

Literary Excellency of Narendra Modi

As a Poet as well as a Storyteller
- A Compilation

Tulasi Sahoo

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The Book focus the Literary work's in specific Poetry and Shortstories of Sri Narendra Modi, which may important to not only Indian Literature but also World of Literature.

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Dedicated to Dr. Subash Nayak

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Introduction

Narendra DamodarDas Modi was born in a Vadnagar, a small town of north Gujarat, on 17 September 1950 of his his DamodarDas Modi and Mother Heeraben Devi, Modi married Joshadaben(School Teacher) had arange marriage by family in 1968 then Modi left home soon after the marriage at an early age then he want to Himalaya to search the meaning of life, deciding that the inner calling was not to renounce the World but to contribute to the well-being of his fellow humans, he returned home in 1971 and then joined the Rastriya Swayamsebak Sangha (RSS) and working Akhil Bharatiya Vidyarthi Parisad (ABVP) of Gujarat Unit then he joined public life at Social organization (Sangarsh Gujarat with capacity of General Secretary) then Modi joined Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP) in Gujarat State Unit in 1988,on 7 October 2002 he took oath as Chief Minister of Gujarat and continued in this position till 2014, History was made at Rastrapati Bhawan on the evening of 26 May 2014 as Narendra Modi took oath as Prime Minister of India after a historic mandate from the Peoples of India. In Narendra Modi the Peoples of India see a dynamic, decisive and development-oriented leader, who has emerged as a ray of hope for the Dreams and aspirations of a billion Indians, his focus on development, eye for details and effects to bring a qualitative difference in the lives of the poorest of the poor have made Narendra Modi a popular and respected leader across the length and breadth of India, while the story of Modi s rise from humble beginnings to high political office as well documented, what is not well known in his Journey in verse.

Prime Minister Narendra Modi often writes poems in his mother tongue Gujarati language, he has written more then 86 poems in Gujarati, Modi s poetry collection " Saaksi Bhaav" published, his poetry collection focus devotion, dedication, love, longing, strength and vulnerability, all find expression in Modi s poetry, his strength as a writer is his emotional quotient, there are seething sarrows, fleeting joys and lingering memories, there is a raw intensity, a simmering restlessness which he doesn't

disguise and that is his attraction, most of his Poems are based on subject's as diverse as patriotism, love, nature, friendship and progress. He writes of bees, flowers and rivers. In one of his Poems Narendra Modi is a kite, who is soaring with ' the grace of the sky' towards the Sun, held back ' only by the strength', In another poem he is a honeybee who is very busy, joyful, free and his life a burst of colours, In his poems, he is often happy and in good places, also he is an energetic lover ' an ocean that leaps with energy' a man who is as ' upright as a mountain' and as pure as river.

At one level, the poems are ruminations on gift, regret and happiness or they explore such topic as nature and divinity, he doesn't consider his poetry to be an extraordinary Literary creation, those are screams of thoughts, like a spring of face water of things he has witnessed, experienced and sometimes imagined. In Modi's writing there was the enthusiasm of a youngster and the passion to usher in change. Modi has said about his poetry that he doesn't consider it 'an extraordinary literary creation' this is not an attempt at Literary writing, those are the reflection of my observations and sometimes unprocessed thought, expressed without filter.

I am not a writer, most of us not, but every body seeks expression and when the urge to unload becomes overpowering there is no option but to take pen and paper, not necessarily to write but to introspect and unravel what is happening within the heart and the head and why, Modi said.

Prime Minister Narendra Modi writes in the foreword to his collection of poems, published in English as "Letter to Mother" originally Gujarati " Saakshi Bhaav " of laying down his fears and anxieties on paper to clam his wandering mind. as a young man, Narendra Modi had got into the habit of writing, a letter to the "Mother Goddess" whom the addressed as ' Jagat Janani' every night before going to bed, the topic were varied, there were seething sorrows, fleeting joys and lingering memories, but every few months, Modi would tear up the pages and consign them to a bonfire, however the pages of one diary, dating back to 1986, survived, are now available in English for very first times.

Narendra Modi s strength as a writer is his emotional quotient, there is a raw intensity, a simmering restlessness which he does not disguise and that is his attraction, devotion, love and longing all find expression in Narendra Modi s poetry, If you want to know a person's inner self, read his poetry his

poems are ' screams of thoughts' that he has " witnessed experienced and sometimes imagined ", In Modi's poetry there is a blend of the human and the natural world, the subjective and the external, the rational and the transcendental coupled with intense sense of Nation building and thought of harmonizing humanity. He is the poet of people and If we look at the willingness of the masses, then Modi certainly emerges as the favorite. Actually the human crowd has been an indispensable element in his life, he considers himself as a part of the massae, a leaf on the great human tree. In one of his poems.

Poetry is an expression of building national spirit, It is related to national identity, the poetry of Narendra Modi celebrates the spirit of an individual, folks, society, nation and the entire cosmic consciousness, his poetry reveals him as a poet and a leader with a multiplicity of stands. His poetic art features him as very sensitive and promising, as a Poet, he signs about the internal order of man, while as a leader, he relates to the well being and ordering of man. A quest for internal order in a given epoch coincides with the external ordering and this finally leads to building an enhanced society, a newer stronger nation and a newer peaceful harmonious world.

Language is naturally tied to culture, at its best, a vibrant and thriving language is full of complexities, Modi's poetry is in taste and flavour regional (Gujarati) yet the flow of language in his poems is enhanced by the way he uses music, reflections and spirituality. The poet signs with Bliss, he is chanting the fortune of mankind for subsistence on this glorious earth. The divine persuasive power of the poet is retained in his poetry. It strengthens our belief that God has gifted only human being with the cognitive capacity of perceiving, experiencing and understanding so let us embrace the whole world with open arms and thus celebrate the glory of our being on earth.

Litterateur Narendra Modi

A Man of Letter from Gujarati Literature Sri Narendra Modi is the prominent figure of Indian Politics as well as Indian Literature.

The Birth place of Narendra Modi, Badnagar in State of Gujarat, near about 120 km of State Capital Ahamadbad and 34 km of District head quator of Mahashana, Badnagar is the oldest City of Gujarat, Indian Skanda Literature reflect of Badnagar City, this small City famous for temple and ponds, famous art in Badanagar other identity, the soul of Badnagar creat Narendra became Man of Letter.

Kishor Narendra Modi impressed the art and culture of his home town Badnagar, Narendra Modi release his wife Joshadaben on the begin of his married life with after 3 years in Himalaya Hill, then came back in home in 1970, Modi joined Rastriya Swayamsebak Sangha (RSS) with training at Nagpur, after some days Modi taking charge of Akhil Bharatiya Vidyarthi Parisad (ABVP) in the State of Gujarat, Modi qualified Degree of MA in Political Science from Gujarat University.

Narendra Modi himself joining a Social organization Gujarat Loksampark Samittee and taking charge as Secretary General of the Organization, at that times Modi written his first Book "Sangarsh Maa Gujarat" in Gujarati language, at that time National Emgercancy in the time non Congress Governor in Gujarat situation impact his book at that time Narendra Modi was underground 23 days at that time Modi written the book in 1970 Modi written Shortstories in Gujarati Journal 'Chandini' forther times those published in the Book "Premtirth" as an Shortstories book 12 stories in this book, such as -

Abhilash, Paribeti Bhalu, Sampark, Room No-9, Deepak, Setu, Lagaba ka Ankur, Anuraag ka Purnajangya, Narendra Modi nka Sukriya, Kuch Batea Easi Hen.

The story book "Premtirth " not only famous in Gujarati Literature but also Indian Literature.

Our Classical Odia language author OES Officer Prasant Kumar Mohanty translated the book "Premtirth " from Gujarati language to Odia language.

Narendra Modi also a famous Speaker, he known very well in the languages of Gujarati, Hindi, English and Marathi, he also tray the best literary words in his literature.

National organization -Rastriya Swayamsebak Sangha (RSS) founder Dr. Keshab Balram Hedgawar's successor Laxman Ray Immandar, emandar nick nambred Okila Saheb worked 45 years in RSS at Gujarat State, Immandar as Guru of Narendra Modi.

At the time National Emergency, Modi published a small newspaper "Satyabani ", Some days he working as a Journalist, Modi always written article on the back door in name "Sadhana ", a weekly Journal - the them of article by Modi on Political, Cultural, personality of various matter

Another famous book "Jyoti Punj " in Gujarati language by Narendra Modi, it focus 16th eminent personality life and work maincined in this book, Modi very close to those personality, they are dedicated to life to Mankind as well as Society, they are ideology for the Peoples, all aspects are attachment in the Shortstories book 'Jyoti Punj '

Those personality's are

A tribute to Vivekananda by Doctor Saheb

Guruji Madhav Rao, Sadashiv Rao Golvalkar

Transparent Gem-Papaji Dr.Pranlal Doshi

Yuga Rishi Centenarian Shastriji

Sangha Yogi Vakil Saheb Laxman Ray Immandar

Madhur Madhukar Madhukarrao Bhagwat

The Determined Anantrao Kale

Dynamic Personality Keshavrao Deshmukh

Sunset at noon Vasantbhai Gajendragadkar

Committed to Service Dr Vishwanathrao Vanikar

Persistent Karmayogi- Kashmathrao Bagwade

Struggle life Nathabhai Jhagda

multidimensional talent Babu bhai Ojha

Gangaghta Bachubhai Bhagat

Witty Personality Vasudevrao Talukdar

Evergreen spiring Vasantrao Chipalunkar

Narendra Modi joined National Credit Crops (NCC) in his Schools Day, National devotion with Modi in his childhood, RSS Child Emandar taking Modi as Bal Prachrak in RSS, Swami Vivekananda and Laxman Rao Immandar both are ideology of Narendra Modi

Narendra Modi as Chief Minister of Gujarat, at that time he open a School in the memories of his Guru Laxman Ray Immandar at Ahamadbad, the State Capital of Gujarat

The book "Patrarupe SriGuruji translated into Gujarati language by Narendra Modi, many letter are published in the book, those letters from RSS Chief Laxman Rao Immandar to Narendra Modi, the translated in various languages such as Marathi, Hindi, English, the book not only famous between RSS pracharak but also Gujarati Litterateur

Another translation book "Samastri Sibaya Samata Akhya" by Narendra Modi from Marathi language into Gujarati language, the book originally author Dateopanta Thaengadi, the famous Marathi author, the book impact to Indian Literature in specific Gujarati Literature

A Play (Natak) of Pilu Phool written by Narendra Modi, the thim of moral of Drama (Ashupita Eka Papa) Modi also taking a role as a actor also Direction of the Drama.

Prime Minister Narendra Modi is a Successful Politicians as well as Litterateur, he assumed high post in India, service to Mankind also Nation, in this time Modi can't forget Literature

An another English book on "Convenient Action -Gujarat s Response to Challanges of climate Change " the book deals with Pictural Coffitable, the book preface - Impact Climate Group of Landon-CEO Steev Harwadwed

In this book Narendra Modi Describes how such clean and green development initiatives taken at both State and National level has significant contributed and will continue to contribute to the adaptation and mitigation of climate change with relevant examples facts and data, the book chronicles Narendra Modi's vision and commitment to the caused of climate change and represents the big stap that India is taking to important pioneering initiatives and transform itself into nature and environment have always seen close to Narendra Modis heart.

He had advocated complementary relectionship between Man and Nature which is embodied ancient vedic Literature

The book impact Prime Minister Narendra Modi for implementations a new Scheme "Swachha Bharat Abhijan" in India which influence youth Icon.

Narendra Modi creat many poems in Gujurat language, those are made two Gujarati poetry books-"AankhaAaDhanyaChe" translated into English "A Journey" and Gujarati "Saakshi Bhavaa" translated into English "Letter to Mother", they are valuable books in Gujarati language and Literature.

In Gujarati poetry book -"AankhaAaDhanyaChe translated into English "AJourney" by Ravi Mantha, published Rupa Publication of NewDelhi, the Book "Preface" Narendra Modi tolds the poem's

are not any literary them, they are his dream as well as creations the book deals with Modis porsonal, spiritual and Philosophical 67 poems attached in this poetry books "A Journey" such as- Zatra, Bhagaban Chakhu Mor, Bhasijaya Musi, Pream Padabali, Utha Aiha Bira, Aji, Ame Duhea Sathi, Asha, Sithilata, Kala Biparjya, Ahe Jagi Utho, Utha nija bhagya ku Rupa Dia, Eka ba Duie Bandhu, Ashura, Epari Bhikti, ustab, Kargil, Kriya, Garba Nurtya, Sangitarea Golap Toda, Hindu bhobea mu Garbita, Tyagi Bairagi, Bhagaban nka Chakra Tale, Ashie Basant, Mithya ra Jayagan, Chhabi ra Antralaya, Bichara, Bhakti, Nadira Nama Narmada, Stirapatha, Ashanta Kalira Awahan, Prajapati, Madhu Makhiku, Swateha ta Nutana Dinara Apakhya, Bibhukrupa, Preachhista, Prathana, Prema, Safal Adhabashaya, Madhyaratri, Mana Chaunu Trutiya Nayan, Amea Milu Eka Hoie, Manta Uchha rayan, Maa Mote Shakti Dea, Ashakti, Chala Ame Mela Buliba, Ramesh Parekha, Lakha Adaku, Bande Mataram, Prema kete Ajana ki Sate, Preatua Sara Prahelika, Bedana rea Swreata Jayue Bohie, Sabdabali, Asamaya Rutu, Sapana ra Bija, Sathi hoe Chinta kariba, Nua Jatri, Sankalpa, Smruti, Hindu ra Mantragana, Ekadashi Diga are in the poems in poem book A Journey

Dear Husband Prof. Dr. Subash Nayak translated this poetry book into Odia "EkaJatra" from english "A Journey" to Indian Literature, this book taking a vital role in Odia Kabya Sahitya, there is no doubt.

As per the proposal by Dear husband with given the book "A Journey" by Narendra Modi translated into various language like- Odia, Bangali, Santsli, Tamili, Telugu, Marathi, Rajastani, Assamese to Indian Literature again as per the proposal of Dear husband his foreign friends like Arjentina Poet Dr Susana Robert translated into Spanish language from english language "A Journey" and France Poet Dr. Thera Mariya Robert translated into franchise language from english language "A Journey" to World Literature.

Another Gujarati poetry book "Saakshi Vabhaa" by Narendra Modi, which Translated into Odia language "DeviMaankuChithi" by husband Dr. Subash Nayak from english translation book "Letter to Mother" by Padmashri Bhawan Somaaya, which impact to World of Literature.

My Dear husband Dr. Subash Nayak, doing research-Post Doctoral/Doctor of Literature (D.Litt) on "Odia Sahitya ra Kabi Kalindicharan Panigrahi and Gujarati Sahitya ra Kabi Narendra Modi nk kabya Jagag-Eka Adhyanna" under Utkal University awaiting registration

He was written a research paper on "Literary works on Kalindicharan Panigrahi and Narendra Modi-an annologous Study" published UGC cair approved ISSN Journal "Rock Pebbles" with highly Appricieated by readers

As a whole Narendra Modi's Literature not only impact to Gujarati Literature but also Indian Literature and World Literature

Narendra Modi as Public figure in Politician rather then Literature, Sri Modi presently working Prime Minister of India, in this connection many book published on Political Biography of Narendra Modi by the Author's from world of literature, those books are always credit of Literature Narendra Modi on Jibani Sahitya (Biographical Literature).

Author's from our State of Odisha made Biography of Narendra Modi in Classical Odia language Those books are-

"NaMo NaMo" by Krupasagar Sahoo in 2015

"Narendra Modi-Jibani Gatha"

Hindi language by Kishor Makward translated into Odia language by Prof. Smarapriya Mishra and Dr. Amulyaratna Mohanty in 2016

"Samaya Samaya ra Khela"

Matir Manisha Narendra Damodhar Das Modi by Amresh Biswal in 2015

"Bharat ra PradhanMantri Narendra Modi" by Chandramani Bhuina in 2014

"Adarniya PradhanMantri Narendra Modi"

by Sumitra Sahoo in 2016

"Rastra Purusha Narendra Modi"

by Pandit Daitari Mahapatra in 2015

All above book are Published Narendra Modi became Prime Minister of India.

On the other hand many reputation author made book on the biography of Narendra Modi at National level

"Narendra Modi the Man of the Time" by Niranjana Mukhopadhyaya

"Modi Nomics" by Samir Kochhar

"Modi-A Political Biography "

by Kinshuka Nag

"Modi-Muslim and Media"

by Madhu Purna Kiswar

"The Man of Movement-Narendra Modi"

by MV Kammath and Kalandi Randori.

In the mean times Narendra Modi biography authored by an International level as-

"Narendra Modi-A Politicacally Biography

by Andu Marina,an author of quiet American

All the book biography of Narendra Modi Indicated Modi as World Leader

Narendra Modi's Vision the People of India on "Maan Ki Baat" by Radio, some literary matter also information by Prime Minister Modi, this is Monthly program

An another book "Examination Warrior's" by Narendra Modi, the book deals with students examination matter towards some trips by Modi, PM for Students don't warrior in your examination, the book impact the Students of Secretary and Higher Secondary level in India, keep for the examination PM Modi says examination is only one part of life, non all of tray again and again in success of your life, taking exhaustion became a personality in various field's for Service of Mankind as well as Nation with progress of your family, the book demands in Student and his/her Parents.

