

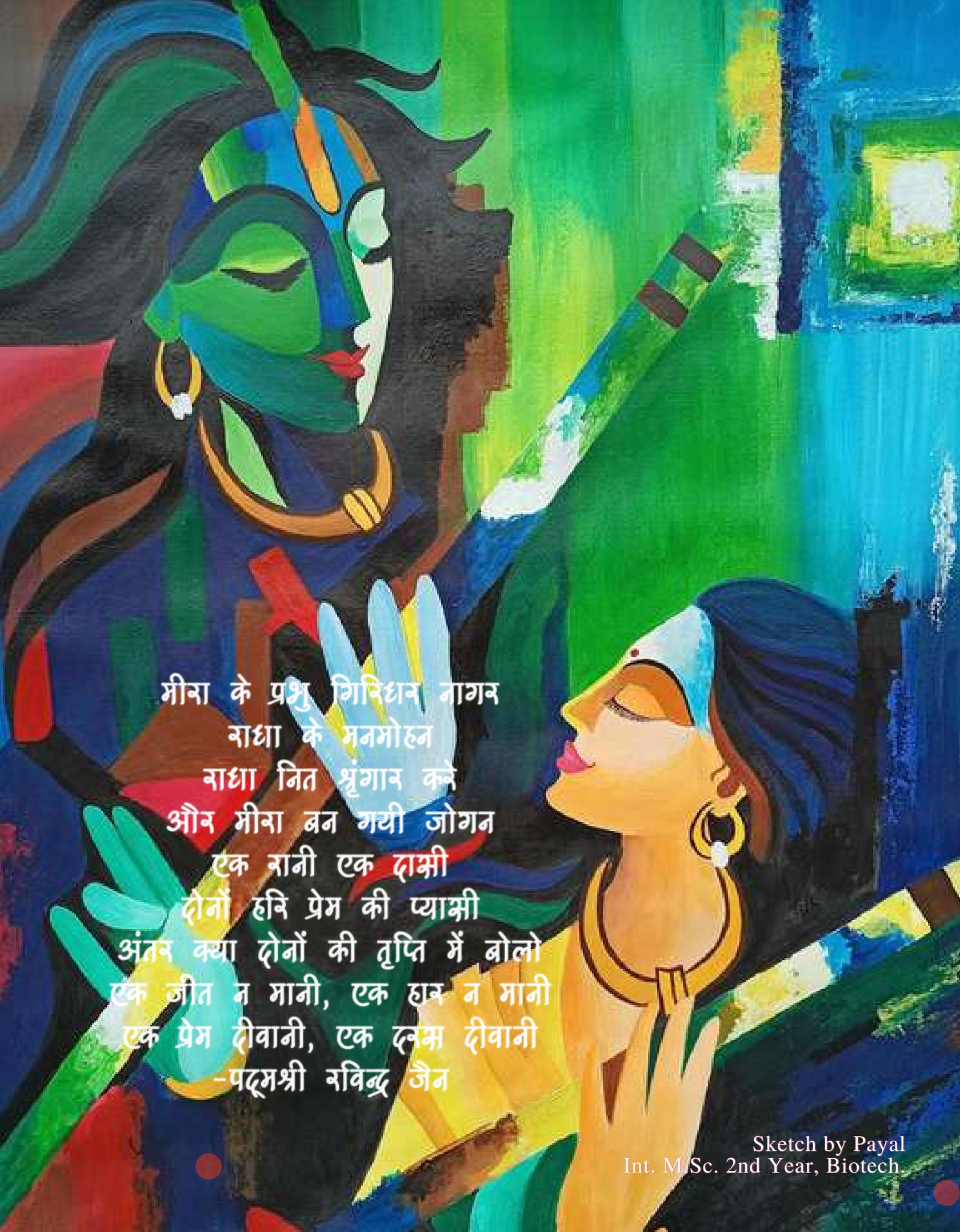
CENTRAL UNIVERSITY OF RAJASTHAN
UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE



उड़ान

MARCH 2022





मीरा के प्रभु गिरिधर नागर
राधा के मनमोहन
राधा नित शृंगार करे
और मीरा बन गयी जोगन
एक बानी एक दात्री
दोनों हरि प्रेम की प्यात्री
अंतर क्या दोनों की तृप्ति में बोलो
एक जीत न मानी, एक हार न मानी
एक प्रेम दीवानी, एक दरम दीवानी
-पद्मश्री रविन्द्र जैन



Message from the desk of Vice Chancellor

“If you don’t go after what you want, you’ll never have it. If you don’t ask, the answer is always no. If you don’t step forward, you’re always in the same place.” – said Nora Roberts. It is indeed a happy moment that our students have taken a step ahead and took an initiative in bringing out the students’ magazine ‘Udaan’.

I appreciate every student who shared the joy of participation in expressing their ideas and creative talent through their magazine ‘Udaan’. This magazine certainly enables our young enthusiastic minds to excel in their lives beyond their commitment to the curriculum. The efforts taken to bring about innovative content is appreciable.

I also applaud the coordination and efforts behind the team to bring out this issue. I wish them all success!

Happy Learning!

Prof. Anand Bhalerao
Hon'ble Vice Chancellor

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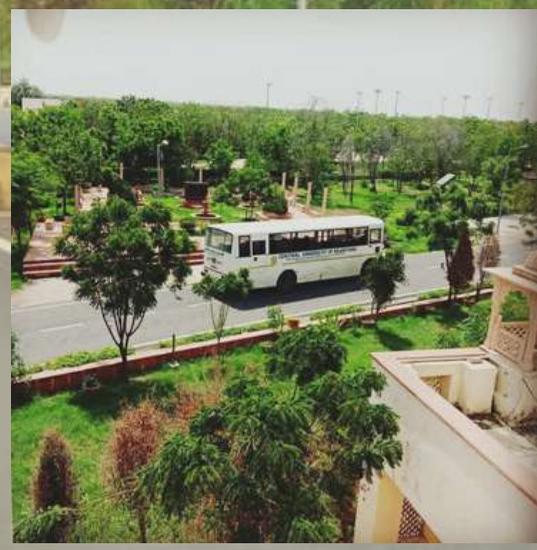
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CURAJ TOUR





उड़ान



A Hazy Song

What's our fate?
What's our destiny?
Is it just a mirage in itself....
Or a mutiny?

Is life an epidemic?
Are your wounds healed?
Aren't you burning like me?
Have you....
Have you ever lived?

Is life a paradox?
Or, is it a living being in itself?
Have you found the answer?
Maybe you have...unaware of it,
Wandering for more,
Or maybe the path the answer....

Have you ever been loved,
the way you want?
Or have you ever loved someone,
just the way they are?
Does the former really matters?
The latter surely does.

Soham Sau
M.Sc. 2nd Year, Physics

Love Will Thrive

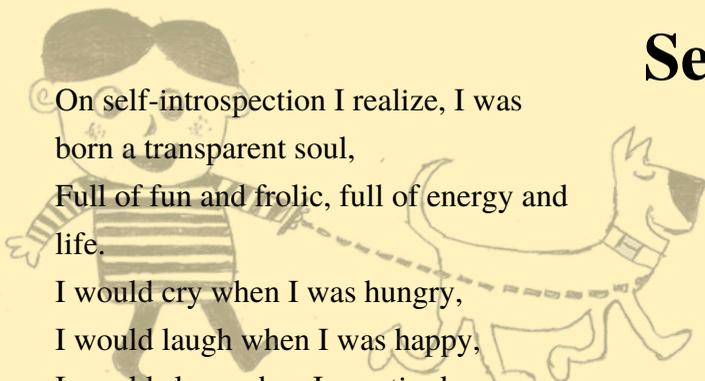
After a whole course of journey
when I returned confused and jittery,
Then traveling into the deep
through laughter and weep,
The wisdom desperately sought
was easily revealed and I got,
That craving of unending lent
of a mind too insolent,
Gets its solace
in god's words of grace,
That, "all pride kept aside
truth can't be made hide",
Which is life of utter patience
with mind in all sense,
And that, "bigotry will never survive
but only love will thrive..".

Shri Hari
Int. Msc. 3rd year, Chemistry
Sketch by Nidhi Paliwal
Int. M.Sc. 3rd Year, EVS

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

- John Keats

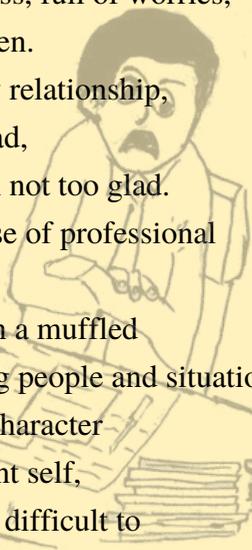
Why Can't I Be My Transparent Self?



On self-introspection I realize, I was
born a transparent soul,
Full of fun and frolic, full of energy and
life.

I would cry when I was hungry,
I would laugh when I was happy,
I would sleep when I was tired,
I would express annoyance with ease when I
was not pleased,
I was oblivious of religious segregations,
caste divide and political shenanigans,
I was my transparent self always and all
through.

But these were my formative years when I
was learning the ways of the world.
As I grew up, I got into the murkier world
and started sinking in the worldly quagmire, losing
out on my transparent self,
I was full of tension and stress, full of worries,
committing follies, more often.
I became secretive about my relationship,
I cried within, when I was sad,
I laughed outside even when not too glad.
I had sleepless nights because of professional
and personal problems,
I expressed my annoyance in a muffled
manner, cribbing and cursing people and situations.
Duality and multiplicity of character
overshadowed my transparent self,
Dissent and consent became difficult to
express,



Such were my greying years when the world
taught me practical lessons of life.

