

Poetry Series

**Bharati Nayak**  
**- poems -**

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# Bharati Nayak()

Born in the year 1962, I hail from Odisha, an eastern state of India. I always consider myself wannabe poet, though I have already published two poetry collections - one in my native language Odia and the other one in English. I am not a student of literature, but writing is my hobby and passion. I was a regular contributor to my school magazines. I sincerely believe that pen is mightier than the sword. I browse through poems I very often want to read the Biography of the poet, the background of the poet gives insight to understand his/her factors like gender, religion, schooling, family history, education and his culture etc get reflected in his work. I do not find a Bio in the Poet; s page, I get Poem Hunter many are writing in their pen name or pseudo names for various poses difficulty for the reader to understand his work. I wanted to read Bio of other poets, Other readers may also like to read my Bio. I decided to submit on this page. I am married and have 3 children. I have a Masters degree in Political Science from Utkal University, Bhubaneswar. My schooldays were spent in Cuttack, my parental home. Poem Hunter has brought me closer to many kind and learned people around the world. I will always remain grateful to this amazing site and all friends across globe. I truly feel myself a global citizen to all readers, friends and commentators for your kind support in my poetic journey.

# 2015- - - Thank You

I will surely be looking at you  
When  
On 31st December  
Your last rays of light  
Sink on the horizon  
The trails and blazes  
The pictures and shadows  
Must be there behind  
They grow dimmer and dimmer  
As you walk into history  
Adding pages to the lives who lived you  
Leaving vacant who could not see you.

For me  
You will always be remembered  
With love  
As you brought me  
Many beautiful gifts  
My friends- flowers- - birds- - butterflies  
And a sweet melody  
That always rings

I will remember  
The shiny sky  
Green patches  
Lovely garden  
Blue sea and  
the kindness all around  
2015, thank you.

Bharati Nayak

# A Reason To Smile

Every time  
A sigh transforms  
A lamentation changes  
To a flower  
And fills the white paper  
The vacuum  
No more remains a vacuum  
The beautiful angel surrounds a soul  
The fragrance escapes to cosmos  
The pulse and beats  
Pulsate life  
Cosmos throws a reason  
To smile.

Bharati Nayak

# A Birthday Gift For You(For Daniel Brick)

I thought  
I should present you a flower  
On your birthday  
A beautiful and sweet scented flower  
Perhaps  
You will forget yourself for a while  
Seeing its beauty and inhaling its fragrance  
But then you will be saddened  
When you will see its wilted petals  
With no colour and no fragrance.  
Then it struck me  
Why not I present you a green sapling  
That will be full of promise  
To grow big and big  
With promise of sweet scented flowers  
And many many fruits  
Inviting the nature guests  
To build their nests  
In the hollow of its heart  
To enjoy its cool shade  
To inhale the scent of its colourful flowers  
And to feed on its sweet fruits  
Throwing seeds throughout your garden  
With many more promises  
That will never cease.

Bharati Nayak

# A Cracked Letter

I chanced to see the letters,  
You wrote me a long long ago,  
Each alphabet,  
Stood before me with an image,  
That hid so many stories, and  
So many tender moments of affection.

I held them in my palm,  
Smelt the scent,  
That was hidden under each syllable.  
The letters were worn out by time,  
The folds cracked,  
As each one of them were read and re-read  
Innumerable times,  
Lost the strength  
To bear the emotions  
That were falling heavy on them.  
Some syllables had vanished by tear drops  
Some had vanished in the folds.

As I held the letter,  
Bits of paper fell in my lap,  
Reminding me of the time gap.  
I gathered the torn pieces  
Tried to join them in their places  
But some syllables were  
Never to be found.

Bharati Nayak

# A Cracked Letter (With Its Fillipino Translation) By Chito Faustino

A Cracked Letter (With its Fillipino Translation by Chito Faustino)

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Ang Gusot Na Liham - Poem by Chito Faustino

natagpuan kong muli ang iyong mga liham,  
na ibinigay mo sa akin matagal ng panahon,  
bawat isang titik,  
ay naghahayag ng ibat-ibang larawan,  
na may sariling salaysay, at

maraming matamis na saglit ng ating pag-ibig.

hawak ko sa aking mga kamay,  
nilalanghap ang kanilang bango ...  
na nakatago sa ilalim ng bawat salita;  
ang iyong mga liham ay niluma ng panahon,  
ang kanilang lupi ay putok sa pag-tiklop,  
sa dami ng beses ng ulit na pag-basa,  
nawalan ng lakas  
na balikatin ang mga damdamin  
na nakalapat na mabigat sa kanila,  
maraming titik ay nag-laho sa patak ng luha,  
marami ay nawala sa ulit-ulit na pagtiklop.

habang hawak ko ang iyong mga liham,  
mga piraso ng papel ay nagkalaglag,  
para bang paalala ng panahong nagdaan;  
isa isa kong pinulot mga pirasong papel  
pinilit kong ibalik sa lugar na may punit,  
ngunit ilang titik  
hindi na makita.

This is a translation of the poem A Cracked Letter by Bharati Nayak  
Chito Faustino

Bharati Nayak



# A Day For Myself

My life sails  
Pass by, the days, months and years  
Who keeps their records?

These are my treasure  
I give them away with no bounds  
Take it  
As much as you wish  
But leave  
Only a day for me.

This day  
I shall leave aside  
All fears and doubts  
And devote it only to myself.

This day  
I will give to myself  
the sweetness of love  
tenderness of affection  
And I will open before myself  
All wordsspelt-unspelt.

This day  
I will collect  
the pollen from flowers  
colors from butterfly wings  
to adorn my face  
and beautify my being.

This day  
I will decorate myself  
With my songs and poems  
And from the cuckoo  
I will learn my language.

I will ask the clouds  
To lend its black  
For my eyes' decor

I will ask the rain  
to wash me pure.

I will ask the sky  
to lend its vastness  
and ask the ocean  
to give its depth  
for my poems.

This day  
I will be only me  
With not an iota of  
apprehension or pretension  
and my heart be blessed with  
heavenly illumination

This day will be my day  
May it be my last night  
or the last day.

.

Bharati Nayak

# A Day Has Gone By

A day has gone by  
Deducting one day  
From my life  
I ponder  
What I achieve  
And what I give.

Day comes with morning newspaper  
News of tension and terror  
News of aversion and horror  
Fill the morning editions  
I flip through them  
And think  
How have I enriched from them.

Then comes our maid  
In her torn saree and ragged blouse  
With tension writ large on her face  
For fear of facing wrath for coming late.

Tingling sound of utensils  
Fill the kitchen air  
She toils her way  
Through the grime and dirt  
That we have accumulated.

She leaves the house  
Showing her gratitude  
For the chapati and cup of tea  
Or the paltry sum  
We dole out at month's end.

I cook meal,  
stuff tiffin boxes  
And see children off to school.

Hurrying from place to place  
I see that every thing is in place  
In between I munch some pieces of biscuits.

Or have sip from my tea cup.

When every thing done  
I look at my watch and wonder  
Ah! I will be late again  
And will face the angry boss  
At the office entrance.

No, I can't go  
Without checking  
Lock and keys  
Doors and windows  
And children's meals.

Wow- it is too late  
There is no time to eat  
And I rush to office  
With my vanity bag  
Hanging from shoulder  
But full with  
False ego and emptiness.

Bharati Nayak

# A Document of Promise

A Document of Promise.

(Transcreation of the poem(?????????? ????))by Kumudini Jee

(From the Anthology-A Handful of Memories)

No,  
Not today  
Don't look at me today  
As on this day  
I look so fresh and charming  
My body wears a rosy tint  
I look so fascinating  
In the drape of yellow silk  
All are mesmerized by my beauty.  
But, go to that far  
Where my listless body  
Would be  
Embracing nakedness only  
Getting restless  
To repair a broken wall  
And to mend a broken mirror,  
I want a promise from you  
On that hour  
Can you give me  
The coldness of Kashmir in Summer  
Or the mother's warmth in Winter  
And be a sea like heart of my father?

Bharati Nayak

# A Fancy

I envy the newspaper  
You hold in your hand  
For how eagerly  
Your eyes move from  
Letter to letter  
And you would not let it go  
Before you finished reading! !

Ah, had you but held me  
in your hands  
Like the newspaper  
Read my eyes  
With the same eagerness  
And would not let me go,  
Before you finished reading! ! !

Bharati Nayak

# A Fistful Of Sand

You are the mighty blue sea  
You welcome me  
With open arms  
You offer  
the whole of your precious treasure  
But I am no match  
To your height  
I could never  
Become a river  
Nor the vast sea-shore  
I am just a fistful of sand  
Loaded on the truck  
And transported  
To build  
A house.

Bharati Nayak

# A Floating Cloud

Ah! It is not rainy season  
From where fell  
The rain drops!  
It is thirsty Summer  
Long lonely roads simmer  
But from where  
fell the rain drops  
I looked up  
And found  
One floating cloud  
Showering blessings  
From above  
Oh I know, I know  
I was waiting for it  
All these years!

Bharati Nayak



# A Letter To Appu With Love From Durga Didi

Apu

Can you hear me?

Long years have elapsed

Your call aroused me from my sleep

Can you see me

I have crossed over

To the other side of the border.

Oh, our days were so jolly

The Kash flowers, so lovely

So tasty, tamarind jelly.

How adventurous we were?

Have we not seen the train?

Have we traveled

in that train?

Yes, yes

We have traveled to Mars

Where water is found

Under layers of ice

We can melt the ice

And bring water to surface

Yes, life is possible

As ice will again become liquid

And we

Can bring life

To our land

Yes Apu,

We have really traveled

On the train.

With love

From Didi



# A Love Song

Dear  
I love you  
But YOU' are not you  
YOU" are that beauty  
Which fills me with light  
YOU' are that hand  
Which picks out the thorns  
From my feet.  
YOU' are that presence  
Which is ever present  
In my happiness and darkness

Dear  
On my cloudy sky  
YOU are the color  
Which makes the rainbow  
And YOU appear  
As the North star  
In a directionless weather.

YOU are not the Red -Rose, but  
The red of the Rose  
YOU are not the Rose  
But the thorns that  
Guard the Rose.

Dear  
YOU are the song of the song-bird  
Blue of the Blue-sky, and  
Green of the Green-leaves  
It does not matter  
Where that YOU' lives  
For I feel YOU  
As the oxygen filled air  
Circulating around me  
And YOU will stay here  
As a shaft of light  
And the last piece of my breath.

Bharati Nayak

# A Music Is Made

What and how  
Can I define  
And give a meaning  
When I look  
To the soft sunshine  
That illuminates  
My inner and outer world  
How can I give a name  
when music is made  
When sweet breeze  
Caresses the green branch  
Or when  
Flowers dance  
In the rhythm  
And the birds chirp

In which note  
This music is played  
When in silence  
It is heard  
From thousand miles apart.  
In which name  
I shall call the cloud  
That wanders into the desert  
Drizzles for a traveller wearied.

What name shall I call the drizzle  
That frees the music  
Held captive in the dungeon  
And give a chance to play again  
In the freedom  
Where sunshine,  
moon beam  
Birds and butterflies  
Even the tiniest life dance.

Bharati Nayak

# A Ph Friend's Search For Bri Edwards In The Pandemic

In this Covid-19 Pandemonium  
I went searching Bri  
To offer him a big pizza and a yummy ice-cream.

I searched him in the library and in the book-shelves  
I also searched him in his show-cases.

I knew Bri as a big book -bug  
Perhaps hiding in a corner  
He was reading some comics and  
Secretly enjoying the fun.

Perhaps he was hiding  
Inside a book  
Making some spell-check  
And correcting the proof.

Perhaps he was hiding behind  
The computer to help his friends  
derive some pleasure  
From the hide -and -seek games..

All people have hidden behind their masks  
Or in their locked rooms  
What wonder is there that  
Our fun -master Bri  
Went behind the screen.

But I wonder  
Is it not worrying  
To all his wives.

When I could not get him in the book-self  
I turned on the computer screen  
Searched the popular sites  
He might be in.

The Wikipedia, one of his most favorite place  
But Bri still gave me a slip

There I found one ker,  
Who came most close to his name.  
With utmost joy I yelled a 'Hello'  
But ker gave me a stern look  
'Who are you, I know you not? '  
'But I am your PH friend',  
'Are you sure, you know me not? '  
And I was almost in tears.

'You are a spy, I am most sure',  
'Off you go, or else  
To our Guardian Authority,  
I will report'.  
Then he threw at me  
Many books and papers  
I was tooterrified  
And took to my heels.

Perhaps I am mistaken  
He is not Bri Edwards  
Let the Covid-19 pass  
We may wait  
For our Fun-master's come back

Bharati Nayak

# A Poem For Daniel Brick On His Birth Day

How lucky I am  
That you belong to my time!  
How lucky I am that I found your poetry!  
Poems, so beautiful and reassuring,  
Those can bring Angels closer to us,  
Spreading scent of sumac bushes,  
Poetry that is like sunlight,  
For the trees, far and near.

That have power,  
To tame wild birds,  
Perhaps, my words,  
Are always less,  
To say how wonderfully,  
They touch me.

Thank you  
Daniel Brick.

Bharati Nayak



# A Poem For My Daughter

No,  
I won't read your poems  
Sulked my teenage daughter  
Why your poems  
Tell only of unhappiness  
Have you not felt  
Our love for you?  
Oh Yes  
I have seen  
How my children protect me  
Like a fort  
If they see me hurt  
Then why I write  
Poem after poem  
That speaks about rain  
I tried to explain  
What I write  
Is not my story only  
I have seen  
My mother, sisters and aunts  
Wiping their tears  
silently by their Anchals  
I have seen  
Dolly, Milly, Shelly  
Whose fathers  
Arrange their marriage  
On their way to a market  
They do not care  
If the girls die  
By hanging or burning  
Some die  
Without leaving a trace

My daughter did not agree  
Said  
You have seen only  
Dolly, Mily, Shelly  
And girls who had no names  
Look at me

I am not one among them  
I am Pragyan(Wisdom)  
I am Pallabi(leaves)  
I am dream  
I am light  
One day, like Kalpana Chawla  
I will soar into space  
I will decorate  
My ten corners  
With colors of  
My dreams.

Bharati Nayak

# A Poem For The New Year 2020

The year 2019 is fast ending  
Only one day remaining  
A year with so many ups and downs  
Many events and people criss crossed  
In spite of the cyclone Fani, heavy rains and floods  
In spite of terror and wars  
The year has been  
A wonderful year for me  
I have many good friends  
Spread across the globe  
Their inspiration, kind words and blessings  
I will surely be counting  
And my lovely Home Poem Hunter  
Has made me feel more secured.  
I wish the New Year 2020  
Shall be full of happiness and prosperity  
For all my friends as well as the whole mankind.

With the approach of New Year  
I wanted to wish for my friends,  
So, I went on writing messages  
But I found I have a long list  
Each name I looked at  
I felt - wow- I have not wished him yet  
All are my great friends  
I find myself lucky to have met them.  
Then I thought I should write a poem  
Which would include all their names  
But- - - I know - -it is not easy still  
As the list goes on increasing.  
So, dear friends!  
I choose my page to wish you all  
A very Happy New Year.

Thank you - - Your friend Bharati

Bharati Nayak

# A Road To Heaven

Take heart  
Forget past  
See, how days are flowering poetry  
Dreams fruitioning reality  
The blankness filled  
A bridge is built  
You are lifted  
To this unearthly abode  
Where you exist  
with your  
Soul and friendly souls  
There is bliss  
Darkness never  
visit there  
life is  
An ever enchanting Music.

Bharati Nayak

# A Tree I Am

I look at you  
In pure amazement  
Like a tree  
I stand in silence  
Though in excitement  
I shiver  
I am without words  
My emotions run deep  
You greet me as the first ray  
of sunlight

I enliven  
My branches swing  
As if to touch you  
Inside me  
I am flowering  
My moment comes  
When you come near me  
Stand in my shade  
We breathe together  
When song birds sing  
And the wind murmurs.

Bharati Nayak

# A Tube Rose

I was offering you  
A glass of water  
You asked for  
The flower  
I was wearing on my hair  
A small tube rose  
You insisted for  
Only that one  
I wore  
Gladly you tucked it  
On your shirt  
And went away  
Wearing my heart  
On your heart  
Did you know  
I was going with you?  
Over the years  
Is the tube rose still there?  
How many times  
Has that scene replayed  
Through the memory's window?  
Every time  
I see a tube-rose  
Or a rose  
Or any other flower  
I feel overwhelmed  
By the fragrance  
As it is not you or me  
But the love  
That filled the small tube rose.

Bharati Nayak

# A Verse For My Friend

When I find friends like you  
who is so far away  
who never saw me,  
who did not know  
whether I am real or virtual,  
I question myself  
whether this is a reality  
or part of dream.'

'Look at me from a distance  
feel me as a music  
Let me flow through your pen  
and pain as moon beam  
And remember me  
as a part of your poetry  
A part of your dream  
and distant from reality.'

Bharati Nayak





# Aday Futile

It was a day, futile  
As it was without poetry  
As so many moments of life  
Went without record  
The train of thought vanished.

Emptiness filled me  
Downing my spirit  
My wings got tired  
It felt as if  
A favourite photo  
Got lost  
Never to be retrieved.

The story was lost by some virus  
But I am not without hope  
Who knows,  
It may flash again  
In a new light.

Bharati Nayak

# Afound Poem

Do tears flow?  
Do tears flow?  
I can feel so.

Do I hear?  
Do I hear?  
Crackling sound  
Of a heart break?

