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# MAYBE IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE

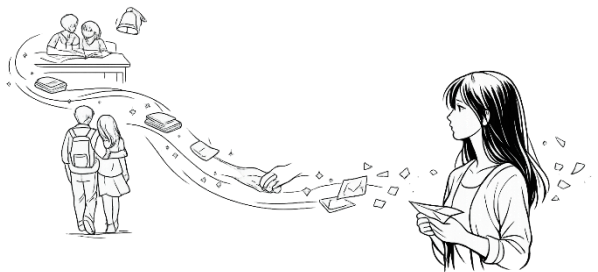
Vigna preethika

We were never strangers.

Before love,  
before promises,  
before heartbreak,

we were just two children  
sitting in the same classroom,  
sharing the same air,  
the same lessons,  
the same ordinary days.

Back then,  
I never knew  
that one day  
you would become  
the reason behind my brightest smiles  
and my darkest nights.



You were just Arjun.

And I was just Priya.

Nothing more.

Nothing less.

But somewhere between  
school bells,  
unfinished homework,  
random conversations,  
and growing up,  
something changed.

At least for you.

While I was busy  
living my ordinary life,

you were quietly carrying  
extraordinary feelings.

You waited.

Not for days.

Not for weeks.

For years.

Years of loving someone  
who didn't know  
how much she meant to you.

Years of staying  
without demanding anything in return.

And maybe that was  
the first reason  
I trusted you.

Because you stayed.

When others came and left,  
you stayed.

When life became difficult,  
you stayed.

When I didn't understand your feelings,  
you still stayed.

And slowly,  
without realizing it,  
you became home.

Then one day,  
I finally looked at you differently.

Not as a classmate.

Not as a friend.

But as someone  
my heart searched for.

And for the first time,

I chose you.

I still remember  
how happy you looked.

As if every year of waiting  
had suddenly become worth it.

Maybe that was  
the beginning of our story.

Or maybe it was  
the beginning of my heartbreak.

I don't know.

What I do know  
is that I was happy.

Truly happy.

Because loving you  
felt easy.

You became part of my mornings.

Part of my nights.

Part of my future.

Part of every dream

I was afraid to tell anyone else.

And then there was that day.

The day you held my hand.

People say

it is just hand holding.

Just fingers touching.

Just a simple moment.

But they never felt

what I felt.

Because when your hand

found mine,

everything stopped.

The noise disappeared.

The world disappeared.

Even time felt slower.

For one beautiful second,

it felt like my soul  
had left my body  
and returned again.

That memory still lives inside me.

Even now.

Even after everything.

Even after goodbye.

We were not perfect.

We fought.

We argued.

We misunderstood each other.

Sometimes I was too emotional.

Sometimes you were too silent.

Sometimes I wanted answers.

Sometimes you hid your feelings.

Yet somehow,

we always found our way back.

At least that's what I believed.

I believed love

was enough.

I believed effort  
was enough.

I believed us  
was enough.

I was wrong.

Still,

those days remain  
the most beautiful chapters  
of my life.

The calls.

The laughter.

The random conversations.

The way you cared

without saying much.

The way you made sure  
I crossed the road safely.

The way small actions  
spoke louder than words.

You never knew this,

but I noticed everything.

Every effort.

Every moment.

Every little thing.

I thought  
people like you  
stayed forever.

I thought  
people like us  
survived everything.

But life had other plans.

Slowly,

something changed.

At first,

I couldn't see it.

Then I refused to see it.

Because accepting the truth  
felt impossible.

Your replies became shorter.

Your presence became distant.

Your warmth slowly disappeared.

Yet I kept telling myself,

"It's okay."

"He's just busy."

"Everything will be fine."

But deep inside,

my heart already knew.

Something was ending.

And I was the last person

to accept it.

The last time we met,  
you seemed normal.

You smiled.

You talked.

You acted like yourself.

And because of that,

I never imagined  
it would become  
one of the last memories  
I would hold onto.

Then came the silence.

Four days.

Four painful days.

Every notification  
made my heart race.

Every vibration  
made me hope.

Every minute  
felt longer than it should.

But it was never you.

And for the first time,

I realized  
how lonely waiting can be.

When we finally spoke,

I searched for answers.

I searched for reasons.

I searched for the boy  
who once waited years for me.

Instead,

I found goodbye.

You told me  
your family  
was the most important thing  
in your life.

I listened.

But my heart  
was already breaking.

Then came the words

I never wanted to hear.

"Naku nuv vadhu."

Simple words.

A simple sentence.

Yet powerful enough  
to destroy years of memories.

And then,

"Break up."

Just like that.

No warning.

No preparation.

No way to protect my heart.

Only pain.

Only silence.

Only tears.

And suddenly,

the future I had imagined  
no longer existed.

The dreams disappeared.

The plans disappeared.

The certainty disappeared.

Everything disappeared.

Except the memories.

And maybe  
that is the cruelest part of love.

People leave.

But memories stay.

They stay in songs.

They stay in places.

They stay in old messages.

They stay in quiet nights  
when the world is asleep  
and your heart is not.

Even today,

I don't know

whether circumstances took you away

or whether

you simply stopped loving me.

Maybe I will never know.

Maybe some questions

are never answered.

But if there is one thing

I know for sure,

it is this:

I loved you honestly.

I loved you completely.

And even though

our story ended,

I do not regret loving you.

Because for a while,

you were my favorite chapter.

And maybe,

in another universe,

we never broke apart.

Maybe in another universe,

you stayed.

Maybe in *another* universe,

we got the ending

we deserved.

But not here.

Not in this life.

In this life,

you became a memory.

And I became the girl

learning how to live

without you.

Yet somewhere inside me,

a small part still smiles

when I remember

the classroom,

the friendship,

the waiting,

the first hand holding,

and the boy

who once made me believe

that forever was real.

Maybe not in this universe.

But maybe...

in another one.

# Feathers Torn, Words Born.

**Pragya Singh**

Pragya Singh is a 15-year-old student and aspiring author from India who uses poetry to explore trauma, healing, friendships, love, and the complexities of human emotions.

Writing was never my thing—  
Until I saw people cutting off my wings  
That yearned to fly to a place  
Filled with love and grace  
I never knew I could put my pain in words  
When all of them would leave it unheard  
It wasn't that I became poetic—  
Because of love  
But when situations made me quit  
Due to the the trauma they shoved.  
It was hard to witness—  
The soul once bright  
Has now turned into a mess  
And being faded out of sight.  
Where did my spark go—  
That shined to be worthy enough  
To be smudge in shades too low  
Is now too bland and tough.



# Last draft of my love

Alfaazzz

more times than the sky  
has rewritten the dawn.

On the last pages of notebooks,  
in the corners of sleepless nights,  
between unfinished dreams  
and unfinished courage,  
your name always returned.

Every draft began the same way—

with a heart full of hope  
and hands full of hesitation.

Because loving you was easy.

It arrived quietly,  
without fireworks,



without music,  
without a dramatic warning.

Just a smile  
that stayed with me longer than it should have.

Just a voice  
that turned ordinary moments  
into memories worth keeping.

And little by little,  
without asking permission,  
you became a part of my everyday.

The first person  
I wanted to tell good news to.

The first person  
I thought of during difficult days.

The person hidden

inside almost every prayer

I never spoke aloud.

I tried to ignore it.

I called it admiration.

Then friendship.

Then coincidence.

Anything but love.

But some truths  
grow louder in silence.

And this one followed me  
through every season.

Through crowded rooms.

Through lonely nights.

Through victories that felt incomplete  
and failures that hurt less  
when I imagined telling you about them.

So here I am.

Standing before you  
with no more edits to make.

No beautiful lies.

No borrowed words.

No metaphors left to hide behind.

Just honesty—

the simplest thing in the world,  
and somehow the hardest.

I love the way  
your existence changed mine.

I love the light  
you carry without noticing.

I love the kindness  
you give away so naturally.

And most of all,

I love the person you are—

not the perfect version,  
not the imagined version,

but the real one.

The wonderfully human one.

And if these words

change nothing,

if tomorrow arrives

and your heart chooses another road,

I will understand.

Because love was never meant

to be a cage.

And feelings were never promises

of being loved in return.

But before life turns this page,

before silence becomes my answer,

there is one truth

I refuse to leave unwritten—

You will never become a regret.

You will remain  
the most beautiful chapter  
I never saw coming,

and the bravest truth  
I have ever spoken.

So take this final draft.

Take these trembling words.

Take this heart  
exactly as it is.

The rest of the story,  
the ending I could never write,

belongs to you.

# The Illusion of Outrage.

## Khwahish Kedia

Khwahish Kedia is a 16 year old Indian poet and author. She has co-authored over 65 anthologies and few magazines. She is also being an author of her solo book, and themes of her writing includes societal issues, deep human emotions, nature, short stories, incidents from real life and some more.

---

Many cries are swallowed.

Many voices are suppressed.

Day in and day out,  
and we just pretend to hate it.

Yes, you heard me right—  
we just pretend to hate injustice.

Because real hate isn't passive.

It demands consistent effort for justice.

It demands voices that echo relentlessly—

arms raised high, slogans that don't fade,

and an unshaken will to stand, even when it's uncomfortable.



True outrage is not momentary.  
It requires persistence, dedication,  
and the courage to seek justice  
even for someone we have never known.

It's not about showing sympathy and empathy  
for a few days, weeks, or months.  
It's about standing firm  
until justice is served—  
even if it takes decades.

But people forget.

They forget the crime,  
the voices that once echoed for justice,  
the pain that once shook them.  
And slowly, justice begins to feel  
like a distant, forgotten dream.

What once seemed like a powerful movement  
turns out to be nothing more than

a passing wave of motivation—  
a hollow promise,  
a fading voice,  
a reflection of a shamefully indifferent society.

But the moment—  
the very moment—  
it affects us,  
or someone close to us,  
everything changes.

The date of the crime matters.  
The injustice feels deeper.  
The delays become unbearable.  
The efforts intensify.  
And suddenly,  
we expect the world to care—  
to show sympathy, empathy, and consistency.

But tell me—  
do we carry the same energy,

the same urgency,  
when the victim is someone else?

Or are we nothing more  
than so-called citizens of the same society—  
who only feel injustice  
when it finally reaches our own door?

CORRECTION

# The loudest wound

Selenophile

As the remains of you screech in my ears,  
The same place, the same place that used to be soft when you were near.  
Now every corner carries ghosts,  
Every silence pulls you here,  
The walls still know your laughter's shape,  
Though all I hear is fear.  
The window where we'd watch the dusk  
Now stares at me alone,  
And every room that once felt warm  
Feels colder than a stone.  
I trace the memories on my skin,  
Like scars that never heal,  
For losing someone still alive  
Is such a cruel ordeal.  
You left no grave for me to mourn,  
No final goodbye said,  
Just an empty space beside my heart



And echoes in my head.  
The clock still moves, the seasons change,  
The world continues on,  
Yet part of me stays in that place  
Where everything went wrong.  
And sometimes when the night grows still,  
I swear I feel you near,  
But it's only the remains of you  
Still screaming in my ear.  
So tell me, how do people heal  
When love becomes a ache?  
When someone's gone from every day  
But not from every place?  
Because the same place, the same place,  
Where your gentle soul drew near,  
Is now the loudest wound I own—  
And it whispers, "Wish you were here."

