

Poetry Series

**arvind shah**  
**- poems -**



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**Publication Date:**  
2025

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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# Vohorod, The Birthday

My Vohorod, the birthday celebration  
and the memories then...

Our children were growing young  
we were thick and thick: among -  
had one home: a virtuous touch  
nurtured bond and feelings such  
the home was vibrant, and we: alive  
the family life and liveliness, to thrive.

It was an elation for, my wife and me  
charming ways, for the children to see  
the children grew up, means to find  
got scattered their ends to mind:  
now, they are global with ambitions  
but here, we, great definitions?

Today, I and my wife live in a house, grand  
but are lonely, to stand  
it is my vohorod, the birthday  
had rituals and hymns to say  
wore a new branded pair of dress  
what is my feel - how is it, to address!

We try to keep a soul of home in the house  
not to feel secluded and get into remorse  
for now, it is I and my wife in the house  
none of the children and kids, around  
they are 'happy' distant, to have grown, big  
but, are we disintegrated, and almost blink!

Have I and my wife shrunk or grown  
we are alone, but our progeny has 'shone'  
the few days, then, we will be, only one  
some days more, and it will be none -  
the home will die, and house on auction  
a kashmiri pandit will be lost for ever, then...!

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# Donkey Route

\*\*\*\*\*Donkey Route\*\*\*\*\*

Choose a route to be a donkey

Sneak into other's field, greenery to see;

Getting roped donkeys cry: bray - bray

Foul, foul to say - foul and foul they say #! ?

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# War: The World Fashion

\*\*\*\*\*Donkey Route\*\*\*\*\*

Choose a route to be a donkey  
Sneak into other's field, greenery to see;  
Getting roped, donkeys cry: bray - bray  
Foul, foul to say - foul and foul they say #! ?  
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# War: The World Gashion

Tuesday, 4 February 2025

War: The World Fashion

\*\*\*\*\*

School - college - university

Career - growth opportunity

Big job - big deed - big name

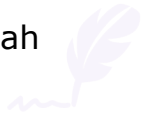
Big achievement - big fame.

Ever in urger for new tools of victory:  
Design and scheme domination, to Be.

Thus fights and revenges to fashion  
And claim virtuous ownerships, then.  
World thus fashions battles and war  
War and war, here - there: far and far.

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# Meta New Friend

New Place - New Friend

\*\*\*\*\*

A place new  
I, Knew people few  
But a young man soon  
Sober like a moon  
Come in and got in touch  
To make an occasion, such  
We became like friends old  
To share things told - untold.

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Noida 201124

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# Shall We Go Still

Shall We Go Still

- Arvind Shah -

Looking out grim through the tough glass panels  
from the waiting lounge of the high-tech airport,  
see queues of big winged steel birds standing still  
immovable like dumb model structures.

And here comes the announcement for me:  
global software system to run computers,  
navigate airplanes and give you any updates  
crashed into dysfunction, but the repair work is on,  
we will update you as soon as we receive inputs.

Six hours of stillness, I am like the still steel bird  
across the wall of the tough glass panels -  
we both, the bird and me are hostage of tilted development  
stuck in useless stillness - the bird wants to fly  
and I too want, not to idle, so try my pen  
to tell you - to beckon you - to question you.

Shall we be still in tilted social development psy  
crashed and cracked, losing connect and hold  
to go developed into the haze of clouds and dampness #? !

© Arvind Shah 19/07/2024 IGI Airport New Delhi

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# One Stanza Poems

My Weekend Poems # 14

One Stanza Poems

Nothing, To Be.

The scattered bits and pieces: collect  
assemble the mess leaving the intellect  
be blessed, having all, but no ownership  
in and out to become one with ' Nothing'

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Poetry is silence

The word to lead to say  
and lay the smooth way  
from sound to silence  
poetry is vibrating thence.

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Sober Moon

Oh! rose, bloom in moonlight  
decorate the sacred scared sober disc  
for it merely keeps pulsating stars  
devoid of any fragrance.

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Compassionate Moon

Oh! the Moon though you are not, today  
yet! keep alive, my inquisitive instinct  
the urge on me, my hope to meet  
gradually compassion comes to light.

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# Language Of Nature

My Weekend Poem # 14

Language of Nature

Nature, the open book: Greatest  
complete in content, and the best  
it has everything to teach  
and preach to each  
the text is simple  
with examples ample -  
read on every bit - everywhere  
in expressions lucidly clear.  
The lesson and knowledge  
is everybody's language  
a continuous expression, profound  
but for the sensitive and concerned  
the communication, for sane  
who, keep no suicidal malevolence to tame.  
Assimilating nature is an ability plain:  
keeping sense to sense real: joy or pain.

Language of nature is flow and vibration  
common to all without any restriction:  
the flow of the breeze and wind around  
move of waters and greens in surround -  
the cosmic moves in this existence  
in living and non-living substance.  
Every movement, a linguistic system  
the man, to survive, has to be within system.

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# Development To Devastation

My Weekend Poem # 12

Development to Devastation

Man headlong into the indulgence  
working on, artificial intelligence  
market sensex graph index  
finding ways to gain dominance -  
thence  
drugged not to see the consequence.

The Sun reaches the Earth with violence  
splashes heat waves, lives to price  
snow gets helpless to lose substance  
the waters rush mountains to pierce  
habitations devastate to remorse -  
thence  
man installs misery is the consequence.

Breezes change to ghastly turbulence  
systematic systems fail convenience  
the eco-system gives up routine sense  
spring summer autumn winter lose sequence  
even the anther and pollen grain lose romance -  
thence  
man has lost rhyme with relevance.

Is man working to develop devastation #? !

