



CAESURAE TRANSLATIONS - LOVE POETRY

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Editorial

Dear Beautiful Souls,

Greetings!!!

*The language of thoughts
Silenced the quietude,
Expressions smiled
Forming a queue.*

~ Orbindu Ganga

The verisimilitude of an expression is derived from a thought. The inception of a thought is carved by itself; being a fragment, it tends to fade away before being comprehended to be inducted. The ingress of a thought silences the quietude, being perceived by all beyond the language. The thoughts when painted into expressions are layered into the abyssal point to leave the continental shelf beamish. The expressions, when drizzled into words in their own words, are appreciated within the commune. The thoughts being circumscribed to a commune need to be tasted beyond the commune, translating the words into an expression for all; the thoughts breathe, letting the readers sigh and heave. Tasting such a cuisine filled with love for love is ever scrumptious. The thoughts vacillate, to be deciphered, needing a vacuum to flow; she flows with love expressed in love. Having received oeuvres from multiple languages with profound expressions mizzled in English, the far and nigh execute ebullience with their words. The expressions are complemented with colours to make the readers imbued in the ebb and flow of the waves. The sea is ever effervescent, and the waves are simmering with bioluminescence to make you awestruck in the night of the language of thoughts, with beaux arts expressions and many thoughts eagerly waiting to be tasted.

The language of thoughts and expressions blossoms in diverse languages of words, translated for many to taste the language of love through its oeuvres, evincing the language of love in diverse shades. All the creations were self-translated by the beautiful souls – the delightful expressions in Bangla sprinkled by Dr Swayambhu Mukherjee, the serene shrills in Hindi rendered by Shalini Nandkeolyar, the profound dewdrops in Tamil besprented by Dr Janatha Ramanathan, the soothing mizzle in Telugu showered by Prasanna Kkumar, and a few of my oeuvres in Hindi, Malayalam, and Tamil find a place among the exquisite pieces, except for the two oeuvres being manifested elegantly in Hindi by the original creator, Anamika, and graced in its essence in English by Mani Rao.

I extend my sincere gratitude to Prof. Jayita Sengupta for the inception of the idea of translating the love poetry for this year's issue. Her unwavering support has been both ennobling and captivating in this beautiful literary journey.

Love & Light,

Orbindu Ganga

Editor

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&

Member, Editorial Board

Caesurae Journal

BANGLA



DR SWAYAMBHU MUKHERJEE

Swayambhu Mukherjee is a senior physician by profession based in Kolkata. He is a visionary, poet, writer and thinker.

সোহম: তোমার নিরাভরণ "আমি"

দেখো যদি ফিরে 'এখন'
সেদিন সে ছিল 'তখন'

মনে পড়ে?
নিজেকে হারিয়ে ফেলা?
"কোহম"?
বলে অচেনা অজানা পথে
পথ চলা?

জানতে চেয়েছিলে সেদিন
"কে আমি?"

'চরৈবেতি'--
ওরা ডেকে বলেছিল

জীবনের পথে চল
পাবে
পথের শেষে
তোমার কোহম্ কে

সেই থেকে চলেছে এই
চরৈবেতি জীবন
তখন থেকে এখন

পথ হারিয়ে চলা
পথ ভুলে চলা
পথ খুঁজে চলা
ফিরে এসে ফিরে চলা

অজানা 'কখন'কে পেতে

'এখন'কে নিয়ে 'তখন'এর পথে
বিবর্তনের মধ্যে
বিবর্ধনের মধ্যে
চলা

যুধিষ্ঠির যেমন চলেছিলেন
পূর্ণ কে না চিনে পূর্ণর সন্ধানে
একে একে ছেড়ে ছেড়ে
সব সঙ্গী সাথি
মা ভাই বোন স্ত্রী
সকল "আমি"
সকল "আমার"
সঙ্গে শুধু বিশ্বাস আর আস্থার
প্রতিকী সারমেয়

মৃত্যু তো ক্ষণিকের দাহ
সে কি পারে থামাতে
চরৈবেতি কে চক্রতীরের পথে

তাই "কোহম্" কে খুঁজে খুঁজে চলা
আত্মার সামনে আয়না ধরে চলা

মহাপ্রস্থানের পথে
খসে খসে পড়ে
একে একে
"আমার" আবরণ
"আমি"র আবরণ যত

শেষ সাথী শুধু
বিশ্বাস আর আস্থা
সেই সারমেয়—

দীর্ঘ যাত্রার শুরুতে
সবার নিষেধ না মেনে
যাকে
সঙ্গে নিয়েছিলেন
যুধিষ্ঠির

"কোহম্"এর সন্ধানে চলতে চলতে
পথের শেষে
আত্মার আয়নায় দেখা দেয় যে
যদি চিনতে পারি তাকে
তো চিনব
সকল আবরণ মুক্ত নিজেকে —

"সোহম্"

SOHAM — THE UNVEILED SELF

Look back if you into the “Now” —
When on that day it was “Then.” —

Remember— do you?
The day you lost your own self to you?

Then the search began —
“Koham” — who am I?

Footsteps on strange, uncharted roads
In mind the quest reverberates
“Koham” — Who am I?

