



Think

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BY

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“What is Art? It is the response of man's creative soul to the call of the Real.”

- **Rabindranath Tagore**

L-Ink or *Language Ink* is the bi-annual creative magazine of The IIS University.

Initiated and managed by the Department of English, the magazine aims to celebrate the undiscovered creative talent of the University. It includes self compositions in the form of poems, memoirs, reflections, sketches, paintings, etc. sent in by both students and faculty members. As the name suggests, *L-Ink* caters to all languages including English, Hindi, German and French.

For further queries/suggestions and contributions, please send an email at l-ink@iisuniv.ac.in.

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WINNERS OF 'TINY TALES' : MICROFICTION-WRITING COMPETITION AT COSMOS 2016

PERHAPS

I screamed, when touched.
I condemned, when assaulted.
I struggled, when raped.
My cries went unheard. *Perhaps*, I paid the price of being a
MAN.

Harshita Tewani, B.A.(Hons.) Eng. Sem. V

I

MEMORIES

“Reviving MEMORIES of her dad did not make her
cry, but not having any, did.”

Vibha Khemani, B.A. (Hons.) Psycho. Sem. I

II

TINY TALE ON THE TOPIC : PERHAPS

She screamed with ecstasy. Perhaps, she could sense the
addition to their family.
Perhaps, she was born with extraordinary senses than
eyes or ears.

Priyanshi Sankhla , B.A. (Hons.) Eco. Sem. I

III

FRIENDSHIP

It has been years so long, we
don't even met..But still today,
We carry our friendship like
holding hands together, even
distance apart..
And we continued chatting and
sharing secrets that seems we
will be there for each other even
miles ago...n go on and on..
We will be there on different
path...Holding hands together
apart...



Nandini Sharma
B.Sc. Sem. III

बेटी की हंसी खुशी से भर देती है आंगन, घर द्वार ।
बेटियां ही है हर घर की शान
नदियों के दो तीर है बेटी का संसार
आधार जीवन इस तरफ आधा है उस पर ।
बेटियां ही है हर घर की शान
इन्हें खुद अपने हाथों से बनाता है रहमान
जिस घर में बेटी नही वो घर है रंगिस्तान ।
बेटियां ही है हर घर की शान
बेटियां दो घरों को करती है रोशन
फिर भी होती है भेदभाव की शिकार
इन पर क्यों होता है ये अत्याचार ।
बेटियां ही है हर घर की शान
खुदा की तरफ से होता है ये उपहार
बेटी के रूप में जो इस धरती पर आकर होता है सवार ।
बेटियां ही है हर घर की शान
बेटियां होती है ज्ञान की भण्डार

Quitting is not the way

Giving upon your treasured things
Is like cutting off a bird's wings
Without which a bird can't flit
Quitting will only make you squall
Instead of chopping off your dreams
And tearing your life apart at seams
Just toil away and take a stab.

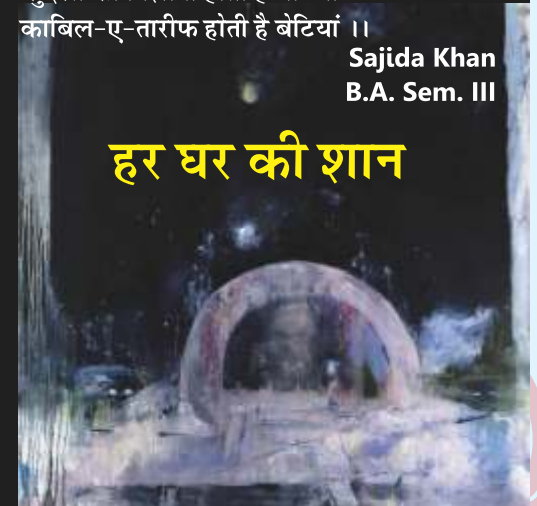
Lavanya
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. III



इनको होता है हर चीज का ज्ञान ।
बेटियां ही है हर घर की शान
कदरत की निशानी होती है बेटियां
काबिल-ए-तारीफ होती है बेटियां ॥

