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THE LAST DRAFT

Humna Fatima

Humna Fatima is a Class 11 student from Methodist High School, Kanpur. She is passionate about poetry and creative writing that explores human emotions, family, love, loss, hope, and self-discovery.

I thought the last draft
would be the one without mistakes.

The one where every sentence stood straight,
every memory behaved,
every goodbye ended neatly.



But life is a terrible editor.

It leaves coffee stains on important pages.

It crosses out people
without asking permission.

My grandfather left
in the middle of a conversation.

My childhood ended
between two ordinary Tuesdays.

And my father—

he kept tearing pieces from his own story
to patch the holes in mine.

For years,
I rewrote myself.

Made the grief smaller.
Made the smiles bigger.
Changed the ending
so it hurt less.

Then one evening,
I found an old notebook.

Inside were all the versions of me

I had tried to erase—

the frightened child,

the angry daughter,

the dreamer who almost gave up.

And suddenly I understood.

The last draft was never meant

to be perfect.

It was meant to be honest.

So I left the scars where they were.

I kept the unfinished sentences.

I stopped apologizing

for the pages that trembled.

Because a life is not remembered

for its flawless paragraphs.

It is remembered
for the truth it dared to keep.

And if this is my last draft,

let it look human.

Let it carry fingerprints,
tear marks,
and hope.

Let it prove

that even an unfinished story
can be worth reading.

On Margins of Last Storms

Aditi Asthana

Aditi Asthana is an emerging poet whose writing explores themes of resilience, introspection, and human emotions through evocative imagery and reflective verse.

They named her Aditi, child of spring,
When orchards bloomed and birds took wing,
Yet fate concealed a different art,
And stitched a monsoon to her heart.

For while the world wore shades of bloom,
She carried whispers of monsoon,
A storm misplaced by time and chart,
With thunder sleeping in her heart.

Her wavy hair like rainclouds curled,
Wild rivers dancing through the world,
Each restless strand a wandering sky,
Too free to stay, too fierce to lie.



She loved the mountains, old and wise,
That held their storms beneath still skies,
Like silent giants crowned in gray,
Who bore their wounds and faced the day.

The rain became her truest friend,
A love no season's hand could end,
She chased the lightning's silver gleam,
And gathered thunder for a dream.

A camera rested in her hands,
Collecting life in fleeting strands,
She caught the tears dusk left behind,
And framed the echoes of mankind.

Her prose flowed soft as rivers deep,
Her poems woke what shadows keep,
Each verse a cloud too full to stay,
Each word a storm that found its way.

Her smile appeared—a crescent light,

A moon that softened every night,
Yet hidden past its gentle art,
Lived all the fractures of her heart.

For she, the eldest, learned too soon,
How dreams can fade before their noon,
How duty comes with silent claim,
And leaves behind a different name.

One by one her wishes fell,
Like autumn leaves beneath a spell,
The world called sacrifice a grace,
While longing lingered in their place.

Her hazel-grey-black eyes would gleam,
Like stormlit oceans guarding dream,
So beautiful the world stood still,
Yet blind to storms beyond its will.

They saw the sparkle, not the rain,
The strength, but never traced the pain,

For hurricanes can calmly rest,
Within the quiet of a chest.

They called her lost, a drifting soul,
A dreamer far from any goal,
Directionless in thought and gaze,
Adrift within imagined maze.

Yet rivers wander, mountains wait,
And clouds arrive though running late,
The paths unseen by common sight,
Still find the sea by starless night.

An introvert, a mystery's page,
A thriller locked within a cage,
She read the silence people wore,
And understood what words ignore.

Through daily sparks of hope she gave,
She taught the weary to be brave,
And touched a million hearts unseen,

Like rain upon a field of green.

So spring may claim the day she came,
Yet storms will always know her name,
For blossoms bloom and fade apart,
But monsoons leave their mark on heart.

And if her story feels half-drawn,
Like thunder waiting before dawn,
Perhaps she lives between the lines—
A storm revising her Last designs.

Last(ing) Draft

Anu

Anu is a poet by heart and an Ai professional by profession .
Passionate about life and everything it has to offer .

I wrote words a million times...
Sometimes as thoughts,
Other times as rhymes.
A story here,
A poem there.
On glowing screens,
In diaries worn by years.
Some arrived as scribbles
Across forgotten pages.
Some hid between dreams,
Waiting through the ages.
Yet the words would not obey.
They danced
At the edge of my mind,
Then drifted away.
Draft after draft,
I built and broke,
Chasing perfect lines
That never spoke.
I longed to write,
Like poets
Whose verses still soar,
Like writers
Whose stories outlive them evermore.
Yet what I was chasing



Had been within me all along.
Then one day...
I stopped searching
For perfect words,
And listened
To my heart.
Out poured
Smiles and tears,
Hope and fear,
Love and loss,
Every season
I had carried within.
And there it was...
A masterpiece.
Not because it was flawless,
Not because it was grand,
But because no one before
Had lived my story,
Or held my heart
In their hands.
"Is this my last draft?"
I whispered.
My heart smiled
And replied...
"My dear..."
"This is your lasting draft."

Scribbles

Goldi Mishra

Goldi Mishra is a postgraduate student of Fabric and Apparel Science with a passion for literature, poetry, and creative storytelling. She enjoys exploring emotions, culture, and human experiences through her writing.

My scribbles feel, they whisper my soul,
They scream aloud, the stories I've held whole.
I scribbled, I wrote, and then I erased,
But who will understand these emotions, these phrases?

My scribbles now adorn the walls, a
mosaic of pain,
A picture incomplete, yet speaking
volumes in vain.
I wrote of my evenings, of my storms and
rain,
These scribbles mark the spaces, where
my heart remains.

I see my past, in every stroke and hue,
A color once vibrant, now faded, worn true.



But he's painted the walls, with his vibrant shade,
My yesterday lives on, in these scribbled shades.

In my scribbles, I still breathe, still exist,
A spark ignites, a new tale to insist.
With colors in hand, I come to create,
A rainbow on walls, or art that's intricate.

My scribbles hide me, my colors conceal,
I'll paint these walls with hues that are real.
No false pretenses, no facade to wear,
I'll guard these walls, from prying eyes that star

The Defense of a Lost Case...

Kundan Halder

The clouds drifted through the nights I have stayed silent,

Like a proof of my existence.

The answer still remains unknown to my question—

Am I living, surviving, or merely breathing?

The wind brushed against my face touching the silent stare I have
been giving to the endless sky.

Asking for an unknown reply I am waiting for.

Everyday I am being distant from myself,

Slowly losing to the noise inside my head.

Sometimes I blabber to myself, sometimes to the moon or the stars i
call my friends.

Sometimes I choose silence, sometimes gets lost in the crowd I have
created within my brain.

The only solution I offer myself is reassurance.

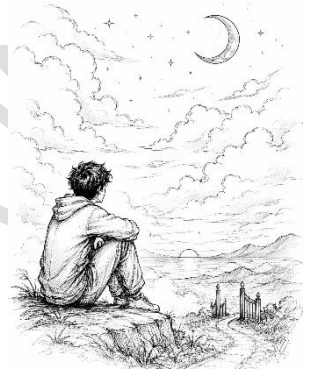
Reassurance of..I am alive, still kicking to bring a smile to
everyone's face.

Reassurance of... everything is fine if I try rather than being lame.

Reassurance of.. I am happy, i just need to make myself believe that.

If one day, I were given the choice to choose..

I would choose a life little less,
The moon would be mine where the stars gave chase,
Clouds would gather at my command and disappear when I want,
The sunset will be controlled,
Everynight a blessing to myself.
Where the smoke would cause no harm,
And happiness knocking at my doorstep.
Even dreams could never fulfill the desire I have
gifted myself with,
Every word feels like a mockery to this empty
vessel.
The world is beautiful, no complaints, no
arguments.
It is just...
My lost case I continue trying to defend,
Asking the clouds for validation.
As...
The clouds drift through the n
ights I have remained silent.



The Art of Not Being Myself..

Kundan Halder

Who am I?

Life has been kind—

too kind, perhaps.

A quiet rain of blessings falls on me,

unasked, undeserved, unearned—

each drop landing like a question I never dared to ask.

Everything was given form before I could shape desire—

education, work, a life neatly arranged

as if fate feared my choices.

And yet—

something rots beneath the surface.

A storm without thunder

lingers in the hollow of my chest,

whispering questions that refuse to die.

Am I searching for something—

or slowly dissolving into nothing?

If handed the right to choose my future,

I would hesitate—



not out of fear of failure,
but from the certainty
that I would ruin something already perfect.

So I sit—

blessed, yet burdened,
full, yet endlessly empty.

Time moves.

Days decay into nights,
seasons shed their skins,
years collapse into silence—
and still, the question grows teeth.

I look at the sky,
not in wonder—
but in accusation.

Sometimes I borrow meaning from films,
pretending their scripts were written for me.

Sometimes I hide inside songs,
mistaking echoes for answers.

Sometimes I dissect others' lives,
hoping to find a fragment of myself—
but all I gather is noise.

And then—
there's the quiet poison of what if.
These days,
living feels no different from surviving—
just a performance with better lighting.
Perhaps acting is my truth.
After all,
I have mastered the art of being everyone
except myself.
For friends, I am laughter.
For family, I am stability.
For strangers, I am whatever they need me to be.
And for myself—
I am a question mark that never resolves.
Every night, I sit alone,
the wind brushing past me like a ghost
that knows more than I ever will.
My eyes search the empty sky—
not for answers anymore,
but for proof
that something out there understands.

But the sky remains indifferent.

Silent. Vast. Unfeeling.

Just like the void within me.

And somewhere between breath and thought,

my unanchored soul whispers again—

Who am I?

CORRECTION

Samaj ki kahani

Sangita bharti

Mai bolu to galat hai Par ...
Kya laks koi jivan ka hai
Mai bolu to jahar hai Par
Hai kya udeshya koi jivan ka
Ha nhi bhed bhaw aaj koi karungi
Par thori to karwi sachai aaj bolungi
Tum larke ho ya larki khare sab pr sawal honge
Par hai kya ye parwarish aaj bhed sab khulenge
Thora rubaru samaj se honge
Tum larke ho kam pe focus kro .. bs kam pr ... bs kam
pr ... nam pr nhi galat sune ... bs kam pr ... wahi hamari
bhasa me paiso pr ... hmm kam pr
Larki ho to suno ki agar larki ho to suno
Ghr ke km kro ... bas sab ki suno sab ki suno man ki
nhi na bas sab ki suno
Choro sab sapno ko ... Uran ki gati thori dhimi kro
Larke ho ya larki bas ghut ghut ke mro
Par bas samaj ki suno samaj ki suno



Poetry

Vidushi

I am vidushi, from palwal , Haryana. I am 11 years old , my poem leans into imagination and the strength inside a girl

The magic in her heart
A notebook full of half drawn dreams ,
And headphones going out to screams
A girl walks a path her own,
In a vibrant world she builds alone
No need of crowds or light,
She finds her rhythm in the night
A quite strength, a quite place
She finds her own space
In every step a story starts ,
With the magic in her heart



"The Compass Within"

Nihitha

I am an engineering student with a deep interest in expressing the thoughts and emotions, that shape everyday life. Through poetry, I wish to share them with others in the hope of creating a connection.

They say follow your heart,
But they also say protect it,
as if the two aren't constantly at war,
as if the heart isn't both a map
and a soft, breakable thing
that learns courage only through bruising.

They say forgive and forget,
But they whisper never let someone hurt you twice,
as though the mind can erase,
as though the soul doesn't remember what shaped it.
They say patience is key,
Yet remind you that life waits for no one,
urging you to hurry and slow down
all in the same breath.



They say so many things.

And the world, loud and restless,
is full of advice,
Some of it wise, steady,
shaped by years of falling and rising,
And some of it just noise,
echoes of other people's fears,
other people's regrets,
other people's unfinished stories
that they try to hand to you.

People will tell you what to do,
what to choose,
who to be.
But they don't live in your skin.
They don't wake with your worries,
they don't carry your longings,
they don't feel your quiet aches
that sit in your chest like unsent letters.

They don't know the storms you endured,
the nights you survived,
the battles you fought silently
while the world slept.

The truth is-
no one has the perfect answer.
No path is neat,
no decision ever free of shadow,
no life completely understood even by the one living it.

Life isn't a straight line or a rule book;
It's a messy sprawl of moments
that contradict, collide, and coexist.
It's confusing, unpredictable,
deeply personal,
and different for every soul breathing.

So listen and learn,
Take what resonates,

what feels like truth to your bones,
and let the rest fall away like dust.

Because deep inside you,
beneath all the noise and doubt,
there is a compass-
quiet, patient, ancient.

It knows the weight you've carried,
the heartbreaks that shaped you,
the victories that lifted you,
the secret dreams you buried,
the ones you still dare to chase.

It has felt every fall,
every rise,
every shift in the wind of your life.

It learned your north
not from clarity,
but from chaos.

And you-

you're the one who has to live with your choices.

You're the one who takes each step,
slow or trembling or strong,
on the road that unfolds beneath you.

Only you can write this story.

Only you can decide its plot twists,
its pauses,

its quiet rebirths.

So when the world grows too loud,
when advice pulls you in every direction
until you feel stretched thin
between what others expect
and what you truly want,
stop.

Close your eyes.

Breathe.

Let the noise fade,

let the confusion settle like dust in sunlight,
and feel for that compass,
that soft, steady pull in your chest
that whispers instead of shouts.

Follow where it points.
Even if the path is dim,
even if you doubt your steps,
even if no one else understands.

It knows your north.
It always has.
And it will lead you-
not to perfection,
not to certainty,
but to a life that is unmistakably yours.

Trust the compass within-
it's been quietly guiding you all along,
waiting for the moment you finally listen.

Us

Safiya Husain

Safiya Husain is a corporate lawyer and multidisciplinary artist from Meerut. While her academic and professional foundation is rooted in an LLM and the rigours of legal practice, her spirit is fuelled by the fluid worlds of painting and poetry.

I've always kept things guarded, But for you, I'll dip my pen in white.

Nothing hidden, nothing wise.

I will seal my past away,

Leaving it to rest in the dark To let it brighten what will be ours.

I'll shut the box of T' tight

To give 'us' a fair chance by the time we meet;

And I hope you will do the same.

I've learned to love from my mother:

I am as fiercely possessive as a mother, Yet I love with the heart of a child-Pure, intuitive, and entirely devoted.

And I hope that is something you, too, will bring to our table.



It's again raining inside my heart.

No amount of love can fill my emptiness

And eventually,

it's not even you this time,

because what I feel is the depth of memories

which never try to get wet when it rains.

The days were so easy with you,

but the nights without you are even harder.

It's like an open-heart surgery.

What you made is not my heart homeless;

you claimed ownership in an egoistic heart,

and the house no longer belongs to me.

There were no circumstances

where you could stretch my wounds.

I tried to bury my love for you ,

but it bleeds back through the wounds in me.

It's the pain that showers through my tears
whenever you find a lane through my heart.

You are a kind of wave of the ocean
that has the potential to reach the shore,
but my shore was never meant
to sit behind the ocean.

Will you ever know that after you left
I replayed every moment like a scene
I could fix ?
I build a home of memories and live there alone.

And for how long I must endure this pain
for just because I love you?
As a final act of love ,
I immortalized your memories and you became
the murderer of my Nights.

I have mastered the art of bleeding quietly
And funny how people called it maturity

because the floor stays clean

For eyes never know

they were someone's reason to write

It rained that day. It never stopped after.

CORRECTION

The Tragedy of Your Immortal Memories

Arpit Raj

Does all this really matter in the end
these nights, this pain, this jealousy,
rewinding memories through old chats, weekly, monthly, and yearly
too?