"Charaiveti"— was what they said
March forward on the path of life—
And at the road's end
You will meet your "Koham"
Since then the journey is on—
From “Then” to “Now”

Ways were lost
Ways were forgotten
Ways were sought
Ways circled back to start

But march forward never ceased —

Through the “Now”
To the unseen “When”

Through the maze “Then”

In evolution

In expansion

“Charaiveti” continues —

As Yudhishtira unknown of life's Purpose

Walked in search of unknown fulfillment

Leaving behind, one by one,

All companions of bondage —

Mother, brother, sister, wife —

And

All of “I,”

All of “Mine.”—

Only "Faith and Trust" remained—

As the loyal dog

That walked beside till the end —

Momentary burning of death

Ends in funeral-fire —

It cannot stop the eternal march

Holding a mirror before soul

In search of "Koham"— Who am I?

On the road of the Great Departure

The coverings fall —

One by one,

All of “I”

All of “Mine,”

Until nothing remains

But the final companion—
"Faith and Trust"—
That same dog of Yudhishtira
Whom he took along despite all warnings against—

Thus finally in search of "Koham"—
At the end of the road
Appears in the soul's mirror
The only "One" —

If only I recognise Him
Through him Appears
Answer to my quest "Koham" —

My true self stripped of all covering
The unadorned "I."—

"Soham"—

HINDI



SHALINI NANDKEOLYAR

Shalini Nandkeolyar is multitalented! She holds a diploma in acting from the New York Academy of Theatrical Arts and has acted in several plays. Her academic pursuits led her to study English literature and philosophy, and she also holds a degree in business management. Shalini is a gifted singer, known for her Bhajan album *Arpanam*. Painting is another of her passions. Her poems have been widely published in literary journals, magazines, and several anthologies in both Hindi and English. Her poetry is exquisite, rich in imagery, and filled with wisdom. Shalini is also a Reiki Master, a dedicated seeker on a path of deep surrender.

एक मुकम्मल एहसास

देर रात नींद के पार,
आज चाँद भी है तनहा, खामोश
नदी भी सुस्त, तुम्हारी बेशुमार यादें लिये
मुझ में बहती,
पेड़ों से ढलकते शबनम,
एकांत निशब्द,
हर बूँद इक बीती वाक्या बोझिल सी।
तुम्हारी धीमी आवाज़ का एक हल्का स्पर्श,
एक दस्तक, एक नर्म सा कोमल एहसास।

तुम्हारी हर श्वास के माधूर्य में पिरोई,
माधवी लता सी, मैं खेल-खिल जाती -
अनछुई खुशबू में भीगी, प्यार का
एक एहसास भर बन, बस...।

तब चाँद मंद-मंद मुस्कुराता,
लहरों को चूमता,
नदी शर्माई सी, थोड़ी सकुचाई सी,
अपना प्रेम गीत गुनगुनाती
हवा ले आता, कहीं दूर पहाड़ियों से
बाँसुरी का करुण धुन।
चाँद आहिस्ते-आहिस्ते समा जाता
नदी की आगोश में।

तुम्हारा प्यार निस्वार्थ, पवित्र
मुझे खुले आसमान दर्शाता -
आकाश में मुक्त उड़ूँ, स्वच्छंद,
पर मैं, सदैव तृप्त थी
तुम्हारी धड़कनों की लय मैं बँध कर।

तुम्हें क्या ज्ञात था, तुम न होंगे?
तुम चले गये चुप-चाप सहसा,
ज़िन्दगी थम गई वहीं।
एक लम्बा अंतराल,
फिर सीख लिया ...
तुम्हारी ग़ैरमौजूदगी में ही
तेरी मौजूदगी की छाँव में जीना,
पल-पल, मैं तुझ में हूँ,
महफूज़, मुकम्मल।

ओ री नदी, न हो उदास।
बादलों का आवरण हट जायेगा ।
चाँद फिर मुस्कुराएगा -
वो तो सर्वदा है तुम्हारा, सिर्फ़ तुम्हारा ।

A MOMENT COMPLETE

Late night, beyond sleep,
Tonight even the moon is melancholy, silent,
The river, listless,
Carrying countless memories of you,
Flowing within me.
Tears drip from the trees quietly, in solitude—wordless, heavy,
Every drop is a bygone story.
The gentle touch of your soft voice,
A knock, a feeling so tender, delicate,
Ethereal.

In the sweetness of each breath
Of yours I was strung,
Like the Madhavi vine
I clung to you, blossomed,
Drenched in your unknown fragrance.
I became just a feeling of love.

Then the moon would smile softly
Gently kissing the waves,
The river, shy, a little reticent,
Would hum her verses of love.
From the distant mountains,
The breeze would bring the plaintive notes of a flute.
Slowly, gently, the moon would melt
Into the river's embrace.

Your love – pure selfless,
Would waft me into the vast expanse
Of the boundless sky to soar higher,

Unfettered, but I was content being
In the rhythm of your heartbeat.

Did you know, you won't be there?
Silently, you left one day...
Life paused there – a long interval...
Now I have learnt to live
Without your presence,
Yet immersed in the fragrant shades
Of your presence.
Each moment I am in you -
Content, complete.

O river, don't be mournful...
The veil of the clouds will drift away.
The moon will smile, yet again -
He was ever yours, only yours.

