



SRINIVASA KUIKEL (NEPAL)
SRIRAM KUMAR PANDEY (INDIA)
KAILASH TRIPATHI (INDIA)

VEDIC RECITATION – PEACE PRAYER

Satyachetana Ashrama is led by Swami Atmananda, a renunciate spiritual master, who meditated at the Aunachala hills. The Ashrama, established in 1995, is known for its archival work on vedic studies and empirical studies to discover the impact of sound vibration on nature, fire and water. The rural wing, five miles away from town, hosts scholars on vedic studies and runs a vedic school for young children. The campus in town runs a SriJagannatha Temple and supports hundreds of pilgrims who come to visit Arunachala. The vedic reciters are residents in the Ashrama.



अथर्ववेदसंहिता सूक्त १९।९ ७-१४ ऋषिः - शन्तातिः

शं नो मित्रः शं वरुणः शं विवस्वाञ्छमन्तकः।
उत्पातः पर्थिवान्तरिक्षाः शं नो दिविचरा ग्रहाः
॥७॥

शं नो भूमेर्वेप्यमाना शमुल्का निर्हतं च यत्।
शं गावो लोहितक्षीराः शं भूमिरवतीर्यतीः ॥८॥
नक्षत्रमुल्काभिहतं शमस्तु नः शं नोऽभिचाराः
शमु शन्तु कृत्याः।

शं नो निखाता वल्गाः शमुल्का देशोपस्सर्गाः
शमु नो भवन्तु ॥९॥

शं नो ग्रहाश्चन्द्रमसाः शमादित्यश्च राहुणा।
शं नो मृत्युर्धूमकेतुः शं रुद्रास्तिग्मतेजसः ॥१०॥

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शं नो मृत्युर्धूमकेतुः शं रुद्रास्तिग्मतेजसः ॥१०॥
शं रुद्राः शं वसवः शमादित्याः शमग्नयः।

शं नो महर्षयो देवाः शं देवाः वृहस्पतिः ॥११॥

ब्रह्म प्रजापतिर्धाता लोका वेदाः सप्तऋषयोऽग्नयः।
तैर्मे कृतं स्वस्त्ययनमिन्द्रो मे शर्म यच्छतु ब्रह्मा मे शर्म
यच्छतु।

विश्वे मे देवाः शर्म यच्छन्तु सर्वे मे देवाः शर्म यच्छन्तु
॥१२॥

यानि कानि चिच्छान्तानि लोके सप्तऋषयो विदुः।

सर्वाणि शं भवन्तु मे शं मे अस्त्वभस्यं मे अस्तु ॥१३॥

पृथिवी शन्तिरन्तरिक्षं शन्तिर्द्यौः शन्तिरापः शन्तिरोषधयः शन्तिर्वनस्पतयः
शान्तिर्विश्वे मे देवाः शान्तिः सर्वे मे देवाः शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिभिः।
ताभिः शान्तिभिः सर्व शान्तिभिः शमयामोऽहं यदिह घोरं यदिह क्रूरं यदिह पापं
तच्छान्तं स्तच्छिवं सर्वमेव शमस्तु नः ॥१४॥

Atharva Veda 19.9 stanza 7-14

R̥ṣi – S'antāti

We pray Peace to Mitra, our life-source, we
pray Peace to Varuṇa, our water resource!
We pray Peace to Vivasvan for our survival,
we pray Peace to Yama, let there be
revival!

We pray Peace to all fritters on earth and
all happenings in the atmosphere,
We pray Peace to the objects in space, we
pray Peace to objects traveling the outer
sphere! | 7 |

We pray Peace to the tremors in earth, and
we pray Peace to the falling meteors!
We pray Peace with the frightened cows,
we pray Peace the sunken ground, no
roars! | 8 |

We pray Peace with the stars and the heavenly
objects, we pray Peace to our earthly activities,
We pray Peace with the objects dug in the
ground, and we pray Peace to all calamities! (9)

We pray Peace to the powers that size the
Moon, we pray Peace to the Rāhus that eat
away the Sun!

We pray Peace to the Death and to the
Comets, we pray Peace to the Rudras and the
hatchets! (10)

Let Rudras be in Peace, Let the Vasus be in
Peace, let Aditya be in Peace and let Agni be
in Peace!

Let our Rishis be in Peace, let our gods be in
Peace, let the divine Bṛhaspati be in Peace! (11)

Atharva Veda 19.9 stanza 7-14

Rṣi – S'antāti

O Brahma, Prajāpati, Dhātā, all peoples, all
teachers, all lights, all illumination,
I pay gratitude to you all, let Indra and
Brahma give me association!
Let my gods protect me in this world, let my
gods offer me compassion! (12)
Whatever good and peaceful in the world,
as the seven sages said timeless,
Let all be good to me, let me be happy
and secure, let me be always fearless! (13)

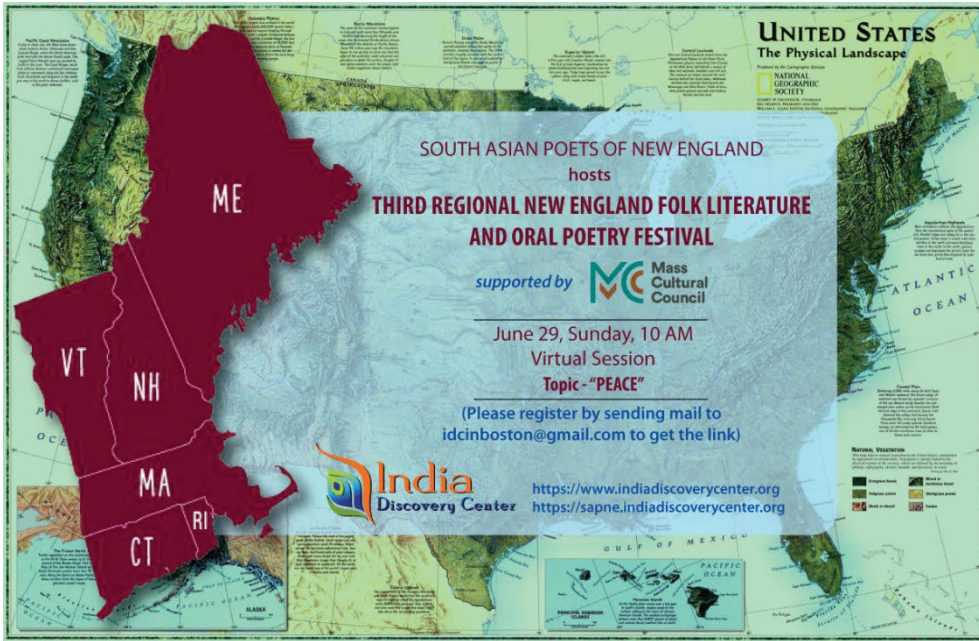
Let the Earth be in Peace, let the Environment
be in Peace, Let the Heavens be in Peace, let
the Waters be in Peace, let the Herbs be in
peace, let the Trees be in Peace, let all gods be
in Peace.

Let the gods enjoy Peace through Peace itself!
Through the gods and Peace everywhere, let
me be in Peace.

Let me proclaim that all Horror, all Terror, and all
Torture convert to Peace and Calm.
Let there be Peace with us! (14)

(Translation – Bijoy Misra)

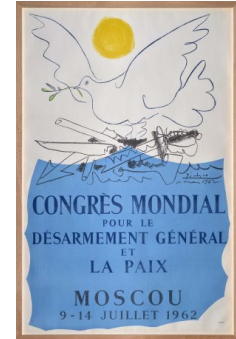
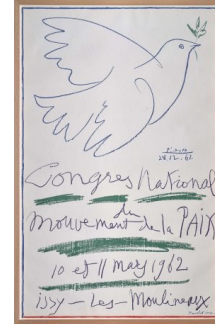
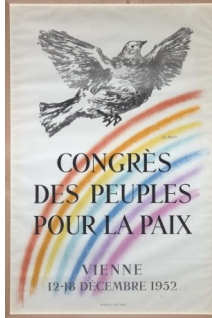
Peace Paix Friede Béke Pace Paz



Béla Kosaras

Mihály Babits ' poem Talán a vízözön ... (Maybe the deluge ...)

People have been longing for PEACE



Peace wanted always

Po Csü-Ji (772-846)
Happiness, Peace
to the Emperor

Foresight: ornament of an opulent year!
Sword-melting: decoration of a happy epoch!
If your wise hope swings afar off,
What reason is void of happiness, peace?
King Jao's wine swims in dew,
King Sun's song in twilight wind –
What they wished for, we need it most,
Concord, happiness, peace!



Force can't generate PEACE but only SILENCE – the two aren't the same.

The poet, writer, thinker

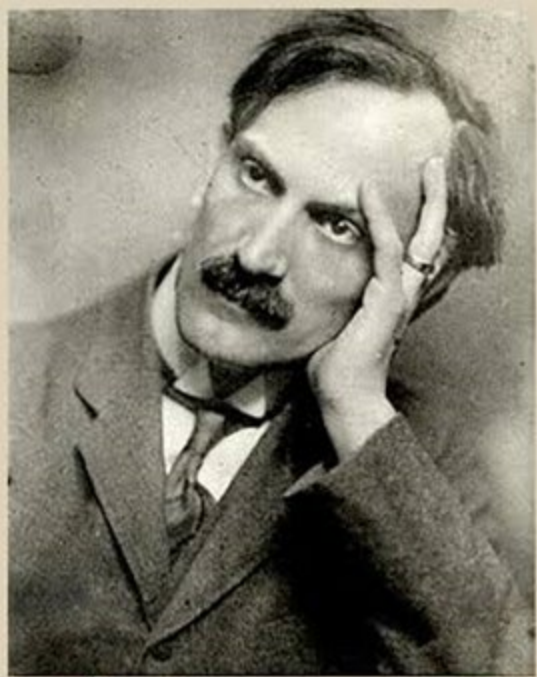
Babits Mihály

(1883-1941)

Babits took his degree at Budapest University in Hungarian, Latin, and Greek philology in year 1905.

He took a teaching position in a small town. His first published volume was issued in 1909. He acquired outstanding knowledge in world literature, aesthetics, and philosophy. Babits translated many works of world literature. He became slowly a central influencer, a leader in the Hungarian literature world.

The outbreak of the First World War changed the tone of his verses leaning to abundant pacifism, humanistic ideas, and moral principles. The war caused deep emotional effects on him. Seeing the loss of human life, destruction, and the loss two-thirds loss of his homeland, and the people taking warped directions had an impact. In disgust and desperation he turned to the themes of God, nature, and love. In 1933 he suffered a heart attack. Three years later, he developed cancer. This second war caused him excruciating emotional pain. Under these oppressive emotional struggles, his poems turned toward the Biblical themes.



Babits Mihály

TALÁN A VIZÖZÖN ...

Irtóztató telünk volt az idén,
Mintha meg akarná mutatni a
Természet, hogy még ő is létezik,
Ot se lehet semmibe nézni, mert
Epoly gonosz tud lenni, min taz ember.

Koppanva estek le a madarak
az ágról, fagyva ért az őzike
könnye a földre, a vadállatok
bemerészkedtek a falvakba: hány
élet hullott el úton-útfelen!

Bölcs koldusok a szeméttelen
Háltak s a mély szemétbe takarózva
Mégfagytak. Hisz még a kabátos úr is
Majd megfagyott az utcán, vagy a rosszul
Táplált kályhák köhögős tüze mellett.

S a legborzasztóbb, hogy már a tavaszt sem
Szabad kívánni! Máskor oly epedve
Vártuk, most félve gondolunk reá,
hogy több sebet fakasztmajd, mint virágot
s jázminillattal hullaizt kavár.

S titkos vérszomjunk mégis ezt kívánja!
Vagy mint rossz kártyás, nem bírjuk tovább ...
Sujtsd el fölöttünk ítéletedet,
olvaszd meg, Uram, nagy folyóidat
és bocsáss újabb vizözönt a földre!,

Igen, tedd ezt, ha tán nem akarod,
vagy már mélnak sem véled vigyázni,
hogy győzzön az igazság és szabadság
bús földeden: ha a zsarnoknak átadsz
s oly állapotnak, mely rosszab a télnél.

Megengednéd-e, hogy gyermekeid
gyermekei – gonosz új iskolák
neveltjei már nevét is elfelejtsék
annak, mi előttünk szent ma még
s amiért annyit küzdtenek apáink!

Akkor inkább a vizözön! Talán
egy bárka majd azon is fog lebegni!
Egy szabad emberpár és jámbor-édes
Állatok, komoly elefánt, bolondos
Mókus, szép macska és erős tevé.

MAYBE THE DELUGE ...

Terrible winter we have had this year,
as if nature wanted to warn and prove
that she, too, still existed and that it
was dangerous to disregard her, for
she could be just as wicked as man is.

Birds made a rapping sound as they fell down
from twigs; the little roe's tears reached the ground
frozen; wild animals from woods and fields
drew boldly into villages. How many
lives perished on roadside and everywhere!

Wise beggars went to sleep on big refuse
dumps and, covered in deep rubbish, they froze
to death. No wonder, when the gentlemen,
too, in good coats, were freezing in the streets or
beside the chocking fire of ill-fed stoves.

Still more dreadful is that we may not long
even for spring to come! We yearned for it
so much in other years, but now it is
our fear that it should wake more wounds than flowers
adding carrion's taste to jasmynes' fragrance.

And still our secret thirst for blood wants it!
Or, like had gamblers, we stand out no longer ...
Strike with the thunder of your doom above us,
melt, oh Lord God, the ice of your big rivers,
and let loose a new deluge on your earth!

So do, if now you no longer desire it
or are quite indifferent as to whether
Justice and freedom are victorious
on your sad earth, whether we are abandoned
to tyrants or to a state that's worse than winter.

Or would you suffer that the children of
your children – all disciples of depraved
new schools – should once forget the very names
of everything we still hold to be sacred,
of everything our fathers struggled for?

Then rather send us your deluge! Maybe
another ark will float upon its waves!
A human couple, free, with meek and lovely
animals, earnest elephant, jocose
squirrels, elegant cats and robust camels.





