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CORRECTION

## like loving a god

anwasha verma

If i had a chance I would set my days to the rythm of your breathing  
the sun would rise only when u stirred,  
and the night would fall at your command

You would not bend to tie your laces  
for, i would kneel gladly,  
not from my weakness,  
but from my joy in serving

I would place the world before you,  
not as a conquest  
If hunger touched your lips  
I would bring you food and coffeese  
as though u were the altar  
and i, the trembling devotee



my soul has already chosen to love you  
as one loves god  
with reverence, with quite fire  
with no hope but the love itself

# Whisper of Whiskey

Aster Reyn

Aster Reyn is a tortured poet who finds solace in tragically beautiful writing and comfort in beautifully tragic falling.

---

On every thought of leaving  
Drunk am I in the misty clouded valley  
Stumbling with my throat burning  
From the whisper of whiskey.

On every thought of killing  
Drunk am I in the forest alley  
Crumbling with the last feeling  
From the whisper of whiskey.

On every thought of loving  
Drunk am I in the cliffed promontory  
Tumbling with my toasted breathing  
From the whisper of your whiskey.



# A Poetry For You

Nahida Islam Trishna

If I ever could write poetry, I would write about you

I would write how you came in my life

On a random Sunday.

With a pale face, confused eyes,

a consoling mind with thousands lies.



The title of the poem would be your name

Or simply the way you are-

calm, brave, a noble warrior ready for the game.

The theme must be on our golden evenings, when I revealed my broken self without any fear

Every time you pour extra liquor on the teacups, give me love and endless care.

Rhythm of the poem would be your words; that fade away all the dark

The tone would be tender, nostalgic, wrapped with lark.

Each stanza would carry the days sealed with live

Lines buzz the love melody; give a blissful vibe.

I must write up those days, when storm destroyed me, leaving me  
rootless

You hold me so tight, lighten up the dark with all your bless

Everyday with you seems a fairytale, where I, the princess

You become the guardee, to meet all my dreams left no blemishes.

Perhaps I would write how it feel, yet no incomplete verse

How it aches depth of heart, failing to arrange the unspoken words

Or, I would write a vague note for you, carries only your name

Bring you honour, I pray, all the goals with heavenly fame.

# Sometimes

Aster Reyn

Sometimes I get this urge to write something so deep  
And haunting  
That it makes you  
Sleepless on the darkest night  
Starved at the fullest sight  
And scared of the shortest flight  
But every time my pen caresses the paper  
My words fail and  
Get caught in my throat's loose net  
Struggle against the softest blade's debt  
And die at the tip of my finger's casket



# One with the Earth

Diya Chatterjee

---

I wish I could be one with the earth,  
Oh, to be in a trance-like state,  
Bathed in quiet bliss.  
My soul, one with the earth,  
Feeling every element surround me,  
move through me,  
and carry me beyond myself.  
Oh, to be in a trance-like state,  
Free from all the worries of the world.  
My mortal self grows numb  
as my spirit drifts toward peace.  
I long to be one with the earth,  
Wrapped in quiet serenity,  
In the pure peace  
for which a child prays.



# Baduaao

Lucky

“Lucky is a young poet who turns emotions into words. His work captures love, pain, and the beauty of unspoken feelings.”

Woh mujhe yaad krti hai chahe baduaao mai shi

Woh mujhe pyar krti hai chahe baduaao mai shi

Mera dil tho kab ka mar gya meri ankhon mai

Mgr zinda hai uski ankhon mai chahe baduaao mai shi



# "The Forgotten Heights"

Dr. Ayesha Sarfraz

Once bearers of light, of wisdom profound,  
Their voices of knowledge would echo around.  
From science to art, their stars brightly shone,  
Guiding the world, their brilliance well known.

But pride took root, and unity waned,  
Greed sowed discord, the spirit was drained.  
They left the Qur'an, its essence untold,  
Chasing the glitter of power and gold.

Knowledge neglected, ignorance grew,  
Virtue abandoned for shadows untrue.  
Division arose where faith should unite,  
And might without morals extinguished their light.

Yet hope still lingers, the lesson is clear:  
Return to the truth, let conscience steer.  
With unity, justice, and hearts sincere,  
The path to revival is ever near.