Will all of this make sense at the end?

Whenever I see you, my heart feels discomfort,
but my smile tries to act like nothing happened.

Yet what I feel inside is still in the same place, the same person, the
same memories

as if they got a power through my memories
to hold it tighter than anything else before.

It is not just a reminder of what has been lost.

It is so deep and so subconsciously rooted

that I never succeed in convincing my heart that I am still okay.

It is true that after some moments I become normal

and physically present for myself again,
but these waves of emotions, whenever they pass through my lane of heart,
have the same energy and potential
to carry me back into those memories like nothing had changed yet,
the same eyes, the same smile, the same love.

And across all these intervals, what has really changed

is only the path , your memories take to reach me
whenever I feel empty inside.



Sometimes I talk in front of the mirror that I exist
in this world

just to remember those people who no longer have any existence in
me.

And funny how imagination can give me everything that I always
wanted,

not truly, but still, somehow, it feels true.

I think you have changed a lot, not alongside my journey

you are walking in a different lane.

Your heart is travelling across oceans and oceans and oceans,

while mine is still stuck in a lake of memories.

You are too far to catch within the same timeline,

maybe time itself would have to reverse for us to meet beneath the
same clouds

we once existed under in the past.

I never wanted you to become so immortal in my poetries
that your existence would be questioned physically.

You remain such a questionable part of my life
that every success still feels your emptiness.

CORRECTION

Him and Death

Soumyaaa

For you a thousand years..

I'll wait for you at the door,

Please don't be too quick

But when you arrive..

I hope you remember me...

I'll be with you in every snow and rain..

I hope for you loving me wasn't just vain..

Please turn to me when the world gets cruel...

Oh don't you dare hide...

I'll ask the almighty just this last time....

So I can wait for you at the door..

But please... please don't be quick to arrive...



The Sun's Peril

Raiqua Haider

Raiqua Haider is professionally a student and spiritually a book enthusiast. A passionate reader and aspiring writer, she enjoys creating stories, and finding magic in the written word.

The people don't look at the Sun anymore.

They seem happier to see it set.

"Do they not remember?" He thinks,

"that i was something beautiful made of death,

Yet died again for them?"

It is true that humans forget sacrifices easily.

Just like they forgot how the Sun burned for them,

Till all that was left was fire itself.

Now he gives the Moon some light every night,

And envies the confessions they don't dare have when he's bright.

Millions of years of lighting their life,

Yet all they see is a circle of flame.

The Last Draft

Anupama Sham Budhrani

Anupama Sham Budhrani is a profound and well-known poet and author. She has completed her M.B.A and Post Graduation in Computer Applications. She has written 4 books:- "A COLLECTION OF POEMS, "THE ADVENTURES OF JAMES BOND, "POETRY -A TASTE OF LIFE, STORIES, ARTICLES, AND POEMS WITH A PERSONAL TOUCH.

The last draft,
should possess some special craft,
of suspense, emotion and thrill,
written by the writer's visualization and skill.
It should possess cheer,
and joy filled with tears.
It should prove to be worthwhile, reading again ,
and have a feeling of being in a spirit of gain.
With passion and love , it should be written ,
and all the melodrama to just fit in.
It should be checked for corrections ,
and edited for all necessary grammatical inspections .
With pleasure and care taken,
It should have the treasure to awaken ,
the inner voice of a person ,
with necessary words and precision .



Will you decide to stay when I die

Khushi Tripathi

I am Khushi tripathi an Indian poetess, I love to write about misery and death and some relatable poems. Ideally if I change a single person positively it will be a success for me. I wish for everyone to find their way of happiness and peace

Tell me my man would you stay here if i die early
Or will you stay in my grave like there's no hurry
I don't want to be loved right now but will you stay up close
My dead body stays cold not moving but tell my dear will u dare to hold

Will kiss my forehead one more last time which crave
Tell me honestly babe will you stay a bit longer on my grave

Will you move on so fast like every other
Or just keep my memories with u forever
My heart aches now and i feel like dying
But once i want to touch the skyy

Try to keep your eyes on me when thry get me ready
Losse all your control forget about being strong and steady
I want someone to cry on grave like they lost something
Like i was the only one like i was yours



The Beauty of Friendship

Pinak Debnath

Myself Pinak Debnath. I'M from Pecharthal, Tripura. I'm Studying BCA from ICAI UNIVERSITY Tripura. I'm here to express my thoughts and feelings.

The Beauty of Friendship
Written by Pinak Debnath

A friend is someone who cares about me,
And stands with me every day.
We talk, laugh and play together,
And enjoy our moments in every way.

When I feel sad or worried,
My friend helps me feel alright.
A few words from a good friend
Can make my day bright.

We share our problems and feelings,
And help each other too.
A true friend is always kind,
Honest and caring too.

Friendship is a special bond,
That grows with love and care.
Life becomes happy and beautiful,
When true friends are always there.

I am thankful to my friends,
Who brings happiness into my life.



Their support and encouragement
Help me in every time.

A good friend is a precious gift,
More valuable than gold.
The memories we make together
Will stay with us as we grow old.

CORRECTION

The Letter Time Never Delivered

Dr Shabana Singh

They said time heals every wound,
Yet some names still echo louder than silence.
I still set an extra cup of tea on lonely evenings,
For habits never learn the language of goodbye.

The old clock keeps ticking,
But it stopped for me the day you left.
Since then, I've measured life
Not in years, but in memories.

I searched for you in crowded streets,
In the scent of first rain,
In songs that forgot their own endings,
And in every sunrise that looked a little incomplete.

One day, I opened the drawer
Where your last handwritten letter slept.
The ink had faded,



But your love hadn't.

It wasn't asking me to keep crying.

It wasn't asking me to wait.

It simply whispered,

"Live beautifully enough that my absence never becomes your prison."

That day, I planted flowers

Where grief had built its home.

I smiled without asking forgiveness from the past.

I laughed without feeling guilty.

Now, when people ask

If I still miss you,

I tell them—

"I no longer look for you in the sky.

You bloom in my kindness,

You breathe through my courage,

And every dream I dare to chase

Carries your fingerprints."

Perhaps love never truly ends.

It only changes its address—

From someone's presence

To someone's soul.

CORRECTION

Stardust and Silhouette

Samriddhi Gupta

Samriddhi Gupta

Student, Athlete & Innovator Samriddhi is a driven Class 10 student and competitive badminton athlete from Uttar Pradesh, India. Balancing academic excellence with a passion for cutting-edge technology, she actively explores 3D game development and robotics.

The cosmos dipped its brush in dark,
And struck a match to find a spark.
With molten gold and stardust spun,
It spun the canvas of the sun,
Then spilled a vibrant, breathless blue
To wash the earth in morning hue.
The world is art, alive and breathing,
A gallery of nature's weaving.
Look close upon the forest floor—
A masterpiece behind each door.
The fractal ferns, the mossy green,
The quietest, most sacred scene.
The mountains trace a jagged line,
A sculptor's monument divine,



While rivers carve a winding grace,
Like silver veins on earth's embrace.
But brushstrokes aren't just found in trees,
Or painted by the ocean breeze.
The gallery is found in us—
The human heart, tumultuous.
A crowded street, a shared embrace,
The lines of time upon a face,
The laughter echoing in the park,
The neon bleeding through the dark.
We are the mediums of the grand,
The moving clay within the hand.
The changing seasons take their turn,
Where autumn leaves like campfires burn,
Before the winter blankly throws
A pristine coat of quiet snows.
Then spring revives the sleeping earth,
A colorful, chaotic birth.
It is a play that never ends,
Where every broken color blends.
We walk through galleries of air,

With masterpieces everywhere.
The heavy storm, the lightning strike,
No two sunsets are quite alike.
So look around, uncloud your eyes,
Beneath the ever-shifting skies.
The universe does not design
A single cold, utilitarian line.
It crafts, it builds, it dreams, it starts:
This living world is art of arts.

CORRECTION

Beyond the Spectrum

Samriddhi Gupta

Samriddhi Gupta

Student, Athlete & Innovator

Samriddhi is a driven Class 10 student and competitive badminton athlete from Uttar Pradesh, India. Balancing academic excellence with a passion for cutting-edge technology, she actively explores 3D game development and robotics.

The clock in the center of the town square did not measure time; it measured color. At dawn, it pulsed a faint, translucent violet. By noon, it was a blinding, saturated amber. The citizens of Varnapuri lived their lives by the hue of the sky and the clock's steady glow. Advait, however, was colorblind in a world that ran on pigment. To him, the clock was merely varying shades of gray. While others knew exactly when to harvest crops (at deep vermilion) or when to retreat indoors for the storm season (when the horizon turned a bruised, metallic teal), Advait had to rely on the texture of the air and the smell of the wind.

He worked as the town's archivist, a job given to him out of pity, cataloging old parchment that everyone else deemed faded. One evening, when the clock was presumably humming a quiet, sleepy indigo, Advait found a loose floorboard beneath the grand pendulum. Hidden underneath was a glass sphere, no larger than a cricket ball, filled with a swirling, completely colorless liquid. When he touched it, the world didn't suddenly burst into a spectrum of red or green. Instead, the ambient noise of the town—the distant chatter, the rustle of leaves, the ticking of the gears—stopped completely.

The sphere vibrated against his palm, emitting a low, resonant hum. Advait blinked. The gray stone walls around him began to ripple. Where others saw a static wall painted in traditional ochre, Advait

saw lines of pure energy, vibrating like guitar strings. He realized then that color was just a visual translation of frequency. The townspeople were seeing the music of the universe, but they were deaf to its actual sound.

He stepped outside into the square. The crowd was gathered, staring anxiously at the clock tower. It was flashing frantically, a color Advait couldn't identify, but the people looked terrified.

"The plague-tint," anxious Ananya nearby whispered, clutching her child. "The sky is turning the color of the great drought."

Advait didn't look at the sky. He held the sphere up and listened. The frequency of the air was jagged, sharp, and discordant. It wasn't a curse from the heavens; the giant gears of the color-clock were grinding against a trapped block of slate, throwing off the town's entire resonance.

Ignoring the panicked shouts, Advait climbed the scaffolding of the tower. He didn't need to see the warning lights. He followed the harsh, screeching vibration in his ears. Reaching the main gear mechanism, he saw the wedge of stone jammed deep in the teeth. With a heavy wrench, he levered the stone free.

The gears snapped back into place with a deep, harmonious thrum. Below, the crowd gasped as the sky instantly shifted back to a peaceful, golden twilight. They cheered, praising the sky's mercy. Advait climbed down, slipping the sphere into his pocket, smiling quietly in the shadows of his beautifully gray world.

Two Sides of a Coin

Muhammad Affan Bhat

Hi, I'm M. Affan, a boy from Kashmir trying to kickstart my writing passion. I'm 13 and from DPS Srinagar this is my first time entering a competition to express my art [hopefully a good start (^_^)].

A coin spins high into the air,
Caught between a hope and prayer.
For just a moment, none can tell
Whether fortune waits or shadows dwell.

One side glimmers in the morning sun,
A symbol of battles fought and won.
It tells of laughter, dreams set free,
And all the things we long to see.
It speaks of courage, love, and light,
Of stars that guide us through the night.
It whispers softly, "Keep moving on,
For every dark night births a dawn."

Yet turn it over, and there remains
A side engraved with silent pains.
The tears we hide, the fears we keep,
The promises broken, the wounds too deep.
It carries echoes of lonely days,
Of winding roads and forgotten ways.
It knows the weight of every fall,
The times we felt we had lost it all.

But neither side can stand alone;
A single face is not the whole.
For joy gains meaning after sorrow,



And loss gives value to tomorrow.
The brightest stars would never shine
Without the darkness of the sky behind.

We spend our lives chasing one side,
Trying our hardest our scars to hide.
Yet every triumph, every mistake,
Helps shape the person we eventually make.
The cracks we carry, the lessons we learn,
Become the fire through which we burn.

Like a coin worn smooth by countless years,
Marked by laughter and stained by tears,
We gather stories along the way,
Each one shaping who we are today.
Some chapters sparkle, some chapters ache,
But all are pieces of the lives we make.

And when the coin is finally still,
Resting beyond fate's restless will,
May we look back and clearly see
The strength within our duality.
For we are not defined by our highest rise,
Nor only by moments of failure and cries.
We are the sum of every choice,
Every silence, every voice.

So let the coin spin wild and free,
Across the oceans of destiny.
For beauty lives in what we join—
The two true sides of a single coin.

One side is hope, one side is fear,
One side is distant, one side is near.
Yet both together tell the story of life,
Its endless wonder, its joy and strife.

And in the end, when all is known,
No side was ever meant alone.
For every heart, every soul we meet,
Walks on two sides beneath their feet.
A balance fragile, yet divine—
Like two sides of a coin, forever entwined.

CORRECTION

My comfort is me

Vidushi

When the world feels loud and wide , I stay inside

No need for hands to hold me , I'm my own guide

I am the calm that I was waiting to find,

The soft voice that is always kind

When I am list , I know where to hid

Right here, in me , soft and aligned

I am the home I am the light

Comfort is me, through day and night

If the sky turns blue the rain won't hide

I'm The shelter where my heart can bide

No borrow warmth, no outside tide

Just me and me and peace inside

If the world forgets to be kind

I'll the love, I keep in my mind

No more searching far and wide

My comfort is me, that's my pride



Just Once More

Neha Agarwal

Hey there it's Neha Agarwal a teen writer who really loves writing
booksssss 😊 ↔ ❤️

Just once more, I wanted to see him

Absorb every bit of him like never

before

Remember every cell of him

Just once more, I wanted him to stay a

little longer

He handed over the books and

disappeared in the crowd like he never

existed

My eyes looked for him as they realised

it was the last time.

My hands started shaking and the

colours fell down from my hand.

I stood there knowing the tiny wish of

"once more"



Once more, I felt the need for him to
stay once more; but once more I
realised there's no once more

CORRECTION

Unread

Mensana pangambam

How strange you are.

You notice the rain before it arrives.

You notice a flower blooming at the edge of a road.

You notice sadness in the eyes of strangers.

Yet somehow,

you do not notice the person who has loved you through every season.

I stand before you like a page filled with your name,

You speak of loneliness

as though I have not watched it

sit beside you for years.

As though I have not wished

a thousand times to take its place.



The Girl In Me

Srisha Shyam Roy

I lie in my bed

Staring at the ceiling

Wide-awake and thinking.....

A strange feeling creeps up my heart

Squeezing it tight...

Suddenly, everything feels right

A girl is running with a smile so bright

A trophy in her hand

A medal around her neck

Screaming on top of her lungs

“Mom I Won!”

The room went silent

The lights in the room changed

It wasn't sunlight, it was my phone's screen,



A tug tore open my heart
Now, my eyes are bleeding
They burned,
fixed on the screen glowing with the words
“You Failed”
One thing ran through my mind frantically
“Give Up!”

I felt that girl scream inside me
“How could you give up on my dreams?! When all I ever wanted
was for you to stand where we once pointed and said someday..”

THE FIRST DRAFT IS MY LAST

SIVASANKARI YUVARAJ

Sivasankari Yuvaraj was born in 1991 in Salem, Tamil Nadu. She completed her Bachelor of Engineering in EEE at Sona College of Technology, Salem, and earned her Master of Engineering (ME) in Power Systems from Paavai Engineering College, Namakkal.

Think of it, dream of it;
With passion we need, filled with fun,
Happy to write a book on fathers,
Filled with joy, I wished him first.
Make me a correction in the book,
Since my father loves perfection,
The draft I made first is last.
No correction is needed, because we make it
An extraordinary work about a book.
But the draft I made as a book
May be filled with faith;
My first book, known to be extraordinary.
So, the first draft of a book is last,
My first book comes with grace,
First made, it lasts.