## Also to my once dear love-

**PRISHA GUPTA**

Hello! ❤️ I'm Prisha, 13, and writing is probably the only hobby I've managed to stay loyal to. 🧑‍🎨 Most of my poems are stitched together from things I never said out loud.. I'd love to submit two of my pieces for The Last Draft...looking forward to hearing from you. ⭐

---

Also to my once dear love,

You were the poem I carried in the pocket of my chest,

The prayer I never spoke aloud, the dream I loved the best.

I built a home from promises, from every word you'd say,

Never knowing all along you'd be the one to walk away.

Now every song feels different, every sunset feels untrue,

The stars I used to count at night remind me only of you.

And isn't that the cruelest thing? The sky remains the same,

While I am left collecting ashes from the fire that was your name.

I am angry at the silence.

Angry at the memories.

Angry that my heart still stumbles whenever you cross my name.

Angry that I gave you pieces of myself I'll never fully find...thank you, again.

You said forever like it meant something.

You held my hand like you would stay.  
So tell me, was I simply a chapter,  
While you were my whole book anyway?  
I hate how every place remembers.  
The streets. The rain. The evening light.  
How every corner of this city still whispers your name at night.  
And I hate that after everything, after every shattered part,  
You left so easily while carrying half of my heart.  
People say, "You'll move on."  
As if grief obeys a clock.  
As if a broken soul can heal itself with every tick and tock.  
But they never saw the universe I built behind my eyes,  
Or how it came collapsing down the day I learned goodbyes.  
I loved you with the recklessness only young hearts understand,  
The kind of love that jumps before it knows where it will land.  
The kind that turns a simple smile into a reason to survive,  
The kind that makes the ordinary feel painfully alive.  
And maybe that's what hurts the most  
Not that you chose to leave,  
But that I was foolish enough to believe  
You saw the same forever I could see.

So here's to all the unsent texts,  
The words that never found their way.  
The countless nights I spent awake  
Replaying yesterday.  
You taught me that a heart can break  
Without a single sound.  
That someone can be standing there  
And still not be around...  
So now, I can proudly say I hate you  
With every corner of my heart and mind.  
I really wish I recover from the stains you left behind.  
I saw some sort of light in you,  
Which somehow showed me ways..  
But sorry, I was not mature enough to think  
That you would be leaving me deserted this way.

# The Mercy of the Split Second You Forgot upon Waking Up

**PRISHA GUPTA**

Hello! ❤️ I'm Prisha, 13, and writing is probably the only hobby I've managed to stay loyal to. 🧑🏻 Most of my poems are stitched together from things I never said out loud.. I'd love to submit two of my pieces for The Last Draft...looking forward to hearing from you. ✨

---

There is a mercy  
in the split second you forgot waking up..  
that quiet moment before the world remembers your name,  
before yesterday returns,  
before worries find their way back home.

For one breath,  
you belong to nothing.  
Not to your fears,  
not to your mistakes,  
not even to the ache of missing someone.

You simply exist.

Then memory arrives..  
bringing love, loss, dreams,  
and every piece of the life that is yours.

Yet there is something beautiful in that return.

Because every morning,

life chooses you again.

The sky opens its arms,

the sunlight reaches your window,

and your heart, despite everything,

finds the courage to wake once more.

So I treasure that forgotten second.

the space between dreaming and knowing.

Because it reminds me that before I am anything at all,

I am simply a soul

being gifted another morning,

and that feels a little like grace.



# Who Am I?

## Hareem Faisal

Hello! I'm Hareem Faisal, a fourteen-year-old ninth grade student with a wholehearted passion for writing. When I'm not studying, I'm playing out possible writing topics in my head constantly.

---

I knock softly on your door

When you see me, you gape on, stunned to the core

Some greet me with accepting smiles,

While others struggle fruitlessly and revile

I might have blessed you with peace, so dearly sought for

Or I might have cut short your endless encore

I sit beside you for a while,

Telling you tales of courageous  
princesses and knights

I stare deeply into your curious yet  
exhausted eyes,

Before my wizened fingers brush  
your eyelids close,

As you drift off into a perpetual doze

I grasp your hand gently as I lead you to unbeknownst lands

You might gladly sprint along



Or I might have to pull you along, as you -in denial- cry aloud and flail around

I wave you a fleeting goodbye,

Before watching you face with determined eyes, your destined trial

Now, my dear reader, this short revelation must come to an end,

Yet the age-old question still remains...

*Who am I?*

You may not know now

Nevertheless, our fates are bound, I'll be found.

CORRECTION

# Let me Live

## Hareem Faisal

Hello! I'm Hareem Faisal, a fourteen-year-old ninth grade student with a wholehearted passion for writing. When I'm not studying, I'm playing out possible writing topics in my head constantly.

---

The morning sun rays spread and I open my eyes

For a fleeting second, I'm peaceful like the previously moonlit sky

My chest tightens as I remember

The societal expectations that smother and alight temper

“Be natural,” they say, yet they back off in disgust when we grudgingly peel away

The concealment wrapped as protection on the faces we portray

“Look more like a girl,” they sneer, as they look down upon my favourite purple shirt and blue jeans

“Adorn yourself in dresses too tight and heels too high” they command

Their gaze is a travelling disapproving glance as they snarl, “Don't be too revealing,”

These scripts of contradictions are etched into us from youth onwards,

And they continue to increase in amount and command



Be strong and capable, yet remain dependant on men

Be a beacon of hope and constantly spread love,

Yet we are expected to willingly resign to receiving not a penny's worth in return

They expect so much from us, it's like being crushed under a bar of heavy iron despair

We eventually learn to bend to orders, shaping ourselves to fit their unfair demands

“Be this, be that. Do this, do that.”

Their endless commands wear me thin,

My compliance fades my patience breaks

My hands reach up and defiantly pull off

The cage that suffocates and keeps me bound

My voice rips out of my throat and reverberates-

Words every woman wishes to say:

“Leave me alone and *let me live!*”

So dear readers, in conclusion to this tale of harsh reality and resilient rebellion,

One truth emerges clear and strong

‘Be who you want and live the life you so desperately desire.’

On a parting note, I just want to say,

To all the oppressed, rise and break free from shackles bound; to all the oppressors, be warned...

CORRECTION

# Mother knows best...?

**Farida Saidu**

Farida Saidu is a Nigeria poet and a storyteller with a passion for expressing herself through writing.

Her work explores on themes like love, pain ,struggle and resilience because she relates to them oh so well .

Mother knows best...?

Am I too old to hide under the bed?  
The thunder is not just outside  
It's loud inside my head.

All I see is lightning  
All I hear is thunder  
One big boom after another.

I once was blind,  
but now the blindfold wears itself  
I shut my eyes tight,  
Crawl back to my hiding  
Is that fighting  
or just surviving?.

Was my fear born from me?  
Or pass down from she  
The woman who raised me  
To see silence as obedience  
Anything she didn't do  
Was immediately condemned.

When I tried to be me  
It made her head spin



Who is she to judge?  
Oh wait... she's my mother  
And they say mother knows best.

So I should give you the rest, right  
But what if there are things mother doesn't know  
She won't listen  
She just says no.

I thought I was your reflection  
And my siblings  
Just pieces of your collection.

But I was never pretty enough  
And the world is tough  
Especially for girls like me  
From where I stand  
I see a demanding,  
Suffocating,  
Unforgiven  
And still you say  
It's me and you against the world  
But the world is tearing me down in ways you'll never feel  
So how do you know it's real?.

I'm tired of suffering in silence  
I want help from someone with a license  
But you say I'm seeking attention  
So now there's tension  
Suspension  
Disconnection  
And a quiet confession  
Between us.

You say what doesn't kill you makes you stronger  
But isn't that just a pretty word for torture?.

I got a tattoo of Medusa  
You didn't shout hallelujah  
Of course not I sinned.

Who are you to judge?  
Oh wait  
You're my mother  
And the same mother knows best.

When I close my eyes  
I don't rest  
I retreat  
Is that fighting?  
Or just surviving.

Was my fear mine to begin with  
Or did i inherit it  
Like a curse passed down from mother to daughter  
You taught me to flinch at myself  
To bite my tongue when I had questions  
To smile, even when I was bleeding inside.

You told me everything you didn't like was wrong  
You made yourself the rulebook  
And I kept breaking it just by existing.

You said to be more like your sister  
"Why can't you be gentle?"  
"A girl shouldn't speak that way"  
But I am not a whisper  
I was born a storm.

You feared my truth because it didn't match your dreams  
You thought control was love  
You thought silence meant respect  
But I wanted a mother

Not a judge  
Not a warden.

I tried to speak  
You called it rebellion  
I asked for help  
You called a shame  
You said I was looking for attention.

But mother...  
If I'm screaming into a locked house  
If I'm crying in your arms and still feel alone  
Is it really attention I want  
Or is it really your belief I need?.

I want help from someone who sees me  
Someone who listens  
Someone who doesn't say you'll be fine and walk away  
Someone with a license  
Because clearly love without understanding feels a lot like neglect.

You said what doesn't kill you makes you stronger  
I should've called you a liar  
Because all I felt is pain  
Endless buried exhausting pain  
And that's not strength  
That survival with scars.

I got a tattoo of Medusa  
He didn't shout hallelujah  
Of course, not I sing sinned.

You didn't see strength in her eyes only shame on my skin.

But I see her now  
The girl turned monster by the hands of men  
And judged by women.

I remember that day when you looked at me and said  
At your age, I was everything  
And you, you're 17 and nothing.

Those words didn't just sting  
They echoed  
They burned  
They settled into the cracks I was trying to heal.

But mama,  
You are two decades older  
Your world wore a different face  
Your generation learned to survive in silence  
Mine is still learning how to speak through the noise.

You think I'm weak because I cry  
But I cry because I'm trying  
Because pretending doesn't fix pain  
And silence doesn't make it disappear.

So again, I ask  
Who are you to judge?  
Oh wait  
You're my mother  
And they say mother knows best.

But maybe mother's still learning too  
Maybe best isn't always right  
And maybe  
Just maybe  
The thunder in my head

Isn't meant to scare me anymore  
It's meant to wake me up

CORRECTION

## My name is ash, lost to the winds

Jasmeen kaur

---

I travel above the greed nd past time  
I watch measly beings carving their life  
A world of deceit nd deception  
Of lies convincing  
Beneath me  
These beings gutting others alive  
Lying all their might  
Morons!  
I was once u too,  
I volunteered myself for things i now condemn  
The pain inflicted nd lies told  
But now i move above all nd find a new perspective  
And i see the harm and pieces of that once was a beautiful world nd  
one that now could never be.  
Cold perfection nd calculating lives  
Ruining the warmth nd wabi sabi of once pretty life

## Final plea for beloved

Nikunj Joshi

---

Oh, the warrior—

Why are your hands in doubt?

