



Centre for Promotion of
Arts and Sciences

Hum Sub

Quarterly Newsletter

ISSUE NO 5 | JANUARY-MARCH 2026 | VOLUME 3



Okhla Wetland Bird Sanctuary, Delhi NCR

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"Evil unchecked grows,
Evil tolerated poisons the whole system".

Jawaharlal Nehru

From Editor's Desk

This Quarterly Newsletter has its first essay on a very distinguished luminary, namely, Yogendra Shukla. He is little known today and has been very much an unsung hero of the Freedom Struggle. Yet he was one of the tallest revolutionaries of India. The free India owes a great debt to its great son who lived in our midst. He was one of the founding members of the Hindustan Socialist Republican Army along with Bhagat Singh, Chandrasekhar Azad and others.

The 'Special Article' in this issue highlights the important place accorded to the couplets of Sant Kabir in the *Guru Granth Sahib*, the holy book of the Sikhs. These philosophical couplets have shown light to successive generations of people. The popularity of Sant Kabir and his preachings led his followers of (Kabir Panthi) to compose new couplets, amplifying his philosophy in simpler words.

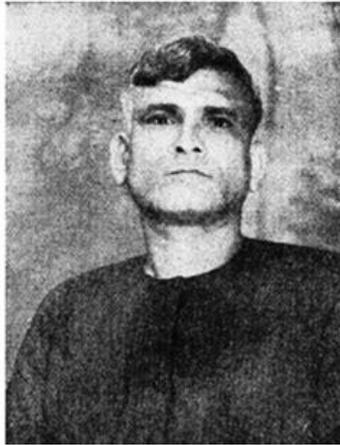
It is very often difficult to distinguish which are Sant Kabir's couplets and which are composed by his followers because their style is similar, and in most cases begin with the usual invocation: '*suno bhai sadho*' (*listen, o' good people*). In that respect, the couplets included in the *Guru Granth Sahib* are claimed to be most authentic of Sant Kabir's original couplets.

The next article 'Remembering the Days Gone By' narrates the life journey of Veena Prasad, from childhood to old age. It spans more than seven decades and makes reading interesting as the different phases of life unfold. The last paragraph of the article has a message for the younger generations, where she asks them to work together to meet the challenges of the devastating effects of climate change, institutional inequality and poverty in the world.

In the section on Poems, we have once again a beautiful poem titled 'Happiness in Life' by Manoj Ranjan Sinha. Finally, I look forward to helpful suggestions for improving the newsletter. I also take this opportunity to request you to send me articles and poems appropriate to the Quarterly Newsletter.

Sharat Kumar

Yogendra Shukla (1896-1960)



Yogendra Shukla was one of the tallest revolutionaries of India. He was born in 1896 in the village Jalalpur in the Vaishali district of Bihar. Bihar was then part of Bengal Presidency. Bengal was divided in 1905 on communal lines, and this gave a fillip to the resistance movement in the country. He was very much moved by the supreme sacrifice of Khudiram Bose who was executed in 1908 in Muzaffarpur at the young age of eighteen years by the British government in India.

He joined soon after the left-wing revolutionary movement and was one of the founding members of the **Hindustan Socialist Republican Army (HSRA)** along with Chandrasekhar Azad, Sachindranath Sanyal, Bhagat Singh, Ram Prasad Bismil, Asfaqulla Khan, Surendra Nath Buxi and Jogesh Chandra Chatterjee. This organization was in existence from 1924 to 1936. Subsequently it came to be known as Hindustan Socialist Republican Association (HSRA).

Because of their anti-government activities in colonial India, he was arrested, convicted and eventually imprisoned in the Cellular Jail in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, also known as '**Kala Pani**'. He remained imprisoned there from 1932 to 1937. Consequent to his hunger strike in the Cellular Jail for 46 days, he was shifted to Hazaribagh Central Jail. As a result of the Congress ministry in Bihar pressing for his release, he was eventually released in December 1938. The ministry led by the then Premier of Bihar Sri Krishna Sinha is said to have resigned in protest for his long detention.

On his release he joined the Indian National Congress and was elected a member of the All-India Congress Committee in 1938. On persuasion of Jay Prakash Narayan (JP), he subsequently joined the Congress Socialist Party that was set up within the Congress Party in 1934. The communists of India had joined the Congress Socialist Party earlier in 1936 as part of the *Popular Front* strategy of the (Third) Communist International / 'Comintern'.