The journey of me continues to be;

Best of my father, starts with no draft.

CORRECTION

Twinned thoughts

Lathrima Suvi

A writer who believes emotion carry more than just words do.

Hearts that spoke together,
Words that needed no meaning.

Love brought them together,
Lovelier days cherished,
Loveliest memories made.

Miseries always afar,
Hate was never in the cards.

Peace always lingered in minds,
Melodies of the soul,
Sung by the whole.

Every thought was shared,
It was twinned by them.



Who is She ?

Neetika tyagi

Yes, She is the one whom god made
with dimpled smile and curly hair.
Simple with pretty face quite fair.
She is my beloved,

My heart, my world !
No world describe her
She is even more precious then gold !!



Bark of burdens

Janane

Poetry is expressing your heart through words which take birth from the depths of one's soul. Writing gives one immense pleasure as it knits one's emotions and feelings into beautiful words.

A sorrow tree existed in my town,
Carrying fragments of grief
Left behind by the people of my own.

Its girth grew with every passing day,
A reminder of what poison becomes
When left to grow on its own.

One day, it decided to share its story with the passersby;
People played deaf,
Painting ignorance as busyness,
As its bark cracked a little more each day.

Then a young boy from a nearby town spotted the weary tree;
Its anger and sorrow etched into every scar,
Its leaves withering and its branches snapping
Beneath the weight of sorrow.

Without thinking twice, he embraced the tree,
Neither hesitant nor driven by pity;
He chose humanity over a selfish facade.

His act exposed the truth,
To those who treated humanity like a pawn.



The Place I Used to Call Home.

Adrija

There was a time
when these walls held my laughter,
when every room knew my name
and every corner felt like shelter.

I called it home.

How strange it is?
that a place can stay the same
while becoming unrecognizable.

The windows still face the morning,
the hallway still leads to my door,
yet somewhere between yesterday and now,
the light forgot how to stay.

The air grew heavy with unspoken things,
with words that lingered
long after they were spoken,
with silences sharper than arguments.

I learned to walk quietly,
to carry storms within my chest,
to smile through questions
I was never allowed to ask.

This house taught me
how loneliness can exist
even when every room is occupied.

It taught me
that hearts can ache
without leaving a single bruise,
that love can become distant
without ever saying goodbye.

Some nights,
I trace old memories
like cracks in fading paint,
searching for the warmth
that once lived here.

I search for the child
who believed every doorway
led somewhere safe.

But the echoes answer instead.

And so I stand here,
between what was
and what is,

mourning not a place,
but the feeling it carried.

For the saddest thing about losing a home
is not leaving it behind

it is waking up one day
and realizing
you never left,
yet somehow,
it is already gone.

Destiny brought them together

Vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya

Hi my self vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya I'm practicing advocate at Andhra Pradesh. Beside that i had my passion for writing poetry, poems, novels, fictional stories.

Krishna Nagar at 4:30 PM smelled like rain and jasmine. Swati adjusted her ghungroos in her bag, her anklet bells silent for once. The auto ride from her intermediate college to Natya Tarangini dance school was her favorite 20 minutes of the day. Kuchipudi was the one place her heart wasn't in textbooks. But today, the rusted gate was locked. A paper stuck crooked: "No class today Guruvu garu went to Rajahmundry." Swati's shoulders dropped. She was 17. Too old to cry over a cancelled class, too young to not feel the sting of it. She sat on the cement parapet outside, kicking her slippers against the wall. Thak. Thak. Thak. That's when she heard it. Pak. The clean, impossible sound of leather on willow. Across the lane was a patch of ground everyone called "Stadium." It was just dirt, three bricks for stumps, and a dozen intermediate boys who played like their life depended on it. One boy was batting. Tall, sun-dark, sweat making his college shirt stick to his back. He didn't smash like the others. He waited. And when the ball came, pak it sang. Swati had loved that sound since she was 8, watching her brother's matches from the terrace. She never told anyone. Girls in Krishna Nagar didn't play cricket. They learned dance. Or stitching. Or "home science." The boy missed one. The ball rolled near her feet. She picked it up. It was heavier than she thought. Red, scuffed, smelling



like earth. He jogged over. "Thanks."

She couldn't speak. Then, before her fear could catch her: "Can... can I hold the bat?" He blinked. The other boys hooted. "Ey Ajay, nee fan vachindi ra!" Ajay. So that was his name. He looked at her really looked. Not at her bag with ghungroos, not at her braid. At her eyes. "I know you," he said suddenly. "You come to the dance school, right? You're always running because you're late." Swati's face went hot. "You know me?"

"Krishna Nagar is small," he grinned. "And you're the only one who runs towards class, not away from it. He held out his bat. Not laughing. Not mocking. Offering. The bat was heavier than her mridangam practice. Her hands shook.

"Left hand on top, right below," Ajay said, stepping close but not touching. "Now... wait for it." His friend bowled a slow underarm one, kind. Swati swung. Missed. The boys didn't laugh. Ajay just said, "Again." She missed three times. The fourth, pak. Not far. Just enough to make the bat vibrate in her hands like a living thing. She looked up, startled, delighted. Ajay was smiling like she'd hit a six at Eden Gardens. "You've got timing," he said. "Dancers always do." That day, Swati didn't learn Kuchipudi. She learned that willow could be as honest as a tillana. She started coming early. "For class," she told Amma. But she'd sit on the parapet with her books, watching Ajay bat. Sometimes he'd call, "One ball, Kuchipudi!" and she'd take stance while the boys fielded. He started coming to watch her too. On Annual Day, he sat in the last row while she performed Krishna Shabdham. He didn't understand the mudras. But he understood how her feet struck the floor determined, like his front-foot drive. Intermediate ended.

She got into B.Com, still dancing. He got into B.Sc, still playing for the local club.

They fought. About careers. About "log kya kahenge" when a dancer was seen with a cricketer at the tea stall.

They patched up. Over lemon soda and mirchi bajji, arguing whether Kapil or Dhoni was better. He taught her the cover drive.

She taught him to count adi talam. At 22, Ajay's shoulder gave out. No Ranji dreams. He joined a bank.

At 23, Swati's Guruvu said, "You should teach now." She opened a small class in her verandah. The day he told her about his shoulder, she didn't say "it's okay." She handed him her ghungroos. "Try. If I can hold a bat, you can tie these." He didn't become a dancer. But he learned to spot her aramandi from bad aramandi. He became her mridangam player at recitals. The day she told him her parents were looking for a "settled groom," he didn't say "run away with me." He bought a bat, wrote "Will you play the rest of life with me?" on it with white paint, and left it at her dance class. The wedding had two things a mandapam and a cricket pitch photo booth. Now Krishna Nagar, 15 years later. 6:10 AM. Swati ties her ghungroos for her students.

Ajay chucks throwdowns to their 9 year old daughter, Anu, who has her mother's feet and her father's wrists.

Their 6 year old son, Vihaan, sits on the parapet the same one banging mridangam beats on his school bag while waiting for his Kuchipudi class. Sometimes, when no one's watching, Swati still asks "Can I hold the bat?"

And Ajay, now with a little grey, still says: "I've known you since you came running to dance class. It's always been yours." Pak. The sound still sings.

So do her anklets. In Krishna Nagar, dance and cricket stopped being "boy thing" and "girl thing."

Kya woh bhi sochta hoga?

TULSI DAMOR

Hi. I'm Tulsi damor, 18 year college student trying to get into my passion. Writing my emotions in words.

Kahin suna tha ki aakhir mein sirf yaadein reh jaati hain...

Raat ke aakhiri pehar mein use yaad karti hoon,

Uski baaton ko aaj bhi dil se lagati hoon.

Beheki si rehti hoon uski yaadon mein,

uski muskurahat, uska nadaan chehra yaad karti hoon.

Baaton ke beech hui woh nok-jhok yaad karti hoon,

Aur sab yaad karte-karte woh aakhiri pal yaad karti hoon,

Jab hum bichhad gaye the...

Tab sochti hoon...

Kya woh bhi sochta hoga ki main aaj bhi uski baaton ko yaad karke muskurati hoon?

Kya woh bhi jaanta hoga ki main uski tasveer ko ghanton tak dekhti rehti hoon?

Kya woh bhi sochta hoga ki uske bataye hue gaane

Main aaj bhi baar-baar sunti hoon?

Kya woh bhi mehsoos karta hoga ki anjaane mein hi sahi,



Main aaj bhi usse dobara milne ke sapne dekhti hoon?

Aur kya woh jaanta hoga ki bichhadne ke baad bhi,

Main usse utna hi pyaar karti hoon?

Khair... aakhir mein sirf yaadein hi toh reh jaati hain.

CORRECTION

WHEN THE HEART BLOOMS

PAYAL CHOWDHURY

Payal Chowdhury a Bengali girl from Belpahar, Odisha. Born to an elite family of education and culture who had a hobby of writing from the age of 10 and gradually it turned to passion.

Have you ever questioned yourself?
What kind of life you're dwelling?
What makes you everyday?
What's your actual goal of life?

Are you meant to just follow?
Or bloom everyday?
Do you ever like your work?
Do you get time to groom ?

If ever you have dreamt to fly in the sky,
If ever you have dreamt to shine on the stage,
If ever you want to know your worth,

Is when you must chase what your heart needs,
Love your heart's small cravings and deeds,
If you love nature,
Make it a routine to visit the lake and
Once in a while you sit.

When does a man grow?
Yes, the trick you must know,
It isn't when you struggle through,
It isn't when you just pressurise being gloom,



Read your heart's desire,
Recognise your hearty aspires,
Heal from the past mistakes,
Learn something new,
Is when the heart blooms.

CORRECTION

Man in Pink

Bhavika Chelani

Bhavika Chelani is a Chartered Accountant by profession and a poetess by passion. She began writing in 2020, when the stillness of lockdown opened the doors to poetry and self-expression.

Man in pink, not less of a man, but a bit more human....

A man who is bit strong and a bit tender,

Who doesn't link emotion with gender,

Who not only understands you, but also rely to cry on your shoulder,

The one who understands that sometimes showing emotional weakness is not any disorder,

Who knows that hiding worries behind a smile is not at all the sign of a warrior,

The one who understands that sharing what he's going through can make the path easier,

That not pretending to be alright, but trusting her for support and solutions actually makes life happier,

The one who stands by her emotional breakdown but also when feels overwhelmed sheds down his own tear,

The one who knows that showing his emotional feminine side will not make him weaker,



Who breaks the stereotype and hold her hands for his fear,

Who teaches her to be strong enough to face this world but also learns
to be vulnerable in front of her.

That's who the man in pink is,

Not less of a man, but a bit more human!

CORRECTION

Abb badi ho gyi hoon, papa

Urusa Muskan

I'm Urusa Muskan. A small writer who wants to create a world where everyone can feel her emotions

Ungli pakad ke tune chalna sikhaya,
Apne hathon se mujhe badhna sikhaya.
Socha tha jab badi ho jaungi,
Tujhe duniya ki har khushi lautaungi.

Zindagi bhar bas tere saath rahungi,
Har musibat mein tera sahara banungi.

Abb badi ho gayi hoon, Papa...
Phir bhi is duniya se darr lagta hai, Papa.
Kal jab kisi aur ghar ki ho jaungi,
Kya phir bhi is ghar ko apna keh paungi?

Bas yun hi hamesha mera haath thaame rehna, Papa,
Kyunki aapse juda hokar...
Shayad main kabhi muskura na paungi.



The Rain's Song

Jassprit Singh Kalsi

I'm singing in the rain
I'm dreaming in the rain,
I wish to fly,
In the grey skies above.
I wish to swim
In a river in the flow.
I wish to be alive
To flow into a lake
A lake by me
For me forever.

But I'm still singing,
As He rain stops singing.
The grey turns blue,
With rivers and waters.
For how the Lain,
Cools down the world.
To remind people of their past.



And how the grief flows away,
To show how the world keeps spinning.
Do you feel it?
The anguish of your past pain?
Flowing away like the rain.

CORRECTION

The seventh vachan

Aayat zehra

The priest said we must say seven vachans. I wrote six at night.

The last one, I left blank.

Arjun gave me tea and smiled. “Why so sad? It’s just for show.”

I hit his dress with my pen. “No, Arjun. It’s a true word. And the last one... I will say it when I look at you.”

He laughed. “Fine. Two days left. Then look at me all you want.”

Two days later, I looked at his shut eyes. But there was glass between us.

A machine made noise. Beep. Beep.

In my hand was my paper. Six vachans. The last one... still blank.

He had a bad crash. He was on his way to get my red dress for the wedding. A big truck hit him. It was raining.

The doctors said big words. ‘Hurt’. ‘Sleep that won’t end’. ‘He won’t wake up’. I only heard ‘two days’. Our wedding was in two days.

It was very cold in Srinagar. The place smelled like clean floors and lost hope. I sat there for two days. Then one more day. My hand paint was still there. An ‘A’ was on my skin. His name. The paint was now dry and broken.

Each day, a kind nurse let me see him for a short time. Each day, I took out my paper.

“First Vachan: I will walk with you. I will help you.” Beep.

“Second Vachan: I will make your heart strong.” Beep.

“Third Vachan: I will keep your money safe.” Beep.

“Fourth Vachan: I will love your mom and dad like mine.” My voice broke. He had no mom. No dad. Only me. Beep.

“Fifth Vachan: I will love our kids.” Beep.

“Sixth Vachan: I will be with you when you are sad or happy.” Beep.

Then I stopped. The last one was not there. The machine was the only sound.

After two more days, the doctor came to me. “We must talk. His mind is dead, Aayat. The machine... it is not helping now. We must let him go.”

I did not cry. I had no more tears. I just said yes. I asked for five minutes. Just me and him.

They went out. The room was now beep... beep... beep.

I sat near him. His hands were like ice. Not his hands. The hands that held mine at the lake. The hands that made the ‘A’ on my skin.

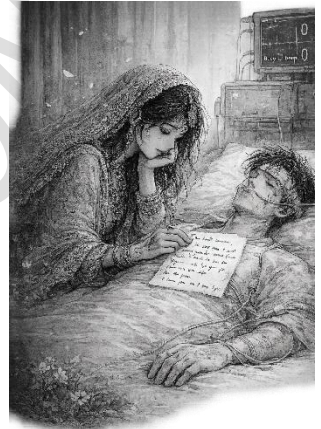
I took out my paper. My hands shook. The words were not clear.

I read all six. My voice was fine till the end. Then I saw the blank part.

The machine sound changed. Beep... beep... beeeeeep.

Then no sound. It was so quiet it hurt.

I took the pen near his bed. The pen he used at the door. I used it for the last time.



My write was not good. It had tear marks.

‘The Last Vachan: I will not say I will be with you for seven lives, Arjun... I will let you go from this one life. Go. Be free. I love you, so I say bye.’

I shut the paper. Once. Twice. I put it on his chest, near his heart. The note was done. I sent it.

It rained hard outside. The kind of rain that makes Srinagar new.

I went out. I did not look back. My hand paint was light brown now. The ‘A’ was almost gone.

They put him in the ground the next day. The paper went with him.

No one asked me what I wrote. No one had to know.

Some notes are not for people who live. Some notes are only for God.

That day I knew... the last vachan is not about not letting go. Some days, it is about being brave and letting go.

Demon

Anamika S

As she slowly opened her eyes, saw the bars of the cage and sighed. She was sure, it would have been opened by now. But the menacing gates stood tall, she was powerless.