Gradually, while moving into the world of
the wise, the diligent and the like, I started
regaining my lost transparent
personality,

Stress and tension got minimized, never
was need felt to hide ones follies and worries,
I started becoming my open self.

I started smiling more, and started
becoming more cheerful,

False laughter no longer remained a part
of my personality and I continued being genuinely
happy.

Professional and personal relationships
and tensions bothered me less,

I was no longer my stressful self.

Compassion, acceptance and forgiveness
became my hallmark,

Singularity of character reflected my
transparent self.

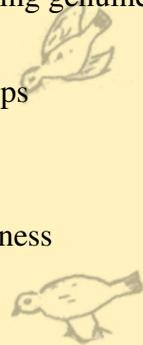
That was the phase
when I realized the futility of dissent, duality and
duplicity and my inner
soul asked assertively, Why can't I be my
transparent self?

Dr. Sanjay Arora

Head, Department of English

Sketches by Punam Silu

Int. M.Sc. 3rd Year, Linguistics



Self-introspection, honesty and transparency with the soul, turns a shady and anxious 'self' into a cheerfully confident and true human existence.

- Shivam Kumar, MA English

The Wanderer

You are a free bird,
you always were,
alone in this world.
Though happy in your own company,
somewhere in your heart,
you longed...
for a companion.

It happened one day,
on one of your adventures,
you found someone.
who quenched your thirst,
and eased your pain.

"Now there is someone
who shall love me",
You thought.
You gave up your freedom,
to live for them.

Yet nobody's heart wondered,
that it's the seas and the skies
you longed for...

As for the kite to fly high,
the string ought to be loosened,
you had to let go of the things,
that don't let you be
who you truly are.

So you soared away,
discovering a lot more than before,
with a new zeal
and a bag of good memories.
Who knows,
you may find something
better on the way.

Because this is
how you find happiness,
'cause this is what you truly are,
A TRUE WANDERER.

Rutvi Jain
Int. M.Sc. 3rd year, Biotechnology

The Life Garden

A Garden with roses blood red
Lies behind the golden valley
The coloured rainbow that lies ahead
Seems to envy the lonesome alley

That entice the lost with mystical joy
Guides deeper through dreary lies
Halfway the traveller realised
The Journey ends with his demise

The garden swallows all his senses
Leaves only the empty shell
A mere meric of the feelings he had
And leaves him rather dull and swell

Then, the person can't notice
Robbed blind, faded memory
Now, unable to grasp
Continues his lost life

You may ask
"How the garden remains colourful year after
year"
It derives its colour from happiness
And leaves the traveller in tears.

Aditya Thakur
Int. M.Sc. 2nd year, Biotechnology

**Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.**

— Robert Frost

Cottage Core Girls

‘How the times have changed!’
 I’m nineteen, and I have career dreams,
 ‘The world is so much different’ as to what my
 grandmother speaks,
 Success is expected, and it’s a different kind of
 hustle,
 To be a woman, and climb the corporate ladder.
 The streets are still a hazard,
 And ‘you can’t travel alone’
 You can’t just go on soul-searching trips,
 Solo, on your own.
 Never in history were there such employees,
 obeying curfews, well into adult life.
 How am I supposed to be a feminist, and still be
 chaperoned around,
 Treated like a kid, and then be worked by a boss?
 Independent, and driven, but still be domestic;
 Make it on your own, but still be meek and
 submissive.
 There’s no autonomy in female life.
 Everyone has opinions, but rarely advice.
 Nobody asks us, ‘is the pace alright?’
 We’d romanticize our lives, that’s what we strive
 for,
 In the woods by a river,
 Little-mushroom cottage.
 Pets to adore,
 gardens to tend,
 all the plants I’d grow!
 Come by, and out when I please,
 away from the bustle of city bees.

Apoorva Shekhawat

Int. M.Sc. 2nd year, EVS

Doodle by Prakriti Goswami

Int. M.Sc. 3rd year, EVS

Late Nights and an Overdose of Coffee

Late nights and an overdose of coffee
 you need to go once more,
 But why?
 Each time this question pops
 I come up with many answers but
 the real answer is yet to be discovered.

You'll see some people
 achieving everything they want
 at their first step,
 but that mustn't stop you from working for your
 dreams.

Just because you need to move two extra steps,
 no efforts you make will ever go in vain,

Whenever you feel like giving up
 Come up to me, we'll discuss the stories of life
 and share everything you forgot to share,
 Let your heart emit everything it wants to
 Do not stop it or hold it back,
 embrace the conversations and simple moments,

You are made to make it
 Break the mould and prove yourself
 whatever you are meant to be,
 Chase a dream of your own
 And see yourself rising and shining.

Neha Yadav

MA 2nd year, Economics

“With stones of faith you can build bridges across oceans of doubt, and seas of despair. ‘Success’ is an island in your mind. You can and you will get there.”

— Rashmi Bansal

To Freedom, We Run

Born with wings
with firm warnings on'em.
caged to stay
In limits they proposed.

Cared and handled well
Like a fair package
Of fragile gift
Wrapped all beautiful.

Blinded by promises
bound by rules
Those pretty wings
Stayed dusted and rusty

When the time came,
Levels went further high
With hopes slipping away
Nested to another home.

Trained to be nicer
Told to be less smarter
Where others lurking to comment
On thy well behaviour.

Amidst of keeping the chain alive
And Bringing up new ones to life,
All She believed in was afterlife
Even when there wasn't one.

Wasil Ahammed Ev
MA 2nd Year, CMS

Fall

Here comes the season of fall,
Admiring the greens so tall.
Lengthen night and shorten day,
Slowly carrying the beauty away.

Green is nature's beautiful glow,
That fall turns into golden yellow
Every leaf which do hang,
Bids adieu to the birds who sang.

After the sun fades in the west,
Death's shadow self seals all in rest.
And yet again the dawn grows to day,
Barely anything can forever stay.

Birina Banani Mahanta
Int. M.Sc. 2nd year, Linguistics
Sketch by Unnimaya K Dileep
MA 2nd Year, Economics

**“Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all.”
— Emily Dickinson**

My Dream

Well, I dreamt about you
The same dream in many ways,
Often I think why you left me alone
In this wild and selfish world.

I searched the whole world through
To find someone as good as you, but in vain.

Yesterday I went to call you back
But you vanished in the dark
Love came unseen but I can only see it go now
I can feel you everywhere
You are still there in the bottom of my heart.

I heard your gentle voice someday
And I reached to say that I love you
But it was a dream and only a dream
And remained as a dream only.

Dr. Pranta Pratik Patnaik
Asst. Professor, Department of CMS
Doodle by Yashwini Yadav
Int. M.Sc. 3rd year, Economics



Inherit the World

There are songs for the broken-hearted lovers,
Remedies for each discernable pain,
And stories for the little ones, whose fathers
Left home, never to come back again.
There's art for the ones who keep forgetting
The ground they stand, and what happened there;
And prayers for the ones who let it go
To temptation, and fail to forbear.
There are lessons for the defeated, and beauty
For all who watch the world and admire;
There are blessings in spate for the ones
Who believe in destiny, beyond will and desire.

And then, the dreams of those like us—
Like moths, persistently stuck to the light—
Often fly into the sun, then fall
A million and one at a time, by night.
We claim what is left to no inheritor.
We take what nobody else has availed.
We're the ones who transgressed - and perished;
We're the ones who attempted - and failed;
And yet, we're the ones who refused
To stop laughing in the face of Death herself.
From the first human footprints on this continent,
To the last books to ever grace the shelves,
We are the lost—born of human error,
Raised by causality, and unfurled
Beyond destiny, beyond all definitions,
We are the ones who inherit the world.

Prakhar Srivastava
Phd. Scholar, Department of English
Doodle by Pijus Mondal
Int. M.Sc. 3rd year, Chemistry

“Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.”

— Charles Dickens

Equality - Need or Right?

With each day passing that question comes
in mind,
If I switch with what I am will I become a
better kind?
Still being change what change will it bring?
The same air, water, soil and ether will
cling.

Or will it bring the power to rule, choose and
demand.

And let's not forgot all above will be done
once acceptance will be in demand!
If these questions comes in mind
Let's just assume it's equality time
It's a time to see reality with better clarity,
It's a time to create a sense of unity,
It's a time to call for equality!!
It's not about equal pay or equal rights,
but actually why at first place these protests
are required?

The presence of protest is self explanatory,
something is wrong in human activity.
Either it has suppressed femininity or
demanded masculinity.

But the trickiest point is both being done in
disastrous manner,

If woman is to cry for accepting her failure, then
man is to shout to deny his failure,
both being part of one's emotion convey the same
behaviour.

If power is just muscle stress,
then what about mental stress?

As we know in handling mental stress woman is
best.

If a white is always a innocent one then just tell
me ,

What crime black did except of being black?

If my deity is conqueror of world , then your deity
is preacher of world.

A short summary of above is "nobody is perfect".
Yet still one dominates over another that's the
defect.

A change in physicality or personality can't
actually change one's importance,

As each and everything is set by none other than
our beloved nature to enhance so,

Let's just prevent this ill thought to spread,

Let's just stand tall and nourish surroundings with
respect and care.