The Congress governments all over the country resigned in protest since the British Government and the Viceroy of India had unilaterally declared India a belligerent country, that is, without consulting the Congress Party in the Government. Both JP and Yogendra Shukla were arrested in 1940 for anti-war propaganda under the Defense of India Rules (DIR) for organizing resistance to British rule in India. Both were lodged in the

Hazaribagh Central Jail. Soon after, Mahatma Gandhi started his 'Quit India Movement' with his clarion call of 'Do or Die'.

With the help of their colleagues outside the jail, such as Basawan Singh, they scaled the wall of the Central Jail on the new moon day of November 1942 and escaped. Since JP was not well, Yogendra Shukla carried JP on his shoulders all the way up till Gaya! He could probably do this because of the forced labor and other hardships faced earlier in the Cellular Jail. They were, however, apprehended soon and rearrested in 1943 and subjected to severe torture; JP in the Lahore Fort and Yogendra Shukla in the Buxar Jail. They were eventually released after three years in 1946.

On India's Independence, Yogendra Shukla continued to play an important role in the cause of the socialist movement in the country. He was nominated to the Bihar Legislative Council in 1958. His health had been rapidly deteriorating because of long years of hardship suffered in the various jails. Close to his death, he had lost his eyesight as well. He died on 19 November 1960.

In 2021, the Government of India released a postal stamp in his honour along with his nephew Baikuntha Shukla. (Baikuntha Shukla was hanged in 1934 for murdering Phanindra Nath Ghosh who had become a government approver, which led to the hanging of Bhagat Singh, Sukhdev and Rajguru).



Special Article

Sant Kabir in 'Guru Granth Sahib'

'Guru Granth Sahib' is the holy book of the Sikhs. Guru Nanak is the founder of *Sikhism*, the youngest religion of India. Guru Nanak (1469–1539) was a saintly person. He composed devotional songs in praise of one God: *Ik Onkar* (ੴ). They were composed in the language of the people of his region (Punjabi) and he sang his hymns together with his minstrel companion Bhai Mardana. 'Jap Ji (Recite His Name), 'Asa di Var' (Ballad of Hope) and 'Sidha Ghosti' (Discussion with the Siddhas) in the Guru Granth Sahib owe directly to Guru Nanak. It is generally believed that Guru Nanak attained enlightenment after he was submerged in the Bein river and came out of the river after three days and proclaimed, 'There is no Hindu, no Musselman' as his first 'Guru Mantra'.

Yet another of his Guru Mantra is that of 'Naam Simran', that is, remembrance of the Absolute as ingrained in 'Jap Ji', which is recited by the Sikh devotees every morning. Guru Nanak, furthermore, favored 'Sahaj Yoga' in opposition to 'Hath Yoga'. He preached everyone to lead a normal life imbued with righteousness (*Dharam*), effort (*Shram*), knowledge (*Jnana*) and truth (*Sach*). He accorded the rightful place to women, favored marriages and condemned the social prejudices around the caste system. He began the practice of 'langars' (*community kitchens*) and insisted on eating together without any feeling of high and low. According to him, with God's grace, salvation (*Jeevan Mukti*) of a man or a woman is possible in this life itself.

The fourth Guru Arjan (1563-1606) compiled the Guru Granth Sahib, which has the hymns composed by the first five gurus of the Sikhs, the hymns of different Saints (Bhagats) that expressed similar thoughts as those of Guru Nanak and the hymns composed by the court poets of the Gurus (Bhatts) who were Kashmiri brahmins. Amongst the twenty Sufis/ Saints mentioned in the Guru Granth Sahib whose sayings have been included, Sant Kabir (1425-1518) is accorded the first place. As many as 243 hymns (couplets) of Sant Kabir have been included in the Guru Granth Sahib.

Sant Kabir was a contemporary of Guru Nanak, senior in age by around fifty odd years. His hymns in praise of God and other couplets are also composed in the language of the masses; unlike the hymns and chants composed in Sanskrit or in Arabic, which the masses could not read or understand. Sant Kabir equated Ram (*the Absolute*) with Rahim (*the Merciful*). He was popular with both amongst the Hindus and amongst the Muslims. He chose Meghar instead of Banaras to breathe his last. Significantly, there stands a Samadhi of Kabir venerated by the Hindus and a Tomb of Kabir venerated by the Muslims in Meghar! A few of the hymns/couplets of Sant Kabir included in the Guru Granth Sahib are reproduced below:

कबीर जाति जुलाहा किआ करै हिरदै बसे गुपाल ॥
कबीर रमईआ कंठि मिलु चूकहि सरब जंजाल ॥८२॥

Meaning:

Sant Kabir tells us that he belongs to the lowly weaver community. God, however, resides in his heart. In God's embrace, he tells us, all his worldly turmoil vanishes.