Have your soul rehearsed mercy?

Come closer

Wound me, I plead

Wound me till your anger learns the taste of my skin

Till violence moans "enough"

Till the hatred in you forgets who it was meant for,

Make your sword kiss my heart till the lips crack.

Oh, your blade became blunt—,

Was it my voice that broke—or yours that needed mine to?

Take another,

Use every weapon you have till iron becomes precious.

You've learned enough from my flesh,

Now I beg

leave my beloved out of your hunger.

## Father loved him

Nikunj Joshi

---

A kid sat still on his dads chest.  
It was weird for someone small.  
At first it looked kinda calm..  
Then the quiet made me nervous.  
The kids hands shook a bit.  
They were dirty like they had touched something  
The air felt thick and smelled bad like something had died.  
Then you saw that the dads chest wasn't moving.  
It wasn't even whole.  
Someone had taken stuff.  
Not torn apart in a rage. Slow and without noticing.  
The kid didn't mean to hurt anyone.  
He didn't know how bad being hungry could get.  
Now there was nothing left of both of them. Just.  
A sad pretty thing, in what was left.

# The Broken Wand

**Shain Dampney**

Shain Dampney is a new name in Children Literature. He hails from the mountains of Uttarakhand and presently lives in the IT capital of the country, Bangalore. He is presently working on his debut children's fantasy novel.

---

A broken wand is pointless,

Stripped of spark;

As dead as stone!

A useless piece of timber,

Cracked and splintered;

Magic gone!

You want to stomp the pieces,

Kick the cauldron,

Curse the oak!

A wizard stripped of weapon,

Made a mockery,

What a joke!

Numb beneath your fingers,



Where the magic  
Used to beat.  
Your glory, reputation—  
Blown away  
In a heartbeat.

You stand among the fragments,  
Stunned and wondering  
What remains.  
Every dream tied to that timber,  
Scattered with it  
In the flames.

The broom won't sweep your sorrow,  
No spell to pull you  
Safely through.  
No rescue crew is coming,  
Need your own  
Resurrection brew!

Standing lost amidst the ruins,

Down and spent,  
Such sorry state!  
Don't let one shattered wand now  
Write the ending  
To your fate.

Stoke the embers, feed the fire,  
Don't let grief  
Diminish your glow.  
Re-construct amidst this ruin,  
Spit the dust,  
Refuse to bow.

For a wizard is not the timber,  
It's not the spark  
Inside a rod.  
Your magic's not your master—  
You yourself  
Command the squad!

No broken wand, or broom, or cauldron

Can ever part you from  
Your spark!  
The magic is in your fiber.  
Grit's the measure  
Of your mark.

For much promised days await you,  
Beyond this ruin,  
Beyond this test.  
Your wiser hands will forge tomorrow's  
Mightier tools  
To serve your quest!

So rise up from its ashes,  
Shake off the fall—  
However grand.  
Dust off all the splinters,  
Brush aside—  
The Broken Wand.

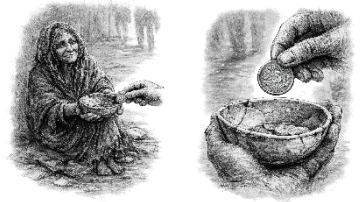
# FIVE RUPEES

Surabhi Sarkar

There was an audible echo  
And reverberating guilt,  
While my feet carried me  
Away from my voice.

I encountered an old lady on the streets,  
With a broken bowl,  
Clasped tightly in her hands.

Her skin wrinkled and soft from years of  
arduous strength and  
A smile adorning her face,  
Seemingly *hope*.



A smile so persistent it stayed engraved in my mind,  
A smile so deprived  
Her sunken cheeks and dulled eyes  
Stand as witness.

I scuffed through my pocket – shuffling through privileges  
granted to me without a second thought  
and pulled out a lone metal that clunk against my ring  
*A five rupee*

And tossed it right inside the bowl.

The bowl gurgled and echoed a sound-  
Uncharacteristic of a broken plastic,  
The smile didn't fade.  
Despite my meek offering being  
Her only source of bread.

What bread is sold for a rupee five ?  
I thought as my legs carried me away.  
What harm could've doomed on me – I pondered,  
If I went back to her and went astray  
From my family rushing in front and forward  
For two minutes of the day.

I caressed the hundred rupees  
I had tucked away to save

And I run my fingers so hard over it  
That it may rip away  
And I wonder if I will ever see her again  
and give her a piece of kindness  
One not knocked astray  
Or tooted out by inconvenience

Hence, I humiliate myself by ruminating-  
Upon my selfishness ,  
And I voice myself on paper hoping the  
Echoverie of this incidence stays buried  
with this poem.

# Spadeworks Town

Ridhima Evara Ray

Hi, I'm Ridhima Evara Ray. I'm currently a Science student who turns to writing whenever I need to brighten my day. What started as a simple hobby has grown into a rewarding journey -my work has been featured in over seven anthologies globally.

---

The town was a bleak and dreary place

Machinery never ceased,

Pumping out murky black water,

And the endless smokestacks

Belched thick, black smoke

That choked the atmosphere,

Filling the lungs of the inhabitants

With a sickening, sickly stench.

The people were merely extensions

Of the machines they operated,

Moving through daily routine.

They lived with monotonous precision,

Robotic, trapped inside their prison

Day in, day out.

Despite the constant metallic hum,



Disappointment hung over the town  
Like a thick, choking fog.  
They were never truly content,  
Always yearning for an escape  
From the unending drudgery.  
Children dreamed of the world outside,  
Adults resigned themselves to their fate.  
The river, their only source of beauty,  
Was poisoned by dye,  
to be salivated, they just had to wait.  
The canal was a dismal ditch of crumbling walls.  
It seemed this place had been abandoned  
By all that was good and beautiful.  
The tallest chimney, a monument to defiance,  
Stood proud and cold, a spire of failed hope.  
For what we name as 'pride'  
Is often the first thing the world strives to break.

Even if from the grey margins of the waste,  
A figure emerges, his bearing grave,  
His purpose clear, He vows to grant them peace,

To end the suffering that would never cease,  
And mend the broken, bleeding town.  
But the question drifts upward, thin as chimney soot,  
Is liberation such a simple feat,  
To rescue life from its own dark root?

CORRECTION

# Happiness

Vanshika

What does happiness stand for?

Ah, maybe getting good marks.

Um, having a cute smile.

It can be a compliment too.

Somehow I discovered it.

It was never about me.

It was just to grab attention

And to fulfill others' demands.

Today I feel happiness differently,

Inside me and keeping myself as I am.

True happiness is not pleasing others,

It's in being pleased and enough for yourself.



# MY MIND VS ME

DIYA.A

The night had grown quiet.  
but my mind had not.  
I chased tomorrow ;  
it wandered through yesterday

A asked myself to be practical  
-to move on and left it go!  
My mind held on memories  
that no longer belonged to me.

I wanted strength-  
to be composed and unbreakable.  
My mind wanted something simpler  
to be heard !!!

So, we sat in silence  
me trying to conquer the world  
my mind trying to save it



MY MIND



ME

- VS -

Both quietly doing our best

Whatever I do,

it never feels enough

Perhaps my hardest- battle

is feeling enough ...

CORRECTION

# "Woman"

## SAMRAH SHAHEEN KHAN

As a writer from Uttar Pradesh, I write to turn ordinary moments into stories that stay. My work explore emotions, cities and small human connections. SAMRAH KHAN

---

My heart wants to write a book titled "Woman"... 🌸

In it, I'll write her patience, write her pain

I'll write her helplessness, write her indifference

Write the limit of patience, write the dark atmosphere of oppression

Write death in the name of honor, write the beasts of Gaza

Write fake smiles, write how she became the target of jokes

Write the journey from childhood to  
youth, from youth to old age

Write...

Write the murder of emotions, write the  
disrespect of tears

I'll write her helplessness, write her loneliness

And write her bravery, write her desires

And then write happiness, write freedom from cruel men... ❤️



Somehow, with a unique tone, I want to write  
Write Allah's mercy, write the radiance of home  
Write a father's honor, write a brother's pride  
Write the light of eyes, write the coolness of the heart  
Write a daughter as a blessing, write a wife as peace  
Write a mother as heaven

But what if, instead of just writing, I bring it into reality?  
Make my daughter so strong that she can stand against oppression  
And break the traditions of this era...

Tell my men the same story  
In which the golden principles of Islam are explained  
The principles that teach men that a woman is also human  
Not a slave...!

# The Number Saved

Javish

Javish is a young writer from India who believes that some emotions are easier to write than to speak. At 17, he explores themes of growth, memories, silence, and human connection through his work.

There are people in my phone  
whose numbers I still haven't deleted.

Not because we still talk.

Not because we're still close.

Just because deleting them  
feels stranger than keeping them.

Some of them were once  
part of every day.

Good mornings.

Random jokes.

Late-night conversations  
that seemed important at the time.

Now,

their chats sit somewhere below,  
buried under months of silence.

Sometimes I scroll past them.

Sometimes I stop for a second.



Not to read anything.  
Just to remember.  
It's funny how relationships end.  
Not always with fights.  
Not always with goodbyes.  
Sometimes people simply become busy.  
Then busier.  
Then strangers.  
And nobody notices the exact moment it happened.  
The photos remain.  
The messages remain.  
The number remains.  
But the person slowly leaves.  
I think that's what growing up is.  
Learning that not everyone who enters your life  
is meant to stay.  
Some people are chapters.  
Some are paragraphs.  
Some are only a single sentence.  
Yet somehow,  
years later,  
their name still appears on a screen,

and for a moment,  
you remember a version of yourself  
that existed when they were still around.

CORRECTION

# Time : A Callous Thief

Beli Udita Kashyap

I waited at the shoreline for the tides to turn,  
To wash the wreckage from the sand,  
I thought the hush would clear away the "now"  
And Leave my would still.

but destiny had other plans.

The tides mat I hoped would take away  
the wreckage,

Took the may of hope that I used to  
follow

The light that Showed we the way.

It took away the very port that  
knew how to hold the ground,

The part that held me steady when I was falling apart.

And left the scars that I wanted gone

but took the anchor and left the storm,

And now, the hour is quiet,



Not with peace, but with voidness;

And I'm standing in the middle of the rising sea,

Trying to figure if this was what I wished for.

CORRECTION

# DEATH — THE UNAVOIDABLE PATH

**Surya Parkash Singh**

Surya Prakash Singh studied for five formative years at the Rashtriya Indian Military College (RIMC), Dehradun, an experience that greatly shaped his character and outlook on life. He is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Arts degree.

