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ନନ୍ଦିନୀ ଶତପଥୀ

Odia Poetry

UTTARPURASA

NANDINI SATAPATHY

English Translated by

Tulasi Sahoo

Odia Poetry

UTTAR PURUSA

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Author -Nandini Satapathy

Translator -Tulasi Sahoo

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Dedicated

In excellent hands of
my grand Son Suporna

Nandini Satapathy

Mo Katha

I am not a poet, nor ever I try to establish myself as a poet. After seeing life and studying surroundings closely & minutely, I tend to write something spontaneously. Some one might tell me from within to pen down all those emotions. It could be talking to people or delivering speeches at public meeting or dreaming something in my sleep. Those obsession with writing poems make me wake up at midnight. While dreaming of something in my sleep, the lines of the poem wake me up, from that experience. I pen down my thoughts at 2 pm midnight and try to give them a final touch later and that too, not in a day or two. I never try to translate poems from English to its appropriate odia meaning after much thought. When some thought peep into my mind, It is then the poem gets final touch, at night when a train departs from the station, It's whistle rings in my ear, It makes my mind restless and makes me think, If I could travel to any place by this train and interest with people come to realize their weal, we their wellbeing without their knowledge, but it's my ill fortune that I am a known figure, so I couldn't do this.

The way Radha became restless after hearing the divine sound of lord Krishna flute and stepped out of her house without caring anything. The way the favourite disciple of Ramakrishna, Swami Vivekananda covered the whole Bharat by walking, similarly, I couldn't do anything, It never becomes possible on my part, Some times I think that, couldn't I do this, If I tried, man is surrounded by so many responsibilities that she can't do anything, ignoring those by following her curiosity and intuition. Those who have done it, their name are written in golden letter in the history of the World. A useless fellow like me, will be merged into the literary world.

To be merged in something has a pleasure of its own. This pleasure has not created a desire in me for being awarded or established for my work, many litterateur and poet friends have encouraged me to write verses. I have written those verses in different times, If any reader gets pleasure after reading my poems, I will be immensely grateful.

Nandini Satapathy

Gratitude



I gratitude to my dear husband **Prof.Dr. Subash Nayak**, a man of litterateur in world of literature into classical odia.

His inspiration and active co-operation & guidance helped me to complete english translation from the odia poetry book "Uttar Purusa" by Nandini Satapathy.

With proud of my husband for awarded degree Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D) on the thesis of "Odia Sahitya Ku Nandini Satapathy nka Abadan " from Sambalpur University of Odisha.

Tulasi Sahoo



About Author Nandini Satapathy

Nandini Satapathy is prominent figure not only India Literature, but also India Politics

She was served as Union Minister of India and Chief Minister of Odisha with as a Litterateur of World of Literature into Classical Odia and awarded Central Sahitya Akademi award in Translation.

Nandini born in highly educated and culture family, her father veteran Odia litterateur Padmabhushan Dr Kalindicharan Panigrahi and Mother Ratnamani Devi, born on 9 th June 1931 at Cuttack of Odisha, Nandini Uncle Bhagabati Charan

Panigrahi also a litterateur with founder the Community Party of India(CPI) in Odisha State.

In 1949 at the age of eighteen, she was mercilessly between up by British police for pulling down the British flag 'Union Jack ' and posting hand written anty British Raj poster on the wall of Cuttack struggle the freedom of India from Britishraj from Ravenshaw College.

While at Ravenshaw College, pursuing her Master of Arts (MA) in Odia literature, she got evolved with Community Party, Students Union (AISF) the Students federation in 1951, a Student protest movement in Odisha against College education cost, Nandini was the leader of the movement in jailed, she meet another Student leader Debendra Satapathy from Dhenkanal, the man who is latter married.

Nandini s husband Debendra Satapathy became Member of Parliament from Dhenkanal LokSabha, her two Son Industrialist Nachiketa Satapathy and Tathagata Satapathy former Member of Parliament from Dhenkanal LokSabha and Editor of "Dharatri " daily Odia news paper and "Odisha Post " daily English news paper in the State of Odisha.

Besides her family Nandini Satapathy enveloped Politics, served as Union Minister of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi Government, also Member of Parliament (RajyaSabha) from Odisha then elected Chief Minister of Odisha from 1972-1976, somany developed work's done by Government of Nandini Satapathy in Odisha.

Nandini Satapathy, a man of letter, she was the famous writer in Odia literature with National important, Nandini s literature devided into two parts like - creative writer as well as translator, she authored seven books in her credit, such as-

Odia Poetry -"Uttar Purusa"
"Ketoti Katha"

Odia Shortstories - "Saptadarshi"

Translation books in Odia language ,
Such as-

Odia "Lajja" from "Lajja" by Bangali -the Novel byTasalima Nasrin, famous Bangladesh poet.

Odia "Nirbachit Galpa "from Bengali "Selected Stories " by Mahaswata Devi, welknown Bengali author.

Odia "Revune Tiket " - from Panjabi "Rasidi Tikat" by "Amrita Pritam -Revenue Stamp " an autobiography of Amrita Pritam, the acclaimed Panjabi author.

Odia "Gandhi Kathamurta " from "Gandhi - All men are Brother " Autobiographical Reflection - the life and thought of Mahatma Gandhi (father of Nation)as told in his own wards" by Krishna Kripalani, former Secretary the Sahitya Akademi of India.

The book "Revenue Tiket " awarded Central Sahitya Akademi in Translation into Odia language to Nandini Satapathy in 1985 translated from "Rasidi Tikit " in Panjabi language -the autobiography of Amrita Pritam, famous Panjabi author.

The book "Matir Nandini " biography of Nandini Satapathy by Sri Ashis Ranjan Mohapatra, an Odia author.

Awarded Degree of Doctor of Philosophy (Ph.D.)in Odia on the thesis "Odia Sahitya Ku Nandini Satapathy nka Abadan " by Prof Dr Subash Nayak from Sambalpur University in the State of Odisha.

Nandini Satapathy died on 4 th August 2006,Srimati Nandini Satapathy Memorial Trust was established in her memories by Chairmanship of her grand son Sri Suporna Satapathy.

