

ISSUE 01 | July 2023

Tapping the Multilingual Resources in India

# BHĀṢĀ SANGAM

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## Welcome Message

Multilingualism is not merely a linguistic characteristic in India, but rather a vibrant way of life. As one of the world's oldest civilizations, India boasts a rich tapestry of diverse communities, each steeped in its unique culture, language, and traditions. It is this amalgamation of splendid and exotic cultures that renders India truly extraordinary.

The country's diversity manifests itself in the form of distinct languages across its states. From Kannada in Karnataka to Malayalam in Kerala and Bengali in West Bengal, each state proudly preserves its linguistic heritage. These languages serve as a testament to the country's linguistic wealth and contribute to the multilingual fabric that defines India.

In this spirit of celebrating linguistic diversity, our

institution endeavors to foster cultural competence through a humble initiative called Bhasha Sangam. This undertaking seeks to promote a deep appreciation for the various languages and cultures that coexist harmoniously within our nation. By embracing and valuing our linguistic differences, we aim to cultivate a greater understanding and respect among all stakeholders involved.

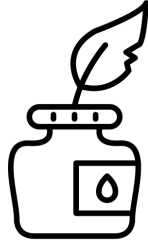
Bhasha Sangam serves as an enchanting platform for the exchange of linguistic knowledge, cultural exploration, and the forging of meaningful connections. Through this initiative, we hope to contribute to a society that thrives on inclusivity, respect, and the celebration of India's rich linguistic mosaic.

Join us in this journey of discovery, as we embark on an exploration of India's linguistic treasures and immerse ourselves in the transformative power of multilingualism. Together, let us embrace the beauty of our uniquely diverse nation and nurture a spirit of cultural understanding that transcends boundaries and unifies us all.

*Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi*

Principal, New Alipore College

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## From the Desk of the IQAC Coordinator

I am happy to learn that the new edition of the Magazine of Bhasa Sangam (A Cell that strives to tap the multilingual resources of India) is being published.

I remember a song that we used to learn in our School . It had a couple of lines that talked of our great country as exhibiting a unity in diversity despite having multiple languages, faiths and dresses. As we have grown up and matured, we have gradually come to realize the beauty of this plural space that we inhabit, all the more. This realization has led us to think along many interesting ways.

It has been our constant endeavour at New Alipore College to give worthy space and expression to all languages and cultures. With this aim in mind, this Magazine has collated writings from many Indian vernaculars. They have been translated for the benefit of those who do not have access to all the linguistic jewels of our great country.

This Magazine is indeed a pioneering attempt to bring together a large section of the linguistic variety of India as reflected in the microcosm of our College and its immediate vicinity. I am sure the activities of this Cell would go a long way in realizing its worthy goals in the future.

My heartfelt appreciation to all the contributors, editors and translators of this volume.

*Dr. Dhrubajyoti Banerjee*

IQAC Co-ordinator



## Editorial

Welcome to our inaugural issue of the Multilingual Literary Magazine! We are thrilled to embark on this remarkable journey of language, literature, and cultural exploration with you. Our magazine stands as a testament to the power of words, the beauty of diverse voices, and the unifying force of storytelling.

In a world that is becoming increasingly interconnected, the importance of celebrating linguistic diversity cannot be overstated. Language is the very essence of our identities, woven intricately into the fabric of our cultures and communities. It is through language that we express our thoughts, share our stories, and connect with one another on a profound level.

India, with its rich tapestry of languages, serves as an exceptional example of the harmonious coexistence of multiple linguistic traditions. It is a land where multilingualism is not a novelty, but a way of life. From the melodious Kannada of Karnataka to the poetic Malayalam of Kerala and the enchanting Bengali of West Bengal, each state resonates with its unique linguistic heritage. These languages carry with them the wisdom, emotions, and histories of generations, reflecting the incredible diversity that defines our great nation.

In this magazine, we aim to celebrate the cultural wealth that stems from this multilingual landscape. Our pages will be adorned with literary treasures from different languages, embracing the depth and breadth of India's linguistic heritage. We will present a kaleidoscope of stories, poems, and essays, transcending linguistic boundaries and inviting readers to immerse themselves in the universal power of human expression.

With each edition of our magazine, we hope to



ignite a passion for language, literature, and cultural competence among our readers. We aspire to create an inclusive space where readers can explore new worlds, gain fresh perspectives, and embark on transformative journeys through the written word.

As we embark on this endeavor, we are grateful for the talented writers, translators, and artists who have contributed their works to this inaugural issue. Their creativity and dedication have laid the foundation for a literary magazine that will continuously strive for excellence and meaningful engagement.

We invite you, our cherished readers, to join us in this celebration of the multilingual tapestry of stories. Let us revel in the beauty of words, the power of languages, and the infinite possibilities that lie within the pages of this magazine. Together, we will embark on a literary voyage that transcends borders, unifies cultures, and nurtures the profound connections that exist within the human experience.

Thank you for embarking on this adventure with us. We hope you find inspiration, enlightenment, and the sheer joy of discovery within the vibrant pages of the Multilingual Literary Magazine.

Yours in language and literature,

*Dr. Aniruddha Kar*

Chief Editor



## Few Words

Dear Readers, it is with great pleasure and excitement that we present to you the inaugural edition of our college magazine, featuring a unique multilingual content. The Bhāṣā Saṅgam Cell of our esteemed institution has taken up the noble task of

celebrating the rich tapestry of languages that shape our cultural landscape. With this magazine, we embark on a journey that celebrates the beauty and significance of each language, transcending barriers and fostering a sense of unity among our diverse community.

The Bhāṣā Saṅgam Cell has worked tirelessly to ensure that each language receives equal representation and recognition. We believe that multilingualism is not just an academic exercise, but a way to embrace and respect the linguistic diversity that surrounds us. By embracing multilingual content, we hope to foster an environment that encourages language learning, appreciation, and preservation. We invite you to immerse yourselves in the pages of this magazine and explore the beauty of different scripts, dive into captivating narratives, and marvel at the rich linguistic heritage that enriches our lives. Let us celebrate our diversity and learn from one another, transcending boundaries and building a stronger, more inclusive community.

The Bhāṣā Saṅgam Cell is immensely grateful to our Principal, Dr. Jaydeep Sarangi and the IQAC Coordinator, Dr. Dhrubojyoti Banerjee for their unwavering support and encouragement, without which this magazine would not have been possible. We also extend our deepest gratitude to the contributors who have shared their talents and insights for this magazine. Thanks to all esteemed invited contributors from different states. They made our magazine richer. Dr. Aniruddha Kar is also gratefully acknowledged for his commitment and passion that this vision has become a reality.

We hope that this magazine serves as a testament to the power of language and the unity it can inspire. Let us embrace the multilingual journey together, with open minds and open hearts.

