

SIYAHII

सि या ही

*A Collection of Poems, Shayari & Prose
in Hindi · Marathi · English*

S S P

2023

A Note

Mujhe to kitaab likhni h... Bs pehle kahani to jee lu... Phir uthaunga kalam...

Ek hi khwab hai ki kbhi khwaishein khatam na ho...

सियाही लेके निकला हूं.. राह पर कागज मिला है..

जिंदगी वही है बस... ये पन्ना नया है..

— Saumitra

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PART ONE

Rishtey

रिश्ते

*Every poem begins before the poet: in a mother's hand, a
brother's mischief, and the voices that teach us how to name love
before we know its many forms.*

Aai

For My Mother — (Marathi)

जन्मापासून जीव लावला जिने,
लहानाचं मोठं केलं ...
प्रयत्नांची पराकाष्ठा करत,
यशाच्या पायथ्याशी नेलं...

स्वतःहून जास्त माया जिच्यावर,
अशी ती एक...आई आहे...
निश्चिंक जिच्यात देव पाहतो,
अशी विठ्ठल रखुमाई आहे...

आजवरच्या कष्टांचं मोल,
मी तरी तिला काय देणार...
5-स्टार च्या जेवणाला तरी,
तिच्या हातची चव काय येणार...

मोठं ही तिनेच केलं,
तरी लहानही तीच समजते...
अंतरमनात चालू असलेली लगबग,
फक्त तिलाच उमजते...

मजा मस्तीत पण शिस्त हवी,
हाच तिचा उपदेश...
बाबांना बिनशर्त साथ दिली,
इतके वर्ष हे मात्र विशेष...

थोडेही कुठे दुखावले तिला,
तरी दिवसभर मनास लागते...
कौतुकाची थाप जर मिळाली,
तर आभाळ सुद्धा ठेंगणे वाटते...

एवढेही शब्द पुरे आहेत,
डोळ्यात तिच्या पाणी यायला...
मोठा कितीही झालो तरी,
लहान होईन कुशीत शिरायला...

पन्नास पूर्ण झाली तशी,
किमान शंभरी होऊन जाऊदे...
स्वप्न असो वा झुंज सत्याशी,
डोक्यावर फक्त तुझा हात राहूदे...!

— ssp · (for Aai)

A son's tribute to his mother — she raised him, loves beyond herself, is both firm and gentle. Even a five-star meal can't match food from her hands. However tall he grows, he'll always be her little one.

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Bhai

For My Brother — (Three Languages)

*Aasan nahi hai bhai ke rishte ko, ek hi bhasha mein samjhana,
Isliye teen mein koshish karunga, kuch anuman lage to batana!
in english —*

Who was my first friend? Whom did I tell the stories to?
It's good that just one guy
Is answer to all the questions, phew!

He saw me grow up, those memories will never be torn,
He's the best thing ever happened to me, even before I was born!

खरंतर —

मजा मस्ती वगैरे अगदी, सगळं त्यानेच शिकवलं
काय करावं नि काय करू नये, हे नेहमी त्यानेच दाखवलं !

माझ्या कपाटात माझे स्वतःचे कमी, त्याचेच कपडे जास्त आहेत,
इतर कोणा पेक्षाही घरात, याचेच नखरे जास्त आहेत!

bas —

Kya batau aur jyada, janamdin ki badhai ho!
Har pal jiyenge zindagi ka jismein, aapki khushi samayi ho!
Keh to diya sab, ab sirf akhir mein ye kahunga,
Kitna bhi bada ho jau hmesha, tumhara chhota bhai hi rahunga....!

— सौ.

A brother described in three languages — first friend, best memory, teacher of mischief and wisdom. My closet has more of his clothes than mine. However tall I grow, I'll always be your younger brother.

P O E M 55

Jinhone Bolna Sikhaya

Those Who Taught Me to Speak

जिन्होंने बोलना सिखाया,
उनसे बात नहीं होती...
जो कभी हसने की वजह थे,
उनसे मुलाकात नहीं होती...

जीना है तो जी भी देंगे,
इतने कमजोर थोड़ी है मगर...
बड़े होकर भी ऐसा नहीं है की,
मां बाप के प्यार की दरखास्त नहीं होती...

— ssp

Those who taught him to speak — now he can't find words to speak to them. Those who were once the reason for laughter — no meetings happen anymore. Grown up, yet still needing a parent's warmth.

PART TWO

Dosti

दोस्ती

Friendship is the first chosen home: ridiculous, loyal, weather-changing, and often wiser than romance admits.

Dost Hote Bde Ajeeb

Friends Are Strange

Kuch baat hai jo kbhi byan hui nhi...

Aj padhkar sunaunga...

Dosti ka matlab thoda khulkar btaunga..!

Dost hote bde ajeeb hai....

Awsar khushi ka ho ya gum ka...

Ye to milkar hi maante hai...

Janam din ho ya koi aur tyohar,

Jashn saath hi mnana jante hai!

Angaron ki asli aag to bs faqeer hi jaante hai...

Apno se badhkar koi lage to unhe hum dost maante hai!

Apas mein rota to koi nhi par hasana sab jaante hai...

Mushkil se milte hai bhai dost aise... hum bhi jaante hai!

Wapas mulaqat kbhi na ho payi unse to dua yehi karte hai...

Janaze se pehle gale milne ki thodi fursat mangte hai!

Kuch aise hai humare dost, kbhi jrur milaunga...

Dosti ka matlab aur khulkar btaunga!

— *ssp*

Friends are wonderfully strange — they celebrate and grieve together, know life's real fire, and are hard to find. A prayer: before our last rites, let us meet and embrace at least once.

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पुराना ही था दोस्त

Purana Hi Tha Dost

पुराना ही था दोस्त जिससे, नयी एक मुलाकात हुई है ...

सच है ये की बाद उसके, हर तनहाई में भी बात हुई है !

शब्द खुद लिखते हैं हम, और धुन आपकी होती है ...

मिलते ज्यादा हो नहीं, ये शिकायत हमारी होती है !

मानता हूं यार मैं, दोस्त है वो प्यार नहीं ...

दोस्ती इतनी अच्छी हो तो, इससे बेहतर संसार नहीं!

तारीफ नहीं करूंगा ज्यादा, इंसान हो भगवान नहीं ...

इतना जरूर केह देता हूंकी, अपने हो, मेहमान नहीं !

बोल तो दिया सब, अब सिर्फ ये केहता हूं...

हमेशा मिलते रहो तब, मुश्किल में जब रहता हूं!

खूबसूरत तो आप हो ही, हमेशा बस खुशहाल रहो ...

खिल उठें आप साथ जिसके, पास आपके, हमेशा वो इंसान रहो...

खुशिया होंगी गम भी होंगे, बिलकूल ना परेशान रहो,

हर लमहा एक छोटी ही सही पर चेहरे पर मुस्कान रहे!

— ssp

An old friend rediscovered — since that meeting, even loneliness feels like conversation. You're not just a friend; you're family. Not a guest — you belong here.

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एका क्षणात

Eka Kshnat — In One Moment (Marathi)

एका क्षणात सगळ्या आठवणी, डोळ्यासमोर दर्शन देतात...

पक्षी चाललेत उडून म्हंटल्यावर, अंगावरती शहारे येतात ...

कठीण काळात मदत करून जे आपल्या झोळीत पुण्य घेतात...

जीवन काय, जगतात सगळे, अर्थ त्याला मित्र देतात...

— ssp

In one moment, all memories appear. When birds leave, it sends a shiver. Friends give meaning to life by standing beside you in the difficult times.

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Hua Pyar To

If There Was Love

Hua pyar to jata denge, kuch tafleefein bata denge...

Kuch aap kro gustakhi, thoda hum bhi sata denge...

Dosti ki yehi to tasveer hai...

Kagaj aap le aao bs, rangon se hum saja denge!

— ssp

If love happened, it will pass — we'll talk about it and tease a little too. That's friendship: you bring the paper, we'll colour it in.

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Nikle Hai Khwabonka

Setting Out with Dreams

Nikle hai khwabonka baqsa lekar, jald hi ankhe khulengi...

Guzre in dino se behtar, kash hi zindagi milegi...

Koshish krenge aage badhkar pichhe mudna na bhulein,

Kisi ko kbhi jarurat pde to mumkin har darwazein kholein...

Apas mein anbann ho kbhi to wo darar na ban paye...

Raste mein bhale doori rahein par kbhi anjann na bann jayein...

Yehi mannat khuda se mangkar aage badh jate hai...

Matlabi duniya ki kashmakash mein thoda apnapan laate hai!

— ssp

Setting out with a bag full of dreams, hoping life ahead will be better. A shared promise to move forward but not forget to look back, to keep doors open, and stay connected despite distance.

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Azmane Se

On Testing Bonds

Azmane se khul jati hai rishte ki buniyaad, itrane se nhi...

Khokar bhi rehta hai har pal koi yaad, mit jaane se nhi...

Shayad kuch bhi nhi thha humare beech...

Par bina palak jhapke bheed mei bhi neeji batein hoti thhi...

Wo ankhein yaad hai... batein yaad hai...

Rishte ko naam nhi thha shayad par ehmiyat jrur thhi...

Badahpan nhi, masumiyat jrur thhi...

Na humne kbhi btaya na kisine puchha...

Sukhi mitti ko sajane wali wo barish ki bund thhi...

Hath tham kar baithta thha... duniya hi alag lagti thhi...

Pta hai wo duniya meri nhi thhi par kasamse kafi khoob thhi...

Rona bilkul nhi chahunga kbhi, par ant tak har kvita rula deti hai...

Wo yaad, wo nazdiki, har gum bhula deti hai...

Pichhe mudkar ab sab sapna lgta hai...

