



KALEIDOSCOPE

by

Dr. Shubha Mukherjee

Introduction of the book

Kaleidoscope is a journey from non-entity to identifying the poet in myself.

Sometimes when grief is too strong to bear, it is better to share it with someone. That is what I did in these poems. My collection of poems took shape out of the unbearable pain of losing the nearest and dearest one. The first poem was born out of the heart-wrenching pain but it led to the pleasure of writing, therefore one after the other kept rolling and the journey went on.

This book is named, 'Kaleidoscope,' as it holds different shades of life. It not only celebrates the beauty of nature but also the simple joys and sorrows of life too.

Life is like a roller-coaster ride, not only for me but for almost everyone, therefore I believe that you would be able to appreciate them after reading them.

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PREFACE

A kaleidoscope is an optical device consisting of mirrors that reflects images; similarly, this book shares the various seasons or moods of my life. I believe that every human being goes through various phases of life. Sometimes life seems to be a blessing when everything is going well like a well-oiled machine. But a little jerk brings life to a pause. The same happened to me when unexpectedly my mother left for her heavenly abode. That pain became so unbearable that it got its expression in the form of verse. From there my journey of writing poetry started. I have named it, 'Kaleidoscope' as it holds different hues of my life.

It is said, for life to continue, it must have ups and downs. So, as and when whatever I felt, I tried to record it in rhyming lines with the hope that all my readers will be able to appreciate it on reading. My book speaks of human emotions, joys, and miseries that one goes through in a lifetime. I have opened my heart to my readers through it.

CONTENT

1. SIMPLE GRATITUDE —————	01
2. LIFE THEN AND NOW —————	03
3. COVID 19, IN 2021 —————	07
4. EVERY HOUSE HAS A STORY TO TELL —————	09
5. AN ELEGY —————	15
6. LA FILE —————	19
7. FRIENDSHIP DAY —————	23
8. DID YOU NOTICE —————	25
9. THE INDOMITABLE —————	29
10. PROUD TO BE AN INDIAN —————	31
11. BRUTALITY —————	33
12. WINTER CHILL —————	35
13. PROFOUND SLEEP —————	37
14. HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE RAIN —————	39
15. DROPLETS OF PEARL —————	41
16. THE SYMPHONY —————	43

17. THE NEST	45
18. ODE TO THE WIND	47
19. END JOURNEY	49
20. OUR VISIT TO THE HILLS	53
21. FOOL'S PARADISE	57
22. ON THE DAY OF THE EXAMINATION	59
23. NEVER-SAY-DIE-ATTITUDE	61
24. NEW YEAR RESOLUTION	65
25. NEW YEAR CELEBRATION	69

SIMPLE GRATITUDE

You asked me when it was the last time
That I thanked God....Here is my answer..

When was the last time that I thanked God???

Whenever I saw people in the hospitals struggling for life,
I thanked God for the health that I am enjoying.

When was the last time that I thanked God???

When I noticed a blind, battling to walk on the path,
I thanked God for the eyes & sight I am blessed with

When was the last time that I thanked God???

When I saw a lame with a stick on the road
I thanked God for the legs to carry me around

When was the last time that I thanked God???

When I saw one without arms....
I thanked God for the hands that could hold my child

When was the last time that I thanked God???

On each step I thanked God

I am blessed to be thankful even more

Many cry over things that are absent from their living

I solicit them to look around to explore their blessing

Which to their surprise went beyond listing

Therefore, find reasons to thank God

To receive HIS benediction even more & more & many more

LIFE THEN AND NOW

Life is so unpredictable

It has no loyalty, no reliability

None could befriend it

Cause it couldn't be trusted with

Dirty dance that death danced

Stripping people of their lives

By not letting them survive

To enjoy the life that God provides

Announcements were made

But attention was not paid

The restrictions that were framed

Were not able to sustain

Children became orphans

Elderlies lost their lives

Patients groaned

Families mourned

Everyone prayed, for the phase to pass

And for the life to take its normal path

With the hope that everything will be fine

That everyone would meet and dine.

