

Section III

Questioning

खंड III

प्रतिक्रिया

श्रीकृष्ण

मोहिनी सिंह

मॉरल साइंस की किताब में
झाठी कहानियाँ होती हैं
ये मुझे मॉरल साइंस पढ़ने के
पहले से पता था।
विज्ञान के एक्सपरिमेंट का रिजल्ट मुझे
करने से पहले से पता था
पहले से जानती थी मैं कि इतिहास में
किसे महान लिखना है
और देशों राज्यों धर्मों का अस्तित्व
सब कुछ अंदर गढ़ा जा चुका था
और जानते थे ये सब मेरे साथ के तमाम बच्चे।
पर हमें अनजान बने रहना था
अपनी जानकारी से।
इसलिए हमें दी गई
नई ज़िल्द में पुरानी बातें
हम चकित होते रहे
सामान्य बातों पर
और रहे सामान्य
चकित होने वाली चीज़ों पर।
सरल को जटिल कर सुलझाते रहे
और जटिल को सरलता से नकार गए।
चंद चीज़ों को कई वर्षों तक दुहराते रहे
नामों, तारीखों, अंकों, घटनाओं की
फ़ेहरिस्त बढ़ाते रहे
कुछ नया सीखने को बच्चे
स्कूल जाते रहे।



मोहिनी सिंह गार्गी महाविद्यालय में वनस्पति विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष कि छात्रा हैं।

She of the 21st

————— Meenakshi Shukla ————

She had wiped her face by then. It looked as if the salt from the tears had left their trail behind on her still pale cheeks. She felt there, for a moment, as if she was living in the pre-Industrial era of England, about which she had familiarised herself through a dozen Victorian Novels and even more vividly so by their movie adaptations.

The ten minutes, she stood staring at her hopeful mirror, seemed more than dreary. The mirror that had been her closest ally, even more than her closest human friends, today reflected no glint of hope, not even as much as a sand grain of allowing her the feeling that things will eventually be okay.

In those minutes, while she tried to register what had happened, she was even more confused about why it had happened.

It wasn't the first time that her parents had declined permission regarding something but the arguments substantiating their decline had shaken her to the core. It cannot be said if her parents had any idea of the gravity of their decision. All she had wanted was to become an entrepreneur. A successful one at that!

And such a wish should not come as a surprise if one is living in the twenty first century, at least two hundred years ahead of the Victorian era, if one does want to calculate! She knew it had always been a little difficult to make case with her parents. But she also knew that there were people out there in the same society who had respected the idea of equality —of having an equal chance of crafting one's own future. She was struggling in coming to terms with the question that why had she devoted eighteen years of her life in getting 'educated' at all. Why had her parents not tried to get into her shoes for once and at the least make an attempt at weighing her dreams? She kept asking herself if she was even nearly right in assuming that her parents were there for her no matter what. But then she also knew subconsciously that it was the feeling of dejection that was making her demean her own parents in her mind.

But it had all come to this significant number '23'. The two digits had now begun to seem to her as her gravest enemies. This number had suddenly nullified all her talents, her potentials and her intellect that she had diligently given nearly all her life, since birth till then, to acquire. Not just to acquire but to ace it. The number had unexpectedly bestowed upon her the aspect of her eligibility for marriage. One thing she wanted to be free from, as long as her dearest passions had not taken the form of reality. She wasn't one of those idealists when it came to dreaming. Nor did she ever take interest when she was told the bedtime fairy tales. All that, she felt was too easy to believe in. And so she had not dreamt but envisioned. Not just something for the 'self' but for the 'others'. To do service for others through her ideas.

But then all that now seemed to actually have been transformed into a dream. She was beginning to reminisce those days when she had vigorously fought her cases, well literally college debate competitions, assuming herself to be the official representative of her sex. No wonder she had won every case. But it didn't matter now since she was losing the case that decided her life. She suddenly felt that urge of hypocrisy at the end of her parents, her relatives, all those people who seemed to have been the proponents of equality but were really the lawyers of society who had taken the ropes of others' destiny in their hands. No questions asked.