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# Kabir, As I Read The Poet Translation

On the event of Kabir Jayanti, Kabir, as I read the poet © Arvind Shah 220624

Kabir is a poet of realism therefore he speaks reality of everyone. The power of the poetry of Kabir is simple and straightforward to touch heart and head, alike. It bathes the body and sets in vibrations on the spirit to get sustainable freshening rejuvenation. Kabir uses images from every day life to make his expressions revealing.

????? ????? ?? ????????, ?? ????? ?? ???,  
????? ????? ?????? ??, ?? ??? ?????? ????

Translation

Never ever look down upon the weak  
small, insignificant a straw bit, meek  
any time it gets to go into the eye  
gives intense agony one can't buy. (negociate)

Imagery

the image used is a little flake of straw getting into the eye, the insignificant bit makes the life miserable with agony.

????-???? ?? ??, ????? ?? ??? ???,  
???? ?????? ?? ?????, ??? ?? ?? ????

Translation

Oh! my mind, mind to learn patience  
patience gets forth the result thence  
the gardner cares the bed with patience  
season, sets in to bring the yeilds thence.

Imagery

the image of a bed and gardener is used to show the significance of patience. A gardner, with patience, nurturers a flower bet to get blooms.

???? ?????? ??? ?????, ?? ????? ?? ??????,  
???? ??????? ??? ?????, ????? ??????? ????

oh! Kabira, we have none to be our own

and we have none to own, as our own  
no sooner the boat gets to the bank, across  
than every associate is to go and get lost.

Imagery

There is none who is your permonant support to rely upon. the image of a boat that ferries passangers accross a river is used to send through a message.

??? ???? ???? ???, ??? ????? ??????,  
???? ??? ? ???, ????? ??? ? ????

Translation

Seeing others in a faulty ploy  
for sarcastic smiles to enjoy  
look into self to see own fault  
will find end to end plenty, a lot.

Imagery

persons find faults with other to be smiled at, It will be more so when one finds  
own faults

??? ???? ??????, ?? ?? ??? ???,  
??? ?? ???? ??? ????? ????? ????

Translation

Speak such a word of virtue  
selfhood to vanish, and be, true  
speak others to get warmth to cheer  
and self to get warmth to bear.

Imagery

The image of relationship between an expression of the word and compassion

Translation and Notes © Arvind Shah 220624

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# Am I A Refugee In My Country

Am I a refugee in my own country

\*\*\*\*\*

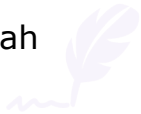
I am a refugee, but called a migrant  
This is my fate, being weak or decent  
It may also be a reason, for I love my Nation  
Don't want her to be looked at, in poor definition.

I am getting devastated, is my whole truth  
In and out situations make me lose my worth.  
Today the International Refugee day  
What shall I perceive and what shall I Say?

I am a Global Kashmiri Pandit  
Shall I be confused to have my own Earth's Bit.

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# Father's Day

Father's Day

\*\*\* \*\*

I, when born  
tender - soft - mild  
sole support  
in  
the mother's throbs  
her breast nipples  
and the cradle of her arms.

With ever passing day  
childhood, further  
further and further  
on the growth  
I am now to sense and  
realise more and more:  
the mother has the resource  
to depend upon and relay on.

Oh! the father, I salute you  
you made a lady - a mother  
the mother to nurture me:  
a suckling baby, a toddler  
a playful naughty child  
an adolescent and then to be.

Father! you bear  
the shrill and scotch  
of all weathers to fend  
and supply sprit of strength  
to the mother and the family  
you with mother make the progeny.

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# The Nature

My Weekend Poems # 9

(now, for some time, I shall be posting my poems on environment)

NATURE

\*\*\*\*\*

The perfect, planner, architect, engineer.... in oneness  
puts in place, things in the absolute manner: miraculous  
artist: The colour master, greatest forever  
who in creation faults, never.

The textures and patterns it can create  
each in a different fashion and a design separate  
the unparalleled musician and orchestrator  
to give different sounds to each dweller.

Different, body and body structure to each  
different modes of movements, needs to reach  
what the great creative phenomenon: consistent  
to make things complete and descent.

Each and every bit  
at its proper place, fit:  
living and non living, both  
whatever is brought forth.

Plant and the animal worlds on earth  
with the systems of survival in no dearth  
the variety and range of life, not a few:  
every life form trained to know, how to live.

The universe follows an order  
that keeps regularly regular:  
a cycle in continuance  
for sustained existence.

This order certain and sure  
the perfectly perfect order: The Nature.

© Arvind Shah



# Cheerful Camp - Sweet Home

My Weekend Poems # 8

Cheerful Camp - Sweet Home

\*\*\*\*\*. \*\*\*\*\*. \*\*\*\*\*

You believe: market upbeat is freshness  
and my old hold and bond is stillness -  
choose to develop and grow in market fashions  
and find joyful glee to see many occasions  
in dazzling rooms, for timely joys, to be cultured  
but, I love the legacy cultural hold and bond to be cultured.

I, be the stream within my own soil, sky and air  
live - not to surrender my being - myself: anywhere  
I will bear, maneuver and brave, not to give in  
not to give up - me and my source virtues in me.  
I am still a deodar, keep no little value to be  
grow - sure and slow in the rocky terrains: am a tree.

Market cuts to size to be a plank and then a panel fixture:  
a timely cheerful camp, but soon into wilderness future -  
can a camp be an elated home to get progress to see -  
I can camp anywhere on globe, but my home it can't be -  
can one be a commercial commodity and be happy  
my joy is economic well-being and bond of ancestry.

Call me obstinate and call me names full  
I keep bonds and inklings that you call, still.  
your vision may be oceans and outlook for a sea  
I am happy and gleeful to be a stream and a tree.

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# Ultimate Poem

Every plant and tree  
around us, we see  
writes a poem direct  
the literary piece perfect.

On the crust and up extension  
an ultimate creativity expression  
pure and chaste, truth to tell:  
tell what the future keeps to spell.