Sajida Khan
B.A. Sem. III

हर घर की शान



A DEADBEAT DAD

Hi Dad! It's me your little girl
When I came into your life I had hopes and dreams
But you gave me nothing but endless tears
And my dreams turned into screams
I have gone through enough traumas
Without you adding to it
I don't need you
Remember the day we split
Be responsible
And take the blame
Because it's your fault
Don't you feel ashamed?
You broke me to pieces
You've hurt me and you're out of my soul
The things you did
Have finally taken their toll
Just because you tied the knot with her
Doesn't mean I have to call you Dad
And don't blame my mother
You did this, don't pretend to be sad
I hate you
More than you'll ever understand

And don't worry
I'll never need you to hold my hand
Why are you trying now
When you've never been there?
Leave me alone
Quit trying to care!
Not being in my life is fine
I know how to deal
But if you talk ill about my mother
I'll give you enough pain to feel
It has become very easy
Because I've hated you for so long
I'm glad I don't have you
Because it has made me strong
So I hope you regret this
The misdeeds you did
You've ruined your chances
Of loving me as your kid
This gave me a lesson
To stop caring about all the things you do
You'll want to be called my father
Well, I'll never do that favour for you

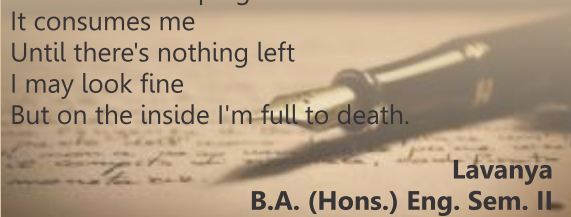
Lavanya,
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. II



CONCEALED THOUGHTS

Time stops
And stands still
Each day
Seems like a year
I'm lost
And can't be found
In the darkness
I reside
I lay dying
Empty
Hopeless
And lone
It holds me down
And won't let go
There is no escaping
It consumes me
Until there's nothing left
I may look fine
But on the inside I'm full to death.

Lavanya
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. II



SHE NEVER SPOKE

I saw her eyes
Full of tears
No! It wasn't worry or grief
Undoubtedly it was fear.
Fear that she'll loose
All that she had treasured in her life
Her dreams of being
His true love, being his wife.
She never spoke,
But her eyes did
She never cried,
But her heart did.
She wanted to say 'wait'
But felt short of words.
She wanted to capture all her dreams,
But they flew off like birds.

And he didn't even turn
To see what he had left behind,

Broken heart, ruined life
But he was absolutely fine.
And look how crazy the rose is,
She is still waiting
For the pricks to turn soft
For the cold days to turn hot
To survive only on his dreams
Even if he came or NOT



Lavanya
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. II

फिर क्युँ यह रोज़ होता है ?

बर्फ के पहाड़ों पर, धून्य से नीचे तापमान में
जमीन के नीचे, एक वर्ग गज के गड्ढे में
उस जमा देने वाली ठंड में
कुछ पानी की बूंद और सीमित रसद
पर वो जिंदा रहते हुए,
तो कहीं जला देने वाली गर्मी में
लू के असहनीय थपेड़े सहते हुए
भूखे-प्यासे पर सजग,
तो कहीं हिन्द के उफानों को चुनौती देते हुए
अटल, निर्भीक हिमालय सा, दिन रात
वो सिपाही है जो पेहरा देता है
हर परिस्थिति में, मेरे का चैनो-सुकून बरकरार रहे
वो पल-पल अपनी जान से खेलता है।
मेरे देश की आजाद हवाओं में
कोई बुरी हवा ना लग जाए सोच के वो ये
हवाओं का भी पहरा करता है
हम बनने को महान दोस्तों के बीच
देशभक्ति, राजनीति की बातें किया करते हैं।
हुई ठंड क्या थोड़ी सी दुलक रजाई में सोते है
गर्मी पड़ी नहीं कि हिल स्टेसन को चले जाते है
और तो है कि रखने को देश की प्राचीर सुरक्षित
खुद दीवार बन खड़े रहते है
तूफानों की बात ही क्या, सुनामी भी उनसे कतराती हैं