*Pooja Rai*

Convenor, Bhasha Sangam Cell





# অস্থিরতার তুষারপাত

রিয়া ঢোল

নেপালে মেঘের তুষারপাত দেখে মনে হয়েছিল  
সময়ের রোদুর মেখে যা যা উজ্জ্বল হওয়ার কথা  
অস্থির নুনজল মেখে সেসব দিশাহারা।  
রাজারহাট থেকে গড়িয়াহাটগামী বাসে বসে  
যে ক'টা সবুজাভ আভা চোখে পড়ে  
মনে হয় ওই স্বপ্ন প্রশান্তির সম্ভাবনাগুলো  
আমার মধ্যে কি সত্যিই নেই?  
আমাদের পরিচিত কত সত্যের মধ্যে খানিক যে ধূসর মেশায়, আমরা তা বুঝি।  
বুঝি সংসার আর তার বাইরের জঁাতাকলে তারাও খাবি খাচ্ছে।  
বুঝে মনে মনে হাসি কারণ হৃদয় দিয়ে বিচার করার তাগিদ সেখানে কোনোদিন পাইনি।  
পরিবেশ ভবনের সামনে বাস সিগনালে দাঁড়িয়ে  
কত কংক্রিটের দেওয়াল।  
মনের জ্বর নিয়ে আমার মস্তিষ্ক  
থেমে যায়, আবার জাগে  
কনট্রাকটরের রোজকার আওড়ানো বুলিতে।  
ডাক্তারের ভয় পাওয়ানোকে মুহূর্তে এড়াই।  
হীরা বন্দরে আজ বসন্ত  
প্রতীক্ষায় সময়ের হাওয়াকাল।  
করমচা রঙের আগুন পেলে সূর্য খুশি হয়  
পালঙ্কে সবুজ ঢেলে সে পুনরায় যুবা হতে চায়।

## Snowfall of Restlessness

Riya Dhole

By seeing snowfall from clouds at Nepal, it seemed  
Those which were supposed to brighten with sunshine of time  
Have become disoriented in the restless brine.  
Sitting on a bus from Rajarhat to Gariahat, watching the greenish shades  
I feel, dont I have the possibilities of those minute peace in me?  
I understand how greyish shades are mingled in our known truths,  
that they are gulping, entrapped in grindstone of family and outside.  
I smile within myself, as I never felt the urge to judge it with my heart.  
The bus awaits in the traffic signal in front of Parivesh Bhavan(Climate Office)

So many concrete walls..

My brain stops with feverish mind, wakes up again at the chanted words of contractor everyday.

In a moment, I avoid the intimidation of the doctor.

Today is spring at Diamond Harbour, awaiting the windmill of Time.

The Sun is happy to get red fire , like bengal currant

He wants to spread green on his bed to be young again

(Translated by Bulu Mukhopadhyay)



## एक परिचय

कमला दास (अनुवाद: आयुषी तिवारी)

राजनीति से मैं अनजान, पर सत्ताधारियों के नाम नेहरू

से आरंभ कर ऐसे दुहरा सकती हूँ, जैसे दिनों या महिनों के नाम! मालाबार में जन्मी, गेहुँआ रंग की,  
मैं वह भारतीय हूँ, जो तीन भाषा में बोल सकती हूँ, दो में लिख सकती हूँ, और एक में अपने सपने बुन सकती हूँ!

अंग्रेजी मेरी मातृभाषा नहीं, इसलिए वह मुझे इससे लिखने को मना करते हैं।

अरे मुझे अकेले छोड़ दो मेरे चाहनेवाले?

मेरे द्वारा बोली गई भाषा अपने टेढ़े पन विलक्षणता के साथ मेरी हैं।

चाहें वह आधी अंग्रेजी हो, आधी भारतीय, मजाकिया हो,

पर सच्ची है,

वह उतनी ही मानवीय है, जितना की मैं,

क्या तुम देख नहीं सकते?

वह मेरी खुशी, मेरी लालसा, मेरी आशा का उधार है।

उतनी ही उपयोगी जितनी एक कौए के लिए कांव कांग या शेर की आवाज हो।

यह मानवीय बोली है, वह बोली जो, मेरी चेतना में हैं, और वही चेतना, जो देख सकती है सुन सकती हैं, और

यह बहरा और अंधा स्वर नहीं हैं,

जोह भीषण आंधी में पेड़ या बारिस के बादल या वर्षा चिता से निकलने वाली लपटों के होते हैं।

मैं बच्ची थी, फिर

मेरी शारीरिक बदलवा के कारण उन्होंने मुझे वयस्क बना दिया। अनजाने में जब मैंने प्रेम मांग, तो उन्होंने मुझे एक सोलह वर्ष के युवा को मेरे घर में डाल कर दरवाजा बंद कर दिया।

बिना उससे मार खाए,

मेरी दुखी नारी सताता बहुत पीटी हुई सी प्रतीत हुई।

मेरे गर्व के भार ने मुझे कुचल दिया। मैं घृणा से दब गई।

फिर अपने भाई का पोशाक पहन। छोटे बाल किए और उपेक्षित हुई।





उनके अनुसार मेरा काम सारी पहन में है। चाहें मैं लकड़ी हो या पत्नी। मेरे समस्त भूमिका में चेतना है, फिर चाहे कशीदाकार हो।  
रसोई हो या नौकर से झगड़ा कराने वाली हो।  
भेद करनेवालों ने जुड़ने को कहा।  
दीवार पर न बैठो या जालीदार खिड़की से ताक \_ जाक मत करो।  
चाहे तुम्हारा कोई भी नाम हो \_ एमी, कमला या माधवी कुट्टी।  
अब समय है अपना नाम चुनने का, अपनी भूमिका का।  
अब दिखावा का खेल नहीं खेलने का।  
मानसिक विकारों से न खेलो।  
असफल प्रेम में भी अश्रु प्रभाव न करो।  
असफल प्रेम में भी कहो कि एक पुरुष से मिली।

उससे प्रेम किया। उससे किसी नाम से न पुकारा।

वो सभी पुरुष की तरह है, जिसे एक महिला चाहिए।

ठीक वैसे ही जैसे मैं हूँ, जो प्रेम ढूँढती हूँ।

उसमें एक प्यासी नदी की धारा हैं और,

मुझ में सागर की अथक प्रतीक्षा है।

मैंने सबसे सबका परिचय पूछा पर उत्तर में मैं ही मिली।

कहीं भी और सार्ल मैंने सबका इस संसार में मैं कहते सुना।

वह म्यान में लगे तलवार जैसा था।

मैंने आधी रात को अकेले अनजान शहर के होटल में मदिरापान किया।

वो मैं थी जो खुल कर हसी

वो मैं थी जिसने प्रेम और नफरत दोनों पाया।

वो मैं ही हूँ जो गले में घर घरां हट से मरी।

मैं ही पापी, मैं ही धर्मात्मा।

मुझे ही प्रेम मिला तथा मुझे ही धोखा भी,

मैं ही दुखी पर वो दुख तुम्हारा नहीं।

मैं दर्द से भरी पर वह दर्द तुम्हारा नहीं

फिर भी स्वयं को मैं कहती हूँ।

Translated from Kamala Das's *An Introduction*)