---

A second before, I saw a bird breathing,  
And all that remains is stillness.  
How much time does it take?  
For a living to turn into a corpse,  
To finally fade into eternal silence.

I would refer not to time,  
But to those millions of processes,  
Each carrying its own purpose,  
To agree upon an ending.



If this is life's organic yet heart-breaking part,  
Then why does consciousness wander a lifetime's path?  
Why can't everything live and die at once?  
For all that begins is destined to end.

How does the rhythm of a thousand breaths  
Suddenly break in a blink?

If this world really has a creator,  
I, as a mortal being, ask a question:  
Why is living born if it has nothing  
To stop the dead from being gone?

CORRECTION

# Fight the Lonely Night

**Surya Parkash Singh**

Surya Prakash Singh studied for five formative years at the Rashtriya Indian Military College (RIMC), Dehradun, an experience that greatly shaped his character and outlook on life. He is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Arts degree.

---

In this lonely and placid night,  
There is a spark that encourages me to fight.  
Cold winter with silence in empty space around me,  
I steady myself and try not to fall,  
Fall to the dark corners of my mind,  
To these intrusive thoughts of every kind.

Because to survive in this daring and  
spooky adventure,  
I have to fight with all my might.

It is not just about this one dark descent  
But about the journey of a boy;  
Lost in the valley and no ledge to catch  
the fall.

And while I unravel the purpose of my  
being,

There is a guiding light — my soul,  
A thread that carries me on.

For I will rise and one day,  
Will become the phantom of my future self;  
That I delusionally saw in one of those hopeless nights,

You know why?



Because there is a spark,  
A holy voice that tells me to fight,  
That tells me to fight,  
That tells me to fi...

CORRECTION

# The Broken Wand

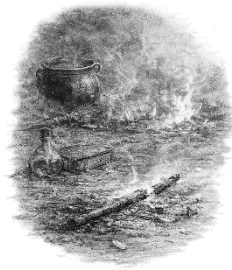
**Shain Dampney**

Shain Dampney is a new name in Children Literature. He hails from the mountains of Uttarakhand and presently lives in the IT capital of the country, Bangalore.

---

A broken wand is pointless,  
Stripped of spark;  
As dead as stone!  
A useless piece of timber,  
Cracked and splintered;  
Magic gone!

You want to stomp the pieces,  
Kick the cauldron,  
Curse the oak!  
A wizard stripped of weapon,  
Made a mockery,  
What a joke!



Numb beneath your fingers,

Where the magic  
Used to beat.  
Your glory, reputation—  
Blown away  
In a heartbeat.

You stand among the fragments,  
Stunned and wondering  
What remains.  
Every dream tied to that timber,  
Scattered with it  
In the flames.

The broom won't sweep your sorrow,  
No spell to pull you  
Safely through.  
No rescue crew is coming,  
Need your own  
Resurrection brew!

Standing lost amidst the ruins,

Down and spent,  
Such sorry state!  
Don't let one shattered wand now  
Write the ending  
To your fate.

Stoke the embers, feed the fire,  
Don't let grief  
Diminish your glow.  
Re-construct amidst this ruin,  
Spit the dust,  
Refuse to bow.

For a wizard is not the timber,  
It's not the spark  
Inside a rod.  
Your magic's not your master—  
You yourself  
Command the squad!

No broken wand, or broom, or cauldron

Can ever part you from  
Your spark!  
The magic is in your fiber.  
Grit's the measure  
Of your mark.

For much promised days await you,  
Beyond this ruin,  
Beyond this test.  
Your wiser hands will forge tomorrow's  
Mightier tools  
To serve your quest!

So rise up from its ashes,  
Shake off the fall—  
However grand.  
Dust off all the splinters,  
Brush aside—  
The Broken Wand.

## A Flower between Pages

Pradhi

I kept the flower in my book  
pressed it to my liking  
made it forget that once it was  
a part of something striking  
preserved in my book  
the pages I used to read  
it now holds the door open  
for the path I used to tread  
nature's dead gait  
yet the emotion emotion thrives  
a flower dried and flattened  
preserved for life  
a universe of love  
that flower meant to me  
once bright and blooming  
now lies in a bed of sheets  
a flower sucked of life  
is not devoid of beauty



it is a beacon of love  
the essence of tranquility  
it is a reminder of hope  
a faded tomb  
of a colorful bouquet

the lone flower taught me  
even good things have an end  
when nothing goes your way  
make death your eerie friend  
once blossoming, then dead  
how life changes in seconds  
but if you have been loved  
you're valued in moments

## the jewel

yuri

the eye is the jewel of the body they say  
an adornment of the temple of being  
they help navigate the world easy  
but what about the constant unseeing?  
the eye sees it all, good bad and worst  
it understands the soul, the situation and the outcome  
and yet when it comes to fighting for the cursed  
the situation goes unnoticed, and we, blind and mum?  
the eye saw the man touch her  
where he shouldn't  
the eye saw the mother cry out for  
her children  
the eye saw the boy fight for his  
parents  
the eye saw the wife get killed by  
her husband  
the eye saw the murder, how when where it happened  
the eye saw the moment the child's innocence dampened  
the eye saw the courts refuse to serve their purpose



the eye saw the powers behaving so perverse  
yet the eye sits still, ignorant to all  
the eye just observes, does not give a call  
the eye just sees but never responds  
the eye doesn't care unless the eye gets burnt  
the eye is us, it is we who do not see  
the injustice and cruelty, we failed as a society  
the time is always ripe to open our eyes  
save those innocent and important lives

CORRECTION

# SHE

Frederick Sick

Now days, days are going too quiet,  
I'm writing about you but the pages are still white,  
All time writing, I was thinking about you,  
But the words can't describe my imagining view,  
I will praise you even if the sky falls down,  
Oceans are nothing I drowned in your eyes brown,  
Around you there is a fragrance in  
the air,  
Ohh I forgot telling about your  
hairs,  
They are short but enough to tie  
someone's eyes  
towards them,  
Freely waving in the shiny morning  
looks like a gem,  
The weekends are like magicians,  
Thinking about you in night I become pedestrian,  
But you might couldn't understand,  
I'm in love with you, and hope so that our story never ends.



# The Price of Progress

**Riddhiman Das**

Riddhiman Das is a Class 10 student of Bhavan's Tripura Vidya Mandir, Agartala. He is passionate about writing articles, essays, poetry, and short fiction.

---

I walk through cities brighter than the stars above,  
Yet I see a growing darkness where there should be love.

I see children shiver beneath the cold night sky,  
While food is thrown away and no one asks why.

I watch people hide behind glowing screens all day,  
As human pain and suffering are slowly scrolled away.

Everywhere I look, power and wealth take aim,  
And compassion fades into a forgotten name.

Sometimes I wonder, as our progress proudly calls,  
If humanity is being buried beneath our tallest walls.

And when future generations ask what we chose to be,  
Will they remember our achievements—or our lack of humanity?



# The Unseen Beauty of Nature

Siddhi Budhia

The Unseen Beauty of Nature  
There is something which is untold  
There is something which is not seen  
But it should be seen  
It is the beauty of nature  
It is the most beautiful  
And bountiful  
The grasses and bushes which are green  
Is also not at all seen  
The sound of lakes and streams  
Is not heard  
The kindness of the trees  
Is not seen  
The cool breeze that blows  
That will make our mind cool  
Is not felt  
And just ignored by the humans!  
Just because humans are as busy as a bee



They never get free to see And enjoy and experience the beauty of  
Nature

Nature has always looked after us

But have we ever?

No never

We should take care of nature

Plant more and more trees

To make our environment pollution free

CORRECTION

# Me and Moon

Siddhi Budhia

Sitting at the corner of my Terrace lonely I look at the beautiful moon Very peacefully It seems me like a beautiful Shining white ball in the sky With the stars like it's dresses Covering it all around It's so amazing and round While observing the moon I have noticed some things It appears in different shapes after A couple of days Reflecting its unique Authentic faces

And it also teaches me That in every darkness there is A shining light that Guides us I love to spend time lonely And peacefully with the moon Taking a break from A busy life And all those hustle-bustle Of the city

When the charming moonlight falls on my Face it makes me smile Moon has taught me To always shine Whether there is something good or bad Moon is the most beautiful creature !

It is the calm relationship of moonlight, a adorable and calm sight and the moon in the dark night sky

That makes my life

Calming and charming



**Wo yaadein jo kabhi mit nahi sakti.**

**Chetna**

Dil par Shikash to rahegi tumhare jane ki chaha kar bhi usses mita na payenge tum to chali jaaogi chhodkar tumhare sath vo Lamhe bhula Na payenge jab Tum To bahut der Ho jayegi jina chahenge UN lamhon ko per kabhi ji nahin payenge...



# The Weight of Dreams

**Khusibarsha Babu**

Khusibarsha Babu is a young writer and poetry enthusiast whose work explores the depth of human emotions, self-reflection, dreams, and personal resilience.

Nights were the only time the world went quiet for Aarohi.

She was seventeen - quiet by nature, loud only in her thoughts. The kind of girl who spoke more with her eyes than her lips. Life hadn't given her much, but it had made her wise far too early.

She wasn't extraordinary in the way the world often measures - not top of the class, not a sports star, not rich, not stunning. But there was something about her - the way she carried herself through silence and struggle - that made her unforgettable to those who noticed.

Aarohi belonged to a world where dreams were often luxuries, not rights. Where children didn't get to be children for too long. And yet, somewhere behind the responsibilities and expectations, she still dared to dream - and that made her brave.

The street outside her window, once alive with the noise of vendors, scooters, and restless children, now lay hushed beneath the dull glow of a flickering streetlight. Inside, her house breathed heavily - her father's tired



snores, her mother's faint cough, and her little brother turning in his sleep on the floor mattress.

But Aarohi? She sat awake, cross-legged on the edge of the old wooden cot, staring through the rusted iron bars of the window, eyes fixed on the stars that shimmered faintly behind a film of dust and smoke.

This was her favorite hour. Not because it was peaceful, but because it was the only time she could truly escape.

When the world finally looked away - from her patched-up slippers, from her silence in class, from the way she carried her lunch in newspaper wrappings - she let herself drift into a different world. A world where things weren't broken, borrowed, or barely enough.

A world that lived only in her dreams.

How beautiful the world is inside dreams, she thought, resting her chin on her knees. Everything is effortless there. There's no fear, no hunger, no shame. Only freedom. Whatever the heart desires comes to life - and no one questions it. In dreams, she was no one's burden. In dreams, she was everything.

But real life wasn't made of dreams. It was made of dust, debt, and disappointments.

She looked down at her worn notebook - its pages filled with her secret writings - and reality hit her like cold wind. This dream world, she thought, is made of glass. Beautiful, fragile. If you try to hold it too tightly, it cuts. If you hold it too loosely, it slips and shatters. Either way, you bleed.

And it hurts.