She had always believed in the equality of sexes in terms of equality of opportunities in one's life. She had been allowed to educate herself and there was no way she was going let it all go down the drain. Ten minutes and one second later, she stepped out. Though she had gone in with a rush of breaking down tears, weak in the legs; she had come back even stronger than before. She was ever determined to fight her battle. She remembered all those Wollstonecrafts and Wool's and regained her spirit, the energy she was wavering in till then since it was not for these two digits that she had studied about all those empowering and decisive revolutions and movements. She once again felt as if she had been destined to be the appointed leader by all those revolutionaries to take this battle into her hands. And it seemed a little paradoxical that in the century where technology has virtually taken over the humans and cultures have adopted new features but the one thing that people are still not ready to let enter into themselves is equality in the mind. Well, if people hadn't till now, she thought, there was no harm if she be the one to bring that one revolution?

And so...she wiped those cheeks clean, drank a glass of water setting down all those grains of uncertainties that had risen up alarmingly, shut the door of her room and began joining her broken words into expressions for the upcoming battle...



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परतंत्र लोकतंत्र

मोहिनी सिंह

मुझे मालूम है कि तुम 'बहुमत' में हो
लेकिन सिर्फ इसलिए क्योंकि तुम 'बहुमत' खड़ा कर सकते हो
तुम लोगों को झूठ यकीन न दिला पाए हो, न दिला पाओगे
ज्यादा से ज्यादा तुम सच को छिपा सकते हो
तुम्हारे पीछे खड़े होने वाले लोग
तुम्हारे विशालकाय ढाँचे के पीछे दबे लोग
जिनकी नज़रों की मजबूरी तुम्हारी काली पीठ है
वे लोग तुम्हारे साथी नहीं
तुम्हारे नारों पे उठने वाले हाथ
एक भरी पूरी इंसानियत के हाथ नहीं
वे हाथ हैं मजबूरी के
वे हाथ हैं अंधकार के
तुम्हारे पास है लाखों की फौज
जिनके पास हाथ हैं, हथियार हैं
जो उठेंगे तुम्हारी आवाज़ पर
लेकिन उनके पास आँखें नहीं
और इसलिए मुझे तुमसे डर नहीं लगता
क्योंकि मुझे पता है-
कि तुम्हारे पीछे खड़े लोग सब मेरे ही लोग हैं
मुझे गिराना है बस एक काली पीठ वाला विशाल शरीर
और फिर मेरे सामने खड़े सब लोग मेरे ही लोग हैं
मुझे पता है
कि तुम्हारे नारों पर उठने वाले हाथ इंसानों के हैं
मुझे खोलनी हैं बस सोने की हथकड़ियाँ
और फिर आज्ञाद होने वाला इंसान इंसानियत के हक्क में है