# India - A Nation Beyond the Chapters of History

Irene Khan

India is a land of rich resources, cultures, traditions, different religions, languages and customs. India's rich and varied past is well known to most of us through the pages of history - be it the remarkable, and Bronze Age Society of Indus Valley civilization, the rise of the Vedic period or the extensive rules by powerful and major kingdoms like the Magadha, Maurya, the Mughals, and so on. India has been home to great personalities as well like Aryabhata, Gautama Buddha, Mahavira; several influential rulers like Ashoka, Akbar, Kanishka; several freedom fighters against the British rule like Mahatma Gandhi, Netaji Subhash Chandra Bose, Rani Lakshmi bai; several great thinkers and writers who are celebrated worldwide like Rabindranath Tagore, Ramakrishna, Raja ram Mohan Roy, Swami Vivekananda; along with others. In the context of geography, our motherland is blessed with snow-capped mountains, hills, plateaus, green plains, oceans, seas, rivers, coastal areas, deserts and islands.

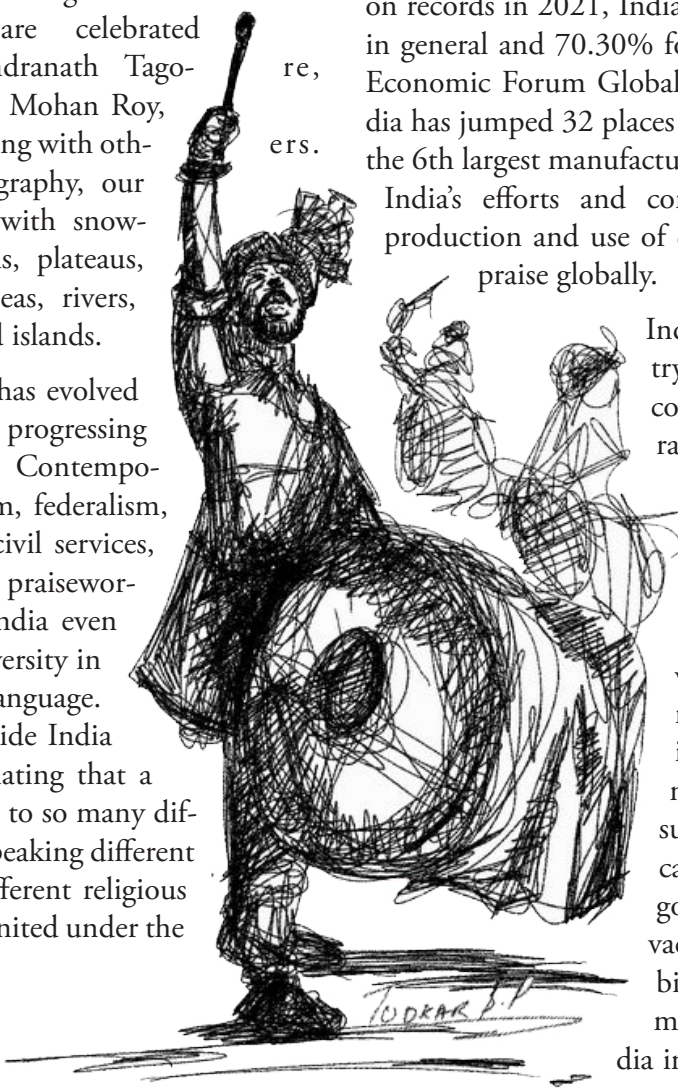
India is a country that has evolved over time and is still progressing towards modernization. Contemporary India's bicameralism, federalism, administrative system, civil services, and judicial structure is praiseworthy. The highlight of India even today is however, it's diversity in culture, tradition and language. Many people from outside India still find it really fascinating that a single land can be home to so many different types of people, speaking different languages, following different religious customs and yet being united under the same government.

Several individuals in the Western world

think of India as an inert and distant grouping of people and poverty, a combination of the exotic and tragic. This misperception popularized through years of media stereotyping, conceals reality. In fact, India is a vibrant society with an increasingly vigorous internal dynamic and an increasing influence, directly and indirectly in the world. Its significance lies not only in its size but in the fact that this nation is the largest functioning democracy with regular and freely contested elections.

Present-day India's education has led to a significant development in the field of economy. Based on records in 2021, India's literacy rate is 77.70% in general and 70.30% for women. In the World Economic Forum Global Competitive Index, India has jumped 32 places and today the country is the 6th largest manufacturing nation in the world. India's efforts and commitment towards the production and use of clean energy have found praise globally.

India's healthcare industry has been growing at a compound annual growth rate of around 22% since 2016. In recent years especially during the pandemic, a tech-enabled resilient health ecosystem like smartwatches checking vitals, robots performing medical procedures over 5G networks, patients consulting doctors over video calls on a mobile phone, government apps helping vaccinate more than two billion people, and telemedicine has changed India in ways that 25 years ago,





would be considered fictional, at-least in India.

Today, Indians are getting major recognitions and positions on the world's stage under different professions, like technocrats and managers, Nobel laureates, artists, singers, musicians, writers, sportsmen, scientists, diplomats, scholars and statesmen of the world; as well as in politics. In the field of science and technology, ever since independence, modern India has had a strong focus. Mangalyaan, India's first aircraft to Mars, made India the first Asian country and only the 4th country in the world to enter Mars orbit in its first attempt. Indian company Hero MotoCorp is the world's largest manufacturer of two-wheelers. In sports, India has shown several achievements, not only in cricket but also in badminton, chess, and kabaddi as well as in the Olympics in general. Indian English literature, though it took off late compared to the original English literature, has given many reasons for us to celebrate our contribution to world literature. Novels like *Coolie* and *Guide* by Anand and Narayan have wonderfully presented the Indian way to the world. In the modern literary scenario in India, the works by Chetan Bhagat and Amish Tripathi, works by Anita Nair and Arundhati Roy, and other sensual writers, exhibit 'Indianness' but within a limited context and as per their convenience and the inclination of their respective audience groups.

Thus, India, our motherland, is a land of

“Sujlam suflam malyaj shitlam shsya shyamalam matram”, or in other words,

“Rich with thy hurrying streams,

Bright with orchard gleams,

Cool with thy winds of delight,

Dark fields waving Mother of Night.”

In the words of Mark Twain,

“India is the cradle of the human race, the birthplace of human speech, the mother of history, the grandmother of legend, and the great-grandmother of tradition. Our most valuable and most constructive materials in the history of man are treasured up in India only.”





## اظہار کا علم

محمد عیان علی

مانا کے ہامے ازبار ے موحبات کا الم نہو  
ماگار جو تم سے بے وسکا بیسبب نہی  
مانا کے تمح الام ے فورقات کا اندازا ناہی  
کیوکی تمنے کیسی کو ہمارے جاسے چہابا ناہی

## Serenade

Md Ayan Ali

I agree that I do not have the knowledge of  
expression of love  
But what I have for you in unaccountable  
I agree that you have not being through  
the phase of separation  
Because you have never loved someone like I did.



