

A COLLECTION OF POEMS



by

CHANDER M. BHAT

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BELIEF!

I have a fear,
Cannot bear
To flee homeland
With all the band.

Rushed to survive
To a new land.
With all the memories
Lingering in mind.

Longing to return
To reestablish formation
In search of "meadows and pastures new".
Lost selfhood.

Lost a few years in vain
Walked over a sword edge
To retain and hold on to esteem
Assuming all, a false side of life.

Evade of time
Lessen eagerness
All castles in the air scattered.
Cataclysm changed thought.

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Enervated, stopped to think
Of good days which may come.
An excessive flow of words
Often came out
As in mental illness.

Hopes became dupes
Memories littered
Anger abated
Vigorousness to live
Gradually grew faint.

Lazed the whole day
Thinking of better days
Meditated on the problem
Left this mortal soul.

EXILE

Kashmir!
the name
is enough
for me
while
in exile.

The mountains
playing fields
orchards
temples
lanes and
by lanes
my hope
in exile.

Thrashed houses
spring banks
markets
small culverts
roads
my companion
in exile.

Village fairs
call for *Kulwan**
beating of drums
whistles

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cleaning of temple spring
sweet memories
in exile.

Snow fall
dark nights of winter
evening at *Mushteng**
watching the paddy
noise of *Daavok**
breaks my rest
in exile

Chirping of birds
village show of *dhamalfaqir**
following the *tschinch**
grazing of cows
chorus of people
while sowing paddy
tempts me
in exile.

Village school building
temple and mosque
fresh water springs
*Boni Bagh**
*Devispath** and *Goorinaar**
reminds me
of my childhood
in exile.

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Kulwan: Cleaning of Streams for free flow of water to the paddy fields.

Mushteng: Village graveyard

Daavok: Scarcity of water during the paddy season.

Dhamalfaqir: A group of men performing village shows.

Tschinch: A group of men visiting village-to-village killing cats for fur.

Boni Bagh: Village market.

Devispath & Goorinar: Name of paddy fields.

FRIGHT

Early nineties.....

life in the valley

was uncertain.

*Hangul** lived a cloistered

existence.

Outside world was unsafe.

Valley had changed

beyond recognition.

Demonstrations,

protest marches,

massive marches,

police firing, and

killing of innocent people

disrupted the

normal routine.

Disorder had become

pervasive.

It was panic all around.

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No one can get over
the fright that had seeped.
Imagination ran wild,
what next ?
Death or torture !

*Hangul..... A kind of deer and now one of the extinct species of Kashmir.

HEART BEAT !

All those days of making fun
With my friends under unforgiving sun
Keeping our blood just fast run
Without any interest and attention.

Long were those days but short my rest
I miss them most who were my best
Those dear ones who were of my chest
Looking for them who lost in mist.

To whom I could tell!
Parting of a friend without a farewell
Running for shelter, they forget a friend
Who loved them most to the end?

My days were charming and nights accident free
But alas! These days I am alone like a tree
Searching for them, who were my own
Feeling just like flesh without a bone.

I AM DOWN

By Ofra Haza

Oh! Let the sun beat down upon my face

Stars to fill my dreams

I am a traveler of both time and space

To be where I have been

As the dust that floats behind you

When moving through Kashmir

With no provision but an open face

Along the straits

Of fear

I've been flying

Isn't not denying

As I see turns to brown

As the sun burns the ground

And my eyes fill with sand

As I scan

This wasted land

Trying to find, trying to find

When I am down

So down.....

REPLY TO OFRA HAZA

By Chander M. Bhat

But I watch the beautiful Dal
Or noiseless Wullar
And asking me they
Where is your way
Ar'nt you he
Who passaged with us
In those moonlit nights
I swear I swear
You recall now us
We tenderly wait
You come about
Streams waiting to do a shout
This vale is eager to open the gate.

LINGER

The village streets remind me
To tell the stories
I cannot make my life tell.

Its unending fields and pastures
Which remind me of my childhood
The days of roaming bare footed
Jumping, leaping and making fun.

Climbing the trees and coming down swiftly
Makes me puzzle all these days
The days of fear of the elders
Makes my life full of wonders.

Dark and deep those memory lanes
Makes me crippled when strike my brain
Do ever! I go to my village
To have a glimpse of the image
My soul and mind often strike
And makes me disabled all the way.

NEW EXPERIENCE

I was very ease at home
Without any disturbance
I was thrown out of my home
Without my interference.

Not talk of men even God
Pertant to teach me a lesson
Of no faults of mine
I did bear those sufferings.

Thus came a day
I asked the God my faults
HE in turn lowered his eyes
By saying, I did make your life.

Thus came the right answer
I was stunt
God indicated, all was for you
That the situation was made
For you to move.

I moved with heavy heart
Leaving all my past memories

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Thinking for my ways to survive

Reached a barren land,

Thorns all around.

Scorching sun burnt my skin

Passed the days in a long queue

To get myself registered

For maintaining my existence

Loud came a voice

Your identity is lost.

Could not bear this

Reached my abode

A one room set

In a new land

Nights became restless.

Who is here to hear me?

Passed the hard days

With only an idea

To re-establish my band

Roamed here and there

To discover meadows

And pastures new.