रीत आजादी की बनी रहे, भारत माँ यू ही सजी रहे
देश की हर धड़कन पे, धुन खुषियों की गूँजती रहे
मनाएँ हम अपना हर त्योहार खुषी से, इसीलिए तो वो
लगाकर दाँव पर अपनी जान, खून की होली खेलते हैं

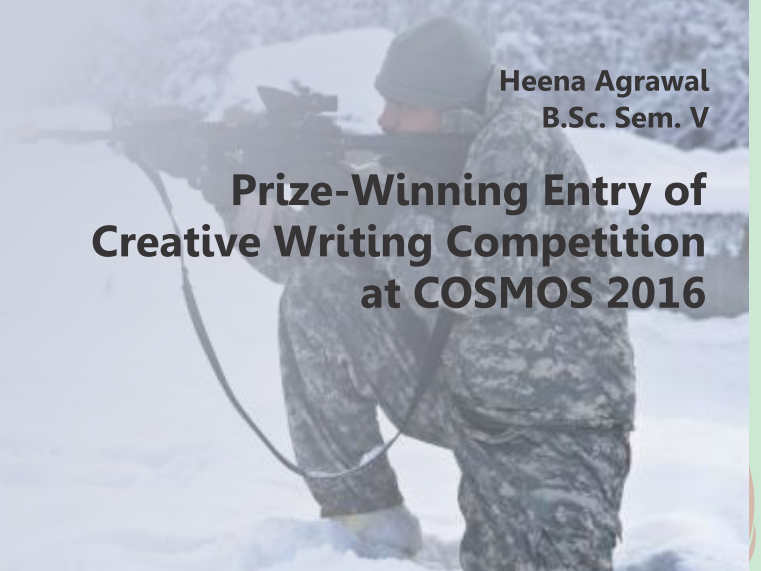
परिवार तो पर उसका भी होगा
याद तो मगर उसे भी आती होगी
बच्चे तो उसके भी अपने पापा को याद करते होंगे
षिकायत वो अपनी माँ से भी करते होंगे
पूछते होंगे कब आयेंगे पापा..... ?
क्या कहती होगी उनकी माँ..... ?
कब आयेंगे उनके पापा, आयेंगे भी या नहीं
पर वो दृढ़व्रती सिपाही, सब रिशतों को तोड़कर,
सब सुखों को त्यागकर बस
भारत माँ के बेटे होने का फर्ज निभाता है

पर क्या बस वो ही है भारत माँ की संतान
षायद उनके जितने बहादुर नहीं,
पर इतना तो हम कर ही सकते है
उन सैनिकों का सम्मान,
उनके परिवारों का ध्यान जरा सा ही सही
कि उनकी झोली में भी खुषियाँ हो
वो तो ना कहेंगे कुछ,
वो ना माँगेंगे कुछ
कभी कुछ पूछेंगे भी नहीं
हर वक्त जान हथेली पर रखकर
यमराज से हर वक्त आँख मिचौली सी करते हुए
हमारी रक्षा करते रहेंगे
और बह जाएगा जब आखिरी कतरा खून का
आँखिरी साँस भी खत्म हो जाएगी
चले जाएंगे कहकर अलविदा और वंदे मातरम्

पर एक सवाल रहेगा हमेषा.....
जब अन्तर्देशीय व्यापार होता है
अन्तर्देशीय समझौते होते हैं
अन्तर्देशीय आवागमन होता है
अन्तर्देशीय संचार होता है
और जब 'वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्' का इतना प्रचार होता है
तो फिर क्युँ सीमा पर यह खून खराबा हर रोज़ होता है ?