गुलाब और धूलि

हमारी नज़रें मिलीं,
इक चिनगारी कौंध गई,
हृदय थिरकने लगा,
उल्लास की चरम शिखर पर -
एक सुकून भरी रौशनी की सिम्फनी,
अनजान, अजनबी एहसास।
मैं नदी थी तुम्हारे सागर की,
गहराइयों में डूबती हुई।
प्रेम... बस हो गया।

शबनम की बूँदों-सा था
पारदर्शी हमारा प्यार,
खुशी की फुहार —
न कोई ख्वाहिश,
न कोई तकाज़ा,
एक सम्पूर्ण तृप्ति,
एक अनछुई आत्मानुभूति।

जाने क्या हुआ?
क्या मैं तलाशती रही शाश्वत प्रेम
इन क्षणभंगुर, उड़ते मृगतृष्णा के पलों में?
मेरी हथेलियों के बीच दीये की लौ
तो जलती रही — स्थिर, निश्चल।
शायद तुम्हारी आकांक्षाओं की हवा ने
बुझा दिया तुम्हारा प्यार...

अब मैं देखती हूँ इन सूखे गुलाबों को —
निस्तेज, बेरौनक,

ज़िंदगी के पन्नों के बीच दबे,
अनन्त इच्छाओं की लंबी कतार तले,
शर्तों की भूलभुलैया, खोई उम्मीदें,
और नीरस दिन...

मैं फिर भी सहेजूंगी —
कोमलता से —
तुम्हारी उन्मत्त खुशबू
जीऊँगी खामोशी से
प्यार के वे लम्हें...
चाहे तुम अब
मुझे फूल न भेजो।

ROSES AND DUST

Our eyes met—
A spark ignited.
Heart ecstatic dancing,
A symphony of soothing lights
Of unknown bliss—
I was a river merging
Into the fathomless depth of
Your ocean...
Love just happened!

Our love was transparent
Dewdrops of cascading joy
Wanting nothing,
Demanding nothing
Our entire being melting
Into one soulful mingling of
Ecstasy untouched, divine!

What happened?
Did I seek for permanence in a
Fleeting world of illusions?
The lamp burnt unwavering
Between my cupped palms.
Perhaps the breeze of
Expectations blew away your
Flickering light!

I look at the dried roses lustreless,
Squashed between the pages of
Life's endless desires of conditions

And lost hopes,
Demands and mundane days.

Yet, I will salvage tenderly the
Heady fragrance of you,
Savour the moments of love silently
Even though you don't send me
Flowers anymore!



ANAMIKA

Anamika teaches literature in English at the University of Delhi. Her doctoral thesis is on the reception of John Donne across the ages. Besides eight volumes of criticism, she has published seven novels in Hindi. Three of her novels, *Dus Dware ka Peenjara*, *Aienasaz*, and *Trin Dhari Oat*, have won national awards. In 2020, she received the Sahitya Akademi Award for her poetry collection *Tokri Mein Digant*. Poems from her other poetry collections, *Anushtup*, *Khurduri Hatheliyan*, *Doob-Dhan*, *Pani Ko Sab Yaad Tha*, and *Band Raston Ka Safar*, are on the syllabi at different universities. She is an avid translator herself and also the founding-editor of a bilingual literary journal called *Pashyantee*. Her essays on womanist discourse in Hindi have been translated into many languages, and she has translated the works of Rilke, Neruda, Doris Lessing, Octavio Paz, and contemporary women poets extensively.

एक बिजूके की प्रेम कहानी

मैं हूँ बिजूका एक ऐसे खेत का
जिसमें सालों से कुछ नहीं उगा ।
बेकार पड़ा-पड़ा
धसक गया है मेरा
हाड़ी-सा गोल-गोल माथा ।
उखड़ गई हैं मूँछे ।
लचक गए हैं कंधे ।
एक तरफ़ झूल गया है कुरता ।
कुरते की जेबी में
चुटुर-पुटुर करती हैं लेकिन
नीले-पीले पंखों वाली
छोटी-सी चिड़िया ।
एक वक्त था जब
मुझसे बहुत डरती थी,
धीरे-धीरे उसका डर निकल गया ।
कल मेरी जेबी में अंडे दिए उसने ।
मेरे भरोसे ही उन्हें छोड़कर
जाती है वह बहुत दूर दाना लाने ।
नया-नया मेरी खातिर
भरोसे का कोमल एहसास ।
काठ के कलेजे में मेरे
बजने लगा है इकतारा ।
दूर तलक है उजाड़ मगर
यह जो चटकने-चमकने लगी है
बूटी भरसे की,
उसकी ही मूक प्रार्थना फूली है शायद
जो बदलियाँ उमड़ गई हैं अचानक ।
खिल जाएगा धीरे-धीरे

यह पूरा संसार,
बस जाएगा क्या
धीरे-धीरे
फिर से यह उजड़ा दयार?
लेकिन जब खेत हरे हो जाएँगे
ढह जाएगी क्या यह मेरी निरीहता ?
आयेंगे वे और कर देंगे मुझको फिटफाट-
सूट-बूट और कड़क मूँछें, चटक लाल आँखें?
ओ बाबा,
क्या मैं भयावह हो जाऊँगा फिर से-
डर जाएगी मेरी डालीकी चिड़िया मुझी से?
क्या बेबसी प्यार का घर है?
प्यार हमदर्दनगर है ।

अनब्याही औरतें

“माई री मैं कासे कहूँ पीर अपने जिया की, माई री !”