Roots draw spirit from soil  
ink the leaf tips with toil  
leaves, by moves in atmosphere  
compose poems and tunes in air.

Ah! the man on The Earth  
keeps little literary worth  
he is in haste to waste  
and ill treat the creation, chaste.

The arrogant has set in a spree -  
all out to cut and kill the tree  
man, a stupid brute devoid of sense  
is active, future to strangulate thence.

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# We Still Live Together! Marriage Anniversary)

(On Silvery Jubilee

My Weekend Poems #5

We still live together

\*\*\*\*\*

Two decades and half

With my so called better half

And we still live together.

Warmth of body to share

A treat quite dear

And progeny got forth

For a feel of growth.

Though our reasons do not meet

In fashions of walk, talk, eat and treat -

Differences day and night

Not to find wrong and right.....

But to churn a bond

Of acceptance strong -

Defeating reasons, togetherness to win -

And we are together thick and thin.

A fragrance filled carnation

The freshness in the relation -

Keeps live this and next moment

By essence and not by agreement.

The breath of care

She keeps to share

Cheers the life together

For joys of living ever.

Is this love, I do not know

But freshness is ever to show.

This is a woman, family to nurture

I know, she is holding the future.

Two decades and half  
With my so called better half  
And we still live together.

©Arvind shah 61014  
To My Wife On The Silver Jubilee Marriage Anniversary

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# Mother

My Weekend Poems # 4

\*Mother\*

(Today, on Mother's Day)

Mother

no other -

whatever be the weather: heat

hail, storm, rain or sleet

she is a shield, all to bear

with no frown, but with cheer.

The radiating virtue vibration

a compassionate stimulation -

always eager to share care, is her habit

simple, cool, sober touch, never to wear out.

May I get the simple cool virtue of this soul: the idol of His worth  
for, she in my birth, has given me the share on this cosmic earth.

May I bear a bit of her on my nerve to be there,  
and be her mother, when she needs me near.

May I not be scattered in a market toss  
to see my interests of gain and loss.

May I be more than the formality to bow and salute her, on her end  
for mother is the divinity to have come on earth, love to fend!

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# Mother - A Gazal

## translated English

Gazal-Munawwar Rana on Mother  
English Translation Arvind Shah

Someone got a house in share, to keep  
or a shop, property proportions to meet  
I, in the home being the youngest one  
got to keep the mother then.

Ah! the darkness, see  
your face keeps black misery -  
mother opens eyes  
Oh! great light comes to be.

My boat entangled: whenever  
in the upheaval waves of water -  
mother appears praying in my dream  
for bliss - bliss to scheme.

You keep stars O! Sky -  
keep, keep - you keep  
I am good keeping the scarf: filthy  
of my mother, being more worthy.

O! Munawwar never weep: thence  
in mother's presence -  
where there is foundation  
moisture is no good situation.

Richness in exquisite drapes, expensive though  
keep a naked exhibit show  
poverty draped in course curtain  
keeps dignity, certain.

Continuous storms in a cup of tea  
are no serenities, to be  
such consistent climatic winds  
are no good, for no finds



© English Translation Arvind shah 26619

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# Can A Poet Surrender To Misery

Can A Poet Surrender To Misery

You can break the neck of a poet  
to stop a hand to write  
but the soul will spiral  
spirits of expression, to run  
none could kill the instinct  
and none can kill the instinct.

All oceans - in a drop do lie  
that a poet holds in his eye  
and a world wells up in him  
trickles: an extinct jewel, grim  
to see unleash of a misery:  
a story, of a story, in a story.

A poet puts spirit of soul in a word  
the expressions to be heard -  
creates, a throbbing heart scene  
for heartfelt feelings to be seen -  
strength of spirit has power: immense  
to set in a sense for, sense - nonsense.

When poet is severed from ancestry  
heritage belonging and home of history  
displaced physically - wears torture agony,  
bruised, blue and black signs to carry  
the memory of the Homeland gets him  
into the ill world of inhumane human

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In memory of homeland, which he was forced to flee.

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## 8 O'clock

8 o'clock

(An Elegy to the Mother)

The Sun in routine  
up in the sky -  
air warms  
Earth goes eager  
birds draw lines  
on the blue canvas  
grasses move -  
soil, to show alive.

The clock strikes 8 o'clock  
but I am still, ' Vacuum'  
eyes fixed on  
big black telephone  
on the table and  
ears keen to Get  
The apparatus Ring.

The solemn Uninterrupted Gaze  
goes Blank  
I stretch sagging arm  
to reach the instrument -  
But stop.

She did not make  
the morning call  
now, She will never ever  
make the Call -  
I can't call  
I will never ever be able  
to call.

Seeing her, since -  
wake me up to universe  
Alas! She has gone into Ether -  
the Sun has set  
for all the times to come.

I will have to live  
without the 8 o'clock Energy call.  
\*\*\*\*\*

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# Mother

## a Gazal Translated

Munawwar Rana

A Gazal on Mother

Munawwar Rana

Translated into English

Arvind Shah

Mother

Someone got a house in share, to keep  
or a shop, property proportions to meet  
I, in the home being the youngest one  
got to keep the mother then.

Ah! The darkness, see  
your face keeps black misery -  
mother opens eyes  
Oh! cool light comes to see.

My boat entangled: whenever  
in the upheaval waves of water -  
mother appears praying in my dream  
for bliss - bliss to scheme.

You keep stars O! sky:  
keep - you keep  
I am good keeping the scarf: filthy  
of my mother, being worthy - more worthy.

O! Munawwar never weep, thence  
in mother's presence -  
where there is foundation  
moisture weakens the situation.

Richness in exquisite drapes, expensive though  
keeps a naked exhibit show  
poverty keeps dignity: certain  
draped in the course curtains.

Continuous storms in the cup of tea  
are no good to be  
such consistent climatic winds: mind  
are no good for, any good to grind.