Heena Agrawal
B.Sc. Sem. V

Prize-Winning Entry of
Creative Writing Competition
at COSMOS 2016



इस देश का है असली नागरिक वहीं,
जिसने हमेशा यहीं बात कहीं,
'मुझे दुःख दे लो जितना देना है तुम्हें,
पर मेरी माँ को कभी कुछ कहना नहीं।।'
वीरों में वीर वहीं है,
जिसके लिए सबको सुरक्षित रखना ही सही है।
जान की परवाह किए बिना,
सीखा है उसने बिना डर के जीना।।
अपने देश के सिवा ना कुछ देखा है उसने,
क्या कुछ त्यागता है वो ना सोचा कभी किसी ने,
हर आम आदमी के लिए नींद गवाई उसने,
हमारे लिए अपनी भूख मिटाई उसने,
क्या जरूरत भी उसको,
आखिर उसे कहा है किसने?
अपने दिल से वो खड़ा हुआ है,
उसकी तमन्ना ने उसे जगाया है,
हिम्मत दी उसके जिगर ने,
कुछ कर दिखाने की इस जन्म में।।
रात भर बॉर्डर पर खड़े रहना, नहीं है आसान,
पर इन नौजवानों की वजह से ही है हमारा देश
महान।
ऐसे लाखों वीर हैं जिनके हम पर उपकार है
जिन्होंने हमें बहुत कुछ सिखाया है
खुद की जान गवाकर हमें हमेशा बचाया है,
अपने बच्चों को रूलाकर,
हमें हमेशा हँसाया है
अपनी माँ को अकेला छोड़कर,

हमें सहारा दिया है,
अपना घर उजाड़ कर,
हमारे घरों को बसाया है
अपने दिल को रोककर,
हमारे दिलों को धड़कन दी जिसने,
हमारे देश को सम्मान दिलाया उसने,
पर कभी नहीं सहलाया उसको किसी ने,
इज्जत का हकदार है वो,
करता है हमारी इफाजत जो,
पर फुरसत नहीं है उसके लिए उनको ही,
जिनकी दे दिया उसने अपना सारा वक्त ही।।
अपनों की परवाह ना कर,
गैरों की इफाजत करता रहा,
वहाँ-वहाँ भटका वो,
खतरा है जहाँ-जहाँ।।
कभी कुछ फरियाद नहीं की किसी से,
खुषी मिलती रही उसको उसी से।
कभी तन्हा, तो कभी भीड़ में रहा,
कभी भूखा, तो कभी प्यासा चलता गया,
कभी मन में ना आया, ये किसके लिए?
बस यहीं सोचा, जीना है मुझे मेरे देश के लिए।।
ना अंधेरे से डरा, ना खतरों से,
ना काँटों से हटा, ना पत्थरों से,
खून को पानी की तरह बहाता गया,
समने जो भी कठिनाई आई चुपचाप सहता गया।
खाने की जगह गोली खा,
वो खून की होली खेलता रहा

हमारे देश को बचाने के लिए,
ना जाने क्या कुछ कुरबान करता गया।
आखिरी साँस तक लड़ता रहा,
एक दिन लड़ता-लड़ता,
वो खुदा की गोद में सो गया।
उस धरती में समा गया,
जिसे वो माँ मानता रहा,
अंतिम पलों में अपनी आँखें बंद कर,
अपनों के लिए एक प्यारी सी मुस्कुराहट छोड़ गया
जाता-जाता वो हम सब के लिए एक मिसाल बन
गया।।

उसकी हिम्मत की दात जमाना देगा,
आज उसके लिए उसका परिवार भी खुश होगा,
क्योंकि मरते तो सब है एक ना एक दिन,
पर वो षहीद हुआ है अपना सीना चीर।।
एक सिपाही का जीवन है 'खतरों की डगर'
पर फिर भी चुनता है वो इसे ही मगर,
अपनी खुशियों की बली चढ़ाकर,
वो देता है हमें सुखों का सागर।।
किया जो भी उसने हमारे लिए, उसके बाद
करते है हम उसका धन्यवाद,
छोड़ी है उसने जो हमारे लिए नींद
उसको सलामी देते है हम, 'जय हिन्द'।।

।। जय हिन्द, जय भारत ।।

Anchal Phutela
B.Sc. Sem. III

Prize-Winning Entry of
Creative Writing Competition
at COSMOS 2016

फौज-खतरों की डगर

एक फ़ौजी का पैगाम

जिसके आने की आस से रोज दरवाजा ताकती है,
माँग में सिद्धूर भरकर उसकी सलामती की दुआ माँगती है,
उस अर्धांगिनी से कह दो, सरहद पर खड़ा हूँ मैं,
उसकी खनकती चूड़ियों की आवाज फिर से सुनने की आस लेकर!