Once upon a time there was a little demon, who was very kind and wanted to help people by using her powers. But the people were afraid of her as she was a demon. Yet, the demon was determined to prove them wrong. She doesn't want to follow the conventions that all demons are bad. But everything she did always ended up in horrible ways. No matter what she tried hard to be good, but couldn't do it. The God created demons as weak havens and created angels to protect the humans from demons. This was the rule of the century. But the poor demon doesn't want to follow the norms, but her good intentions were resulted in havoc. Soon the people got fed up and they came together and burned the demons using the demon's own angry and said not at the people but at herself for allowing this to happen. Her self pity was hard to watch.

It was always hard for her to remember the past. She hated the god for making her a demon and giving her a kind heart. She hated the people for rewarding her kindness with fire. But more than everyone, she hated herself for allowing this to happen. Every day she wallowed in self pity and was of different spirits. The century in the cage yet fighting her choices.

One day a human was passing by her. He was a tourist. He likes to travel to new places and meet new people. He was fascinated by the beautiful cage and came near it. As he came close, he saw a dark

figure sitting at the edge of the cave. He called out to the figure, “Why are you in a cage?”

The demon only grunted in response. The man was not gonna quit. He asked again, “Why are you in a cage?” She doesn't respond. The man asked again and again. The demon got agitated, so she turned around and told him to take a good look. “This is why I am caged. The man doesn't understand.

Then the demon proceeds to tell him that her identity, that she is a kind demon and God punished her for not following the norms he created for them. The man heard the story in silence. After she was done, he asked again, “Why are you in a cage?”

The demon was livid. She screamed at the man, “Because I am a demon and God punished me for it by locking me in a cage.”

The man doesn't phase. He just pointed his finger at the side of the cage. He followed his hand. He pointed his hand to the door of the cage. It was open, it was always open.

Daani and Nishu: A Story I Will Never Forget

Daani chauhan

Daani Chauhan a aspiring student from the peaceful town of Karnah, Kupwara, in Jammu & Kashmir. While working hard to become a NIA officer, he also follows his passion for writing and music.

It is hard to put into words how much those two years at Akash Institute, Srinagar, meant to me. They were not just years of study; they were the most beautiful years of my life. Every morning, I woke up knowing that I would see Nishu, and that thought alone made my day brighter.

Nishu was a Sikh girl, full of kindness, laughter, and positive energy. I am Muslim, but religion never stood between us. What connected us was trust, respect, friendship, and a bond that grew stronger with every passing day.

From the day we met, something felt different. She had a smile that could make anyone forget their worries. Her laughter became a part of my daily life. She trusted me more than anyone else. Since she did not have a brother, she often told me that I was the first boy she truly trusted. Hearing that meant the world to me.



Our days were filled with classes, notes, assignments, and dreams. We studied together, helped each other with difficult topics, and motivated each other to work harder. During our 11th and 12th classes, we pushed each other to succeed and became among the top students in our class.

We spent countless hours together in the library. Surrounded by books and silence, we found comfort in each other's company. Sometimes we would study seriously, and other times we would end up laughing over the smallest things.

Almost every day, we ate together. Whether it was chaat from a roadside stall, sweets from a nearby shop, or simply sharing snacks, those moments felt special. We even shared a water bottle, passing it back and forth without thinking twice. Looking back now, it seems like a small thing, but it became one of my favorite memories.

One of our favorite places was the bus stand where we waited for her van. After classes ended, we would sit together and talk for hours. Sometimes I carried her bag when she got tired. Sometimes she enjoyed her favorite ice cream while I teased her with silly jokes just to make her laugh.

People often looked at us and wondered what was so interesting that we could spend hours talking. But we never cared about what others thought. We were happy in our own world.

As time passed, our friendship became deeper. Without realizing it, I started loving her—not only for her beauty but for her kindness, innocence, and the trust she placed in me. She became my best friend, my confidant, and one of the most important people in my life.

We clicked countless selfies and recorded videos together. Every memory became precious. I saved all those photos and videos on a pen drive so that I could never lose them.

Nishu was creative and thoughtful. One day, she made a beautiful photo frame with our picture and kept it in her room. It became a symbol of our friendship and the memories we shared.

Together, we dreamed about becoming doctors. We imagined studying in good medical colleges, helping people, making our families proud, and building a bright future. We talked about our dreams as if they were already waiting for us.

Then came the day that changed everything.

On 10 October 2025, I received a call from Nishu. Her voice sounded weak. She told me that she was not feeling well and that the symptoms of her brain problem had returned. My heart sank when I heard those words.

Soon after, she was admitted to Amrita Hospital in Faridabad for treatment. Every day, I prayed for her recovery. I kept hoping that she would come back and that everything would be normal again.

But fate had other plans.

On 14 October 2025, I received a phone call from her sister.

It was a call I never wanted to receive.

With a trembling voice, she told me that Nishu had passed away.

For a few moments, I could not believe what I was hearing. It felt as if the entire world had stopped. The girl who had shared my dreams, my laughter, my studies, and my happiest memories was gone forever.

That day broke something inside me.

Since then, life has never been the same.

Even today, whenever I open my pen drive and watch our old videos or look through our selfies, tears fill my eyes. Every photo tells a story. Every video brings back a memory.

Whenever I visit Rajbagh, I remember her. The roads, the surroundings, the places where we walked and talked all remind me of her presence. Every corner feels connected to a memory we created together.

People often see me smiling and think I am strong. The truth is that I carry a pain inside my heart that very few people know about. I hide my sadness and continue moving forward because that is what she would have wanted.

I miss her every day.

I miss her smile.

I miss her laughter.

I miss waiting with her after class.

I miss carrying her bag.

I miss hearing her voice.

Most of all, I miss having her beside me.

Although she is no longer physically present, she continues to live in my memories, my prayers, and my heart. The lessons she taught me, the trust she gave me, and the happiness she brought into my life can never be forgotten.

This is the story of Daani and Nishu.

A story of friendship, trust, dreams, and love.

A story that ended too soon but will never be forgotten.

And as long as I live, I will continue to cherish every memory we created together, carrying her with me in my heart wherever life takes me.

One last Draft

Pari Meena

Pari Meena is a rising Indian author whose words shimmer with emotion, mystery, and quiet power. Her writing drifts between lyrical stillness and inner storms, weaving heartfelt fiction that lingers long after the last page is turned.

I wrote my dreams in fading light,
Some flew away, some stayed the night...

I chased the stars with restless feet,
Found a few, but not complete...



The roads were long, the skies were wide,
Yet many tears I chose to hide...

Some doors I closed, some closed on me,
Some took my heart and kept the key...

I lost old friends to time and space,
Still carry traces of their face...

I broke apart, I healed again,
Turned silent scars to quiet strength...

Not every wish became a flame,
Not every prayer returned the same...

Yet here I stand with open hands,
Holding the dust of vanished plans...

And when I read these pages through,
I see a soul that somehow grew...

The words are worn, the ink runs thin,
But every line holds where I've been...

So let this be my final art,
A simple story from the heart...

No perfect ending, bright or grand,
Just truth and love in trembling hands...

For life was never meant to last,

We're all just writing...

our final draft. ~~4~~

CORRECTION

Fading Echoes

Sahanaa

An empty, dark room waits silently, patiently.
Though far away, it seemed to say: even lonely hearts find their way.

This place was once filled with people,
With laughter and trust.
Now it's broken.
Loneliness and solitude contradict themselves,
Yet every road we left behind still holds a memory in its heart.

Memories are strange.
Suddenly, the moments have passed.
The storm moved on.
Sometimes people change — like distant ghosts — for our peace.

No one sees the tears I show.
Still, I wait for sunshine after rain.
Yet every page I turn is new.
I just hope for something new.



The sun began to rise,
And bloomed again before my eyes —
But never like before.

Darkness became my only friend.
Eventually it whispers where we truly belong,
But no one seems to hear.

I stand among the people like a shadow fading with light —
A heart full of untold stories.

CORRECTION

Beyond the weak sight

Nitika

I designed a whole world in my mind,
Where each and every person is so kind.
Everyone is living their dream life,
With no more murders with a knife.
The real world is so cruel,
Each and every person tries to look cool,
But for me they are just fool.
The world in my mind has river so clean,
And the forests are unexpectedly green.
I am doing my dream job,
On this imagery beautiful globe.
I am dancing under the golden moonlight,
Anyone can see even with a weak sight.
No one here stops me to follow my passion,
Doesn't matter if it's dancing or fashion.
But the reality is sour,
My parents think study is the only thing I am made for.
My imagination can only make me glad,



Because the reality is a little sad

CORRECTION

The Banquet of Bonds

Vito Lcho

Upon a ceremonial banquet fair,
Introduc'd, I took my seat with care.
Where honey'd tongues in silken guise,
Did weave deceits 'neath polished eyes.

Array'd in forms both short and tall,
Some flat, some sphere, some sharp, some small.
A dine so brief, yet traps unseen,
'Neath pandals grand, of borrowed sheen.

Amidst them all, two joys I found,
Whose souls in mutual bond were bound.
With them I sat, with heart unshod,
And felt as though near Heaven's abode.

Like city lights in night's embrace,
Their warmth illum'd that distant place.



And there, amidst life's tales untold,
Found blood of kin, in friendship's gold.

As summer's rain doth soothe the day,
As balances in calm display,
As shooting stars bring hope anew-
So was my soul with gladness full.

CORRECTION

Trembling white sheet

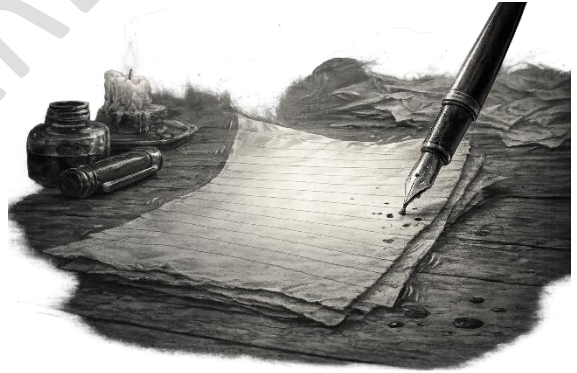
Shilpa Pattanshetty

Hello everyone! I am shilpa, I am a homemaker by role and a writer at heart. For the past 6 years I am writing inspiring quotes, short stories and poems in English and Kannada language on many social media platforms.

Today I overheard a conversation between my pen and a white sheet.

The white sheet trembled and said,

"What if she bleeds all her pain on me? I know her very well, she doesn't write her story with words, she writes it with her wounds, and I am sure that if once her truth stains me, I will never be the same again. After that, I won't carry her story, I will forever carry her scars".



Nature's unsaid voice

Hetvi Rahil Shah

Swift was the moon's epic move
To withdraw the sun's dazzling shine
And disguise the sky with its sparkling constellation

How I wish the breeze would have pressed against my cheeks

A tree standing across the flickering lamp post
Unnoticed was the leaves' jolt to convey a
message.

To me standing by the lamp post who was cold
and famished

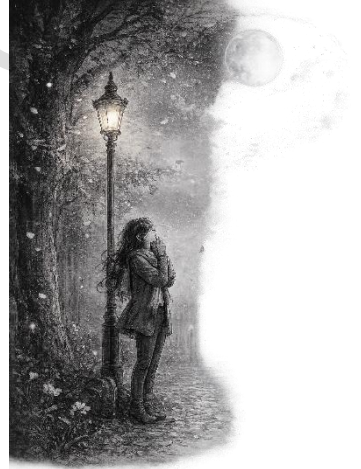
Little I could remember the exact same tree
Where my friend and I stood by the bark
And transmitted endless talks

And oh., I couldn't help but stop thinking about
our playful sweet banter and giggles

Today, the tree is a messenger and an
embodiment to our unforgettable memories

More did I anticipate the tree's next signs till the leaves
wilted,

Tears shed and drenched my dry eyes,
A heartbreaking sigh that
Took over my throbbing gutted heart.



The Final Incision

Muhammad Husnain Aziz

Husnain Aziz is a contemporary writer and digital content creator based in Pakistan, known for his sharp, analytical perspective and compelling, logic-driven commentary.

The metronome of a failing heart,
counts the seconds left to art.
Beneath the lampshade's jaundiced glow,
the ink-stained fingers shake and slow,
dragging a heavy,
rusted nib across the cage of a dynamic rib.
A thousand ghosts of paper white litter
the floorboards in the night,
crumpled spines and broken prose— the executioner's row
of those who died before they reached the end.
But this one, this one, will transcend.
The clock-face stares with a glass eye,
as shadows in the room comply.
The tragic hero he conceived steps from the margin,
quietly grieved; the villain smiles beside the bed,



plucking the thoughts right from his head.

Reality is thinning out, erased by certainty and doubt.

To make the fiction fully bleed,

a darker sacrifice is agreed.

The masterpiece is nearly done,

the final chapter has begun— but ink alone cannot suffice

to pay the architect's steep price.

He signs his name in crimson thread,

and lets the pages take the dead.

The book is bound,

the spine is whole; the last draft finished,

takes his soul.

CORRECTION

Friends or foe ..?

Abhijeet Sharma

I am Abhijeet a promoniet genz poet who wrote about diffrent aspects of life in such a penetrative manner for your heart.

We always judge people like their behavior
But we don't know thing doesn't work like that in our favour
People always starving for their own greed
They keep contact on the basis of their feed
Greed is all about contacts, money, time
And wanna join your food, smoke,
fight & crime
People make contacts to your
friends for replacing you forever
If you wanna become irreplaceable
act like they are in your favour
Or unchangeable truth save your

👤 & 💰

People will rush with fear because not everyone have strength for face

The truth have some kind of contract
Like explosive, unfavourable in every act
We can try this and check your faith

And you can check how many people are real ones 😊



Supreme or Cream ?

Abhijeet Sharma

I am abhijeet Sharma a progressive genz poet who portrays about different kind of topics and entities of life in deepest way.

On the name of supreme people always gets cream

For this work they will beg for votes, money, man power or scream

People go there for become a person who is spiritual seek or false peace

Some go for money, power, child and grace

They chanting supreme and thinking about world

Going supreme's house and begging for world

They will tell us we've connections, we're enlightened, we can also do this for you 🙏🙏

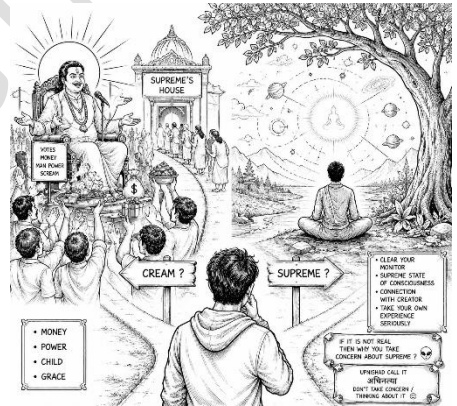
But in reality no one never ever able to build connections for you

We always have connection but need to clear trash of our monitor

The supreme state of our consciousness

Enough for make connection with creator

But main thing who you are who take own experience (Also This World) Seriously



If it is not real then why you take concern about supreme? 🙄

Reason why upnishadh call it अचिन्त्य don't take concern /

Thinking about it 😊

CORRECTION

The Edits You Made

Supriya Sharma

Supriya is a business alchemist with a vision to illuminate the world with magical experiences.

I wove my heart through every page,
laid my soul upon Your stage.
I filled the margins with my dreams,
and faith stitched tight the fragile seams.

I gave You pages, worn yet true,
with every prayer addressed to You.
But storms arrived where sunlight passed,
and all I loved slipped by too fast.

I prayed for answers, begged for grace,
but silence filled the empty space.
Each promise faded, page by page,
and faith dissolved to quiet rage.

Now this last draft rests in my hands,
a map redirected by Your plans.
Though much was taken from my sight,
I still search for a trace of light.

Forgive me, God, if trust has strayed
I just don't like the edits made.