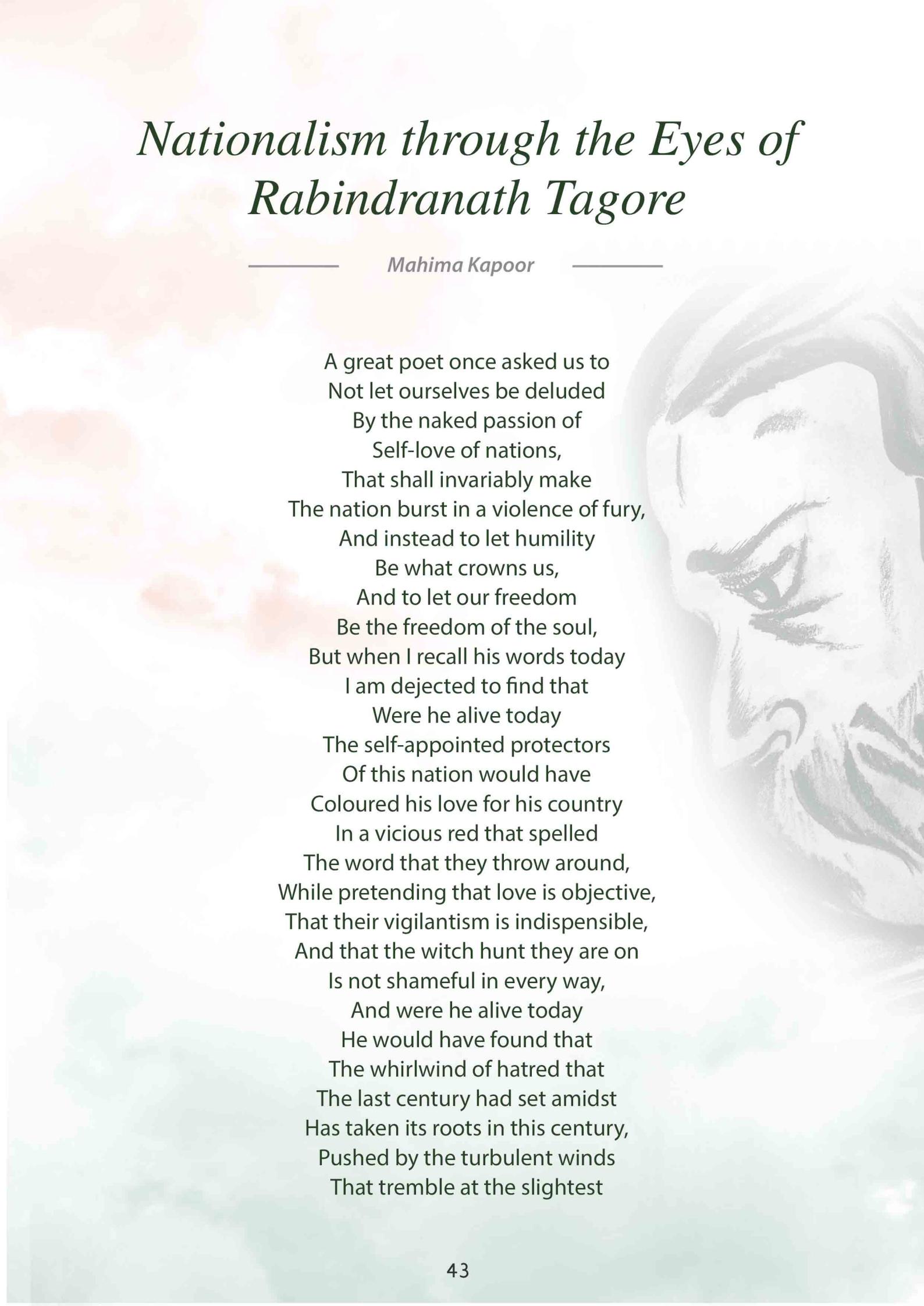
मुझे मालूम है
 कि एक अंधी फौज के हाथ और हथियार
 हुक्मरानों की तबाही की ही वजह बनेगे
 मुझे देनी है बस उन्हें इंसाफ की एक अदद रोशन नज़र
 और इसीलिए मुझे इस बहुमत से डर नहीं लगता
 क्योंकि मैं इनकार करती हूँ मशीनों के मतों की गिनती से
 क्योंकि मैं खारिज करती हूँ शुलामों का लोकतंत्र
 क्योंकि मुझमें इंसानियत के जागने की उम्मीद बाकी है
 क्योंकि मुझे तलाश है उस चाभी कि जो खोलेगी बंद दिमाग
 क्योंकि मेरा अकेले होना मेरा रास्ता नहीं रोकता
 क्योंकि तुम्हारे लोग भी दरअसल मेरे ही हैं !
 और मुझे पता है
 कि तुम्हें भी यह पता है।
 मुझे पता है कि
 मेरी उम्मीद से
 मेरी कोशिश से
 मेरी तलाश से
 तुम्हें डर लगता है।