Do I hear right?  
The sound  
Of leaves  
Falling from branches  
Revealing the wounds?

Lonely tree  
Standing gloomy  
Tomorrow  
A new dawn may come  
New leaves will adorn  
Its bare branches  
Again spring may bring  
New blossoms

I turn to pages  
To write a poem for myself..  
I want the Winter  
To shed a little  
Its harsh coldness  
To become a little warmer  
To make my heart flutter  
To welcome a song bird  
On that tree branch.

Bharati Nayak

# After Sixty Eight Years Oh My Super Moon

After Sixty Eight Years Oh My Super Moon! !

Awww- your brightest face  
Smiled at me  
You seemed so close  
As if I would touch  
You if I make a jump dance.

So many people were waiting  
To have a glimpse of you  
To see how would you  
Walk, donning your  
Dazzling gold dress  
Every one was trying  
To catch a scoop full  
Of your light.

I came to the roof  
To have a chit-chat  
With you  
To share our secrets of  
Sixty eight years old.

Even after these sixty eight years  
You are still young  
With your smile  
Light twinkling in your eyes.

You are the same moon  
I met sixty eight years back  
The cool and composed.  
In between these sixty eight years  
I looked at you from a distance  
Sometimes I could see  
You clearly, but many times  
Half hidden from eyes  
Sometimes I wonder  
If I am gone from your skies.

Let me drink your rays

For one last time

Who knows

When another

Sixty eight years comes.

(The poem was written after the spectacular Super Moon visible on 14-11- 2016  
and such big

moon was last visible 68 years back that was on 26th January 1948)

@Bharati Nayak,16-11- 16

Bharati Nayak

# Ahrain! !

AhRain! !

Ah Rain! !  
You fall upon my window panes,  
Incessantly  
The images get hazy  
They flow like  
Streams of water  
And get mixed with my tears.

Rain!  
How have I been  
Searching you all these years  
Through thepains  
ofa burning sun! !  
Did you hide  
Behind a cloud?  
Wow,  
How have I tided over  
This tortuous summer?  
Did you hear  
My painful cry?  
You came  
Yes, you came with a lightening  
The petrichor  
Rose from the soaked earth  
And I was drenched in your shower..

I hear your song,  
The footsteps ofyour coming  
Your knocks on the door  
Even when the doors and windows  
Are closed  
You come through  
Without listening to  
Any denials.

Bharati Nayak

# Alladin's Lamp

Oh, what was I searching for  
Tirelessly with incessant labour  
Sometimes with hope, sometimes fears  
With questions hinging over  
Whether gone vain all these years  
Without realising that  
My happiness lies in my lap  
Like Alladin's magic lamp  
Genie is hiding there  
Totake me out of the drab and den of dark  
andfly me to the land of wonder

Whengloomand despair  
Envelop me  
I rub the lamp and call the Genie  
To guide me to the land of light  
And fill my heart  
With hope, love and delight.

Bharati Nayak

# Alladin's Mantra

Alladin's Mantra

I was sitting alone  
In a high walled prison  
Searching for an outlet  
To see the day's light.  
My breathless soul  
Was looking for an escape.

Someone whispered  
A 'Mantra' in my ear  
It was as powerful as  
Alladin's lamp.

He told me how to  
Conquer the unconquerable  
And jump the high walls.  
He told me to gather energy in myself  
And then run like Harry Potter  
Through the walls.

He told me to become energy  
And move round the whole universe  
And then I can reach my God in seconds.

Bharati Nayak

# An Unbloomed Dream

I have a dream

To collect

All the unuttered words

Pouring out from the secret chambers

Of my heart,

I would string them like a pearl necklace

Moistening them with my tears

I would décor

The million moments of my life

And offer

At His feet

He, who has filled

All my dreams.

Bharati Nayak



# And So I Love You Pablo Neruda

So many years after  
Your death, Pablo Neruda!  
I fell in love with you  
The words once you whispered  
In the ears of your beloved  
The songs you sang  
In your passions or in your tears  
Have become my dear  
And so I love you Pablo Neruda

Bharati Nayak

# Apuppet

O, stop!  
Please stop!  
Stop your maneuvering  
I am not a puppet  
To dance to your calls..  
You have forgotten  
That I too have a life of my own.

Decorating me in colourful wears  
You make me dance in different postures.

Sitting behind the curtain  
You read the dialogue for me  
As if I have no language of my own.

You have written for me  
A language of happiness  
And a language of tears  
Keeping my mouth shut  
You read out the dialogues.

Do you think  
A puppet's tear is not a tear?  
A puppet's language is not a language?  
The only truth about her  
Is the invisible string  
Tied to her feet and hands?

O'stop!  
Stop your maneuvers!

Bharati Nayak

# Autumn, Then And Now'

Autumn, Then and Now'

I remember,

Sleeping under a starry sky,

A small cloud was floating by,

Moon was playing hide and seek,

With my parents and siblings,

I was catching moonbeams.

How time moves on,

Autumn turns to winter so fast,

A little girl in flowery frock,

Is in her autumn now,

And her child,

Who was playing pumpkin on her back

Has flown to a different land,

Does Autumn look same there ?

Bharati Nayak

# Baby Falak Tharu Nirvaya Paryanta(A Poem In Odia Language)

Pratidinasei Baby Falak  
Au Nirbhayara kahani  
Ravana, Duhsasana, Shakuni  
Ebebi nirbhayare atajata  
Kichhibi badalini  
Ravanara nidhana  
Duhsasanara hastachhedana  
ba duryodhanara janubhangara  
Aneka sahasrabda pare madhya  
Na hoichhi Ramarajya  
Na naritie hoi parichhi Devi  
Se semiti kathapitula

Ghare se Baby Falak ta  
Ghara pacheri deinle Nirbhaya

Dhanyabad  
Sei bapa bhai mananku  
Jeunmane Delhire  
Nirbhaya paain ladhithile  
Dhanyabad seimananku  
Jeunmane naribhitare  
Maa aba bhaunira chhabi dekhanti

Dhanyabad sei  
Kabi o lekhaka mananku  
Jie Nari aabegara bhasa bujhanti

Dhanyabad sei bicharaka maananku  
Je nyaya bichara karanti

DhanyabadKrusnanku  
Je bipadare  
Sakha bhabare  
Sada ubha thanti .



# Balancing

I have come  
Yet I have not come  
I may not come any day  
When I have come  
I have filled you  
With love  
If I have not come  
I have left  
Some spaces vacant  
With some promises  
To fill  
The promises  
May not be filled  
Any day  
As I may not come  
As my fate  
Hangs in balance  
Between love and void.

Bharati Nayak

## Barsa- 2(A Poem In Odia Language)

Kala panata udai akashe  
paadare naai nikwana  
Chham chham dhwani re  
Naachuchhi abala  
Kajwala krusna chikura tara  
uduchhi pabane  
Adhare jhalasi jaae  
Bidyutra chamaka

Aasichhi barsarani  
Swagatikara sangitare  
Bibhora dharani  
Bhijamaatira mahakare  
Sate ki maatal pabana  
Bhuli hoi jaae  
Dahala kharara tati  
Bibarna dhusara maatire  
Ankurita hue  
Sabuja aasha .

Bharati Nayak

# Barsa(A Poem In Odia Language)

Mo jharkara kachare  
Abirama tume piti heuthibara drushya  
Drushya mane dhuanlia  
Drushya mane bahi jauchhanti  
jaladhara pari  
ekakar hoi jauchhanti  
Dhara dhara luhare

Dahala kharare  
greesmara santapare  
kete tumaku na khojichhi?  
Luchi rahithila  
Keun baudara uhadare?

Kemiti kemiti katila nidagha jatra  
Hueta shubhila mo artaswara  
Tume aasila chaudiga chamakai  
Batabaranare tuma aasibara sugandha  
Mu bhiji jaithili  
Bimala aanandara ashru re

Mo kabatare  
Thak thak awaja  
Tume dakuthibara shabda  
Mo nibuja dwara o jharkara phanka dei  
Tume ebe bi  
Pashi aasuchha  
Bela abelare! !  
Barsa- The poem in Odia script

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Bharati Nayak

# Birthday

Birthday comes  
Reminding us  
That one year has flown by  
And 365 days  
More we have walked  
The grass is growing grey  
We have to save this grass  
And gift to them  
Who come after us.

Bharati Nayak

# Bitter Love

How many times,  
have I been startled  
by the sound of a fallen leaf  
As your foot step?

How often have I wandered  
into the spaces of my inner heart  
To search for words  
That have faded  
with memory?

Were those words for real  
Or only fragments of my imagination ?

Now there is a growing distance  
Leaving my heart to bleed  
If it was a destined fate  
Tell me,  
Why you endeared me  
By your sweet love?

Bharati Nayak

# Border

Oh Dear brother  
See,  
How a border  
separates  
A land from land  
People from people

BORDER IS NOT REAL  
It is imaginary  
It is drawn by man  
It is for divide  
But see the breeze  
Can the border  
Stop it to blow across  
Can the border  
Stop the sunlight  
To illuminate across

Like breeze  
Like sunlight  
Love transcends  
It is never confined  
It is not limited.

Oh brothers  
Come  
Let us hold hands  
Let us make  
This world  
One country.

Bharati Nayak

# Bou Akhire Mu

Bou!  
Mu tora sei  
Sabukichhi pariparuthiba jhiate  
Tora adhura swopnaku  
Tu mo akhire dekhu  
Jete hatadara anadaraku  
Samnakari, agaku badhiparuthiba  
Mora parilapana  
Tora garba hoi mu phutipade I  
Tu kahu  
Mu sundar  
Sabu shadhi kale mote maane  
Mu bi maane  
Jete rangara shadhi  
Duhkha, raga, rosa, anadara, asahisnuta  
Sabu sadhi ku mu  
Sundara bhabare pindhi pakae  
Emiti bagare pindhe je  
Mu sabhinku sundara lage  
Na na bodhe  
To akhiku sundara lage  
Tu kahu to jhia sundar  
Tora ei katha padakare  
Kete bala,  
tu januna  
Mu jaane  
Mora astra ta tumemane  
Mo charipate tumara  
Jete bhalapaiba  
Mote bedhi rahithae  
Ei aluare mu sundara dishe  
Khhub sundar! ! !

Bharati Nayak

# Bridge

How do I see this bridge  
Spreading from my end to the other end?  
It is the road to jump my limitations  
To overcome the hurdles  
Be it a river, sea or mountain  
I have to reach my destination  
My hope, my aspiration  
Who made this bridge for me?  
Some one else?  
I can build for myself  
As many bridges as I wish  
Bridge, my courage  
Bridge, my hope  
Bridge, my way to success.

Bharati Nayak

# Chilika- A Poem In Odia Language

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Bharati Nayak



# Come Back, Krisna

Oh Lord! Since the day you left  
This Brajabhumi has lost  
Its sheen and colour, its joy and laughter  
In every corner  
Emptiness prevails  
Wind has stood still  
River has stopped its gurgle  
The sweet strain of your flute  
Can not be heard  
The happy voices of your friends have become silent  
On their faces laughter has died  
Each tree, each vine and each rock, miss their Lord  
They miss your magic touch  
Out of sorrow flowers droop their heads  
Your pet cows look for their Lord  
Akrura's chariot did not come back  
Cruel Akrura plotted and stole our Lord.

The 'Kadamba tree' is waiting  
The 'Tamala vine' is waiting  
All the roads of 'Brajapuri ' waiting  
All the boys and all the ladies of 'Gopapuri' waiting  
Waiting eagerly your dear Radha  
Oh Lord, do not turn a rock  
Do not tear the fragile heart of your sweet beloved.

When will you come back, oh Lord?  
When will again river Yamuna feel the touch of your lotus feet?  
Only once you look back and spread your graceful glance  
Where you spent your happy days  
The air and earth carry your breath  
Water in the river and water in the well  
Reflect your thousand images  
The clothes you once stole  
Still conceal your lotus fragrance  
Oh Lord, do not be cruel, do not be hard hearted  
Do not forget whom you left, for who are left  
Never forget their beloved Krisna, Oh Lord,  
Be kind, be benevolent and come back.



Bharati Nayak

# Dara (a Poem In Odia Language)

Kahaku ete dara?  
Bhasa te phutuni othare tora  
Lekhani shoichhi ketekala  
Bhayamane burkhatie pari  
Ohali padichhanti  
Matharu padatala  
Jetesabu suraksha balaya bhitare  
Kete ba surakhhita tu?  
Nirbhayatara samstha tie paain  
Sara jibana bandha padichhi  
Hele kete tu nirbhaya?

Mukta hoi jaa  
Bhitira shrunkhala kati  
Jhari pada mukta aakashara jyotsna pari  
Suneli skalara naram khara pari

Mrudugandha malaya pari  
Kheli jaa chaturdiga  
Atmahara heu pathapranta pathika.

Poem in Odia script

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Bharati Nayak

# Devi (Goddess)

Bou

(Oh Mother}

What a beauty there

In your vermillion smeared face

When your nose and eyes

Were watering

From the smoke of firewood

Billowing from Katha Chullah(Hearth)

You were busy

In tidying the house

From early dawn

When there was still darkness

Without caring even

How messy your looks gone

Whether the vermillion

Was in its place or smudged

Or your hair became

Knotty and rough !

You only cared

Whether your children

Ate properly or not

You loved to bake for us

Chapatis or bread

Cook rice and fry small fishes

To our tastes

Preparing curry of greens

Dishes after dishes

Oh what a taste in them

As if there was

A nectar's touch.

Today as I

Make a darshan(reverential visit}

Of Goddess Durga

In this Dusshera festival

Your vermillion smeared face

Splashes before my eyes.

I see the weapons  
Sharpened with your determination  
To cut down the sufferings and pains  
Of your children  
Glittering  
In the grips of your raised hands.

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Bharati Nayak

# Devi(Goddess) -A Poem In Odia Language

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Bharati Nayak

# Distance

You are sitting at a distance,  
Afraid to come to me?  
How distant have you gone  
When you pervade my whole being?  
When you and me interchange souls  
All distance become no distance,  
And all tears turn into pearls,  
Oh Dear, remember me, when you are worn out,  
Be sure that my soul is ever with you.

Bharati Nayak



# Distance Is Never A Distance

Distance is never a distance  
As of me  
On every nucleus of each cell  
Scripted your name  
The beats of my heart  
Stop to listen to your steps  
The soft sun light and the sweet breeze  
Murmur the eternal music  
My heart is filled with love  
Like the sky has no limit  
Unfathomable as an ocean  
Like a nectar dropped to eternity.

Bharati Nayak

# Do Not Play Thy Flute

Do not play thy flute  
Oh Krishna, it aches my heart  
All of Brindavan block my road  
My friends, my own blood  
Forsake me for thy love  
Oh dear, do not play thy flute.

My heart heaves like the sea  
This full moon night  
The fragrance with  
My dear memories  
Blown along the sweet breeze  
Pain my heart, oh dearest  
Don't play thy flute

The moonlit sky above  
My pet Myna, my own black eyes  
Reflect thy fond memories  
The memories, sweet and fragrant  
Dash and crush my heart  
Oh dear, don't play thy flute.

Bharati Nayak

## Do Notask Why

Do not ask why  
When earth's sky  
Becomes red in shy  
And glows with the touch  
From sun's warmth.

Do not ask why  
When the flower dances  
to the rhythm of air  
Or the dew drops  
Sparkle on grass blades.

Do not ask why  
the sea waves  
rise and fall  
At such distance  
At the moon's call.

Do not ask me  
Why I become tongue-tied  
When you come  
To my sight.

Do not ask the heart beats  
Nor to the breath  
The cause and meanings  
Of their essence and existence.

Bharati Nayak

# Dream

Sitting on clouds,  
Floats my dream.  
Blown by winds,  
From place to place,  
Flying over blue seas,  
Green mountains,  
And grey lands,  
Drifting carelessly  
From country to country,  
From town to cities,  
Foes and friends  
Dropping into loving arms of the beloved  
And slipping away,  
Playing hide and seek,  
Taking various shapes  
Of peacock, bear or elephant,  
Dream runs from land to land.

Searching for life's joy,  
From earth to sky,  
Frantically running helter -skelter,  
At last settles,  
On its very own dreamland.

Bharati Nayak

## Earth-2

How terrible will it feel  
If blue seas vanish  
Leaving there only craters deep?

What an ugly look will it be  
If we do not find  
Fluffy clouds floating  
Nor the joyous birds flying?

Where will go the lions  
Monkeys and bears  
If there are no forests  
What shall we drink  
If all rivers dry  
Or the sky has no clouds to bless?

How dark will it be  
If from this earth  
All colors are wiped  
Leaving only a color black?

Bharati Nayak

# Earthquake

Me, the earth  
You see my beautiful face  
The beautiful sky and greeneries  
Lovely flowers and sweet chirping birds

You dig  
Dig and build  
Your sky rise

You burn  
Burn my woods  
You cut  
Cut my forest

You stop  
Stop my flow of rivers

The exhausts of your vehicles  
The shoots of your industries  
The toxins  
Of your weapons  
Pollute  
My water and air  
My children  
Animals and birds  
Forest and flowers  
Die of exhaustion

I cry  
Cry of pain  
Cry of anguish  
Cry out of anger  
Boil and boil, under  
My crust

I heave hard  
Boil anger  
Shake and shake  
I want to bring down

Your sky rise  
Crush them to ground  
I become angry  
Really angry  
I shake your prides  
Crush your vanity  
Raze them to ground  
Then I sigh of relief  
And become normal  
Once again  
I engage in my creation.

