

CREATIVE WRITING

RELATIONSHIP

Relationship never demands:
'What can I do for you?'
It submits, expects not, commands:
'Tell me, I'm here for you'.

Relationship is fast and true,
Where one says: 'I'm sorry',
Not: 'It's your fault'; not, 'How could you?'
But: 'Understand, sorry'.

Relationship does not depend
Just on understanding,
But on avoiding what may tend
To misunderstanding.

Relationship should be true, it's
Not opportunity:
Slow to choose, slower to lose, it's
Responsibility.

True relationship demands not
Presence at all the time:
It's the confidence, when woe-caught,
Friend is there in no time.

Life's not finding the right person,
It's creating the right
Relationship with the person
Till the last, come what might!

True relationship means to give
Without expectation,
Help sans hesitation and love
Without limitation.

It's not enough to have good heart,
We must have good nature:
Relationships are won by heart,

But sustained by nature.
Some relations become precious
Because of some reasons:
But relations that are precious
And true have no reasons.

Relations are like chemistry,
Need deep understanding,
Analysis, not history
People keep forgetting.

Speech sans ego, love sans motive,
Care sans expectation
Are selfless acts, indicative
Of unique relation.

Different species, multi-hue flow'rs
Live at peace together:
Hence all races, faiths, castes, creeds, pow'rs
Too must live together.

Sooner or later some dear one
Is likely to hurt us;
It pains; we must decide which one,
Pain or person, suits us.

If we go for 'eye for an eye',
The whole world will be blind,
Egoistic if 'I for I',
'Aye for aye' makes it kind.

If we love without condition,
Motivate sans a whip,
Talk, care, give sans expectation,
It's true relationship.

Relationship is like a bird,
If held tightly, it dies,
Stays for ever if with care gird,
Let loose, away it flies.

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SIBERIAN BIRDS

Siberian Birds...
Soaring high
Continuously
At a stretch,
Great messages
In forms numerous
Are to be left
For
Mankind in general:

Not only of
Discipline,
Regularity,
And punctuality,
But
How to live in body and spirit
At a time?

While...
Soaring high
Look like moving stars,
Going in direction straight,
Without
Deviation and departure,
Of their own;
Symbolizing and communicating
The message of Globalization.
Knowing no boundaries,
Free
To cross any boundary
Without any malice and grudge.

Can roam
Anywhere
Considering it
The world of Nature
And not of man
Soar high
But roar never:

Are...
Not out
To create dangers
For others,
Rather,
Are themselves in dangers...
To be shot by
The lofty guns
Made by the so called
Products of the civilization.

Have men
Therefore,
Confined themselves
Merely to
Destroy the values of Nature?
The beauties of Nature?
May be
In the forms of trees,
Forests,beasts, and birds,

In fact
We have lost not only eyes
But
Visions great,
Making us immune
To the surroundings we live in;
We have even ceased to think:

In fact
These birds are
Blending of
Romanticism and Classicism
That is
If they can soar high,
They also can
Maintain order,

Indeed-
Romanticism is needed
For the freedom of Spirit,
While Classicism is needed
To restrict the rampant

Display of passions

If...
Humanity is to be saved
From devastation complete,
There...
Must be co- ordinations
Between
Mind and heart.

It is...
Therefore,
Good to soar high,
But...
It is always better
To have eyes on earth,
The beauties
Of these birds
Are...
If they can soar high,
They also know
Their limitations
That of...
Where and what
Part of the earth
They have to stay,

And
Above all
At what time?
Thus...
They combine in themselves
Tremendous knowledge of their limits,
Together with...
The knowledge of
The earth, the sky, the Nature
Supplanted by
The knowledge of
Time and Space,
Setting a message for mankind,
How to live
In Spirit and Body?