A pleasure time to all up us that a Scholar (Researcher) in the field of political achievement of Narendra Modi in last a years

The Name of the Researcher Mr. Mohul Chhokesey from Surat in the State of Gujarat (Home State of PM Modi), he started in her research work in 2010,When Narendra Modi as Chief Minister of Gujarat, re-searcher awarded PhD from Bir Narmada University of Gujarat.

Narendra Modi is a Man of human being, literary person, his Literary impact Nationalism, major unknown his Literary works, It may opened done by research or translation to world of literature.

Narendra Modi is more happy in his life became as a Litterateur, he doesn't received any prize or honour in his Literary works, his Literary life not only Sahitya Akademi award or Jnanyapith award but also any Indian Civilian award "Padma award", but he have been pleasure when his Literary work more research or translation in verious language to readers

On the otherhand my Dear husband Dr. Subash Nayak as first person of Nation with demanding highest civilian award "BharatRatna" to Narendra Modi for his uncountable contributions to built Bharat, his letter recommended by Ministry of Home Affairs to Prime Minister Office (PMO)

Myself Tulasi Sahoo being Prood that a research paper literary of Narendra Modi published "Rock Pebbles" Journal.

My book the "Literary Excellency of Narendra Modi as a Poet as well as Storyteller-A Compilation " focus the Literary works of Narendra Modi to World of Literature.

Dedication to



Dr. Subash Nayak
Professor, Litterateur, Researcher
World of Literature into Classical Odia

SriRam Nivas, Bhuban Town,
Dhenkanal, Odisha
www.professorsubashnayak.com

I dedicated my this book to Dear Husband Dr. Subash Nayak. His notable works into translation in the two poetry book's of Sri Narendra Modi as "EkaJatra " and "DeviMaankuChithi" into Classical Odia language.

His inspiration and cooperation helped me to complet the book -"Literary Excellency of Narendra Modi as a Poet as well as Storyteller - A Compilation "

Tulasi Sahoo
(Tulasi Sahoo)



Pen from Author - 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 (LokSabha) 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 appricieation 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 Appricieation 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 Appricieation 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 Manapatra 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 Appriciated 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.

Tulasi Sahoo as an author felicitated by Kapudia Samaj, Dhenkanal District (a Unit of Kalinga Kapudia Samaj , Odisha) on dated 9.3.2025

Jay Jagannath

Tulasi Sahoo
(Tulasi Sahoo)

Gratitude to Translator's
by author Tulasi Sahoo

On my this book "Literary Excellency of Narendra Modi - as a Poet as well as Storyteller - A Compilation " focus from many books into English language from originally Gujarati language by Sri Narendra Modi, my special gratitude to such Translator's as-

"A Journey " poems by Sri Ravi Mantha, translated into English language, which originally from Gujarati language "AankhaAaDhanyaChe" by Sri Narendra Modi."

Sri Ravi Mantha from Hyderabad of India, lover of poetry, a polymath and a public intellectual also an author and public speaker, health Guru, aspiring organic farmer and serves as a mentor and advisor of corporate. He is co founder of Bollant Industries, a paper recycling company, a farm to table organics store and cafe- worked as a portfolio manager at fidelity investments in Boston and London for about 10 years and official translator of Prime Minister Narendra Modi's poetry "A Journey " in English language from originally Gujarati language book "AankhaAaDhanyaChe ".

"Letter to Mother" poems by Bhawana Somaaya translated into English language, which originally from Gujarati language " Saakshi Bhaav " by Sri Narendra Modi

Bhawana Somaaya from Mumbai of India, an Indian film Journalist and critics, author and historian, starting her career as film reporter in 1978, she want to work several film magazines, she remained editor of screen- a leading film magazine, she has written 13 books on history of hindi cinema and biographics of Bollywood stars, she was been honoured Civilian award "Padmashri" in the year 2017.

"Abode of Love" poems by Umang Dholabhai translated into English language, which originally from Gujarati language "Premtirth" by Sri Narendra Modi.

The Shortstories "Premtirth" written durning period of emergency, those stories reveal the unknown literary facet the Narendra Modi's personality.

Narendra Modi wrote a few stories, which were published in Gujarati magazines, those Gujarati stories were compilet in a book titled "Premtirth", which Translated into English by Umang Dholabhai from Gujarati language with book titled "Abode of Love"

Umang Dholabhai- from Surat, Gujarat of India, educatated from University of Mumbai, by profession is a microbiologist with research papers presented at International Conference, Basic research done, is an Ayurvedic (harbal) with a freelancing translator with speciazation in Gujarati language to English and English language to Gujarati language.

Special thanks by Author-

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Dr. Subash Nayak was 20 books in his credit and somany research papers published in National & International Journal (ISSN) with UGC approved.

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Sri Mohanty was a famous translator in Gujarati language to Odia language and Odia language to Gujarati language, he awarded Sahitya Akademi Translation Prize in 2012 and published near about 52 books in his credit as a translator as well as author both in Odia and Gujarati language.

Briefing of Writing with content.....

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Shortstories -Book "Abode of Love"

Translated into English language by Umang Dholabhai from originally Gujarati language Book "Premtirth"
by Sri Narendra Modi

Book of Introduction -

The Sacred Lake of Motherhood

by Gunvant Shah (Born-1937 in Indian State of Gujarat) an educationist, Columnist and Critic from Gujarati Literature, awarded Civilian award "Padmashri" in 2015 by Government of India and awarded Honorary Doctorate (D.Litt.) Degree from Gujarat University.

"The Lamp"- the Lamp highlight the status of Indian Women.

"Bridge"- Bridge bridging our glorious past and a luminous future.

"Re birth of Anuraag"- Reflection on the prevailing education system-rebirth of Anuraag.

"The Longing of An Indian Women"- the ultimate desire of an Indian Women to attain Motherhood as a Step Mother Sunanda Sacrificed her Motherhood to Spred the Message of Love and Affection for her Children.

"Memorial"- Unerringly express the Universal question that in troubling this era- the entombment of ideals and values of Memorial of the Martyr Mahesh.

Above five shortstories Literary Criticism by Tulasi Sahoo
with rest three Shortstories bellow by other authors

"Dear Daughter Bholu"

Critic by Sri Rajnikumar Pandya
(Gujarati novelist Storyteller)

"Room No-9"

Critic by Balvant Jani
(Well-known Gujarati reviewer)

"Lgniting Values"

Critic by Keshubhai Desai
(Gujarati novelist and Columnist)

The poetry “A Journey” By Narendra Modi

Foreward

I don't consider my poetry to be an extraordinary literary creation
Those are streams of thoughts, like a spring of face water.
Of things, I have witnessed,
experienced and sometimes
Imagined

May the soft sound of this spring waters
resonate in your ears and mind,
And touch your heart !
It is this that will be a blessing for me.

My friend Ravi Mantha has made this effect,
to translate my thoughts in a vernacular language,
Into a western language

The outpouring spring of my Inner thoughts
will flow a far
And reach every soul.

Once again, greeting to Ravi

Narendra Modi
Gandhinagar
April 2014.

“A Journey”

“ In the recess of my mind, I travelled far into the past
And each face I see unfolds a memory
My recall comes with ease
Each visage easily recognised
Nothing stays hidden
For this is the truth, plain to see
That our companions, with whom we suffered
Never forgotten
Together endured
They suffered
They become the journey in the end”.

There are large chunks of our brains that are dormant and contain memories apparently long forgotten. They are people with once - treasured friends that no longer take part in our life. There are memories of experiences that were so vivid at the time that we thought we would remember them forever. Every memory leaves its own imprint in the brain. Here in his poem “Journey” the Poet Narendra Modi says that he has some thoughts or feelings about some people or things which are hidden in our mind and difficult to discard. Such thoughts often haunt him and take him to distant past and each face comes to his mind brings a memory that the poet associated with him, they are the feelings which can never be forgotten because they are the part of the poet’s life and these experiences the pains and sufferings that he had endured with his companions have become the basis of his journey. The poet starts his journey taking all these past memories and reveries with him.

In these memory pictures, so lightly, even casually presented by the author there is, nevertheless, revealed a connected history of his inner life together with that of the varying literary forms in which his growing self found successive expression, up to the point at which both his soul and poetry attained maturity.

Blessed are These Eyes

To gaze upon this golden earth,
Is a blessing granted to these eyes !
Sunlight spills on to this grass.
The green rays touch my eyes, but do not linger.

The radiant sky glows in blessing,
As it gazes upon this golden earth !
I see this rainbow, a floral bouquet
A vibrant ring of colour, high in the sky !

The fruits of virtue from a long past birth,
Overwhelm my senses, as I gaze upward.
The ocean, too, is reborn in the sky
Meanwhile, what tales do those clouds hide ?

My heart's void is filled with joy
As I gaze upon this golden earth.
My love for my fellow men is matchless and true
Yet, only through others' eyes can I know myself.

No eyes can truly fathom,
That mystery, Existence,
Yet, my eyes are truly blessed
To gaze upon this golden earth.

Fleeting

On a black canvas of darkness
A lake forms beneath my brushstroke
A bumblebee appears above the waters
A tree's branch takes shape above the bee's hum.
I paint a moon, full in the sky.
The canvas glows in the pale light.
The sky lightens to a blue hue
The water is calm in the light of the moon.
I turn the moon into a fiery sun
Of Vaisakh, that fierce month of summer
The canvas burns, turns to ashes
My brush dries and my hand is frozen.
On a pyre, the faint sounds of a frog's scream
As the dreams of seasons fade away
My season of dreams too
Evaporates, into mist...

Bliss

My life's dearest companion, bliss
In this state, engulfed in love.
No one can separate us, or
Interrupt this regal sojourn together.
We soar high when we please
Or explore the ocean's cool depths.
We become the sun rising above the mountain top,
Or rise in silence in the starlight.
In bliss we show no shyness, no attention to form.
We are a caravan, an endless bounty of love.
The wise of this world perceive us as mad,
They do not lie; yet, we are true.

We are an ocean that leaps with energy,
Not a bubble, for we are one.
Formless, boundless, no coast nor edges
We appear like water mid-ocean, infinite.

Ode to Love

In the moment I became aware of you
In the serene Himalayan forest of my mind
A wildfire began, in raging earnest.

When I set eyes upon you
A full moon rose in my mind's eye
The smell of sandalwood, of a tree in full bloom.

And then at last when we met,
Every pore of my being was filled, with fragrance
beyond compare.

Our separation has melted the peaks of my joy.
The fragrance turned into searing heat
That burns my body, reduces my dreams to ashes.

The full moon sits on the far bank
Relentlessly cold, gazing at my plight.

Without your tender presence
On the ship of my life
No captain have I, no rudder.

Awakening

The old path of my life's journey came to an end
I saw at its end a tree this new morn.
Branches of air,
Flowers of light
Birdsong of abandon
Of leisure, imperfection, effortlessness.
I open all windows, outside and inside
To soak in Existence, never before so lovely.
My body, mind and heart
Engulfed by God's grace
And the whole world
Enveloped in my embrace.

Today

Was, is, past, present
Here, there, now, tomorrow
All this is emptiness,
A grand pillar, amidst ruins!

In the streets we wander in confusion,
Not even a zombie, a mere shadow of one.
The past as if
Soul stolen by the shadows of ghosts.
And though the soul is immortal,
We seek immortality in this body.

We yearn to become immortal tomorrow,
Clinging to the attachments of yesterday
And the betrayals of today.
Is there any meaning in a life like this ?

We, Together

We, Together

As dusk's footfall approaches, I wander alone, serene.

A feeling of energy, the roar of the Tarnetar fair, pulses

Through my being.

There is no exchange, give nor take, no mine, no yours.

This world and its bounty, together, ours!

I walk the path of the straight and narrow; no jostling crowds,

No tugging nor pushing

In this twilight, I wander alone, serene.

We do not divide, by creed or sect.

We are all human

We see the brightness of the flame, caring not whether lamp

or lantern

A dazzling beacon we employ to light our path ahead

In this time of twilight, we wander together, serene.

Hope

Every ray of hope is like a solitary spade

Digging out darkness, one scoop at a time.

The quality of this spade lies in its lustre

It banishes darkness, a ray at a time.

Once the light touches the wheel of life

No boundaries remain as it spreads.

A flame of hope has burst forth today

Its white rings of coral dispersing light

To sear the darkness with its might.

The twin arrows of purpose and intellect

Once fired, know success as the only target.

Unshakeable resolve and steadfast righteousness

The twin armours of the bearer of progress.

The closed minds of selfishness and envy

Fallen by this light, overcome little by little.

The warrior for progress nurtures no likes or dislikes

Nor any concern for the adulation of crowds

With Lord Rama filling his heart

Full of forgiveness, he treads the path

And becomes that light of hope, that slayer of darkness.

Coldness

A heart of coldness is a malady like no other.

Out of breath, out of depth, a shallow curse for one another.

Even trees wither and die without love

And the cuckoo falls silent, on the bare branch.

Mindless violence, remorse and retribution follow

Out of breath, out of depth, coldness so shallow.

Bereft of love, crippled, melancholy, despondent

Each moment a pearl of sadness, threaded by absence.

Cutting one's tears with the sharp edge of a silent smile,

Out of breath, out of depth, the cold man gasps for love.

Calamity

The river, once graceful, a maiden in her first flush of youth

Is today a snarling lioness.

In spate, she lurches in insolence

Loses her inhibitions, pours out her anger

Sweeping away all in her path.

This river, when calm, a gentle life-giver,

Does she not see her own destructive power ?
Whole villages washed away in her fervour
Bodies of the drowned floating downstream
Breaths expelled in one last scream
This power of Nature, a destructive reminder
To man who tries to shape her.
She has the last word.

Awaken, O Brave Soul

Prime Minister Narendra Modi is a towering and adorable Figure in the firmament of Indian Politics. He is pious and virtuous and piety, righteousness, rectitude, honesty and goodness. He is adroit in verbalising his thoughts through his poems. Most of his poems are simple, unostentatious and straightforward. His knack and dexterity in verses is well acclaimed and received world wide appreciation. In his poem “Awaken, O Brave One”, he gives a clarion call to the brave to safeguard the honour of our motherland with determination, resolution and audacity. He calls them to be deadset, Pertinacious, tenacious and determined to this cause.

The poem begins with the speaker to a truth that humanity will eventually arrive at he says that during the time of dawn, we all enjoy a sound sleep as the night is silent, still and quiet at this hour. But our mind wanden when we and asleep. However a hero wakes up at this hour of the night with a sparkling courage like a fiery sky, bedecked with flame shaped clouds, which look like a spear. It heads for the warrior who becomes a shield, a mirror of valor for the brave. During this time of night and Goddess of lust “Rati” shrieks and geerates a desine in sleep soulx for coition or copulation. But those who pay heed to the desine, they fail the test to be a brave because a brave soul is always above sensual pleasure. He does not pay any heed to the shrieks of “Rati”. The feeling of Lasciviouness does not haunt his spirit. He wakes up before the calling hour of Goddess lust. He knows it best that being lecherous, lewd or lustful means shirking from the path of righteousness. A brave is the one who has a sense of judgement. He knows - what’s right and what’s wrong. What’s proper and what’s improper. They always remain alert to safe guard the honour of their motherland to prove this point. The speaker says “when you hear Rukmini’s cry, Run, not walk to save Dwarika’s honour’.

Time moves faster . It is always in motion but the brave have to fight hard to save the honour of Dwarka, and give the devil, the impious, sinful their due. In order to, join the battle. A warrior needs Lord Krishna's "Sudarshan Chakra" not the flute of his grace. During the battle talk becomes cheap, peace lies in tatters but a warrior moves on with a sparkling courage to save the canvas of humanity from the blot of harm's way.

To Wake, and to shape our Destiny

These times are trying for Earth Mother
Today, all humanity mixes and blends into one
A time of great celebration
A victory for all, come let us cheer
The burial of enmities past
In a fragrance of understanding, of friendship
We awaken into this golden dawn
Living together, united as one
Cast off the loneliness of bitter fear
The Earth Mother takes on this challenge
Men tackle this unfamiliar distress,
With a yogic pose, a serene mind.
Today, the face of society is altered
Yet, when we peel the layer and look
We are made of the same essence inside
Mother Earth, bring your brood beside.
Wear your mother's love on your forehead
Sit not idly on a swinging cot
Come with us on this new path
The dreams of all line its shiny glow
And Mother Earth guides you as you grow
This is no way for the weak of foot or the faint of heart
This has always been the land of her brave, good sons
With a sky-piercing cry of triumph, we evoke
The fair grounds of Tametar, as Earth awakens.

One or Two Tears

One or two tears

The bonds of intimacy build, they are torn asunder

Leaving a tear or two behind, in the morose eye

The frozen tears are heavy, as if weighed down by stone,

A sitar sits in the corner, silent, with broken strings.

The breeze becomes hot, burns and the air stills

As one or two tears well up in the eye, to remain.

How long is the will to preserve pieces of broken glass?

There will not be longing, grief or lament.

One cannot draw patterns on a flowing stream,

As one or two tears well up in the eye, and remain.

Comforting companionship becomes searing loss

A path filled with flowers becomes a bed of thorns

The songbirds stay mute in this desolate forest.

As one or two tears well up in the eye, and remain.