Reality was a different game altogether. Bills. Expectations. Responsibilities. People who smiled to your face but disappeared the

moment you faltered. The same people who once called her beti and fed her sweets on festivals were now nowhere when her family needed help.

"That's life," her father had once said with tired eyes. "We're middle-class. We don't get to complain."

Middle-class life wasn't romantic. It didn't come with background music or sudden miracles. It was filled with skipped dreams and early maturity. Aarohi had learned to measure prices before desires. She didn't cry for lost toys or trendy clothes anymore. She cried for missed opportunities, for the books she couldn't afford, for the dreams that asked her to wait.

But even in that weight, she found her fire.

She didn't need sympathy. She didn't want shortcuts. What she wanted was to prove it. That she could rise without privilege. That she could shine without permission. The world didn't owe her a stage - she'd build her own.

And as for people?

She had stopped expecting much. She learned the hard way that even shadows disappear in darkness. If people stayed, it was a blessing. If they left, it was a lesson.

In the end, she learned to be her own support. Not because she hated people – but because she knew depending on them was like leaning on wind. She had friends, yes, but she never clung. They were her companions, not her crutches.

She often reminded herself: You came into this world alone, crying, hands wide open. One day, you'll leave it the same way - empty-handed. So why carry the pride, the ego, the fear?

Instead, she held on to self-respect like a lifeline.

Because she believed - and deeply so - that if she kept trying, if she kept pushing with everything she had, then one day, success would stand at her door not as a miracle, but as a reward. And on that day, even the ones who once laughed at her struggle would be forced to applaud.

Until then, she would keep walking - maybe slowly, maybe limping at times, but always forward.

Because the truth was bitter. But it was still the truth.

And Aarohi? She had stopped being afraid of it.

She looked down at her diary - the one place where she could still dream freely, confess her truths, and whisper to a world that never really listened. The last page she'd written tonight was now smudged with the corner of her thumb, ink still slightly wet.

With a deep breath, she gently closed the cover.

The faint click of the diary shutting echoed louder in the silence than it should have. It was like a pause between two worlds - the one she created with words, and the one she had to wake up to.

Outside, a dog barked. Somewhere, a baby cried. A train rumbled far in the distance, and the wall clock reminded her that morning wasn't far away.

Reality had returned.

And it didn't knock.

# The Ashes of Honour

## Khusibarsha Babu

Khusibarsha Babu is a young writer and poetry enthusiast whose work explores the depth of human emotions, self-reflection, dreams, and personal resilience.

---

What kind of land is this I call mine?

Where women are worshipped, yet left to pine.

She is hailed as goddess, pure and divine,

Yet we break her spirit - time after time.

When the pride of the nation faced its test,

Jhansi's blade rose from her breast.

But when her own pride bled in shame,

Tell me, did I not fail her name?

She, our Durga - fierce and bright,

She, our Laxmi - hearth's warm light.

But her dignity we crush, defile,

Since when did man grow so vile?



We chant "Bharat Mata Ki Jai" aloud,  
But veil her daughters in sorrow's shroud.  
If this be my pride, this sacred soil,  
Why does a woman walk a path of toil?

She gave her tests with silent grace,  
To guard her honor, to hold her place.  
And yet I shamed her, scarred her skin  
What kind of greatness lies within?

She was Sita, she was Mahalakshmi's might,  
Yet we turned her into Draupadi's plight.  
To punish evil, she must rise again -  
Why must she wear the crown of pain?

Is this the future - bright and just?  
Or a kingdom fallen to greed and lust?  
Where law is blind and power loud,  
But justice weeps behind the crowd.

O woman, O soul so deep,

Why do you swallow what makes you weep?  
You've borne the storms, the silent scars,  
But were denied your rightful stars.

Now rise with courage, lift your gaze,  
You've walked enough in the burning haze.  
Pick up your voice like Draupadi's fire,  
Let it be a sword, let it inspire.

Take arms not in hate but truth,  
For every wrong done in your youth.  
Let your roar split the darkened skies,  
Now, O daughter - now, rise.

Let not silence be your chain,  
Let your fury cleanse the stain.  
For God walks with the brave, the just-  
Who rise from ashes, and reclaim trust.

# THE SUN

Mithra. S

Oh Sun - The brightest light I have known,  
Your light and warmth cannot be matched  
-with any brightness,  
You rise to raise people's belief and trust,  
You follow us with the hope of lighting us,  
Your light may be far away from us  
- but still it's visible.  
Some things are good when they are far,  
You stay near to us by standing far,  
Your emerging might not be felt good  
-as you disturb people's sleepy mornings.  
You my friend-The blessing in disguise.



## Seen

### Javish

Javish is a young writer from India who believes that some emotions are easier to write than to speak. At 17, he explores themes of growth, memories, silence, and human connection through his work.

---

I think we've all become experts  
at pretending.  
Pretending we're not tired.  
Pretending we're okay.  
Pretending we don't care  
about things that keep us awake at night.  
Someone asks,  
"How are you?"  
And we answer,  
"Fine."  
Because it's easier.  
Because explaining is complicated.  
Because some feelings  
don't fit into a short conversation.  
The strange thing is,  
most people aren't looking for advice.



They're looking to be seen.

To have someone notice  
that their smile feels a little forced.

That their silence means something.

That they're carrying more  
than they talk about.

We're all fighting battles  
that don't appear in photographs.

Dreams that haven't happened yet.

Mistakes we replay in our heads.

Goodbyes we never expected.

Fears we never say out loud.

And yet,

every morning,

people get up.

Go to work.

Go to school.

Answer messages.

Laugh at jokes.

Keep moving.

Not because life is easy.

But because hope is stubborn.

Maybe that's what connects us.

Not success.

Not talent.

Not perfection.

Just the quiet courage  
of showing up every day  
while carrying things  
nobody else can see.

And maybe,  
more often than not,  
that's enough.

CORRECTION

## Last meeting

Fatima Mansoor

---

Once talking to you felt easy, light, and free\_  
Now your gathering feels hard—never was it so with me\_  
Who stole your calm, your peace, your restful sleep today?\_  
Restless heart, this turmoil—never ruled you this way\_  
What magic did your eyes cast, only God would know\_  
My nature bends to you now—never bent this low\_  
You know my everything is you Then why you leave me like so..



# If You Are the Earth

Shruti Mishra

Shruti Mishra is a 16-year-old aspiring poet whose writing reflects her curiosity, creativity, and observations of the world around her. Through poetry, she explores emotions, personal experiences, and the beauty found in everyday moments.

---

If you are the earth,  
I will be your moon.

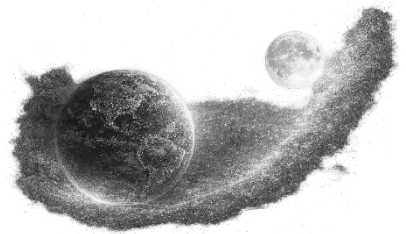
And when your world turns dark,  
I will still shine for you.

Not far, not fading,  
Just soft light wrapped around sky—  
Like a promise that never forgets your name.

When you smile, I'll grow brighter.  
When you call, I'll come closer in feeling,  
Always around you, never leaving,  
Just staying where your heart can find me.

I'll be the gentle light in your quiet nights,  
The calm in your storms,  
The warm little glow that says—  
"I'm here... and I love you."

If you are the earth,  
I will be your moon.



## \*Pyar Milkar Bhi Na Mila\*

Simran kaur

My name is Simran Kaur, and I am a digital content creator and an aspiring poet. I love expressing emotions through words and sharing my original shayari on my Instagram page, [sukoon\\_e\\_shayari3012](#).

---

Paas ho tum, par jaane kyun ek doori hai,  
Yeh kaisi dastaan hamari, jo adhoori hai.  
Haath tera haath mein hai, par woh ehsaas nahi,  
Mil toh gaye hain hum, par tum ab paas nahi.  
Khade hain dono ek hi mehfil mein,  
Par meelon ka faasla hai ab inn dilo mein.  
Baatein ho rahi hain ab bhi hazar,  
Par un baaton mein ab nahi hai wo pyar  
Kismat ne mila diya, par lakrein rooth gayi,  
Khwaab jo dekhe the saath, woh khamoshi se toot gaye.  
Chuka di hai keemat humne ishq ki, har ek kist mein,  
Kya ajeeb mazaak hai yeh...  
Jo Hoke bhi tum nahi ho meri qismat mein.!



## The last draft

Curiousstreetinthecity-KT

---

The last draft, I kept it in my heart with the fear of society's judgement with precision. Nowadays, what is this season, nobody wanna listen. They say it we understand but everyone simply pretend. I understand every season is there for a reason but the more you give to the society the more it demands. Sometimes, I feel I need to be on the receiving end of the life rather than the giving end. There is no fair balance at all, we may lose our calm with these trending charms. There is a rush everywhere they just simply wanted to crush you thru competition, competition, comparison and judgements. No industry is left now, still don't people shout, the inner voice are lost in the voice of the outer world. Covid came later, the masks we wore a long time back are coming out aloud. I really wonder what kind of society we have built over time, where no one has enough time.



## Mehke- na-rasida

Syedha isra

Mai nahi chahta mai kisi aise phool se milu  
Jo har baagh mein mehke,  
Mai chahta hu woh phool bas mere hi aangan mein beh-ke.  
Main bhi woh kali nahi jo har gulshan mein khile,  
meri mehak ka har zarra bas teri dehleez pe mile.  
Kabhi gardish-e-dahr ne raaston ko juda kar diya,  
kabhi sang-e-taqdeer ne qurbat ko khafa kar diya.  
Na raghbat kisi aur ki, na ahd-e-wafa mein khalal,  
dil par bas zamane ke faislon ka raha amal.  
Ab bhi meri rooh ki tanhaai mein teri khushboo rahe,  
yeh phool tera hi raha... chahe hum tere aangan mein na rahe.



# Where I find you again

**Arwa Danish**

Arwa is a high school student and aspiring poet from India whose work explores faith, humanity, social issues, and the quiet complexities of everyday life.

---

As years go by, I see it now,  
The heavy load you carried, how.  
As child, you were my gentle guide,  
With stories, warmth, and love inside.

I didn't know the pain you'd faced,  
The little ones you had embraced,  
And lost, and then your husband too,  
When life was hard, and strength was due.

You bore such sorrow, deep and vast,  
But kindness was the love you cast.  
You gave your faith, you gave your cheer,  
And made everyone feel safe and near.



Your greatest gift, a miracle,  
Was keeping good, through all the pull  
Of hardship's sting, it couldn't steal,  
The loving heart you'd always feel.

You were more than grandma, true,  
My safe escape, for me and you.  
When moving hurt, and school was dread,  
I'd run to you, and lift my head.

In your soft lap, my tears would cease,  
You'd listen, soothe, and bring me peace.  
Your body bent, your spirit bright,  
A child's pure joy, with all your might.

