyas divided the whole Vedas into four parts for the benefaction of humankind. All the names of saints, kings and emperors found in Vedas, testify that the Aryans were original inhabitants of India and not of outsiders. Historians will have to contemplate that there were stone inscriptions in ancient India; and saints used to compose treatises in written language inscribing on the stones. We could not extricate that language yet. One day it will surely be revealed by archeological excavation that Vedas were not only memorizing retentively, but also Vedas were created in written language of an elevated literature of philology. The stone inscriptions on the mountains of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro are the testimony of that. Our literature, science, religion, politics, sociology, yoga, meditation, soul and supreme soul were written in books, papers and inscriptions on the mountain body.

The saint Patanjali made tremendous impact on society through his philosophical works on yoga system. He made us known about the supernatural power of ascetics. The ascetics collect their food materials within their bodies from the air. The ascetics do not lose their life even after remaining without food for long remaining in meditation. Super consciousness state has marvelous effects on health. There is no harmful effect found on health due to the long sleep. Rather their elegance is enhanced as they overcome their barriers with long sleep being in some noble thoughts. During that period, peculiar activities are performed within the body. It is known that in a foreign country a laborer, named Belton used to stay in the slumberous state for more than a month without taking a drop of water. Yet his corpulence and gracefulness remained intact. The trance and long sleep of a patient is equivalent.

If a person is free from day to day anxieties and problems, there is gratification of senses being overwhelmed with sleep. Even then, there is no damage to health. They do not become emaciated due to want of food and remain alive. Is there then any word impossible to a yogi?

A person can be an ascetic, a devotee and can also be a demon. And, even the man can be God too. In Dublin, the capital of Ireland, one person named Clark became a live stone-man. Earlier that Clark was an active and powerful

person. Many people of England were aware of that Clark. He was in habit of drinking wine excessively. In one night, he fell down on a field after drinking wine in excess. When got back his senses, he tried to get up from the field but perceived that his whole body became benumbed. After some time, Clark's different parts of the body seemed to become petrified, except his eyes, skin and intestines. He was not able to stand erect without the assistance of somebody, losing his power of movement. Even his two rows of teeth became a single row being fastened together. There was no power of movement of the tongue. In fact, his body was stony yet alive. Still now, in the exhibition room of Dublin, the petrified body of Clark is standing with full care. This type of phenomena is found all over the world. The change of different state of the body occurs from the excitement due to sensuality, enviableness and gratification etc.

If anybody is absorbed in thought of any of the above condition, one will acquire the same result. In which way one thinks sincerely and devotedly, achieves the same. If there is no willingness, the flow of contemplation does not arise. Skillfulness, devotion and discipline in physical functions is yoga. A course of mind, body and soul faculty is yoga. Eagerness, enthusiasm and profundity of application in mind is yoga. And, the depth of meditation within mind is yoga. The yogis only know about the wonderful power of mind. Since we do not understand its importance, we take pride in the study of books, earning degrees and felicitations. The importance of ancient art called yoga is that it will not be comprehensible without practicing it.

There is nothing impossible in yoga. Those who attend success in it are called yogabatar (contemplative saint). I am trying to depict some of such examples here. He is able to know many events from thousand miles away. All these yogis can achieve a greater super human strength with meditation and super consciousness essence. There is a lotus shaped piece of flesh within the heart just above our abdomen is known as lotus of the heart. A kind of luster or splendor is perceived if that lotus of the heart is turned upwards by pranayam (practice of suspension of breath).

That luster or splendor has no comparison. The splendor of the sun, the luster of the moon, the luster of a jewel and hundreds of variegated radiance get often radiated in that lotus of the heart. When that splendor is conceived by yogi, worldly anguishes and distresses get spoiled; and a yogi becomes a man of spiritual austerity. Erudite ascetics perceive the wonderful fundamental truth through concentration of mind.

Such an ascetic can perceive the divine sound if his tongue is like a snake. All of the desires are fulfilled by forbearance. Only the yogis are aware of the concealed enormous power within the forbearance.

Those who have enormous will power, nothing is impossible to them. Yogi is also able to acquire different strange and supernatural power by self-abnegation. The common people sleep at night with mental satisfaction and work hard throughout the day to earn money for domestic necessity. However, the yogis are awake about the philosophy of soul and remain inattentive in the domestic affair. The yogis are unable to remain within the intricate atmosphere of worldly conflagration. Yogis do not have any fixed residence. On their way when the evening descends that place becomes the resting place of them. Common people have a profound sense towards dignity and indignity. However, yogis are opposite to it. They do not get satisfaction in panegyric. And, they too are not offended by insults.

The yogis do not commit any sinful act. They wonder in the earth as an inanimate man. Those who are genuine yogis, they do not become a guest to any person. They do not attain any funeral ceremony or at the place of sacrificial rites. They do not take part as a guest in any procession of deity, in any cultural platform or at any public gathering. People like : Fakirs (Muslim mendicants) or Sadhus (Hindu mendicants) who collect money from door to door for construction of Mosque or temple respectively are not real yogis or righteous persons. Those mendicants can never achieve eternal salvation.

Yogis are only performing ascetic austerities who worship abstract consciousness. The true yogis only can predict their actual time of death. They can ascertain the time of their demise. Only true yogis have the power of dying at their own will. In Mahabharata, we know about the great character Vishma who left his worldly body by voluntary death. A yogi has to make his body and mind flawless, has to control his anger. His first and foremost requirement is the restraining of speech. Also, reverence to elderly persons is common to him. It is predictable for the saints to relinquish the worldly ties; and they remain indifferent to worldly relations. Then only the saints become able to liberate deprived men. As the water of flood tide cannot be brought towards ebb tide, and the water of ebb tide can never be thrown towards flood tide; similarly, a class of people who get directed towards erroneous way can not return easily to the right path. They die an unnatural death.

The saints are extremely calm and quiet and they remain tranquil in any condition. They

do not become perplexed. They do not have ill-feelings within their hearts. No ailment and perversion of mind can touch them. The perversion of mind is for the weak persons. You will have to know that these persons were yogis in the previous births. During the present birth, they can become superior yogis within a small span of time. In this manner, these high-souled men like yogis extricate themselves. And, they can liberate vicious people deviated from the path of virtue.

To become a yogi or to attend supernatural power depends mostly on the physical and mental state. When the religious disposition presents within the yogi, then nothing is needed to him. All the necessities of nature are included within his life. The gleams of wisdom and intellect cross all the limits of infinity when the array of spiritual cloud appear in a yogi. The gloom of ignorance, flaw, ill feelings, worldly desires, sexual urges, sensuality, egoism etc. are driven out. Then he becomes a true yogi. When this awakening of the spirit of renunciation appears, the yogi attends salvation from the ocean of worldly ties. Worldly warp and waifs are ended. When the array of spiritual clouds within the body of yogi becomes very cool, then the turmoil, vice, distress, calamity, and pitfall etc. do not exist within him. He does not possess any agony, desire, and inclination. He then achieves his gratification, accomplishment and peace. He becomes a complete personality. Self-retrospection is sufficient for a yogi to get administered towards virtuous path. A common man does not know how much boundless power he has within him. But he is able to protect himself by his power within through meditation and yoga.

There is circular navel at the center of the body. Yogis can feel the condition of the body from the location of the navel. He who takes much care of navel, he becomes long-lived. The pathway of energy or life force which extends from below throat to thigh portion is known as Kurma Nadi (Tortoise pathway of energy or life force). It originates from umbilical cavity region. This pathway is very hard. If one can make self-restraint in this pathway, the stability of strength grows within the body, mind and soul. And, the body becomes free from all the ailments.