Bharati Nayak

# Evening Thoughts

Petals from the flower  
Falling and withering away,  
Sweet scents have mingled in the air,  
Colors lost, the branches look bare.

I sit on the door step  
To welcome old memories,  
But with time  
They have faded  
Like my failing eyesight.

They have all visited my garden,  
The blazing Summer,  
Gurgling rain,  
Cold winter,  
And colorful spring,

Breezes bring,  
Some fragrances,  
Laden with old memories,  
Ah! I keep the door open,  
To welcome them all! ! !

Bharati Nayak



# Father

Father  
about you,  
I stop short of writing,  
You , a handsome man, tall and lean,  
You were our hero  
a figure of love and discipline  
Honest to the core,  
Merciful at heart,  
A rare jewel in your profession  
You were ever caring.

How cruel is the time,  
bound to the bed  
You look like a shadow of yourself.

We are paying visits  
Speak to you soothing words  
To lift your spirit.  
But the words sound  
So unbelievable  
Even to our ears  
How can a man between life and death  
Would ever believe?

Away from us you are slowly going,  
Sitting by your side  
We know, hope is receding.

When you see us sick  
How worried you become  
But when you are suffering endless  
How little do we do  
Except praying merciful God  
To ease your pains! !

I pray God  
To give you strength  
To raise your hand in blessings  
Before you leave

For your heavenly abode.

Bharati Nayak

## Father-2

Will he walk again?  
He asks himself  
His voice slurred  
Right hand, right leg paralysed  
Tears welling up in eyes.

He breaks in to a cry  
Whenever  
Any dear ones visits him.  
We console him  
He would surely get well  
He will walk as before  
Our consoling words  
Sound so untrue to our own ears!

I ask father- -  
Tell yourself  
'I will stand, I will walk'  
Move your leg Father,  
This way, that way.  
He tries, tries and tries  
And, no  
The leg does not move,  
Frustrations roll down his eyes.

We pray all Gods and Goddesses  
Make him stand  
Make him walk  
Make his right hand strong enough,

The hand which had lifted me so many times  
From the floor if I fell  
And now  
He can not lift it  
To give me blessings.

I hold it,  
Pray to greater Father  
To give His Blessings

Give His energy to my father's weak hands,  
Give strength to his listless legs  
And to light our days!

Bharati Nayak

# Feel Me

Is it too cold in your place?  
Does cold wind bite your body?  
Has there been snow fall in front of your house?  
Touch the snow and  
Feel me in the snow melting  
Between your fingers.

Does your pet cat  
Move around you  
Seeking your warm touch?  
Then stroke her head and  
See, I am there.

You are walking in your lawn  
Grasses are bending to touch your feet  
You pick a blade of grass absentmindedly  
Perhaps I am there  
In that tiny grass blade.

You are walking in the open  
A soft breeze blows across  
Feel me in the breeze  
Caught in your ruffled hair.

A shaft of golden light  
Falls on your verandah  
You draw a chair to the yellow light  
And sit there  
to read morning newspaper  
Feel me dear  
when a sunny warmth hugs you.

Bharati Nayak

Bharati Nayak

# Fight The Devil

The black smoke

Terrorists' bullets

Sounds of explosion

Blood splattered streets

Crashed towers

Spangled bodies

There is a gash

In the heart of the earth.

There is a war waging against humanity.

Will some mad men

With some poisoned mind

Who do not understand 'God'

Will take over this earth?

Shall we remain silent spectators

To our beautiful earth

Turning into ashes

The green lands becoming barren

People deserting their homes

Cities becoming ghost cities

Families losing their loved ones

All beauty gone from life

Will darkness be the last fate of our earth?

Oh right thinking people

Of all countries

Oh wise men of all religions

Set aside all differences

Come, unite and fight

The Devil of terrorism.

Bharati Nayak

# Flight

Flight

Wow- - See!

How sublime

Is the view

When a mother bird

Feeds her chicks!

A very ordinary

Yet so tender

Is the sight!

How sweetly sound

Their happiness filled twitters

And joy is overflowing

Their little nest!

One day

The small chick will grow

He will fly away,

Leaving the warmth

Of his mother's lap.



It is nature's rule  
So common and so ordinary.  
Mother bird works tirelessly  
To feed her chicks  
And try to teach them  
The art of flying.

Now, when  
The time comes  
For the baby bird  
To spread his wing  
Getting ready to jump  
In to the free sky  
Why  
Sadness flickers  
In mother bird's eyes?

Be happy  
O' Mother bird  
Let your chick be free  
Let him spread his wing

And map his own sky!

Bharati Nayak

# Flower Vase

I am put on the table  
In the corner of your room  
I smile my flowers  
In different colors.

You keep me  
For your room's decor  
But do you know  
My smile is in flowers  
Cut from their branches  
The cut is dipped  
In the tears of my heart.

How long the flowers  
Can smile?  
They wilt in sorrow  
When you see the pale petals  
Throw them into dust bin

Bharati Nayak

# Foot Steps Of Spring.

Foot Steps of Spring.  
Foot steps of Spring  
Resounded in every flower  
In the thick bowers of mango blossoms  
There was cuckoo songs fair.  
A string of tube-rose  
Was hanging from the maiden's hair  
Her heart and body  
Were immersed  
In fragrance lovely  
Wind was murmuring in a tone sweet  
Moon was writing letters to lily  
For the sun, Lotus was waiting  
In the ears of flowers  
Bees were humming  
Colors were scattered  
On butterfly's wings.

After spring came  
Winter, summer and rain  
Years have passed  
But time has not touched the maiden's heart  
She is still young  
In the sweet buzz  
And scents of spring.

Bharati Nayak

# For The Gold Mohur Flowers

Goldmohur flowers  
Smiling on the tree  
I remember you.  
Did you promise  
To have some tea  
Sitting under its shade (?)  
Gentle breeze  
Will shake  
The branches  
Flowers will fall  
On you and at your feet  
To greet and say  
Pain will go away  
As long as  
You keep Spring  
Tied to your heart string  
See me  
I drink Sunlight  
To filter  
Them to color  
Oh Please  
Keep smiling.

Bharati Nayak

# For The Little Flower

Some words ring  
Make room for themselves  
In you heart  
Why?  
He said  
Go to your garden  
Choose the most nondescript flower  
Take it in your hands  
I will put all my energy there.

I went to the garden  
Found a little crimson flower  
Crowning on the head of a grass blade  
I held it on my palm  
Softly, lest  
Its petals may break  
The flower smiled  
For some seconds  
I was not I  
Flower was not there  
Perhaps  
It had melted in my hand.

Bharati Nayak

# For Them Whose Sweat Flow For My Comfort

I pass by them  
As they carry  
Loads of metalsand  
Sand on their heads  
In building roads  
Houses, dams and bridges  
I feel nothing  
When they are  
Engaged in hard labour  
In factories working near  
Hot furnacesand sharp machineries  
I do not feel  
When they work underground  
In the mines  
In toxic smokes and black dust

My ride is smooth  
Because of the rickshaw puller  
My shoe shines  
By the brush strokes  
Of the cobbler

But when they look at my silk saree  
And the bag of vanity  
The smoke and the dust in the air  
Leaves me with a sense of guilt.

Bharati Nayak

# Fragile

Fragile, dainty my heart delicate  
Falling apart  
Under the heavy burden of silence  
Getting brittle all my strength  
Waning my faith by your derelict  
Reduced to the state of despair  
All my courage, all my valour

O' callous, o'indifference, o'quietude  
Pity the soul, pity the spirit  
The life essence.

Bharati Nayak



# Freedom

Do not trap your spirit  
In the dark rooms  
It needs sunlight  
and the free air  
It needs to listen  
Nature's murmur  
It needs to fly  
to the vast openness  
of the sky.  
It needs to fathom  
the blue sea depth.

Don't suffocate it with fear  
Don't throttle its life  
Allow free flow of colours  
and all the bounties of nature

Bharati Nayak

# From Baby Falak To Nirbhaya

Every day  
There are stories of Baby Falak and Nirbhaya  
'Ravana', Duhshasan and Sakuni  
Still roam freely without restraints  
Nothing has changed, thousands years after  
Killing of Ravana  
Or uprooting the hands of Duhsasan  
Or smashing of the thighs of Duryodhan,  
No kingdom of 'Ram' has been established,  
Nor a woman has become 'Devi'(Goddess)  
She is still a doll,  
At home, she is 'Baby Falak'  
Outside she is 'Nirbhaya'.

Thanks to those fathers and brothers  
Who fought for Nirbhaya in Delhi  
Thanks to those men, who can see  
A sister or mother in a woman,  
Thanks to those writers and poets  
who can understand a woman's emotions  
Thanks to the judges who give fair judgements  
And thanks to friend Krishna  
Who always extends his hand of help  
At the time of distress.

Bharati Nayak

# Germinating

How many years was I sleeping?  
One thousand or one million?  
Under layers of ice I was sleeping  
Closed, closed deep  
Amid darkness  
In deep slumber was I.

One day I woke up  
With raised head  
I opened my window  
To see  
Layers of ice have melted  
Sun is welcoming me  
With open arms  
A new world, open sky and million stars.  
The air lovely  
Colors abound  
Green fields, blooming flowers.  
I felt a touch of heavenly hands.  
I breathed  
I danced  
I rejoiced  
I mingled  
And melted  
In the sun beams  
As I become  
A dot of color  
On the petal  
Of a flower.

Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjali Rakavita -1(An Odia Translation Of Poem-1 Of Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali' By Rabindranath Tagore)

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Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjali Rakavita -19(An Odia Translation Of Poem-19 From Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali' Of Rabindranath Tagore)

Gitanjali- -Poem-19

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Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjalipoem No-1

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Bharati Nayak

Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjalira Kavita-18(An Odia Translation Of Poem-18 From Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali 'of Rabindranath Tagore.)

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Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjalira Kavita-2(An Odia Translation Of Poem-2 Of Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali' Of Rabindranath Tagore)

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Bharati Nayak



# Gitanjalirakabita- 7 ?????????? ??????? -7(An Odia Translation Of Poem No-7of Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali' Of Rabindranath Tagore)

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Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjalirakabita-5????????? ?????? -5(An Odia Translation Of Poem No-5 Of Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali' Of Rabindranath Tagore)

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Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjalirakabita-6????????? ?????? -6(An Odia Translation Of Poem No-6 Of Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali' Of Rabindranath Tagore)

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Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjalirakavita -3????????????????-3 (A Translation Into Odia Language, The Poem No-3 Of Rabindranath Tagore'sbook Gitanjali)

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12-01-2018

Bharati Nayak

# Gitanjalirakavita-4???????????????? -4(A Translation Into Odia Language Poem Number-4 From Rabindranathtagore's Nobel Award Winning Book 'gitanjali')

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Bharati Nayak

# Golmohur Smile

I should have cried much before  
There was high temptation to remain alive  
Even in the big preparation for death.

On the other side of the window  
In the modern city's lighted geometry  
The heavily flowered Gulmohur trees were being felled  
Oh! I should have cried much before!

I could see the sad reflection of a little smile on the lips of flowers  
I was arranging them in my conscious and subconscious mind  
Out of attachment  
Like the thoughts capture you in the tragic end of a drama.

All the vacant space of my inner being  
Was filled with anger and sorrow  
Oh! I should have cried much before !

In the brightness of electric light  
The insects were appearing  
like known people from previous birth  
Their language has become worthless by now  
Morning was amply lighted  
The soft stream has washed away every thing  
Oh! I should have cried much before.

Bharati Nayak



# Grandmaa's Stories

Every night,  
When I go to sleep,  
I sing lullabies,  
To myself,  
And tell Grandmaa's stories,  
Where there is a Prince  
And a Princess  
There are also wicked demons and ghosts,  
There is a fight,  
Between good and evil,  
Between the Prince and the demons,  
But the flowers, birds and animals,  
Side with the Prince,  
The demon is sure to die,  
The story will certainly,  
Have a happy ending.  
(Otherwise, how can I sleep?)

Bharati Nayak

## Haiku-3

Clouds thunder above  
Whistling wind blows from the north  
Frogs croak in loud cheer.

Bharati Nayak

## Haiku-4

A spider designs  
A lovely flower falls in  
And caught in its net.

Bharati Nayak

## Haiku-5

In hot Summer days  
Red gulmohar flowers smile  
And wipe away hurts.

Bharati Nayak

## Haiku-6

Gentle feel of Spring breeze  
Mango blossom's heady smell  
Someone calls behind

Bharati Nayak

## Haiku-7

Winter mist covers hills  
Earth rises to warm sunshine  
Dreamy in blanket

Bharati Nayak

## Haiku-8

Green waves on fields  
Smile on the farmer's face  
A black cloud thunders.

Bharati Nayak

# Half Written Poem

Oh dear  
Since the day we met last  
Many years have passed,  
I count those years  
When yellow leaves  
Sheded by the deciduous trees  
Fly around my house.

I see the seasons  
Take their turns  
The naked branches  
Turn into green □  
Again and again  
After every shedding.  
As if they get younger  
with every passing year.  
My feelings for you  
Like those green leaves  
Remain green  
Years after years.

My soul wants to fly  
And sit between those green leaves  
To be touched by the rain, wind and sun  
That come from your kingdom.

I will mingle in the green of green leaves  
Wait for the sunlight to fall on me  
Every morning I will rise from slumber  
To be washed by your light.

Then one day I will fall from mother tree  
I will be blown off to a distant  
Getting mixed in the soil  
I will become nutrients for newtrees.

Bharati Nayak



# Happiness

Happiness

I search you everywhere  
When dark clouds descend on earth  
When sorrows come in large waves  
And try to break my tiny house  
I see you appear on the sky as a rainbow.

I seek thee in me  
As I know  
I can not hold the rainbow  
Detaching myself from the crowd  
I become one with you.  
The rainbow disappears along with the cloud  
And I melt into the soft sun rays  
That create the rainbow.

Bharati Nayak

# Happy Birthday

Happy Birthday, My friend  
Let your pages  
Be filled with  
Flowers and poetry

Many wrinkles  
Life's years have added  
But they have  
also given us  
Many reasons to smile  
To turn the wrinkles  
Into milestones  
In the annals of history

Life has given you  
The power  
To turn water into vapor  
To make a cloud  
And a rainfall  
on the parched ground  
Where greens will grow

Let the dullness  
Be wiped from any Grey day  
Be filled with brightness  
And turn it a full day  
Let the seven colors of life  
Make it as white  
As the brightest day.

Bharati Nayak

# Heart's Musings

Words of endearment  
Whispered into wind  
Wafted in the air  
Engraved in the soul  
With layers of bright petals  
Forming the red rose.

Soul's musings  
Heard somewhere  
On the journey  
Murmured  
And echoed in tree's rustlings  
Sung by the cuckoos  
Hummed by the bees  
Showered through  
Night moon's beams.

Eyes sparkle  
Reflecting joy  
Mirroring heart's desire  
To merge into the bliss.

Bharati Nayak

## Here I - - - - -Write A Poem

When life goes heavy  
With jagged trivialities  
Burdensome with bossy anxieties  
Feel like some dictators dictating  
Every move my step takes  
From how I prepare an omelette  
To what I watch on T.V.  
Mind becomes jam packed  
With endless sermons  
From all directions  
Every one clamors for a right  
To give me an advice  
I try to breathe  
Fresh air  
To wriggle me out  
From the clumsy mess  
And to stand in the golden sunlight  
Of the morning sun  
And inhale the sweetness  
Of a flower of new bloom.

Bharati Nayak

# Holocaust

After some days- - -  
The dust blown by  
The tornado will settle  
Flood water will go back to the stream  
Black clouds will fly away

But- - - -  
The charred images of  
beautiful flowers  
Half brunt stump of  
A fruit giving tree  
Will take time to heal.

Because seeds of distrust  
Spread so swift  
They grow so rapidly  
Like holocaust  
Attacking the green fields  
They take away greens  
Leave us with no harvest  
No flowers and no fruits.

Bharati Nayak

# Horizon

Horizon

Towards you as I walk on  
To get nearer  
you go farther

Horizon

You are an illusion  
You are infinitely stretching points  
Where sky meets earth  
And the duet they dance

Horizon

You are the point Where blue mist of sky  
And lovely green of earth  
Mingle and merry  
So close and yet so distant.

Bharati Nayak

# How About Writing A Story

How about writing a story

My child says -Mama,  
Write stories and fairy tales,  
Do you know  
How much Harry Potter sales?

Yes, my child, I will  
I will write a story you will love  
But do you know,  
The story is so vast  
It requires thousand and thousand words,  
They come and get struck at my throat,  
Then they squeeze and dissolve  
And come through my eyes  
And shine at a corner  
Like a drop of tear,  
You know, when they fall  
They fall like poems,  
On a blank paper.

Bharati Nayak

# How I See The Winter

I see the Winter  
In the layers of wrinkles  
Of the old woman.

I see  
How the mist spread  
On river, mountain and fields  
and make them blurred  
Like the vision of her cataract -inflicted eyes.

Cold wind bites her fragile body  
She holds her walking stick tightly  
And stares blankly  
To the fields,  
where once crops grew in plenty, now  
Lying empty.

Bharati Nayak



# I

Where was I?  
I rose from null  
And one day  
Vanish into void  
For a short period  
I play  
On this stage.  
I pluck my words  
From the trees  
There are millions and millions  
I choose a few only  
To write here  
And put my sign  
Because when they will come  
They will find me  
In these letters  
Because in these letters  
I am and will always be  
In my presence and absence  
For generations from here  
Because these words  
Were there and will be there  
In their absence and presence.