Such People

Those who speak out of turn, yet remain silent when their

voices must be heard

Such people always remain, balanced on a blade of grass

We beseech them to raise their voice

And speak, where there is to tell.

Their empty show of baffling silence

Brands them like a hot iron.

One should never rest on the lap of flattery

Speak out of turn, or remain silent when the voice
must be heard.

To hear anyone's slander
And remain silent is a sin
For he who speaks the truth
All his transgressions are forgiven
In the wind, the tree swings without concern
Since time eternal, lies are alien to nature.

The Celebration

In this festival of kites, turning my face up to the sun
In my hands, I thread the kite's string
My feet planted on this earth, firmly.

And in the sky, astride my kite
I imagine a bird's-eye view of this jubilee
The sky is full of colour, a panoply.

My kite dances amongst the others, a festival of paper Holi
The treetops sing as the wind whistles,
No branches catch my kite, as it dances and twirls.

This kite is my own teacher, my Gayatri mantra
To all seekers it grants knowledge.
For once it escapes, its tether cut,

Everyone likes to chase it
No matter wealthy, brilliant or poor,
A release from all bonds, old and new, past and future

This kite has the grace of the sky, and the wind's sense.

The kite that soared, even once, so high

Has the memory of experience, of that essence.

My journey towards the sun too

Is a kite's life, limited by a string.

O Lord Shiva, master of the universe

The kite's string is in my hands.

As my string is in yours.

For the cause of every kite, the wind blows

For the cause of every being, Lord Shiva turns.

The kite dreams far higher than human ambition

Casting off its string, it flies into Lord Shiva's lap,

While we remain on this earth,

And spend our days untangling each other's knots.

“Kargil”

War is all destroying . It only brings extirpation. The aftermath of a war is always woeful and excruciating. It horrifies the citizens of the country. How can one forget the sanguinary, blood reddened dead bodies of our valiant soldiers who laid down their lives during the kargil war ? Our country fought a virulent war in kargil against Pakistan, the banana republic. This war mongering country made republic. This war mongering country made a felony and enormity, instigating India for the war. There was a ferocious conflagration between two countries . Our vigilant and watchful soldiers displayed their valor and heroism and gave a befitting reply to this violent and envious country and forced them to show a clean pair of wheels from the valley. But the after - effect of the war is heart rending and painful. The snow covered valley became reddened with the bloods of our soldiers. Thousands of our soldiers laid down their lives.

The poems “Kargil” is a saga of our valiant soldiers. The speaker here our valiant soldiers. The speaker here eulogises the heroism and gallantry of our brave soldiers and, at the same time he also mourns at the excruciating and painful death of our soldiers who have sown the seeds of victory, irrigating with their own life blood for the reason that our posterity won't wilt.

The poem begins with the speaker's recollection of visiting Kargil once to enjoy its scenic beauty. What appealed him the most was one of the peaks of this great mountain i.e. Tiger hill. At that time, this great mountain was covered with snow and created a picturesque sight of white solitude. The snow covered mountain peaks enthralled the speaker with its matches enthralled the speaker with its matchless beauty and contented this long cherished desire.

In the second stanza of the poem, The speaker presents a doleful picture of this great mountain. Each one of the snow crowded peak roars with the echoes of arms and ammunition. The ice slates on the mountain turns hot like the burning charcoal. The soldiers sow the seeds of victory, irrigating them with their own life blood for the reason that our posterity won't wilt.

Verb

I am a man of action
Even when I write,
I draw a circle of words
And then I make the circle a square.
In that circle which is now a square
I place words, colourful, smooth as marbles
These words of glass
Are words of truth-like tears
They form a period at the end of a sentence.

Near lie the adjectives, within the confines of a Lakshman Rekha
They keep the piety of Ram
Adjacent to them the nouns keep playing
A game of tic-tac-toe.

I keep the verb in the centre,
And then I draw one endless circle, resolute.

Proudly Seeking the Truth

They say that liars are pecked by crows.
Must we speak the truth only to escape this fate?
Truth is our pride, we wear it on our sleeve
Not a yoke of compulsion to wear around our neck.

If we don't speak the truth
Society jeers like a booing cuckoo
And your fate is that of a dead fish
Struck repeatedly by a hungry bird's beak

News fed by rumours
Rise early in the morning like a black sun.

From truth up to our agitation for truth
In our journey we meet,
Walking in lockstep
With the rows of our fellow seekers,
Forming crowds of the righteous.

Song of a New Direction

How long will dust rising from the herd of cows foraging
Suffocate the evening sun's breath
How long will the sharp breadth of the sun's rays
Pierce the winter mornings?
How long will the afternoon sun
Melt the black tar road?
How long before you
Stop creating cracks in my already parched fields.
Please stop before these cracks
Draw blood from somebody's soft feet.

Let me sing the song
Of the cool rays reflecting off the copper pot
Of the woman fetching water.

I want to sing the song of the sun ray's reflection
That shines in the sweat droplets
Of the hard-working woman at noon's peak
Let me sing of the small particles of dust rising
Around the child
Walking with soft butter feet
Through the dusty trail of the cows.

I want to make an album, a picture book
Of those small, shimmering grains of dust.
I want to draw the picture of a new direction
And give it the shape of progress.

In that picture's colour and form
Today I see a stain.
Is this blot the ugly side effect of progress?
They are none other than the remains
Of the barren stalks
That we have grown and unfortunately cherished.

These small grains of dust risen
By those walking with soft butter feet
Are smeared by their blood
They stain the earth red.

These are the marks of our motion, our progress so far.
Let us stop selling this stain as a norm.

I want to sing the song
Of mid-afternoon's hot sun.
Instilling the radiance in those very children
Just you wait and see.
In the album after this day there will be no stain
But alas, before this moment
The warm blood of so many children
Has infused these stalks, and flowed into this earth

This is why I beseech you,
Stop growing these unkind shoots
For I want to sing the song of a new direction,
Of progress so true.

Garbha - The Dance

“The mother and motherland are higher than heaven” is a maxim, that aptly describes the personality traits of Narendra Modi. His intense love for his motherland and his calm unagitated firm personality has made him a charismatic global leader. The poem “Garbha -the dance” is one of his such incredible creation that goes all praise for his native land “Gujrat”. Through this poem he showers praises on ‘Garbha’ dance for creating a distinct identity of his birth land. He holds this dance on high esteem, as it signified the greatest wealth and deepest spirit of the land.

He introduces the poem, saying - in order to know and understand my birth land, “Gujurat’. One has to learn and understand the ‘Garbha dance’. He further adds that the dance is everything to them. It is like a canvas depicting the true image of his motherland. In fact, the dance is so enchanting that it will move and way to any one. The dance glorifies the sun, the moon & the season of the land. To him the dance is like the song of the flute and touch of the peacock feather. He considers the dance as the intellect of his land. The dance as a sound of bringing them together in agreement, despite different.

It is your mind, It is upto you how you set it. You may even call life as death or and vice versa. Your false allegations and baseless accusations adultery of speech. You spread much rumor, Now, you and welcome to its treats. never forgets that “God sees everything”, Your Karma will back one day. Remember, Nature is there to bear silent, witness, calm detached and composed. Be careful you are under strict scrutiny.

In the Song

In this song hidden in the bird's feathers
The cuckoo and nightingale also speak.
In one wing is Earth's soul
And in the other, the radiance of the sky.

On my paper I sketch a sun
And I draw a full-faced moon,
On my paper flowers a tree

And on this tree sprout very green leaves
I placed rocks for kinsmen's remembrance
As spring shakes the Earth with dampness.

On one side a desert and the other side a sea
While on the third, a river's script,
My throat is parched with thirst of the Supreme
Hard as I try, yet unquenched
I walk carrying the sky on my shoulders
And sit on Mother Earth's lap.

Bouquet of Roses

There is a deep, evil trench,
Hatred of man, for man made it.

I want to become a bridge
I come bearing the purpose of love.
Union of man in common cause
Is an astonishing, wonderful occasion

Rolling in a garbage heap bereft of meaning
Though a rose that grows there is never in vain.
Removing the weeds strewn over the pile of garbage
We discovered, a bouquet of roses.

Proud, as a Hindu

I feel proud as a human, as a Hindu.
When it wells up, I feel vast, an ocean

My faith is not at the expense of another's
It adds to the comfort of my fellow man.
Only that man's companionship I like
Who is filled with the warmth of devotion
Where the Narmada's water flows like lifeblood,
I am a dewdrop on a flower.
I feel proud as a human, as a Hindu.

Even though the eye looks small
Its capacity for sight is vast indeed
One religious sect is not my street
Diverse my school of learning
Innumerable suns, clouds, planets, galaxies, in my sky,
I am but a moon.
I feel proud as a human, as a Hindu.

Renunciation

Leave this body, leave this illusion
Leave these material things, step out of the shadows.
Break this fort, break out of this cage
Leave these soft dreams of comfort.

Wander this night, roam this earth
In the dark, chant, walk alone.
Leave this speech, leave these meanings
Break the barriers and move free.

Take no notice of fellow wanderers
Be they there or not.
Leave this striving, leave this struggle,
Cover yourself softly with the path of the lone.

In Lockstep

The Sun God is my favourite deity
He holds the reins of seven horses
Firmly in his hands.

They move in lockstep, across the sky
His whip at his side, unused, lies idly by.

And still the sun's mind
His movement and his direction
Sure of foot, safe as horses.
The chariot carries only his love.

In the Shade of God's Umbrella

On the path of success lies jealousy
On the path of failure we court mercy
Beyond the two lies the salvation I seek.

Cowardice, my sworn enemy
Misery does not know my company.
By living with the fullness of grace,
I yearn to welcome death's embrace.

In God's protective shade I learn constantly,
I am happy as a student.
On the path of success lies jealousy
On the path of failure we court mercy.

Here is the salty ocean of slander
There is the honey-sweet speech of praise,
Both are useless encampments
Both to be kept at bay.

I pray that on the battleground, my limbs do not tremble
On the path of success lies jealousy
On the path of failure we court mercy.

Comes the Spring

The end is the beginning; the beginning, the end.
In autumn's heart sings coming spring
Sixteen years of age, somewhere a cuckoo's tune,
The flaming orange Kesuda, the tree of love?
It looks poor, but its wealth is hidden.
In autumn's heart sings coming spring.

Today, the forest shone as if in a wedding,
Each tree adorned with lighted lamps.
To give blessings the saints are coming.
In autumn's heart sings coming spring.

The Liar's Praise

Narendra Modi, he led a ragged life in order to reach the pinnacle like an ascetic devoted to pinance, he remains himself devoted and dedicated to the making of developed India. But his journey towards the prestigious position was not on a royal road, rather It was full of thrones. Many times people cost slun upon him. His liberal and genious image has been breached by many false and baseless allessations yet he remains calm an unagitated and holds the truth firmly giving the allegators a befting reply firmly, giving the allegators a befting reply. Through his Poem The liar's praise he give his appoments a firm reply saying " Nothing is further from Truth' - It can never be hidden or suppnesses how much one may try truth always comes to light.

He argues saying a person's perception ona certain aspect, depends on his own mind set. Etow you think and what you think about a person. It really matters not to that person, but Its only matters to you. If you call water stone or stone you say is water, It matters not to only but you. Similarly you may claim the cloud a fold in the sky or call it a lotus babul, it makes no difference to any but you. If you want to prove the day as night by spreading rumors. It's unto you. It's not my concern. You can call rumor truth and may claim that day is night autumn is spring. It's your day is night & autum is spring, it's your mind. you perceive, it's not my conern at all. If you want to slander the ocean and call it a desert, it's unto your choice.

Beyond the Picture

The image you see is me, yet not
In that poster I am there, and not
This is not a paradox.

A picture is not like a soul
It gets wet with water
It burns with fire,
When it gets wet or burns
The image goes, but the man remains.

Make no effort to search for me
In the picture, an exercise in futility
I am sitting, legs crossed
Confident-in speech, behaviour, deed.

You know me by my work only
Work that is life's poem
Poetry has the discipline of verse
It may also have tune or rhyme.
In my cradle, Geeta's essence

My work adorns the picture frame
For your eyes,
Without reason moist
As you feel my chaste love.

Not in this image but in the fragrance
Of my labour's sweat you find me.
I rest in the cloak of a heap of plans
My voice a distant cry, now you see,
Your own reflection in my eyes.

View

In the garden, a forest actually
I sit under one tree.

This green grass swings in the wind
As butterflies flap their wings, too fast to see
The black bee in its own humming
Drinking from the essence of the flowers.

With these flying scenes
So easy on the eye
As evening falls
Inside my mind's eye, one tree opens fully
In the darkness blossom starlike flowers
Wearing butterfly's wings I float in the wind.
Like a glow-worm,
Taking with me small, minute brightness

One soulful song I sing
Taking the love of all
This green grass sways in the wind
In my forest garden.

Devotion

We see the body do its deeds, we feel the mind plan its needs
But the eternal path is Advaita, and my true Lord Sitaram.
The veena plays the melody wordlessly
And small minute notes arise
My heart beats with one single word, your holy name.
The mind plans its needs and the body does its deeds

From all my senses leap this birth's emotional tides.
See from my eyes, my world floats restless.
I fix my thoughts on Ayodhya; and in it the eternal
Raghupati Raghav Raja Ram
The mind plans its needs, and the body does its deeds.

River Narmada

Our Narmada, not a mere river
Revered by her children across the ages
A worship of her flow eternal.

I trace her path traces across a map of the landscape
On Gujarat's palm, she is the lifeline
The master of her people's destiny.

Her life-giving waters are pure
Those who treat her ill or poison her bosom
Let them be warned of the vengeance
Of the poet Kabir who guards her shore.

This Narmada has many illustrious sons
Gandhijis, Narmads and Munshis,
She is the glint in Sardar Patel's eye
She holds Gujarat's very identity.

She is the goddess of our clan
And the giver of boons,
I bow to you, Mother.

Strength

Fate is not a master to be obeyed
I am a man who relishes a challenge.
Not satisfied reflecting others' glory:
I am myself a burning lantern.
No reliance on other dazzling lights:
My own light is enough for me
To cut through the vortex of darkness
The bright lotus gives me energy.
I have no interest in the fog of obfuscation:
I am open and frank.

Fate is not a master to be obeyed
I am a man who relishes a challenge.
I will not accept a horoscope as truth
And to the distant planets my head will not bend,
When cowards design this life's rules,
I will refuse to play their silly game.
I have no other inheritors:
I am my only heir.
Fate is not a master to be obeyed
I am a man who relishes a challenge.

Tomorrow's Challenge

Loud is the cry of the earth
Shrill are the screams of the sky
The right ways are forgotten paths
Challenging times for the likes of Lord Parth[1]

Human beings sold in enclosures
Their humanity denuded, turned into demons,
Calls to fight, the clarion of mayhem
Riotous, they run through the streets.

Walls of ego stand
Behind them, a slaughter of dreams.
There is a challenge, there is a call.

Soothing words of equality remained just talk
Unity was crushed,
Constitution's door closed
Leaving behind a cesspit of vengeance.
Tears are plentiful
And everywhere is darkness.
There is a challenge, there is a call.

Bodies hungry, minds broken
Man is angry with man.
The jeering crowd leaps as one
No thought, only action.
To break the walls
With eyes glowing like coal embers
There is a challenge, there is a call.

Search for dreams in ruins
For they give living meaning
Forgetting yesterday
Opening our hearts today,

Extending the horizons
We resolve to save the drowning ones.
Taking support of each other
Usher a bright new beginning.
There is a challenge, there is a call.

Butterfly

Alighting on the flower for a moment, the butterfly
drowns in a sea of colour.
Then takes flight,

On ponds of gentle fragrance nearby,
The butterfly skims across the surface.
A tender sun of happiness rises up
As the butterfly, work done, leaves the flower.

Amazing this life, its impermanence,
We come and go, our lives simply memories.
The bonds that bind, they don't break so easily.
As the butterfly drowns again, in a sea of colour.

Introduction to a Honeybee

At times various, I seem like a honeybee
Even in the winter morning's sun: I glow inside with the heat
Of Vaishakh
Flitting like a bee here and there,
I sit everywhere, but remain nowhere.
Sitting near a flower for a while, and then
I enter its fragrance.
Carelessly free, floating in gusts of wind,
I seek the flower pink
At times various, I seem like a honeybee.

Where there is a garden there is melody too
And colourful drama unfolds on the lawns,
I will not walk on the beaten paths
Mine are different, random walks.

You see this fakir, poor and carefree: but of mind I am
A wealthy tree
At times various, I seem like a honeybee.

I trip on a stone and stumble
All this freedom comes with obstacles,
I build steps from these very stones,
To ascend high up the mountain.

My God above is forever: I am everyone's companion for free.
At times various, I feel like a honeybee.

On Transparency

The enigmatic silence of a new moon's night
Or the guilt-laden criminal's mute defiance
These I never believe in keeping.

Remaining transparent and flowing
Like water, this celebration is what I cherish

The water of a mirage and
In its imaginary puddles, the frogs'
Impressions, all illusions of heaven
I gain from them no sustenance.

In raising angry eyes before injustice
Or in bending them calmly before justice
A human being
Should feel no shame.

Awaiting a New Day

In the torrid sky, a stony sun arose.
This whole day akin to jute-cloth
Coarse and rough.
The dry air touched the trees
Implacable, merciless.