Najane ab wapas kab nind ayein...

— ssp

Testing reveals the true foundation of a bond — showing off does not. Even without a name, what we had was real. A closeness like rain on dry earth. Memories that poems bring back, every single time.

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Jinho Ne Baat Karna

Choose Your Circle Carefully

Jinho ne baat karna bhi nahi seekha,

Unse thhodi mulakat rakhenge...

Na jinho ne mushkil wakht dekha,

Unse thhodi jazbaat sikhenge...

Ye badi ehem soochi hai yaron,

Jara dhyan se chunna...

Socho, sath jinke jeekar kabil bane hai hum,

Unhe thhodi khudse durr rakhenge!

— ssp

Those who never learned to speak or never faced hardship — keep them at arm's length. Think carefully: the people alongside whom you became capable — keep them close.

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Hum Dekhenge

We Shall See

Hum dekhenge!

Bachhe nahi hai, jo bas aagey dekhenge...

Budhe thodi hue, ki bas pichhe dekhenge...

Beech kahin lakir kheechlo,

bas wahin ke jawan hai hum...

Rishte aur kam ka santulan,

pata nahin hum kahase seekhenge!

— *ssp*

Not children who only look forward, not old enough to only look back. Somewhere in between — young, figuring out how to balance relationships and responsibilities.

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Zindagi

जिंदगी

*Here the poems turn outward and inward at once, asking what
time, purpose, work, faith, and becoming do to a person.*

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POEM 56

Kalam

The Pen

कलम लिखती गयी, और हम जीते गये...

कुछ हाथोंने लिखना सिखा दिया, कुछ ने जीना... !

— ssp

The pen kept writing and life kept living. Some hands taught him how to write; others taught him how to live.

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स्वप्नातील सुख

Swapnatil Sukh — (Marathi)

स्वप्नातील सुख आणि नात्यांतील सहवास तो शोधतोय...

अनेक दिवसांनी आज मनातलं, मोजकं काही बोलतोय...

त्यास भविष्याचं भूत आणि वर्तमानाचा विचार कायम सलतोय...

अपेक्षांच्या ओझ्यापायी प्रत्येक पायरी तो जरा जपूनच चढतोय...

वाटचालीत धडपडतोय, मध्येच वाट सुद्धा हरवतोय...

अपयश आणि अनुभवांतून मात्र कदाचित, एक यशस्वी व्यक्तिमत्व उलगडतंय...

गोष्ट त्या मुलाची आहे, जो career साठी झगडतोय...

उद्याच्या आयुष्यासाठी जरासा, आज जगायला विसरतोय...

कोऱ्या कागदाचा वैमानिक, थेट क्षितिजा पलीकडे उडू पाहतोय...

नव्या रंगानिशी बाहेर पडलेला, हा चित्रकारच बदलतोय...!

— ssp

A young man searching for happiness and connection. Haunted by the future, careful with each step. He stumbles, loses his way — but from failure and experience, a successful person is quietly emerging.

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Udyachich Chinta

Tomorrow's Worry — (Marathi)

Udyachich chinta, kay re bhagwanta...

Ajche hi diwas kalchya athwanit ch jawe?

Kay hi dasa, Ann kuthli ti disha,

Sang tuch ya bhiti poti kse me nijawe?

Hach sarwancha wichar, rog ituka kay upchar,

Kuthlya ashewar ata ekhade swapn tri bghawe?

— ssp

Why does worry about tomorrow consume today? Which hope remains to dream upon? A universal ache — anxiety about the future quietly eating the present.

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Kuch Kami

The Art of Living with Less

Kuch kami k sath jeena ek hunar hai...

Kuch nami k sath hasna ek ada hai...

Khwaishonki kaifiyat puchhna... achha hai...

Par bin bataye usey janna ek kala hai...

कुछ कमी के साथ जीना, एक हुनर है...

कुछ नमी के साथ हसना, एक अदा है...

ख्वाइशों की कैफियत पूछना, तो अच्छा है,

पर बिन बताएं उन्हें जानना भी, एक कला है...!

— ssp

Living with some shortage is a skill; laughing through some pain is grace. Knowing someone's wish before they say it — that's art. A gentle observation about resilience and quiet attentiveness.

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Kavita Mein Shabd

Words in a Poem

कविता में, "शब्द" ये एक ही पहलू है...

कभी कभी अधुरा पड जाता है...

पर जब धुन उसे मिलती है,

तब सूर से जज़्बात जुड़ते हैं...

छुपे हो कहीं एहसेस अलग से,

तो ढूँढने थोड़ी पड़ते हैं ...

याद जुड़ी हो किसी ऐसेही गानेसे,

तो भूलना बड़ा मुश्किल ...

अक्सर कोई चलता है, तब गुजरा लम्हा याद आ जाता है ...

बस कुछ पल बिताएं जिनपर, उन्हें फिरसे सामने लाता है ...

शब्द वही, धुन भी समान...

बस हालात बदलें होते हैं...

कोई फूट के रोता है, तो कोई दूजा शुक़र मनाता है...

सोचकर बिताना नहीं इसे...

खुलकर जीना होता है ...

— ssp

*Words alone are incomplete in a poem — they need a melody. A memory tied to a song is impossible to forget.
Some cry, others give thanks — the same music, different lives. Live openly, not just thoughtfully.*

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Sangeet

Music & Memory

Aksar jab koi chalata hai,
Wo guzra lamha yaad aa jata hai...
Bas ek hi din bitaya jispar,
Usey phirse samne lata hai...

Sangeet wohi, dhun bhi saman,
Bas halaat badal jatein hai...
Koi fut ke rota hai, to koi duja shukar manata hai...
Sochkar beetana nhi, isey to khulkar jeena hota hai...

— ssp

*A familiar song triggers a memory — just one day spent together, but the music carries that person back.
Some cry, some give thanks. The same tune, different lives, different feeling.*

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In Quest

On Identity — A Prose Reflection

In quest of trying to be like somebody, we always forget that eventually we were made unique. This quest takes us away from our own identity. When we completely transform and reach our destination in that quest, become somebody significant — congratulations, your own self isn't left much now.

So try to grow as a unique identity,
not to mold into an already developed stature.

— *ssp*

In trying to become someone else, we lose ourselves. Grow as a unique identity — not as a copy of someone who is already great.

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Halat Ne Majbur

Life Made Me a Craftsman

Halat ne majbur bana diya,

Aur zindagi ne majdur...

Karagiri hum aise hi nhi sikhe janab...

हालात ने मजबूर बना दिया,

और जिंदगी ने मजदूर...

कारागिरी हम ऐसेही नहीं सीखे जनाब...!

— ssp

Life and circumstances forged this skill — craftsmanship was never learned easily. In both Hindi and Marathi, the message is the same: our struggles made us who we are.

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Agar Sab Hi Ki Ruh

If All Souls Are One

Agar sab hi ki ruh ek sath judi hai...

To kyun hmare samne alag zindagi padi
hai?

अगर सब ही की रूह एक साथ जुड़ी है...

तो क्यू हमारे सामने अलग अलग जिंदगी पड़ी है?

— ssp

If all souls are connected, why does everyone live such a separate life? A philosophical question about the contradiction between spiritual oneness and the reality of lived isolation.

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Bekhudi

On Purpose

Bekhudi se wakif ho,

To kiske liye jiyein jaa rahein ho...

Jawab asan to hai nahin,

Maqsaad janne puri kaynaat khadi hai...

— ssp

Are you even aware of your own selflessness? Then for whom are you living? The answer isn't simple — but the entire universe is waiting for you to know your purpose.

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Laksh

After Success, What?

Laksh paane ke liye mehnat karo!

Ye to bada asan jawab hai...

Asal mein safalta ke baad kya?

Ye bada umda sawal hai...

— ssp

Work hard to reach your goal — that's the easy answer. The real question is what comes after success? What do you pursue once you've achieved what you set out for?

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Mar Gye

On Death & Blame

Mar gye usey nhi... reh gye unhe taqleef hai...

Zindagi ko kosiye janab... maut to badi nirdosh hai....

— *ssp*

*The dead feel nothing — it's those who remain who suffer. Don't blame death; blame life for its cruelties.
Death, in the end, is innocent.*

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Wakht Nhi Badal Raha

Change Everything

Wakht nhi badal raha to aap badal do...

Pehchan nhi badal rahi to naam badal lo...

Din nahin katt raha to kaam badal do...

Raat nahin guzar rahi to jaam badal lo...

Manzil nahin mil rahi to inaam badal do...

Mannatein hi puri na ho to bhagwan badal lo...

Khudko badalna hai to apni duniya badal do...

Duniya ko badalna hai to pehle khudko badal lo...

— ssp

*If time won't change, change yourself. If your identity feels stuck, change your name. Everything is changeable
— because when you change yourself, the world changes too.*

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Laugh Out

On Strength

Laugh out with ppl, but do cry alone...

People will admire, the strong will you have shown...

Don't pick the small things, the pitty looks people have thrown...

Just focus on the positives, surely their minds will be blown...

Continue with this process, maintain a polite tone...

And one day my friend,

For a good reason you will be known!

— *ssp*

Laugh with people, cry alone. Show strength, ignore small provocations, stay positive. One day, you will be known — for a genuinely good reason.

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Janam Din

The Dream of Living

Janam din, tyohar jaisa, aaj kuch sama
thha...
Dosti ka khumar aj thoda, hadd se aagey
badha thha...

Haseen sabse khwab jiska, jeeneke baad
ehsas ho...
Nind ayein khoob gehri, kal jab apne
pass ho...

हसीन सबसे, ख्वाब जिसका,
जीनेके बाद एहसास हो...
नींद आएँ खूब गेहरी,
कल जब अपने पास हो ...!

