



# NATIONAL POETRY DAY

03 OCT

Beautiful & Inspirational Poem  
"I WANT TO BE JAIN"  
By Rutvi Shah (10 yrs)  
San Diego, California. USA

National Poetry Day is held annually on the first Thursday in October and is a celebration of poetry in the UK. The day gives an opportunity and encouragement for everyone to write, experience and share favourite poetry with family and friends.

"I want to be Jain; I want to feed the hungry;  
I want to wipe the tears of the sad.  
I want to give to the needy, **I want to be Jain...**  
I want to push all the anger out of my heart;  
I want to make room for forgiveness instead  
I want to ask for forgiveness for bad things I may have done,  
**I want to be Jain...**

I want animals to live and be free;  
I want people to understand animals are like us  
I don't want to use them for my needs **I want to be Jain...**  
I don't want to lie or cheat, I don't want to take advantage of others  
I want to be honest and truthful; **I want to be Jain...**

I don't want to insist that I am correct,  
there are more than one right answer to a question  
If I don't insist, I am right, there will be no fights,  
**I want to be a Jain...**

Bhagwan Mahavir, let me walk on your path  
The path that took you to liberation, let it take me there too  
Let me spread love, peace, and joy  
Oh, how I want to be Jain...**oh how I want to be Jain!!!**



# Fear

It is said that before entering the sea  
a river trembles with fear

She looks back at the path she has travelled,  
from the peaks of the mountains,  
the long winding road crossing forests and villages

And in front of her,  
she sees an ocean so vast,  
that to enter there seems nothing more than to  
disappear forever.

But there is no other way.  
The river cannot go back.

Nobody can go back.  
To go back is impossible in existence.

The river needs to take the risk  
of entering the ocean  
because only then will fear disappear,  
because that's where the river will know  
it's not about disappearing into the ocean,  
but of becoming the ocean.

By Kahlil Gibran  
(a favourite poet)

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# By Kabir

*badaa huaa to kyaa huaa, jaise ped khajuur  
panthii ko chhaayaa nahiin, phal lage ati duur*

So what does it matter if someone is  
important/big/famous/a person of consequence?  
A date palm is also tall - but it offers no shade to  
the traveller, and its fruit is out of reach.

*jaise til mein tel hai, jyon chakmak mein aag  
teraa saaiin tujhmein hai, tuu jaag sake to jaag*

Just as there is oil in a sesame seed and fire in a  
flintstone. The divine lies within you, awaken  
yourself if you can.

*(This seed of detachment exists in all of us. Kabir tells  
us that it does and exhorts us to awaken it and achieve  
liberation, instead of wasting our lives in the pursuit of  
trivial goals)*

*granth panth sansaar ke baat bataavat tiin  
Ram hriday mein, dayaa man mein, tan sevaa  
mein liin*

Essentially, all the scriptures and faiths in the  
world say three things:

Let your heart be filled with the supreme soul,  
Let your mind be full of compassion,  
Let your body be engaged in helping others.

# The Guest House

This being human is a guest house.  
Every morning a new arrival.

A joy, a depression, a meanness,  
some momentary awareness comes  
As an unexpected visitor.

Welcome and entertain them all!  
Even if they're a crowd of sorrows,  
who violently sweep your house  
empty of its furniture,  
still treat each guest honorably.  
He may be clearing you out  
for some new delight.

The dark thought, the shame, the malice,  
meet them at the door laughing,  
and invite them in.

Be grateful for whoever comes,  
because each has been sent  
as a guide from beyond.

By Mawlana Jalaluddin Rumi  
(Translation by Coleman Barks)

SOME OF MY  
FAVOURITE POEMS



# Go not to the temple

Go not to the temple to put flowers upon the feet of God,  
First fill your own house with the fragrance of love...

Go not to the temple to light candles before the altar of God,  
First remove the darkness of sin from your heart...

Go not to the temple to bow down your head in prayer,  
First learn to bow in humility before your fellowmen...

Go not to the temple to pray on bended knees,  
First bend down to lift someone who is downtrodden...

Go not to the temple to ask for forgiveness for your sins,  
First forgive from your heart those who have sinned against you...

By Rabindranath Tagore

## Sonnet 18 By William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

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Share your  
favourite poem



# Dreams

Again, and again this moment won't come,  
This moment will not come again,  
again and again, this present so precious,  
Use now or the moment's in vain,

The way that you know, in that way you do,  
Do that which makes Indweller pleased,  
No rule can I give but find your path in you  
And that goodness in you will be pleased

Birth after birth the seed that you sow  
Of ecstasy never will cease,  
Continue evolving, continue to grow  
And the harvest of bliss will increase,

For body and wealth and youth we're obsessed  
But these are illusory forms,  
Gone in a breath, let us know how we're blessed,  
Flow with prana and weather life's storms;

For prana is Life, more precious than wealth  
More precious than body and youth,  
Used as a means not an end wealth and health  
Then your living will take you to Truth

When this body drops down, what meaning has wealth  
And hold the things that you store?  
Why would you want to be called an old miser?  
Why do you hoard and store more?

Again, and again this moment won't come,  
This moment will not come again,  
Again and again, this present so precious,  
Use now so your life's not in vain.