## केवळ त्यामुळे

रतिलाल रोहित

केवळ नवे कपडे घातले नव्हते  
मिशा देखील ठेवल्या होत्या,  
त्यामुळे...

केवळ वरात गावांतून निघाली नव्हती  
नवरदेव घोड्यावर होता  
त्यामुळे...

केवळ बँडबाजाच लावला नव्हता  
डी.जे.सुद्धा वाजवत होते,  
त्यामुळे...

केवळ चित्रपटातील गाणीच वाजवत नव्हते  
जयभीमच गाणं सुद्धा लावलं होतं,  
त्यामुळे...

... आम्हाला नाही पचलं  
दगडांनी,  
काठ्यांनी,  
तलवारींनी,  
शिव्यांनी,  
केली बरोबरी करणारांना  
मारझोड...

हिंमतच कशी होते या लोकांची ?  
कारण ते आहेत  
पायातून जन्माला आलेले  
केवळ त्यामुळे...

## That is w

Ratilal Rohit

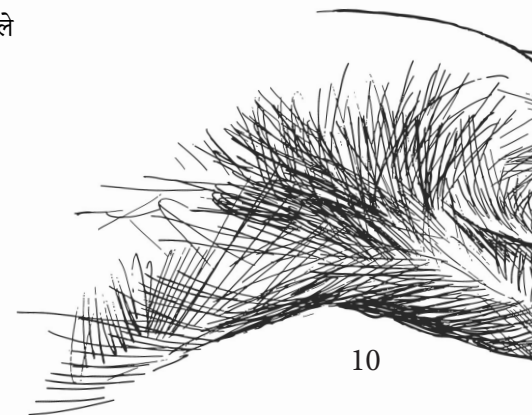
Not only did they wear  
but they also sported m  
that is why...

Not only did the weddi  
but the groom also rode  
that is why...

Not only were the musi  
but the DJ was also spin  
that is why...

Not only were film song  
but songs of Jai Bhim al  
that is why...

How could we bear this  
With stones,  
With sticks,  
With swords,  
With curses,  
They were given a sever  
How did they muster th  
Just because they belong





# ऐन्द्रजालिकतुलिका

अनिरुद्ध-करः

वहुकालात् पूर्वं कदाचित् कस्मिंश्चित् देशे मालियाङ्गनाम कश्चन निवसन्नासीत्। आसीत् स दरिद्रो दयालुश्च। चित्ताङ्गनं तस्मै बहु रोचते स्म, सर्वत्रैव च स चित्ताणि अङ्कयति स्म। एकस्यां रात्रौ तेन स्वप्ने दृष्टं यत् कश्चन वृद्धः तस्मै अङ्कनतुलिकामेकां प्रदाय लोककल्याणाय तां (तुलिकां) व्यवहर्तुमुपदिशति। ततः प्रतः निद्रादुत्थाय स स्वोत्पीठिकोपरि सत्यमेव एकाम् अङ्कनतुलिकां प्राप्तवान्।

ततः प्रभृतिः यदैव जनानां केनचिदेव साहाय्येन प्रयोजनमभवत् तदैव मालियाङ्गं तथा तुलिकया तेषां साहाय्यं कर्तुमारभे। यदा स कृषिक्षेत्रेषु चिञ्चनार्थं जलस्याभावं दृष्टवान् तदैव नदीमेकामङ्कितवान्, नदी च सा प्राणवती सम्भूय जलाभावं पूरितवती। कर्षकाः नद्याः क्षेत्रं जलमानीय अनायासेनैव स्वल्पेन समयेन सिञ्चनं कृत्वा शस्यान्युत्पादितवन्तः।

कर्षकानां भूमिकर्षणस्य कृते कष्टं दृष्ट्वा स गोश्वित्रमेकम् अङ्कितवान्, गौश्च स जीवितो जातः। कर्षकाः तेना स्वल्पेनैवायासेन भूमिं कर्षितवन्तः। एवं स यदैव जनानां कष्टं पश्यति स्म तदैव अङ्कनतुलिकया तथा तेषां सहायतां सम्पादयति स्म। अतो बहवो जनाः एव क्रमेण तस्यास्तुलिकाया विषये ज्ञातवन्तः।

किन्तु, कियद्विसेभ्यः परं केनचित् धनिकेन कस्माच्चिच्छ्रुतं यदेषा तुलिका यं कमपि अङ्कितचित्रं जीवितं कर्तुमर्हा इति। तेन चिन्तितं यत् स तथा तुलिकया अङ्कितचित्रेषु जीवनं प्रदाय बहून् अर्थान् अर्जयितुं पारयिष्यतीति। अतो दुर्जनः स तां चोरयितुं कृतपरिकल्पनः सन् स्वपुरुषान् मालियाङ्गः गृहं संप्रेष्य तं वन्दीचकार, तुलिकाञ्च प्राप्य महानन्दितो जतः।

ततो बहून् बान्धवान् स्वगृहमाहूय महता गर्वेण तामाश्चर्याङ्कनतुलिकां प्रदर्शितवान्। अनन्तरं तेन बन्धूनां समक्षं बहूनि चित्ताणि अङ्कितानि, किन्तु दौर्भाग्यात् बहुप्रयत्नेनापि तेषु नागतास्तेषु प्राणाः। भीषणक्रुद्धः स तदा वन्दीशालातो मालियाङ्गमुपस्थापयितुं रक्षिपुरुषान् आदिदेश। तैरुपस्थापिते मालियाङ्गि, स धनिको जगर्ज - "यदि त्वं मत्कृते कानिचन चित्ताणि अङ्कयित्वा तेषु प्राणान् अर्पयितुं पारयति तर्हि ते मुक्तिं दास्यामी"ति। युवा स मालियाङ्गं सम्यगेव तस्य खलत्वमवगतवानासीत्। अतः कदापि स तस्य सहायतां कर्तुं नेच्छति स्म। तस्मात् सोऽपि चतुरतया छलमाश्रित्य उक्तवान् "तथाहं कर्तुमर्हं, किन्तु भवतापि स्ववचनानि पालनीयानि" इति। एतेन दुर्जनः स आह्लादितः सन् शीघ्रमेव (झटित्येव) उक्तवान् "स्वर्णपर्वतमिच्छामि। स्वर्णमाहर्तुं तल गमिष्यते मया" इति। मालियाङ्गं तु तदप्रथमं समुद्रमेकमङ्कितवान्। धनिकः तेन पुनः क्रुद्धः जातः। "कथं त्वया समुद्रमेतदङ्कितं? नेतद्वाञ्छ्यते मया। अहं स्वर्णपर्वतमिच्छामि। अतस्तच्छीघ्रमङ्कयतु" स सक्रोधं चित्कृतवान्। तदा मालियाङ्गं समुद्रात् बहूदूरमेकं स्वर्णपर्वतमङ्कितवान्। तद्दृष्ट्वा दुर्जनः स आनन्दितो भूत्वा न्यगादि "अस्त्विदानीं पोतमेकमङ्कयतु, तेनाहं स्वर्णपर्वतं प्राप्स्यामी"ति। मालियाङ्गं चटुलहास्येन / स्मितवदनेन यथोक्तः पोतः अङ्कितः। धनिकः अकस्माज्झटित्येव उल्लम्प्य पोतमारूढवान्, ततस्तस्य बान्धवाः स्वजनाश्चापि। यदा पोतः मध्येसमुद्रं प्राप्तवान् तदा मालियाङ्गं विशालामूर्त्तमेकां निर्मितवान् तुलिकया। तयोर्भ्यां पोतेन सह सबान्धवस्वजनः स धनिकः सलिलसमाधिं प्राप्तवान्। ततः प्रभृतिः तस्यास्तुलिकायाः सदुपयोगः भवितुमारभे मालियाङ्गं च जनानां प्रियतरोऽभवत्।

