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Birth Of Literary Insight During Crisis And Role Of Translation

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Abstract

Looking at how poems from specific areas matter when shared through wider languages helps spread understanding about world problems. Trouble shows up suddenly, growing fast until people cannot manage it anymore. Pandemic outbreaks, quakes, rising waters, conflicts, shifting weather patterns, political unrest, misuse of technology - each one forms part of what counts as crisis. Hard times do more than bring pain though they spark fresh thinking and creative voices often rise strongest right then. Attention turns here towards translating written work born in those moments. Poems, stories, reports, studies shaped by upheaval carry weight and moving them across languages opens doors. Not just specialists see value but ordinary readers connect too. Ideas travel further when words shift form but meaning stays alive even when tongues differ. Translators shape bridges others walk across and so words once local gain broader reach. Crises push people towards poetry, says the writer, who looks at two pieces he wrote in Kashmiri. One is called "Modern Insaan tae Mousam" the other "Corona Wobaa; Kaas waine Khodaya." When turned into English, these poems carry local feelings about climate shifts and the corona virus beyond their borders. Emotion meets thought in translation, opening space for wider conversation. The personal voice travels farther when words cross languages. Meaning spreads - not just facts - through this movement. What began in one tongue finds new life elsewhere. A private reflection becomes part of something larger simply by being shared differently.

Introduction

Crisis hits when things suddenly deviate from track - social rules, life patterns, environmental balance - all thrown into disarray. Pandemics erupt overnight; climate shifts creep forward slowly, yet both carve deep damage. Earthquakes strike without warning, conflicts ignite across borders, systems fail under misuse of tools meant to help. All these imbalances break something vital in how people live, survive, hold society together.

When disaster strikes, thought bends underweight, reshaping how people express what they feel. Pressure cracks open old ways of speaking and from that break, something different emerges. A person facing collapse might reach for sentences like lifelines. Meaning gets rebuilt through syllables and pauses. Poems appear not because someone plans them, but because silence no longer fits. Under strain, the mind invents new rhythms. Expression shifts when ordinary life falls apart. What comes out is neither tidy nor planned - it simply responds.

Still, making books in native tongues matters deeply to people who speak them, yet it barely scratches the surface of a worldwide emergency. For such pain to fuel broader strength, words need to leap across speech barriers and traditions. Only then does Translation Studies step in. What unfolds here examines how crisis-driven poetry connects with translation work, using two modern Kashmiri poems - one on the virus outbreak and other one on warming skies. When turned into English, it shows that shifting local verse outward can spread awareness and spark response beyond borders.

Translation Studies and Regional Poetry

What happens when words move from one language to another? A translator searches for meaning that fits just right. Instead of copying word for word, they look for what makes sense. The goal shows up quietly - share the same thought, just in different sounds. Meaning stays, even if the words change shape. Each version carries the core, though spoken differently.

Out of one field comes another - translation studies mix ideas about how meaning moves between languages. Not just words, but thinking too shapes what happens when texts shift form. James S. Holmes opened this path in an essay asking what such work should be called. His title posed both name and purpose together. Ideas flow here from philosophy, language science, culture views, and more. What results sits alongside the original act of making sense across borders.

Meaning matters most when moving words from one language to another. Bridging gaps between people who speak differently opens doors to shared understanding. Stories travel farther when emotion stays intact along the way. Susan Bassnett reminds us that knowing two tongues isn't enough - sharp thought, cultural insight, awareness of setting - all shape what gets made visible in new speech. Rhythm lives inside expression just as much as facts do. What feels right often depends on where you stand while listening.

Source Language

Kashmiri was picked by the translator as the source language. This one traces back to the Dardic branch, part of the bigger Indo-European family. Across Jammu and Kashmir in India, people speak it often. Words slipped into it over time - some came from Arabic, others filtered through Persian, still more arrived via Sanskrit.