Tulasi Sahoo

About Translator Tulasi Sahoo



Indian Women have long been regarded as symbols of beauty, power and wisdom. Indeed the achievement of Indian Women in different fields has demonstrated that they have a well-learned reputation, If you go inside, you will find that the active engagement of some highly focus and determined women has been one of the key contributions to Indian Society, women power has been symbolic attribute of the changing time with women as capable as man, the "NariShakti Bandana Adhiniyam " act passed by Government of Hon'ble Prime Minister Sri Narendra Modi with 33% reservation for Women in Indian Democracy like National Parliament (Lok Sabha) and State Assembly (Vidhan Sabha).

Tulasi Sahoo, born on 15 June 1985 at Chauliaganj, Cuttack - the heritage city of India, father named Surendra Sahoo, mother Subhadra Devi from among other three Sister and one Brother, became Matriculated from Chauliaganj Government Girls High School, then graduated Bachelor of Arts (BA) from Kusum Devi Satsang Women's Degree College from Cuttack under Utkal University.

Married Dr. Subash Nayak, Lecturer in Odia from Bhuban Town in Dhenkanal District, father in law Sri RamaChandra Nayak as a famous craftmaster with a highly educated and culture family then aim for higher study, husband Sri Nayak inspired then qualified Master of Arts (MA) in English Literature from Utkal University with became mother of a girl child Tejaswani Nayak (Laki)

Chosen career as a Writer in english literature such as writing books with published ISBN no books and research papers published in national and international journal in ISSN no and participated national and international seminars /conference with certificate of appreciation and became life members of somany literary organization in state, national, international level accreditation and felicitated by somany literary organization in state, national, international level acclaimed for literary achievement.

As a Writer, four books in create such as - " The Literary Excellency of Sri Narendra Modi as a Poet as well as Storyteller -A Compilation " the literary criticism book and three translation books from Odia language to English language such as- "Saptadarshi " shortstories by Nandini Satapathy, " PRIYA " poems by Dr Subash Nayak and " Uttar Purusa " poems by Nandini Satapathy, which some published & some awaiting published.

Research papers published University Grant Commission (UGC), Government of India listed ISSN Journal with national and international reputation as "Narendra Modi as a poet as well as storyteller to Indian literature " published -"Glimpsis " of December 2021 and "Indian thought and english romantic poets " in " Glimpsis" of June 2022 an international english Journal with registration of Remination Literary and Cultural Society from Meerut, Uttarpradesh, India with a Peer Reviewed By Annual Refreed

International Journal of Multi Disciplinary Research in the Abstracted & Index Ulrich & USA with ISSN no 2250-0561 and " Narendra Modi the Luminous Sun of Indian Literature " published "RockPebbles " Journal of June 2022 and " Women Invincible -A Reading of Nandini Satapathy"

published of "RockPebbles " Journal of march 2023 the English literary Journal "RockPebbles " from Bhubaneswar, Odisha, India with a Peer Reviewed Journal of Arts and humanity with Care listed vide registration no 307 of Grade 1 by University Grants Commission (UGC), Ministry of Education, Government of India bearing ISSN no 0975-0609 with highly appreciated by readers.

Participated and received Certificate of Appreciation by National & International Seminar /Conference like- National level Seminar on " WB Yeats and Oriental thought " with paper presented by RockPebbles English Journal with associated Department of English Literature of Vysanagar College of Jajpur Road, Odisha on 8 July 2022 and Participated National Conference of "Kadambani Literary National Festival " by Kadambani Sahitya Akademi of Odisha at KIIT University, Bhubaneswar on 2 nd January 2023 and Participated National Seminar on " Theorizing Comparative Literature and Making a Comparative Study of British and Indian Critics on Indian English Literature " by The Research's Association of Odisha (A Promoting Institutions of English Literature of Odisha) at Cuttack on 15 January 2023 with the Gracious Participation Worldwide Virtually "Panorama International Literature Festival " 2023 from 1 to 31 January 2023 by the "Writer Capital International Foundation " NewDelhi with recognition by United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO).

Associated from a Life Member as a Writer with State, National and International Literary Organization such as- "Bani Sahitya Sansad, Bhuban from 14.4.2022 bearing registration no 7098/1989-90 (the oldest Literary Organization of Bhuban in District of Dhenkanal) and " Dhenkanal Zilla Lekhak Sansad " at Dhenkanal bearing life membership no SI-no A/219 on 17.2.2022 (the leading literary organization of Dhenkanal District in the State of Odisha) and bearing proud membership Certificate through email by " Writer Capital Foundation " NewDelhi dedicated to spreading humanitarian value through the media of art and literature on 6 February 2023 with recognized by UNESCO and Certified ISO-9001 and "Odisha Lekhika Sansad " Bhubaneswar, India bearing registration no 5581/420 in established 1993 (the leading Women Literary Organization of Odisha as well as India) bearing life membership no 495/dated 5th March 2023.

As an Author in World of Literature into English felicitated by somany literary organization with National & International reputation, such as - awarded Certificate of Appreciation by Sri Daya Dissanayake, an International acclaimed author from Nation of Srilanka participating in the National Poetry Festival -2023 by "RockPebbles " English literary Journal (ISSN) with UGC approved on dated 13 th August 2023 at Odisha, Bhubaneswar with felicitated in a Manalatra as writer in English literature by "Bani Sahitya Sansad " Bhuban on dated 6th September 2023 and Certified the Certificate of Appreciation through postal is supporting us in our mission of World Peace and

Universal Love with give you the honorary membership on dated 16 th September 2023 on "Ruminations Literary and Cultural Society " registration as Society for Charitable Course registered under the Society registration act 1860 bearing registration no 56384 M of Meerut, Uttarpradesh, India and felicitated with a Manapatra as participated from State level poetry festival 2023 by "Dhenkanal Zilla Lekhak Sansad "at Dhenkanal on 26 th November 2023.

Literary achievement highly Appricieated by eminent persons of the Nation, the poetry translated English book "PRIYA " from Odia Dr. Subash Nayak presented to Sri HD Deva Gowda, Hon'ble former Prime Minister of India at his Bangalore resident with autograph the book and eminent Scientist, author BharatRatna Prof. CNR Rao at his Office, Bangalore, acclaimed english author Sri Naveen Patnaik, Hon'ble former Chief Minister of Odisha and Sri Dharmananda Pradhan, Hon'ble Union Minister of Education, Government of India with presented the Journal (research paper on Literary works of Narendra Modi, Hon'ble Prime Minister of India)published by "RockPebbles " to Justice Manoaranjan Mohanty, Hon'ble former Vice Chairman of Central Administative Tribunal, Government of India at home town Bhuban on 10th December 2023.