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Found myself in a whirlpool
That took me to a deep trench
Still thinking of my past
Waxes and wanes just like a moon.

PARTING

Parting

with my friends,

fields,

temples, and

meadows

became calamitous

for me.

Moving out from my house

caused endless problems

to my family

and crushed me with

the lingering pain

of being uprooted.

No other option left

but, to leave.

Since I was no longer

safe there

and nobody there could

vouch for my safety.

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I left my birth place
with tears in my eyes.
I was pushed into doing
what I had been trying to avoid
for the very thought
of leaving behind everything.....
the place where I was born.
The people with whom I had grown up
and the small home
I had set by the pooling
all my hard earned money
was unbearable.
I could not overcome
the dreariness of my miseries
in a different land.
I remember nostalgically those
good days
which are in total contrast
to the bleak and
dismal present.

SNOW MAN

One winter morning, some children
amassed snow flakes
and gave it a shape.

"It was reared in a chilly day"
by tender hands, turned red with cold.

Two pieces of charchol
fixed in place of my eyes.
and a
red chilly formed my mouth.

Children were happy.
They have achieved something.
But who knows ?
Sun will make me melt.

In the evening
more snow covered my body
hide my black eyes and red mouth.

The little ones
waited and waited
but I never
came to my original shape.

Sun rays perished me
children forget to spot me

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since I was reduced to the ground
leaving no trace of my
existence.

THRALDOM

It was at the ripe time
Voice was at its peak
We proceeded with full fear
With brains derange.

It was dark
Eyes were excel,
Heart began to play
With non-stop speed.

Mouth began to dry
Legs were lifeless
Whispering was on
"Death is next".

We were strangers
In our birth land,
This was the idea
Our brain stuck again.

We think of our fate
It was only dark,
Looking for light
We lost our life.

FREEDOM

Those lost do not come
Remain firm and be one
We will sacrifice ourselves
For you, we will lay down our lives
If we can preserve the same
In the world we will have our name
Air is fresh and shining Phoebus
One lives free not ligious
Mountains, fields, sky and sea
Peasants are happy and worry free
It is freedom my dear friend
Sacrifice all for its defense
Revulsion, rife and bloodshed
Don't step inside traitor's head.

INDIA

There is a little thing to do.

To keep our country's towards move.

A few things can be

To put the nations progress key.

Brotherhood, love and comradeship

Revere, posse and fellowship.

There will be smile every where

No citizen can live in the fear.

This is not easy to become

We must struggle to overcome.

This fear, fraud and bloodshed

Like a lotus which grows from the mud.

We must keep our nerves alive.

For nations progress and self survive.

There will be India everywhere

To the citizens far and near.

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Far apart or away in the peace

India only will be the land of solace.

विस्फोट

सूरज में थी तेज गर्मी,
पर हवा शान्त थी ।
स्त्री-पुरूष छोटे-बड़े,
सभी को जीने की चाह थी ॥

बाजार बहुत व्यस्त,
और दिल खुश था ।
किन्तु अचानक विस्फोट से,
सभी को दुख था ॥

मैंने पूछा क्या हुआ ?
किसी ने कहा विस्फोट हुआ ।
यह सुनकर एक बार फिर,
मन बड़ा ही खिन्न हुआ ॥

दृश्य बड़ा ही भयानक,
और लोग गुस्से से लाल थे।
क्योंकि बेजान शरीरों के
बहुत ही बुरे हाल थे ॥

कोई कहे यह खून है किसका ?
कोई कहे यह भाई मेरा ।
कोई कहे यह हाथ है किसका ?
कोई कहे यह बेटा मेरा ॥

हो गरीब या हो धनवान
हिन्दू हो या मुसलमान ।
भेदभाव था वहां नहीं,
सबके खून का रंग था लाल ॥

एक घायल तन से आवाज थी आई,
हिन्दू, मुस्लिम, सिक्ख, ईसाई ।
मत बहाओ खून, मिलके रहो भाई,
क्योंकि 'चन्द्र' इसी में है सबकी भलाई ॥ □□

चन्द्रमोहन भट्ट
निरीक्षक डाकघर ऊधमपुर (ज/के)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Chander M. Bhat

Born on 20th March, 1960 in Murran a village in North Kashmir, Chander M. Bhat is presently working as an Assistant Supdt. Posts, in Department of Posts, Govt. of India. His articles regarding Posts and of non-political nature stand widely published in various papers and magazines of the country. A booklet "How to Collect Stamps" published by the Department of Posts, has earned him genuine accolades. He worked on the project of tracing the roots of his co-villagers and of the village Murran, resulting into the culmination of a widely acclaimed book "Murran ...My Village. Man with depth, Chander M. Bhat has also another book, "Ocean by Drops" (collection of poems) in his vase having colorful poems. His book "Ancient History of Jammu and Kashmir", confirms his researching capability. Various research papers like "The Splendor that is Amarnath" and "Vitasta...The Sacred River of Kashmir" are valuable additions to his works that has proved very fruitful and guiding force in the exile period of Kashmiri Pandits community of which the author is also a member.

Presently the author is working on "OOL...THE NEST" - a six volume project [each volume of about 2500 pages] on all the 595 Kashmiri Pandit villages of Kashmir.

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