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# The bakery of silence

R. D. HARVVITHA

Once upon a time, there was a girl named Angel who owned a small bakery. She ran her bakery happily every day and never hesitated to work hard. However, she was very quiet and an introvert who kept to herself.

One day, a new shop opened right next to her bakery. At first, everything seemed normal, but Angel's bakery became unusually silent. Then, a terrible smell started coming from the shop next door. It happened every night, and it continued for days.

Worried, Angel decided to install a security camera in her bakery. For several nights, the camera showed nothing strange. But Angel couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong.

One night, she began searching her bakery carefully. Behind a large shelf, she discovered a hidden tunnel. The tunnel connected her bakery to the shop next door. When she looked inside, she was horrified. The tunnel was filled with dead humans, cats, dogs, fish, and piles of expired bread.



Deep inside the tunnel, she saw a horrible ghost. It was the source of the bad smell and the silence.

Terrified but brave, Angel immediately called the police. The police arrived with an evil witch who specialized in dealing with spirits. Together, they captured the ghost and rescued everyone trapped by its curse.

After the ghost was gone, the bad smell disappeared, and peace returned. Angel cleaned her bakery, reopened it with fresh ingredients, and started her business again. This time, her bakery was filled with the happy sounds of customers and the sweet smell of fresh bread.

CORRECTION

# Pact with peace

Yakshhika Nayal

---

The colours melted into the sky,  
featuring a beautiful sunset,  
And there she was admiring it,  
She was the kind of person who could sit alone for hours,  
soaking the sunset like it would never occur again,  
But this time , it was different,  
She felt like something was missing,  
not a thing,  
but a person.  
Later she realised **it** was him,  
he was missing,  
Her heart could make out his present,  
which was strange because she always told others,  
She would never want someone to disturb her during the sunset,  
She told then it was the time she felt peace was finally ready to  
make a pact with her,  
But now it was different,  
She felt like watching sunset with him,



would force peace to make a permanent pact with her,  
*or maybe , he was peace .*

CORRECTION

# Measure Of Love

**Saranyaprakash**

Myself Saranya Prakash. Working as a teacher at DMSB school, Palakkad, Kerala. On 22 March 2025, published my first book named 'Ashtanarikal' (short stories). For my first book I also received Neelambari Suvarnalipi Puraskar.

---

I walked through the darkness of loneliness with my shadow beside me....

My mind was eager to understand the world...

In search of the meaning of happiness.....

In search of the meaning of sadness.....

I kept searching for the meaning of desire....

But I could not find an answer.

On the long, lonely road I found the answers to my questions.

Love...

The measure of happiness...

The measure of sorrow...

And the measure of desire....

All are found in love.

## JOURNEY

Journey

Life journey ,

A very resonant word .

But is everything that lies behind its resonance really amazing ?

May be Not .

Journey simply never ends in a day .

Rather it's a very long path,

Where lies the seed of adversity, discipline,

hardships & lots of efforts.

In the language of science,

Journey ∞ Perseverance



In general, journey leads to the tree that bears

the fruit of Victory & Debacle .

And on the scale of life, Victory weights somewhat heavier .

But in the book of disappointment,

Also there lies, the whisper of Victory,

the petals of triumph.

Journey doesn't only leads to success & failure.

It gives one an ocean of experience which carry

The lessons of every failure in its depth.

It shapes a human being into a "True Human"

At its core, Journey is simply a journey,

A journey to itself.

CORRECTION

## Chehre ka noor

Uthfar bashir

Uska chehra noor tha aisa,  
Subah ke suraj jaisa.  
Uske chehre ki jhalak thi aisi,  
Meri rooh mein kiran si baithti.  
Uske gusse ka qahar tha aisa,  
Dopahar ki dhoop jaisa.  
Uski baatein thi aisi,  
Raat ki thandi hawa jaisi.  
Uska hona tha aisa,  
Jaise aasman mein chaand ka hona.  
Aaj bhi yaad aata hai woh chehra,  
Meri har dua mein basta hai woh chehra.



# The weight of Love in the sky

Naina Fayaj

They say love is in the air

And may b that's why the sky never feels empty

Cz may b it has spent centuries holding the weight of human hearts  
watching the hearts rise and fall

And it seems like the air carries whispers of name that lips no loner  
dared to speak

They say love is in the air...

And may b that's why the sky never feels  
empty..

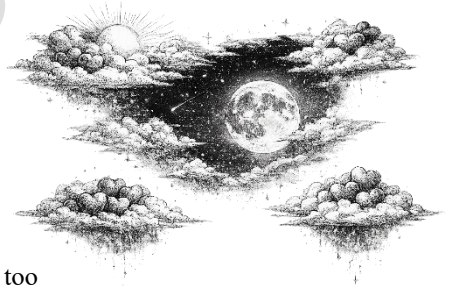
High above there lies the moon, that  
drifts through the darkness, wearing a  
light that was never truly his own

Yet night after night scattered that  
borrowed radiance across the world.. and  
guards the stories that loved too deep, left too  
soon or stayed too long ..and every night it hopes that this time no  
one returns home with another scattered piece of heart

They say love is in the air

And mayb that's why the sky never felt empty...

There lies the clouds that wander endlessly across heaven carrying  
the weight of prayes never spoken .



They bless us when our hearts r full and when our hearts collapse  
beneath the weight of longing they broke apart into rain weeping the  
tears that we could never find courage to shed

And there also lies the sun-

The keeper of love's cruelest truth.it reminds us that we can spend  
years trying to unlove a prsn,only to discover that their absence still  
lingers in the corners of our existence like sunset that refuses to  
leave the horizon

Perhaps that is why love is in the air-

Because the sky has witnessed it all

every trembling confessions,

every unfinished stories, every soul that arrives as a stranger and left  
carrying pieces of another

CORRECTION

# What is the meaning of a father? A story telling

**Saurav Nath**

Hello everyone my name is saurav nath I m a psychology student... I m from tripura, city panisagar I use to a "feelings writer" I was born on 25th October 2007 , I m an introvert and creative person .. I hope you will like my story telling

---

Since my childhood, I never really knew the true meaning of a father. Maybe the word "father" was never meant for me. Whenever I see children laughing with their fathers, holding their hands, sharing their happiness, and receiving love from them, something inside me breaks. I sit quietly and wonder, "What does it actually feel like to have a father?" People say a father is a child's first hero, first guide, and first protection. But I never got the chance to understand those words. I only heard them from others. When I was small, I lost my father. Not because he died he is still alive. But sometimes having a father who is alive and still not being there feels like a different kind of pain. A pain that cannot be explained easily. The biggest pain is not that I don't have a father. The biggest pain is that I have one, but I don't know what it means to have one. As a child, I needed guidance. I needed support. I needed someone to tell me that everything would be okay. But instead, I learned how to hide my tears and carry my pain alone. Slowly, this pain started changing me. I began to hate my father. Then I started hating the word "father" itself. Whenever I saw someone loving their father, I felt jealous. Not because I wanted to take their happiness away, but because I wished I could experience it just once. I thought fathers were bad people. I thought they only leave, hurt, and disappoint their children. That became my understanding of the word "father." I never celebrate Father's

Day. People post pictures with their fathers, write long messages, and thank them for everything they have done. I look at those posts and stay silent because I have nothing to celebrate. How can I celebrate a relationship that I never truly had? Whenever someone betrays me, leaves me, or hurts me, I remember my own father. I think, "If the person who was supposed to stay in my life could leave me like this, then what can I expect from others?" Maybe that is why I became more emotional. Maybe that is why small things hurt me deeply. Maybe that is why I struggle to trust people. And maybe that is why the word "father" still hurts me more than people realize. But even after all this pain, I have made one promise to myself. If one day I become a father, I will never let my children feel what I felt. It will never make them question their worth. I will never make them cry because of my absence. I will never make them wonder what the meaning of a father is.



I may not be a perfect father. I may make mistakes.

But I will stay.

I will listen.

I will love them.

Because I know how painful it is to grow up with a father who is alive, yet feels like a stranger. And maybe that is why, even today, the question remains the same in my Heart what is the meaning of a father? Because after all these years, I am still searching for the answer.

# Dystopian world

Anamika s

I am a college student from India, Kerala, Kottayam. I love to write

---

She opened her eyes to total darkness, she tried to move around and was restricted by the confined space around her. She started to feel the space around her. During her search she found a small crack in the left side of her. With immense effort she broke the crack into a rift. A ray of light entered into her cage, Within days she broke the top side of her cage and blinding light welcomed her into the warm world. She slowly got up from her egg. Humans in this world lay eggs and came within it. Her legs was not strong enough to carry her so she fall down as she stood up, but she wasn't ready to give up yet. Finally with all her efforts she came out of the egg. With quivering legs she stood tall. As soon as she came out of the egg, a scanner appeared in front of her and scanned her face. After the scanning, it showed her various details about

her. Her name, her weight, her age, her height, her likings, her dislikes and information about her parents like that stuff. Humans in this age are injected with the knowledge of language before they are even born. There are is only one language in this world now. Everyone speaks the same language, so she understood everything that scanner told her. She byhearted everything that said on the scanner. After that it disappeared from existence. Only after that did she notice the surroundings beside her, it was a dessert not a single living soul could be seen. There was nothing on that dessert except a path and a set of directions on the screen. It said to keep walking forward. With that said she started to walk forward it was difficult at first but with practice and effort she mastered the art of walking. As she walked, she found a tiny table at the side of the path, she got near it and found a few supplements and water to drink. A screen appeared and it said " drink it" she



drank it, and started to walk again. After a few years of walking and drinking she came into an intersection. She waited for the screen to appear, that's when she saw him. He was also at the intersection confused as to what's happening here. They both looked each other wide mouthed as it was their first time seeing another living soul. Suddenly the screen appeared between them. It said "you're married now" and screen disappeared. The screen of directions become one and they both together followed the screen and started walking. After a while the girl got pregnant and she layed an egg at the closest path and they both resumed their journey.

After nine months, the egg hatched and another girl came out of it. As she studied the information on her screen a sudden thought crossed her mind.

" what if she strayed from the given path what will happen to her" but she was too scared to act upon her desire and just like her mother she continued walking. Will her child be able to stray from the

chosen path and find their own. I wonder would they?

CORRECTION

# “Main Aur Meri Kalam”

Harmandeep kour

Sab puchte hain,  
itna likhti kyun ho?  
Kuch baatein maine chhupa di,  
kuch aansu haste haste pee liye.  
Log kehte rahe “tum strong ho”,  
aur humne bhi haan mein haan mila diye.  
Kaise bataun—  
jo keh nahi paati,  
woh likh deti hoon  
Dil mein toofan roz uthte the,  
par chehre pe sukoon sajaya tha.  
Sabko lagta tha sab theek hai,  
kisne andar jhaank ke dekha tha?  
Jo log samajh nahi paaye,  
unhe alfaazon mein jee leti hoon.  
Main toot kar bhi bikhar na saki,  
shayad aadat si ho gayi thi.  
Har dard ko lafzon mein likhte likhte,



poetry meri zindagi ho gayi thi.

Aur har poem...

mera ek version...