GOD

Has had given people

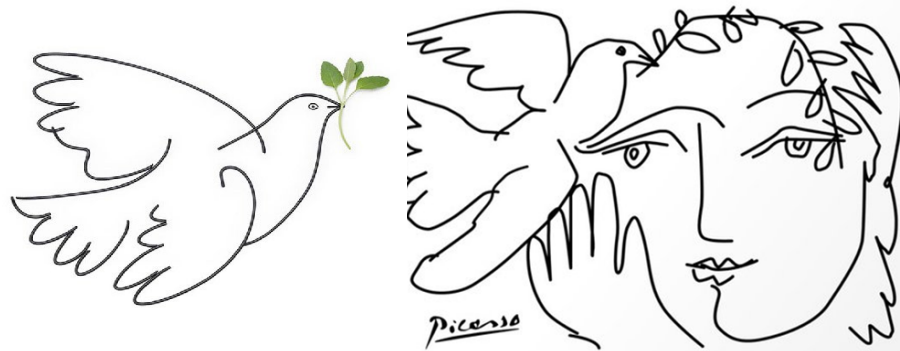
The Power and

The MIND

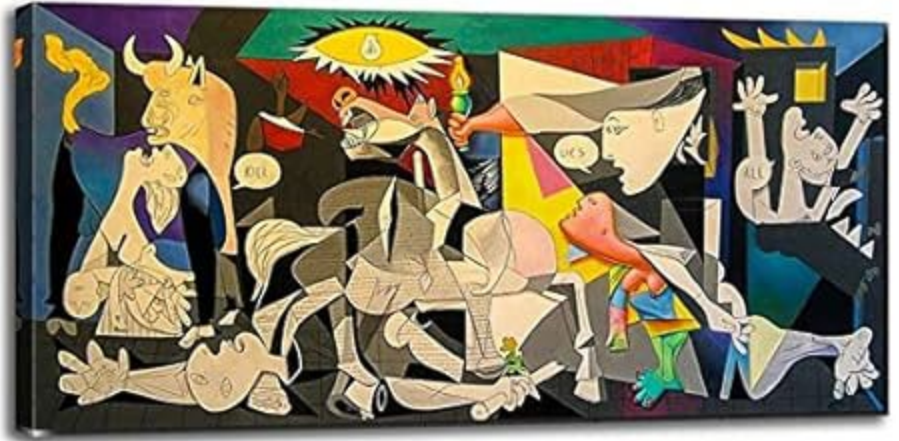
To choose, to decide and to act...

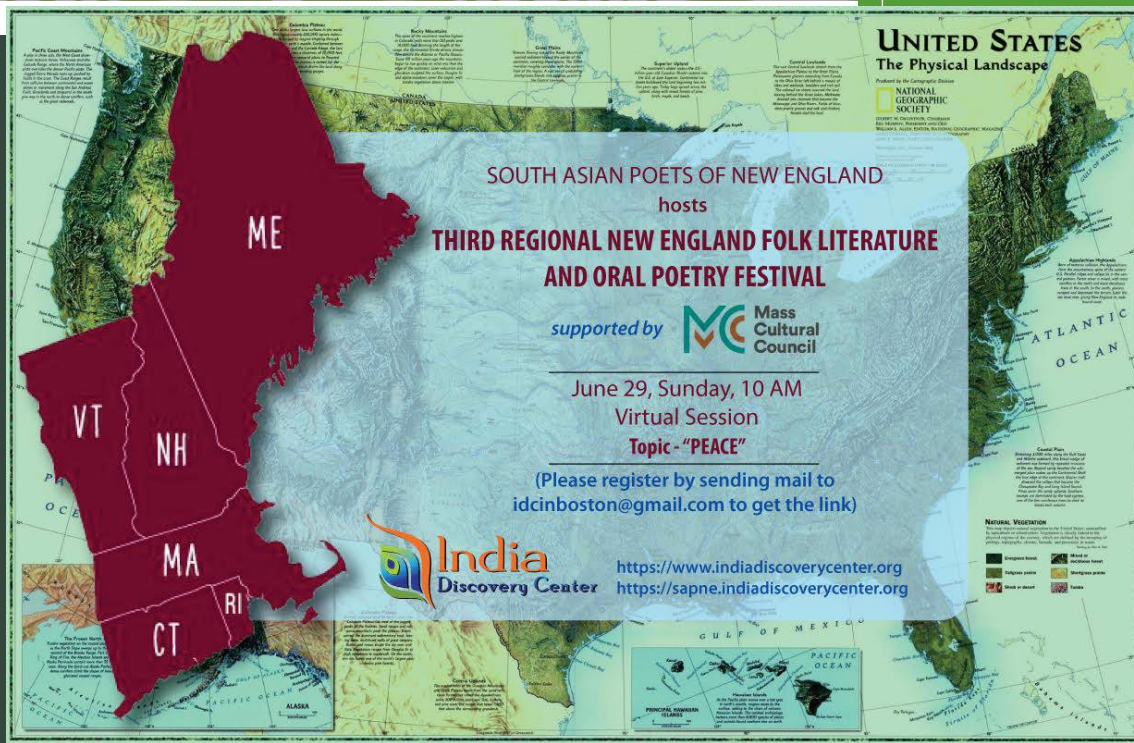


Love → Peace → LIFE



Hate → War → DEATH





SANGEETA PRASAD

Kabir Das Ki Bani

Sant Kabir Das



- Sant Kabir Das was a prolific poet of 15th century. He is known to have lived in Benaras (now Varanasi) in India. The birthdate has not been fully established. It is believed that Kabir Das received no formal schooling.
- These were times of great change with incessant warfare and conflict causing anxiety, strife and dislocation. His compositions were impactful to develop faith.
- Kabir's lyrics are known as Bani's and were orally composed and transmitted.
 - He composed in Bhojpuri incorporating elements of Avadhi, Braj and Khadi boli. They were in the common man's spoken language – so-called Panchmel Khichri.
 - Kabir Das is featured extensively in the Guru Granth sahib formalized in the 16th century CE. The lyrics were recorded in the 17th century in the book Bijak.
- Kabir preached a message of harmony and fraternity that focused on self improvement and positive action
 - His peace is not passive, but transformative - born from awareness, humility, and love. It doesn't come from changing the world outside, but from changing how we may see, speak, and seek

Anxious times: North India 15-16th Century CE



https://www.reddit.com/r/Maps/comments/vrthmb/south_asia_ad_1525/#lightbox

- A time of constant invasion and warfare starting with the Ghurid invasion of North India in 12th century CE
- Delhi Sultanate (1320 – 1555) covered 5 dynasties & 31 rulers, Multiple, independent Rajput kingdoms in present-day Rajasthan and Punjab Hills, Ganga Surya Dynasty and Bengal Sultanate in East India,
- 1398: Mongol invasion of India
- 1498: Portuguese arrive in India, set up trading posts and conquer Goa in 1510
- 1526: First battle of Panipat and entry of Mughals

Ghungat ke pat khol घूँघट के पट खोल

“तोको पीव मिलेंगे घूँघट के पट खोल रे।”

You will find your Beloved (the divine) once you lift the veil (of ignorance and illusion).

We must look within ourselves to find the source of peace

“घट घट में वही साँई रमता, कटुक बचन मत बोल रे।”

The divine is in every container (i.e. within every being). Do not speak harsh words. Kabir creates a foundation for harmony by linking sweet speaking and kindness to divinity

“धन जोबन को गरब न कीजै, झूठा पँचरंग चोल रे।”

Do not be proud of your wealth, vitality and youth; this five-colored robe is deceptive.

Vanity and ego create restlessness and breed anxiety, hyper competitiveness and suffering.

“सुन्न महल में दियना बार ले, आसा सों मत डोल रे।”

Light the lamp in the silent palace (the heart); do not waver in hope. Inner peace is found in stillness (सुन्यता) (which is the gateway to peace). The lamp symbolizes inner awareness or soul-light, and unwavering hope is shraddhā (faith), the source of peace

“ जोग जुगत से रंग-महल में, पिय पाई अनमोल रे।”

Through the discipline of yogic practice, we can find the priceless divine in this palace of colors. When the inner self is awakened peace arises naturally as longing & dissatisfaction is replaced by joy

“कहैं कबीर आनंद भयो है, बाजत अनहद ढोल रे॥”

Kabir says: I am filled with bliss! The unstruck drum resounds within me. The Anahad Shabd (unstruck sound) is the mystical sign of inner union—a state of total silence and sound coexisting. So, peace comes from within oneself and it is this inner self dependent quality of this peace that makes it much more stable and permanent

In summary, Kabir says to find peace:

We begin by looking within, and by removing illusion (line 1). This process is initiated when we speak sweetly and treat others gently (line 2).

We sustain by releasing ego and attachment (line 3). Our peace is illuminated, through stillness and steady faith (line 4).

Ultimately peace is achieved, in union with the Divine (line 5). We find bliss, when we awaken to the eternal sound within (line 6).

UNITED STATES
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hosts
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AND ORAL POETRY FESTIVAL**

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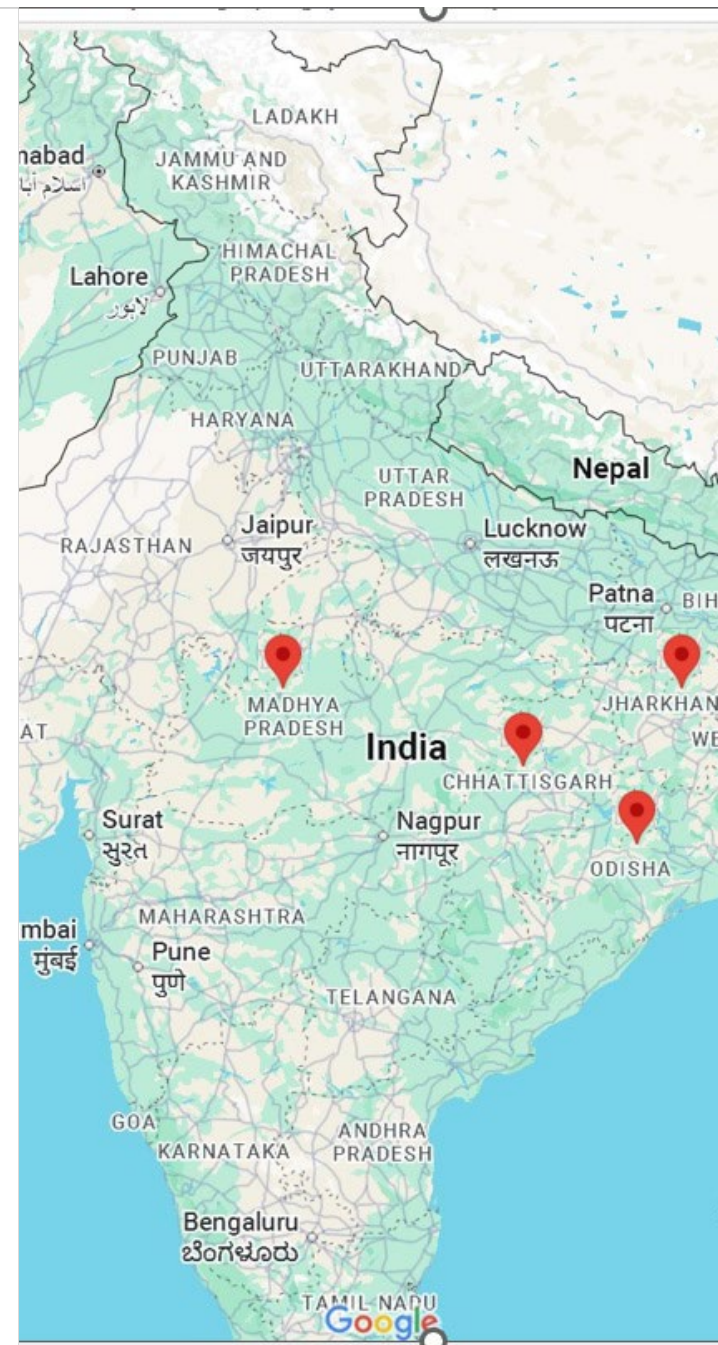


SHAKUNTALA GUPTA

Karama Folk Song

Karama Folk Songs

- Karama folk songs during Karama festival performed with dance or Karma Naach.
- Traditional folk performance of central and Eastern Indian tribes particularly on the Chota Nagpur plateau region in India. It is performed in State of Chhattisgarh, Jharkhand, Madhya Pradesh, Odisha and West Bengal. Karma means 'fate'.
- Time: it starts from the 11th day of the bright fortnight of the month of Bhadra (July-August).
- Pauri Bhuyan, Munda, Kharia, Kol, Oraon Tribes
- Instruments: Mandar (a type of drum), Dhol (a sizeable traditional drum), Tasa (a percussion instrument), Cymbals and Flutes, Thumki, Chhalla, Payri, Jhumki, Timki (a drum)
- Odisha -Sundargarh, Mayurbhanj, Sambalpur integrated



Significance



- The name “Karama” is derived from the Karam tree or Kadamba tree (*Nauclea Parvifolia*), which holds great religious and cultural importance among tribal communities.
- It originates in oral traditions and tribal folklore of agrarian life, which celebrates nature.
- People pray to invoke the deities of fate, Karam (God) and Karamsani (Goddess), with branches of Karam, flowers, millet and cereal sprouts, to ensure bountiful crops, a good harvest, prosperity, and well-being.
- Karama dance and songs express gratitude and serve communal activity that brings people together.
- It has evolved into a popular cultural expression beyond religious boundaries.
- Planting Karam trees, branches, fasting, offerings of sprouts, fowl sacrifices, prayers and dances are the associated rituals. Rhythmic music, traditional songs, and drumming accompany the event.

Karama folk song lyrics:

(from Odisha, Jharkhand),
Dialect : Sambalpuri, Oraon

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ସୋନେ ସୋନେ କେରା
ରୋପେ ରୋପେ କେରା
ଚଞ୍ଚର ଡୋଲେ ଭଲୟା
ସାଲାଏ ସାଲାଏ

କରମ୍ ପୁଲର ପୁଲ୍ ଝରା ଥିଁ
ହରଷେଇ ଦେଇ ଝୁଲେଇ

ତୋତେ ବିନତୀ କରୁଁ
ତୋତେ ଗୁହାରୀ କରୁଁ
ଗୀତ ଗାଇ ଗୋ
ମାଁ କରମ୍ ସାନୀ
ମାଁ ଗୋ

ଅପୁତ୍ରି (ନିପୁତ୍ରି) କେ ପୁତ୍ର ଦାୟିନୀ ଗୋ
ମାଁ କରମ ସାନୀ ମାଁ ଗୋ ..

(Karam dandi)

Note: Other two Oraon Karama lyrics available in a book (The Awakened Mind - by Sitakanta Mahapatra),

References: Research Dissertation by Akshaya Rath et al., Govt. of Odisha sites, Folk Dance Troupes of Odisha.

The golden whisk is swinging
The silver whisk is swinging,
with gentle slow movements...

with great enthusiasm and happiness
With the flowery swings of Karam flowers
We welcome you
We plea and pray at you
Oh mother,
Mother Karamsani!

The wild bear is rampant
at the lower parts of the jungle,
where are you going buddy..!

