

Ode to Azadi

-Shaurya Pathania

I stroll, I sway, alone in the night,
far away, some glittering lights
I see, hanging on the boards,
aside the road.

Orange, white and green,
they shine— a treat to eyes,
I stopped there at this scene,
A poster hanging—
on the wire, right above
reads "*Azadi ka Amrit Mahotsav*"

What does this mean?
How does it affect me?

it's a celebration of struggle
of our ancestors,
who fought to hear
the singing golden bird,
it's a festival for our achievers,
Our leaders, holy believers
Every citizen who resides and strives
for the country's pride.

As I'm covered with these thoughts,
Suddenly arrives dawn,

And I hear the chants of girls and boys,
"*Inqalaab Zindabaad*", in a single voice
How astonishing, so many mediums
Still no noise,
To me, they all are unknown
Still, they hand me a flag
And hold my hand,
I'm no more alone—

75th Independence Day,
I know what it means, to me
The oneness we achieve,
We as a whole, we as a cluster
Celebrating every culture
Equally in harmony and peace

Our country excelling in every field,
That's the goal, that's the idea,
So, every one bows down
To chant "Long live India".