कबीर बामनु गुरु है जगत का भगतन का गुरु नाहि ॥
अरझि उरझि कै पचि मूआ चारउ बेदहु माहि ॥२३७॥

Meaning:

Sant Kabir says that although the Brahmins (Priests) might be the teachers of the world, they are not the teachers of the devoted. The Brahmins are engrossed more in acquiring knowledge of the Vedas.

कबीर मुलां मुनारे किआ चढहि सांई न बहरा होइ ॥
जा कारनि तूं बांग देहि दिल ही भीतरि जोइ ॥१८४॥

Meaning:

Commenting on the Muezzins (Priests) who call for prayers from a minaret announcing - in a loud voice - 'God is the greatest', Sant Kabir asks the muezzins if they think that 'God is deaf'? He further says that when God resides inside his heart, the priest, in his ignorance, seeks him outside.

कबीर हज काबे हउ जाइ था आगै मिलिआ खुदाइ ॥
सांई मुझ सिउ लरि परिआ तुझै किन्हि फुरमाई गाइ ॥१९७॥

Meaning:

Kabir tells us that he was on his way to Kaaba. On his way, he encountered Khuda (God) who asked him, 'why do you go to Kaaba to seek me'? 'Am I not everywhere'?

कबीर रामै राम कहु कहिबे माहि बिबेक ॥
एकु अनेकहि मिलि गइआ एक समाना एक ॥१९१॥

Meaning:

Kabir explains that Ram has two meanings: one as a person finite (as in Ramayan) and another as the God infinite.

कबीर लूटना है त लूटि लै राम नाम है लूटि ॥
फिरि पाछै पछुताहुगे प्रान जाहिंगे छूटि ॥४१॥

Meaning:

Saint Kabir tells all that if you wish to plunder, plunder the limitless trove of the name of God. You can do this as long as you live. It would be too late when you have departed from this world.

कबीर तूं तूं करता तूं हूआ मुझ महि रहा न हूं ॥
जब आपा पर का मिटि गइआ जत देखउ तत तूं ॥२०४॥

Meaning:

Ever lost in you, I cease to exist. When I thus cease to exist, it is You that I see everywhere.

Remembering the Days Gone By

Veena Prasad*

"The moving finger writes.
and having writ,
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit,
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it. "

Omar Khayyam

I sat in a pensive mood contemplating the beautiful, peaceful scene before me, as the sun rose in its full splendour, painting the sky with a golden hue. I felt at peace and thanked the Almighty for all that he had given me. The chapters of my life unfold before my eyes whenever I sit in a pensive mood, wondering if I could have lived my life differently. Have I left my footprints behind? I do not know.

But whatever it may be, the life of each of us is a story of our dreams, our ambitions, our achievements and failures. And I do believe that in some way or the other we influence those who are with us in our life's journey, even if in a small way. At least I hope so. The story of my life begins with what I remember of my childhood. As Leo Tolstoy said:

*"Happy, happy, never returning time of childhood.
How can we help loving and dwelling upon its recollections ".*

Thus, it is that my happiest and sweetest memories are of those days when life was carefree. When we played, climbed trees, picked raw mangoes, jamuns, and ate carrots, peas and cucumbers etc. fresh from the garden. This was pure enjoyment. I lived in a joint family. A home that was full of the warmth of all those who lived with me. Living in a joint family we learn to share with others. When we celebrate festivals and other auspicious occasions together, we learn a most valuable lesson of living in harmony together with others and also learn to respect different viewpoints. Moreover, there is a support system that gives us the courage and confidence needed to face the challenges of life as well as helps to build a balanced personality.

My parents, of course, are at the Centre of my life's story. I am the fourth child of my parents. We were altogether seven brothers and sisters. All of us received the best education and were given all the opportunities to pursue our interests and to decide our future course of action.

My mother was a very soft-spoken and gentle person. A very liberal person, she encouraged us to think for ourselves. She had played a role in the Freedom Struggle of our country. She used to tell us about her experiences of sitting in dharnas, of the burning of foreign goods and of her stay in ashrams. In many ways she was much ahead of her times.

