



PO'TRY



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Edited by

Shikha Anand

with best compliments
Ajay



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PO'TRY

Foreword by
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Declarative Memory
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* Language used by the poets are as per their discretion

Foreword

The perfect poem perhaps doesn't exist except in our heads, but the attempt to find it - to write it, read it, feel it - is a lifelong pleasure. A line of verse evokes different emotions or sometimes invariably the same mood again and again on reading it at various times, proving that poetry is not just in the writing but also in the reading of it.

My own fascination with poetry began at age eight when I first heard Robert Browning's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* and just fell in love with it.

*'Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats...'*

Even if this poem had not gone on to make any sense or to tell the beautiful story that it does, I would have recited it all day long only for the joy it gave me to say these rhyming words aloud. It's been a long poetic path full of goose bumps from there to Sylvia Plath's:

*I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead;
I lift my lids and all is born again.*

(from her Mad Girl's Love Song)

When the Bengaluru Poetry Festival, conceptualised by Subodh Sankar and Lakshmi Subodh of Bengaluru's

गुजरा हुआ इंसान

- अभिषेक कुमार झा

गुजरे लोगों का कोई काम नहीं होता,
सिवाय यादों के ।

बेरोज़गार हो जाते हैं गुजरे लोग,
जैसे वक्त बेरोज़गार हो जाता है
गुजरने के बाद।

गुजरे लोग गुजरे वक्त के ही जैसे होते हैं,

हाँ! उन्हें वापस नहीं ला सकते ।

कोहरे वाली ठिठुरती सर्दी की सुबह में तकिये में सिर डुबोकर,
उनकी बातें नहीं सुन सकते ।

हाँ ! बातें हम कर सकते हैं,

क्यूँ ? वो जो माशूक तुमहारा तुम्हारे लिए टूटे फूटे नज़्म लिखता था
और तुम्हें सुना कर, तुम्हारी हंसी का इंतज़ार करता था,

उसकी याद नहीं आती तुम्हें ?

बात नहीं करती उस से चाँद को देखकर हर रात ?

पर क्या वो जवाब देता है ?

क्या करती हो याद कर के ?

यादें तो बेरोज़गार होती हैं,

बेकार, बेकाम । यादों को जी नहीं सकते,

यादें बस मौत को करीब लाती हैं।

धीरे धीरे मरता है गुजरा हुआ इंसान,

गुज़रा हुआ इंसान

- अभिषेक कुमार झा

गुज़रे लोगों का कोई काम नहीं होता,
सिवाय यादों के ।

बेरोज़गार हो जाते हैं गुज़रे लोग,
जैसे वक्त बेरोज़गार हो जाता है
गुज़रने के बाद।

गुज़रे लोग गुज़रे वक्त के ही जैसे होते हैं,
हाँ! उन्हें वापस नहीं ला सकते ।

कोहरे वाली ठितुरती सर्दी की सुबह में तकिये में सिर डुबोकर,
उनकी बातें नहीं सुन सकते ।

हाँ ! बातें हम कर सकते हैं,

क्यूँ ? वो जो माशूक तुमहारा तुम्हारे लिए टूटे फूटे नज़्म लिखता था
और तुम्हें सुना कर, तुम्हारी हंसी का इंतज़ार करता था,
उसकी याद नहीं आती तुम्हें?

बात नहीं करती उस से चाँद को देखकर हर रात ?

पर क्या वो जवाब देता है?

क्या करती हो याद कर के ?

यादें तो बेरोज़गार होती हैं,

बेकार, बेकाम । यादों को जी नहीं सकते,

यादें बस मौत को करीब लाती हैं।

धीरे धीरे मरता है गुज़रा हुआ इंसान,

जिसके दिल में घर बना कर बैठा था,
उस से निकलता है आहिस्ता आहिस्ता ।

वो बंजारे के ऊँट के जैसे,
जो पहले एक पैर, फिर दूजा, फिर गर्दन अंदर कर लेता था तम्बू के ।
वही इंसान, ठीक वैसे ही दिन-दिन तिल-तिल निकलता है दिल से,
मरता है हमारे ज़हन में वो गुज़रा हुआ इंसान।
पहले बातें भूलती हैं उसकी, फिर उसकी हंसी । फिर नज़्म दम तोड़ते हैं
उसके,

यूँ ही एक एक कर वजूद खत्म हो जाता है।

कई दफा मरते हैं हम भी,

उस इंसान को मरता देख ।

पर वो जब गुज़र जाता है, आखिरकार,

ज़िन्दगी फिर से सांस लेने लगती है।

वो देखो, वो लड़का जिसने खुदकुशी की थी पिछले महीने,

उसकी माशूका जी रही है फिर से ।

उसे नया नौकरीशुदा इंसान मिला है, वो गुज़रा नहीं, वो बेरोज़गार नहीं,

उसके कई काम हैं, जो यादें नहीं कर सकतीं !

Poetry

Empty Piece of Paper Flutters Around

Dr. Aakash Dhruva

Oblivious to the crowd of humanity.
Momentary halts at lamp-posts, dustbins
Sometimes, lays bare on open roads
Rushed on by speeding cars, bustling trucks
Rises to the windy breeze now and then
Resumes its journey unknown to none
Silent companions these specks of dust
Chit-chat before moving forth
Tears apparent, wrinkles obvious
Yet glides and floats to tempestuous wind
Swept away from misplaced grandeur
Embraces thy fate with unseen glee
Neither hailed as published poem- its brother
Nor revered as printed currency- its cousin
Worth millions, costs nothing now though
Longs for ink to be imprinted on it, craves for a soul to
get hold of it.
Empty piece of paper flutters around
Seeking an excuse for its existence.

Second Chance

Aarti Shyamsunder

Okay, so it took a while, but we found each other.
Through the maze of missed connections and mistakes;
Through the jungle of jaded cynicism and jilted optimism;
Through the labyrinth of lost identities and leaked
confidence;
Through the swamp of sad nights and suspicious days;
Through the forest of fuckups and forced intimacies;

We found each other.

Now – let's get lost.

Let's get lost in places
Where nobody knows us and
We don't know the language and
There are no clocks, schedules or alarms.

Let's get lost in lands
Where coffee, kissing and Kindle
Form the main agenda and
There are no cabs, phones or appointments.

Let's get lost in spaces
Where two wholes don't leave behind holes,
Learning, surprises and delights abound and
There are no petty jealousies or damaging accusations.

Let's get lost in worlds
Where the debates are inconsequential,
Fulfillment and gratitude linger and
There are no haunting resentments or disrespect.

Love, it's time to get going...It's time to start anew.

Poetry is an art form that has a much wider support than just literature, art or theatre.

Here is a collection of 159 hand picked poems that define life, love and experience. Rejoicing different flavours of poetry from different walks of life which perfectly achieves the sole motive behind launching of this book.

All you poets out there, please keep the poetry coming.
We are reading.

SHINIE ANTONY

Festival director, Bengaluru Poetry Festival 2016

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