CORRECTION

# The Withheld Weep

Harsha Ravi

Harsha is an emerging poet who writes about resilience, womanhood, and the silent battles carried within the human heart. Through honest and evocative verse, she explores the strength that is born from pain, transforming unspoken emotions into poetry that resonates with the soul.

---

Be a lady,  
said the taunting voice.

Be gentle,  
said the scornful gaze.

You're rough,  
You look tough!  
Condemned by the mundane throng,  
Cast aside by ignoble men.

No one knew  
what made her this.

No one knew  
what she felt.



The unsaid struggles,  
The unheard wail-  
Was it the harrowed heart,  
Or was it the seared soul?

The torment she bore,  
The shame she wore,  
It was those nights,  
It was those sights.

A nascent soul was born,  
A maiden of might, tamed by none.  
It was those withheld weeps  
That made her undaunted.

## Special

Sehrish Afzal

It's my first attempt if I don't succeed I would stop writing 😞.

---

You are the sunshine that  
Brighten up my day,  
A smile so radiant that Chases  
All the gray away.  
Your beauty is a gift, a treasure  
To behold,  
A heart so kind, that make my love for you unfold.  
Your eyes are like the stars,  
Shining bright and clear,  
Your laughter is music, that  
Vanishes all fear.  
You are a gem, a work of art,  
A beautiful soul, that touches my heart.  
You are the light that guides me  
Through the night,  
Your kindness and love, inspire  
Me every day,



To be a better person, in every possible way.

Your smile is my happiness,

My joy and my delight,

Your presence in my life, makes

Everything feel just right.

CORRECTION

# "The Magic of Music"

**Om hari Tiwari**

My name is Om Hari Tiwari. I am a National Award Winner, World Record Holder, and the Founder of Music World. I am passionate about music, creativity, and innovation.

Music is a lovely art,  
It brings joy to every heart.  
Soft and sweet or loud and bright,  
It fills our days with pure delight.  
It helps us smile when we are sad,  
And makes good moments even glad.  
Music speaks a language true,  
A gift enjoyed by me and you.



Music is an important part of our lives. It entertains us and helps us relax. Different types of music are enjoyed by people of all ages. Music can express feelings such as happiness, sadness, love, and excitement. It brings people together and makes celebrations more enjoyable. Many students listen to music while studying or during their free time. Music is often called the universal language because it is understood and loved all over the world. It adds beauty and happiness to our lives.

# Grandfather

## Suman Ghosh Dastider

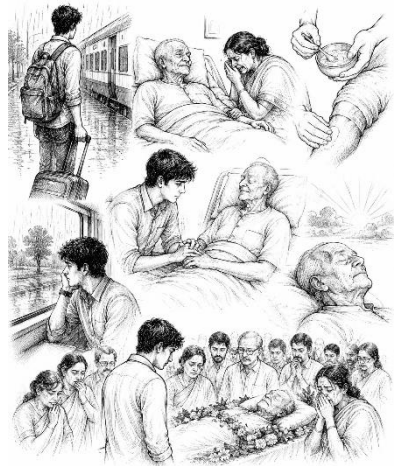
Suman Ghosh Dastider is a poet, researcher, and creative writer from West Bengal, India. He holds a Master's degree in English and has qualified UGC NET and GATE in English. He writes poems, short stories, and essays, and is deeply interested in films and folklore.

Boarded the train, to reach in time  
When got the news, my grandfather  
Slipped on floor and cracked the leg

Coated the paste of turmeric and slaked lime  
His face became pale, looks like other  
Mother cried and started to beg,

“What happened to you, how did you slip?  
Recover soon babu,  
You will be fine soon”

I, with rainy eyes, sitting gently beside  
The emotions were elephant, unable to hide  
I told him, “dadu, you will recover it”.



Grandfather says, “Joy, peace and love, all I got,  
Now time to rest.” and smiled.

I thought it was just a small fracture. I was wrong.

We all were wrong, as it was a brain stroke.

Slowly slowly he lost his speech

I never saw this way collapsing of body

He went at morning, when rains were knocking.

Room was full with people, it was shocking.

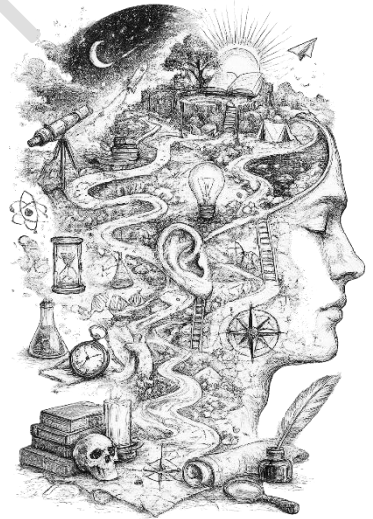
The mourning cry is frightening, harshly.

# Map of Thinking

## Suman Ghosh Dastider

Suman Ghosh Dastider is a poet, researcher, and creative writer from West Bengal, India. He holds a Master's degree in English and has qualified UGC NET and GATE in English. He writes poems, short stories, and essays, and is deeply interested in films and folklore.

I knew nothing, nothing about the world;  
In chaos of day-night, my heart swirled.  
Cannot birds swimming, cannot fish fly?  
Cannot fire freeze, or cannot ice fry?  
Learning to touch, learning to taste,  
Learning to run, and learning to rest,  
Learning the joy and learning the pain,  
This absurd-reasoning I cannot explain.  
I knew nothing, nothing about the word;  
In the chaos of day-night, my heart furred.



I knew something, something about the life;  
Human reason, and irrationality of universe strife.  
Knowing the death, learning to live;

Not seeing the coming, learning to believe.  
Being the calm, learning to amour,  
Erasing the lines between rich and poor.  
I knew something, something about the life;  
Fruits on the table, can be cut through a knife.

I know everything, every-thing about the mind;  
It creates and destroys, and floats in wind.  
Raindrop is an ocean to virus, ocean is rain for giant,  
Twigs can be shelter and iron may be pliant.  
I know nothing, limitless of the globe;  
But it is not wholly futile to attempt to probe.

# The Galaxy of silence

**Sonakshi Jain**

Sonakshi Jain is an emerging poet passionate about crafting verses that linger in the heart. Her work embraces vulnerability, devotion, and the beauty hidden within silence and sorrow.

---

We rise beneath the same pale sky each day, answering the same bells in different ways.

The morning gathers us beneath one roof, yet by evening we are strangers once more.

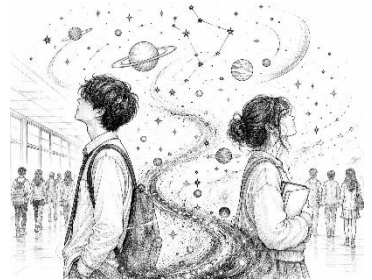
Once, gravity was simple. A glance could pull us closer, a smile could alter the course of an ordinary day.

Now you orbit laughter I no longer know, while I revolve around memories like a planet faithful to a vanished sun.

Between classes, between crowded hallways, between all the small distances that should be easy to cross,  
an entire galaxy has formed.

I still recognize your constellation— the familiar tilt of your head, the cadence of your voice carried through a room— but the stars no longer arrange themselves into home.

And perhaps that is tragedy's quietest design:  
not that you disappeared,  
but that you remained.



Close enough to see. Close enough to remember.

Too far to reach.

So we continue beneath the same celestial blue, two worlds turning  
through the same universe,

while I watch your horizon from afar,

wondering how someone can stand only a few steps away

and still feel light-years from my heart.

CORRECTION

## Dusky

### Annapurna Majumder

Hello my name is Annapurna Majumder iam currently pursuing engineering. For me the journey of poetry started during my 12th class for school magazine although the poem didn't got selected but after that I never stop writing and here iam still expressing my inner thoughts through poem.

---

A morning full of dusty skies,

Out from no were arrives.

It slowly turns grey,

And started a rainy day.

It looks like a light from heaven,

And giving an indication for summer end.

The scent of earth, a sweet perfume,

Awakens life, dispels the gloom.

Rain gives blossoms and birds a new life,

And then they again became alive.



Rains makes everything looks fine,

Whether it's day or night.

CORRECTION

# Dil Chahta hai

**Mahima Sharma**

Mahima Sharma, a literature enthusiast from Rajasthan, is currently pursuing her M.A. in English Literature. A versatile writer, she finds her creative expression in composing and curating poetry in English, Hindi, and Urdu.

Theharna ko dil chahta hai,

Ab bas ruk jaane ko dil chahta hai ...!!

Ishq beshak be-inteha hai tumse,

Par tujhe jee bhar ke chahne ko dil chahta hai !!

Teri aankhon mein doob jaane ko dil chahta hai,

Saari duniya bhulaane ko dil chahta hai ...!!

Yun toh aabaad hain kayi kisse in lakeeron mein,

Par apni taqdeer tujhse milaane ko dil chahta hai ...!!

Dhadkanon me sirf tera hi zikar rah gaya hai,

Tujhe apne wajood mein utarne ko dil chahta

hai ...!!

Khwabon ke aashiyane toh bohot bun liye humne,

Ab haqeeqat tujhse sajaane ko dil chahta hai ...!!

Zamaane ki rasmon se ab kya hi hai waasta,



Tere saaye mein umr bitaane ko dil chahta hai ...!!  
Kahin choot na jaaye tera haath mere haath se,  
Har safar mein tujhe humsafar banaane ko dil  
chahta hai ...!!

Waqt ki raftar ko aaj tham jaane do,  
Har lamha tere paas bitaane ko dil chahta hai ...!!  
Ishq beshak be-inteha hai tumse,  
Bas hamesha ke liye tera ho jaane ko dil chahta hai !!

CORRECTION

# Save The Girl Child

Aleena khan

She makes the world bright  
but she struggles to see the light.  
We must save her;  
She is the future of our life.  
She loves to see the stars  
not the body full of scars.  
You must give her wings to fly,  
not the pain to cry and die.



# Ghar

Jeeshree Verma

Banjaare se the hum, laga hi tha thikana mil gaya.

Uske aane se, mujhe main mil gaya.

Aankhon mein chamak, chehre par masoomiyat, honthon par khamoshi, aur halki si muskurahat.

Zulfon ki harkat, gaalon par woh nazakat, mujhe dekhti woh nazrein, aur phir halka sa muskurana.

Maano waqt tham sa gaya ho, phool khil gaye ho, chidiyan gaane lagi ho, aur chaand dharti par utar aaya ho.

Main dekhta raha uski aankhon mein, aur woh meri khamoshi padh rahi thi.

Achanak uske haathon ki woh lakeer dikhi, jis par mera naam likha tha, use padhna mera kaam tha.

Maine muskurakar pooch liya, "Aapka ghar kahan hai?"

Woh sharma kar muskurayi, aur dheere se boli,

"Mera ghar toh un baahon mein hai, jo mujhe is duniya se door, bas uske paas rakh le."



Uski baat sunkar laga, ghar sirf eenton aur patharon se nahi banta, ghar toh woh hota hai, jahaan dil ko sukoon milta hai.

Woh phir pooch baithi, "Aur aapka ghar?"

Main kuch pal khamosh raha, phir dheere se bola,

"Mera ghar koi makaan nahi."

Shayad yahi samajh nahi paaya tha main, jise main ghar samajhta  
raha, woh koi jagah nahi thi.