To be a part of built new Bharat through respect Patriotism with a letter by Tulasi Sahoo to Sri Narendra Modi, Hon'ble Prime Minister, Government of India (through Sri Mahesh Sahoo our Hon'ble MP from Dhenkanal LokSabha) regarding National Celebration of Martyr Baji Rout of our Bhuban, Odisha the youngest Martyr of Indian Freedom Struggle against Britisher on 11 th October 1938,In this connection a letter PMO ID no 5709189/2023 TG Cell on dated 30 th October 2023 from Prime Minister to Home Secretary of India for action as appropriate, which information by Prime Minister's Office bearing letter no RTI/8644/2023 PMR dated 27 th December 2023 to Dr. Subash Nayak, which forwarding from Ministry of Home Affairs to Ministry of Culture, Government of India for active consideration.

Jay Jagannath

Tulasi Sahoo

Poetry UTTAR PURUSA
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Uttara Purusa

Get up son
wake Rahula
Waking kapila bastu
alart all in this palace
Outskirts of the town
all will go
decorated bound

Listen Son
Sound from far away
Buddha abahni
he is a conceited boy
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slowly again a bit
after a long time

From the eye gopa
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in a flow
what: am a village / town
i will go for seeing Buddha

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floating towards from far
a voice of innocence sound

Dedicated to lord
going in contral of Buddha
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saying to the son will say
if you have to give
give something
I am your would be person

The part where mentioned
laughter light on face
returned Rahul
got the land got mother
Person of legal heir

Tears in eyes
blessings showers
in gopa the son today
the genius
kind of appearance
kind hearted mother
Gopa but
respected in world.

Belsen

Something had to happen
nothing happened
that is all that is all
the sound of howling
suddenly fall
scattered all

Direction and directional
this early morning time
sound, word breaks the argument
breaks and breaks all
the meeting day in rain
rain ?

Truely it is the tears in rain
RajRajeswari
this voice tioats
floats in heavy Storm
nothing happened
where? nothing happed

Four direction in darkness
tree and flora
house and road
fids slowly
curvs the dark clouds
the rain in the hearts
of the night

In long distance, lost the darkness
trees and branches of the trees
call head in count
nothing happened
group of words break
the argument breaves
and breaks.

What is Yogi's Sorrow

Whatever you had
taking everything, I became
the Yogi
roaming village to village
playing the musical instruments(Kendra)
that is why towards the shore
nothing to fear, I have no fear
that is the silent in night
no people at night
wish I.... my heart says

The key of the secret time
to open the old locker
body, head full of smell
seven thread ragged
upcoming uphold suta
which face secret mirror
hides something there
gathered one
am jyamraj

All memories became rat
run quickly
in loneliness walks the worm
through the branches

Blossomed gulmohar peacock flower
in the deepest afternoon
walking
a yogi never became upset
like a sky, spread his shawl
in the heart of earth

I am walking
walking my memorix
and walking my musical Kendera
in the deep of my heart
in this highways
falls
sadness of mukula

Compliant

After a long time and day
in that field
again it pains
keeps failing
through
going upwards or
coming downwards
or elase

Where did the collision occur
not in memory
do remember today
when did the enjury occur
the field
after a treatment
in the flow of time
applying the liquid of medicine

That enjury
thinking, it dried up
very small
darken cell
rust look in the back
lots of garbegs under
when and where
that lost

A lot of people
that way some times this way
walking and doing
going and coming
suddenly touchir a hand
slite touch
old lock braken up in to pieceses
surprise
from the widest area of garbage

Came out
with pain
lengthy thread of memory
pulling each one
there a wound
which will never be
care

and
that possible
from many
distance
that went far away
from the possible
today
that went far
away.

Middle point of helpless

The waves of dry leafes
making a weird cabbage
colourless deepest afternoon
longest highway on a long
that hue sound to welcome
first slowly slowly
and then so very fast
extends the hand

We are thouse
to listen the sound
of chhuriping of cuckoo
long days practice's
we became
suddenly deep long hand
shocked we

Afjal khan s tiger nail
that hand inside
truely it hides
to known
not to dare
that touch of the hand
wheather soft or hard
a long hand infront
unknown, unnoticed
return ?

But put his hand on his back
the hand so hard
a miracle happened
day the touch and
romance in fear
we all coward
escapist group
possible in front
impossible in back
later uncertainty
middle of the road, we stand
we all
what is duty and mood.

Fog in the Foot of People

Suddenly a mount of fog
spread over the road and near
covers the house and door
villagers thought
tolerance of sun
earth is tired now
when god blessed
to welcome the rain

Over crowded sky
calls the rain
dark fog became
the known face
unknown became
many accidents
bike, bus...
where lies who
hides in corner the pain
who bleeds who
needs a long
hand in

No way to live
no where seen
behind the screen of fog
that hand's...
before knowing
number of casualties that
weakens
the voice of pain
every time getting
deeper and deeper
day and night in fog

Not possible to recognise
lots and lots darkness
squeezed and squeezed
standing upon
all are silent
cloths all darkness
falling up in hands of darshu
they touch, wakens the vain
to hit
getting ready

For people
voice of prayer
fog instead rain
to welcome
forgive us forgive us
no rain
but take light
slowly steaming
raising to sky.

Around

Desperately calling you
to come to me
closer to me !
listening to the sound's of your breath with
an overwhelming heart
keep on seeing you with blinkless eyes
in the transition of light and darkness

The intoxication just for a touch of you
before reaches a freezing point
I was suffering from suffocation
your pair of eyes floating in foggyfist
I tried hard to catch hold of it
but it dissappears into nothing

Then my hand hit a stone wall
on the other side there was knock of words
backoning me slowly and steadily
as it coming closer to me
with numbing hands and legs
my mind turning excited
suddenly the hight of the wall
got taller then ever before
and upon that were staring even taller
pointed irm pins

Today Only

Only today among all other days
holds whatever is there in our body
mind and imagination
in our dream and musical composition
today will not come tomorrow
tomorrow belongs to us today

never in dream you and I
never ever yesterday
The moon turned a circle
without our notice
but out of the blue, came a light
and became our love

Since yesterday, the same way
the full moon has been decaying
little by little
we only wish to listen to the
songs of tomorrow without
any rhyme and reason.