जिसकी याद में एक थाल में अलग से रोटी डालती है,
जिसके बचपन के कपड़ों को रोजाना निहारती है,
उस माँ से कह दो, कि आऊँगा मैं,
उसकी गोद में फिर से जीने की आस लेकर!

दरवाजे पर टकटकी बाँधे खड़े है जो बाबा,
अपने सीने को गर्व से भरकर खड़े है जो बाबा,
उस भगवान से कह दो कि उनकी आन को झुकने ना दूँ मैं
आऊँगा उनकी ऊँगली फिर से थामकर चलने की आस लेकर!

हाथों में राखी लेकर हर साल जो आस लगाए बैठी है,
अपने दर्द के किस्सों को दिल में दबाए बैठी है,
उस बहन से कह दो कि आखिरी साँस तक,
हर बहन की राखी का कर्ज चुकाऊँगा!

सीने में याद, आँखों में विष्वास और हाथ में हथियार लिए,
सरहद पर खड़ा हूँ।
मैं एक फौजी हूँ, भारत माँ का कर्ज चुकाऊँगा!

मेरे खून का आखिरी कतरा भी लड़कर बहेगा,
अपनी कुर्बानी से देश की माटी सजाऊँगा,
मैं एक फौजी हूँ, माटी के कण-कण में सजाऊँगा!

ना आ सँकू मैं लौटकर तो गम न करना
मैं एक फौजी हूँ गर्व की अर्थी पर जाऊँगा!

Aakanksha Vats
B.Sc. Sem. III

THE NEW BELIEVER

No time to count,
All the blessings she got for free,
But all the time to grieve,
On her unfulfilled dreams.

It became a habit to cry for no reason,
When there were all reasons to smile.
Sorrow saw neither day nor season,
And I walked with it many miles.

Almost after two decades,
On the journey to sorrow's permanent cure,
She met a soul so pure,
Her eyes sparkled and all else seemed fade.

The griever asked her, "Where did you get this sparkle?",
She smiled and replied, "I made it"
Griever surprised and asked, "How did you make it?"
"Come with me and find out", she said.

She went with her in hopes to find,
The happiness, one of a kind.
The traveler smiled the whole way,
She smiled at the flowers even at the dry hay.

The griever saw her reasonless smile,
And also gave it a try,
She smiled at the birds, the sky and the sea,
No more she needed a reason to smile.

She was free of her sorrowful thinking,
She turned back to thank the traveler,
But the only thing she saw was endless happiness,
Died the griever, alive the new believer.

Shraboni Datta
B.A. (Hons.) Eng. Sem. II

Prize-Winning Entry of
Creative Writing Competition
at COSMOS 2016

STARES

Getting ready for an outing was her favourite part of the weekend for which she waited eagerly throughout the week. On Sunday, she decided to go for shopping along with her parents and sister. She decided to wear her favourite red dress with black sandles. She loved to put on make-up on her face; mascara, eyeliner, lipstick.

The market was very near to their house, so they decided to walk rather than taking the car. However, the excitement and joy in her was gradually giving way to fear and anger in her, for she knew that the same thing will be repeated. She knew that she will be the target of suspicious stares of the bystanders. She never understood why was she welcomed in such a way whenever she went out. Was there something odd in her? Was she different from the others? She looked at her parents with eyes searching for answers, they returned back with smiles that were comforting. When she looked around, she saw the looks of people following her, like shadow in the sun. She felt as if her soul was being ripped apart by bullets. There was an envious ache.

Flashback

She was excellent in everything, be it academics, sports, extra curricular or current affairs. She was gifted with a melodious voice, like that of a nightingale; intoxicating. Table tennis was her favourite sport. She participated in various inter-school competitions and brought laurels to the school. She used to be all by herself. She did not like to ask for help from anyone, even her parents. She preferred to do things by herself. This was all made possible by her best friend, the one who had been with her forever, the one who never left her alone no matter what the situation is. It was her wheelchair.