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# I Am Tomorrow

I am tomorrow

The child, ever innocent  
Man's only survival asset  
But, the man in the stanic drill  
Is a brute devil, the child to kill

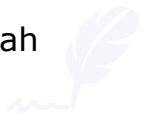
Now - the sinister sinful satanic fire -  
Man's definition: living to rip apart and tear.

Still child keeps eyes open to convey  
Ah! Man what wrong did I do, please say.

Why you did not let me live. Please let me live  
I am tomorrow, I am tomorrow - I am your tomorrow.

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# Artificial Rain

## Artificial Rain

When nature works to give rain  
it is all - gain and gain  
but when we pull up and siphon  
water from the chest of earth for fun -  
whatever may be the name and definition  
we put the great resource in terrible recession.

Pull up water in hurry and hurry  
cruise fast, step by step ourselves to bury.

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14/11/17

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# Air Emergency

## Air Emergency

The sky is laden with no missile gunpowder  
Nuclear arsenal or chemical weapon power  
Yet - Delhi, the capital of India these days  
Showers death in particulate matter, all the ways  
Any time - every time: morning, noon, evening or night  
Dangerous poisons load breath with might  
The intake to reach to blood and every cell  
Install pains in systems, spell by spell.

Fire, flood, earthquake, weather storms -evident  
Natural disasters, to make life to give in and relent.  
But the activities of man on earth to create pollution  
Serves more systematic severe disaster in population  
It does not let life to give in and fall flat straight  
It overloads toxin cargo on living for a miserable fate.

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9/11/17

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# Krishen Joo Razdan

Krishen Joo Razdan  
(translated into english)

BYELL TAI MAADAL  
by Krishna Joo Razdan  
translated into English by Arvind Shah

BYELL TAI MAADAL

Byell, maadal, vyanh and gulabha in a bouquet  
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

Oh Shiva! from your cascading hair flows the Ganga: fair,  
Bhrama, Vishno and all gods stand hand folded in prayer,  
I bow in your reverence, and pray.

Byell, maadal, vyanh and gulabha in a bouquet  
I offer to Parma Shiva and pray.

Oh! benevolent your love springs up in me, true romance.  
Master! keep me composed not to lose the real substance,  
for worldly inconsistencies keep many a trick to lay.

Byell, maadal, vyanh and gulabha in a bouquet  
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

My love and love to Shiva, Shambu or Shankera: whatever the call,  
I keep alive a burning desire in me to have your glimpse: small,  
Pray own me lest I should fall in helpless fray.

Byell, maadal, vyanh and gulabha in a bouquet  
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

Beseech: walk with your lotus feet into my being, silently,  
I surrender and sacrifice every bit of my personality,  
for your walking in, will get me into bliss, to stay.

Byell, maadal, vyanh and gulabha in a bouquet  
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

Oh! Amarnatha - Neelkantha, I be done on yee,  
for getting me (Krishan) - Your mercy to see.  
In faithful adoration, I submit to Shiva today

Byell, maadal, vyanh and gulabha in a bouquet  
I offer to Parma Shiva, and pray.

Byell, maadal, vyanh and gulabha  
NAME OF SCENTED HERBS, SHRUBS AND FLOWERS OFFERED TO SHIVA IN  
OBLATIONS

KRIPA KARUM HARI HARAI

by Krishna Joo Razdan

translated into English by Arvind Shah

OH HARIHARA - BE KIND

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

I am tired and old,  
held under a heavy lord,  
be kind and help to cross,  
enable me get across.

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

Water falls come from height,  
shout aloud to show might,  
soon get subdued and done,  
on reaching the ocean.

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

Talking and talking gets me into rage,  
and I reach into a foolish stage,  
give me the worth of silence to possess,  
and be worthy without recess.

Oh benevolent - be kind,

my efforts keep little to find.

Decorated nice is my plumage stock,  
look like a charming peacock,  
but am humbled to see,  
the ugly feet with me.

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

Lord give me your full grace,  
like the charming dawn on the earth's surface,  
lest the soul should get into trouble  
to make me into worthless rubble.

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

Your feelings give ecstasy at the core,  
gets elevation in the instincts four,  
now - I beg, I beseech and I pray  
appear in me as a lucent ray.

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

Lord three universes You master,  
found am I, of your immenseness -  
Oh Shankara,  
I am raw un-spun thread: thin,  
get me the strength by a true spin.

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

Get me into enlightenment,  
To realize eternal betterment,  
and I be there, in true peace,  
in blissful stage without cease.

Oh benevolent - be kind,

my efforts keep little to find.

Untie my (Krishna's) hold with spontaneity: more,  
to find open the salvation door,  
and there be I, with certainty,  
in bliss till eternity.

Oh benevolent - be kind,  
my efforts keep little to find.

Abhinav Guptus Zarepar by Krishen Joo Razdan  
Translated by Arvind Shah as

A Prayer to Abhinav Gupt by Krishen Joo Razdan

Oh benevolent Lord appear  
Get us your bliss to cheer  
As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence!

Twelve hundred devotees along with: the tall  
Born saint - epitome of disciplines all  
Went direct to Shiva's abode  
Eternal peace to attain and adore

Who else has gone to eternity with physical personification?

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once

Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Death could not end your devotees' fate  
I salute and submit to you the Shiva incarnate  
You are the true careful caretaker -  
Defeat and death, cannot take over

Pray help to attain salvation!

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Show us, Harmuk, the face of your radiance  
To wash off our sins, thence.  
In the pious river, Sind, give us, dips a few  
To find, our mind, in unison with Shiv

Got all our vices to end by the holy submersion

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

The sacred tracks, Ram Radh, was tread  
By adults and children, true secrets to be read  
And there at the mountain top  
We got to get the true secrets lot

Found the eternal love revelation

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Pray Him with pure sound  
He is present everywhere: around  
Nadi Chakkar, the inner system of conscience then  
To be active to realise Being in Supreme Unison.