If I Die

Recky Maibram

I am a graduate teacher by profession now, posting at the Directorate of Education (S), Government of Manipur. My passion is writing poems mainly based on my life experiences

If I die, don't lose hope,
Stand tall amidst the storm,
Your strength will be my guide,
In ways that keep me warm.

If I die, don't shed tears,
Share my struggles and sacrifice,
Tell my children stories,
To inspire their life.

If I die, don't chase my shadow,
Strive to be your best,
A princess for my daughter,
A prince for my son, blessed.



If I die, don't burden yourselves,
With memories that weigh,
Speak of the life I dreamed,
And dreams that slipped away.

CORRECTION

The Old Lady

Recky Maibram

I am a graduate teacher by profession now, posting at the Directorate of Education (S), Government of Manipur. My passion is writing poems mainly based on my life experiences.

Time she spends without a pause,
Half sleep, half food, a silent cause,
A gentle smile, a fleeting gleam,
She works like an endless stream.

Like a machine with tireless might,
Resting briefly between the night,
Her arms bear the weight alone,
Carrying dreams she's never known.

Her sacrifice, a quiet grace,
To build a life in this hurried race,
For a world that needs her steady hand,
She gives her all — a sacred stand.



Though burdens weigh and taste is gone,
Her smile whispers, soft and strong,
“I’m a living God,” it seems to say,
In her sacrifice, she finds her way.

CORRECTION

THE LAST BENCH

Aamnaa Anis

Hi, i am Aamnaa Anis. I love writing and expressing my thoughts through my poems, articles etc. I also published my first ever book this year - Whispers in Paris. Available on Amazon kindle.

We often sit and talk,
Whispering, so we don't get hit by the chalk.
Sometimes we even open our lunch,
Enjoying every happy munch.
We scribble on our notebooks instead of writing down,
The teacher scolds us turning our smiles into a frown.
And when the bell rings for the next class,
We change our seats very fast.
On the last bench we sit and laugh,
Turning boring lessons into the best moments.



The Final Manuscript

A.J. Aparna

I am A J Aparna a professional Civil Engineer and a passionate poet whose work explores resilience, spirituality, and self-reconstruction.

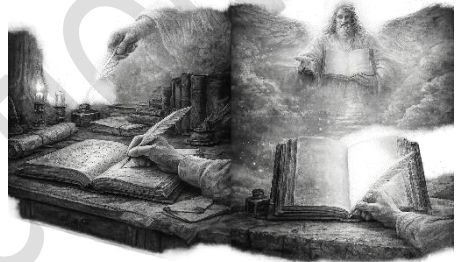
God assigned the task:
to draft a life,
not for the vanity of titles,
but to master the elusive self.

You arrive at the desk
with blank pages and fresh ink,
bearing the quiet echo
of every draft you wrote before.

The subject shifts with every birth,
yet the architect remains unchanged—
the soul, refined and quieted
by the weight of each revision.

Set the margins in your own style.
Some lines will demand a strike-through,
and every sudden correction
will take time to heal and rewrite.
There are pages you will long to tear away,
yet those ragged edges
only mark where a heavy chapter closes
and a new horizon begins.

Draft only what you know to be true.
Compose the lines as best you can.



Accept the rigid boundaries of the binding,
but never plagiarize another's voice.

And even if the world never counts your life
among its best-selling volumes,
let it be written
that every single page
bore the honest seal of your conscience.

For the final draft is not meant
merely to endure being human,
but to ascend so close to the Divine
that the veil between the creation
and the Creator wears thin.

And at the journey's end,
you may find the ink beginning to fade.
For the purpose was never
to deliver a flawless manuscript,
but to return to the source
with pages as clean and unburdened
as the light you first received—
the final, breathless draft
surrendered back to the Author.

HINDI

CORRECTION

ज़िंदगी का आखिरी पत्रा

Naysha Malhotra

मेरा नाम नयशा मल्होत्रा है। मैं एक नवोदित लेखिका और रचनात्मक आत्मा हूँ, जिसे शब्दों में गहराई ढूँढना पसंद है। मुझे कविताएं लिखना बेहद पसंद है, क्योंकि मेरा मानना है कि कविताएं हमारे अनकहे जज्बातों को आवाज़ देती हैं। मैं अपनी शायरी और कविताओं के ज़रिए ज़िंदगी के गहरे सच, इंसानी रिश्तों की उलझनें और समाज की हकीकत को पन्नों पर उतारने की कोशिश करती हूँ।

कहते हैं ज़िंदगी बहुत खूबसूरत है,
मगर ये सफ़र एक दिन खत्म हो जाएगा।
वक्त लगता है ज़िंदगी को समझने में,
मगर एक दिन यह वक्त भी थम जाएगा।
जिन रिश्तों से लड़ा समाज, दौलत और अहंकार में,
ज़िंदगी उलझी रही बस नफ़रत और प्यार में।
जीते-जी तो बस 'मेरा-तेरा' करते रह गए,
खोया खुद को, और गैरों से लड़ते रह गए।
दौलत की चाहत थी, घमंड था कुछ ऐसा,
समझ ना पाए ज़िंदगी की अहमियत, ये जुनून था कैसा!
खुशियों की तलाश में खुद को ही खो बैठे हम,
सफ़र चलता रहा और मिलते रहे कुछ ऐसे ग़म।

ना वो ज़िंदगी समझ आई, ना कम हुआ गमों का फ़ासला,
मौत से नज़दीकी बढ़ती गई, ना मिला सपनों का आसमां।
चले गए एक दिन हम जहाँ छोड़कर, छूट गई वो यादें,
जो संभाल कर रखी थीं हमने ज़िंदगी के हर मोड़ पर।
ना गिले-शिकवे बचे अब, ना बची कोई शिकायत की सूरत,
धीरे-धीरे सब हमें भूल जाएंगे, किसी को ना होगी फ़ुर्सत।
ना हमारा ज़िक्र होगा इस जहाँ में, ना हम किसी को याद आएंगे,
पर वो मौत का दिन बहुत ख़ास है...
ज़िंदगी ने दिए सिर्फ़ दर्द, मौत ने जगाई इक नई आस है।
जब ज़िंदा थे, तो किसी के पास बात करने का वक्त ना था,
आज हम चले गए, तो हर कोई रोने की फ़ुर्सत लेकर आया है।
तरसते रहे उम्र भर जिस अंजान दुनिया की तवज्जो के लिए,
आज ओढ़ाने मुझे ये ज़माना मखमली कफ़न लाया है।
जो कभी हाल तक ना पूछते थे इस अकेलेपन का,
वो आज महफ़िल सजाकर मुझे अकेला छोड़ने आए हैं।
ज़िंदगी भर जो फ़ासले मिटा ना सके नफ़रतों के,
वो आज उन्हीं फ़ासलों को आख़िरकार तोड़ने आए हैं।
ना जाने क्यों जता बैठे थे कुछ ऐसा हक़ इस अनजान दुनिया में हम,
ना सांसें हमारी हुईं, ना ये लोग कभी हमारे थे।

जिन अपनों पर वार दी हमने अपनी पूरी ज़िंदगी हंसते-हंसते,
वही अपने हमें जलाकर चले गए... वो क्या ही नज़ारे थे!
जब खुलेगा इस मुकम्मल किताब का आखिरी पन्ना,
तो ना हम रहेंगे यहाँ, ना रहेंगी ये चलती सांसें।
एक छोटा सा सफ़र है ये मुसाफ़िरों की ज़िंदगी,
जब होगा ख़त्म, तो हो जाएंगे हम बिल्कुल तन्हा से।
घमंड रखूँ भी तो आख़िर किस बात का मैं,
ना दौलत साथ जाएगी, ना ये झूठी शान रहेगी।
मिट्टी का शरीर है ये, एक दिन मिट्टी में मिल जाएगा,
ना ग़मों से डर लगेगा फिर, ना खुशियों की आस रहेगी।
खाली हाथ आए थे, खाली हाथ ही जाना है,
ज़िंदगी और कुछ नहीं, बस जीने का एक बहाना है।

आखिर क्यों होती है बेटियां पराई

Naysha Malhotra

मेरा नाम नयशा मल्होत्रा है। मैं एक नवोदित लेखिका और रचनात्मक आत्मा हूँ, जिसे शब्दों में गहराई ढूँढना पसंद है। मुझे कविताएं लिखना बेहद पसंद है, क्योंकि मेरा मानना है कि कविताएं हमारे अनकहे जज्बातों को आवाज़ देती हैं। मैं अपनी शायरी और कविताओं के ज़रिए ज़िंदगी के गहरे सच, इंसानी रिश्तों की उलझनें और समाज की हकीकत को पन्नों पर उतारने की कोशिश करती हूँ।

कहते हैं बेटियाँ घर की लक्ष्मी होती हैं,
घर के आँगन में खुशियाँ लहराती हैं।
घर को जन्नत बनाकर,
बेटी होने का फ़र्ज़ निभाती हैं।

पर बेटी होना आसान नहीं,
शादी से पहले हज़ार सवाल।
अपने दुख छुपाकर वो मुस्कुराती है,
शादी के बाद भी वही हाल,
सबके लिए अपनी खुशियाँ दबाती है।

माँ-बाप की आँखों का तारा,



फिर भी विदा के पल में बे-सहारा।
जब वही बेटी ससुराल में जाती है,
बहू बनकर हर रिश्ता निभाती है,
अपने सपनों से नया घर सजाती है,
पर फिर भी दोनों घरों में पराई कहलाती है।

वो मुस्कुराती है थकान के बाद,
खामोश रहती है अपमान के बाद,
फिर भी कहती है — “मैं ठीक हूँ,”
हर मुश्किल, हर इम्तिहान के बाद।

बेटियाँ सच में ख़ास होती हैं,
हर हाल में उजालों की आस होती हैं।
कभी बेटी, कभी बहू, कभी माँ बन जाती हैं,
फिर भी क्यों बेटियाँ पराई कहलाती हैं?

ना जाने किसने ये रीत बनाई,
क्यों है बेटियों की ज़िंदगी में तन्हाई,
घर दो हैं — पर अपना कोई नहीं...

आखिर क्यों होती हैं बेटियाँ पराई...

CORRECTION

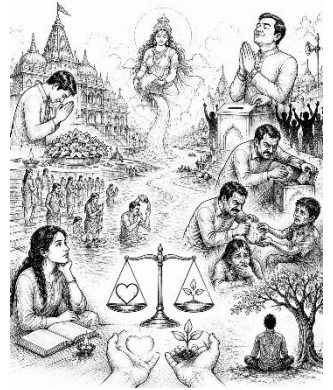
कर्म और धर्म

Neha Mali

मंदिर में हाथ जोड़कर माथा झुका लेंगे,
दो फूल चढ़ाकर खुद को सच्चा बता देंगे।
मन के इरादे चाहे जैसे भी रहें,
ऊपर से धर्म का रंग लगा देंगे ।

कहते हैं गंगा तो स्वर्ग से आई है,
भगीरथ की तपस्या रंग लाई है।
इसके जल से आत्मा भी पवित्र हो जाएगी,
हर गलती जैसे पूरी मिट ही जाएगी।
पर सोचो... जो मंदिर से ही चोरी कर आए,
जो गरीबों की रोटी भी छीन जाए।
जो मासूमों की चीख भी दबा जाए,
वो अपने पाप कहाँ छुपाए?

फिर भी खुद को दिलासा दे जाएंगे —
अरे ! गंगा में पाप सब धुल जाएंगे ।



इसी आस में लोग घाट तक आते हैं,
हार्थों में अपने गुनाह भी लाते हैं।

सवाल करो तो गलत ठहरा देते हैं,
सोचो तो धर्म का दुश्मन बता देते हैं।
भक्ति नहीं, बस भीड़ का शोर है,
जिसे वो आस्था का नाम दे देते हैं।

न व्रत से, न दिखावे से सच्ची भक्ति होती है,
न शब्दों से भगवान की शक्ति होती है।
साफ दिल और सच्चे कर्म ही काफी हैं,
वरना पूजा भी बस एक आदत सी होती है।
कभी पाप करो तो डरो मत , गंगा की ओर जाओ ,
सच- झूठ का तो पता नहीं ,
पर कहते हे
गंगा मां सब पाप धो लेती है ।

Rubaroo

Arjun

आज मुझे फिर किसी ने मेरी बदसूरती से रूबरू कराया है

मैं कितना ही टूट सकता हूँ, ये जुस्तजू में आया है

वो चिराग-ए-शब जो जलाते थे दिल में उनके नाम का

वो लौ आज उन्होंने बुझाया है

आज मुझे फिर किसी ने मेरी बदसूरती से रूबरू कराया है

मैं उनकी खिदमत में हाज़िर हर लम्हा

उनका ही नाम पुकारे मेरे वजूद का ज़र्रा-ज़र्रा

मैं उनकी चाहत की इबादत में करता खुद से बगावत

और उन्होंने मेरे नासमझ दिल को बेवकूफ बनाया

है

आज मुझे फिर किसी ने मेरी
बदसूरती से रूबरू कराया है

मैं उनके कदमों की आहट का
दीवाना

उनकी बिंदी की चमक का फसाना

उनके हुस्र का मुसाफिर, उनकी हर अदा पे कुर्बान

उन्होंने सलीके से जीता दिल मेरा, तो मैंने खुद को हारा हुआ पाया है



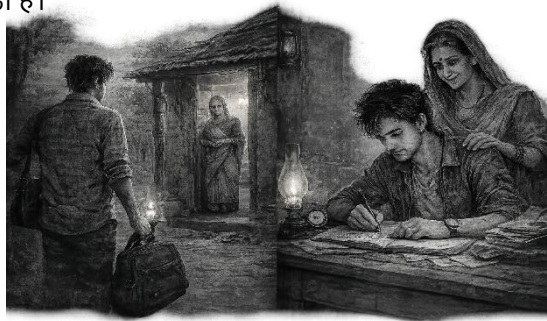
आज मुझे फिर किसी ने मेरी बदसूरती से रूबरू कराया है
ये बेरहम किस तरह की कश्मकश से लड़ता मैं
जान-बलब पे ठहर के भी ना मरता मैं
फक़त तुमको चाहा — किस तरह संभलता मैं
जो तुमने अज़ीयत की बारिश में मुझे तस्कीनी से जलाया है
आज मुझे फिर किसी ने मेरी बदसूरती से रूबरू कराया है

CORRECTION

बड़ा बेटा"

Sangita bharti

लोग कहते हैं कि लड़का है,
सिर्फ पैसों के पीछे भागता है।
तो सुनो, सच क्या है ...
मैं लड़का हूँ,
पर मेरी ख्वाहिश सिर्फ पैसा नहीं है।
मेरे भी कुछ सपने थे,
जो टूटकर बिखर गए कहीं राहों में।
घर का बड़ा बेटा जो हूँ,
उम्मीदें मुझसे ही जुड़ी हुई हैं।
माँ के सपने भी मुझसे साझा हैं,
उनकी आँखों की चमक मुझसे ही जुड़ी है।
इसलिए छोड़ दिए मैंने
अपने कई अधूरे सपने,
माँ के सपनों को अपना बनाने में।
मेरी ख्वाहिशें कैद रह गईं,
माँ के हँसते हुए चेहरे में।



घर का बड़ा बेटा हूँ,
तो जिम्मेदारियाँ भी बड़ी हैं।
पर मेरी उड़ान भी कहीं पीछे खड़ी है,
और कामयाबी मेरे सामने खड़ी है।
थोड़ी देर ही सही,
पर एक दिन पहचान मिलेगी ...
हाँ, एक दिन पहचान मिलेगी।

CORRECTION

बंदिश

Preeti

बंदिश क्या स्त्री इस बंदिशों से बाहर आ सकती है यह अपने
आप में सोचने वाली विचारधारा है
क्यों लगाते हैं लोग उस पर हजारों बंदिशे।
यहां मत जाओ वहां मत जाओ ऐसे मत खाओ यह मत पहना
वो मत पहनो कौन होते हैं।
यह रूढ़िवादी विचारधारा के लोग।
क्या स्त्री अपना जीवन खुद नहीं जी सकती क्या वह अपना
जीवन किसी और के भरोसे जिये।
आगे की हजारों बंदिशों को तोड़कर हर एक स्त्री बाहर निकालना
जानती हैं पर वह ऐसा नहीं करती।
वह सोचती है कभी तो वक्त बदलेगा कभी तो मेरा समय
आएगा।
पर नहीं स्त्री कोई समय नहीं आता! स्त्री की हर उस आवाज को
दबा दिया जाता है जो उसके हक के लिए बोली गई हो या लड़ी
गई हो।
"बन्दिश थी पैरों में

दायरे से बाहर मत जाना
कदम बढ़ाया हर एक स्त्री ने
और दायरा ही छोटा पड़ गया"।

कहती है यह दुनिया,
बंदिश ही स्त्री की पहचान है.
स्त्री ने कहा,
नहीं बंदिशों को तोड़ना स्त्री की पहचान है।



माँ

Sukhpreet kaur

सुकून है वो मेरी,

उसके साथ न मैं सबसे ज्यादा महफूज़ महसूस करती हूँ,

उसके साथ होती हु तो सब कुछ अपने आप ही ठीक कैसे हो जाता है?