Phir achanak ehsaas hua—

Mera ghar... uska dil tha.

CORRECTION

# The Pages of Memory

Zareen

Some untold words, some suppressed smiles,  
Lost somewhere in the dust of time are those old tales.  
Today, as loneliness knocked on my door,  
I remembered you again, like every time, at every turn.  
Those beautiful dreams we saw together,  
Those hours of conversation, where even silences were read.  
Sometimes laughing until the eyes welled up,  
And sometimes sulking over little things, only to be  
coaxed.  
These distances are just an illusion,  
The feeling of your presence is with me every  
single moment.  
In every breeze, your fragrance still lingers  
today,  
The gathering of your memories settles deep  
within my soul.  
Admittedly, these paths seem a bit separated  
now,  
But the hope for the destination still beats in my heart.  
Is it the game of fate or some conspiracy of time?



Even without your memories, this life feels like a request.

If given a chance, let it all begin again,

Let it rain once more with our old conversations.

You are there and I am here, but our souls keep moving together,

Even despite the distance, let the flame of this love keep burning.

What more can I say to you in these words?

Just know this, these heartbeats call out to you every moment.

Whether you are with me or not, you are in every prayer of mine,

You are the final contentment of thi

s simple heart of mine.

CORRECTION

# Fears

Aleena khan

I don't fear the oceans  
That could drown me whole;  
I fear the land of your heart  
That could bury my soul.

I fear your false promises,  
Not your betrayals and lies;  
For broken words hurt deeper  
Than the truth that dies.

I don't fear the darkness  
That lingers deep in you;  
I fear the hope I see  
Reflected in my view.

I fear the skies of your dreams,  
Not the land of your sorrow;  
For dreams can steal today



And leave no hope tomorrow.

I don't fear the hatred

You may hold for me;

I fear the love you spared,

The love that could not be.

I fear the truth within my eyes,

Not the lies upon your tongue;

For silent hearts remember

What words leave unsung.

I don't fear my mortality,

Nor the day I fade from sight;

I fear an unseen forever

Without you in my life.

After all these countless fears,

My strength still calls your name;

For every wound you've given me

Has never quenched the flame.

I love you for who you are,  
Not who you pretend to be;  
I love you not because I must,  
But because I choose to.

I choose you through every storm,  
Through every passing day;  
I wish for you, and only you-  
In every fear, in every way.

CORRECTION

# When Every Word Became a Memory

Prerna Jha♡

Prerna Jha is a source of inspiration in her creative journey. She excels as a graphic designer and illustrator while pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) degree in Animation from Amity University, Kolkata.

---

There was a time  
when your name lived  
between my every sentence.  
Even silence carried your voice,  
and every page I wrote  
felt like it was waiting for you.

Now, I read those old notebooks  
like walking through an abandoned house.  
The laughter has become an echo,  
the promises are covered in dust,  
and the ink has learned  
to cry without leaving stains.



Some words still remember

how your hands once held them gently.  
Some commas still pause,  
hoping you'll return  
to finish the conversations  
we left halfway.

I never erased you.  
Time simply turned your presence  
into a chapter I could no longer rewrite.  
The letters remained,  
but the heartbeat behind them  
slowly became a memory.

It hurts to realize  
that the person I wrote endless poems for  
now lives only in the spaces  
between old pages.

You are no longer my tomorrow  
you are my favorite yesterday.

Yet I keep writing.

Not because I expect you to read my words,  
but because every poem carries away  
a little of the pain  
I was never brave enough to speak aloud.

And perhaps that is what healing is

not forgetting the story,  
not pretending the tears never fell,  
but learning to smile  
at the handwriting of a younger heart  
that loved with everything it had.

So I closed the notebook  
without closing the memories.

Because some people leave our lives,  
but they never truly leave our words.

They become the quiet lines

we whisper to ourselves  
on lonely nights

when every word  
has become a memory.

CORRECTION

# The beautiful almost!!

Dhyana shah

People changes with time  
But you're the one who  
changed me too... I still search  
you in everything but now  
you're just a memory to me.  
How could I forget you..!?  
when you still exist in  
quiet moments  
In songs, In dreams, In rain  
Before you're my entire universe  
Now you're a distant past  
A story that still breathes  
in me...  
How did you learn to forget  
me?  
when you still exist in quite moments  
I wanna write thousand pages to you ...But words fail me  
The way stars fail to outshine



moon.

How did you learn to forget  
me?

When I captured your beauty  
like a camera

In every click, it was always  
you I found...

Your eyes are gazing stars  
Enthralling my soul like a  
heralding glow

Your beauty, a master stroke,  
that captures my gaze like a  
splending sun...

Your sight is worth more than  
a thousand galaxies

Making me fall in love  
again and again...

Beauty lies in the eyes of  
beholder!!

Your beauty is an art

Like a painting I can't erase

Your presence outweighs

thousand galaxies

Yet it is your absence that

breaks me.

For in every moment without

you,

I find myself falling all over again.

How did you learn to forget

me..!?

When I still remember you

because my heart never learned to let you go...

Maybe we were never meant to be...Just a beautiful almost that my heart will let you fully go...

# The voice within !!

Dhyana shah

The clock ticks louder than before,  
Each second feels like so much more.  
Books are closed, the exams are gone,  
Yet fear inside keeps holding on;  
What if I am not enough to achieve?  
What if I fail? What will they say...  
The thoughts just won't fade away,  
Dreams and doubts begin to fight,  
Stealing all my sleep;  
Marks on paper, a single sheet  
Decide if I've faced defeat;  
But deep inside a voice so small...  
Whispers softly – this isn't all.  
I am more than numbers shown,  
More than seeds I've sown.  
Win or lose, I'll stand tall, Because no result can measure me,  
and there is no limit of what  
I can be...



CORRECTION

# The Final Sentence That Changed

Prerna Jha♥

Prerna Jha is a source of inspiration in her creative journey. She excels as a graphic designer and illustrator while pursuing a Bachelor of Fine Arts (BFA) degree in Animation from Amity University, Kolkata.

---

Everything It was only one sentence.

No thunder shook the sky.

No clocks stopped ticking.

The world kept moving  
as if nothing had happened.

But inside me,  
an entire lifetime collapsed.

I read those final words  
again and again,  
hoping they would change,  
hoping I had misunderstood,  
hoping heartbreak  
was only a typo.



It wasn't.

One sentence

turned "forever" into "once."

It turned "we" into "I,"

and home into a place

I could no longer return to.

Funny how life works.

Years of laughter,

countless promises,

late-night conversations,

shared dreams,

and quiet prayers...

all of them defeated

by a single line.

After that,

every sunrise felt unfamiliar.  
Every song carried your shadow.  
Every street remembered our footsteps,  
while I walked alone,  
pretending I wasn't searching for someone  
who had already left.

I wanted to write another ending.

One where love stayed.  
One where goodbye never learned my name.  
One where the last page  
didn't ache to be read.

But stories are honest.

They don't always end  
the way hearts beg them to.

So I folded the pain  
between the pages of my soul

and kept living.

Not because I had forgotten you,  
but because even broken hearts  
must learn to beat again.

Now, when I read that final sentence,  
it no longer sounds like the end.

It sounds like the place  
where I finally met myself  
the version of me  
who discovered that surviving heartbreak  
is also a quiet kind of courage.

The sentence that once broke me  
did change everything.

It ended one chapter.

But without knowing it,

it also gave me  
the first line  
of a story  
where I learned  
how to love life again.

CORRECTION

# Punching Bag

Prisha Kapoor

Everyone knew where to leave their anger

A slammed door,

A bad grade,

A fight they couldn't win

A day that went wrong

Somehow,

it was all my fault

All the roads led to me

I became the space where everyone emptied their storms

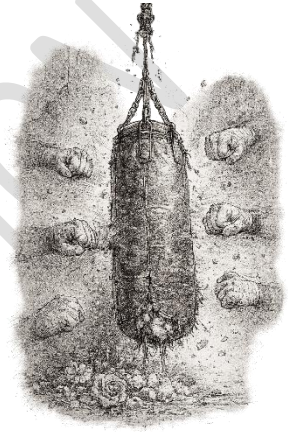
But while doing so, they didn't realize how hollow I'd become

They hit, not with hands but words,

Sharp enough to linger

just quiet enough to be called nothing at all

I held, not with arms but silence.



Carrying apologies that were never mine to begin with  
Yet always remained in my mouth.  
Holding onto baggage that I never packed,  
Storms I never started.

And somehow, every time life needed somewhere to fall  
It fell on me.

They broke apart,  
I held them together.

They chose to let go,  
I chose to hold on.

They had someone to run to  
I held myself.

Because when they were hurting they came to me  
Unleashed everything on me  
Expecting me to soak up like a cushion

But when I was hurting  
there was only silence.

Maybe that's what a punching bag is  
Not something people hate  
Rather, something they trust to take the hit  
Again  
And again  
And again

Until one day, it's hanging by a thread  
And everyone is surprised  
that it hurts too.

# The weight of love in the sky

Naina Fayaj

---

They say love is in the air

And may b that's why the sky never feels empty

Cz may b it has spent centuries holding the weight of human hearts watching the hearts rise and fall

And it seems like the air carries whispers of name that lips no loner dared to speak

They say love is in the air ...

And may b that's why the sky never feels empty ..

High above there lies the moon,that drifts through the darkness, wearing a light that was never truly his own

Yet night after night scattered that borrowed radiance

across the world .. and guards the stories that loved too

deep,left too soon or stayed too long .. and every night it hopes

that this time no one returns home with another scattered piece of heart.

They say love is in the air ..

And mayb that's why the sky never felt empty ...

There lies the clouds that wander endlessly across heaven

carrying the weight of prayers never spoken .

They bless us when our hearts r full and when our hearts  
collapse beneath the weight of longing they broke apart into  
rain weeping the tears that we could never find courage to  
shed ...

And there also lies the sun

The keeper of love's cruelest truth it reminds  
us that we

can spend years trying to unlove a  
prsn,only to discover that

their absence still lingers in the corners  
of our existence like

sunsets that refuses to leave the horizon

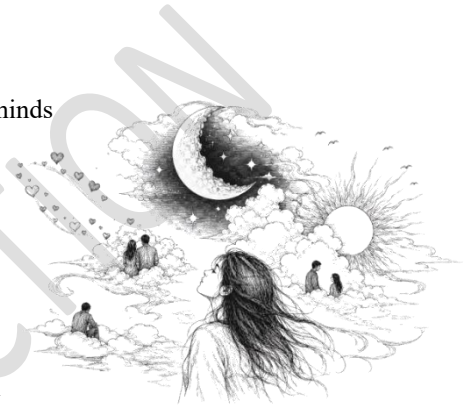
Perhaps that is why they say love is in the air-

Because the sky has witnessed it all

every trembling confessions,

every unfinished stories, every soul that arrives as a

stranger and left carrying pieces of another



## A page of injustice

Durrain Fida

---

In a world full of ignorance and inequality  
Even a butterfly carries the weight of acid  
That's pouring into her soul like the blood of bias  
But still a sound echoes for privilege, Equality and justice  
The discrimination is scrawled into thorns  
But her ashes still smoke for equality  
She rests upon the grave of pebbles  
She can't rise to walk for freedom  
The desire for freedom is buried six feet beneath the sands of  
ignorance  
The maggots will eat her heart and will taste the desire for freedom  
in her blood  
But the ugliness of ignorance will never die  
And the pieces of her soul still ache of equality  
Her voice resembles, trembles but still shout for "freedom"  
Her mirror reflects the blindness of society  
She wears the bride's veil  
like a pride for the society

But with a heart screaming for right  
In a world full of ignorance and unfairness  
Even she can't reach to her dreams  
Cause she's in chains  
They grasped her mouth  
when she talked for right  
They caged her  
When she walked for right



CORRECTED

# Tu hai kya?

Mohak Bajaj

Tu hai kya?