THE PREDICAMENT

Caged bird!
Trying to fly
Stopped
By the knot
Of the iron,

Helpless, weak...
But not fallen,
Grandeur...
Lies not
Always in flying,
But in waiting
And suppressing
The desire,

As...
Victory lies not
Always in getting,
But...
In bearing
What after all
Has been allotted
To the cup
Of one's lot.

THE UNIVERSAL MOTHER

A man...
Working in the night shift
Was returning through the forest,
Heard a voice of wailing,
Who is crying?
And for what?'
...Had never any faith
In the sisters weird,
But the compulsion
Made him stop...

Spell bound! was he...
Decided to go after the Voice,

Found finally...
Was coming from a hit...
Saw a woman
With a child dead...
Wailing ceaselessly;
The man asked, 'Are you alone?
And why are you crying loudly
In the silence of dead night?'

'No,' replied she,
I am not alone,
I am the mother
Of all such children
Who die every day
Of malnutrition and diseases:
And none has time
To listen to
The cry of
Wailing mothers:

This cry of mine,
In Voice aloud...
Is because
They do not have time
To listen to
The cry of
The wailing mothers
In the broad day
Of...
Men's busy schedule,

It is said,
Continued she,
'The Evils are active
In the silence of night,
And...
If the light
Is...
Not listening
To my Voice,
Let the dark listen to my cry.

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ISOLATION

Isolation literally means solitude,
Which increases our aptitude.
Even is case of corona virus,
Some people have become treacherous.

It is nothing but their fanaticism,
Which leads to mere cynicism.
It is congregation of limited range of religion,
Which shows its nasty vision.

Let's take a solemn vow,
And make a separate row.
Isolation teaches us to raise collective assimilation,
It is but nation's proclamation.

In such a critical juncture,
The wheels of the world will puncture.
People have to maintain patience,
Otherwise, humanity will undergo disappearance.

In all mental and physical troubles,
Patience erects rubbles.
It works as a medicine,
It will prove as a prolific vaccine.

Which qualities of life originate positive thoughts,
And open our negative knots.
Courage, limit and self-thinking,
If these are affecting.
And are stairs of victory,
Without them life becomes paltry.

The epidemic has its impact on mankind,
What does the world find?
The world can defeat covid - nineteen,
By living in quarantine.

The total of uneven surroundings does not last long,
But what is wrong?
Imbalance causes failure,
We have to renounce differential behaviour.

The only way of protecting...
Isolation and social distancing.

All engaged in breaking the chain,
And relieving our pain.
They deserve our salutation,
Because they warn us to live in isolation.

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SELF

Why do you mind , what I wear,
When situations alone I have to bear.
Fake promises wouldn't be appreciated,
Because I belong to those who have waited.

I won't mind to be judged, when done by strangers,
I won't mind to be screened, when done by avengers.
I won't mind anything until it comes to my respect,
But won't forgive you, if you ever disrespect.

I am not a doll to play with,
But a woman to have a life with.
I can make your hellish life pretty.
Only if you don't carry intentions dirty!

If you want a perfect woman,
You must have all the qualities of a gentleman.
Don't try to change me, either accept me what I'm
Or just leave if you can...

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THREE THINGS

Three things to respect:

Old age, Religion, Law.

Three things to cultivate:

Sympathy, Cheerfulness, Contentment.

Three things to govern:

Tongue, Temper, Action.

Three things to watch:

World, Behaviour, Character.

Three things to love:

Honesty, Purity, Truth.

Three things to accept:

Fate, God, Hard work.

Three things to applaud.

Heart, Head, Body.

Three things to remember:

Birth, Survival, Death.

Three things to admire:

Intellect, Beauty, Art.

Three things to stick to:

Promise, Friendship, Love.

Three things to be prevented:

Illness, Falsehood, Slang.

Three thing to be avoided:

Drinking, Smoking, Gambling.

Three things to observe:

Thinking, Thanking, Smiling.

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BELOVED vs WIFE

Let me tell you a story-
The one that of prudery, the other of glory.