Bharati Nayak

# I Am In My Mother's Eyes

Oh Mother  
I am  
That daughter of yours  
Who you see  
as capable for every thing  
You dream your unrealised dreams  
Through my eyes  
You see me as one  
Who progresses ahead  
Setting aside all hurdles  
My every success  
Becomes your pride.

You say  
I am beautiful  
All Sarees look nice on me  
I also admit  
I can wear nicely  
All colour Sarees  
Be it of anger or anguish  
Neglect or intolerance  
I drape them  
So dexterously  
That I look beautiful to all.

No, No,  
Perhaps I look beautiful to you  
You say  
Your daughter is beautiful  
You don't know  
How much strength  
Is there in your words  
Only I know  
It is your love  
That are my weapons  
My power  
I dazzle in this light and  
I look beautiful  
So beautiful!

Bharati Nayak

# I Save This Tear Drop

I save this teardrop  
Invaluable as it is  
For my journey  
Full of rocks and bushes thorny  
And I drink it  
As a drop of rain  
In hot Summer.

Bharati Nayak

# I Speak Not

I speak not  
As I feel  
Speaking is not essential  
Silence speaks for itself  
Even eyes speak  
Speak thousand words my quivering lips  
Unsaid words travel million miles  
Sun speaks  
Moon speaks  
Speaks the thunderstorm  
When hearts meet  
Mouth says no words  
Only the closeness knows  
How louder is the heart  
When it beats  
Beating the loudness of sea-roars.

Bharati Nayak

## I Still Seek- -

Croak, croak  
Croaks the frog  
The sky is overcast  
With clouds  
Raindrops falling  
And forming puddles  
My friend tells  
The frog will come and  
take away your mother.  
See, how he calls.

Oh frog, do this never  
Never take away my mother  
Oh she loves me  
She feeds me  
She sends me to school  
She tells me stories  
She cares me when I fall sick  
Oh frog, never  
Never take away my mother.

I held my mother's hand  
Pleaded her to take me in her lap  
Ask her to hold me tight  
And cover me with her saree  
So that I can not hear  
When the frog croaks.

My mother's assuring hand  
Caressed my head  
She sang me a lullaby  
Planted a kiss on my forehead  
Sat by my side till I fell asleep  
With my mother by my side  
Darkness thinned  
Fear vanished.

Time has passed

Years have gone by  
I have left mother for my new home  
Mother has gone frail,  
Still I seek her  
When I feel worn out  
She wipes away the worry  
With the ANCHAL of her saree.

Bharati Nayak

# I Tread On This Piece Of Earth

I tread on this piece of earth  
Home to my dear  
Whom I met in some past  
Still carry the fragrance  
And the immortal impressions.

The roads have kissed  
His feet many times  
When he walked on these lanes,  
The corridors of the college  
Where he studied  
Listened to his talks  
When he talked to his friends.

The tables and chairs  
In the corner of the library  
Where he planted his dreams  
Carry the touch of his body.

Out of so many books  
Some might have  
Felt the touch of his hands  
Some might have whispered to him  
Some new dreams.

The college canteens  
Might have been reverberated  
By his light-hearted laughters  
Or served him coffee  
To lighten his glooms.

The red color of gold mohurs  
And the yellow Sunari flowers  
That line the big wide roads  
Have woven colors  
To his ideas.

The open meadows and gardens  
Might have been ruffled by his feet



The sweet breeze might have sung him lullabies.

Cuckoo's song  
Might have startled him often  
And how often  
He would have looked expectantly  
From his windows  
To see the postman  
Or opened the letters  
With trembling hands!

What emotions crossed his mind  
When he read the letters  
That carried loving words from his beloved!

He might have kissed them  
While reading  
Some tear drops  
Might have soaked the letters  
Before he folded and put them  
Under his pillow.

The heavy winter nights  
Laden with dew drops  
Might have brought  
Some bad dreams, fear and frights  
Which he would have burnt  
In the candle  
That was lamped from the warmth  
Coming from those letters  
Under the pillow.

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Bharati Nayak

# If I Can Turn Into A Poem

If I can turn into a Poem

I wish I could be your poem  
The painted words of your art  
The quietness of your poetry  
And the softness of your words

I could be the fragrance  
Drifting from your lines  
I could be  
The oceanic depth  
Of philosophy  
defining your poetry.

I could become  
The soul of your quiet poem  
That would ease  
Each and every pain

I could be the  
Decorated Chinese vessel  
That would store  
The beauty  
Of your poetic wine.

I could be that poem of yours  
That would need no words  
And would become  
The threshold to silence

I could be the zephyr wind  
That would softly disperse  
The sadness of things.

If I could be  
The voice of your poetry  
That would become everyone's voice  
And it would  
Become the beating

Of a common heart.

From a poem

I would turn into poetry

That would reside

As the light

Of common soul.

@Bharati Nayak /18-04-2020

(Written after Daniel Brick's poem The Quiet of Poetry)

Bharati Nayak

# I meet the People

When did my journey begin?

Do I remember?

Was it in my mother's womb

Or was it million years ago

When God planted me in a cell

But sure it is

I am travelling, and

Moving from form to form

Body to body,

The history of my eternal journey

Recorded in the nature's treasure

But a fraction of my journey of this birth

I hear from my mother,

It is how I was born along with my twin sister

How we took to our feet

How we ate, how we read

And how we got separated.

II

I meet hundreds, thousands

And millions of travelers

On my way, from my twin sister to siblings

From my parents and cousins

To teachers and friends

From classmates to colleagues

Known and unknown

From ant mountains

From flowers to rivers

From living beings to ghosts

From sweet breeze to sandy deserts

I meet them

They remain in my memory lane

Some came and faded

Some linger for ever.

They have merged in moments

And moments are embedded

Like pearls in a necklace

III

I call my co-travelers in different names

Some are love and compassion

Sympathy and companion

Some are hatred and anger

Abhorrence and fear.

I call my friends

Love and compassion

To surround me

Like a vast ocean

And let me float on them

Like a tiny boat

In my journey eternal.

Bharati Nayak

# Inwaiting.

I waited and waited  
You never came  
Now I have stopped  
waiting for you  
And if you come, I will be surprised.

But I have received  
Your bounty of gifts  
Your well wishes  
That come from far island  
Those sweet melodies  
That harp on my senses.

But promise me dear  
To come at the sunset  
When day's light gradually disappear  
When sky is filled  
with crimson red.

Promise me  
To stand by my side  
And hold my hands  
Before I melt into the fading light  
At the horizon's end.

Bharati Nayak

# In your Company

I feel myself beautiful  
In the company of yours.  
So gone are the days  
When against our wishes  
We separated half way.

But, I still see you  
walking before me  
Holding a light  
The thorns and roadblocks  
Vanish from sight.

Pains pain me no more  
My spirits take wings  
Oh my friend  
I still cherish your friendship  
As you gave me the strength  
To walk the thorny way.

I still feel myself beautiful  
Feel myself in your company.

Bharati Nayak



# Is It Democracy

Is it Democracy

Is it democracy  
When a ballot is sold for  
A few hundred rupees  
A free meal, or a bottle of country liquor?

Is it democracy  
If after gaining free Government  
For sixty-nine years  
Majority can not read and write  
And at election time  
Wooed to voting booths  
With tall promise?

What meaning it has  
For a country poor  
Whose stomach burns  
out of hunger  
Or for that farmer  
Who commits suicide  
As he can not pay back Bank loans.7

If democracy stands for  
Liberty, equality and justice  
I think we are far way behind.

Let us work to make it meaningful  
Where freedom means free mind  
Ballot is not sold  
Equality is not in name sake  
Equal opportunity to all in true sense

Let the elections be fought for human values  
Where not ballot, but life counts.

Bharati Nayak

# Is Love Eternal ?

Is Love eternal?  
Sometimes I doubt it  
When your memories do not come to me  
As often as it used to be.

Has someone else  
Occupied your place?  
Then suddenly  
I feel you by a familiar scent  
Coming from a nearby tube-rose  
Or a whiff from mango blossoms

I feel you  
When a cuckoo cooes  
From a distance  
Or a hovering cloud wets me  
in sudden showers.

Fond memories fill me  
Every time I sit on a rickshaw  
I feel as if you are on your cycle  
And looking at me through a side glance.

How wonderful that  
In thousand things  
I find you  
A familiar shirt worn  
By an unknown person  
A piece of film dialogue  
A joke, a laughter,  
A smile, a tear  
A grass lawn,  
Bhawans Journal or film Devdas  
Yes, yes- - in so many things  
I find you.  
Then why I doubt on  
the permanence of love?



# Jibana(A Poem In Odia Language)

Asampurna  
Jete sabu swapna  
Adha gadha murti  
Asamapta kavita  
Adha anka chhabi  
Aneka abasosa  
Tathapi jeenchhi sosa  
Khojuchhi  
Jalara thikana  
Bhuin ru swargaloka.

Bharati Nayak

# Joy Of A Free Soul

Deep with in a flower blossoms  
Swaying to the sweetness of a loving song  
Calling forth  
The angels of heaven to descend  
On this earth  
And color it in all beauteous hues  
Let this song of soul  
The softness of every color, humane  
Permeates all souls around

Bharati Nayak

# Katha Kandhei(A Poem In Odia Language)

Ruha, Ruha,  
Tumhe mane tike rahija a  
Ei je  
Nachai chalichha mote  
Tuma ichhamate  
Mu nuhen katha ra pitula  
Nachuthibi aha raha  
Tuma ingite '

Mo bhitare je jibana achhi  
Jaichha bhuli samaste  
Sajai mora deha munda  
Nanadi rangina bastre  
Nachauchha  
Nana dhange mote.

Parda adhuale basi rahi  
Mo paain samlapa padhuchha  
Jemiti ki mo nija bhasa kichhi naahin  
Mo paain lekhichha  
Hasa ra bhasa au duhkha ra bhasa  
Mo muhan bandrakhi  
Mo pain bhasa padhuchha

eira kanda kanda nuhen ?  
Kandheira hasa hasa nuhen?  
Kandhei ra bhasa bhasa nuhen  
Kandhei jibana re kintu gotie sata  
Satya kebala  
Ta hata goda re bandha thiba  
Adrushya Sutra I

Bharati Nayak

# Kaudi(A Poem In Odia Language)

Uttala sagara ra  
Keun gahirare  
Tu thau kaudi?  
Lahari re uthi asu belabhuin  
Bali re bichhudi jaau  
Taraphula pari  
Tu mane heu, sate aba  
Eka rahasyamaya sweta pari  
Kejani keun kalu  
Manisa bandhi hoi rahichi  
To maya re  
Adari neichhi tote  
Ta' sukha duhkha  
Janma maranara sathi kari

Janma jatakara Sathi ghara kanthare  
Tote basei  
Gadha hue Sathi ghara  
Kuni kuni pua jhianka hata re  
Tu nachi uthu chham, chham  
Aba, bibaha bedire  
Barabadhu hata muthare  
Tote nei khela jae  
Michhi michhika  
Bala kasakasi khela

Manisa ra hasa luha saathe  
Tu emiti jodi jaaichhu, adya ru pranta  
Anitya pruthibi ru bidaya ghenila bele  
Manisa tote lode  
Tu khasipadu, tap tap kari  
Taa bidaya pathare  
Thopaa thopaa luha pari.

Bharati Nayak

# Kavita

Jeun duhkhati  
Mana bhitare sadabele  
Guru guru heu thae  
Phutiba phutiba boli  
Phutiparu nathae  
Otha upare thara thara kamputhae  
Akhi konare ashru bindu hoi basi rahi thae  
Chhati tale tira hoi bindhu thae  
Puni bele bele  
Nai dhara hoi bahi jaae  
Baspaa hoi dunia khedi jaae  
Phula hoi futi jaae  
Sieta jibanara kavita  
Sabdare chhanda  
Sukha Duhkha ra paribhasa.

Bharati Nayak



# Kavita-Konarka(A Poem In Odia Language)

Mo charipate  
gahala chahala  
Loka haujau  
samaste kahanti  
mu bharapur manisa te  
kichhi abhaba nathiba  
mora samsara ! !

mu kintu ekala thae  
nija bhitare  
mo adhagadha swapna mane  
mote autu pautu karanti  
bhoka sosa re padirahithanti  
ghara konare  
adha lekha kabitara pharda sabu !

mu bhabi heuthae  
bhagna shila sabu jodi dei  
gadhi debi swapna ra imarat te

naheu pachhe konarka aba tajmahal  
pathachala klanti shranti paain  
bani jaau sheetala padapa tie .

Bharati Nayak

# Killing A Pig(By Handsome Hands)

No, it was not for the pork  
But thousands of sane and smart people  
Were running after it  
In the park  
The beautiful park  
Where beauty played  
In abundance  
Nature gracious with  
Colorful flowers and singing birds

Shall we call it sanity  
When these handsome people were hunting  
For pleasure  
Thousands of handsome hands  
Squeezing  
The neck of a poor pig  
Its tongue hanging and eyes protruding?

The poor pig  
Running  
For life  
For life  
Running  
The poor  
Pig

Bharati Nayak

# Known-Unknown

At first I thought  
You are unknown  
Then I felt I know you  
As when you talked  
Your words were like that of mine  
Your tears like my own  
Pain, pleasure, laughter, sorrow  
Courage and fear  
Are so much like my pain or pleasure  
I find an empathy  
Yes, I felt  
I knew you longer  
Than myself.

Bharati Nayak

# Life

Wow- -

This life- -

These half dreams,

The half built statue,

An unfinished poem,

A picture half drawn,

Myriad desires unfulfilled,

Yet, thirst is thriving

Searching water

From earth to heaven.

Bharati Nayak

# Lonely Tree

Oh Tree  
Don't cry  
As you are alone  
In this concrete jungle  
Throw your seeds  
Let them sprout  
On the stony hearts  
Making them soft soil  
Let your saplings  
Grow into  
Many more trees.

Bharati Nayak

# Lost

I am lost  
In search of myself  
Here and there  
I only find the fragments  
Lying in different corners.

My days pass  
Playing different roles  
Father calls me daughter  
Son calls me mother  
Then, who am I?

I am like a piece of land  
Which I give away  
By dividing myself  
But at the end  
Nothing is left.

As the day  
Draws to an end  
I try to collect myself  
Try to piece together  
To find a totality  
I see  
I have melted into vacuum.

Bharati Nayak

# Lost Like This

Lost Like This'

Oh, I remember,  
Reading my poem about ' Baby Falak and Nirvaya'  
in a poets' meet.  
But I lost my poem there.  
The poem could not see  
The light of the day.

Why do  
Poems are lost halfway?  
Why do they lose track?

Did anybody  
Throttle their necks?  
Or, did any one  
Shred their soft petals  
In demonic darkness?

Why do  
Beauty and innocence  
Die before coming to full bloom  
Or hang in the Cross?

I just simmer in burn  
And think,  
Ah, what more have I done  
Than mere writing poems?

(

Bharati Nayak

# Love- - - The Endless

I was swinging in dreams  
As a hand extended from sky  
A hand of mercy, a hand of kindness  
Wiped away my tears.

My being is stirred  
My consciousness is arisen  
To mingle in that boundless source of love.

My consciousness,  
rises in upward flight and  
Spreads from earth to sky  
The thorny bushes and boundaries,  
Stone walls and iron chains  
Surrounding me  
Get shattered and swept away.

Oh Power, the Ultimate!  
I become powerful,  
By being blessed by you  
My being loses its separateness  
As I become one with you.

Bharati Nayak



# Lullabies For Myself

I weave the magic words  
To sing lullabies to myself  
But lullabies float in the air  
Carried by clouds  
The song is heard somewhere

The tortured soul  
The restlessness of nights  
Finds an echo  
And there is no explanation  
For a heart throb.

Bharati Nayak

# Maa

Maa(Mother)

Maa!

For how long

Will you be worshipped as a stone idol?

See, how your eternal stream of love

Your feelings and emotions

Are fossilized

without getting an outlet to come!

You are standing as a Devi (Goddess)

Wearing red Sindoor and red bangles

Your looks are stunned and stoned

Tell Mother,

for killing which demon

Flashes the trident in your hand?

There are thousands of Mahisasuras roaming around

You can't decide

whom to kill and whom to leave.

The burning rage and anger leave you stoned.

Please come back Maa

Leaving aside your stoned Avatar

As a real living woman.

Bharati Nayak

# Maa(Mother- A Poem In Odia Language)

Kete kaala Maa  
Pathara hoi puja pauthibu?  
To antaratama premara phalgu  
Jetesabu abega udbelana  
prakashara patha napai  
Kemiti phasil hoi jauchhanti  
Mathare mathae sindura nai  
Nalikachanalishadhira debitie hoi  
Tu thia hoi rahichu  
Tora trishula udyata  
Keun mahisasurara nidhana paain?

chaturdige ta aneka mahisasura  
kahaku maribu, kahaku taribu?  
Tu jemiti nachara  
Tu semiti pathara hoi thia hoichhu

pheri asa maa  
sajiba murti tie hoi  
debiru manabiku.

Bharati Nayak

# Me Is Not Me

Me is not me  
But a drop of nectar  
dropped to the vast ocean of your heart.

Me is not me  
But a fragrance  
Flying swift  
To the heart of your heart.

Me is not me  
But an existence  
That exists ever  
In the centre of your heart.

Me is not me  
But a wandering cloud  
That wanders to the domain of your heart.

Me is not me  
But a vibe  
That vibrates  
To the pleasure of your heart.

Me is not me  
But a spark  
That sparkle to the jest of your life.