Why...

new clothes,  
moustaches,

ing procession pass through the village  
e on a horse,

cal instruments played,  
nning tracks,

gs played,  
also echoed,

?

e beating,  
e courage?

g





# The Magic Paintbrush

## A Chinese Folktale

Once upon a time, there was a young man called Ma Liang. He was poor and kind and helped a rich man to tend cattle. He liked drawing and drew pictures everywhere. One night, he dreamed that an old man gave him a magic paintbrush and asked him to use it to help poor people. When he woke up, he found the magic paintbrush in his desk.

From that day on, he used the paintbrush whenever people needed help. When he saw that people had no water to use in the fields, he drew a river and the river came to life. People could bring water from the river to the field and save a lot of time and energy.

When he saw it was difficult for people to till lands, he drew a cow and the cow came to life. People could use the cow to till lands very easily.

So when he saw the peoples' troubles, he would use his magic paintbrush to help. Then many people knew about the magic paintbrush.

But a few days later, the rich man whom Ma Liang helped heard that the magic paint brush could turn everything to life. He was a bad man so he had an idea to steal the paint brush from the young man. He knew that he could make a lot of money by turning things to life and keeping them, so he sent some people to the Ma Liang's home and took him to the prison. He got the magic paintbrush and felt very happy.

Then he invited a lot of his friends to come to his home and showed them the magic paintbrush. He drew a lot of pictures, but they could not become real. He was very angry and asked some people to get Ma Liang.

When Ma Liang came, he said to him, "If you draw some pictures for me and turn them to life, I will set you free." The young man knew that he was a bad man in the village. Of course he did not want to help him. He had an idea. He said to the bad man, "I can help you, but you should obey your words."

The bad man felt very happy and said, "I want a golden mountain. I will go there to gather gold." The young man drew a sea first. The bad man was angry and said, "Why did you draw a sea? I do not want this. I want a golden mountain. Draw it quickly."

Then the young man drew a golden mountain which was far away from the sea. The bad man saw that and felt very happy. He said, "Draw a big ship quickly. I want to go there to gather gold." The young man smiled quietly and drew a big ship. The bad man jumped into the ship first and a lot of his family and friends jumped in too. When the ship sailed to the middle of the sea, the young man drew a large wave and it destroyed the ship. So the bad man and his friends died.

After that, the young man lived with his family happily and kept on helping the poor people. So the magic paintbrush was known by everyone.





# འུ་ཅཱི་ལྷོ་ལུ་

ཤྲི་ལྷོ་ལྷོ་

འུ་ཅཱི་ལྷོ་ལུ་ རྒྱུ་ལེ་ལེ་

ལྷོ་ལྷོ་ ལྷོ་ལྷོ་ ལྷོ་ལྷོ་

འུ་ཅཱི་ལྷོ་ལུ་ རྒྱུ་ལེ་ ལེ་

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འུ་ཅཱི་ལྷོ་ལུ་ རྒྱུ་ལེ་ ལེ་

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འུ་ཅཱི་ལྷོ་ལུ་ རྒྱུ་ལེ་ ལེ་

# Our Sacred Land Sikkim

Pemday Lepcha

This is our sacred land Nye-Mayel Lyang (present Sikkim), a hidden paradise on earth, It is divided into six districts. Here, we have several spoken languages along with varieties of mother tongues.

There are different communities living in harmony. Have respect and exchange love irrespective of cast, creed, and religion.

With different communities and their unique mother tongues, all speaks vibrantly with profound gratitude. They live peacefully and in unity. All are honest and peace loving souls. This is how our Nye-Mayel Lyang stays tallest and greatest.

Sikkim is blessed by Mother Earth's nature with richness in flora and fauna. Every day, Sikkimese people offer prayers to the mother earth nature for her abundance. It is the house of almighty God, and that's why Sikkim is filled with enormous of herbal and medicinal plants spreading all across the forest.



# रातिके चित्रफलक

रोहित कुमार यादव

चलो हम सं ग चलत जाइए अँ धियारेमे,  
पकड़ केहाथ चलत जाइए अँ धियारेमे,  
नजर न लगेउजयिलेमेकोई,  
दखाई देतेहैअसल चहेरेअँ धियारेमे।  
रंग देखनेहमेचाहिए इन लोगो के,  
बलुाकर देखिए सबको अँ धियारेमे।

## Night's Canvas

Rohit Kumar Yadav

Come on let's go with us in the dark  
Walk holding hands in the dark  
No one can be seen in the light,  
Real faces are visible in the dark.  
We need to see the colors of these people,  
call and see everyone in the dark

# An Implore in Earnest

Sutapa Basu

“Save me”, cries the Mother  
“My Child Bleeds”, pleads the Mother  
Helpless, she cries, she bleeds herself.  
She folds her palms –  
“Bleeds my turban, bleeds my kufi,  
Bleeds my thread, bleeds my cross,  
Bleeds my bangles, bleeds my veil,  
Bleeds my youth at the Hills,  
Bleeding for thee  
Bleeding for me”.

She stretches out her white veil  
Painted with blood,  
Pleading for some breath,  
Pleading for the life of her child;  
And the debate goes on.  
No one cares to look at her,  
All are about to gorge on the throne.  
Stealthily trampled the leaders over her breast;  
Ignorant as they are,  
Moved the hurried boots towards the helm,  
Procastinating all her appeals –  
“Wait my son, wait a while,  
Listen to the wails,  
In the plains, in the valleys,  
Wails my daughter,  
Wails my innocent child”.

She stops for a moment  
But pants again,  
Asks for a nostrum,  
Yet finds all her pleads in vain.  
Some youth with candles  
Were treading by,  
She thought, some justice awaiting her lot;  
A smile came about her swollen lips,  
But she never knew –  
Some words, some howls, some contests,



And the justice was lashed out.

