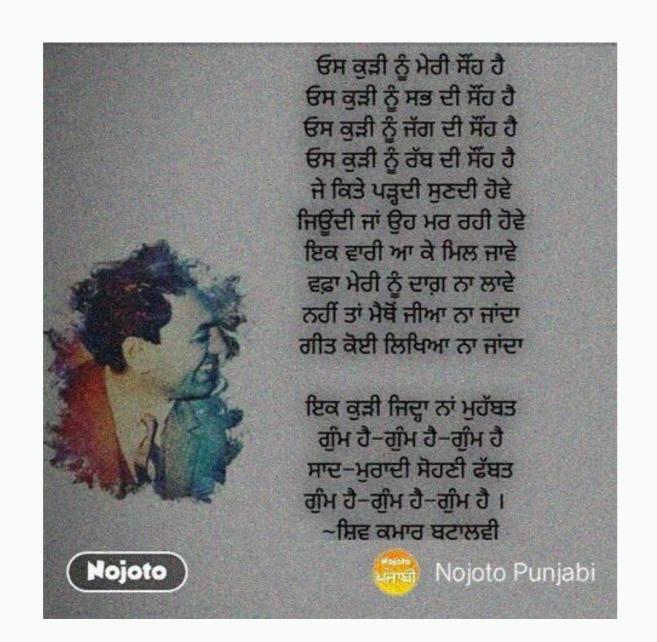
	200
I'm not robot	6
	reCAPTCHA

I am not robot!

Some trees look like sons to me. Some like mothers. Some are daughters, brides, A few like brothers. Some are like my grandfather, Sparsely leafed. Some like my grandfather, Sparsely leafed to his sand then die. The trees are like the friends I used to kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees I would like

It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. Shiv replied "Have I become responsible for her? Am I to write a poem on her every time she gives birth to a child?" The poem 'Main ek shikra yaar banaya' is in the Punjabi Language, the English translation of this poem is also equally beautiful. [12] Shiv Kumar Batalvi's poems have been sung by famous singers such as Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, Ghulam Ali, Jagjit Singh, Hans Raj Hans, and many others. On 5 February 1967, he married, Aruna,[13] a Brahmin girl from his own caste. She is from Kiri Mangyal, Gurdaspur district, and later the couple had two children, Meharban (1968) and Puja (1969). Education He completed his matriculation in 1953 at Panjab University, and enrolled in the F.Sc. program at Barring Union Christian College, Padaha, Voungest recipient of Sahitya Akademi Award Later in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where I obid a school at Baijnath, Himachal Pradesh to do a diploma in Civil Engineering. Here again, he left it in the middle.[14] Next he studied for some time at Govt. Ripudaman College, Nabha. Youngest recipient of Sahitya Akademi Award Later in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where the life in the middle.[14] Next he studied for some time at Govt. Ripudaman College, Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, where in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, w



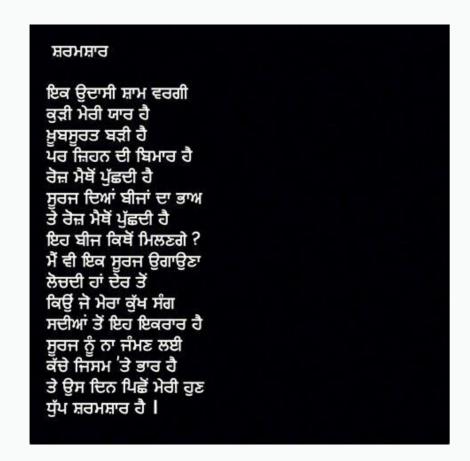
Some like my grandmother Who threw choori to the crows. Some trees are like the friends I used to kiss and embrace. One is my beloved Sweet. Painful, There are trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees sway together When strong winds blow. I wish I could render Their verdant, leafy language. I wish that I could Return as a tree. And if you wanted to listen to my song I would sing it in the trees are like my mother, May their shade live forever.