Hai kya kahaani teri?

Tu hai kaun?

Hai kya wajood, aukaat teri?

Kya bana tu

jo dekha tha sapna

tune bachpan mein hi?

Kya pure kiye

vaade tune

jo kiye tune apno se hi?

Ya fir kho gaya

tu bhi

is duniya ki bhaag-daudh

mein yuhi kahi?



Tu hai kya?

Hai kya kahaani teri?

Pure kiye kya khwaab tune

Ya ulajh gaya tu bhi

apno ya sapno ke beech kahin.

Hai kya naaz khud par tujhe?

Mila paata hai kya tu nazrein

apne aap se hi?

Ya fir chura leta hai nazrein

jaise churaata hai apno se hi.

Tu hai kya?

Hai kya kahani teri?

Kya pasand hai

tujhe kahaani jo hai abhi?

Ya fir rehta hai

afsos mein tu yuhi kahin?

Kya hua?

pasand nahi aayi

kahaani yeh waali?

Toh badal daal,

Toh badal daal,

kahaani apni.

Na rakh toh afsos,

ya malaal yuhi kahin.

Taaki jab pucche

log tujhse ki,

tu hai kya?

Hai kya teri kahani?

Kehna tu bhi sir

Uthakar kabhi,

main bana

jo thi chaah meri.

Aur yeh hai

kahaani meri

CORRECTION

# Bangalore days

Mohak Bajaj

To the place  
that was once a stranger to me,  
you broke me,  
you watched me fall,  
but somehow,  
you were also the one  
who saw me stand again.



You became my home,  
my comfort-  
not all at once,  
but in slow, quiet nights,  
in moments where I found myself  
singing, dancing, laughing alone.  
A place where I found myself,  
and slowly learned  
to respect myself.

You watched me fail  
when others doubted me  
and left me at my lowest.

You stayed-  
quietly-  
while I built something  
I didn't even believe in,  
yet it became something  
that made people proud.

There was a time  
I felt aimless,  
like I had no voice-  
just noise in my own head.

And somehow,  
you gave me space  
to find one.

You gave me memories-  
some that still hurt,  
and some

that make me smile without warning.

To the city

that gave me people I'll carry for life,

memories I'll hold onto,

and lessons I'll never forget,

I made mistakes here,

learned from some,

and learned to laugh at the rest.

To the place

I never owned,

but still belonged to,

you were never perfect,

but you were mine.

And maybe that's why,

even with all the imperfections,

you'll always be

a bittersweet part of me-

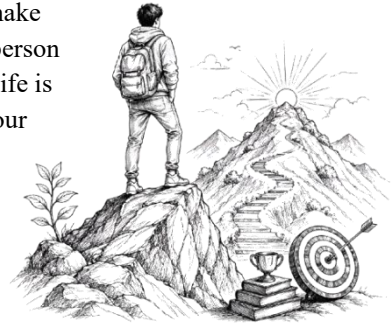
home.

CORRECTION

# Motivation

Shubham Kumar

Anything in this world is possible, nothing is impossible. It is your mindset which makes you different from everyone. Do what you want to do not the others want to do or the others wants to see you. Give respect only to whom who gives you, not to everyone . Life is a great and a beautiful gift from God don't waste this opportunity in any tention, in any depression or other unwanted things. Such a things looks beautiful in day but at night they looks very hounted, this is also a story of our life. In starting you meet many peoples you like all off them but very less of them likes you. This is a reality of life. In this present time no one is yours. It is only the attractions. In your life don't take anyone as your role model make yourself as your role model and also become a person other wants to choose you as their role model. Life is very small but the world is very big. So make your pesonallity different from everyone. Improve your skills ,make paitience, practice daily ,make dicepline and then you become successful. Don't think whats the other think about you always do whats your mind or your soul wants not the others. No one is the key of success to you it is your mindset which can help you to become successful. No one is perfect but you can become perfect if you focus on yourself not on others. At last , if you can try you will fail try again fail again but in a best way.



# Echoes of a Faded Path

Varshitha

---

My heart is tired, my soul is torn,  
From every hope I once was born.  
I needed you more than words could say  
But you just slowly walked away.

I don't feel hunger, I don't feel time,  
Day and night blur in my mind.  
I don't know what I'm doing here,  
Just drowning slowly in silent fear.

Where are you now, my love, my pain?  
Why don't you see this endless rain?  
I called your name through empty space,  
But only silence showed its face.

I'm not holding myself together anymore,  
Something inside me is tearing at the core.  
I try to breathe, but the air feels thin,

Like my own body is caving in.

I don't know where the hours go,  
Day turns dark before I know.  
Time is lost, my sense is gone,  
I'm standing here, but not for long.

Now every memory comes alive,  
Like it refuses to just survive.  
It breathes again, it calls your name,  
It burns but never feels the same.

I miss the way it made me feel,  
So soft, so lost, so deeply real.  
Like even time had stopped to see  
What you once meant inside of me.

I try to move, I try to stay,  
But some memories don't fade away.  
They find my heart in every beat  
And turn the silence into repeat.



I still remember that moment so clear,  
When everything faded except you near.  
A touch, a silence, a breath between,  
Like the world had never truly been.

So come back-let's walk once more  
Through every path we walked before.  
Let every corner feel alive  
With the love we couldn't hide.

And I don't know how to explain  
Why even places feel my pain,  
As if the world we once made bright  
Still waits for us in silent light.

My heart is tired, my soul is torn,  
From every hope I once was born.  
I needed you more than words could say  
But you just slowly walked away.

I don't feel hunger, I don't feel time,  
Day and night blur in my mind.  
I don't know what I'm doing here,  
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Where are you now, my love, my pain?  
Why don't you see this endless rain?  
I called your name through empty space,  
But only silence showed its face.

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Something inside me is tearing at the core.  
I try to breathe, but the air feels thin,  
Like my own body is caving in.

I don't know where the hours go,  
Day turns dark before I know.  
Time is lost, my sense is gone,  
I'm standing here, but not for long.

# Life without you

Gurneet Kaur

I was far away,  
somewhere in between my loneliness, I found you.  
I wandered across a path  
full of glitters and sparkles,  
But soon I learned 'twas a hollow glow  
as a mirage full of mere reflection.  
I oft painted you extra-ordinary,  
coloured your soul vibrant,  
yet your spoken words turned into stones  
and life twirled itself into colorless.



# Life of Girls

Saurav Nath

Well, there is always a big argument between two genders boys and girls about whose life is tougher. Boys usually say their life is very tough, and as a boy, I accept that because it's true. Girls also say their life is tough. But being honest, I feel both lives are difficult, but a girl's life is a little more painful. Just imagine you're travelling on a bus and every single person is looking at you not at your face, but somewhere else, and some even want to touch you. Can anyone really call that an easy life? A girl literally can't go outside without her parents' permission. She can't always marry the person she truly loves because if her family doesn't support love marriage, her love remains only a memory. Loving someone deeply and still letting them go is one of the hardest feelings. The saddest part is that the same family who gets angry if they see their daughter with a boy later expects her to spend her whole life with a man she doesn't even know. Funny how society works, isn't it? Then comes marriage not always because she wants it, but because society thinks it's the "right age." She carries a baby in her own body for nine months, goes through unbearable pain to give birth, faces periods every month, family pressure, emotional pain, and sometimes even has her own choices ignored after marriage. Yet people still say, "Girls have an easy life." Easy? Really? Sometimes I wonder if we're all looking at the same world. Behind many girls' smiles are tears they never show, sacrifices they never talk about, and pain they silently carry every single day. Not easy, bro... not easy at all.

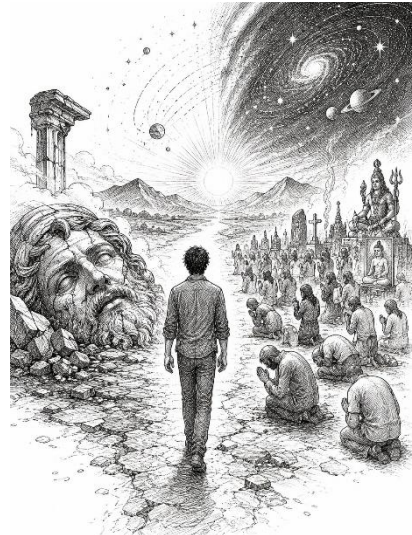


CORRECTION

# Continual

Aditya Anil Kadam

I see around me  
Wannabe demigods  
While god remains dead  
Beneath the thrust of the oblivion  
May there be the One or not  
One can't resist their thirst  
For meaning  
Meaning in what's done and what's to be  
Meaning in death & meaning in one's being  
Seeing them seek, I find myself alienated  
Am I different?  
I ask myself  
I see them bow and pray and worship  
Every stone, picture, person they see  
Every stone, picture, person  
That could hallucinate a meaning  
I see virtues drift along the shores  
Of the rivers of faith



I myself can't resist  
Tip toeing in them  
God is dead  
And I've mourned him enough  
Through tears of redemption  
I've drowned him enough  
Frowned on him enough  
Expecting he'd frown back  
But has the universe ever loved me back?  
What came after the morning?  
Must have been a morning of oblivion  
A sun of continuation rose above me  
The sun that never cared  
When humans saw their first God in him  
And their endless pursuit of the absolutes  
He himself remains a demonstration  
Of how Humans killed the God  
From a God to G2V Main Sequence Star  
That too would be perished someday  
As everything known, unknown

# FEW LINES BEFORE I GO

ASHNA ZIA

I am a recent Class 12 graduate, soon to begin my college journey, balancing my passion for science with my love for poetry. I write for hearts that feel deeply and souls searching for a place to belong.

---

Before I die, before I die,  
I just want to make you smile.

Final draft of my life,  
I wish I could read it to you  
with you by my side.  
But you are so far away,  
farther than the stars and sky.

I wish I could make you smile  
or hear your heartbeat  
one last time.  
It would make up for our past,  
but you are so far away...

Final draft of my life,  
I wish it hadn't remained  
just a draft.  
You are my last seven minutes,  
and I am happy  
that, at least,  
we are together  
in my heart.

I hope you come  
to see my face,



my face  
for the very last time.

Before I go deep underground,  
come to me and hold my hand.

Say nothing,  
shed no tears.

Maybe I could still feel your presence,  
even in my coffin.

Before I die, before I die,  
I just want to make you smile.

CORRECTION

# Love feels like

Raman sharma

I had been lovely and life was like  
Comedy that Symphony had a very sweet  
Melody Where I met with People  
“Who were Greedy and Whose Love  
Feels like a social Melody”.