Kavya Mukhija
B.A. (Hons.) Psycho. Sem. I

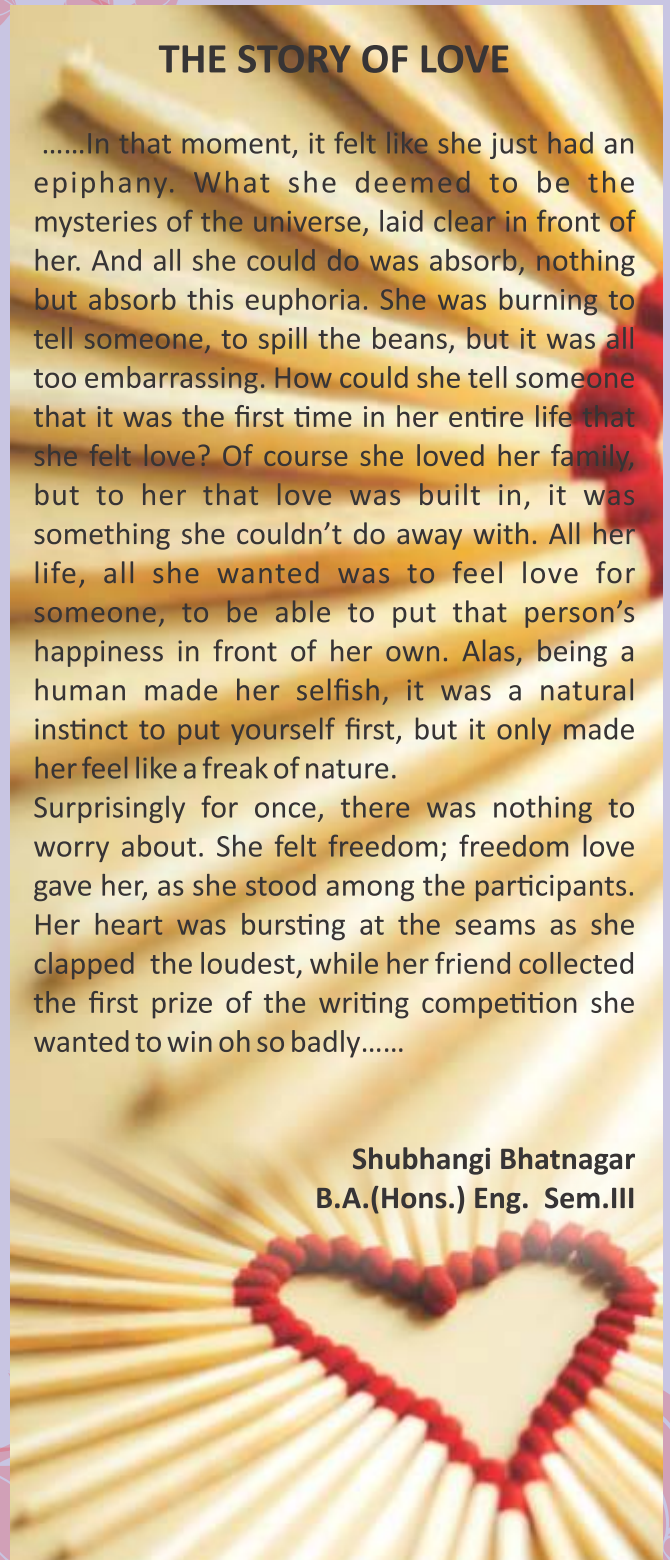


THE STORY OF LOVE

.....In that moment, it felt like she just had an epiphany. What she deemed to be the mysteries of the universe, laid clear in front of her. And all she could do was absorb, nothing but absorb this euphoria. She was burning to tell someone, to spill the beans, but it was all too embarrassing. How could she tell someone that it was the first time in her entire life that she felt love? Of course she loved her family, but to her that love was built in, it was something she couldn't do away with. All her life, all she wanted was to feel love for someone, to be able to put that person's happiness in front of her own. Alas, being a human made her selfish, it was a natural instinct to put yourself first, but it only made her feel like a freak of nature.

Surprisingly for once, there was nothing to worry about. She felt freedom; freedom love gave her, as she stood among the participants. Her heart was bursting at the seams as she clapped the loudest, while her friend collected the first prize of the writing competition she wanted to win oh so badly.....

Shubhangi Bhatnagar
B.A.(Hons.) Eng. Sem.III



WAS LOVE A MISTAKE?