Cheena Joshi

Int. MSc. 3rd Year, EVS

“If you prick us, do we not bleed?

If you tickle us, do we not laugh?

If you poison us, do we not die?

and If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?"

— William Shakespeare, The Merchant of Venice

Endless Love

I'm afraid of the darkness..
 It often draws away the thoughts that blooms in
 broad daylight.
 It ruthlessly pierces my masked smile.
 Guarded by thousands of hollow dreams,
 It crowds around me till my breath dies.
 I'm afraid of the darkness..
 It brings life back to the memories burned in th
 ecoffin in me.
 It waters the roots of sorrow till it sprouts.
 While the reborn memories
 And sprouted nodules of sorrow digs grave for me,
 It laughs and looks at me
 as it pampered me.
 But
 I love the darkness
 Which shows the emptiness of drawn thoughts,
 The fake dance of the spoiled smile,
 The futility of the suffocating nightmares,
 The contempt of the reborn memories,
 The mockery of the sprouting sorrows,
 Blinking like in a curtain.
 Sitting beyond the seventh hour,
 It borrows a lullaby from somewhere, beats to the
 rhythm,
 To settle the darkness in me.
 I love the darkness beyond fear...

Arya K

MA 1st year, English

Sketch by Deepak P

M.Sc. 2nd Year, Atmospheric Science

**“Someone I loved once gave me a box
 full of darkness. It took me years to
 understand that this too, was a gift.”**

— Mary Oliver

Disabling Disability, Enabling Inclusion

To disable the disability,
 who can do that?
 The disabled or the more enabled?

I... I am disabled;
 I do not curse God,
 rather I find faith in the rarest of the places...

A rope of hope to hold on to...
 At times
 I have climbed higher than many of the enabled.

Sometimes, I need help.
 But many times,
 I have risen above liability...

I often dream and live like Milton...
 who was blinded by destiny
 at his prime...
 moulded into a rare emerald
 by the grace of God...
 He, through the words he wrote,
 could fetch from the rarest fountains,
 the elixir of imagination...

I too, have come out of my disability,
 almost...
 I don't look out for someone to pity me...

But, at times, I expect from 'the enabled'
 some reasonable compromises.
 I, too, am human,
 and so deserve to live as one.

And with enough understanding with you,
 maybe, one day I shall shine
 distinctly like Helen Keller—
 deaf, dumb and blind—
 but more enabled than many 'enabled'.

Just give me a chance,
 not as mercy
 but a humane gesture,
 and I will be an asset
 to you,
 to the society,
 to the nation,
 to the whole world.

Just give me a chance...

Sheetal Chauhan, Shivam Kumar
MA 2nd year, English

F L O R A



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Indian Sign Language of the Deaf: Language in a visual-manual modality

India is a diverse land of languages. While conventionally when we think about languages, we think of Hindi, English, Gujarati, Marathi and the innumerable languages spoken and written around the world. The VIII Schedule of the Constitution of India lists 22 languages. Language has been a topic of debate and conflict as language represents not just a socio-cultural group but it is also a representative of people's identity.

Our concept of language is primarily linked to spoken and written form. Language is often considered to be one which is spoken through lips and heard through ears. This is the oral/aural mode of language (spoken/heard) that we all know about. Majority of the world's population use a language in this oral/aural mode. All writing systems are also derived from representation of spoken languages.

However, away from the oral/aural (spoken/heard) mode of language, there also exists another mode of language. This is the visual-manual or visual-gestural mode of language: a language which is perceived visually and produced manually. This is the Sign Language of the Deaf.

For a long time, Sign Languages of the Deaf were not considered a real language. The popular view was that sign languages are merely some sort of pantomime or gesture. However, with research in the field of sign language linguistics, it has been established that Sign Language of the Deaf are complex grammatical languages which developed naturally when deaf people came together. Some features of this unique mode of communication are as follows:

- Sign Languages have a grammar and are highly creative.
- Anything communicated in spoken language can be communicated in Sign Language.
- They can be used to teach maths, written language, science and any technical subject.
- Sign Languages all around the world are not the same and there is no universal sign language. Almost 142 different sign languages have been studied around the world. These include Indian Sign Language (ISL), American Sign Language (ASL), British Sign Language (BSL) among others.

As per census 2011, there are 1.8 million deaf people in India. This number is likely to increase in the next census. Indian Sign Language (ISL) is the language used by the Deaf community in India. It is a visual-gestural language with its distinctive grammar and vocabulary. It uses handshapes, facial expressions, gestures, eye gaze and body movement to convey meaning. Indian Sign Language (ISL) is not only a means of communication but it is also a symbol of pride and identity for the Deaf in India.

The Rights of Persons with Disabilities (RPWD) Act 2016 which came into force from 2017 recognizes Sign Language as a means of communication which is especially useful while communicating to the persons with hearing impairment. The Act further mandates Governments to promote use of Sign Language to enable persons with hearing impairment to participate and contribute to their community and society.

In order to ensure a truly accessible and barrier-free environment for deaf persons in India, we all may try and learn some basic sign language. The attached chart shows the ISL alphabets. You may all try and practice fingerspelling your own name!

Dr. Sharita Sharma
Assistant Professor, Department of Linguistics

Department of Empowerment of Persons with Disabilities, (Divyangjan)
 Ministry of Social Justice & Empowerment (Govt. of India)

Alphabets



Open up your heart...
 let the silence enlighten
 where the senses fail...
 - Shivam Kumar, MA English

They live “RAMA”: The Ramnami tribe of Chhattisgarh

In the tribal heartland of India, a tribe which formed as one of the consequences of caste system, around 150 years ago. The Ramnami Samaj of Chhattisgarh are the devotee of lord Ram, they are popularly known for covering their entire body and clothes with the name of “Ramnam”, in their local language, they call the imprints “Godna”, and they use the indigenous ink for it.

The Ramnami movement began as an act of revolt against the caste system, they found a unique and peaceful way of protesting against the caste system, when Parshuram Bharadwaj of Charpara in Malkhoroda tehsil (considered as the founder of Ramnami tribe and movement) in 1890s, tattooed himself as an act of defiance after being denied entry in the temple because of his chamar caste, followed by him, a group of people from so called “lower caste” tattooed themselves the name of “Ramnam”, majority of his followers are from chamar caste but later Brahmin, Anik, Kurmi, etc. all joined the movement when it spreads across dozens of villages in Chhattisgarh. It is believed that his movement has roots with Satnami movement of Chhattisgarh and bhakti traditions of the fifteenth century.

There is a belief that the tattoos remain in the body for a person’s lifetime and follow them to their death they serve as an identifier for the person in the other world, after she or he dies. The Ramnanis tattoo their entire body, including the tongue, with Ramnam. There are two implied meanings here. The first meaning is that every breath that they take gets scented with Ramnam; as it touches the tongue and every pore of their body is touched by the name of Ram. The second meaning is that Ramnam cannot get contaminated by anything, even saliva on the tongue. Godna started as a protest against the Hindu position that lower castes would contaminate Ramnam.

They have developed their own dialect, musical instruments and they are inspired by Ramcharitramans and the natural surroundings, they do not believe in idol worship. Instead, they pray by reciting verses from the Ramcharitmanas, the sacred Hindu book about Lord Ram. In spite of this close affiliation with Ramcharitmanas and Ramnam, the Ramnami Samaj has carved its distinct path to approach Hinduism. Although they treat Ramcharitmanas as a sacred text, they openly criticize the parts that are orthodox, including parts which talk about caste. They use the text freely, omitting parts that they do not find appropriate, and replacing them with verses and couplets from other texts, including couplets of Kabir. When they are performing bhajan, they place the physical text in front of them and treat it as sacred. At other times, it is handled as any other book. They are known to promote simple lifestyle, opposing orthodox customs and rituals. The sect has become a dominant force in the religious life of the era in that region.

Khwaza Ahmed Siddiqui
Int. M.Sc. 2nd Year, EVS



" I measure the progress of a community by the degree of progress which women have achieved."

-- Bhim Rao Ambedkar.

Tracing back to our glorious past, one can find that women were given equal opportunities in the political, economic and social spheres. The abundance of mother goddess' sculptures found at Indus valley sites confirms that women were not considered inferior to men. During the early Vedic period, women were given the membership of political assemblies like and V. Women were also allowed to choose their spouses under the . Some female divinities were also worshipped, including Aditi(daughter of sun), Ila(first woman) and Savitri(goddess of the day). It clearly points out that discrimination towards women was alien to our age-old ethos.

Later, the Indian subcontinent was ruled by foreign dynasties who were unaware of the Indian way of life. These dynasties framed social policies that weakened the social cohesion existing before their rule. These dark phases in our history are one of the prime reasons for the emergence of discriminatory social norms that exist to date.

Gender discrimination at the workplace in the form of the wage gap, glass ceiling, sexual harassment and double burden of work are the manifestations of discrimination towards women.