Target language

Here, English language is picked by the translator for the output. This language traces back through time, tied deeply to Germanic roots, part of the vast Indo-European network. Across centuries, it shifted, stretched, reached further. Its reach now spans continents, labelled widely as a global medium. Choosing it here, means wider access - readers everywhere may follow without barriers.

Poet, his Poems and Translation

Out of the given lines of Kashmiri poems, emotion spills from a writer who lived through sickness and broken nature, shaped into verses in Kashmiri. Yet words like these hardly travel beyond Jammu & Kashmir, stuck by tongue alone. To cross that gap, versions in another language rise up - quiet links between distant readers. Experts listen now, scientists pause and people near and far begin to hear. Each translated poem acts not loud, just steady - a spark passing flame when times turned heavy.

A person who speaks several languages - writing in English, Urdu, and Kashmiri - is behind this work. Having turned an Urdu story collection called "How are You Janaa" into English, their path shows how translators connect worlds.

Through moving local tales into English - one opens doors where cultures meet. This meeting matters when people across borders aim to solve shared challenges together.

Most experts agree that translating poems is a hard language task. Rhythm pulls weight here, along with line patterns, images rooted in culture, and how words sing in their native tongue. With poems born from disaster, carrying raw pain, cries of soul loss, and sorrow for broken lands becomes a duty - never dulling what pulses in the original. Balancing act shows up again: smooth flow for new readers might erase strangeness that matters; keeping every foreign trace could make meaning stumble.

One path eases entry and the other, guards distance like a quiet border.

Literature Review

Isolation found its voice through Kashmiri words when the world slowed down. Stories began carrying weight - of absence, of quiet prayers folded into pages. Grief took form not in grand gestures but in fragile lines on paper. Healing arrived slowly, whispered between verses that refused to look away. Life under lockdown shaped a new kind of telling - one breath at a time.

Through jagged rhythm and sharp imagery, R.S. Silvest along with John Ryan shaped the virus into something fierce - part murderer, part outlaw, yet oddly fair. Their piece "Corona Speaking," nestled in the first collection of pandemic poems, gives breath to an invisible force. Not just a germ but a voice, cold and clear. It walks line by line like someone who knows they've changed everything. No grand claims, only presence. A figure both feared and met face-to-face in verse.

Zahid Majeed, through his poem "Corona, the Pandemic," captures a mood weighed down by uncertainty. Silence spreads as streets empty without warning. People stay inside, trapped in stillness that feels foreign. Civilisation pauses, held back by forces beyond control. With fewer cars moving, the sky changes - lighter, cleaner somehow. Sound fades until only quiet remains. Breath returns to cities long choked by rush.

The Urdu and Kashmiri poems appeared in collection "COVID-19 and We" in 2021 during a time when sorrow runs high. Hidden strengths come through in times of deep trouble. Voices rise despite loss, despite pain brought by illness. Minds strained under pressure - yet words still form. Not everything breaks even when life feels fragile and expression survives alongside grief.

From time to time, Kashmiri poets turn to Nund Rishi's words when speaking about land and weather. Not just echoes of faith, his lines shape how people see forests and farming. Take "Ann poshe teile, yeile wann poshe" - it means harvests depend on trees. Without green cover below, food fades above. His voice lingers where rivers bend through memory. Writers pause at these old truths before shaping new ones.

Wisdom spills through Zareef Ahmad Zareef's writings, often seen as a quiet archive of insight. Though seasons twist and skies behave oddly, his words stay fixed on such shifts. A sadness runs underneath when he speaks of people who turn away from protecting nature. While habits harden, neglect grows, yet his voice persists amid the disregard.

Today, people return to lines like "Arise, O! Gardener" by Mahjoor, a poet from Kashmir, because they echo current social moods alongside shifting climates. His words call out - not with force but presence - for fairness in how nature is treated, guarding what he sees as a delicate, blooming refuge: his homeland, Kashmir.

Translating the poem "Corona Wobaa, Kaas waine Khudaya"

A sudden silence fell across pages of Sangarmaal, a Kashmiri paper in the year 2020. Fear moved fast through lines written when the world slowed down. Words rose like smoke from morning fires - prayers shaped by uncertainty. Each stanza held breaths too heavy to name. People turned to verses just before sleep and a quiet plea echoed between syllables. Nothing felt steady except those fragile rhymes.

