

Wishing All Our Readers A Very Very Happy New Year

ॐ नमामि त्वां शारदा देवीं,
महाभागीं भगवतीं काश्मीर पुरवासिनीं,
विद्या दायिनीं रक्ष मां रक्ष माम् । नमामि त्वाम् ।

här-van

Monthly net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



हॉर-वन

‘प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान’ की मासिक नेट-पत्रिका

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Editorial**Kundan****Service Unto Mankind**

The Sufis, it is said, were identified by three things, a rosary, a long robe and a small floor covering on which to offer prayers. With reference to this a pious person has said, '*Tariqat ba juz khidmate khalq nest, ba tasbeeh va sajjad va dalq nest* – Virtue does not lie in having these three items but in rendering service unto mankind.' Bhagavaan Gopinath ji too has stated that two things are essential for a man, '*Sadhana*'



or spiritual exercise for his personal advancement and '*Seva*' for the good of the mankind. Our scriptures too have emphasized the importance of service in these words, '*Seva dharmah paramo dharmah* – Service is the supreme righteousness and duty.' Blessed are those who realize the truth of these sayings and serve the mankind in any way they can and in any form that they are capable of. In Persian they say that one can serve in three ways, '*Sokhane*' or by giving a good advice and useful suggestion, '*Dirame*' or by providing money and funds for a noble cause and '*Qadame*' or by rendering help physically. A person who lives for his self may get pleasure and happiness but it will be transient only. Those who live for others also derive a lasting pleasure.

Every community has produced men and women, who have lived for others and who served the mankind. Some of them were engaged in some vocation or the other for their bread and butter but had adopted service of the fellow men as a side engagement, a hobby or a pass-time in their spare time. There were others who had made the service unto others, mankind and other species, a whole time business and a full time job. Most of them served others for the sake of service without any self-aggrandizement or selfish motive. We have persons who care for animals, dogs, horses and the like. There are people engaged in serving the cause of the birds or some rare species, which are at the verge of extinction. There are individuals and organizations that serve orphans, widows, senior citizens and other neglected segments of the society. We have innumerable instances where such noble persons have established homes, shelters, schools and institutions for the needy. There are people who work for the restoration of the richness of nature, afforestation, planting of trees and preservation of the greenery. All such people deserve kudos and our gratitude. Some of them are honoured and get various awards and some perhaps go unnoticed, yet their contribution is no less praiseworthy.

Recently we lost one such member of our community, Shri J.N.Kaul, fondly called '*Papa Ji*' who will be remembered for his services to the mankind. Born in Srinagar on October 13, 1924, Papaji served in various

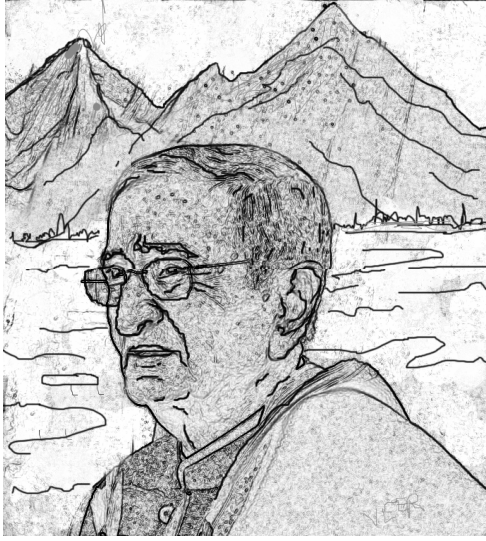
*(Continued on Page 3)***Editor:** M.K.Raina ~ **Consulting Editor:** T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'**Layout & dtp:** expressions_vasai@yahoo.co.in**Editorial Office:** G-2, Pushp Vihar, Shastri Nagar, Vasai Road (W),Dist. Thane 401202, Maharashtra, India ~ **E-Mail:** editorharvan@yahoo.co.in**Webmaster:** Sunil Fotedar, USA (sunilfotedar@yahoo.com)

capacities but this did not satisfy his basic urge to make some tangible contribution to the humanity. I first met him in the house of Shri T.N.Wanchoo, another self-less worker of our community. Thereafter I had many occasions to meet him and know him more closely. At one time he wanted me to take over the editorship of the journal Naad, which I had to decline for some personal reasons. We had an hour-long chat in his office at Nizamuddin on the subject of making the journal more meaningful.

Eventually he found his proper place and the job that he wanted to do. In 1963 Hermann Gmeiner met Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, the then Prime Minister of India, and explained to him the concept of the SOS Children's Village. He was impressed by the idea and under the Chairmanship of Indira Gandhi an association was formed, which made it possible to establish the first SOS Children's Village Greenfields near Delhi. Of the founding members of the Indian SOS Children's Villages Association, J.N. Kaul became the first Village Director who in subsequent decades greatly influenced the SOS Children's Village movement in the country.

In 1967, Mrs. Tara Ali Baig took over the chairmanship of the committee and presided over the SOS Children's Villages Association in India until her death in 1989. Since then Padmashri Shri J.N. Kaul had been heading the SOS Children's Village Association and directing its programmes in India.

Padamshree Jagan Nath Kaul was well known in Kashmiri community for his philanthropic and humanitarian work. After the forced displacement of Kashmiri Pandits from the Valley, he in association with some other dedicated workers took upon himself the work of helping the displaced community members. He made arrangements for the training of the youth, particularly the girls and their placement in various companies. Shri Kaul was among those few Kashmiri leaders who were institution builders. He has been responsible for launching, initiating and establishing a number of institutions dedicated to



Sketch of Papaji by Veer Munshi
Courtesy:veermunshi@rediffmail.com

work in the field of social welfare, education, culture and religious heritage.

Shri Kaul has been the recipient of many awards including the prestigious "Padmashri", Raja Rammohan Roy Teacher's Award, G.D. Birla Award, Rajiv Gandhi Manav Seva Award, Twentieth Century Achievement Award, Dadabhai Naroji New Millennium Award, Satpal Mittal National Award and Vayoshrestha Award. As the Head of the Kashmir Sevak Samaj, Faridabad he initiated various projects and the Hari Parbat at Anangpur Sahib and the Lal Ded Centre are the monuments, which shall immortalise Shri Kaul.

No doubt service unto mankind is a virtue par excellence and selfless service is a God-given gift bestowed on the chosen few.



Editors' Note

We accept write-ups on any topic concerning Kashmir, Kashmiri language and Kashmiris, or a topic of common interest in Hindi, Kashmiri and English. The write-ups should be original and exclusive to 'här-van', except for News, Views and Reviews. Kindly note that we do not intend to include the previously published material in 'här-van' except in very special cases. Kindly e-mail your write-ups to us at:

editorharvan@yahoo.co.in

Readers may note that the views expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the **ProjectZaan** or 'här-van'.

While e-mailing write-ups in Hindi-Kashmiri, kindly also attach the font used. Articles in Kashmiri will only be accepted in the **Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script**. For guidance on Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script, kindly log on to

www.zaan.net or www.mkraina.com
or send a mail to:
rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

Editors' Mail**Miami, USA**

Dear Shri M K Raina ji,
Namaskar. Thank you for publishing the Review of my Paintings by Professor Subhash Razdan. Please convey my thanks to him. If he has any questions about my paintings, I would like to discuss with him, to present my concept of mystic lines - Trikona, Vritta, Padma etc.

Presently, I am working on the Abhaasa concept of the Paintings as given in the Trika thought of Kashmir Shaivism. Every painting is the reflection of the Sundaram, which is Saundarya as taught by Abhinavguopta - the Grerat Master of the Aesthtic thought.

The painting "Battni Hund Teez" is attached for Harvan. Its explanation will be e-mailed shortly.

I am also attaching a picture of Ganesha made from oceanic rocks and rolled stones as a stone sculpture in the hope that we may be able to worship Maha Ganesha at the Ganpatyar temple and Maha Ganesha at Hari Parbat. I am being helped by my grand daughter Sakshi Sam vit Raina (aged 3 years) in developing the Ganesha.



Regards

Chamanlal Raina
rainachamanlal@yahoo.com

Atlanta, USA

Dear Editor,
I enjoyed reading three instalments of Kashmir Diary written by Professor R.L.Bhat . His style of narration which is simple and powerful, touched my heart. I was a geologist working with J&K govt for about 35 years. During this vast period of time, I travelled all

over the state and had the chance of intimately knowing the peoples and the places. Near Eishmuquam the village on way to Pahalgam, GSI (Geological Service of India) had established several structures for training geologists in their studies. It was bussing with activity during summer months. These places must have served good hiding places for militants during these twenty years. We carried out detailed survey for minerals all over from Mattan to Verinag in Annantnag area over several years and established presence of rare and high quality limestone deposits in this area. It is a pity that state government is allowing use of this limestone as road metal. I have seen Mast Baba, who has established ashram in Sudmahadev, long back in Khrew. He had come from some place outside Kashmir. I was working in that area for proving limestone deposits for govt. cement factory around 1960s. He would stand at one place for hours together and keep on chattering with himself. Both Hindus and Muslims were amused by his acts and gave him the name Mast Baba. A local Hindu family provided some living space to him and his family served him. Soon people from around the villages and even from Srinagar started visiting him. People started reciting bhajans daily and Mast Baba lived there till migration forced him to shift to present place.

PL Raina

Pune

Thanks a ton Raina ji,

Every article in your magazine is a treat to read. But the one written by Kundan ji is exceptional.

Regards,

C.L.Razdan
kppune@gmail.com

pankajdhar@yahoo.com

Dear Sri Raina Saheb,

You have done a great Job ... Congrats sir.

Best Regards,

Punkajj C Dhar

koulsunil@gmail.com

Mr. Raina,

Thanks for regular Issues of 'här-van'.

I have a collection of Verses by Swami Lachi Kak (of Wadwan) & Swami Ramanand (Soth Barbar Shah). These have been written in Persian Script. I dont know Persian & want that to be published in

Devnagiri script so that it can pass to generations.
Can these be published in 'här-van' in Devnagiri script?

Regards,

Sunil Koul

BHU, Varanasi

Mahara Namaskar.

Thank you very much for giving space to the Diary. I hope that thinking minds will pay a little heed to what comprises the valley today.

With regards,

Rajnath Bhat

rnbhat2k2@sify.com

Miami, USA

Dear MK Raina Ji,

Namaskar. We are grateful to yourself for being so considerate to publish the 'här-van' E-Journal in the dreaded hours of terror at Mumbai. This speaks your highest sense of dedication in preparing the layout, compilation and setting of the journal.

I have no better words to say than:

Mata Sharika Thavinan Saarinuyi Sahii Salaamati Saan.

Chaman Ji joins me in sending you his good wishes to the 'här-van' Parivar.

Regards

Jaya Siblu Raina

jaya_sibu@yahoo.com

Poetry

Sunil Bhan

INNOCENT

In the vale of sages,
A baby was born.
Brought up in love cages,
He learned the way of life,
Taught in a good manner,
Bought up in new fashion.
But one thing he lacked,
To fight and repulse.
He was taught not to follow wrong track,
Be friendly to every Jack.
Now he attained maturity,
Liked to work with sincerity.
Carried on with his decent behaviour,
Crossed this way every barrier.
He expected good favour,
From his friends and his mate.
But was annoyed with their changed state.
Now their way of talking was different,
He was warned on every front.
One day his old friend,
Silenced his voice with the gun,
Thus came the end of innocent.

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काँशिर्य दँपित्य

अख असुन गव मदु वसुन, ब्याख असुन गव खरस खसुन

मतलब: अकि असनु सूत्य छे इनसानु सुंज अख खॉहिश या ज़रूरथ पूर सपदान। सु गव हदस मंज असुन। ब्याख असुन गव शर्मदुगी तु खँजुल खॉरी हुंद मूजुब। सु गव बे मोक तु हदु न्यबर असुन।

अन पोशि तेलि येलि वन पोशि

मतलब: ख्वराक पोशि तेलि येलि जंगल पोशिवुन्य आसन। जादु वन आसनु सूत्य छे बॉरिश ति स्यठाह सपदान, येमि सूत्य ख्वशुक सॉली हुंद खतरु छुनु रोज़ान तु फस्ल छु जान बनान।

अँछव दूर, दिलु दूर

मतलब: युस नज़रि डोल, तसुंद छु खयाल ति कमय रोज़ान।

अलन फल तु न्यंदन दानि

मतलब: यीत्रि जादु लटि ज़मीन वायव, त्यूत बनि फस्ल जादु। अदु येलि न्यंदु ति जादु दिमोस, तेलि छु पॉदावार बिलकुल जादु सपदान।

JAGAT JANANI, BHAWANI MAEJ PANANI**(Translation of a poem of Late Nadim Sahib)**

‘Sahaj Kosum’ is an elegant collection of Vaks, Leelas & Bhajans published by Shri Mast Bab Ashram Jammu/Delhi. The collection contains masterpiece compilations of our saint- poets & other poets like Mata Lallishori (1300?-1377), Nundrishi (1377-1442) also known as Sahzanandji (Alamdari-Kashmir for Muslims), Mata Alkeshoriji also known as Rup Bhawaniji (1621-1721), Parmanandji (1794-1879), Arinmal(?-1800?) , Prakashramji (1819-885), Krishenji Razdan (1850-1926), Master Zinda Kaul (1884-1965) et al. It is a convenient, excellent compendium of bhakti & mystic poetry. Each KP family should have a copy available in the family. Go through it any time; surely happiness & peace will descend upon you. For a serious Sadhaka as well, it will fill his leisure time wonderfully.

I came across the only one poem of Swargiya Dina Nath Nadim Sahib (1916-1988) in this collection describing the birth of Kashmir Devi (Maej Kasheer). Nadim Sahib essentially, was not a bhakthi or a mystic poet in the sense in which one places great Parmanandji & other stalwarts mentioned in ‘Sahaj Kosum’. But he is reckoned as one of the pillars of modern Kashmiri poetry & has been universally acclaimed so. This one poem of his has been included in the collection, as it is about representation of Maej Kasheer, as God’s special creation elevating her to the status of Shakti. I was taken in by this poem, as it reflects the current forlornness of her worshipers (KPs) due to Muslim fundamentalist onslaught on them during the past two decades. The poet assures Her (Maji Kashiri) that She should not think that we are helpless & weak, for she, our Mother, is not only beautiful but also powerful & invincible being a Divine Shakti. This is how I have understood the meaning of this wonderful poem which Nadim Sahib penned down in circumstances which would have been equally painful at that time as well, but gloom & pain of those times for KPs was of different kind & dimension. I have tried to translate it as best as I could but sometimes one does not find English words & phrases that would connote the real meaning of Kashmiri words /phrases flawlessly. On translation, the poem would read as under. The first two lines of

the poem I have retained in the Romanised version:

*Jagat Janani ,Bhawani,Maej Panani,
Dimai meeth padan, Mata Namaste.*

Wave after wave of mountain breeze carrying skirtful of pearls is,

Eager to drop them into the cups of your abundant wild tulips.

From the sources of your numerous springs gush out,

Immense volumes of water which are,
Carried forward by streams, turning them milky in colour on the way.

Dear Mother...

Who has told you, that you are helpless & impoverished? ,

That your Bulbuls are defeated & crestfallen and are, now,

Musing in desolation, with their necks turned backwards, resting them on their backs?

But, you are the eldest daughter of the Himalaya, Possessing a face that shines with a lustrous divine glow.

In fact, once, when God was asleep, He had a dream,

He saw an Apsara, quite bashful & innocent, in a forest sojourn.

On seeing her in the dream, He smiled and, thereupon,

From His smile burst forth a lightning,

That remained unseen, for quite some time, behind the mountain ranges.

The moment this lightning flashed from His Face, It took birth and was born as

Maej Kasheer(Kashmir Devi).