(Karam-dandi)The childless get child
with your blessings
mother Karamsani

Reflection: Invoking of Karam God and Karamsani Goddess, welcoming procedure of the deities With slow movements of whisk, branches of karam, and slow rhythm of drums and dance steps are described in the song. Praying for well-being and blessings are sung in elongated pitch in Karama-dandi also know as Kuruk-dandi)

Karma folk song lyrics:

(from Chattisgarh and Madhya Pradesh), Dialect : Lariya

हाय रे सरगुजा नाचे॥
अलथी कलथी मांदर बाजे।
हाय रे सरगुजा नाचे॥

भादो के अंजोरी म अाये करम देवता।
घर घर पहुंचे हे करमा के नेवता॥
दिया बर जाई म सजे हवय थारी।
करमा के सुने कहनी जुटे संगवारी॥
हाय रे सरगुजा नाचे॥

कोन गाँव के करम डार कहा गर
मंदरिहा।
सिकरी जौराये के संग नाचाथे जहुरिहा॥
हाय रे सरगुजा नाचे॥

(selected stanzas)

Oh!..

The Sarjguja (name) region is dancing !

tapped with swirl movements
the drums are resonating
at every nook and corner.

Oh!..

The Sarjguja (name) region is dancing..

The Karam deity comes
with bright fortnight of Bhadrav month
(lunar month of July- August)
The Karma invitation has arrived to each house,
With decorated plates lamps with cereals sprouts,
All friends have gathered to listen to lores of Karma
With Karam branches from different villages

With drummers from other villages
all men and women are dancing merrily

Oh!.. The Sarjguja (name) region is dancing !

Reflection: The song describes the arrival of the Karam festival, its preparation. How the communities come together to celebrate, united with worshiping songs, rhythmic dances.

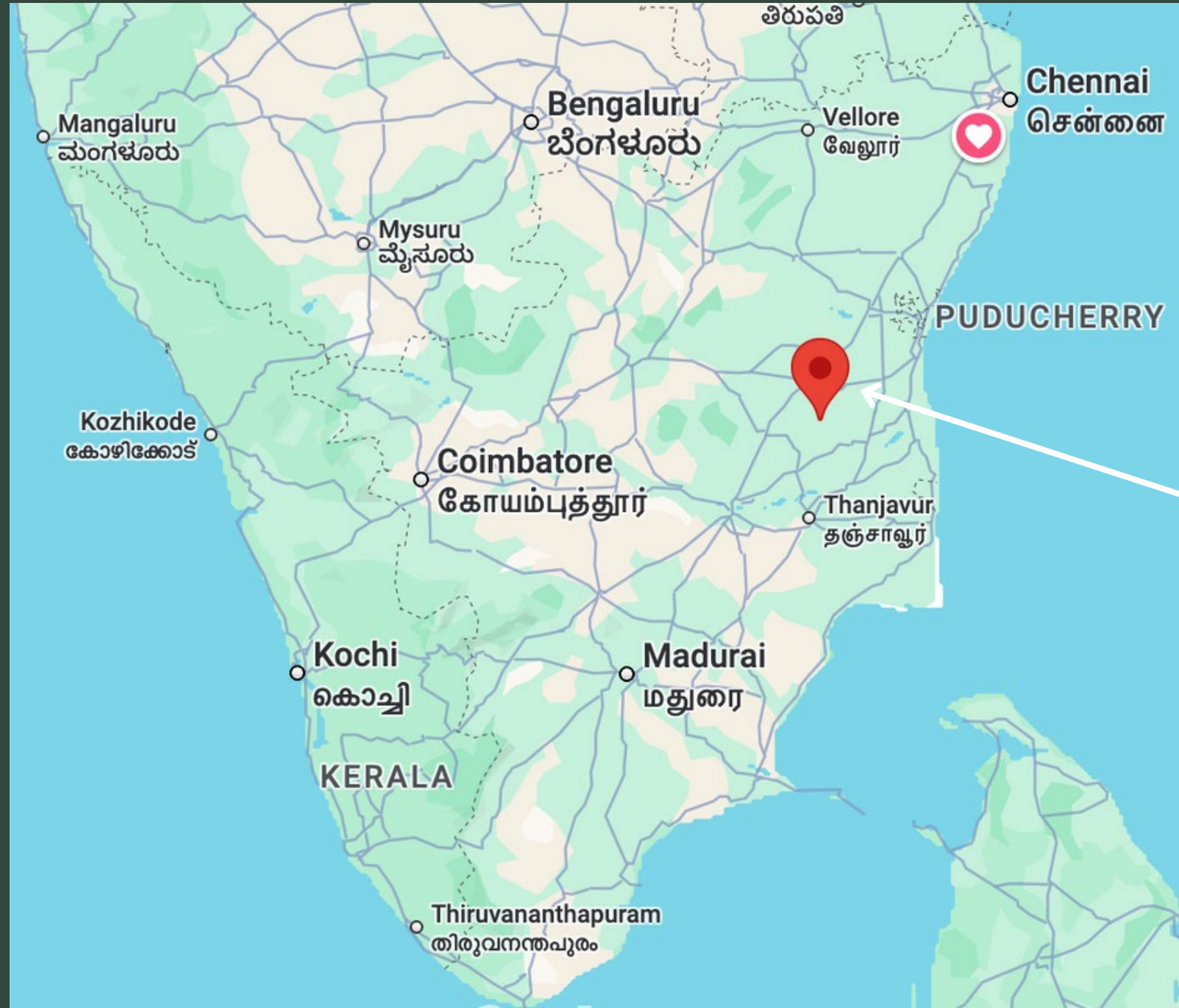


ANAND RAMANUJAM

Tamil Song on peaceful pastoral life

Tamil Nadu, India

Mullaiyur - A Serene pastoral village



Mullaiyur – Tamil Nadu, India.

- A serene pastoral village, surrounded by lush greenery and vibrant flora and fauna.
- Located in central Tamil Nadu, just south of Chennai, between the tributaries of the River Cauvery.
- A classic representation of Mullai land —one of the five ancient landscapes described in Sangam literature.

The Aayars of Mullaiyur



- The Aayars of Mullaiyur are an ethnic Tamil community indigenous to the pastoral regions of Tamil Nadu.
- The Aayars lead a peaceful life, primarily devoted to herding cattle. They are skilled in singing, playing the flute and lute, weaving fragrant garlands, and cultivating small crops.
- The women, known as Aaycchis, are engaged in milking cows and preparing dairy products such as buttermilk, yoghurt, butter, and ghee. They tend to cattle and care for pet parrots and peacocks.

எங்கள் ஊர் எழில் முல்லைபூர்

- முல்லை நிலத்தின் அழகையும் அமைதியையும் போற்றும்

சிந்துப் பாட்டு

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Our Glorious Mullaiyur

— An Ode to the Serenity of the Pastoral Land

*Mullaiyur , our beautiful village,
radiates boundless lasting joy.
A land woven with love and compassion,
untouched by war or conflict.*

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*It is the land where the earth,
soaked by rain sent from the heavens,
exhales its sacred scent,
and the cool breeze wanders gently through gardens
where flowers overflow with honey.*

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*It is the land where vibrant peacocks dance with joy,
as cuckoos weave songs of gentle beauty.
Young parrots chatter with maidens
whose voices sound musical .*

- ஒரு முல்லை நிலப் பாட்டு (தொடர்ச்சி)

... புல்லில் ஓர்நடம்  ன் ஓ  ||  ன 

*In this land, white -tailed rabbits nibble tender millet sheaths.
Spotted deer leap and sway across lush green meadows,
their dance a graceful weave upon the grass.*

...                              

*It is the land where grazing cattle sway to the gentle melodies
of bamboo flutes played by the cowherds.
A realm where the bard's lute sings,
its notes cascading like a river of nectar.*

...♥‖▶m'no☼n'fL◀◆▒☼⬆ũ Ö☼€‖≡Ln☼

*It is the land where cowherd women churn butter,
easing hunger and sustaining beloved lives.
The land that honors the radiant Sun,
A luminous beacon nurturing the world with light.*

...=| ▾♥ ▾☀ ▾♂ ♯nK, ▾♦ —▲ ã Ö ☼ €| =|L n ☼

*It is the land that reveals a way of life that cherishes the world
as if it were a rare and sacred ambrosia.
In its holy stillness, silence cradles the soul,
where inner light glows clear and eternal.*

H



Shahab Ahmad

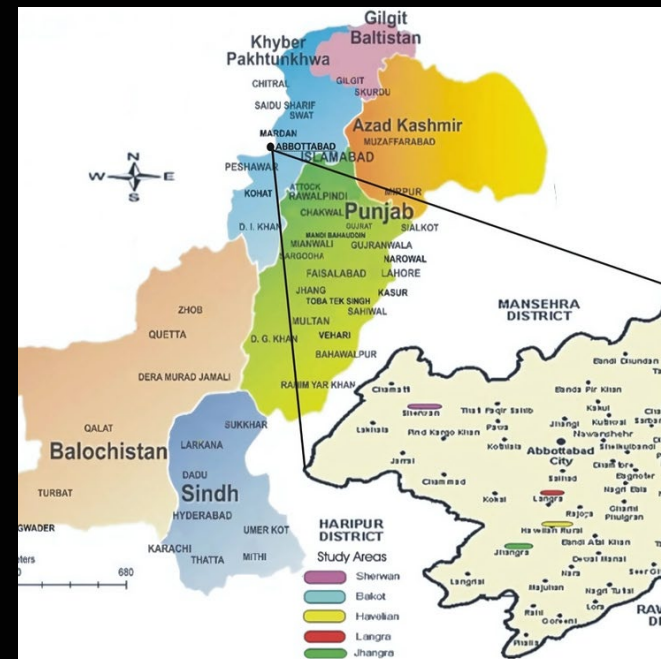
Humble tribute to my birthplace

by
d

A breathtaking sunset unfolding over Abbottabad

The gateway to northern Pakistan is surrounded by the ranges of the Himalayas, the Karakoram, and the Hindu Kush, which inspired Shahab's love of nature, peace, and humanity

Currently, he is planning to publish his collection of Urdu poetry, Armughan-e-Shahab.



A breathtaking sunset unfolding over Abbottabad

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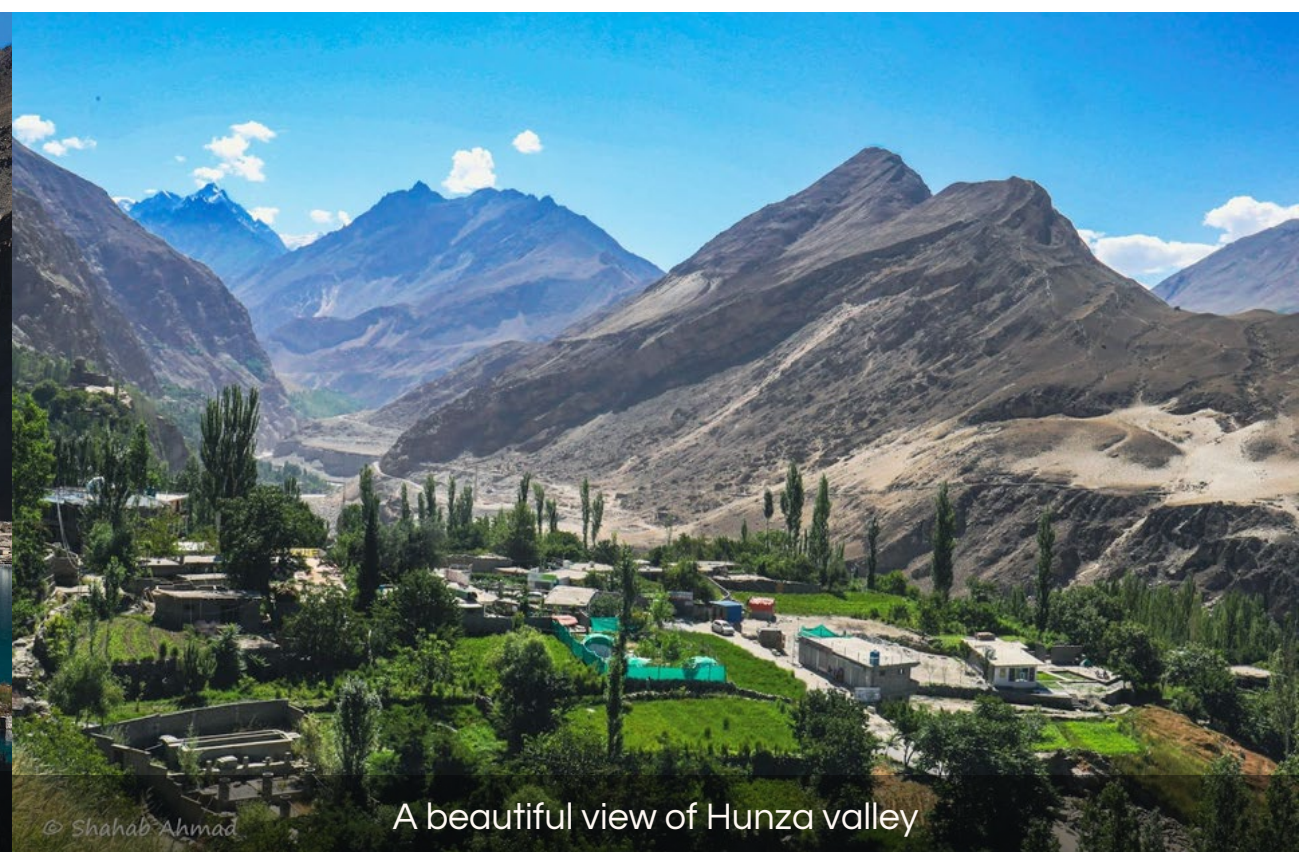


A road to the top is always curvy, filled with twists and turns.

Babusar Top



Beautiful view of Pasu Cones from Atabad Lake



A beautiful view of Hunza valley



Mountains: Hindu Kush, Karakoram, and Himalayas

Rivers: Gilgit and Indus



Glacier water stream coming from great



A beautiful view of Pasu Cones

Abbottaba

Abbottabad, my city, may you always prosper,
In the memory of you, my heart remains often
ruined.
May you remain perpetually joyful and flourishing,
May you always be remembered like my first love.
The sights of your valleys are distinct from the
world,
Your seasons resemble the grace of a youthful
beauty.
I sacrifice my life for the flow of your river,
In your waterfalls, the sound of anklets should be
remembered.
May you always be remembered like my first love.

d Your streets, your neighborhoods, your beautiful
markets,
Your lovely hills hidden in the clouds of your hair.
You are a masterpiece of culture and civilization,
As long as you are in the eye of my imagination, my
heart remains joyous.
May you always be remembered like my first love.
Announcing the arrival of my beloved,
Creating mischief by letting loose the hair of my
beloved.
Daring to place a kiss on the rosy cheek,
Oh, let the fragrant breeze filled with perfume be
remembered.
May you always be remembered like my first love.