This me  
Want to be  
The whole and soul of your love

This me is total me  
When I become you  
You become I  
And say-I love you.

Bharati Nayak

# Meeting Ramakanta Ratha In A Hospital(11-08-2018)

Meeting Ramakanta Ratha in a Hospital(11-08-2018)

It was accidental,  
He was sitting in a wheel chair  
With his beloved wife  
Coming by his side  
When he came into the hall  
I was facing him front to front.  
I could recognize him instantly  
(Does he recognize me?)□

I had met him on two occasions,  
Once in a Poets' Meet as a Guest  
And once in a Book Fair  
When I was searching for poetry books  
Asking the stall owner  
A Poetry book by Ramakanta Ratha  
Unaware that he was standing there.  
I scolded the stall owner  
For why did he keep poetry books in a corner  
Hidden from the readers.

After the purchase  
I suddenly became aware of him  
With a delight as well as surprise  
I bowed to him in regards  
And introduced myself as a small poet  
Who was a fan of his poems.

I got my book signed  
And happily came back.  
Had there been cell phone then  
I could have clicked some memorable moments.  
(It was memorable for me, but was it  
memorable for him?)

Even if in a hospital  
I wanted to touch his feet  
And introduce myself as a fan of his poetry.

Will it be decent  
When he has come for treatment  
May be he is in pains  
How prudent it is  
To waste his valuable time! !

I was sitting front to front  
He i  
on the wheel chair  
And I on a bench  
When his name was called  
Alady whoheard the name  
Came to him and touched his feet in reverence.  
I wanted to follow,  
Then I looked to my side  
My husband was sitting there.  
No, his male ego will be hurt  
If I bendtosomebody else's feet.  
Perhaps, a storm will brew in a cup  
For a reason so small.  
There was a storm inside me  
Many storms will come and go  
This storm I fought inside me  
For I can't make  
Someone understand  
What is poetry  
And how  
Poet, poetry and lovers of poetry  
Arerelated.

□

Bharati Nayak

# Megha

Megha,

Hathaat tumeaasila

Tup tupshabda karibarsigala

Dekha, dekha

Eigachha maananku dekha

Jhaunli padithiba patra mananku dekha

Kemiti aanandarebibhorsemane

Kemitishihiri uthuchisemananka tanulata

Apekhya thilaa, apekhya thila

Tumara aagamanaku

Aasha thila, bharasaa bithila

Aaukichhibilambare

Semane huetahajjithaante

Kharatatire

Podaa aasha nei

Semaanemaatirekabar neithaante

Jee'nrahibare, swapnara patra melibaare

Tume kete jaruri

Tumebujhanaahin

Tebe, jete duraaakashare thilebi

Tume aamara eilakaa ku

Sabu gresmarebhasiaasuthaa

Au ei dharanikukaanlia patraremandidia.

Bharati Nayak



# Merry Christmas

Merry Christmas Merry Christmas  
Merry Christmas my friends  
My friends in Italy and France  
Friends in America and England  
Friends in India, Russia, China and Iran  
Friends in Bangladesh, Sri Lanka and Pakistan  
Friends in East and West  
Friends in North and South  
Merry Christmas Fabrizio  
Merry Christmas Daniel  
Merry Christmas Pamela  
Merry Christmas Sophy Chen  
Merry Christmas  
.Valsa, Savita, Kirti, Rajnis, Jess, Bri and Edward  
Merry Christmas  
Tony, Queeny, Sayeed, Denis and Siddarth  
At this moment I feel we are one  
Bounded by one gold chain  
Let our joint hands  
Plant a Christmas tree of Love  
And build a house of Hope  
Decorate it with stars of kindness  
Light candles of beautiful smiles  
Let our World be full of bliss  
Wish you friends with all my heart  
A very very Happy Christmas.

Bharati Nayak

# Mo Chhai Mo Kaa

Ei kada leutau thiba  
Dina raati  
Badali jaauthiba rutu  
Ghunchi ghunchi jaauthiba  
asankhya anubhabara pharda  
Satataala pokharira  
Padma chakorare bandihoi rahithiba  
Aabegara bhramara  
Bele bele semanankara  
Gunjanare  
Mana mastiskara  
Prati sira prasira  
Kona anukonaku  
Uchaata karidianti  
Mana darpanare unkimaare  
Saana bela khadi khaibara drushya  
Ketebele ribbon udei  
Doli jhuluthibara maharga anubhav  
Frock pindha kishori bayasara  
Mitha mitha swopna

Bus jharka kacha phanka paban bi  
Emiti udainie  
Pindha panatara kaani  
Kahi heu nathiba bhasa bi  
Pindha kaanire lekhi hoi  
Boli diie au kaaha muhanre  
Aabegara shiharana  
Emiti kete phula, kete kantaa  
Kete hasa kete luha  
Padatie na kahi barsa barsa biti jaai thibaara  
Tharate na dekhi, yojana, yojana  
Kemiti milai jaae byabadhana  
Kanhiki naa  
Mo bhitaro KAA'ti aau kaha KAA sathire  
Adala badala hoi saari thae.- - - -

Bharati Nayak

# Moments Of Collision

We were crossing  
On the door way  
A screen was hanging  
I had not seen you  
Nor you me  
And we collided  
You exclaimed  
Oh my God  
What a lovely morning! !

Moments of collision  
Come to life  
Our knowing, not knowing  
Matter not  
They come  
And define our course  
Many bring lovely things  
Many fill with anguish  
The flowers and thorns  
Come  
Defining our moments  
Scattering our path  
Life is never straight  
It is always a zigzag.

Bharati Nayak

# Monalisa Smile

Oh Leonardo  
Oh De Vinci  
Monalisa smiles  
Not in Louvre  
Mysterious  
The sparkle  
In the corner of her eyes  
Framed in the image  
Lighting a passion  
Kindling a desire  
In the heart of  
Yet another De Vinci  
Glory to the Artist  
For whose brush stroke  
Painted the smile  
Half hidden half revealing  
Mysteries weaving  
Left it for all  
to unravel in future.

Bharati Nayak

# Moon

Moon!

When did we meet first?

Was it at my birth?

Or was it

When I was planted in mother's womb

In a night lit by you

And saw you through my mother's eyes,

Who dreamt a child like you

Lovely, beautiful and tender?

But our relationship is for ages

Since you circled the Mother earth

Born out of a chunk

From earth's womb!

My mother introduced you as 'Jahna Mamu'

The Moon uncle

And I always desired to go near you

And when this earth's scientists went to you

In flesh and blood

You remained no more a distant mystery

In their camera they captured images

That are rough, sandy, rocky

Even there are no greeneries

Like our earth

Nor are there any birds or flowers

But I wonder

In spite of no life

How you look beautiful

From this distance!

Bharati Nayak

# Mother

Who can judge your  
Greatness, Oh Mother!  
Who can ever  
Count the million moments  
You sacrificed for  
Who can ever measure  
The depth of your love  
Who can realize  
The pain and agonies  
You have gone through  
To bear and bring up  
The child  
Who can ever  
count the painful nights  
you sat through without batting your eye lids  
By the sick child's bedside  
Who can ever  
Value the nectar you pour  
In the mouth of the baby  
Who can judge the value of your life  
As you give it away  
Seconds, minutes and hours  
In the prayer  
In your toil and labor  
For the child's well being?

Oh Mother!  
Who can ever  
Give back to you  
The price of your breath  
The value of your kiss  
The warmth of your hug  
The depth of your prayer  
And the unceasing love  
That you vow to give  
To your last minute?

Bharati Nayak

# Mourning The Death Of Innocent Flowers

Take not the name of any religion  
As God would never pardon  
Spilling of innocent blood  
You are game to treacherous designs of wicked minds  
Who are bent upon destroying human kind  
They have their own selfish end  
And use you as puppets  
When you should have played with ball  
They put bombs in your hands  
When you should have played violin  
They gave the gun to fire.

See how flowers have died  
In your heart and in your garden  
The demon darkens  
The sky choking light to death  
Music falls silent  
Every rhythm joyful dies  
Devil dances in the heart of those  
Who chose  
Hell over heaven  
I pray for the innocent flowers  
That have died in you and in the garden

Bharati Nayak

# Mukulibara Apekhyare- A Poem In Odia Language

Chakhyu mora klanta  
Samaya chhadei neichhi teja  
Deha manaru  
Santira bichhanati sajauchhi Kala  
Swopna mane kintu sajala chirakala  
Nisprabha chakhyure duniara chhabi  
Jete jete  
Hue khinatara  
Swopnara phulasabu  
Heuchhanti adhika sateja  
Kalibara bela asuchhi  
Kete swopna adha rastare hajigala  
Kete hela sakara  
Akhire pade  
Kete swopnanka  
Kyata bikhyata deha  
Swopna paain  
Bohi jaai thiba kete luha  
Kholi debiki duara  
Jete sabu aabaddha aabega mananku  
Dekhibi  
Kuni jhia pari semane kemiti  
Kheluchhanti  
Kholi aganare  
Swadhinatara sangeeta re  
Mukharita heuchi  
Mora samja sakala

Bharati Nayak



# My Coral Island

Where cool breeze blows  
Dancing springs break  
On the heart of stony rocks  
Soothing music serenades  
On the distant horizon  
Large waves of the sea  
Break at the feet of long sea shore  
A lone mango tree  
Finds reflections  
In the stillness of cool pond  
Counting the blooms  
On its branches  
And the seasons passed with cuckoos.

Inevitable  
The mango tree  
Sheds its yellow leaves  
Every season  
Before becoming green  
With the new  
Blossoms appear anew  
Holding promises  
For the basketful of fruits  
That she will gift  
To the travelers  
Resting under its shade.

Bharati Nayak

# My Friends

Many friends do I have  
How do I describe them  
As I am what I am  
Because of them

From my mother's womb  
Till my final tomb  
My days and nights  
Are shaped by  
My friends' love and whims

Is it not  
When in mother's womb  
Nutrition and tenderness  
Of my mother  
Shaped my body, spirit and soul?

After falling on this earth  
Is it not  
The beauty, care and love  
To which I woke up  
That helped me to stand up  
May be called my friends?

Many many friends  
Do I have  
From my parents to teachers  
Cousins to neighbors  
From siblings to classmates  
Colleagues to poet friends  
I find a friend in them  
Those who extend  
Their friendly hands  
Give their time and energy  
Love and sympathy  
Throw themselves around me  
Both in the time of turmoil and peace  
And have my character shaped.

I bow my head  
In gratitude  
And thank them  
Million times  
For all the beautiful gifts  
To me  
They have brought.

Bharati Nayak

# My Life In The Virtual

I always live in the virtual

For each moment I live

Becomes a past the next moment

Beyond my reach.

I can not go back to the moment passed

Nor can I live in the future

The moments I will live

Can happen in my imagination,

a life of virtual that I can not touch.

The moment of my dream may come or not

But I live in that moment

In that dream

When I build a castle of perfect peace

With garden of stars and moon

With blue gurgling streams and fountains

Lions and tigers behaving as pets

I understand their language

And they understand my language

There is not an iota of violence

There is no killing of animals

No amassing of wealth

In a music filled air

Every one is dancing with joy.

All can get as per their requirements

There are no masters and no servants.]

Because all are friends

Mouse is not killed by cat

And there is perfect harmony

In this beautiful land.'

Bharati Nayak

# My Tears And Dew Drops

I was crying  
Feeling myself lonely  
In a crowd.  
But my loneliness vanished  
The day I saw you  
Sitting as a dew drop  
On the tip of a grass  
I knew  
My tears have turned cloud  
And have mingled with you  
They come back to me  
When I become dry and thirsty  
In every winter  
They wait for me  
On a grass-tip.

Bharati Nayak

# Nabakalebar

The Soul of all souls  
Oh Supreme  
You are present  
In me and all  
You take your Avatars  
To let us feel  
That you are present  
One amongst us  
As any living being  
You go through  
All pleasure and pains  
From birth to death  
From morning till night  
When time comes for sleep  
You go into slumber  
And wake up In the next morning  
A' Yuga 'turns its leaf  
To see YOU  
IN YOUR NEW BIRTH

Bharati Nayak

# Newton's Law

Newton's Law

An apple falling  
Before Newton's eye  
Law of gravitation discovered  
Had there been  
No apple fall on that day  
Human history  
Might have been different.

I opened a page  
Something flashed  
A book and a poem  
Like an apple, it is a moment's intuition  
It is a calling  
It is a gravitation  
Something to discover  
Something unique  
Which is there  
In the universe  
The power  
The gravitation  
That is within you  
Finds an outlet  
To be part of the universe.

Bharati Nayak



# Night Fall At Satyasai Enclave

As the night falls  
Shadows gather together  
To form one big whole  
The white houses  
Of Satyasai Enclave  
Raise their heads  
As if to talk to each other.

Lights bloom  
one by one  
From room to room  
With cricket bat and ball  
Saying bye to one another  
Children return  
And sit for the lessons.

Mothers hurry  
To offer the evening prayer  
And for tiffins to prepare.

Leaving the office  
Gentlemen return  
To the welcome  
Of wives and children  
Winding up the evening walk  
Ladies set to work.

From some houses  
T.V. sound blazes  
Some enjoy the silence  
That hangs on terraces

The gentle breeze comes  
And knocks at some doors  
It is ghost for some babies  
For some it is fairies

Night gets dark  
Light goes off

One by one  
People resign to bed  
And dream for  
The morning sun.

Bharati Nayak

# Nija Paain Dinatie(A Poem In Odia Language)

Mo jibanara dina, masa, barsa  
Bhasi jae, biti jae  
Kie rakhe taa'ra hisaba, nikasa?

E sabu mora dhana  
Mu baanti diie akunthare  
Jahara jete loda  
Nei jaa  
Matra chhadi jaa  
Dinatie  
Mote mo paakhare

Ei dinati  
Mu mote samarpibi  
Mora bhaya bhranti  
Glani, dwidha, dwanda dwibidha  
Tejibi mu aaji  
Aaji dinati  
Nije nijaku samarpibi

Nijaku arpibi  
Sneha, prema, raga, anuraga  
Nija paase kholidebi  
Jete bhasa byakta abyakta

Nijaku sajeibi  
Mo sangeeta, mo kabitare  
Phularu renu aani  
Mu aankibi  
Chandanara tika, mo nija mathare  
Prajapati denara rangare  
Mo kesa basa sajaibi  
Koili thu mu aaji mo bhasa sikhibi

Meghaku maagibi kajala  
Mo aakhira susama pain  
Aakasu aanibi jala  
Nijaku dhoi deba pain  
Samudraku maagibi

Gabhirata  
Mo bhasa kabita pain

Ei dinati kintu  
Mu kebala  
Mu hoi rahibi  
Nathiba tahni  
labamatra  
Chhalana o prabanchana  
Na thiba taihn  
Mithya aba andhakar  
Kebala aaloka madhye  
Udbhasita heba mo antara  
Ei dinati  
Kebala mu mote samarpibi  
Ei dinati  
Heba bodhe  
mora sesha dina aba sesha ratri

Bharati Nayak

# No, I Don't Have A Want.

Is it so easy  
To wear a smile  
Hiding your tears inside?

But do I ever has a sorrow?  
Do I have any want unfulfilled?  
Sarees, bangles, powder or cream  
I have them in plenty.

But my sorrow is that  
Nobody ever understand  
That I have a want.

Mother says  
Is there anybody  
who has no pains ?

You have handsome husband  
And lovely children  
Then why should you complain?

Look around and see  
How beautiful girls die  
Whentheir fathers fail to give dowry .  
See,  
how women suffer silently  
and hail their in-laws.

Yes,  
What mother says Is right.  
Wrong is my complaint.

Is there a life without hurdles?  
But I feel a void  
When I fail to say  
If I ever has a complaint.

Bharati Nayak

# Nostalgia

RAJA FESTIVAL over,  
Earth is ready for another harvest  
Clouds assemble in the sky  
To make their rainfall  
I look, with tears in my eyes  
Where I left  
My childhood, my friends?  
So many years passed  
So many cakes devoured  
But  
The aroma  
Of my by-gone days  
Hangs in the air.

Bharati Nayak

# Nua Barsa(A Poem In Odia Language)

Nua barsa  
Tume aasuchha  
Kanla kharare  
Paada thapi thapi  
Tume olhai aasuchha  
Dhuli kanara suneli gaalichare  
Aau binchi deuchha  
Ashirbada ra barsa  
Dekha, tuma aagamanire  
Kemiti mukharita chaturdiga  
Tarura sabuja shakhare  
Unmukha kali ti  
Phutibara sambhabana re shiharita

Ishwaranka nikatare binati  
Tuma alekha prusthare  
Lekhi diantu  
Ei dhara paain  
Jete shubha phala.

Bharati Nayak

# O' Love

I felt you coming  
In the hissing of mango leaves  
In the enchanting fragrances of spring breeze  
In the melancholy cuckoo's song and  
In the melodies of nature.

Oh what a feeling!  
I saw you everywhere  
In the darkness of night  
In the brightness of sun light.

I feel you deep within  
When the sky is overcast with clouds  
When gloom and miseries shroud  
When agonies oppress the heart  
Indifference and callousness  
choke me to death  
You take me to your loving care  
And surround me with your protective wall.

I hear your footsteps  
As if to whisper in my ear  
And sing the song of life  
Asking me not to despair.

There are times when I cry  
I see you also crying  
I wipe my tears  
As if it is yours  
I feel your touch  
Agony and anguish  
Vanish from heart.

When a heart prays  
Prays earnestly to her Lord  
To come and save her tortured soul,  
Oh God! You shower your mercy  
And appear in the garb of Love.