The afternoon coughed like a sick patient
And the evening fell with a feeling of helplessness
To roll in the black slush of darkness.

The whole night, the sunflower
Awaits tomorrow's sun.
A new morn when,
The sun rises, becoming a flower.

God's Grace

O Lord !
This world and my own true self
I can please or I cannot please.
But you, O Lord,
I will never displease.

By your grace, thorns become flowers
If I stand in the falling rain
Without shade or cover
You come near, as sunshine.

Seasons may come and go,
Gone only to come again
But in the season of my heart
You are eternal spring.

You give me so much
That there are days when there is only one question
To you, to me, to both of us.
What should I do to please you?
Or, what should I not do?

Effort

Time may come to lower my eyes, but my vision will
Remain unbending
I remain upright as a mountain, pure as the river.

My words are not decorated
My speech has its fount from the navel,
I love this land.
I sing a song enjoying the silence, and in its melody
The values of our land echo across many centuries.
Time may come to lower my eyes, but my vision will
Remain unbending.

Behind each and every action of mine
Are God's blessings,
One who doesn't set out to do wrong, never has any fears:
All debates and dialogues, they are simply within.
I act according to my promise: I will never be immoral.
Time may come to lower my eyes, but my vision will
Remain unbending.

Prayer

In every crowd, in each gathering
The kinsmen, the friends so beloved
I welcome with open arms,
Into a warm embrace.

Above the doorway to my humble abode,
I have carved, "Truth is Welcome".
Even when it is a strange bedfellow
Or imparts mere cold comfort.
More than the lie of a fragrant garden,
The stench of manure is the Truth I value
I find Truth everywhere I look,
Even from my detractors, I sift it with care.
The rumours and deception, I shake them off
With courtesy and good judgment
Life must not be led astray by false witness.

To obtain the truth that lies between two extremes
An ability that God gifted to me.
Each one's truth can be different
And it usually is.

I wish to remain cleaved to my truth
For Truth is like the sun for me
I pray each moment
That my life may become the Gayatri Mantra.

Love

This love of mine is like a chain of liquid
It cannot be tied, no matter how hard one tries.
If anyone makes a promise that I do not like.
Then in that relationship my heart does not thrive.
This love freezing like overnight dew
Can never be captured, only felt.

The sun's rays never form a fist,
And blowing winds are never caged.
This love that is like a cloud with many forms
Can never be captured, only felt.

Fog will come and fog will go.
The sun floats high above it with disdain.
Graceful like a swan is my love:
Formless, it cannot be strung into a pearl necklace.

Futile Endeavour

I strived to conquer the high mountains
My journey ended at a few rocks.
I tried to create a blooming garden
To be rewarded with a thorny thicket.

I wanted to ford the mighty river waters
And stood defeated in the foam, amidst the shallows.
The warming sun remained far from me
I could only reach the images of shadows.

I went to fall in love with the moon
But instead lost the entire sky.
I longed for a single wave of the mighty ocean
As I sat by the water's edge, and cried.

At Midnight

Midnight opens a portal to the heart,
For words to burst, like a cuckoo's song
But we stay mute,
As the walls echo this loneliness.

The darkest secrets of the mind, locked within,
Though they seek to spread and flow like water
A longing to pour out the heart.
But we stay mute,
As the walls echo this loneliness.

Only we know the anguish within,
Is there a companion to share
These emotions that build behind the padlocked door,
Frustrated, they ransack the mind.
But we stay mute,
As the walls echo this loneliness.

Mind's Eye, Third Eye

One morning a new eye opened in my mind,
and with it a wildfire
Lighting up every part of my body.
And in the midst of that desert I search within
For that fragrant garden.

I see happy people and sad ones too
I see the ill, I see those resplendent in luxury
The one who has left material things,
His body lies freed from illness.
An inner chord jingled,
And brought with it a melody.
I explained this to myself
It was my awakening.

I picked up the thorns
And spread thin a carpet of flowers.
On this parched earth have I
Sown a rainbow.
Searing through those beads of sweat
My fate bursts forth from my brow.

We Merge as One

The sea roars, and striving
Takes the sky in its arms
This is my inspiration,
My strength, my youthful energy!

At times, the sound of the sea is a clarinet
And at others, the beat of victory drums
At the far edge of the ocean, where it meets the clouds
I sometimes see a hill, and atop, a shrine.

To submit to any coast or land
Is not the ocean's nature.
If we show the needed courage,
To gather in our palm its flowers of foam,
In which froth flows
The fragrance of the secret garden of the waves.
At the water's edge, the foam hides
The cry of the river, as it dies in the sea.
The river and the ocean become one
At last together, inseparable again.

The mountain taught me to stand tall.
And the ocean taught me to make waves

You can carve inscriptions on my solid form
Or cast me in a die when I melt into liquid

We hold the chisel of emotion in one hand
And the hammer of affection in the other
We pound the wall of distant horizons
And chisel the roof of the sky...
In this all-too-human sea
And bounty of a full green nature
Our home takes shape
And as our minds expand
We build the whole world, together.

Incantation

An autumn night, in the desert
Each grain of sand glistens, in a golden glow
The beauty of each moment
Feels forever, joined with eternity

Life flows, each moment comes and goes
Flowing water drops
Glisten
Waves of wind
The scent of flowers
A burning lamp
The feeling of everything that happens,
But this life which comes, and then goes
Has no fixed abode, yet none ask why this is so.

Last eve life would have also paused
Those moments gone by can also be relived
In the coming moments a lamp of hope can be lit
Darkness can kiss this light also
And the moment of flowing life can also be stopped.

I lived life fully for some moments at least
Few, but they suffice.
I paused every once in a while,
On life's laboured walk.

Each breath carries a scent
In every speech there is love
The memory of that evening past

In my restrained tears there is yet hope of flowing
In my sleeping dreams, ahead is always a new morning.

In this routine, machine life
By merely pausing, I obtained
A new chant of beauty.

Mother, Give Me the Spirit

I beg of you, the giver of life
As I sit, hands folded, in my heart's closet
You bless me to stay free from evil
You give me spirit, you give me strength
You give me virtue
That keeps me on the true path
That is my only vow
To have your unconditional love
And be blessed by your grace.

I have renounced all attachment
To be detached, is my way
No garlands of flowers
Nor shades of fragrance
Though in your worship are varied colours
I am detached, yet I do not feel estranged
For the gift of calmness you gave to me,
Bless me with spirit, with inner strength

Mine is the way of the valiant
Your affection is infinite

In the ocean of my life, yours is the true feeling
In the ocean of my life, yours the lone ship

The ocean too cries some days
In anguish, yet I remain resolute
Bless me with spirit, with inner strength.

Park and garden may sometime dry
Flowers may wither on the vine
The gardener himself may shirk from his task
Then you sprinkle your tears
On defects, and close your eyes.
Braid a garland of flowers in such a way
It only manifests God's form.
Bless me with spirit, with this inner strength.

Attachment

My only attachment is to a blank canvas.
Look inside its heart, so white,
Where so many faces remain out of sight.

This unmarked canvas is a cloud's face
And when the cloud showers, grows very green grass.
Somewhere seen as trees and mountains
And eyes that feel the wind's breath.
No one is a stranger or foreigner
In silence also we like this nature.

Bees, butterflies and unknown birds
Build one cottage of leaves,
I lift this paper, and from it inhale
The scent of the first rain.

The white canvas is soft, silky.
I cover myself with her unseen shadows.

Let Them Meet in Fairs

Forming aimless crowds into fairs
Is my life's religion
My life's calling, its action!
In fairs man brings a friendly face
The meetings are fruitful,
A passing of time beautiful.

I am a man whose belief is 'can do'
I know not the word 'cannot'.
If any building is falling
I rush to hold it up in support.
Behind man is Lord Madhav

In front of him is Lord Raghav.
I have the flute of Krishna
And the bow of Shiva
Being human, I am blessed.

In earth I see heaven
My only claim on riches.
Let the unruly crowds move on
To meet as brothers, in fairs.

Secret

The trees, covered by night
Stand shrouded in a black veil, on these
I do not wish to set my eyes.

I wish to see trees
Standing in bright sunlight
Catching the full afternoon's sunshine
Blooming with flowers, fragrant with birds,
Lighting up my eyes.

The innocence of the morning's trees
The afternoon's trees' passion of youth
The wisdom of the evening's trees-
These I long to preserve in every vein.
Trees: my soul's succour
Asleep in the shade
Warm, an afternoon's breath
My shadow wraps itself in it
The wind's tender offering
Catching teardrops of rain.
Trees: mirrors of my existence, my character.
My secret.

Ramesh Parekh

To this moon festival, all have brought themselves,
Some have come with dreams, some with the empty
Darkness of night.
In full afternoon, night has risen, and blackness fills the eyes,
Without Ramesh this life of mine wastes away.
Time, once a noble friend, is now a fierce enemy,
And tears silently hindered.

To Ramesh's hand-writ musings I name the stars,
In memory of the lanes of Amreli, that village of poetry.
Those were the days, when we earned the scars.

With spectacles, though eyes vacant, I can see like Ramesh.
The words form by themselves, they become a poem.
His likeness, still in the frame, his gaze unwaveringly on me.

Towards the Goal

Eyes fixed on the goal
Forgetting self
Running and jumping
Sometimes
Shaking and trembling
On a blood-spattered road
Taking steps
And seeing dark red
Footprints
Spreading teary-eyed smiles
From my predecessors'
Bloodshed,
And sun rays reflected.
The bright sun's rays
Making my smile's redness
Fade in the haze
And at that time my sense of self
Would disappear
The goal seemed near
And my movements, suddenly quicker.

Vande Mataram

Vande Mataram...
Is not a mere song
It is our honour,
Our wealth and grandeur,
This offering of freedom's greatest sacrifice,
This cry of our nation's worship,
This great incantation of the throbbing heart of the republic
This relentless pulse of progress
Remains our unbeaten identity...

This memory of 1857's floodlight,
For truth and its works'
Consecration in blood
An eternal flame.

Vande Mataram...
Is not a mere word,
It is our incantation,
Freedom's energy beat,
This is development's regal march,

A pledge to our nation's life-path,
Her people's morning breath
Their plea for enlightened consciousness
Vande Mataram...

Love so Strange

When the moon rises
Does not the ocean leap ?
When the sun rises
Does not the sunflower smile ?
Does the mighty river at journey's end
Ever refuse to meet the sea ?
When the flower blooms
Does the humming bee ever fall silent ?
When the bells toll
Can the temple keep its doors shut ?
When the lamps in the courtyard are lit,
Does not the temple shine radiant ?
To feel this wondrous, true love
So difficult and strange - why must it be ?

Dawn of Wonder

The dark night of defeat has faded away
Victory's dawn has risen.
We celebrate the dawn today
And a brighter tomorrow
A massive wall of darkness has been broken.
And a brave new dawn has arisen.

Now let us all take the oath
Clamber aboard our brave and steadfast chariot
Catch everyone in self
Reject our own selfishness
Flower and fragrance are together delighted.
A brave dawn has arrived.

Now there is no story of sorrow or grief
No mourning, no more to torment
The storm has gone far away
And amid the sky's huge spread
Thorny crises forever banished
As dazzling hopes are born and set free.
A brave dawn; time for glee.

Zeal in the house of Mars on the chart
With the scent of dreams in each cell
We keep the faith of 'Ram' in our hearts
There is no occasion for melancholy.
A brave dawn, a time to be free.

Let Anguish Flow

Let the tears slide.
If a flower falls, let it lie.
Let it perish, forgotten in the dust.
Let anguish flow.

Dreams have been drowned
Without reason, submerged.
With tears sitting in the window of the eye, let them
Observe bird-like
Let anguish flow, let the tears slide.

The moment it overflows, hope gently smiles
On an unknown heartfelt emotion.
In my eyes' lakes the swans cruise
Let anguish flow, let the tears slide.

These dreams of happiness and sorrow,
Mirages of a faraway land,
I cover myself with the shadows of leaves
As overcast clouds shower you to their heart's content.
Let the anguish flow, let the tears slide.

Words

My words are strong as rocks
My flowing words, pebbles in the stream.
The stones and water, only when together do they speak
You and I bond well, yet
We are different in companionship
Waiting for us to dock together
Is infinity's shore.
I am the king of stories and you, the queen of fables.

One river and two banks
One side yours, the other mine.
Time wanders ceaselessly
As a nomad.
She knows our tales of woe, yet remains a stranger,
Unknown.

Timeless, the Season

Each day's assembly, in every hour's crowds
They gather in large numbers, those cameramen
Dazzling my eyes with torrential flashes of light
Enlarging my voice with this microphone
I am bemused at my Maker's grace.
I never cease to be perplexed
From what fount gushes forth this stream of words ?

Sometimes in front of injustice
The tenor of my voice rises
And other times a river of words
Flows tranquil,
Sometimes words flow akin to the flowers of spring
To clothe themselves in meaning, unaided
A caravan of words keeps moving
And I gaze upon their journey, ever amazed.

In the midst of so many words
I save for myself solitude
And entering into that comforting womb of silence
Enjoy the bounty of the ancient seasons, alone.

Seeds of Dreams

I never fear to call a stone by its name,
I repeat the sound of water as water,

I am a man of naked reality.
I see the sky
To be infatuated by the rainbow.
But my home is built on stone
Never on a rainbow.

Of the colours of the rainbow
My dreams are made
Not romantic these dreams
They gather penance,
A whole life's worth.

You may have dreams, or you may not
But these seeds of dreams
That I sow in my land
I drench with sweat, and await
Their sprouting, become a banyan tree;
Then like some giant's arms

Branches spread
Birds build nests
And begin to reach the sky.
From their throats like rivers flow
The songs of God, and their eternal sounds ripple.

Contemplate Together

To the dawn, birthed from the womb of night, I say
Come, sit near me
My love for you overflows
Your birth brings a smile
to my countenance
I don't know
Between us, who is the father, who is the child?
But this I do know
That together
Laving aside the prickly pain of sharpened thorns
We develop, fragrant as flowers.
On day's branch flowers bloom
Birds' cries also spread fragrance.
Their cries disperse just like the flowers' scent
The smell and the sound, in motion, remain formless
Their coordination, their condition and their motion
Focal points of my meditation.

Come, you and I together
With this boon of contemplation
Strive to be that much
Let us live, filling our hearts with contentment.

Sea-Sailor

To possess a large heart
Full of spirit, full of life
These are the oars
The rudders of our life.
The stars in the sky
And the moon our beacons
The teachers of old in the sky
Our path-guides.

Cracks have formed in this ocean
Our countries, torn apart
What is known
To the seers in the sky,
Is that the ocean knows no walls
What Hindustan? What Pakistan?
Crossing a fractured border
This is each day's punishment.

Let someone pass, or do not pass
The rescuer may come, or cease to be one
But in this heart is patriotism
Like fire burning the ocean.

Resolve

There are days when I arise to
A fire-oozing sun.
A hot fiery day
And burn I do
In the fire-spitting sky
I search for a cool vessel
To bring down the rays' arrows
And pierce this labyrinth
Of shade and shadows
In the caravan of options
I find staunch resolve.

Resolve's light Resolve's energy
Resolve's lyric
Resolve's company
Rising evening
Like a herd of cows' dust
Today there shines
An intellectual's halo
To rich men's fortunes
This head does not bow.
As helplessness is not in my blood.

Remembrance

Like hazy light, this faint recollection
Has gone to drink from darkness.
Darkness so dreadful
Darkness all-encompassing.

A leaf falls from the tree
As that recollection falls...

The loss of memories... means what ?
And filling those gaps...how?
How much can be stored in memory's well ?

In recollection oceans leap
Recollection is a hot summer's afternoon
With no nails but claws
Put out the lamps of recollection
Cut off its wings
Recollection cannot be pushed aside
So break off its eye.

Cut off its tongue
Though these lips cannot be stitched

Recollection gets giddy
Entangled in darkness
With recollection my throat is obstructed
My life picked apart

Recollection has many colours and forms
It is both shade and sunshine.
Recollection has no footfall
Recollection has no sanctity.
What is sunrise to recollection?
Is there a sunset to recollection?

What is death to recollection?
Why must we surrender to recollection?
It has no covering of cloth.
No roof over its head
Recollection is a flowing stream
On this stream life is floating.

Chant of the Hindu

To be a Hindu, follow this chant
Repeat this single incantation
Indus Indus one song
This incantation is like a pearl
A circle of light in the darkness
We will spread light
Far and wide in this world
No bar dividing high and low
Dissolving our own body
With a smile to our fellow men
Singing songs of effort
Creating temples in the heart.
Let us spread light.

That no one is the enemy: we are all friends
This is our character.
Avoiding disagreements
Create new dialogue.
Let us spread light.
Food and clothing
Virtues and bounty
Will be easily available here

Very green will be the earth
And pleasant the star-filled sky
Unity, equality and affection
We will preserve by nurture
Let us spread light here.

Eleventh Direction

Fearless of mind
A song endowed with tune
A healthy love bound by soul
A visionary smile
The very wind ecstatic
As water flows unhindered
The sky breathes fragrant
Each moment sacred, blessed with fire.

Earth bringing love, fragrant
And God my friend
I dwell on, each day
Not the future, not the past
Marked only with present moment
No practices, certainly no ways
Calm is the silence that holds away

In this moment, beyond all ten directions
It is in the eleventh direction, the sound of music.