Women do most of the unpaid work in the societies (taking care of the elderly and children, cooking, etc.). It, in turn, has a negative imprint on the financial independence of women. Horizontal and vertical segregation of work in the labour market is responsible for the lower participation rate of women in the economy. The IMF estimates that equal participation of women in the workforce shall increase India's GDP by 27 per cent. It is incumbent on the government to formulate gender-neutral policies to establish a welfarist state

WOMEN EMPOWERMENT : A STEP TOWARDS EGALITARIAN SOCIETY

-Dhawal Kumar Joshi

UG from Economics, 2016 Pass Out

-Sketch by Unnimaya K Dileep

MA Economics, 2nd year

Article

14, 15, 16,
39, 42, 243

and crucial
constitutional
measures to ensure

that women don't
face any kind of
discrimination in

independent India. The
formation of trade unions like
SEWA(Self Employed Women's

Association) has given birth to new

and innovative ways to fight poverty and vulnerability. and schemes are aimed at the holistic development of women. The Immoral Traffic (Prevention) Act (1956), The Dowry Prohibition Act (1961), Protection of Women from Domestic Violence Act (2005), The Sexual Harassment of Women at Workplace (Prevention, Prohibition and Redressal) Act (2013) are the notable legislative efforts to ensure that women live a dignified life.

Providing more powers to the National Commission for Women, establishing mechanisms for women's equal participation, equitable representation at all levels of the political processes, speedy trials in crimes against women, and increasing female labour force participation through behavioural change are some of the steps that can be taken to mitigate the impact of gender discrimination.

with an egalitarian vision. According to the UN, "gender equality and the empowerment of women and girls is not just a goal in itself, but a key to sustainable development, economic growth, peace and security".

Providing quality education, ensuring women's safety, giving adequate healthcare at an affordable rate, checking women infanticide, introducing programs for skill enhancement, supporting women-run businesses, and training gender sensitivity to men are some ways to overcome gender inequality in society.

At the global level, the "Gender and Development" (GAD) paradigm (proposed in the process leading to the Beijing Conference) is perceived as an evolution from the hitherto dominant "Women in Development" (WID) approach.

Maya

A Phoenix in the Courtroom

“Order! Order!”

The judge asks her, “would you be able to face him?”

“Yes sir, I will,” replies the courageous victim.

“Order! Order! Bring him in.”

The teenage accused is now asked to appear;

And the brave girl starts trembling with fear.

The moment she was waiting for, now is the chance;

Despite her horrors, she took this bold stance.

She has her words prepped—mugged them thrice;

But now, she is shaking, unable to raise a voice.

As powerless is the juvenile now,

the prosecution lawyer begins somehow.

“My lord! I ask, I ask you again,

is this the reward, all this pain?”

For the father who loved—still loves her well,

to see his beloved, suffer in hell.

People pass comments, “Witch” is her new name;

The boy or the society, whom can we truly blame?

As nothing can undo this hideous crime,

all I wish is justice served in time.”

The judge asks the accused, “Your defence.”

He breathes deep to commence...

“Once I loved her, loved her like hell,

then she left me, do inquire her well

In great depression did I dwell,

that was the hatred I could not quell.

This is my revenge—she is served

she got what she truly deserved

Vengeance is, at times, the only justice;

Heed my part, my lord! Do not miss...

I am the one, who was once, the prey

who once did weep night and day.

And when I did finally find a way,

now! Now! you call it a foul play.

For your misery, I do not give a flying fuck;

Find a partner now; best of luck!!!”

His words hit her like a ton of bricks;

How come the world is filled with such pricks?

Her voice trembles, heart pounds with fear;

On her burnt face falls a drop of tear...

On her burnt face falls a drop of tear...

She loses control, falls on her feet;

Her heart surely does skip a beat.

Filled in silence the courtroom is

As for a second, every breath is ceased.

While everyone present here is quiet,

it is her little brother, he runs to her side.

He wipes her tears, holds her upright

And so the girl stands with all her might...

And so the girl stands with all her might...

And hence she rises, and hence she speaks

Like Queen of Jhansi, with tears on cheeks,

“You stupid, you idiot, you son of a bitch
how can you even talk such shit.”

“Order! Order!
Maintain court discipline please.”
And she pacifies and speaks with ease.

“You threw the acid; you scorched my dreams.
But you have no regret, as it seems.

Not just my face, you did burn my soul;
It was my identity that you stole.

For those who sought pleasure in my company,
now seek asylum away from me.

For my life is a hell, my demons have won;
Oh my lord!!! what, what have you done???”

And the girl pauses, she calms her brain;
Her voice chokes as she speaks again,

“See, my dad there!! there on the stands,
he always gives yet never demands.

Too old, too weak... but supports me with courage,
your flawed love could never take his place.

You lured me in friendship with your lies.
You—a deceitful dog, a devil in disguise...

Every mirror...

Every mirror reminds me of the real you,
but it is not the acid that you threw—

you threw your false pride; it now lies in the
dust.

I planted a tree there!!! It can bear the
strongest gust.

The gust of times would face me resurrected,
someone who cannot be easily subjected.

You planned a strategy, I did not bow,
you get under my skin, I do not allow.

And, on your true love!!!

On your presumed true love! I do today
proudly spit;

There is neither love nor friendship between
a lioness and a piece of shit.”

(This poem is dedicated to all the acid attack
survivors)

Shivam Kumar

MA 2nd Year, English

Sketches by Prakriti Goswami

Int. MSc. 3rd Year, EVS

And, on your true love,

I do today proudly spit!!!

**There is neither love nor friendship between a lioness
and a piece of shit.**

You are not alone...

Today is almost the last day of this month, time is passing way too swiftly for me. How can a month pass by in just a week? I feel strange and confused. My body is physically active today but mentally I am getting a lethargic feeling, I don't want to use my mind today. I feel like laying down and gaze the ceiling while reminiscing my school summer break days. Those were the days which I wish would never end, my entire childhood flashes upon my eyes. I was blithe, jovial, contented, determined, bubbly and excited to wake up in the morning. I don't know if it's the effect of this shoddy year that just passed or is it just me. Why do I not feel delighted? Am I not doing this life thing correct? Do I deserve to feel like this?

These random thoughts keep popping in my mind. Back in my school days I would just have to worry about my homework or just a Best Student Prize, life is not this facile now. Of course, this is kind of natural, as time keeps passing by, we have to keep growing and it will keep on being knotty. It depends on one's own conscious to think of a way that could untie the knots, I am struggling daily to find one for myself. I feel like I am suppressing and just convincing myself to adjust in my previously made choices. They sounded perfect to me once and it is not that I regret making those decisions now, or maybe I do. I don't want to admit that. I have made tons of blunders in my life. I feel pity for my old self sometimes, she could have waited for some years before making certain decisions.

Looking back at my teenage years I feel sorry for my parents and my sister, they don't deserve that, I feel anguished on myself for not understanding my family and not doing things right. Why did I ever made decisions like my life was about to end the next day, when it was just starting. While writing this my mind is filled with thoughts but I feel inadequacy of apt words to express those feelings. It would be arduous to mention my every deed in detail but it would not be wrong to say that I do carry those burdensome thoughts with me daily.

These feelings and thoughts are not unique to one, these are the wonted words and questions that haunt people around the world. This is normal and it is absolutely okay to talk about it. Knowing what you did wrong in the past is good but spending your time contemplating over it won't ever work, you should know how to modify those decisions to make them better. Your deeds and decisions must not be the reason for your misery, they should only make you happy. Laugh at your best times and don't let your grievances fade them.

On some gloomy days that come for all of us, just remember you are not alone.

Yosha Ojha

Int. M.Sc. 2nd Year, Microbiology

Doodle by Suryansh Singhal

B. Tech 2nd Year, CSE

Habromania: “The Delusion of Happiness”

How many cracks does it take to find where the light actually seeps in? through your translucent being – one that you so well conceal.... from what’s crippling you within- Your heart is an encyclopedia of all the feelings you so deeply feel to be ever put into words,

How many sunsets does it take you to find each one is unique of it’s kind? You romanticise pain & paint it’s glories the same way Neruda describes his poetry through rungs of nature citing instances harmonious to the art of living on earth, the same way Picasso’s paintings depict life in the times of Renaissance ,

It’s strange how words concocted with saccharine makes reality appear less cumbersome, even more eerie how you find an escape in them.....3 cups of coffee down & a deadly honey dripping smile after

How many times would you go to war with yourself before you find you are adamant enough never to give up fighting for your love, even when you know living without them is the last thing left on earth?

How many guilt trips does it take to realise your efforts have been there but in vain....

They say “a stitch in time saves nine” but when do you know it’s time when a cut would get deeper than time could ever heal....

Is it your helplessness or docility that lets you stay? Or you keep them even closer no matter how far they push you away?

You can’t wish to keep someone but only wish they stay, Certain things are meant to be loved from a distance

They never told me, You should love someone the way they want to be loved and not the way you want to love them,

You might be ready to take an axe for them, still they would tell you they never asked for it..

They say when you love someone, love them unconditionally , for you never know how long someone stays in your life,.....

In between is what you have, today and now is what you got, to cherish for a lifetime....

Pain is a pesky part of being human, that which demands to be felt, coz suffering is no longer a choice, it’s a way of thriving altogether...

Affection is alien to you, cause you have never let yourself have a share of it, when you brought yourself to wretch after they tossed your fragility into the air.... fragility about not being secure enough to allow your spaces to be invaded & voids to be conquered.

You sheepishly slide those encumbering memories as a joke from the past that you no longer laugh at & leave 11:11 wishes to have them back in your heart, this time untenable goes your reserve to not let anything take them away from you...distant, divided & apart.

It’s 3:24 in the a.m. & you hear the cuckoo call out for dawnAchingly sweet ,a wave runs across my chest as I lie sleep deprived, gathering all those unscrambled pieces of the puzzle in my mind, to keep the game going.... Is it a maze you’re housing yourself in? Or are you the maze itself?