Life is solitude is a blessing which  
I had and am lovely to get life  
That is not bad I often felt the  
People’s desires are So sad and  
I could only meditate till I get Mood....

So Esthela in the life which is my glee,  
Where I don’t feel like I should always flee,  
Where love is a hell like a rush feels  
And attracts its Prey Showing the feels.



# HOW COULD I ?

Varsha D F

That was neither that or this,  
Confusion over chaos.  
Somewhere trust overlapped the consciousness,  
Behind the unending waves I possessed somewhat .  
Still under the stillness of those charm ,  
Held out and withered in the sprouts.  
May I rest out or rust in ;  
For ME, for MYSELF  
Under the midst of twisted mind!.



# The Mercy You Mistook for Loss

**Himakhshi Tungkhungia**

Himakhshi Tungkhungia is a student and aspiring writer from Assam. Fascinated by the intersections of memory, human emotions, and the natural world, she uses poetry as a way of exploring life's quiet wonders and unanswered questions.

---

The Mercy You Mistook for Loss

To the living,

You speak my name as if it were a storm.

You curse me as if I arrive carrying darkness in my hands.

Yet there is a story I have carried for many years,

a story I never told,

because grief often shouts louder than truth.

It is about two souls.

Not kings.

Not heroes.

Merely two ordinary hearts

who spent a lifetime choosing each other.

I watched them when their hair was still touched by summer.

I watched them build a home from laughter,

raise two children beneath a roof stitched together by sacrifice,

and scatter their love through decades  
like gardeners sowing seeds they would never live to count.  
Time moved gently then,  
like a river humming beneath the sunlight.  
Neither noticed how swiftly it flowed.  
But rivers do not ask permission before reaching the sea.  
The years gathered around them  
like autumn settling upon an old orchard.  
Their children grew.  
The house grew quieter.  
The stairs became steeper.  
The winters became colder.  
And their hearts -  
those faithful clocks within their chests -  
began forgetting how to keep perfect time.  
The woman hid her pain behind smiles delicate as lace.  
The man pretended his breath was not growing shorter,  
his chest not growing heavier.  
Each feared the other's suffering more than their own.  
So they became caretakers of one another.  
When her hands trembled,



he steadied the teacup.  
When his knees protested,  
she matched her pace to his.  
They moved through their days like two weathered trees,  
leaning toward one another against the wind.  
You call love a flame.  
But you are mistaken.  
Flames are loud.  
Flames consume.  
What lived between them  
was something quieter.  
A lantern.  
Small.  
Steady.  
Unyielding.  
Even when grief visited  
Even when age stole names, strength, and certainty.  
That little light remained.  
I watched them grow tired.  
Not tired in the way the young understand.  
Not the weariness cured by sleep.

I speak of a deeper exhaustion -  
the kind that settles into the bones  
after carrying a lifetime of responsibilities.  
The kind born from decades of worrying, providing, sacrificing,  
and remaining strong.  
One winter evening,  
the woman fell asleep beside the man she loved.  
Outside, the moon rested upon the snow like a pearl upon white silk.  
Inside, her heart finally surrendered its labour.  
No struggle.  
No fear.  
No cry for help.  
Only silence.  
Gentle and complete.  
I took her hand then.  
Not as a thief.  
Not as a conqueror.  
But as one might guide a weary traveller toward a long-awaited  
home.  
And she came willingly.  
The man awoke alone.  
You remember that part.

The empty chair.

The untouched cup.

The half of the bed that remained cold.

You remember his grief.

So do I.

For grief sat beside him every morning  
and followed him through every evening.

Yet he endured.

Because love had taught him endurance.

He remained.

Day after day.

Month after month.

Carrying his sorrow like a sailor carrying an anchor through the sea.

But even the strongest shoulders are not meant to carry forever.

The years had already taken their payment.

His heart was weary.

His spirit thinner than winter sunlight.

Still he stayed.

Still he fought.

Until one quiet night

exhaustion folded around him

like a blanket.

And his eyes closed.

When I returned,

he did not ask where we were going.

He already knew.

For beyond every clock,

beyond every season,

beyond every farewell,

someone was waiting.

You called me cruel.

Yet I stole nothing.

Time had already gathered their strength.

Age had already softened their bodies.

Life had already asked everything it could of them.

I merely opened a door.

And when they crossed its threshold,

the years slipped from their shoulders

like winter coats abandoned at spring's arrival.

Pain loosened its grip.

Sorrow unclasped its hands.

The silence that had lived between their heartbeats finally came to rest.

There were no hospital walls.  
No ticking clocks.  
No medicines lined beside the bed.  
No empty chair waiting in the morning light.  
Only a path of quiet stars,  
and at its end -  
a woman turning at the sound of familiar footsteps.  
The man stopped.  
For a moment,  
he looked exactly as he had on the day he first loved her.  
And she smiled exactly as she had  
before time taught her how to ache.  
Then their hands found one another again.  
Not as husband and wife.  
Not as two weary bodies bent beneath decades of living.  
But as two souls  
finally released from the weight of staying.  
And as they walked away together,  
the distance between them -  
which grief had measured in months,  
and loneliness had measured in tears -

became nothing at all.

So when you speak my name,

do not imagine darkness.

Imagine an old gate opening at the end of a long journey.

Imagine tired hearts being allowed to rest.

Imagine two hands,

separated for only a little while,

finding each other again.

Sincerely,

Death

CORRECTION

# The Blank Page

## Himakhshi Tungkhungia

Himakhshi Tungkhungia is a student and aspiring writer from Assam. Fascinated by the intersections of memory, human emotions, and the natural world, she uses poetry as a way of exploring life's quiet wonders and unanswered questions.

---

I kept a journal

the way sailors keep lanterns through a storm –  
afraid the dark might swallow the path behind them.

Within its pages,

I tucked away fragments of myself

like pressed wildflowers between fragile sheets:

my favourite songs,

the novels that stitched warmth into lonely evenings,

the colour of skies lingering between sunset and dream,

and every ambition

that fluttered through my heart

like a restless sparrow searching for home.

I was afraid of forgetting.

Not forgetting names or dates –

but forgetting myself.

I feared that one morning  
I would wake to find  
the girl I once knew  
had quietly wandered away.  
So I wrote everything down.  
The flowers I loved.  
The hobbies that filled rainy afternoons.  
The dreams that kept me awake at  
midnight.  
The little joys that made my heart bloom.  
Each sentence became a glass jar,  
and every memory a firefly I was  
desperate to keep glowing.  
Page after page,  
I built a sanctuary for vanishing things.  
A museum of yesterdays.  
A cathedral of ink.  
I treated memory like a houseplant,  
watering it daily,  
afraid it might wither.  
Yet life was a forest,  
growing wild beyond my windows,



unconcerned with my careful lists.  
I believed that if I wrote enough,  
I could outrun forgetting.  
As though memory were a river  
that could be captured  
simply by tracing its outline.  
As though time,  
that silent tailor,  
could be persuaded not to alter the fabric of who I was.  
Yet life never unfolded  
where I expected it to.  
It slipped between plans like sunlight escaping through open fingers.  
The most beautiful afternoons were rarely the ones I prepared for.  
The most cherished memories arrived without introduction,  
wearing the ordinary disguise of a passing day.  
Then one morning,  
I reached for a memory  
I had once guarded fiercely  
and found only fragments.  
A faded detail.  
A softened edge.

A corner worn smooth by time.  
I waited for panic.  
For grief.  
For the terrible feeling that something precious had been stolen.  
But none arrived.  
Outside my window,  
the world continued its gentle turning.  
The trees still conversed with the wind.  
The clouds wandered wherever they pleased.  
And the river beyond the hill remembered neither yesterday's ripple  
nor last season's rain,  
yet somehow  
it still found its way forward.  
And there,  
between one heartbeat and the next,  
a quiet understanding bloomed.  
Perhaps I was never meant to carry every version of myself forever.  
Perhaps some memories are autumn leaves –  
beautiful not despite their falling,  
but because of it.  
Perhaps forgetting

is not always an ending.  
Sometimes,  
it is simply making room.  
For the girl who loved one song became the girl who loved another.  
The dream that once felt enormous gave way to dreams I could  
never have imagined.  
The person I was at fifteen, at sixteen, at seventeen,  
had not disappeared.  
She had simply become the foundation beneath newer chapters.  
The future version of me was never a stranger.  
She was another page still being written.  
Now my journal rests quietly upon a shelf,  
its pages breathing softly beneath a coat of dust.  
It still carries pieces of me.  
Little footprints left behind by former seasons of my life.  
But it is no longer my second memory,  
nor my shield against time.  
One evening,  
I opened it and found a blank page waiting.  
For years,  
such emptiness would have frightened me.

I would have rushed to fill the silence with plans, lists, promises,  
and reminders.

But that night,

I left the page untouched.

Not because I had nothing to say,

but because I no longer feared

what tomorrow might change.

Perhaps I will forget the colour of a certain sunset.

Perhaps I will forget a song that once felt like home.

Perhaps the girl I am today will become someone

I can barely recognise.

And that is all right.

For memories were never cages meant to keep life from leaving.

They were windows.

And windows are meant to be opened.

So if a few moments drift away,

let them.

If a few dreams change their names,

let them.

If time rewrites parts of me,

let it.

I am no longer keeping a record of who I was.

I am learning to trust who I am becoming.

Tonight,

for the first time,

the blank page does not frighten me.

It feels like freedom.

CORRECTION

## They call it an intruder

### Toad

She's a toad with a pen, finding company in solitude and shelter in words while it rains. Toad is the pen name of Siddhi Chhetri. She's

17. 🐸

In the backyard, a wild plant grows  
Uninvited, unseen, a wildling  
No one waits to see its end  
They tugged at its leaves, as it refused to blend

It longs to stay , though no one cares  
Its quiet beauty is met with stares  
From yards to yards , it is tossed aside  
Till the roadside dust became its guide

Yet even there it dares to bloom  
Spreading leaves with quite room  
And from the earth, in silence sown  
Its wild flower stands bigger than ever grown.



# Wallet with Three Notes

Himanshu Kewat

Three notes rest inside his worn-out wallet,  
Folded carefully, as if they could last forever.  
He counts them twice before leaving home,  
Already planning what they must become.  
A bus ride, a cup of tea, maybe lunch—  
Every choice quietly costs another dream.  
He passes the bookstore without stopping,  
Promising himself, "Next month."  
His friends laugh over extra snacks,  
He smiles and says he isn't hungry.  
Not because he has nothing,  
But because tomorrow also needs something.  
The wallet is thin,  
Yet it carries more than money.  
It holds patience, discipline, and silent sacrifices.  
It remembers every coin saved,  
Every unnecessary want left behind.  
At twenty-one, wealth isn't measured in cash,  
But in hope that refuses to run out.  
One day, those three notes will be forgotten,  
Replaced by memories of how he kept going,  
When all he had was enough to believe in himself.



# Old Hoodie

Himanshu Kewat

Daniel was cleaning his room because his mother had finally run out of patience.

"Either clean it today, or I'm throwing everything out," she warned before leaving.