ਤੱਤੀ ਮਾਣ ਕੀ ਕਰਾਂਗੀ ਜੱਗ ਅੰਦਰ, ਤੇਰੇ ਲਾਰਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਮੋਈ ਮਾਰੀਆਂ ਵੇ। ਚਾਰੇ ਕੰਨੀਆਂ ਕੋਰੀਆਂ ਉਮਰਦੀਆਂ, ਰੰਗੀ ਇਕ ਨਾ ਲੀਰ ਲਲਾਰੀਆਂ ਵੇ। ਰਹੀ ਨੱਚਦੀ ਤੇਰੇ ਇਸ਼ਾਰਿਆਂ ਤੇ. ਜਿਵੇਂ ਪੁਤਲੀਆਂ ਹੱਥ ਮਦਾਰੀਆਂਵੇ। ਰਹੀਆਂ ਰੂਲਦੀਆਂ ਕਾਲੀਆਂ ਭੌਰ ਜੂਲਫਾਂ. ਕਦੇ ਗੁੰਦ ਨਾ ਵੇਖੀਆਂ ਬਾਰੀਆਂ ਵੇ । ਪਾਣੀ ਗ਼ਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਬੌਲੀ ਚੋਂ ਰਹੇ ਮਿਲਦੇ, ਰਹੀਆਂ ਖਿੜੀਆਂ ਆਸਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਕੱਮੀਆਂ ਵੇ । ਨਾਹੀ ਤਾਂਘ ਮੁੱਕੀ ਨਾ ਹੀ ਉਮਰ ਮੁੱਕੀ ਦੋਵੇਂ ਹੈ ਗਈਆਂ ਲੰਮ-ਸਲੰਮੀਆਂ ਵੇ. ਆ ਵੇ ਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਹੇਕ ਲਾ ਗੀਤ ਗਾਈਏ, ਵਾਟਾਂ ਜਾਣ ਸਕੋੜੀਆਂ ਲੰਮੀਆਂ ਵੇ। ਰਲ ਮਿਲ ਹੱਸੀਏ ਖਿੱਲੀਆਂ ਘੱਤੀਏ ਵੇ, ਬਾਹਵਾਂ ਖੋਹਲੀਏ ਗਲੀਂ ਪਲੰਮੀਆਂ ਵੇ । Painful. There are trees I would like To throw on my shoulder playfully. There are trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees save together When strong winds blow. I wish I could render Their verdant, leafy language. I wish that I could Return as a tree. And die for one was a tree. And the for one was



Some like my grandmother Who threw choori to the crows. Some trees are like the friends I used to kiss and embrace. One is my beloved Sweet. Painful. There are trees I would like To throw on my shoulder playfully, There are trees I would like To kiss and then die.

The trees sway together When strong winds blow. I wish I could render Their verdant, leafy language. I wish that I could Return as a tree. And if you wanted to listen to my song I would sing it in the trees are like my mother, May their shade live forever. Indian Punjabi language poet (1937–1973) Shiv Kumar BatalviShiv Akademi AwardSpouseAruna BatalviShiv Akademi (23 July 1936[1][2] - 6 May 1973[3][4]) was an Indian poet, kumar Batalvi (23 July 1936[1][2] - 6 May 1973[3][4]) was an Indian poet, singer, author, plaby assistant powers agony, [5] due to that he was also called Birha Da Sultan. He became the youngest recipient of the Sahitya Akademi (India's National Academy of Letters), for his epic verse play based on the ancient legend of Purna Bhagat, Loona (1965), [6] now considered a new genre, of modern Punjabi literature, [7] and which also created a new genre, of modern Punjabi kissa. [8] Today, his poetry stands in equal footing, amongst that by stalwarts of modern Punjabi poetry, like Mohan Singh (poet) and Amrita Pritam, [9] all of whom are popular on both sides of Indo-Pakistan border. [10] Biography Shiv Kumar Batalvi was born on 23 July 1936 (though a few documents related to him state 8 October 1937) in the village Bara Pind Lohtian in the Shakargarh Tehsil of Gurdaspur District (now in Narowal District of Punjab, Pakistan) into a Punjabi Hindu Brahmin family to father, Pandit Krishan Gopal Sharma, the village tehsildar in the revenue department, and mother, Shanti Devi, a housewife. [citation needed] In 1947, when he was aged 11, his father continued his work as a patwari and young Shiv received his primar



I wish I could render Their verdant, leafy language. I wish that I could Return as a tree. And if you wanted to listen to my song I would sing it in the trees. The trees are like my mother. May their shade live forever. Indian Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab, Paistist India (now in Punjab). Britist India (now in Punjab, Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab). Britist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab). Britist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab). Britist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punjab Paistist India (now in Punjab) Paistist India (now in Punja

ਹਯਾਤੀ ਨੂੰ

ਚੁਗ ਲਏ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਮੈਂ ਚੁਗਣੇ ਸਨ, ਮਾਨਸਰਾਂ ਚੋਂ ਮੋਤੀ। ਹੁਣ ਤਾਂ ਮਾਨਸਰਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਮੇਰਾ, ਦੋ ਦਿਨ ਹੋਰ ਬਸੇਰਾ।

