

Sabina
Rosa

pestalozzi

Tabula Rasa

Poems collected by Pratiksha Sharma

This book consists of poems submitted for Pestalozzi Creative Writing Competition along with some other poems.

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Thank you!

-Pratiksha Sharma

The Cigarette

-Pratiksha Sharma

The smoke rushed into the air
Thin, hardly visible
Rushed into the air and got mixed up
Spoiling the air!

Spoiled are us now
Under that rise of smoke
Our visions and wishes clouded
The smoke, slowly mixing up
Likewise hate, gradually sipped into us
And swept us apart!

The burning cigarette
Burnt our hopes and expectations,
If not yours, it burnt mine,
With every dust of ashes that fell down,
I felt I lost a part of you
From my heart
And by the time the cigarette became a butt
Every part of you from my heart
Fell upon, somewhere.....
That puff, as it went through your throat deeper,
It replaced the space I occupied,
Slowly displaced me,
And I came out, with the smoke exhaled.

I flew away into the air, embracing my awaiting future.
Away from you, away from us,
And away from that cigarette which burnt us!

Facing the Reality

-Success Sibanda

Every time we move around
The achievements of our community shout out loud
Certainly making us proud
Yet we remain unaware that we derive
Our pride from other people's devices

Every day we cry of poverty, litter and crime
Yet we sit back and expect everything to be fine
Unless we stand up and try
Unless we endure the pain
And do things the hard way
Our community will remain the same
Impoverished, dangerous and littered
A place full of shame

A wise man once said:
'Be the change you want to see in the world'
People are always talking about how bad
Are our roads, schools and land
Yet they sit back, relax and wait
For a miracle to set everything straight

Every day we dream and prophesy
Of a prosperous, peaceful and clean community
Yet we never try to make it a reality
Change comes from within
So let us all stand up and begin
The fight to redeem our community
We can live
the dream and make it real.

X—X—X



Nature's Refugee

-S.K

I was sitting in a sea of green today,
Tall blades of grass enveloped me,
Hid me from the chaos of humans,
Took me into nature's safe hands.

I was a refugee.

The stoic tree greeted me at the border,
'Today you come to me searching for strength and serenity.
Know that whilst change is met with your caprice,
I stand firm through all extremes,
Not once have I raised my voice over the laws that
govern me,
Yet loud is your silent ingratitude that hurts the wind,
As it is brought back to me.
Still, you breathe.
And that is nature enough for me. So come in.
Your pass is humility, issued from the blossoms of
reconciliation,
valid till eternity.
Keep low and walk on, for now you are free.'

Earth had welcomed a long lost friend.
My naked steps saluting the life under me
I stumbled and fell to the feet of Harmony:
'Stop and drop these arms of your Self,
Against whom should you defend your conceit?
Listen, for here we speak the same subtle speech.'

Stunned, I rose, my face braving the sky:
'Sun, forgive me for I never paused
to praise the radiance of your rays,
And still you visited me day after day.'

Sun, your reign does not discriminate
So show me the blinding absence of deceit,
Drench me in your compassionate warmth,
For I am cold from superficiality.'

Bzzz, the red dragonfly accosted me,
Whizzing around my head,
Smiling at my perplexity.
'Oh victim, why seek the complex in me?
Yes, even I know how to be.
Take me as your signpost,
Close your eyes and follow
The sound advice of my wings
(Your stare is too demanding) –
Unlearn the riddles that you create,
Turn back on the tracks that you race.
The answer is but simple,
And ease is your reward.
Meaning awaits you on the planes of Presence,
So let me introduce you to this instance.'

Today, I sat in a sea of green.
On the life boat of Nature,
I was a refugee.

Under a tree I conversed with Reality,
Where beauty is all that you see,
And peace is truly peaceful.

X—X—X

Peripeteia

- Surya Tripathi

The hope fairy is dying
with dark clouds lurking in the sky
bearing a fake smile does not help
with a torn heart that can only cry!

De-miracle rose in sullen mode
left us bereft with very less hope
herculean efforts faded like vapour
the sun ironically making it worse.

Melancholy is in the air
nothingness persists leaving dark deep scars
penetrated by gamma rays
we ended up in a maze.

Tomorrow is dying, today is sad
yesterday failed, emergence is mad
shattered like glass, desires clashed
hopes dashed and hopelessness persashed!