We loved small treats, the sweet, the grand,  
The simple joys, held in your hand.  
The world saw old, I saw my friend,  
A love like yours, that has no end.

Through poverty, you still gave free,

Your generous heart, for all to see.  
Hardship never made you cold,  
A heart of purest, shining gold.

I hope you know, beyond the veil,  
The life I live, the words I hail,  
Are built on strength you gave to me,  
And prayers that live, eternally.

My Dadda dear, my loving one,  
The world remembers, yet it's done  
My way, your light, my safe embrace,  
Your love still guides me, time and space.

In dreams I meet you, when I'm low,  
You comfort me, and help me grow.  
Your gentle touch, your quiet grace,  
"It's okay," you say, in that sweet place.

I understand now, with closing eyes,  
When dreams are shared beneath the skies,

My eyes are closed, because I see,  
The loving ghost of you with me.

So many words I long to say,  
So many moments, gone astray.  
You knew a world before my start,  
But you're within my beating heart.

Each memory, a precious art,  
With you, my home, my every part.  
The sting of loss, it lingers still,  
My heart still seeks you, with its will.

Oh, just to hug you, one more time,  
To tell you that your love's sublime.  
Your strength, your prayers, your gentle way,  
They live in me, each passing day.

And like the child who ran to you,  
Believing all would be made new,  
I know, with you, I'm safe and sound,

My love for you will e'er abound.

CORRECTION

# Cursed

Kinzie

I feel like I'm alone.  
All on my own.  
I have not a root or a home  
To call my own.  
I have people, yes  
But its not the same  
They're not a mess,  
They're not tamed.  
I wonder how it will feel  
for my throat to close up,  
For me to suffocate until I'm limp,  
for the world to finally shut,  
will it heal?  
will it cut?  
I wanna drown,  
I wanna fall,  
I wanna burn,  
I wanna die



I wanna feel alive.

Everyone I've loved,

Left me alone,

was it worth? all the shoves?

was it worth? I just wanted a home.

I know what I'll always be I know my destiny

So why does my heart still beat?

After everything, it still needs.

I've no one to even carry my hearse,

So am I wrong when I say that I'm cursed?

CORRECTION

## A girl with no heart

Gunn Muthiyan

---

A girl who listens to everybody, talks to nobody.

A girl with thousands of fake friends but not a single true friend.

A girl who is left by everyone is a girl who still stands beside everyone.

A girl who never got a care single time. Is a girl who cares for everyone.

A girl who has never been loved by a single person is a girl who loves everyone equally with her whole heart.

A girl who was left alone in every moment after life is a girl who is there with everyone in their bad times.

A girl who was never a priority to anyone is a girl who prioritizes everyone.

A girl who never hated everyone is a girl who has been hated by everyone.

A girl who does not have a single enemy is a girl who is an burden to everyone.

A girl who always motivated everyone is a girl who is demotivated by everyone.

A girl who smiles beautifully is a girl who hides her pain sincerely.



A girl who was treated like a servant and trash is a girl who gives everybody the King & Queen" treatment.

A girl who always wished for everybody's betterment is a girl who always pays for their sins.

A girl who is always there for someone who is alone is a girl who was left everywhere for someone else.

A girl who is busy solving others' problems is a girl who never solved her problems.

A girl who never cheated everyone is a girl who is betrayed by everyone.

A girl who always fixes everyone with all her heart is a girl who was broken at every point of her life.

CORRECTION

# The Girl Who walks Through Silence

Maheshwari Jash

Once there was a girl who danced,  
laughter spilling like sunlight on water.  
Her joy was a song that never tired,  
her steps carried the world's brightness.  
Now the music has fallen quiet,  
meals untouched, doors unopened.  
The weight of everything presses down,  
responsibility feels endless, unshared.  
Trust once felt like a safe place,  
but voices drifted, leaving silence.  
A few remain, holding fragments,  
yet the emptiness speaks louder.  
The girl who glowed has changed so fast,  
happiness turned into shadows of doubt.  
And the question lingers in the air-  
why did everything shift so suddenly?  
She lost the brightest part of herself,  
the one who laughed like the world was hers.



Echoes of joy now hide in silence,  
replaced by nights heavy with thoughts.  
Tears fall in secret, unseen by all,  
no one knows the storms she carries.  
The girl who once lit every room  
now walks alone with shadows for company.  
But she learned how to survive,  
how to be strong when the world grew cold.  
She saw the real nature of people,  
and rose from the silence with pride.  
Proud of the girl- who still stands, even after it all.

# NAMELESS

Deepshikha Pandey

I walk this world, but I'm not here,  
A hollow breath, a fading smear.  
They speak, they laugh, they call my name,  
But it's all a lie—I'm just a game.  
I reach for warmth, but touch the cold,  
A love once bright, now dull and old.  
I scream in silence, beg the sky,  
Yet no one even asks me why.  
If I disappear, would they know?  
Would the earth pause, or let me go?  
A ghost in flesh, a mind undone,  
A battle fought, a war not won.  
I am tired of this endless fight,  
Of chasing stars that gives no light.  
So let me fade, just let me be,  
A nameless soul, lost at sea.



# Fireflies

## Vandana Parashar

Vandana Parashar, a creative and enthusiastic dream diver, a biotechnologist by profession, where innovation and applications keep you going. My love for nature, animals, and the science of life inspires me to think and write.

---

### The new moon night

Deep in the forest, on a pitch-dark, stormy night, the scattered stars twinkled brightly; it all looked like the pristine sky dolled up for a Diwali night. The tall pines of the beautiful forest were swaying right to left, whispering the secrets of the new moon this night.



Beneath the tall pines had grown ferns and palms; at a far sight, few maples and beeches; even at dark, their fragrance drifted all around the woods. Little birdies are all asleep, warm in their nest, but "the queen of twilight", I fondly call the owl, is busy preening. Her wide eyes are pined to the slightest of the hustle. She looks wise, grooming her conspicuous circle of feathers while showering some fluffy feathers like snowflakes of the Alps. By the root of pine were two tiny critters that couched side by side on the soft, silky warmth of her feathers.

As the nobles said, the forest is a dynamic living entity; nothing goes to waste.

As the night falls, the sky begins to darken as if it were to gear up for a theatrical play; a magical moment unfolds the deepest mysteries of

creation, a part of the forest with few tall trees had turned into an infinite galaxy of light. A swarm of fireflies had adorned the pines like a Christmas tree in tinsel town.

A tribe of fireflies were seen hurriedly walking past each other; a few stopped to greet, & some with urgency to meet. At a glance, it resembled the famous silk board flyover at peak- hour traffic. Yet out of this, it seemed more like the native residents of the woods had a routine to be out at night.

Mr & Mrs Lucifer

Mr and Mrs Lucifer are bygone inhabitants of the deep forest. Living princely along with their parents, siblings, children, a few granddads and grand moms, & colony of friends on the oldest pine

Night is when the little fireflies play out, swing and slide by branches of pine, and dive from the sky like a shooting star. Flashing lights are their slang way to communicate; each looked like a circuit board receiving a signal.

The intricacies of their colony are ace of creation.

That night, the woods lit up in joy to celebrate the birth of the new baby flies at Mr & Mrs Lucifer's nest. But new mommy and daddy didn't seem joyous but rather anxious & anguished !!!! Their glowing light had begun to dim, for their last tiny egg did not hatch. Mrs Kinna Lucifer hugged her tiny egg, hoping it would make it by the sunshine.

Adorable anomaly in the world of weird!

At sunrise, a little fly hatched out. Mrs Kinna Lucifer squealed with delight, "It's a tiny boy". They named him Leo. Leo was born in daylight, which made it hard for the wisdom keepers to brand his power of fire. They remained apprehensive till the dawn.

Joy and grief are never far apart.

Leo, the last born, his tiny tummy could not make enough luciferin to fuel the fire. Nevertheless, Leo was a wise head and the most loved fly in the woods. Most often, Leo was seen revolving around Mrs Kinna, spending tender moments listening to all the wisdom, phantom, brave and bold warrior stories and falling deep asleep. It healed his heart and strengthened his mind.

Just like the evolved Homo sapiens protect their less able child from the harshness of the world, so did Mrs Kinna. Never let Leo wander through the pines or roam with friends. She failed to realise the blaze of her fire is only adorned by the precision of the dark.

### Star War Night

A huge lumbering beast from the Wild West forest had made its way through the pines. Was startled with abundance feel of food which he could gulp at once. He smartly flew up to the highest branch and perched his claws to take a quick aerial sensex, so he could plan his fleet.

Meanwhile, the yellow sun began to embark on its axis to reach below the horizon, passing through the clouds, nudged by the winds, igniting the sky, with a quick peek of the resting beast.

"A collection of emotions dissolves the mind in shades of fading daylight".

Oh! A sight worth my life, the mighty predator glared at the sun, wishing him goodbye, sharpened his beak like vicious daggers, stretched his wings wide, & streamlined his physique. Now all that he could do was to patiently wait for the night, watching the pines to relay the signal light.

Who should be credited with such a modus operandi? Beast or Creator?

Enigmatic strike in the dark, the only testament of attack was the sheer sound of crunching pines, breaking sticks and rustling leaves .... must have been a devastating plight.

Oozing from the woods, a raging ball of fire rambling in patterns to vanquish the predator, it was the call of the community to stand as one and fight this evil. Mr Lucifer led the troop with others following his plan of action. At this very moment, the tall pines looked like a pavilion light show.

The young and old were sent into the crevices of trees. It was hard for the beast to glide in between the thick pines as swiftly as the fireflies .... As the troop kept the beast on the run, tiny Leo watched in distress the battle for survival ..... He had a million thoughts pondering his mind, like envisaging annihilation of bioluminescence in the woods to mass savage of the pine colony, the power of fire to the curse of illumina. Until this time of life, Leo kept busy accumulating a veritable encyclopaedia of knowledge from his mother.

Mr Lucifer returned, hurt, his drooped posture is a sign of grief in most flight kingdoms. The unstoppable Leo transformed into an apoplectic adult firefly, and he quickly flew out like a blazing star, startling the beast with a fierce challenge! "If you smack me down, my family would be your lavish supper; if not, you promise no return". Sudden silence struck the dark as the mighty predator could not spot the blot.

"Every effect or defect is bliss if put to play"

Happy Reading

## SOMEONE'S SECOND FIRST

Basil

---

Thou mayest not be the first woman for him,  
Yet thy heart lifteth his soul to the height up.  
His smile long gone, thou brought'st a new hymn,  
In his heart thy love is the first to fill his cup.

The light in his lantern—may it no longer dim,  
For thy love given bringeth hope like a pup;  
Thou be the radiance of the sky, shaping him,  
His hearte once cold now leapeth like a cub.

A silent voice he'd carry that leaveth him grim,  
Limping on to the sorrows now thou didst rub;  
Away from the void, thou brought him to his rim,  
Brim o'er be the happiness of his half cup.