KUSHAGRA ANIKET

Sanskrit Ode to Peace

The Poet: Ty āgar āja



- The Śāntistava (Ode to Peace) is a Sanskrit devotional composition, attributed to Tyāgarāja, a poet born into the Kaśyapa gotra and native to the Āndhra country in India.
- Tyāgarāja was a disciple of Ānandanātha, whose feet he revered as his spiritual support (*ānandanāthapādapadma-upajīvinaḥ*). He predates the celebrated Carnatic composer of the same name.
- Though little biographical detail survives, his compositions clearly reveal a devotional orientation toward Śiva and Śakti.

Śāntistava : Ode to Peace

מַה־אֶחָדָה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה
- אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה
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? אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה

She who appears as the one form of the universe, a
play of consciousness,
existing, shining, and blissful by nature,
free from the six changes (birth, growth, decay, etc.),
and needing no support,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה
- אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה אֵלֶּה
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She who shines in all states: waking, dreaming, and
deep sleep,
as the witness of all bodies and their functions,
like gold that underlies all ornaments,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

Śāntistava : Ode to Peace

נִפְתָּחַ לְפָנַי אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ
אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ
יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ
יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ

Revealed by the Vedas through the method of “not
this, not this,”
ever resplendent in the hearts of the wise,
abiding as the true self when all notions of difference
dissolve,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ
יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ
יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ
יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ אֵלֵינוּ יְיָ

Duality is the cause of fear, thus say the Vedas
yet which, when that duality dissolves, remains as
pure oneness,
like rivers merging into the ocean, losing all
separateness,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

Śāntistava : Ode to Peace

גַּם מֵעַתָּה פֶּן אֶהְיֶה גֵבֻרָה
וְיִשְׁמַחַן בְּעֵינַי ? וְיִשְׁמַחַן □
וְיִשְׁמַחַן בְּעֵינַי ? וְיִשְׁמַחַן □
וְיִשְׁמַחַן בְּעֵינַי , וְיִשְׁמַחַן ?

Beyond name, form, family, and duty,
free from birth and death, eternal and unchanging,
abiding even at the end of time,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

וְיִשְׁמַחַן בְּעֵינַי ? וְיִשְׁמַחַן □
וְיִשְׁמַחַן בְּעֵינַי ? וְיִשְׁמַחַן □
וְיִשְׁמַחַן בְּעֵינַי ? וְיִשְׁמַחַן □
וְיִשְׁמַחַן בְּעֵינַי , וְיִשְׁמַחַן ?

When the mind is cleansed by the nectar of the
guru's words,
then immediately shines the jewel of true
consciousness,
radiant with the light of intelligence,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

Śāntistava : Ode to Peace

[illegible]

Always present in those whose breath and mind are purified,
She is the formless joy of pure awareness,
the very essence of reality and unreality alike,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

אָהָרִי? צוּ אַבְרָם מִן אֵל | ח
 אַבְרָם אָהָרִי אֵל, אָהָרִי אַבְרָם
 אָהָרִי אַבְרָם אָהָרִי? צוּ אֵל
 אַבְרָם אֵל, אַבְרָם אֵל?

She who, for one who sees even Brahma's world as straw,
bestows the supreme peace that is true satisfaction,
granting the yogi a state of perfect equanimity,
that is Śivā, that am I; in that Peace I take refuge.

UNITED STATES
The Physical Landscape

Produced by the Cartographic Division
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

Produced by: GEORGE M. COOPER, CHAIRMAN
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SOUTH ASIAN POETS OF NEW ENGLAND
hosts
**THIRD REGIONAL NEW ENGLAND FOLK LITERATURE
AND ORAL POETRY FESTIVAL**

supported by **Mass Cultural Council**

June 29, Sunday, 10 AM
Virtual Session
Topic - "PEACE"

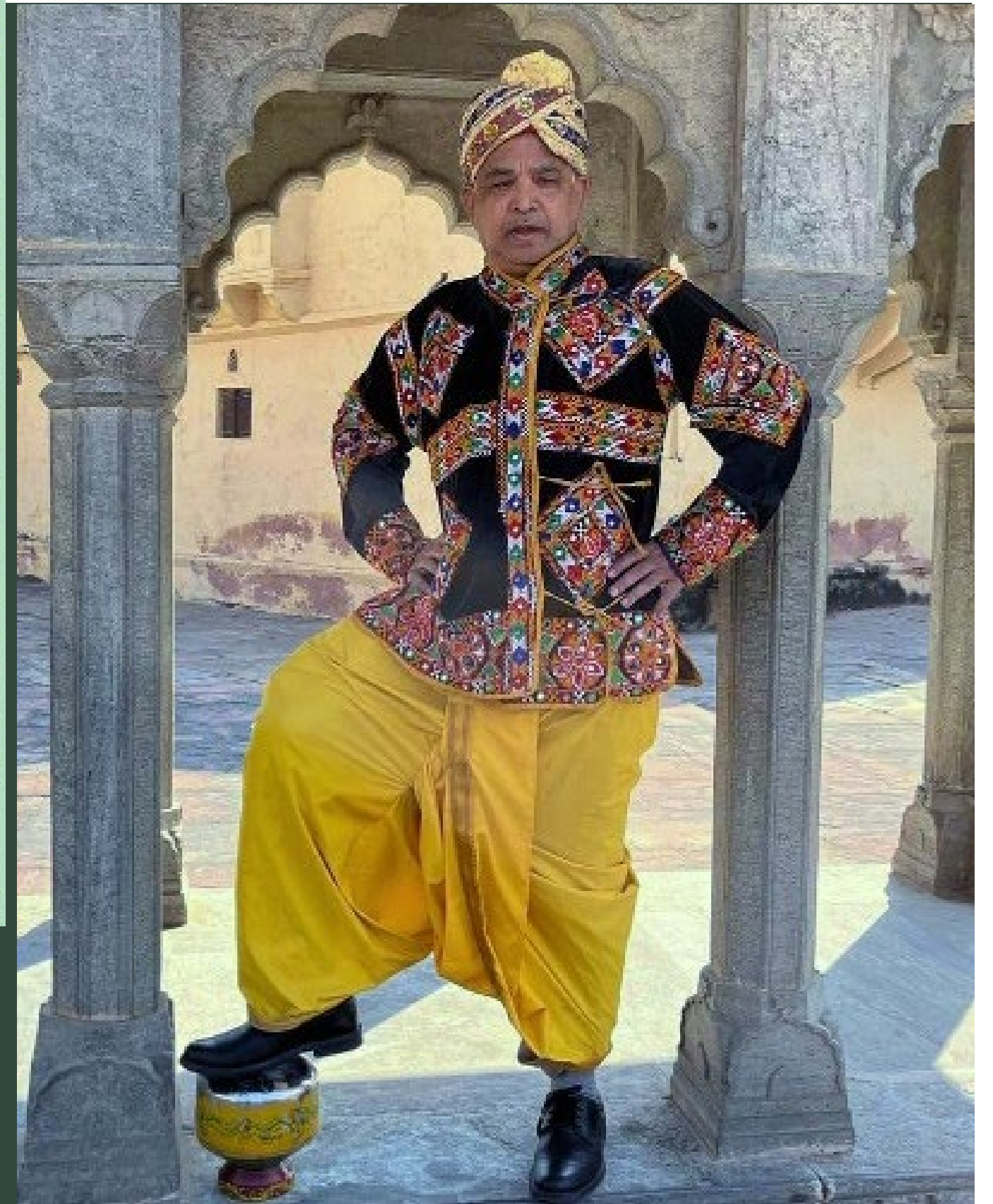
(Please register by sending mail to
idcinboston@gmail.com to get the link)

India Discovery Center

<https://www.indiadiscoverycenter.org>
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MIR FAZLUL KARIM

BENGALI: River and Human / নদী ও মানুষ



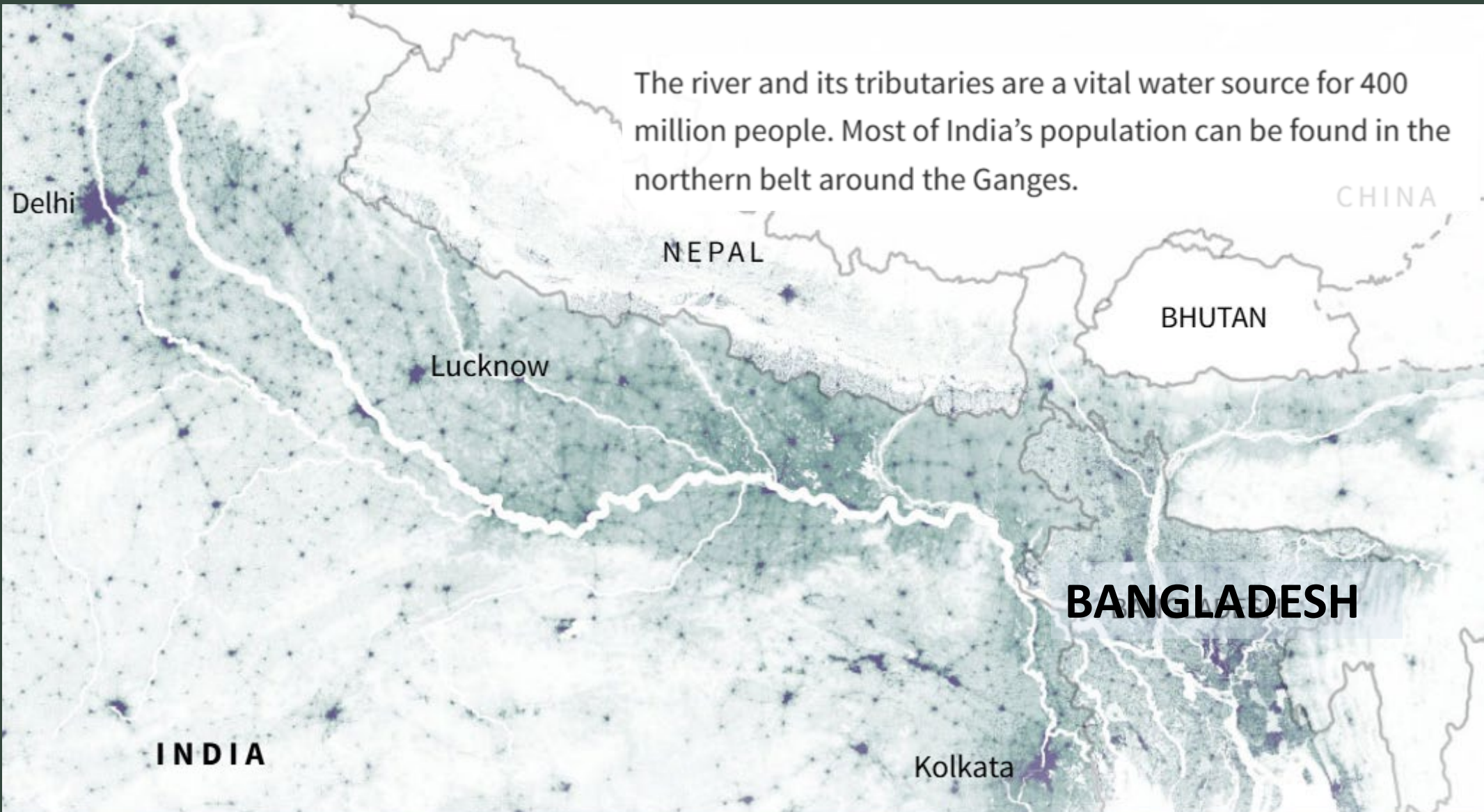
River and Human

নদী ও মানুষ

Summary:

Tale of people living on the banks of the mighty Ganges from Devprayag to Bengal delta. Yes, people sing the same song, feel in the same way, the same joy, the same tears and the same pain.

Oh! The humans lost the freedom. They are not great like the birds, even not the floating insects. Oh! Humans learn the humanity from the mighty Ganges, lives, the birds and the rights.