X—X—X



The Place I Deserve

- Pratiksha Sharma

Full of vows, full of promises,
Full of happiness, full of dreams
Your lexes were,
Every word you spoke promised me
A better future, beyond my imagination.
Insecure and vulnerable my soul found some security
And ways of fulfilling my dream
Then I confided in you and promised to go along with
you
Leaving my past behind, claustrophobic poverty behind
Led by you, I walked into the strange land, beyond my
green hills.

What lay ahead, I knew not!
Were you a fraud, I gave no thought
Too gullible I was, young as I was
Fool as a goat, followed your strap.

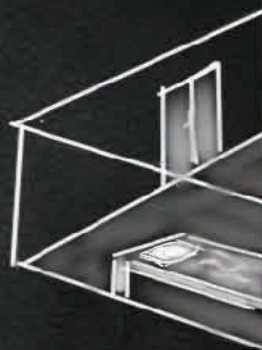
The traffic, the magnificent buildings,
The hustler an bustle of the city, Cheered me up,
Gave hopes and lifted my spirit
For I was stranger, to all of them.

Then the creepy brown building, welcomed me
Chillingly, my fears creeping up inside me
Girls dressed up all in Make up,
With fake smiles and seducing looks
It made me sick, deep down
I laughed and thought" it's the life of a town."
For I knew not what lay ahead,
One day I would be one of them.

You left me in the hands of the woman,
Her cold stare, monstrous black eyes
Drained all my excitement and joys
And I stayed there, praying that you would rescue me
Would give me the fortune you promised.

Ow, I was a fool, to believe in you
Because you left me there
Sold me as if I was an object
And I became a possession to the woman.

She shoved me into the small room,
Full of emptiness and a small bed
Then came the horror ripping me apart
Raped me and tore everything I had.
My chastity, my being, I lost me
In pieces, in tears, I laid all night.



I was raped, re raped and over raped
The routine never ended,
Unless I caught this Hideous "Virus"
And I was thrown out, as easily as I was accepted.
My youth got wasted, my dreams, long forgotten
The same hustle of the city silenced my soul.

But Today, I rise
I rise because I am your creation
You created me,
You chose me and you destroyed me.
No longer am I going to hide my face in shame
Because you should be ashamed, not me
Because you made me, someone who I was not!
And now, when I return to live my life as I want
You slam the doors shut!

You say, "I am immoral."
Your hypocritical "Morality", does not let me in
Where was this morality, when I was being stripped?
Where was this humanity, when I was continually
abused?
It's been for too long, and it has to end!
For more like I will be created, and this has to stop!
Allow me the place, I deserve!

X—X—X

The Son of The Motherland

- *Kishore Chandra Patra*

Dragging his feet towards the distant east
The soldier, crawled like a wounded beast
Eyes as thirsty as his dry and worn black lips
For days he had taken only gunpowder sips

The sun tried to protect him from cold
And to bring him back from the threshold
Of life, the wind blew softly trying to console
But in vain was his wounded body and soul

Reminiscing nostalgically his decorated past
Exhibiting the last trickle of his patriotic cast
And kneeling down on the dead frozen sand
The son smiled and saluted his mother land

Sleeping in the arms of his mother in serenity
He closed his tired and dry eyes for eternity
The body of the son will not last long in sand
But he left a firm mark of Valour on his land.

X—X—X

Life - A Rollercoaster

- David Mtonga

Colour dreams
Rock bottom moments
Sweet all memories
They come and go
Merry go round
Ship-ship comes along
Jingle bells, some of the way.
And the years have gone by like the wind,
Leaving traces of each experience behind....
I have gained love... I've lost love
I've made friends and created enemies
I've been a fool; I've been such a wise man
I've brought peace and I've caused war.
I've been ashamed, I've been honoured
I've been a saint and I've been a devil
I've broken hearts, I've mended some
I've been hero and I've been a villain
Looking back, through the years,
It's been a roller-coaster ride all the way.
And I don't wonder anymore, that's all about....
Life....
Too many places,
So many faces,
Some things in life,
They mean everything to you.
The blaze of star light,
On the moonless night,
I will sail this boat, till all the ocean run dry.



This life,
What is it without others,
Without their time,
Without their experience,
Ideas, help? Though ups and downs are there,
They are to make us awake and
If we carefully hold our mirrors to nature,
We can live a happy and fulfilling life.