After the trust was broken

The stream of tear slows down
hopeless institution in the month of Chaitrya
that river makes its presence felt
little by little
no barrier to stop the flow of stream
sand, soil and little -sized stones were of loat there

The floral beauty adds colour to the landscape
braving the black clouds, possibility of imminent
storm and the intense heat of Baisakh
the leaves were adorned with new vibrant
colour
the whisper of tiny stars were echoing
through the cool air

Large sun with their reddened eyes were
rushing across the horizon
the leaves being dignified with green colour
were presenting symphony of songs
from the hollow the body birds by jumping across
the branches were singing song of melodic effect
the song of leaves, the twitter of birds transcended
the river bed to creat layers of waves
the trees look upward

The birds flew
nobody listened to anybody
no time to pay attention
tide came from no where in the stream of tears
the arrogance of the sun and the whisper of stars
blend together to unit with stream
the heart of river bed washed away
futile processing of unnumberable foams
in flooding river was clearly evident.

Dirty World

I killed my soul pieces by pieces
and scattered it on the highway
they walked on it happily and comfortably
without looking down

Without an lota of hesitation
the horrible hopeless scattered souls
murgled with O countless bodies
making this wind even
dirtier.

The Blind Street

Intense heat and shine of summer
many long and extended street
head and feet got heated
in hot wind and hot rays
all of a sudden a street unknown and unfamiliar
appeared to be shady of some trees or house
road is so long
rest is endless
Standing under the shade
to feel good, accumulating energy to walk

A traveller of endless path
the word tiresome, challenging the dictionary
transcending the time, wishes to move on
breaking the obstacle, seeking the shade
entering the street, standing for a while !

Looking for a rest in the shade
looking for an extra energy to move ahead
a typical traveller on the path endless
never ever feels tired
black clouds hovering over this sky
carrying an ominous sign of unnatural rainfall
saturating the heart of the sun -burnt

Traveller, poured incessant rain
come storm and shook every atom and molecule
shelter shelter
doors are closed of every house
path is ahead
storm and rain blocked the path
path is invisible
tired journey, feet move not, drenched body
all at once, the street ends.

Volcano

The blood on my feet amazed
all my children that has made them
emotionally anxious
but they have no sign of fear

The redness of blood seems redder
than the morning sun
and that stone laden truck seft an
illusion of holi celebration after crushing the body
of that poor beggar boy into pieces

They showed their promptness by arranging
detol and bandage and the medicine too
still, there was no stopping of blood.

Water Fall

The Stars in the sky
one, two or hundred
never counts
number ends
mind changes
one can not catch
how powerful is it run
the eyes feel weak
it became close

The closing eye see s
what is it ?
the eyes feel weak
it became close
the closing eye sees
what it is ?
the eyes see the dust
dust of the earth
all dust mingle together
here number fails to count it

The intelligence power of man fails
stars of the sky becomes confuseless
waterfall mix them together
It flows them in water
I am drawing myself
I creat the colourful tide like
red, black, orange, yellow and pink
my tide decrease in fort night today
the darkness of fort night makes me
nameless and colourless

Who vanished the picture
painted by me ?
my existence vanished as
I missed with the colour
many lines and colour still alive
In a befitting manner
I am the only artist
all things well here
but I am not there
all is well.

I

I within myself

You could not know
I hide the information, what I know
I don't want to go ahead
I don't want to walk
although the brighten light of the morning
shows cleared this road, forest, fort, broader
of the city and top of the temple

The morning sun in the sky
symbolised the sound of the conguer
It was the right time to reach the goal
the rival was searching the way to escape
the motto of my fate was stranged
fine and debadaru forest stands ahead
she shade of the trees cover like fog
every where there is full of dark
I smell the untouch fragrance
the boundary covers the forest
the disgust sound of wild
animals proves the fearness

The peacocks stopped their dance
as that was not rain in the sky
that was a fiction like smoke
atence I feel my existence
I felt seviour pain
all my fleet and bone changed again
I tried to teer the scarls of dark
all my effort invained
my hand was unable to touch the
vermillion of your forehead
I saw the bloodstain in your forehead
my hand became fingerless
my body became disable

I though, I am all right here
as your bloodstain forehead and
anti -mony is far away here
I want to see the fug both
active and inactive sense
unfortunately, I stayed in disguise
still my soul searches something
as the sound of the sea prevailing
there is no need to active by

the call of sea

I think to forget the blood and safety sound
I will sleep silently in my hut the sun rise,
lotous bloom or birds song in the morning.

The Unrepented

What did you come so late for ?
the parlour of dark clouds
has conualed the moon
the chinnuping of birds
is no more getting heand
in the bowers

The dog has ceased
his screaming from the
foul gutter
never the odoun in ain
trembles the spinit of
the desased man

The birds have flown
from the pepal tree abandoned
seeing the naked tree of dried leaves
the evening rites to the tulsi plant
has been disappeared from
the age old sance is no more stiched
with patches
still tearing

The pain of life
has turned into mountains of suffering
this is no time to return
the invisible hand of darkness
calls to leave
not to come again !

On Loving the Self

On loving the self
forget the uneamstances
through scriptues forbade it
still we love the self

When you realise
to have gained enough space
and the path of life faltered
having loved someone else
then decision becomes dujeeted

Loving the own self
some pretend to have come for others
those who embodied hipocracy
might live for a while
like a traitor
in the lap of a meager

The power of the tempest
the act of nature
will ruin your
treachenous mind game
how powerful will you be ?
everything will be shattered

The eteunal sunge
crumbled, blown, drowned
and buraied all your pride
and obhteuated everything
everything in huge sunges.

I am Newbie

What you know
how many year, month
days running song the poem
ohi ohi big newbie
runing runned your
taking stick is broken
can runned runned ?
the stick is broken
newbie also failed
can you win
this fighting

Armed planned
those stick is broken
at that time lighting
one hand to another hand
inplace of so beautiful
divided land pompe bone
which blessing
some times it gets wet
Indra's blessing's and curse
it is still here today
It is denied that it is luck
runned follewed sangit chair
some one is beaten
and who clapped their hands
own self express song
wonderful song

Disillusioned flock
sleeps in comfort
river, nala, bila and mountain
all places in your song from sound
never hold fast
the flock of sheep got up
and moved on

I am a newbie
my count could bewrong
like your calculator
this stick is bent in my hand
what if
they will roll.

