

LIFE IS BEAUTIFUL!

By supriya mandal

A struggling life,
An uncertain future,
And failure...
Never need false promises,
Or,decorated speeches.

Hope may be exhausted
But the will power is not ended.

Positivity may be surrounded

By pessimistic minds

But the spark inside

Is still not extinguished.

A writing may be rejected,

Words may halt

A hundred times

But the writer becomes busy

Again to spread colours

On blank pages.

A heart may be broken

By masked faces.

Beauty may be destroyed

By barbarous mankind.

A soldier sacrifices

His mortal limbs

In the diplomacy of countries.

Judgment cries

Silently in the court.
Black clouds envelop
The day-light.
But the sun rises,
The Nature smiles,
Streams flow like
The blood in our veins,
Birds fly in the open blue sky.

Life never stops;
It gives strength
To each and everyone
To go beyond the border.
It has the supreme power
To create miracle.
Life is beautiful!

IN THE PEN OF A RETIRED TEACHER

Alone sitting on my old armchair
In the front veranda
Purposelessly think of by-gone working days,
The very first day and the grand farewell
In my honour,
And the days between them,
Mixed with joy,smile,tears and grief.

Memories are flashing one by one
Making me flow in their streams.
Was there almost five and thirty years;
And this thought is tormenting
The required strength of living
The remaining days.
Now all days are my holidays,
And leisure is my only mate.
I enriched the vessel of my teaching life
A little.
I witnessed the birth of many new possibilities,
And the death of many young hopes.
In the cycle of Nature
Some go and some come to fill the emptiness.
I will not be perennial,
But I will live, and surely live
In the hearts of my children-my students.

THOSE DAYS...

“Push the swing forcibly”, my little sister said.
“No, you may fall from it”, I replied.
And the atmosphere in the park became gloomy
With her shrill cry.
I tried many ways to talk to her with failure;
With her cry tears gathered in me also.

Suddenly I woke up and found myself on my bed;

Hot tears rolled down my cheeks.

Was it a dream,a mere dream

Like most dreams sank into oblivion

Giving momentary relief?

But I went back to those early days,

Those childhood quarrels,friendship,

Sisterly love,parents' rebuke,and so on.

Now where will I find those days,

That park,that swing,

That beautiful childhood?

Then my inner self whispers in my ears,

“Those days are always within you;

Whenever you recall

They will come again and again.

And these are called memories.

Look into your heart,you will find;

Ask your brain,you will get answer;

So,save them till your last breath.

They are precious.”

Bio

SUPRIYA MANDAL passed graduation with hon. in English from University of Kalyani,Kalyani,West Bengal,M.A. in English from Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi,U.P.,and B.Ed. from Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi,U.P.She was a Guest Lecturer of English at Nagar College,Nagar,Murshidabad,West Bengal, and at present is an Assistant Teacher at B.P.School(under W.B. Govt.),Murshidabad,West Bengal.She loves writing,recitation,singing and dramatic performance.