The remedy of all the ailments is very much present within human body. If a man practices meditation, super consciousness, devotion, discipline, attention, concentration, reverence, sublimity, sincerity and the wisdom of trance..., then entire functions of yoga is accomplished. He need not return to this tormenting worldly concern. This yoga is austere to the common people. Yogis only can achieve trance with continuous meditation, concentration and single-minded devotion. Studying some

books may make a man erudite; but not really a wise man or a yogi.

The sign and symptom of a yogi is self-revelation. Yogis are never disturbed in distress, action, calamity or worldly objects. It is not possible to escape for a creature from the consequences of his own actions. The soul is the receptacle of eternal philosophy, infinite wisdom, boundless power and unlimited delight. If a man can stimulate happiness in the soul, he relinquishes the amorous desire, greed, lust, egoism and envy. Then, in his life "*Nirbanam paramam sukham*" (ecstasy of the complete emancipation of soul) appears. This not only is a rapturous delight, but also an absolute acquisition. This is the principal way to become long-lived being liberated from the pangs of the diseases and sufferings. When a yogi reaches at the acme of spiritual essence, yoga and meditation; then there will be less possibility of rebirth.

Common people sacrifice their lives in search of wealth. Where is the time for a common man to lead his own soul towards virtuous course? That is why a human suffers from the ailments, pangs and diseases. Now humans beings are roaming within ignorance and darkness and are far from the ray of light that true spirituality gives to them.

Yoga is a sacred learning. It is not necessary to count water one by one drop. Similarly, it is foolishness to count fragments of sky. Also, it is uncertain to know about the state of mind. The judgment according to worldly law depends on the condition of mind. The judgment of yogis is steadfast like the flame of a lamp.

Still today, we become astonished noticing the various functions of saintly persons like : concentration of the honest profession, evaluation of incessant creation of Vedas etc. In this place, it is of utmost necessity to narrate an anecdote of Swami Abhedananda. Swami Abhedananda says: "I had an extreme curiosity to perceiving different objects since my childhood. I had as much concentration of mind as was my remembrance power. I could recall, anything that I had heard earlier. My memory was so much sharp that there was no scope to forget anything. I was able to perceive the mystery and causation of any object. I used to keep my father busy with various questions. My father sometimes used to say : "I did not such eagerness in any of my other offsprings during such a young age." During my childhood my eagerness to know and learn were predominant. When other boys were spending away time in lethargy, I was being educated various subjects from my elder brother just to gain new experiences. As for example, how to preserve various birds like : Payra (pigeon),

Mayna (parrot), Shalik (a kind of bird), Muniya (a kind of small bird), Bulbul (Indian nightingale), various skills of fishing, how to make the shoe durable by stitching, book binding etc. On the whole what is necessary in life I learned from my elder brother. I had an eagerness to learn any subject since my childhood. I was fond of reading anything. Occasionally, the paper bags made of newspapers used to lay at home. The writings on that paper-bag could not be escaped from my attention. Whatever readable on the paper-bag I used to read that. To learn something new, I used to study any book. Even I used to purchase various books from my tiffin money.

Once I happened to see a thick book named, Bhagavad Gita in the library of my father. As soon as I saw the book, I took it out from the book-shelf and started studying. At that very moment, my father entered the library and saw me studying the Bhagavad Gita. Immediately he snatched the book from my hand and told that this type of books should not be studied at tender age. Thinking that studying of such book might make me lunatic, he hid that book from my sight. However, my inquisitive mind did not accept that. I would have to find out the book where my father hid it. Somebody whispered in my ear by some divine power that the book had been kept on the shelf. While searching, I noticed that 'Bhagavad Gita' was behind the shelf. I was not able to perceive who indicated me in my ear. I too kept the book hidden. At night, I used to study the 'Bhagavad Gita' lighting a lamp after shutting the door when everyone was asleep. Of course, my father did not enquire about that 'Bhagavad Gita' any further. After studying that holy book, there was a lot of change in my mind. I stopped playing with friends of my age. Often I used to go to the school of Brahma Society (Community holding Monotheism) established by Keshab Chandra Sen. Wherever Shashadhar Tarkachuramani (Chief Logician) delivered a speech, I used to be present there. His speeches used to be published in the daily newspaper, Bangabasi. I used to comprehend his speeches with the help of reading that newspaper. He had vast knowledge on Sankhya Darshan (Sankhya system of philosophy). Besides that, he used to explain gracefully on the practice of yoga and its philosophical essence according to Patanjali Darshan (Patanjali Philosophy). I decided in my mind that it would be worthy to learn from the spiritually enlightened person like him. Without considering the pros and cons, I enquired about the dwelling place of Shashadhar Tarkachuramani and reached there.

Actually, I was extremely eager to acquire knowledge since my childhood days.

GIGANTIC LEAP IN CONSCIOUSNESS



Goldie Morales
USA

We have learned how to use logic for the construction of machines, but we have not learned how to apply it to our lives. One of the most pervasive evasions of the law of rationality is the logical fallacy known as ARGUMENTUM AD BACUUM which is argument by means of a club. A good example of this type of argument is, "You will do what I want you to do or you will suffer the consequences." When men resort to force or violence instead of reason to resolve political and personal problems, they become perpetrators and victims of war. One of our most important problems is how to build a world order in which there is unity in a variety of cultures and a variety of cultures in unity, and the big question is, can ARGUMENTUM AD BACUUM give us a solution to this problem ?

In our age of computers, micro electronics, thermonuclear weapons, deadly chemicals, space probes combined with sophistry, hedonism, nihilism, religious holy wars, it is especially true that "where there is no vision,

the people perish." Where are we to find this vision if not in the great seer prophets, the poet philosophers who have always emphasized the universals and tried to show us how to recognize the one in the many and the many in the one ?

Socrates called philosophy the love of wisdom, and others now called poetry the love of the beautiful. Indeed it is love - love of wisdom, love of the beautiful - that gives us the ability to take colossal leaps in the awareness and enables us to experience the meaning of participation in what the great mystics of the world have tried to describe as union with God.

The developments of technology pose horrendous threats to our survival ; and yet, our most formidable enemy is not technology, but our lack of vision of how to use it for the welfare of humanity. War is the betrayal of both reason and morality. What is needed is a gigantic leap in consciousness that could give us the vision necessary for us to find "a moral substitute for war."

Let philosophy and poetry show us the way.

OH, GOD JAGANNATH !

Although Lord of Universe
No Eyes, No Ears ;
Yet You symbolise
Epitome of Highest Esteems
Amidst Half Smile
Upon Your curved Lip...

Beyond Legs You alight,
God of Kindness
On Swinging Movements.
Your Black Body
Always delineate
You as God of equality,
Sublimity and Tranquility.

Beyond all Decorations
You are so Glamorous !
Supreme Deity of World
Dwarf, but Unparalleled ...
God of Gods
Sans Hands and Fingers
You administer
The Whole Universe ... !

All Powerful Your Wheel
Of Justice and Truth,
Of Eternity and Strength...
All Odiyas remain proud
For You, Lord Jagannath,
Your Divine Influence
Guide their lives,
Their whole aspirations.

***Geeta Sarangi**
Mumbai, India



*Geeta Sarangi is a reputed and promiscuous Poet, Writer and Story Teller in Odia and Bengali. She has already written books on love, frustration, devotion, patriotism and philosophy of life like : *Kabi O Kabita* (poetry), *Gita Gitika* (lyrics), *Tathapi Andhara* (story) and *Bhakti Gita* (devotional songs & lyrics) etc. She has been awarded by Bombay Odia Women's Association and many other awards like Central Bank of India foundation day trophy, Sahitya Shree Sammana, Sulekha Saraswata Sammana, Subarta Shrestha Kabi Sammana, Sweta Sanketa Lekhika Sammana & 6th Boudha Prativa Sammana etc.