This gets to see ultimate realization!

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

The Supreme feelings get forth  
Welling up of the pious water from the core  
All discrimination - high or low  
Nude or wrapped, to go.

This unison washes all sins for real love affiliation!

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

You are camphor like white fragrance all in all  
You are the beholder of Holy Ganga waterfall  
Pray, give us the shower of the sacred to cheer  
Have and keep the bliss for ever

Devotees get the holy energy possession!

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

Oh Lord, the Bharava (Shiva) we follow you  
Tread your way, run impatiently after you  
Get us into the Beru Cave, the eternal gateway  
To reach eternity all the way

Crave, fulfil my urge to have an immortal nectar immersion!

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once  
Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

My miseries have vanished  
My despair finished  
I have found the way to thajvoor: the ultimate to meet:  
The place of Shiva's abode and seat.

In the eternal cave, the Lord will welcome for we have become one!

As Abhinav Gupt, the saint scholar, once

Did to his devotees by his benevolence.

arvind shah



# Kashmiri Folklore Translated Into English

CAWO - CAWO

Translated

O Dear Crow!

O dear crow - where you had been?  
"To see the places green."  
What did you eat there?  
"Bowlful of rice and curd - dear."  
Did you spare a little for me?  
"I did keep, some for yee." (you)  
Where is it, let me see?  
"Oh! A Crow came, and away took - He"  
Where did the crow go?  
"He perched on the branch below."  
What happened to branch "Say"?  
"A carpenter cut it away."  
Where did the carpenter go?  
"He made it into timber, and rest I don't know."

CAW BHATE CAWO

Translated

O Pious Crow!

Crow pious crow - come and see.  
we keep for you, the "Kichre" -  
come along with her - (wife)  
after a bath in holy water,  
having a pure tilak on forehead  
wearing the sacred thread: red.

Pray come to our clean place,  
have the feast and bless with grace.

The terms - pious crow, holy water, tilak and sacred thread red are auspicious terms in kashmiri pandit culture. they show significance of crow, both in

kashmiri pandit mythology and also show care to birds, animals and environment in general.

Hape Leliyaa Tshupe Kar□  
Translated as

Huckly Buckly

Huckly buckly weeping face  
keep quiet, make no noise -  
your mother has gone to get food  
she will come and eat you could -  
then a part in pocket you shall hold  
to serve you in winter, cold  
yet keep a part in secret pot  
to serve you in summer, hot  
do not cry in repeat  
a little of it you must eat.

Lokte Mokto Tarko  
Translated

Little Star Why?

The nice little star why,  
you shy to blink your eye?  
What keeps you busy all the day -  
you come in night to stay?  
Attractively graceful your style,  
sweet and touchy twinkling while.  
May I pick you and fix on my cap,  
gaze at you as my friendly chap.  
I would love and hold you close,  
get you learn the worldly roles.

Zovi Hanz Kath  
Translated

Louse: Greedy Parasite.

All the food and the rice  
galloping horse: nice,  
the shepherd and its flock  
the bride and groom, and their stock -  
parasite louse ate it all  
into her greedy belly small  
went on to have more, still  
killed herself by more and more fill.

Parasites eat for a while - till  
they go crazy to find end and fall still.

Zov te Cokur  
Translated

Parasite's Friend

A cock made friend with a louse  
had a relationship very nice -  
both went for a picnic together  
foods they carried for each other -  
louse felt hungry again and again  
finished all foods, nothing to remain,  
then sheep, shepherd and the couple in the house  
ate this all, and more that came in its way, thence.

Then it went to river, water to drink  
water made her heavy to slip, drown and sink.

Zun Maaj Zunee  
Translated as

O Mother Moon!

O moon!

sober mood  
never crude  
like a mother  
and no other -  
what you hold  
silver or gold?

O moon!

for whom, do you keep  
compassion so deep?

"I keep it, for the caring -  
one who gives me touch of sharing."

What you want to have and share

"A galloping horse to ride up 1  
a boat to sail down for delight."

1 the metaphor to ride up and boat to sail down, is representative of highs and lows of life which here, in pretext of kashmir are represented by a horse ride going up and a boat flowing with the down stream.

Amto - Kamto  
Translated as

Amto Kamto

Amto - kamto  
come and titillate.

come and go  
very slow  
up on the leg  
of the baby  
make it playful

joyous and cheerful  
not to cry and rile  
but to play and smile

Amto - kamto  
come and titillate

.

Valiv Gachav Dal  
Translated as

Let us Go to Dal Lake

Come on children, let us go  
enjoy the lotus leaves show -  
lotus leaves, nice and clean  
spreading smiles, they are seen  
Dal is the beautiful lake  
keeps calm for joy sake.

We shall sneak and run  
go to Dal, have bath and fun.

Inchree Baeni Pinchree Baeni  
Translated as

Inchree Baeni Pinchree Baeni

Inchree Pinchree, two dear sisters  
Momboi, the funny brother -  
Inchree Pinchree rode their horses  
Momboi saddled a wall  
Inchree Pinchree went for a joy ride  
Momboi had a fall

Gagrae Sanz Kathe

Translated as

He and She Mouse 1

He and she mouse

Lived in a house,

She cooked &quot;kichre&quot;

Tasted the delicacy.

She ate again

Again and again

Ate all of it, to finish -

Now, nothing left in dish.

He mouse asked for food in repeat

She mouse gave excuses, but nothing to eat

He was hungry angry and lost his cool

Hit her hard with a spoon

She got a cut on her ear

He got anxious, up stood his hair

They went begging, shop to shop

To stitch the wound, bleeding to stop.

There was none to help them out

Nobody heeded to their yelp and shout

He and she were thus sad

Since then always feeling bad.