— ssp

A birthday feels like a festival, and friendship deepens a little more. The most beautiful dream is the one felt after truly living. Sleep deeply when the people you love are near.

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जवानी की उम्र

Jawani Ki Umar — The Age of Youth

दर बंदर की कश्मकश में,
बेतुकी सी आशिकी है ...

हर हुनर के एक सफर में,
एक छुपी सी सादगी है ...

उम्र का लिहाज करते ही,
फैसले की बुनियाद बदलती है ...

और एहमियत को जाननेसे ही,
रिश्ते की फर्याद समहलती है ...!

— ssp

In youth, there's a somewhat absurd romance in every struggle, a hidden simplicity in every skill. Decisions shift as you learn to respect age; relationships are sustained by recognising their worth.

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Apnepan

On Belonging

Apnepan ka paimana mushkil...

Pareshan pitaji ki kaifiyat namumkin...

Na manzil mumkin hai,

Na rasta asan...

Bawjood nikal pada hai tey karne,

Ye khudgarz insan...

Kuch saal jo dharti par,

Hai sirf ek mamuli mehman...

Kya pta kyu dhund raha hai,

Anjan duniya mein ek khudki pehchan...

— ssp

Belonging is hard to measure; a worried father's feelings — impossible to describe. No clear destination, no easy road — yet this stubborn human keeps walking to find an identity in an unknown world.

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Zindagi Adhuri

Life Is Incomplete

Zindagi adhuri hai dost, pyar nhi...

Ishq to har ek mukammal hai, magar ye sansar nhi!

— ssp

Life is incomplete — not love. Love, for every person, is whole and enough. But the world and its structures remain unfinished.

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Wakht

Time

Insan kayin, bas dikkat yahin hai,
Ki wakht kisike pass nahin hai...
Sochte sab, khwaishein nayin hai,
Bin badal kisi ne barsaat sahi hai...

Sab bolte jarur, par sirf sunta to koi nahi hai,
Wakht jo kisike, pass nahin hai...
Ganomein dhun badli jarur,
Par kavita ke alfaz wohi hai...
Rachanatmak kalakar jarur, jaankar aj shrota nahi hai,
Wakht jo kisike, pass nahin hai...

Rishton mein narmai jarur,
Par faasion ki gehrai rahi hai...
Ehmiyaat ka sheesha saamne rakhe bina,
Fursat ki gunjaish nahi hai...

Sabko saman hai, Khali makan hai,
Apne bhi naseeb mein kambakht wahi aasman hai...
Mitti ki bas pehchan nahi hai, Hogi bhi to kaise bhala,
Wakht jo hamare pass nahi hai...

Agey badhna ka jazba to hai, par pichhe dekhne ki himmat kaha,
Kaamyabi ki kashmakash mein, krutagyata ki parchhai nahi hai...
Kuchh to badal denge jarur, apni takdeer khud likhenge,
Abhi nahin par baadmein kabhi, kyunki...
Wakht kisike pass nahin hai!

Everyone has many thoughts but no time. Everyone speaks but no one listens. Art flourishes but audiences disappear. Relationships soften but distances deepen. We all live under the same sky but feel rootless. We'll change things — but later, because time is never with us.

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Har Hrutu Mein Alag Sawera

Every Season, a New Dawn

Har hrutu mein alag sawera,
Har barish mein alag guzara.
Jis disha bhi chalein jahan mein,
Har ankhon mein alag nazara!

— ssp

Every season brings a different dawn, every rain a different journey. In every direction, every pair of eyes holds a different view of the very same world.

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Dil Ki Laparwahi

The Heart's Carelessness

Dil ki laparwahi aisi...

Ki haal puchhna hi bhul gaye,

Unki ek tanhayee aisi,

Ki sath chalna hi bhul gaye!

Phir kiski majal chalein,

Inn halaton ke saamne...

Wakht ke imtehan mein dekho,

Hum guzrna hi bhul gaye!

— ssp

The heart became so careless that it forgot to ask how you were. Your loneliness was such that I forgot to walk beside you. When life tests you like this, we even forget to simply pass through.

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Aasman Mein Udna Ho Toh

If You Wish to Fly

Aasman mein udna ho toh,
Kyu dharti se nazar milayein...
Har disha mein mudna ho toh,
Kaise har ek ka wachan nibhayein...

Chand sametne ki ichha jab mann mein,
Kyu sitaronka jashn manayein...
Khushhal Zindagi ko badi banane,
Kyu har koi har roj jutt jayein...

— ssp

If you want to soar, why keep looking down at the earth? If you want to turn in every direction, how will you keep every promise? Don't celebrate the stars when you want the moon. The question is: why does everyone scramble daily for a happy life, yet so rarely find one?

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Badalonke Surat Mein

In the Shape of Clouds

Badalonke surat mein, ye chanda ki kahani hai...

Ek deewane musafir ki, ye ankahi jubani hai...

Chal pada hai woh uss, manzil ko talashte hue,

Jis mukaam ki na usko, na khuda ko koi nishani hai...

Konsa raaz hai phir aisa, jo usko takad deta ho,

Jara khudse puchhke dekho janab,

Ye aapki aur meri nahi,

Har ek ki kahani hai!

Iss safar mein hume bhaagna hai, hume hi gir ke sawarna hai...

Kyunki aur kisi ki ho na ho,

Yahan chalti bas apni manmani hai!

— ssp

The moon has a story hidden in cloud shapes — a wandering dreamer's untold tale. He searches for a destination even God doesn't know. Look within for the secret that drives you — it's everyone's story. We must run and also learn to rise after falling.

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Mitti Banne Taiyyar

Ready to Become Earth

Mitti banne taiyyar baithe hai,

Bas baarish banne ka wada karo...

Ittar chhupaye mehmaan baithe hai,

Ek guzarish banne ka wada karo....

— ssp

Ready to be earth — just promise to be the rain. Ready to hold fragrance within — just promise to become the gentle request. A metaphor for pure, selfless readiness in love.

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Dilkhulas Hasya Agdi

Wholehearted Joy — (Marathi)

Dilkhulas hasya agdi, manmurad lutawe...

Lagech te anubhavnaryas,

Akash thengne watawe!

Itka sopa chhand, ya samajane jopasawa...

Nakshatranche dene lagun,

Manuski che shikhar gathave!

— ssp

Full-hearted laughter, fulfilling joy — and immediately, the feeling of touching the sky. Such a simple verse, so deep to truly understand. Stars guide us, and human greatness is built upon this very joy.

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We Have the Least Control

A Prose Reflection

We have the least control over our lives and the world around us before our birth and after our death. That part is obvious.

What's not so obvious is that even within life, this pattern repeats. When we are born, we have almost no control. As we grow up, our control over our choices and surroundings gradually increases, reaching a kind of peak somewhere in mid-life. Then, as we age, that control slowly fades again.

It's like a curve that rises from helplessness, peaks in self-determination, and then gently returns to surrender.

— *ssp*

We control nothing before birth or after death. Even within life, control follows a curve — helpless at the start, peaking in midlife, surrendering again toward the end. Life is a gentle arc back to surrender.

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Surya Kade Pahun

Looking at the Sun — (Marathi)

Surya kade pahun nawal watte,

Chandra peksha itka motha kasa?

Chandra kade pahun nawal watte,

Samudrat bhar toh ghalto kasa?

Samudra kade pahun nawal watte,

Rastyatil pratyek nadi bharto kasa?

Nadikade pahun nawal watte,

Osad srushtit jeev ante kashi?

Yatil kahi jeevankade pahun nawal watte,

Ya sarvanchi den wisarto kasa?

— ssp

A chain of wonder at nature — the sun, the moon, the sea, rivers, and the smallest living things — ending with a quiet question: how do we forget the gifts that all of existence gives us?

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Kab Kya Sunte Ho

When You Listen Matters

Kab kya sunte ho,
ye maayne rakhta hai...
Kab kya bolte ho,
ye maayne rakhta hai...

Achha bura to kuch nahi,
sab uचित pal ka khel hai sarkar,
Ab ye yaad rakhte ho ya nahi,
Bas ye maayne rakhta hai!

— ssp

When you listen matters. When you speak matters. Nothing is inherently good or bad — it's always about the right moment. Whether you remember this or not: that is what matters most.

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Nazara Wohi

Same View, Different Worlds

Nazara wohi par kaaynat alag thhi,
Hal dono ke pass thha, bas musibatein alag thhi!
Har manzil kaamyabi jarur likhi thhi,
Bas inki apni apni, koshish hi alag thhi!

— ssp

*The view was the same, but their worlds were entirely different. Both had solutions — just different problems.
Every destination had success written into it — only the effort required was different.*

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Khud Ek Khayal

How to Speak When You Are a Thought

Khud ek khayal ho jo kisika,
Usko koi kaise aazmayein...
Khud jo koi kaat raha ho zindagi,
Wo kisiko sajah kaise sunayein...

Har koshish ki rukawton mein,
Jinhone hume jeena sikhaya...
Unn kamyab logoki mehfil mein,
Hum apna arz kaise farmayein..!

— ssp

If you yourself are just a thought in someone's mind, how can you be tested? If you're simply getting through life, how do you give advice to others? Among the successful, how do we even begin to speak our truth?

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Time

A Prose Reflection

The amount we are happy or sad about something, is all decided by time!

What a fucking insane power for a stupid construction that just knows one way to go,
literally doesn't even know how to stop.

— *ssp*

Everything about how happy or sad we feel is decided by time. An absurd amount of power for something that knows only one direction and cannot even pause.

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Kaise?

How?

Suraj ugte hi kaam par jate,
Har manzar se dil behlate,
Laksh se behtar rastah na lagein,
Safalta haasil hogi kaise?