Poetry “ Letter to Mother” By Narendra Modi

Forward

This is not an attempt at literary writing; the passages featured in this book are reflections of my observations and sometimes unprocessed thoughts, expressed without filters.

A public figure is always judged by his position; irrespective of what he says or does, his persona becomes so exaggerated that it is difficult to trace the man behind the image or, let me put it this way, there comes a time when there is no desire in us to search for the individual behind the mask.

To live an ordinary life is a privilege and deep within, all of us are but ordinary mortals affected by the positive and the negative showering bestowed upon us by the universe. None of us are above vices, virtues, hope, disappointment, love, yearning, expectations or ambitions.

Like you, I am an ordinary mortal with some strengths and some weaknesses, and like everyone, I am constantly struggling to become more aware and evolved.

Sometime in the past when the pressures became insurmountable, I got into the habit of writing letters to the Mother Goddess, whom I address as Jagat Janani. I shared my innermost thoughts with her every night before going to bed, and this exercise had a strangely calming effect on me. I looked forward to everyone falling asleep, so that I could retire to a quiet corner with my notebook.

The intention was never to get published, the jottings were for myself. I am not a writer, most of us are not; but everybody seeks expression, and when the urge to unload becomes overpowering there is no option but to take pen to paper, not necessarily to write but to introspect and unravel what is happening within the heart and the head, and why. The exercise proved cathartic, and even though it was a one-way communication with the Mother Goddess, the discipline of rewinding my daily thoughts healed me in a strange, unique way, like I was being shielded by a bigger force.

I wrote every single night, for years; and every few months, I systematically tore up all the pages and threw them into a bonfire. I have lost count of the number of pages I have consigned to the flames. Then one day, while I was in the process of igniting the flames, my dear friend and respected colleague from the RSS. Narendra bhai Panchsara visited my home unannounced. He was led to the garden where I was busy tearing up sheets of paper. Panchsara bhai snatched the remaining pages from my hand. He was angry and admonished me for destroying my valuable jottings, emphasizing the importance of documentation. That you wrote them and preserved them all this while is proof that these are precious to you; to destroy them is to disrespect your instinct,' he said.

His words impacted me and I promised him that I would revere my instinct and stop lighting my quarterly bonfire. Years went by and one day, I still don't know how, Image Publishers got wind of my journal and wrote to me seeking my permission to publish these writings as a book. I declined, but once again it was Panchsara bhai who insisted I agree to the offer - probably because he feared that if they weren't published, I might try to destroy the pages again! The remains of those diary pages comprise "Saakshi Bhaav", which was published in the year 2014.

I owe these letters and the book to my respected friend Panchsara bhai: had he not visited me that day, had he not intervened, had he not admonished and awakened me, I would have lost the opportunity of sharing my intimate conversations with the Jagat janani, wherein I present her my innermost feelings of fear, sorrow and conflict, the ordinary feelings of an ordinary man. I'm aware that my expressions are often abstract; perhaps when the heart is overwhelmed the mind races faster than the hand on paper, and so, yes, my expressions are sporadic and at the same time overflowing. I am not a professional writer, I don't understand structures and formats, but I do understand emotions - and I write because I feel strongly and cannot contain myself at that moment.

The Mother Goddess understands this, I am sure; she does not judge me, does not grade me by my choice of words or phrases it does not matter to her whether I write prose, poetry, essays or random thoughts. She understands my intent, understands what is expressed and also what is left unsaid. And if I understand all this, why did I destroy all that I created? The only logical explanation I can offer is that probably because it is painful to revisit suffering.

Today, however, I seek strength from memories, have faith that all the joyous moments will linger and that sorrows will wither away. If the mind is positive there's always hope. I love books and read a lot, I am attracted to art and culture, but I don't fancy myself as a litterateur. I was reluctant to get the Gujarati version of Saakshi Bhaav published but was coerced into it by close friends, and the English translation after six years is a pleasant surprise.

It feels strange to read what you wrote many years ago, because you are not the same person anymore and your circumstances are different too; and yet, it is all a part of you, your journey, and I will not shy away from my outpourings. I wrote then what I felt at the time and I write now what I feel today. People judged me then; people continue to judge me today. I wasn't seeking endorsement many years ago and I am not seeking validation today.

All of us are entitled to self-expression and that's exactly what I have done.

Narendra Modi

Purpose of Life

There has been an invigoration in the country's Politics Since the day Narendra Modi became the Prime Minister. By racking his brain and wit, he has accomplished all these things that seemed to be impractical. He lives a life with a purpose. His work we are life and Persisted effort in awakening the nation, have made him a charismatic leader of Global repude. Like a permial river, he has been consistently making effort, day in an day out to transform his motherland into a developed nation.

In his Poem "Purpose of Life" he has masterfully displayed his literary skill by considering human life as motionless and constant. Like an old, outdated calendar with a contrast to the universe, which is about speed. So he is in a dilemma whether to move with the pace or challenge it. He is unable to fit into all this. He Can't decide whether to make a progress free movement or to make a mere illusion of movement.

He considers himself as the still calendar. On the wall, the indicator of time, Yet he makes an illusion of movement. But he is unable to decide whether he is making a positive movement on it is that, because there is life, there is movement. He is apprehensive about the pace, progress and deterioration d-his movement because he doesn't know who determincs the guidelines. To him, it is all subjective as one's progress often proves unfavourable to another. Hence life is to be experienced what is apparent. If life is restricted by the visible boundaries, then the flames of dis contentment can't be doused.

One should always understand that dis contentment triggered by deep reflection becomes the motto of our Life for which it Becomes difficult for us to overcome attachment. At times, life appears a tomb of dream with ushering speed and thouthts and at other times it seems to be a ruin of dreams, soaked in tears, so he wishes for a life filled with compassion and devoid of expectations. He never implores for it, rather yearn for it.

Debries of Dreams

Punish this body if you have to
Break it into pieces
I will not cringe
But tell me, mother
Is it fair to bruise me thus ?

Your Creation

Narendra Modi is a diligent, eager and persevering and socioable figure in the firmament of politics. His minute consideration of a matter, impartial judgement. Sharp intelligence, keen intellect and self abnegation have made him a man of distinct vision with an imposing personality. His well thought out effort to develop his nation has been far reaching and extending to distant future. His excellent policy, morality and good conduct with deliberate judgement have been an Ocular evidence for the nation that he is second to none. His fearlessness and boldness in taking decision to uplift our country have been praise worthy and admirable.

It is said that every successful person has a painful story. Prime Minister Narendra Modi is not an exception. He has undergone immense hardship in life. In his letter to mother "Your Creation". He has Penned down meticulously the order that he had undergone in his life. While writing this letter to mother, he was in a melancholic state. To him, everything is ephemeral and change is inevitable. It is the law of the universe. The rush of life ushers change in surroundings. The morning sun like yesterday circulates the universe and misleads but the quest for well-being remains a far fetched dream because the chaos within him are not ready to stop. He feels as if he was hit by a clone.

It is said that time heals all sorrows but he is not certain that the mere thought of making an effort is daunting. A wave of thoughts raises questions about life so he asks a number of question to the divine mother seeking her guidance. In his letter, At first, he asks question to mother to tell him whether life is a poet created by her and the lows and the highs are her mercy or not. He again asks mother if these apparent disbeliefs a ploy to validate. Her supremacy. If he has unflinching faith in her in life, then why he is unable to submit to changing circumstances and further asks her why he resists the surprises at different curves and wonders why human desires a life only of his imagination.

He again asks the divine mother whether it is because life offers choices or because we submit to what prevails as the will of Almighty. He further questions her to tell him whether human generosity can be a facade for cowardice or a defence mechanism to safeguard oneself. To glorify such mind set as buoyancy, is to delude oneself and our loved ones.

Then he asks mother whether life is only about exploitation, if so how human can preserve his virtues, how we conquer our misgivings or whether this is the reason we are doomed to darkness. He again asks mother whether such hypocrisy can ever lead to eternal happiness. An evolvment that is distorted can neither bring prestige nor retain identity. In any case, in this large universe how many can man fool and for how long ? and how many costumes can he change on the stage of life. Is this then his final exit, definitely not !

He states “Trusting your prowess, the veils will drop, the mask will fall. Perhaps the universe will endure but will certainly accept”. He writes it is your mency mother, that I am to connect with the oneness and the reason. He yearns to preserve her integrity but the heart cries saying why make life into a compromise. When it com be determination. Only the supreme must have our submission, only then we can experience bliss atleast that’s what he aspires for. He pleaded mother to free him from this bondage and liberate him, empower him to assess people, beyond masks, beyond words. He doesn’t wont to judge and exert his superiority.

In his letter he says to divine mother that he wants to decipher the right from the wrong, which is imperative for his growth. He further wants to extend his strength beyond self and asks mother to bless him that he will never be unjust to others and if injustice crosses his path, he has the strength to confront. He is like the ever bankrupt trader, seeking new loans and he blessings all the time. He is certain that she is the provider and the protector.

Mother Goddess

I want to light lamps
In every feeble, dreamless eye
I want to ignite speed
Into all drained, standstill feet
I want to shake up the silent ocean
Row oars of passion
Into the quietly flowing waves

Tender Gaze

It is all your doing
Without you guarding me
Would I have survived this
biting cold ?
Or write these words
Seated under this forest tent?
No specific subject, random
thoughts
Just a few worries, I guess

Supreme Confidence

The restlessness to dream
For a prosperous nation
The ambition to expand
From the minuscule
To the magnitude
Of combining
Discipline with institution

The Heart is a Temple

So many queries...
Or should I say so many
expectations of me!
Mother, will I be able to fulfil
them all ?
Will I hold true of their faith
in me ?
With dedicated hard work
Will I accomplish the promise ?
I sense immense trust
But also, high expectations

Inspiring New Life

How the world perceives me
Is of little significance to me
As long as this heart
Remains connected with you

Mercurial Time

Mother, today was the meeting
I spoke little,
Felt alone amidst a crowd
The heart overflowed with
sorrow
Then why was
I unable to express it, mother ?

Time Travels

The Poet and Prime Minister Narendra Modi is a virtuous and righteous person of good character. He is a political leader of highest excellence and is continuously endeavouring making a developed India. He never looks for others' flaws or outrages the public opinion. He has an unblemished countenance in politics and always strives hard to make his nation reach the extreme point of success. But his journey so far has been through utter misery. His opponents never hesitate to use hateful, despicable and contemptible remarks against him to weaken his spirit. To some he may be a hateful, obnoxious and contemptible figure but to many he is a saviour of our nation from utter misery.

In his letter "Time Travels" he writes to divine mother asking her blessings and guiding him the way how to transform 'time' into immortal. He says;

Human life is transitory, but time is fleeting by nature. Sometimes it tiptoes out of the room and at some other times. It spreads like a rock on his chest and weighs him down with its burden. He was quite unaware of the facts that time has thorns which may poke and pierce, bruise and bleed one's heart. Sometimes time is fragrant. It gently and smoothly passes by and exits without remnants of aroma without touch without signs. But man has forever trapped time within the hands of the clock and assembled it in small structures and machines. Yet sometimes, Somewhere, Time must feel restricted in its quietude, in its stillness on in its peace. Such moments stand still untouched and preserved like a statue, which is sometimes visible where as at other times invisible.

Then he writes to mother asking how many such moments in our lives, in our society and in our nation, can be described as immortal. Perhaps, such moments in our lives remain unexpressed but the intensity remains unmistakable. He then says that something similar occurs within the human heart when a solitary dew drop is isolated from gushing rain. It seeks shelter deep inside us as within, an oyster transforms into a precious pearl and becomes immortal. But for this to occur the heart must overflow with love, the outcry laced with tremor. The quest so intense that it scathes the flame so severe that it burns the past, Present and the future.

Then he says:-

Where everything is entwined and entangled, where eyes view from the soul and ears echo their own drums and where nerve ends meet collectively, such moments alone transform time into the immortal.

Then he says:- Time needs to be paused it needs to take shape. At times it needs to endure suffering euphoria and at other times it needs to get overwheeled.

So he expresses his desire to the divine mother to conquer time and seize moments of life. He requested mother to drop the time dew which will pave his path. He concludes the letter saying he will float through life waiting for it till that happens. Sometimes, Somewhere

Reating out of a Vacuum

To create

You need deafening silence

You need to absorb the
magnitude

Of the horizon within you

You need to look within you

Your eyes wide open

“This is the only Path”

Narendra Modi is a seasoned scholar and a dynamic, decisive and development- oriented leader who has emerged as a ray of hope for the dreams and aspirations of a billion Indians. He is a Champion of Transparency and Good Governance. His dynamic leadership is propelling India towards a bright and global future. Under his able leadership, our country has embarked on an incredible journey of transformation. In Fact India's economic landscape has transformed under his tenure. His commitment to a corruption-free administration has earned him widespread respect. His dedication to transparency ensures that the government truly serves the people.

In his poem "This is the only path" which he composed on 23rd December 1986 in the form of a letter to Mother Goddess, he says that from dawn to dusk, we get an opportunity to meet and acquaint with different types of people every day but very few of us can understand their hearts or nurture an appetite for bonding. It seems to be confusing because we have got lost hunting a reflection of self or it is that a person uses gadgets for his own convenience. He exploits people to his advantage. He further says

that wherever we look 'we can see the cry of anguished hearts which is an indication of gloom. He says man exploits man earlier but now man exploits religion so he wants to embrace mankind with all the failings and without expectations therefore he asks divine mother to give him strength to accomplish it. In a facade of submission, he aspires to capture more. He asks mother whether the human heart will continue to be so cruel and man will never lead a simple, uncomplicated, tender and tranquil existence, devoid of expectations.

Anguished Cry

You are determined to torment me
And I seem destined for
suffering
Still I have faith in my integrity
I know, I will someday
Court the circumstances I
deserve
Mother,
I have submitted to you
What more can I do ?

Pen is not an Orphan

Why is it that
Despite my immense suffering
There is no trace of creation ?
Then is it compassion not
anguish
That compels creation ?

Constant Conflict

My only plea to you, Mother
Is to bestow me with patience
That someday
The existing darkness dispels
Someday
The ongoing conflict ceases
Someday
Enlightenment will prevail

Sacrifice and fulfilment -

Narendra Modi is one of the greatest visionaries and revolutionaries of our times, and is highly respected for his instinctive sense of diplomacy. His Visionary leadership and his focus on development, eye for detail and efforts to bring a qualitative difference in the lives of the poorest of the poor have made Narendra Modi a popular and respected leader across the length and breadth of India. He has a good deal of knowledge in international affairs. Under his leadership, India is propelling towards a bright and global future. With groundbreaking initiatives, he has uplifted countless lives, ensuring that every Indian can dream big. At a very young age he had decided to devote his life in service of the people. He displayed his skills as a grass root level worker, an organiser and an administrator during his 13 year long stint as the Chief Minister of his home state of Gujarat, where he ushered a paradigm shift towards pro-people and proactive good governance. Now India stands as a global example in different fields, because of his constant dedication and ceaseless effort.

Narendra Modi's life has been a journey of courage, compassion and constant hard work which are reflected throughout his literary works. They depict human behaviour and display compassionate humanism. Most of his literary creations highlight Social Context and provide a feel for his characters through everyday life. They are marked by sparkling wit, and genial humour and provide an insight into human nature. His poems blend realism with fantasy, satire with deep compassion, humour and pathos. In this poem "Sacrifice and Fulfilment "

He said how we have saturated all our deliberations, comparing ourselves with the western lifestyle. Technology, since its inception, has demolished our emotions so we are unable to contain ourselves and also unable to accept the supremacy of the West and also unable to expand our horizons. He says that how we live in our narrow walls for which we are unable to obtain and offer, what persists us is our inability to endure and absorb.

Story “Abode of Love” by Narendra Modi

Narendra Modi is well known as a charismatic politician and a successful Chief Minister of Gujarat but very few people know that he is also a writer. Written when Narendra Modi was a youth, the stories in this book reveal a hitherto unknown, sensitive and literary facet of his personality.

These stories were written during 1975-1977 when Emergency was imposed in the country. Rashtriya Sevak Sangh, the organization for which Narendra Modi worked, was banned and he had to go underground. Those long periods of forced isolation and living incognito turned out to be a blessing in disguise, as Narendra Modi says, "Till then the only writing I had done was on the answer sheets during exams. But when I was charged with the Responsibility of preparing pamphlets and posters for the mission, perforce, I had to write and gradually writing became a habit. And I discovered the power and might of the humble pen."

The stories in this book are centered around the theme of love. It is Narendra Modi's belief that a mother's love is the source of all love and the different kinds of love we experience in our life are reflections and shades of a mother's love.

Narendra Modi wrote a few stories which were published in Gujarati Magazines, later on the prodding of friends and well wishers, those Gujarati stories were compiled in a book titled - “PREMTEERTH” - the translation of those stories is presented in this volume.

Abode of Love is the English translation of the stories originally written in Gujarati. A critique of each story by an eminent Gujarati writer enhances the value of this collection.

Foreword

I have something to tell you...

As I step into the world of literature lovers
with this small collection of short stories,
'Abode of Love'
I have something to tell you..

