

Anthology of Dona Sara Biju



Presented by

My poetic Side 

Dedication

For the grace that carried me through every line.

To anyone and everyone,

who once doubted the path of my words,

thank you for your skepticism, it lit the fire in me.

To those who could not see my poetry before it bloomed, this book stands as proof

that faith sometimes arrives after the miracle.

Thank you, too, for your love, even when unseen.

With patience, courage, and hope, dreams do find their voice.

Acknowledgement

To my parents:

For the doubts and the love, both forged the voice you now hold in your hands.

To those who read, listened, and encouraged me quietly:

You gave these words wings.

To the inner self that never stopped writing, even when unseen:

You are my truest companion.

And to poetry:

My refuge and my home, thank you for teaching me how to speak.

About the author

Born in India to brown parents, I discovered the poet within me in grade seven. Since then, I've continued to ponder poetry as a passion, a therapy, and a talent bestowed by the Almighty.

I write to give voice to the quiet corners of the heart. My poetry moves between shadow and light, capturing moments of doubt, discouragement, love, and the imaginations that endlessly flood my mind. For me, poetry is a glance, a word, a memory that lingers long after it's felt. Every poem is a fragment of my journey: unfinished, unfolding, and deeply personal.

summary

MOMENTS AWAITING FOR MY BUS

PETRICHOR

THE VOICE OF THE VOICELESS

HOW PSYCHOLOGY BECAME PSYCHOLOGY

MOMENTS AWAITING FOR MY BUS

Look at the sky,
It's so dark.
Feel the weather,
It's so pleasant.
Look at the moon,
It's so white.
Look at the stars,
They're shining so bright.

Here comes my little bus,
To take me off to school.
I need to hip in and then hop off,
Cause that's just what I need to do!

PETRICHOR

The chirping of the birds sounded louder
And the lupines bloomed even more brightly
The ostentation of peacocks began to dance
And the frogs were merrily prancing.

The sky became even more darker
Yet there was only bliss all around
Looking out the window I saw it better
The sight made my eyes glitter.

The first drop hit on the ground
Spreading the scent around
The scent of petrichor could be smelt
The scent that make hearts melt.

THE VOICE OF THE VOICELESS

Walking on the sidewalk,
voices buzzed by.
Then I noticed her, sitting alone,
with torn clothes and tear-laden eyes.

She wore her youth like a frayed cloak,
a young soul, innocent of this world.
She begged and begged for a penny,
yet eyes turned away, footsteps hurried by.

The voice of the voiceless is never heard,
the voice of the voiceless is never asked for,
the voice of the voiceless is never cared for,
the voice of the voiceless remains unknown.

Leaders rise day by day,
but none ease their pain.
The voice will be heard one day,
only when one among them rises!

HOW PSYCHOLOGY BECAME PSYCHOLOGY

When I sat to write down each name,
I had a real confusion at that time.
It was to remember the evolution of psychology,
Which was tougher than a flower's morphology.

First came Structuralists, followed by Functionalists.
Anyways, aren't they all psychologists?
And then came the Gestaltists,
Who emerged in the 20th century German land.

Following them came Behaviorists,
John.B.Watson was behind this,
And the Psychoanalysts through the famous Freud,
Who shook the world by his radical views.

The evolution didn't end with this,
Cause, then came the Humanists through Maslow,
And, the famous Vgotsky's Constructivism.
And so on psychology grows.
This how psychology became psychology,
Which has its roots in the ancient Philosophy!