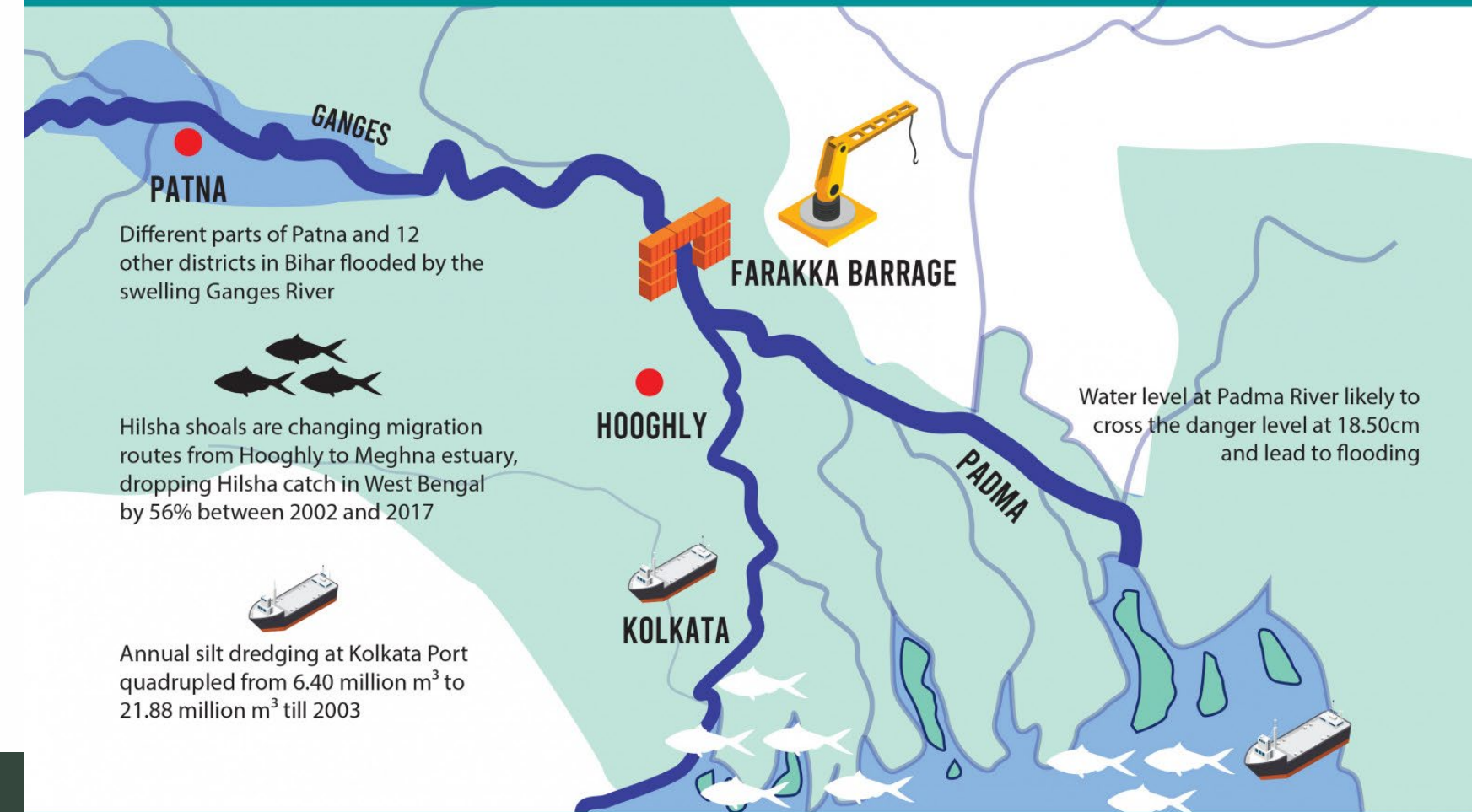
MAP OF MOTHER GANGES AND PEOPLE DENSITY

Courtesy <https://www.reuters.com/>

একই আকাশ, একই মাটি, তবুও গঙ্গা কেন পদ্মা হয়ে যায়,
আকাশের মুক্ত পাখিরা কেঁদে কেঁদে বলে দেখো দেখো -
মর্তের মানুষ কিভাবে তার স্বাধীনতা হারায়, ক্ষীণ পদ্মা তবু বয়ে যায়,
বিধাতার কৃপায় মহানন্দা আর যমুনা ক্লিষ্ট পদ্মায় নিজে করে সমর্পন,
ক্রোধিত পদ্মা ভেঙে তছনছ করে তার দুই পাড়, দৌলতদিয়া থেকে বিক্রমপুর,
তবুও পদ্মা সন্তর্পনে সাগরের পানে ধায়, আর গ্রামে গঞ্জে নবীন পলল যোগায়।
আমি দেখেছি তারপর বিশাল মেঘনা পদ্মাকে নেয় আগলে, বলে - সমুদ্রে নিয়ে যাবো তোমায়,
বিশুদ্ধ গঙ্গা যেন নুতন জীবন পায়, এ যেন সেই যমুনাকে ফিরে পাওয়া, অগাধ নীলাভ জলরাশি,
শুধু নেই সেই ত্রিভেনি আবর্তন, কিন্তু - কে ডাকে ওই পাড়ে, গঙ্গা গঙ্গা বলে?
সেই ডাক শুনে গঙ্গা বিহ্বল, এমন ডাক যে শুনেছে আগেও,
সবই চেনা চেনা লাগে, মাঝি গান গায় - এ গান শুনেছে আগে,
নদীর দুই ধারে প্লাবন ভূমি, সবুজ দিগন্ত আর মানুষের বসতি – সবই দেখা আগে
আর, আমি দেখেছি পদ্মার উন্মত্ত সুখ ...



FARAKKA BARRAGE NOW A THREAT TO INDIA



এযে এক বাঙালি বালিকা মেঘনায় করিছে অবগাহন, যেখানে গঙ্গা করে আবর্তন
হ্যা আমি গঙ্গা, আমি পদ্মা, তোমাকে লাগছে যে অনেক চেনা, কে তুমি বালিকা?
বালিকা কহে - আমিও গঙ্গা আমার নাম গঙ্গা, তোমারই রূপে মানুষ আমি -

গৌরী আমার মায়ের নাম, মা আমার পাটনার গঙ্গা পাড়ের মেয়ে

অনেক যুগ আগে বিয়ের ছলে মা আমার পাটনা ছেড়ে মেঘনা ঘাটে আসে

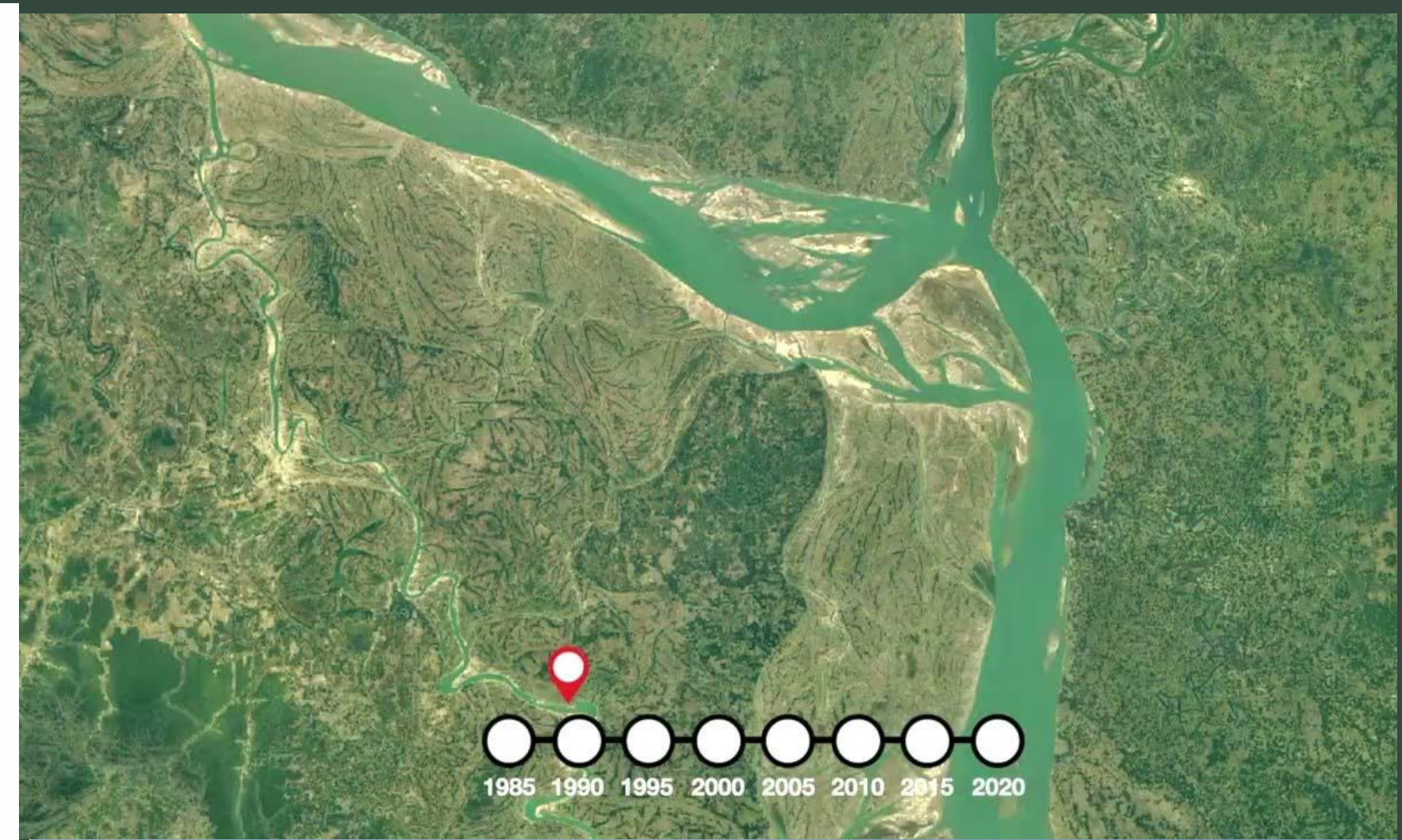
মার হয় নাই আর ফেরা শৈশবের পাটনায়, মানুষের আঁকা সীমারেখার ঝাকে।

মা আমার প্রায়ই সিন্ত চোখে বলে- ঐযে দূরে গঙ্গার ধারা ওটা যে পাটনা থেকেই আসে,

আর ঐ দূর আকাশে মুক্ত পাখি! ওরাও যে পাটনার আকাশ হয়েই আসে,

মায়ের আমার এটাই সম্বল, তাতেই জীবন কাটে -

গঙ্গার চোখে শুধু অশ্রু নির্ঝর, তারপর মেঘনায় ভেসে, যায় মিশে সাগরের লবনাক্ত জলে।



পদ্মা
ও মেঘনার
সৌন্দর্য

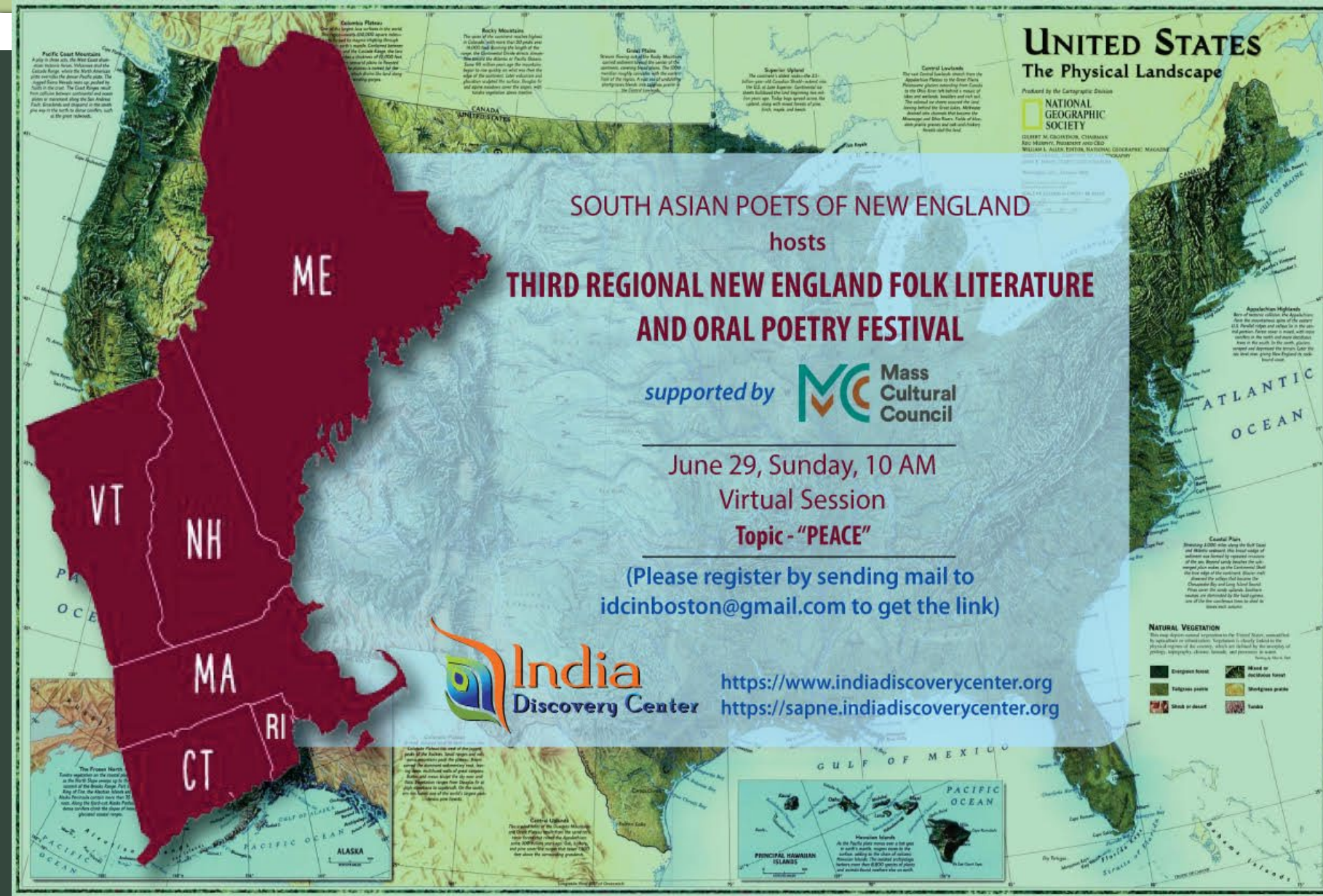
AB Creations

See the birds in the sky crying and saying –
Look how the people of the world lose their freedom, but the feeble Padma still flows,
Due to the love of the rivers Mahananda and Brahmaputra rejuvenate the Padma,
The angry Padma erodes, slides and washes the banks at Daulatdia and Bikrampur,
Yet the Padma continues flowing, aiming at the sea and carries sediment in the villages and the plains.
I have seen the mighty Meghna take the Padma on her wide lap, and said - I will take you to your destination,
The holy Ganges gets new life, feels like getting back the Yamuna at Allahabad, the water is deep and blue,
The nostalgic Padma misses the Triveni Sangam but listens someone calling her as “Hi Ganga, Hi Ganga”
The Ganga was wondered by the call, feels that she heard this call before
That sounds familiar, the boatman sings song - the song is also familiar,
Floodplain on both sides of the river, green horizon and settlement – the river has seen all these before

And, I have seen the madness in the Padma out of so much happiness...
There is one Bengali daughter bathing in the Meghna, where there is a whirl with the Ganges
Yes, I am the Ganges, I am the Padma, river murmured,
feels like I have known you for many era, who are you little miss?
The girl said - I am Ganga, my name is Ganga, I am a girl -
My mother's name is Gauri, my mother hails from Patna on the river Ganges
Many years ago, my mother got married and left Patna and came to Meghna Ghat
My mother never went back to her childhood Patna; because Human divided Patna and Meghna
Mother often says with tearful eyes – look from far distance the Ganges comes here but she touches Patna,
And those free birds in the sky! They also flew from Patna’s sky,
The mother has only this much of her memories, she lives in it, survives in it-
Look, the eyes of the mighty Ganges are full of tears,
Merges with the river Meghna to reach the salty water of Bay.