You try hard to get some sleep, playing cold/mess on repeat...and swooning yourself into a fairytale of clasping them gently in your mind, as you fall asleep into the dead of the night...those are hours of sleep you find yourself at peace with them,only to wake up and realise it was just a dream.

#Perfection is a lie & happiness doesn’t always comes with rainbow & sunshine,

It’s how your heart races while you settle down to believe it’s finally happening to you and then the next moment you dread the fate of it, yet choosing to get going all the way with them,heartly insane.

It’s there when it suddenly strikes you ,even for a while whatever once made you feel alive, when all these years you had forgotten to count breathing as an equivalent to being Alive , it is there in the million ways you choose to put them before yourself and consider it love

it takes the thorns to have the rose as whole, you can’t prick out the thorns by yourself & complain about having bled

#YoucallitHabromania#IcallitHope:) #ToLoveIsToLearnToWorship, I wish they had a religion to name it.

Pratikshya Biswal

M.Sc. 2nd Year, Chemistry

Background by Yashwini Yadav

Int. M.Sc. 3rd Year, Economics

Do you know that you are a girl?

Today my grandmother left for Adimali. Brother left yesterday. Nobody asked why? He has got his 'things' to handle.

What things? "I don't know, who cares? Everyone knows that he is into filmmaking"

So what? "He can come and go whenever he wants."

Why, because he is a filmmaker? " No, because he's a boy."

Mm...

"Does that bother you?" Doesn't that bother you?"

"I don't know, maybe"

Maybe? "Maybe"

So, alone again? "Alone, as always"

Brother told me that he is going to live with a friend in Kochi. He will be staying there for a while. Father nodded when he said, "I will visit often."

Grandmother helped him pack the bag yesterday. She stuffed it with some rice and grains and said, "eat well." I wonder if she would tell me the same if it had been me.

Mother calls me when she gets off work. It has been like this since I was a kid. I wanted her nearby. I yearned for a touch, a hug, a pat on the head, her warmth. But all I had was her sound. She would call whenever she had time. For me, it was the most beautiful sound in the world, it still is.

"Mother, what if it was me who had gone to live like that?"

"Like what?"

"You know, like brother"

"Yes, he told me that he was going to stay with his friend"

"Yes, so what if it was me?"

"What are you talking about? You are not like him"

"How am I not like him?"

"You know that you are different"

"Different? How am I different?"

"You are a girl"

"Yes, I am. So?"

"So, it makes the difference"

"How?"

"You know how. You can't just go around like him. It's not safe for you"

"Why?"

"Stop talking about this nonsense now. You know how our society is. You should be more careful"

"What does be careful mean?"

"What stupid things are you thinking when you are alone in the house?"

"Why am I alone, mother? I want to go out"

"You can't"

"But why?"

"You just can't. Can you stand against a well-built man if he comes to grab you? Can you?"

"No, but you are talking as if there is someone waiting to grab me as soon as I get out"

"Have you gone mad? Are you not hearing what's happening to the girls and the women out there? Are you not living in this world?"

Maybe I am not.

"Are you listening to me?"

Should I?

"Why aren't you talking?"

"Nothing"

"Stop wasting your time thinking such useless things"

How is it useless?

"Try to understand that you are different from your brother, and accept your situation. This is who you are, a girl? So, try to live like one." I hung up on her.

"Who does she think I am?" You are a girl.

"Yes, I know that. Will you please stop repeating it again and again like everyone else? It gives me chills now."

But you are a girl.

"Does it have to be like this?" Like what?

"To live in fear all your life. To live in fear that as soon as you step out, there is someone waiting to snatch you away."

Are you afraid? "Don't ask me"

Why are you crying? "Don't ask me"

Stop crying. You will get sick. "I already am"

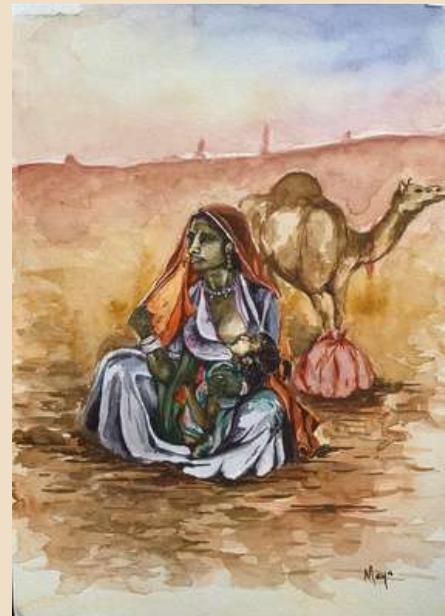
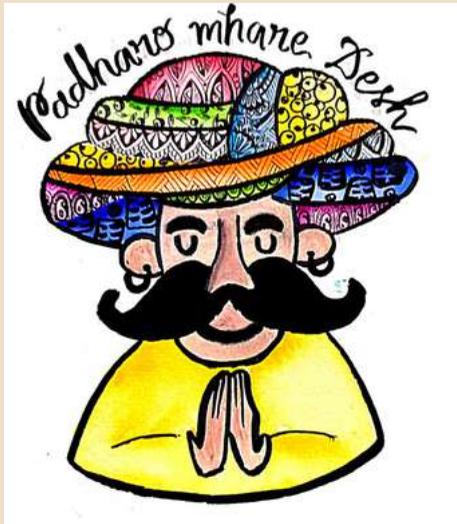
I feel sick. "I feel sick".

Besty Varghese

MA 2nd Year, CMS

Background by Pramod Belagod

MA 2nd year, CMS

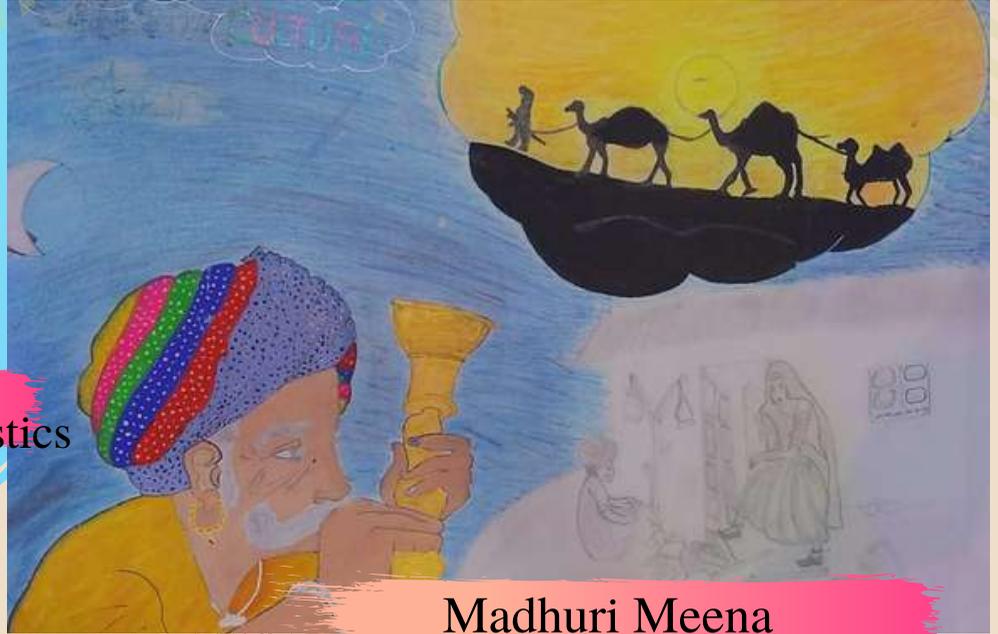


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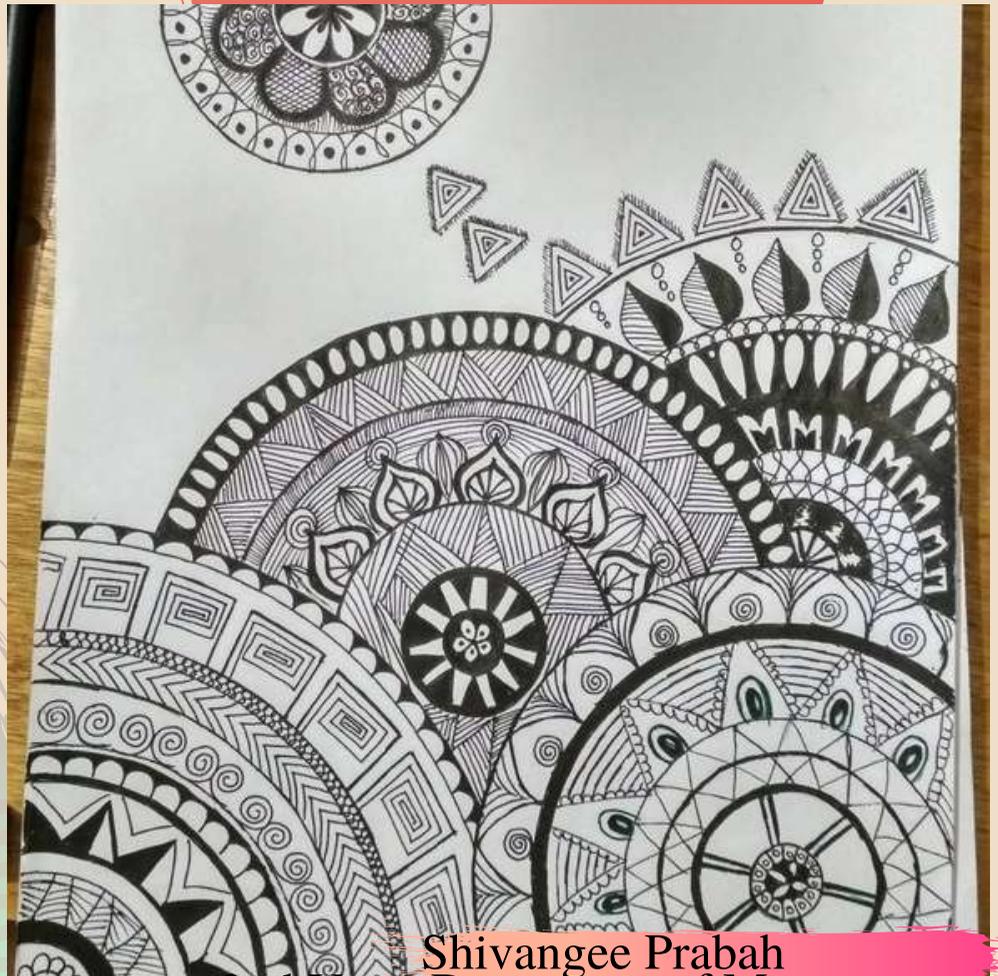
1. Suman Supriya Sahu, Int. Msc. 3rd year, EVS
3. Unnimaya K Dileep, MA 2nd year, Economics
5. Ankit Sharma, 2nd year, M. Pharma