# Odia Translation Of Poem'a Strange Boy' Written By Sayeed Abubakar

Ascharya Baalaka

-----  
Maatru kola chhadi

Bhitatrasta nayane, chahen niriha baalaka

Dekhi yuddhagrastha dharaku

Pachare se hoi bhitakantha

Kuha Mataa, Keunthaku mu aasichhi?

Uttarare mu kahe

Aasichhu tu putra

Ei dhara prustha.

Drusti haani chaturdige

Dekhe sei niriha baalaka

Raasta ghaata, gali o argali

Lal raktare ranjita

Kudha kudha saba ra

Hrudaya bidaraka drushya patta

Niriha baalaka, kare prasna

Kuha Maata

Ei narkare Manisa

Kipari kare baasa

Pratyuttare kahe Mu

Lajja laage mote

Ki kahibi re Dhana

Manisa te kahin ethi

E je narak

-----  
Translated by Bharati Nayak

from the poem

A Strange Boyby Sayeed Abubakar

An innocent boy leaving the lap of mother  
opened his fearful eyes in the war-trodden world  
and asked in a depressed voice, 'Where have I come? '  
I told him the name of the earth.

The boy looked at the corners of the earth  
and with wonder and pain, seeing the towns and paths  
full of corpses and heart-rending bloods  
further asked,  
'Will you tell me how man lives in this hell? '

I said to him, 'Oh, it's a shame!  
Where is man in this hell?'

Bharati Nayak

# Odia Translation Of Poem'i Am Your Baby Mum '

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I Am Your Baby, Mum - Poem by Dr. Antony Theodore  
I am your baby Mum.  
I did not come on my own Mum.  
God's angels flew down to your womb  
from the mighty heavens  
and placed me in your holy womb.

I did not come on my own mum;  
God wanted it so.

I was so happy in my new cave of love,  
in your holy womb  
and slept there peacefully.  
The angles watched.  
They prayed  
to keep me safe always

till I will be born on the face of the earth.

They practiced heavenly songs of birth  
to play on their golden harps on my birthday.

When I was sleeping in your womb  
The angels used to come to me.  
You did not know it, my dearest Mum.

I was happy to be born  
as your beloved child.

I wanted to smile  
I wanted to sing  
I wanted to play  
I wanted to suck your breast milk  
Until you were satisfied.  
I wanted to see the smile on your face  
When I suck all your milk from your loving breasts.

They were my dreams in your womb, Mum.

But on a cruel day  
you decided to kill me.

The devils in the Hades  
heard about your decision.  
They brought the loudest drum,  
played in the devilish rhythms.  
All the devils came together,  
came and danced in circles,  
jumping and singing.  
They danced in lines.  
They danced in circles.  
They danced on the toes.  
They danced on their heads.  
They sang the wildest of songs  
and the devil drummers played.  
The whole hell was happy  
that you decided to kill me.

You know how much I cried?  
You know how many angels cried?  
Do you know how the whole heaven cried  
on my day of death in your holy womb?

A moment before i was cruelly murdered  
I saw the All-Powerful God crying helplessly.  
Dr. Antony Theodore

Bharati Nayak

# Oh Life

Oh life  
Again it is me  
Oh life  
I see you as dew drops  
Falling on soft green grass  
I see the dew drops  
Sparkle in the sunshine  
Oh life  
You sparkle through every thing  
Time squeezes to naught  
You expand to infinity  
You stay  
From tiniest ripples to biggest waves  
When I wear a smile  
It is your dazzle  
When I cry  
It is remembrance  
From every down to every up  
You make me grow from strength to strength.  
Oh life  
I am grateful to thee  
I am grateful to thee.

Bharati Nayak



# Oh My Child

Oh my child!  
Mummy and Papa love you  
Come  
Give them your sweet kiss  
And also your little help  
When they need you.

Oh my child  
Grandpa and Grandma love you  
Give them your sweet kiss  
Hold their hands  
And play in the park.

Oh dear  
Your little sister loves you  
Share your toys and toffees  
And help her in studies.

Oh my child  
Uncle and Aunty love you  
Give them your sweet smile  
And do help them  
If they need you.

Oh my dear child  
Our dog Tommy loves you  
Give him your love and care  
And play around.

Dear child, your teachers love you  
Give them your respect  
Obey their words and do your tasks  
You will shine bright.

Oh my child, keep trying  
Never be afraid of failure  
Success will be yours for sure.



# Oh My Dear Daughter

Oh my Dear daughter  
I would always like  
To see you  
Looking at the sunshine  
I would love to see you  
Moving like a free cloud  
And showering love  
On parched ground  
I would love to see you  
Falling like a spring  
Up on the hard rocks  
And making way  
For yourself  
I would love to see you  
As a candle dispelling darkness  
I would love to see you  
Gathering courage from every source  
I would love to see you  
Stand for the truth  
And save every creature in distress  
I would love to see you  
Shine in your soul  
With kindness.

Bharati Nayak

# Oh My Dear Sun

Up on this beautiful earth  
You shower your mercy  
When lifting the curtains of darkness  
You dazzle the sky in the east  
You walk on slowly  
To raise the sleeping earth  
To your arms so lovely  
Morning birds sing  
in your praise  
I smile at you  
And say good morning  
Your face get brighter  
As you write down your message  
On the wings of a sweet breeze.

Bharati Nayak

# Oh Veiled, My Muse!

Oh dear  
Why do you hide  
Behind a veil?  
Why do you keep covered  
Your lively face, so beautiful?  
See, how the sun  
Shines on the porch  
Come to the embrace  
Of its warmth  
Give away your  
Smile and tears  
See, how  
The birds, butterflies and flowers  
Have gathered  
To share your  
Sorrows and laughter  
Oh dear  
Don't delay  
Come to this  
Lighted porch.

Bharati Nayak

# On Your Brows

On your brows  
Wear a piece of my breath  
Of my life  
Take the days, months and years  
Take the seconds, minutes and hours  
And decorate your house  
Oh dear, I will love to eternity.

Bharati Nayak

# Ordinary

I am a piece of pebble  
Very ordinary  
Lying on the road side  
You passerby  
Perhaps  
Took a fancy  
Picked me up  
Perhaps  
You found  
Some color and beauty  
And so  
Took me  
With you  
Beauty lies  
In your eyes  
I am just a pebble  
Very ordinary  
Oh passerby! !

Bharati Nayak

# Our Dear Parrot

You stayed with me as a fond memory.  
The green feathers and your chattering.  
I know you were angry when we pulled your tail  
and tormented you inside the cage.  
But you were our mother's pet.  
and you loved to be fed  
with rice and milk by her hands.  
The cage was shut from outside.  
But you could easily open it from inside  
and enjoy the pleasure of freedom at your own will

Like a child you loved my mother

showed your emotions

by spreading your wings and pecking

at her fingers

giving her

bits of your own food

It was pleasure to observe

the tenderness besotted with love.

You were part of our family

Loved and cared

But one day you flew away

Perhaps you wanted to discover

A world outside the cage

You did not come back



Perhaps you did not know

How to return

Perhaps you did not know

And would never know

We were crying

Mother and we

Waiting.

Bharati Nayak

# Parrot

Though winged  
I am caged  
I flutter my wings  
As if to fly  
They get hurt by the ironrailings

The milked rice  
And the good nuts  
That I am served  
Do not satisfy  
As I dream  
Of the open sky  
Where I do belong.

You ask me  
Oh Parrot! How are you?  
You see my bright green feathers  
And my beautiful red beak  
I answer in my clatter  
Which you can not understand  
andthink  
I belong to rich and so live in lavish

On some careless day  
My owner may  
Keep the cage open  
I may get a chance to fly  
But my wings  
that have forgotten  
the art of flying  
may fall a prey  
to some vultures  
My good owner and his neighbors  
Will curse me,  
O.K, O.K  
Let that ungratefulbird  
Meet a graceless end.



# Pent-Up

The words are getting heavy

With my pent-up breaths

The stanzas are bathing in tears

I fail to find the right words

After so many search

Tell me,

How shall I write a poem?

Someone has imprisoned them

In the dark cells

My language have been lost in dungeon

Tell me

How shall I rescue them?

Give a key in my hand

Let them be freed

To the warm sunshine

Let them get mad in the wine of dawn

Let them spread far and wide

Let my heart's emotions

Flow in poetry

Like a dancing river.

Bharati Nayak

# Petrichor, The Eternal

The day light has dimmed,  
Sun is going down in the west,  
I am looking back,  
To the roads I left behind.  
How have I crossed those rocky paths!

Pictures of some greenery  
Flash before my eyes,  
Amid thorny and sandy deserts,  
I hear someone calling behind.

From where comes the voice?  
Is it from heaven or from my heart?

So blissful this feeling!  
Is it sweet breeze of Spring?  
Or is it, from the wet earth  
The Petrichor rising?

When life becomes heavy under grind stone,

And heart chokes from unbearable pain,  
I hear that voice of assurance.  
How quickly the wound heals!  
I become a self sufficient whole,  
One complete being!

Bharati Nayak

# Pheribara Bele(A Poem In Odia Language)

Mo asiba dinu  
E katha nischita  
Mu dine pheri jibi  
Tuma pashe, abashya  
Kahinki na, mu asithili  
Tuma atma ku bibhakta kari I

Mora pheribara patha  
Krame krame, heuchhi unmukta,  
Tume ki chintita  
Mora swagata nimante  
Kipari sajaiba  
Tuma rajadwara  
Mote bari neba paain  
Tume ki pathaiba  
Tuma sainya samanta  
Aba susajjita ratha  
Ki ki uphara mana  
Mo paain saiti rakhichha  
Kete sabu swadista bhojanare  
Kariba mote apyayita, bhabi heuchha I

Mu kintu dekhuchhi  
Mo thun, tuma rajadwara jae  
Jete patha susajjita  
Nanadi barnila torane  
Mo rajapatha  
Aloka o puspare sajjita  
Madhugandha bhara jete sabu duratwa,  
Mu bhabi heu thae  
Kebe heba upanita  
Sei mora  
Maharga muhurta I

Bharati Nayak

# Poetry Writes, Poetry Reads, Poetry Lives

Inspired by poem of Daniel Brick'—"Du Fu Visits Anne Yun"

Your visit to Anne Yun

So special

Your distant daughter

-----

Du Fu,

You are the warrior

Your valour

keeps guard

Against the evil forces

That corrupts the land

You leave to your descendants

A legacy

A garden of lush green

Where flowers bloom

And pure sun light falls

Your youngest daughter

Whom you have never seen

Finds the magic

Of your words

Poetry written in breeze

Poetry holds her

Your legacy flows like river

A river that never dies

Clouds collect water from river

They go floating far

and far to unknown lands

And poetry writes for them who read

Poetry lives for poetry

And daughter remembers

Du Fu

Bharati Nayak



# Poetry(English Translation Of Odia Poem-Kavita)

It is that pain  
Which torments you always  
It is that sorrow  
Which wants to come out  
But alas, can not

It is that pain  
Which shivers on your lips  
and sits as a tear drop  
In the corner of your eyes  
It is that ache  
That like an arrow  
Pierces your heart

It is that pain  
Which sometimes  
Flows in torrents  
Like a river  
And spreads the whole world  
Like water vapour  
Blooms to beauty  
Like a flower  
It is poetry  
Of life  
It is  
The rhythmic dance  
Of sorrow and happiness  
Woven into words.

Bharati Nayak

# Puri- -The Abode Of Lord Jagannath

## PURI- -THE ABODE OF LORD JAGANNATH

The blue waves of Bay of Bengal wash its feet,  
The sand beach dazzles with sunlight,  
Puri, the abode of Lord Jagannath  
A sacred land of devotees throughout the world.

It is one of the four 'Dhamas' of India  
A place in Odisha on eastern coast  
'Nilasaila', the temple of Lord Jagannath otherwise known.  
Seated on 'Ratna Simhasan', the bejewelled throne  
Are brothers and sister, trio  
Lord Jagannath, Lord Balabhadra and Lordess Subhadra,  
The wooden idols of Hindu religion  
made from 'Daru', the neem wood, incomplete in form,  
They truly represent confluence of many religions  
The idols are of three colors, black, white and yellow  
representing three major races like black, white and mongoloid  
Strange are their looks as they are incomplete in form  
Yet love and grace flow from their eyes  
hands stretched as if to take you in embrace.

Lord Jagannath, incarnation of Lord Krisna,  
loves to listen Sanskrit verse 'Gita Gobinda'  
composed by Jayadeva, the Odia poet from the village Kendubilwa.  
Beautiful verses of Geeta Gobinda depict lovesport  
between Lord Krisna and his beloved Radha  
The daily ritual of Jagannath temple would be incomplete  
Unless the Lord hears His most loved music.

Bharati Nayak

# Puzzle

This is the night  
When I left you hurried  
The door slammed  
Leaving you puzzled  
Life's questions  
So many, remain unanswered  
As it flows  
Throws questions  
Like the 'YAKSHA' of 'Mahabharat'  
We always ask ourselves  
Some we find answer  
Others remain mysteries  
And we die of thirst.

Bharati Nayak

# Rain, Rain

Rain, Rain! !  
Fall in drops  
On the parched earth  
That is thirsty for years  
And wait for your coming  
With eager heart.

Rain, rain  
Do not go away  
Riding on the crest of clouds  
Close your wings  
And stay a while  
Descend on green mountains  
To touch the land  
And fill the cracks  
With your gift abundance.

Flow through the earth body  
Like blood in vessels  
Fill the ponds and rivers  
Sweep the earth  
With your impressions  
Before you run back  
To the swelling arms of sea  
And ride again  
On the crest of clouds  
Flying away with winds  
With your tapping songs.

Bharati Nayak

# Rathayatra

Luha au anandara  
Juara bhatta, lagithae nirantara

Toa chhabiti jhulirahithae  
mo sajala akhipatare  
To prasarita dui bahure  
Mote aapanei nebara  
Kolei nebara uchaata  
Sneha, mamata, atmiyata bhaaba

Tate mu dekhuthaae  
Keun sudura simhasanare upabista  
Jagataku rajuti karuthiba raaja  
To muhan bele bele drusyaman  
Bele bele aspasta

Chhaee aaluare luchakali kheluthiba  
To aakhire mo akhi luhara dhaara chihna  
To muhanre pratibimbata mo udaasapana  
to baanka adhare unki maare mo othara hasa  
to benure baaju thaae mo nihswasara sangita

Mo patha chalara dainandina klanti-shranti  
Mo nitya aananda uchhwasara bhrama asaranti  
To paakharu aarambha o  
To paakhare sesha  
Seithi prashanti

Bharati Nayak

# Rathayatra (Festival Of Chariot)

Rathayatra  
(Festival of Chariot)

Happiness and tears  
Come like waves  
In my life  
I have your picture hung  
Before my tearful eyes.

Your two arms  
Are extended  
As if to pull me nearer  
For an embrace  
There is so much  
Of love and tenderness.

I see you  
Seated on a faraway throne  
Ruling the whole universe.  
In a fair play  
Of shadow and light  
Your face is  
Visible sometimes  
And sometimes looks hazy.

I see the marks of my tear  
In your eyes  
As my sadness gets  
Reflected on your face.  
My smile is mirrored  
In your half smile and  
in your flutesings my breath.

The tedious labor  
Or the joyful walk of my daily life  
Starts from you  
And ends with you  
And peace is there  
At your feet.

Bharati Nayak

# Refugee

There were fury, fire, bombs and bullets  
Army, terrorists, death and darkness  
No water, no food, only deadly dance of death  
They were leaving behind their dear homes and land  
Leaving their cattle, dogs pets and food orchards  
Their dreams shattered, they leave behind all treasure  
They had no time to collect them, no means to carry them

Someone carrying his crippled son on his shoulder  
Some one carrying his old father and a baby clinging to his mother  
In their sunken eyes, fear writ large  
To an unwelcome fate they march towards  
Covering miles and miles through rough and tough terrains  
Some jumping into ferry to escape death  
But death encircling them from all sides  
Death waiting them in black waters of sea  
Or in hungry crocodile's teeth  
Or in the congested refugee camp  
In disease, hunger and thirst  
Sometimes nature connives, when sun burns too hot  
And wind blows too cold  
Bereft of Home and Land  
They gain only a name of pain  
A REFUGEE WITH A FUTURE UNCERTAIN  
As a CIVILIZED SOCIETY with its stony heart just look on.

Bharati Nayak



# Return Gift-Happy Birth Day

A Birthday wish from  
A friend unknown(unknown?)  
Set the train of emotions  
For a perfect mood for celebration

Life is a celebration  
As we dive to the depth and vastness  
Of sky and ocean  
Myriad wonders of nature  
Unravel the mysteries  
and question  
The purpose  
While we sail towards destination

Why we meet a person  
Or encounter an event  
Why we read a page  
Find a perfect note  
Note down a quotation  
And save it in our memory lane

We question-Why  
The moments were  
as they were  
What the BIGGER FORCE  
Wanted to say  
Why the incidents happen  
Is it called destiny?  
Questioning Destiny  
Is not it a destiny itself  
That destiny wrote for ourselves?