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History

Dr. Girdhari Lal Kaw

OUR HERITAGE, OUR ROOTS - 2

In the second half of eighth century, a great poet and Buddhist scholar, by the name of Sarvagmitra has written a few very important poems which are very famous in Buddhist literature. As many as four of these poems are preserved in Tibet, along with Tibetan translation. Their Tibetan translation has been done by a famous Kashmiri Buddhist scholar only, during his stay in China, by the name of Tathagatbhadra. The names of the preserved manuscripts are given here just for inquisitive readers who may further research the subject:

1. SRAGDHARASTOTRA. This is a stuti in praise of Bodh Devi Tara in 37 couplets.
2. DEVITARAKUVAKYADHIYESHANAM
3. ARYATARA SADHANA
4. ASHTABHAYATRANTARA SADHANA

In 8th century only Vasugupta wrote SHIVSUTRAS which were later elaborated by Bhatta Kallata in 9th century.

Somananda wrote a great treatise called SHIVDARSHANI expounding the philosophy of Pratibhigna - Recognition. Trika-Shastra in general is essentially indigenous to Kashmir and ethnic to the root. Trika recognises three main elements namely Man, Universe and God.

Towards the end of 10th and beginning of 11th century A.D. a very bright star appeared on the horizon of Kashmir's spiritual and literary horizon, by the name of Abhinavagupta. As the very name suggests, his ancestors came from Kanauj in 8th century in the reign of Laladitya. He is one of the greatest Shaivacharyas of Kashmir. His original contribution to Kashmir Shaivism is profound as is amply clear from his treatises like Tantraloka, Paratrimshika, Vivarana, Parmarthsara and Tantrasara. Apart from being a great Shaivacharya, he has contributed profusely on various subjects of art, literature and aesthetics. His "Dhavnylokalochna" is a valuable treasure of special importance.

Rajanka Mam matta, the celebrated author of 'Kavya Prakasha' is a name to reckon with in the field of poetics and aesthetics. While writing highly about Abhinavagupta, he calls him Shankracharya of Kashmir.

Another great name in this lineage is of Shri Sankuka, who has written about RASA SUTRA. Rasa can be roughly translated as 'emotive

aesthetics'. Shri Sankuka was originally trained in Naya philosophy.

There are numerous other literary, artistic and spiritual treatises many of which if not existing in their original form, but are mentioned in oblique references of other documents. I will enumerate a few important examples of them only here:

1. CHARAKSAMHITA written by the father of Aayurveda in ancient Kashmir is a well known and well respected treatise.
2. CHANDRA VYAKARAN and KATANTRA VYAKARAN are the most ancient references of the Sanskrit grammar, written by unknown authors in Kashmir only. Many scholars believe that father of Sanskrit Grammar - Panini - was born somewhere in Kashmir only.

3. In the art of poetry various attributes like Alankara, Riti, Rasa, Dhawni, Vakrokti and Auchitya were evolved and used for the first time by our poets and scholars only.

4. In dramatics, Bharat Muni's NATYA SHASTRA was written in ancient times. Later on Abhinavagupta wrote ABHINAV BHARATI explaining and expounding principles of Natyasastra. There are many other references about writings on dramatics, but their original manuscripts are not available now.

5. In the field of music we can genuinely feel proud of SANGEETRATNAKAR by Sharangdev. This is a basic text to understand the nuances of classical music.

6. Patanjali, the founder of Raja-Yoga is also believed to be a Kashmiri, though nothing clear or concrete is known about his place of birth.

Among the ancient poets of Sanskrit in Kashmir, BILHANA has a place of pride. His VIKRAMANKDEVCHARIT has 108 chapters - a real Mahakavya. In the last chapter, Bilhana is eloquent about his motherland (Kashmir), his village (Khonmoh), his clan and his travels. At one place he describes at length how Kashmiri ladies would be sitting on river banks (Yarbal) for social gossip or other discussions in Sanskrit language.

The most versatile and profound written treasure is obviously Kalahan's RAJTARANGINI - rivulets or streams of Kings. But in reality the book is not an

**HISTORY**

unending tale of kings only, it encompasses all the aspects of political, geographical, social and cultural history of Kashmir upto mid-twelfth century. Kalhan wrote the book in 1148 A.D. He must have collected the material for writing for a few decades. He was the son of a Minister in the court of Hash Dev, then king of Kashmir. Thus he must have had the resources as well as the reach to all the material available at that time. His poetic prowess along with a scientific style in narrating historical events is stunningly impressive. To remain unbiased while writing contemporary or other events has been his obsession, which he has emphasised time and again in the said book. This great book was translated in Persian in fifteenth century by Mullah Ahmad in the reign of Zain-ul Abidin. Afterwards Abu Fazl, that great historian, included some parts of Rajtarangini in Aini-Akbari. The first western scholar to write about Rajtarangini was one Mr. Francis Bernier, a French physician in 1685. In 1823 William Moorcroft got one manuscript in Sanskrit from Kashmir, which was later translated in French by Mr. M. Toyer.

Again, it was due to great efforts of Dr. George Buhler that another copy of the book was obtained from Kashmir which was translated in English by Sir Morris Ariel Stien in 1900. Infact it was the publication of Rajatarangini in 19th century, that forced western scholars to change their outlook about Indian literature in general and Kashmiri literature in particular.

In 1935, our own Mr. R. S. Pandit translated the original text in English along with abundant and descriptive footnotes. To me, this is the best translation available till now.

After Kalahana, history writing and that too in verse became a tradition which continued for some time even against the heavy odds of political upheavals of the times. Jonaraja wrote about the events from 1150 to 1450 and named it Rajtarangini only. His disciple Shrivara wrote from 1450 to 1486. Pragnabhatt wrote a historical treatise named RAJAWALIPATAKA. It notes the period upto 1513. This book has also been updated by his disciple upto 1586 - the year which marks the Mughal invasion of Kashmir by Akbar. Recently it has come to light that Sh. Govindjoo Razdan has written in Sanskrit verse the history of Kashmir from Akbar's rule to Dogra rule. This beautiful poem had been serialised in Shree journal in 1935, some copies of which have been collected by a famous Sanskrit scholar, Dr. B.N.Kalla.

After 13th century, the only great name which shines brightest on the otherwise dark skies is

Lalleshwari - better known as Lalla-Ded. She lived in Kashmir in 14th century; she is a perfect Shaiva Yogini, a revolutionary and a great poet. The greatness of her poetry gets enhanced by the fact that she expresses herself in the language of masses - Kashmiri, a trend which was probably conspicuous by its absence till that time. She lived in very turbulent times when a horrendous transition of Kashmir's history was taking place. She is the harbinger of Bhakhti tradition which became a great movement after more than one century in rest of India. She is the flag bearer of Monistic Shaivism, which she explains in simple words in her world famous Vaakhs. It is a tragedy of times that we don't see any mention of her in Kashmir history upto middle of 18th century. But the greatness of her stature and philosophy can be gauged by the fact that in 'Great Ages of Man' - a history of world cultures, her name is mentioned as the sole greatest event of 14th century India. Its importance may be understood by the fact that Ramanuj's name is the only entry in 10th, 11th and 12th century India.

Thus we can rightly be proud of the fact that our history and heritage has been preserved by our forefathers almost incessantly for about five thousand years.

Obviously, there are yawning gaps and inadequacies in the whole story, the very fact which demands that enough of source material needs to be searched, researched and published. Unfortunately, not much is being done in this sphere at official level due to many obvious and unobvious reasons. The roots of this official and unofficial apathy can be traced to many centuries back when towards the end of the 12th century - after Kalhana's time - sociocultural ethos of our Hindu kings as well as people in general deteriorated, which ultimately led to the down fall of Hindu kingdom in early 14th century, to be replaced by an alien sultanate and philosophy. Even in this dark period of about seven hundred years of mass murders, persecutions and conversions there are a few bright contributions to our literature. Lal Ded is easily the brightest star of this period when people must have been in great disarray. It is another matter that even such a yogini could not avert the continuous onslaught of the times. Probably the proselytising activities of the kings and their missionaries were so pressing and cruel that the majority of the people either converted or simply perished.

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Poetry

Jaya Sibū

ANTARNAAD

1

Kis Dipti Se Alankrit Huyi Thii,
Jiska Naam Matri Tattva Hai
Naam Satisar Hai Usi Kaa
Meraa Basera Sapnoo Kaa,
Atulit Baldham Kaa,
Gopniyata Kaa.
Atma Katha Ke Abhiman Kaa
Shruti Smiriti Ke Vivechan Kaa
Vishvastniyata Kaa
Paavan Punit Jiwan Kaa
Yeh Ehsas Mera Hai —
Isay Banaaye Rahne Do.



2

Agni Kund Sey Utpan Huyi Thii —
Paanchali Wahi Draupadi
Uskii Dadakti Huy Agni Mai Hii
Mahabharat Ki Katha Likhi .
Ha:n Is Se Purva Ahalyaa Kii
Aur Damyanti Ki Aur Kitni Mahilao Kii
Itihas Ke Paatra Jo Ban Na Sakei
Arta—Katha ,Arta- Nad Sun To Lo Unki
Unkaa Jiwan Bhi Dekh Lo -
Kya Kya Samarpan Nahi Kiya Thaa .
Balaa Batao— Ahalyaa Ka Kya Dosh Ttha.
Wah To Rishi Patni Thi Gautam Ki
Rishika To Nahi Tthi.
Gautam Ne Use Pashaan Banne Kaa
Kyonkar Shaap Diya Ttha ?
Tumhi Bataao -
Shri Ram Ki Avatiran - Lila Isi Liye -
Ki Nari Ka Punar Udaar Ho Bhi Jaaye,
Aur Kahi Prishna Chihn Ban Bhi Na Jayee
Par Shri Ram Ko Adarsh
Priya Ram Se Puchhna Hai -
Tum Ne Kya Adarsh Jataya
Sita Nish Pap Thii.
Purnta Ki Adhishtthatri Thii,
Bumi Se Ayi Tthi
Bhumi Mai Wah Chali Nahi Jaati
Yedi Tumne He Ram!
Bat Ko Naya Moad Nahi Diya Hota,
Anatarnaad Kyaa Kahta Hai Tumhara?

Mujhe Bata Do -
He Shri Ram!

Prishan Mera Hai Tum Uttar Do,
Prishna Bharat Kii Nari Kaa Hai .
Hey Shri Krishna! Partha Ke Sarathi!
Tum To Us Samay Krishan Thay,
Keval Vasudev Ke Putra- Devaki Nandan Thay...,
Jab Tum Ne Draupadi Ko
Panch Pandvoo Ki Priyaa Banayi
Vaasudev Ke Sujhav Par Hi Yeh —,
Kya Nyaya Kahlata Hai
Sahi Nahi Utartaa.
Kahan Kaa Nyaa Kahlaata Hai

3

Itihas Saakshi Hai -
Ek se Adhik Patniya Tthi Dashrath Ki,
Vasudev Ki Aur Kayi Rishuoo Ki Bhi
Par Ek Se Adhik Pati Varan Karna -
Kya Nyaya Sangat Ttha
Kya Hai Yeh! Partha Ke Sarthi !
Mujhe Uttar Do

4

Tumhara Antarnaad Kya Kahta Hai?
He Dharma Raj Yuddhishtthar!
Draupadi To Tumhari Preyasi Tthi
Patraani Thii
Pandu Kul Ki Maryada Tthi,
Juua Tumne Khela Ttha.
Raj Paat Ganwaya Tumne
Bhayoo Ko Ganwaya Tumne —
Phir Draupadi Ko Dhaav Par Lagaya Tumne,
Cheer Haran Huye Uske,
Uske Kesh Se Kheencha Tani Huyi
Apman Huyi Kya Nahi -
Tumse Dekha Bhi Gaya
Yeh Nari Ka Nahi
Apitu Purushartha Mai -
Heen Bhaav Ki Ek Gaathaa hai
Apman Isi kaa Naam Hota Hai -

Continued on next page

Tumhari Vyasanta Ke Kaaran Patni Ko
Nari Ko — Bharat Ki Mahima Ko -
Jise Jagat Janni Ab Kahte Hai,
Matri Shakti Key Naam Se Pukatre Hai
Juye Kaa Pasa Bana Diya Tumne Hii
He Dharma Raj Udhishhhthara!
Apne Hii Anatar Atma Se Puchho -
Mujhe Uttar Do

5

Is Se Kahi Shreshta Banaa Diya -
Sarva Shreshtha Markandeya Ne Hii
Stri Kii Kahani Batayi Mridul Kaavya Mei
Shiv Ko, Mahadev Ko
Devi Durga Ke Nichay Lipta Hona Padaa
Devi Durga Tabhi To Shant Huyi ...
Garajti Huyi Ambika Kali Bhi Ban Jaati Hai
Jab Purush Uski Rakshaa Nahi Kar Sakta Hai

6

Lal Ded Se Hii Pucho
Vak Hi Nahi Kahe Jaate
Roopa Bhavani Ke Shlok Hii Nahi Milte
Arni Maal Ke Geet Nahi Gaaye Jaatey
Yedi Usne Apni Biti Huyi Baat
Apni Sakhyoo Se Nahi Kahi Hoti.
Satya Shodhan Samajhne Ke Liye
Yatharth Ko Pakadne Ke Liye
Anatarnad Ko Abhipsit Karne Ke Liye.
Pati Aur Patni Shiv Hai- Shakti Bhi
Parmeshvar Hai To Parmeshwari Bhi.
Yeh Thhik Hai,
Sambhav Hai Avashya
Jab Wah Apni Maryada Par Sthir Hote Hai .
Purush Ko Nyaay Kaari Banna Hogaa
Use Satya Ki Kasoti Par—
Utarna Hoga
Wahi Uska Paurush Hai, Uska Astitva Hai.
Yeh Meri Paribhasha Hai Antarnad Ki.
Anupam Ghhoonj Ki.
Apne Hii Darpan Mai Apne Aap Ko Dekhne Kii
Ek Vyawasthaa hai
Ki Mai Kya Hoo . Kya Aise Hi Ho Sakta Hai ?
Yehi ANTARNAAD Hai



चिरग्युश

विनोद राजदान

दूह अकि बूजुम तिथुय चिरग्युश बुलबुलन
दितुम दमा तु द्राम तमाह सु अकि ल्वकुचारुक
चेनुवन मीजिम जि पोछ लोछ यी गाशुतारुक
न्यबर नीरिथ वुछुम सुय रंगु बुलबुल
येमि लटि पानु पोछा आमुत
युस ल्वकुचारय दमदारि प्यठ बिहिथ
बोजुनावान ओसुम सतीसरुक्य बोलबॉश
वुछथुय चॅजिम क्रखा नीरिथ
वोनुमस अज कथ आख मे निश फीरिथ
व्वशुहोतुय वोनुनम बोज पॅरियाद कन दॅरिथ
रूशिथुय मे ति वोनुमस
बोजुनाव पोशि फुलयिच दास्तान
वोनुनम बेरंग फुलयिच क्या वनय, बु पानु परेशान
यनु द्राख तनु फुलयिच कस अस्ल ज्ञान
छूट छूठ तु खून हारान छुय अँशिके पेचान
वोनुमस बोजुनाव आरन तु आबुशारन हुंज दास्तान
तोरु वोनुनम यनु द्राख तनु वेथि थख द्युत
आरन पोन्थ होखुरोव बे-आरन
अदु तनय ज्वजुर लोगुय सब्जारन
वोनुमस बोजुनाव चेश्मन तु बागन हुंज दास्तान
तोरु वोनुनम यनु द्राख तनु सौंथ च़ेय छांडान
वोनुमस बोजुनाव हारुच त्रपु त्रफ
तोरु वोनुनम क्याह वनय छुम नु वनुनस वार
यनु द्राख तनु च़ोलुय बोन्थन शेहजार
नम चेश्मव वोनुमस थव वन्थ मु बोजुनाव
कांह ति दास्तान
वोनुनम दूह लोस्यव दिम इजाजथ करय परवाज
वुफ दिथुय च़ोल वोनुनम सथ थव दूह अकि
कडी बेयि कांह बुलबुल म्यॉन्थ ज्ञान

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A GREAT SATISAR HERITAGE*Kasmai Devaaya Havishaa Vidhema!***- Yajurveda 13-4**

To what God, should we offer our oblations? To whom, we need to pray? To whom should we offer the ritualistic sacrifices? This was a riddle before the Vedic Rishis. Rishis were filled with mystic thought of knowing the Absolute Reality. Apparently that would enable them, to know the reality of the Supreme Being, which is the efficient cause of this universe. It was a very pertinent question, to arrive at the Vedic Ritam - the right methodology for understanding the Satyam – the truth, spoken by the Vedic Rishis. It was a very sensitive investigation for those, who were born in the early phases of the Vedic era, for seeing the Sundaram - the beautiful. They concluded through their intuitive power that the Divine is formless. It is absolute. The way for explaining can be the sachhidananda - thruth, consciousness, bliss. Some asserted that the Divinity is with attributes. It is because of this fact, that they appreciated some thing concrete, to know about the Truth. They experienced that there is mutations in Prakriti - the manifested nature, when those Rishis saw the surroundings around them. They arrived at the conclusion that the 'Formless' can take the form. Hence the Divine has descended, assuming various forms, this was better appreciated by the Puranic Rishis. Thus the "Shivam", within the seed of Sundaram and Satyam evolved, which gave form to the Absolute. It helped in giving rise to the aesthetic school of thought, within the Vedas, as every body became free to exploit his/her perception to see the Absolute in the form of beautiful Murtis. Of course, it became the bedrock of the popular Hinduism, which is seen today around the globe.