उसके साथ न होने से दिल भारी सा क्यू हो जाता है?

बस यही सोचती हूँ...

जो मेरी एक मुस्कराहट के लिए सब कुछ लुटा सकती है,

और जो मेरे एक आंसू की वजह से पूरी दुनिया से लड़ सकती है,

कौन होगी वो?

उसने मुझमे अपने अधूरे ख्वाब देखे है,

मुझे अपनी हर एक अरदास का हिस्सा बनाया है,

दिया है सब कुछ, माँगा कुछ भी नहीं,

बस मेरी ही खुशी को अपने दिल का सुकून बनाया है,

दुनिया जिसे निस्वार्थ प्रेम के नाम से जानती है हम तो उसे बस एक "माँ" के नाम से जानते हैं,

क्योंकि उसके जैसा निस्वार्थ प्रेम तो इस दुनिया में कोई नहीं कर सकता,



बिना की स्वार्थ के वो बस हमें प्रेम करती है,
कर सकता है कोई???

उसके साथ होती हु तो कभी- कभी शक होता है,
ये कलयुग है भी??

धन्यवाद!

CORRECTION

कभी ना कभी तो खोना था

Vivek Bharti

उठा सकूँ मैं शोक तुम्हारे,
अभी इतना नहीं बना हूँ मैं।
तेरे आने से बदला हूँ मगर,
अभी इतना भी नहीं बदला हूँ मैं।

तेरे पैर ज़मीं पर पड़ने न दूँ,
अभी इतनी औकात नहीं हुई।
मेहनत बहुत की है मगर,
अभी असली शुरुआत नहीं हुई।

तू खुश है जहाँ पर, वही
असल खुशी है तेरी।
मेरे सपने देखकर थोड़ी ना
तुम बड़ी हुई।

भूलना मुझे क्यों मुश्किल है?
क्यों मुझे इतना सिर चढ़ाया है तुमने?
क्या इससे पहले कभी
किसी से मुलाकात नहीं हुई?

अगर हुई है, तो भूल जाओ मुझे,
यहीं तक तो अपना मिलना था।
आगे देखो, ज़िंदगी पड़ी है अभी,
मुझे तो तुम्हें वैसे भी
इस भीड़ में कभी न कभी तो खोना था।



क्या किया जाए

Dipanshi Singh

Hello everyone, I am Dipanshi Singh, a final year MBBS student at GMC Jagdaplur C.G. With a little time I get after my studies, this is what I love to do.

जो चले गए मौसम के साथ
गिरे पत्तो का क्या किया जाए,
समेत कर जला दूँगी जो मैं उसे
उससे पूछ उस "राख" का क्या किया जाए।

बेवकूफ किस्म के लोगो का दिल
चलो बेइन्तेहा इस्तेमाल किया जाए,
और जो फिर कर बैठे है भरोसा सब पे
उससे पूछ उस "इंसान" का क्या किया जाए।

होश में नहीं थे जो लोग उस वक्त
कह गए जो बात, अब क्या किया जाए,
अगर आएंगे वो माफी को मुझ तक
उससे पूछ छीले "आंखो" का क्या किया जाए।

ना ईमान ना धर्म, काला खून काला दिल
चुरा गए मेरे सही, मेरे सच को क्या किया जाए,
हिन्दू, मुस्लिम, सिख, ईसाई
उससे पूछ किस भगवान् को आगा किया जाए....

CORRECTION

रैंप से रूह तक

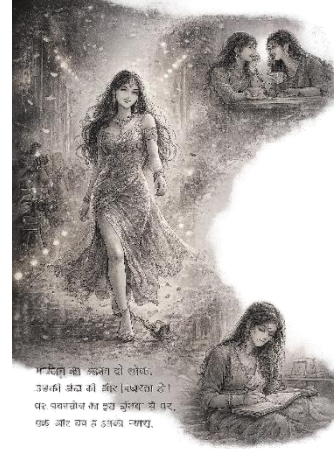
Vaishnavi Chavhan

रैंप पर चलती हैं वो जब, तो हर नज़रिया ठहर जाता है,
मॉडलिंग का उसका वो शौक, उसकी अदा को और निखरता है।
पर चकाचौंध की इस दुनिया से परे, एक और रूप है उसका न्यारा,
उसका वो साफ दिल, जो हैं सबसे सच्चा और प्यारा।

मिले थे हम भी फ्रैंकफिन के उसी हसीन गलियारे में,
जहां दोस्ती का एक नया रंग खिला, हमारे इस रिश्ते में।
वो ऐसी सहेली है मेरी, जो हर बात को सलीके से समझाती
हैं,
जब भी भटकूं राह से मैं, वो सही रास्ता दिखाती हैं।

ज़िंदगी की राहों में उसकी, आयी है कई मुश्किले और
तूफ़ान,

पर कभी न कम होने दिया उसने, अपना वो आत्मसम्मान।
हर दर्द को छुपाकर चेहरे पर, वो मुस्कुराना जानती हैं,
कितनी भी बड़ी हो मुसीबत, वो हँसकर लड़ना जानती हैं।



दोस्ती के मामले में सुचिता, सच में एक मिसाल हैं,
उसका साथ, उसका ये भरोसा, मेरे लिये बेहद कमाल हैं।
प्रार्थना हैं मेरी, वो छुए हर वो आसमान जिसकी उसे चाह हैं,
मुस्कुराती रहे वो यूं ही हमेशा, यही दिल की आखिरी राह हैं।

CORRECTION

"मैं लहरों-सी बेचैन, तुम सागर-सी गहराई।"

Unique writer "AK"

मैं उठती-गिरती लहरों सी,
मैं अल्हड़-चंचल लहरों सी।।

जब तुमसे टकरा जाती हूँ,
शांत-सी फिर हो जाती हूँ।।

तुममें ही बस गुम होकर,
मैं तुममें जीती रहती हूँ।।

बस तुममें डूबी रहती हूँ,
फिर नहीं हवा में बहती हूँ।।

तुम हो सागर की गहराई-से,
मैं तुममें उतरती रहती हूँ।।

मैं हवा में बहती लहरों-सी,



किनारे पर आ मिलती हूँ॥

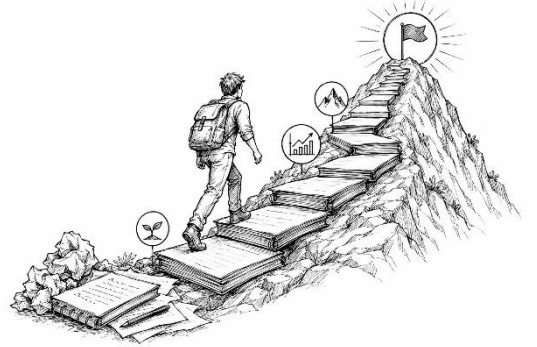
तकरार-सी फिर छिड़ जाती है,
बस तुमसे टकराती रहती हूँ॥

CORRECTION

अंतिम मसौदा ।

Himanshu D Shah

कभी शुरू किया, कभी पूरा किया ना किया ,
बीच में ही अधूरा छोड़ दिया ।
या वापस कोई नया मसौदा ले लिया ।
ज़िंदगी को मज़ाक बना के रख दिया ,
या मसौदे को ही मज़ाक बना दिया ।
हर तरह के लोग है यहां ,
किसी को कामयाबी चाहिए ।
किसी को सिर्फ़ कामयाबी ही चाहिए ।
कामयाब वो होते है ,
जिनका मकसद काम करना है ।
मगर जिन्हें सिर्फ़ कामयाबी ही चाहिए ,
वो शुरु की नाकामयाबी को झेल नहीं सकते ।
और अपनी जिंदगी के अंतिम मसौदे तक पहुंच ही नहीं सकते ।
हर किसी के जीवन में हर काम के अलग अलग स्तर आते है ,
अगर इसे मसौदा समझ लिया जाए तो ग़लत नहीं होगा ।
"आरंभिक मसौदा"



"मध्यवर्ती मसौदा"

"अंतिम मसौदा"

आरंभिक मसौदा वो है जिसमें काम को शुरू किया जाता है ,

मध्यवर्ती मसौदा वो है जिसमें लाभ हानि दिखने को मिलती है और

अंतिम मसौदे में उसे अंजाम दिया जाता है ।

हर कोई अंतिम मसौदे तक पहुंच नहीं सकता ,

अंतिम मसौदे तक पहुंचने के लिए अगले दो

मसौदे से गुजरना पड़ता है ।

वो मज़ा ही कुछ और है जब हमारी मंज़िल अंतिम मसौदा हासिल कर लेती है ।

कोई नहीं देखता क्या थी तुम्हारी सफ़र !

कोई नहीं देखता क्या कुछ झेला आपने !

कोई नहीं देखता कितने कांटे चुभे तुम्हें !

बस यही देखा जाता है कि आप मंज़िल पर पहुंचे या नहीं ?

चलो, एक बार अंतिम कोशिश करते है,

इस उतावले मन को समझाते है।

अंतिम मसौदा अपनी जिंदगी की कहानी का नए हौसले से लिख लेते है ॥

बेटी ही तो हूँ मैं

Sweta Sharma

I'm 21 years old. I am currently pursuing BBA from Shoolini University in online mode. I am fashionate about writing and drawing and crafting. I also wrote some poem or poetry if you give me a chance I also send these .

जब तारिफ मिले तो बेटा हूँ मैं ..

जब कुछ मांग लिया तो फिजूल खर्च हूँ मैं ..

चिल्ला दिया तो बतमिज हूँ मैं ..

और चुप चाप शह लिया तो अच्छी हूँ मैं ..

दुःख में अंशू निकाल दिये तो कमजोर हूँ मैं ..

दर्द छुपा कर भी हंसु तो बेशरम हूँ मैं ..

कितनी मुश्किल है ना, दुनिया हर बात पर समझ देती है ..

आखिर बेटी ही तो हूँ मैं ..



The last draft

Uzra Rizvi

वह लड़की उम्मीद की किरण थी,
हर मुश्किल में भी मुस्कान थी।
आँखों में सपनों का आसमान,
दिल में बसा था पूरा जहान।
गिरकर भी जो संभल जाती थी,
अँधेरों में दीप जलाती थी।
दर्द छुपाकर हँस देती थी,
सबको जीने की राह देती थी।
उसकी बातें जैसे मीठी धूप,
उसकी हँसी जैसे खिलते फूल।
हर दिल में वह प्यार जगाती,
टूटे मन को फिर से सजाती।
न हारी वह तूफ़ानों से,
न डरी कभी इम्तिहानों से।
उम्मीद बनकर जो साथ चली,
हर मंज़िल उसकी राह मिली।



वह लड़की बस एक नाम नहीं,
हौसलों का पैगाम थी।
जो भी मिला उसके सफ़र में,
कह उठा — वह सचमुच उम्मीद थी।

CORRECTION

रास्ते वीरान थे

SASWATI MAHAPATRA

एक लड़का था, जिसकी मोहब्बत बेहद थी,
एक लड़की थी, जिसके लिए दोस्ती ही हद थी।

उसके लफ़्ज़ में आरजू का समंदर बसता था,
उसके हर दर्द में वो अपना मुक़द्दर देखता था।

जब नज़र पड़ती उस पर, दुनिया भुला देता था,
उसके मुस्कुराने के लिए, खुद को मिटा देता था।

वो उसके लिए साँस थी, दुआ थी, सुकून थी,
उसके लिए वो रास्ता थी, जहाँ उसने जन्नत पाया था।

पर वो डरती थी, कहीं रिश्ता ना बिखर जाए,
इसलिए उसके इज़हार को हमेशा खामोशी से टाल जाए।

फिर एक दिन आया, आखिरी बुलावा आया था,
"मिलना है" कह कर, दिल का राज़ छुपाया था।

वो जानती थी उसके दिल की कहना क्या था,
इरादा नहीं था टालने का... बस वक्त बेवफ़ा था।

जब वो पहुँची, रास्ते वीरान थे,
वो जा चुका था, इंतज़ार की लकीर खींच कर।

उसके जाने के बाद बस हवा यही कह गई,



"हर बार की तरह, इस बार भी देर हो गई।"

वो चला गया, अपनी अधूरी मोहब्बत समेटे,
शहर की भीड़ में, खामोश क़दम लेते।

आज जब सामना होता है, नज़रें झुक जाती हैं,
उसकी बेरुखी में, गुनाहों की सज़ा नज़र आती है।

वो खफ़ा था, और खफ़ा होना उसका हक़ था,
दोस्ती बचाने की कोशिश में, मोहब्बत का क़त्ल हुआ था।

काश उस बुलावे पर, वो वक्त से पहले दौड़ आयी होती,
तो उसका आखिरी लफ़्ज़, उसकी पहली हँसी बन जाती।

पर किस्मत को ये मंज़ूर नहीं था शायद,
दोस्ती भी टूट गई, मोहब्बत भी राह में खो गई।

एक इंतज़ार मुकम्मल हुआ, एक हसरत आगाज़ हुई।

OTHER

CORRECTION

அவள்

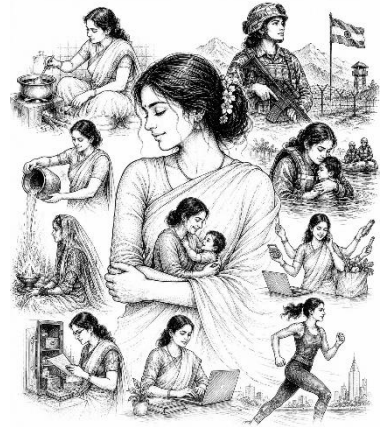
Nathiya R

அன்று அடுப்பங்கரையிலும் அவள்,
இன்று எல்லைக்கரையிலும் அவள்,
அன்று தண்ணீர் இறைத்ததும் அவள்,
இன்று தண்ணீருக்குள் மிதப்பதும் அவள்,
அன்று உடன்கட்டை ஏறியதும் அவள்,
இன்று பல உயிர்களை மீட்பதும் அவள்,
அன்று அஞ்சறைப் பெட்டியில் சேர்ந்ததும் அவள்,
இன்று எச்செலவையும் ஏற்பதும்
அவள்,

காலத்தால் தன் நிலையை
மாற்றியதும் அவள்,
வெற்றிக்காக ஓடும் கால்களிலும்
அவள்,

பல பரிமாற்றங்களை கண்டவள்
அவள்,

ஆயினும் குறையுமோ அவளின்
நேசமும்?