My father has been the most important person in my life. Most people had the impression that he was a very serious person. Yes, he was. At the same time, he was very compassionate, very gentle with a very lively sense of humour. He was a special favourite of all the children in the family. A multi -faceted man, he had a deep interest in many subjects ranging from History, Philosophy, Economic and Social development to Literature and Cultural development. I still remember him reciting verses from Vidyapati and Kalidas and also his talk about Vedas, Upanishads, Ramayan and the Gita.

He was a civil servant, known for his simplicity, honesty and dedication to his work. He served in various capacities in the Bihar Government as well as in the Central Government. During his last years of service, he was appointed as the Chairman and Managing Director (CMD) of National Coal Development Corporation, which extended to another term after his retirement. After which he also served as the CMD of Heavy Engineering Corporation. Later, he was appointed the Dy. Chairman of the Bihar State Planning Board, for two terms. Even after he retired from the State Planning Board, he remained associated with various institutions like BITCO, Bihar Vidyapeeth, SBI and the Bihar Electricity Board.

Work for him was his religion. He never gave any importance to the outer manifestations of any religious practices. He believed that all religions aim to make us better human beings and it is more important to do one's duty and be sensitive to the needs of others. He also had a strong will power and he faced all challenges in life with a great deal of resilience and inner strength. He was very much shaken by the pre-mature death of my uncle (Parmanand Chacha), my mother, Manoranjan bhैया and my husband. But he didn't allow these tragedies to break him. We all had a lot to learn from him.

My initial years of schooling began in Mount Carmel Convent School, Patna. The school during my time was housed in one of the most iconic buildings in Patna, situated opposite Patna High Court. During that time the school and Patna Women's College occupied the same building. It was much later that a separate building for the school was constructed. I owe a great deal to my school; it was a home away from home for me. Whatever values I have in my life have come primarily from my parents and from the sisters who taught me. The school also offered an opportunity for sports and extra curriculum activities which are very important for all-round development.

I studied in Sardar Patel Vidyalaya for the last three years of school after my father was transferred to Delhi, as Joint Secretary in the Ministry of Home Affairs. Situated on Lodi Road it was a new school. My batch was the first to pass out. It is rated as one of the best schools in Delhi. I always look back upon those days in school with a lot of nostalgia, remembering the trips and picnics, all the cultural activities and the games we played. I was very fortunate to have very good teachers and the friendships formed during those days still form a very important part of my life. My name being there in the Honour's list is a matter of pride for me..... though I did not come up to the expectations of my teachers.

Subsequently, I did my graduation and post-graduation from Delhi University. My subject for both the courses was History. I think it is one of the most fascinating subjects. It records the growth of civilization from the beginning of human settlement. It encompasses within its fold all the different aspects of our lives, be it Art, Literature, politics, Science or socio-economic evolution.

Unfortunately, History has become a tool in the hands of those who wish to change the narrative to suit their own interests. We fail to realize that if we alter facts or delete them altogether, the study of history becomes an entirely fruitless pursuit. In a way we are dishonest to our future generations by leaving a tampered account of history.

After I had completed my post-graduation, I appeared for the Civil Services Examinations. Unfortunately, I did not qualify and very foolishly decided not to take another chance. Marriage was not in my plans, but my parents and family members wanted me to seriously consider it. I finally agreed to one of the proposals on the condition of being able to meet my future life partner and to ensure that there would be no demands for dowry. Arrangements were made and I went to Asansol, where he was posted, accompanied by Parmanand Chacha, chachi and my cousin Ira. I must thank my uncle for making this possible despite the fact that many of my elders

advised against it. He has a very special place in my life. He was a friend and a mentor who always stood by my side and was always there whenever I needed his advice and support.

Well, we were received very warmly by Sunil and made to feel at home in no time. My first impression was of a very cheerful, witty, warm-hearted and intelligent person. I gave my consent and the marriage was fixed for 29th January 1967. My marriage was performed at Patna from 3 Circular Road, which was the official residence allotted to my father, after he had been transferred back from Delhi and joined the Government of Bihar as Development Commissioner. It was an imposing building surrounded by a very big compound. I still remember the guava, litchi and the chikoo trees and the beautiful garden. Nothing can be more delightful than being amidst nature and enjoying what it gives us so generously.

I remember that the house was beautifully lit up for the marriage and the 'Vivah Mandap' was decorated very artistically with white flowers. The shehnai played soulfully all through the marriage ceremony, creating a soothing and a serene atmosphere. It was also an occasion for all the extended family members to be together and be a part of all the celebrations.