Various are the ways of Mula Prakriti/primordial nature, which have been experienced or is being experienced by the men with Aarasha Manas/ mind with intuitive faculty. Divine has been assigned the name of Ishvara, in the Vedic tradition. The same Ishvara is the Brahman of the Upanishads, Shakti in the Agamas and Tantras, and Bhagawan in the Puranas. Kashmir Shaivism understands this Divinity as Shiva, which is Shiva Tattva some unseen power higher than Sadashiva Tattva. Sadashiva is

the Deity with form, who is also revered in the Shiva-Lingam, as Mahadeva. He is adored in the Partheshvara Puja, He is seen in the Beautiful Ice-lingam at the Shri Amar Nath Cave, or at Dhyeneshvar and Hereshvara caves.



The Sahsrnamas gave thousand attributes to each deity then. The main deities in the Puranic way of worship is Ganesha, Shiva, Vishnu, Shakti and Surya. In our popular belief, these are revered as the PANCHAYATAN DEVATAS. Thus volumes after volumes were written to explain the formless Divinity, but having a form. This way of religious experience eventually developed in the religious aesthetics, in terms of Murti Puja, Partheshvara Puja, Yantra Puja, with Panchopchara, Dashaopchara and Shodashaopchara Puja of various facets. No doubt, these modalities are philosophic in content, but woven with the fabric of heart's emotion. The Panchpchara Puja is related to the Panch-Tattvas or five cosmic elements, viz. the earth, air, water, fire and sky. Later, Dashopchara Puja became the reflections of the Dasha Maha-Vidya of the Shakti tradition and the Dash-Avatars of the Bhaagwat tradition. Shodasha-upachara is considered as all perfection in the Puja, a complete surrender with the Navadha Bhakti/nine fold devotion as taught in the Naardiya Bhakti Sutras. All these carry the Puranic injunctions to carry out the Puja with higher devotion and dedication. Hence, evolved the fasts and pilgrimages on certain tithis and days, to particular places like the most revered Khir Bhavani, Hari Parbat, Jwali Devi, Bhadra Kali, Papharan Nag, Poshkar, Harmokh, Uma, Mattan Martand and many other places documented in the Neelmat Purana.

The Vedas explicitly say. "Na Tasya Pratima Asti". Ishvara, being Divine is Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent in its true Svaroopaa/ nature. Divine has no Pratima/idol or is not an icon in any form. Pratima in Sanskrit means what we can not measure to that extent. But the Divine is Ananta, how can we measure Ananta, which is infinite every where. How can the formless have the form then? Devaya Tasmai Namah - was the answer to the intuitive mind of the Rishis. Vishnu with four arms was considered as the savior of the universe, resting in the Ksheer-Sagar, the mystical ocean filled with milk, having a

conch and disc in his hands, adored by Brhma, Varuna, Indra and Maruta. Shiva was considered as the Mahadeva, according to the Shiva Purana. The Puranik Rishis like Veda Vyasa conceived that the Ishvara of the Vedas do possess a form, hence Shiva Lingam, Shalgram Shila, Shri Yantras were put to the Prana-Pratishtha, thus uniting the embodied soul with the Supreme Self, under the injunctions of the Puranas. With a firm belief in the Siddha Pithas and the Shakti-Pitthas, the Scholars of the Brahman Granthas and the Aarnyaka Shastras, laid emphasis on the Moorti puja. Gradually, it became more and more popular. The source of inspiration from the Moorti Puja grew stronger than that of the philosophic thought of formless Reality, which is the Sacchidananda concept of the Upanishads. The Puja literature became very voluminous, and time consuming as well. Various faces were carved from the stone to represent particular Deva/Devi or godhead, as conceived by the sages of that era. Kashmir has the distinction of being called as the Satisar - the Abode/lake of Sati, hence natural spots became the centers of worship. Those who could not reach the Siddha Pitthas, a Shivalaya was erected for Puja/worship purposes. It became a visual aid for Puja purposes. Even the "Tohkur KuTh" became the primary requisite in the Tripor/Three storeyed House architecture of Kashmir. The word Tripor is derived from the TRIPURA DEVI, Tripura Sundari of the Agama Shastras of Kashmir. It did give religious emancipation to a greater extent to the people of Kashmir. People derived and are still deriving the merits from such Puja. Puja is touching to the heart, while the Upanishdic teachings are thought provoking. In the Puja, a devotee feels satisfaction, as it is emotive in its modalities, as we need to offer flowers, water, offering of incense offering an Arati etc., and concluding with the distribution of Naivedya, gives a more vibrant look in it. The Gaada Bata, Khichri Amavasya, Pan Diyun/RoaTh, Doon Mawas are the off shoots of Bhakti to observe the philosophy of the Puja. It did create some problems as well, though metaphysical in nature, which Lalleshvari – the great Yogini of the fourteenth century A.D. recognised. She wanted to rectify the wrong, after great deliberation of the Shaivistic system in its original form and content. A Pundit would think that the Shiva Linga alone is the real Deity and all else is unreal. That religious thinking needed some spiritual input, to convince the then Hindu psyche that Shiva is pure consciousness. This great spiritual revolution was undertaken by the

great Shiva Yogini Lalleshvari. Shiva means higher emancipation and to recognise all equal, from the point of 'Atman'. She presented the elixir of life in the form of VAKHS, which in fact is the intuitive poetry of the highest merit, who lived the life as she said in the VAKHS. The Vakhs of Lalleshvari - the great Lall Ded of Kashmir have come down to us through oral tradition. These Vakhs have been translated for the first time in Sanskrit by Pandit Bhaskar Razdan of Kashmir, in the Sharada script. That became the bed rock for the western indologists to understand the inner-spirit of Lalleshvari. Lall Ded has been translated and commented upon by many scholars, from time to time. At present due to the information technology system, many websites have been created to make the Lall Vakh - sayings of Lalleshvari known to more and more people.

While going through the web pages, and the printed material on Lalleshvari, we can say that Lalleshvari excels among Kashmiri spiritual thinkers, who experimented with the great truth about Divinity. She expressed her experience in her native language Kashmiri. Lall Ded deserves every appreciation, to make the native language as the medium of her spiritual dialogue with the masses. She communicates with the common man. Her concern is to convey the great legacy of the Vedas, and the Pratyabignya, through her Vakhs. Certainly, Lall Ded is the poetess of masses, having a global perspective, within the orbit of human consciousness. She happened to be a Rishika of the fourteenth century. While going through the Vakhs, we can say that Lalleshvari excels among Kashmiri spiritual thinkers, who experimented with the great truth about Divinity. Her quest was to know the Truth, as has been revealed in the Vedas, and experimented through the philosophical thought of the Trika system, after the Trika Shaivistic philosophers of Kashmir. The quest is all natural for any human mind, to know about the Supreme Power, as is seen in every VAKH Mantra. Her poetry is the MAANTRIK Poetry. She offered VAKHS, in lucid poetic language. Hence the world in general but the Kashmiris in particular inherited the great Vakhs, as said by Lall Ded, in her own innovative meter of the Vedic system, derived from the VAK tradition of the Vedas. The Ratri SUKTA of the Rigveda is the source of the VAK tradition. A new trend then evolved in the religious thought of the Kashmiri Pandits, and still that continues. That is the realization of Shiva-consciousness in all manifestation. It is "Sarvam

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LALLESHURI - A BRIEF STUDY

Lalleshuri (*Lal Ded*) of Kashmir has invited attention of a number of scholars throughout the world. Her poetic compositions or *Vaakhs* as they are popularly called are the extempore outpourings of a highly awakened *Yogini* and exhibit high quality poetry with a deep philosophical content. Here and there we find her personal spiritual experiences unfolded in a simple form besides terse principles of Yoga exemplified with easily graspable day to day activities. Lalleshuri communicated her spiritual teachings in the language of the common man using verbal medium only and the impact was so great that her poetry safely has carried through centuries by memory lane as a divine word with negligible distortion of language.

The *Vaakhs* of Lalleshuri is a vast canvas with varied hues spread over by a great literary artist, a highly awakened *Shaivite Yogini* and a religious philosopher. Her sayings about the futility of worldly existence and the escape route through the practice of Yoga have received wide recognition and continue as such. She had detached herself completely from the material world and become a wandering ascetic displaying a frightful aura devoid even of her clothes to cover her nakedness. Her poetic compositions were instantly committed to public memory and sung as divine songs to make retribution to God for ones sins. A highly awakened soul, a *Yugpursha* and a living incarnation of Lord Shiva, she gave out rare gems of *Vaakhs* in the common man's word showing a clear path towards self realization. She has castigated man time and again for collection of material belongings ignoring the real divine treasure that only is capable to give safe passage through temporal existence. She was shocked to see people enjoying life's glamour which they knew was nothing but an illusion and how eager she was to see people shun the lure of the world. Repeatedly she like a past master preacher stressed upon man not to take the false for the true. She says it was only their ignorance that bound them to the falsehood and thus waste the precious moments of their lives that could otherwise be fruitfully used for higher purpose.

Lalleshuri was very much dedicated to her Guru. While expressing her gratitude to her Guru in guiding her in all her progress she says that her Guru is both father and mother to her, who made her blind eyes capable to see, her bare body able to wear the

celestial garments and thereby discriminate between falsehood and the truth. Lalleshuri has repeatedly described the importance of a teacher in the way to self realization. She says one who develops full faith in his Guru and follows religiously his directions, is able to control all five senses with the help of *Gyan Yoga* and succeeds in overcoming the sea of ignorance. He is lifted above the gross material world and all worldly events, joys and sorrows, sound immaterial to him. Lalla says in one popular *Vaakh*— she asked her GURU a thousand times who was the one who was nameless and beyond comprehension but she didn't get a reply. When she got tired by asking repeatedly and hence helpless she was suddenly satisfied without an answer and understood the truth of life and its creator who was responsible for all creation and still beyond comprehension. The purpose here is to bring home to the seeker that the Guru guides his disciple in all circumstances and the seeker doesn't fall short of guidance in association with him. Lalla says she has washed her body with the *Gangajal* (water of the sacred Ganges) of the *Gura-Shabda* (word of her Guru) and thus attained pure salvation while living the same material body

Lalleshuri is a great interpreter of the divine word *Aum*. She extensively explains the validity of *Aum* in achieving higher stages in yoga through *Pranayama* and advancement of self by mastering efficiently the recitation of *Aum*. She says one who is able to master the recitation of this divine word with the rhythm of his breath without any digression of thought can form an easy bridge between him and the universal consciousness. Lalla says further that she gradually mastered the recitation of *Aum* in a way that she began feeling a strange sensation and with it her whole ego vanished, and thus detached from the world she was enlightened. At this stage, says Lalleshuri, she closed all the doors of her body i.e. controlled all her physical senses and took to recitation of *Aum* with the beats of the heart and thus achieved the higher echelons of consciousness. Here she cautions the seeker to inhale and exhale slowly with a particular rhythm such that there is a transformation of self as from a baser metal into



gold and no stopping at any stage till the goal is reached. There is always at each stage the danger of being carried away by worldly digressions as these are much overpowering and most misleading. Lalleshuri points to a stage where the seeker gains full control over five senses and to him the world of matter vanishes completely. His soul is released from the bondages of the body and that is liberation. Nothing can be achieved without full control on the material self and ego. Lalleshuri expresses her personal experience in this context. She says she reached perfection by experiencing the bliss of the realization of truth and became the embodiment of celestial gleam through the discipline of yoga. She felt the presence of Lord everywhere and became herself too part of the infinity. She was wonderstruck that she had lost her identity and merged with the supreme. The fully realized yogi ultimately achieves that stage of perfection as Lalla says when Lord Shiva becomes a horse to ride for him, Lord Vishno the saddle and Brahma to hold the stirrups. That indicates the fulfillment of purpose or the ultimate liberation from material bondages.

In her ecstasy of achievement Lalleshuri describes her encounter with the supreme. With her tears of joy she washes the divine feet but feels the divine presence on her head indicating the ultimate success of a yogi. She says on her observation that the lord is without name, form, shape, caste or creed and still the nucleus of the universe, so there is none else worthy to be worshipped. She feels the presence of the lord shining everywhere, she listens to the divine talk and Lalla nowhere, already merged with the supreme. The influence of the lord (Shiva) is everywhere in the cosmos and it is only the human mind that can work to tune it in its favour in its lifetime. Human life is precious as only capable to achieve the highest stage of perfection by being one with the supreme. When human mind is absorbed in worldly affairs it is quite non-receptive to divine influences, alternatively when one is absorbed in meditation and looking within his self it naturally becomes sensitive to divine vibrations by losing interest in material advancement and shunning all egos.

Lalleshuri gives a very beautiful description of her journey towards her liberation. Comparing her birth to the bloom of a cotton flower she says that she came to this world as a cotton flower, which is a symbol of purity and innocence. Soon the weaver took her control and gave her knocks and beatings to make the thread out of it capable to be taken to the loom for weaving a coarse cloth. The cloth was

then taken by the washer-man who washed it by beating it again repeatedly on his washing stone to be finally given to the tailor. Still her ordeal was not over as the tailor again mercilessly cut it into pieces and joined them by sewing them with sharp needles to give it the shape of a garment to be worn gracefully. The purpose here is to bring home to the seeker that the way to perfection is full of trials and tribulations but the end is quite rewarding. Lalleshuri gives her experiences further in order to make a guideline for the seeker to liberation. She says she didn't seek wealth or power, remained away from sensual pleasures, adopted moderation in taking foods, bore lot of pain and suffering but took refuge in her lord, her love. She didn't attach herself with the material possessions but cultivated intense desire to reach her goal by keeping her mind fixed constantly on her beloved Lord. The pain that she suffered cannot be estimated by a layman. She wore the robes of pain and anguish, wandered lonely door to door to seek the divine grace. She left all forms of caprice and deceit, she didn't differentiate between a Hindu and a Muslim, and she simply tried to look within her self to get awakened and get acquainted with the Lord.