సైకతి

K. Gayatri

My name is K. Gayatri. I am from Adoni, Kurnool dist, Andhra Pradesh. I am studying inter 2nd year. My date of birth is 30-04-2010.

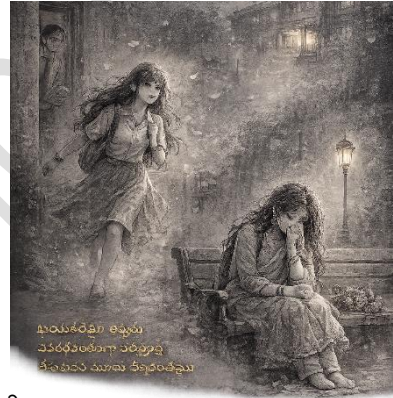
విదుల చదువుతున్న కాలేజీలో ఒక ఆత్మ తిరుగుతుందని అందరూ నమ్ముతుంటారు. అందుకే తమ పిల్లలను ఆ కాలేజీలో చేర్చించడానికి చాలా మంది తల్లిదండ్రులు భయపడతారు. ఫలితంగా ఆ కాలేజీ యాజమాన్యం పీజులను కూడా తగ్గిస్తుంది. విదుల తల్లిదండ్రుల ఆర్థిక పరిస్థితి బాగాలేకపోవడంతో, తక్కువ పీజు కారణంగా ఆమెను అదే కాలేజీలో చేర్చిస్తారు.

మొదట్లో అన్నీ బాగానే ఉంటాయి. కొద్దికాలానికే విదులకు మంచి స్నేహితులు కూడా దొరుకుతారు. వాళ్లు ప్రతిరోజూ కలిసి కాలేజీకి వచ్చి, కలిసి తిరిగి వెళ్తుంటారు. వాళ్లకు ఆ కాలేజీలో ఏదో వింత శక్తి లేదా దెయ్యం ఉందన్న భావన అసలు కలగదు. అందువల్ల, ఇవన్నీ కేవలం పుకార్లనని అనుకుంటూ ఉంటారు.

అయితే సుమారు ఐదు నెలల తర్వాత వాళ్లకు ఆ అనుమానం నిజమేమో అన్న భావన కలుగుతుంది. విదులకు ఇద్దరు స్నేహితులు — మొత్తం

ముగ్గురు. కానీ అప్పుడప్పుడూ వాళ్లకు తమతో ఇంకొకరు కూడా ఉన్నట్టుగా అనిపిస్తుంది. ఆ తర్వాత వాళ్లకు ఒక భయంకరమైన విషయం తెలుస్తుంది. ఐదు సంవత్సరాల క్రితం కూడా విదులలాగే ముగ్గురు స్నేహితులకు ఇలాగే అనిపించిందట. కొన్ని రోజులకే ఆ ముగ్గురు ఆత్మహత్య చేసుకున్నారని, అప్పటి నుంచే ఆ కాలేజీలో దెయ్యం ఉందని అందరూ నమ్ముతున్నారని విదుల మరియు ఆమె స్నేహితులు తెలుసుకుంటారు.

ఒకరోజు విదుల తన స్నేహితులతో కలిసి మైదానంలో ఆడుకుంటూ ఉండగా, ఆమె స్నేహితురాలు విన్యకి దాహం వేస్తుంది. నీళ్లు తాగడానికి ఆమె తరగతి గదిలోకి వెళ్లి, అక్కడ నీళ్లు తాగుతూ ఉండగా అకస్మాత్తుగా ఒక దెయ్యం కనిపిస్తుంది.



భయంతో విన్యకి కేకలు వేస్తూ బయటకు పరుగెత్తి వచ్చి, జరిగిన సంగతిని తన తోటి విద్యార్థులకు, ఉపాధ్యాయులకు చెబుతుంది. అందరూ కలిసి ఆ తరగతి గదిలోకి వెళ్లి చూస్తే, అక్కడ ఎవరూ కనిపించరు. దాంతో వారు అది భ్రమ అనుకుని మళ్ళీ మైదానానికి వెళ్లిపోతారు.

అప్పుడు విదుల విన్యను,

“నువ్వు చెప్పింది నిజమేనా?” అని అడుగుతుంది.

“నిజమే,” అని విన్వ్య గట్టిగా చెప్పుతుంది.

వాళ్లు ముగ్గురూ మళ్లీ ఆ తరగతి గదిలోకి వెళ్తారు. కొద్దిసేపటి తర్వాత వారికి నిజంగానే ఒక దెయ్యం కనిపిస్తుంది. విదులతో ఉన్న మరో స్నేహితురాలు విష, “ఇక్కడి నుంచి వెళ్లిపోదాం,” అని భయంతో అంటుంది. కానీ విదుల, విన్వ్య మాత్రం, “అది మనకు ఏమైనా చెప్పాలనుకుంటుందేమో. ఒకసారి వినిపించి వెళ్లదాం,” అంటారు.

దానికి విష, “అవి సినిమాల్లోనే జరుగుతాయి. నిజజీవితంలో అలా ఉండదు,” అని అంటుంది.

కానీ ఆలోపే ఆ దెయ్యం వాళ్లతో మాట్లాడడం మొదలుపెడుతుంది. తన పేరు సైకతి అని చెబుతుంది.

“నువ్వెవరు? ఎందుకు ఈ కాలేజీలో ఇలా తిరుగుతున్నావు?” అని విదుల, విన్వ్య అడుగుతారు.

దానికి సైకతి,

“నాకు తెలియదు. నాకు ఏమీ గుర్తులేదు. నేను చనిపోవడానికి కొంతసేపు ముందే, లేదా కొన్ని రోజుల ముందే ఈ కాలేజీకి వచ్చాను అన్నది మాత్రమే మసకగా గుర్తుంది. ఆ తర్వాత కళ్లుతెరిచేసరికి నేను ఈ కాలేజీలోనే ఉన్నాను.

ఎవరితో మాట్లాడాలనుకున్నా ఎవరూ స్పందించలేదు. అప్పుడు నాకు అర్థమైంది — నేను చనిపోయానని,” అని చెబుతుంది.

“అసలు నువ్వు ఈ కాలేజీకి ఎందుకు వచ్చావో గుర్తుందా?” అని విదుల అడుగుతుంది.

“లేదు,” అని సైకతి సమాధానం ఇస్తుంది.

“అయితే మీ ఊరు ఇదేనా?” అని మళ్ళీ అడుగుతుంది.

“అదీ గుర్తులేదు. అందుకే నేనింకా ఇక్కడే తిరుగుతుంటాను,” అంటుంది సైకతి.

అప్పుడు విన్స్ట్య ఒక ఆలోచన చెబుతుంది.

“ఒకవేళ నువ్వు ఎవరి శరీరాన్నైనా ఆవహిస్తే, నీకు గతం గుర్తుకు వచ్చే అవకాశం ఉందా?” అని అడుగుతుంది.

దానికి విష వెంటనే, “ఇవన్నీ సినిమాల్లోనే జరుగుతాయి,” అంటుంది.

కానీ విదుల, “ఒక్కసారి ప్రయత్నిస్తే ఏమవుతుంది? తప్పు ఏమీ లేదు కదా,” అని అంటుంది.

చివరికి అందరూ ఆ ప్రయత్నానికి సిద్ధమవుతారు. అయితే ఈ విషయం గురించి ఇంకెవరికీ తెలియకూడదని నిర్ణయించుకుంటారు.

అప్పుడే గోడ పక్కన నిలబడి వాళ్ల మాటలన్నీ విన్న గణిత ఉపాధ్యాయుడు లోపలికి వస్తాడు.

“ఏదో మాట్లాడుకుంటున్నారు అనుకున్నాను. కానీ ఇంత పెద్ద పని ప్లాన్ చేస్తున్నారా?” అని ఆశ్చర్యంగా అడుగుతాడు.

దానికి విదుల, విస్వ, విష — “ఈ ఒక్క పని జరిగితే ఇక మళ్లీ ఎవరూ ఈ కాలేజీ గురించి భయపడాల్సిన అవసరం ఉండదు,” అని చెబుతారు.

కొద్దిసేపు ఆలోచించిన ఉపాధ్యాయుడు, “సరే. అయితే ఎవరికీ అనుమానం రాకుండా నేను చూసుకుంటాను,” అని అంటాడు.

మరుసటి రోజు, ఆ తరగతి గదిలో ఎవరూ లేని సమయానికి విదుల, విస్వ, విష, అలాగే వాళ్ల గణిత ఉపాధ్యాయుడు అక్కడికి వెళ్లారు. కొద్దిసేపటికే సైకతి కూడా అక్కడికి వస్తుంది. అందరూ ఆమె విస్వ శరీరంలోకి వెళ్తుందని అనుకుంటారు. కానీ అనూహ్యంగా ఆమె విదులలోకి ప్రవేశిస్తుంది.

తర్వాత విస్వ్య విష — విదులలోకి ప్రవేశించిన సైకతిని అనుసరిస్తారు. అలా వెళ్ళిన ఆ ముగ్గురు ఐదు రోజులైనా తిరిగి రాకపోవడంతో, గణిత ఉపాధ్యాయుడు మరియు వాళ్ళ తల్లిదండ్రులు పోలీసులకు ఫిర్యాదు చేస్తారు. పోలీసులు విచారణకు వచ్చిన రోజే విదుల, విస్వ్య విష మళ్ళీ కాలేజీకి తిరిగి వస్తారు. వాళ్ళ తల్లిదండ్రులు, పోలీసులు వారిని బాగా మందలించి, “ఇకపై బుద్ధిగా చదువుకోండి,” అని చెప్పి వెళ్ళిపోతారు.

అందరూ వెళ్ళిన తర్వాత గణిత ఉపాధ్యాయుడు ఆత్మతగా అడుగుతాడు:

“ఈ ఐదు రోజులు మీరు ఎక్కడికి వెళ్ళారు? సైకతి గురించి ఏమైనా తెలిసిందా?”

దానికి వాళ్ళు, “అవును సార్, సైకతి గురించి మాకు అన్నీ తెలిసిపోయాయి,” అని చెబుతారు.

సెప్టెంబర్ 7, 2010న జన్మించిన సైకతి అసలు పేరు సుచిత్ర. ఆమె పుట్టిన ఏడాదిలోపే ఆమె తల్లిదండ్రులు ఒక ప్రమాదంలో మరణించారు. ‘సుచిత్ర’ అనే పేరులో ఏదో అశుభం ఉందని భావించిన ఆమె అత్తయ్య, ఆమె పేరు ‘సైకతి’గా మార్చింది. అప్పటినుంచి ఎవరైనా ఆమెను సుచిత్ర అని పిలిస్తే ఆమెకు అస్సులు నచ్చేది కాదు.

ఆమె అత్తయ్య ఆమెను ఎంతో ప్రేమగా పెంచింది. సైకతికి ఏడేళ్లు ఉన్నప్పుడు, అంటే రెండో తరగతి చదువుతున్నప్పుడు, ఆమె జీవితంలో ఇంకొక ముఖ్యమైన వ్యక్తి ప్రవేశించింది — ఆమె సోషల్ టీచర్. చిన్న వయసులోనే, అత్తయ్య తర్వాత తనకు అత్యంత ఆదర్శంగా కనిపించిన వ్యక్తి ఆ టీచర్. తర్వాత సైకతి ఆరవ తరగతిలో ఉండగా, ఆ టీచర్ వేరే ఊరికి వెళ్లిపోయింది. అయినా సైకతి తన అత్తయ్యను అడిగి ఆ టీచర్ ఫోన్ నంబర్ తీసుకుని ప్రతిరోజూ మాట్లాడేది. ఆ టీచర్ ఎప్పుడైనా తమ ఊరికి వచ్చినప్పుడు తప్పకుండా సైకతిని కలిసేది.

ఆ టీచర్ తరువాత విదుల చదివే అదే కాలేజీలో హిస్టరీ టీచర్గా పనిచేయడం మొదలుపెట్టింది. అప్పుడప్పుడు సైకతిని కూడా అక్కడికి తీసుకువచ్చేది. కానీ ఒకరోజు, సైకతి కింద ఆడుకుంటూ ఉండగా నీళ్లు ట్యాంకులో పడిపోయింది. పడిన వెంటనే దెబ్బలు తగలడం, భయపడిపోవడం వల్ల ఆమె అక్కడికక్కడే స్పృహ తప్పింది. ఆమె ట్యాంకులో పడిపోయిందని ఎవరూ గుర్తించకపోవడంతో, నీళ్లు నిండిన తర్వాత ఆ ట్యాంకును మూసేశారు. కొంతసేపటి తర్వాత ఆమె కనిపించింది, కానీ అప్పటికే ఆమె చనిపోయింది.

తనకు చివరిగా ఏమైందో గుర్తులేక, ఎలా చనిపోయిందో తెలియక, తన ఆత్మ ఈ కాలేజీ చుట్టూనే తిరుగుతూ ఉండిపోయింది. ఐదేళ్ల క్రితం ఆ ముగ్గురు విద్యార్థులకు సైకతి కనిపించింది. కానీ వాళ్ల మరణానికి కారణం సైకతి కాదు — వాళ్ల భయమే. ఆమె తమకు ఏం చేస్తుందో అన్న భయంతో, వాళ్లే

ఆత్మహత్య చేసుకున్నారని విదుల, విన్వ్య, విష తమ గణిత ఉపాధ్యాయుడికి చెబుతారు.

అది విన్న ఉపాధ్యాయుడు,

“అయితే పైకటికి అన్నీ గుర్తొచ్చిన తర్వాత ఆమె వెళ్లిపోయిందా?” అని అడుగుతాడు.

“అవును సార్,” అని వాళ్లు సమాధానం చెబుతారు.

అయితే ఉపాధ్యాయుడికి ఇంకా ఒక సందేహం మిగిలే ఉంటుంది.

“సైకలి ఆత్మ విన్వ్యలోకి వెళ్తుందని అనుకున్నాం. కానీ విదులలోకి ఎందుకు వెళ్లింది?” అని అడుగుతాడు.

దానికి విదుల చిరునవ్వుతో,

“ఎందుకంటే ఆమె పుట్టినరోజు, నా పుట్టినరోజు ఒకటే సార్,” అని చెబుతుంది.

విదుల, విన్వ్య, విష చేసిన ఆ ధైర్యమైన పని వల్ల, ఆ తర్వాత ఇక ఎవరూ ఆ కాలేజీలో చేరడానికి భయపడలేదు.

கடந்து சென்றாயோடா மறந்து செல்லேன்...

GEETHA KARUPPASAMY

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மனதினில் ஏற்படும் இனிய நிகழ்வுகள் மற்றும் வருத்தங்கள் யாவினையும் வார்த்தைகளாக வடித்திடும் தருணம்... எந்தன் மகிழ்வுகள் என்றும் மரணமில்லா நினைவுகளாகின்றன... வருத்தங்கள் எந்தன் நெஞ்சம் விட்டு நிரந்தரமாக நீங்கிச் செல்கின்றன...