(Translated from the Poet's original Odia Poem into English by Harekrushna Mahanta)

SPIRITUAL CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE POETRY OF BIPLAB MAJUMDAR



DR. MAHASHWETA CHATURVEDI

Born in Kolkata, editor of **Voice of Kolkata** and **Sahitya Utsav**, Biplab Majumdar was a bi-lingual poet, translator, reviewer, essayist, novelist, short story and juvenile writer. He is the author of 70 books. His poems so far have been translated from English into Hindi, Urdu, Assamese, Kannada, Punjabi, Marathi, Tamil, Telugu, Greek, Italian, German, Japanese, Spanish, Maltese and Russian. Biplab Majumdar also is a versatile writer and poet in Bengali. He is also a versatile genius who has given us a variety of poetry, novels, essays and short stories.

In the present day, when the dark clouds of war are surrounding the earth, I believe spiritual poetry is an invaluable and indispensable means for driving away the dark clouds and making the earth a paradise of love and peace. Biplab Majumdar has emerged on the world poetry arena as a shining star in the firmament of international poetry today. He firmly believes in the dictum that a poet has a mission. His poetry book entitled, **Virtues and Vices** has two parts: part one deals with virtues and the part two with vices.

Indian culture is not opposed to growth and development. Development should take place, but without disturbing the eco-system. Spirituality of the East never taught schemes of exploitation. Hinduism is a theory practiced in compliance with principles of Vedas, Upanishads, Puranas, Smritis and many more sacred Hindu texts. Hinduism is based on the Vedas.

According to the poet Biplab Majumdar 'Life is precious :

**"Accept life as a precious gift
From the hand of Supreme power,
You can achieve a great wonder
Love your life, have an affair."**

"We have to recognize the true meaning of life. Modern man is misguided and it is impossible to escape the infectious degradation of the mental and moral standards of modern civilization. He worships wealth and material possessions, and these destroy spiritual values.

The poet advises man for detachment ---

**"Live life in a spirit of detachment
Without expectation do your duty,
Rise and fall in the rhythm of life
Remember caused by a spiritual necessity."**

According to the poet, mind is omnipotent ---

**"A man thinks and his future appears
Thus a man can achieve wonder,
Success or defeat that life mirrors
Is nothing at all but a mindly affair".**

According to the Yoga Vasistha,

"The mind is the nafe of the world. It is the thinking aspect of the Absolute Consciousness.

According to Rishi Vasistha,

"The mind is the tendency of pure consciousness towards objectivity ---"

"All this means that the Mind is a centre of consciousness."



Biplab Majumdar

Our mind is also the maker of our joys and sorrows. On the condition of our mind depend all our happiness or misery. According to the Vedas, our mind can be full of noble thoughts.

There is nothing in the world which does not yield to the strong determination of a man. The Rigveda teaches us : " Let noble thoughts come to us from every side".

According to **Dr. Mahashweta Chaturvedi :**

**"Back to the Vedas
To sing the Richas
Full of light & splendour
Which can open new vistas. "**

Humility is a virtue and opens the door to heart. Finding our real identity, we can feel His powers :

**"When we find our real identity
Insignificant we can feel His powers
Humble become we actually then
The star of humility atop showers. "**

God, the Almighty, our Father, is in each and every particle of the world. We have to feel His

power in everything ; and for this, there is the need of a well cultivated mind for the achievement of true happiness.

A man with a disciplined and enlightened mind finds interest in everything because he sees an image of the all powerful. Theist alone sees the living image of the Almighty in every being. For him, the whole world is a perpetual source of joy and happiness. The poet Biplab Majumdar inspires man for the selfless prayer and says :

**" Prayer is a must to strengthen confidence
Needed action should be followed as friend,
We can achieve wonder by its grace
The news of success does it send. "**

Prayer is the wing that takes the mind up to the height of lofty ideals and unites with the Supreme Power.

For this, we need concentration which occurs in silence and the poet says :

**" Nature always smiles in silence
And echoes the voice of solitude,
Life does commence in depth of silence
Finishes too with silent gratitude. "**

The poet Biplab Majumdar has selected virtues for his poetry. These virtues enhance the beauty of character. The virtues, he selected are : Victory, Creativity, Righteousness, Truth, Patriotism Joy, Maturity, Respect, Commonsense, Success, Love, Self-Revolution, Kindness, Charity, Cheerfulness, Equanimity, Courtesy, Thinking, Divinity, Action, Peace, Service, Gratitude, Freedom, Enthusiasm, Decision and Friendship etc.

The M.Phil dissertation entitled : **Social Consciousness in the Poetry of Biplab Majumdar** is submitted by **Pallavi Kiran** to Indian School of Mines, Dhanbad under the supervision of **Dr. R.K. Singh**, Dept. of Humanities and Social Sciences. The poet Biplab Majumdar also is spiritually conscious. The Indian mind is largely preoccupied with the idea of the Almighty. In the works of Sri Aurobindo : "It is in the service of spirituality that art reaches its highest self-expression" (Savitri : A Spiritual Epic by R.K. Singh).

Spiritual consciousness is superior to the materialistic approach that darkens the golden life. The poet shows the significance of spirituality in modern world. The study of Biplab Majumdar poetry proves him as a spiritually conscious poet who wants to awaken the society misguided by greed, hatred and blind selfishness.

Biplab Majumdar's deep spiritual thinking is pregnant with Vedic thoughts. We find honest self-expression in his poetry. One who is full of self-introspection knows himself. Awakening makes one spiritually conscious. The vision of spiritualism and inner harmony makes the poet a conscious mind with his value-added

experiences. Those who are not spiritually conscious are cheating the precious life. Good health and sound-thinking are two of life's greatest blessings. His collection of poems entitled **Virtues & Vices** is a treasure of precious jewels ; and I can say it's a way of enlightenment if translated into actions. Also, it can make one full of glory, peace and love. Virtues can kill the devil of terrorism residing in the hearts.

These virtues like : Education, Prayers, Optimism, Efficiency, Hope, Humour, Justice, Morality, Leadership, Gracefulness, Faith, Persistence, Forgiveness, Religion, Duty and Universal brotherhood etc. are the vital breath of our precious lives. Without these, man cannot achieve anything. In these dark days, these virtues are the sun rays guiding us to the goal which imparts us joys.

True and permanent happiness consists in satisfaction which are derived from our success in some great creative adventures. Turning of a waste land into a smiling garden, setting up of some important organizations, or creation of peace and order out of disturbance are the great works which yield lasting happiness to the agriculturist, leader and politician.

Similarly, artists and scientists find a great comfort and solace in their creative efforts.

Burning desire is needed for the success and the poet says ---

**" We should have a burning desire
A deep obsession to our focal theme,
Intense concentration and perseverance
Lead to success of our golden dream. "**

Without love nothing is possible because love is the wheel of life and the world moves on it. Love alone can bring heaven at our feet.

The poet inspires humanity for love and faith in his words -

**" Love is called a miracle medicine
That can heal up a mortal wound.
Against hatred, fear and sin
Its philosophy is surely profound. "**

Poetry can't be without inspiration. As Mamata Acharya counts the aims of poetry : Kayyam yeshe artherite - by Abhar Kritan. Poetry teaches us vyavhar (behaviour). In other words, conduct : what to do and what not to do. The poet Biplab Majumdar imparts us the meaning of conduct. The central theme of some of his works is : love, mysticism and conduct. And, mystic poetry can strike still deeper. It can stir the innermost and subtlest recesses of life within the soul and the secret inner-mind. At the same time, it can be of its right kind and go beyond. These also are to the pure inmost psyche.

