

*Lakshmisree Banerjee***Hopes of Tomorrow**

Roving across

the mind's ocean

in sinuous waves

on pinions of saffron desires

on planks of pellucid images

on feathers quivering with fire,

the seed

in reverie

with eyes aflutter

dreams to

touch the sun.

Her nimble hopes

soar through aerial stretches

the endless fields of the cerulean

in lambent molecules

till she meets her god ---

Till the tall, great, tender, benevolent sun

tells the seed 'I have come, my love, I have come'.

## Nature Rhythm

I find no failing rhythms  
while the birds chirp  
in the felicity of love  
the river sings in fluidity  
as dry leaves flaky swim  
gaily in the rippling water  
the seeds rest in cosy beds of the soil  
beating retreat with winter  
waiting to dance with the spring ---

I find no failing rhythms  
in the play of innocence  
of kids in nursery schools  
hurrying into classes and buses  
pushing and pulling in amity  
while brown leaves cuddle the green  
the seeds hibernate to grow again  
winter slowly embracing spring  
in harmony of fellowship ---

I find no failing rhythms

in the sun, moon and stars  
moving in ballets of space

with no crash or clash  
an elysium of orchestra livens  
the ballads of divine dance  
cosmic concerto we often fail to hear  
as we draw our forbidding lines  
devoid of joyful beats or songs ---

Can we not follow in matching steps  
this natural choreography  
the rhyme of this friendship-dance  
the fox trot or the salsa or the *kathak*  
from any slice of borderless expanse  
when we have such cadence and melody  
such truth, love and beauty  
the skies bending to kiss the horizon  
fruit-laden trees stooping to hug creepers ---

I find no reason for schisms for  
I find no failing rhythms---

**Rethinking India (On 75 Years of Independence)**

Time to unroll

Time to unfold

Time to unravel---

Un-weave, think, move and act

Time to re-knit

The looming looms of history---

To get our tints, our hues

Our patterns right

Our reality in imagination bright---

Let us spin tight

Our fabric of truth

Our sunshine legacy ---

Open our caskets of glory

Forsaken in dark, dank rooms

In crannies of lies---

Let us unwind all

That which is designed  
To create the wrong design---

We have arrived across  
Aeons of civilization, veneration  
In hallowed light of seers---  
To un-mould the mould  
Of all partisan perfidies  
Of tempests within and beyond---

To arrive despite the miasma  
As our placid sea of humanity  
Merges with tides of the world  
Our shorelines erased forever now  
In the liquescence of brotherhood  
Our summit at the still point of history.

**Professor Laksmisree Banerjee**, PhD, is an Award-Winning globally well-known Poet/Writer, Litterateur, Editor, Indian Vocalist, an Ex-Vice Chancellor and University Professor of English and Cultural Studies. She is a Senior Fulbright, Commonwealth and National Scholar from the University of Calcutta. Widely published and anthologised across the world, she has Nine Books of Poetry to her credit and One Hundred Twenty Research/Academic Publications including Books. She is the recipient of the University Grants Commission Post-Doctoral Research Award for her ground breaking work on World Women Poetry. Her many Awards include the International Reuel Lifetime Achievement Award, Literoma Laureate Lifetime Achievement Award for Art and Literature, Two Women Achievers Awards, Kala Ratnam Award, Global Panorama Book Award, Honour of Conossieur of the Literary Arts (Tunisian Asian Society) and many more. Dr. Banerjee is a Sr. Rotarian, a Multiple Paul Harris Fellow and has been the Indian *Rashtrapati's* (President's) Nominee on Boards of Central Universities. She believes in using her Pen and Voice for Social Transformation and International Goodwill.