

BLACK FRIDAY

(Dedicated towards memory of Late U R Ananthamurthy)

Dibakar Purakayastha

GUSTY WIND HAD PROPELLED WHEELS
OVER THE MURKY SKY
SHIVERING HORIZON DRIZZLED ON HILLS
SHED TEARS ON THE HIGH
ALL THROUGH THE DAY--
DOWN ITS BEREAVED LAND
WHISPERED INTO THE EARS, ALL AROUND
'TODAY IS BLACK FRIDAY'

OH! LUSH GREEN EARTH,
SEND YOUR MIGHTY BREEZE
TOWARDS ALL DIRECTIONS; TELL'EM
TO SPREAD THE MOST DREADED MESSAGE
'YOU ARE NO MORE'

'U R NO MORE!' 'U.R NO MORE'
BANDIPURA TO MYSORE
SPREAD ALL OVER
DEAR ALL, WHEREVER--
PLEASE HOLD TEAR
HASNUHANA AND BUGANVILIA
CRYSANTHEMUM AND DALIHA
HELD TEARS LIKE MANNA DEW
TRYING TO REVIVE THE RELATION ANEW;
PRISTINE VALLEY AND MARSHY LOWLAND
CAME TOGETHER TO JOIN HAND
TUNGABHADRA TO MIGHTY KAVERI
SHINDHNUR TO BANSANKARI
TOGETHER WE SHALL TAKE A VOW
TO FOLLOW THE PATH OF "SAMASKARA"
LET US TIGHTEN OUR BONDAGE
FOR A BETTER WORLD, BETTER TOMORROW.

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Song of the Rain

Sreemoyee Bhattacharya
(Boston, Massachusetts)

Looking through the window the sea of sparkling diamonds meets the eye

The first raindrops trickle down my hands carving a full circle of hope,

A thousand wind chimes ringing in my mind in tandem with the music around.

Gusty winds trying to blow away the misty waves of complacency, welcoming a plethora of activities

A new beginning adorned by festivities.

My first visions of the rain way back in school, my ballerina shoes partially soaked

Cheerful group of comrades jostling for a place under a battered umbrella

The laughter so pure the happiness profound,

Each moment we did rejoice for it to count.

Years later sitting within the plush surrounding of my office

The song of the rain still fostering the cheer I had known.

Why does the mind wander away into the world of mundane schedules and deadlines?

Is it just another gift of time, oblivious to the beauty divine?

I fight with my own self each night

The glimpse of the little child enjoying the rain

Rekindled the sparkle and zest which I had left behind

For now I have I have found my light

The power of reminiscence brightening the sight.

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Tryst with Time

Sreemoyee Bhattacharya
(Boston, Massachusetts)

Time is strange, one moment it's ours
In another you realize it was just a phase or memoir
The instant you wake up and see all around
It could be all over with an effect that has no bound.
It's a woman camouflaged under a silver veil
Never know she may fall in love
Today, tomorrow or never in the time to come.

The harder we try to manipulate the outcome
The worse it eventually goes out of our hands
Success, failure, love, loss are a few pebbles
On a giant shore with sparkling sand .
We do strike a couple of them and expect it to last as gold
We seldom forget that we are mere artists with only one goal.

Illusion does it create, a false sense of pride dwells
When forgets the might of time
Within a flicker of an eyelid it could deprive one even of a dime.

Living by principle is what I believe,
Truly a timeless quality that I perceive
Strengthens us from deep within
Ordeals or hurdles seem distant
Irrespective of whatever lies beneath.

The path that we choose determines our mettle
The shield around us, the voice of God within
Bears the bright torch that does not allow us to settle
For unreal happiness that's deceiving and brittle
It's about time we start living a true life
Being thankful for every good deed ahead of time.