Bharati Nayak

# Revati(A Poem In Odia Language)

Lo Reva, Lo chuli, Lo Nian  
Ebe bi Aai Maa'ra sei  
Khyova mishrita daaka  
Kaanare pratidhyoni tole  
Kebethu Reva dhuan helani  
Mora saptama shreni Pathya bahi  
Kaahin haji galani  
Hele, haji naahin Revati mo manaru

Sabu paatha padhua jhia maane  
Mote Revati Revati mane huanti  
Ghara paain jete aghatana  
Jete bipada aapadara dosa  
Ladi hoi jaae Revati maananka mundare  
Bichari nirimakhi Revati maane  
Rastare ghatare jadi  
Kahatharu comment sunanti  
Semananka bahire dori baandhi jaae  
Basu Sir'anka chhabi jadi  
Ajanate mane pashi aase  
Pruthivi bhangi pade matha upare

Revati ku baadi budhi kebethu gheni galani  
Hele, aajikali  
Aneke basu sir saji  
Hatara acid botala dhari  
Revatiku khoji bulanti I

Bharati Nayak

# Revati{english Translation Of Odia Poem Revati}

Revati

'Reva- - -, Oh Reva- - -  
You cursed girl, you burnt ashes, you cursed fire'  
(As you ate your parents)  
Grand Maa calling

Those angry words of Grandma'  
Still rings in my ear

Oh, How many years have passed  
Revati had been turned to smoke  
My text book of class seven  
Had been lost in time  
But Revati still lives in me

Why all school going girls  
Look like Revatis?  
These Revatis carry  
the blame of all misfortune  
That befall a house.

If a neo Romeo  
Passes a stray comment  
these poor Revatis  
Lose their school bags  
The sky falls on their head  
If the soft image  
Of Basu Sir,  
enters, innocent, in their heart

Long back,  
Cholera had  
Taken away Revati  
But on the roads  
There are many vagabonds  
Fake Basu Sirs roam  
With acid bottles in their hands  
Searching for Revatis.

Bharati Nayak

# Sapana Dolire(A Poem In Odia Language)

Jyesthara Akasha  
Abhimanini jhiara muhan pari  
Dhanki jaichi, kichhi badal  
Barsijiba para ! !  
Jhiara akhi pari ujwala khara  
Unkimaruchhi bouda phankaru  
Harsa-bisada ra mishra raga  
Kheluchhi pabanare

Etebele manepade  
Balyakala  
Rajadolikhela  
Nua frock chandana tika  
Nakhapalish, nua chudi, ribbon  
Podapitha, manda kakara  
Raja pana, taas khela  
Piladina saathi, mamu, mausighara  
Badabapa, badabou, dada, khudi  
Bhai bhauni, bandhu mela  
Pherai nianta ki  
kie mote, sei dinatiku  
Basithanti phula dolire  
Bhasu thanti, asaranti  
Chuna chuna swapna bhitare .

Bharati Nayak

# Say Nothing

When you say  
You do not say  
When you do not say  
You say  
What I want to hear  
The words come flying  
And take me  
In their embrace  
I become your words  
That I want to hear.

Bharati Nayak

# Sea And Sea-Shore

You are the ocean, endless

I am but a tiny grain of sand

After being bathed countless times

By your great tides

Still wait for

Another countless baths.

Each tide

Like a dream

Attracts me to its heart

But, every time

I am thrown back

To the shore of day's reality.

My soul expands

To billions and billions sandgrains

Uniting with them

I become the sea-shore

Then I take your endlessness

In my embrace.

Bharati Nayak



# Searching For A Name

I was born to a home  
Where every body calls it Mr.X's home  
I was married to a Home  
Where everybody calls it Mr.Y's home  
And refers me  
As Mr.Z's wife  
I became a mother  
They call me as someone's mother  
I brought home  
A daughter-in-law  
They call me as someone's mother-in-law  
My name is never referred  
I always live by  
With some names tagged by  
I took upon it myself  
To earn a name  
Where Mr.X, Y, Z and A, B, C, D, E  
Will be tagged after me  
The question haunted me  
And I hunted for a space  
For myself  
I came to meet  
Poem Hunter without a prefix  
Oh! At last there I found  
My sweet little name  
And the Big Big Home.

Bharati Nayak

# Selfie

I selfie  
To capture my image  
Capture with me  
My loved ones  
My surroundings  
The tree, temple, palace and sea

To capture  
Who are  
With me at the moment  
As the moment  
Will slip away  
In the next moment  
It will be past.  
The tree will not come back  
To me where I reclined  
In that moment  
For support  
Got the shade  
Got the cool oxygen  
I want to capture  
The flower  
Whose fragrance and beauty  
Enchanted me  
I want to capture  
The beauty of the birds  
Who fly making a 'V' sign under  
The clouds so dark  
I want to capture with me  
The blue waves of the sea  
The waves that rise and fall  
With my emotions  
I want to hold  
In my camera  
The cool moon  
The warm sun  
The green grass  
The mother earth

Everything I love  
Seen and unseen  
And wait to see and hold  
All the blessings of God.

Bharati Nayak

# Shadow

Summer has set in  
Sun burns overhead  
Shooting fire from sky  
Deep line of cracks  
Visible on earth's body  
Small grasses dry  
Flowers hide  
I am dying for a patch of shade.

I have left  
That shadow of banyan tree  
Far behind  
My feet get tired  
Refuse to go ahead  
Just when I was falling  
I found the bayan tree coming near me  
Its green branches  
Waving coolness.  
I opened my eyes  
And saw my dear bayan tree  
Standing near me  
Then I fell asleep in peace.

Bharati Nayak

# Shall I Wait Till I Understand Pablo Neruda

Perchance I happened to meet  
One editor of a newspaper big  
In conversation I told him  
About my interest in writing  
In Odia and in English do I write  
And conveyed my wish  
To get them published.

Asked he me some questions  
To gauge my knowledge depth  
Ma'm! Have you read  
Jayanta Mohapatra and Pablo Neruda?

I am a casual writer  
Not a person who has read much  
Limited is my knowledge in literature  
Yes, Great Poems one or two I have read  
From Jayanta Mohapatra and Pablo Neruda  
To be frank  
I could not fully comprehend

Then he recited with all right intonations  
Some stanza's from Neruda's poems  
And some of his own creations  
I heard in amazement  
How to the ears they sound so sweet

After he left  
I questioned myself  
Questioned my knowledge limited  
How I dare to venture to this world  
A world full of Jayanta Mohapatra, Ramakanta Ratha  
Shakespeare and Wordsworth  
Above all Pablo Neruda

Restless was I  
Restless were my days  
As a voice in me always tormented  
'I do want to come out', the voice implored

I want to see the light  
Oh Mother, Bring me out

Notwithstanding  
What the great minds say of me  
I brought her to the fore  
And looked at her  
Eyes, face and forehead  
What the future  
Written there  
I know not, I know not  
Am I not beautiful, my baby asked  
Oh! You are beautiful, very beautiful  
You are my sweet child  
I would not compare you  
With that of Pablo Neruda  
Or never that with Jayanta Mohapatra.

I blew a kiss on her forehead  
And in whisper i said  
Oh my child  
Always, always feel blessed.

Bharati Nayak

# Shifting Paradigms

Gone, gone are the days  
When joy was in abundance  
In a carefree mind  
It was much fun  
When we played  
On sand pits  
Building sand castles  
And running after butterflies.  
A balloon or a naked longence  
without any decorative dress  
Was enough for us  
to dance in joy  
Sea shells, pebbles and  
broken glasses were our valuable toys.  
Grasses were our trees  
Insects were our cows  
Our tiny world was our big world  
It was really a happy happy world.

Now gone are the butterflies  
Gone are the twitteringbirds  
Today's children have no time  
To dance on sand pits.

viewing the world through computer sites  
they wont play with the red velvet mites  
they wont know the smell of a rose  
or thrill of butterfly sitting gently on their nose

With heavy school bags  
and the weight of their parent's ambitions  
Weighing on their backs  
they grow up too fast.

Bharati Nayak

# Short Poems

Poem-1

Sweltering Summer  
Concrete roads slither  
A cuckoo coos

Poem-2

The sky darkened  
Rain lashing window panes  
I sip hot coffee.

Poem-3

The big banyan tree  
Spreading its branches  
A cow resting under.

Poem-4

A dark cloud hangs  
Golden sunrays scattered  
A rainbow appear.

Poem-5

Night falls slowly  
Trees, mountains, rivers disappearing  
Stars twinkle in the sky.

Bharati Nayak



# Signals

Traffic of thoughts  
Line up  
Jam around  
Blocked at the crossings  
There is buzz of whirring  
Ting -tongs  
Red signal  
Making them to stand  
Stop them from crossing  
To the other side  
Patience is wearing  
When there is  
long waits  
Roads seem full  
Nerves seem to burst  
With yellow signal showing up  
Hopes come to play  
Thoughts liven up  
Ready to go  
Green signal makes them happy  
Clearing the roads  
As they gladly move ahead  
Cheery thoughts  
Rush forward  
Singing and ringing.

Bharati Nayak

# Small Things Matter

I opened the window  
To welcome the sunlight  
But something went wrong  
As a small particle  
Hit me in my eyes  
My vision blurred  
I could not distinguish  
Green or red, black or white  
Something went wrong  
I remained confused  
With pain and felt sad  
When my phone rang  
My son from America called  
Hello Mama, How are you?  
Oh Dear, I am alright  
But he asked,  
Why your voice  
Sound so sad  
No, I am perfectly O.K.  
Tell me, how are you there  
I have heard in the news  
In America, there is cold storm and heavy ice  
That affecting people's lives  
No Mama, we are all safe and in good health  
I felt  
As if every thing has become right again  
Smile returned to my face  
As I looked to the sunshine  
That had fallen in the courtyard  
Filling the space with golden warmth.

Bharati Nayak

# Spring, My King

Oh Spring,  
How I wait for you! ! !  
Listen, how the cuckoo  
Sings in restive cooes  
See, how the mango branches  
Are heavy with blooms  
Inhale the fragrance  
That wafts in the air  
See, how the bees  
Are darting from  
flower to flower.

Spring,  
Do you remember  
The 'Holi' festival  
When we bath in color  
Spraying colored water  
On each other?

Spring,  
King of my seasons,  
Look there are grey shadows  
On my hair,  
But as with you,  
My heart is so colorful ! !

Bharati Nayak

# Stewardess Of New Age—apoem By Denis Mair Mairtranslated Into Odia By Bharatinayak

Stewardess of New Age—A poem by Denis Mair  
Translated into ODIA by Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak

# Stolen Flowers And The Broken Honeycomb

I rued for the flowers  
Stolen from my garden  
Cursed the people  
Who are careless  
About the feelings  
Of the garden owner  
About the love and care  
bestowed upon the flowers.

But one day I found  
A honey comb  
Hanging from a tree  
Had been broken  
Thousands and thousands bees  
Had been killed  
By the men  
Who had looted their treasure  
Without mercy  
Killed them by fire  
Since then  
I stopped ruing  
For the loss  
Of my stolen flowers.

Bharati Nayak

# Summer's Rain

The image of a dry land  
The image of a dry face  
Come alive  
With every Summer  
The string of Summer  
Is always attached  
With rain  
As rain can only  
Wipe away  
The dryness and  
Release the tears of pain  
That lie under  
Forced smiles of layers  
The Summer  
Can bring alive  
The cuckoo's song  
Heard in spring  
In the chequered path  
Of white and black  
The dream of rainbow  
Not always realized.

Bharati Nayak

# Sun Is Walking Across The Sky

Symbol of light

Oh sun!

As you came into my life

dispelling darkness

I revel in beauty of your grandeur

Open to the warmth of your love

force of creation

Blossoms in me

I become the garden

of roses

Of foliage green

I become the springing rain

And a whiff of scent

That permeates

the passing breeze.

Bharati Nayak



# Surprises

Surprises surprise us  
They seem to come from nowhere  
They lie hidden in some corner  
Come all of a sudden  
To catch us unawares  
They give us  
so many moments  
of pleasure  
Speaking the words of love and  
springing from  
a true heart

A surprise  
took me over  
Suddenly welled up  
my tears  
They flowed without check  
When in the voice of my love  
They said  
I am here, I am here

It surprised me  
When it came  
stealthily from behind  
Putting hands on my eyes  
Asked  
Tell me who am I, who am I?

Oh surprises surprise me  
When they come in different colors  
And merge into one  
And become indistinguishable  
From each other.

Bharati Nayak

# Surya (Sun)- A Poem In Odia Language.

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Bharati Nayak

# Taj Mahal Re Baraf

Ethara, Ete sheeta

Madi basichhi!

Saaradesatahemal

chariadebhaya, atanka au bhibatsata ra shirshir

samparkasabu thanda, thanda

dehare phata, manare phata

niswasa rephata, prema pranayare phata

Ethara kuade TajMahal re baraf padichhi!

ketepradusan ra samnakaritisthi thiba

Taj Mahal bi baraf re dhanki hoi jaichhi!

Ojan stararechhidra,

Biswasare chhidra

Kebala bisamayabibhisika!

keniamalre bisphorana,

Masjid re bisphorana

Dhulisaat hebapare

Church, Mandirasabueka kara!

bichhidi jaithiba

khandakhanda sharirara

bari heunahin

keunmangsa khanda, keundharma ra!

Sambadapatraraprushtapareprushtha

Auchabis ghantia

duradarshana pardare

khalihatya, aatankaodharsanara

chitramala mala!

chadheirageeta, megha nupurararaagini

aau, phulara gandha

baaruda dhuaanre luchi galeni!

emiti atala tala, andharasamudra bhitare

biswasaramukta tie

samukapetare srustineuthae

aau lakhyeandhari rasta

parihebakusahasuthae!

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Bharati Nayak

# Tanka-1

Summer withdrawn  
Dark blue Clouds marching  
Across the sky  
Green in every corner  
My heart comes alive

Bharati Nayak



## Tanka-2

Darkness gets thinner  
Crimson red colors the sky  
Warm golden rays  
Touch softly my closed eyes  
As if the first kiss of love.

Bharati Nayak

# Tear Tells A Tale

Tear from the land of Nigeria  
Tells a story of pain  
A story of being chained  
Chained in her body and soul  
Soul of a beautiful girl  
Girl of such tender age  
Being separated  
From her loving family  
And kept away in some dungeon

Tear tells a story  
How she wishes to be freed  
And get back to the warm hugs  
Of her parents and siblings  
Keeping the fire of hope kindling  
Tear awaits some angels  
Awaits for the day  
When they will be coming  
Keeping the fire of hope kindling  
She wishes the story  
To have a happy ending.

Bharati Nayak

# The Image

The house is still there  
The mango tree and the hibiscus flower  
The thick jack fruit tree on the front  
The slender drumstick hanging branches over the roof  
The book-self filled with books  
On the tea-poy newspapers spread  
On the porch on a the wooden chair, you are sitting on  
Looking towards the sun  
Reading Bhavans Journals,  
Or the great Illustrated Weekly  
From whose pages  
Peeped the pictures of  
National and international figures  
The magazine has been closed  
Closed with its pages  
So many things  
The past had been hidden in its leaves  
The love, the war  
jealousy and anger,  
hatred and horror  
Passion and ecstasy  
In my memory.  
You still, there,  
In your chair  
Holding the book you love  
And I am looking at you  
With wonder and love

Bharati Nayak

# The Earth

Oh, Earth  
You are shedding  
tears in silence  
As you see  
Your children  
So apathetic  
To the pains  
Of your anguished heart.

You are stunned  
By men's bizarre actions  
Uncaring to your woes.

As you suffocate from  
toxic effluents  
Your skin burns from  
poisonous chemicals  
and nuclear radiation.

From your lap  
go vanishing, the sweet streams  
and heat of the scorching sun  
kill your beautiful green.

Birds and animals die  
As they lose their habitat  
Sea rises, rivers flood,  
Ice melts from snowy caps.

The foolish man  
When will he realize  
That his reckless actions  
Ring the death knell  
For this beautiful planet  
Earth, our Mother Dear.



# The Feel

I know not, whether you still feel,  
I know not whether the fire is kindling,  
I know not whether the Raja festival,  
Or the Kumar Purnima bring  
The feel of cake or the moon  
But with the approach of every festival  
I wander to the pleasant past  
Where lie my joy treasured  
I know not whether future will ever bring  
The lost laughter, bliss and delight.

Bharati Nayak

# The House

The House

The house is much the same  
Years after I saw it again  
The mango tree is still there  
The jasmine and hibiscus plants  
Standing in courtyard.

The sofa, the cot and the old chairs  
Rekindled my childhood memories.

So many years have gone by  
Like us  
The sofa and cots  
Have grown older.

Need they require dusting  
Or new paints  
I do not know  
But they are full of life  
As they bear the smell and touch  
Of my beautiful days.

After some days  
The house may come down  
To give shape to a new building  
The old cots and chairs will go  
To make room for new furnitures  
But the house will remain the same  
Always, in my memory lane.

Bharati Nayak

# The Nondescript Flower

The soft breeze called me  
Out into the open vastness  
Where lay the green carpet  
And the bed of flowers  
Stretched to infinity  
Sweetly murmured the wind.  
Clouds formed the blue screen  
Rain drops played the music.  
Birds were singing  
Butterflies flying.  
The wind enticed me  
To dance with the nature.

Out into the open  
I came mesmerized.  
Flowers were swaying  
Green carpets welcomed me.

Drops of water  
from the sky  
Touched my cheeks  
I heard the thunder  
and felt the lightening.

I heard some one calling  
Here and there I searched  
And stopped to see  
from where came the call.  
Was it from colorful flowers?  
I looked for the sound  
And at last I found  
The small nondescript flower  
That was hidden under green carpet  
Very near to my feet  
Asking me to pick it up.  
And to hold it on my palm.

I bowed to pick it up  
With all tenderness



Lest it might break.