Pehli nazar mein jaanna chahte,
Ek mulakat mein sab batlate,
Samjh se pehle aagey badh gaye janab,
Parakh aakhir hogi kaise?

Beetein din ki takleef yaad kar,
Mushkil kal ka anuman lagate,
Har chinta dhyan rakhkar
hum jo Sone chale jate,
Nind puri hogi kaise?

— ssp

How can you achieve success if you don't first find a path better than the goal itself? How can you truly understand someone after just one meeting? And how can you sleep well when you go to bed carrying today's grief and tomorrow's worry?

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Samjhne Ki Khwaish Nahin

I Don't Want to Be Understood — I Want Restraint

Samjhne ki khwaish nahin,

Bas samjhane ka sanyam chahta hu...

Jhoot kehne ki saajish nahin,

Bas sach likhne ki jurrat chahta hu...

Riwazonka ant nahin,

Bas kuch mein badlav chahta hu...

Pathhar mein bhagwaan nahin,

Bas dil mein insaan chahta hu...

— ssp

I don't wish to be understood — I want the restraint to explain myself well. Not conspiracy, but the courage to write truth. Not the end of customs, but change within some. Not God in stone — but humanity in hearts.

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Akhir Chahte Kya Ho?

What Do You Actually Want?

Akhir chahte kya ho?

Samhalneki adat nahin,

Bas fisalneki ijajat chahta hu...

Kisi tarah ki ibadat nahin,

Bas do paal ki inayat chahta hu...

Ek duje par ehsaan nahin,

Bas dosti ka anumaan chahta hu...

Mohlle mein zikar nahin,

Bas khud ki pehchan chahta hu...

— ssp

What do you actually want? Not the habit of steadiness — just permission to slip. Not worship — just a moment of grace. Not obligation — just the warmth of friendship. Not fame in the neighbourhood — just recognition of oneself.

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Panchhiyon Ki Tarah

Like Birds

Panchhiyon ki tarah koi,

Yun hi ghar badalta hoga...

Nadiyon sa bhavuk koi aur,

Behna jarur azmata hoga...

Uss bahav mein mausam unhe,

Badalna sikhata hoga,

Kahin ant mein sagar unhe,

Theherna samjhata hoga!

— *ssp*

Like birds that quietly change homes, like rivers that must keep flowing — seasons teach them to change, and finally the ocean teaches them to still. Nature's way of moving and, eventually, finding rest.

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Koi Hawa Ke Sath Chalkar

Walk with the Wind

Koi hawa ke sath chalkar,

Badalon se jhagad lega!

Koi angdai sath kehkar,

Bas dharti se lipat lega!

Patte bikharna sikha denge,

Wakht guzarna sikha dega!

Ek bar aspass dekh loge agar,

Zindagi samhalna sikha degi!

— ssp

Walk with the wind and you'll end up arguing with clouds. Stretch out and you'll find yourself clinging to the earth. Leaves will teach you to scatter; time will teach you to pass. Look around once — life itself will teach you to stand.

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Kab Aur Kaha

Right Time, Right Place

Kab aur kaha, ye khel bas isi ka hai...

Sahi wakht aur sahi jagah,

ye duniya bas uss hi ki hai.

Barsaat agar dhoop se mil jaye,

Toh saat rang jarur khilenge.

Chand agar dharti se judd jaye,

Toh khud mahasagar bhi hilenge.

Mitti suraj ka milap jo,

Toh jungle pura khil uthta hai.

Nadi parvaat jutt jaye,

Toh srushti ka sangam dikhta hai.

Wakht aur apni pehchan rakho bas,

Toh kahinse jarur madat milegi...

Dhoop mitti chand taron jaisi phir,

Apki bhi dastaan banegi!

— ssp

It's all about when and where. The right time, the right place — that determines everything. Rain and sun make a rainbow; the moon moves oceans; earth and sun bloom jungles. Know your time, know yourself — and your story will write itself.

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Purpose

A Prose Reflection

Is it purpose that turns discomfort into meaningful sacrifice?

We often sacrifice for our loved ones, our country, or our career. The process can be uncomfortable, but it still feels fulfilling because it serves a higher purpose. When that purpose becomes unclear or disappears, the same discomfort no longer feels like sacrifice. It feels like regret.

So perhaps the real task is to hold on to our purpose before the discomfort takes over.

— *ssp*

Purpose turns discomfort into meaningful sacrifice. When purpose is clear, even pain feels fulfilling. When it disappears, the same pain becomes regret. The real task: hold on to purpose before discomfort takes over.

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PART FOUR

Samaj

समाज

*The private voice steps into the public square, where country,
society, duty, dignity, and everyday hypocrisy start arguing with
each other.*

Naam Bada Karna

Make a Name

Naam bada karna pdega,
 Surat se pehchan btayi nhi jaati...
 Durr unhe karna pdega,
 Kaamyabi jinse dekhi nhi jaati...

Insaniyat ko kareeb rkhnna pdega,
 Janazonse dosti seekhi nhi jaati...
 Khayal sabka karna pdega,
 Khushhali desh mein aisehi nhi aati...

Wafadar watan se rehna pdega,
 Jaan jawanoki aisehi nhi jaati...
 Thoda kaam khud hi ko krna pdega,
 Sarkar har bar apni nhi aati!

नाम बड़ा करना पड़ेगा,
 सूरत से पहचान बताई नहीं जाती...
 दूर उन्हें करना पड़ेगा,
 कामियबी जिनसे देखी नहीं जाती...

इंसानियत को करीब रखना पड़ेगा,
 जनाजोसे दोस्ती किनी नहीं जाती...
 खयाल सबका करना पड़ेगा,
 खुशहाली देश में ऐसेही नहीं आती...

वफादार वतन से रहना पड़ेगा,
 जान जवानोकी ऐसीही नहीं जाती...
 थोड़ा काम हम ही को करना पड़ेगा दोस्त,
 सरकार हर बार अपनी नहीं आती...

— ssp

You'll need to make a name — looks alone won't carry you far. Stay loyal to your country; soldiers' lives are not cheap. Some work simply has to be done by us — we cannot keep waiting for the government.

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Nam Jaan Kar

What Will Knowing My Name Achieve?

Nam jaan kar kya kroge?

Hazil ho kuch to bol deta hu...

Mazhab se kitna kya smjhoge?

Sare bhagwan to pooj deta hu...

Janke kuch achha hua to hai nhi,

Yakin na ho to bol deta hu...

Sachhai janne ki takad ho to,

Itihas ke panne khol deta hu...

Chand - suraj se nhi apni mehnat se achhe din jaan leta hu,

Khuda jaankar pehchan nhi krta, apna kehkar dost maan leta hu...

Koshish karo sath chalne ki, har manzil ek inam deta hu...

Naam jaankar kya kroge? Hasil ho kuch, to bol deta hu...!

— ssp

What will knowing my name achieve? All gods are acceptable to me. History is open for those brave enough to seek truth. I measure good days by my own effort, not the stars. Those who walk with me — I call my own.

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Badonka Bachpna

Adults Are Becoming Children

Badonka bachpna badh raha hai,
Aur bchhon ki masumiyat ghat rahi
hai...
Ajkal ki iss behat wyast duniya mein,
Chain ki nind kahi dum ghut rahi hai...

बडोंका बचपना बढ़ रहा है,
और बच्चोंकी मासूमियत घट रही है ...
आजकल की इस बेहत व्यस्त दुनिया में शायद,
चैन की नींद कही दम घुट रही है ...!

— ssp

Adults are becoming childish and children are losing their innocence. In this relentlessly busy world, peaceful sleep is quietly suffocating somewhere.

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Wyaparatil Bhav

Values Lost in Trade

Wyaparatil bhav wadhtoy ani samajatil bhav kmi hotoy...

Roj roj ka tandav dekhe, jwala ek khayal hai...

Rang saman aur khoon laal phir bhi...

Batkar desh halaal hai...

— *ssp*

Prices in markets rise while values in society fall. Daily spectacles of division and violence — the nation split, though blood runs the same colour everywhere.

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Kahani Toh Adhuri

At Least Finish the Poem

Kahani toh adhuri hi hai aapki,

Kamaskam shayari toh puri kar lo janab!

— *ssp*

Your story may be incomplete — but at least finish the poem, sir. A wry, affectionate nudge to someone who has given up halfway.

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Meri Apni Kahani

My Own Story

Meri apni kahani mein abtak,
Bakiyonke hi kisse jyada hai...
Ehsaano ki jaaydaad mein abhi bhi,
Ma baap ke hi hisse jyada hai!

— *ssp*

In my own story so far, other people's tales take up more space. And in the estate of gratitude, parents still hold the largest share.

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English Verses

अंग्रेजी में

*A language slightly outside home becomes a mirror for identity,
distance, and the self learning to speak in more than one
register.*

The Language You Speak

An Inquiry into Identity

The language you speak? I don't understand!

The voices you hear? Make it more clear!

It's just the gene bruh? But I'm wearing shorts!

How true one is? Oh I lie a lot!

Well then the interaction? Ah that might be it...

Oh the present emotion? That actually sounds lit...

Hey, the current moment? It's passing so quickly...

You're just an abstraction! That explains it pretty neatly!

— *ssp*

A rapid-fire inquiry into identity — language, genes, emotions, the present moment — all dismissed one by one. The conclusion: you're just an abstraction. A playful yet genuinely deep question about what defines a person.

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What Defines You

An Unanswered Question

What defines "you" exactly?

Is it your body? But it ages everyday...

Is it your brain? But it develops everyday....

Is it your mood? Oh varies by minutes...

Is it the heartbeat? Oh rises in seconds...

People around you? How's that possible...

Place where you are? Come on, impossible...

What about your dreams? Those aren't real though...