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Mahabharata in Modern Times

Papia Sarajitkumar Nath

*Life is very strange
With sweet and sour history,
Where everyone's story is more or less the same
But still it is a mystery.
Man makes his destiny or breaks it
There is someone above who disciplines it.
He is playing his own game
But we give it our own name
Someone who has made it his play
Playing with us as dolls only that we are not made of clay.
Saying is difficult believe it or not
Up there somebody is tying every knot,
We have forgotten own culture and allowed us to be far away from dharma
There is not any thought or a remorse for our karma.
Everywhere around us there is destruction and crime,
Each one trying to beat the others and sing his own chime
Tactics and manipulation has become the regular talk
With simplicity and pleasantness going for a walk.
It is sure when things reaches its extreme
We will be punished like we can never ever dream
Mahabharata happened then and it will happen here after
And Krishna will have to come in his new Avatar*

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Save Tiger

Khushi Pal

He stalks in his vivid strips,

But now he is trapped in a book of extinct

The few steps of his cave,

His wax model in museum,

On pads of velvet quiet,

Children learn how we killed the species

In his quiet range.

The poachers sell the claws and the skin

He was lurking in shadow,

In the museum at high rates

Sliding through long grass,

But why?

Near the water hole,

Where is Our national animal

Where plump deer used to pass,

Whose roar frightens us?

Ha used to snarl around houses,

Whose bright eyes

At the jungle's edge,

Stared at the brilliant stars?

Bearing his white fangs, his claws

Is he extinct?

Terrorizing the village.

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The Nature

Khushi Pal

*Under the shades of a tree,
on the green velvety pads,
Near a pond with wrinkles,
In the blue sky,
Everything cheerful,
With birds chirping,
Singing a song for me.
Fishes in the glittering pond,
with a cool breeze,
Flouting around me.
Giving my mind,
Giving my heart,
Giving me,
A Thought of peace,
A thought describing all these,
How beautiful is the **NATURE**.*

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Sun Done

Shuvam Mitra

*I give you warmth my name is SUN,
Without me survived would have none.
I make your food, I make the rain,
I provide light in every lane.

Because of me the moon too gives you light,
Otherwise nothing would be in your sight.
You all would be in the dark,
There would be no trees in the park,

Stop the ozone from depleting, or I get
hotter,
And life on Earth gets shorter and shorter.
Mankind can live today because of me,
Or there would be ice everywhere till your
KNEE.....!!*

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Paneer Makhana Korma

Madhumita Chakraborty

Ingredients:-

1. Paneer – 200 gm (Cut into small cubes)
2. Makhana (puffed lotus seeds) – 50 gm
3. Khoya – 50 gm
4. Curd – 1 Tablespoon
5. Red Chilli Powder – 1 Teaspoon
6. Cashewnuts – 25gm
7. Butter – 20gm
8. Salt – According to your taste
9. Tomato Ketchup – 1 Teaspoon
10. Oil for frying

Ground to a paste:-

1. Khuskhus (postto) – 1 Teaspoon
2. Cashewnuts – 15 gm

Method:-

1. Fry paneer lightly in oil.
2. Fry makhana lightly in oil.
3. Mix Khoya, curd and the khuskhus, cashewnuts paste.
4. Heat butter then add khoya mixture and fry for 2-3 min, you can add little water if required also.
5. Add fried makhana, salt, chilli powder, tomato ketchup and water. Cook for few mins.
6. Add cashewnuts and paneer. Mix well.
7. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves and serve hot.

Fried Chicken with Tomato Sauce

Madhumita Chakraborty

Ingredients:

1. Chicken – 250 gm (cut into small pieces)
2. Tomato – 2 (chopped)
3. Carrot – 1 (grated)
4. Onion – 1 (chopped)
5. Vinegar – 1 teaspoon
6. Black pepper – 1/2 teaspoon
7. Cornflour – 1 teaspoon
8. Garlic Juice – 1 teaspoon
9. Cumin seeds (roasted) – 1/2 teaspoon
10. Salt – According to your taste
11. Oil for frying

Method:-

1. Marinate the chicken with salt, vinegar and pepper for 2-3 hours.
2. Heat oil in a frying pan and fry the chicken pieces until light brown.
3. **For sauce:-** Boil tomato, carrot and onion in water and then strain it.
4. Take 1/2 cup cold water, add corn flour and mix it properly. Then add the above sauce and cook it till it becomes thick.
5. Add garlic juice and cumin seeds powder to the sauce.
6. Pour the sauce on to the fried chicken.
7. Garnish with desiccated (grated) coconut and coriander leaves.