

## **Five Poems of Manjusha Bhushan Tawase**

### ***About the Contributor***

*Budding poet Manjusha Bhushan Tawase was born at Akola, Maharashtra on April 27, 1972. Trained in Japanese martial arts (Karate) and stood 1<sup>st</sup> in all India level Essay Competition organized by Ministry of HRD, Govt of India, she is pursuing Ph.D (English) from DAVV, Indore, M.P. She started writing poetry in Marathi at school level, but switched over to English poetry with the passage of time. Her poetry is suffused with the issues of day-to-day life, especially expressing her sad and miserable notes. She resides at 31, Rambagh, Indore. M.P. and can also be contacted at [manjusha.tawase@gmail.com](mailto:manjusha.tawase@gmail.com).*

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### **1. Truly Shocking**

Walking through this endless path, a considerable amount of time vanished.  
It feels, centuries passed and ages gone in order.  
I'm still on the journey quite away from my destination,  
exhausted with ordinary dawns and dull nights,  
which begin and end mechanically.

Seasons pass on, years happen to wrap in calendars,  
they simply end to turn into past.  
But, nothing seems to be changed much.  
I still carry own corpse  
on my weak shoulders-  
no dreams, no pain, not many desires.

On this planet, amidst the figures created by Him,  
my soul wanders in search of the Almighty.  
But, it's truly shocking  
if the Omnipresent has now given up staying in every heart!

## 2. I Miss You

Baba, I miss you and our small home in the native,  
and those zigzag dusty roads, greenery and that beehive.

When lonely, I recall those fond memories,  
for a while it relieves me from woes and worries,  
I miss that golden sunrise and the red hot fireball in the west,  
and those chirping happy birds returning to their nests.

I miss the wild winds and that strongly pouring rain,  
and that croaking of frogs, creatures and water gushing to drain.

I still recall the beautiful shawl of beams wore by pastures,  
that emerald motherland adorned with wild ruby topaz flowers.  
Baba, I miss those stretches of fields and the tracks for train,  
those rustic funny friends and small houses in the lane.

I still remember chasing colourful butterflies and cute birds,  
enchanted rain, sun, winter, paper boats, ponds and cow herds.  
Baba, I miss those misty mornings and gems like dews,  
and that clear rainbow and the sunset sky with scarlet hues.

I miss the dawn in summer and those starry nights with dark skies,  
Ah! How I loved to watch the Orion, the Great Bear and felt mesmerized!  
I miss that sharing of chocolates with siblings and even candies of ice,  
gone are those days, but those spellbound memories were very nice.

But Baba, fields, pastures, creatures, the sunrise and even that marmalade sphere in the west,  
nothing is as precious as your love and our warmer rural nest.  
I want to take a high flight towards the native, enjoy there and roam,  
to my heart's content; I wanna stay in our countryside home.

## 3. Will You Be My Messenger?

I love to watch you dear bird, taking up and down flights,  
tell me, will you be my messenger, o strong winged kite?  
I want you to go to my native land and visit my daddy's home,  
go in throng, enjoy moving with friends, do not travel alone.

On the way you will find tall teaks and oaks wearing golden crowns,  
wildflowers and berries, lovely creatures, snakes yellow and brown.  
Stop for a while at the end of Satpura's deciduous forests,  
Sit quietly on a tree, close your eyes and have some rest.

To proceed further, follow the fragrance of numerous flowers,

have a glance at cute dancing buds wearing all rainbow colours.  
If you happen to witness peacock's unique family parade,  
it means hilly region is over; lush green plains have been started.

In the evening, watch stretches of fields wrapped in saffron envelope,  
and the ultimate scene at horizon, the sky and the earth lovingly mix up.  
In the dusky twilight, if witness innumerable different shadows,  
do not bother, all creatures are friendly in my region's meadows.

When you see lines of parrots chirping and resting on electric cables,  
it is a mark of nearby spring almost dry with plenty of pebbles.  
The pastures and bushy lands look extremely beautiful,  
loving breezes of my land will pamper you, to your heart's brimful.

Now your destination is close, follow the dusty trail towards my home,  
focus on rose fragrance to reach easily, need not to roam.  
You will find a strong, sincere and hardworking man, he is my dad.  
Please do not forget to tell him, his fond birdie is well and not at all sad.

Tell him, over the long stretches of Satpura hills I get his heartbeats,  
I follow his teachings, and respect my neck's strand of black beads.  
Also tell him, I love my prince and honour the vermilion in my hairline.  
His teachings often help me to carry on life, at duties, I am always fine.

Tell him not to worry but feel proud, for his daughter is still doing her best,  
facing very firmly the difficult challenges of life, to qualify the fate's test.  
I shall be thankful to you dear bird for delivering a daughter's message,  
I know I dwell in the heart of his heart, and daddy craves for my happiness.

#### **4. If So...**

Heartiest welcome to you dear Monsoon's messenger!  
Please be my friend and not the stranger.

Come over and over again;  
with thy precious gems called rain.

I wait earnestly for thy showers;  
not just rain, Oh ! Pitter-patter flowers.

With thy showers when the nature bathe,  
does it create bonds of love and faith ?

If so ...  
please think of your beloved earth,  
and me and seeds..... eager to sprout,  
please pour out and out!

## 5. Not Worried

Dear departed mamma, I feel your presence in the house of my in laws,  
In the lovely breezes here, and in the cute flowers swaying in clay pots.

But mamma, if you are in the blossoms of the holy basil, planted in backyard,  
You do come in and take a round here to see the big house of my lord.

Please come closer, pamper my cheeks and braid my long hair,  
Pat on my back, kiss forehead, I missed thee for years !  
Come alive and talk to me in your sweet gentle voice,  
I want to share my feelings with you to get even and nice.

Come and see my big house having many spacious rooms,  
Where my existence is mere a wife of a sleepy sleepy groom.  
See my modern kitchen, but you will not find me here,  
Old ladies of family toil here, it is the Empire of theirs

See, we have a big cemented backyard open to sky,  
Where no trees only potted herbs and cacti, bonsai make their faces wry.  
No garden, no grass and not enough sunlight,  
Sheer boring days and very same nights.

See mamma, my wardrobe full with silks, chiffons and various clothes,  
But for whom shall I dress up? My prince remains inert out of heavy dopes.

See mamma my bedroom; a cemetery of my retarded hopes, and sobs and cries,  
have a glance at countless graves here, tombs of my petty dreams and tiny joys.

But mamma, your fairy is strong enough and not worried for crumpled dreams,  
She is certainly matured now to face ups and downs of the life stream.  
She knows, her love has begun sprouting in her healthy womb,  
Surely to bring the prince to senses and revive those dreams lying in tombs.