According to the poet : What to achieve in our earthly life should be decided ; and one must do

and die for it. For friendship, it is very essential to shed off ego. And, friends are those who walk in darkness with us. Poor, destitute and helpless men need our help. Hence, let's show them our inner grace. The poet inspires us to acquire knowledge.

As Tennyson says ;

**"To follow knowledge
Like a sinking star."**

Beyond the utmost bound of eternity ... "How dull it is to pause and to make an end.

To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!"

In the same way the poet says :

**"The buds of knowledge already in us
Education is their blooming into roses,
It never ceases as you know
Real education is a lifelong process."**

We have to remember the Almighty, our Father. Prayer is the way through which we can unite ourselves with our Father. Prayer develops strength within us. It is said that 'the Almighty is the only object of worship'. According to the poet, 'Hope is a blessing - hope comes first, and life shines'. Hence it is best of friends.

Noble thoughts make one noble. These are the ornaments of life. A man is wicked without these virtues. The study of literature forms our character and develops in us a spirit of reason, strength, courage, public service and many other excellent qualities of the mind. For achieving happiness it is essential that we live in the company of pious ideas and noble sentiments for which the study of literature is indispensable.

According to the poet, no religion teaches hatred, violence and ill-will towards any being :

**"Let us have an optimistic vision,
Tomorrow's world would be a unified nation
If universal peace be our mission
Let humanity alone be the global religion."**

The poem entitled 'Duty' excellently teaches us about the real essence of duty. For inspiring men the poet says :

**"Duty is the most awesome father.
Who does guide a child in life.
Truth and honesty are his deities.
Sacrifice is his inevitable wife."**

Performance of duties makes one joyous. Action is everyman's duty as Theodore Roosevelt said : 'No man needs sympathy because he has to work. Far and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing'. (Address, 1903)

Sectarian outlook is not needed and selfish motives are genuine threat to world peace :

**"The supreme ideal of a unified nation,
Has become ours a crying need.
Irrespective of colour, class and creed.
Brothers are we' should be the slogan."**

Biplab Majumdar is mainly concerned with man's predicament, his deep anguish and existential dilemma; and the confusion in search of a meaning. Amidst pain, distrust and despondency, man is dying every day; but not really experiences death. Without virtues man's life is a burden. Vices create the world in a frenzy of activities and violence marks the degrading cultural heritage and civilized milieu. Anger misguides man. Hence the poet says :

"'Anger is not at all a masculine trait.'

**Surely it is a sign of weakness,
Blatently proves it our sheer inefficiency.
That difficult situations we can't face."**

The poet expresses his serious concern over the loss of values in the world. While the bad is attracted, the good is discarded. He stands aghast in the web of the visions :

**"Just as a poisonous hellish serpentine
Greed stealthily roams in the garden,
The colourful flower of virtues wither
The moment it touches a tree of Eden."**

It is true that greed does cease us to be human, propels to sin and cause destruction. Man has to fight against the vice to pave the way to higher realization. In Hindu philosophy, every creature has a perishable body and an immortal soul. Therefore, every creature, big or small, deserves equal importance. The essence of Hindu philosophy is tolerance, sympathy and sensibility. One should have mercy on others.

Fame rests on great achievements. Glory was what had fired the imagination of Alexander the Great : an example of great man. One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without name. Life is a great adventure and the heroes are not those who live the longest, but those who do great deeds. Many men live to be 100 years or more. They live and die, unknown and unremembered by the world. But the famous deeds done by great men are written on the golden pages of history :

"We live in deeds, not years :

**In thoughts not breaths.
In feelings not in figures on a dial,
we should count time by the heart-throbs,
be most lives,
who thinks most, feels the noblest
acts the best."** (Philips John Bailey)

Some people don't live but only exist. Merely breathing or putting on years is not life. Alexander, the Great died at the early age of 36, yet he was a world conqueror ; and is said to have wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. The poet Byron died at the age of 35; P.B. Shelly was drowned when he was 30; Keats died of T.B. at the age of 25. Their lives were short; but their

deeds were great. They will live as long as English poetry exists.

The classic example is that of poet Chesterton who is said to be the father of the Romantic Movement, but died at the age of eighteen : a mere boy. Greatness does not lie in years. The oak tree lives for 300 years. There are other trees that live for 4,000 years. Yet the poets have written poems not on those long-lived trees, but on the lily flower. This globe of ours is many million years old, yet history records only a few golden ages. Long life needs virtuous life. In these long years of existence virtue is rewarded, and vice is punished.

Our precious life is to earn virtues for glory. Honesty, creativity, righteousness, truth, love, joy, kindness, cheerfulness, courtesy, noble thoughts, divinity, good actions, peace, gratitude, courage and humility etc. are the virtues which make life meaningful. Vices are for the downfall of man. Tension is known as a fire of soul as the poet depicts :

**" Our life can't be without tension
We must admit its inevitable presence,
An unconquerable force of the nature
Directs us to quicken the senses. "**

During hard times, men appear to be in tension. Yet hard times throw its pinches. Blessings are invisible. Prosperity is rough of grain; but sufferings ennoble us. A man brought up in the lap of luxury is unfit and incapable to face the storms and stresses of life. Suffering brings out the best in man. Prosperity makes us soft and unfit to fight the grim battles of life. Eternal life is always a struggle. Hence the poet Biplab says :

**" Neither tension nor relaxation
Can provide us a worthy living.
But a prudent cocktail of these two
Makes our life definitely thrilling."**

Out of evil comes good. Suffering is the best teacher. Adversity turns our thoughts towards the Almighty God. Tragedies are more popular than comedies. When clouds darken our life, man shows lightning flashes of energy. Jealousy is a curse. Hence the poet says :

**" Jealousy is a sign of weakness
Out and out a destructive force,
Jealousy is an emotional immaturity
One must root out finding the source."**

A jealous man is really unfortunate because he harms others. We have to move towards our goal with ceaseless efforts. The moving finger writes and having grit, moves on. The world movers and world shakers were heroes, not the men full of jealousy who took up arms against the sea of troubles; and opposing them, ended them. Storm came, but they stood firm like a rock. They are the immortal heroes of this earth.

**"Ay, in the very temple of Delight
veil'd Melancholy has her Sovran Shrine "**

(John Keats, Ode on Melancholies)

If failures come, one should not be pessimistic because failures inspire us for success. In the words of the poet Biplab :

**"So we should stop not moving ahead,
In our pursuit if failure hisses
Failure means not there's the end
It's failure that paves the success."**

Clinging to passion, he searches for peace outside in the world. Teach by 'example rather than precept' has been his motto throughout his life. No matter how hardships assail, one should not yield to adverse circumstances. Instead, one must turn the opposite winds in one's favour by sheer will-power and grit. If one is right, he will have no fear at all. According to the poet Biplab Majumdar :-

**" Ignorance is the cause of fear
And it steals our peace of mind,
Fear is the sickness of the soul,
Snatches happiness keeps us behind."**

The poet advises us to know the fact. And, then fear would vanish. If there is anything really to fear, it is nothing but fear itself. By building confidence one can combat the fear complex. The poet Biplab and his writings reveal that there are certain sterling qualities in him that have made him an accomplished writer. He possesses self-confidence, will-power, positive thinking, creativity and awareness towards spirituality ; and burning zest for meaningful livings that have made him an inspiring writer. His poem is a masterpiece in itself :

**" Perhaps hatred is the most dangerous curse
Causes serious pangs in heart and earth,
By increasing division between man and man
Hatred consumes all joy and mirth."**

Hatred arises from personality clash, and venomous hatred kills our lives. It opposes the eternal laws of life distracting from goal. And the hatred leads to death. We can meet hatred with cosmic love. Let us develop respect for other religions. There remains an eternal combat between love and hatred, but one should face it with a divine spirit. Suspicion is a curse. And if one is bitten by this poisonous cobra, life becomes miserable. A suspicious fellow bears a rotten heart.