Corona, Corona, ye kya chhu Khudaya
(Corona, Corona what is this, O! God)
Saaeri wanan yi chae aafat Khudaya
(All are shouting, this is disaster, hey Lord)

Aalam chhun soraiy pashemaan kormut
(It has distressed the whole world)
Be-zuban chae saaieri maehir Khudaya
(The all experts are speechless, O! God)

Lachh waadae zuv aimme kairemaite chae zayei
(It has claimed lakhs of lakhs of lives)
Dunya aaw wolnae baksh wunie Khudaya
(World has been engulfed, You pardon now, O! Lord)

Ameer-o-gareeb, balae-paieyike badshah
(The rich and poor, the high profiled and royals)
Lachaar pathar chae paemite az Khudaya
(Are helpless and dashed to ground O! Lord)

Chae Khalq qaed tae janawar azaad
(People are confined and animals are free)
Yim raaz chaaeni tse zanakh Khudaya
(These secrets of Yours, only You know O! God)

Wothun bihun samkhun ti mushkil
(Socialization and interactions are difficult)
Durer Tse Jaldi Moklaaw Khudaya
(End this distance quickly O! Lord)

Ath wobhaas, kenh karate chaarae
(To God: Find some remedy for this epidemic)
Pareshaeni saairei, kaas az Khudaya
(Wipe out all worries today, O! God)

Umaidwaar saairie rahmatas Chaeanis
(Everyone hopes for Your mercy)
Ann sui bahar, beyae aike laitie Khudaya
(Bring that pleasure back once O! God)

Chhu halam daierith, Riyaaaz tsaey kun
(With open arms, Riyaaaz reaches out to You)
Rahmaech nazar wuine kar tsaiey Khudaya
(Have a merciful glance upon us O! God)

Analysis of Poem Translation

Starting with translation theory, handling this poem means watching how it feels - its voice shaped by Kashmiri Sufi prayer forms known as Dua. Almost each line closes on “Khudaya” meaning O! God, building a steady cry that carries the heart of the piece. To keep that pulse in English, the phrase O! God repeats just as often, holding tight to the original structure and raw need found in the lines.

When it says “The rich and poor, and the royal people / All brought down to the ground today, O! God,” what shows up is how virus flattens status - no titles matter then. This version in English opens that moment to others far off, letting scholars who study minds and societies notice echoes between Jammu & Kashmir's take on collapse and what unfolded worldwide. Seen through these lines, there's raw material now sitting ready for deeper look-ins later.

Bringing this local writing into English allows the translation to capture how people in Jammu & Kashmir felt during the coronavirus crisis. The inner struggles and deep experiences become part of worldwide records on disasters. Through careful word choice, a human layer emerges alongside facts. What once stayed within borders now joins broader conversations. Not just events, but personal weight gets passed across languages.

Translating the poem “Modern Insaan tae Mousam”

"Modern Insaan tae Mousam" is published in 2024 through Sangarmaal. This work walks like poetry but bites with truth about land and life fraying in Jammu & Kashmir. Not just verses - more like echoes from soil losing its memory.

yannae petth modran insaan ha aaw
(From the moment the modern man showed up)
mosmas manz badlaaw ha aaw
(A shift in the climate took place)
na kuine rood, na pewaan sheen
(There is no rain, there is no snowfall)
aabae rustae gow banjar zameen
(The land got barren without water)

kaiermite geer luk naezlae zukuman
(People are hit hard from cold and flu)
sheenas rudas saierie praraan
(All do wait for rain and snow)
wandus gow garam tae garmas wandae
(Winter has turned hot and summer feels winter)
Na tim zachae tae na tim jandaey
(Neither the worn-out clothes nor the rags are there)