A boy met once a girl beautiful.
So innocent, cute, delicate but lustful.

Had he love within the heart unconditional.
He was ever for his love confessional.

Made she love with him times innumerable
With full care, purity and acts desirable.

Married she him covertly ever time and again,
Only for the sake of pleasure to regain.

Marriage was never her aim.
If he discussed it, she played a game.

Remained he ever with her,
Whenever she needed him- only as a helper.

Stroke him out for the familial status fake,
Having quenched her lust like a rake.

Finally, the boy listened to the heart.
It said to be aware of her wreckful dart.

Relation was it only to fulfill desire.
Shows off of beauty only to conspire.

Got she bored of the thing that was costly.
Coquetries are destructive and the like of her mostly.

At last, the thread of snare got weakened,
And the boy insightfully reawakened.

So is called the fair-sex destructive,
But only as a beloved is a lesson instructive.

The thing changed when came a girl as a wife.
Things changed and with these changed his life.

Dedicated is she for the births innumerable
Made a relation physical and mental consumable.

How different was the approach the two girls had!
The one very prudish and the other very glad.

Despite the fact that the wife knew all.
Woman at work she remained at his call.

Told he how he had been deceived.
Due to treachery only mistrust conceived.

How rare is the kind of wife
Who ended pain, misbelief and strife!

She was misled by her would be mother-in-law.
Plot was further added by her would be father-in-law.

No loss of faith, though there was fear.
With a smile on face and in eyes she concealed tear.

Finally, the marriage was materialized.
The first relation the boy had non-commercialized.

Lo! Evil eyes cast upon them.
Fell she ill critically for the boy to blame.

If evil strong, God is the strongest.
Saved He the bride from the power darkest.

With the first rise of the sun
Glowed happiness and love and life took a turn.

Came they closer.
Hence they knew each other.

Radiated fathomless dedication,
Let alone her faith and devotion.

Lots of thanks to the Supreme Creator
Who manages and balances better.

The cheat beloved got a loss irreparable.
And the good souls made a couple incomparable.

Therefore I tell you all
Pay proper attention to my call.

Run not after a girl called beloved.
Passes she only time and shows attitude rugged.

In the nick of time, she leaves in lurch.
The boy goes mad, the girl makes a new search.

If get a woman destructive in life.
Beat, drag, pound and even lend in strife.

If get a woman constructive as a wife
Bow your head and worship her for life.

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PITEOUS CRY OF HUMANITY

Life shrouded in gloom
Humanity is in evil clutch of doom
An ominous shadow of death lurks the air
Limiting us to live at distance with a care.

A strange uniformity rules the earth
Making life devoid of its inherent mirth
All around there is murky affair
News of death and hunger rant the air.

Life is a herculean task
It is incomplete without a mask
Sweet earth degenerated into quarantine
Its children are in virtual death line.

Amid this darken shadow of death
Let us be united to defeat this nature's wrath
Show charity to the crying humanity
To stop death becoming struggled ease of scarcity.

Dr. Amit Kumar Sinha
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LET STATE ARISE

There are words, a lot of words,
Epics, texts, books, scriptures,
But there is a mouth, full of words,
Sometimes suggestions, and breaking hearts.

Mind or no- mind, words come out,
Creation, destructions, all in thought.
Churning of mind, shouting of words,
Slaying humans similar to swords.

Ignorance, the cause of all evil,
Long term it's pile up, devil the people.
Body is known, mind is knower,
First shut the mouth, make words fewer.

Dive deep inside, opening insight,
There is pain, or other plight.
Observation leads to knowledge.
Pain, sensation at the soul edge.

When there will be knowledge of soul.
One can reach by words - the goal.
Soul is precious to know about,
Body awakes, and arises the thought.
Conscious mind and sub- conscious soul,
Everything is perfect, but first, reach the goal.
"Awake, arise till the goal is reached,"
Swami Vivekananda told, such that 'self' is breached.

