



Poems by Nisha Motghare

WELCOME NEW CREATION

In the welcome of new creation, a sense of disorientation emerged.
The wings of desires, once stretched to the far horizon, have now folded in.
A profound silence settled within the cells,
and the rhythm of blood flowing
through the veins slowed down.
Emotions began to adorn the words,
melody and rhythm melted into one another.
In the hope of new creation, dormant seeds awakened.
This is the beginning of blossoms and tender shoots,
growing on new branches.
Out of chaos was born more chaos —
yet it marked the expansion toward inner harmony.
But new creation cannot be born
when the earth is engulfed in poison and noise.

THE PURPOSE OF LIVING

The world is changing within me,
Happiness murmurs with glee.

I am the doer and watch my deeds,
My inner garden has no place for weeds.

I welcome the fragrance; I receive,
I abide by the rule, not to deceive.

For you, I open the book of compassion—
All pages filled with love and affection.

The chaos and turbulence are in the grave,
The call for peace is for the brave.

Rivers in my heart flow with contentment,
I watch in fascination at the arrangement.

The symphony of love reverberates through my being,
Unveiling the purpose of living.

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