मोहिनी सिंह गार्ड महाविद्यालय में वनस्पति विज्ञान, तृतीय वर्ष की छात्रा हैं।

Nationalism through the Eyes of Rabindranath Tagore

— Mahima Kapoor —



A great poet once asked us to
Not let ourselves be deluded
By the naked passion of
Self-love of nations,
That shall invariably make
The nation burst in a violence of fury,
And instead to let humility
Be what crowns us,
And to let our freedom
Be the freedom of the soul,
But when I recall his words today
I am dejected to find that
Were he alive today
The self-appointed protectors
Of this nation would have
Coloured his love for his country
In a vicious red that spelled
The word that they throw around,
While pretending that love is objective,
That their vigilanism is indispensable,
And that the witch hunt they are on
Is not shameful in every way,
And were he alive today
He would have found that
The whirlwind of hatred that
The last century had set amidst
Has taken its roots in this century,
Pushed by the turbulent winds
That tremble at the slightest

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प्रहरी

प्रसू जैन

आप प्रहरी हैं देश के जो निडर होकर खड़े रहते हैं
हिमालय की रक्षा में
जब सारा देश काँप रहा होता है ठण्ड से
तब भी आपके बंदूक लिए हाथ कांपते नहीं हैं सियाचीन की वादियों में,
सागर की तेज़ लहरें भी आपको हैरान नहीं करती
राजस्थान के मरुस्थल से पंजाब के पठानकोट तक
अरब सागर से लेकर गंगा के घाट तक
बॉर्डर वाले कंटीले तारों से लेकर सिहंस्थ के अखाड़े तक
इलाहबाद के संगम से लेकर चेरापूंजी के वनों तक
सबकी रक्षा का भार आप पर होता है
और जब कभी आप लौटते हैं अपने घर, छुट्टी लेकर
अपने उस छोटे से बच्चे को थोड़ा लाड़ दुलार करने
तभी आपके वापिस जाने का सन्देश आ जाता है
क्योंकि आप तो 'वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम' को आत्मसाथ कर चुके हैं अपने हृदय में
सारा देश ही आपके लिए परिवार है
सरे देश की रक्षा को आपने अपना धर्म मान लिया है
आपके पिता अपने आंसुओं को पलकों पे ही रोककर आपको वापिस जाने से रोकना चाहते हैं
लेकिन वो रोकते नहीं हैं
वह अपने आपको गर्वित महसूस करते हैं
आपकी माँ अपने आँसू रोक नहीं पाती
आप उसे गले से लगाकर जल्दी आने का वादा करते हैं
और कहते हैं की इस बार संक्रांति की लड्डू खाकर नहीं जा रहा अगली बार अवश्य खाऊंगा,
कोई और भी है जो भीतर कमरे की खिड़की से आपको देख रही है,
उसकी आँखों का काजल आँसुओं से गीला हो चुका है,
वो आपके सीने से लिपटकर रोना चाहती है,

लेकिन रो नहीं पाती,
आपका दोस्त आपको बस तक छोड़ने आ गया है,
आप आखिरी बार घर की तरफ देखते हैं,
अपने बच्चे के माथे पर बोसा देते हैं,
माँ का अब भी रो रोकर बुरा हाल है,
पिताजी आँसुओं को अब भी रोके हुए हैं,
आप उस खिड़की की तरफ देखते हैं,
और उन आँखों को भी दिलासा देते हैं वापिस लौट आने की,
और कुछ दिनों बाद दुश्मनों से लड़ते-लड़ते
आपके शहीद होने की खबर आती है,
लेकिन अब आपके घर में मातम नहीं मनाया जाता,
आपकी पत्नी ने बच्चे को सेना में भेजने की तैयारी शुरू कर दी है,
और वो खिड़की कभी बंद नहीं होती...