The present book entitled 'Virtues and Vices' is a collection of many poems. These short poems are readable and digestible. These poems will definitely serve as a beacon to those poets who like to study such thought - provoking poems. The title of the book too is wonderful. These poems are the jewels that can decorate our precious lives.

According to the poet Biplab, pride is like the disease of eyes. It deters to see one from distant vision.

Ignorance is the mother of short-comings, and it begets errors and shadows of fear. According to the poet :

**"When real knowledge manifests within us
The petals of darkness fall off silently
The fruit of light does start growing
And we become then divine gradually."**

'Lying' is a vice which can ruin the precious life. Defining 'lie' poet tells :

**"To tell a lie is a refined art
To be successful in human relations,
It should be encouraged,
practised, pampered
In order to avoid any social friction."**

The seers and teachers advise us not to tell a lie, even then the followers of the teachers are misguided. Lying to harm others is surely a vice. It is also said that lying is also known as the essential nature of shallow women. Every man and woman does not tell a lie. Those who are greedy - natured, they tell lies for their benefits. Selfishness is like a deserted sea-beach where air veil'd Melancholy has her Sovran Shrine (*John Keats, Ode on Melancholes*). A man who thinks of self alone lives in a self-made glass capsule and inevitably dies of dire suffocation.

Such type of person, at long last suffers from frustration. And frustration begets jealousy. It is prone to anger, spurs malice, resentment and fire of hatred. Even one may resort to committing suicide. In order to arrest the vice of frustration, one must trace back to its source.

At the same time, his inherent strength and faith must be reinforced.

Dr. Biplab's ability to move between forms from the emotional, spiritual and mental point of view is one of his greatest gifts ; and is a poignant source of understanding and connection in the poems. His poems are universal in its wisdom and memorable for its all-embracing sincerity. They cross limitations, irrespective of caste or creed. *Virtues and Vices* bother universality and reside in the hearts providing a whole virtual treasure house of knowledge :

**"Still we embrace love
We quite forget
What we love today
Will leave us tomorrow
It is the womb of love
That begets sorrow."**

Indeed, life is a mixture of love and sorrow. William Wordsworth finds permanent woes :

**"Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark
And shares the nature or infinity."**

According to W. Wordsworth : 'The wiser mind

mourns less for what age takes away, then what it leaves behind.'

According to the poet Biplab :

**"Life is just a chain of moments
And it is precious known to all
Wasting time means waste of life.
Do not put off to avoid Fall."**

Let us shun laziness because it keeps one away from one's goal.

**"Play it well when there is time
Let not others score the goal."**

When a man is born, his heart is full of clarity. And, with the flow of time he loses goodness and inner divinity like a river. Short lived pleasures allure him, placing him in the mesh. The poet arouses spiritual consciousness by saying :

**"A man who degrades his noble self
Denies truth and surrenders to evils
Remember digs grave by his teeth
Must he meet the awaited devil."**

And that awaited devil is in the dark valley of unbearable death. Desire drives a man into strife.

**"Desire alone is the dearest mother
Of anything that comes to our lives."**

Desires have the birds of temptations in the snares :

**"Birds of temptations
Are near grains of greed
The snare- holder
of treachery is behind
Ready to kill them
For the sake of hunger
God, the omnipotent
cannot bear
with the wicked forever." (35)**

An urge to crave more and more is just adding fuel to eternal fire; and desires have no end. And these cannot be pacified by the objects that we intensely desire. And it robs our peace of mind.

Crisis is not at all bad. It has its own secret mystery. It is a challenging test that proves the capability. We have to welcome it because it refines us. In the words of the poetess Mahashweta Chaturvedi : 'In the reign of a Devil violence prevails. It disrupts the foundation of society.'

**"In the reign of devil
Turmoil, tension, tumult
and typhoon of tyranny prevails,
violating rules and regulations." (36)**

**"Violence celebrates the festival of blood,
Can demolish world within a day,
The violin of violence should be seized.
Let us all unite to stop its play." (37)**

The short poems of this collection entitled 'Virtues & Vices' are excellent, inspiring and universal in appeal. The poet is centrally concerned about the virtues and vices. A virtuous life is a source of

inspiration to all. Life full of vices is responsible for the downfall of men. Virtues are the real religion of man. Slokas from Manusmriti say that religion embodies ten virtues :

Fortitude, Forgiveness, Non-stealing, Continenace, Abstaining from vilification, self-control, modesty, purity, contentment, truth, study of spirituality and compassion. Patience, fearlessness, theism and exclusive devotion to the Lord are called universal religion.

The scriptural authorities regard these virtues as the common religion of entire humanity. All men are entitled to them. We have to develop these virtues to make our lives fruitful.

The bright selective poetry of Dr. Biplab Majumdar is simple in basic structure, and memorable for its all embracing sincerity. These excellent poems add to the charm of the book. Here in this book is woven garland of flower-like sentiments. If these virtues are acquired, life can be a scented flower of appreciation. These poems impart an impression of stillness and spirituality. An impression is reinforced by the fact that many of his titles identify themselves in terms of specific feelings and emotions.

The book '*Virtues and Vices*' is the fine collection of virtues and vices. The author writes on many topics pleading humanity, discipline, will-power, simplicity, humility, silence, righteousness,

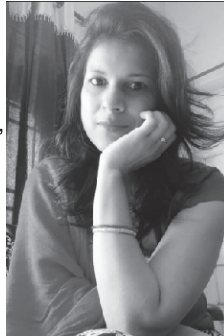
truth, patriotism, success, love, charity, self-evolution, equanimity, thoughts, courtesy, divinity, service, freedom, enthusiasm, optimism, efficiency, justice, persistence, gracefulness, religion, duty and universal brotherhood.

The vices are : anger, greed, hatred, jealousy, failure, passion, frustration, ignorance, pride, idleness, crisis and violence. Noble person has to shun these vices responsible for aimless life which is the harbinger of early death. Spiritual consciousness is for the welfare of entire world and well being of mankind. The poet Biplab Majumdar is with a mission who knows his duty in this age of mind boggling intellectual leaning to bring about a reasonable reconciliation between mystery and tedium. His poems have purity, beauty, inspiration and perfection which are steeped in Indianness. So his expression soars higher and higher. To conclude, it can be said with conviction that Biplab Majumdar has established himself among the full-bloomed poets of the world. He appears to be an excellent poet of this era. And, the present collection is adding glory as well as beauty of his poetry. In addition, it is establishing him more firmly in the soil of Indian English poetry. His collection of poems '*Virtues & Vices*' directs us towards spiritual consciousness. There is something for everyone in this volume.

GOLDEN GIRL

* Sanghamitra Raiguru
Raipur (Chhatisgarh)

Her smile is inspiring
In spite of sufferings
Like Lucy Gray
Wordsworth portrays ...
Her mind may be disturbing,
heart may be heavy : but
the golden girl is silent.
No anguish,
Nothing to get displeased ...
No feeling of inertia
Or wants ...
Her smile never ends.