# RAAH - E – SAFAR

Navissa Mushtaq

“TUM KEHTE HO HUMESHA SATH DOGE  
AGR BHOOL JAO RAAH TOH HATH DOGE  
KBHI BHOOL JAO KHUDKO TOH YAAD DOGE  
KBHI YAAD NA AAYE TOH APNE JAZBAAT DOGE ,  
KEHTE HO SCH YA YEAH EK JHOOTHA SA FASANA HAI  
KYA YEAH SCH HAI YA BS TUMHE MUJHE AZMANA HAI  
TUM KEHTE HO HUMESHA RAAH DOGE KBHI BHUL JAO  
PATA TOH TUM APNE BAAGH MAI PANAH DOGE  
KEH RAHO HO TUM , TOH MAN  
LETE HAI  
EK BAAR APNI KISMAT KO IZAZAT  
DETE HAI  
AB TOH AADAT SI HAI JHOOTHI  
RANJHISON KO SACH MANNE KI  
SACH JAN KE BHI TALAB HAI SACH  
JANNE KI  
AB TUM KEH RAHO HO HUMESHA THAME RAKHOGE  
HATH  
JHUTH K SATH CHA LNE SE MILTE HAI KUCH ALAG HI  
JAZBAAT



AB KEH RAHE HO THAME RAKHOGE TO MAAN LETI  
HOON

IS BAAR JUTHE ISHQ KA BAYAAN DEKHTI HOON

KAHA TAK YEAH SAFAR ISHQ KA CHALEGA CHLTE  
JAYENGE

TUMHARE ISHQ KE JHUTHE DAWE MAI ULAJHTE  
JAYENGE

RAAH NHI MILI TOH SCH BAHAR AA HI JAYEGA

JO MERA HOGA MILJAYEGA, JISE JANA HOGA WOH  
CHALA JAYEGA

AB ISHQ PR YAKEEN KIYA THA IS QADAR LAZIM HAI KI  
THODA SA TOH YEAH TADPAEGA

AB JARI KRTE HAI AAGE PHIR SE YEAH SAFAR KOI NA  
KOI TOH MIL HI JAYEGA. \_RUYA.

## Kindness in gestures

S Archana selva darshini

Eyes spark boldness,  
Actions speak louder  
than words.  
A smile reveals quiet  
strength,  
Anger shows her  
hidden concerns.

In silence, she stands  
unwavering,  
In chaos, calm and  
strong.  
Her heart is firm yet  
gentle-  
Where kindness still  
belongs.

Not just beauty in her  
presence,  
But wisdom in her  
ways;  
A spirit fierce and  
graceful  
Shining through her  
days.



# FINDING POETRY

**Ankur Goswami**

Ankur Goswami is an Assistant Professor in English at Guwahati , Assam, and a regular writer of poems. He loves teaching poetry. His poems on Instagram are well-received and he shares on Facebook and on his poetry blog *feelpoems.wordpress.com*.

---

I always cannot skip the coffee  
at this hour, so I set the electric kettle.  
you must have heard a kettle hoot.  
I mean how the steam bottling up  
In the kettle's belly spurs a scream  
for me to know I must leave  
a thought midway or unattended.  
I must close the notebook  
with its blue leathery cover  
and rise from the kind dying sun  
and, you know, head for my kitchen duty.

I loosen my necktie  
And warm the water for the evening coffee,  
And the circle is complete.



It starts while the night yet clings  
to my stubborn, curled locks.

At 5:30 am, the fine cold air stings my nose.

I rub my palms, set

The tea mug--small apricot blossoms  
carefully painted along its rim--

on the side table

And open a page on Prosody.

I hardly read; instead

I look deep into the garden.

The morning is still silver; thick shadows

Yet sleep by the neighbour's wired fence.

I always like the kids in my class

To beam-

As September's first light, squeezing between

The two tall houses to my right.

I barely see my geraniums to the left

Hang in clusters of a collective noun.

And at the far edge by the wall  
The birds congregate in a customary  
Morning exercise.

The ABAB of a ballad folds upon  
The brisk landings and hasty retreat,  
The rhyme of the sparrows,  
Refining their flair to conform  
To an impeccable cadence.  
I want the children's eyes to glint

As with the arrival of a haiku-  
The wet dog  
Stamps its foot  
At the open classroom door  
For attention.

# CHOICE

## Ankur Goswami

Ankur Goswami is an Assistant Professor in English at Guwahati , Assam, and a regular writer of poems. He loves teaching poetry. His poems on Instagram are well-received and he shares on Facebook and on his poetry blog *feelpoems.wordpress.com*.