ਕਣੌ

ਵਿਸ਼ੇਸ਼ ਚੰਦ੍ਰ 'ਨਮਨ'

ਆਜਾਦੀ ਕੀ ਯੇ ਜਧਾਂ ਬਾਰ-ਬਾਰ ਆਏਗੀ,
ਦੇਸ਼ ਕੀ ਸ਼ਵਤੰਤਰਤਾ ਕੋ ਬਾਰ-ਬਾਰ ਗਾਏਗੀ;
ਦੋ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਕੇ ਲਿਏ ਸ਼ਹੀਦਾਂ ਕੀ ਜਧ ਗਾਏਂਗੇ,
ਦੋ ਦਿਨਾਂ ਕੇ ਬਾਦ ਤਨ੍ਹੇ ਫਿਰ ਸੇ ਭੂਲ ਜਾਏਂਗੇ ।

ਚੌਕ ਚੌਰਾਹੋਂ ਪਰ ਦੇਸ਼ਭਕਤਿ ਧੁਨ ਬਾਜੇਂਗੇ
ਅਗਲੇ ਦਿਨ ਤਸੀ ਜਗਹ, ਡਿਸਕੋ-ਡੀਜੇ ਚਲੇਂਗੇ,
ਗਾਁਵ ਸ਼ਹਰ ਸਾਰੇ ਤਿਰਗੋਂ ਸੇ ਪਟ ਜਾਏਂਗੇ,
ਅਗਲੇ ਪਲ ਕੇ ਝੰਡੇ ਸਫ਼ਕ ਪਰ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਆਏਂਗੇ ।

ਦੇਸ਼ ਕੀ ਦੁਰਦੱਸ਼ਾ ਪੇ ਕਿਧੋਂ ਨ ਕੋਈ ਬੋਲਤਾ ਹੈ,
ਕਿਆ ਕਿਸੀ ਕੇ ਰਗੋਂ ਮੌਖਿਕ ਨਹੀਂ ਖੌਲਤਾ ਹੈ ?
ਛੋਟੇ-ਛੋਟੇ ਮੁਦ੍ਦੋਂ ਪਰ ਬਡੇ ਬਧਾਨ ਆਏਂਗੇ,
ਦੇਸ਼ ਕੇ ਸਵਾਲ ਪਰ ਮੌਨੀ ਬਾਬਾ ਬਨ ਜਾਏਂਗੇ ।

ਆਜ ਜ਼ਰੂਰੀ ਰਾਸ਼ਟ੍ਰ ਕੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਕੋਈ ਕਿਧੋਂ ਕਰੇ,
ਜੋ ਮਰ ਰਹਾ ਹੈ ਭੂਖ ਸੇ ਕੋ ਵੈਸੇ ਭੂਖਾ ਹੀ ਮਰੇ,
ਆਜ ਜੋ ਲੂਟੇਰਾ ਹੈ ਵਹੀ ਬਨਾ ਮਹਾਨ ਹੈ;
ਤੁਮ ਢੂਢਤੇ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋ ! ਕਹਾਂ ਇੱਸਾਨ ਹੈ ?



ਵਿਸ਼ੇਸ਼ ਏਸਜ਼ੀਟੀਬੀ ਖਾਲਸਾ ਕਾਲੇਜ ਮੇਂ ਗਣਿਤ ਕੇ ਛਾਤ੍ਰ ਹਨੋਂ ।

हिमत

कार्तिकेय अशोक

जब कभी तुम उदास हो
अपनों के ना पास हो
एक पल भूल के सारे दर्द
ये पंक्तियाँ बने तुम्हारा हमदर्द
हार मानने से पहले
पूछना खुद आप से
क्यों शुरू किया था ये सब
और क्या चाहते हो आज से
बिना संघर्ष वीरों का
निर्माण नहीं होता
और बिन हथौड़े की चोट से
कोई पत्थर भगवान नहीं होता
तुम बनो साहसी रण चंडी
रानी लक्ष्मी की शमशीर अमर
ले कर आशीष बल ईश्वर का
लो बन गयी तुम ज्वाला तेज प्रखर
तुम्हें न रुकना न थकना है
शिखर की ओर ही बढ़ना है
स्थिर विराट गिरि पर चढ़ना
संकल्पों का है मान रखना
है जिगर दुनिया देखने का
तो ऊँचाई पर जाना होगा
विजयी तिरंगा फहरा के ही
घर वापस आना होगा ।



कार्तिकेय अशोक पी.जी.डी.ए.वी कॉलेज में बीकॉम विशेष (तृतीय) वर्ष के छात्र हैं।

She had no clue what it meant !