மலரினில் மலர்ந்திடும் மகரந்த தேனிடம்
மயங்கிடும் தேனியாக என்றும் உந்தன்
மந்தகாசத்தினில் மயங்கிடும் எந்தன் நெஞ்சத்திடம்
உரைத்திட தவிக்கின்றேன்...
உன்னுடனான எந்தன் நிகழ்விற்காக விழிகள் அன்று
கண்ட கனவுகளின் வாழ்நாள் இனி விட்டில் பூச்சிக்கு
இணையாகிடும் தருணம் வந்ததென...
உனது விடியலில் எந்தன் மனம் கொண்ட
மகிழ்விற்கு உந்தன் விழிகள் கொண்ட அலட்சியம்
அறிந்திட இயலா எந்தன் நெஞ்சத்தினிற்கு உந்தன்
புறக்கணிப்பினில் இன்று அழகாய் புகுகின்றன...
தேடி தேடி எந்தன் அன்பினை விதைத்து உன்னிடம்
நான் தொலைத்திட்ட எந்தன் நெஞ்சத்தினை திருப்பி
மீட்டிட இயலாமல் எனை தூரம் விட்டு தொலைத்து

சென்ற உனை தேடி தேடியே நித்தம்
தொலைகின்றேன்...

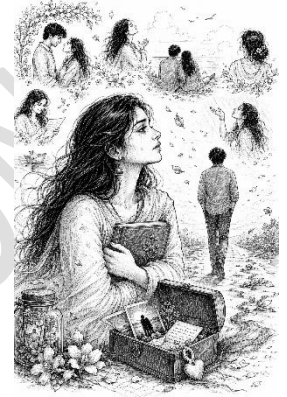
எந்தன் காதலில் மீண்டும் நீ மூழ்கிட விதிகள்
மாறிடும் தருணமே வாய்க்கப் பெற்றினும் உந்தன்
விழிகள் ஏற்று கொள்ள மறுத்திடும்
நிலை நிகழ்ந்தது உன்னுள்...

மீண்டும் மீண்டும் உந்தன் நெஞ்சத்தின்
அருகாமையில் மட்டுமே அகிலம்
மறந்திட உன்னிடம் மன்றாடிகிறது
எந்தன் மனம்...

காதல் கொண்டு இனிதாக இதழ்
உரைத்திடும் சொற்கள் யாவினையும்
இம்மி அளவேணும் இசைந்து கேட்டிட
மறுத்திடும் உந்தன் செவிகளுக்கு எந்தன்
மன்றாடல் மட்டும் இனி என்று கேட்டிடமோ...

வலிகளில் எந்தன் விழிகள் கொண்ட கண்ணீர்
துளிகளினை அம்புகளாக்கி நான் அனுப்பிய காதல்
தூது ஒவ்வொன்றும் உனைச் சென்று திரும்பிடும்
நொடிகள் யாவும் எந்தன் நெஞ்சத்தினை கிழித்து
காயப்படுத்தினும் குறைந்திடா காதல்
கொண்டேனே என் செய்வேனோ...

நேசம் கொண்டு உனை நெருங்கிட நினைத்திட்ட
எந்தன் காதல் கனவுகள் யாவும் நினைவுகளாக
மட்டுமே நிலைத்து நிகழ்வினில் என்றும்
நிலையில்லா நிழலாகிப் போகுமென அறிவினிற்கு
எட்டியும் அகத்தினிற்கு அகப்படவில்லை அலைந்து
திரிந்து தேடி உடைகின்றது இன்றும் உனை
தேடியே...



இமைக்கா எந்தன் விழிகள் கண்டு ரசித்திட்ட உந்தன்
 கருவிழிகள் என்றேனும் ஓர் நாள் என்னுள் விழிநீர்
 விதைத்திடும் என்றரிந்திடாமல் உன்னுடனான
 நிகழ்வுகளினை நெஞ்சத்தினில் பொக்கிஷங்களாக
 மாற்றி நித்தம் நித்தம் இன்றும் அதன்
 நினைவுகளினில் மட்டுமே நித்திரை
 தொலைத்திடும் எந்தன் இதயத்தினிற்கு நான்
 எவ்வாறு எடுத்துரைப்பேன்...
 உந்தன் நெஞ்சத்தினில் எனக்கான இடம்
 துளியளவேனுமில்லை என...
 கடந்து செல்லும் மேகங்களாக மட்டுமே எனை
 கண்டாயோ? எந்தன் காதலே...
 உந்தன் ஒவ்வொரு அசைவினையும் என்னுள்
 பசுமரத்தாணி நினைவுகளாக்கி நிலைக்கச்
 செய்தேனே...
 இனி என் செய்வேனோ...
 கணத்திடும் நெஞ்சத்திடம் நீ கடந்து சென்றாய்
 கற்றோடு கற்றாக எந்தன் காதலை கரைத்து
 சென்றாய் என்றுரைப்பினும் உந்தன் உதயத்தினை
 எதிர் நோக்கியே தன் இருளினை தொலைக்கின்றது...
 இறுதியில் ஏமாற்றம் கொள்கின்றது... என் மனம்...
 நிரந்தரமாக நீங்கிச் சென்றிட துடித்திடும் உந்தன்
 நெஞ்சத்தினை விலகிச் சென்றிட துணிந்திட
 மறுத்திடும் எந்தன் நெஞ்சத்திடம் என் கூறினால்
 நிதர்சனம் இன்னதென அறிந்திட செவி
 சாய்க்குமோ...
 வலிகளினை மட்டுமே எந்தன் வாழ்நாள் பரிசு
 களாக்கி உந்தன் புன்னகையில் பூத்திட்ட காதல்

மலரினை கருவிழி கண்ணீரினில் கரைத்திட்டு
கடந்து செல்லென்று உரைத்து சென்றாயேடா பிறகு
ஏனடா என்னுள் முழுதினும் உறைந்து சென்றாய்...
கலங்கிடும் நெஞ்சம் கனவுகளினை கலைத்திட
கணநேரமேனும் நினைத்திட மறுக்கின்றது...
உன்னுள் கலைத்து சென்ற எந்தன் காதலினை
என்னுள் என்றும் சுமந்து சென்றிட துணிகின்றது
எந்தன் மனம்...

கடந்து சென்றாய் என கலங்கி நின்றிடாமல் உனை
தேடி தொலைந்திடாமல் உந்தன் காதல்
நினைவுகளினை நெஞ்சத்தினில் கோர்வையாக
கோர்த்தே எந்தன் கனவுகளினில் களிப்பினை
உதயமாக்கி நிகழ்வினில் கலைந்த நம் காதலுக்கு
நினைவுகளில் உயிர் கொடுக்க நினைக்கின்றேன்...
நீ சென்றிடும் பாதையினில் பூக்களாக தூவிய எந்தன்
காதல் நினைவுகள் யாவும் நாட்கள் நகர உந்தன்
விழிகளுக்கு முட்களாக தெரிந்திட்டபின்
முழுதினும் தென்றலாக மாறி உந்தன்
பாதையினின்று மறைந்து செல்வதை விட உந்தன்
கண்களிடமிருந்து மறைந்து செல்கின்றேன் உந்தன்
பாதம் விதைத்திடும் பாரங்கள் தாங்கிடும்
இதழ்களாக இருந்தும் இல்லாமல்
நிலைக்கின்றேன்...

நிகழ்வுகளில் உந்தன் விழிமுன் நில்லாமல்
நிரந்தரமாக விலகி... உன்னுடனான எந்தன்
நினைவுகளினை அருவமாக்கி இனி உனையே சுற்றி
சுற்றி வந்திடும் நாட்களின் ஒவ்வொரு நிமிடங்களும்
மகிழ்வினிற்கு நான் பெற்ற வரங்களாக எண்ணி

மகிழ்ந்திடுவேன்... காரணம்...
நிகழ்வினில் காயப்படுத்திடும் உந்தன் நெஞ்சமும்
மனதினை கலங்கடித்திடும் உந்தன் விழிகளும்
இறுதியாக இடிந்து நொறுங்கிட இதமுரைத்த
வார்த்தைகளும் கானல் நீராகித் தொலைந்தது...
இனி நினைவுகளில் மட்டுமே நீ என்றும் எனும்
நிதர்சத்தினை நெஞ்சத்தினில் புகுத்தி நிலையாக
உந்தன் காதல் நினைவுகளுடன் நிம்மதி நித்திரை
கொள்வேன்...
கடந்து செல் அன்பே...
கலங்கிடேன்...
காலம் கடந்தினும்
உன்மீது கரைந்திடா
காதல் கொள்வேன்...
உன் கண்முன் அன்று...
புதுவிதமாய்
எந்தன் இதயக்கூட்டினுள்
பொதித்து பொக்கிஷமாக்கி
என்றும் காதல் கொள்வேன்...

ਫਲਸਫਾ!

Steyn

ਸੁਣ ਆਬ ਦੇਸ਼ ਦੀਏ ਜਾਈਏ ਨੀ,

ਦੱਸ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਕਿੱਦਾ ਕਮਲੀਏ ਅਸਾਂ ਭੁਲਾਈਏ ਨੀ!

ਅੰਬਰੋਂ ਟੁੱਟਿਆ ਤਾਰਾ ਮੁੜਕੇ ਜੁੜਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ,

ਅਸੀਂ ਵੀ ਟੁੱਟੇ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਕਿੱਦਾ ਦਿਖਾਈਏ ਨੀ!

ਦੂਰੀਆ ਐਸੀਆਂ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਕਦੇ ਵੀ ਮਿਟਣੀਆਂ ਨੀ,

ਤੂੰਹੀਂ ਦੱਸ ਹੁਣ ਅਸੀਂ ਕਿਧਰ ਨੂੰ ਜਾਈਏ ਨੀ!

ਰੋਸ਼ੇ ਮਨਾਉਣੇ ਰਿਸ਼ਤਿਆ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ,

ਤੂੰ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੰਨਦੀ ਅਸਾਂ ਕਿੱਦਾ ਸਮਝਾਈਏ ਨੀ!

'ਸਟੇਨ' ਦੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਤੇਰੇ ਬਾਜ਼ੂ ਅਧੂਰੀ ਏ,

ਗੱਲ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਆਖ ਸੁਣਾਈ ਏ ਨੀ!



...பிறையின் பிரகாசமாக நான்...

GEETHA KARUPPASAMY

கீதா கருப்பசாமி BE., MBA., B. Lit., TTC., DFA.,
மனதினில் ஏற்படும் இனிய நிகழ்வுகள் மற்றும்
வருத்தங்கள் யாவினையும் வார்த்தைகளாக
வடித்திடும் தருணம்... எந்தன் மகிழ்வுகள் என்றும்
மரணமில்லா நினைவுகளாகின்றன... வருத்தங்கள்
எந்தன் நெஞ்சம் விட்டு நிரந்தரமாக நீங்கிச்
செல்கின்றன...

சபைகளில் செவி கேட்டிர மறுத்திடும் வார்த்தைகள்
எனதாகிப் போனது...

அறிந்தவையை அறிவாய் எடுத்திரைப்பினும்

அறிவிலி என்ற பெயராகிப் போனது...

எந்தன் உறவு உறவினர் மத்தியினில்

கண்டுகொண்டிரா நிராகரிப்பு என்றாகிப்

போனது...

வேலையில்லா விழிகளின்

வேதனையின் வெளிப்பாட்டின் விழிநீர்

கூட வெத்தாகிப் போனது...

விழிகள் கண்ட காட்சிகள் மழுங்கி

மிகைப்படுத்தி கூறிடும் பொய்மையே

மெய்மையை வெல்கின்றது உரைத்திடும்

குரல் பணியாளர் என்றால்...



வசை சொற்களினை வாரி வீசிடுவோர் மத்தியினில்
இசை சொற்களுக்கு இடமின்றி போகின்றது...
இனிதாய் இருப்பினும் இதழுரைக்க தகுதி
எதிர்பார்த்திடும் நெஞ்சத்தின் மத்தியினில்...
கொடுத்திடும் மரியாதை திருப்பி கிடைத்திட
மறுத்திடும் தருணம் உணர்த்துகின்றது மற்றோரிடம்
எந்தன் மதிப்பு என்னதென...
வலிகள் யாவினையும் வரிசை படிக்கட்டுகளாக்கி
விண் தொடும் இலக்கினை நோக்கி ஆங்காங்கே
விண்மீன்களாக மின்னிடும் எந்தன்
நம்பிக்கையினை மட்டுமே இருக்கமாக கையினில்
கொண்டு இன்று பயணிக்கின்றேன்...
காலடிக்குச் சமமென எந்தன் கனவுகளினை
விமர்சித்து கரைசேர்ந்திட இயலா ஆரம்பமென
எந்தன் முயற்சிகளினை முடக்கிய நெஞ்சங்கள்
யாவும் வியர்ந்து பார்த்திட வெற்றிவாகை தூடி
வெண்ணிலவாக பிரகாசித்திடும் நாள் வெகு
தொலைவினில் அன்று...

হারানো সুর ♡ 🎵

Manisha Karmakar

মনে পড়ে তোমার সেই মায়াবী মুখখানা...
যার দিকে তাকালে হাজারো দুঃখ নিমেষে ফুরিয়ে যায়..
মনে পড়ে তোমার সাথে প্রকৃতির মাঝে কাটানো সেই মধুময়
সময়গুলো...
যেখানে ছিল হাজারো শান্তি... হাজারো সুখ যা হয়তো আর কোনো
দিন পাওয়া হবে না...
দেখা হবে না তোমার ওই মায়ী ভরা চোখ...
বাতাসে তোমার নাম খুঁজি, আকাশে তোমার ছায়া দেখি
এবং গানের মাঝে তোমার হারিয়ে যাওয়া সুর খুঁজি,
যে সুরে তুমি হাসতে, যে সুরে আমার ঘুম ভাঙতো
আজ সেই সুর বাজে না, বাজে শুধুই নীরবতা
তাইতো আজ আমি এক বেসুরো কবিতা...
যে কবিতা কেউ পড়ে না, শুধু রাতের অন্ধকারে বিলীন হয়ে যায়



কবিতা পড় পাঠ না, শুধু বাতের
আঁধারের অন্ধকারে বিলীন হয়ে যায়

"கவிதை பூங்கா"

PRAGADHEESWARI.J

Pragadheeswari. J is a Siddha student of National Institute of Siddha, Chennai. She is 20 years old young one with deep passion towards Poetry in her mother tongue, Tamil.

தமிழ் எழுத்தின் இதழ்களால் மலரும் பூ அவள் .

மொழியின் செம்மையால் பூத்துக் குலுங்கும்
கவிதையின் நந்தவனமோ அவள்.

அவளோ கவிதை என்ற மகுடம் சூடியவள்!

வண்டு சுவைக்கும் தேனால் பூவிற்கு சிறப்பு,தமிழின்
எழுத்துகளால் கவிதைக்கு பிறப்பு.

இதழ்கள் சேர பூ மலரும்,

சொற்கள் சேர கவிதை உதிரும்.

எழுத்தை சொற்களில் விதைத்து,

மொழியை நீராய் பாய்ச்ச,

உணர்வை உரமாக்கி ,

கவிதையை மலரச் செய்யும்
மலரவனோ கவிஞன்!

பூங்காவிலோ பல மலர்கள்,

அவற்றின் வாசத்தில் மலரும் உணர்வுகள்.



மலரும் பூக்களின் தாயகமோ பூங்கா,

உதிரும் கவிதையின் தலமோ கவிதை பூங்கா!

CORRECTION

" அப்பா என்ற தியாகம் "

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அப்பா தியாகம் இல்லை,
அப்பா என்ற சொல்லே தியாகம் தான் எனக்கு.
வரத்தின் மறு உருவம்,
நீயோ கடவுளின் பேருருவம்!
உன்னை நினைத்தால் மட்டுமே,
கண்ணீர் வருவதில்லை.
'அ' என்ற எழுத்தை
நினைத்தாலும் கூட.
அறிகிறேன்,கடவுளுக்கு தந்தை
இல்லை என்று,
ஏனோ, தந்தைகளுக்கு மட்டும்
அவனின் உருவம்
கொடுத்திருக்கிறானே!