Once the soul awakes, the state arises.
Oh! Poor! Oh! Deprived,
Awake the soul,
Let thy state arise.

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UNENDING AGONY

Dreadful, fearful, terrible night
Utter the story of a tortured girl,
Is there anyone to listen to her call?
Is there anyone who can fight?

Tender like flowers, blooming buds
Are being crushed by the rogues,
Where have gone the days, when girls were worshipped
Now, only anguish, pain and injury they consist.
Nowhere she is safe.

Either buses, trains or roadways,
Where she will go, to whom she will call
Awake everyone, it's time to act your role.
Undoubtedly, her screams, her lamentations
Will bring the day of destruction.

Rapists haven't seen the power of a woman
If she can procreate, then can also kill these demons.
Wilder than animals, monstrous than monsters
Do not have right to be alive.

They must be hanged to create some fear
And only then we can save a girl's life.

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OBLITERATING QUERIES

Are humans the creation of God?
Or, has Satan created us all?
We were born to live in Eden
How did we answer earth's call?

Supreme creation of Almighty,
Or, fallen species?
Were we created to be part of,
Heaven, Earth or Hell?
Which place was suitable?
Where could we have dwelled?

Innocent faces, satanic mind
Challenging whole mankind.
Afraid of death, but ready to kill,
Destroying earth and blaming God's will.
What we deserve loftiness of sky,
Or, earth's depth where we lie?

Despite being staunch followers of God
Deep inside our spirituality rot.
Is loss of humanity, reason of our fall?
That's how we answered earth's call?

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BROKEN PIECES

U and I
Destined for a while
Sat together at Paprika
To discuss our future bright.
U were in bright
And I was in off-white.
We would tie a knot
I felt so.

U dragged a chair, captured my heart
Soon, we began our conversation slight.
We discussed our lives, employment status etc.
But we wanted something else to know
I felt so.

I wanted to be your intimate family member,
But u wanted me to be a breadwinner forever
I felt so.

I wished to get treated as a friend lifelong
But u wished to treat me as a conventional maid
I felt so.

I said, 'I am social enough,'
U didn't say anything
But u wished to have a reserved one
I felt so.

I wanted to be your soulmate,
But you wanted to hide the secret
I felt so.

At last, the waiter disturbed us,
U wanted to spend a lot of time with me
Even I thought for the same
I felt so.

U suddenly got up and left me alone.
I wanted to cry
But our families would not appreciate
I felt so.

U disappeared forever
 I could not say bye to u ever.
 It seemed that the high tide of life
 Threw me out
 And I began to flap like a fish
 I felt so.

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REVIVED SURVIVAL

Let me tell you a story, kids.
 Darkest shades of fantasy met reality.
 Thousands died and millions agonized,
 Once upon a time a pandemic hit like a tide.
 Humdrum and Globally recognised crisis waved over planet.
 Self declared lethal war galloped us,
 Frontline were health workers and doctors, fighting the virus attack,
 I call them superheroes against the newly identified then,
 but "yet to be known."
 Sleepless days turned to weeks and slowly months went to change.
 Inside our homes sky continued to switch its colours,
 Four walls became our safezone.
 We were persuaded not to step into the battlegrounds.
 Administration, Government and Police fighting the battle for us over there.
 We learnt to respect the people who worked backstage,
 whom we refused to acknowledge before.
 Basic morals of life were to be revised now for a while.
 Farmers still grew our food,
 yet they were perished due to crisis.
 Heart wrenched to see their crops dying,
 Because of no harvesting and market accessibility.
 Who fed us, were then drowning into debts and apathy.
 It was blood, sweat and tears to vain.
 Do you feel, how much that had them drained ?
 Gauging the fatality made our hearts skip.
 Every nation pulled out all the stops to survive
 Dying remittances, sinking economy, shaky diaspora.
 With crores of immigrant on feet,