————— Meenakshi Shukla ————

She didn't really know how to respond to that question. It seemed to her that it was probably one of her late-night-lethargy-induced dreams. Since she hadn't ever really felt the sentiments attached to words like ' India', ' National Anthem', ' patriotism'. Or rather she never took it as grave a thought to contemplate upon as the others surrounding her did. And so when the boy, literally a stranger, had thrust that question in her face , she actually began to think...

"Are you not proud of your country? Our men fight and defend our country with such immense patriotism. I'm glad I took birth in this multicultural country! " The words had found resonance in the tunnel of the brain. More than two decades had passed since she came to breathe on this planet, and she had never thought if she was really proud of this country she was citizen of. The credit must largely be given to her lack of interest in 'social studies' since school took control over her thoughts. But she had a fair amount of respect for all the war heroines and heroes, and the common people who felt empowered enough by their leaders' motivation to participate in the battles of this country. But the word ' proud' just hit her...hit her mind...made her nerves uneasy...and for the first time she really began to reflect on this mysteriousness associated with 'freedom and pride'.

She decided to study her life in an attempt to figure out the answers. She remembered that in her journey to acquire education, throughout school, almost every day she stood up while the national anthem was sung. And it suddenly struck her that this had now turned into a habit as much as the involuntary blinking of the eyes. That every time the anthem was heard by her ears, it seemed as if the brain was sent a command to make her body stand up. And hence, there was a two minutes involuntary peace in life.

But there was this other aspect, rather aspects, that had deeply engraved themselves upon her since birth.

Even though India had got independence in '47, she still felt that it was cuffed in chains. The chains of colonisation of the minds. The chains of perverted and stagnant views about society, its formation and its functioning. But that's just an erudite way to put it because in her ever-struggling mind, she always felt an outsider , the ' other '...the partially existing. Battles might have been fought and won, but she felt the battle of the minds was ever going on. But she felt awake now. Now more than ever...

In fact, a battle should last for a limited span of time but the things she had been witnessing since her first breath suggested something else. For starters she had always been nagged about 'how she should be dressed', how she should walk and talk' to fit in the puzzling structure of society. So she felt less human by the day and more like some piece of scientific research as the societal scientists held their sleeves up their ever determining arms. And so she never had been able to get past these confining borders to reflect on the bloodshed owing to revolutions and eventual freedom. Since, she had never tasted a pinch of freedom that everyone talked about.

"What is this freedom? What is this aura of pride about? Why am I unable to fit myself to understand it? If all my friends understand it, even revel in it and celebrate it, why am I not able to do so? "She kept asking herself these questions. Hoping to get a glimpse of the answers she tucked herself in bed and took to the diligent task of ' roof staring'. Or as her best friend used to call it - ' decrypting Chinese'!

It had already struck midnight by the time but instead of the thud of the thong, she felt a revelation—lets call it one since it was something really defining and new for her— knocking at her door.) She realised that the walls she lived in, the friends and family that surrounded her, all made up a microcosmic country for her. This country, much like the real country, had its borders marked and spectrum of thoughts confined. And so in her country, she had been always been told and told and told to do something, to behave like one thing and to act like another, to see the world with closed eyes. And as for the task of thinking, she was always spared the tedious task! This country hardly acknowledged that she too was human with as much capability to cultivate her rationale, if allowed. - And that didn't mean that one could not acquire education but what one could make of all her education to bring about a seed-length difference in the society. And it was this that defined her life for her.- But then the proponents of her country had always veiled it all under the garb of culture and practice wherein one has to give respect only to the ' elders' thereby suppressing the younger saplings entirely ;

and commanded not only to respect them but really abide by their views. And she had followed it as obediently as all those mythical disciples of the evenmore mythical gurus. - With no disrespect to the wise minds, she had the view that even the lesser minds, so to say, should at least be able to speak their views, thoughts and opinions, and duly respected for it. But it was a tough task to establish such an equality of minds in her country as well as the country.