Their eyes met, hands touched
A shiver ran through their bodies-
Not of fear or anxiety, but of love and affection,
Never experienced before.
They met, they talked,
They laughed, they cried.
They felt a different feeling,
A bit of happiness, a bit of fear,
A bit of excitement and, may be, shyness too?
They didn't know what it was. May be love?
Had they fallen in love? Or was it just a scary little
dream again?
They met again, this time very shy.
They decided to say what they were feeling.
They started, but words didn't come out.
'Why was it so hard, when it seemed so easy?'
they thought.
Why were the words not coming out?
Why did their throats feel parched as if deprived
of water for years?
Why was their stomach growling? Why was it so
excited?
Why were they sweating?
The surrounding felt different, as if the birds were
singing in the November sky, as if the Sun and the
clouds were playing hide and seek up there,
Everything seemed much happier,

Even that falling leaf from the maple tree,
seemed to dance while falling before it touched
the ground.
They tried hard again to let it out for once and for
all,
The three magical words were very stubborn but
they came out in something which was barely a
whisper,
Unable to control their happiness they hugged
each other and kissed,
As if there was no tomorrow, as if they were not
going to see each other ever,
They pulled back.
Aflame with the depth of their emotions,
The forbidden fruit, that rejected dream,
They found no way through, no support for what
was their heartiest wish.
Time, once friend, now played truant
What fights were fought, voices run hoarse
But at long last, ego won and true love lost.
And Luke and Albert, lived happily ever after. In
heaven.

Kavya Mukhija
B.A. (Hons.) Psycho. Sem. I

Innocence

I see you standing there
Silent in the fury of foaming waters
Gazing out at the hues of pink
Melting into a ribbon of blue.
Not many come this way
As you do;
Stepping lightly onto grains of history
Submerged in the rushing tides.
Seasons don't seem to hinder
Your barefoot negligence
But life birthed among the sands
Halts even your elfin tread.
I watch as you find your perch
On my first cousin,
Grey and cold; so unlike
Your rose-blushed youth.
Your gaze, verdant as the seas
In the shallows; widens
As you stand under the open heavens
Laden with clouds and stars alike.
I wish I was more weathered
Or less; So indiscriminating gravity
Could pull me ahead and on
To join you in your serious play.
Instead, here I remain
Observant as the ages
While you bathe the sea-kissed shifting sands
In the blessing of your sparkling laughter.

Priyanka Ruth Prim
Faculty Member, Dept. of English



SWAN-LIKE SOUL OF THE ARTIST

To which we conform is for us to bare, isolate
and hone; 'Tis our duty
A most sincere journey in discovery, says the
great master Shakespeare
All the rest that we are not, whatever else we
are, for that we are not here
The process for the growth of all and sundry is
scripted in gay abandon

Wit is which what discovers partial likeness in
general diversity
Subtlety, which discovers the diversity in
general apparent sameness
And profundity, which discovers an essential
unity under all semblances

Of difference – Give to a subtle man fancy, and
he is a wit; to a deep
Man, -- imagination, and he is a philosopher.
Add, again, pleasurable sensibility in the
threefold fold of sympathy
With the interesting in morals, the impressive
in form, and the harmonious
In sound, -- and you have the poet

But combine all, -- wit, subtlety, and fancy,
with profundity,

Imagination and moral and physical
susceptibility of the pleasurable
And let the object be man universal; and we
shall have -- O rash prophesy!
Say, rather we have - a Shakespeare - hurray!
The swan-like solitary soul of the artist in full
sway.

Bhaskar Banerjee
Faculty Member, Dept. of English

MYSTIC MUSIC DIVINE

Alongside a grove of Norfolk Island
pine

Grows a solitary rosebush steady and fine
Delicate liana creeper clings with an unrelated
Oak trunk; weren't they friends or lovers long-lost,
reunited!

