

## **Jyoti Lanjewar, a rebel**

**Bhupali Kusum Vitthal**

### **Caves\***

Their inhuman atrocities have carved caves  
in the rock of my heart  
I must tread this forest with wary steps  
Eyes fixed on the changing times  
The tables have turned now  
Protests spark  
Now here  
Now there.  
I have been silent all these years  
listening to the voice of right and wrong  
But now I will fan the flames  
of human rights  
How did we ever reach to this place  
this land which was never mother to us?  
Which never gave us  
even the life of cats and dogs?  
I hold their unpardonable sins as witness  
and turn, here and now.  
a rebel.

**~ Jyoti Lanjewar**

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*Dr. Jyoti Lanjewar being awarded Granth Lekhak Prakash Sanstha Puraskar*

A brief bio-sketch, excerpted from [Ambedkaree.com](http://Ambedkaree.com):

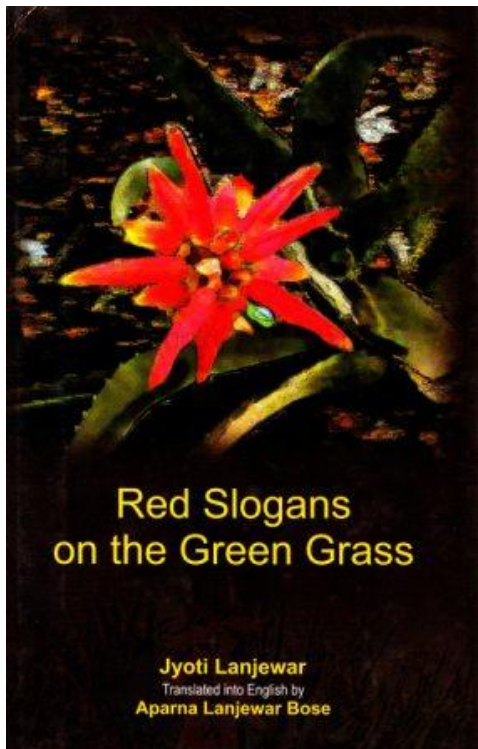
Born in Nagpur, Maharashtra, on 25th November 1950, she grew up in a family that had dedicated itself to social causes.

She was educated at Nagpur where she did her masters, M.Phil and PhD. She has accepted a permanent position as professor and head of Marathi at SB City College, Nagpur and is serving till date.

Dr Jyoti Lanjewar needs no introduction in Marathi literature. She is a noted writer, critic, poet, feminist scholar and social activist. She has authored more than 14 books out of which 4 are poetry collections, and are 7 books on criticism.

Her poems have been translated into almost all Indian languages and also foreign languages including Sinhalese, Russian, German, Swedish and English. Her poetic works are taught at several [universities](#), both in India and abroad. Her poetry has been anthologized in several compilations and anthologies of modern Indian poetry.

A compilation of her poems, translated into English by Dr. Aparna Lanjewar [Bose](#), has come out in the form of the book '*Red Slogans on the Green Grass*', published by [Scion](#), Pune.



In the book, she says:

"poetry is a trestle/ spanning the distance between/ what i feel/ and what i say" says the African American woman writer Nikki Giovanni.

Actually poetry is much more. It is simply the reason for its being. An words are but felt excuses that unload pressures of pain and sensations, by elegantly transmuting life into poetry and then leaving her alone to grow the way she wants to and to become what she attempts to be.

This is how she described [her work](#):

"My poetry is about humanity and its seemingly endless struggles for survival, for change, for justice and sometimes humanity happens to be the oppressed marginalized... it's a wonderful process of all these voices coming out of me."

Read more about her writer's profile [here](#):

"She has authored more than 15 books and remains one of the leading voices in modern Indian poetry today.

Her poetry speaks on diverse themes as womanhood, motherhood, friendship, honest commitment, human values and love. Her poetry punctures the status quoist forces and entails dauntless passion, wisdom, and rare intensity that dismantle stereotypes to render candidly the lived and shared women experiences, intersecting gender, class, caste and caste within"

This excerpt from one of her own poems (*'Life Long Kinship'*), translated by her daughter Dr. Aparna Lanjewar Bose, seems to capture the essence of her spirit:

Those that have drunk  
To the darkness of orthodoxy  
Those that invoke religions for self  
For all such heads and pundits  
I will dig mines, lay trenches  
And fill gunpowder  
To balk them all  
  
Now none of these hilly terrains  
Can scare me again

## Savari

adivasi bahun and dalit women conversing  
<http://www.dalitweb.org>

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As I have a lifelong kinship

With the tempestuous windstorm.

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\*Source: *Poisoned Bread: Translations From Modern Marathi Dalit Literature*.

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[Images courtesy: *the Internet*]