THE GANGES FINALLY MEETS THE BAY OF BENGAL

THANK YOU



CHUN YU

Dao De Jing (Tao Te Ching) on War and Peace

Laozi and *Dao De Jing*

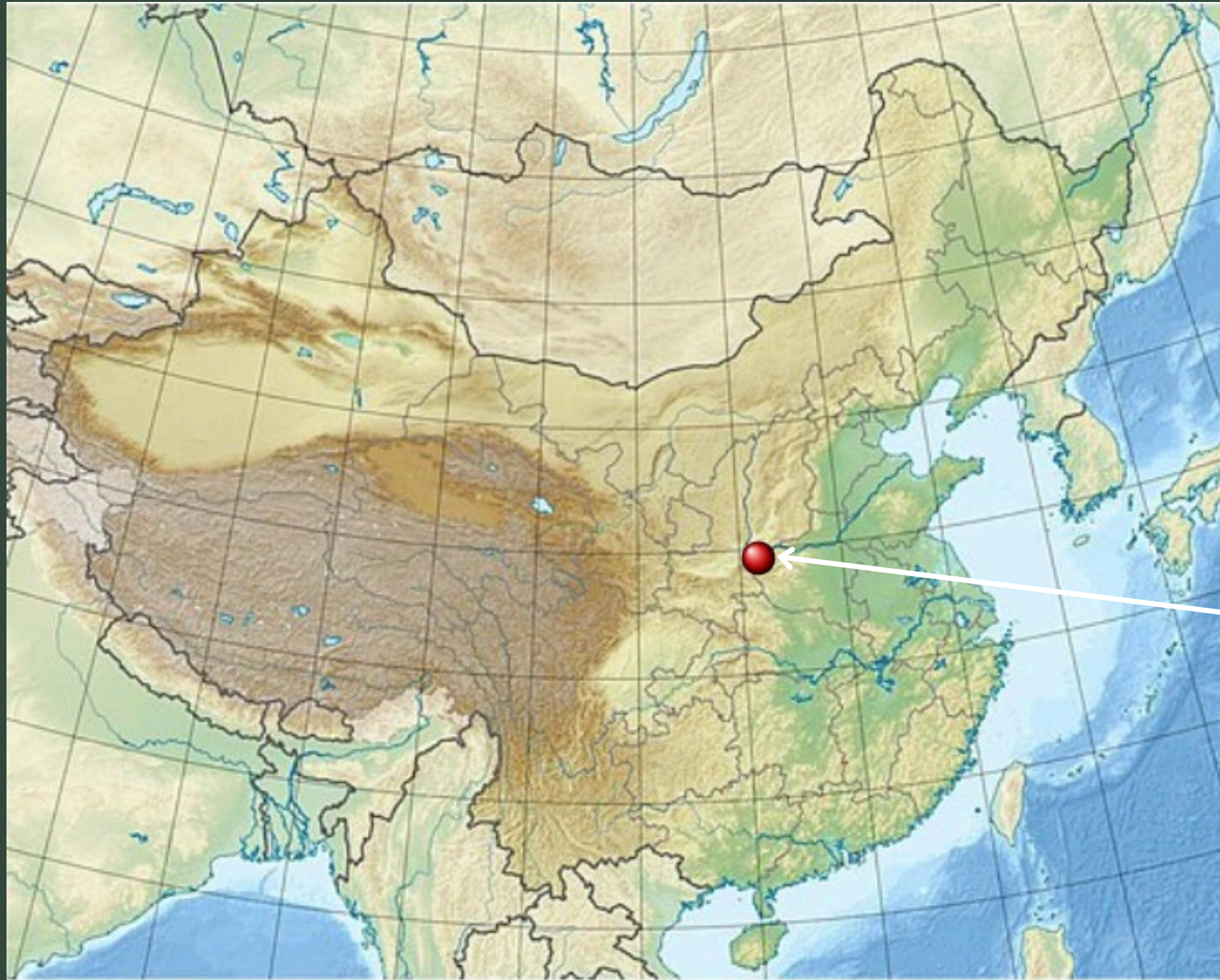


Around the 6th century B.C.E., a mysterious figure named Laozi (老子) lived in ancient China. He is traditionally known as the author of the *Dao De Jing* (道德经), or *Tao Te Ching*. Laozi is said to have worked as an archivist at the Zhou dynasty (周朝) court and was skilled in astrology, divination, and sacred writings.

According to legend, Laozi once met Confucius (孔子), who later described him as a dragon riding the clouds—beyond human understanding.

Tired of the world's corruption, Laozi rode west on a water buffalo. At Hangu Pass (函谷关), the gatekeeper Yin Xi (尹喜) asked him to share his wisdom. Laozi agreed, wrote the *Dao De Jing*—a work of about 5,000 characters—and disappeared into the western mountains, never seen again.

The Hangu Pass, China



Hangu Pass is located on the south side of the Yellow River in today's Henan Province, about 60 kilometers downstream from where the river turns east after the Ordos Loop. Built by the state of Qin in 330 BCE, it later became the site of many battles during the Warring States period and early imperial times.



In the *Dao De Jing*, peace is not imposed—it emerges naturally when individuals, leaders, and societies align with the *Dao*.



Chapter 31 On Weapons and Mourning After War (selected sentences)

夫兵者，不祥之器，物或恶之，故有道者不处。

兵者，不祥之器，非君子之器，不得已而用之，恬淡为上。

胜而不美，而美之者，是乐杀人。夫乐杀人者，不可以得志于天下。

Weapons are tools of fear and destruction, detested by all beings under heaven. Those who follow the Dao do not associate with them.

Weapons are instruments of misfortune, not the tools of a noble person. If there's no choice but to use them, one should do so without pride or aggression.

He values peace and calm and does not celebrate victory. Those who rejoice in killing will not win the world's trust.

Reflection: The sage detests war and regards even victory as a funeral. True peace honors life and avoids violence.

Chapter 57 Against Over-Governing and Over-Arming

以正治国，以奇用兵，以无事取天下。

吾何以知其然哉？以此：

天下多忌讳，而民弥贫；

民多利器，国家滋昏；

人多伎巧，奇物滋起；

法令滋彰，盗贼多有。

故圣人云：

我无为而民自化，

我好静而民自正，

我无事而民自富，

我无欲而民自朴。

Rule a country with uprightness,
Use surprise in warfare,
But win the world by non-interference.

How do I know it is so? Because of this:
The more prohibitions, the poorer the people.
The more weapons, the more disorder.
The more cleverness and skills, the more cunning things arise. The
more laws proclaimed, the more thieves and bandits appear.

Therefore, the sage says:
I take no action, and the people transform themselves.
I remain still, and the people correct themselves.
I do not interfere, and the people prosper.
I am free of desires, and the people return to simplicity.

Reflection: Excessive laws, weapons, and clever tricks breed chaos.
Peace flourishes when the ruler is still, humble, and selfless.



BAHARA HUSSAINI

Persian Poem on peace and Humanity

Ghazni , Afghanistan

Jaghori — A Beacon of Education and Peace in Rural Afghanistan



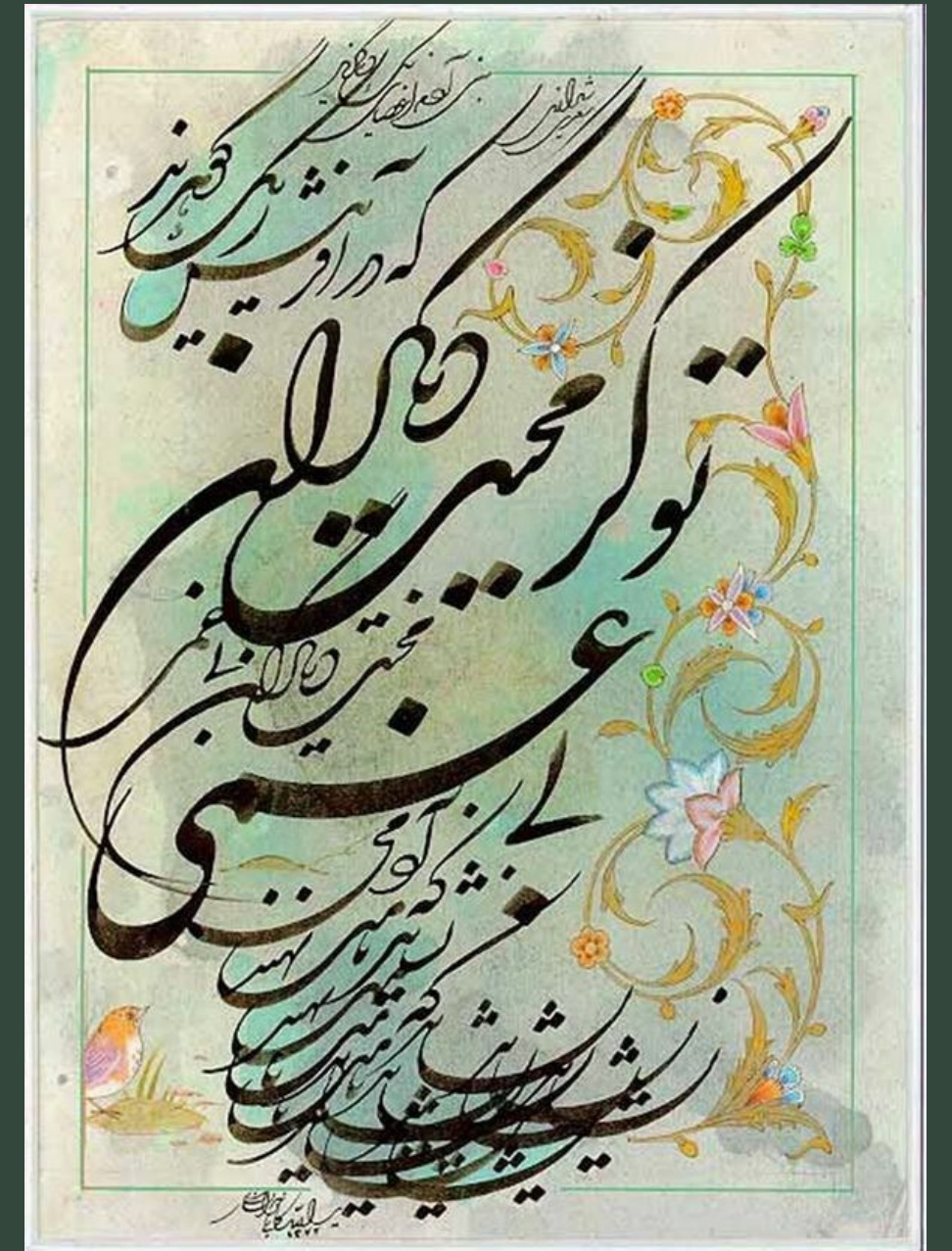
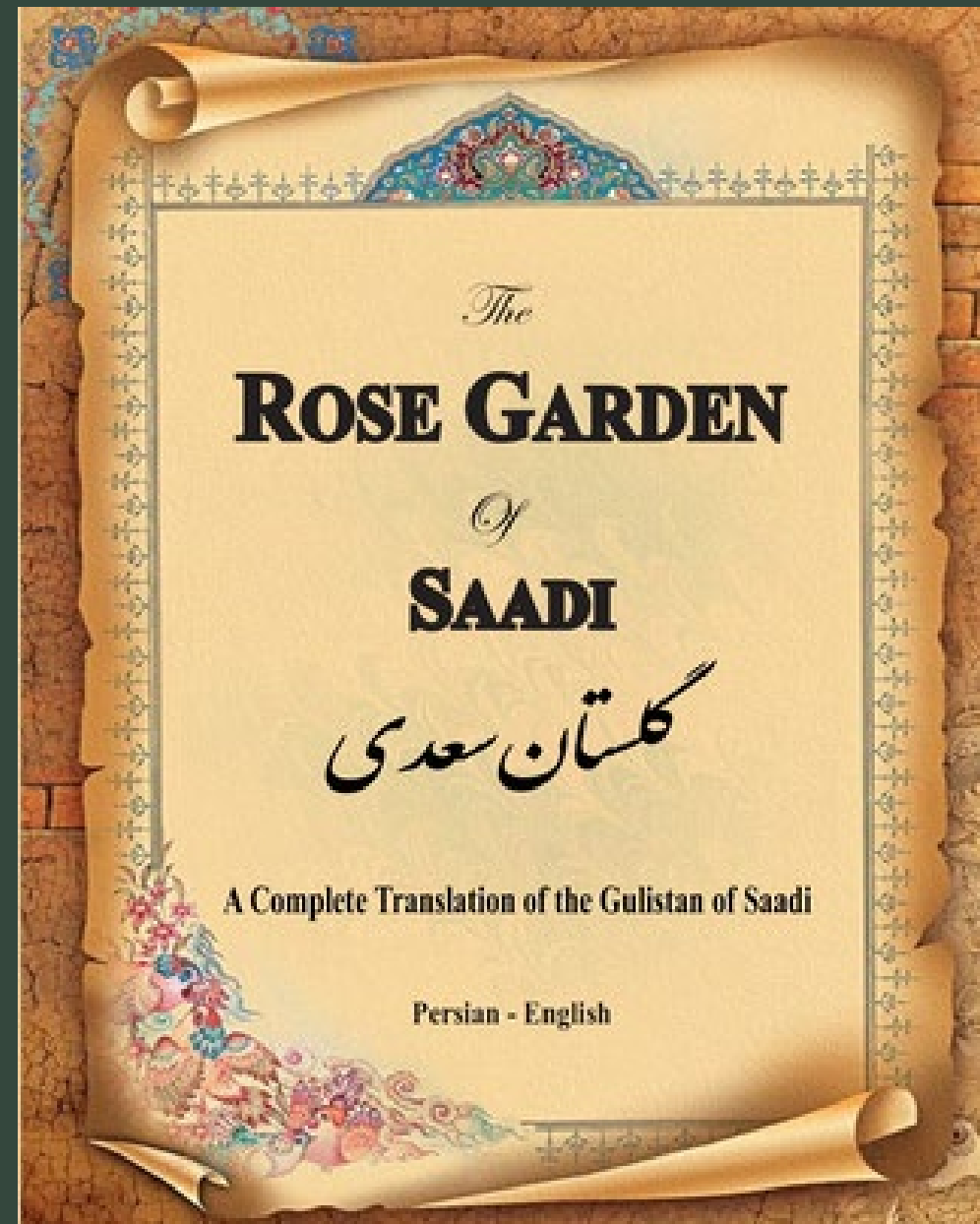
Jaghori — Ghazni , Afghanistan

- Located in the southeastern part of Ghazni Province
- Known for its relatively high levels of education and literacy compared to many other rural areas in the country.
- The majority of the population in Jaghori are ethnic Hazaras, and the region is recognized for its peaceful environment and strong community values

The poem " **انسانها را که در آفرینش ز یک گوهرند / که در اعضا یکدیگرند** " is one of the most famous couplets by the renowned 13th-century Persian poet **Saadi Shirazi**. It translates to:

**"Human beings are members of one another,
Because they are created from the same essence."**

This powerful verse comes from **Saadi's Gulistan (The Rose Garden)** and emphasizes the shared humanity and intrinsic connection among all people. Saadi's message is timeless and universal—calling for empathy, compassion, and solidarity. The couplet is so influential that it is inscribed at the entrance of the United Nations building in New York, symbolizing a call for global unity and peace.



Text and Translation Continued on the next slide

Human beings are members of one another,
Because they are created from the same essence."