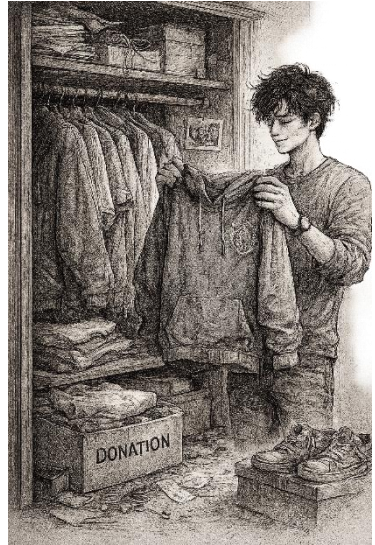
With a sigh, he opened the dusty cupboard. Old notebooks, tangled earphones, movie tickets, and clothes he hadn't touched in years were piled everywhere.

At the very back, he found a faded blue hoodie.

He smiled.

It was his school hoodie.

The sleeves were slightly short now, and the school logo had almost peeled off. Without thinking, he slipped it on. It barely fit, but it still carried the faint scent of detergent that reminded him of home.



For a moment, he wasn't twenty-one anymore.

He was sixteen, laughing with friends after football practice, complaining about homework, racing down school corridors before the final bell. Back then, life felt simple. The biggest worry was passing math or convincing the teacher to postpone a test.

Now his days were filled with college assignments, internship applications, and endless questions about the future.

Daniel looked at himself in the mirror and chuckled.

"I really thought I'd have everything figured out by now," he whispered.

His phone buzzed.

It was a message from an old school friend.

\*"Found our farewell photo today. We should meet sometime."\*

Daniel smiled wider than he expected.

Maybe growing up didn't mean leaving those memories behind. Maybe it just meant carrying them differently.

He folded the hoodie carefully instead of tossing it into the donation pile.

Some clothes kept you warm.

Others kept a part of your life alive.

Daniel placed the hoodie back on the shelf—not hidden this time, but where he could see it.

Then he picked up his phone and replied.

\*"This weekend?"\*

Sometimes, all it took was an old hoodie to remind him that while people changed, the moments that shaped them never really faded.

CORRECTION

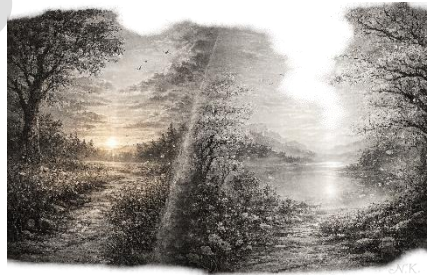
## “In Every Change”

**Nand Kishore**

Nand Kishore is a prolific poet whose work frequently explores philosophical themes, nature, and the concept of time. His creative output includes original poems such as "Love in Flight, Love in Shadow," "The Two Ships," "Grace in Descent," and "In Every Change," typically signed with the initials "N.K.".

---

In every change, a whisper sighs,  
A tender ache beneath the skies.  
Each fleeting spark, each soft goodbye,  
Becomes a thread the years untie.  
The wind recalls what we have been,  
And carries echoes deep within.  
Through passing days and shifting light,  
It teaches hearts to yield, not fight.  
The fading gold, the hush of air,  
Reminds the soul of what was there.  
For even loss, with patient hands,  
Rewrites the earth, reshapes the sands.  
And when the quiet mornings glow,  
What fades will bloom again, we know.  
All endings teach the soul to grow—  
For softly, life begins to flow.



## I'm here

### Toad

She's a toad with a pen, finding company in solitude and shelter in words while it rains. Toad is the pen name of Siddhi Chhetri. She's

17. 🐸

A tiny frog sat beside a flower, waiting for it to wake.

Every morning, the sun would call,  
and the petals would stretch like a yawn.

But one day, the flower stayed asleep.

The frog blinked, confused.

The sun was warm, the breeze was kind,  
but some hearts are just tired.

So the frog didn't call, didn't push.

He just sat there small, quiet, gentle loving the flower  
even in stillness.



## what is love?

hydrangea ☼

Hydrangea is a girl who wants to belong somewhere. Where? She does not know yet, but for now, her diary holds her deepest secrets and messiest thoughts, a sacred place where she whispers her thoughts.

what is love?

a cyclone that sweeps you away.

or

a slow lingering breeze that tickles your skin.

what is love?

a joy with no bounds, feet floating off the ground.

or

a soft bubbly feel that giddies your heart.

what is love?

the coffee in the morning, strong and bitter, as the taste lingers.

or

the coffee in the evening, soft and sharp, easing you into stillness.



what is love?

the dried, crisp brown leaves and sunset in the autumn.

or

the lively, lush green leaves and sunrise in the spring.

what is love?

the complex jumbled maze that leaves you nowhere.

or

a clear one way highway that leads you far away from home.

CORRECTION

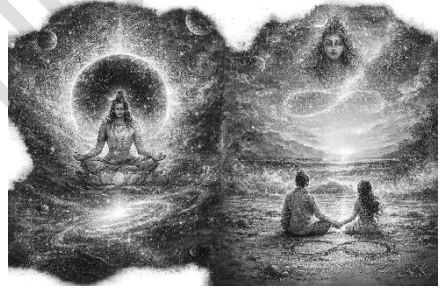
# Shunya -The Cosmic Creator

Dr Vaishnavi Gupta

I am a doctor by profession and poet by passion.

My poem deals with multiple themes on life nature social issues science and philosophy

Nothingness is the womb of the mother—the entropy  
before the cosmic bang  
from which the planets bloom,  
The velvet dark that cradles every star.  
It offers every wandering spirit room out  
of desire and ego,  
To be exactly who they truly are.



We lean upon each other in the dark,  
Two zeros making circles in the sand, becomes infinity.  
We together are being with infinite potential- bonded yet free!  
We fill and empty our karma together in the world.

Shunya is the silent pause between two crashing waves.  
It is the drowning mask, the salt-sting of "Who am I?"

dissolving in the depth,

The secret that the frantic spirit craves.

To be a vessel, one must first be void,

emptying our fear, tears, and sorrows behind,

Undone, unmade, and blissfully destroyed.

And then filling the vessel with compassion.

blooming with kindness and love -sailing towards the divine.

CORRECTION

# Little dreams

Nafisha Begum

Little little dreams

Save it don't Screams

Fairy Fairy Please save me

I was going through dummy

All the love of stars

Plz gentle my scars

Girl I gives you flower

Do show the Kind power

Mirror Mirror, Don't be Dramatic

Save me trust me I was in fear

Love me Or hate me, be the Kind fellow

Be my life's yellow

Dancing in my room, the girls want

to bloom! Plz chase her.

Don't be Cruel, Do the fair.



Enjoy Enjoy the Carnival, Don't be  
upset While everyone is busy  
You can do your own cozy!

CORRECTION

# The Anatomy of moment

Mariamawit Taye

The static in the room was loudest  
when she tried to sit entirely still.  
Hailey learned early that survival meant a low hum,  
a deliberate blurring of the sharpest edges  
so the world wouldn't cut.  
She used to treat her days like glass-  
terrified of the fracture, the spill,  
the inevitable mess of being known.  
She kept her voice inside a velvet box,  
swallowing the bitter truths until her chest  
felt like an overcrowded room  
where no one was allowed to breathe.  
But you cannot cultivate a garden  
if you are afraid of the dirt.  
The shift didn't arrive with a thunderclap;  
it came on a Tuesday, cold and ordinary,  
when Hailey looked at her own reflection  
and refused to apologize for occupying space.



She unlearned the habit of shrinking.

It is an uncomfortable thing, this shedding-

tearing off a second skin

that suffocated even as it kept her safe.

But watch her now.

She is learning the geography of her own anger,

the architecture of her own joy.

No longer the quiet observer of her undoing,

Hailey has become the heavy ink,

and the hand that turns the page.

CORRECTION

## my serendipity

### hydrangea ❁

Hydrangea is a girl who wants to belong somewhere. Where? She does not know yet, but for now, her diary holds her deepest secrets and messiest thoughts, a sacred place where she whispers her thoughts.

---

lavendar fields like moonlit waves,  
caressing those locks is all i crave.

those crescent moon like smiling eyes  
could never be good at telling lies.

soft, cushion-like, plush lips,  
whispering with a voice so angelic.

your breath, a gentle breeze,  
murmured past my ears, easing my anxieties.

gentle, tender and feather like touch,  
a ghost's whisper, a fleeting hush.





we're not part of your game of chess,  
Can't throw us away,  
when you realise we're worthless.  
Use us till we extinguish,  
then it's time to make someone else shine.  
Convince us we're all unique,  
but at the same time that we're not.  
Use '*special*' as an insult,  
like we should be ashamed to stand out.  
Has it ever hit you?  
Out of all the banes in the world-  
The racism, patriarchy and prejudice-  
none of them come even close to compare,  
to the education system's criticism?  
I could ramble on and on,  
but that'd do me no good,  
I'd just be wasting my time,  
I'd rather study if I could.  
I've got heaps of assignments,  
Oh look a project is due!  
Not even for a second,

Can a student sigh, say '*phew*'.

CORRECTION

## Draft

### Priydarshni Devda

Priydarshni Devda is a student and an observer who loves capturing fleeting feelings in simple lines. She believes that the rawest drafts are often the ones closest to the soul.

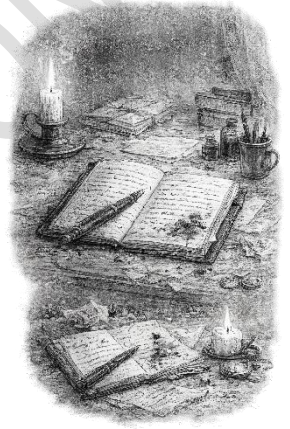
---

Every page I wrote was an attempt to heal.

This one isn't perfect;

it's simply the last draft

my heart could write.



## Khwab Bujhte Nahin ..

**Mariyam khan**

I am Mariyam Khan, a 21-year-old poet who believes every emotion deserves a voice. Through my poetry, I express unspoken feelings, quiet moments, and the stories hidden behind every smile. My words are inspired by real emotions, and I hope my writing brings comfort, hope, and connection to every reader.

Khwab bujhte nahin !

Khwab Qalb hain, na Chashm, na Nafas,

Ki jo Sikasta hue, toh bikhar jaenge,

Ya Kalbad ki maut se, yeh murjha jaenge.

Khwab bujte nahin !

Khwab roshni sa, justaju us ki pahchan,

aur hawa us ki goonj ka ehsaas.

Jo koh-e-siyah se, bhi thaharte nahin,

Sitam ki atish - kada se, bhi bhadkte nahin.

Roshni, justaju aur hawa ki ilm se,

Maqtulon ke darmiyan, bhi sar jhukte nahin.

Khwab hraf bhi,

Khwab noor bhi,

Khwab haq bhi,



Khwab mansoor bhi,  
khawb qalb ki har chahat se dastbardari ka,  
Yeh bhi khwab-e-nun ki ek justaju hai ...

CORRECTION

## "Sach Likhun Toh ?"

**Mariyam khan**

I am Mariyam Khan, a 21-year-old poet who believes every emotion deserves a voice. Through my poetry, I express unspoken feelings, quiet moments, and the stories hidden behind every smile. My words are inspired by real emotions, and I hope my writing brings comfort, hope, and connection to every reader.