Food was prepared by chefs in the space allotted to them in the premise itself. They had been specially brought from Bihar Sharif for the occasion. Though the number of guests and food items had to be restricted because of the famine-like situation prevailing in the state. But the food served was highly appreciated. Sweets such as Long-lata, Pista-burfi and Parval-ki-mithai was their specialty. Other items were also equally relished, especially a fish preparation.

All the marriage rituals were duly performed according to our tradition. But I remember having refused to perform those that in my opinion were irrelevant. They had just been passed on from one generation to another, without any questions asked. Times change and we must change accordingly. We should leave behind practices or rituals that become meaningless or irrelevant as times and situations change. Although, though unintentionally, I did cause a lot of displeasure to my elders on this account.

I was married into one of the most well-known and prestigious families of Bihar. My father-in-law was a highly respected person. His was a large family of eight children, all of them well settled. My mother-in-law had passed away a few years before my marriage. I had become a part of a family where there was a great deal of freedom, with no restrictions of any kind, whatsoever.

Sunil, my husband, was a mining engineer, who had graduated from the Dhanbad School of Mines. He was Superintendent of the Mines Rescue Station, at the time of my marriage. It is an emergency organization where they are trained to respond to emergencies at any time of day or night, at a mine site. This requires the need for the upkeep of specialized equipments needed to save human lives and national property in respect to underground mining. The magnitude of the disasters and the risks involved can be judged from the tragedy that happened at Chas Nala in 1975 and later at Raniganj. Many may remember the film 'Kaala Patthar' based on the disaster in Chas Nala. Sunil, at that time was posted in Asansol, on deputation to the Eastern Coalfields. I remember those days of tension and stress. A rescue team from Asansol was also requisitioned, as all available help was needed. Sunil was also actively involved in the supervision of the rescue work.

A new phase of my life, after I was married, started from Argada where Sunil was posted at that time. He was very understanding and accommodative by nature. He never dictated terms and respected the viewpoint of others. Of course, we had our share of disagreements and arguments. In fact, after a few months of marriage he suggested to me that I should take up a job. "It will be better for us", he said. "You will be fruitfully occupied, and we will have less time for arguments! I pointed out to him that there were hardly any opportunities

available in Ramgarh. But one fine day he brought me the forms from the Army Children School, where there was a vacancy for the post of teacher. Very reluctantly I filled in the forms. Firstly, because I did not have the qualifications for teaching in schools. Secondly, I had been told that they were not in favour of recruiting ' civilians '. Anyways, I submitted the form. But I was taken by surprise when I was informed that I had been selected.

My experience as a teacher in Army Children School was very good. The job of a teacher in schools is very difficult and a very responsible one too. The foundation is laid during the early and tender age of a child. Though I had the reputation of being very strict, I had a very special bond with my students. The unconditional love and respect that they gave me meant a lot to me.

The official residence allotted to my husband stood at a slightly elevated ground. Down below in the distance I could see the Damodar River, snaking its way through the rocks, to its destination. There were trees and plants in our garden that added to the beauty and tranquility of the place. Life in Argada was very good though very hectic. The days started with morning walks. Afterwards there was school for me and office for my husband. In the evenings we played badminton. I must mention here that Sunil was an excellent badminton player.

In fact, he loved all sports, especially cricket. He was a very good swimmer too and was always ready to take a dip whenever and wherever he spotted a water body. During holidays we went out for picnics and organized get togethers. Altogether life was good. Especially, because my father was posted in Ranchi, as CMD of NCDC, during that time, and we could meet my parents very frequently. But the death of my uncle in Ranchi created a vacuum in my life..... I had lost a friend. But life teaches you that nothing is permanent, and we must accept gains and losses as they come to us.

After Argada Sunil was posted twice to Sitarampur (Asansol). The second time was when he was on deputation to the Eastern Coalfields. Twice he was posted to Dhanbad too. Life in both these places was very good, and social life was active as well, given Sunil's outgoing nature. Though I missed the badminton sessions which had become a part of our daily routine in Argada. And I missed my school too.

With Sunil's posting in Dhanbad I had another opportunity to teach in a school. It was again on Sunil's initiative that I took up the job in Mount Carmel, Dighwadi, and taught there for a year. My experience of teaching in Army Children School came in handy. And of course, I loved teaching and being with children. After a year I left school to be with my son Vineet (Vicky) who had entered our lives, completely changing its course. Having a child at home was a wonderful experience, though it was a full-time job.