Vast Himalayan mountain range overcast, lies waste
The endless bounds of the Great Saharan ... chaste
Hide in its folds

Enormous reserves of coal that's turned into
diamonds,
And its golds

Wide as the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea
Envelops almost the whole of North Africa
No restructuring ideals or efforts can ever reach us
To that highest ideal of Perestroika
Where wilderness - barren and craggy - reefs running
parallel

Dot the oceans - corals and cactuses - dance adorned
in God's apparel

Prose is plain; rose is divine, sun in incline and in
decline

Everything like poetry, can take flights in departure
Without loss of elegance or grace, its characteristic
structure

What beauty when nothing's utilitarian and
everything's harmony!

All's perfect beyond perfection! Nothing's logical. All's
pure symphony!

The Master's flawless ... His Laws may sound so out of
tune and out of sync

Yet the lively verse of the music celestial is ne'er
written on paper and ink.

Bhaskar Banerjee

Faculty Member
Dept. of English



HAPPINESS IS A CHOICE

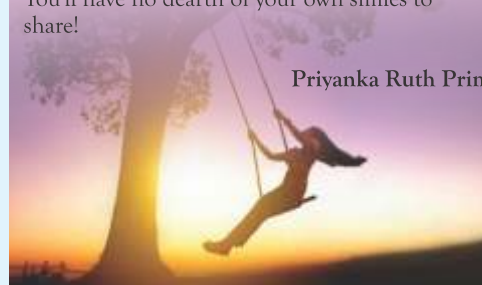
It's so simple to share a smile
Just look at a body and curl your lips
Let something warm spark in your eyes
And watch the other soften 'round the edges.

The days are perfect for that sort of thing
A time for meeting, with arms open wide
Spread hugs and kisses, let clear laughter ring
Welcome their efforts with another of thine.

Hear a baby laugh at the antics of her dog
No sound of cheer with more abandon you'll find
Lift your hearts free from life's daily fog
Live in the moments that surround your life.

No heart is alone, no matter how lonely
There's always a giver around the corner
somewhere
If you let your inner world be warm and sunny
You'll have no dearth of your own smiles to
share!

Priyanka Ruth Prim



छोड़े जा रही हूँ

मेरे कदम रुक जाते हैं ...दहलीज़ पर ...

इसे लांघ कर कोरा कागज़ है आगे ...

या कोरा दिखता है ? लिखा है सब ...

मेरी मुस्कुराहटें और आहें ... मेरे आंसू और

खुशियाँ ...

इन कोरे पन्नो में लिखी है किस्मत ...

छोड़े जा रही हूँ सर्वस्व ..अपनी पहचान ...

छोड़े जा रही हूँ ...

इस आँगन में अपने नन्हे कदमों की आहट ...

वो रटी हुई पहली अंग्रेज़ी कविता के शब्द ...

बाबुल की गोदी, माँ के आँचल में छुपे मेरे सपने

...

भैया के हाथों में अप्रत्यक्ष राखी के धागे ...

छोड़े जा रही हूँ ...

Waiting

I wait
Patiently
There is no hurry
I do not look at my watch
I wait
She holds my hand
Clammy and cold
Dry skin flaking
Nails blackening
Once
Beautiful painted pink
I wait
I read aloud
Looking down
The sunken eyes
Hungry and in pain
Once
Smiling Kohl lined
I wait
It seeps through
The smell
Of decay of self
Once
Lilies bloomed
I wait
I wait for her to go
To be free from pain
And
For me to be free
From her pain
From the waiting
What does she wait for ?

Dr. Anita Hada Sangwan
Faculty Member, Dept. of English

दीवार पर लगी पहले स्कूल के दिन की तस्वीर

...

और अलमारी से झांकती वो खेल की ट्राफी ...

पीपल के पेड़ की टहनी से झूलता टूटा झूला ...

और रसोई में बनी वो पहली रोटी की याद ...

छोड़े जा रही हूँ ...

आँगन के कोने कोने में हंसी छुपी है मेरी ...

झारोंखे की सलांखों में दबे है कई आँसू ...

चौखट में मिटी हुई कई रंगोली हैं मेरी ...

और बुझे हुए कई दीपक के तेल के निशाँ ...

छोड़े जा रही हूँ ...

छोड़े जा रही हूँ सर्वस्व ..अपनी पहचान ...

मेरे कदम रुक जाते हैं ...दहलीज़ पर ...

Dr. Anita Hada Sangwan
Faculty Member, Dept. of English



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