the concept of egalitarianism sought "death" on road
All talked about worst days to come clingy
when globe was seeking universal cooperation and mutual assistance.
Within our nation certain business were still being fed.
Virus became the new stair for media.
Transparent media of ours,
please, what a dishonour to say !!?
Fiction or nonfiction they got it all covered,
burning "Nation" on their "Ashtray"
When unity was the expected response and conduct
Virus was allowed to play divide and rule within the borders itself.
Rather than seeking oneness and revising the primacy of "Unity in Diversity"
Communal violence, stigmatized community, attacks on health professional
boiled the tepid vibes
Efficient government was our key,
but its conflicting silence and misinterpretation of orders by "we" people
It wasn't what was "asked" or "needed" or 'wanted'
yet it "was done and continued."
We as people did much to help. u see!., ignorance, vandalism,
and few sat with popcorns to enjoy the dilemmatic decline.
Atleast they were better, need I say ?,
Community shaming was our way to fight monotony and need for spice.
The lessons we were being taught of being human
before anything was ignored and hypothesized
We talked about breaking borders and forts and walls
that divides world into nations.
We argued to fight this right, "humanity vs virus" in papers
But still I'm glad we succeeded
after failing miserably at various platforms.
Our economy still suffering hard against our will,
unsure when we will make it.
But the lesson we teach you as our future young leaders.
"promise to go few more miles before you act and frame your thoughts"
Far-sightedness that we lacked shouldnt keep you handicapped for long.
The Woe that invaded our social solidarity
shouldn't make you indecisive.
Learn to forgive but never forget
Mend your shoulders to be strong enough to carry world as whole
Remember, globe is for one and one is for globe.

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COVID-19: AWAKENING AMIDST AESTIVATION

“Where have we reached bhai?” asked Bipin. “Mirzapur Railway Station. We still have five hours to go,” replied Madhav in a very gloomy voice. Bipin and Madhav are brothers who used to work in a pottery industry in Mumbai. They are returning back to their village – ‘Amauja’, in Madhubani district of Bihar. A virus named ‘Corona’ had enforced their employers to shut down the industry, but ‘human virus’ is the most malignant of all the life forms. They had shut the doors of their heart too, which resulted in leaving thousands of workers jobless and homeless. With feeble hopes, they got engaged in the struggle of reaching back to their villages.

Contrary to their bodies, the minds of Madhav and Bipin were at some different journey. Madhav, a 22 year old, tall, thin and dusky guy was lost in his childhood. Like every other potter family, his family too would stay excited for ‘Diwali’ festival. A couple of pre-Diwali weeks would engage them all in preparation and marketing of earthen lamps *diyas* and earthen toys. That fatigue never prevented them from enjoying a sparkling night. Throughout the year, they used to prepare the idols of Gods and Goddesses which would amaze the children and receive appreciation from the adults. Their pitchers and ewers would become a necessity in summers and their earthen dishes- *Kulhad* would be much in demand in the tea-shops and small eateries.

Madhav’s eyes drove him to present. The view outside the train made him realize that the agricultural fields lost their greenery. At some places, pale, barren fields were tolerating the burden of small houses forced upon them without their approval. This again took him to the past- his adolescence. Six years ago, during the pre-Diwali week, his sister-‘Radha’, was demanding a new dress, sweets and crackers from their father, whom they used to call-‘Baba’. He agreed to fulfil all her demands. Radha was born after the death of her two sisters so she was dear to all her family members, but for Madhav she was the apple of his eye. Madhav knew very well that the money they earned, hardly met their basic necessities. That day, he had lost his mind and yelled badly upon his father for giving fallacious hopes to his sister. The view outside the train had great resemblance with the substitutions life had shown him. The glory of *diyas* lost their race to foreign supplies. Only few would buy their stuff and that also after a good bargain. The amusement their idols used to create couldn’t breathe for long before the charm of mobile games and videos. Refrigerated bottles chilled the throats more than their pitchers did. Disposables stood cheaper before their *Kulhads*. Ma and Baba never revealed the pain of going to the bed empty-stomach, but had spent several nights with this experience. The annual deposition of greed and show-off dwelling in the minds of riches had created an orogeny of misery around the rags. Their day would begin with the hope of finding food in their plate, but then the big houses with shallow-hearted residents would slay away all their hopes by mid of the day.