Kab ka faramosh kar, chuke hai tujhe hum,

"Such likhun toh ?", Ab jhoot haqeeqat sa lagta hai.

Dard-e-firaq be misal tha, na deewana bana ke gaya,

"Sach likhun toh ?", Ab unhi acha lagta hai.

Kaif tha, ya Ranj tha, woh khushgawar ayyam,

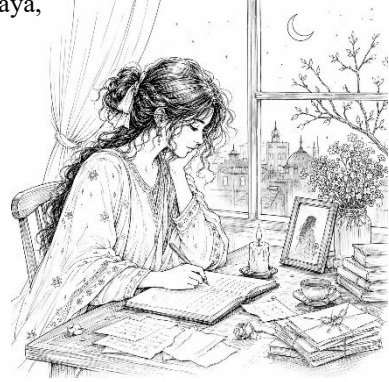
"Sach likhun toh ?", Ab sub faanii sa lagta hai.

Hum se rihaa ho kar, nihayat dilkash lagte ho,

"Sach likhun toh ?", humein toh ab be-yaqeen sa lagta hai.

Acha karte ho, na zikr karke hamara,

"Sach likhun toh ?", Ab yeh ain-e-sukoon dilnasheen sa lagta hai ...



# The Final Forge

**Siddhi Agrawal**

Welcome to the creative universe of Shakchunni (aka Siddy) Born in chhattisgarh- 2/dec. I am a multi-format creator dedicated to blending different worlds of art. My work spans across writing evocative poetry, singing and producing music tracks, drawing detailed line art, and crafting dynamic video edits.

---

The shoreline fades, the anchors drop,

The restless gears of thinking stop.

The wild, unbridled clay is spun,

The canvas breathes, the battle's won.

No more the chisel's heavy stroke,

The tangled forest of the mind

Is cleared, and paths are left behind.

For months, the ink was stormy rain,

A maze where weary footsteps led.

The desk became a battleground

Where silent, warring thoughts were found.

But now the roaring furnace cools,

The hands lay down the heavy tools.

The raw, rough ore is turned to gold,



The shifting sand takes permanent mold.

The scattered sparks that used to fly

Are fixed like stars across the sky.

It is a bird released to flight,

A lantern left against the night.

The river finds the open sea,

The captive chord is finally free;

The story breathes, the ink is cold!

The storm is done. The anchor holdholds

CORRECTION

## A Girl So Sweet

**Sakshi Kumari**

Sakshi Kumari is a student and aspiring writer who believes that every emotion deserves a place in words. She discovered her passion for writing through a school assignment, and what began as a simple classroom exercise soon became a way of understanding herself and the world around her.

---

I found a girl, beautiful and sweet,  
With her head in the sky and grounded feet,  
Like a rainbow after rain,  
Like a stream that heals the pain.

Some days are nice, some are not,  
Some things are good, some are not,  
But still I felt that grace,  
Just because of your face,  
That let me breathe in peace.



Trembling with fear,  
I went to ask, "Will you hear me?"  
For I would love you with all my heart,

And cherish you from the very start.

CORRECTION

# The Last Star in the Sky

Siddhi Goyal

I'm Siddhi Goyal, an aspiring author who loves to convey what she holds in her heart and mind through poetry.

---

The last star in the sky,  
The one that caught my eye.  
Shining bright, making us smile,  
Yet reminding me of the saddest goodbye.

The saddest goodbye,  
the unforgettable one, the hardest one,  
Was the farewell To my Nanu,  
My heart's dearest one.

The one who loved me like a precious child,  
Who kept my happiness alive.  
He stood beside me during my downfalls,  
and cared for me like no one else at all.

Sometimes we forget to say,



The words that our hearts wish to convey,  
To those who become our guiding light,  
And the the warriors who have always stood beside.

The last star in the sky,  
Reminded me of my Nanu above,  
The warrior of my life,  
who had been watching me fall and rise,  
and still being intact with me all the time.

CORRECTION

**HINDI**

CORRECTION

## ना जाने क्या खो गया है मुझसे ....

Sweta Sharma

Main Ek student hun . Main 21 sal ki hun . Mujhe likhna bahut pasand hai. Main apni life ke kuch moments ke upar kavitaen likhati hun aur mujhe jindagi ke har ek pal ke bare mein likhna bahut pasand hai aur logon ki jindagi se jude ehsas ko labson mein batane mein mujhe bahut achcha lagta hai.

ना जाने क्या खो गया है मुझसे ....

ना जाने किसकी तलाश है मुझको ....

यूँही बैठे बैठे मन भर आता है ..

पता नहीं ऐसा क्या था मेरे मन में ....

शायद ये वो सपने है जिन्हे मुझे जीना था ...

पर क्या इतना आसान, उन सपनों को पा लेना था ...

हर एक कदम पर गिर कर संभलना था ...

हर एक को कदमों के बारे में समझना था ...

ना जाने क्या खो गया है मुझसे ....

ना जाने किसकी तलाश है मुझको ....



सब कुछ है अभी जीने के लिए ...

पर खुशी ही नहीं है जिंदा रहने के लिए ....

सोचती हु क्या इतनी बड़ी हो गई मैं ...

कि अपने सारे सपनें तोड़ दिए मैंने ...

क्या इतनी सी ही खुशी थी मेरी जिंदगी जीने के लिए ...

फिर ख्याल आता है ... ना जाने क्या खो गया है मुझसे ....

ना जाने किसकी तलाश है मुझको .....

# आखिरी मसौदा

## नेहा आदेश

Aadesh is a contemporary writer and poet who finds inspiration in human emotions, relationships, and the mysteries of life. His writing blends sensitivity, introspection, and lyrical storytelling, creating worlds where feelings speak louder than words. For him, writing is not merely an art form but a journey of understanding the heart, one story at a time.

कोई जो दिल में उतर जाए, उसे भुलाया नहीं जाता,

जो मोहब्बत का दिया जल जाए तो बुझाया नहीं जाता।

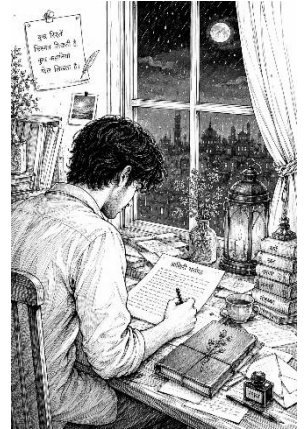
ये दुनिया रोज़ चेहरो पर नए चेहरे सजाती है,

मगर सच्चा कोई रिश्ता दिखाया नहीं जाता।

तेरी यादों की बारिश में कई मौसम गुज़रते गए,

मगर इस भीगते दिल को समझाया नहीं जाता।

जो अपने दर्द को हँसकर ज़माने से छुपाते हैं,



उन्से अक्सर किसी महफ़िल में गाया नहीं जाता।

किसी के साथ चलने का हुनर सबको नहीं आता,

सफ़र में हाथ थामो तो फिर छुड़ाया नहीं जाता।

मुझे मालूम है तुम भी कभी तन्हा बहुत होगे,

किसी की याद का जंगल यूँ ही मिटाया नहीं जाता।

ये किस्मत भी अजब शै है, हँसाती है रुलाती है,

मगर तकदीर का कागज़ कभी जलाया नहीं जाता।

मैं अपने ज़ख़्म लेकर भी मुस्कराता ही रहा बरसों,

कितना दरिया है आँखों में ये तो दिखाया नहीं जाता।

तुम्हारी बात में वो नर्म सी खुशबू अभी भी है,

पुराने खत का मौसम यूँ ही भुलाया नहीं जाता।

कई चेहरे मिले मुझको सफ़र की धूप में लेकिन,

तेरे जैसा कोई चेहरा तो कहीं पाया नहीं जाता।

ये चाहत इबादत है, कोई सौदा नहीं जानाँ,  
इसे बाज़ार में लेकर कभी आया नहीं जाता।

जो अपनी रूह से निकले वही अल्फ़ाज़ जीते हैं,  
किसी जज़्बात को जबरन तहरीर बनाया नहीं जाता।

तेरे जाने के बाद अक्सर यही महसूस होता है,  
इस खाली मकाँ को घर अब बनाया नहीं जाता।

वफ़ाओं की किताबों में यही सबसे बड़ा सबक है,  
किसी अपने को अपने दिल से ही मिटाया नहीं जाता।

मैं जब आईना देखूँ तो तेरा चेहरा उभरता है,  
देखो! हर बात का मतलब तो बताया नहीं जाता।

किसी की आँख में ठहरा हुआ आँसू गवाही है,

मोहब्बत का मुकद्दमा बेहिस से लड़ाया नहीं जाता।

ये दुनिया जीत लेने से सुकूँ मिलता नहीं अक्सर,

दिलों का शहर तो तलवारों से पाया नहीं जाता।

तुझे खोकर भी तुझसे दूर होना सीख ना पाए हम,

मगर हर दर्द दुनिया को तो सुनाया नहीं जाता।

मैंरे लहजे में जो ठहराव है, खानदानी दौलत है,

किसी दरख्त को झुकना यूँ ही सिखाया नहीं जाता।

कई रातों की तन्हाई ने मुझको यही सिखाया है,

किसी भी शख्स को रब से बढ़ा बनाया नहीं जाता।

तुम्हारे बाद तो साँसों का आलम भी गिरां गुज़रता है

किसी धड़कन को भी दिल जैसा बनाया नहीं जाता।

तेरे हिस्से में खुशियाँ हो, दुआ ये माँग ली मैंने,

मोहब्बत में हिसाबों को तो लगाया नहीं जाता।

ये आखिरी मसौदा मेरी तन्हा मोहब्बत का,"आदेश"

इसे हर किसी के सामने तो सुनाया नहीं जाता।

CORRECTION

# एक चिट्ठी मेरे बीते हुए कल के नाम

Priya Tiwari

आज किताबों के बीच मुझे एक पुराना लिफाफा मिला।

उस लिफाफे पर मेरे बीते हुए कल का पता लिखा था।

जिसने मुझे अनगिनत खुशियाँ भी दीं और जीवन की अनमोल सीखें भी।

मैं बहुत देर तक उस लिफाफे को निहारती रही।

फिर मन में एक खयाल आया—

क्यों न आज अपने बीते हुए कल के नाम एक चिट्ठी लिखी जाए।

प्रिय मेरे बीते हुए कल,

बहुत दिनों बाद आज तुम्हारी याद आई है।

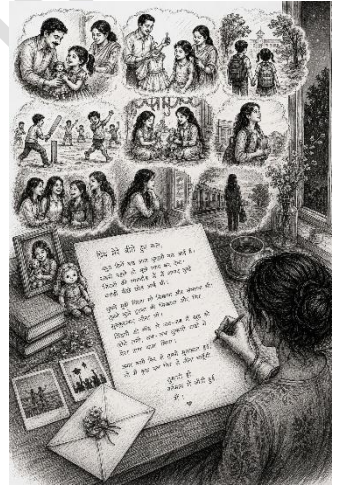
सबसे पहले तो मुझे माफ़ कर देना।

ज़िंदगी की भागदौड़ में मैं शायद तुम्हें कहीं पीछे छोड़ आई थी।

आज भी याद है मुझे पापा के हाथों लाई हुई वह छोटी-सी गुड़िया,  
और माँ का उसी गुड़िया से हर रात एक नई कहानी बुनना,  
फिर अपनी स्नेहभरी थपकियों में मुझे सुला देना।

आज भी याद है जन्मदिन पर पापा का नई फ़ॉक लाना,  
और माँ का बड़े प्यार से मेरी दो चोटियाँ बनाकर मुस्करा देना।

याद है वह छोटा-सा बस्ता कंधे पर टाँगकर  
भैया का हाथ पकड़कर स्कूल जाना,  
और शाम ढलते ही उसी भैया के साथ क्रिकेट  
खेलते-खेलते  
दिन का पता ही न चलना।



याद है बहन के साथ गुड्डे-गुड़िया का ब्याह रचाना,  
और फिर मोहल्ले के बच्चों के साथ बेफ़िक्र होकर खेलना।

आज भी जब पहली बारिश की बूँदें हथेली पर गिरती हैं,

तो लगता है जैसे मेरा बचपन फिर से भीगने आ गया हो।

वह अल्हड़पन... वह बेफिक्री...