Knowledge is a Progress of Sign

I respect them
who refuses the small honour or award
possessing all type of knowledge and intelligence
those are the rectors of your essay
whom, I have never seen,
only I have imagined in my memory been

Always I am here
I have not realised your existence during four years
your existence sets in my imaginary dream
really knowledge is the progress of sign
something else is not fine
every moment one thing recalls me
to march ahead
quickly, so quickly
but where can I go ?

Why couldn't you show me the path
how will I conquer in the competition
where knowledge is powerless
money is powerful,
stille, wait for this time
all things will be done well
time will help all
life of struggle is a call
the modern and civilised
fellow follows the competition call
those who take shelter the ways of
corruption cell
they achieve to the fruit like fall

Today I recall you
I respect those geniuses
who denies the more award
hence genius, knowledge and intelligence
are great, so great always
we should follow the path
knowledge is a progress of sign.

Transit Shed

Nobodyelse in the world is other
all are alone
all comes alone and will go alone
still then, the binding chain of affection
abides some people to live and stay together
just like a group of cattle and Bullocks
in transit shed
whose are they ?
whenever those herd of cattle
sleep in the middle of the road comfortably
the employee of the municipality
finds them in a government shed called transit shed

Those cattle don't know
who is their owner
from where they come from
those cattle are not milky cows
the owner freed them on the road
the owner felt tinks
those cows are useless and profitless
just like old parents are useless
for their daughter and son
the mooto of the offsprings are

The land where there is no old man
is there any transit shed for human ?
besides there is mental hospital
the false certificate of Doctor's
changed an healthy old parents to mad
ladies and gentlemen
don't try to send your old parents to
old age home, just like cattle
transit shed.

Twenty Two Steps

The devotees believe that ascending those steps and entering the temple complex is an act of great religious significance and purifies the soul the great lord Jagannath tried while ascending the twenty two steps the lord is not a normal human like us the human like devotees see the Patitapabana and offer twenty five or fifty paise to the temple and go to Badadanda

This place is meant for lord Jagannath the huge croud of devotees create a religious atmosphere from morning to evening one can smell the oath /satie pahuti the owner of the temple will sleep at night with the enchanting song and dance by Debadasi

All things here silent and inactive the knocking sound at night is active lakhs of devotees wait and glance twenty two steps the lord God will come and the devotees sorrows and suffering disappoint all know the lord god sleeps at Ratnabedi in golden bed the sees the dream for tomorrow to hear lakhs of devotees slogan Jay Jagannath.... Jay Jagannath

Really Jagannath is not only our god but also our belief and culture, Odisha is great for lord Jagannath we are so lucky to be a citizen of Odisha Jay Jagannath.

From Darkness to Darkness

They were standing
at that time
on the middle of
a road
there is no moon
on the sky
stars are disappeared
still standing

Someone came suddenly
with lightening lamp
then a light in seen
in a glance
the air converted
in to soft wind
flower in the garden
bloom
the fragrance fills
the sky
the honey bees gathered
and received honey from
the flowers with bliss

The creatures on darkness
seen the flowers
the murmuring of honey bees
danced with glee
the colour of their eyes
changed also in to green
like flowers the colour of eyes
the honey bees were attracted
saw near
on the way back
they gave some honey

There is no moon
no sun in this sky
only darkness and darkness
the wind also stopped
the last day seems
for the earth
the plague has come
fire explode from the
mountain

river crosses the back
and marching forward

The waves in the sea
like an unruly youth
cross the limit
the flowers fed
in the garden
no honey bees in the garden
for the light
the creatures of darkness
looking in eager
no more light
they are lost
in the darkness.

How long will you be sleeping

I can't know
whether you sleep in deep sleep
or in fiction
you talk so many things
all your words turn to ice
that is not artificial ice
which turns to water at outside

Yours wards like ice
in the countries like Russia and America
ice falls from this sky for long time
roads and streets covers in ice
hundreds of people tries to clean it
it is not easy to awake the people like you

As your sleep in a fiction
night passes
your conversion never ends
the sun never rises
as your sleep is a fiction not deep sleep.

Moon Never Come Thee

Moon ! why thee come to the sky
you have no light
you only mesmerite the minds
of the lovers and beloveds
sit smilingly

They know that you have nothing
without the light of the sun
yet they come
through the window sill
or through the balcony threshold
a lot of them are there of you
in stories and poetries
if, thee once got down
from the sky

You can see and you can know
how gloriously you are
narrated in verse and prose
that you are not !
thou have not light
yet you feel proud
in another flash for a long time
human has gone to your kingdom
you could not check his long
cherished dream
moon ! thee never come
again to the sky
to give dream to men
in life's battle, the injured youths

If seen in the window sill
he will be satisfied by green dreams
which will stigmatize him
you may be a satellite in the sky
may be true or false
yet pour your power
on human destiny.

Failed Faith Faith

Much to say
but nothing to tell
the soil look the sky
scatter itself from a long day
not like this farmer's eye
but like broken earth sole

Then where they are
they come down the earth
from many stairs
and give their speeches
as if saviour come
how sincere
without judgment their speech
they forged everything

Hye ! everything is yours
we are your servants
whenever you order
we obey that
can barren land be fertile
everywhere will be green field
we will harvest immediately
sitting and home quickly

We all looked earnestly
with deep faith
as if somebody will fight
sacrificing his life for us,
but we are someone
took support from us.
got respect for us
but painted in return
to the deep delved believes
of the poor.

Give Your Full Fruit

For your praise
there are worship in temples
but we don not listen to the
human of allowed Akbar
everywhere those is
cutfew, the torturing
attitude of police force
everywhere those is borren
the earthing quickering
at the firing Sound

Whose is Ram ?
we all thrned Ravan
sprded the golden earth
and spriled the land
when tommorow morning willask
how virtue you have done
what good you have contributed
we will be speechless
there is no light of the sun during the day
from those there is only bleaching
and only dark

The sun became red
but the morning says, I can't come
always the darkness
give the your virthous deeds
I wish to come like every enlightenedday
say me and say
like every sparkling day
for your glory
enlighting the day
without weshry to kill me, my aspiration.