Six years ago, he left the house with his brother in the hunt of a job to keep the lamp of life lit amidst the vehement waves of hardship surrounding them. Their hunt landed them up in a pottery industry in Mumbai. Half of their collective salary of Rs. 20,000, managed their survival in a slum area and half was sent home. Madhav got married three years ago and has a child Tara, eighteen months old.

He would save money for both Radha and Tara to get them married in a well-to-do family. While returning back to work this year, after his Holi visit, he had promised to bring earrings for Vimla, his wife, Radha and Tara. But destiny welcomed them with an absolutely new game. Two weeks later, they heard about a deadly virus-corona, eating many who were falling under its prey. They were told that virus spreads through touch with infected life or stuffs carrying it. Corona had its wings spread all around so they were refrained from turning up to the industry until asked to. Government urged the owners to help the workers with food, but how could shallow hearts open their ears to such type of calls. They found themselves in a different arena, where they would wait for food and struggle for permission to go back to their villages. Harsh picture of so called- 'humanity' visited regularly to such poor people, but this time, it was at its peak. Hardly, any one would bother about them. Some 'EXTRA CONCERNED' ones would bring a little food with cameras capturing their act of geniality. This is how they used to prove to themselves that they are 'HUMAN BEINGS'. Such an ignorance from the wealthy sections would fill both their eyes and hearts with tears. Somehow, the month of agony passed on and the relay of adversities coiled to another track with the baton now in the other hand of the destiny. They boarded the train to Patna. The policemen had informed them that they would undergo thermal screening after reaching there and then were sent to quarantine centers for fourteen days. Thereafter, their test-report would decide whether they would go to their homes or not.

"Bhai! We have reached Patna", informed Bipin. Quarantine was endurable as their stomach received meal thrice a day. On seventeenth day, they left for home, as their samples were negative. Tears of joy rolled down from the eyes of all the family members and the story of suffering from both the sides were understood without the participation of tongue. Back at the same point from where the race of life began, they were now completely dependent upon the 'Government and Noble Souls' who would arrange food for them from time to time. It's the twelfth day of their return. All of a sudden, they heard Radha crying for help. She complained of a snake bite. They pounced to the hospital carrying Radha in their hands as lockdown had put all the vehicles off the road.

There they came to realize that lockdown had put even humanity to the halt. The doctor was busy in an operation and the other staffs refused to check her up because of the fear of corona. Requests melted them up but was of no use. Radha had been sent to her heavenly journey by the 'indirect touch' of the pandemic.

After six months

Corona had put a period upon many lives and the ones with commas were beyond the count, but it couldn't control the journey of time. Six months are over and again it's pre-Diwali week. The potter community were back to their work with least of hopes in their eyes. But much to their surprise, the demand exceeded above all its previous counts. Their stocks are being exchanged at reasonable prices and also they are being showered with extra money and sweets as Diwali gift. Perhaps the tides of virus had blown away the stagnant greed of excellence, lavishness and luxury from the minds of self-centered sections. They have learnt to respect their tradition and follow humanity above anything else. Vimla was getting *diyas* ready with her mother-in-law. They lit the largest one in the memory of Radha and several others 'who were twinkling in the sky.' Tara was very happy as her father had got her lots of sweets, a pretty dress and few crackers. Vimla was watching her thinking- 'today like Tara, thousands of lips are smiling because millions of eyes had refused to open forever. Is this barter worth celebrating?'

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