जब भी सुनती हूँ मैं गीत, आपका मीरा बाई,
सोच में पड़ जाती हूँ, वो क्या था
जो माँ से भी आपको कहते नहीं बनता था,

हालांकि संबोधन गीतों का
अक्सर वह होती थीं !
वर्किंग विमेन्स हॉस्टल में पिछवाड़े का ढाबा !
दस बरस का छोटू प्यालियाँ धोता-चमकाता
क्या सोचकर अपने उस खटारा टेप पर
बार-बार ये ही वाला गीत आपका बजाता है !

लक्षण तो हैं उसमें
क्या वह भी मनमोहन पुरुष बनेगा,
किसी नन्ही-सी मीरा का मनचीता,
अड़ियल नहीं, ज़रा मीठा !

वर्किंग विमेन्स हॉस्टल की हम सब औरतें
ढूँढ़ती ही रह गईं कोई ऐसा
जिन्हें देख मन में जगे प्रेम का हौसला !
लोग मिले-पर कैसे-कैसे -
ज्ञानी नहीं, पंडिताऊ,
वफ़ादार नहीं, दुमहिलाऊ,
साहसी नहीं, केवल झगड़ालू,
दृढ़प्रतिज्ञ कहाँ, सिर्फ जिद्दी,
प्रभावी नहीं, सिर्फ हावी,
दोस्त नहीं, मालिक,
सामाजिक नहीं, सिर्फ एकांतभीरु

धार्मिक नहीं, केवल कट्टर

कटकटाकर हरदम पड़ते रहे वे
अपने प्रतिपक्षियों पर-
प्रतिपक्षी जो आखिर पक्षी ही थे,
उनसे ही थे,
उनके नुचे हुए पंख
और चोंच घायल !
ऐसों से क्या खाकर हम करते हैं प्यार !
सो अपनी वरमाला
अपनी ही चोटी में गूंथी
और कहा खुद से -
"एकोहऽम बहुस्याम"
वो देखो वो -

प्याले धोता नन्हा घनश्याम !
आत्मा की कोख भी एक होती है, है न !
तो धारण करते हैं
इस नयी सृष्टि की हम कल्पना

जहाँ ज्ञान संज्ञान भी हुआ करे,
साहस सद्भावना !



MANI RAO

Mani Rao is the author of sixteen books in poetry, translation, and non-fiction, including *So That You Know* (HarperCollins 2025) and *Kalidasa - Selected Poetry and Drama* (HarperCollins 2025). She held writing residencies at IWP Iowa, Omi Ledig House NY, and International Poetry Studies Institute Canberra (IPSI), served on juries including the Windham Campbell Prize for poetry, and participated in such festivals as Jaipur Literature Festival and New York PEN World Voices. Mani has an MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas, and a PhD in Religious Studies from Duke University, USA. Her research on mantras in the book *Living Mantra: Mantra, Deity and Visionary Experience Today* is part of the Anthropology of Religion Series, Palgrave Macmillan (2019). She is the Managing Editor, Translated Poetry, for The Bombay Literary Magazine.

A SCARECROW'S LOVE STORY

I'm the scarecrow of a field
where nothing has grown for years.
Laying idle, my rotund head is bone worn.
Moustache uprooted, shoulders stiff, my
tunic flaps about.

In my pocket, a little blue-yellow winged bird
that was once scared of me, chirrups.
Little by little, she lost her fear.
She laid eggs in my pocket the other day.
She leaves them in my care
and goes far to look for food.
There's a new, tender feeling of trust.
A string instrument now plays
in my wooden heart.

As far as the eye can see, it is barren,
but all of a sudden the clouds
have begun to rumble.
Perhaps due to the dumb prayer
of this little shoot, sprouting, gleaming.

Oh, the entire world will revive, blossom!
Will this abandoned land be inhabited again?
When the fields are green
will my hopelessness be erased?
Will they come and deck me up?
Suited, booted, given a stiff moustache,
eyes gleaming red, will I be
formidable again?

Will the birds on my branches fear me?
Is hopelessness the proper home of love?
Where there's empathy, there's love.

SINGLE WOMEN

“O’ mother, to whom shall I speak of my heart’s distress.”

Whenever I listen to your songs, dear Meera,
I’m lost in thought.
What was that you would keep trying
to tell your mother?

But love songs are usually like that.
At a roadside eatery behind the working women’s hostel,
a ten-year old boy washing dishes played this same song
again and again on a clanky cassette player.

He sure had the look.
Will he be the heart-throb of some little Meera?
Not sullen, but sweet?

Our quest went on.
O’ to find someone
to stir our hearts and realize love.
Instead, we met all sorts.
Not wise, just erudite.
Not the faithful type, a swinger.
Not brave, quarrelsome.
Not determined, stubborn.
Not charismatic, just bossy.
Not friend, master.
Not sociable, lone mouse.
Not ethical, just pious.

Pouncing upon their prey.

Well, after all, the opponents
were game. Their game.
Wings clipped, beaks bruised.
How ravenous, to need
lovers like this!

So we wore the garlands meant for them
in our own plaits and told ourselves—
“I am one, I am multitudes.”
“See, if we need to love someone,
we have him, little Krishna,
washing pots and pans.

See, even the mind is fertile
like a womb.
We created a brave, new world
with our imagination
where knowledge became wisdom
and bravado, goodwill.