X—X—X

The Shining Star

- Lobsang Dolma

It was the shining star,
Who lit the sky beyond far,
And stood so high above
With her glow free to groove

It was the shining star,
Being so envious of her shooting super-stars
Flying higher than she could bend
Thought, her shine could never descend

It was the shining star,
Always lost behind the mysterious bar
Ignoring her own brightness
Felt, she could not have the twinkle to harness,

It was the shining star,
Looking bright from the whizzing streetcar
With her shine, so unique to fall for
Made all to say, shine some more

But,
It was the shining star,
Who dreamt of getting too far
And to be like the mighty sun
Who could have the farthest run

It was the shining star,
Who fears in waging war
Amidst the glorious dark shade,
Wept, why god cannot give me a fate?

And it was the shining star
Who stayed all alone in her illumined jar
Darkened by her waning illusion
Never defeating her own confusion
Gazes, with a tear filled with agony,
Pleading for a new beginning to see.

X—X—X

We are all same!

- Pratiksha Sharma

The sap, brown with a little black eye on top,
The ugly crinkled skin, its surprising beauty.
I held it tight, remembering those words
Whispered in my ears, late at night,
“Plant these and you will reap,
A fortune that nothing can heave” ,
Always lost behind the mysterious bar
Ignoring her own brightness
Felt, she could not have the twinkle to harness,

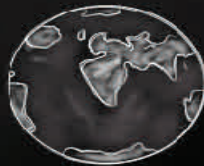
"Was it a dream? "Was I hallucinating?" I ask
The sudden warmth on my hand, longer it lasts,
Seeps into my skin, enriches my nerves
Flows through , through, through, and through
And my legs move, magically into the woods,
My place to hide, since a child.
I dig a little; crumple the soil,
With those dry leaves, crispy and crunchy
Feeling the smoothness of the silt,
And put the jewel down, wondering what fate it brings
Covered black soil, and there it sleeps!

Every dusk and dawn, I go a there and sing
"The little birds chirp and chirp, flowers sway along the
wind
Good fortune is on its way, the horrible days are to
end!"
One dawn, it listened and sprout out of the mud
Two yellow leaves, facing the sun,
Bending its neck, it danced along
When the wind rushed and I sang the song!

Just a little time more and I would know
The mysteries of wind sun and stars
The stories of ants, rabbits and worms
Stories withheld, futures never known.

Then I knew what the voice meant!
Me and earth, our fortunes are all the same!

X—X—X



Soulmate

- S.K.

In the first instant is created a memento,
As I take a moment to convey what I am meant to
In the cordial encounter, I show an apologetic smile
And a face that says: sorry you had to wait for a while.

The first days pass, we hardly know each other
But in fullest splendour, we spill hour after hour
Filling the chasms from childhood stories to open endings
Questioning the self as a result maybe a life's relic,
Through matches of sufficiently matched
Humorous and sarcastic rhetoric.

You speak, I listen and as subtle as a consonant change
I take in what you make out because this was my turn,
My turn to learn with intensity that looked for in ten cities
Is hard to find, see, it is that kind of might that winds up
Enlightening the mind, in slight hind-sight, for you to say
Without a fight, you my friend are rich, rich with light. .

It is a complex simplicity, something uniquely familiar
And well actually definitely indefinable
So let us not stumble over finding a label,
Mystifying as it may be, we must make out
What by now is obvious and uncontested
Like that sole twitch that everyone can see
Yes that within her lives a soul to which I reach.

Because this light is loving and living, endearingly
Gleaming with sincerity distinguishably heartfelt
Ever since the rarity of being oneself.

“Embraced by this light, you learn from scratch
Falling down with your expectations,
To on your way up catch a batch of bright notions:
To excel with Clarity, be fearless in the face of conformity,
Climb the height of consciousness to find inner, massive
humility.

In this sense you stay true to who you are as an individual
Who embodies the essence of what is to be natural.

You see like Sunday morning, it is with ease
That the light never ceases to amaze, as it grazed
My right shoulder to penetrate my heart and
Halt me right there for me to turn and
Stare at the glow that is in one instance stunning
But by no means blinding, a scene that
Leaves me in the full stance of sight.
And because the light travels, it is reflected,
It is returned with feelings of mutuality,
It is echoed with words of ingenuity,
It is reproduced to on each occurrence
Be sent back through currents of understanding,
Tolerance and opportunities, so part of you sees
The hint of individuality that reveals ‘me’
Standing under the light of a different tint.

X—X—X

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