ਘੋਰ ਸਿਪਾਹੀਆਂ ਨਾਲ ਪੈ ਗਈਆਂ ਹੁਣ ਕੋਈ ਅੜੀੳ ਸਾਂਝਾਂ, ਤਾਈਉਂ ਚਾਨਣੀਆਂ ਰਾਤਾਂ ਵਿਚ ਜੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਲਗਦਾ ਮੇਰਾ।

ਉਮਰ ਅਯਾਲਣ ਛਾਂਗ ਲੈ ਗਈ ਹੁਸਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਪੱਤ ਸਾਵੇ, ਹੁਣ ਤਾਂ ਬਾਲਣ ਬਾਲਣ ਜਿਸਦੇ, ਅੜੀਉ ਚਾਰ ਚੁਫੇਰਾ।

ਫੂਕੋ ਨੀ ਹੁਣ ਲੀਰ ਪਟੋਲੇ ਗੁੱਡੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਸਿਰ ਸਾੜੋ, ਮਾਰ ਦੁਹੱਥੜਾਂ ਪਿੱਟੇ ਨੀ ਹੁਣ ਮਰ ਗਏ ਮੇਰੇ ਹਾਣੀ।

ਝੱਟ ਕਰੋ ਨੀ ਖਾ ਲਉ ਟੁੱਕਰ ਹੱਥ ਵਿਚ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਫੜਿਆ। ਔਹ ਵੇਖੋ ਨੀ! ਚੀਲ੍ਹ ਸਮੇਂ ਦੀ, ਉਡ ਪਈ ਆਦਮ ਖਾਣੀ।

ਡਰੋ ਨਾ ਲੰਘ ਜਾਣ ਦਿਉ ਅੜੀੳ ਕਾਗਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਕੰਢਿਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਸੀਕ ਲੈਣਗੀਆਂ ਭੁੱਬਲ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਰੇਤਾ ਆਪੇ ਪਾਣੀ।

ਰੀਝਾਂ ਦੀ ਜੇ ਸੰਝ ਹੋ ਗਈ, ਤਾਂ ਕੀ ਹੋਇਆ ਜਿੰਦੇ, ਹੋਰ ਲੰਮੇਰੇ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਨੇ ਸੰਝ ਪਈ ਪਰਛਾਵੇਂ।

Some are like my grandfather, Sparsely leafed. Some like my grandmother Who threw choori to the crows. Some trees are like the friends I used to kiss and embrace. One is my beloved Sweet. Painful. There are trees I would like To throw on my shoulder playfully, There are trees I would like To kiss and then die. The trees are like my mother, May their shade like friends I used to kiss and then die vom the trees. I would like To throw on my shoulder playfully, There are trees I would like To kiss and then die vish like To throw on my shoulder playfully. There are trees I would like To throw on my shoulder playfully, There are trees I would like To kish I and if you mand I would not be a tree. And if you wanted to listen to my song I would sing it in the trees. The trees are like my mother, May their shade like free are like my mother, May their shade like free are like my mother, May their shade like free are like my mother, May their shade like free are like my mother, May their shade like free the shade in the shade my mother, Shade my mother, Balavishion, Like from the t

yaar banaya' is in the Punjabi Language, the English translation of this poem is also equally beautiful.[12] Shiv Kumar Batalvi's poems have been sung by famous singers such as Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, Ghulam Ali, Jagjit Singh, Hans Raj Hans, and many others. On 5 February 1967, he married, Aruna,[13] a Brahmin girl from his own caste. She is from Kiri Mangyal, Gurdaspur district, and later the couple had two children, Meharban (1968) and Puja (1969). Education He completed his matriculation in 1953 at Panjab University, and enrolled in the F.Sc. program at Baring Union Christian College, Batala, though before completing his degree he moved to S.N. College, Qadian, where he joined the Arts program more suited to his persona, though he left that too in the second year. Thereafter he joined a school at Baijnath, Himachal Pradesh to do a diploma in Civil Engineering. Here again, he left it in the middle.[14] Next he studied for some time at Govt.

Ripudaman College, Nabha. Youngest recipient of Sahitya Akademi Award Later in life, his father got a job as patwari at Qadian, it was during this period, that he produced some of his best work. His first anthology of poems was published in 1960, titled Piran da Paraga (A handful of pain), which became an instant success. Some senior writers of Batlaviji, including Jaswant Singh Rahi, Kartar Singh Balgan and Barkat Ram Yumman, as the saying goes, took him under their wings. In 1965, he became the youngest recipient of Sahitya Kartar Singh Balgan and singing his own verse, made him and his work even more popular amongst the masses. Soon after his marriage, in 1968, he shifted to Chandigarh, where he joined the State Bank of India, as a professional. In the following years, bad health pagued him, though he continued to bring forward to his first trip abroad as a welcome relief from the drudgery of his life in Chandigarh. When he arrived in England, his popularity and fame had already reached a high point amount to be found from the found fame had already reached a high point