One of my most remembered trips that we took, when we were in Dhanbad, was the one to Vaishnavo Devi. The sheer beauty of the moonlit night as we climbed to the top can never be forgotten. It is not only renowned for its temple but also for its picturesque scenery. It was a wonderful experience. After a few years, when Vicky started going to school, I joined a primary school on the request of an acquaintance of mine, who was the owner. I taught there for a few years till Sunil's transfer to Nagpur.

Our stay in Nagpur still evokes very happy memories as well as that of a period of stress and anxiety caused by Sunil's illness. He suffered a massive heart attack though he recovered in a few months' time with all the care he received in the hospital and from his office. In December 1992, we took a trip to Kerala from Nagpur. It is indeed a Tourist's delight. Beautiful, with the water bodies, the famous Kovalam beach and the greenery around, it is God's own country.

It was around two months after we returned from our trip to Kerala that Sunil's health deteriorated. We took him to Escort's Heart Institute, in Delhi, where he passed away on 30th May 1993. Sunil's death marked a

complete change in our lives. Vicky had appeared for his 12th Board Examination and wanted to go to Delhi for his further studies. I could not accompany him because I had opted to join the company (WCL) as there was no pension in PSU'S at that time. After a few months I requested a transfer to Delhi which was granted.

I had lived in Delhi before, though the city had changed quite a bit, and is changing still. New colonies have sprung up over time, and new office buildings have come up. New shopping centers and malls are there all over the city. We have a new Parliament building as well. The area around the India Gate has acquired a new look, very different from our good old days. There has been a great transformation in the transport system as well, especially with the coming in of the Metro. But I do feel nostalgic about the time I lived in Delhi before. There were a lot of open spaces, and we had a clean environment.

Delhi was a known place for me and adjusting to a new phase of my life here was not very difficult .But the circumstances were very different now and I must acknowledge that without the support of my husband's family and that of my brothers and sister, who were in Delhi, I could not have developed the courage and resilience to move forward in my life. My friends and acquaintances were very helpful too. My father of course was a pillar of strength, as always.

Life is a great teacher. It teaches us to make compromises and adjustments and move ahead regardless of the disappointments, failures that we have to encounter in our lives. But when we look back upon our past, we tend to lay more emphasis upon our happier moments that help to lessen the impact of our sorrows. Nostalgic moments are those that are without any shadows of the tragedies of life.

Today, I am well settled in Delhi with my son, my daughter-in-law, grandson and granddaughtermy sunshine baby as I call her. But often when I think about the situation prevailing all over the world today, I have wondered if we are leaving enough of sunshine for our children and grandchildren? When most of the countries are engaged in unwanted and destructive wars, the whole world suffers. Wars have a devastating effect on the economy of the countries concerned as well as that of the whole world. It destroys all the progress that we have made right from the dawn of civilization, it doesn't leave nature untouched either. If we fail to learn the lessons that history teaches us, we are bound to suffer. As Edmund Burke said, " Those who fail to learn from history are destined to repeat it “.

It is only when we regard the whole world as one, and work together to meet the challenges of inequality, poverty and secure our environment to stem the devastating effects of climate change, that we can make our world a better place. This will be possible only when we live in harmony and are not divided based on caste, race or religion. Only then can we leave a legacy of harmony in society and live in peace with our surroundings and do justice to our future generations. Let us leave a clean, green and beautiful planet for our future generations...



*Veena Prasad

'HAPPINESS IN LIFE'



What a lovely nine letter sweet word 'happiness',
Adored by one and all,
Who doesn't want to be happy in life,
But to get something big every time,
And to feel happy is difficult.

So, try to be happy,
Even in little things in life,
Which are not little,
But very big really.
Make a gentle change in your attitude,
And there is plenty of happiness all around,
Find happiness in nature's beauty:
In sunrise n sunsets every day,
In the greenery of forest,
In the sweetness of chirping birds.

Be happy in the innocent smile of a child,
Enjoy the dark clouds,
And the raindrops,
And the bright sunshine,
It is truly the positivity in you,
And in your mind.

Life itself is a reason for happiness,
Be grateful to the almighty,
And grasp the happiness,
For whatever you have been blessed with,
Happiness is present all around,
It is your state of mind,
And nothing else,
Which makes u happy unlimited,
Which makes you happy unlimited!