

Jaya Hey Bengaluru Maate

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Introduction

*This is a collection of verses dedicated to Namma Bengaluru,
a city of profound, beautiful contradictions.
It is a place where "peak Bangalore" moments of gridlock and chaos
exist beside quiet mornings in Cubbon Park.
It's a city of lonely crowds and lifelong friendships,
of blinding-fast innovation and a deep, pining nostalgia
for the "old" Bangalore.
As seen in the vibrant, raw, and honest discussions
of its digital citizens on social medias,
to love this city is to embrace it all:
the scent of jasmine on a traffic-clogged street,
the sound of temple bells mixing with the roar of a startup's server,
the frustration of the commute,
and the unparalleled joy of a crisp dosa.
These poems are a thank you, not just to the gardens and the tech
hubs,
but to the patient, peaceful, and resilient spirit of the Kannadigas
who are its heart, and to the very soul of Karnataka that shelters us
all.*

Kannada translation has been provided at the end of the book.

Poem 1: Ode to Bangalore's Embrace

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*In Bengaluru's bustling streets so wide,
Where auto-rickshaws, a bright yellow ride,
Hum with the sound of a city awake,
A thousand stories for memory's sake.
Where dreams take flight on silicon tides,
Reflected in glass towers where ambition hides.
The sound of birdsong at dawn's gentle light,
Chasing away the shadows of the night.
The scent of strong coffee fills the bright, cool air,
Mixing with jasmine from a passing vendor's hair.
I thank thee, city of gardens green,
For sheltering souls on your vibrant scene,
Lalbagh's red roses, a majestic screen.
Painted in hues of a future unseen.
Karnataka, mother of ancient lore,
Where temple bells chime on a distant shore.
Your rivers and hills, in misty blue,
I adore evermore.
Peace-loving Kannadigas, kind and true,
Your warmth is a balm, forever anew,
A scent of sandalwood, peaceful and true.*