And your past? Well that's dead no!

— *ssp*

What exactly is 'you'? Not the body (it ages), not the brain (it changes), not mood (it shifts), not heartbeat (it spikes), not the people around or the place you stand. Not even dreams or the past. The self remains stubbornly undefined.

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So Easy to Forget

The Paradox of Being Human

So easy to forget, but difficult to remember.

So easy to let go, but difficult to hold on.

Why are humans like that?

It's so easy to ask,

But difficult to answer!

So easy to speak, but difficult to listen.

So easy to interpret, but difficult to understand.

So easy to enact, but difficult to behave.

So easy to follow, but difficult to lead.

So easy to make a mistake, but difficult to forgive.

So easy to justify, but difficult to accept.

— ssp

*A list of human contradictions — forgetting is easy, remembering is hard; letting go is easy, holding on is not.
We speak easily but listen poorly, make mistakes easily but forgive rarely. Why are we like this? Easy to ask
— difficult to answer.*

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Keep Smiling on the Horizon

An English Verse

Keep smiling on the horizon,
Swim the ocean and meet me...
Next time we meet alone,
Don't forget to greet me!

Stay there in the thoughts,
Here by the side...
We are here for very long,
Let's enjoy the ride!

— *ssp*

Keep smiling from wherever you are, swim across and find me. Don't forget to say hello. Stay near in thought. We're here for a long time — let's enjoy the ride.

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There Are Just a Few Days

An English Verse

There are just a few days,
When your night is mine...
The day rises for both,
At the same time!

I know life's in other days too,
But we miss those few...
When the moments are short,
And many hugs are due!

Anyway come join me,
In the promise of little things...
Those that we aspire,
And those which bring joy within!

— *ssp*

A few rare days when your night is mine and we wake to the same dawn. Life continues in other days too, but we miss those precious few — when time is short and hugs are overdue. Come join me in the promise of small, joyful things.

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PART SIX

Ishq इश्क़

*Only after family, friendship, society, and self does love arrive
here: not as decoration, but as the risky center of the heart.*

नया है कुछ, अच्छा है

Naya Hai Kuch, Achha Hai

वक्त से अनुमान लगाओ,
तो अभी भी थोड़ा कच्चा है...
सफर वही है बस, राही नया है...
खुमार सा है कुछ, अच्छा है ...!

नजरो से अनुमान हो,
तो अंजान सा ही रिश्ता है...
मुस्कान वोही है बस, वजह नयी है...
जज़्बात से है कुछ, अच्छा है ...!

बातों से परखना चाहो,
तो दोस्त काफी सच्चा है...
लॉरेल वोही है बस, हार्डी नया है,
नजराना सा है कुछ, अच्छा है ...!

फासलो से निखारना हो,
तो काफी कुछ बयान है...
सफर बड़ा है, और आदत बन गया है...
शिकायत नहीं है कुछ, अच्छा है...!

सियाही लेके निकला हूँ...
राह पर कागज मिला है...
जिंदगी वही है बस... ये पन्ना नया है...
पलटना बिलकुल नहीं इसे, अच्छा है ...!

Joy in newness — a new companion, a new chapter. The same journey, a new traveller. The same life, but a fresh page.

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Sitara

The Star

Darawna sa andhera thha,

kahinse jab ek sitara khil gya...

Cheez mamuli nhi bhai,

sarein khushiyonka pitara thha mil gya...

Guldasta khubsoorat par usne najane, mehekna kyu chhod diya...

Khushbu ki talash mein koi usey, khareedna hi bhul gya.....

Adhura thha, anjan thha, par wakif tabse ishq se bann gya...

Yaad karke sare pal eksath, gehre nashe sa chadh gya...

Yaad hai unse pehli hi mulakat se bs, sama sa thha bann gya...

Khoj khwaishonki thhi, aur khuda hi mil gya...

— ssp

A star appeared in darkness and filled life with joy, like love found unexpectedly. The flower stopped blooming, went unnoticed — but the memory of that encounter became a deep, intoxicating love.

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Intezaar

Waiting

Intzar rehta hai...

Aapki saasonka... jab hmara naam leti ho...

Shikayat bhari batonka... jab dil se do jam leti ho...

Khuda krein aapko milein sari khushiya jo maujud ho iss duniya mein...

Kyunki ek lazmi muskurahat se Sare jaha ko bhi khush kar deti ho...

— *ssp*

A longing for the beloved's voice and her warmth — even her complaints. A simple prayer: may you find every happiness, because one smile from you lights up the entire world.

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Wo Khoobsurat

That Beautiful One

Jitni wo khoobsurat hai... sachmein yakeen nhi hota...

Uske bina zindagi jeena mtlab jaise, khane mein namak hi nhi hota...

Jitna achhese wo hume smjhti hai... utna hum bhi usey jaante hai...

Wo humsafar maanti hai shayad, par hum to ab khuda hi maante hai...

Ehem hai wo, sabki laadli hai, apne masle sab usey btate hai...

Bholi hai aur shatir bhi thodi, jisey hum din raat kaafi satate hai...

Itni achhi muskan to meine kisiki nhi dekhi...

Sirf mujhe dikhti hai kya jo duniya se pare laagti h...

Ankhein bhi ma sha allah sabkuch bayan kar deti hai...

Ishq jahir na karna chaho tobhi mehkash sama bandh deti hai...

Zulfein to bas, ek alag mayajal hai... itnasa wakht hua jaan ke aur dekho ye haal hai...

Ankh band karke baatein hoti hai hmari, mohabbt kaafi bemisaal hai...

Meri jaan aur mera jahan hai... har tamanna har armaan hai...

Labonpe hmare bas usika naam hai, ishq ki ye gawahi deta hu,

Aur bhi jyada pyar hone ka anuman hai...

Kya kahu yar smjh nhi ata, jitna bolta hu usse dil bhar nhi pata...

Aap sachmein mein wo khushbu hai jo sanson mein bastein hai,

Aapke bina ek pal bhi jeeya nhi jata!

— ssp

An overflowing tribute to someone deeply loved — her beauty, her understanding, her eyes and laughter feel like life itself. The poet admits: no words are ever enough for her.

P O E M 05

Baadal

The Sky & The Earth

Baadal unchai gina nhi krte...

Zameen gehrai napa nhi karti...

Jab dilmein hi mohbbat ghul gyi ho,

Tab koi burai kbhi dakhla, diya nhi karti...

— *ssp*

Clouds don't measure height, and the earth doesn't measure depth. When love has truly dissolved inside the heart, no flaw or bitterness can find entry.

Parchhayi

Shadow

Parchhayi sath deti hai... aur gehraai darr ki ahat...

Tanhaai barsaat deti hai... aur pyar uski ibadat...

Parchhayi tum ho aur gehrai shiddat hai...

Tanhai judaai hai... aur pyar zindagi!

— *ssp*

A shadow walks beside you; loneliness brings rain; love is a form of prayer. The beloved is the shadow, the depth, and life itself — compressed into four quiet lines.

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Un Se

With Them

Unse baat to hoti h, par waisi nhi jaisi hum chahte hai...

Mulakaat to hoti h, par waisi nhi jaisi hum mangte hai...

Kehti hai wo ajkal, hum bdi sakti se pesh aate hai...

Dukh h ji hume bhi, par halaat waise batlaate hai..

Muaf kardo kuch din nacheez ko, shiddat se darkhwast hai...

Phir se lautenge jrur wo pyar k kuch pal,

Tabtak, ye sare jakhm, mohbbt k liye bardasht hai...

— ssp

Despite distance and misunderstanding, love holds firm. The poet asks for patience, promising that the warmth between them will find its way back.

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Kaabu Mein Dil

The Heart Uncontrolled

Kaabu mein dil rahein to wo mohbbt hi kya...

Masjid mein bnd rahe wo khudah hi kya...

Safar hi manzil na ho wo zindagi hi kya...

Raaste mein aap na mile wo qaboooool hi kya....

— ssp

Real love cannot be controlled — a God who stays locked in a mosque is no real God. The journey is only life when the beloved meets you on the road.

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सवाल-ए-इश्क

Sawal-e-Ishq

सवाल ये पूछा गया था की, हर जान इश्क में क्यू फनाह है ...

जवाब मुराद हो या मुकद्दर, आप ही से जुड़ा है...

इश्क केह लो या इबादत, मंजूर-ए-खुदा है ...!

— *ssp*

Why does love consume every soul? Because whether it's fate or luck, everything leads back to the beloved. Love and devotion are one — accepted by God.

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Ldki Mili

When She Came Along

Ldki mili aur puchh liya aisa nhi hota...

Dost mila aur bhul gye aisa nhi hota...

Pyar kiya aur darein nhi aisa nhi hota...

Darr laga to izhar hi na kiya aisa bhi nhi hota...

— ssp

Meeting someone doesn't mean you'll ask. Friendship doesn't mean you'll remember. Love doesn't mean fearlessness. And fear doesn't mean silence. Life never follows simple rules.

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Agar Rakh Sako

If You Could

Agar rakh sako to khudka khayal rakho..

Agar dekh sako to hmara aapke liye pyar dekho...

Agar ruk sako to hmare liye thodi der aur ruko...

Apne ankhonse hmare dil pe apna naam likho...

— ssp

A tender plea — take care of yourself, see how much I love you, stay a little longer, and with your eyes, write your name on my heart.

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Nind Mein

In Sleep

Nind mein ghul jao...

Sapne dekhna mat bhulna...

Jaha bhi jao khush raho yar...

Bs palatna mat bhulna!

— *ssp*

A gentle goodbye to a beloved — lose yourself in dreams, be happy wherever you go, but don't forget to come back.

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Bolna Chahta Hu

I Want to Say

Bolna chahta hu bol nhi pata...