And, And this phase did pass

Things changed not for the better, but for the worst

With things becoming expensive, and life precarious

With increased distress and so much stress.

Is this a life that I dreamt about
Where are the days that I always vouched
Instead of love and care
Am I not living disease, death & scare

Pardon me, my Dear Children
For promising you utopian
A world that is so perfect in all its means
A world where love gleams and dances,
On the greens, a world which I always dream.....

COVID 19, IN 2021

Roads are empty, shops are closed
Malls gates too are locked for general folks
Hospitals are busy, vans are at chores
Temple bells galore & prayers,
Could be heard even more

Can someone tell me?
When all this will get over
For life to move back to normal
For once and for-ever

When can we go to bed without any fear?
Of getting infected by our dear and near

Where did we go wrong to deserve such a disaster?

Did we not have enough to suffer & despair?

Tsunami, tauktae & yaas brought

Destruction to the people we care about, alas!

Antony's curse on Caesar's death

Seems to come true

With death and destruction

Ruling the world through

Leaving no one to cry over the death

And no pyre to burn the dead

Never lose your hope

As hope is our only scope

.....

EVERY HOUSE HAS A STORY TO TELL

Every house has a story to tell

Turn the pages of time

Dust the settled particles

And you will find the story.....

You will find some good and some not-so-good memories,

Yes memories, hidden in the pages of time

Of a house that vibrated with emotions

Resonated with never dying sound

But now!!!.....alas!!!

Silence, the silence of death rules all over

The people living in the house

Deserted it for their journey beyond

But....but the house is still there.

Waiting ----- yes, waiting for them to return
Waiting for the same vibration of joy & laughter
Waiting to hear the footsteps all around
Waitingyes, waiting for ages for the
Silence to die out.....

Will it!!! Will, it ever happen
Can't say, as the time passed by
No one... Yes!!!! No one returned
To the house.....to it...
Then, why this wait, why this wait;
Asked someone.....

Hopehope that the sun will shine
Hope that there will be a knock at the door
Hope that it will revert to its glory

Hope it will get another chance to complete its story

To help it sustain through harsh seasons

Oh.....look there..... A small angel

Descended from heaven

Swaying with the breeze

Like a sweet tender flower

Untouched by the afflictions

Her peals of laughter reverberated all around.....

But...but!!Was it a dream?

Where is she now?

Oh!!! Why is she not singing and dancing

Whispering.....words ... She is no more.....

Why??? What happened to her.....no answer???

House, yes the house wants an answer
Do you know, do you have an answer
Can no one tell where is she
The house asked & asked everyone.....

Why -----why has the angel left
Will, she not come back ever again.....
May be..... Maybe not....who knows.....

But the house will always be there
Because.....the house is of brick and cement
How can it have the heart to bleed
It is a house, a mere house of bricks & cement

But..... Take a closer look & hear
As it has a story to tell...
Listen to it, listen to its story

Maybe it will remind you of a story

A story of your own.....

As each house has a story to tell.....

.....

AN ELEGY

Oh, mother! My dear mother
You are the embodiment
Of love & care
Felt protected when you were there

Oh, mother! my dear mother
Never can I forget the day
When you took your last breath
To my utter dismay & displeasure
You left us, forever
And not to return ever

Holding you in the arms
Tears welled up in my eyes

But you were not there
To wipe them before they dry

I cried my eyes out
While hiding them from other eyes
As no one can comprehend
The pain that I underwent
Craving for your touches and embraces
Your love and caresses

Oh, mother! my dear dear mother
I count stars on lonely nights
Searching for you everywhere
Come to me and hold me near
Then I will not cry even a tear

Oh, mother! my dearest mother
Wherever you are
My prayers may reach you there
My heart will always yearn to hear
Your call oh mother, my dear mother!

LA FILE

Dear Daughter! How utterly I failed you
Always telling you, where you went wrong
But always denying the motherly compassion
That you always craved for.....
Always believing that being a mother I know better
Never listening to the side of your story ever
How utterly I failed you Daughter, my Dear Daughter

The little butterfly of my garden
So pretty, and delicate bursting with life and enthusiasm
Breathing life even into unanimated one
How could I not get enthused?
Why did you not enthrall me?
With that mesmerizing smile of your

How could my heart become so barren?