Her unknown horizon,
Mother is her earth ...
When air is music
for many persons,
it becomes
burdensome too
to our Golden Girl ...
She is forgotten
Her Inner Self torn,
Sold to unknown ...

Endless Road,
Feet are strong ;
Yet anxious ...
Address known,
but never distinct.
She's determined not
to return
What may happen
being sublime
and humble ...

*An outstanding poet and writer, Sanghamitra Raiguru has written many books to her credit in Odiya and Hindi like : *Janha Rey Bi Uthhey Jhada*, *Chala Deepa Tey Jaliba*, *Tumey Samudra Mun Sosa*, *Akhirey Akhiye Swapna*, *Jaha Kuhena Aaina*, *Kuchh Ghunt Chand Ke* etc.

She so far has been awarded by Kunjabihari Upanyas Samman (Utkal Sahitya Samaj), Mayurbhanj Pustak Mela Samman, Bidulata Sikhya Samman & Sahitya Darpan Samman etc. Also, she represented Odiya Poetry at Tejpur University organised by Kendra Sahitya Academy.

(Translated from the Poet's original Odia Poem into English by Harekrushna Mahanta)

From 'Words of Silence' to 'The Silent Sky' - - SushriSangita's Journey of Words in Silence

- A Write Up and Review by Prof.Harihara Mishra



Pf. Harihar Mishra

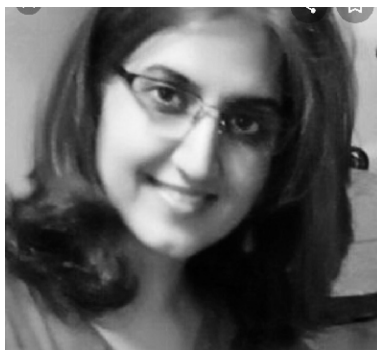
A poet prophet had said: 'Why should we spend our limited time reflecting on mysteries of birth and death with elfin knowledge thereon!' In other words, this life which is enthralled by birth and death is a vacuity. Possibly this was voiced by Nathyogi Maschhendranath. In that case what does the poet craft to the vacuity through the lexes? How and when is it crafted? All colours of life: sorrows, fear, conflicts, reservations, dreams, excitements, emotions, vigour are mingled with the ruins of Lexus. No words persist while sculpting the figurine of truth. Merely serenity conquers around. No hallucination but obscurity appears. With a purpose to discover the silence and destiny, the poet's travelogue stretches. It can't be said that this path is entirely the poet's personal choice. Rather it seems that the destiny is preached. As it is reflected in the verses of Poet SushriSangita :

**"Road is a perpetual calling
Trail has never abetted the
voyager
To reach anywhere
It merely puts the voyager on
track in perpetuity.
Mean while the voyager
forgets
His dreams
His identity
And the waft that runs his
demesne.
And As ever
The boulevard reaches the
destination**

Prior to the roadster." (The Road)

Perhaps that boulevard converts to super alleyway of tradition prior to the voyager accomplishing the sense of completion. The path may or may not be taken. But then the truth is that the concourse appears on its own. And the poet no longer remains the one to choose the path, but becomes the chosen one.

**"I persist till culmination
At an isolated aloofness
from my conscious
In my stretch to conceive
tad of the firmament**



SushriSangita Mishra

**I'm not conceivable
Nor enduring inert
at the ground"**

(The Silent Sky)

This path is eternal and the traveller is in fascination of eternity. This fascination belongs to the traveller- the poet that searches for the musk dear. And often without understanding the truth of her own inner being, she gets confused and restless about the virulent smell outside. She searches for the ultimate identity of the inner being. Everywhere in life she sees the descent of this truth. It spreads like moonlight with the knowledge of this void. And in silence the poet holds it in her heart. The poet shapes it with new knowledge. In this sense of vacuity, fullness sparkles. One has to observe time by virtue of all attachments of life, dreams and the deepest of love. This attachment brings anxiety, but also brings one to the essence of one's awareness :

**"Am I not my sob,
my ire, my warmth
And the gush that
are my own
What remains of me
If you subtract!
Hence, this must be
The penultimate scene
In the act!
This point is perhaps
The final image
of an opaque vacuity
Made of my being
and the coming.
Here is where perhaps
I would stumble
upon my self
And my ego would
breath its last"**

(The Penultimate Scene)

Poet SushriSangita accomplished the peak of consciousness by virtue of knowledge of human limitations and feebleness. It transmits reverence and pride after transcending the lion's gate. In the detached firmament the sunshine of this irrefutable truth takes over. All other passions and fascinations of ordinary human life become pale.

The modern bards searched for the answers to be free from this dilemma. They search for the absolute and unchanging truth in the premises of constantly changing life.

Poet SushriSangita needs an elongated night to sense that truth. This elongated, eloquent night will preserve the hallucination blooming :

**The one sitting
at the destination
Of my tears and vanity
Might be yearning
for such an elongated night
One, bigger than His Totality
(Night)**

She would be drenched in the uninterrupted rain.

The morning will take a heavenly bath with every Sunrise. And every sunset will seem as effervescent as normal:

"What are these showers

Draining out the dirt of words

**In the petrichor emanating
from my heart
Lost my consciousness.
Looks like now it would rain
My present and future
Might be drenched again!"**

(The Divine)

After her first collection 'Nirabatara Sabda' the poet thought there is nothing more left to express. She has confessed this in the preface of the second collection. Quite natural and understood. That was perhaps the time for communicating with her inner being. The exchanges between dream and truth is prominent and perpetual in the second collection 'The Silent Sky'. The sky is ever spread. The conversation with that sky is possible only through poetry. And for that, sorrows and dreams need not be



☐ The surest way to be happy is to seek happiness for others.

- *Martin Luther King Jr.*

☐ Do not get upset with people or situations, both are powerless without your reaction.

- *Lord Buddha*

☐ You have to grow from the inside out. None can teach you, none can make your spiritual.

There is no other teacher but your own soul.

- *Swami Vivekananda*

declared dead. No need of an exile. A poet is ever imprisoned in meditation of poetry. She searches for her soul in the subconscious knowing well that she is in the bastille of her flesh, bones and blood.

She realizes the substances of existentialism in the complexities of dilemma, doubt and suspicion. 'The Silent Sky of this hope, desire, dream and passion shows the brightness of the void. Let this be silent and be in stillness. Even a dot of perfection can spring elixir. Even a moment can bring fullness of time. But at some point in time it becomes impossible to remain in alignment of body and soul. The union and separation between the individual and the collective is a never ending play in the conscious of the poet. This wave of consciousness is the

ultimate
silence.
Perhaps this
supreme
realization of
oneness
makes the poet
crave for
individualism
again. This is
expressed in
her poem:

" I know it has
never arrived

**And would never arrive
Which road it can take to reach me
When the distance between the two
Is no longer alive"**

(The Only One)

In the surround of this subtle firmament, the poetic style of SushriSangita shows a collective form of metaphysics and existentialism. The tradition of modern poetry is bound through this coordination. Often intangible and intuitive expressions are used in poetry removing the sensory words. This intuitive knowledge of truth is the characteristics of SushriSangita's poetic style. So it deserves to be classified as metaphysical poetry and is likely to secure an important place in its space in the time to come.