Goddess Lakshmi

Does the goddess Laxmi feel sorrow ?
she is, after all, mahalaxmi, revered by
lord Jagannath and worshipped by
millions in the world who look to her
for sustenance, yet, why would the
great giver herself shed tears ?

Today is a special day- patipada, dwitiya,
nekshatra ardha and the occasion of
the holy Gundicha Ratha yatra, the
earth trembles with the sounds of
cymbals, bell and drums

From the grand temple, lord Jagannath
swaying on the palanquin, makes his way,
Sudarshan has arrived and right behind
him comes lord Jagannath himself
accompanied his elder brother Balabhadra
and Sister Devi Subhadra, as they journey
to their aunt's house (Mausi Maa Temple)

Three beautiful adorned chariots stand
ready, making this divine journey
the chariots Taladhvaj, Debadalana
and Nandighose stand ready on the
grand avenue, waiting for the arrival
of the deities as devotees gather in
anticipation, the sound of haribol
and conch shells resonates in the
ears of the goddess Laxmi
who sits in her temple
filled with feelings of pride and resentment

As Jagannath departed with the keys to
the temple Treasury, she had left her with
only roasted rice, seeing this meager
offering, mahalaxmi was stirred with anger
slowly, the noise faded as the chariots
move further away

Then, from the inner sanctum, beautifully
adorned, emerges the majestic goddess
laxmi, she stands on her own with
her own strength and brilliance,

preparing to confront Jagannath and
remind him of her power

Meanwhile, the cooperative
Development Department office in the
capital remains quiet and empty as the
radiant mahalaxmi enters with great pride
her face and attire sparkle with a remarkable charm

No one asked her anything, yet
without hesitation, she express her
need for a loan to purchase an auto-rickshaw,
surprised, the officials inquired, how you ever
traveled in an auto - rickshaw?

Mahalaxmi with a smile and a hint of
shyness...replied, no

A bit more curious, they asked again
then surely you must travel in a
Tata Sierra, right? how did you get here today ?

With laughter, she responded with
a playful excuse, filling the office with cheer,
well come on, perhaps we'll meet again sometimes !

You are not a Women

You are not a women
not only jaya or sister
or a lover, mother
an identity card comes
being a man himself
couldn't achieve it
dare to go to the moon
from the soil to sky
picked up and took away
to countless people
but
what did you think
ever been a man?

Ruled by state and country
from play ground to open field
you did it in front of everyone
who is one ?
became Kiran Bedi
or filmstar from Nargis to Sridevi
in his own cage remained trapped
how many men did you worship
enter agarli of body
couldn't interference
for small personal gain

Framed in name
named and money
came to you
she floated in the river
one times
hurry up and put your feet up
dande stood up
did you think
two eyes of the world

Man and women
can be formed
different elements?
mind is your
it didn't happen
in other elements
het wavey, rainy and winter
touching like you

that is how it is touched
all humanbeings

As the sun pours out
to his lighting
who is to live or died
what does he see
in prejudice
to shed his rays?
a special seat is required
from bus to train
need a prize
whether or not equally
you do or you do not
to your talent
to lighten the past

You are a women
weak and weak
need is for you
some one holding hand
to take away
agitate the federation
flame in daiuray
burned to death
I go, today
the pride of men
sati became a victim
that Sati temple
how many mothers
how many daughters
pooja plate, holding flower in changudi
runing everyday
Sati dev, make her wish come true
you are a women
only women?

When the mother in law poured
no one ever any women
listin to you
he has brought it
have come by any daughter in law
broken the oil with the body
mother in law
who is bourning
found it two death body

at one time, no no
nothing at a times
it is only possible
if women is not her humanbeing

Both are women
mother in law and daughter in law
suffering without blam pained
without getting a handful to eat
is your hand falling
to got government old age pension?
ever written poet master
only creat of god
creation - you are women
you are a man
beauty cycle
what will be left
it has been going on
for a long time.

Dream Too Have Their Own Dream

Peeking through windows
or may be tearing down the walls,
tiny insects and sneakey creatures
how did they sleep in among my pile of dream

No one goes to call them
or does anyone leave to chase them away
even dreams see dreams
where are the bees ?
where do all the lotuses bloom?
why do they enter dreams
are dreams calling out to them?

Sometimes they see dreams,
of Sri Ramakrishna or Vivekananda
what do they see?
for them, the world changed
people lived happily, smiling
Is life meant to be lived like that?
that day, swami Vivekananda met
Pahari baba face to face

What dreams were they seeing?
meditating, yearning through the ground,
whom were they calling?
for what purpose?
maybe for the welfare of the world
that was also a dream, in this too
a dream became a dream
Will they ever really return

Those who saw dreams, or practiced penence,
will they being the each closer
from within a new dream?
in their penance, there was a dream,
within that dream, another dream remained
will they ever come to earth again to
realize their dreams and penance.

The Journey goes on till the End

On spring
slowly, so very slowly
express your heart's words
you are momentary
without reason or purpose
if you think
you can sway my mind
it will only stir many hearts

Those are mere illusions
only the poet's imagination
Those who don't know the
essence of moon
they are enchanted solely
by the coolness of moonlight
charmed and pleasing their loved ones
with my tears in hand
the scales of justice
filled with deceit and lies
I sit on the judge's seat
sending you to righteousness
righteousness

To a cell
giving death by handing
I bear my people's slogans
gathering together, I have made
my own slogans
praising endlessly
my country and my strength
handing them on a single bag
I Carry it on my shoulders
I set out,
a lone man

Just as I had come
exactly like that
between me and my creator
the vast difference
that I tried to bridge
how far, I walked
how much I fought
only to know once
who I am

yet, it remains unknown
Oh ! there is still a long way left to walk.

After the Dam Breaks

When the dam breaks down, the river
and streams overflow their banks, Ignoring
barrier and embankment
be to hirakuda, samal barrage or naraj
they flow, carrying everything along -
tree and leaves, villages, homes and doors
all drifting away, yearning to meet the ocean

Did Radha ever heed, the boundaries
or barriers? through the banks existed,
she ran, enchanted by the flutes melody,
straight to Krishna

Likewise, the rivers and streams flow
onward, bound by nothing - homes,
doors, villages, towns, in the end they
too rush to the ocean,
overflowing unstoppable

Who can possibly steps that call?
people on the both sides tried to divide,
but the dam broke, homes were swept away
still, the river flowed on heading no one
unstoppable, on its own path

It is a river, It is a women, every if you
try to stop her with a dam, how could
you hold her back ? She will flow on,
breaking down bridges and barriers,
to merge with the body of the ocean.