Not to feel those delicate drops of love

Why was I not able to open my heart?

Which is brimming with love for you

Which always longed to hold you

Closer & closer to the heart

Why, why did I drown myself in household chores

That couldn't see when you grew up to be a big girl

That I need to give your hand in marriage

To the one completely unknown

My heart dreads that day when with a heavy heart

I will see you leave this house, where you grew

Of those peels of laughter, with which you resonated the house

Of those endless talks that always enthralled all of us

Of all those screams and shouts

Of all those nagging & dragging
I want to say it once, all that I didn't say when I had time
That I love you my little butterfly
Yes! You are my same little butterfly
Whom I love so dearlyendlessly....

.....

FRIENDSHIP DAY

On this friendship day
When I sat down to lay
My thoughts on the paper
About my friends forever

Not one but many
Faces floated one after the other
To make me realise
That I am rich than the richer

To be blessed with wonderful
Amazing and marvellous friends
Whom I met at various stages
Of life, to believe that I am consecrated

They made their presence felt
Standing by my side when everyone left
It's not that we regularly met
But at the time of need
I never had to regret

Friendship is such an inexhaustible treasure
That grows measure by measure
If you take the given advice
Then you too will realise

DID YOU NOTICE

Did you notice
When the sparrows left
It was just another day
It was just another morning
In the big busy metropolitan

The same traffic on the road
Going to the offices or to schools
Where in their air-conditioned rooms
Would talk about the pollution
And the ways.... To reduce

It was just another day
It was just another morning

Did anyone notice
When the sparrows left

City traders traded the
Sparrows for skyscrapers
Smog affected the lungs
Of the young & adults
But this went uncared & unnoticed
Till pollution became
The hot topic to be discussed
By the media and politicians
Who in verbal accusation
Forgot all the rationalisation
Therefore, did not take any action

People bought air purifiers
Masks & cough syrup

With that, the story went on
Till the last sparrow left the town

Did we learn our lesson from that
No, not till we turned
This beautiful land into a cemetery
Where death danced & life mourned
to end this story

THE INDOMITABLE

There has always been an inner battle,
Between fate and destiny;
Whom to trust or who should be followed?

It was by fate, that faith came into her life,
With that mind got clarity, and her thoughts took a concrete
shape.

Faith held her hand and led her onto the path of action,
Surprised she walked, alone, with no questions asked,
Keeping her faith in the newfound faith;
To find the answer and relieve herself of the mental struggle

Hey! Why waste paper, no one would appreciate;
People shouted at her when she decided to write,
Should she pay heed and stop writing,
Nay! She went on unaware of her fate.

Basking on faith she wrote to her destiny;
The world was never kind but faith never left her side.

She strode towards success step by step,
Writing to her destiny with faith to change her fate.

PROUD TO BE AN INDIAN

While singing the national anthem

My heart swelled with much pride

As I am born in a country

Which is eulogized and exalted far & wide

A country of such a high merit

Rich in cultural heritage that we cherish

Scholars, entrepreneurs & environmentalists

Thinkers, speakers, dancers & artists

Not to forget about our great guiding hermits

Our seasons, festivals & resources

Families, social & interpersonal discourses

Can't be bartered or exchanged

On the face of any variations

Be proud of such a nation

Instead of fighting for a proposition

Don't tear it apart for your ego's gratification

As it is not only mine but thine too

Built on dedication& devotion

And on so many soldiers' oblation

Therefore, our continuous invigilation

Is required for its continuation

Love your country, love your nation

With immense pride always sing bandematram

BRUTALITY

Never have I seen such a brutal massacre
Where men are murdered and women are dragged
Where humanity cried but it went unheard

Whether Afghanistan, Pakistan or Khalistan
Should humanity not be given a better chance
To enrich, augment or flourish as it wants

Who has given this right to the one
To kill the other one
Are we all not part of the supreme one
While waiting outside the trial court
Where humanity was bashed, thrashed, and smacked
No one was brave enough to raise their voice
To save the innocents from being killed & destroyed

WINTER CHILL

They sat around the sigri
Trying to trounce the intense chill
As the attire they wore was without any frill
It failed to drive away the chill
That grew around the hill.

