



Naresh Chandra Mandal

Nothingness

Nothing and nothing and nothing
Yes, that appears like mirage.
Happiness is followed by sorrow.
Morning sweeps away
Stars on the country yard
In the sky.
Sweeps away
Dirt of my mind and

Deception of the past.
Expels the indication of
My helplessness.
From the cracked soil
My destiny eagerly looks
At me.
Lightning of rainy night
Roars.
Pursues to fight.
The words of my
Old Love letter reminds
Me of my childhood.
My tiny happiness and desires
Become silent by the
Pressure of curse.
I do not become tired
In the crucial moment.
I keep plucking the flowers
Of friendship and
Love making.
You see, now good time
approaches
And very soft news breaks.
Excellent message with
Golden morning

Knocks the door.
This is high time to
Love.

Odisha

Such an earth
(who) converts Chandashok
Into Dharmashok.
Where bravery of
Kharavela strikes
On the body of Barabati.
The graffiti written on the wall of
Raibania and the sense of touch
Flows down into the
Auspicious sea.
To speak of Odisha
What else more!
Such an earth
where the soil of
Two thousand years back
Throbs and whose language
And flag of victory
Flies in Srilanka, Borneo
Chelitol, Palur and
Story of heroism turn
Into the congregation,
Religion and incantation
of Budhha, the dedication of
Nanak, Kabir and Chaitanya etc.

To speak of Odisha
What else more you want?
Such a soil where the
Beauty of Charufula
Reflects on Konark
(The Black Pagoda)
Reflects on the field of
Paddy, on the Filigri and the
Canopy of Pipili the world famous.
Also echoes the songs of
Chaitra, and sweet verses of
Similipal.
The sense of war and
Struggle flows down
Into the blood of artery
And vein of the heroes.
Hope, belief and aspirations
Take rebirth in mines and
Forests wherein Odisha dreams.
If you look into Odisha deeply,
Open up your heart and come out
Of the chain.
So that you can imagine whose guardian
Philosopher and friend Lord Jagannath
Is standing by you and the motherlike Mahanadi

Flows down and you can hear
The incantation Bande Utkal Janani.
Thousand and thousand years will be
Passing on and we will be hearing this
Slogan in the years to come.

Naresh Chandra Mandal

Naresh Mandal is a post graduate from Ravenshaw University, Odhisha. Some of my poems have been reviewed by one renowned poet from Austria.

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