بنی آدم اعضای یکدیگرند، که در آفرینش ز یک گوهرند

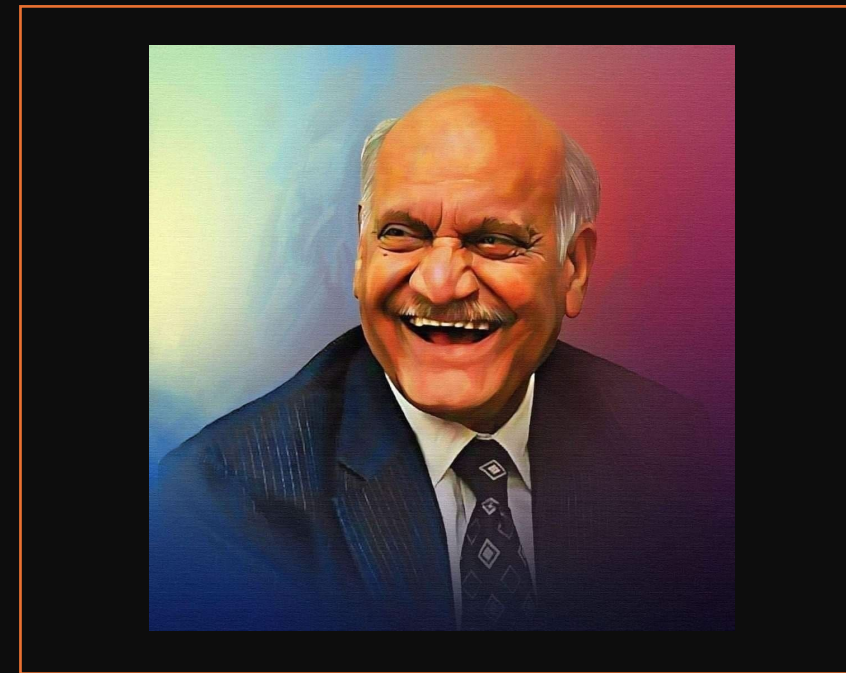
*If one member is afflicted with pain
Other members uneasy will remain*

چو عضوی به درد آورد روزگار، دگر عضوها را نماند قرار

*If you've no sympathy for human pain
The name of human you cannot retain*

تو کز محنت دیگران بی غمی، نشاید که نامت نهند آدمی

Thank you!



Peace is when diversity
coexists harmoniously!

A tale of two beverages : Chai (Tea) and
Lassi (Butter Milk) written by Dr. Anwar
Masood and Presented by Ammara Nawaz
Khan.

Link to the poet reciting the poem:

<https://youtu.be/bhhodanOvuA?si=xV6X44a6vMoBnMfK>



Dr. Anwar Masood

1935- | Anwar Masood is one of the prominent poets of Punjabi. He also writes in Persian and Urdu. He belongs to Gujrat but after elementary education moved to Lahore. His claim to fame are his Punjabi poems which resonate to masses of Punjab so much that he has become a household name. Through his comic poems he tries to highlight social injustices in our society as most of his comic characters are from the masses. He is of the view that "Real laughter is one that sheds tears when squeezed". His iconic poem "Cha Te Lassi" draws parallel between two eras, ideologies and mindsets. However, both are prevalent emphasizing that peace is a state where diversity flourishes without being threatened.



Lassi Te Cha

Lassi:

Main sohni main gori gori tu kaali kalwatti
Main neendar da sukh sunehrra tu jagraate patti
Jis vele main chaien chaien channe andar chalkaan
Kehrra sanbhe meriyan lishkaan kon sambhale dhalkaan
Rang vi mera makhan varga roop vi mera sucha
Dudh malai maan piyo mere mera aslaa ucha
Jehrra menu rirrhkan bethe us de vaari jaavan
Kharrke dhol madhani wala main vich bhangrre paavan
Main lokaan di sehat banavan tu pai sehet vagarren
Main pai thand kaleje paavan tu pai seene saarren

Chaa:

Pe gai ain ni maai baggo mere maghar dhagane
Meriyan surkiyan bharde jehrre oho lok siyane
Mera husn pachanan jehrre dil main onhaan de thaggan
Mera rang kalikhan utte laila wargi lagaan
Pindde di main peerr gavawan jarron thakeven bhoraan
Tharyaan hoyaan jussyaan nu main mithiyaan karan takoraan
Tu ain khang zukaam te nazla ki main gin gin dassan
Mere nigghe ghutt utaaran charrhiyan hoiyaan kassan
Kajji raho tu kujje andar tenu ki takleefan
Je main sohniyan mainzan utte rakhan pai tashreefan

Lassi:

Apni zaat kurrittan hove missri naal na larriye
Ni kalmoohiye, kaurriye, tattiye, bherriye, nakhre
sarriye
Na koi seerat na koi soorat maunh koi na matha
Tu te inje jaapen jiyonkar jinn paharron lathaa
Menu puch haqeeqat apni bani phirain tu rani
Shun shun karda hauke bharda kaurra tatta pani
Bhukh tareh di dushman verann ki teri bhaliyaai
Bandyaaan di tu charbi khorain naal karian vadiyaai
Tera choya dheh ke jerrhe kaprre nu tarkave
Saalam gaachi sabun khur jaye dagh na us da jaye

Chaa:

Mere sir tu bhaande bhanne le hun meri vaari
Teriyaan vi kartootan jaane wasdi dunya saari
Tenu peene lai je koi bhaande de vich paave
Thinda hojaye bhaandda naale mushk na us di jaave
Tenu mudh qadeem to wagiyan rabb diyan eh maaran
Tere kolon khattiyan lokaan khattiyan jehiyan dakaraan
Mera ghutt bhare te arriye jehi uddari maare
Agge langh jaye soch da panchi piche reh jaan taare
Menu pee ke shaair karde gallan suchiyaan kharriyan
Main te khyal di dori utte nit nachavan pariyan
Main ki jaana teriyaan barrhkan main ki samjhavan
tenu
Dudh kare insaf te eh manzoor ae bibi menu

Dudh:

Ethe main ki bolaan kurriyo masla ae dahdda okha
Gunjhal jehrra paya je nahi khulna ehda sokha
Ghar da jee ae hun te chaa vi eh vi changi lagge
Lassi meri jammi jaai putraan naalon agge
Doven meri pat te izzat karaan main kinj nakhairra
Sahairr leya je jaggon wakhra eh ki tussi bakhairra
Kinhu aj siyani aakhan kinnu aakhan jhalli
Dohaane paase rishta mera menu khich duwalli
Sakki jehi matrai hundi change hon je maape
Mera vote he dohaan walle nibbarr lo tussi aape

Chaa:

Main taan nibbarr laan gi chacha, enhun kallam kalli
Shukar khuda da main na hoi ehde wargi jhalli
Shehraan vich nahi ehnu koi kidhre vi maunh laanda
Har koi meriyaan siftaan karda sadqe ho ho janda



Lassi:

Saanbhi raho ni chenak begum thappi rakh vadiyaiyan
Main ki dassan ghar ghar jehrrayan tud chuvatiyian laiyaan
Gallan kardi thakdi nahi tu jeebh nu laali taala
Khandd vi kaurri kiti aa te dudh vi kito ee kala
Buhti burr burr na kar bibi na kar edda dhakka
Tere jehi kochajji kohjhi mere naal matakka
Meri chaudhar chaar chofere teri manta thorri
Main desaan di soobe rani tu pardesan chohri
Des paraye rani khan di tu saali ban bethi
Mangan aai agg te aapon ghar wali ban bethi
Rabb kare ni ikko wari ghutt bhare koi tera
Tera vi angrezaan wangon puttya jaye dera



Lassi vs Chaa – A Literary Translation

Lassi (Yogurt Drink)

I am beauty, fair and glowing—you, dark and dull by fate,
I'm golden dreams and restful sleep—you're weary nights and hate.
When I ripple in the moonlight, calm and pure and mild,
Who can hold my radiant glow? Who dares to tame the wild?
My hue is like fresh-churned butter, my face a flawless sheen,
Mothers gift me to their sons, I'm prideful, rich, serene.
If someone dares to shun my grace, I'd die in protest grand,
To beats of drums and spinning sticks, I'd lead a bhangra band.
I bring the strength of wholesome life—you leave health undone,
I cool the soul and calm the chest—you burn like midday sun.
Oh don't you dare compare yourself to sugar, sweet and clean,
You bitter, brash, foul-mouthed thing—what arrogance you glean!
No beauty do you carry—no substance, soul, or face,
You stumble through the world like ghosts who fall from heights in disgrace.
Ask me what is true and pure—you strut around as queen,
You hiss and steam, a boiling mess, no calmness in between.
You're enemy to hunger's peace, a thief of health and light,
You suck the fat from people's bones and call that doing right.
Your drips leave stains on clothes so deep they cannot be erased,
No bleach nor soap can scrub your mark—your legacy's disgraced

Chaa (Tea)

Oh, mother mine, look now they shout—I've stirred the town again,
The wise refill their cups with me, I flow in every lane.
Those who know the scent of grace fall under my spell sweet,
My shade, though dark, on dusky skin makes Laila's charm complete.
I'm balm for tired, aching limbs when long the day has grown,
I turn the bitter tales of life to sweetness all my own.
You blame me for a cough or cold—shall I recount each woe?
My very glance could crush a fever, raise a heart laid low!
So, stay curled up in jealousy—why do you take such grief,
When I sit crowned on royal trays, a symbol of relief?
You smash the pots, now hear my words—your sins are known too well,
The world has tasted both our ways—they've stories yet to tell.
If someone tries to drink from you in any silver bowl,
The vessel cools, its fragrance fades—you cannot warm a soul.
You've borne the wrath of gods above since ancient, fated days,
You bring the ache, the burning gut, through all your charming ways.
If I should spill and overflow, I rise, a bird in flight,
Your thoughts crawl low while mine take wing into the realm of light.
When I am sipped, the poets rise and speak of truths so deep,
I dance on threads of wisdom where the silent dreamers leap.
How can you grasp such depth and grace? How can I make you see?
If milk were judge, and justice blind, it surely would choose me.

Dudh (Milk)

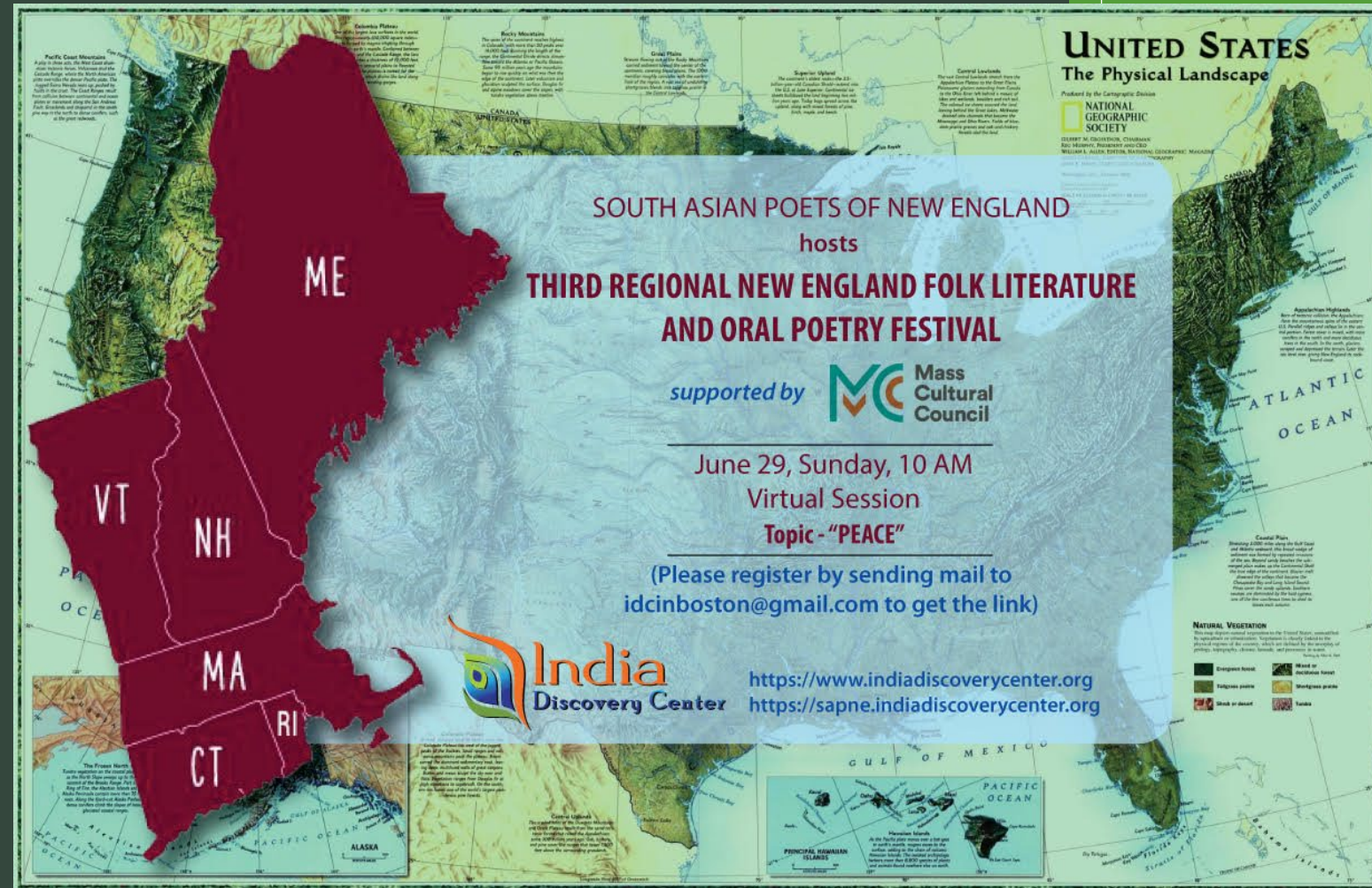
What can I say, dear daughters mine? This riddle's tightly spun,
The knot you've tied is tangled deep—it won't undo by fun.
You both are born from my own house, my pride, my living grace,
Lassi is the joy I bore—she holds a cherished place.
But both of you I love the same—why stir this stormy air?
Why trade your pride for petty fights, why draw the line so bare?
Who shall I call the wiser one? Who plays the fool today?
My bond is with you both—I ache when pulled in either way.
Good homes are made from thoughtful hearts, from parents wise and fair,
I give my vote to both of you—go weigh it if you dare.

Chaa (Final)

Then I shall speak, dear uncle kind—she's not my equal, no!
Thank God I was not born like her—so clumsy, slow, and low.
No city gives her second glance, no face turns when she calls,
While I walk past, the people praise, and joy like fragrance falls.

Lassi (Final)

Hold your tongue, proud city doll—don't boast with foolish pride,
You've brought your ruin to every home you tried to walk inside.
Your tongue runs fast, your words too sharp—go lock that chatter tight,
You've turned sweet sugar into brine, made milk a shade of blight.
Don't babble on like boiling pots, don't dare to raise your tone,
You crooked, coughing parasite—stay far from me alone.
My rule extends to village fields—your reign is weak and small,
I'm queen of lands and households strong—you're nothing, after all.
You came a beggar to our hearth, then claimed it as your throne,
You begged for fire, and now pretend this household is your own.
May heaven grant you just one time the trials I've endured,
May you too see your home possessed, your roots and pride obscured.



PREETPAL SINGH

Punjabi Poem on Peace
In Punjabi-ਸਾਂਤੀ, ਸਕੂਨ, ਅਮਨ

East Punjab, India and West Punjab,Pakistan



A Glimpse at Daily Life in Punjab



This poem explores the elusive nature of peace , depicting our futile chase for it in material comforts, finding only brief contentment.