I could see the light, cloud and rain  
All with in  
I heard the music  
My heart danced with joy  
My hands trembled  
I could feel the energy  
Flowing from it into my hand  
I closed my eyes in pure joy  
When I opened my eyes  
Found the flower nowhere  
Perhaps she had melted into my being.

Bharati Nayak

# The Sky-Blue Shirt

The Sky Blue Shirt

Part-I

Oh, The sky blue shirt!

I still remember you

As you stayed close to his heart.

How handsome he looked

Wearing you

And came to see me

Carrying his tenderself with you.

You must have heard his agonies and angsts

And perhaps

Soaked many a tear drops

Before they fell to the ground.

You are dear to me

As you hugged his self

Without caring

what he would give you in return

Or even, throw you away

When you are torn.

Part-II

Oh Dear!

Why did you throw away

Your sky blue shirt?

Did you not know,

It was so close to your heart?

You played Holi

Wearing that shirt

Not knowing

How close it was to your heart.

Oh Dear you could have gifted it to me

That coloured shirt

As it bore the colours of your friends

Who showered their love  
Upon your heart.

But alas!  
I could not ask for that coloured shirt  
Because  
I did not have a place called 'Mine '  
To preseve that dear blue shirt!

Bharati Nayak

# The Squirrel

The little squirrel  
Is jumping from  
Branches to branches  
Lifting its furry tail.

It is chasing away its friend  
And playing hide and seek  
With my little boy Vicky.

For them it is jolly time  
As the ripe mangoes are hanging  
With sweet flavor  
Wafting in the air.

They hop like hope  
Some times near  
And sometimes far  
Wonderful it is to see  
How swift they are  
While climbing the tree.

Sitting pretty on hind legs  
At the top of tree branches  
Eating the nuts  
They make pretty pictures.

A squirrel like this  
Had come to Vicky once  
Ate 'channas' from his hands  
Made friendship  
For a brief period  
And left beautiful memories  
For my little kid.

Bharati Nayak

# The Tree

The tree stands green  
Under the scorching sun  
Branches spread wide  
Roots going deep  
Thousands and thousands leaves  
Swaying their little heads  
Colourful flowers bloom  
For the bees and butterflies they make room  
Squirrels jump dance  
From branches to branches  
Monkeys eat fruits  
And so birds and squirrels  
Have their shares  
Underneath a dog curls up  
There the cows flock to get the shadow  
The tree stands tall like a Rishi(Monk)  
With many hands stretched  
Giving his blessings.

Bharati Nayak



# Tiniest Dust

I am not a winged bird  
But I can fly  
In the vastness of the universe  
In the timelessness of the sky  
Flapping my virtuous wings of the virtual  
I write my name in visual  
Appear they in white and black  
Endless energy they tap  
Energized with friends' positives  
They become confluence of holy rivers  
They are but part of boundless ocean  
Of poetry, written from time immemorial  
Drops of wisdom captured in varieties,  
They are the light, water, dust and air  
Oh! I take pride for  
Being the tiniest  
Of these tiny dusts.

Bharati Nayak

# To The Tower(A Birth Day Wishfor Daniel Brick)

You stand tall  
Majestic, against the  
Vast expanse of the blue sky  
Visible from a long distance  
I have not been  
Nearer to your proximity  
But I dream  
I have ascended the steps  
To know  
What makes a Tower a Tower.  
Is it its stone or brick  
Cement or color  
Or its architecture?

A tower may be  
A symbol of pride  
But this tower  
Is one of humbleness  
Made of wisdom-brick.

I can not be nearer to the Tower  
But I am glad  
The sky and the transparent air  
That touch the Tower  
Also touch me.  
I am part of the earth  
That connects the Tower  
To the place where I stand.

My wish, my prayer  
Let this tower grow taller, and  
Its wisdom spread  
To every corner.  
10-06-2017

Bharati Nayak



# Trees In Concrete Jungle

I peeped out of the window

To see the trees,

That line the pavements,

Giving shadows and shelter

To the needy wretched creatures.

Men and animals

Together stick under the shade

That give relief from the scorching sun.

The trees suck the smokes

Billowing out of the running vehicles.

Themselves drenched in thick dust

They look helpless

In this concrete jungle

Forlorn and lonely among many strangers.

There are blaring sounds and shouts of all hues

But not a word of kindness

People seem as heartless as the concrete buildings.

My heart went to the tree

Who seemed lost among strangers

Being hurt by callousness and apathy of people

Who never cared to feel its feeling.

In my imagination

I held the branch of the tree

As if it was the hand of my beloved

Bowed and kissed

Whispering as if to say

Never mind, where ever you stay

My heart is with you.

Bharati Nayak

# Trial- Haiku-1

Summer sun spews fire  
Pigeons coo under a roof  
Breaking rude stillness.

Bharati Nayak

## Trial-Haiku-2

Red sun dips in sea  
Crabs with pincers run on sands  
Town sleeps to silence.

Bharati Nayak

# Veiled

Oh lovely bride  
From under your dazzling veil  
Reveals your face beautiful  
With red kumkum and sandal dotted  
On your graceful forehead  
Doe eyes and black lashes  
Curved eyebrows and charming lips  
The ornaments you wear  
Only adding allures  
To your fine features.

The music of band party  
The holy sound of sehnai, 'Hulahulies  
And conch shells  
Mixed with the buzz of gatherings  
Signal the arrival of bridegroom you are waiting.  
Oh lovely bride  
You wear a smile  
To welcome the guests  
Who have gathered  
To give you a farewell

Oh lovely bride  
Why do you hide  
Those tears  
That swell beneath your eyes  
Why do you  
Cover up those sorrows  
With your smile  
Why do you choke yourself  
With your muffled sobs  
Drowned under the sound of conch shells  
Why do you douse your burning chest  
With your smile, that you know is a masquerade?

Oh lovely bride  
Let your tears flow  
Let them flow  
Till you drain them all

As you know  
There won't be an occasion  
When you can cry  
To your heart's fill  
Nor can you smile  
To your heart's desire.

Cry, cry, till  
You pour them all  
Before you give  
Final burial  
To those tears, which are real  
And say bye  
To those dreams  
Wishes, laughter and love  
That you conceal  
In your heart  
Before you proceed  
To the fate unknown.

Bharati Nayak

# Virtual Reality

I live always in the virtual  
For each moment I live  
Becomes a past the next moment  
I can not go back to the moment passed  
Nor can I live in my future  
The moments I will live  
Only in an imagination  
A moment of my dream  
That may come or not  
But I live in that moment  
In that dream  
When I build a castle  
With garden of stars and moon  
And a kingdom of perfect peace

Bharati Nayak

# We Are The Best And The Worst

Seeds of both good and bad

Nature has planted on this earth.

In most flowers we find nectar

But poison -filled flowers are not rare.

A snake's poison can take one's life

But poison is also used to cure a snake's bite.

Likewise we have with us

Qualities of both virtue and vice

Our efforts should be to uphold the virtue

And minimize the vice.

It is in our hand how to use our life

Whether for the good of humaniy

Or to destroy it.

The heaven is here, the hell is here

We are to decide whether to build a heaven or a hell.

When kindness, love and compassion

Rule our heart, we march towards a heaven

When fear 'hatred and violence

Hold us in captivity



We are sure for hell bound.

On our planet earth

Godly persons have taken birth

Who gave up their lives for the sake of humanity

Fear of bullets or crucifixion

Could not kill their spirit

O men,

Keep a watch on your life

Do not let the devil in your life

Let your heavenly virtues rule your heart

Let us build a heaven on this land.

Bharati Nayak

# Welcome New Year 2017

Oh New Year  
You are coming  
step by step  
In the morning light  
You are descending  
On the golden carpet  
Of tiny dusts  
Springing blessings  
See, how  
For your welcome  
Earth is decked in beauty  
Life is buzzing in ecstasy  
See, how  
On the green branch of a tree  
A bud shivers  
in sheer joy  
Of expectant bloom  
I pray  
Before the Almighty  
To write  
In your blank pages  
For this earth  
All good fortune.

Bharati Nayak

# What A Life!

Sometimes, we knowingly lose  
The addresses of our dear people

we leave behind  
The relations of the past  
And keep them treasured  
In the remote corner of our heart.

When life suffocates inside  
We pretend to live happy  
We drink the bitter tears  
And wear a sweet smile.  
Wow- what a wonder  
This life!

Bharati Nayak

# What A Shame! !

We have travelled to Moon and Mars  
We are to conquer many more stars  
With the blessings of science and human brain  
So much progress have we made in material gain  
Man has this world's treasure under his feet  
Still his greed for more remain unsatisfied

He sends rockets and space crafts to explore more  
While people on this earth die of poverty and hunger  
Calling mankind developed is only a sham  
As all knowledge of man has failed to solve a simple problem  
Why poor man's labor selling so cheap  
Why rich man's labor selling rich  
Why poor man's life is so cheap  
Why rich man's life so rich

What a shame! !  
We can not solve a simple equation  
We can not equate rich and poor  
We can not stop rich getting richer or poor getting poorer  
We can not bridge the widening gap  
As the fate of billions is controlled by few hands

What a shame  
All of man's knowledge  
Has gone down in the drain.

Bharati Nayak

# What If

What if  
I go back in time  
Where I left some unrealized dreams  
Can I catch with dreams?  
Had my life path taken a route different  
From now  
Perhaps, then I might  
Not be writing these lines  
I might have become  
A different person  
A better or worse  
Who knows- - -

Bharati Nayak

# When Father Passes Away

Father's Day has come  
I look at your cot  
Lying vacant.  
The house you built with toil  
Family you raised with love  
Are left behind.

Mangoes are still hanging  
from branches  
The coconut trees are standing  
The garden still wears its usual green.  
But- -who will take us to the garden  
To show the flowers and fruits?  
Who will encourage us  
To clean the garden of weeds?

The hibiscus and white roses are in blooms  
The squirrelsqueaks  
The crow caws  
Are they missing you?

How all of a sudden  
The scenery changes!  
You are not seated  
On your favorite chair  
A blankness occupies the house  
You are missed  
You are missed, dear father.

No, I am not crying  
As I know  
You are still there  
In your absence.  
The values you transplanted in us  
Are like roots  
From which grow new roots and new trees  
Yes Father, we are new trees  
Growing from your root.

Bharati Nayak

## When Played The Music.

Through the swinging branches and whistling reeds  
A song of heart floated in breeze.

When a bird heard it,  
She carried the music on her wings and  
Flew away to her mate.

When a butterfly heard it,  
He bore the tune in his colorful wings and  
Darted through the garden  
For the flowers  
In gleeful blooms.

The fiery sun became cool and soft  
As he scattered his rays of crimson red  
On the cheeks of the damsel.

In deep sea, waves rose and fell  
As a little closer.  
his love-moon came.

When the river heard it,  
She mixed the tune in her gurgling ripples.  
As the whole universe danced in unison  
With the scattering stars, Milky ways and galaxies.

Bharati Nayak



# Where Is Humanity

Where is Humanity

Men, women and children  
fleeing for their lives  
Leaving behind  
Their homeland and all belongings.

Any time bullets or bombs can kill them,  
Tiger or lion can devour them,  
They may be drowned in river or sea  
Hostile weather may suck their lives  
They may be wiped  
By hunger, thirst or disease.

What these innocent people have done  
What is their sin to get the punishment of death  
What is their fault that  
to such torture they are subjected?

Did a separate God create these people?  
Is God a German or Jew?  
Is God a Muslim or Hindu?  
Is God. Black or white?  
To which race does He belong?

Oh God,  
We are not humans  
As we close our eyes,  
When humanity is killed.

Oh God, Jew or German,  
Hindu, Muslim or Christian,  
Black or white,  
Please,  
Please, save the Mankind.

Bharati Nayak

# Who Are You

Who are you?  
Are you my inner voice  
Constantly prodding  
Me to smile and  
look to the sunshine  
And feel the energy of love?

Are you the light  
Or a space within  
Which I can not define  
How am I bound to you  
I do not know  
But you pervade  
Fill all gaps  
Making the bond stronger  
With every passing day.

You are the sky  
When I look for hope  
And in the time of despair  
You are the earth  
To hold my feet.

You mingle in the  
Soft sweet breeze  
That caresses me to sleep.

You have a form  
Yet formless when  
You come to me  
Breaking all barriers  
Occupying all spaces  
From atoms to molecules  
You assert your invincibility.

You are neither your body  
Nor your voice  
You are neither smell nor touch  
You are something all above.

You are my spirit  
You are my soul  
You are my feeling  
You are my song.

You are my image  
You are my echo  
How powerless am I  
To describe you! ! !

Bharati Nayak

# Why Should

Why should I wear kajal  
As only one of your admiring glance  
can add sparkle to my eyes?  
Why should I wear lipstick,  
When the very thought of my love  
Can add color to my lips?  
O'Love! with your thought  
My steps acquire spring  
And my heart dances  
With the sweet breeze.

Bharati Nayak

# With-Without

Without touching  
You touched me  
Without binding  
You bound me  
Without surrounding  
You surround me.  
Without seeing  
You see me  
Without hearing  
You hear me.

You are seen, yet unseen  
You are pain, you are pleasure  
You are far, you are near.  
You are in me, you are in the Universe,  
Oh Love  
I salute thee  
I salute thee.

Bharati Nayak

# Woman

Me -a woman  
I am to be loved  
Not to be used.

Me-a flower  
I am to be adored  
And adorned  
Not to be shredded.

Me-Tenderness  
To be handled with care  
Not to be trampled.

Me-Love  
To be paid back in love  
Not with authority.

Me - A Dream  
To be nurtured  
To be realised  
Not to be broken

Me- A Promise  
Promise for the future  
Keep me  
In your heart's care.

Bharati Nayak

# Wonder Words

Words,  
Wonderful words  
Whose words are they?  
Did I read them before reading?  
How did they reach me?

They are the words of God  
As written on the green leaves  
On petals of  
Beautiful flowers  
On the moon beams  
On the gurgling of dancing streams

The words of God  
A lovely song  
Rings and rings  
As the golden sun  
Illuminates the earth  
The blue clouds  
Rain in sweet mirth  
As in rumination  
And amazement, I stand.

Bharati Nayak

# Wondering Forwards

Wondering for words  
Thoughts wander  
They delve into the soul  
To find a meaning for  
The purpose  
Storms and cloud bursts  
May sometimes  
Blow away the words  
Wash away the emotions.

I allow the steam  
To form a cloud  
Let the cloud meander  
Let it hover  
As long as it wishes  
Till it gathers enough water  
For a surge of downpour  
On the white paper  
And write a new story.

Bharati Nayak



# Words

Some words were lost  
Some words fell silent  
Some reached you  
Some were rebounded  
Some words were never spoken  
Some words are yet to be spoken  
Some were held back  
Some travelled  
Some reached the destined  
Some died on the way  
Oh dear, I have a sea of words  
Are you ready to hear?

Bharati Nayak

# Words Are Such Perfect Traitors

They rise in me  
Like large waves  
Overpowering me  
I surrender to them  
I feel so powerless

They are beautiful  
Colorful  
Dreams floating across sky  
Like a milky way  
I just want to hold them  
In my hand  
Oh my hand, so small to hold  
They slip away  
I love  
To enclose them  
In a bracket of words  
But-  
Words are such perfect traitors- - -

Bharati Nayak

# Year2018

Year 2018

What shall I write about you?  
You were like my closest friend,  
With whom I shared,  
My moments of joy and sorrow.  
Looking into sky,  
I have talked with you,  
Telling my secrets,  
And seeking advice.  
Many tears have  
vapoured in my eyes.  
Many pains found,  
No sympathisers,  
other than you.

You saw how my father  
left us for heaven,  
And my mother's bangles  
were broken.

Amid sorrow,  
You brought many joys.  
They are treasured  
In time's leaf.  
As we bid farewell,  
I bow to you ,  
In gratitude ,  
for the innumerable moments of bliss,  
that I have shared with my dear ones,  
my friends, my poetry,  
The golden sunlight,  
The green tree, river and sea.

When you go away,  
You are taking a part of me,  
Has my name been written on your heart ?  
I give this ink  
As a parting gift.  
Thank you 2018,

Thank you.

Bharati Nayak

# Youare- - -

You are my dot and line  
You are my bracket and alphabet  
You are my one liner and phrase  
You are my word and sentence  
You are my Senryu and Haiku  
You are my Sonnet and Epic  
You are my monologue and dialogue  
You are my drama and soliloquay  
You are my story and novel  
You are my song and poem  
You are question mark and exclamation  
You are Hiphen and semicolon  
But never ever a Full Stop.

Bharati Nayak

# Your Coming

The days were waiting for you to come  
Flowers were waiting to blossom  
The breeze was waiting to caress the lovely branch  
The roads were waiting for your feet to touch  
The river was waiting to gurgle  
The butterfly was sitting with beautiful wings to spread  
The birds were singing for your welcome.

When you came, you came with the light and the music  
As you came, you no more remain you,  
You became the light, color and music  
I no more remain I  
As I became you and you became I  
and together we become light  
and sing the song of life.

Bharati Nayak

# Your Name

In deep breath  
I draw your name  
Inside  
To fill every corner  
Of my cell  
As you make  
My days and night  
My joy and ecstasy  
You turn  
My tears into laughter  
My pains into flower  
The madness and rush  
The cacophony and chaos  
That surround me  
Melts into stillness  
I become calm  
Full, happy and content  
Like a cool, serene night.

Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak





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Bharati Nayak



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Bharati Nayak



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Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak



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Bharati Nayak



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Bharati Nayak



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Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak



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Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak

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Bharati Nayak

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