In a very popular *Vaakh* Lalleshuri describes her journey through her life. She says she is towing the boat of her life through the murky waters of the sea of life pulling at the frail untwisted cotton thread praying constantly to her lord to help her across. Her life is like an unbaked earthen pot with water gradually seeping through ready to fall apart, but she is still aspiring to get liberated from the agony of life and reach her real home, the house of her Lord. The symbol used here is very appropriate. There is a permanent danger to the boat of life to get detached from the path of salvation and get lost. The pulls and pressures of worldly attachments are so hard that there is always a danger of leading astray from the reality. She says further that the flesh of the soles of her feet wore off while going on the rugged path towards her goal but she sustained and was finally rewarded and was now dancing with joy. Why not, it was an occasion for celebration but instantly she wondered that her lord was nowhere else but within the closeness of her heart and enjoins upon the seeker to find out and meet Him there. In her deep ecstasy Lalla had a chance to see Lord SHIVA and His consort *Shakti* in close embrace. She took a deep dip into this celestial spectacle and was graced eternally and thus freed from the cycle of life and death. Thus she got admittance into the abode of

immortal bliss which she calls the garden of most beautiful flowers. Here she calls upon the aspirants to seek this stage of immortality as there remains nothing beyond to be achieved further.

Lalleshuri has given exhaustive description of *Kudalini Shakti* and the exercise of *Kundalini Jagran*. The *Kudalini Shakti* is a latent energy in the form of a coiled serpent with its abode in the lower end region of the spinal cord of the human body. On purification and awakening of this energy which is a systematic *Yog-Kriya* the divine energy takes an upward course through spinal cord called *Kundalini Jagran* performed with the inhalation and exhalation of breath (*Pranayama*) and gradually with sustained effort the energy reaches the top of the head of the Yogi. On acquisition of this energy the seeker attains the final and most comprehensive truth about the entire universe. This is the highest stage in Yoga and when the seeker reaches this stage all his passions for worldly pleasures retire and he is freed from the cycle of birth and death, a stage of eternal bliss. Lalleshuri calls *Kudalini Shakti* in the form of a coiled serpent a *Shah-Mar* (king serpent) and calls upon the seeker to lift the lid off the container of this energy by the power of exhalation and inhalation of breath and dive deep into the supreme consciousness.

The *Vaakhs* of Lalleshuri is an ocean of learning and spirituality, an authentic guide to the science of Yoga and self realization and above all a treasure of masterpiece poetic compositions. The symbols and similes, metaphors and picturesque compositions are the creations of a super artist. The world of literature is yet to recognize the greatness of the poetry of Lalleshuri. The greatest hurdle here is of language which has a limited readership and so the responsibility of Kashmir scholars is to open these gems of VAAKHS without prejudice before the world so that the worth of Lalleshuri is established further as a poet and a *Yogini*. Whatever work has been done so far does not do full justice to the great work of Lalleshuri and one of the reasons is the prejudicial treatment that Pandit artists and writers faced in Kashmir in recent times. As such in order to establish the greatness of Lalleshuri in the international forums some more authentic work needs to be done urgently and the responsibility again goes to our learned scholars who are capable enough to take up such projects for this great service to Lalleshuri the pride of Kashmir in general and our community in particular.

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A Great Satisar Heritage ... Contd. from Page 12

Khalu Idam Brahma" Sarvam Khalu Iti chaitanyam and "Chaitanyam Atma" in letter and "Prajnyanam Brahma" in spirit, as a substitute to the Moorti-Puja, from the gnostic point of view. It is a mystical experience. It was for satisfying the spiritual quest, rather than the religious need. This methodology of realizing the All potent Ishvara is unique. It is Vedantic in essence, within the meaning of the Pratyabijnnya of Kashmir Shaivism. Its taste is of the universal flavor. All standards of the religious thought, if examined properly, would find a cave of realization in the Vakhs of Lalleshvari. Vakhs, emphatically do believe in ONE Shiva. Shiva is Bhava - the creator, Shambhava - the preserver, and Hara - the dissolver. It is the Triadic modification of the Immutable Shiva, for the purposes of convenience for a seeker to approach Divinity. Kashmir Shaivism called this Divinity in the Triadic thought as Svachhanda Bhairava. It has got all the essentials of creativity, sustenance in nature, and re absorption. It is the innate process, but conscious Self of SHIVA.

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ललु वाख

गगन च्युय भूतल च्युय
च्युय छुख द्यन पवन तु राथ।
अर्ग चंद्रुन पोश पोन्च्यु च्युय
च्युय छुख सोरुय तु लॉग्यज़ि क्याह।।

★ ★ ★

गगनस भूतलस शिव येलि ड्युतुम
रवस लबि नु रोज़नस शाय।
सिर्यिकि प्रबावु विश्मय ज़ोनुम
ज़ल गौव थलस सुत्तु मीलिथ क्याह।

★ ★ ★

ख्यनु ख्यन करान कुन नो वातख
न ख्यनु गछुख अहंकोरी।
सोमुय खे मालि सोमुय आसख
समि ख्यनु मुचरनय बरन्यन तौर्य।।

★ ★ ★



My Medical Journey

Dr. K.L.Chowdhury



THE GURU'S LAST WISH

It was a Sunday noon of November. I was driving my Ambassador, on way to Habba Kadal, the famous second bridge across the Vitasta. Though the window panes were drawn up, frosty chill managed to sneak inside from invisible chinks to send shivers along my back and down the legs, notwithstanding a tweed overcoat a woolen muffler and a *Karakuli*. It had snowed a couple of days earlier. The movement of vehicles turned the potholes and ditches into pools of dirty slush of mud and snow. I drove slowly lest I splash on pedestrians and invite their ire.

Nannaji was waiting on the left of the road near the bridge and saw me approaching. I applied the brakes, he got inside the car, and we drove across the bridge and to the left where he asked me to park near the Fire Services office. From there we started walking the distance to his home at Drabiyar.

I had been invited to lunch by my erstwhile school teacher, Pandit Gopinath Drabu. I had never visited his home before. Nannaji, his son, now led the way through a cobweb of narrow lanes, looking narrower and darker with houses in rows on either side rising two to three floors and their balconies almost kissing each other. Some of the houses had garrets in the fourth floor called Breirkanis, literally cat attics, where the cats sunned themselves and children played ghost games. Gopinath once told me that Drabiyar got the name after the Drabu clan settled there several hundred years earlier.

It was a rendezvous with my favorite teacher that I had been postponing week after week. The fact is that I had been Master Gopinath's favorite pupil and, now, his favorite doctor.

Dr. K.L.Chowdhury is a renowned physician and neurologist, based at Jammu. He has very kindly, not only agreed to write permanently for the 'Health' column of 'här-van', but also volunteered to answer health-related queries from the readers. We invite readers to send their queries to the editor 'här-van' at editorharvan@yahoo.co.in to be passed on to Dr. K.L.Chowdhury, or send them directly to Dr. Sahib at kundanleela@yahoo.com

Master Gopinath Drabu taught us at Rangteng High School overlooking the Vitasta. On clear days he loved to take classes in the courtyard under the blue sky with the sun shining bright. He believed that bright light lifted the spirits and made studies enjoyable. He taught us English - everything from prose, poetry, précis, and proverbs to essays, translations, grammar and so many other nuances of the language. He hardly ever rebuked any student, rarely beat any one, and never carried the rod that other teachers used so liberally on our hands, backs and bottoms. Of lean built and medium height, always upright in stance, he wore a white turban, a *Churidar* and an *Achkan* that suited him so well. He looked handsome in his horn-framed spectacles that settled comfortably on his high nose. A thin film of fluid on his left eyeball and a drop of nectar hanging at the inner canthus, which he sometimes wiped away with his handkerchief, gave him a unique liquid appeal. I realized much later, after I graduated in medicine, that it must have been from a blocked naso-lacrimal duct, which normally drains tears from the eyes into nose.

He seemed even gentler than he was when you compared him with the bear-faced, frozen shouldered, waddle-gaited Shyamlal Labroo, our headmaster; or the stern looking Premnath Munshi with a tongue-in-cheek tic; or the loud-mouthed, spit-firing Keshavnath Dhar; or the short and stocky south paw, Jialal Jalali, whose heavy left hand fell so liberally on our cheeks that we wondered what it would be like had he been right-handed, and thanked the creator for doing left rather than right with him. Master Gopinath Drabu stole your heart with his soft speech, subtle smile and gentle manners.

But that was not all so far as I was concerned, for he was most favorably disposed towards me. There was a reason, though. If your student got one of the top ten ranks in the Matriculation examination conducted for all the students of the State, it earned prestige to the school and the form master. He was always on the look out for the best boy in the class whom he would like to groom



specially. We had three sections in each high class, thirty students in each section. The three form masters would sit together and allot sections to the students according to rank, each form master getting an equal share of bright students in his section. When I passed my 8th class and topped, Gopinath, who was one of the form masters, cut out a deal with the other two form masters of 9th class. If I were placed in his section he would accept the remaining boys of any rank. There was another reason Gopinath saw promise in me. My older brother, Rabinder, also a top ranker in his class, had passed Matriculation scoring 8th position in the Jammu and Kashmir University that same year, bringing Rangteng High School on the map of ranking schools in the State.

As a first step towards improving my language, Gopinath Drabu asked me to write my diary every day. It was a difficult task in the beginning and I lost much of my playtime writing a page. He would not accept a stereotyped production everyday and I had to recapitulate and write about the important events of the day and find the right words and expressions for which I often ran to my older siblings and, sometimes, to my father. In a few weeks it became a habit and no strain whatsoever. Gopinath read my journal religiously, often shaking his head and smiling approvingly. I was clever in trading different words from the dictionary, which pleased him immensely. He felt privileged and showed me off to other teachers, even commending my diary to master Afzal. Afzal was a tyrant who taught history in Urdu and often cane charged the students for failing to answer questions. He had an obsession with history dates and wanted each one of us to memorize them. But he was only a Matric pass and rather poor in English. During spare time in the school he took lessons in the language from Gopinath. Through my diary I also became his surrogate teacher and, as a reward, he passed on the rod to me, directing me to cane the students who could not answer his questions. That was the worst affront to my classmates, and they burned with envy even as I generally let them off with light strokes. They preferred lashing at the hands of the teacher to my leniency and started memorizing history so well that within a few weeks the cane became redundant and I breathed a sigh of relief.

Gopinath wallowed in my presence in his section. While teaching he looked at me, as if there was no other student in the class. I had to reciprocate with full attention and to shake my head in

understanding and approval. He often fired questions at students and when they failed to answer he turned to me, expecting a correct answer every time. He would bring along his 6-year old son, Nannaji, and seat him by my side, to place him under my care while the class went on. He believed I would pass on some of my intellect to his son by mere association. I basked in the benevolence of my teacher; taking care of his son was a privilege I enjoyed.

It was the same Nannaji who now accompanied me to his home. I had lost contact with Gopinath Drabu and his son after I passed my Matriculation and went to college and from there to pursue Medicine outside the State. I returned to join Medical College Srinagar as a faculty member, and started practice in 1967. Meanwhile, Nannaji had just managed to scrape through his BA but not come up to the expectations of his father. He was employed as a small functionary in the Accountant General's Office.

It was nearly five years after I started practice that Gopinath Drabu came down with a serious illness. He came to learn about me and sought my consultation. I practiced at Chotta Bazar, hardly a mile from Drabiyar. We met after 17 years! He had retired and was much changed and rundown but the unmistakable liquid look stayed with him. He seemed much older than his years and quite weak, but managed to embrace me tightly. It was a tearful reunion.

Nearly a year earlier, he had noticed difficulty swallowing food. Food would stick somewhere in the pit of his stomach. In the beginning it was easier to swallow soft, pasty food and liquids. But anything eaten in hurry caused great difficulty. He choked at times. He learned to chew slowly, help himself to swallow solid food with some liquids and eat small frequent meals. But during the last several weeks even liquids were becoming difficult to swallow and he could hardly eat or drink anything now. He had lost weight appreciably and become a pale shadow of his self. He had received some anti-acid gels without relief. A barium X-ray had been performed 6 months earlier which had not revealed any significant abnormality.

The symptoms were classical of an obstruction to the passage of food in the food pipe. On examination, I found a hard lymph node in the neck on the left side just above the clavicle. This was sinister and suggested a nodal metastasis (spread). I was aware of the high incidence of this fell disease

in Kashmiris. I had lost an uncle to it when I was in teens. Now my best teacher appeared to be a victim. In fact, we had started a community survey of cancer of esophagus and stomach, being the two leading cancers in Kashmir. We suspected various factors including the custom of drinking hot and steaming tea in metallic cups poured directly from the samovar, causing thermal injury to the food pipe. The addition of two salts to the brew –the common salt (sodium chloride) and the baking soda (sodium bicarbonate) – not only raised the boiling point of tea but might also cause an alkaline injury to the food pipe. We also suspected the Kashmiris' penchant for spices, chilies, and fried foods besides the ubiquitous habit of smoking hookah. There could be genetic factors as well.

I admitted Gopinath to my ward. We repeated a barium examination of the esophagus and found a long segment of the lower end of esophagus infiltrated with cancer. It was causing near-complete obstruction. Hardly any barium could pass through. It was easy to understand the symptoms of the patient. We did not have any flexible endoscopes those days. There were no facilities for radiation therapy. Surgery was not enough advanced even for early esophageal cancer. The diagnosis of this condition was a death warrant. In the case of my teacher, the presence of nodes in the neck precluded any more investigation or treatment. It was the age of conservative treatment, the age of reconciliation with the inevitable, the age of passive submission to cruel destiny, the age of philosophical resignation to the inevitable pain and suffering. We sent patients home to die. We were not allowed any heroics, or experimentation with difficult patients and we had to strive hard over the years to reject the axiom of non-interference.

I explained the prognosis to my revered teacher. No hiding the truth. He may have grasped the full import of what I was trying to tell him - that he should go home and die – but he was not ready to accept that I would not be able to help him at all.

“If I could just swallow, I would feel a lot better,” he pleaded. It was the plea of a lamb for some grass before it was sacrificed. There was the implacable faith of a guru in his disciple. That is when I thought of gastrostomy, the creation of an artificial external opening into his stomach for feeding and nutritional support.

I explained him that it would entail a small surgical incision in the epigastrium (upper abdomen) to expose the stomach which would allow us to place

a tube through the skin into the stomach. Then we would sew up the incision on the abdominal wall and fix the tube to the skin. The tube would be used for feeding and for the administration of any drugs.

“I know you will think and do the best for me,” he said and gave me the permission without a second thought. We started an intravenous infusion of amino acids to boost his nutrition. I arranged for a blood transfusion and roped in my surgical colleague. Gopinath was back home in a ten days, fitted with a gastrostomy tube through which he was taught to self-administer his feeds. I explained how he had to care for the skin around the tube and look for, and report, any redness or soreness, which would indicate the presence of infection, or to report any symptoms of tube blockage. I explained how to hide the tube under his clothing and what activities could be continued with the tube in place.

Over the succeeding weeks he became an adept in self care, and often came to see me in my consulting chamber. He told me that he went about without betraying his secret to any one. People wondered about his initial recovery, which, alas, did not last long. It was during those visits that he invited me to his home for lunch or dinner, whichever was convenient to me. I kept refusing the invitation under one pretext or other. I knew he was not going to last more than a few months and had no heart to be his guest when there was so much at stake, his own life. I knew it was a thankless job I had done for even when he was feeding through the tube the cancer was infiltrating. The node in the neck was getting bigger; more nodes were palpable now. His appetite was fading and he burped through the tube and retched at times.