My Mother

You will not return again
to break the slumber of dawn
singing that song
wake up, O banshidhar

Rise, O Rama Banamali
go pluck the flowers
they lie scattered
in the garden of fragrance
O Banshidhar

Many night come and go
many mornings break
but you do not return
to sing the song

The night stretches long
hands weary from weaving
perhaps you do not see
whether I sleep or not

Companions and friends
call me unattractive
It angers you
for my mother
Is like Durga herself
her nose, ears, eyes and face

Who will spake like this?
in dream with a little turban
chewing betel
I travel by train
with you

When will that train
take me
and bring me to you
awaiting that day
even now
I long for you.

The life of bloodshed

Even government change like this
who makes decision ?
who changes them again?

We, the people
from villages and towns
rush the ministers
and to those influential peoples
who stay the government house
four months have passed
and what has changed by now?

How will the State function?
any changing desires
set in Delhi
and the puppets of Delhi

When will the government change ?
will the states destiny change as well
somedays
something will happen in politics
that makes them in making decision

Why, because
suddenly one government may come
and then everything will turn upside
down
government in Delhi and Odisha
will collapse like a house of cards

When the rain comes
homes are destroyed
people cry out i distress
yet the local official act as they please
take the money
and pocket it all

Who the authority here?
Or who governs the authority?
we the people
look up the heavens
and can only sigh in despair

Shame and dignity

do they have any sense of it in their dealings?

What kind of politics is this?
today here, tomorrow there
power shifts constantly
in over area
there are multiple officials
just wandering around

This strong politics
between Delhi and Odisha
has no connection to progress
we cry out
but no one listens

How long will this continue?
as long as leaders exist
if they can not establish themselves
then what kind of politics will it be ?

Sun God

Afternoon
Solitary place
it is difficult to stay
what are you and I
working ?
to endure so much
force told us

The moon rises in the sky
the Sun also rises
the earth is on fire
to discover
moon
send to America
how many people
what are you and I
discover the Sun ?

What to send
Raket
will burn will burn
that the way the sun exists
being a god
we woke up
early in the morning
let's kill mundia
Sun god !

That's why the Sun
will not be erased
the earth will also be
extinguished
If the Sun goes out
with the rays of the Sun
the moon was gone

So never the moon light
the tree did not shed it's leaves
so we obey
god to Sun
that's why from evening
the morning goes
millions bow down

Worship the Sun god
the Sun comes
taking his rays
he is big and small
he did not see
the poor or the rich
sow the rous
on all up.

Multiform

How much drama do
you all have
who sometimes rides
in the charit of Ram
who is ever in the
chariot of Chaitanya
when demolish the
Babari Masjid
where is Ram born

Who is look the
entudi salaa
who had seen it ?
that is the Ram temple again
bit it for that
battle
many people many saints
true or false
the police were shof
they lost life
such in politics

Like this
to run the country
leaders are you
always wanted
here is Kiran Bedi
against wronding
if any thing work
you mean everything
anger is upon him

To tihar jail
he fixed it
those were prisoners
for your by your
tahgh them yogo
the text was written
so on him
lawyers in delhi
colleagues
to annoy him
how many words
did you get angry ?

Come again
the women shouted loudly
there is also a speech
what is the price of speech
today is the same
all over the world
the women are left
being a man's slave
when will this matter again
where is it going to change
not happening in remember

When the name many
Russian was one
he said
It doesn't lead to destruction
poem, banita, lata
from them to today
this has not changed

How many women's organization's
as much as politics, Mayabati
where is somethings
nothing new happened
the wome was left empty
tired of demanding rights
did you ask for it, right comes ?

It is the necessary to
take the right
by his own power
in his own personality
and in his honour

On that day the women
will be in Dharani
equal to man
when he can do
by establishing himself
in your own mind
and conscience
you are the politician
don't be multiform
to take possession
to women

didn't do it
Laxmi, Saraswati and Parvati.

I am Chadei talking

He says climbing up
I am going I am going
when will I go
I know what that means ?
we all are
to go one day or another
but in the call of this chadei
why mind
incapacitated

Then it seems
I am going
I can go if I want
who is speaking
and a lot
I have work to do
where will I go
your work is not done
what else ?
the work is here
there is no one to do
their own business
to income money
do it by home
one some every
lust is me
what for the power
with chair

Worked hard
is earned
without effort
there is a lot of money
where does that money
came from ?

He is not an earner
such a big house
and in a good hotel
to new women
facial expression
or on television
upside down straight
to watch the dance

very great
I am talking by Chadei
I am going I am going.

Mistake

Between many morning
and evening
who were in standing
to enjoy the light
without courage
face the dark
in fear of doing
dying every movement
to hide the genderness
with many screaming
they are singing

Have you heard the sea
song of sky
the direction is not
your boundary
Is that illusion
many elements
after the feeling
so many great dissatisfaction
and pleasure as in

This is your direction
those are judged the blessings
your direction force
ultimate availability of life
they made a mistake
the direction is just that
confusion of the audience

Standing with your upper part
apply to the eye line
want to measure you
do that understand you ?
understand that you are limitness
a word of hope and desire !
the little man of the white ground
your thirst for direction
and the the satisfaction of joy

Sometimes it seems
what about you
crazy like them ?
what are you doing

beloved, forget the sky
to get that
continuous continuous
high speed is yours

May be tired body
can't got up
It's just a few movements
then continuously
a fervent prayer
the cry of choice
and wonderful hope.

Imagination and Reality

This is the day story
In life, if it is a cloudy
comes severe pain !

New experiences
new life was suffocating
gold cane wood

The world is golden
If i looked in those eyes
everything feel new
dive in within himself
I went out of my way
dive into duty

Big as expected
when I return
I will be in the real state
broken sahasa

When the eyes are opned
I am surrounded all divine
feel as countless works

That's my turn
pink, black imagination
reality my redemption.