Milna chahta hu mil nhi pata...

Kitne khyal ate hai dinbhar,

Kitne log milte hai dinbhar,

Par bs ek aapka khyal hai jo dilse nhi jata...

— *ssp*

A whole day full of thoughts and people — yet only one person's memory refuses to leave the heart.

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Wakht Khuddar

Time Grows Proud

Wakht khuddar hone lga hai...

Dikhne aur milne ke bich antar samajhne lga hai...

Iradein aur hakikat mein ek lakeer si bann gyi hai..

Pyarr ka ehsas pass rehkar nhi hota, ye abhi suljhne lga hai...

— ssp

Time has grown proud, widening the gap between seeing and meeting. Love cannot be felt at this close distance anymore — a quiet realization of growing apart.

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Dua

A Prayer

Har lamha apke hothon pe ek muskan rahe,

Har gum se aap hmesha anjaan rahen,

Jiske sath mehek uthti hai aapki zindgi,

Hamsha aapke pass bs wohi ek insan rahe!

Dua to usey diyi jaati hai jise uski jrurat ho...

Aap par markar roj krenge pyaar agar aapki ijajat ho!

— ssp

A prayer for the beloved's happiness — may she always smile, never know sorrow, and always have beside her the one who makes her life bloom.

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Man Behle

When the Heart Wanders

Man behle to pass ajana...

Dil dhadke to thoda muskurana...

Palak jhapke to chehra samne lana...

Agle jnam mein hi sahi par, hmare ho jana.

— ssp

Come when the heart wanders, smile when it races, appear when the eyes close — and in the next life, simply be mine.

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ज़िन्दगी की खुशियां

Zindagi Ki Khushiyan

ज़िन्दगी की मेरी सारी खुशियां तो तेरे बहाने से है ...

आधी तुझे सताने से है, और बाकी मनाने से है ...!

— ssp

All my joys exist because of you — half from teasing you, and the other half from making up with you.

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Kasoor

The Fault

Kasoor na unka thha na mera... hum dono hi rishton ki rasmein nibhate rahe...

Wo dosti ka ehsas jatate rahe... aur hum mohabbt ko dil mein chhupate rahe!

Wo mere dil par sar rakhkar soyi hui thhi bekhbar...

Humne to dhadkan hi rok diyi ki kahi uski nind na tut jayein!

Wo kareeb to bohot hai, mgar dooriyon ke sath...

Hum jee to rahe hai, mgar majburiyonke sath...

— *ssp*

Neither was at fault — one played the friend, the other hid the love. She slept on his chest, completely unaware; he even stilled his own heartbeat so her sleep would not break.

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Raatonka Agaaz

The Beginning of Nights

Raatonka agaaz to bahut joshila hota hai...

Par anjaam hmesha dard de jata hai...

— *ssp*

Nights begin with great energy and heat, but they always, without fail, end in pain.

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Ek Pal

That One Afternoon

Ek pal bhi aisa nhi

Jab wo lamhe yaad na ayein...

Ek dopher thhi jisme laga,

Bichmein koi aur na ayein...

Itni khubsurat lag rahi thhi aap ki bs ab raha na jayein...

Jante hai, aap ruthhi thhi thodi der,

Taaki hum gaa kar aapko manayein!

— *ssp*

Not a single moment passes without remembering that afternoon — when she was so beautiful he couldn't look away, and she pretended to sulk just so he'd sing her back.

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Moonlight

Stuck in the Moonlight

Stuck in the moonlight wid u....

One of the things done right wid u...

Memories are too many.... some fade away!

Fake won't stay long.... but right one finds the way!

People can change us... personality is like a clay!

So be careful with your choices, life is not an easy game to play!

— *ssp*

Stuck in moonlight with you was one of the things done right. Memories fade, people change you — so choose your company carefully. Life is not a simple game.

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इतनी भी

Itni Bhi

इतनी भी सुनने की आदत मत लगाना,
की हम बताना भूल जाएं...
और हमारे दिल की मोहब्बत,
दिलमें ही रहे जाएं...!

— ssp

*Don't get so used to just listening to me that I forget to tell you — and my love ends up staying locked inside,
never spoken.*

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एक सपना

Ek Sapna — A Dream

एक सपना देखा था कभी, आप से प्यार करने का...

पूरा किया आपने इजाजत देकर, एक मौका ईजहार करने का...

चैन की निंद थी आज, सपना न था पर आज आपका...

पहली बार निंद खुली और, हकीकत को मौका मिला सपने से बहार होने का....!

— ssp

Once dreamed of loving you; you made it real by letting me try. Today I woke not from a dream, but to reality — the most beautiful surprise of all.

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सोचा उन रातों पे

Socha Un Raaton Pe

सोचा उन रातों पे शेर बनाते हैं,
जब आपके सपने नहीं आते...
पर उनपर लिखना तो दूर,
ऐसी रातें हम झेल ही नहीं पाते...

क्योंकि साथ बिताए लम्हें खूबसूरत थे,
पर आपसे ज्यादा नहीं...
शिकायत तो जरूर होगी आपको हमसे,
मगर...प्यार से ज्यादा नहीं...!

— ssp

On nights you don't appear in dreams, I think I'll write poetry — but those nights are unbearable too. Our moments were beautiful, but you were more so; my complaints are real, but not greater than my love.

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Kavita Par

Writing a Poem on You

Sawalo jawabon mein uljhe to kon suljhaega...

Iss koyle ko chhu kar to dekho... heera ban jayega...

Kavita kar raha thha aap pe...

Par lafz hi na mile...

Wobhi bole: aapne jiyi zindagi jo,

Usey hum kya bayan kare...

Phool pata nhi kyu aaj hi na khile...

Bole aap aao jab zindagi mein,

Tab bata diya kare!

Isilie rehna hmesha khilte bs aap...

Taaki dusron ko bhi aapko dekhkar,

Muskurane ki ek to wjah mile!

— ssp

When trying to write a poem about you, even words refused. They said: how can we describe the life you've lived? Bloom always — so others find a reason to smile just by seeing you.

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Khwab Aya

The Dream Came

Aj hi aapka khwab aya thha..

Ek khoyi si muskan wapas laya thha...

Aap dikhe thhe usmein...

Haste khelte muskurate...

Garmi ke mausam mein jaise dil behlane wala anokha sawan aya thha...

Har baat yaad hai jabse mile hai aapse... haar gift... har topic jo dhundkar laya thha...

Pehchan aapki thhi par ehsas hmara thha...

Aaj hi ki baat hai... aap ka khwab aya thha...

Ab bs aaj ka din kaat jayein ye khwaish thhi mann mein...

Kyunki milte to aap ho nhi jyada aajkal dinmein...

To aap se milne ka ek bharosemand zariya paya thha...

Woi khwab wapas aaye kal bhi jo aaj aya thha...

2 saal pehle zindagi mein ye mehman aya thha...

Usi se kiyi thhi mohabbt aur kiya waada nibhaya thha...

Pata nhi kaha le jayein ye zindagi hume, par

Yaad jrur rahegi wo raat...

Jab aap ka ye khwab aya thha...

Kavita bann gyi baton baton mein, par sach kahu to...

Izhar karne ka humne to ye bs ek bahana paya thha...!

— ssp

Your dream came last night and brought back a lost smile. Every gift, every conversation remembered. Since you rarely come in daylight, a dream became the only reliable way to meet you.

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लोग पूछते हैं

Log Poochhtey Hain

लोग पूछते हैं, लफ़्ज़ आपको, मिलते कहासे हैं ?

केहता हूँ, ढूँढो उस गलीमें,

आप गुजरते जहा से हैं...

लोग पूछते हैं, प्यार करना हो, तो करते कैसे हैं?

केहता हूँ, कली से कोई पूछता है भला,

की खिलते कैसे हैं...

खिलना उसकी आदत हैं,

और खुशबू उसका एहसास...

प्यार हमारी फितरत हैं,

और किस्मत उसकी दरखास्त...

पूछते तो लोग कई सवाल हैं,

कई दीवानोके कई बवाल हैं...

कैसे सुलझे इससे, किसे बताएं ?

खयालों के आंगन में, बस यही सवाल हैं..!

— ssp

People ask where words come from — search the lane you walk through. People ask how to love — does a bud ask how to bloom? Love is our nature; fate is its request.

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Puchhna Mat

Don't Ask How I Am

Context: after separation, when she asks — how are you?

Puchhna mat hum kaise hai.. bta nhi paenge...
Thoda wakht lgega shayad, jbtak hum samhal jaenge...
Ilzam kitne lage pta nhi, par sajah to ek hi mil gyi...
Wakht se jab lagayi shart, tab asli aukat dikh gyi...
Manzil nhi jinhe op aise raston pe chal pade thhe...
Ab aa gyi to shayad dusra rasta chunn nhi paenge...
Puchhna mat hum kaise hai... bta nhi paenge...

Harkatein jo lagti thhi wo niyat bann gyi..
Dostike safar mein kyu chahat bann gyi...
Kaha thha ishq ho gya hai ab adat na bann jana... Badal nhi paenge...
Aapne khair mana nhi... ab smjha nhi paenge...
Ab puchhna mat hum kaise hai.. bta nhi paenge...

Khuddar thhe hum shayad jab iska alam kiya...
Dildar thhe aap jab sath har dum diya...
Kahani aisi bann gyi ki adhuri keh nhi paenge...
Zid mat karna kyunki puri suna nhi paenge..
Puchhna mat hum kaise hai.. bta nhi paenge...

Pdhke ye sab aap ab bura na mann lena...
Man hi mann kuch yaad krke dil behla lena...
Kbhi nhi... aapko gum mein dekh nhi paenge...
Kbhi dikhe to kahise aakar hasa de jaenge...
Kbhi hue pehle ki tarah to ek hi bar gale mil jaenge...
Bs puchhna mat hum kaise hai... bta nhi paenge...