And it never entered her mind to unveil it, until now...

She figured that though the 'constitution' of the now free country had acknowledged several dozen rights and several scores of differences existing in the society , it failed to dismantle the constituting fundamentals that had corrupted the human mind to such an extent, that it felt lousy now to manufacture thoughts afresh. For instance, the vantage points of a considerable few, of how to look at a girl and how to construct her in accord with their vision had by now become an epidemic. And she was and has been a patient of this contagious disease.

Although it took her nearly more than two decades of her life to come to terms with her systematic constitution of her life and nearly 12 hours of mental combat, she had got her answers straight in her head. "I never was allowed to raise questions!" Yes! That was it! That was it!

And once again she had the realisation that she really had been after-all a societal-robot all her life! But at the same moment, she realised something else too, i.e., it was in this moment of the former realisation that she no longer felt the same robot any more. Had she been one, she wouldn't have spent twelve hours just questioning. "So that's what questioning feels like! Aah! Why didn't I start it a little earlier!" she talked to herself amusedly.

She threaded together all those broken ideas and thoughts and memories and reflections that had, by then, scattered themselves around her room , invading all the corners , the floor...in fact there were a few hanging from the ceiling fan. "Oh I think that's my brain I'm looking at!" She exclaimed with even more excitement and little confusion. Since she hadn't thought she had the power to stir the stagnant by pointing a bold and aware finger at it. Since all excellence starts with little steps, she swung forward her tiny step as she took out her laptop, deciding to change the background to match her revelations. It complemented her views quite a lot now as the quote flashing in the background said:

"I have no clue what is 'freedom' and 'patriotism' since I haven't tasted it yet. One thing I am sure of is that I have started to get an idea ..."

She knew very well inside that she might have been different in her ideas and approaches to those ideas, but she also knew even better that it was time a revolution of the mind came about!



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मनवाधिकार

— निखिल अग्रवाल —

कौन वे मानव हैं ?
जो हकदार हैं
इन मानवाधिकारों के ।
इससे पहले कि मानव को अधिकार मिले
हर्ता पहले आ जाते हैं,
अपने साम-दाम-दण्ड-भेद
सब अपना कर
अपने नाम कर लेते हैं ।
अगर सही नहीं
तो जाकर देखो
कितने निर्दोष
सड़ रहे हैं जेलों में ।
अपने घर में झाँकें या पड़ोसियों के
विक्षिप्त से
वे मौत का इंतज़ार कर रहे हैं ।
वर्षों पहले हमने
मृत-लापता करार दे दिया था जिन्हें
उनके जीने की खबरें मिली
व्याकुल से घरवाले
ऊपर तक दौड़े,
इस आस में
दम तो अपने दर पर निकले,
पर कदम थक गए
कोई मानव न जागा
मानवाधिकारों की बात कौन कहे ?
वे वहीं अन्तिम साँसें लेंगे
और पता नहीं

कौन सी गति
 उनको मिल पाएगी ।
 क्योंकि वहां तक पहुँच
 किसी की नहीं ।
 जो बंद किए हैं
 वे मानव हैं ही नहीं ।
 गले मिलकर
 हमदर्दी दिखा जाते हैं
 मानवाधिकार की दुहाई देनेवाले
 मानवाधिकारों की समाधि
 बना जाते हैं ।
 और
 हम चुपचाप उस अन्याय-अधर्म पर
 बस आँसू बहाया करते हैं
 उनके कष्टों का अहसास
 करते करते
 चंद पंक्तियों के सहारे
 नारे लगाया करते हैं ।
 पर हमारी आवाज़
 किसी बंद कमरे की तरह
 दीवारों से टकरा कर
 वापस हम तक आ जाती है,
 और हमारे कानों में
 पड़ कर
 हमारी ही बेबसी का
 अहसास दिला जाती है,
 और सोचने को मजबूर कर जाती है
 आखिर मानवाधिकार किसके लिए है?