ORBINDU GANGA

Orbindu Ganga is an author, editor, poet, publisher, consultant, researcher, content writer, and spiritual healer. He holds a postgraduate degree in science from India and is the inaugural recipient of the Dr Mitra Augustine Gold Medal for academic excellence. He owns CynFynEnliven, a company providing publishing, consulting, and content services. He was the co-founder and director of the literary and research editorial boards of two journals, INNSÆI and MatruAksharJournals. His diverse expertise includes finance, banking, publishing, and soft skills training. Additionally, he developed the Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS) and is a certified life coach, spiritual coach, and mindset coach under SOBS. He has been featured four times in "The Year of Poet" (2019–2021 and 2025) by Inner Child Press International Publication (United States of America). He has published over two hundred poems, twenty science articles, fifteen general articles, ten books, three research papers, two short stories, and other creative works.

एक ख्वाब

उन पंखों में जान ही नहीं थी,
मगर उड़ान की चाह तो थी,
उस चाहत को हवाओं ने पड़ लिया,
पर वो तो जी रही थी
बेजान सी, एक आस में...

उस एक आस में जीने चले
कि उस आस में, मरने से पहले जी लेंगे,
एहसास तो बहुत बार हुआ,
मगर उस आस को विदा न कर पाया,
हमेशा लुकाछिपी खेलता रहा,
सिर्फ उनकी एक झलक पाने के लिये।

एक झलक पाने की ख्वाहिशों में,
न जाने कतने लम्हों को
बिना कहे महसूस किया,
कहने की चाहत हमेशा रही है,
मगर खो गये थे,
उन की एक झलक पा के।

खोने में क्या रखा है,
हमेशा जीते चले आए हैं,
मगर खोने में जो आस मिली है,
अब एहसास दिला रही है,
कि एक झलक पाने के लिये
बिन कहे बरसों से महसूस करना,
एक सुकून है, अब जीने के लिये
वो एक ख्वाहिश बन चुकी है।

A DREAM

The desire to fly endured
In spite of lifeless wings,
The breeze read her wish,
But she was living a spiritless
Life, living with a hope...

She lived with the hope that
Before dying, she will live.
Realised it many times,
But she never bid an adieu.
Just to have a glance at her
She played hide-and-seek.

An aspiration to have a glance,
Having felt so deep without speaking
About the numerous moments,
After having a glance at her once
Became oblivion in spite of having
The desire to speak to her.

Becoming oblivion is nothing
Have always been living,
But becoming oblivion has
Given a desire, making me
Realise, waiting for years
To feel for her to just have
A glance is serene, yearning
Has become a reason for living.

कश्ती में सवार

उस वक़्त के इंतज़ार में न जाने
कितने खयाल यूँ ही गुज़र गये,
अगर मिले होते तो, सैलाब बन के
हम दोनों कश्ती में सैर करते,
लफ़्ज़ों को मिठास मिल जाता
और हमें आपकी रूहानियत।

BEING IN A BOAT

How many thoughts have left me
Having waited for a long while,
If we had met, we would have
Travelled in a boat being inundated,
Words would have been saccharined
And I would be imbued with your soulfulness.

MALAYALAM



ORBINDU GANGA

Orbindu Ganga is an author, editor, poet, publisher, consultant, researcher, content writer, and spiritual healer. He holds a postgraduate degree in science from India and is the inaugural recipient of the Dr Mitra Augustine Gold Medal for academic excellence. He owns CynFynEnliven, a company providing publishing, consulting, and content services. He was the co-founder and director of the literary and research editorial boards of two journals, INNSÆI and MatruAksharJournals. His diverse expertise includes finance, banking, publishing, and soft skills training. Additionally, he developed the Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS) and is a certified life coach, spiritual coach, and mindset coach under SOBS. He has been featured four times in "The Year of Poet" (2019–2021 and 2025) by Inner Child Press International Publication (United States of America). He has published over two hundred poems, twenty science articles, fifteen general articles, ten books, three research papers, two short stories, and other creative works.

മഴയത്ത്

മഴയത്ത് നനഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ
നിന്റെ വാക്കുകൾ,
എന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ കൗതുകമായി
പാടിയ വരികൾ,
ഈണം പകർന്ന നിന്റെ മിഴികൾ.

IN THE RAIN

Your words after getting
Soaked in the rain,
Rendered the lines
From the curious heart,
With your eyes setting the tunes.

വർഷങ്ങൾക്ക് ശേഷം

ആരോടും പറയാതെ
 ആരോടും മിണ്ടാതെ
 മിഴികൾ ആയി കടന്നു നാളുകൾ,
 കടൽ അലകൾ ഒപ്പം നിന്നെ
 ഓർമ്മകളായി ചേർത്ത് നാളുകൾ,
 മായാതെ മധുര സ്വപ്നങ്ങളുടെ
 എന്റെ മനസ്സിൽ നിന്നെ ഓർമ്മകൾ,
 സ്നേഹിതൻ വരാന്തയിൽ കണ്ട കാലം
 മഴയത്ത് ഒരുമിച്ച് നടന്ന കാലം,
 പുസ്തകത്തിൽ മയിൽപീലി കാവുടേ
 ചുംബനത്തിൽ മുളിയെ പാട്ട്,
 ആ മുളിയെ പാട്ടുകളുടെ രാത്രികൾ എന്നോട്
 ആയിരം കഥകളോട് ഒപ്പം മിണ്ടി,
 നിറവിലെ രാവിലെ നിന്നെ ഓർമ്മകൾഒപ്പം
 ആ പാട്ടിന്റെ വരികൾ വിടർന്നു,
 വർഷങ്ങൾക്ക് ശേഷം ആ മധുര സ്വപ്നം തേടി
 നിന്നെ അരികിൽ വന്നപ്പോൾ,
 നിന്നെ മിഴികളും ഓർമ്മകൾക്ക്
 ഞാൻ ശലഭമായി നിന്നു.