Behold her in the wood
There in her rags, she stood
Collecting the twigs one at a time
Bending & bundling to take it to the dwelling
To burn them to defeat the intense chill

Her family awaits her
Trembling, shivering, freezing, to the core
And she is their only hope
Waiting for those twigs tied in a rope

For few, cold is all about snow & snowflakes,
But ask those who live in the hutments,
Who labour through the days:
And shiver in their beds through the nights.

How can they appreciate?
Snow & the snowflakes
When survival is at the stake
All through the night, they stay awake

Without warm attire to provide them with heat
That they too could sway, to the world of dreams
Where there is no pain and no grief
But only peace and relief.

PROFOUND SLEEP- A BLESSING

Slowly & steadily the Night is advancing
To take everyone sleeping
In the trip of darkness creeping
Leaving the street & houses in silence deafening

Why has sleep evaded me I wonder
When it has left no one near or yonder
Night has rocked everyone to sleep
Invariable of age, caste, or creed

I too desire to travel to the land of the nomads
Where daffodils dance & clear is the rills
Where stars shine in the casket grey
Over the hills.

My eyelashes are turning heavy & heavier
Am I too falling asleep, I know & I don't know

Here I am with Alice in the wonderland
With Lucy Grey too in the hills of Scotland

Counting my blessing my sleep grew profound
As night held me in its grip to be bound
Lost all track of time, but my pleasure grew to abound
To receive the blessing in leap & bound

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE RAIN

Much awaited rain
When it finally came
Falling peter patter
On the window panes

Nature rejoiced to hear its voice
Raindrops streamed from the roof
Creating puddles so that children could huddle
To jump & splash, to kick & giggle

Rain that healed the earth
And sealed the heat
Filled every pot and the field
Everyone danced to their heel

Peacock danced, cried the lark
The frog jumped & sang to the harp
Falcon flew on the path it knew
Leaving the tree in which it grew

DROPLETS OF PEARL

How beautiful are the raindrops,
After the heavy shower.
Washing all the atomies from the earth;
To cleanse it entirely clean of all the dirt
That it harbours.

The dew left on the leaves,
So fresh young and so new.
Behold them before
They fall or dry, as they are the precious few.

So pure, so crystal clear
Not touched by any tainted hands,
No Sun to dry them out of the land.

Smiling at us like a bubble to burst;
Find them at the ledge of every leave,
So light as it sways with the breeze.

Nature rejoices in the shower,
Bathing the leaves of all its bowers.

Nurturing and nourishing
Yes...each and every leave.
Enjoy the Petrich or rising
To connect to recreate the bond
That man and nature
Has shared, shared for a long.

Let us appreciate every dark cloud
For the shower that it brings.
To breathe life in every living being

THE SYMPHONY

Peter patter is the fast-falling rain shower;
Peter patter the raindrops are here,
On the wooden surface and the window sill
Peter patter is the raining thrill.

Listen intently to the quiet music,
On the rooftop and on the window sill;
Peter patter everywhere
Can't you hear nature sing?

Birds are resting in their nests;
My dog is hiding under the bed,
People are averse to coming out to traverse,
But kids frolicked in the rain
Peter patter is the rain.

Peter patter rain drops are here,
Peter patter is the fast-falling rain shower.

Thus, the symphony went on,
On the metallic wrap of the towers
Pounding, tapping, and the spatter.

Sending the musical notes on the platter,
For the sensitive ears to hear.
The concerto in nature resonates
Bringing peace to the mind & to the soul it generates.