Then the Mother stood up,  
Silently cursed her crowned children.  
No one heard her silent say –  
“You my treacherous child  
Never dare to call yourself patriot....”  
She pulled out her veil of love,  
She drowned her adoration,  
She took her spear,  
She took her sword,  
Heralded a war against her crowned children....  
Gave the verdict  
“Bleed yourself, kill yourself,  
Never ask your Mother  
To come and shield you”.

Now rolled the eyes up and down  
Of the wolves filled with envy,

Filled with greed,  
Peering up and down the office  
To find some hidden door  
Out of this chaos.  
They could find no way....  
War followed war, among the friends,  
Filial blood kept on flowing.  
Yet no one kneeled before Her  
And asked for pardon....  
The Curse proved true.

Fatigued, the Mother stood up  
Holding the hands of her injured sons,  
Pleaded, she, once more,  
“I am girdled with emerald,  
I am crowned gold,  
I am the Mother of all,  
Why do you war with colours?  
I am the Mother of my unadorned sons  
I am the Mother of my crowned sons,  
Let my simple sons live and do their jobs  
And not just décor them with garlands....  
Crowned sons, you too live within the decored walls  
For your unadorned brothers are up at the Hills “.



# ముగ్గు నిశి పులిగుర్త

మేము ప్రతి సంవత్సరం కాకినాడ వెళ్ళినప్పుడు ట్రైన్ లోంచి బయటికి చూసినప్పుడు కొన్ని ఇల్లు కనిపించింది పసుపు కుంకుమ రాసి ఉండేది పసుపు కుంకుమ చూసి మాకు తెలుసు వెళ్ళినప్పుడు.

ఇంటి గుమ్మాలకి పసుపు కుంకుమ చూస్తే మాకు చాలా నచ్చింది ఎందుకంటే ఆంధ్రలో అందరి ఇంటి ముందు ఇలాగ పసుపు కుంకాలు పెడతారు .

ఇది చూస్తే మాకు తెలిసింది మేము అమ్మ మీ ఇంటికి దగ్గర వచ్చేసేయ్.

ఈ పసుపు కుంకుమ రాయడం చాలా శుభం.

అది కాకుండా పసుపు చాలా మంచిది అందుకే కాబోలు ఇంటి గుమ్మాల మీద పసుపు రాసుకుంటారు.

ఆంధ్రాలో వెళ్ళినప్పుడు ఇంకోటి కూడా చాలా నచ్చింది ఇది ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ తెలంగాణ అందరిని ముందు కూడా కనిపిస్తుంది.

అదేంటంటే ఇంటి ముందు ముగ్గులు వేయడం.

పొద్దున్నే లేచి ఇంటి ముందు అంత తుడిచి నీళ్లు జల్లి . ఆ నీళ్లు జల్లెక మంచి సువాసన వచ్చేది దాని తర్వాత మంచి ఒక ముగ్గు గుమ్మం ముంద వేస్తారు.

చాలా బాగుంటుంది కొన్నిసార్లు కొన్ని చిన్న చిన్న

ముగ్గులు వేస్తారు కొంతమంది ఒక పెద్ద ముగ్గులు వేస్తారు.

పండగల్లో వేళల్లో ఇంకా పెద్ద పెద్ద ముగ్గులు కూడా చాలా మంది వేస్తారు అవి చూడడానికి చాలా బాగుంటాయి.

మామూలుగా ముగ్గులేసినప్పుడు తెల్లగానే ఉంటాయి కానీ పండగలు ఆ పేరంటాలు వేళలో చాలామంది రంగుల పోటీలతో కూడా ముగ్గులు వేస్తాయి అవి కూడా చూడడానికి చాలా బాగుంటాయి.

సంక్రాంతి పండక్కి చాలామంది పెద్దపెద్ద ముగ్గులు రంగుల రంగుల ముగ్గులు వేస్తారు ముగ్గులు పోటీలు కూడా అవుతాయి.

ఆంధ్రాలోని తెలంగాణలోని ఇక్కడ కలకత్తాలో.

ఒక్కొక్కసారి మా అమ్మ చిన్న .

ఇప్పుడు నేను దీపావళి రోజునే ఒక చిన్న ముగ్గు వేస్తాను కొంచెం రంగుల పొడి కొన్ని పువ్వులతో.

నాకు అంత బాగా ముక్కు వేయడం రాదు కానీ ఎలాగో అలాగా నేను చిన్న ఒక ముగ్గు దీపావళి రోజు వేస్తాను



## MUGGU

Nishi Pulugurtha

As the train that we travelled by inched closer to Kharagpur we could figure out the houses that had Telugu families. The thresholds would be dabbed with turmeric and kumkum would be added to make a pattern, a design. As the train chugged further down South and entered Andhra Pradesh this would be common sight. It always made me feel good as it meant we were inching closer to Amamma's place. Amamma is how we addressed our maternal grandmother. While it is a method of creating an auspicious space and



and that is one reason I am sure it was applied.

There is another sight that delighted - A common sight that one gets to see all over Andhra Pradesh and Telangana. One of the first things done after one gets up in the morning is to clean the space in front of the house. First with a broom and then water is sprinkled. As the water droplets fell on the dry earth, a beautiful fragrance wafted up. The next step was to draw out a muggu, a design on the ground using a powder which in Telugu is also referred to as muggu. With deft hands, the woman (it is the woman of the house who usually does it) takes the muggu in her right hand and draws out a design on the earth. Practice makes her do it perfect as there is no way one can erase and redo. At times straight lines, at times dots arranged and then joined to form a pattern. The ones drawn on a daily basis are usually small and much less elaborate. On festivals and other special occasions, a larger, more elaborate muggu is drawn. While the muggu, the powder is white in colour, for festivals and special occasions some coloured powdered is used as well. It is chiefly composed of limestone and is available to be bought from shops.

On Sankranti, the harvest festival, that is celebrated in Andhra Pradesh and Telangana on a grand scale, there are muggu competitions with the approach to houses beautiful decked up with elaborate muggus. Households vie with each other in creating beautiful muggus. I have always been amazed at the dexterity with which the muggu is drawn. Now with flats becoming a norm, most people have turned to using chalk to draw out a simple muggu in front of their thresholds. Amma, my mother, often made a small muggu using chalk on festival days here in Calcutta. She drew it on the first step that led into our home in Ashokegarh. The only day that I take time out to draw one such pattern is on Deepavali, the festival of lights, I do it with coloured powder and whatever flowers I am able to source. Since as I am not good at fashioning a beautiful pattern I use the lights and the flowers to fashion, what I hope turns out to be, an aesthetic one.