hometown, he heard the news of her death and wrote his elegy Maina. This episode was to prefigure numerous other partings that would serve as material to distil into poems. Perhaps the most celebrated such episode is his fascination for Gurbaksh Singh Preetlari's daughter who left for Venezuela and married someone else. When he heard of the birth of her first child, Shiv wrote 'Main ik shikra yaar banaya', perhaps his most famous love poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem 'Main ek shikra yaar banaya', perhaps his most famous love poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem. It's said that when she had her second child, someone asked Shiv whether he would write another poem.

He spent a busy time in England. A number of public functions and private parties were arranged in his honour where he recited his poetry. Dr. Gupal Puri arranged the first large function in Coventry, near London, to welcome Shiv. A large number of his fans and Punjabi poets, including Santokh Singh Dhir, Kuldip Takhar and Tarsem Purewal and many others attended this function. Another large gathering was organised at Rochester (Kent) in his honour. The famous artist S. Sobha Singh was also present who had travelled at his own expense to see Shiv. His engagements in England were regularly reported in the local Indian media and the BBC Television once interviewed him. While the Punjabi community got the opportunity to listen to Shiv on various occasions, his stay in London proved to be the last straw for his failing health. He would stay late and continue to drink until 2:00 or 2:30 in the morning at parties or at home engaged in discussions with his hosts and other people who would come to visit him. He would wake up after a short sleep around 4:00 A.M. and begin his day by again taking a couple of sips of Scotch. Final days When Shiv returned from England in September 1972, his health had declined visibly.

He was now bitterly complaining about the undue criticism of his poetry by progressive and leftist writers. He openly started talking about his disappointment at the unjustified condemnation of his poetry. [Gargi 2000 'Surme Walee Akhah']. Within a couple of months after his return from England, his health started sinking, never to recover again.

He was in a dire financial predicament during those days and felt that most of his friends had deserted him in his time of need. His wife Arun, somehow managed to get him admitted to a hospital in Amritsar but left it on his

own against the advice of his doctors. He didn't want to die in a hospital and simply walked out of the hospital and went to his family home in Batala. He was Inter shire Kumar Batalvi returned from his England tour in 1972, be developed liver cirrhosis. His health issues put the family in a financial crisis. This was possibly the reason Shiv Kumar Batalvi and his wife Aruna's most postumously in 1974, by the Guru Nanak Dev University. Amritsar. 'Shiv Kumar Batalvi Auditorium is constructed to commemorate 75th Birth anniversary of the eminent poet of Punjab in Batala. It is situated in Igain Batala. A world-class auditorium to inspire generations to come in Punjab. [19] Publications Aloona Tola Piran da Paraga (The Scarful of Sorrows) (1960) Lajwanti (1961) Aate Diyan Chiriyaan (1962) Mainu Vida Karo (Bid Me Farewell) (1963) Dardmandan Diyan Aahin (1964) Loona (1965) Main Te Main (I and Me) (1970) Aarti (Prayer) (1971) Samuchi Kavita[2] Rungian Singer Babbu Maan perform his poems "Shabab' in his album 'Ohi chan Ohi ratan (2004). Rabbi Shergill's debut album Rabbi (2004) features his poem "Ishthiar". Punjabi folk singer, Hans Raj Hans also did a popular album, 'Gham', on the poetry of Shiv Kumar Batalvi, with numbers sung by Mahendra Kapoor, Jagjit Singh Adsana. [22] In 2004, a Punjabi play titled Dardaan Da Darya based on the life of Shiv Kumar Batalvi was performed at 'Punjab Kala Bhavara, 'Chandigatha, 'Chandigatha, 'Punjab Kala Bhavara, 'Chandigatha, 'Chandig

83-900413 Shiv Kumar da Kavi Jagat, by Dharam Pal Singola.
LCCN: 79-900386 Shiv Kumar, Rachna Samsar, by Amarik Singh Punni. LCCN: 90-902390 Shiv Kumar, Kavi vich Birah; by Surjit Singh Kanwal. LCCN: 88-901976 External links Poems of Shiv Kumar Batalvi Shiv Batalvi www.Shivbatalvi.com Archived 10 August 2018 at the Wayback Machine A biography on Shiv Kumar Batalvi A great collection of Shiv Kumar Batalvi's Poems Archived 17 October 2013 at the Wayback Machine All Poetry Books of Shiv Kumar Batalvi's interview by BBC Retrieved from " Shiv Kumar Batalvi's