1 this is a folk story which is recreated in verse

Kokroo Kakroo

Translated as

Hen Dear Friend Hen

Hen dear friend hen,

&quot;Where are you going, so far&quot;

I am on my way to seki-daffar<sup>1</sup>

&quot;What is the job there to be done&quot;

I am to hatch eggs, dear friend hen:

hatch them to have babies, a few  
love and live with chicks new.  
"How many chicks, you have, now? "  
One hundred eleven, but concern you how?  
"Please give me one to have and possess"  
I have none to give up and dispossess.  
Parents may have children one or ten  
nobody is ready give up, even one.

1 a place in down town city  
Sonth  
Translated as

Spring

Crow crows, crow crow  
Myna says it is now, spring show  
for the Bulbul to feel cool  
and flowers to bloom  
naked branches get leaves to wear  
and dried stocks get lively cheer.

folklore to welcome Sonth (spring season)

arvind shah

# Can A Poet Surrender To Misery!

Can A Poet Surrender To Misery!

You can break the neck of a poet  
to stop a hand to write  
but the soul will spiral  
spirits of expression, to run  
none could kill the instinct  
and none can kill the instinct.

All oceans - in a drop do lie  
that a poet holds in his eye  
and a world wells up in him  
trickles: an extinct jewel, grim  
to see unleash of a misery:  
a story, of a story, in a story.

A poet puts spirit of soul in a word  
the expressions to be heard -  
creates, a throbbing heart scene  
for heartfelt feelings to be seen -  
strength of spirit has power: immense  
to set in a sense for, sense - nonsense.

When poet is severed from ancestry  
heritage belonging and home of history  
displaced physically - wears torture agony,  
bruised, blue and black signs to carry  
memory of the Homeland gets him into the ill world of inhumane human.

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In memory of homeland, which he was forced to flee 25 years back.

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# Dina Nath Nadim Translation II

Bhe Gavne Aaj  
Translated as  
Today I will not Sing

Today I will not, will not sing  
Song of any sort, any sort.

For the ecstatic buds in rows  
And blooming meadows  
For the songs birds sing in melody  
In the charm of floral company  
For the wholesome beauty instinct  
And the inebriating joys they bring.

Today I will not, will not sing  
Song of any sort, any sort.

Because dust of war  
Destroys colourful charm to mar  
Smoky barrel guns sever  
Lips of chirping birds for ever  
The terror shackles sound aloud  
Far and near all around.

Today I will not, will not sing  
Song of any sort, any sort.

Because bright light in the sky  
Gets behind the shadow: shy  
Mountain peaks appear  
Hidden in the fear  
And dark clouds threaten  
All the charms of dawn, then.

Today I will not, will not sing  
Song of any sort, any sort

Because today the war monger  
Cheater and the deceiver

Is bent upon to do a nasty trick  
Strike my Kashmir with his sting  
Cease the charm of the scenic soil  
Soft, warm, lovely relations to spoil.

Today I will not, will not sing  
Song of any sort, any sort.

Zoon Dyee Chut Hish  
Translated as  
Moon Like A Round Bread Loaf

Once the moon like a round bread loaf, high  
From behind the hill, came up in the sky.

Her drapes, she left behind to ho  
By and by scares on her silvery body to show  
Like the wearied tweed of the village cottage  
Like a dim glow in tiresome stage  
Like a woman labour tricked by a contractor  
Like a base coin put in the chunk of coins by a manipulator.

The moon like a round bread loaf, high  
From behind the hill, came up in the sky.

Hills got hungry in appetite  
Clouds tried to doze the glow of the hearth and its light  
Angles came in, as if to lit a makeshift hearth  
Foods appeared to grow in hill range, in no dearth  
I started to tell about the food stocks to the hungry guy  
And repeatedly looked to the sky.

The moon like a round bread loaf, high  
From behind the hill, came up in the sky.

Kasheeri Hund Davaa  
Translated as  
Ethos of Kashmir

I have to build the bond  
To make the world smooth and strong  
The hindu and the muslim, again  
Humane attitudes to regain  
A hindu to find a bond with sikh  
And with them the muslim be thick.

Who says they are separate from one another  
They are the children of the same mother  
I have: the thorns of hatred to cut  
Make a colourful garden without any threat  
Humane attitudes to maintain  
Hindus and muslims to keep it up again.

Hindustan and Pakistan each nation  
Burn in flame of cremation  
Since the drapes and the attire was such  
Hindus and muslims were red in blood drench  
I have to supply the sentiment  
Love and brotherhood to be prevalent.

Can the earnings of the peace peasant  
Be stolen and brooked by any rich merchant  
Why the stinger, suck the nectars  
From the variety of the flowers  
The democracy is to be made decent  
All to enjoy, none to relent.

How long the money and fake (people)  
Keep crowns of rich to make  
How long the material have lots  
Will suck the blood of have nots  
I have to build the nation  
Of human determination.

I have to make a pride place  
Where all keep civil grace  
Similar sentiment and emotion  
Sharing attitude and passion  
I have to make a shrine to nurture  
Preach humility and love stature.

Vunal

Translated as Fog

No definition of figure  
No front back posture  
An unknown thought  
Cold lifeless a sort.

Someone asks her identity tag  
Are you the fog?

She walked on the river banks  
Goes in lanes of all ranks  
Step by step in her arrogance  
Expresses her crazy sense.

Meddles everywhere in everything  
Envelops, darkness to bring  
But she has to go and finish  
Dark screens to vanish.

And we can see face to face  
For love and grace.

Gace Tul

Translated as Straw

Grass on the ground  
Goes all the way around  
It is fresh, smooth and silky  
Keeps moisture and humility.

Wind and weather effects to bear  
Adjusts to keep up the wear  
But the turn of the climate  
Gets it its virtues to decimate.

The drench of the winter rain

Severs its life, not to remain  
Dries as a straw to crush  
Breaks down easy to mesh.