2. Payal, Int. Msc. 2nd year, Biotech.
4. Bhuvan Kasturia, Int. Msc. 3rd year, EVS

Rishika Lodha
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Madhuri Meena
Int. M.Sc. 2nd Year, EVS



Shivangee Prabah
2nd Year, Department of Management



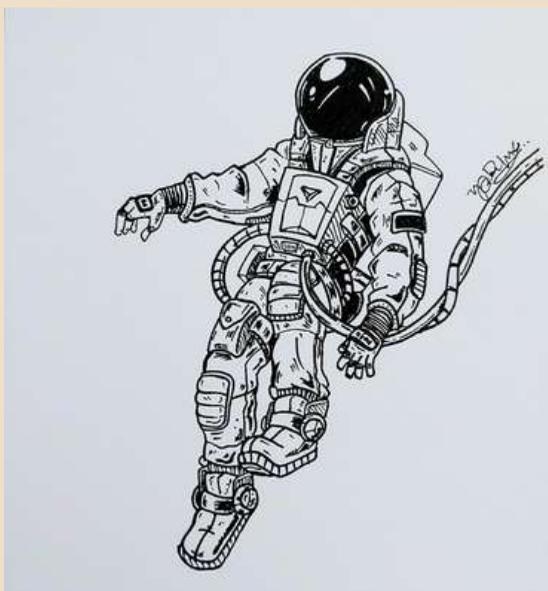
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M.Sc. 2nd Year, Atmospheric Science



Tarun Gavariya
Int. M.Sc. B. Ed. 2nd Year, Physics

अमली उडान

फिर से बुनता है यह
घरौंदा मुझे हर साँस ढल
जब लौटता हूँ मैं होकर तार तार

फिर से चुनता है यह
मेरे टूटे अहम को, बिखरे सपनों को
जब लौटता हूँ मैं हार के बार बार

फिर से फूँकता है यह
जान मुझमें, मेरे अरमानों में
जब लौटता हूँ मैं हाल बेहाल

यह फिर से सींचता है,
मेरी मुरझाई जड़ों को
और मानो हर बार कहता है
फिर से एक बार, फिर से एक बार

और हर रोज़ चल पड़ता हूँ मैं
जीवन के इस जंगल में यह सोच के
कि लौटना है घोंसले में, फिर से चहकना है
फिर से जुड़ जाना है टूटने के लिए।

कविता : डॉ. देवेंद्र रंकावत,
सहायक प्रोफेसर, अंग्रेजी विभाग
चित्र: यश्विनि यादव, इंट. एम.एस.सी.,
तृतीय वर्ष, अर्थशास्त्र



माँ आयी क्या?

आज खिलौने टूटे,
कल खुद टूट जायेंगे
बच्चे है बहल जायेंगे...



सिसकिया लेकर आंखे भर कर रो ए
रोज, मेरे मां-बाबा कहा है पूछ कर सोए ...

बाबा बोले, तेरे मां को अस्पताल देख श्याम तक आऊंगा ..
मैं उम्मीदों का तकीया भर कर सोया,
सूरज से भी बोला जरा जल्दी ढल जाना..
आज बाबा, माँ को लेकर आयेंगे..

बहन छोटी है मेरी, नन्हें कदमों से घर सारा नाप आयी
वो ना बोली, पर उसकी आंखे बोली
माँ कहा है भैया?
कितने दिन हुए मुझे देखे भैया
क्या उसको मेरी याद ना आयी भैया?

डॉक्टर बाबू बोलें थे, माँ को कोरोना रोग हुआ
बाबा को भी लक्षण है...

अभी इतने पैसे नहीं है डॉक्टर साहेब
तुम इसका इलाज जारी रखो ... मैं खुद ही ठीक हो जाऊंगा
पैसे दिये और मां के अस्पताल वाले कमरे में चल दिये
बस ये बात सुनी थी मैंने बाबा की...!!

सवेरा हुआ और फिर श्याम ढली ...
चार दिन हुए.. बाबा भी ना लौट कर आये...

आज एक गाड़ी घर के ठीक सामने आकर रुकी
बाबा, माँ को अपने साथ लाये होंगे..
दौड़कर बाहर आया...
आकर खड़ा हुआ और कुछ सोच पाता
हाथों में दो कलश संभला दिये गये थे

मेरे आंखों से आँसू आते ...
पहले बहन की आँखे बोल उठी
भैया...माँ आयी क्या ?
माँ आयी क्या...?



कविता: ज्योती मौर्या, इंट. एम.एस.सी., पंचम वर्ष, सांख्यिकी
विभाग
चित्र: पूनम सीलू, इंट. एम.एस.सी., तृतीय वर्ष, भाषा विज्ञान

चोर

मैं एक चोर हूँ
जो रोज़ चोरी करता है
अपने ही घर में!
एक ऐसा चोर जो
नौकरी कि तैयारी करता है
दिन के उजाले में, खुलकर
पर, जो रात में सबके सोने के बाद
अंधरे में पढ़ता है साहित्य
पन्नो कि आहटे भी सुनती नहीं
जो चोरी चोरी पढ़ता है
बदलाव और क्रांति कि कहानियाँ
पर, फिर भी वो करता नहीं एक क्रांति
जिसमें वो दिन में बेधड़क पढ़े
बदलाव और क्रांति कि कहानियाँ
बिना चोरी किये!
एक ऐसा चोर
जिसको जेल तो नहीं हो सकती
पर, जो हथकड़िया पहने है
एक ऐसा चोर
जो लिखता है बदलाव
चोरी चोरी!

मोनिका गढ़वाल
पीएचडी. विद्वान, अंग्रेजी विभाग
पृष्ठभूमि चित्र: अंकित शर्मा
एम. फार्म, द्वितीय वर्ष, भौषजिक रसायन शास्त्र

त्यौहार

आज पतंगों से आसमान सराबोर है
क्योंकि इस त्यौहार की बात ही कुछ और है।
काय पो छे काटा रे का हल्ला भी जो जोरम जोर है
क्योंकि इस त्यौहार की बात ही कुछ और है

मिठाई पकवानों की भीनी भीनी खुशबू आती है
पतंगों की जंग आसमान में छिड़ जाती है
यहां हर कोई अपनी ही मस्ती में मशगूल है
क्योंकि इस त्यौहार की बात ही कुछ और है

यह त्यौहार हमें बहुत कुछ सिखाता है
देश के विभिन्न राज्यों में भिन्न तरीके से मनाया जाता है
कई जगह इस समय फसल काटी जाती है
फसल की खुशबू मन को पवित्र कर जाती है।

संध्या को पतंगों का युद्ध भी थम जाता है
और दिल इन सुनहरे पलों को कैद कर लाता है
इस त्यौहार में सबका मन मस्ती में विभोर है
क्योंकि इस त्यौहार की बात ही कुछ और है
वेदांश अत्री
इंट. एम.एस.सी., द्वितीय वर्ष, पर्यावरण विज्ञान