These stories have emerged over the years
written on separate occasions and
in different surroundings

Whether or not 'Abode of Love' will stand the
scrutiny of being a work of literature

I do not know

But surely 'Abode of Love' does have
the fragrance and beauty of relationships
the ring of integrity and truth
melancholy contrasting with the flavours
of blooming emotions and mirth

The unadulterated endless flow
of a mother's affection
just like the hidden river Saraswati
the feelings the intangibles...

This collection of stories is bound
with a common thread of experience
which affirms it

I dare not have the delusion of ranking myself
a litterateur just because my work is
being written or printed

I have not been so fortunate to have an endless
literary flow of words in my being
But befriend words like a seasonal stream
that spouts during the monsoon

I dedicate this humbly
at the lotus feet of Goddess Saraswati.
These scattered words are being compiled

after much loving prodding by friends
Mr. Gunvant Shah, has shed light on
the thought processes involved in 'Abode of Love'
He has done this in spite of time constraints
I am grateful to him for this
Pravin Prakashan Pvt. Ltd. and Mr.
Gopalbhai too need to be commended

I had this novel idea to have a critique
written for each story of this collection
I daresay this approach has been
adopted in Gujarati for the first time
My thanks are due to the patriarchs of Gujarati literature
who wrote these critiques

Friends
Neither is this book an abode of love nor
does it claim to be a destination of an abode of love
Abode of love is not a place created by an architect
The abode of love resides in your being
The address of abode of love could be within reach for some
and some fortunate ones may already have reached it
The address of abode of love is in your very conscience
The address of abode of love is all around you
The light of the abode of love is at every
turn in your journey of life
Take a little time out of your busy life
to peek into your own self and I am sure
that you can never fail to discover the abode of love

-Narendra Modi

“The Longing ”

The ultimate desire of an Indian Women to attain mother as a step mother Sunanda Sacrificed her motherhood to spread the message of love and affection for her children.

Short story is a jolly work of art. An ideal short story throws some moral lesson or teaching points at the end. Everyone may not like to read a story but surely every one loves to listen to a story. It is not that one has a dislike or an aversion for stories, it is only read and that is his or her misfortune. But even those who do not like to read, surely like to listen to one.

Why do people like stories ? There are mainly two reasons either one has not been able to live a life that he desired and being in that microcosm of the story gives him a feeling of stepping into another world that gives him happiness. Secondly, he wishes to repeatedly enjoy some moments which he may discover that story touches upon some hidden fibre of his being which helps those latent emotions to re-emerge.

The most powerful and eternal human emotion is love, love does not mean just a man women relationship or a cosy physical mingling of emotions or energy between two opposites human being love in internal love. It blinds and it conquers the heart the world. It is an intangible feeling that sends the vibrations to create a song in the hearts of men. It may not necessarily be a human it could be an animal or even a thing .

The Venus Buffalo belonging to Jumo Bhisti or Dhumketu can never be forgotten even after decades of its birth the love of Bhaiyadada towards the free which he planted and reared are unforgettable once you read about it.

The longing in one such tale. The beginning has Ramanlalan standards, while we come across a beginning as what's a life without a dream ? when the dreams are crushed reminds us of Ramanlal Vasantlal Desai As we read further we are reminded of R.V. Desai's story called ' Kharee Maa' (The True Mother). The father of a teen aged girl and a young boy lost his wife in his middle age. He brought home a twenty eight year old Sunanda as his wife. His eighteen year old daughter Avani and fifteen year old Baiju cannot make themselves accept her. The belida in that a step mother cannot accept children from her husband's previous marriage. In this case the children who are on the threshold of being adults do not agree with the arrival of their step mother. The step mother strives hard to transform herself into their real mother with whole hearted sincerity, but without success. She tries to celebrate her son's birthday but to no avail. This too does not go down well with her children. It is obvious that a biological mother would

take care of her growing daughter. As a stepmother Sunanda tried her best to emulate the real mother with a thought that people around her should never assume that she does not care as much for her children as their biological mother could have. It was this caring that made her daughter taunt her with bitterness.

The accusations from her young daughter are hard to digest for the young women married to the widower. She then wrote a note with blood of her conscience and sensibilities addressed to her dear daughter. She says to protect her good fortune of being a mother to children like Avani and Baiju, she had kept her husband in the dark of a decision she had taken just before her wedding. Just to ensure that she can exclusively remain their mother.

Mother in the divine gift bestowed upon any mother. Sunanda Sacrificed her motherhood at the cost of her love care and affection to her stepchildren. She decided to sacrifice her longing to be a mother . The concluding words completely transforms her daughter. She cries out ‘Maa’ and runs towards her mother with open arms. Here again we are reminded of R.V. Desai’s “kharee Maa’ whre the stepsons asks ‘mother you a back ?’” and the mother replies, “Yes just for your sake”.

If evaluated with a critics eye quoting several academic sounding statements this story could be criticized but as is said about edgar alan poe’s works, one can hardly find anything extraordinary between the beginning and the end, but the conclusion always had a punch, a revelation that it becomes impossible for the reader to forget the story. A reason why Edgar Alan Poe’s works are considered to be so special. The longing belongs to the genre of Edger Alan Poe’s works. Readable and thought provoking once read.

On reading this story I had this thought about the author, had he not been a politician, Gujurati literature could have had a prolific story teller, just as Sarojini Naidu said of Jawaharlal Nehru, that had he not been a politician, we could have got a poet of hightest calibre. This observation holds true for the author of this story.

"Dear Daughter Bholu"-A story of a river squeezed between two banks

Rajkumar Pandya

A normal story is well defined (with a beginning, the core and the end). but defining a tale established as a short story is like grabbing the wind, it can be felt, be filled into the letters, but can never be held with open hands

The definition of the art of telling nothing directly and yet say everything holds true for the entire realm of literature. Especially for the genre of poetry and to a large extent for the short story inspite of that it is not necessary that the short story can take shape. Whether saying something with the help of the power of the word that points out that an idea was worth saying or it was just a bubble in the air is as important

A 'short story' can justifiably be described as a literary piece only when it is an inarguable truth, that is eternal, everlasting, pervasive and nas the power of touching the readers' hearts Whether it has been recounted in a traditional or a contemporary style, in the form of fiction, or as a true story, none of that is important. Each one is like a chest, the true worth lies with the treasure inside.

A whole generation of people struggling to be writers were moulded by magazines such as Chandani, Aaram, and Navchetan during the post 1950 era. Navchetan has always been partial towards loudness. Its editor patronized the elements of having a goal and a moral, but Aaram and Chandani drew the authors towards an absolutely neutral and harmonious content, specially so for Chandani I can vouch from my own experience about how stringent their criteria were

That Mr Narendra Modi passed the exacting standards of Chandani and Aaram itself pleads a case for his stories. I read his story 'Dear Daughter Bhol' with that thought in mind. When expectations take root the weeds of the fear of failing too are not generally far off. These weeds were around me, while I read this story Guards have a habit of keeping a torch and a baton with them, I am happy that the torch was handy but the baton idled

I have not had the opportunity to read his other stories, but have read my friend Gurvant Shah's introduction. It was evident from it that the central idea of all the stories was motherhood. The theme of motherhood is a cornucopia for literary creativity, Effectively capturing even a single hue from the spray of rainbow shades of motherhood in a tale is enough for the creation of an excellent story.

Narendra Modi's 'Dear Daughter Bholu' depicts two types of motherhoods. One of the avatars of motherhood has a male torso, which obviously is concealed. The remaining of course has a female form which is a little heavy, verbose and fittingly described as a little sharp. a sharpness that sometimes hurts. It is well known that nature has a way of putting such a motherhood into a woman in varied degrees. Sometimes it is expressed forthrightly whereas at some points it seems to be symbolic. There is a clash between the two in the story.

This fact needs some analysis. Because one can obviously wonder how this element of motherhood manifests itself in a male form? A man can only have fatherly emotions in him. Why can't the feelings of Rajen, the main character in this story towards Bholu alias Arti be described as fatherly? Why should they vigorously be classified as motherly feelings?

The physical body cannot answer these questions. Only the heart and the mind can explain. You can get an answer when-you see a widower who does not remarry and raises his children without his wife by his side. I have seen many such men around me who are fathers physically and yet, mothers by heart. They could never have reared their children without assimilating some motherhood. The masculine rough- age would undoubtedly bruise a child. He can only provide the mother- like simplicity and kindness if he acquires the psyche of a mother

The author's portrayal of Rajen's character is similar. The extreme attachment is not the fruit of his father-ness' but is born of the mother- ness of his spirit. Psychologists may confirm my contention. A man is never a man in his entirety. A few elements of effeminacy are always to be found in him. They may emerge conspicuously with the proximity to such subjects. These elements in Rajen are conspicuous while he is with Arti. He may not be conscious of this, for he only recognizes his fondness. He does not feel the need to identify the undercurrent in him. As readers, we are aware of this fact. The thread of compassion for that child that took shape unintentionally, and after a certain period of time, transports him to a point where he starts pining for her. It does not remain limited to the childhood of that tenant's daughter. Rajen has always enjoyed the company of children. He became a pediatrician when he grew up. Even if the storyteller had not described these events explicitly, the superbly developed characters of this story make it self- evident. I personally feel that the pace with which he became a pediatrician in the story make the lines of restraint even darker.

The fact that Rajen remained unmarried is evidence of his devotion to children. Call it the brook of affection or attention which possibly could have been divided had he married. It is indicative of that apprehension which augurs well with the psyche of the character.

The rise of "motherhood" in a man makes this wonderful story unique in comparison to other stories.

On the other hand the alertness or the attitude of protecting a growing daughter in the mind of the real mother displays another type of motherhood. It cannot be said to be inappropriate even after being influenced by our feelings for Rajen but that subtle clash with Rajen surely makes us suffer a little. The greatest tragedies in literature are those which emerge even without the rogury of the characters. Rajen is certainly not the rogue but at the same time Arti's mother too is not the rogue, in fact she is completely justified in her own way. An average Indian mother would act in the same manner after her daughter's puberty and many would say she should too. Perhaps the amount of alertness may vary a little, but being liberal too may not have gone down easily with the readers. This means that we are pained neither by the continual and strict guarding of the mother nor by the acute fondness of Rajen for Bholu since her childhood. In fact it gives rise to sympathy and empathy as well. Then, from where does the pain come which makes this tale a story? It comes from the juxtaposition of the extreme caution of the mother and Rajen's affections. It is not a juxtaposition of the right and the wrong but of the right and the spontaneous and thus the tragedy emerges not like the seedling but a well grown plant

In the beginning of the story the answers to Rajen's "What should I write about?" briefly reminds us of Narendra Modi's lawmaker back- ground. The list of topics which he shows being thought of by Rajen is more like a list of topics that may take shape in the mind of a minister of health rather than a pediatrician. At the time of writing the story it seems as if the dormant health minister in Narendra Modi is providing a background score. To provide a little honest criticism is, to my mind, required in the best interest of the story. Any moral message however slyly introduced, in the body of the story may hurt the artistry contained therein,

The word 'daughter in the title "Dear Daughter Bholu" is very significant, It underlines the fact that the girl who is crushed and smothered and suffocated between the two types of 'mother-ness is not a girl but a 'daughter. We can taste of the nectar in the word 'daughter as soon as we read it in the title. In my opinion, the title is an inseparable and important part of the story.

Narendrabhai, spare us from thinking that Gujarat has lost a great storyteller so that we may have a good chief minister - and to do that you have to give us even more such stories.

Memorial

It has been recorded very of ten that Mr. Narendra Modi was not the Chief Minister of Gujurat when these stories were written. In this collectin, he has accurately given a shape to the roaring ocean of emotions of his heart. The numerous reflections of the inner battles - crubades - struggles of the past (and also the present, have been very effectively depicted.

Speaking about the story “ Memorial” the detachment of an artist or the skill of the author is well defined in the beginning of the story itself. Looking at the title it creates an impression that it may be a folk tale However, after reading the story it unerringly expresses the universal question that in troubling this era - the entombment of ideals and values.

It in necessary for any author that he does not disclose the central idea of the story in the very beginning. To justify this there is a detailed account of the difficulties that Ankit, Mahesh’s friend, faces while he struggles hard to get leave from his job. At this restrained introduction, Ankit casually refers to Sulabhben, the mother and then about the anniversary of Mahesh’s Martyrdom. Then in a few words he talks about how Mahesh was not fortunate enough to have his father’s umbrella of support since his childhood. About his mother Subhaben who showers him with so much love and affection so that he may not miss his father. All this, inspite of the difficulties she faced while she brought him up along with running a nursery school. Then in a nutshell he describes the truth about how her ideals wine transferred into the son’s mind. The idealistic woman and a loving mother’s image has been very well drawn out. A mother who has sacrificed her life for the sake of moulding her son in the image of her ideals.

The homebound Ankit’s thought process now advance further. Why me alone. there would be a queue I suppose. “At that point a vital fact flashes in Ankit’s mind. Further on “Willibe one of them waiting in the queue or..... ? “ Not only does this simply point out the rigours of the social, political realities of life but at a micro level it pointedly stresses upon it. At this juncture a sensitive reader understands the root of the concept of Narendrabhai Modi’s story. When a common man is martyred, he lives on forever for his near and dear ones.

What about the leaders, the photographers and the newspaper men ? The leaders who were present at the martyrs funeral were impatient so that they may be able to speak for the benefit of the evening news. The photographers were in a hurry so that they may be able to print the martyr’s photographs and their headlines..... so that their papers may have a larger circulation. That was the time when the mother was sobbing in the back ground of the cries of “long live Mahesh” was there any one who could near those painful lobs ? While the evil of corruption is spreading in the country and the world, Mahesh had

given up his life to a police bullet during the anti - corruption movement in Gujurat. Years had passed and the ailing Sulabhben say there on a bed. The mother tells Ankit. Mahesh gave up his life for his ideals.... he must be very happy when he saw death staring at him, today though he must be sorry. The values for which he died have turned into commodities and those people who swore by them, chickened out since long.

Narendrabhai Modi then gives a gentle twist. The group of youngsters who persuade people to vote and then the murmers of majority politics. It concludes with Ankit and Sulabhben at the memorial where they do not see a single flowe adorning the memorial stone. The socio, economic and political picture of the present century is adorned with the evils of corruption and it is spreading like the virus of covid and cancer. Corruption in killing the values and morality of human life. It is high time to say no to corruption. A great salute to Mahesh Long live Mahesh.

The psalm of the power of motherhood

'Room No. 9'

Balvant Jani

In the process of the study of language, we have been able to enjoy the fruit in the form of thoughtful prose and sensitive poetry, However there are very few who know that Mr. Narendra Modi has written pro found and sensitive stories. His wide reading of literature, an unending desire to nurture the value system of a nation, and deep understanding of the problems faced by the society had motivated Narendrabhai to write some stories which were first printed some time ago but are being brought in a book form only now. With the literary understanding of Gunvantbhai Shah, Gopalbhai Makadia's passion to publish meaningful literature along with appreciative and critical inputs from friends like us I am sure all this will go a long way in establishing it as a valuable work.

When I first read the title of this story I was reminded of the famous story by Chekhov, Ward No. 6. However that story recounts the travails of the mind of a psychiatrist who works in an asylum, whereas this story opens up the floodgates of the psychological facels of the indian way of living and the associated value system by presenting the facets of the power of motherhood.

The hero of the story is Rajen, a cancer patient, full of joy and mirth who keeps everyone away from his own and private sorrow. He drives his own car while going to the hospital to get admitted there. When admitted in Room No. 9 he infects the entire hospital with joy, not just his own room. The principle of his life was Life is death for the people who fear death, Death too likes the company of such people. In spite

of strict instructions to rest, he inquires about the health of others. He tells Dr Rao, "The ambience here is so peaceful and serene which makes me feel that even dying here would be enjoyable"

He tells Rabhi who offers roses to the patients. "This is true for the patients here too: I know well that just like the rose I too will will The only reason I wish to dedicate compassion, mirth to them actually strive to drench them in it.

Ragen would much rather walk than take the stretcher on way to the operation theatre. He knows about his impending end and yet does not lose hope Of course he does mention it to Rabhi, with whom he has an emotional bonding Rabhi, I have lost the battle I have never differentiated between life and death And now I love life more

When Rajen, the hero of the story requests Rabhi to promise him that she would marry, so that he may be born of her, the reader is jolted However, the basis of Rajon's life are The three women who are the supreme examples of the power of motherhood like the abode of love

Who are these three women ?

a) Mother

Most of the stories in this collection have the description of mother as an epitome of love. The supreme form of a woman is the mother Mr. Narendra Modi describes Rajen's mother in just a few words When Rajen eulogized Rashmi for her dedication "Rabhi if have an opportunity to paint a picture combining labour the spirit of surrender and faith it would definitely look like Rashmi

To which Rabhi asks, "Oh! Rajen, so you are a painter ?

To which he answers. "She was an epitome of love. When Mother was dying I hated having her to die, it was unbearable for me. However, today I feel what happened was for good...that she departed earlier..." It is as if Mr. Narendra Modi is paying homage to all the mothers of this universe.

b) Rashmi

As soon as Rajen stops the car at the hospital, he refers to the 'destination' which does not go well with Rashmi: She corrects him

"No...Bro...just an encampment." The emotional sister then breaks down.

This sister has tended her endearing brother since the beginning and continues to do so with the same sincerity, Rajen introduces his sister with these words: "One who has never deprived me of anything that I may wish for..." and "you are fortunate to have such a sister."