Kangaer feran shoob aaiese aasaan
(Kangri and pheran used to be our grace)
ourr oos zuu daierie aeesie basaan
(Our health was good, we were strong)
Na oos doukh tae na bemaieri
(There was neither sorrow nor was any disease)
sakh oos dostanae kya aees yaieri
(There was a deep friendship; what a companionship it was)

tsor shey futae sheen pewaan oos
(Four to six feet of snow once fell)
Bijli rustaey daan dazaan oos
(Without electricity, the hearth used to burn (with woods))
Haat and kold wainie AC aaiye
(Now hot and cold ACs have arrived)
Moderan zamanas manz aiess tsaiye
(We Have entered into modern era)

Bronh kaal wandas oos zanae zu
(In the past winter, it had as if a life)
Sheen aaiese trawaan tuile tuile fiuw
(The snow was cleared with shovels)
Insaanas insaan sadaan oos
(Humans helped other humans)
Lol mohabbat baegrawaan oos
(Used to share love and affection)

Allae hachhae houkh seine aaiese garan manz
(Dried gourds and sun-dried vegetables were in homes)
Katrew banae aaiese garan manz
(Earthen wares were in homes)
Garae kuilie khien tae meitsu daan
(Homemade meals and clay hearth were there)
Na aaiese bazar tae na aaiese waan
(There were no markets and were no shops)

Na su mazhaiy tae na su shaehi
(Neither is that joy, nor that grandeur)
Chillay klaan ti kraan aaiese graaw
(Chillai Kalan too complains to us)
yannae petth modran insaan ha aaw
(From the moment the modern man showed up)
mosmas manz badlaaw ha aaw
(A shift in the climate took place)

Analysis of Poem Translation and Cultural Signifiers

"Modern Insaan tae Mousam" brings up a key issue in Translation Studies - how some things resist being translated. Because of Kashmir's unique environment and culture, it holds words shaped by severe cold seasons. The declining use of Kangri, a wicker basket with clay bowl heater in winter is lamented by the poet. In winters the people wear Pheran to keep them warm. It also nods to Chillai Kalan, those forty intense winter days deeply rooted in local experience. The Pheran is worn by people to keep them warm in winters. It also nods to Chillai Kalan, those forty intense winter days deeply rooted in local experience.

In this poem, we see old things speak louder than new ones. Instead of breezes shaped by habit and time, cold air pours from ACs installed on boxy walls. What gets lost isn't just heat or rain - it's how people knew themselves. Words shift meaning when the world changes too fast. A phrase in one tongue holds what another can't name anymore.

Conclusion

Out of nowhere, pain shows up - pandemics, storms, sudden loss. Still, from that same remains, stories start to grow. Not always right away, but slowly, someone picks up a pen and voices rise where silence sat before. Words form not because life got easier, but because it didn't.

This work shows how turning local writings into widely spoken languages matters greatly. Through looking at English versions of two Kashmiri poems, one sees how such shifts keep cultural feeling alive. They also carry deep struggle and environmental sorrow beyond borders. These renderings let faraway readers grasp pain rooted in a particular land.

Out of tough times, lessons emerge and these insights travel farther when translated. Not stuck in one place anymore, they help others react faster. Research finds new paths because knowledge moves across borders. People around the world face similar struggles but such translations link their experiences. Shared understanding grows quietly this way. Tough moments in one region can guide another half a globe away. If one says, words cross lines that events cannot.

Here, everyday poems turned into English offer small but deep glimpses that help piece together the full picture of hardship. Reading these versions of Modern Insaan tae Mousam, someone studying climate shifts begins to feel what it means when nature turns harsh on those rooted in their land.

These poems, once translated, turn into tools experts can return to again and again. Not just sitting in libraries - translations pull voices from one region into wider conversations happening worldwide. When local writings move beyond their original language, they challenge old patterns shaped mainly by Western thought. Different ways of surviving hardship start showing up in research where they were once missing. By opening texts from varied cultures, new angles emerge in how people examine struggle through words. What was once limited by language now spreads across fields like trauma studies and storytelling under pressure.

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