निखिल अग्रवाल विश्वविद्यालय के राजनीति विज्ञान विभाग में शोधार्थी हैं।

Why the caged bird sings

— Ruchi Nagpal —

With dawn it wakes,
And cries for peace.
Melody of life,
Flows by with ease.

With subtle sorrow,
And doleful heart.
It chants a mantra,
For a life apart.

Till doom it sings,
For the hope to be free.
We look for blooms,
Our eyes filled with glee.

Do we hold on still,
To the shackles of life.
When azure calls us,
Hearts lurch to fly.

A life in the wind,
And stars and sky.
The caged bird sings,
For its destiny to fly.



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आज कि खबर

निशांत दूबे

किसी को आकर्षण चाहिए
किसी को आज्ञादी
कोई भारत से परेशान
कोई खुद एक परेशानी
अपनी माँ का होश नहीं
लेकिन भारत माता को बचाना है
आग भले हो अन्दर की
जन-गण-मन तो बस बहाना
खबर छपेगी फोटो होगा
मेरा भी कुछ नाम होगा
भला किसी का हो, न हो
हर दिन नया बवाल होगा ।



निशांत दूबे शिवाजी कॉलेज से भूगोल में स्नातक कर रहे हैं।

Back to the Start

— Dimple Khurana —

I was sitting on a swing,
Thinking, 'I wish I had wings'.
Suddenly I heard an unusual noise,
'I am back,' she said in a husky voice.
She came and sat next to me,
But Alas, I didn't wake up.
What an ill-fated sleep!
Oh, Despondent Me!
The night was Cold,
She touched me, and held me in her hold.
When I tried to talk,
She nodded but didn't reply.
Hand in hand, we walked under the sparkling stars,
To me, they appeared as explosions in the sky!
In the other hand, she carried a violin,
Sonorous I became in my dreams,
With its beautiful refrain.
I was mesmerized,
With a Jovial pleasure.
Alas, why are dreams lost?
'Unlucky me' I would say.
I wish, in that dream I could dive,
To Bring those moments alive.
'What a dream it was,' says my heart,
Yes, I want to go 'back to the start'.



Dimple Khurana is pursuing B.Sc. (Hons.) Chemistry from
Rajdhani college and is currently in her II nd year.

Baby

— Ahvana Paul —

Baby,
You with the pretty smile and,
The contrasting ugly glaring world outside –
 Beware ;
 For life is the only thing
 We have left today!
Baby,
The lovely curls on your glancing eyes!
 And the beautiful innocence,
 That gleams across your face!
 And then that world,
 Outside the window –
Where love, it seems has no say!
 The skies of forced grey
 With Vermillion splatters;
 Coming together like a
 Well versed painting!
 And that cruel rich laugh,
 Supplementing that canvas;
 With shards of green!

Baby,
Your dimples –
Make your smile so fine –
 So , I pray ;
 Don't loose it;
Amongst the sorrow and pain
 Spread it if you will?

Baby,
Hate the war,
But not its sides,

Be happy ;
Stay the beauty
But don't give into the storm ;
Not the submissive;
Quieteden soul
Can you be the one who speaks out;
When justice is wrong?
Be a beauty ;
But not the statue,
Easy to melt like wax;
Be you,
Strong, Complex and,
A fighter ;
Be the unshakeable,
The unbreakable – but be kind!

Baby,
Be the one who stands for what they think,
Not the shadow;
Of frivolous men ;
Those who think that they rule the world!
Baby,
Be that beautiful fire,
Be wild ,
And whatever the hell you like!
Be political,
And Happy
And pretty
And strong
Be a Gryffindor !
Be the irresistible,
The independent!
The Marxist;
A reader?
Be whatever...



Ahvana Paul is a student of History at Gargi College.