The author expresses the feelings of a kid sister who takes on the role of a sister and a mother as well to her elder brother with such finesse. The sister later on continues her role of a sacrificing and loving person even after her brother's death. She makes every effort to save her brother from death, and continues to do so even after his death to the extent that she takes over from Rabhi the job of offering roses to the patients

c) The social worker Rabhi who offers flowers

This story with wonderful hues of emotions, which has evolved from the pen of the author truly touches the heart. It goes without saying that such a story can be penned only by one who himself has gone through plenty of emotional upheavals. Spreading the fragrance of a rose among the patients who are nearing their end and fill their days with warmth and hope could easily be considered to be unparalleled. When Rajen was admitted to Room No. 9, she sweetly calls out with a handful of roses "May I come in?"

A woman with striking looks and hardly about twenty five or less; seemingly from a good family. who had an attractive smile on her face, who had an imposing person- ality, where nature had been very kind in moulding her frame that was Rabhi.

Rabhi gets involved with this wonderful patient in the very first meeting. Her routine was to fill all the cancer patients' hearts with warmth and happiness by offering them roses. Even Rajen had similar qualities. He knew that death is close by and still he tried to embrace all those around him with warmth. Rabhi was immersed in social service and her only joy lay in serving the ailing.

She gets upset when Rajen is being taken to the operation theatre. She and Rashmi wait upon the unconscious Rajen. Now it seemed that Rajen was about to die. He expresses his defeat and says, "Rabhi, my mischievous ways seem to have died before me."

Even in such a condition he limps up to the pediatric ward no.

17 with Rabhi's support, Rabhi suddenly becomes sad while giving away the roses because she recollects a 15 years old boy who had died there after making a wish that she should drop a rose on his bed even after his death "Rabhidid, will you drop a rose here even after I leave?"

The dialogues between Rajen and Rabhi when he is on his deathbed are matchless in expressing the climaxing of affection 1 only wish that I may be bom of you as your son it is my fervent wish. Would you not take me and give irth to me as your son?"

"Rajen. I will fulfil your wish"

Here Rabhi displays lofty heights of emotions that only a human being can be capable of.

Then Raj's body starts getting cold, the bloody vomits the drenching of one of the roses in the blood about the walls of Room No 9 sobbing inconsolably

The storyteller Narendra Modi's pen spouts a striking sentence "Behold! Here a life has set, igniting a hope of the rise of another

I have not read all the stories from the collection *Abode of Love* but I can say this that though these stories were published in magazines as *Aaraam* and *Chandani* have remained as fresh as Rabhi's roses When these stories are published. It shall be known to Gujarat that Chief Minister Narendra Modi is also an able and capable storyteller. His language is simple, pointed and profound. The flow in his stories never diminishes. There are no sermons. Even if most of the characters are women or mothers who are endowed with great dedication, there is a great deal of variety in building the characters and emotions. It is because of the parameters of the power of motherhood which are depicted here that one feels like describing it as a psalm of the power of motherhood

My publisher and friend Gopalbhai Makadia deserves to be congratulated for he let it out that "Mr. Narendra Modi is a capable storyteller." I wish to thank this avatar of Mr. Narendra Modi as a storyteller and finally wish to inquire 'Could Narendrabhai not have been able to write such fine stories while serving as the Chief Minister ?

He needs to have the bread from the better ones. For me anything is okay.'

Jamna's answer reached out deeply into Jharna's heart. Jamna's answer was enough for Jharna to experience goosebumps on her being. Jharna was just beginning to somewhat fathom the equations of a life of togetherness.

As Jheel dropped her back at her hostel Jharna was still captivated by the strains of the soulful melody of life which she had just experienced.

Jheel, I shall ever be grateful to you for introducing me to, and letting me witness this life of love, saying this, Jharna ran towards her room, carrying with her the precious emotional bundle of her unforgettable experience.

The Lamp

Highlights The Status of Indian Women

Present story under discussion, 'The Lamp' is a small but beautiful literary output in the form of a prose narratives by the Honorable Prime Minister of India S.J. Narendra Modi, one of the stories 'The Lamp' which Narendra Modi had written three decades ago is kept before me to be analysed. Critical analysis of the prose piece needs vivid analysis of the pros and cons of the creative brilliance of the writer. The story, 'The Lamp' is not as simple as it appears. The might majesty and beauty of the poem lies in its simplicity of presentation and lucidity of diction. The author glorifies the status of women in a male dominated Indian society. Illiteracy, ignorance and superstition and blind belief destroys the status and dignity of Indian women.

The central idea of the story is the death of the husband. Even if death is universal and everlasting, it touches each person in many different ways. The story tells sensitivities, upheavals in his thinking and his minute observation of the typically Indian societal customs and psyches of the people is enough proof of the fact that it will spark off the readers sensitivities and push them to think deeper. It reminds me that short stories have often been described as 'pieus of perception'. When Radha and Kanji are separated by death, an unseasoned pen tries to create a picture of words in a way that arouses emotions within the readers heart about the turmoil that sets in the life of Radha from within and without.

Everyone was there when they got together to break Radha's bengals. The dark black clothes she wore were new and seemed to hang on her lean frame. Radha's life was enveloped in the darkness as black and drab as her clothes. She stood up to walk but missed a step and almost fell.

The most tragic episode in any Indian Women's life is arguably the death of her husband. The husband's death brings about radical changes in the life of an Indian woman. A society which believes that the death of the husband brings a woman's life to an end, snatches away all the rights of a woman and puts a big full stop on any happiness which she may deserve.

Only an Indian married woman can truly appreciate the worth of the 'glass bangles'. There could be umpteen occasions that glass bangles could break but its only once that they are deliberately broken. New clothes and bright colours are the manifestations of happiness, in contrast that the new clothes which are dark and black are suggestive of misfortune. While a woman, who had been strutting in colourful clothes, has to wear a brand new black grab, it symbolizes the unfortunate state of that woman where it seems to hang on her body. How does she feel then? One who has been nimbly dancing her way through life finds herself unable to move.

She 'misses' a step and is on the verge of falling down. That this particular emotional state of an Indian woman is represented not just with brevity but that it has only casually been pointed out is indica-

tive of the craft with which this story is written. Along with the author, the reader too assumes that Radha is indeed under a shadow of misfortune . The only difference between the reader and the author is that he records this situation in the form of a smile. “Radha’s life was enveloped in the darkness as black and drab as her clothes”.

While the lamp shines, it is a source of un interrupted light, but as soon as it dims; the darkness takes over. The husband is a ‘lamp’ in an Indian women’s life. The presence of the husband is enough to light up the women’s life only an Indian woman can truly realize and suffer the consequences of the reality of losing a husband. The author tries to point out this distinguishing characteristic in just a few lines.

The author has linked the references to the couples married life and the family to reveal the critical aspects of the story in the concise manner of an aerial surveillance of an area struck with some natural disaster. The sentence ‘Their life of togetherness had just began’ indicates that they married rather recently. Perhaps some four decades of togetherness may not be as painful, but Radha is facing widowhood at a very young age. It is extremely difficult for an Indian women to become a young widow. Radha is witnessing these difficult times. Her husband Kanji had died of a long drawn out illness. She had served and cared for him during his concluding days as a life partner would.

She had injected strength into him to fight death. However, for the other members of the family, Kanji had been useless, because he was unemployed and did not bring home money. Using this family as an instrument, the author has exposed the selfish ways of a self - entered society by revealing that the one who earns well is the jewel in the crown of the family. When the man of the house does not contribute to the home’s earning, his wife is always despicable condition. Here the husband is unemployed and sick. Radha who is suffering the outcome of such an unfortunate combination of circumstances, has been performing the duties of a wife to the best of her ability . The family on the other hand too seems to follow their own peculiar set of duties by mocking and degrading her. Her situation which is sandwiched between the husband’s illness and the family’s hatred is truly pathetic . In these circumstances when the man dies it does not come as a shock for the family. The story describes Radha’s mental condition with the help of a string of events which shows the man’s will to live, inhuman actions of the family members and Kanji’s death. By pointing towards the treatment meted out by the family towards Kanji, the authors has brought to light a social truth in some sections of the society.

The inescapable characteristic of this story in the summarized version of the activities and nature of the Indian mindset. Here Radha contemplates upon the amount of ghee used for burning the lamp bringing the light the hypocrisy in the behaviour of the family members. The author thus notes the importance of the social customs for the dead in comparison to a living being. There are been much

speculation how a story should end. The story in question has an expected end. The remarkable attribute of this very short story which emerges is the heartlessness of the family and the position of the Indian woman in the family system.

It is the same Indian women who does not have the sensitivity to realize that it is her own son who has died, when she is a role of a mother-in-law. Only an Indian woman knows how a mother-in-law can address her daughter in law. The author has tried to put forth the Indian mindset and position of a particular Indian woman. Radha was not even in her senses while the mother-in-law eulogizes her with such a rich collection of expletives and women have also been hearing them. I doubt if even the twenty first century has brought about any significant change in this context.

The title *The Lamp* is justified on two counts. Firstly, the husband of Radha has lost the life, the metaphorical comparison with the lamp and about the darkness that has covered Radha's life. Secondly when the lamp beside Kanji's body get extinguished this hurts the religious sentiments of the mother-in-law which gives rise to the angry outburst. At this point, the lamp symbolizes the light of the soul which is lost in the darkness.

With the permeation of the western way of life, it seems that the Indian society is inclining towards materialistic ways. It is time that we identify the true form of our culture, and do not allow the superstitions that have been embedded so deeply in our psyches to destroy our thinking faculty, our discretion and emotional identity. Only then will many such works including 'The Lamp' and the effort put in by the author in writing it be justified.

“Bridge”-

Bridging our Glorious Past and Aluminous Future

A bridge is a medium of communication which connects two banks of the same river. It is not about the bridge, which joins the parents in the form of a son. It is also not the bridge used as an instrument for the happiness and prosperity of the parents. It is also not about the bridge that becomes an expression of personal aspirations. The symbolic bridge connects two generations, the past and future. Generation of humanity morality, sacrifice and dedication.

Sohan who has sacrificed his life while trying to save many other lives says. “I only hope that he be a representative of a generation strongly bridging our marvellous past and a bright future... and thus a bridge setu ! Just love that name setu in the son of late Sohan and Surabhi. The widowed wife reminiscens, “ Sohan too lived amongst the dreams of a marvellous past and a bright future.”

It has been one year since the death of Sohan . It is not just the restlessness and grief that has been weighing on Surabhi's being, but while she watches her son Setu it also awakens a chain of indelible memories in her mind. The eight story of this sensitive collection of short stories 'Abode of Love' by Mr. Narendra Modi is the tale of a mother, a wife, a stirring story involving an affectionate woman's emotional upheavals and orientation towards the service of humanity.

The author has succeeded in painting so many pictures with just a few strokes of his brush sounds of the chirping crickets and croaking frogs were drowning out the sound of heavy rain Surabhi bhabhi was fed up of waiting for the luxury of getting some sleep. Affectionately she ran her hand over setu's head and occasionally planted kisses all over his face.

The author pen picturises the dignity and status of typical Indian Mother and her fountain of love and affection for her next generation and aspiration for the future. The spontaneous overflow of love for Setu is highlighted every where through out the story. The dedication, determination and commitment of Surbhi bhabhi to follow the foot prints of Sohan and her reflection of solid arity on the face of Setu is ever welcomed. The courage, confidence and stamina of Surbhi bhabhi to fulfil the dreams of her life with her son really out standing. It reflects her ocean of love and gratitude for Sohan to face the ugly challenges of her life.

After the accidental death of Sohan, the works of service, which she must have undertaken remain unspoken of by the author. However, this fact is evident from the name Surbhi Bhabhi with which the villagers address her, Surbhi spends an emotionally charged night with great difficulty and wakes Setu up early the next morning Setu then does dare to converse with his mother seeing her lost in her own work.

A vessel full of sorrow brims with tears looking at her tears, Setu brings to think, what's wrong with mother today ? " Surbhi personally struggles to fulfill Sohan's dreams because - "Her soul continued to stray in the past unintentionally".

The flashback illustrating the dialogue between the couple, Sohan's ideas about Setu and his desire to carry on with his responsibilities has been the reason of his death portrays a nice technique to convey a message. It climaxes at "It was not Sohan who was extracted from the wreck, only his lifeless body."

The author summarizes his personal instinct with the following lines. Sohan was no more. It was worth living just for the sake of his dreams. His dream was Setu. It has been a whole year since Sohan died. When Surbhi bhabhi asks Setu to fetch the Kalash full of money, Setu asks innocently "Is this going to be sent to Papa today?" . The garland on the Kalash, showering of Kumkum and rice grains on the

mouth of the pitcher and scribbling the mantra with Setu's angelic hands "Rashtriya Svaha , rashtriya idam na mum". Sohan's favourite mantra.

Then it was her visit to hutments, where there were children whose parents had taken their heavenly course along with Sohan. Without waiting he picked the Kalash from his mother's hands handing it to the two children. Surbhi Bhabhi who had been melancholy since morning saw her self contentedly smiling for the first time.

Mr. Narendra Modi as an author of this story successfully touches the hearts of his readers more than once. The author offers his homage to an affectionate mother, a sensitive and loving spouse and a women dedicated to serve the message all at one .

After the demise of her husband, with 'Setu' as an instrument of Karma, the process of her becoming 'Sarbhhi bhabhi' for the villagers indepicted sensitively in a lucid style by the author. The sensitivities of the author are obvious. In this story that was written many years ago, do you as a contemporary reader hear the echoing mantra Rabhtriya Svaha, Rashtriya idam na mum.

Igniting Values: A parable on living a life of harmony and togetherness

Keshubhai Desai

Our writers have insulated themselves from society, which has blunted their ability to communicate their message. Literature has always been a reflection of the society. It is common knowledge that collections such as 'Panchatantra' 'Hitopadesha' and 'Jataka' stories are an exposition of moral principles or ideals which are usually told with the help of effective illustrations. Storytellers from the Gandhian era had employed the medium to propagate messages related to human welfare. Many of such works have remained relevant to this day Chief Minister Mr Narendra Modi was a person whose early exposure to the classics of Gujarati literature such as Dhumketu. R.V Desai's stories or the Literary pieces such as 'Rasdhaar' and poetry of Jhaverchand Meghani had moulded him into an idealistic young man. We have been getting occasional literary pieces from him in the form of poetry and stories under the infuence of novel philosophical principles of nationalism or self dependent humanism. It has natural that while he dabbled in active politics and his duties as a pracharak may not have allowed him to indulge in the 'riyaaz' that a writer should undergo. He is more of an orator than a writer and more of a 'spoken language' person. Therefore there is a fear that his works may have the tendency to be more conversational in style.

In spite of these limitations, when an author writes stories, which are readable and gratifying, it is truly commendable. I do not know what are the opinions of seasoned readers about Mr. Narendra Modi's short story "Igniting Values" but personally, I got an impression that it shapes up well into a story that touches the heart. Certainly, it tends to exaggerate idealism but the characters of Jheel and Jharna emerge as lively and idealistic lovers without being stereotyped. This is an achievement. The theme of the story juxtaposes two specific classes of society. On one hand, we have the life of a neo-rich family believing in exhibitionism and on the other is the simple and basic lifestyle of the tribals. It is only natural that the sophistication and glamour of the life, which she is used to, are more important for the heroine Jharna. The author has attempted to enact the role of a promoter of an ideal society but at the same time has taken care not to dilute the characterization of the subjects involved. Through this, he has succeeded in creating amorous nipples in the heart of the young woman Jharna, who has tender feelings for Jheel. At the outset, even if Jheel tries to act aloof, unapproachable and indifferent ignoring the feeling of intense attraction, he has been watching her intently with a neutral eye from a safe distance.

He does not have an alternative but to bow before Jharna's irrepressible affection. He wishes to introduce her to his idealistic society. To accomplish that, he takes her on a weekend expedition and they visit a remote location to get a first hand experience of the lives of the local tribals there. He gets an opportunity to let her hear all that he may have wished to tell her, through the mouths of the tribal couple. A girl brought up in a pseudo western setting habituated to all that comes along with an alien culture is enlightened after she beholds firsthand, the culture of sacrifice and the power of mutual relationship. Then there is the incident when she receives an unexpected call from Jheel on her phone and Jharna was stunned for a moment. She could not imagine Jheel calling her. Even if she recognized his voice, she still confirms that it is indeed Jheel on the other end. Jheel has invited her for the weekend and thus begins a happy phase for Jharna. She seems as happy one would be on winning a lottery. She even offers to take her car along. The very idea of being with her flame is enough to bring on a wave of elation. However, the author's hero is as stable and sedate as Dhirdalt and Dheerprashant, the heroes from the epics. He has already decided to go on his bike. Jharna consents. They start off on their trip to the Ratanmahal Hills of the Panchmahals.

Jharna would have preferred to go on a picnic. She represents the neo-rich, modern, and materialistic youth. Nonetheless her co-traveller persuades her to accompany him to the unspoilt, pure location in the lap of nature where the minds of the men are as pure as the driven snow'. Jheel, who is so sedate and stable clarifies that it would be unfair of him to impose this idea upon Jharna and comes out with the

disclaimer: "I only hope you do not get bored. And if at all that is the case, we shall return."