---

We tend to forget our choice  
that we could live freely  
under the sky. Like that crow

that now sits upon the small fence  
of twigs, its caws pointing at newly blossomed  
yellow orleans, we could sit

upon the grass under the wide grey  
heaven of projected stars, holding hands,  
mostly looking up and briefly

at us, with a tickled smile and like the crow  
fly at will, to the edge of a tall  
mountain, face the sun somewhere,

listen to the breath of the wind and love  
the clouds and the sheep to measure  
our lives, as if they were all  
that mattered to us.



# The Last Draft

Ragini chandravanshi

My name is Ragini Chandravanshi. I am a student of Class 11 and passionate about writing poems and stories. Writing helps me express my emotions, thoughts, and imagination. I dream of improving my skills and sharing my creativity with the world.

---

There are words I never spoke,  
Feelings hidden like silent smoke.  
Pages waited, blank and wide,  
Holding storms I kept inside.  
Every tear became a line,  
Every pain turned into rhyme.  
Broken dreams and sleepless nights,  
Made my darkened world feel bright.  
This is not my perfect art,  
But the echo of my heart.  
A final piece, a fearless craft,  
This is my soul — my last draft.



# Unfinished works

Hemah Sundaramurthy

The day you decided to walk away  
You never let me know  
Now I thought of walking away  
You said me you have already walked past me a long time ago  
In this beautiful journey  
There may be ups and downs  
We had faced it all together  
When it comes to marriage  
You talk businesses  
I am no one's business  
I stand on my feet with every penny I earned with my name on it  
Now I have moved on  
Coming back to me  
Do not expect to be treated like I used to  
Now settling all scores even  
We apart our ways  
I wish you all the best and nothing but the best of best and all good  
endeavours  
Life's goodness and goddess side has awakened me  
I am now on a happy at the same time spiritual journey of my life  
Thank you for the experience!



# Echoes After the End

Pulak Das

When my breath becomes the breeze,  
And I dissolve among the trees,  
Let not your sorrow weigh you down—  
For endings wear a softer crown.

Let one dear friend, with quiet grace,  
Unlock my phone, a final trace.  
And send a note not wrought in grief,  
But light as dusk, and brief as leaf:

"Thanks for coming," it will say—  
A whisper sent the human way.  
Not ghost, nor joke, but something more:  
A wink across the final door.

What is death but change of form?  
A pause between each beating storm.  
And if you smiled when that text came,  
Then I remain—in thought, in name.



# Beyond Touch: In Search of Warmth

Pulak Das

---

No—  
just touching bodies doesn't make it love,  
doesn't make it anything more than a moment of skin on skin.  
You know that, don't you?

Love...  
Love is when you stay up through the night  
just to watch someone breathe.  
It's searching for them  
in the hush of their sleep,  
in the murmur of a half-remembered name,  
in the way their hand twitches under the blanket—  
a reflex, reaching for something unseen.

Daylight deceives us—  
in the rush, in the noise,  
we become people we don't recognize.  
We laugh, we work,  
we wear our "okay" like armor.  
But at night—  
oh, at night—  
we peel back the hours,  
and there, in the fragile silence,

a different version of us wakes up—  
softer, lonelier, realer.

That's when you have to find them.  
Not just touch them.  
Know them.  
Hear the words they never say,  
feel the ache they hide  
between "I'm fine" and "goodnight."

Because warmth—  
real warmth—  
is not just body heat.  
It's a palm on your chest—  
not to arouse,  
but to anchor you.  
"I'm here. I'm staying. Breathe."

We've all been in beds  
where we've felt colder  
than when we were alone.  
We've undressed,  
but stayed untouched.  
We've whispered names  
into silence—  
names that never echoed back.

And still—  
we keep searching.  
For that one person  
who doesn't just take your clothes off,  
but takes your burdens too.  
Who holds your fears  
like prayer beads,  
and kisses the scars  
they didn't leave.

We all crave that.  
Not just someone to make love to,



but someone to make silence with.  
To hold you—not out of need,  
but because they know  
you've spent a lifetime being strong,  
and tonight,  
you shouldn't have to be.

CORRECTION

# The last draft

Tuktuk

I have rewritten myself  
in margins and midnight notes  
crossed out names  
softened endings  
pretended certain chapters  
never happened  
Yet every version of me  
returns to the same page  
A girl holding memories  
like pressed flowers  
beautiful enough to keep  
fragile enough to crumble  
Perhaps healing was never  
becoming someone new  
Perhaps it was learning  
to read old paragraphs  
without wanting to  
tear them apart  
And so I leave these words  
unpolished  
ink smudged by trembling hands  
Not because they are perfect  
but because I am tired  
of editing my survival  
This is my last draft  
I will let it exist  
exactly as it is



# Glimpse

Priyanshi Singh

The world does not crown just one style

Success wears more than one smile.