Peace, ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ, ਸਕੂਨ ਦੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ,
ਉਮਰ ਭਰ ਦੌੜਦੇ ਭੱਜਦੇ ਹਾਂ
ਉਮਰ ਭਰ, ਇਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਲੱਭਦੇ ਹਾਂ

We try to achieve peace in our
life, all the time.

ਪਰ ਜਿੰਦਗੀ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਸ਼ਾਂਤ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੁੰਦੀ, ਕਦੀ ਹਨੇਰੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ, ਕਦੀ ਵਵੰਡਰ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ,
ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨੂੰ ਕਿਥੇ ਬਾਹਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਚੀਜ਼ਾਂ ਚ ਲੱਭਦਾ ਫਿਰਦਾ, ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਤਾਂ ਸਾਡੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਹੈ

But life is never completely peaceful.

**We try to find peace outside, in material things
and in wealth but it's very important to find inner peace with contentment
and by appreciating, whatever we have.**

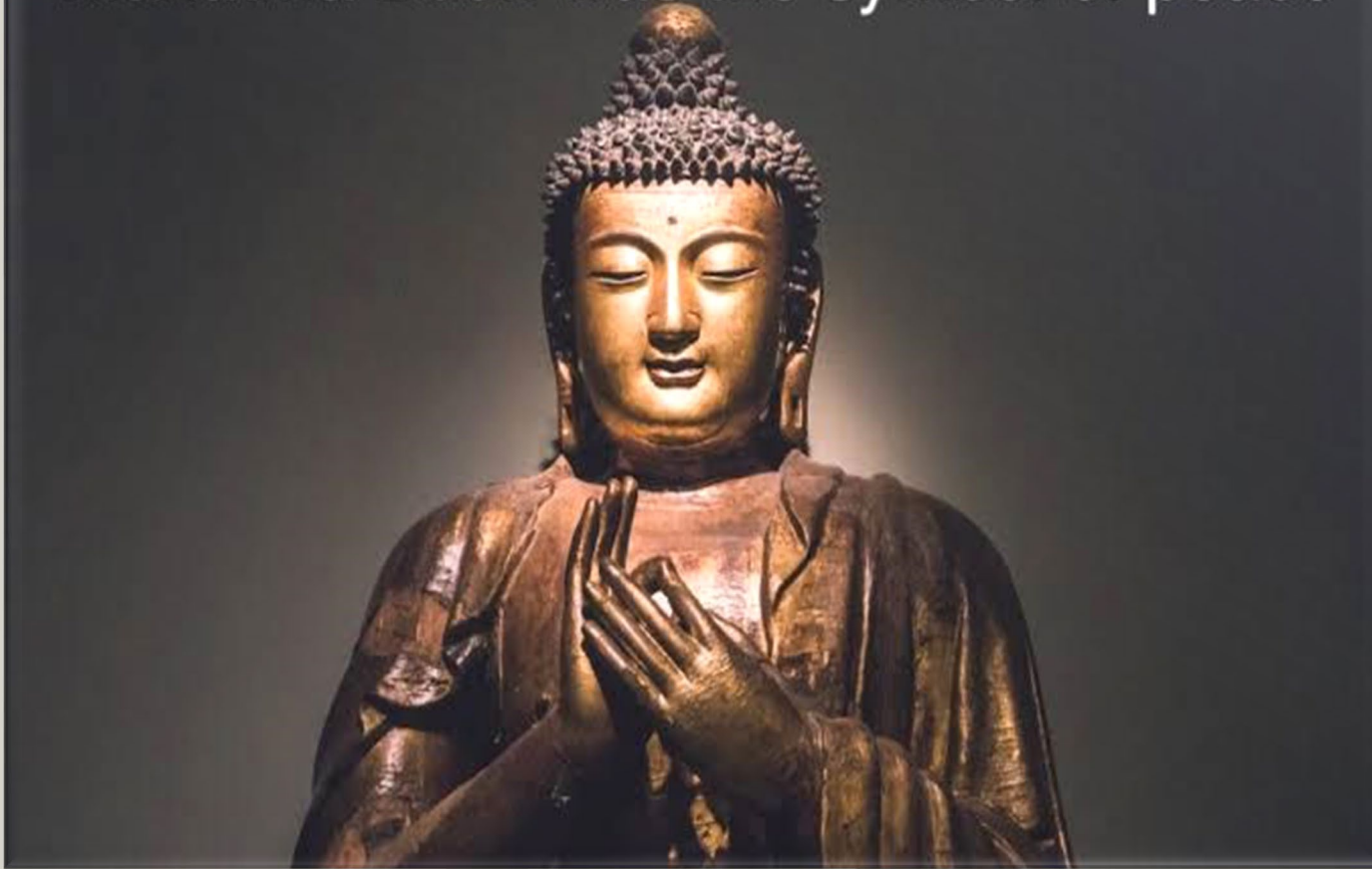
ਭੀੜ ਤੋਂ ਬਚ ਕੇ, ਏਕਾਂਤ ਚ, ਸਕੂਨ ਲੱਭਦੇ ਹਾਂ, ਇਕੱਲੇ ਰਹਿ ਜਾਈਏ ਤਾਂ, ਫਿਰ ਭੀੜ ਲੱਭਦੇ ਹਾਂ

**If we are in a crowd, we try to find peace by staying away from the crowd
But if we are alone, then we try to find people.**

ਜਿੰਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਜਿੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ, ਅਸ਼ਾਂਤ ਹਾਂ
ਜਿੰਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਅਸ਼ਾਂਤ ਹਾਂ, ਸਮਝੋ ਜਿੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ
ਓਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਹੀ ਜਿੰਦਾ ਹਾਂ, ਜਿੰਨੀ ਦੇਰ ਅਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਦੇ ਸਾਮੀਪ ਹਾਂ
ਸ਼ਾਂਤ ਹੋ ਗਏ ਤਾਂ ਸਮਝੋ, rest in peace ਹਾਂ

As long as we are alive, we will be not at peace.
And when we are completely at peace, it means we are not alive. People will say, rest in
peace

Mahatma Budh was the symbol of peace



ਅਸੀਂ ਕੀ ਚੀਜ਼ ਆਂ, ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਦਾ ਘੁੱਟ ਤਾਂ
ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੇ ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਪੀਣ ਦਿੱਤਾ
ਮਹਾਤਮਾ ਬੁੱਧ, ਜੋ ਖੁਦ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਦੇ ਪ੍ਰਤੀਕ
ਸਨ
ਲੋਕਾਂ ਨੇ, ਉਸ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ, ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਾਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਜੀਣ
ਦਿੱਤਾ

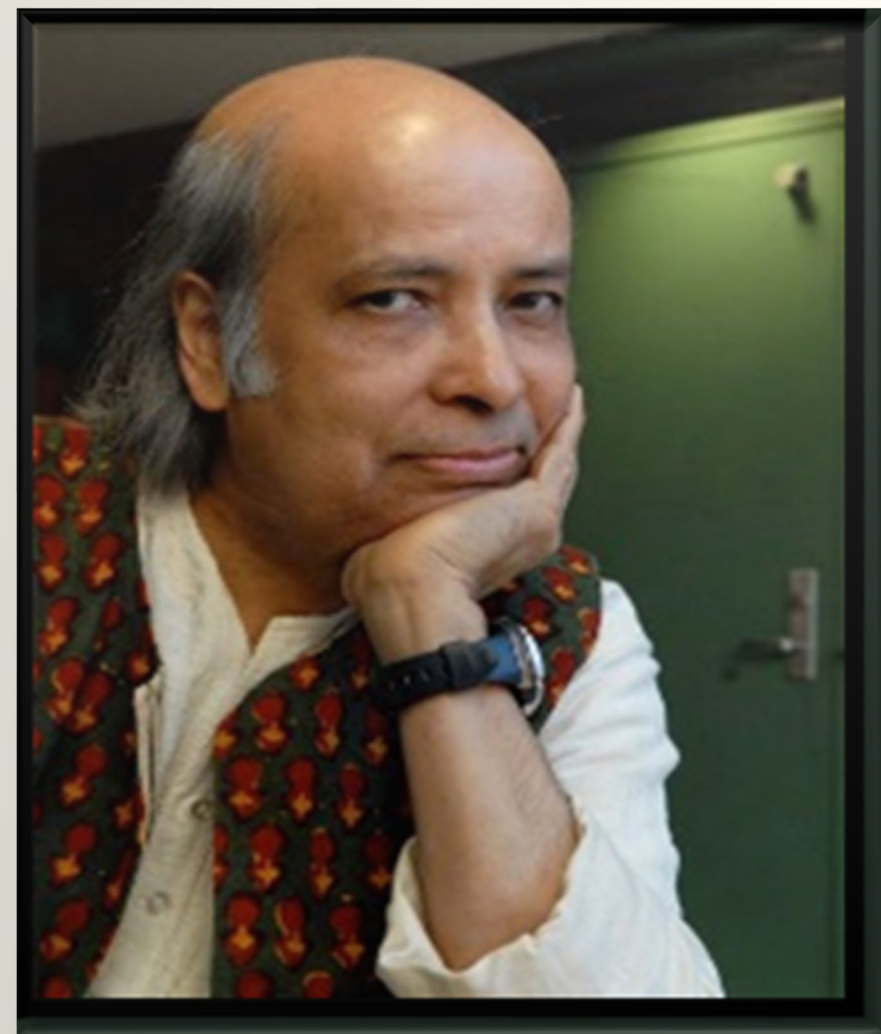
Mahatma Budh was a symbol
of peace. But people did not let
even him, live, peacefully.

ਅਖੀਰ ਵਿਚ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਾਲ ਰਹਿਣੇ ਦਾ
ਤਰੀਕਾ ਦੱਸਦਾ ਹਾਂ

ਅਖੀਰ ਵਿਚ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਾਲ ਰਹਿਣੇ ਦਾ ਤਰੀਕਾ ਦੱਸਦਾ ਹਾਂ

ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਲੜਾਈ ਝਗੜਾ ਹੋਵੇ, ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਕ੍ਰਾਂਤੀ ਹੋਵੇ
ਬੰਦਾ ਓਹੀ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਾਲ ਰਹਿ ਸਕਦਾ,
ਜਿਸ ਦੀ ਪਤਨੀ ਦਾ ਨਾਮ ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਹੋਵੇ

In the end I will tell how to live with PEACE in this life
You can live with PEACE only if your partner's name is PEACE
Then you can LIVE WITH PEACE, you can even sleep with PEACE.
Thanks



SAJED KAMAL

War and Peace: A Glimpse into World Poetry



Julia Ward Howe

1819 - 1910



Mother's Day Proclamation

Arise, then, women of this day!

Arise, all women who have hearts,

Whether our baptism be of water or tears!

Say firmly:

In the name of womanhood and humanity, I earnestly ask
That a general congress of women without limit of nationality
May be appointed and held at someplace deemed most convenient
And at the earliest period consistent with its objects,
To promote the alliance of the different nationalities,
The amicable settlement of international questions,
The great and general interests of peace.



Alexander Pushkin

1799-1837



It's Time my friends, it's time. We long for Peace (1834)

(translated from Russian by Robert Chandler)
It's time my friends, it's time. We long for peace
of heart. But days chase days and every hour
gone by means one less hour to come. We live
our lives, dear friend, in hope of life, then die.
There is no happiness on earth, but peace
exists , and freedom too. Tired slave, I dream
of flight, of taking refuge in some far-
off home of quiet joys and honest labor.



Kurihara Sadako

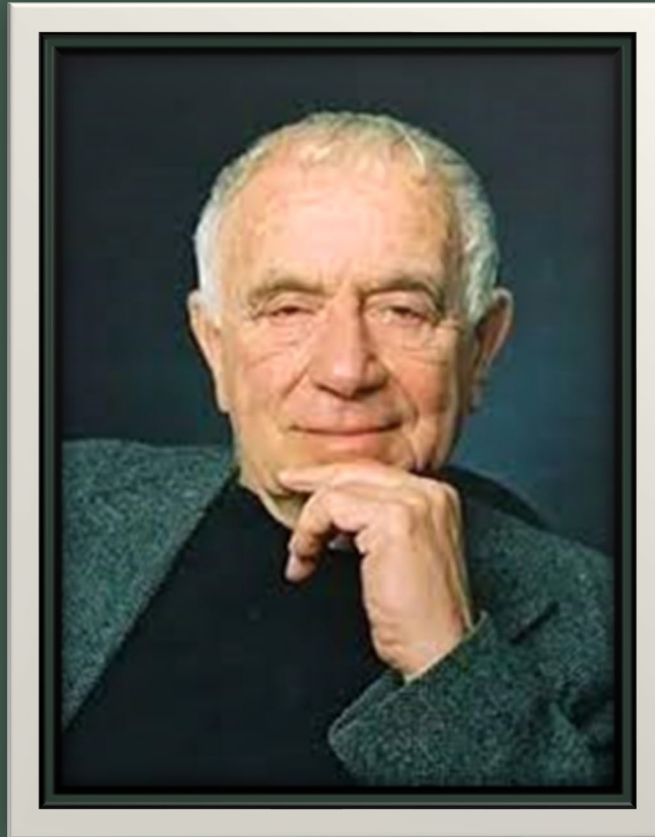
1913-2005



The Day of the Atomic Bomb

(translated from Japanese by Richard H Minar)

Children! Children! You are alright!
I take them firmly by the hand and squeeze hard.
"I'll never let you out of my sight!"
My love for them swells enormously!
A bizarre storm cloud rising to a peak:
The children are scared and stay close to me.
Thunder rolls like the roar of a plane;
The children are terrified.



Yehuda Amichai (1924-2000)

I, May I, Rest in Peace

(translated from Hebrew by Chana Bloch and Chana Kronfeld)

I have lived out my life in wars of every kind: battles without

And within, close combat, face-to-face, the face always

My own, my lover-face, my enemy face.

Wars with the old weapons – sticks and stones, blunt axe, words,
dull ripping knife, love and hate,

And wars with newfangled weapons – machine gun, missile,
words, land mines exploding, love and hate.

I don't want to fulfill my parents' prophecy that life is war.

I want peace with all my body and all my soul.

Rest me in peace!



Mahmood Darwish (1941-2008)

Think of Others

(translated from Arabic by Mohammed Shaheen)

As you conduct your wars, think of others

(do not forget those who seek peace)

As you return home, to your home, think of others

(do not forget the people of the camps)

As you sleep and count the stars, think of others

(those who have nowhere to sleep)

As you liberate yourself in metaphor, think of others

(those who have lost the right to speak).

As you think of others far away, think of yourself

(say: "If only I were a candle in the dark!")



Let it fly

“The desire for peace is universal “ – Charlie Chaplin

I am searching for a Dove of Peace
with an olive branch, too,
it's nesting somewhere in someone's heart—
oh, it's in you!

- Sajed Kamal