Don't ask how I am — I won't be able to say. It'll take time. This poem isn't blame — it's just truth. And someday, if we meet again, I'll just smile and hold you close.

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Tab Ki Ye Baat

That Was Then

Tab ki ye baat hai jab wo hua karti thhi...

Dikhne mein achhi to wo thhi... mgar tarif humein mila krti thhi...

Sath bde achhe lgte hai dono... duniya kaha krti thhi...

Ab to sab asan hai... mushkilein to tab hua karti thhi...

Ulghan ko suljhane ki bjay usme uljhneki adat hua krti thhi...

Sukha to ab hai... baat to tab ki hai jab barish hua karti thhi...

Do ke bjay ek chhata ye takad hua karti thhi....

Baat to tab ki hai jab mudkar dekhne ki wjah hua krti thhi...

Ab to khair yaadein bhi dhundla gyi aur ansu bhi sukh gye...

Baat tab ki hai jab mohbbt zindagi hua krti thhi...

Suna raha hu kissa dil mein bsi yadon ka...

Par baat to tab ki hai jab dilmein dhadkan hua karti thhi...

Samne wo aur chehre par muskan hua krti thhi...

Ji haan... tab ki ye baat hai jab wo hua karti thhi...!

— ssp

That was then — when she existed in my world. Now the rains have dried, memories faded, tears too. But it was then when love was life itself.

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The Dim Lights

An English Verse

The lights were dim, we sat together.

Wondering will we be with each other, forever.

It was dark back then and it's dark now,

We weren't afraid before but we are by now.

Guess it wasn't the absence of light — loneliness was the reason.

Scary thing was the path, the life we had chosen.

We were holding hands, no words were spoken.

I guess they weren't necessary for the communication to happen.

A conversation began, memories were relived.

Golden days of life surely, each heart believed.

Our journey was a success, experience was a delight.

Two things lie ahead now, we knew — the future and the fight.

We tried to sleep, to dream the life we wished.

Moon did the rest, slowly the dream was accomplished.

Stars were there, to add to the mystery.

Prolonged the night became, going deep into the history.

— *ssp*

Two people in dim light, wondering if they'd be together forever. No words were needed. They relived memories, knew the journey was beautiful, and accepted the fight that lay ahead.

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Sapne Kanch Mein

Dreams in Glass

Sapne thhe kanch mein band...

Roshni chhupkese andar jhaak rahi thhi...

Na ankhein hata paya na dhyan...

Aapki surat jo samne sheeshe par chamakh rahi thhi...

— ssp

Dreams locked behind glass, light peeking in secretly. Neither eyes nor mind could pull away — her face reflected on the glass in front.

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Raat Mein Parchhai

Shadow at Night

Raat mein parchhai nhi hoti...

Sirf gehrai hoti hai...

Bina aapke iss aasman mein,

Bs chandni hoti hai....

— *ssp*

At night there are no shadows — only depth. Without you, this sky holds only moonlight. Nothing more.

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Khoobsurati Aisi

Such Beauty

Khoobsurati aisi... ki sheesha bnne ka dil karein,

Pehchan aisi... ki parchhayi bnne ka dil karein,

Likhawat aisi... ki kagaz bnne ka dil karein,

Aur awaj aisi... ki guzaarish banne ka dil karein,

Ek chahat aisi... ki adat banane ka dil karein,

Ek muskan aisi ki bs amanat bnne ka dil karein,

Aur amanat aisi rahein jiski hifazat karne ka dil karein!

— ssp

Such beauty that you want to become a mirror for it; such a voice that you want to become the request. A love so precious it deserves to be guarded carefully.

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Baat

Words Are Not Enough

Baat aapse karni hai to shabd nhi jazbaat kafi hai,
Mohabbat ke liye sath kaha, bs ek hi mulakat kafi hai...

— *ssp*

To talk to you, feelings are enough — no words needed. For love, one meeting is enough — no togetherness required.

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एक रात थी वो ऐसी

Ek Raat Thi Wo Aisi

एक रात थी वो ऐसी, सेहमी बारिश का अनुमान था,
सितारोंके संग बैठा एक, मामूली सा इंसान था ...!

पता नहीं कोनसी मुश्किल, जिससे वो परेशान था,
मंजिल भी तो थी सामने, और रास्ता भी आसान था... !

चाहत थी उसकी जिसपर, हर कदर वो कुर्बान था,
मगर उसके दर पर अबतक सिर्फ ये, अनजान सा मेहमान था ...!

तो सोचा उसने बोल दू आखिर, पहला उसका प्यार था,
इंकार की ना कोई गुंजाइश, जब साथ उसके संसार था...!

इजहार वो आलम उसके, कोशिश का एक इनाम था,
मगर राहत का वो सिलसिला, कमबख्त असलियत को इंकार था ...!

आंख खुली तब सुलझा उसे, एक सपना था, हर बार था,
अपने इस लाजमी चित्र का, वो खुद ही एक चित्रकार था ...!

फिर भी सुबह दिल में उसके, एक खुशी का पैगाम था,
इंसानियत के दरबार में उसपर, मोहब्बत का एक इल्जाम था... !

— ssp

*A man sat under stars, troubled but with a clear path ahead. He loved her, was a stranger at her door,
gathered courage to confess — only to wake and find it was all a dream. Yet morning brought happiness: he
had been charged with the crime of love.*

P O E M 36

For the Moment

An English Verse

For the moment it lasts,
or forever it may begin...
Flirting in the castle,
which we built together...

Supporting this ship,
which left the shores long ago...
Making love underneath,
the sparkling evening it whispered...

Where to find such smile again...
till eternity I wondered!

— *ssp*

Whether it lasts a moment or becomes forever, love blooms in the castle we built together. The ship sailed far from shore; an evening whispered its secrets. Where to find such a smile again — eternity wonders.

Your Harmony

An English Verse

Your harmony is with the moist air...

Ocean triumphs the worries which haunt you...

Sunrise awakens a dream that lost you...

Be the light and guide me through this journey...

Be my beloved and fly for the moon...

The place where you will land,

Let's meet there soon!

— *ssp*

Your harmony lives with the moist air and the ocean. Be the light, be my beloved, fly for the moon — and let's meet wherever you land.

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पण बहुतेक

Pan Bahuteka — (Marathi)

पण बहुतेक फक्त मीच होतो, ज्याने नेमकं प्रेम मागितलेलं !

नकार तो स्पष्ट होता, चेहऱ्यावर दुःख लपलेलं

उगाच फसल्या भावनेच्या भरात, स्वतःचं माकड करून घेतलेलं !

जास्त नाही पण थोडं तरी, वाईट मात्र वाटून गेलं

अश्रूही आले भेटीला, मन हळवं गहिवरलेलं !

प्रेमाच्या त्या मूर्ख नादात, मैत्रीचं नातं ही संपून गेलं

मोहक अश्या अळवावरच्या थेंबाने जणू

जिवनातलं जगणं पळवून नेलं !

— ssp

*Only I had asked for love. The refusal was clear. In that foolish rush of feeling, friendship itself was lost —
like a dewdrop sliding off a lotus leaf, carrying life's joy away.*

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Dhadkano Ka Haal Chahiye

The Heart Wants More Than Rules

Dhadkano ka haal chahiye,

Faasion ki khabar nahi...

Kitabon ke sheher chahiye,

Riwazonki fikar nahi...

Armaano ka mehel ho ek jarur,

Khamoshi ka hunar nahi!

Rastonpar dost ka ehsaas bas,

Manzilon ki kadar nahi!

— ssp

The heart wants to know its beloved's heartbeat, not follow rules. Books and dreams matter more than rituals and destinations. All that's needed on the road is a friend's presence.

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Milne Ka Beshak

Meeting Was the Excuse

Milne ka beshak, bahana hi thha...

Mauka e vardaat, zamana hi thha...

Humne toh bas, ek mannat mangi thhi,

Puri karne aapko akhir, ana hi thha....

— *ssp*

Meeting you was just an excuse — the occasion was simply that. One wish was made, and you had to come and fulfil it. It was always meant to be.

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Galti Se Palke Jhuki

A Deep Sleep

Galti se palke jhuki, toh asani se jaati nahi...

Ek bar ruth gayi, toh koi jaam se aati nahi...

Ameeron se dushmani jiski,

gareeb ko satati nahi...

Ye gehri nind hai janab,

Har kisiko aazmaati nahi!

— ssp

*When eyelids fall by accident, they don't rise easily again. When she gets upset once, there's no easy return.
Like a deep sleep — it doesn't visit just anyone. A metaphor for emotional depth.*

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Daag Toh Mil Gye

Found the Spots, Now Searching for the Moon

Daag toh mil gye, ab chand dhund raha hu....

Lamhon ke guzarne ki, raftaar dhund raha hu!

— *ssp*

Found the spots on the moon, now searching for the moon itself. Found the flaws in passing moments — now looking for the speed at which they vanish.

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Pass Rehne Ki Sifarish Nahi

No Request to Stay Close

Pass rehne ki sifarish nahi,
bas chand dekhne ki guzaarish hai...
Ghar kahin bhi basa lo janab,
Bas gali se guzarna mat bhulna!

— *ssp*

No request to stay nearby — just a wish to see the moon together. Settle wherever you like, but don't forget to pass through my lane every now and then.

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Rang Bikhar Jaye Toh

When Colours Scatter

Rang bikhar jaye toh,

Dil sawar jayenge...

Parindo ke lihaj se,

Par sawar jayenge...

— *ssp*

When colours scatter, the heart gets adorned. Like birds taking flight with the wind, the soul finds its wings.