YEARS LATER

Sans saying to anyone
Being silent to anyone
Passing through the days of whispering eyes,
Being with the waves along the shore
Days of recollecting the memories,
With the indelible sweet dreams
Imbued are your memories in my heart,
Recollecting the period of seeing you in the school gallery
Recollecting the period of walking together in the rain,
The abode of the feathers of the peacock in the books
Kissing with the humming song,
The night was imbued with the humming song
Spoke thousands of stories with me,
In the early morning
With your memories
The lyrics of the song blossomed,
After many years
In search of the sweet dream
Found you, came to you,
Your eyes and memories stood still like a butterfly.

TAMIL



DR JANATHA RAMANATHAN

Dr Janatha Ramanathan, a writer, a translator, and an associate professor of English, Sree Ayyappa College for Women, Chunkankadai, Tamil Nadu is an erudite scholar and has been teaching for two decades. She is also the founder, chief editor of *The Daffodils – An International Journal of Literature, Language and Criticism*. Her two authored collection of poems are *A Bundle of Joy* and *Purple Dreams*. Dr. Janatha was awarded the most Influential Women Award 2021 by Writer's Capital Foundation, Athens. She is proud recipient of the Tamil Nadu Govt state best National Service Scheme programme officer award for the year 2016-17.

என் தேவதைகள்

என் வாழ்க்கையின் ஒளி,
 அமைதியின் உறைவிடம்,
 என் அன்பின் ஊற்றும்,
 என் துக்கப்படும் இதயத்திற்கு ஒரு சோலை,
 இந்த மாயையான உலகில் என் மனம் உங்களைத் தேடுகிறது,
 உங்கள் தோளில் சாய்ந்து என் வேதனையைத் இறக்கிவிட வேண்டும்.

என் ஆசிரியர், அம்மா, தோழி மற்றும் சகோதரி,
 உங்கள் பாதுகாப்பில் இருப்பது அதிர்ஷ்டம்,
 வாழ்க்கையின் பாடங்களை நீங்கள் எனக்குக் கற்றுக் கொடுத்தீர்கள்,
 தந்திரமான சவால்களை எதிர்கொள்ளவும்,
 மாறுபட்ட மோதல்களை நம்ப வைக்கவும்,
 மனசாட்சியைக் கொண்டாடவும் வழி வகுத்தீர்கள்.

நான் உங்களுடன் இருந்தபோது.
 வாழ்க்கை ஆனந்தமாகவும், மகிழ்ச்சியாகவும் இருந்தது,
 தூக்கமில்லாத இரவுகளின் நாட்களை நேசித்தேன்,
 நமது கடந்த காலக் கதைகளைச் சொல்லி,
 சீட்டாட்டம் விளையாடுவதும் திரைப்படம் பார்ப்பதும்,
 ஒற்றுமையின் இனிமையான தருணங்கள்.

என் மனதின் நடுக்கங்களை நீங்கள் உணர்கிறீர்கள்,
 என்னை ஆறுதல்படுத்த நீங்கள் என்னைத் தொடும்,
 உங்கள் புன்னகையும், உங்கள் கண்களும்,
 நீங்கள் எனக்காகக் காப்பாத்தி வைத்திருந்த,
 அன்பைப் பற்றி பேசுகின்றன,
 நீங்கள் என்னை உங்கள் இதயத்தில் சுமந்து,
 என் அன்பைப் பொக்கிஷமாகக் நேசித்தீர்கள்.

வாழ்க்கை உங்களை நிறைய நொறுக்கி விட்டது,
ஆனால் நீங்கள் அடங்காத மனோபலம் உடையவராக இருந்தீர்கள்,
கவலைகளும் துயரங்களும்,
உங்களை ஒருபோதும் சிதைக்கவில்லை,
நீங்கள் என் தேவதைகள்,
அமைதியின் மென்மையான தூதர்கள்.

காலத்தை மாற்றியமைக்க கடவுள் எனக்கு சக்தி தருவாரா,
என் தாய்மார்களை இந்த பிரபஞ்சத்திற்கு மீண்டும் கொண்டு வர,
ஏனென்றால் நான் தூங்குவதற்கு அவர்களின் மடி தேவை,
மேலும் வாழ்வதற்கு அவர்களின் அன்பு தேவை.

MY ANGELS

The light of my life,
An abode of peace,
And my fountain of love,
An oasis for my bereaving heart,
My mind searches you in this illusionary world,
To lean on your shoulder and unburden my pain.

My teacher, mother, friend and sister,
Fortunate to be under your tutelage,
You taught me the lessons of life,
To confront cunning challenges,
Convince the contrasting conflicts,
And celebrate the conscience.

Life was happy and joyous,
When I was with you.
Loved the days of sleepless nights,
The sweet moments of togetherness,
Narrating stories of our past,
Playing cards and watching movies.