Besides, I knew he was a person of modest means. Teachers were so ill paid and so poor. His pension must be a measly sum. I remembered one of my teachers, Ramjoo, who was so poor as not to be able to buy a shoe for himself. One day he had come to school in tears. By accident, he had dropped an electric bulb while dusting its surface. When we asked him why he looked so out of sorts he said he had no money to buy a bulb. That is when we collected a penny each from our pocket money, bought him a bulb, and forced it on him.

Gopinath felt offended when I declined his invitation, possibly the fifth time. Was he a pariah, he asked? That is when I made a commitment that I would certainly eat at his place at the first snowfall of the season. From the way he was going downhill I gave him not more than few weeks. It was early

October and it generally snowed in December. That was a long time away.

As if reading my thoughts he asked, “Are you waiting to visit me after I am gone? In that case, I will disappoint you.”

I was red with shame and fumbled for an answer. “I will lunch with you and have fish.”

“But you can have it tomorrow if you care. My wife cooks fish with passion,” he said.

“My father said that fish should not be eaten in summer, when they spawn. We have the whole winter in front of us and nothing better than fish after freshly fallen snow, when I relish it most. Fish and red rice.”

He must have prayed for early snow more than for his life. That year, it snowed in November. He wanted to come himself to remind me of my promise but he had grown too weak, the snow was thick on the roads. He sent his son instead. It was Friday. I said I would lunch with them on the coming Sunday.

That is how Nannaji was waiting at the bridge and we now walked to their home.

It was a great welcome. My teacher’s eyes lit up as soon as I entered the low-ceilinged, small, almost claustrophobic room where he lay on a mattress on the floor in one corner. He was too weak to stand but he sat up and opened his arms wide to hug me. He took out his Kangri from under the pheron which he wore and passed it on to me. “Your hands are cold, come warm them.”

I sat in the bay window near his bed and he leaned on the bolster, facing me. He was a picture of ecstasy as if it was a visitation by a deity. He wiped the tear that had collected at the inner canthus.

It was one of the most memorable lunches. What preparation must have gone in making it! He had sent Nannaji to Sopore, 30 miles from Srinagar to fetch the best fish. His wife had put in hard labor and done the fish with great care—the right amount of spices and chilies, and a special recipe. The window overlooked the lane and the neighboring house. There was snow on the roofs, snow on the mud wall fences, and snow in the courtyards. But everything else was warm, the warm reception, the warm food and the warm Kangri, and, above all, the warmest hearts that beat with contentment as I ate and relished dish after dish, course after course. He pressed me to eat another and yet another

piece of fish as if he were enjoying it himself; his son sat near to pass the salad, his wife making trips to the kitchen to fetch new courses – mutton, lotus stalk, Hak, pickles and more fish. It was a delicious, love-laden lunch.

“I feel strange you all are just feeding me, looking on while I eat. Why can’t you join me?”

“Let us wallow in the joy of watching you eat. I lost taste for food long back and since you introduced the tube for my feeding it is immaterial what I put inside my stomach. I could be eating saw dust for all I care. But now I feel I can taste and relish each item as I watch you eat.”

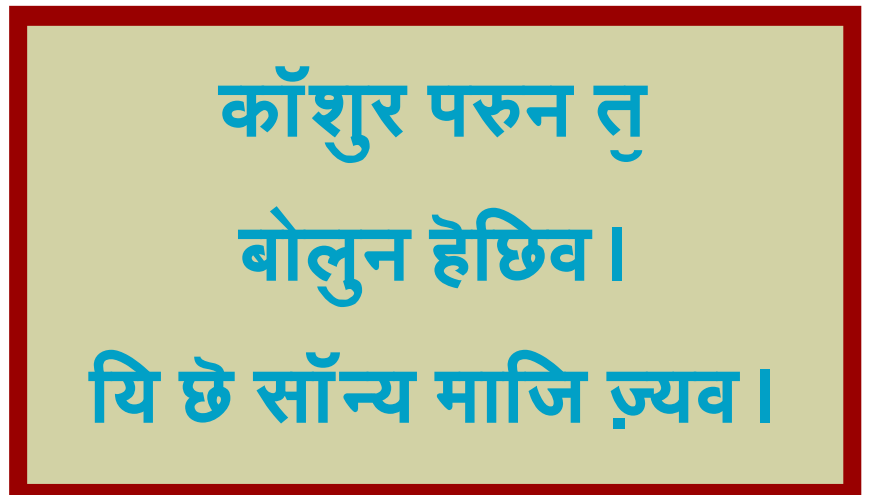
He watched, as he sat there, famished and weak, the film of liquid in the left eye shining in the reflection of the midday sun finding its way inside through a narrow stretch of sky. Lunch was followed up with kehva, spiced with saffron, cinnamon and cardamom. Then it was time to take leave. I moved near and took his hands in mine but he pulled me towards him and hugged me again.

“Now I can die in peace. I will take this image of my favorite student with me, as a last testimony that my life did not go in waste. You are my best medal.”

That was the greatest compliment I ever got. His eyes watched me till I left the room and when I came out on the street and looked back and up towards the window he had moved there to watch me walk. I waved again and he waved back, wiping that pearl drop again.

That was the last I saw of my teacher, Pandit Gopinath Drabu. Nannaji came to inform me three days later. He had passed away quietly in sleep without giving any notice. It must have been from a pulmonary embolus. But that is beside the point. He had died in peace!

Note: The incidence of stomach and esophageal cancer has gone down significantly in displaced Kashmiri Pandits. It may be the result of a drastic life style change in exile which, however, has given rise to a new set of afflictions including Metabolic Syndrome, Diabetes, Hypertension, Coronary Artery Disease, etc.



BHAIRWA WORSHIP IN KASHMIR

[Saddhak is the pen name of Shri Piyaray Raina . Shri Raina is President of Samarpan Public Charitable Trust (Regd) which among other things is involved with bringing awareness of our cultural heritage among our youth. He is a regular contributor of religious articles in various community journals in India and abroad. He is the author of book 'Socio-Cultural and Religious Traditions of Kashmiri Pandits' published in USA. He lives in Atlanta, USA and DLF Gurgaon, India]



Bhairwa worship in Kashmir is a very old tradition among Kashmiri Pandits. The most devoted recite the Bhairwa prayer" *Bhurup Grb Patli* daily. In *Prepyun* (offering *bhoga* at the end of *puja* in Kashmiri tradition) offerings are made in the name of Annandeshwar Bhirwa. On Shivratri, puja is offered in the name of Vatuknath Bhairwa. There are eight temples dedicated to these Bhairwas in Srinagar. These are:

- 1) Anandeshwer Bhairwa in Maisuma Srinagar
- 2) Mangleshwer Bhairwa in the marshes (Maar) near Banamohala in Srinagr
- 3) Hatkeshwer Bhairwa in Rainawari Srinagar
- 4) Purnraja Bhirwa in Sathu, Barbarshah Srinagar
- 5) Turskaraja Bhirwa in Narsinagar Srinagar
- 6) Vishvaksin Bhairwa in Namchbal Srinagar
- 7) Jayakasine Bhairwa in Chatabal Srinagar
- 8) Vitalnath Bhairwa In Jojilankar, Rainawari, Srinagar

All these Bhirwa temples were raised in the eight corners of Srinagar City to protect believers in the city. The names of these Bhirwas are given differently in the texts. In addition to these we have Bhirwa temples at other places such as Mahakali Bhirwa temple on the banks of river Jehlum at Sopore and Nandkeshwar Bhirwa at Sumbal.

Bhirwas are closely associated with the four Kuldevis of Kashmiri Pandits:

- 1) Bhuteshwar Bhirwa with Ragnya Bhagwati at Khirbhawani
- 2) Vamdeva Bhirwa with Sharika Bhagwati at Hariparhat Srinagar
- 3) Mahadeva Bhairwa with Jwala Ji at Khrew
- 4) Karneshwar Bhirwa at Bala- tripursundri temple at Balahoma near Wuyan

Who Are Bhirwas ?

Bhairwa means terrible one. In Vaishnavism, Bhairwas are part of the *Shaivaguna* (also known as *Bhutaguna*) - demigods or malignant spirits, who create obstructions in the worship if they are not propitiated along with other deities. However in Shaivism, Bhairwa concept is very different from this. It is an epithet of Shiva in His immanent aspect where as Parmshiva represents the transcendental aspect.

Bhairwa represents a state of consciousness

where the awareness is able to perceive and experience the three principles of creation (*Srshti*), sustenance (*Stehti*) and annihilation (*Samhara*). Bhairwas are therefore represented by three heads while Parmshiva has five heads. The two additional heads represent the two additional powers of concealment (*Vilaya*) and grace (*anugraha*) through which He liberates a person who is dear to him. It also represents the highest stage a being can achieve through meditation. Bhairwi is the energy (*shakti*) of Bhairwa, just as Parvati represents the dynamic aspect of Parmshiva. There are eight Bhairwas. Each of these Bhairwas receive worship collectively and individually. Further down each of these eight Bhairwas have created seven Bhairwas who are as potent as the original one. Thus, there are 64 Bhairwas along with 64 Bhairwis who are worshipped for gaining their favours .

Bhairwa is also a tantric sect (*Sampradaya*) where under there are eight Bhirwa sects. The five main sects are Batuka Bhairwa, Kaala Bhairwa, Shanti Bhairwa, Ananda Bhirwa, Vijnana Bhairwa. The followers of these sects resemble Sanyasa sects with whom they share their tantric knowledge.

Worship :

Bhairwas receive worship through *karmic* traditions as well as through *jaap* meditation. In the *karmic* tradition they are worshipped as idols in the same way as we worship Lord Shiva and other deities through *Shodshaupchara* (16 steps of Puja). On Shivratri Vatuknath Bhairwa receives extensive worship in this way.

In *jaap* meditation, Bhairwa is meditated upon through focus on one object (*dharna*) with the help of a *jaap* mala. Extensive meditation over a period of time helps in the awakening of dormant energy (*kundalini shakti*) lying at the base of human body known as *mooladhara chakra*. Vijnana Bhairwa Tantra a tantric book of Kashmi Shaivism describes 112 practices of this meditation for awakening of *kundalini shakti* also known as *Bhairwi*. Two English translations of this tantra are available in the market.

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THREE DOORS TO KNOWLEDGE

We are all eager to have knowledge in mundane terms and enlightenment in spiritual terms and for this we try various methods and tread various paths. There are three doors to this seeking of knowledge and enlightenment as very clearly laid down in the Bhagavad Gita in the following verse:

*Tadviddhi pranipaatena pariprashnena sevaya
Upadekshyanti te jnanam jnaninas-tattvadarshinah*
(Seek that enlightenment by prostrating, by questions and by service; the wise, the seers into the Truth will instruct you in that knowledge.)

These three doors are 'Pranipata' or prostrating, 'Pariprashna' or questioning and 'Seva' or service. The first door is prostrating or making complete surrender. This involves 'Shravana' or reading the scriptures and listening to the words of wisdom from the knowledgeable. It presupposes an unflinching faith in the master 'Guru'. There should be no problem in knocking at this first door. The very fact that we have entrusted the steering of the boat of our life in the hands of our teachers should see us through this first door. The sincerity of our reverence towards them and our unwavering faith will leave no option before them but to come to our rescue.

The second door is questioning and removing doubts. This is one of 'Manana' or deliberation. Whatever we read and hear has to be mulled over and deliberated so that we assimilate what we are taught. In doing so many doubts will spring up and many queries will be there in our mind, for which we shall need clarifications and expositions. When the teacher or a preceptor is present physically we are in direct contact with him and can ask him to clarify our doubts but when he is not present we have to act like Ekalavya. We have to meditate on his picture or a photograph or simply invoke his presence in our mind. In so doing we shall have the benefit of his constant guidance. As we go on with our deliberations, the doubts will get clarified and the queries will get answered.

The third and the final door is service. This is in the form of 'nidhidhyasana' or dedication. In other words we have so far deliberated on all that we have read and heard. During this deliberation whatever clarifications we needed we have obtained. Now our mind is clear as to what we have to do in order to get mundane knowledge and spiritual enlightenment.

Now the only thing that remains is to put it in practice and experience in actuality. Or to put it in a scientific terminology, the science that we have learnt is to be tested and applied in actual practice. This is very important because pure sciences are meaningless unless applied in the form of technology. Shri Krishna has also stated in the Gita that 'Jnana' or knowledge must be supplemented by 'vijñana' or practicals in order to make the knowledge 'Ashesha' or absolute. He tells Arjuna, 'Jnanam te'ham savijñanam idam vakshyami asheshatah, yat jnatva nehi bhuyoh jnatavyam avashishyate – I shall give you knowledge together with its application, after knowing which nothing further remains to be known'.

Once we gain knowledge and get enlightenment after going through these three proven doors prescribed in the Gita, we shall attain supreme bliss. To put it in the words of Swami Vivekananda, 'divinity will manifest in our personality in all the three aspects of thought, word and deed 'vichar, vaani, karma'. If we are sincere God will shower His grace on us and lead us on the path of righteousness.



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शुख

आयास योत तु गच्छव कोतू
जोनुम नु मंजु मा दुवोत ब्वे।
तस क्या करव अँस्य ललु पोतू
यस अथि सोन ल्यखुत ब्वे।।

आयि ति बवुनय, गच्छव ति बवुनय
बवुनस खोतु नु बवुनय खास।
योद वनि आसन व्यंदख कवु नय
ख्यनु खोतु छुय आपुरनुय खास।।

कथ

त्रिलोकी नाथ दर 'कुन्दन'

यस बाँज्य तौरख

रजाकु ओस पुलसस मंज। सु ओस नवाब बाज़रु रोज़ान। नोकरी आँसुस शेर गडि थानस मंज। जुव ज्यतु ओसुस जान, व्योठ पूठ। कद ओसुस शे फुट, छॉत्य आँसुस चोडु तु बुथ रोबदार अक्ल आँसुस बूज्यथय, ब्वद आँसुस मोंड।

सु ओस पुलसुवोल मगर हवालदार बननुक ओसुस सख शोख। पनुनि अक्लि ओस खराब कोरमुत। अवु किन्य ओसुस वुनि फेकिस अक्य व्वजुज तार खँचमुच। पोरमुत ल्यूखमुत ओस नु कैह मगर जु त्रे लफुज ओस उर्दूहस मंज ह्यकान पॅरिथ। बेयि ओस उर्दूहस मंजुय पनुन दसखत ति करान। थानुदार ओस दून तु त्रन गोमुत जि अँमिस क्या कॉम गछि दिन्य। मोमु दोनी वुगरावुनस मंज ओस यि जान बकार यिवान। थानुदारस तु बाक्यन अहलकारन खॉतर ओस योहय चाय वाय अनुनावान। बेयि ओस लगान यि क्रख चिख दिनस, रोब दाब करुनस। दिलु किन्य ओस जान, तमी आसु अँम्यसुंजु सारेय कॅमियि दरगुज़र सपदान। यि ओस अक्सर वनान, “मे कुस तारि बाँज्य? कसुंज ह्यमथ छे मे दियि दोखु?”