The author has created these characters consciously. His Jheel is the Maryada Purshottam Ram of the 21st century who takes infinite care of Jharna while on the trip to the jungles. Perhaps she would have liked to spend her weekend in some fancy cottage. However, this was Jheel! He draws her towards the simple tribal peoples hamlet in the hills for the equation of togetherness lies there alone. The qualities of sacrifice and faith are rare among the city folks. This was truly an abode of love! Here Jheel emerges to be the real son of the soil draped in eternal Indianness, personifying the ancient culture of this country. The highlights of the story are the dialogues. The author has always been dramatic in his oratory, which is evident in the dialogues of this story it also reflects the poetic elements contained in his temperament. For example Jharna, that urban disease is yet to reach these innocent tribal people and 'Possibly centuries ago there could have been tiny butterflies who may have sown them acting as nurserymen."

The author gives a dramatic effect with Jheel's quotes. The simplicity, vitality and volatility of his writings call for an independent study. It contains the fragrance of Suresh Dalal's rhyme and Gunvant Shah's elegance. On the other hand, the impressions of the reading he would have indulged in during school is evident in his writing, from the ornate structures and poetic design of the sentences. Like the poetic influence seen in Dhumkatu's works, similar examples abound in his writings too. Another example is "Petrol fumes, urbanisation, tar roads, the glitter of the lights. The so-called modernisation has not yet tainted this paradise. Look at these scattered shanties made of bamboo, grass and leaves these are the homes of the tribal people who live here Oh Sorry I mean these are their farmhouses"

Jheel truly blooms in nature's lap. Actually, the author himself speaks through this medium. Both the characters seek out the Sarpanch's house in the tribal locality and stay overnight in the hamlet. Jodha Bhagat prefers to be identified as Bhagat rather than as a Sarpanch. A fellow villager clarifies that his real identity is not as a Sarpanch but Jodha Bhagat. All this because, Sarpanch is an administrative post, whereas Bhagat is more of a bestowal by God.

The author himself is a well-known politician. His hero asks, "Jharna...can you see this, can there be a bigger and better message for today's politicians?"

The fundamental fact is about spreading the message. The author has not written this story for his personal satisfaction. He aims to give a specific message to the readers: The message of being Indian, and of the rapidly disappearing traditional ways of life. It is amply clear from such scenes as the way Jodha Bhagat welcomes complete strangers.

Perhaps, the posters on which they sat were the same ones sent by the political party workers (of Narendrabhai)! The tribals do not need to be educated about the ethics involved in using the resources made available by nature, limited to their own requirements

Jodha Bhagat says, "My daughter, these combs are not for sale. We do not hold any right over them. It is a staple food of the bears, which inhabit these jungles. What would the bears eat if we set up shops?" Here even Jamna adds, "would be sinful even if we use a single drop of it...the honey." Of course, the author has in the course of telling this story, put forth a message to protect the environment but the main element being discussed is still grihasthashram (the householder's duties) Jamna is an ideal homemaker. She makes bread (rotlas) for her husband. She keeps the better grains for her husband and the leftovers for herself. It seems that this particular episode shows the author going overboard. There are limits to idealistic thinking. Is it not a sin to keep the husband in the dark and keep the better grains for the husband while having the leftovers herself? Committing sati (figuratively) after the husband is clearly bourgeoisie ideology. While ruminating the past it seems that the author has forgotten the principle of equality for women. Sometimes, idealism from idealistic writers goes overboard in their over enthusiasm to give a message and may beget ridiculous situations. Even the fact about keeping the honeycombs for the bears may be hard to digest for the average reader.

Thus, this story turns out to be a "fantasy" more than a story - A parable. The author treats the characters like puppets and tries to put forth a message through this medium. However, an average reader and especially the teenagers may perhaps experience the thrill of visiting the jungles of the Ratanmahal Hills after reading this story.

Personally, I do like to read such tenderly written and yet inspiring works. Just like that jungle dweller, let me also wish the author: " Chief Ministership is a political and administrative post, but being an author is a gift from God." I guess we have a right to hope that the writer in Narendra Modi may blossom even more in the coming days.

Rebirth of Anuraag

Reflection on The Previling Education System

Short story is a jolly work of art and an ideal short story throws some moral lesson on teaching at the end. A Short story always depicts the regional sentiment or mood. In this way Gujurati, short story presents some regional sentiment in a flamboyant manner. Most Gujurati short story writers who are today between fifty and sixty years of age became popular authors when their stories were published in monthly magazines like chandani and Aaraam . It is a pity that none of hte Gujurati dailies including those from Saurashtra region and Maharashtra have any sub- publications in the form of a montly magazine devoted to short stories.

First of all the identity of any creative person should be discussed solely for his creative ability and contribution; his or her achievement in the social, political, scientific or industrial fields should not overshadow him or her as a creator. It is extremely essential that this be taken into account and the work should be evaluated after due substration of other factors.

If we wish to enjoy the story ‘Rebirth of Anuraag’ from Narendra Modi’s collection of short stories “Adobe of Love” we ought to slice off the facts that he is an extra ordinary orator with a sharpness that probably only chanakya possessed, a chief minister who governs five crore Gujurati’s and the conscience of the diaspora of Gujurat and his multifarious personality. It is necessary that we should be reviewing only his skills as a story teller with which we shall proceed. The stories from “Adobe of Love” were created and published long ago in Chandani and Aaraam where “rebirth of Anuraag’ was one such story, which represents a village school and conceptualizes an ideal setting of education.

In the introductory part of the story, the author has drawn a picture of pathes with the discription of same old school building, the equipment for sports, the uniforms, textbooks and the teachers but all of them seemingly lifeless and lubtreless. What was the reason behind the paths in a school perennially filled with splendid joy and rapture ?

The author has used the flashback effectively. The author draws us towards the reason well - structured lines like. “It was as if a tormented darkness had descended a midday. None had the courage to accept the present. Each one was thicking of the event that had happened a year ago. “This story is not a thriller, it is rather a purely instructive tale. Never the less, it evokes curiosity in the readers mind.

Piercing the pindrop silence like a streak of lighting suddenly there was a sound of loud sobs. The sound seemed to shake everyone upto their very core. It was after a full year that these sounds of sobbing were being heard for the first time as if all the pent up emotions and feelings were finally finding their voice. “Where did the sound of the sobs come from ?” Sparks the curiosity the author is kind enough to feed the curiosity. “It was not lost upon the students that the sound of the sobs was coming from their favourite teacher Anuraag.

The author sets to build another path to curiosity Amar's death anniversary had turned into a day. Anuraag was born. Anuraag had been suffering from a feeling of guilt to such an extent that it had touched upon his personal life. The author draws a detailed picture of Annurag with just a few words. Anuraag sir was the sole of the school. Since the day Anuraag had joined school, the very atmosphere of the shool had bloomed..... Anuraag sir had boundless love for the children. He had brought a television so that the children could watch the olympic television so that the children could watch the olympic games. He made the students who were interested, watch the clips which he religiously recorded on tape. He made his pupils make and eat a variety of cuisines to extend their horizon. He took them to watch the circus. It depicted the iterest he had in the overall development of the children. The children were his proxy existence.

Exactly a year ago, a juggler had visited the town. His job involved his dog from whom he elicited some fancy tricks.... which included detecting the different colour Kerchiefs that the children carried with them. He even identified the denomination of the currency notes. The juggler ordered the dog to pointout the child who had thieved that morning and thus began to the climax of the story.

The dog stood before Amar (Anurag in the central character, hero here whereas Amar is the alternate hero) Amar was labelled a thief by the dog. other school children teased Amar. They called him 'thief . thief'. The delicate conscience of young Amar could not bear the humiliation.

Next morning, he packed his books in the bag and started for school. The trauma had taken its toll and Amar made a decision. He reached a railway crossing near his school. It was only yesterday that a dog had conferred a certificate on him. He was waiting for a train, so that it may absolve him and certify his moral rectitude. Anuraag drowned himself in feelings of penitence and remorse. He saw himself as a murderer of the child fellow schoolmates of Amar too were reproachful.

On the first death anniversary of Amar, his parents came to the school to distribute sweets . The atmosphere was sad. The wise parents of Amar console Anuraag who is killing himself every moment of his life after Amar's demise. The parents attempt sincerely to conuince Anuraag with an open heart . Amar's mother pays homage with just a few words, 'Amar has really attained immortality'.

Amar's mothers words act like a paracea that is 'Sanjeevani" in Ramayan . They help dilute Anuraag's deeply embedded feeling of guilt. The words of sympathy touch Anuraag and bring him back . Back to a new life, a new birth. It was the reincarnation of Anuraag. The end of the story beame a beginning and so did the beginning an end. The beginning and the conclusion fused unto themselves, which speaks volumes of the authors narrative skill. The story begins in a simple and plain manner, some what in a Gandhian style. Notably, the language does not employ any english terms neighter does it employ literary terms. The beautiful story ends with a salute to Anuraag sir.

"Today, I am seeking a teacher like Anuraag".

Literary Excellency of
Narendra Modi
as a Poet as well as a Storyteller
-A Compilation

Conclusion

Narendra Modi -

A Visionary Prime Minister of Bharat with International readership, but he is a Litterateur, his Literary works in Gujarati Literature, specific he was a Poet and Storyteller in Literature.

Narendra Modi was written books some of one a co-author Raju Bhai Nenea in the title of Book "Setubandha" focus with life and Literary works of famous Gujarati authors

Another book "Patra rupy Sri Guruji" translated by Narendra Modi in Gujarati language, many letters are published in the book, those letters by RSS Chief Guru Laxman Ray Immandar to Narendra Modi in various languages like - Marathi, Hindi, English.

Narendra Modi notable works in Poetry collection in Gujarati "AankhaAaDhanyaChe" Which Translated into various Indian and Global languages to Indian Literature and World Literature.

This poetry book "AankhaAaDhanyaChe" by Narendra Modi translated into various Indian languages like-

Hindi- Dr. Anjana Sandhir (Professor)

Sanskrit- Dr. Rajlaxmi Srinivasan

English- Ravi Mantha

Odia-Dr. Subash Nayak (Professor)

from english language 'A Journey'

As per know the request of Dear husband Dr. Subash Nayak his Dear Odia friend translated the book into Santali and Bengali language from his Odia book "EkaJatra"

Santali- PadmaShri Dr. Damayanti Beshra

(retirement Professor of Odia)

Bengali- Sri Safalya Nandi from Calcutta

(retirement Senior Officer of Central Library, Government of India)

Then requested of Various Indian Poets by Dr. Subash Nayak for translation like-

Tamili- Dr. Bharathi Srinivasan (Professor)

Telugu-Dr. Gurupa Damodhar

retirement Vice Chancellor of a University of Telengana

Marathi- Dr. Rajendra Golap (Professor)

Rajastani-Dr. Kalpana Purohit (Professor)

Assamese-Gitumoni Talukdar (Teacher)

All books are impact to Indian Literature in the Literary works of Narendra Modi through translations.

As per request of Dear husband Dr. Subash Nayak his two foreign Poet friends translated "A Journey" poetry book of Narendra Modi to her languages to World Literature like-

Dr. Susana Robert from Nation of Arjentina with Ambassador of Peace was translated into Spanish language, which highly Appricieated by readers.

Dr. Thea Mariya Robert from Nation of France with an acclaimed author translated into her national language France with highly Appricieated by readers

All books are made eBook with website www.professorsubashnayak.com

So many thanks to husband Dear Dr. Subash Nayak for literary works of Narendra Modi in Specific Poetry "A Journey" implemented to Indian Literature and World Literature by various Poets

On the otherhand another Gujarati poetry book "Saakshi Bhaav" by Narendra Modi, which was translated into Odia "Debi Maa nku Chithi" by Dr. Subash Nayak from english language translation book " Letter to Mother " by Padmashri Bhawan Somaaya, this book also impact to World of Literature

The Gujarati language Shortstories book "Premtirth" by Narendra Modi, which was translated into our Classical Odia language "Premtirth" by Sri Prasanta Kumar Mohanty (OES) retirement Head Master of Government High School and Sahitya Akademi Translation Prize winner.

Another book (as ebook) helping to me to complet the notable works that in Odia language as- "Bharatiya Sahitya ra Kabya Purusa Narendra Modi and Kalindicharan Panigrahi"

by Dr. Subash Nayak

The book focus the Literary works of Narendra Modi in specific his poetry works

As per my knowledge many researchers doing research in the Literary works of Narendra Modi

In this connection my husband Dear Dr. Subash Nayak as a Professor planned to research on - Post Doctoral/ Doctor of Literature (D.Litt.) in Odia on the topic " Odia Sahitya ra Kabi Kalindicharan Panigrahi and Gujarati Sahitya ra Kabi Narendra Modi nka Kabya Jagat -Eka Adhyanna "at Utkal University with recommendations of HE Governor of Odisha and Chancellor of Utkal University for active consideration awaiting registration.

Which may highest Literary honour to Sri Narendra Modi as a Litterateur.

Narendra Modi as a Litterateur in Gujarati Literature, he was written Poetry, Shortstories and translation in his literature.

After translation in the Literary works of Narendra Modi in various languages by authors, Modi's literary works implemented towards readers in the World of Literature.

My Literary Criticism book on "Literary Excellency of Narendra Modi as a Poet as well as a Storyteller- A Compilation" will taken a vital role one of the identity in Literature of Narendra Modi to

readers in the World of Literature.

After Some years MassLeader Sri Narendra Modi can't remember but Litterateur Narendra Modi remember for ever for his Literary Excellency.

Selected Bibliography

When an author will planned to creat a book, then selected title of the book and serch some study materials, which named is selected Bibliography, without this the book can't completed by authors.

They are two Source- Primary and Secondary.

Primary Source-

The Book made by original author or translation book from originally books of any language's.

Poetry Book "A Journey" translated into English language by Sri Ravi Mantha from originally Gujarati language Book "AankhaAaDhanyaChe" by Narendra Modi

Poetry Book "Letter to Mother" translated in to English language by Bhawana Somaaya from originally Gujarati language Book "Saakshi Bhaav" by Narendra Modi

Shortstories Book "Abode of Love" translated into English language by Sri Umang Dholabhai from Originally Gujarati language Book "Premtirth" by Narendra Modi

Secondary Source-

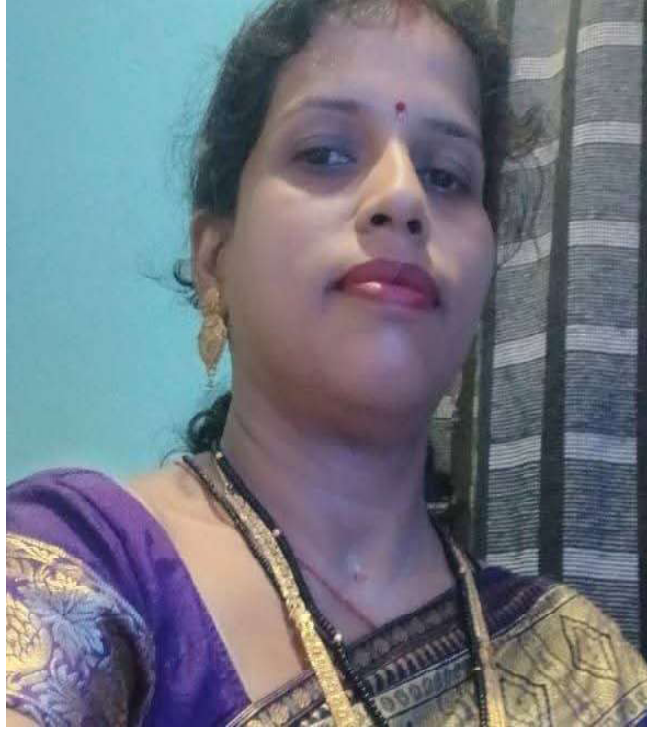
The Book may more reference by the Authors from Book of another authors, which linked the title of the Book, that is secondary source

Myself author Tulasi Sahoo as an Odia with writing in English Literature, so some Odia books which linked the title of the book for reference as-

Odia Poetry Book "Eka Jatra" by Dr. Subash Nayak, Which Translated from english language "A Journey" by Ravi Mantha from originally Gujarati language Book "AankhaAaDhanyaChe" by Narendra Modi

Odia Poetry Book "Devi Maanku Chithi" by Dr. Subash Nayak, which Translated from English language "Letter to Mother" by Bhawana Somaaya from Originally Gujarati language Book "Saakshi Bhaav" by Narendra Modi

Odia Shortstories Book "Premtirth" by Sri Prasanta Kumar Mohanty an educationist which Translated into Odia from originally Gujarati language Book "Premtirth" by Narendra Modi.



Author
Tulasi Sahoo

An Academic Degree of MA with Writer in English Literature, she inspiring writing from her husband Dr. Subash Nayak as a Professor, Litterateur, Researcher of Classical Odia Language and Literature.

This Book as Literary Criticism by Tulasi Sahoo on "Literary Excellency of Narendra Modi as a Poet as well as a Storyteller- A Compilation".

Mrs. Sahoo creates other three books by translations into English language from Odia language as Poetry "PRIYA" by Dr. Subash Nayak and Poetry "Uttar Purusa" by Nandini Satapathy with ShortStory "Saptadarshi" by Nandini Satapathy as her credit as a Writer.

Publisher.