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ORBINDU GANGA

Orbindu Ganga is an author, editor, poet, publisher, consultant, researcher, content writer, and spiritual healer. He holds a postgraduate degree in science from India and is the inaugural recipient of the Dr Mitra Augustine Gold Medal for academic excellence. He owns CynFynEnliven, a company providing publishing, consulting, and content services. He was the co-founder and director of the literary and research editorial boards of two journals, INNSÆI and MatruAksharJournals. His diverse expertise includes finance, banking, publishing, and soft skills training. Additionally, he developed the Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS) and is a certified life coach, spiritual coach, and mindset coach under SOBS. He has been featured four times in "The Year of Poet" (2019–2021 and 2025) by Inner Child Press International Publication (United States of America). He has published over two hundred poems, twenty science articles, fifteen general articles, ten books, three research papers, two short stories, and other creative works.

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एक ख़्वाब

उन पंखों में जान ही नहीं थी,
मगर उड़ान की चाह तो थी,
उस चाहत को हवाओं ने पड़ लिया,
पर वो तो जी रही थी
बेजान सी, एक आस में...

उस एक आस में जीने चले
कि उस आस में, मरने से पहले जी लेंगे,
एहसास तो बहुत बार हुआ,
मगर उस आस को विदा न कर पाया,
हमेशा लुकाछिपी खेलता रहा,
सिर्फ़ उनकी एक झलक पाने के लिये।

एक झलक पाने की ख्वाहिशों में,
न जाने कतने लम्हों को
बिना कहे महसूस किया,
कहने की चाहत हमेशा रही है,
मगर खो गये थे,
उन की एक झलक पा के।

खोने में क्या रखा है,
हमेशा जीते चले आए हैं,
मगर खोने में जो आस मिली है,
अब एहसास दिला रही है,
कि एक झलक पाने के लिये
बिन कहे बरसों से महसूस करना,
एक सुकून है, अब जीने के लिये
वो एक ख्वाहिश बन चुकी है ।

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A DREAM

The desire to fly endured
In spite of lifeless wings,
The breeze read her wish,
But she was living a spiritless
Life, living with a hope...

She lived with the hope that
Before dying, she will live.
Realised it many times,
But she never bid an adieu.
Just to have a glance at her
She played hide-and-seek.

An aspiration to have a glance,
Having felt so deep without speaking
About the numerous moments,
After having a glance at her once
Became oblivion in spite of having
The desire to speak to her.

Becoming oblivion is nothing
Have always been living,
But becoming oblivion has
Given a desire, making me
Realise, waiting for years
To feel for her to just have
A glance is serene, yearning
Has become a reason for living.

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कश्ती में सवार

उस वक़्त के इंतज़ार में न जाने
कितने ख़याल यूँ ही गुज़र गये,
अगर मिले होते तो, सैलाब बन के
हम दोनों कश्ती में सैर करते,
लफ़्ज़ों को मिठास मिल जाता
और हमें आपकी रूहानियत।

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BEING IN A BOAT

How many thoughts have left me
Having waited for a long while,
If we had met, we would have
Travelled in a boat being inundated,
Words would have been saccharined
And I would be imbued with your soulfulness.