तस ओस पुलसुवोल आसनुक बडु किमामु, खासकर येलि यि वर्दी मंज ओस आसान। अँम्य सुंजु कॉम आँसु गॉड्य चलावन वाल्यन लासन वुछिन्य, बाँसकलस वुछुन जु सवारि मा छे खँसिथ, तु तिमन चालानु करुन यिम अनिगॅटिस मंज बति रोस बाँसकल चलावान आसन। यिम कामि ओस यि जान पॉठ्य अँजुरावान। युथुय अनिगट गॅयेयि, यि ओस सडकि प्यठ नीरिथ खडा गछान। युथुय कांह वुछोन बति रोस बाँसकल चलावान, यि ओस तस थफ छुनान। वुछेयन जु जँन्य बाँसकलस खँसिथ, तँती ओसुख चालान करान। लूख आँसुस अँमिस सख खोचान। कैह आँसुस बदल वति गछान तु कैह अँम्य सुंजु नज़र प्यनु ब्रुहुय बाँसकलु प्यठु ब्वन वसान। युथुय तिम अँम्य सुंजुव नज़रव डलान आँसुस, बेयि आँसुस बाँसकलस लथ लदान। युस कांह अँमिस ब्रुहुय किन्य पकिहे, सु ओस अँमिस सलाम करान। यि ओस पनुन डंडु गिलुनावान तु वनान, “मे हेक्या कांह दोखु दिथ या बाँज्य तौरिथ? बु छुस नु पोंडु पुलसुवोल। मे छु नाव रजाकु

मीर। बु छुस नु बरदाश करान, कांह करि कोनूनस खलाफ कांह कॉम।

गुलु छु करान अँकिस ठेकुदरस निशि कॉम। सु छु चोटु बाज़रु रोज़ान। कॉम छु करान वँज़ीर बागु। यि आसिहे ब्रॉह कालि रेडु लमान, अमी आँसुस गुलु रेडु वनान। यि ति छु जुव ज्यतु किन्य जान। वुछुनस मंजु ख्वश यिवुन। सेहत ति छुस जान तु अक्ल ति छस तेज। लूख आँसुस वनान जि यि छु तेलंगु अमा पोज़ सोंच छुस वुल्ट। अमि किन्य छु यि छलबल ति करान तु चालु ति चलान। अँमिस छु आसान कामि प्यठ चेर ताम रोज़ुन। अक्सर छु यि अनिगट गॅछिथ गरु वसान बाँसकलस प्यठ। वथ छस यिहँय शेर गडि थानु ब्रूठ्य किन्य। कैह काल गव यि ओस रजाकु मीरस रोटमुत दगन सवारि तु ओसुनस जुसमानु ह्योतुमुत। अँमिस रूद तसुंद जिद तु टख ओसुस तस कसासु ह्यनुक।

दूहा गव, गुलु ओस बाँसकलस प्यठ बडु चौर्य गरु वसान। यि ओस चादुराह वॅलिथ बाँसकल चलावान। युथुय यि थानस निशि वोट, अँम्य थँव चादरि लूठ बति प्यठ तु द्राव स्योदुय। रजाकु मीरन वुछ यि तु बास्योस अँमिस छनु बाँसकलस बँती। तँम्य वॉय सीटी जि गुलु रुकावि बाँसकल। मगर तँम्य द्युतुनस नु द्यानुय। सु रूद पैडल दिवान। रजाकस खँच चख अँम्यसुंजु गुसतॉखी वुछिथ। तँम्य दिचुनस क्रख ‘चॉन्य ह्यमथ मे हुक्म अदूली करुन्य। व्वन्य त्रावथ नु हरगिज। ठँहँर च़, बु हावय च़े अम्युक मजु म्योन नु माननु बपथ। अँम्य तुल पनुन बाँसकल तु लार्योस पतु। ब्रॉह ब्रॉह ओस गुलु रेडु तु पतु पतु ओस रजाकु पुलसुवोल। दूनवय आँसुस बाँसकल चलावान हवा। बासान ओस, ज़नतु छे मान मान लँजमुच जि कुस नेरि ब्रॉठ। गुलु प्यूर दँछुन तु दोर्यव स्यकट्रेट किन्य। वातान वातान वोट नुमॉयिशि निश। यि तोर बडशाह वॅदुलस, द्राव माइसूम बाज़रु मँज्य तु गव नवि सडकि कुन। रजाकु छुस पतय। दूनवय आँसुस पनुन पनुन बाँसकल दोरुनावान। रजाकु ओस अँमिस कुनि तँरीक रटुन यछान।

गुलु ओस मँज्य मँज्य पोट नज़र दिवान यि वुछुनु बापथ



ज़ि रज़ाक़ कोताह दूर छु। रज़ाक़ ओसुस सीटी वायान ज़ि ठँहँर बा, मगर सु ओस दिवान कनुडोल। अँम्य द्युत पैडल हना ज़ोरय पहान तु चाव गनपथयार सडकि कुन। यि दोर्यव खरुयार, सूमयार, शेशयार, बानु मँहँल तु नरपँरिस्तानु किन्य त तोर फतेह कँदलस। यि आव वर्गुनाथ मंदर किन्य, द्राव डलहसनयारु मँज्य तु पोत सडकि वोत कनि कँदल। अति तोर यि अपोर। शिवालुनि निश फ्यूर दँछुन तु रज़ाक़ दोर्योस पतय। सु ओस सीटी गछान वायान मगर कस ?

युथुय गुलु हेडरुन वोत यि वोथ बॉसुकलु प्यठु ब्वन। यि थोवुन फ्रस्तस सुत्य इस्तादु। पानु ब्यूठ दौयिमि तरफु लबि कुन बुथ कँरिथ। यीतिस कालस वोत रज़ाक़ ति ओतथ। सु गव ख्वश, व्वन्य क्या रोटुम तु दिचुनस क्रख, “चु दिखु मे बॉज्य! रोटुमखय व्वन्य। च़े ऑसुयि खबर ज़ि चु क्या चलख मे निशि ?”

गुलु वोथ थोद। पॉजामस गँडुन डूर तु रज़ाकन कँरुनस नरि थफ। गुलन कोरनस एतराज़ “हे! थफ त्राव यलु। चु कथ छुख मे हंगु तु मंगु नँराह रँटिथ? मे छा कैह खता कोरमुत ?”

रज़ाकन वोनुनस, “च़े कति छय बॉसुकलस बँत्य ?” गुलन फिरनोव बॉसुकलुक हैँडल तु हॉवुनस बँत्य। पतु वोनुनस, “यि क्या छे, यि छना बँत्य ?” रज़ाकस गव हेसु बेसु येलि तँम्य अति बँत्य वुछ दज़ान। अँदर्युम शाह गोस अंदर तु नेबर्युम न्यबर। अँमिस चँज क्रख नीरिथ “ तेलि क्याज़ि ओसुख चु चलान ? च़े फुटुराव्यथ मे जंगु बॉसुकल चलावान चलावान सॉरिसुय शहरस।”

गुलु रेडन वोनुस, “हा ख्वदायो! मे हा यारु ओस इदरार हल्यन खोतमुत। बु ओसुस इदरार करनु बापथ जाय छांडान। तमी रुक्योस येतिनस। मे ऑसा पताह चु छुख मे पतु दोरान। चोन गोछ ना मे ग्वडय वनुन !”

रज़ाक़ गव मोयूस। अँम्य त्रोव ज्यूठ शाह। बॉसुकलस लँजुन लथ तु द्राव दुह्यलद गगुर ह्यू। गुलन त्रोव असन खंगालु। तोपतु वोनुनस, “कोलु, पोंडु पुल्लुवालि! वुछतु किथुवँन्य तॉरुमय बॉज्य ? च़े कति अँनिथ ह्यमथ तमि दूह तु कोरुथ मे चालानु ज़ु सवारि खारनु बापथ। चु ज़ानख ना मे ? मे छि वनान गुलु रेडु। बु छुस वुडवुनिस जानावारस पखु गँज़ुरान।”



दिलासु

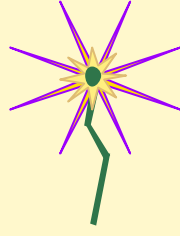
... खँज़ुर मगरिबी ...

पूशिमुत कस ज़िंदगी हुंद नव बहार ?
ओश मु हार
दूख दिलुक चूरी थवुन गव गाटुजार
ओश मु हार
अँलिफ कद हय मीम सपदान, गम मु बर,
शुकुर कर
पनुनि क्वठि पॉन्य पानुक तुल च़ु बार
ओश मु हार
कस नु यिवन यथ जहानस मंज़ बँनिथ,
प्यवन छँनिथ
कस नु चँलिमुत्य दाग दिथ येति बालु यार
ओश मु हार
बे शुमारस अज़लु तकदीरस छु वर
कर नज़र
गमुचि गटि मंज़ दय छु आसान गम गुसार
ओश मु हार
आम पॉठ्यन छे कहावत, यथ कमाल,
तथ ज़वाल
राहे फना हुय ऑखुरस छुय उस्तवार
ओश मु हार
गम तु फिकरुय ज़िंदगी हुंज़ बॉगरन,
तय ऑडरन
ज़िंदगी ऑखुर मताये नागवार
ओश मु हार
मरगि मुहिब छा जुदौयी दून तनन ?
क्याह वनन ?
ज़िंदगी अंदर मे वुछ बस लारु लार
ओश मु हार
महफिलन मंज़ मगरिबीयन, वुमरि ओस,
अक्लि रोस
दिल वदान रुदुस दूहय पोज़ ज़ार ज़ार
ओश मु हार



दास्ताने
गुले-बकावली

९



Daastaane
Gul-e-Bakawali

9



Source: Nyamatullah Parray's 'Gule-Bakawali'
Compiled by Moh. Ahsan Ahsan and Gulam Hasan Taskeen.

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Condensed and re-written in
Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script by
M.K.Raina

दास्ताने गुले-बकावली - ९

पादशाह छु शाहजादन हुंदिस कारनामस प्यठ ख्वश गछान

लूकन तु पादशाहस ऑस नु पज़रुच कांह खबराह। तिमन ऑस खबर जि गुले-बकावली छु यिमवुय च़ोरव बायव पनुनि बहोदरी सुत्य हॉसिल कोरमुत। यिम अपज़्यॉर्य शाहजादु ति ऑस्य लूकन तु पादशाहस पनुनि बहोदरी हुंद अज़्य वाकह बोज़ुनावान जि तिमन कम कम मुश्किलाथ आयि पॅरिस्तानस मंज़ पेश। यथ जायि नु अँज़ ताम कांह मनुश ओस वोतमुत, तोत वॉत्य तिम। पादशाह गव यिहुंज़ि बहोदरी पर दिलो जानु फिदा तु तॅम्य द्युत पूर शहरस मंज़ चरागां करनुक होकुम। गॅरीबन गुरबाहन आयि द्यार तु मोहरु बॉगरावनु। यिमन बेयन शहरन प्यठ पादशाह राज ओस करान, तिमन आव बाज माफ करनु।

बकावुल पॅरी हुंद हुशार गछुन तु अफसूस करुन

शाहजादु ताज-उल-मलूक येलि बागे बकावुल मंज़ वापस द्राव तु गगुरस खँसिथ रवानु सपुद, तमि पतु कॅह कॉली गॅयि बकावुल पॅरी हुशार। तमि लॉग्य नॅव्य पलव तु द्रायि वारु वारु बागस सॉल करनि। वातान वातान वॉन्न स्व नागस प्यठ तु बीठ पथर अमिकिस बॅठिस प्यठ। यकदम पेयस नागस मंज़बाग नज़र तु अति वुछुन पोश गॉब। दोपुन या इल्लॉही, यि क्या छस बु वुछान? परेशान हाल सपुज़ तिछु जि पॉनिस मंज़ वोलुन अथु, मगर बुथ छलुन गोस मॅशिथुय। परेशॉनी मंज़ुय ह्योतुन वाजि ओरु योर करुन। सूंचुन, बु छसा बेदारुय किनु खाब छस वुछान? ज़ख्मी स्वरु सुंद्य पॉठ्य हेतिन पानस वर दिन्य। येलि पूर यकीन सपद्योस जि बु छस हुशारुय, पानस हेतिन बुथि बुथि दिन्य। दोपुन यकीनन छु कुस ताम च़ूर च़ामुत। मगर योदवय बु शॉगिथ ऑसुस, रॉछदर कति ऑस्य? मे यिम अरदाह सास पॅरियि, जिन तु द्यव मातहत छ, तिम कोत गॅयि? यथ बागस मंज़ छुनु जानवरस ति इजाज़थ अंदर अच़नस, तु यि च़ूर किथु पॉठ्य च़ाव? येलि वाजि हुंदिस नक्शो निगारस प्यठ नज़र पेयस, यि वुछिन बदलेमुन्न। ऑखुरस पृछुन वाजि, “वनख ना, च़ु कसुंज़ छख तु तस कॅम्य हॉव योर वथ? सवाल छुय, करख ना मे अथ इसरारस वॉकुफ।” बकावुल पॅरी प्यव ज़ोन, येलि बु नॅदरि मंज़ ऑसुस, बु ऑसुस न्यथु नॅनी शॉगिथ। “गव अॅम्य च़ूरन वुछ म्योन बदन ति पूर पॉठ्य!” परी ह्योत वदुन। तसुंदि वदनु सुत्य ह्यच़न गगरायि गछुनि। तसुंज़ हालथ गॅयि तिछुय यिछु बुलबुलस गछान छि गुल हॅरिथ।

बकावुल पॅरी हुंद व्यदाख

बकावुल पॅरी ह्यच़न तस च़ूरस प्यठ देवानु गछुन्य येम्य गुल च़ूरि न्युव तु येम्य तसुंज़ वॉज बदलॉविथ थॅव। तस बास्यव जि च़ूरन छु तसुंद दिल ति च़ूरि न्युमुत। स्व सपुज़ बे करार यिथिस बहोदुर मनुशस वुछनु खॉतरु।

हाल वनुहस फोरुहम मे मस्तूरे
 वरगु न्यूथम दिल मे स्वर्गु हूरे
 चूरि चोलुहम द्राहम छॉविथ बाग
 मस्तूरे गोहम थॉविथ दाग
 शेछ सोज़य वावस अथि यिखना
 बेयि दर्शुन बागस कुन दिखना

बकावुल पॅरी अँन्य तमाम द्यव तु पॅरियि नाद दिथ। दोपुनख बागस मंज़ येलि चूर चाव, तोह्य कति ऑसिवु ? तोह्य ऑसिवुना बागस रॉछ कॅरिथ। तिमव होवुस कसम जि असि वुछ नु कहुन्य बागस अंदर अचान। तमि पतु द्युत बकावुल पॅरी तिमन होकुम जि पूर दुनियाहस यियिव छॉड दिथ तु सु चूर कॅरिवुन मे ब्रॉह कनि पेश। पॅरियि तु जिन द्रायि चूरस छॉडनि मगर कुनि द्राव नु तसुंद पय पताह। बकावुल पॅरी ऑस बेकरार तस चूरस वुछनु बापथ। तमि कोर फॉसलु जि बु नेरु पानय तस मनुशस छॉडनि येम्य मे गुलस तु वाजि सुत्य सुत्य दिल ति चूरि न्युव। स्व आयि पूर आलम चॅटिथ मगर तस चूर सुंद लोगुस नु कांह पय। अमि पतु त्रोव तमि ख्यन तु चन तु लॅज नालु जॉरी करनि।

बे खबर थॉविथ चोलुम तस वुछान मे जुव गोलुम
 रंग र्वखसारस डोलुम जाफरी गुलनार गव
 लालु रोयस वँन्य दिमस आदुनस लादन ह्यमस
 बाज़रस कथ लोगुस रस, करनि कोत बापार गव