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PART SEVEN

Naye Panne

नए पन्ने

*The newest pages keep the notebook open, carrying the older voice
into sharper questions about identity, America, and the
generation becoming itself.*

नाम जानकर क्या करोगे ?

Naye Panne · 2021-02-18

नाम जानकर क्या करोगे ?

हासिल हो कुछ तो बोल देता हूँ ...

मजहब से भी क्या समझोगे ?

सारे भगवान तो पूज देता हूँ ...

जानकर कुछ अच्छा हुआ तो है नहीं,

यकीन ना हो तो बोल देता हूँ ...

सच्चाई जानने की ताकद रखते हो,

तो इतिहास के पन्ने खोल देता हूँ ...

चांद सूरज से नहीं, अपनी मेहनत से अच्छे दिन जान लेता हूँ ...

खुदा जानकर पहचान नहीं करता, अपना कहकर दोस्त मान लेता हूँ ...

कोशिश करो भाई साथ चलनेकी,

हर मंजिल एक इनाम देता हूँ ...

नाम जानकर क्या करोगे ?

हासिल हो कुछ तो बोल देता हूँ ...

— ssp

A later page from the same notebook. Source archive: <https://www.instagram.com/p/CLbuj8jl5y9/>

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आखिर जरूरी क्या है?

Naye Panne · 2021-05-04

आखिर जरूरी क्या है?

कामयाब होना जरूरी है,
या मिलने पर उसे मेहसूस करना...
प्यार करना जरूरी है,
या उसका खुलकर इजहार करना...
कुछ तो मायने रखता होगा,
बस शायद मुझे ही इल्म ना हो...
एक बार बता दो, अगर पता हो,
आखिर जरूरी क्या है?

गलती करना जरूरी है,
या उसे माफ करना...
गुनाह करना जरूरी है,
या उसपर इंसानियत करना...
कुछ तो होगा जिसलिये सब लगे पड़े है इस उलझन में...
शिकायत नहीं, बस संभ्रम है मन में की,
आखिर जरूरी क्या है?

शीशे में खुदको देखना जरूरी है,
या लोगोकी पहचान रखना...
देश परिवार का हाथ थामना जरूरी है,
या खुदकी तरक्की का नगमा...
कश्मकश तो यही गुमराह करती है,
जल्दी बता दो ताकी समझाल पाए भाई की,
आखिर जरूरी क्या है?

मन्नत मांगना जरूरी है,
या कोशिश करना...
माथा टेकना जरूरी है,
या उसे कभी ना झुकने देना...
सारी गलत फहमिया इसीसे तो है संसार में,
अब संदेह दूर कर ही लेते है की,
आखिर जरूरी क्या है?

सोचो...
क्या सच में जरूरत है किसी चीज की?
या सब ऐसेहि बवाल खड़ा है?
जिंदगी का मकसद खोजने की कोशिश में,
साला हर जीता जागता क्यू बेहाल पड़ा है?

दास्तान यही है बस,
अंजाम बता दो...
सवाल वोही है बस,
रास्ता दिखा दो...

आखिर... जरूरी क्या है?

— ssp

A later page from the same notebook. Source archive: <https://www.instagram.com/p/COdP8Q4H3RJ/>

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अमेरिका अशी कशी?

Naye Panne · 2025-09-14

अमेरिका अशी कशी?

एक एकटे जगावे, कामाला पुरून उरावे,
तरी देखील उसंत नाही, एकही देव पसंत नाही...
सगळी यंत्र मात्र हाताशी,
ही अमेरिका अशी कशी?!

रोज वेस्टर्न हालचाली, उंच इमारती साद घाली,
दिवस-उजेड साठवत, बर्फ पाऊस अकाली...
माणसे कमी पण जमीन पुरेशी,
भाई ही, अमेरिका अशी कशी?!

जितकी माणस तितक्या तर्हा,
मनुष्या पेक्षा म्हणतात कुत्रा बरा...
फॉल इथे साडी नाही, झाडांना लागतो,
दिसेल तो प्राणी, हा अमरीकी मारून चाखतो...
कप माहिती यांना पण ठाऊक नाही बशी,
तेजायला ही, अमेरिका अशी कशी?!

कामावर रुजू व्हायला, सगळे येतात जगभरून
काही कामातून जातात, बाकी कमवतात भरभरून...
फावल्या वेळात फिरायला, नेत्रदीपक सृष्टी आहे,
समाजाला शिस्त इथे, अन् थोरल्यांना दृष्टी आहे...
इथल्या स्वप्नांना काही, सीमा च नाही कशी?
भाई खरच प्रश्न आहे ही, अमेरिका अशी कशी?!

इथे येऊन जग कळते, स्वतःचा मात्र विसर पडतो,
स्वावलंबी वाटचालीत, आगळा माणूस वेगळाच घडतो...

इथे रहिवासी कामचोर आणि पाहुणे मात्र हौशी,

निघतो आता, कळवा पत्राने...

अमेरिका ही अशी कशी?

— *ssp*

A later page from the same notebook. Source archive: <https://www.instagram.com/p/DOmel0gjbvu/>

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today's generation

Naye Panne · 2026-02-07

Full poem: today's generation

आजची ही होतकरू पिढी,
आणि त्यांच्या अनेक रीतभाती...
चला ओळख तरी करून देतो,
बाकी काम कुठ फार आमच्या हाती...

आता नुसते मेल पाठवतो,
लिखाण तर आम्ही कधीच सोडलं...
मामाच जे पत्र हरवलं,
तेही आम्हाला स्पॅम मधे सापडलं!

अहो डोकं AI चालवेल,
आम्ही नुसती बोटं चालवतो...
सिरी आलाराम बडवते,
आणि अलेक्सा आमची दिवा मालवते!

बाहेरच खाऊन आमच्या, पोटात मात्र कायम कळा...
बातम्यांचा हा कागद, आज न चाळलेलाच बरा...

आम्ही धाकल्यांकडून ट्रेंड शिकतो,
आणि थोरल्यांना अक्कल शिकवतो...
वाचनाचा धर्म सोडून, लोकांना पोड cast ऐकवतो...

कपडे अगदी टाप टीप आमचे,
मुखाला नियमित मलम फासतो...
शारीरिक असो वा रोग मानसिक,
एखादा डॉक्टर हमखास तपासतो!

बाकी खाऊन पिऊन सुखी,
अगदी नावला पैसे साठवतो...
भक्तीची फार हौस नाही,
फक्त सणावारला देव आठवतो!

आमच्या छोट्या मोठ्या तक्रारी घेऊन मग,
आम्हीच आमची समजूत काढतो...
घरापासून लांब जाऊनच,
ह्या नात्यांमधला गंध वाढतो...

पाहता पाहता मग एक दिवस,
कालची पिढी आजची होते...
मागची आठवण काढता काढता,
नशीब पुढचे आयुष्य वाढते...

— ssp

A later page from the same notebook. Source archive: <https://www.instagram.com/p/DUc9Z0UjpWe/>

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C L O S I N G

Sukhanvad

सुखनवाद

*Some thoughts do not need a full poem. They arrive as sparks,
one-liners, and small truths that keep asking to be remembered.*

17

Words That Stayed

my words will be printed on hearts not stones...

Key to a long conversation is the right person.

You were talking to your world, I was talking to mine!

*Her smile was the same, maybe my eyes started pursuing it differently...
Her presence was the same, maybe my heart started beating differently...*

99% of who you are is invisible or untouchable — dark matter/energy resembles.

A poem is a fantasy of a paragraph!

Some just collect stones... not all perfect crystals. Some amorphous, some imperfect shapes. But they love to collect. They value their collection... Others, they collect people.

Night is vulnerable... No matter how bright a day passes by, it's always vulnerable.

Give me an empty canvas and I will be able to paint a picture myself! But it's not easy to find a completely empty canvas these days... coz everyone comes with a baggage.

U cant break a man who's already broken... and can't steal a heart which is already taken!

Let your laughter be cheap... not your tears...

Keep your houses clean, then you won't worry about the guests...!

Don't lose the child in you... even if one isn't pregnant!

You can't be in someone's shoes... but you can help them try new ones!

Someone's experiences can be shared... but can't be experienced!

Ur life doesn't need to be miserable for you to be a philosopher!

Most important ingredient of a delicious dish is the hunger.

Best thing about being in a good mood is not knowing exactly why you are in that mood...

Our own experience is the only unique thing we all have in common!

We often tell many things which don't matter much only to those who matter the most.

Work after relaxation is as necessary as relaxation after work.

To be a scientist is to be naive. Truth doesn't care about us. We should care about it.

*Since childhood, we were always keen on going out.
Now that it's adulthood, we are always looking forward to coming back home.*

Applause is optional.... Response is necessary!

If words would have been sufficient to describe everything... what's the use of those eyes!

Talk until the silence isn't awkward anymore!

Find the purpose — the means will follow.

We are on same page, but with different expressions.

Lost opportunities are gained lessons!

Go with the flow and one ends up in the sink!

When you know that journey is life... make someone a part of it... life will be beautiful.

Nothing will be left except satisfaction.

Die with fame than live with shame.



Mujhe to kitaab likhni h...

Bs pehle kahani to jee lu...

Phir uthaunga kalam...

18

The Ink Remains

A book does not end because the feeling ends. It ends because one page has finally learned how to breathe.

Siyahi began as scattered lines: some for love, some for family, some for friends, some for the strange work of becoming a person. What stays after all of it is not a conclusion, but a habit of noticing.

Raabein badalti rahengi. Kalam phir bhi saath rahengi.

— Saumitra

19

"सियाही लेके निकला हूं...
राह पर कागज मिला है...
जिंदगी वही है बस...
ये पन्ना नया है..."

— s s p