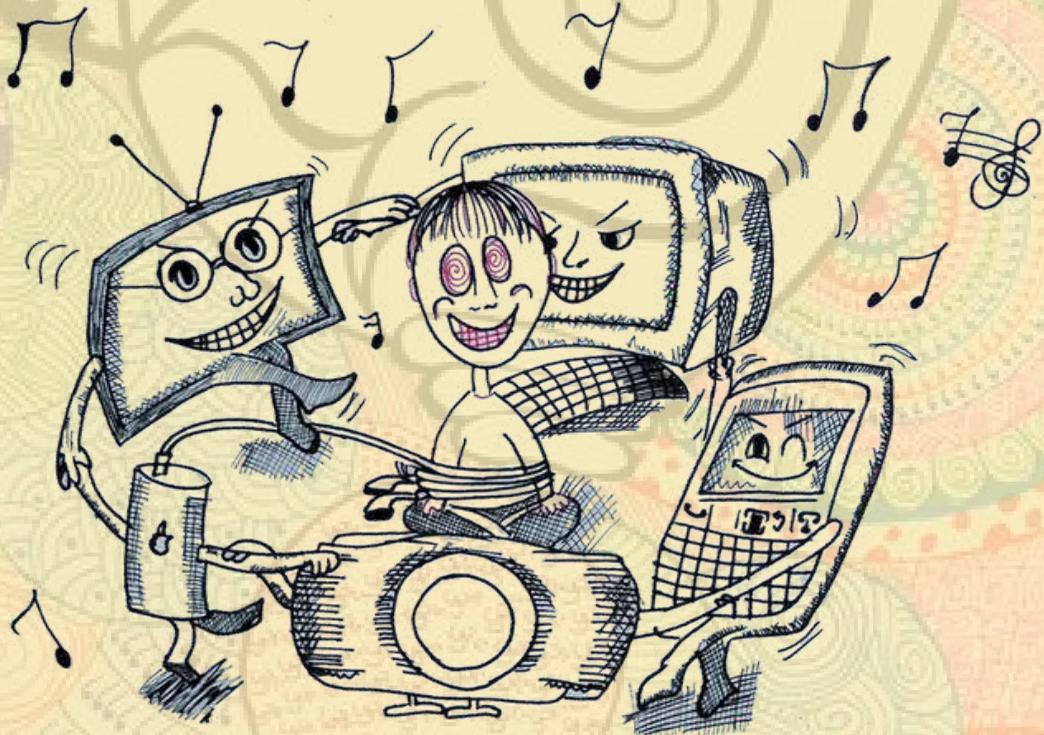
अंधा चकाचौंध का मारा, क्या जाने इतिहास बेचारा,
साखी हैं उनकी महिमा के, सूर्य चन्द्र भूगोल खगोल,
कलम, आज उनकी जय बोल।

- रामधारी सिंह दिनकर

नया दौर

मेहनतकश के जलते हुए तन,
ज़लील होते मन, किसे दिखते हैं,
घरों में, कमरों में बंद, रिश्तेदारों से बचते,
कुछ अलसाये बदन, किसे दिखते हैं,
मोबाईल पर चलती, उंगलिया,
सारा दिन स्क्रीन को देखते नयन, किसे दिखते हैं,
ऑटोमैटिक मशीनों के साथ से, महनत है कम,
फिर भी परेशान से मन, किसे दिखते हैं,
खत्म होते खेल, मितते परिवारों के मेल,
रिकार्डेड पोयम्स में बचपन की जेल, किसे दिखते हैं,
ऑफिस में व्यायाम, कंप्यूटर्स के बाद भी बढ़ते हुए काम,
सच बोलने के दूरगामी परिणाम, किसे दिखते हैं,
दिखता है, बढ़ता हुआ मैं, घटते हुए हम,
आराम में भी पलता ग़म, बढ़ती चिंता, घटती हलचल,
शायद कुछ ज़्यादा ही तरक्की कर ली हमने,
नहीं दिखता हमें, अपना कर्तव्य,
दिखता है बस मैं, मेरा लक्ष्य और मेरा गंतव्य।

कविता: डॉ. कैसर रज़ा, फार्मैसी
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नवजात शिशु हूँ

नवजात शिशु हूँ, पराई मत कहो मुझे।
 हो रही सलोनी, माल मत कहो मुझे।
 भैया गर कह दिया तुम्हें, फूहड़ मत कहो मुझे।
 उसकी नीयत खराब थी, गलत मत कहो मुझे।
 नौकरीपेशा हूँ, वैश्या मत कहो मुझे।
 तलाकशुदा हूँ, निष्ठाहीन मत कहो मुझे।
 पुनर्विवाहित हूँ, संस्कारहीन मत कहो मुझे।
 विधवा हूँ, अपशकुन मत कहो मुझे।
 पहुँच गयी सही सलामत वृद्धाश्रम, माँ मत कहो मुझे...
 स्वर्गवासी हो गयी मैं, अब भली मत कहो मुझे...

जागृति मेहरा

इंट. एम.एस.सी. बी.एड., द्वितीय वर्ष, गणित

चित्र: पीजूष मंडल

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अधपकी कविताएं

स्त्रियों को अलग से
 कविताएं लिखने का
 समय नहीं मिलता
 वो कविताएं लिखती है
 समय के बीच से
 समय चुराकर
 आटा गूंथते समय
 गूंथ लेती है विचार
 और रोटियां बेलते समय
 लिख देती है उन्हें
 सेंकती है रोटी के जैसे
 अपने ही लिखे हुए को
 कहीं पक्की कुछ कच्ची
 और परोस देती है बनी
 कविता को रोटी जैसे।

कविता: युक्ति शर्मा

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मेंहदी जब सहती है प्रहार,
 बनती ललनाओं का सिंगार।

- रामधारी सिंह दिनकर

म्हार गाँव की मोहरली

मोहरली ने चिट्ठी लिखी भोलिया के नाम।
घर में सब राजी खुशी आछौ चाल काम।।
चार तो गधेड़ा लाया घोड़ो ल्याया एक।
उपरबंदी बंदी छान घाली गाँव आके देख।।
चोखी खावा राबड़ी और चोखी ल्यावा छछ।
जूती गांठा गाँव की राखां सारा राछ।।
बम्बई से चोखो भलो भोल्या म्हारो गाँव।
सासियाँ को मोह्लो बाज चाल म्हारो नावं।।
रवण और खावण की कोनी अठ राड़।
चारों ओर भिनटका की ऊँची-2 बाड़।।
जुगलो नायक भजन सुनाव और नारनो मीणों।
जल्दी आज्या गाँव भोलिया थोड़ दिन को जीनों।।
खातीऑल जोड़ बीच में रवण लाग्या लोग।
खींप कटगी आक कटग्या कटग्या सारा फोग।।
कालिया और गीगला के सर पर फेरी हाथ।
पपुड़ा और फुलिया न आतो ल्याज्य साथ।।
बीनणी की बाट भोलिया देखती रंहू।
तेरे खातीर सांसीड़ की डांट भी संहू।।
जल्दी आज्या गाँव भोलिया देखूँ तेरी बाट।
पोता खातीर आज मुंज की नई बनाई खाट।।
दूध खातिर बकरी ल्यादु चढन खातिर घोड़ी।
जावा मांगण साथ दोनों सास बहु की जोड़ी।।
मणेक रोटी और राबड़ी सेठाणी दे देसी।
जूती गांठन क बदले तूँ और बता के लेसी।।
जल्दी आज्या गाँव भोलीया देखूँ तेरी बाट।
पोता खातीर आज मुंज की नई बनाई खाट।।

कविता: डॉ. ममता खांडल
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चित्र: प्रकृति गोस्वामी
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फ़कीर

खामोश फ़कीर सा दरबदर भटक रहा हूँ
लज्जत ए हयात कहीं मिल जाए,
इस आस में ज़िल्लत को गटक रहा हूँ।
मिल जाए कोई नूर या आ जाए कोई रहबर,
बेखबर हवाओ सा गलियों से गुज़र रहा हूँ।

खामोश फ़कीर सा दरबदर भटक रहा हूँ

चश्मदीद हूँ मैं कूचों की बेरुखी का,
कि सर्द रात में कोयलों सा जल रहा हूँ।
क्या शिकवा करूँ अब मैं ज़माने से,
कि मंदिरों से भी खाली हाथ गुज़र रहा हूँ।

खामोश फ़कीर सा दरबदर भटक रहा हूँ

लौट आए वो वक्रत या गुज़र जाये ये दिन
उम्मीदों से ज़ानिब ए मंजिल तलाश रहा हूँ।
फ़क़त दो गज़ कफ़न पाने के लिए
सफ़र ए हयात से गुज़र रहा हूँ।।

खामोश फ़कीर सा दरबदर भटक रहा हूँ।

जोगेंद्र जाखड़
एम.ए., द्वितीय वर्ष, सार्वजनिक नीति
कानून और शासन

भोलिया शहर में रुपिया कमाया मोटा, आछो
कमायो नांव
अपणी मिट्टी अपना मिनख देखण आज
एकर गांव।

- जोगेंद्र जाखड़

एक जैसा

बेटों और बेटियों को हम एक जैसा बड़ा क्यूँ नहीं करते
 बचपन से अंतर समझा समझा कर हम कभी नहीं थकते
 बेटी पराई होती है, दूसरे घर की लक्ष्मी होती है
 यही सबक हर रोज बेटी को पढ़ाया जाता है।
 पर आज जब बेटे माँ बाप को पराया कर देते हैं,
 हम तब भी इस सच का सबक क्यूँ नहीं पढ़ते
 बेटों और बेटियों को एक जैसा बड़ा क्यूँ नहीं करते
 बेटे की सोच को जीवन भर खुद हम ही बदला करते
 और फिर उम्मीद हम लगाते हैं बेटों से सेवा करने की
 दोनों की सोच को हम एक ही रंग क्यूँ नहीं रंगते
 बेटों और बेटियों को एक जैसा बड़ा क्यूँ नहीं करते
 सहने और समझने की सारी शिक्षा देते बेटी को
 और गलत पर चुप न रहने का सबक सिखाते बेटे को
 बेटे बेटी की परवरिश एक ही माटी से क्यूँ नहीं गढ़ते
 बेटों और बेटियों को एक जैसा बड़ा क्यूँ नहीं करते
 चूल्हा चोका और सफाई बहू बेटी की है ज़िम्मेदारी
 बेटे को कमाई और पढ़ाई की चिंता जन्म से दे डाली
 दोनों हर ऊंचाई की एक ही सीढ़ी क्यूँ नहीं चढ़ते
 बेटों और बेटियों को हम एक जैसा बड़ा क्यूँ नहीं करते

बेटे रोया नहीं करते, बेटी ज्यादा देर तक सोया नहीं करते
 बेटे बाहर उठना बैठना सीखो, बेटी ज्यादा घर से बाहर मत निकलो
 बेटे पढ़ोगे नहीं तो कैसे चलेगा, बेटी ज्यादा पढ़के तुम क्या करोगी
 बेटे घर के काम से तुम्हें क्या लेना देना, बेटी घर का काम सीखो अगर तुम्हें है जीना
 बेटा थोड़ा ओर खा ले कमजोर पड गया है, बेटी ज्यादा मत खा मोटापा चढ़ गया है

अब क्या क्या लिखु, और कैसे बतलाऊँ.....