बकावुल पॅरी छि लॅडकु संज़ शक्ल करान यख्तियार

बकावुल पॅरी येलि नु चूर सुंद कांह पय पताह लोग, स्व गॅयि स्यठाह गमगीन। ख्वदायस कुन वोनुन जि व्वन्य हावतम च्यय कांह वथ। येलि दिल-शिकस्तु गॅयि, शायद कोरुस ख्वदायन वनुन कबूल। तमि त्रॉव शहरे पूरबस कुन वुडव। तोत वॉतिथ कॅरुन पानस अँकिस पंदाह वँहरिस लॅडकु संज़ शक्ल यख्तियार तु द्योतुन शहरस फेरुन। लूख वुछिन ऑश व अशरथ करान तु मय चवान। सॉरी ऑस्य ख्वश। अँकिस पृच्छुन, “यथ शहरस कथ प्यठ छि अज़ यीचाह खुशी?” तँम्य दोपुस, “चु कति प्यठ छुख आमुत ? च्ने छय ना किहीं खबर ? येमि शहरुक पादशाह ओस ओन गोमुत। हँकीमव तु वँज़ीरव यि कँछा यलाज वोनुहस, ति कोरुन मगर फॉयदु आस नु कांह। पतु वोनुख तस जि पॅरिस्तानस अंदर छि अख पॅरी यस नाव छु बकावुल पॅरी। तस पॅरी छु अख बाग यथ मंज़ अख नाग छु। नागस अंदर छु अख पोश। तमि पोशि सुत्य छु अन्यन अँछन गाश यिवान। पादशाहन करुनोव प्रथ तरफु तलाश मगर सु पोश अननु खॉतरु गव नु कांह तयार। पतु द्रायि पानु पादशाह सुंद्य चोर शाहज़ादु तु तिमवुय ओन सु पोश मुल्के पॅरिस्तानु मंज़ तु तमी पोशि सुत्य आव पादशाहस अँछन गाश। अवय किन्य छि अज़ सॉरिसुय शहरस मंज़ शॉद्य करनु यिवान।

बकावुल पॅरी येलि यि दास्तान बूज़, स्व गॅयि ख्वश। अमि पतु गॅयि स्व अँकिस नागस प्यठ तु

अम्युक गर्दो गुबार दूर कॅरिथ कोरुन अमिकि नीलि पानि सुत्य श्रान। तनि लोगुन ख्वश यिवुन प्वशाख तु बनोवुन पनुन पान अख खूबसूरथ जवान शाहजाद। बकावुल पॅरी गॅयि व्वन्य शाहजाद बॅनिथ वति वति पकान तु यपॉर्य यपॉर्य स्व द्रायि, तपॉर्य तपॉर्य ह्योत लुकव तसुंदि खूबसूरती हुंघ तॉरीफ करुन्य। लुकव ओस नु अज़ ताम युथ ख्वश शकल तु जवान मर्द शाहजाद ज़ांह वुछमुत। तिमन आव नु समजुय जि यि छा पॅज्य पॉठ्य इनसान किनु असमानु प्यठ वोथमुथ कांह मलख।

बकावुल शाहजाद छु ब्रॉह ब्रॉह पकान तु पतु पतु छु तस लूक अरसाथाह पकान। अँड्य छि अँमिस मलख समजान तु अँड्य मिसरुक शाह यूसुफ। वातान वातान वॉच यि कथ अतिकिस पादशाहस ताम। तँम्य येलि अम्यसुंघ तॉरीफ बूज्य, तँम्य द्युत होकुम जि यि शाहजादु गछि तसुंदिस दरबारस मंज़ हॉज़िर करनु युन।

बकावुल पॅरी छि शाहजाद बॅनिथ पादशाहस समखान

येलि शाहजाद पादशाहस ब्रॉठ कनि पेश सपुद, पादशाह गव तसुंद हुस्न वुछिथ मसहूर। शाहजादन कॅर अदबु सान पादशाहस सलाम। पादशाह सपुद बडु ख्वश। तँम्य प्रुछ शाहजादस च़ कत्युक छुख तु नाव क्या छुय? च़ छुखा मुल्के शामु प्यठ, किनु रोमु प्यठ किनु मिसरु प्यठ आमुत? शाहजादन कोरुस अर्ज़, “ऐ पादशाहे पूरब! बु छुस मुल्के पूरबुकुय रोजन वोल तु नाव छुम फरख। मै छु ख्वदायन स्यठाह माल जादाद सूज़मुत मगर मै गव शोख च़े निशि नोकरी करनुक। हरगाह च़े मंज़ूर करख, म्योन मुदा सपदि पूर। पादशाह गव तसुंद कलाम बूजिथ स्यठाह ख्वश। सु ओस यछानुय जि युथ ह्यु ख्वश शकल नवजवान गोछ दूह राथ तँस्य ब्रॉठ कनि रोजुन। पादशाहन दोपुस, “ऐ नवजवानु! चोन सवाल छु मै मंज़ूर। च़े रोजख अँज्यकि प्यठ मेय सुत्य। दूहस छि चॉन्य कॉम मै सुत्य दरबारस मंज़ रोजुन तु रातस रोजख येती पनुनिस ख्वाब-गाहस मंज़।”

बकावुल पॅरी, यस व्वन्य फरख नाव ओस, सपुद ख्वश। बजॉहिर ओस सु पादशाहस निशी बिहिथ ऑशाह करान मगर असली तल ओस सु तस चालाक च़ूरस च़रच़ान येम्य तसुंद गुल च़ूरि ओस न्युमुत। अकि दूह आयि च़्वशय शाहजादु पादशाह सुंदिस दरबारस मंज़ मॉलिस समखुनि। पादशाहन अनुनॉव्य तिहुंदि बेहन खॉतरु खास पलंग। फरख छु वुछान यि सोरुय। तँम्य प्रुछ अँकिस दरबॉरिस जि यिम कम छि तु यिमन प्यठ क्याजि छु पादशाह यूत मेहरबान? दरबॉर्य दोपुनस, “च़े छय ना खबर? यिम छि च़ोर नामवर शाहजादु यिमव पादशाहस क्युत पॅरिस्तानु प्यठ गुले बकावुन ओन। तमी पोशि सुत्य आव पादशाहस अँछन गाश।”

च़ोर शाहजादु बीठ्य पलंगन प्यठ। दरबार्यव ह्योत तिमन वावुजि वाव करुन। नवजवान फरख छु यि सोरुय वुछान। शाहजादु लॅग्य पादशाहस सुत्य कथ करनि। तिहुंजि कथि तल तोर नवजवानस फिकरी जि तिम च़्वशय छि बेकुल तु त्युहुंद ताकथ छुनु गुले बकावली अनुन। नवजवानस गव पूर यकीन जि यिमन शाहजादन छनु पॅरिस्तानस मुतलिक ति कॅह पताह। तस प्यव ह्यस जि ज़रूर छु कॅम्य ताम बदल मनुशन पॅरिस्तान गॅछिथ गुल च़ॅटिथ ओनमुत तु कमि ताम फंदु छु यिमव च़ोरव तस निशि सु गुल च़ूरि न्युमुत।

(ब्रॉह कुन जॉरी)

सिलसिलवार - क्याह क्याह वनु?

म.क.रैना

त्रु-लूर



अमि दूह ओस चंद्रवार मगर माश्टर जी आव नु स्कूल केह। तोति रूद्य अँस्य मोहतात। शोर वोर कोर नु केह। काह बजे बाँग्य येलि यि स्यकु गव जि माश्टर जियस छुन अज युनुय, अँस्य गँयि ख्वश। अमि पतु लोग असि ज़ोर ज़ोर शोर करुन। अड्यव ह्योत पनुनि पनुनि मश्कि प्यठ तबलु बजावुन तु अड्यव ह्योत बाँथ ग्यवुन। अँड्य ओस्य थोद वँथ्य वँथ्य क्रकु दिवान तु अँड्य ओस्य ठहा ठहा कँरिथ असान। सोन शोर बूजिथ आव ह्यड माश्टर सॉनिस कमरस मंज तु असि गव दम। तँम्य तुल मँनीटर थोद तु पृछुनस, “कुस कुस ओस शोर करान?” मँनीटरस फूर नु जवाबय तिक्याजि सु ओस पानु ति माश्टर जियस नक्ल कँरिथ असि परनावनुक ड्रामा करान। ह्यड माश्टरन ह्युत असि कान-पकडी हुंद सजा तु असि प्यव माजि हुंद दूद ताम याद। तमि पतु वोन तँम्य सॉनिस मँनीटरस असि सबख परनावुन।

सॉनिस माश्टर जियस ओस नाव नीलु कँठ। सु ओस रोजान हब्बु कँदलु दँरियावु बँठिस प्यठ। तस ओस्य ज़ु अचकन, अख नीलि रंगु तु ब्याख क्रेहनि रंगु। अकि दूह ओस सु लागान न्यूल अचकन त बेयि दूह कृहुन। जंगन ओस लागान सफेद तंग मुरि पाँजामु तु ख्वरन कृहुन्य गुरगॉब्य। कलस ओस लागान हल्कु गवलॉब्य रंगु दसतार।

अँस्य ओस्य पुंच्यमि जमॉच परान। जमॉच मंज ओस्य कुल अरदाह लँडकु। सुबहस प्रेयर परनु पतु येलि अँस्य पनुनिस कलासस मंज वातान ओस्य, बुथ ओस गछान वदुवुन। अकि अकि टाटस प्यठ लॉनि मंज बिहिथ ओस्य अँस्य प्रारान माश्टर जी सुंदिस यिनस। येलि सु कलासस अचान ओस, अँस्य ओस्य थोद वँथिथ तस आदाब अर्ज करान। सु ओस कलु सुत्य जवाब दिवान, कुरसी प्यठ ब्यहान तु हॉज़िरी रजश्टर खोलान। अमि पतु ओस सॉन्य हॉज़िरी सपदान। यसुंद यसुंद रोल नम्बर सु वनिहे, तस ओस आसान थोद वँथिथ जवाब ह्युन ‘हॉज़िर जिनाब’। माश्टर जी ओस तस वारु बुथिस कुन नजर दिवान तु तमि पतु ब्याख रोल नम्बर

वनान।

असि ओस माश्टर जियुन सख हॉबथ। सु ओस परनॉव्य परनॉव्य असि रथ कडान। हरगाह काँसि पास करनि गछुन आसिहे, तस ओस बुथिस कुन वारु वुछिथ ग्वडु सरु करान जि सु छा पोज वनान किनु अपुज। यस नु पँज्य पाँठ्य पास आसिहे आमुत, तस ओस बुथ्युक रंग लेदुरान तु सु ओस दुह्य लद गगुर ह्यु वापस फेरान। हरगाह काँसि लँडुकन स्कूलच कॉम बराबर आसिहे नु कँरमुच, तस ओस सु अकी क्रेकि सुत्य मुथुर व्यसुरावान। इशारु ओसुस हावान तथ त्रु-लोरि कुन ख्वसु माश्टर जियन दरवाज़स पँत्य किन्य अलूंद ओस त्रॉवमुच। त्रु-लोरि कुन नजर प्यथुय आसु लँडुकस क्रकु चलान नीरिथ तु सु ओस तस दहि दहि लटि माँफी मंगान तु आयंदु गलती न करनुक वाद करान। हरगाह कांह लँडकु बँडुय पहान गलती ओस करान, माश्टर जी ओस त्रु-लूर तुलिथ तस लँडुकस अथु दारनु खॉतर वनान। बस, पतु मतु पृछ्यतव, पूर कलासस मंज कुस हंगामु ओस सपदान। लँडुकस ओस्य मार ख्यनु वरॉयी गित्य गछान तु बाक्य लँडकु ओस्य माश्टर जियस तसुंदि बदलु माँफी मंगान।

माश्टर जी ओस असि अकी लटि ख्वश करान। छुटी गछनु ब्रॉठ ओस सु असि पानस निश बेहनावान तु अकि अकि सारिन्य हुंद हाल पृछान। अँकिस ओस मॉल्य सुंज शेछ पृछान तु बेयिस गाव मरनुक वजह। अँकिस निश फीस न बरनुक वजह मोलूम करान तु बेयिस ग्वरबथ आसनु किन्य पुवर फंड मंजु केह पाँसु दिनुक वाद करान। अँकिस ओस पृछान जि तस कति छि मॉलिस ड्यूटी, बेयिस निश मोलूम करान जि ब्यमारस क्या ओस खबर। गरज, माश्टर जियस ओस प्रथ काँसि हुंज फिकिर तु कुनि नतु कुनि तँरीकु ओस सु प्रथ अँकिस अथु रोट करान। काँसि पाँसु रँग्य, काँसि किताबव रँग्य, काँसि वरदी रँग्य तु काँसि स्कूल पतु परनावनु रँग्य।

अँस्य क्याजि ओस्य अथ त्रु-लोरि खोचान तु यि त्रु-लूर क्या ओस?

त्रु-लूर ओस स्योद सादु वीरि कुलिच अख मूर, यथ

बुधि गंडस निशि त्रे लंजि आसु नेरान। मूर ऑस गंडु पथ कुन तकरीबन त्रे फुट तु गंडु ब्रोंह कुन अख फुट। माश्टर जियन ओस अथ मूरि दल तुलनोवमुत तु पतु तील दिवनोवमुत। यिहय चोर फुट ज़ीठ लूर ऑस असि शुर्यन क्युत अज़ाब।

यि त्रु-लूर आयि सॉनिस कलासस मंज सथ र्यथ ब्रोंठ। माश्टर जियन अँन्य यि पानस सुत्य तु थँवन मेज़स प्यठ। असि कुन बुथ कँरिथ वोनून रोबु सान, “यि लूर छिवु वुछान?” असि हिलोव कलु। तँम्य वोन, “यि छनु स्योद सादु लूर कैह। यि छे मे बाह वँरी ब्रोंठ जस्तु खॉज़ कँरिथ गांदरबल बालु कि तँतालि प्यठु खास कँरिथ वालुनॉवमुच। अथ लोरि छु शर्फ़ जि यि हेकि नु कांह चूरि निथ। अमि सुत्य हरगाह अपुज़ वनन वॉलिस दब कडव, सु छु पोज़ वनान। हरगाह काँसि चूर आसि कँरमुच, यि लूर छि तस कुन वुछिथुय अलुरान तु तस कुन कलु फिरान। अथ लोरि छि सुह ताम खोचान।” सुह संज़ कथ करान करान तुज माश्टर जियन लूर अथस क्यथ तु रँटन सीनस सुत्य। दोपुन, “बु ओसुस अकि दूह पहलगाम गोमुत। यि लूर ऑसुम सुत्य। चौर्य राथ क्युत डँज मे वथ तु बु गोस पनुन्यन गरिक्यन निश छ्यनु। बु ओसुस वथुय छांडान जि मे वुछ बुधि सुह पकान। बु खूचुस। मे दोप अज़ म्वकलेयि म्यानि जिंदुगी हुंज़ कथुय। युथुय सुहस मे प्यठ नज़र पेयि, सु आव मे जेफि। मगर क्वदरतुन कार, मे ऑस लूर अथस क्यथ तु सुहस लँज यि बुथिस सुत्य। बस पतु मतु पृछ्यतव कैह। सुहन दिच लोरि कुन खोचान खोचान नज़र तु त्रॉवन कुनी टुख जंगुलस कुन। बेयि लटि ओसुस बु गाडि मंज़ सोपोर गछान। गाडि ओस सख रश। मे त्रॉव अँक्य नव जवानन पनुन्य सीट तु बु ब्यूतुस पथर। येलि कंडक्टर टिकट दिनि आव, मे फेरि ऑरकु छट। मे ओसुख चंदय चोटमुत त बँटवु ओसुहम चूरि न्युमुत। कंडक्टरन कोर मे रोब। दोपुन गाडि मंज़ वस ब्वन। मे ऑस यि लूर दारि सुत्य व्वदुनी थँवमुच। युथुय मे वापस वसन खॉतरु यि लूर तुज, यि चँज मे अथु मंज़ु नीरिथ तु आयि पथ कुन अँकिस नव जवानस प्यठ लायिनु। नवजवानन हेचॉयि यि दारि किन्य छनुन्य जि अम्युक लोट फस्यव तस चंदस मंज़। अँथ्य चंदस मंज़ ओस म्योन बँटवु। यि ओस सुय नव जवान येम्य मे सीट ऑस त्रॉवमुच। मे दिच क्रख, म्योन बँटवु! नव जवानन द्युत यि बँटवु मे कुन वापस दारिथ तु त्रॉवन गाडि मंज़ु व्वठ तु

चोल। यिथु पॉठ्य द्युत अमि लोरि मे पनुन बँटवु नोन कँडिथ। बेयि लटि ओस म्यानि कलासुक्य अँक्य बचन गरि अपुज़ वँनिथ स्कूल यिनस छुटी कँरमुच। दोयिमि दूह येलि सु स्कूल आव तु लोरि निशि वोत, लूर पेयि तस खवरन प्यठ। मे तोर फिकरी जि अँम्य छु क्याहताम अतुर कोरमुत। येलि मे तस मार दिनु खॉतरु लूर अथस मंज़ तुज, तँम्य ह्योत वदुन तु वोनून सोरुय पोज़ पोज़। बेयि अकि लटि प्यव मे अँकिस बचस खँरिल करुनस प्यठ अमि त्रु-लोरि सुत्य अथस प्यठ टास त्रावुन। तस प्यव लोरि हुंद कृहुन आख अथस। अज़ गँयि तथ कुसस जु वँरी मगर तस छु सु आख तँती।”

यिमु कथु बूज़िथ ओस असि फ्रठ गोमुत। अव किन्य ओस त्रु-लोरि हुंद नाव बूज़िथुय असि जुव चलान नीरिथ।

यनु प्यठु माश्टर जियन यि लूर स्कूल अँन्य, तँम्य नियि यि सिर्फ अकि लटि गरु। दोपुन, गरि छु अख बचु सख खँरिल करान तु तस छु अमी लोरि सुत्य मुस्लु वालुन। असि फँट जादय तुर। असि दोप, येलि सु पनुनिस बचस मुस्लु वालि, असि क्या लिहाज़ु वुछि?