A spark makes it into ash  
Its existence to smash.

### This World and Cipher

One is this world, before us: the situation  
One is the cipher far away: a definition  
One is this world, in constant uncertainty  
One is the cipher to learn about reality  
One is this world, time comes and flies off  
One is the cipher, age relentless - never off  
One is this world, bitter and sweet a mix in existence  
One is the cipher, consistency in continuance  
One is this world, full of dirt and filth  
One is the cipher, same sky and earth  
One is this world, shrinks to rat hole  
One is the cipher, the expression of whole  
One is this world, always hiccups in the move  
One is the cipher, the limitless clue.

Aashh

Translated as Hope

Fragrance spread all round  
All around flowers to surround  
I keep – keep hope for light  
Like the Sun rise, bright  
The sounds reflect hope?  
Reveal the past glory scope?  
Is it breeze on the move  
Or it is the sense of love clue  
Is it the opening of bud  
Or it is the morning to be read  
Is it the joy-emotion all along

Or it is the rhythm of love song  
Is it the first ray of the day  
Or it is the melody verse on play  
The beat of heart is set to tune  
Dew has come to keep virtue  
The night got shattered in defeat  
Darkness lost, light to meet  
The light travels to reach the ground  
Give birth to bright hopes all around  
As Sheeshnag\* was born deep  
From within the rocks heap.

\*It is a hindu mythological term: a huge spiritual water body surrounded by mountains where from a symbol of eternity, in the form of a serpent is believed to have taken form.

Chur  
Translated a Robber

The colourful charm of butterfly  
I followed to catch in try  
But in vain did the effort lie. (go)

The colours tempted me  
By their dazzling spree  
All day and night a false glee.

Ah someone did put me in illusion  
For my impatient passion  
Robbed me of my possession!

I have now lost to gather, the warmth of sun  
The colours of spring and autumn, then  
The winter snow and summer stream's run.

I have lost - the feel of the smile charm  
The soothing affections warm  
All this to put me in harm.

Now what I am left with to remember

A broken beating chamber  
No fire but a cold mould forever!

Kakaj Walisunj Hak  
Translated as  
Scrap Hawker

Come and sell your scrap  
Sell your scrap all your scrap  
Papers, books, notebooks – all  
Drapers, dressers, beddings – all  
Groceries, grains and feeds – all.

Sell – sell existence to hard money  
Earn wealth and riches many  
Refuse to listen to sense other  
Refuse to heed to word other  
Mind your sense to sell and have  
Be out to sell, what you have  
Keep your tongue on mortgage  
Sell your conscience and courage  
It is silly to seek competitive price  
Every price you get, is nice.

Come and sell your scrap  
Sell your scrap all your scrap  
Papers, books, notebooks – all  
Drapers, dressers, beddings – all  
Groceries, grains and feeds – all.

You may try to bargain, high  
But will lose your cost in try  
He has sold his clan and deity  
He has sold existence and identity  
Why shall all this bother you  
You sell scrap - the scrap with you  
If you are left with none to sell  
Sell your aim and ambition  
Earn money to keep the possession  
Earn cash, an asset possession.

Come and sell your scrap

Sell your scrap all your scrap  
Papers, books, notebooks – all  
Drapers, dressers, beddings – all  
Groceries, grains and feeds – all.

Sonth Te Harud  
Translated as  
Romantic Seasons

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make  
The love birds of the garden awake!

See, the spring breeze in charm  
Has come to arouse love in the garden  
Dawn has come to hug dark cover  
Dew pearls fill every flower.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make  
The love birds of the garden awake!

I feel, behind the cloud, there -  
A virgin has begun to wear a bridal attire  
The flower on the stalk bows its head  
The breeze splashed the pearls to spread.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make  
The love birds of the garden awake!

The emotion is like the tear pearls of a bride, new\*  
at its in-laws house, for days few \*  
Trickling down in a spontaneous flow\*  
on the sight of, one from parent's home\*

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make  
The love birds of the garden awake!

The water falls wearing ringing bells  
Dance down atop the hills  
Leaving behind every charm  
To have, on boulders, romance warm



Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make  
The love birds of the garden awake!

Stockpilers and traders of the people  
Killed Godliness for bloody profits, ample  
Then, with cosmetically made decent face  
They go to shrines to seek His grace.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make  
The love birds of the garden awake!

A new spring wearing a democratic device (crown)  
Has come to garden to give due advice  
And Nadim with a keen desire, alive  
Has come to awake the garden to thrive.

Oh, cuckoo, the bird, come to sing and make  
The love birds of the garden to awake!

\*The similes used are typical to kashmiri culture, the sentiments are; when a bride (usually at a very young age) came to her in-laws place, she longed for her parents and home she has left. And on seeing a person (usually her brother) to have come to see her for the first time in her new place; tears of rich emotion trickled down on her cheeks. This is a very rich emotional expression.

## Sonnet

Oh! Dear you don't remember the days  
When we would groom love in secretive ways  
Don't you remember the love day  
We used unrestrictedly to display  
We planned today and tomorrow hopes to grow  
But the warmth got to go, giving a blow

The leaves were shed from the twig green  
But we kept spirits lit - to be seen  
This lit ray of light keeps my hope alive  
And we carry forward hopes to thrive  
The hope of love bloomed in grace  
Brought up the charm on surface

Your deep breath creates a breeze pleasant  
And sends across feeling decent  
New time to set in  
Good omens are within.