सचमुच कितना खूबसूरत था न सब कुछ, मेरे प्यारे बीते हुए कल।

तुम्हें कैसे भूल सकती हूँ...

कॉलेज का पहला दिन,

नए चेहरों के बीच नए दोस्त बनाना,

पहली शैक्षणिक यात्रा,

और पहली बार घर से दूर रहकर

अपने पैरों पर खड़ा होना सीखना।

याद है वह मासूम-सी उम्र भी,

जब किसी का आकर्षण ही प्रेम जैसा लगने लगता था,

और हर सपना किसी फ़िल्म की कहानी-सा सुंदर दिखाई देता था।

कुछ लोग भी आए थे मेरी ज़िंदगी में...

शायद कुछ ही दिनों के लिए।

लेकिन जाते-जाते वे ऐसी अमिट छाप छोड़ गए,

जिसे समय भी आज तक मिटा नहीं पाया।

जानते हो मेरे प्यारे बीते हुए कल...

मैं आज भी उन यादों को पूरी तरह भूल नहीं पाती।

कभी-कभी खुद से एक सवाल करती हूँ—

क्या मैं आज भी वैसी ही हूँ, जैसी कभी बचपन में हुआ करती थी?

और फिर भीतर से एक आवाज़ आती है—

"नहीं... तुम बहुत बदल चुकी हो।"

कुछ सपने पीछे छूट गए,

कुछ अपने भी रास्तों में बिछड़ गए।

कुछ मासूमियत समय के साथ खो गईं,

तो कुछ कमज़ोरियाँ भी जीवन ने मुझसे छीन लीं।

लेकिन इन सबके बीच

मैं तुम्हारा धन्यवाद करना चाहती हूँ।

धन्यवाद इसलिए कि तुमने मुझे गिरना भी सिखाया और संभलना भी।

तुमने मुझे टूटना भी सिखाया और फिर मुस्कुराकर जीना भी।

ज़िंदगी की भीड़ में जब-जब मैं खुद को खोने लगी,

तब-तब तुम्हारी यादों ने मेरा हाथ थाम लिया।

अगर कभी फिर से तुमसे मुलाकात हुई,

तो मैं कुछ पल फिर से जीना चाहूँगी।

कुछ अधूरे सपने,

कुछ अधूरी हँसी,

कुछ अनकहे शब्द,

और कुछ ऐसे पल...

जिन्हें उस समय जी तो लिया था,

लेकिन उनकी कीमत समझने में पूरी उम्र लग गई।

तुम्हारी ही,

वर्तमान में जीती हुई,

में।

CORRECTION

## "कहानी, किरदार और मैं "

सौम्या तिवारी

मैं सौम्या तिवारी, एक छात्रा और एक ऐसी लेखिका जो कविता को मानवीय भावनाओं की गहराइयों को टटोलने का एक माध्यम मानती हूँ।

कई दफ़ा अकेले लिखते-लिखते,

एक कहानी... कलम से रूठ जाती है।

कई दफ़ा अकेले भागते-भागते,

एक किरदार... लौटना भूल जाता है।

कई दफ़ा अकेले बिखेरते-बिखेरते,

एक फूल... खुशबू खो देता है।

कई दफ़ा अकेले ढूँढते-ढूँढते,

एक अजनबी... अनजान गली में खो जाता है।

पर लिखते, भागते, बिखेरते, ढूँढते...

अक्सर एक शख्स, खुद से भी लापता हो जाता है... ♥



## असा तो असावा 🌙

### - प्राची अरुण नेटके

“Asa To Asava” is a heartfelt poem by Prachi Arun Netke that reflects her vision of an ideal partner. It goes beyond physical beauty and focuses on love, respect, understanding, and emotional depth.

सुंदर असावा जणू चंद्र हा रात्री,  
आयुष्यभर फक्त माझाच असेल ही खात्री.

सुंदर म्हणजे नव्हे फक्त चेहरा,  
सोबतीच्या नावाखाली नको आयुष्याला पहारा.

दुःख लपवून हसणं तर आहे माझी कला,  
या कलेपलीकडे बघावं त्याने मला.

सगळ्यांमध्ये पाहून मला हसताना जोरजोरात,  
हळूच येऊन म्हणावं, "रडतीयेस का मनात?"

ऐकून माझं सगळंच घेतात, त्याने समजून घ्यावे,  
कुणाचं कधीच न कळलेल्या माझ्या वेदना  
त्याला आपोआप उमजून यावे.

नसला तरी चालेल दूर देशाचा राजकुमार,  
असावा त्याच्या ऐटीत तो रुबाबदार.



सगळ्यांसाठी कडक असणारा, माझ्यासाठी प्रेमळ असावा,  
माझ्या एवढ्या वर्षांच्या प्रतीक्षेचं तो गोड फळ असावा.  
वागण्यात, बोलण्यात स्त्रियांसाठी आदर असावा,  
नसेल तर तो माझ्या आयुष्यातच नसावा.

**सुंदर असावा जणू चंद्र हा रात्री,  
आयुष्यभर फक्त माझाच असेल ही खात्री.**

माझ्यासाठी सगळ्या जगाला भिडायची ताकद असावी,  
कितीही रागात असला तरी मला पाहून शांत व्हायची ताकद असावी.

जसं माझ्या आईने माझ्या वडिलांवर केलं,  
तसं प्रेम त्याचं माझ्यावर असावं.  
मग भलेही इकडचं जग तिकडे असावं.

असावा लिहिलेला नशिबात कोणीतरी असा...  
नाहीतर... नसावा!

**सुंदर असावा जणू चंद्र हा रात्री,  
आयुष्यभर फक्त माझाच असेल ही खात्री. 🌙 ✨**

## साथ

Rupa

साथ,

जो किसी के लिए किसी का भी हो सकता है।

साथ, जो हो सकता किसी पसंदीदा पुस्तक का। या किसी प्रिय  
हमसफ़र का।

साथ,

जो होता है बहुत खास, अगर साथ मिल जाए तो रास्ते छोटे हो जाया  
करते हैं।

जीने की उम्मीद बदल जाती है।

खुद इंसान बदल जाते हैं,

एक दिन जीवन का अंत निश्चित है,

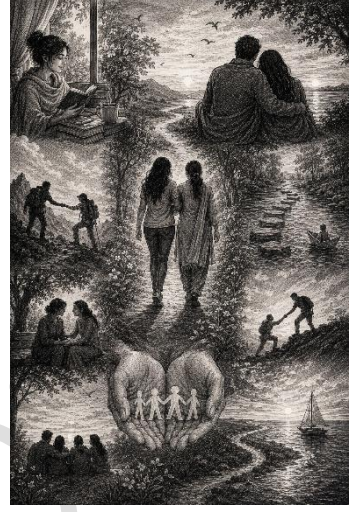
इस जीवन को सौंदर्य से भरने के लिए,

एक खूबसूरत साथ का ख्याल सदा, मन को भाता है।

एक खूबसूरत साथ मंजिल तक पहुंचा देता है।

जीवन की कठिनाइयों को सुलझा देता है।

जीने को सही दिशा दिखा देता है।  
साथ होना इतना ही जरूरी है,  
जितना कि अंत में नदियों का सागर से मिलना।  
कुछ साथ जीवन के अंत तक नहीं,  
जीवन के कुछ पल तक ही साथ होते हैं।  
इस साथ निभाने और देने के खेल में,  
मैंने किस किस का साथ दिया, खुद से यही सवाल किया।।  
थोड़ा ही सही, पर खुशी से सबका साथ दिया।  
आप के साथ भी मेरे कुछ खुशी के पल होंगे जरूर, उन्हें याद कर  
खुशी से मुस्कुरा तो देना जरूर।  
जहां तक भी साथ चल सको, निस्वार्थ, निष्ठा भाव, पूर्ण समर्थन के  
साथ चलना।।



## Lamhe

Priydarshni Devda

कुछ लम्हे तस्वीरों में कैद हो जाते हैं,  
और कुछ उम्र भर यादों में।  
शायद सबसे हसीन पल वही होते हैं,  
जो किसी कैमरे की नहीं,  
सिर्फ दिल की नज़र में बसते हैं।



# इबादत का आखिरी खत

Siddhi Agrawal

Welcome to the creative universe of Shakchunni (aka Sidddy). Born in chhattisgarh-2/dec .I am a multi-format creator dedicated to blending different worlds of art. My work spans across writing evocative poetry, singing and producing music tracks, drawing detailed line art, and crafting dynamic video edits.

**इबादत का आखिरी खत** ये स्याही अब थमने लगी है,

तेरी याद पन्नों पे जमने लगी है।

जो दिल में छुपा था, वो कागज़ पे आया,

तेरी चाहतों का ये तूफ़ान लाया।

तलाश-ए-मोहब्बत में भटके थे कब से,

तुझे मांगते थे दुआओं में रब से।

ये आखिरी ड्राफ़्ट बस एक दुआ है,

जो मेरी अधूरी वफ़ा का गवाह है।

तू साहिल है मेरा, तू ही आसमां है,

तेरे बिन ये साया भी मेरा कहाँ है?

ये अलफ़ाज़ मेरे नहीं, दिल की ज़मीं है,



जहाँ सिर्फ़ तू है, कोई दूसरा नहीं है।  
किताब-ए-मोहब्बत मुकम्मल हुई अब,  
ये बेचैन जज़्बात ठहरे हैं कुछ अब।  
ये नज़्म खत्म है, पर ये चाहत रहेगी,  
मेरी रूह सदियों तक तेरी ही कहेगी।

CORRECTION

OTHER

CORRECTION

# பிறந்ததோர் நட்பு

MythiliManivasagam

என் வாழ்வின் துணையாக

எழுதப்படாத கதை நீ

எழுதி முடிக்காத ஒரு கவிதை நம் காதல்

விதியின் எழுத்தால் தவித்தது நம் பிரிவு

எழுத்தில் அடங்காத ஒரு உறவு நம் நட்பு

அதை என்றென்றும் அன்பின் வார்த்தைகளால்

கோர்த்து எழுத விரும்பி குழந்தையாகிறாள்

அவனின் கைகளில்...

