



Book, My friend !

Dear Book !
You are my friend since childhood
Even before I could speak
My Grandma was telling fairy tales from your pages
She told us stories of great epics like Mahabharat and Ramayan
Since then I fell in love with you and you became my constant companion.
I have seen you in different forms and colours
Many books full with pictures in glossy pages
Some are voluminous filled with small letters
carrying wisdom of sages
Story books ,textbooks ,novels ,algebra or trigonometry
I have relished my reading pleasures in your company.

I have lost count how many books I have read
Nor do I have remembered their names
But I can recall some of them which interested me too high
Treasure Island ,Gulliver Travels,Tom Sawyer ,
Uncle Tom's Cabin,Mayor of Casterbridge and Robinon Crusoe
Short stories by Rabindranath Tagore,novels by Sarat Chandra and Ashapurna Devi
Books by Manoj Das ,Bibhuti Pattnaik ,Prativa Ray and Kanhu Charan were my favourites.
Be it a short story ,novel , poetry or a detective series
I was always engrossed in reading
Sometimes I forget to sleep if the book is thrilling

Books fire my imagination and take me to the wonderland in a joy ride
From the pages of books speaks Mahatma Gandhi,Dostoevsky and Maxim Gorky
I can interact with their thoughts and understand what these great people are saying

If I am asked, "What books have given to us ?"
I will say,'All '
what I am today ,what my children are today
Because of the knowledge stored in books.

Books inspire us through stories and sayings of noble people.
Books connect people to people
In a nutshell ,had there been no books
There would have been no civilization.

A Log

I have once been ,a part of a big banyan tree
Full with thousands of green leaves
The leaves sway their little heads
When sweet breeze play with them
Their murmuring sound was like a soothing song
As if they are in prayer for the Lord .
Beautiful birds and squirrels built
their houses in my hollow trunks .



Their noise and tweets
Were filling the atmosphere with lovely sounds.
Some monkeys used to jump from branches to branches
Carrying their babies with joyful abundance.
When sun shines hot overhead
I see tired travelers seek shelter under my shade.
Not only men ,but cattle and other creatures gather around me
And I feel as if I am a part of their family.
Some take afternoon nap under my canopy
While village children play like swings
Holding the roots hanging from my branches.
My history goes to hundred years back
I have seen when village brides
Were bade farewell in 'Sabaris '
The carriers of Sabaris and Palinkis
Walk in matching steps
singing in chorus
some beautiful song
The bride,bridegroom and marriage party
Used to halt near me
To offer prayers to Grama Devati
I have seen silent tears flowing
from the eyes of the new bride.
I have seen the village turning into a town
When thatched houses were replaced
By houses made of bricks and cement
I did not know that
A great danger for me was lurking around
As one day,some labourers from nearby town
Came with their axes and saw
They cut me down mercilessly
And I heard them talking
That there would come up a big industry
The area has to be cleared
To make wide roads and a planned town.
Nobody was hearing my cries
When axes were cutting my branches
My white blood oozing from wounds
My limbs were falling one by one.
Lastly they uprooted me from the hard earth
Which was holding me tight
Not letting me go from her embrace.
Alas ! All in vain !
They threw me on the way side
My green leaves ,branches and roots are scattered here and there
Oh! The sun is now burning us
And I am waiting to die ,cell by cell.

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