You sense the tremours of my mind,
You touch me to comfort me.
Your smile, your eyes speak volumes of love,
You had in store for me.
You carried me in your heart,
And treasured my love.

Life has crushed you a lot,
But indomitable you were.

The worries and miseries,
Never crumbled you.
You are my angels,
The gentle apostles of peace.

Will God give me the power to revert the time,
To bring back my mothers back to this universe.
For I need their lap to sleep,
And their love to live.

கனவுகள்

ஒரு மயக்கும் கற்பனைப் பயணம்,
 நீங்கள் என்னை ஒரு புது உலகத்திற்கு அழைத்துச் செல்கிறீர்கள்,
 ஏமாற்றமும் வெறுப்பும் இல்லாமல்,
 இருத்தலின் தூய சாரத்தைத் தழுவுங்கள்,
 எல்லா காயங்களையும் குணமாக்கிறாய்.
 என் உணர்ச்சிகளுக்கு வழிகாட்டியாக நீ இருக்கிறாய்,
 என் முடிவு, ஆசைகள் மற்றும் மனப்பான்மையை தூண்டுகிறாய்.

வாழ்க்கையை ஒரு நோக்கத்துடனும் அர்த்தத்துடனும் வழிநடத்துகிறது,
 சிறந்த எதிர்காலத்திற்காக வாழ்க்கையின் தேர்வுகளை
 வடிவமைக்கவும்,
 கட்டுப்பாட்டு உணர்வைக் கொடுத்து நம்பிக்கையை நோக்கி
 வழிநடத்துகிறது,
 நித்தியத்தின் பாதையில் என்னை வழிநடத்துகிறது,
 என்னை பேரின்பத்தின் புகலிடத்திற்கு அழைத்துச் செல்கிறது,
 நம்பிக்கை மட்டுமே வாழ்க்கையை வடிவமைக்கிறது.

நீங்கள் என் ஆவியை வடிவமைத்து, என் சக்தியைப்
 பயன்படுத்துகிறீர்கள்,
 நீங்கள் ஒளிரும் நட்சத்திரங்கள், ஒளியுடன் விளங்குகிறீர்கள்,
 நான் உன்னைப் பின்தொடர்கிறேன், ஆனால் உன்னைத் தொட
 முடியாது.
 நிகரான உண்மையின் ஒவியத்தை வரைந்து,
 பலவகை உணர்வுகளின் சாயல்களுடன்,
 உணர்ச்சிகள் பதியப்பட்டு, ஆசைகள் அமைதியடைந்து,
 நீங்கள் என்னை சொர்க்கத்திற்கு அழைத்துச் செல்கிறீர்கள்

DREAMS

An enchanting voyage of imagination,
You carry me to a land,
Devoid of disappointment and hatred,
Embrace the pure essence of existence,
Heal all the wounds.
You serve as a guide to my emotions,
Influence my decision, desires and attitude.

.
Directs life with a purpose and meaning,
Shape the choices of life for a better future,
Give a sense of control and steer towards hope,
Leads me through the path of perpetuity,
Takes me to the haven of bliss,
Where only hope designs life.

You mould my spirit and wield my power,
A shining star, you glisten,
I follow you, but can't touch you.
Portraying the picture of reality,
with all shades of different emotions,
emotions embedded, passions pacified,
You lead us to paradise.



ORBINDU GANGA

Orbindu Ganga is an author, editor, poet, publisher, consultant, researcher, content writer, and spiritual healer. He holds a postgraduate degree in science from India and is the inaugural recipient of the Dr Mitra Augustine Gold Medal for academic excellence. He owns CynFynEnliven, a company providing publishing, consulting, and content services. He was the co-founder and director of the literary and research editorial boards of two journals, INNSÆI and MatruAksharJournals. His diverse expertise includes finance, banking, publishing, and soft skills training. Additionally, he developed the Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS) and is a certified life coach, spiritual coach, and mindset coach under SOBS. He has been featured four times in "The Year of Poet" (2019–2021 and 2025) by Inner Child Press International Publication (United States of America). He has published over two hundred poems, twenty science articles, fifteen general articles, ten books, three research papers, two short stories, and other creative works.

பனி துளியில் உன் ஓசை

உன் இசை தேடி
இமயதே அணிந்தேன்,
பனி மலையில் வளர்ந்தது
உன் இசை ஓசை,
மெய் மறந்தேன் உன் கொலுசு
சத்தம், மலையின் உச்சியில்
கூட மேகமாய் ஊஞ்சல்
ஆடுகிறது, மழை துளி
பனி துளியாய் மாறன தருணத்தில்
பனி மலர்களான உன் விழிகள்
புன்னகையில் நனைந்து நதிகளோடு
பயணம் செய்தது...

YOUR SOUND IMBUED IN THE DEWDROPS

Traveled to the Himalayas
In search of your music,
The sound of your music
Blossomed in the glaciated mountain,
Astounded by the sound
Of the anklets, swinging
Along with the clouds at
The mountain peak, dewdrops
Imbued in the flowers beholding
Your smile, drenched in your
Eyes to travel along the river.