I will forget

To forget that today
there is so much noise
don't let be forget dear
my soul huh huh
who makes mistakes in life
sina apologizes for that
who is endure without
making a mistake ?
innumerable sorrows
and depressions

If the world gets it wrong
no I didn't fear and neasua
by duty was atal
one is not defeated by me

After the world
outside the home
the work is countless
I will think for myself
life is ful of life
I have a strong duty
full your hand and fist

Don't ask and didn't
do it mate
don't worry anymore
pain to heast

I will forget
this last thing today
this is my firm promise
let it be over pink picture
the fire is burning
in my soul.

Death want's you

My soul is filled with despair
when grief is intense
danger is near and dark
the soul is mine, I want you

Turn is the rise of imagination
indeed I am, whenever returns
all over the world danger is empty
death, I seek in you

As much as in life take the risk
by work, I creat obstacles
can't tolet it, that janja no more
the heart is want I death for in you

Call me peacemaker
I find fear in the war
If the world is a chief (prallyamukhi)
I timid seeks you today

The answar is nothing
one blank, something to say
not complet, I wanted to
so death, you take's my pen.

Cursud Women

A rainy night in shravana
pathway are destey
the vehicle does not run
the four lamps are extinguished
samsana dehu of other side
rab of swans
shivering and floating
the deadsody is burning
bellow the tree

From the two story house
in the city
various small of foods
it floats in the wind
they are lucky from birth

Garage behind the house
a women is siting
hungry head of face
no cloths on body
shame to cover up

A child sitting hearby
dry skin out
by filling the month
cries without milk
hunger mother hungar

The women mother of universe
laxmi gets pooja
when she tenhanded godess
eat will today
like amrit mani

Thats the way it goes
how many vehicles and peoples
not look even once
some one take him out
did commit a sin
what birth is in ?
hence poverty arrounding
all day of life

The cursed of society

you are a women today
but without you
the mine does not work
when is that said
who cares
so you are today
dasa utthan berry.

Address Lost

Within a period of fifty years
I have been for many days self contained
everything came to a standstill
it's still fresh in my mind
the memory of all namasyas
floating before my eyes
those Greatful faces
Sarala Devi, Maa Rama Devi, Nani Pravabati
Chuni Apa, Arnaphrna, Numa, Malati Devi
but no one address with me

If I have
your address with me
Sarala Devi
I wrote you a letter
arise so many questions
which is distrubing my mind
even after somany year of
independent
from the world freedom

Sarala Devi, question are coming
to my mind
nobody freedom, why freedom
what is the freedom of that person ?
which has nothing to do with it
what a gain in freedom
that is from human's
take everything away
can you fight for freedom
Sarala Debi for such freedom ?

Why did you got to jail
the country is like this
inthe name of freedom
in various disciplines
that it will be tied ?

If i have the address
of Maa Rama Debi
I wrote in a letter
you traying for democracy
by risuing your life
give an example with

dedicated your life
where is the democracy today ?

Where vote are sold
people in power got together
chair grabs hold of him
general election
a face ensures
horse trading takes
place in Assembly's
party changing is very common
what did you want such freedom

If I have address of Prabha Nani
I wrote a letter with asked
a windowed brahmani girl in a new year
why did appear
to bring freedom to this country ?
how pained to accepted
in odisha that day
ten year old brahimni girl
stand up the road
country people to this country to running
you gave a shout
in freedom struggle
where is that freedom today ?

Saying now
bellows proverty lines (BPL)
somany people, somany five years plan
poverty is not going away
after fifty years
the oppressed remain the oppressed
why you like sacrificed
name of community and socialism ?

If I have, Chuni Appa
your address with me
I wrote a letter with asked you
where is the ideology of friendship
for which
you sacrificed all
there today fight against communism war
with community devided
blood shed in the name of religion
fight against brother

it was lost there

Matir Manisa Baraju
what did you expect ?
went from Santiniketan
all dreams will be made
with hard work
where are such country
man is like man
no more

If, i have Numa
your address with me
so I wrote a letter to you

This is what you wanted
Malati Debi ?
all addresses are lost
no one address with me
after fifty years
you those are making
please, all are lost

Rama Debi, Sarala Debi, Numa,
Chuni Apa, Prava Nani
your work, your dream
all are lost

You lost address
from everyone
I too sit helpless
with many questions
but who give that answer ?

Bridge of Dream

In building a bridge in a dream
who can interface with that ?
children's are in the sea sand
how many house are being built
they also gives broken
in new version
to built a house

When he feel good
good luck there too
small flag made by paper
to bury
some times the wind
hills the flag
and there are many friends
to inaugurate
Ah ! where is the bridge
there is no water in the canal

Home of tiny snails
on three sides of the bridge
sit there again
VIP and VVIPs
there are four pices
of wood chair
red and yellow rose marks
ever said
in 1948 years
when the king went
and land lord went
you are king
flays your victories
here is the song we sing
television and radio

You are great
you are the protector
of the country
eater be
all for you
open fair
once siting in chair
cought in the glow
will rise up

sound of jay jay
not once
again and again
the skay will shake

As if to the sky
can touch the sound to sky
he is extermination
his a man's strick
to hear
no times by them

Still the sky trembles
the soil crecks
the sea foars
lava vacation is coming
from agenyagiri
who washes everything
takes guys
to your bosom
to all snails

The dream breaks
everything is broken
the wall of separation
twenty one centuairy
all children
eyes widened
they are stares
may given good luck
where ?
the sand bridge was
washed away
it became clear
made in dream
all my bridge.



Nandini Satapathy

The prominent figure of Indian Literature, her contributions to World of Literature into Classical Odia always remembered, In her literary achievement she was awarded somany award including Central Sahitya Akademi in translation, which a new hight in her literary creation. She was a creative Writer as well as Transloter into Odia Literature. Besides that Nandini Debi framed as a mass leader as Chief Minister of Odisha, Union Minister of India with served as President of Odisha Sahitya Akademi also emmortal for her literary genius.



Tulasi Sahoo

As an Academic Degree of MA with Writer in English Literature, she inspirational writing from her husband Litterateur Prof. Dr. Subash Nayak, her book was published with translated into English "PRIYA " from Odia Poetry by Dr. Subash Nayak.

Mrs.Sahoo creat other three books- one book of Literary Criticism into English as "The Literary Excellency of Narendra Modi as a Poet as well as Storyteller -A Compliation " and two books of translation into English as "Saptadarshi " Odia Shortstories by Nandini Satapathy and this book of translation into English as "Uttar Purusa " Odia poetry by Nandini Satapathy, In this credit to her as Career a Writer.