अज़ ऑस्य अँस्य ख्वश। माश्टर जी आव नु कैह। असि सूंच दूहस तुलव अलुगँड्य तु मलुगँड्य। ह्यड माश्टर सुंदि यिनु सुत्य गव रछाह थ्वथ मगर सु नीरिथुय लोग असि बेयि नचुन तु ग्यवुन मगर ल्वति ल्वति। असि दोप युहय अख दूह छु गँनीमथ। त्रु-लूर थँव असि अँकिस जायि चूरि युथ नु तथ असि प्यठ नज़र पेयि। ह्यड माश्टर आव नु बेयि असि वुछनि कैह। तस ओस शायद यकीन जि असि आसि मँनीटर ठीख पॉठ्य परनावान।

रिसु वख्तु प्यव निकस खयाल। तँम्य वोन मे कनस तल, “छुना सलाह, त्रु-लूरुय करव गॉब।” मे गव यि बूज़िथुय हेह। दोपुमस, “माश्टर जियस येलि पताह लागि, सु च़टि ना मुस्लु?” तँम्य दोप, “पताह कति लग्यस? बाक्यन शुर्यन वनव नु किहिन्य। लूर आसि गॉब, तथ किथु पॉठ्य पृछि?” मे बीठ यि कथ। मगर खतरु ओस स्यठाह। अँस्य ऑस्य वुनि कथुय करान जि राजस गव शख। दोपुन “तोह्य छिवु चूरि चूरि क्याहताम च्वय करान, मे ति वँनिव नतु वनोवु बु माश्टर जियस।” असि दोप यि तुलि पँज़्य पॉठ्य फसाद, अँमिस ति पज़ि लोट पॉठ्य वनुन। येलि तँम्य सॉन्य कथ बूज़, सु गव ख्वश। दोपुन, “सँबील छि जान, लूर करु बुय

गॉब।” असि मोनुस। दोपुस मगर त्रॉव्यजि दॅरियावस अंदर। तॅम्य कोर आंकार।

राजु वोथ ब्वन तु असि त्रॉवस लूर दारि किन्य। तॅम्य रॅट ब्वन कनि, ओरु योर दिचुन नज़र तु द्राव। अख गंटाह गॅछिथ आव वापस। असि पृछुस, “कतिनस त्रॉवुथ?” तॅम्य वोन इशारव सुती जि दॅरियावस त्रॉवुम से-मंजस। बाक्युन बचन लॅज नु कैह पताह तिक्व्याजि तिम ऑस्य सॉरी अख अँकिस सुत्य गिंदुनस तु मस कडुनस सुत्य आवुर्थ। चौर्य येलि अँस्य गरु कुन वापस द्रायि, राजु ओस क्याहताम सॉचान। असि पृछुस जि दॅलील क्या छि? तॅम्य वोन नु कैह। असि सूंच जि सु आसि लूर दॅरियावस मंज त्रावान त्रावान खूचमुत।

बोमवारि दूह आव माश्टर जी तु चाव कलासस अंदर। हॉज़री कॅरिथ येलि तॅम्य प्रुछ जि कालु क्या क्या कोरुवु, असि गॅयि छ्वपु। तस तोर फिकरी जि कालु छु असि सारिवुय असमान नखस प्यठ तुलमुत। ह्यड माश्टरन आसिहे तस कालुच दॅलील वॅन्यमुच। माश्टर जियन प्रुछ अँकिस अँकिस बचस जि कालु कॅम्य कॅम्य कॅर खॅर्यगी, मगर काँसि वोनस नु कैह। अमि पतु छॉड तॅम्य पनुन्य त्रु-लूर।

मगर त्रु-लूर आयि नु अथी। दरवाज़स पॅत्य किन्य, मेज़स तल, टाटस तलु कनि, अलमार्यन मंज, सॉरिसुय दिचु तॅम्य छॉड, मगर त्रु-लूर ऑस नु कुनी। मॅनीटरस ति ऑस नु कैह पताह। माश्टर जियस खोत सख शरारथ। तस तोर फिकरी जि कॅम्य ताम बचन छि चाल कॅरमुच। तॅम्य ह्योत अकि अकि पृछुन। बु ओसुस निकस कुन वुछान तु निकु ओस राजस कुन वुछान। थॅकिथ हॉरिथ वोन माश्टर जियन असि, “त्वहि मंजय छि कॅम्य ताम लूर नीमुच चूरि मगर तोह्य छिवु नु वनान। हरगाह पगाह सुबहस लूर वापस पनुनि जायि ऑस नु, अकि अकि चटोवु मुस्लु तु त्रावोवु खवरन तल।” यि वॅनिथ कॅर माश्टर जियन असि कुन तिथु पॉठ्य नज़र ज़न तु जिंदय चापिहे। निकन, राजन तु मे कोर फॉसलु जि हरगाह दालु ति वालि, पॅज कथ कडव नु नॅनी।

ब्वदवारि दूह येलि माश्टर जी स्कूल आव, तस ऑस त्रु-लूर सुत्य। अँस्य ऑस्य हॉरान। मे त्रॉव राजस कुन नज़र। सु ओस हयबुंगु। मे ओस नु यिवान समजुय जि लूर हय राजन दॅरियावस अंदर त्रॉव, मास्टर जियन कति अँन्य यि बेयि। अम्युक मतलब ओस साफ जि यि ऑस नु पॅज्य

पॉठ्य स्योद साद लूर कैह, बॅल्यकि ऑस करामॉती लूर। अँस्य ऑस्य माश्टर जी सुंदिस बुथिस कुन वुछान। तसुंद बुथ वुछिथ ओस बासान ज़न तु तस स्यटाह दूख छु वोतमुत। तॅम्य थॅव त्रु-लूर मेज़स प्यठ तु वोनन असि कुन, “राथ गव अतुर। मे वोनमुवु त्वहि बद रद, मगर खता ओस मे पानस। मे छि दर-अस्ल यि लूर बटवारि दूह पानस सुती गरु नीमुच, मगर मे ओस नु अम्युक ज्वनुय। मे पेयि अज़ सुबहस अथ प्यठ नेरान नेरान नज़र। यि आसिहे मे योरु निथ आंगुनस मंज त्रॉवमुच। बु छुसवु त्वहि ज्युठ ऑसिथुय मॉफी मंगान।” तॅम्य युथुय असि मॉफी मंज, असि ह्योत सारिवुय वदुन। माश्टर जी आव असि निश तु अकि अकि कोरुन असि नालमोत। खास कॅरिथ तुलिन तिम बचु ख्वनि मंज यिमन प्यठ तस ज़्यादु शख ओस तु यिमन तॅम्य जादु ब्यवॉरी ऑस कॅरमुच।

रिसु वक्तु वॅथ्य अँस्य सॉरी गिंदुनि मगर राजु वोथ नु असि सुत्य कैह। सु रुद कलासस मंजुय। दोपुन मे छि कॉम करुन्य। रिसु पतु येलि अँस्य तु माश्टर जी वापस कलासस मंज खॅत्य, असि वुछ राजु अँकिस कूनस मंज बिहिथ टुंगि वदान। तॅम्य ओस कलु त्रोवमुत जंगन मंज। माश्टर जियस तोर फिकरी जि तस छि तसुंज मॉफी हेन्य दिलस सनेमुच तु अवय छु सु सारिनुय चूरि वदुन ह्यवान। माश्टर जियन तुल सु पनुनि ख्वनि मंज तु बेहनोवुन पानस सुत्य। माश्टर जियन वोनस, “व्वन्य क्याजि छुख चु वदान? त्रु-लोरि हंज कथुय म्वकलेयि। मे ऑस गलती गॉमुच तु अवय हेचुम मॉफी। मॉफी ह्योन गव जान। अमि सुत्य छि पाफ वसान नखु।” यि वॅनिथ ह्युत माश्टर जियन तस बुथिस फश। मगर माश्टर जियुन अथु बुथिस लॅगिथुय ह्योत राजन बेयि टुंगि वदुन तु कॅरिन माश्टर जी सुंदिस अथस म्वन्य तु मीठ्य। तमि पतु दोपुनस, “माश्टर जी! मे दियिव मॉफी?” माश्टर जियन वोनस, “सु क्याजि? चे क्या कोरुथ?” अँस्य पॅक्य ब्रॉह कुन तसुंज कथ बोज़नु खॉतरु। राजन वोन, “लूर ऑसवु नु त्वहि गरु नीमुच कैह, स्व ऑस मे चूरि नीमुच।” सॉरी बचु गॅयि हॉरान। माश्टर जी ति गव हॉरान। दोपुनस, “यि क्या छुख चु वनान? मे हय स्व लूर पनुनि गरि लॅब!” राजन वोनस, “माश्टर जी! लूर गॉब करनुच चाल ऑस असि त्रैयव कॅरमुच। बु वोतुस यि लूर दॅरियावस मंज त्रावनु खॉतरु

यारबल, मगर तति आम नु व्यस्तार कैह। तति ऑस्य कैह नफर श्रान करान। अमि पतु द्रास बु यि कॅदलु प्यठ दॅरिथ दिनु खॉतरु जि मे वुछ दूरि पनुन मोल यिवान। तस वुछिथ तुज मे दव मगर बुथि ऑस नु चलनस वथुय। बुथि ओस कन्युव देवार। मे दोप यिनु मे मोल वाति ब्रॉह कुन तु रट्यम, मे दिच लूर अमि देवारु पेठ्य आंगुनस मंज दॅरिथ। शायद आसिहे सु तुहुंदुय आंगुन।” असि कुन वुछिथ वोन राजन, “मे वोनुमव नु त्वहि ति कैह तिक्याजि बु खूचुस जि तोह्य मॉरिव मे।”

माश्टर जी गव हॉरान जि लोरि हुंदि खोफु सुत्य कोताह मुशिकल कदम छु राजन तुलमुत। तस बासेयि यि लूर व्वन्य स्वरुफ। मगर सुती गव ख्वश। दोपुन राजन वोन पोज़ तु पज़रस छुनु कांह ज़वाल। तॅम्य दिच तस मॉफी।

माश्टर जियन बेहनोंव्य शुर्य पथर तु दोपुनख, “यि लूर छनु करामॉती लूर कैह। यि ऑस मे पनुनिस आंगुनस मंज अँकिस वीरि कुलिस चॅटमुच। मे यि कॅछा त्वहि अथ मुतलिक वोनमुत ओस, सु ओस सोरुय अपुज। बु ओसुस नु ज़ांह यछान त्वहि प्यठ अथ तुलुन तिक्याजि तोह्य छिवु मे पनुन्यन शुर्यन हुंद्य पॉठ्य। म्योन मुदा ओस सिर्फ त्वहि लूर हॉविथ बीम थवुन युथ ज़न तोह्य हमेशु जान कामि कॅरिहिव, पॅरिहिव तु लीखिहिव।” माश्टर जियस लोग यि वनान वनान होट। अमि वख्तु कोर असि माश्टर जी सख ख्वश।

स्कूल बंद गछनु वख्तु तुज माश्टर जियन त्रु-लूर सुत्य। दोपुन, यथ चीज़स बचु खोचन, सु चीज़ थवुन छु गलथ। तॅम्य दोप, यि त्रु-लूर छनु बु व्वन्य ज़ॉलिथुय युथ ज़न अम्युक नाम निशानुय मिटि। मगर तॅम्य ह्योक नु ति कॅरिथ कैह। निकन त्रोव पनुन पान त्रु-लोरि प्यठ तु दोपुनस, “माश्टर जी! यि त्रु-लूर थॅविव येत्य। येलि त्वहि तबदीली गछि, यि रोज़ि असि निश तुहुंद निशानु।” माश्टर जियन त्रॉव लूर अँती।

माश्टर जी द्राव गरु कुन। मे पेयि नज़र। सु ओस पकान पकान रुमालि सुत्य पनुन ओश व्वथुरावान।

नग्मु

...

अर्जुन देव मजबूर



तति ग्रश्मय मति गटुकारो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

दँद्यमतिनय अनतु बहारो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

सहरावस मंज ह्यनु आये

छुनु मोलूम कति सॉन्य जाये

आबि डल तय बेयि आंचारो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

कस वनव तय बोज़ि कुस सोनुय

सारिवुय असि कोर चोत छूनय

लावि शबनम हति सब्जोरो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

अँहरबलुके थदि आबशारो

ठंडु त्रेशा सॉद्रवारो

कँहरु निशि असि रछ गुलज़ारो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

गंगबलु के पोशे नारो

क्वलु बतखन लोग आमताव

सुलि सुबहुकि रुति दीदारो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

बालु बालय खुलु आसमानो

मल सोरुय दिलुनुय कास

व्यथ सॉनी दियि असि तारो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

मजबूरन वोनुनय शारो

लोल बॉगरुन तॅम्य सुंद कार

ह्यनु आमुत्य छी सरदारो

शेहजारो यूर्य व्वलो

.....

(पँद्य समयिक्य से स-आभार)

Your Own Page

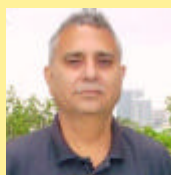
ART IN EXILE**COLLAGED PAINTING No: 16**

Title of the Painting:

**Ganesha - Kalpa Vriksha
Vinayaka**

This painting is based on the famous Puja Shlokas of the Kalpa Vriksha Bhakta Rakshe Namostute Gazananam. This adoration to Maha Ganesha is the soul inspiring Puja of the Ganpatyar Temple and Ganesha Temple at the Hari Parbat. I have given the symbolic shape of the laudation through this Kalpa Vriksha— celestial tree. The sun and moon are the witnesses to our exodus, seen above this tree. But we are in the hope of seeing our spiritual spots again at Kashmir. The light in the picture shows that sensitivity within.

May Ganesha listen to our prayers in this present KP Diaspora!



**Chaman Lal Raina
Miami, USA**

rainachamanlal@yahoo.com



Sakshi Samvit Raina (age 3) of Miami Florida, USA, painting the statue of Buddha. Sakshi plays with colors and picks up the art of painting from his grandparent.

When emerging from Jawahar Tunnel towards Kashmir, you first see the Qazigund Plains after turning a sharp bend in the road. Here is a view of the same panorama which you may enjoy.....



Picture & Text : Pushkarnath Bhat

pushkarnath@hotmail.com