THE NEST

A small bulbul came and perched one morning

With her came the small nest

Where she laid her three little eggs

All were oval in shape with dots on the edge

Now daily she would come and perch

Patiently waiting for days& nights

For the little ones to squeak

Through the small streak bright

It was not very long when her young hatchlings appeared

bulbul worked hard, she was overjoyed

She flew far & wide for days& nights

to keep them well-fed to her might

Never letting them go out of her own sight

One day her small chicks
Will spread their wings to fly away
Leaving the nest that was built
For them with so much love & no guilt

Why to regret & why to cry
Were they not destined to try
Now the little bulbul is left alone
To hop & fly and to mourn

ODE TO THE WIND

Soft & tender knock at the door
Which woke me up from my deep slumber
Therefore, I distinctively remember

The stranger....is it a stranger?
That entered through the open door
Whisked past to leave
Through another door

Touching my cheeks gently
Ruffling my hair and clothes
With its soft & tender strokes
That it always bore

Searched for it here & there
Everywhere. But alas! Found it nowhere
It left the room through
The another door,
To enter again & again & again

To touch every heart & soul

Free to move, free to reach

Places of its desire

Free to get drowned or douse a fire

Such freedom I too aspire

Therefore oh! Wind I do admire

END JOURNEY

Years back when I started the journey
How excited and thrilled I was,
About new venues and new destinations
About meeting new people and relations.

My world was filled with different hues,
Red, green orange, and mulberry blues,
Everything was so beautiful,
Everything was new and joyful.

With lots and lots of dreams in my eyes,
I started on my joyride,
I had so much to view and admire,
That I went on and on and never felt tired.

Multiple toys to play with
Beautiful dresses to adorn with
Friends I made at various stages
About whom I could write pages

I was the Lucy Gray,
From William Wordsworth's own poetry,
Who enjoyed being in nature,
Like Coleridge, shelly, Gray, and Keats's poetry

Going through the stages mentioned by William Shakespeare

I never regretted the losses that my life bears

As through ups & downs and going round & round

To my dismay I found

Life is not as rosy as it may appear
With the passage of time, I found to my despair
That the world is not so fair
It is full of violence, exploitation & warfare
With a bleeding heart and soul, I desire
To pray for my fellow being to introspect and spare
Themselves and their fellow beings this desperation

....now my life has reached its fag end
With blurred vision and streaking hair
With steps falling here & there
As the end is very near
Would like to go back to the nature
To unearth love care and nurture

JOURNEY BEYOND

With co co and with choo choo

The train left the platform for its journey beyond
Sliding on the rails rocking left and right it moved on
Whistling, jerking, hurrying & halting it kept going on
Towers appeared with their arms extended

To hold and support the wires it intended
Various houses grouse trees & bees went past by
Its sight promising shelter and comfort to all the passers-by

Thus, we moved fast on the railway tracks
With coco and with choo choo
Sliding on the rails rocking left and right it went on

We met a few trains that moved with strain
Carrying goods and passengers along

They waved at us and said goodbyes
Thus, the train on wheels rolled on
Leaving people waiting at the platform
With co co and with choo choo
Sliding on the rails rocking left and right it went on

The Sun rose high and went higher by and by
Along with that, we picked up people from far and wide
Talking, sharing, laughing, and caring
We went on our journey beyond
Whistling jerking hurrying halting thus we kept moving on

Gradually our train picked up speed
It rocked us along on the way to our destination
Sometimes fast sometimes slow but it moved on and on
Lotuses were blooming, birds pecking

Children playing with pickup sticks

Pool, puddle paddy we left

Sliding on the rails rocking right and left

Whistling jerking hurrying halting we kept going on

OUR VISIT TO THE HILLS

Roads meandering along the mountains
Lights were twinkling from the shanty houses
Tearing the blanket of darkness
As we moved on to the serpentine roads
Leaving the monstrous mountains
Covered with coniferous trees

Cicada's symphony accompanied us
Through our journey by road
As the crescent moon shone on the horizon
How different this place looked
From the city where we had come
The city pulsated with human activities throughout the night
The city that has never slept

Whereas on the hills no sooner does the sun goes down
The entire place sleeps under the blanket of darkness
Even the kiosk selling rudimentary items
Go without a soul
Under the grip of darkness, life lies still
Life is too harsh between these enchanting hills
From where we are returning back
To our day-to-day struggles
That is waiting for us inundated
Far from the peaceful existence of this place
We are returning to the city that never slept

FOOL'S PARADISE

Found a piece of a mirror lying somewhere

Picked it up to find myself out in it

But it confirmed only the way I look

And not what I am

Should it be of any use to me?