Though thy mayeth not be first,  
But thou his heart remembereth thee,  
Caring in the love he sought—one he'd be.

Thou art the one to quench his thirst

CORRECTION

# Last One Standing

Tamalika Biswas

---

When the crowd became an echo,  
I remained.

When promises cracked like thin ice  
beneath careless feet,  
I remained.

The storm knew my name,  
the night knew my fears,  
and both sat beside me  
for longer than friends did.

I have worn loneliness  
like an old coat—  
heavy in winter,  
familiar in spring.

Many arrived with bright smiles,  
many left with quieter excuses.  
I stopped counting departures  
and learned the language of goodbye.

Yet here I am—  
not unbroken,  
not untouched,  
but standing.

A tree after lightning,  
scarred bark glowing silver in moonlight.

A candle stubborn enough  
to challenge the dark.

I am not the strongest;  
strength never looked like this.  
It looked like waking again,  
and again,  
and again.

The world took attendance.  
One by one, names vanished.

When the silence answered roll call,  
there was only one voice left.

Mine.

And though it trembled,  
it still said,

“Present.”

CORRECTION

# Italian Summer

Barisha Singh Chauhan

Checklist:

1. Lemon (Tanginess)
2. Salt (Zesty)
3. Water (Simple)
4. Sugar (Sweetness)
5. Soda (Sparkling)
6. Ice (Fresh)



Sunbathing with the ladies, Sulking over melted ice cream, Singing song

U-turning for pools, Untangling the wind, Unbuckling sandals

Mumbling cheat tricks, Marching to parks, Munching watermelons

Manifesting curls, Making lemonade, Managing temperatures

Earning compliments, Eating ice cubes, Editing on songs of Sabrina

Running around, Resting under shade, Rumbling uncles

\*Thud\*

The ice crashes into the glass like the laughter that cracks

It's cool, and maybe it's sparkling too?

The crunchiness of juicy fruits in custards

Noise of running fans all nights  
Dripping water from evening showers  
And shorts out on stock every day out  
Bubbles ran in the air faster than kids  
One would cut their hair, one would die  
Tripping on the bricks of the road  
Lunch in Venice, Dinner in Milan  
Afternoon by lemons, Evening by gelato  
Like a butterfly flying around when life shines  
Late-night walks in the coolness near rivers  
Or maybe boat rides in the coolness of rivers?  
Smoothies, Frappes, Cappuccinos, Sodas  
Antipasto, Dolci, Come seconde, Digestivo  
Moving like the wind in the radiant crowd  
Golden sparks over every head and face  
Mornings spent sweeping the floors  
Nights lying down on them  
Lips red from watermelon slices  
The sweetness, like 'you make it feel like summer.'  
Unlike Lemon sorbet, which stands as zesty  
Fanning hands around the citta

Still, the grandma's recipes flying in the mist  
Summer vacations in grandpa's chilling pools  
Fleeing to the fields before the sun sets  
It feels like the tension evaporates along the water  
Like a simple life amongst the chaos  
Calcio in narrow gullies when the moon rises  
Sparkling chillies before the summer ends  
Karaoke late nights on the roof  
Joke's on the mattress that lay on the same roof  
Watching the moon before eyes lay tired  
Those memories sit fresh  
Summer has 6 shades  
Start  
Unleash  
Majestic  
Memorable  
Earnest  
Residing  
So when lemonades pop up on tables  
The chills in rifts settle near the ankles  
So after spring, even if it is a latecomer

I'd love to experience the Italian Summer

I put my toes into the tub. "Cold?" my grandma asks. I give her a smile and nod.

'Comprare la gelato! Comprare la gelato!' calls the vendor. My grandma, old yet fast to move, picks up her wallet € 5, € 10, € 15 prices of the ice cream spark in my mind. 'Ecco' she hands me € 20. "One for you?" I ask wiping my feet. She knows and I run from the fields to the vendor yelling "Oi! what do you offer?" I peek into the tub as the scorching heat burns my bare cold feet. I whine and stand on my tippy toes. Chocolate. Mango. Lemon. "Two Lemon" I look up, offering the money.

"Did you like it?" my grandma says savouring her ice cream. "Mmm" I suck on mine while fiddling with €8 I have. "Keep it" she says "Really!?" I exclaimed with white eyes and hug her. "Grazie! Grazie!" She chuckles and I wonder If this is summer.

Little moments in coldness of the air.

It is my grandma's smile

grandpa's clothes

mothers sweat

fathers beer

sister's tide hair

brother's sleep

and my? it's my happiness.

# Home At Night

Ankita Paul

Going for work in  
the early  
morning  
when your heart is  
willing  
to sleep an hour  
more

You want rest from  
the inner core.

Doing the chores  
all alone,  
all day long.

For the hearts  
which you  
belong.

Because of this



you're no more

alone.

At last, the lovely

smile stays on your

face

so long.

At night when the

sweetest hands hug

you

tightly.

There are no more

stress, no more

tiredness.

Something makes

the house of bricks

different

from home of

family.

That something is

of mirthfulness.

This are some

homes at night.

CORRECTION

## Where Freedom Begins 🌿 ✨

kajal Chauhan

"Sometimes, only after coming back do you understand why the bird was so desperate to leave the cage. You may stay away from it for years, but the cage never stops trying to hold you again. Its doors may look open, but they were never meant for you to breathe freely. They exist only to remind you that not everyone is destined to fly without permission. Some people are given the sky, while others have to fight for every inch of it. Some are born with wings and freedom, while others spend their lives proving they deserve both. And in the end, the strongest souls are not the ones who were allowed to fly—they are the ones who had to break the cage, bleed for their freedom, and still choose to spread their wings." 🌿 ✨



# Museum of Memories

Tazmin begum

---

A jar of glass, a collection of brown,  
Where quiet autumn has settled down.  
No longer white, no longer new,  
They hold the shade of a faded view.  
They do not bend, they do not weep,  
A frozen secret they choose to keep.  
Standing together, fragile and old,  
The prettiest sorrow to ever unfold



# The moon

Saloni adhikari

"I love looking at the moon  
with the lovely nature's tune  
I wish to be with you once  
and look at the prettier one"



"your wounds and ur scars  
I will draw on them beautiful stars  
the moon reminds me of you  
and tells me how imperfectly perfect you are"

"your eyes are my favorite view  
nothing is so pure more than you  
your face and your smile  
I want it to stay forever in my sight"

"the way you talk you laugh and ur voice sounds  
It makes me forget I ever had any breakdowns  
your presense your heart makes me comfortable

everything about you is so pretty and valuable"

"loving you would be the best thing to do

with no regrets i will forever love you

if I can't have you and can't be yours

I will keep our memories and live in it with you"

CORRECTION

**HINDI**

CORRECTION

## आखरी लफ़्ज़ मेरे प्रेम के

Alfaazzz

कई रातों से लिख रहा हूँ तुम्हें,

कभी शब्दों में,

कभी खामोशियों में,

कभी उन आँसुओं में

जो आँखों तक आकर भी

लौट जाया करते हैं।

तुम्हें शायद पता भी न हो,

पर मेरी हर अधूरी कविता,

हर अनकहा खयाल,

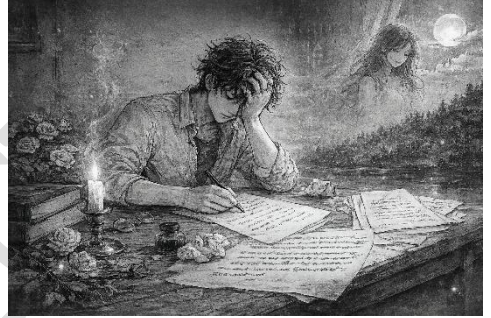
हर दुआ का आखिरी हिस्सा

तुम पर आकर रुक जाता है।

मैंने हज़ार बार लिखा है

कि मैं तुमसे प्रेम करता हूँ।

फिर मिटा दिया।



क्योंकि प्रेम कहना आसान था,  
पर तुम्हें खो देने का डर  
हर बार कलम से बड़ा हो जाता था।

मैंने इस एहसास को  
दोस्ती का नाम दिया,

फिर आदत का,

फिर एक खूबसूरत भ्रम का।

मगर कुछ सच  
नाम बदलने से नहीं बदलते।

वे दिल में वैसे ही रहते हैं,  
जैसे चाँद  
बादलों के पीछे छिपकर भी  
आसमान से नहीं जाता।

और तुम भी  
मेरे भीतर ऐसे ही रहीं।

हर जीत में,

हर हार में,

हर उस शाम में  
जब दुनिया बहुत शोर करती थी  
और मुझे बस तुम्हारी आवाज़ चाहिए होती थी।  
तुम कोई कविता नहीं हो,

क्योंकि कविताएँ पूरी हो जाती हैं।

तुम वह अधूरी पंक्ति हो  
जिसे मैं जितना लिखता हूँ,  
उतना ही और लिखना चाहता हूँ।

आज इसलिए नहीं बोल रहा  
कि मुझे उत्तर चाहिए।

न इसलिए  
कि मुझे कोई वादा चाहिए।

मैं तो बस चाहता हूँ  
कि एक बार,  
सिर्फ एक बार,

तुम मेरे दिल की वह धड़कन सुनो  
जिसने बरसों से  
तुम्हारा नाम संभाल रखा है।

हाँ,

मैं तुमसे प्रेम करता हूँ।

तुम्हारी मुस्कानों से,

तुम्हारी कमियों से,

तुम्हारी जिदों से,

तुम्हारी उस सादगी से

जो इस दुनिया की सारी चमक से

ज़्यादा खूबसूरत लगती है।

और अगर कल

तुम किसी और राह की मुसाफिर बन जाओ,

तो भी यकीन मानो,

मेरे हिस्से में कोई पछतावा नहीं आएगा।

क्योंकि कुछ लोग

हमारी मंज़िल नहीं बनते,

फिर भी हमारी यात्रा को

सुंदर बना जाते हैं।

तो यह रहा—

मेरे प्रेम का अंतिम मसौदा।

न इसमें कोई संशोधन होगा,

न कोई नई पंक्ति जुड़ पाएगी।

अब यह कहानी

मेरे शब्दों की नहीं रही।

अब इसका अगला अध्याय,

इसका अंत,

और शायद इसकी शुरुआत भी...

तुम्हारे हाथों में है।

CORRECTION

## कड़वी वाणी

### भारती कुमारी

मेरा नाम भारती है. मैं बिहार से मुजफ्फरपुर जिले के फतेहपुर गांव से हूं. मेरा जन्म 17 सितम्बर 2002 को हुआ है. मेरे पिता का नाम राम नारायण तिवारी है. और माता का नाम कंचन देवी है. मैंने दसवीं की पढाई बिहार बोर्ड से पड़ोसी गांव के हाई स्कूल "राजकिय शिवप्रसन्न हरदी हाई स्कूल " से पूरी की हूं.