Translated By Sarita Prusti

ECOLOGY, CIVILIZATION AND THE END OF AN ERA



Teresinka Pereira
USA

With the news of the storms and spilling of solar rays I start thinking of the human fatality being not only from globalization of the agronomic, industrial, market, banking, corporations and so many new modern forms of greed, but also from natural causes, which are faster and unavoidable. The so-called aurora borealis are luminous displays of North and South Hemispheres respectively, called also northern and southern lights. Visible in a variety of colors and forms over areas nearly over geomagnetic poles, they extend to altitudes from e.35mi to c.600mi. They are believed to be the result of collisions of charged particles from the sun with gases of the upper atmosphere. Their occurrence is correlated with sunspot activity and magnetic storms. They affect not only the planet's magnetism, but also the brains of every being alive on Earth.

German Physicist Max Planck, who won the Nobel Prize for formulating the Quantum theory in thermo-dynamics, researched the effect of radiation, proving that even radiation is not continuous but is a succession of spurts or bundles of quanta that we cannot predict. The Universe is more than 13 billion years old, Earth, about four billions, life a little less than that and homo sapiens is less than 140 thousand years. In my opinion we are yet very young and ignorant beings. We have a long way to go into civilization!

In the Earth's short process of developing there have already been five great extinctions, one every a million years. According to ecologists and the Mayan Indians we will see

another extinction due to the acceleration of the pollution of the earth and the air by human beings which disasters and the arms race conducted by the United States and other nations seeking power. Instead of spending money in education for peace, the American Department of Defense spends nearly one trillion dollars yearly testing atomic bombs and buying drones and supersonic jets to fight enemies yet unknown. This is not like the solar spurts we cannot put a date on, but because when a nation achieves a super-flow of arms and the economy still needs an explanation for the overspending, it is necessary to start a war in order to justify the super production. The

We are afraid of aliens, of immigrants, of bums and beggars, strangers, neighbors and youngsters. That's the reason we approve preemptive wars, arrest of undocumented citizens, people who do civil disobedience, philosophers, intellectuals, anarchists and poets. We want them to be locked up so they don't harm us with their liberal and progressive ideas. If this is too real to be ironic or farcical, it is because is truth.

candidates to the presidency of the United States add a few words of "Defense wisdom" to the political war rhetoric and the people believe and vote for it.

The human mind still puts "defense" in first place, just like the cave man did, making their weapons out of stone and wood. 140 thousand years of

civilization development has not yet change that. In a way we are all psychopathic beings believing that we are right, everybody else is wrong and they are out to harm us. This is what will cause the end of an era of civilization. The change of mentality called "individual pacifism" is needed.

If we hold a little bit of common sense and good will we were recycling bottles, papers, saving water, giving to charity and electing Governments who promise peace and putting an end to poverty. Then we have to watch out and make them honest doing what they promised. However even if we are believers in goodness, we cannot avoid the magnetic waves of the sun which cause interruptions of the modern machines that make our life easier and influence our brains to

provoking violence against each other, like unconscious acts of terrorists and planet plundering. We hate people with a different way of life, with a different religion and beliefs, with a different skin color or size. We are afraid of aliens, of immigrants, of bums and beggars, strangers, neighbors and youngsters. That's the reason we approve preemptive wars, arrest of undocumented citizens, people who do civil disobedience, philosophers, intellectuals, anarchists and poets. We want them to be locked up so they don't harm us with their liberal and progressive ideas. If this is too real to be ironic or farcical, it is because it is truth.

Of course this is not an excuse for stopping the good work of conscientious people of good will. On the contrary we need them more than ever! We need to reverse the current course of incivility in some of the powerful and rich

countries all over the world. Sara Hacala, the author of the book **Saving Civility : 52 Ways to Tame Rude, Crude and Attitude for a Polite Planet**, states. "Civility is an essential component of our sustainability, enabling us not only to survive but thrive." I believe we need to convince the people who do not profess ecology watching to start caring about it. The sun, god of the Native Indians of the Americas is not regulated by our prayers and sacrifices. The sun is just composed of hydrogen, helium and a small percentage of heavier elements called metals as oxygen, carbon, neon and iron. It does not have a spiritual soul. But in this the Indians are right: the sun is the creator of life and in less than nine hundred thousand years it will be the cause of the end of another era. Until then, we, as the human race, will need each other in every step of the way developing our civilization. Take care!

THE WALL

*Dr. Sangita Swechcha
London

I know
The road ahead is blocked
Yet I keep walking.

There stands a giant wall before me
I can neither surmount it
Nor can I demolish it.

Swayed by emotions
And flying with wind gusts
Every now and then
I rush to the wall
And crash into it
This leaves me feeling giddy
I feel crushing pain searing through
my body
My ear burning
Unaware, tears trickle down
Yet I rise
To Surmount this wall
This giant wall.

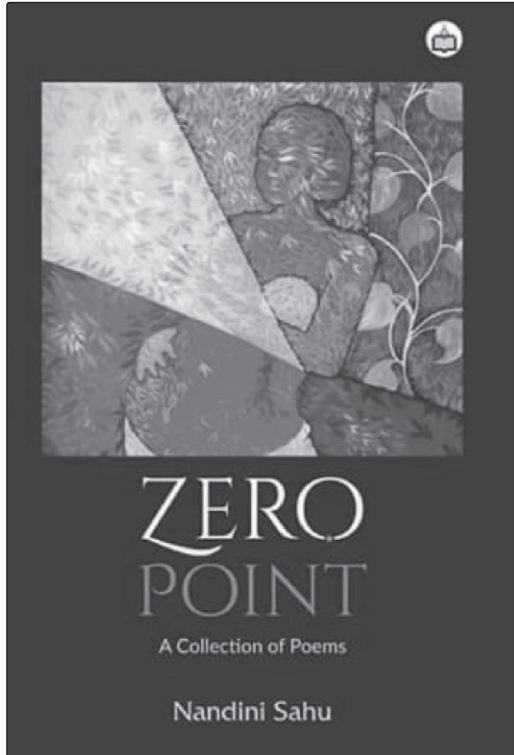
Taking please in my plight
It roars with laughter again and again
Yet I keep running into it
That giant wall, the challenge
incarnate,
Lies arrogantly
At the end of the road I am walking.

(Translated by Bal Ram Adhikari)



* Dr Sangita Swechcha has been an ardent lover of literature from an early age. She's published a novel "Pakhalieko Siudo" (Washed Vermillion) and co-authored a collection of short stories, "Asahamati Ka Pailaharu" (Hoofmark of Discord) before the collection of poems : "Gulafsanga Ko Prem" (The Rose: An Unusual Love Story). Dr. Sangita's second novel is under publication ; and her short story collection is being translated into English. She has many short stories, poems and articles published in various journals and online portals including Radio Nepal, Nepal Television, Global Literature in Library initiative (USA), Your2Read (London), Borderless Journal (Singapore), Counter Currents (India), Global Voices (Netherlands) etc.

BEING-IN-THE WORLD AND BEYOND:



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Author
Pf. Nandini Sahu

A Review of Nandini Sahu's ZERO POINT

Philosophically speaking, a zero always looks forward to attaining higher goals in life. It is proved, more often than not, as the beginning of new epistemic access to life at the behest of life's ordinary course of experience as a worldly-wise (wo)man. The dexterity, with which life sets out in its diligent as well as quotidian course, only becomes real add-on for analyzing the higher values of life. This kind of a situation is really ripe for an understanding and experiencing the larger-than-life goals set by a poet. It is catering to all her womanly needs at first ask. And, it certainly is a big need in comparison to common parlance prevalent in the contemporary world. Yes, Sahu's poetry has travelled the distance to pay due attention to beyond-the-life goals. Nandini Sahu's sixth collection of poetry Zero Point (2018) proposes philosophical vantage positions for unraveling the deeper truths of life.