உன் கவிதை

இலக்கியத்தின் மார்போடு சாஞ்ச பின்
உன் கவிதைக்கு என்ன அழகு,
உன்னை பாக்காத நாட்களுக்கு
உன் கவிதை தந்த வலி,
என் இதயத்தில் கண்ணிற்கு இடம்
இல்லை என்று உன் வரிகள் தந்த வலி,
அந்த கண்ணீருக்கு நான் எழுதும்
இலக்கணம் கல்லுக்கு சொன்ன விளக்கம்.

YOUR POETRY

Your poetry has become exquisite
When shoulders leaned on the literature,
Having not seen you for days
Your poetry gave so much pain.
Echoes of your verses pained -
'Tears have no place in my heart',
Penned the tears of grammar
Replying to the stone.

TELUGU



PRASANNA KKUMAR

Prasanna Kkumar is a trilingual poet (English + Hindi + Telugu) who has more than 50 national and international anthologies to his credit. And is a widely published, translated, and internationally acclaimed multilingual poet and editor. Prasanna's poetry is translated into Arabic, Chinese, Hungarian, and Assamese. His previously edited international anthologies include *Love and Longing* (2023) – (Guest Editor), *Songs of Peace* (2022), *Manushatvam: Songs of Humanity* (2023) and *Reach for the Sky* (2024). His collections include *Pearl of Euphoria* (2000), co-authored with Mary Felicis (Philippines); *Flowers from the Valley* (2022), co-authored with Prof. Yashpal Kalra (Gujarat); and *The Moon Sees Everything in the Dark* (2025), co-authored with Ms Isabel VanMerlin (US). He received many accolades from several poetry forums in Latin countries, France, Egypt, Morocco, and Italy. He is the co-founder of *The Fertile Brains*, a successful online literary platform, and has made significant contributions to world literature, particularly in the field of poetry.

నిరర్థన

ఎలా వ్రాయను కవితల్ల,
 కవితలో కుదించి నిరర్థిచడం
 మరి నాకు అనితరసాదర్ల,
 ప్రేమ అనే రెండు అక్షరాలు
 లేవు దానికి హద్దులు,
 అమృతాలనలో
 ప్రియరాలి చూపులో
 నాన్నమందలింపులో,
 అనర్థమరి అకృతానురాగంలో,
 చినాల్లి చిరునవుల్లో
 చినధానికి పలకరింపులో,
 ఎలా సాధర్ల అవుతుంది
 నాకు ఓ కవితలో క్రోడికరించడం
 ప్రేమ అనే పరిభాషణ
 ఏ భాషకు కూడ సరిపోదు
 తన అక్షర సమాహారంతో
 పద నిరర్థన.
 ప్రేమ అమరం,
 ప్రేమ ఒక వరం
 ప్రేమ ఆణువణునా మీటుతుంది
 హృదయం,
 అదే మానవాలిని ఒకే దారంతో కట్టి ఉంచే సంవేదన!

DEFINITION

How can I write poetry,
Condense and define it in a poem is hard for me
to elaborate,
Two letters called love
have no boundaries,
In the caress of a mother,
In the gaze of a beloved,
In the reprimand of a father,
In the affection of an elder brother and sister,
In the smile of a child,
In the greetings of a pretty girl,
How is it possible for me
to condense it in a poem,
The definition of love
cannot be explained in any language,
With a mere collection of letters
the definition of the word can never be elongated or expanded,
Love is immortal,
Love is a blessing,
Love touches every heart,
The feeling of love binds humanity with its unique thread of emotional chord.

నిరీక్షణ

ఏమో ఎందుకో అంతా అయోమయం,
 నేను చూస్తున్నా దృశ్యప్రపంచం
 అంతా అల్లకల్లోలం,
 నాకు కావాలి ఒక ఒడి, తీరాలి నే సేద
 ఎకథ ఉంటుంది నా అంతరంగిక
 సేపూ సవణ్ణి,
 ఎకథ దొరుకుతుంది నా ఆలోచన అర్థం చేసుకునే నెచ్చెల్లి,
 ఎటు చూసినా అంతా అల్లకల్లోలం
 లేదు శాంతి పవనం,
 నాకు కావాలి సుమధుర రాగాల
 సంగీత లహరి,
 చెలి ఆలింగనములో మైమరచి ననువైన కోలోయ్లా,
 తాపపు హృదయం తపనల శబ్దం మృదు శృతిలయలలో వోలలాడేలా,
 నాకు కావాలి ఒక వడి,
 దానికై నిరీక్షణ సాగుతుంది యుగాల తరబడి...

WAITING

Wondering why; everything seems to be confusing and unclear happening,
This virtual world, which I'm watching, is shrouded in chaos,
I need a place to rest,
Searching for my conscience,
Where can I find a friend who transcends my thoughts,
Wherever I'm looking, it's filled with the sound of chaos,
No peaceful wind nor restful breeze,
I need the sweet sound of music,
I need to lose myself listening to the flutter of the warmth of longing soft melodies in
the embrace
Of my beloved,
I need that nook,
To beget the same, the waiting is continuing for the ages...

Caesurae Collective Society is a registered non-profit organization devoted to academic and cultural activities. We organize academic seminars, creative writing, music, dance, film, graphic, photography and art workshops and events. Our organization prides in members who come from different disciplines. We have serious academicians who are creatively inclined. And we have professionals from different cultural streams.

Our 2025 conference successfully concluded.

To become a member, write to mail@caesurae.org with your interests and a brief about yourself. Or follow the [link](#).