Samjoota (168)

Translated as Compromise

Grasses, vines, hedges, bushes, trees,  
Bricks, mortars, windows, doors, floors and roofs – these  
Are clay moulds born from the lump weed  
This is row of houses and that is barrier to meet  
This is my definition my unrest limitation  
The feel turns deep to run  
Into my skeleton  
Infact I am hollow within  
Weak fragile brittle and thin  
A bubble ball of soap foam  
Which till now housed a doom  
This in fact is a black recess space  
Which engulfed many and many a face  
It killed time  
To keep no rhyme  
The countless moments  
Pain, pleasure morning and merriment  
Hate love discord and attachment  
Youthful bonding and sentiment  
Is a meaningless notion  
A stale still worthless possession  
As if none existed to belong  
Forget all carry on – just sing a song

Narai Inclab

Translated as Revolutionary Slogan

You, youth of kashmir with passion  
Have to carry the sign of mission  
Looking to you is every Nation.

Be determined and move ahead  
You are the star bright and red

Be the honour of Kashmir  
Be the leader of Kashmir  
Be the voice of Kashmir

You are fire and flame, glam  
You are youthful blaze glare  
If you are a breeze of spring  
Have to be out, change to bring  
Don't hind behind the screen  
Tear the hold, come out, be seen

Be the revolution of kashmir  
Be the leader of Kashmir  
Be the voice of Kashmir

Roar and be a waterfall  
Shine and be a red ball  
Dig high spirits like fire  
From spaces far and near  
Rout shout and carry on  
Pledge on youth and go on

Be all pervading youth of Kashmir  
Be the leader of Kashmir  
Be the voice of Kashmir

Don't bother personal ends  
Don't wait decisive mends  
Move on whole and soul  
Stir ahead for the goal  
find the objective, then  
the path is clean, you run.

Be the life and soul of Kashmir  
Be the leader of Kashmir  
Be the voice of Kashmir

Don't be now in sorrow wear

None can deter you don't fear  
Kashmir, your motherland  
Will take care: understand  
Together gear up to win war  
Never mind a blood bath spar

Dye to be a martyr of Kashmir  
Be the leader of Kashmir  
Be the voice of Kashmir

Gloomy morn is just a dew show  
Victory bloom is freshness to grow  
Have to exert, not to bow  
Keep motherland alive, you know.  
There is a fact, effective  
Sacrifice is always resultive.\*

Be a martyr of Kashmir  
Be the leader of Kashmir  
Be the voice of Kashmir

\*world coined from result = result oriented: like effect = effective

arvind shah

# Child Bids Us Bye

Child bids us bye

I am a child  
You are grown  
I give you love  
You give me hate  
I give you growth  
You give me death

I am not happy  
Sad: I go to sea  
Dig my face in sand  
Life: I cannot withstand!

4/9/15

on a heart touching picture of a child on a sea shore, dead because of human violence

arvind shah



PoemHunter.com

# Translation Of Dina Nath Nadim Poems

Era

Translated as determination

Red hot - red hot  
Quite a lot - quite a lot  
My blood - youthful  
Youthful, youthful  
A storm, wrathful  
Wrathful wrathful

I don't fear, I desire  
To die for kashimir in cheer  
Whirlwind I am  
None to deter me and ram  
Should we be in scare  
Shell in and live in fear  
Have to face and see  
Fight and defeat the enemy.

So Red hot - red hot  
Quite a lot - quite a lot  
My blood - youthful  
Youthful, youthful  
A storm, wrathful  
Wrathful wrathful.

Lightenings gave me a clue  
To burn, burst, and fight for due  
The turmoil on mind and ground  
Reveal to me the secrets: aloud  
The martyrs, just dead  
Fill my blood with colour red.

Red hot - red hot  
So Quite a lot - quite a lot  
My blood - youthful  
Youthful, youthful  
A storm, wrathful  
Wrathful wrathful.

Harisath

Translated as Reflection

A broken piece of mirror: haphazard  
Shines bright on heap of garbage.  
A cow walked by, came in - gazed and went past  
A dog came in - breathed on it, and went past  
An indiscreet fool like soul  
Draped in rag strips - whole and whole  
Took it up and fused on her strip - then  
Extended the reach of her possession.

What more can be said  
A thought that is to be read.

Harisath

Translated as Ponder

A cloud climbed a mountain top  
A lightening split it - the wrap to stop.  
It was then held in a trap of mountain  
Detained no drops to drop as rain.  
But ear piercing sounds to descend to ground  
Like shrilled yelp of a child around.

We took it just a thunder, however  
Soon found a white blanket cover.  
A friend had brought a friend, to host at home  
Who can ask, how fresh snow came to dome.

Ayas

As translated as Inkling

A solitary piece of shoe  
Lies on a way: rue  
Open mouth craving to quench  
Thrust sever - very much.

A stay dog on the way

Pulled, pushed and tossed the prey  
The broken shabby ugly face  
Was dragged to lose further grace.

The dog by his turn and move  
Took to open drain, the shoe  
Is - it - thus - so  
Today, thirsty got thirst to go?

Maye Cham Aash Paghech  
Translated as I Keep Hope For Tomorrow

I keep hope for tomorrow  
Future will be bright tomorrow.

Days to be more bright  
Blooming flowers to be in sight  
The soil to be restless  
For greenery to come up on crust  
The breasts will overflow  
With the milk of love, love to show.

I keep hope for tomorrow  
Future will be bright tomorrow.

Sweet sounds, I will get to hear  
Despair to disappear - joys to cheer  
Joys will grow close to my chest  
Groomed with the sweet nectar of breast  
Merriment will grow all around  
All walls to climb and surround.

I keep hope for tomorrow  
Future will be bright tomorrow.

He will tip toe to come to door  
Gather the joys more and more  
Holding his head, he will go



Back in soft steps, slow and slow  
I will be drawn into ecstasy  
To sing for him in fantasy. (delight)

I keep hope for tomorrow  
Future will be bright, tomorrow.

Friends and peers will come to me  
Greet me, my fortunes to see  
I will be a winner to have won  
The crown of his bless then  
I will share the cheer with all  
But keep the possession not to let it fall.

I keep hope for tomorrow  
Futures will be bright tomorrow.

poems by dina nath nadim translated by arvind shah

arvind shah