वैसे बहुत कुछ बदल गया है, पर सीख हमारी आज भी नहीं बदली
 बेटियाँ चाँद पर भी पहुँच गयी है, पर सच पुछो तो तकदीर आज भी नहीं बदली

सोभाग्यवती गुप्ता

सहायक पुस्तकालयाध्यक्ष

जब दोनों घर मे पराई सी है ,
 फिर क्यों कहते बेटी बेटों सी है।

- जोगेंद्र जाखड़

वो स्त्री है साहब

वो जन्म लेने के लिए,
सारी दुनिया से लड़ सकती है;
वो स्त्री है साहब,
कुछ भी कर सकती है।

इस आज़ाद मुल्क में,
सारी बंदिशे सह सकती है!
जिस मर्द को खुद उसने पैदा किया,
उसी के दर्द में रह सकती है;
वो स्त्री है साहब,
कुछ भी कर सकती है।

अपने सारे सपने तोड़ कर,
तुम्हारा हर सपना पूरा कर सकती है!
जिस घर में उसने जीना सीखा,
उसे छोड़ पराये घर रह सकती है;
वो स्त्री है साहब,
कुछ भी कर सकती है।

कभी माँ, कभी बहन और कभी पत्नी बनकर,
कई किरदार बदल सकती है।
तुम कहानी सुनाते रहना बलिदानों की,
वो इस पर पूरी किताब लिख सकती है;
वो स्त्री है साहब,
कुछ भी कर सकती है।

जितना पसीना महीने भर में बहाया तुमने,
उतना खून उन चार दिनों में बहा सकती है!
इतना सब कुछ सहने के बाद,
वो फिर से लड़की पैदा कर सकती है;
वो स्त्री है साहब,
कुछ भी कर सकती है।

कविता: पवन नहलोट
इंट. एम.एस.सी., बी.एड., गणित विभाग

क्यों नहीं

परदों में मुझको रखते हो,
जो सिर से मैं घूँघट हटाऊँ तो क्यों नहीं।
गूंगी गुड़िया नहीं हूँ मैं,
जो किसी से बोलूँ बतियाऊँ तो क्यों नहीं।
बंदिशों में मुझको रखते हो,
जो बेड़ियाँ तोड़ निकल जाऊँ तो क्यों नहीं।
कई ख्वाब मैंने भी देखे हैं,
उन्हें पलकों से हथेली पे लाऊँ तो क्यों नहीं।
आसमान को मैंने भी उसी नजर से देखा है,
जो पक्षी बन दूर उड़ जाऊँ तो क्यों नहीं।
बस लक्ष्मी नहीं हूँ मैं,
जो दुर्गा का तुम्हें आभास कराऊँ तो क्यों नहीं।
जिंदा तो मैं सदियों से हूँ,
तो खुल के जीने लग जाऊँ तो क्यों नहीं।

कविता: सौरव कुमार
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चित्र: यश्विनि यादव
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बढ़कर विपत्तियों पर छा जा, मेरे किशोर! मेरे ताजा!
जीवन का रस छन जाने दे, तन को पत्थर बन जाने दे।
तू स्वयं तेज भयकारी है, क्या कर सकती चिनगारी है?

- रामधारी सिंह दिनकर

अच्छा काम

एक कुत्ते का बच्चा किसी के घर के सामने रेत पर इधर-उधर जमीन चाटता फिर रहा था कि और कुछ नहीं तो बाजरी के दाने ही मिल जाए , जो सुबह - सुबह लोग पक्षियों को डालने वहाँ आया करते थे और हरिओम... हरिओम ...करके वापस चले जाया करते थे। उसकी हड्डियाँ निकली हुई थी और आँखों के नीचे की चमड़ी नाक तक काली पड़ गई थी। घर के मालिक ने उसे देखा और इसके साथ - साथ उसकी नजर पास में पड़े एक दूसरे पिल्ले के शव पर भी पड़ी। शव को देख कर उसे बड़ी दया आयी और वो घर के अंदर से दो रोटियाँ लाया और जीवित पिल्ले की तरफ फेंक कर चला गया। उसे बड़ी खुशी थी कि आज उसने एक अच्छा काम किया था, लेकिन अच्छा काम तो अब हो चुका था और यह बस कहानी सुनाने के काम में आता था। वह रोज उस कुत्ते के बच्चे को देखता और कुछ देर उदास होता और फिर वहाँ से चला जाता। तीन-चार दिन बाद वो मर गया। कुछ लोग उसके शव के पास खड़े थे। मकान मालिक आया और बोला कि मैंने इसे रोटी भी दी थी पर क्या कर सकते हैं। "हाँ भाई साहब हम तो अपनी ओर से अच्छा करने की कोशिश करते ही हैं पर भगवान के आगे किसकी चलती है।"

इतना कहकर सब मन में अपनी अच्छाई पर प्रसन्न होकर यह कहानी सुनाने के लिए घर की ओर चल दिए। इस प्रसंग के बाद अगली कहानी मिलने तक उनका सम्मान समाज में चरम सीमा पर रहा।

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पृष्ठभूमि: पायल

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अच्छा काम कहानी बनाने के लिए करते
काश एक काम नेकी की बुनियाद बनाने के लिए करते।

- **जोगेंद्र जाखड़**



FIT INDIA MOVEMENT, NSS



SWACCH BHARAT MISSION, NSS



Glass Painting by Varsha Sinha
2nd year, MBA



Glass Painting by Vidhi Kalal
Int. M.Sc. 2nd Year, Chemistry



Photography by Dr. Ved Prakash
Assistant Professor, Department of English

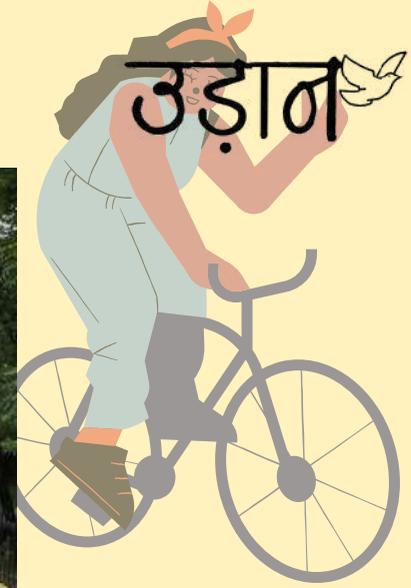
CURaj Events



Convocation Ceremony 2019-2020



Foundation Day 2021



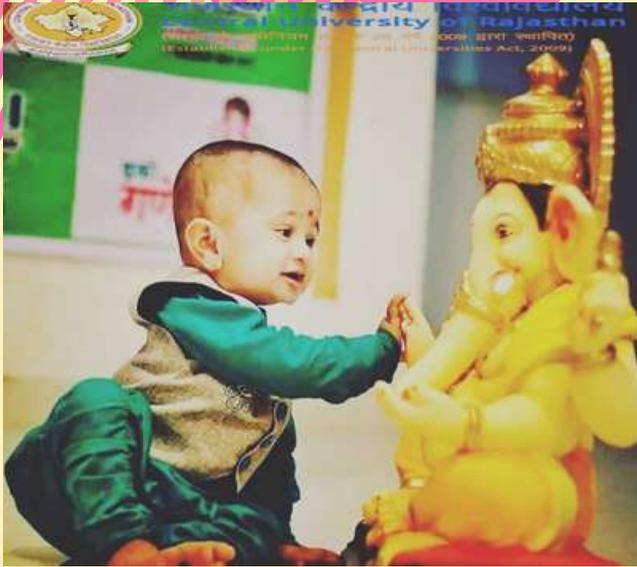
NSS Bike Rally



Volley Ball and Basket Ball Tournaments



Ganesh Chaturthi Celebration



Janmashtami Celebration

Diwali Celebration



HOLI CELEBRATION



CULTURAL EVENT



AZADI KA AMRUT MAHOTSAV



Udaan is a cumulative effort of various students working strenuously for the last eight months. It had its share of ups and downs in its ever-exploring and self-evolving journey. Finally, their efforts have taken off the Udaan.

-Team Udaan

नहें पांव कोमल भे
चल पड़े अजनबी राहों पर
कांटे चुभे, कुछ दर्द हुआ
विश्वास भी कुछ झट्ट हुआ।
चली अजनबी हवाएं
पर ये पांव न घबराए
ना छरे, ना डरे
नित रहे मार्ग पर अड़े
आए गए कितने तूफान
फिर भी भरी है पावों ने
अभिलाषाओं की उड़ान



SCAN TO SUBMIT YOUR ENTRIES

उड़ान

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