कड़वी वाणी बोल - बोल कर,  
हृदय तक बान चालते हो ,  
फिर प्रिय वचनों से क्यों ,  
अक्सर हमें लुभाते हो ,  
जब हमसे कोई प्रेम नहीं ,  
भावों का कोई मेल नहीं ,  
फिर बात यही खतम करो,  
जीवन है कोई खेल नहीं...!!  
मैं तो देखी हूं प्रेम में बड़े त्याग,  
जला देते हैं प्रेमियों को विरह की आग ,  
होता नहीं किंचित स्पर्श की आस ,  
करते हैं वो स्वयं से अधिक विश्वास ,  
तुम तो सुक्ष्म सी बातों पर ,



हरदम नाराज हो जाते हो ,  
कह दो ना है प्रेम नहीं ,  
क्यों इतना सकुचाते हो,  
ये हृदय है कोई जेल नहीं,  
बात यहीं खतम करो,  
जीवन है कोई खेल नहीं...!!  
बार - बार छलनी कर जाना ,  
बेहतर उससे दूर हो जाना ,  
तेरी इस कटुता को ,  
हृदय अब सह नहीं पएगा,  
कोटि - कोटि मधुर वचनों पर ,  
किंचित नहीं लूभाएगा,  
कर पाएगा कभी किसी से प्रेम नहीं ,  
बात यही खतम करो,  
जीवन है कोई खेल नहीं...!!

# तुम सुन रहे हो ना

सुमी जैन संयमी

Hello Sir/Ma'am,

My name is Sumi Jain, and I am a poetry writer. I would like to get my poems published and would be grateful for the opportunity to share my work with your publishing platform.

तुम सुन रहे हो ना .....  
कोई तुम्हे पुकार रहा है  
कोई तुम्हारी तस्वीर को हर पल निहार रहा है  
बादलो से बतिया के  
समय की टिकटिकी में दिन बिता के  
नदिया के किनारे बैठ के  
तुम्हारी यादो से रुठ के  
तुम्हारे ही खयालो की कश्ती में बैठा है



हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो ना .....

वो नंगे पैर गरम छत की धूप में

इस ठहरते ढलते रूप में  
यौवन की कलिका  
एक सुंदर बालिका  
तुम्हारे नैनो में खोने को आतुर है

हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो न ....  
वो मृगनयनी की तरह अटकी लगाए है  
तुम्हारी झलक की दरश लगाए है  
तुम्हारी चित्रकारी मन मे बसाये है  
तुम्हारा दिया हुआ गजरा बालो में सजाएं है

हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो न .....  
वो अपने होठों पे तुम्हारे नाम के स्वर लगाए बैठी है  
मात्र तुम्हे निहारने के लिए अपने नैनो में काजल लगाए बैठी है  
हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो ना .....

## Ek naya panna

Shriya lohar

कभी कुछ खवाबों में खो जाते हैं हम,  
रास्ते चुनते हैं, फिर सोच में पड़ जाते हैं हम...  
जो सही लगा था एक वक़्त पर,  
वही बाद में सवाल बन जाता है अक्सर।  
कुछ बातें दिल में रह जाती हैं,  
कुछ यादें वक़्त के साथ धुंधली हो जाती हैं...  
रास्ते बदलने का खयाल आता है,  
पर एक डर भी साथ ले आता है...  
फिर भी दिल के किसी कोने में यक़ीन है,  
कि हर नई शुरुआत में कुछ हसीन है।  
जो छूट गया, वो कहानी का हिस्सा था,  
जो आने वाला है, शायद उससे भी अच्छा होगा।  
अधूरी नहीं है कहानी अभी, बस एक नया पन्ना लिखना बाकी है...



## उड़ान

Aashna Dubey

एक इम्तिहान ज़िंदगी का,  
रिमझिम बारिश के बीच आया नतीजा दुआओं का।  
दिल ये मेरा फिर से जी उठा,  
आस का एक दीपक फिर जल उठा।  
मिल गई राहतें, अज़मतें और रिफ़अतें,  
फिर से रौशन हुआ सफ़र मेरी चाहतों का।  
जो ख़्वाब सजाया था इन नादान आँखों ने,  
आज वही ख़्वाब मेरा साकार हो  
गया।  
इस करम का करूँ शुक्र अदा कैसे,  
हर सज्दा आज कुबूल-ए-दरबार हो  
गया।



कल जो मेरी ख़ामोशी पे हँसते थे महफ़िलों में,  
आज मेरी एक झलक को तरसती है वही महफ़िल सारी।

खुदा ने चुना मुझे अपने फ़रिश्ते के तौर पर,  
आज हर एक दुआ का मुझ पर ख़ुमार हो गया।  
मेरे खुदा ने मुझे ऐसा सँवार दिया,  
हर मन्नत के धागों का हिसाब हो गया।  
जो माँगा था मैंने हर सज्दे में बेइंतिहा,  
उस रब का हर करम बेशुमार हो गया।

CORRECTION

# उसकी आँखों में

Vishal Solanki

MBBS Student | Bhopal 📍

A lover of mountains, books, and late-night thoughts.

Writing about feelings, memories, and the things people rarely talk about.

उसकी आँखों में

उसकी आँखों में देखा

मैंने अपने लिए इतना प्यार,

जो कभी किसी की आँखों में

न देखा ।

उसकी आँखों में देखी

मैंने वह दुनिया,

जो हकीकत में मुझे

कहीं नहीं मिली।



उसकी आँखों में देखी  
मैंने अपने लिए वह खुशी,  
जिसकी न जाने कब से  
मैं तलाश कर रहा था।

उसकी आँखों में देखी  
मैंने वह उम्मीद,  
जिसे देखकर मैं अपनी सारी  
मायूसी भूल बैठा।

उसकी आँखों में देखी  
मैंने वह तसल्ली,  
जिसे देखकर मैं अपनी सारी  
परेशानियाँ भूल बैठा।

उसकी आँखों में देखे  
मैंने वे सपने,

जिन्हें मैं कब का

भूल बैठा था।

उसकी आँखों में देखी

मैंने एक नई सुबह,

जिसने न जाने मेरी कितनी

लंबी रातों को रोशन कर दिया।

उसकी आँखों में देखी

मैंने वह मुस्कान,

जिसने मेरे सारे ग़मों के

आँसुओं को पी लिया।

उसकी आँखों में देखी

मैंने हँसी की वह चमक,

जिसने मुझ पर से उदासी का

साया हटा दिया।

उसकी आँखों में देखा

मैंने भरोसा,

जिसने मेरे सारे.

शक दूर कर दिए।

CORRECTION

## छोटी सी चिंगारी

Prachi Upadhyay

ना चाह रही ना राह रही  
ना जीने की भी आस रही  
ना बात कोई अब खास रही  
जो दिल को बांधे ना वो प्यास रही

हर हंसी भी अब तो रसम लगे  
हर रिश्ता अब तो कसम लगे  
भीड़ में तनहा दिल ये रहे  
खुद से ही दूर जाने को कहे

ना किसी से कोई है शिकवा  
ना किसी से कोई है अब गिला  
बस पंछी बन के उड़ जाना  
कहीं दूर गगन में बस जाना

उन ख्वाबों को भी रोक लिया  
जो सपने थे उन्हें तोड़ दिया  
उस गली से भी मुंह मोड़ लिया  
जिसने अपना कह के फिर छोड़ दिया

पर कहीं तो वो चिंगारी है  
जिसने उम्मीदों को रोक रखा  
ना बुझा के उसको राख बना  
तू खुद को जला और आग बना

तू खुद को जला और आग बना  
तू खुद को जला और आग बना

# कॉलेज की अधूरी चाहत

**Kishan Kishor**

Kishan Kishor, also known as Real KK, is an Indian musician, composer, songwriter and author. He is the author of the book "A Semester of Chaos & Kinship".

क्लास की भीड़ में एक चेहरा जो खास था,  
मेरी हर धड़कन को जिसका एहसास था।  
वो मेरी किताब की सबसे प्यारी कहानी थी,  
मेरे सपनों को पुरा करने वाली वो रानी थी।

मेरी राहों में जब तुम नज़र आ जाती हो,  
मेरी सूनी सी दुनिया भी मुस्कुरा जाती हो।  
जब भी बातें करती वो वक्त ठहर सा जाता,  
उसकी मीठी आवाज़ में दिल मेरा खो जाता।  
तुझको जब भी देखूँ मुझे ऐसा लगे हर बार,  
जैसे चाँद भी शर्मा जाए तुझे देख हर बार।  
उसकी चेहरे की चमक सितारों को मात करे,



मेरा बेचैन दिल बस न जाने क्या बात करे।

तेरी आँखों में जैसे सपनों का जहान था,  
मेरे हर एक अंदाज़ में अलग सा मान था।  
तेरी मुस्कान दिल को सुकून दे जाती थी,  
तेरी हर एक अदा मुझे दीवाना बनाती थी।  
आखिर तुम बताओ इतनी अच्छी क्यों हो,  
हर एहसास में बसने वाली सच्ची क्यों हो।  
इतनी सुंदर हो कि शब्द कम पड़ जाते हैं,  
तुझे देखकर दिल में गीत उतर आते हैं।

चाहा था कभी तुझे अपना बना लूँ मैं,  
तेरे नाम से अपनी दुनिया सजा लूँ मैं।  
पर ख्वाहिशें दिल की दिल में ही रह गईं,  
और ये चाहत बस खामोश सी कह गई।

## महखाना

### Karthik Parekh

Hello there! My name is Karthik Parekh lived in Jabalpur (M.P) and I have been writing for 4 years, I am a music-loving, spiritual, introverted, and moody individual with a deep passion for traveling .

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याद जब आई तेरी

दोस्तों ने मेहखाने में बैठाया था,

पी इतनी शराब के गम से शराब का जाम टकराया था

बड़े दिन बाद फिर आंखों में नींद का घेरा आया था,

सोया जो गहरी नींद तो ख्वाब भी तेरा आया था

सुबह उठा तो देखा तुझे ही नज़रो के सामने अपने था,

रात में बेहोसी के हाल में, क्या मैं तेरे घर आया था

कुछ कहे बिना मैं उसके घर से फिर निकल आया था

उसके हाथों में लगी मेहंदी मैं जो देख आया था,

कुछ दिनों बाद उसने फिर जख्म मेरा खुरेद दिया था

शादी का कार्ड उसने घर भिजवाया था,

कोशिश सब नाकाम होते आंखों के सामने देख रहा था

एक तरफा था प्यार जो उससे मैं कर रहा था ,  
उसके झूठे वादों को मैं सच मान कर बैठा था  
कितना बेवकूफ था मैं एक बेवफा से प्यार कर बैठा था,  
उसने हम पे ईल्जाम कई मर्तबा लगाया  
था  
सोचता क्या ये वही शकश है जिसको  
सिर पर बैठाया था,  
याद जब आई तेरी  
तो दोस्तों ने महखाने में बैठाया था।



CORRECT