But, can I throw it away?

No, not, with the passage of time

I started admiring my false self

Or the person that the mirror showed

And not the person I really am

Suddenly I realised that I am no different

The world sees and admires what it wants to see or admire

No one, yes no one wants to know the reality

As reality is inconsiderate and excruciating

So, we love to live in the fool's paradise or in the Utopian world

Where everything is beautiful and everything is nice

ON THE DAY OF THE EXAMINATION

Students were engrossed with their papers fully

Trying to solve the problems given

Many struggled but many sailed through them comfortably

But, what about the test posed by life,

Why do we fail to find answers to the problems that are set
aside?

Maybe in the absence of a syllabus regular,

It is quite hard for the common to deliver

Was life not been a roller coaster

Taking them up & sometimes down

But teaching the lesson that wasn't found

Other than the hurdles that life abound

Too many questions life generates
Creating upheaval in our life
That is difficult to negate.
Thus, giving us sleepless nights
Before dying out their natural demise

None can be a better paper setter than life
It sets problems that are so precise
Without any choice, we are left to recognize
Realise, react to perish or to survive

It could be a blazing fire for some
Burning bright all the time
Or a bed of roses
Comforting soothing and relaxing them

But value life whatever it brings

We grow through the journey

While we learn

Whether sweet or sour

Experience is what we earn.

NEVER –SAY- DIE - ATTITUDE

Never were the days so agonizing

Staying in and not exploring

It has become the new normal

Whether we acknowledge

Accept or reject

Has it not brought us closer

To the family members & to nature

Less traffic & less clamour

Less of the fume & less of the plume

Nature healed & gave more yield

Accidents went on a long leave

Even crime has taken the back seat

Leaving us to retrospect before we proceed

Long ques have grown shorter
At train & flight counters
Malls & markets have shut down
Forcing life too to slow down

It is said every coin has two sides
It is up to us to decide
Whether to cry or to utilize
The given opportunities & rise

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

With the jingling of the bells

Came Santa himself

To heal every soul on this earth

And to teach a lesson of love

To elevate all our grief

He brought a bag full of goodies

To distribute amongst the rich and the poor

And with that he announced

The arrival of the New Year

Filled with joy and merriment

New hope, new scope

A new beginning, a new learning

A new journey to embark

On the path of success
With bigger strides
Let's walk, side by side
Oh!!!My brother and sisters
Give me your hands
As together we can make this world
A better place for everyone

To live, to grow
To flourish let's cherish
Nurture and nourish
The resolution that we made together.

NEW YEAR CELEBRATION

The entire world celebrated the arrival of the New Year

But poverty shivered in their hutments

Without food or clothes to warm themselves up

Even after toiling for the entire day long

Daughter asked her father in the evening

About the flour that he promised

Son wanted a replacement for his torn shirt

Father looked at them with bare eyes

As he had no words to specify

How can the New Year be happy for them?

It's just another year of struggle and empty promises

Without food or clothes to warm themselves up

Even when their prayer goes unheard

Manacled by social apathy
Grouse, lament, and grief nothing worked
Remove this poverty, and then celebrate
The New Year twenty-two merrily

ABOUT ME



Ms. Shubha Mukherjee, an educator, and **HOD** of the **English Department** has been teaching Senior Secondary classes for over two decades. As an **AIEF Master Trainer**, she has been conducting various webinars and seminars. She has **co-authored a world record-holding book**, one of the best sellers. She **won the National Award** in the year 2022 and many other awards. Under her guidance, her students have won the **‘PLATINUM’** Award which is the most prestigious Cyber fair Award. She has published her self-composed poems on Kindle under the title, **‘Kaleidoscope’** and **‘Prism’** she is the prestigious speaker to speak from the platform of **RKDx Speakers 2022**. She is one of the council members of **Healing Towards Happiness**. She is a passionate reader and writer. She has written several anthologies.