The first poem, "Zero Point", out of total forty-three, just initiates brilliantly the summing up of the life's philosophical sojourn which accounts for "Nirguna Brahman", "timeless ambiguity / the known-unknown" (15). Its range is panoramic; beginning from primitive realities based on the basic needs of life characterized by the oxymoronic phrase "attached –detachment" the body, cosmos, physical and metaphysical realities have definitely enriched the gamut of operation. It relates to both life and after-life.

Another poem that easily catches the attention of the reader is "From Dust to Dust: A voyage" where the five elements related to life are represented with a view to projecting the deeper realities of life. The "Air" section refers to both weightage and emptiness in an unambiguous way. Its marginal presence, one cannot see it; only experiences it. And, it is presented side by side with the power it is invested with when required. It does not make a distinction between the "sacred" and "profane". Death is the universal leveler here; preaching the lessons of life in a unique way.

When we switch over to the "water" section, one is at a loss to solve the riddle of ambiguity where all good associations of water are explored except perhaps one word "disappointment" to describe the side effect of otherwise life sustaining qualities of water.

Another interesting poetic device of comparison and allusion is used in the poem, making the pursuit of the poet grander by any count. By recourse to water being used by Sophocles to survive a difficult phase of life, the poetic persona also invokes water to recharge her "fiery being" (20). Her firm assertion to attain the scales of the sun is really worthy of mention which would stand women's cause in good stead.

The "Earth" section appears to be more earthly as the poetic persona compares itself with and flourishes adhering to the stern strictures as well as the sound signs of "green earth". It finds close proximity with the earth which keeps watchful eyes on the poetic persona providing the ways of rejoicing "the fusion" of life.

The "Fire" section shows off the persona under fire. The emotional outbursts hold life accountable for all known and unknown failures of life. It has been in a giving spree without expecting

anything in return: "I have been just a giver, an instrument of giving, conquering all fire" (21). That it has become an "eternal Socrates" for pursuing goals without much success. What

is significant here is, the intrinsic worth of being firm to deal with dire needs of death and other difficult courses that life has on offer.

The loftier world of the sky section is at odds with the saner world the persona is subjected to. Plato's plight is being used here to describe its unconquered woes. Perhaps the philosophical implication that all human beings born to this world bear the imperfect mark is at play here. How human beings take easy recourse to unjust ways looking down upon truth and justice forms the bedrock of this section. But the persona is optimistic about coming out with core issues concerning women persisting with a clean slate. Though the world does not have easy let outs to women, "Much in it is my not-yet being", yet the persona pursues the subtle ways of life with the assertion that "still today's ether is bright winged" (22).

Taking cue from the Hindu philosophy, the five elements represent five distinct yet crucial stages of life in order to give a complete view of the world an individual must encounter in life time in the process of completing the earthly

assignments before he or she calls it a day. Sahu's poetry is passing through a fair degree of maturity relying upon the first hand needs of transition from physical to metaphysical world view.

A higher form of body politic is also perceived with precision and economy of words used in the poem, "The Song of Liberty". Published originally in Ireland amidst rave reviews, it represents original, intimate and innovative tales of South Asian women vying prominently for self identification in the age of globalization. The persona speaks explicitly about her body part, more specifically, vagina as a precious possession of understanding the reality around her. Unlike the common place association one would like to read with, the persona uses it as a secret weapon to voice out her individuality in a fiercely competitive world to establish her unique

She wants to write off the entire act of love making involving the vagina in retaliation to and in connection with her emerging individuality. The metaphor of home with all its protective overtures and patriarchal repressions is quite disgusting for the persona; she simply cannot afford to fly away from such burdensome relationships, metaphorically rejoicing her freedom unlimited.

identity. It is a performing agent with the thrust on "such a relative many pronged act!" (81). No wonder she succumbs to "... my day of yielding crops/ in an unremembered time / in the history of

vagina-tales" (83). She wants to write off the entire act of love making involving the vagina in retaliation to and in connection with her emerging individuality. The metaphor of home with all its protective overtures and patriarchal repressions is quite disgusting for the persona; she simply cannot afford to fly away from such burdensome relationships, metaphorically rejoicing her freedom unlimited. She just wants to participate in the subtle process of family; it does offer any easy respite, though. Poignancy characterizes the lines inviting readers' empathy: "Home became a blood curdling place / from where I wanted to flee. Hard hitting / domestic slaps"(85). Her flight from family and home seems temporary in the larger context of assuming responsibility to rectify the faults of a patriarchal society and to set the records straight of the cause of women emancipation. She becomes a victim of body politics or vagina game leading to her symbolic flight from home on account of untold domestic violence. However, resorting to a representative and responsible woman she just subverts, her

fleeting symbolic stand of deserting home, family and society.

The persona's ambivalence with vagina being a potent weapon of child birth and rearing, and opting out of a home is characteristic of new Indian woman who does not want to desert the family set up yet asserts her individuality by adopting the ploy of "vaginaless love". Initial pangs of life gives way to getting out of confined life with husband being be all and end all of life. The new breed of woman wants to be more

assertive and individual in her choice belying absolute, often brutal control of the husband. The persona's quest for completeness amidst harsh realities of life matters when the vagina representing the body is perceived as a gateway to

attain the demands of soul. The culmination comes with "vagina song" becoming the "song of liberty" when women are empowered to "speak with their bodies" (93). Far from falling prey to patriarchy, the persona shows women compellingly, the way to face the world with "the vagina truth" (95). Sure enough, the poem can be considered as a universal equalizer, if not conqueror, in the age of 'me too'. The poem can be considered in the broader context of body and the political directions it can take in crucial situations involving women. The theoretical proposition of political philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty comes handy here vindicating the insight that the "use a man is to make of his body is transcendent in relation to that body as a mere biological entity". That is, a body can be used as an effective and transcendent tool in respect of the increasing number of challenges a woman faces in day to day life.

The body is the locus of many physical and metaphysical experiences in the world incorporating torture, starvation, physical denigration, social and psychological alienation and a predominant desire to transcend all physical limitations unraveling the very ways of god-realisation ultimately. The experience of finitude and incompleteness, of overcoming the

fear of natural death, leads to self transcendence and foregrounding of self assertion opting for a voluntary death. Worldly existence becomes insignificant in such a revolting and transcendent scenario, but the poet in Sahu is not pessimistic even for a moment. Hers is a self assertion supported by a renewed vigour and vitality that forms the crux of the matter when coping with obvious challenges of the world both as a woman and as a representative writer. Both these challenges have been well coped with, maturity

and exactitude being her innate forte.

The phenomenology of death and dying as put forward by Heidegger in *Being and Time* comes to our aid in a big way while attempting a ready access to Sahu's poetic philosophy and metaphor of zero

point. She makes her stand clear in a poem like "Death" which simply puts forward the thesis that one would do well to understand the fact that death is a normal activity like every other common chores that we undertake daily. She asserts in a matter of fact way: "The most appalling thing / about death is / when she visits / you are absolutely / inevitably / on your own" (63). Overcoming the fear of life and death through the dare devil act of self assertion and firmness in pronouncing the urgent and fundamental needs of life is perceived as central here.

The most important and satisfying thing about Sahu's present volume is that she is not a scapegoat rather she assumes responsibility of panoramic and death defying dimension to help her cause on personal front and for her depleted class in general. Prosaic and at times clichéd expressions pales into insignificance under the shadow of philosophy of life. Readers are bound to derive delight and wisdom dealing with collection in an absorbed way. No wonder, then, reading is relishing. The cover design is just an overall add on and the price well within reach of an avid reader.

Reviewed by **Dr. Gagana Bihari Purohit**

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