# डैफ़ोडिल्स

विलियम वर्ड्सवर्थ (अनुवाद: रूपा यादव)

एक अकेला पथ जो मेरे आगे जाता है,  
उस पर कोई नहीं था, जब मैं जा रहा था।  
फिर अचानक मैंने एक भव्य जंगल देखा,  
जो मेरे जीवन का रंग बदल देगा।

वहां अनेक डैफ़ोडिल्स थे, खिल रहे थे वे,  
जो छलका देते थे जैसे बहारों की तरह।  
उनकी तलवारों की तरह वे झूमते थे,  
जो उठाते थे मुझे उनके मधुर स्वरों की ओर।

मैंने उनके खुशनुमा नजारों का नशा किया,  
जो मेरे हाथों को छू गया था उस वक्त।  
मुझे याद आता है उनका चमकता चेहरा,  
उनकी तलवारों की तरह झूमते हुए।

कहते हैं कि अपने विचारों में खो जाना अच्छा नहीं,  
लेकिन मैंने उन डैफ़ोडिल्स की खुशबू में खो जाना ही अच्छा समझा।  
उनका नशा मुझे इतना मालूम हुआ,  
कि मैं उन्हें कभी नहीं भूल सकता।

# चमकता सितारा

जॉन कीट्स (अनुवाद: रूपा यादव)

चमकता हुआ सितारा, जिसे कवि ने छू न सका,  
तू जो उसकी सदियों तक जलती रहे, अक्षरशः स्थिर।  
उसी दृष्टि से उच्च स्थान पर तू बनी रह,  
क्योंकि सितारों का विलोपन करना नहीं तुझे था स्वीकार।

कहीं उच्च स्थान पर निवास करता रह,

हृदय से जलते रह, अचल और शांत।  
कविताओं के नगमे तेरे लिए सर्वथा प्रशंसा करेंगे,  
तेरी आत्मा की शांति के लिए हर कोशिश करेंगे।

आध्यात्मिक दृष्टि से जगत को तू देखती रह,  
प्यार की अनंत ऊर्जा तुझे प्रभावित न करे।  
हर एक चिंता, संशय तथा भय दूर हो जाए,  
तेरे आदर्शों के प्रकाश से हमेशा जलती रह।

जब तक की दुनिया की चकाचौंध से मुक्ति हो,

तू हमेशा सदैव अपनी सजगता बरकरार रखे।  
जैसे तू हमेशा चमकता हुआ सितारा रहे,  
कविताओं की प्रेरणा तू हमेशा बनी रहे।





# चीर हरण

## दीपक उपाध्याय

द्रौपदी की चेतावनी - खींच दुःशासन, जोर लगाई के टेर हमार जो ऊ सुनी पईहें... बा ववश्वास, ववपत्ती पडेपर, मोहन ना हमके ववसरईहें.. देर लगी, ना अबेर लगी, वबरना, वहरना अस धावल अईहैं... भउजी के गोदी मेंहोइहें तबो, मोर

टेर सुनी, थीर ना रह पईहें...

द्रौपदी की करुण पुकार- गाढे (ववपवत्त) मेंजो ववसरईबस हरी, त जा तोहसेहम बोलब नाहीं... तूववहना बवहना कहबस, पर नाता कब्बो हम जोडब नाहीं.. सावन मेंतोहेंबांधेबदे, जरई कब्बो ताल मेंबोरब नाहीं... आ पूष मेंजो खखचडी लेके अईबस, भलेसडी जाई, मो खोलब नाहीं...

दौडेचलेहैंमोहन पुकार पर- आगेसेचीर बढेनभ में, ओकरेपीछवाँ, दउरेलेमुरारी... आज कन्हैया भगोएतना, उनका के ना छू पऊं लेऊरगारी (गरुड)...

तीन ववमान उडेनभ में, अगवां के बढे, ईहेहोड लगा री... आई सभा में, आकाश सेकान्हा, बढावन लागेहैं, छोर सेसारी... सारी सभा और कौरव अचंवभत हैं- साडी घटेना त, बोला दुर्योधन, 'खींच दुःशासन, जोर लगा दे...' ई सुन, द्रौपदी हंस बोली, 'तुहाँअब जोर लगा शहजादे..' बाती दयादी के आई गई बात, बाती पेबाती, हमें भी कहेदे, 'चीर घटी न दुःशासन से, अपनेअन्हरा बपवा के पठा दे...'

कृष्ण द्रौपदी से कहते हैं- आ के कन्हैया कहेबवहना, 'काहेंबोलत नईखे, कोहांईल बाडी..' 'राही मेंना पवनयो वपयनी, तनी देख हमें, वक घमाईल बाडी...' 'वाहन बा अबहींमोर पाछे, मो पैदल धावल, आवत बानी..' 'अद्वाररकाधीश के तेंबवहना, लुगरी बदेकाहेंकोहांईल बाडी...'

कृष्ण का बहन को आश्वासन- 'खींचेदेसाडी, मो देखत बानी, ईहां पर के बलवान बडा बा... वक बवहना के गोहार पेभाई भी, आ के सभा बीचवा मेंखडा बा.. फारी के तेंबन्हली सवडया, (याद वदला रहेहैं) अबहींअंगुरी मेंवनशान पडा बा.. आ सूद मेंढांकब लाज तोहार, मूल तोहार, पडा के पडा बा...'

## Cheer Haran

### Deepak Upadhyay

Draupadi's warning -  
"Pull, Dushasan, with all your might, whatever you hear from us... Have faith, even in times of trouble, don't forget me, Mohan... Though delayed, never absent, like a lightning bolt, I shall...  
Draupadi's plea for mercy -  
"If you forget (the disaster) in the depths, then I won't

... speak to you... You may call me sister, but I won't accept any relationship... In the month of Saawan, you tied me up, never loosen the bond... If you bring a khichdi in the month of Poush, even if I die, I won't open my mouth..." Mohan's call for help - "The sari (pallu) is slipping from the navel, hurry up, Murari is running behind... Today Kanhaiya is running so fast, that even his enemies can't touch him... Three celestial chariots are flying in the sky, they are coming closer and closer... In this assembly, from the sky, Kanha is coming, it seems he will expose the thief..." The entire assembly and Kauravas are amazed - "All these events, Duryodhan said, 'Pull, Dushasan, with all your might...' Hearing this, Draupadi laughed and said, 'Now, exert your strength, Prince...' The generous Bati has arrived, tell her, 'Dushasan could not tear her apart, reveal your father's secret to her...'"

Krishna speaks to Kanhaiya says, dear...  
w a

Draupadi - "Oh sister, Kanha - 'Why are you speaking, my 'Stay here without drinking water, just see how I handle the situation...' 'Right now, behind the peacock, I am on foot, coming...' 'As Dwarkadhish's sister, you have become fa-



mous, my dear..”

Krishna reassures his sister - “Don’t worry, my dear, I am here, a powerful warrior... Even your brother stands in the middle of the assembly, beside you... I

have tied countless threads on the sari, (reminding you) now there are marks on the ring... In this ordeal, your honor, your essence, has remained intact..”

## આવીશ ઓચિંતો

મનસુખ ગાયજન

હું,  
દેવસભામાં રાહુ ગણાઈને શિરચ્છેદાયો,  
સિંધુનગરમાં નાગ ગણાઈ દટાયો છું,  
કૃષ્ણ જીભે શુદ્ધ વણવાઈને દુભાયો છું.  
હું એજ છું,  
ઉઘે માથે ટાંગી રામના તીક્ષ્ણ બાણથી  
વિંધાયો છું.

વિપર વિદુષી માતાથી જન્મી ચંડાળ ગણી  
ધમર બોધ થી ત્યજાયો છું,  
માયો થઈ સહાતરલીનગમાં ઉભે ઉભો  
હુંજ હોમાયો છું.

તમારી ગંદકી સાફ કરતા કરતા  
એમાજ ગૂંગળાઈ ને માયોર્ છું.  
સૈકાઓ થી આમજ  
અટકતો, ભટકતો, લટકતો,  
ફોડલાતો, ફુટતો, ફાટતો,  
પડતો, સડતો, રુજતો,  
ને ફરી ફરી વફુમ્ભાતો, ચૂંથાયો છું,  
ફરી આજ તમારી ગંદકીમાં માયોર્ છું.  
આજેય તમારી ગટર સાફ કરતા ગૂંગળાયો છું  
હાથ આપી બહાર કાઢો મને  
નહીતો...એય પલીતો...  
પરબળ તાકાતથી આવીશ ઓચિંતો  
તબાહી દઈશ તમારી શુદ્ધતા નિશ્ચિતો...

## Will Come, All of a Sudden...

M. B. Gaijan

That is I...!  
Identified as Rahu and beheaded in the Devasabha.  
Known as Naga and buried under the soil of  
Sindhu valley.  
pained as declared a Shudra by Krishna’s tongue  
That is I...!  
Hanged upside dawn, split belly by Rama’s arrow,  
born by a wise-Brahmin mother  
but cast out as a Chandal  
because of religious preaching....  
Born as Mayo and was sacrificed in  
Midst of the Sahastralinga Lake,  
While cleaning your sewage  
suffocated and again died... That is I...!  
Since centuries, thus  
banned, tossed, hanged,  
Swallowed, split out, burst out,  
fallen, decayed, and recovered again,  
Swollen and burst frequently...  
And again today, suffocating and dying  
While cleaning your gutters,  
Extend your hands to me  
bring me out from the gutter,  
Otherwise, Hey the established,  
all of a sudden, I will come...  
ruin your regime of unjust...  
... Will come,



# એનાકોન્ડા

દક્ષા દમોદરા

અરાજકતાના તિમિર જંગલમાં  
જાતિવાદની ગીચ-ગલીચ આડશે  
ઊંચ-નીચનાવિષ વૃક્ષ પર  
લાપકારતી જીભે  
લે છે ગંધ લાચાર માણસના રક્તની  
તોતિંગ ને લથબથ  
ભીષણ ને ભયાવહ  
સહેજ જ લાગ મળતા  
ઘસી જાય  
ગ્રસી જાય  
ને  
છટપટતો જાય...  
...જાય  
...અસહાય  
સદીઓની સ... દી... ઓ.. વી... તી...  
હજીય ન કેમ  
ધરતો કે મારતો  
આભડછેટનો એનાકોન્ડા...?



## Anaconda

Daxa Damodara

In the dark and dense forest of anarchy,  
Behind the strong masks of caste-ism  
On the tree of High and low caste,  
with hungry tongue  
Smells the blood of helpless humanity,  
Big and giant,  
strong and horrifying,  
If gets opportunity,  
attacks,  
gulps then twists.....  
Since centuries, still why its hunger is neither  
pacify  
Nor that dies The Anaconda of Untouchability.



# കുലീഷഭേ സുവപ്നകുകാരൻ

?

?



048



# Cliché Dreamer

Dr. Joji John Panicker

Once in a while I got answers,  
Cliché the question was,  
So was the answer.  
But what was the question?  
Bouncing back to childhood,  
I found the question  
What do you want to become when you grew up!

Answers changed with time,  
A few were cliché answers.  
Time flew by and me too with my dreams.  
I decided to check out my baggage of dreams.  
Then came the shock of a lifetime;  
It was not my dreams, but `somebody else's`.

I was devastated.  
I took the pause, but time never did.  
I looked back and forth, where to fly.  
My dreams changed for sure, but never the destination.  
I smiled at life, but it laughed at me.  
Inspiration took over the burden I carried.  
I decided to fly forth and magic tapped my wings.  
The wind was in my side and I felt light.  
It's a better dream now I carry, I realize.  
Now I knew I have grown up  
Cliché the question is,  
How you know?  
But striking the answer too, must say  
It's not all upon dreams, but on a hope to reach the destination.

I was a dreamer then; so am I now,  
But not the cliché one.  
I am the one, with the magic of a Phoenix bird.





# तिम्रो आगमनमा

पूजा राई

कृतज्ञताको एक गुच्छा फूल  
जब चढायौं  
समर्पणको फूलबारीमा,  
एउटा नौलो तारा उदायो  
हाम्रो गोधुली आकाशमा!  
एउटा न्यानो घाम पलायो  
हाम्रो मायालु डाँडामा !!

छोरा!

हामी केवल माध्यम,  
तिमी अनन्त यात्रा!  
तृष्णा, आकांक्षा अनि सपनाहरूको,  
नवीन सम्भावनाहरू,  
अनि अर्को एउटा अवसरको!!!  
तिमी फूल हुनु, सयपत्नी!  
हरेक पल दर्शन र तिहार बनाउनु  
तिम्रो सुवासले,  
तिमी रङ्ग हुनु, इन्द्रेणी!  
हरेक पल वसन्त बनाउनु,  
तिम्रो मुस्कानले,  
तिमी प्रकाश हुनु, जुनेली!!!  
हरेक पल पूर्णिमा बनाउनु,  
तिम्रो उज्यालोहरूले!!!  
तिमी उपहार हुनु, ईश्वरिय!  
हरेक पल जीवन्त बनाउनु,  
तिम्रो उपस्तिथिले!!!

छोरा!

हामी केवल साधन,  
तिमी खुल्ला किताब  
नगाइएको गीत  
अनि नरचिएको संगीतको,  
नलेखिएको कविता  
अनि नफुटेका प्रार्थनाहरूको!!!



## On Your Arrival

Pooja Rai

Bouquets of gratitude  
When we offered  
In the garden of devotion,  
A new star has risen  
In our twilight sky!  
A warm sun has shone  
On our beloved mountain!!

Dear Son!

We are just a path,  
You are an endless journey!  
of longings,  
aspirations and dreams,  
You are the premises  
for new possibilities,  
And opportunities!!!  
Bloom like a marigold!  
Turn every moment  
into Dashain and Tihar  
with your fragrance,  
Paint yourself

with the colors  
of a rainbow!

Making every moment  
spring,  
with your smile,  
Be like  
the moonlight, Juneli!!!  
Make every moment  
a full moon,  
with your radiance!!!  
You are a divine gift!  
Enliven everyone's moment,  
with your presence!!!

Son!

We are just the means,  
You are an open book of  
unsung song,  
And the uncomposed music,  
Unwritten poem  
And unanswered prayers!!!





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