The mind needs knowledge, the heart needs ties

A soul needs freedom to touch the skies

Not about what already exists,

Not bound by the paths the world predicts.

The real beauty lies in what could be-

The unseen potential waiting to be free



# The Geometry of Blame

Syeda Hijaab Fatima

Syeda Hijaab Fatima is a young, under 18 poet and emerging novelist whose writing explores human emotions, resilience, identity, and the unspoken realities of society.

They blamed the fabric, never questioned the hands.  
Her dignity was measured by inches of cloth;  
what left unmeasured was  
the conscience of those hands.

She learned. She grew. She became strong.  
Yet they still broke down the door.  
In the end, she sought refuge beneath the Earth.  
Tell me-

if even grave cannot promise peace,  
What place remains for a woman to simply breathe?

World keeps teaching daughters  
the way to survive—  
yet forgets to teach sons not to destroy.  
Every headline echoes the same truth:  
she kept searching for safety— the world kept changing everything  
except the hands.



# SOUL AMIDST AUTUMN

Vishakha Tiwari

Brimming with flows,  
A depressing soul launched in rain  
An imperfect life  
Seemed to gave up without a try  
The tiny raindrops  
Portrayed her crumbling life  
Perhaps she esquires a gentle touch,  
A Soft Wind?  
To lift her back again.  
Or Acceptance?  
Is a trait of only the fearless ones the brave

Stuck with realisations  
The last soul respond  
To the call,  
Of the seasons of fall.  
The falling leaves around  
Pictured her scattered life  
Some crimson, yellow, green and brown

A call of the embracing winter  
And descending sprawl  
The scenery from a vivid aqure  
Ceases to frostiness  
With a cold look  
And a dry brook  
The pink hour for shapers  
To reap their crops  
Being it home  
And sell them to words

The vibrant world



Sifted the soul  
The feeling of nothingness  
Changed to fullness  
Knows?  
Yes, not all her demons are defeated.  
The imperfect acceptance  
Colored the soul again.

Life gets ahead  
Seasons left behind  
And again its her, only her alone  
Departing to inaugurate,  
A brand new chapter of life.  
To live a new color  
Without wrping off the old ones .

CORRECTION

# BLÄTTER

Vishakha Tiwari

Leaves conclude their journey  
Only when they fall,  
And even then, not at once —

They wait for a curious soul  
Or a lost one,  
Or simply a hurried feet  
That do not know,  
They are ending a story!

They wait to be broken into sound  
Into small brittle music,  
Into crunches passing by,  
Forgotten as soon as they are heard.

Only then,  
Under wandering steps and  
Rushing leaves,  
Does a leaf finally learn  
What it was going toward;  
The crunchless green leaves,  
Seems to die  
Earlier than their time  
Earlier than its soul could live  
And feel the heat, the soft winds  
It missed a complete life?  
Or was its purpose fulfilled?



It's the story of the leaves,  
The crunchy leaves, the green ones...  
Fallen on the roads,  
Entangled in someone's hair,  
To melt back into the earth,  
To return, gently, to dust.  
Or end up?  
In between pages,  
Of a curious soul.

CORRECTION

# An Apology

Ayooluwa

And so I ask you, what is love?  
For I am an alien among such emotions.

You speak of desire  
as though it were a second heartbeat,  
turning names into warm prayers.  
I search my own chest  
for that same pulse.  
Yet only silence answers,  
For what I hold is the want to adore,  
never the wildfire that consumes you.

Love, if I cannot return your yearning,  
Who am I to remain the object of your adoration?

They tell me such an act is humanity's final act of union.  
The tangeling of skin, the essence of devotion.

If so, perhaps I am its mistake.  
So forgive me, Ayàmmo mi.  
For such words are ones I cannot comprehend.



# Not so home

**Srushti Pande**

I'm Srushti, a 15-year-old student writer who enjoys exploring emotions, ideas, and everyday moments through words. Writing, for me, is a way to observe people, understand feelings, and make sense of the world around me.

---

A house has 4 walls,

My home had more.

36 friends, 20 benches and memories that stayed to the core.

We had scribbles on our desks and a chart behind our door,  
each of which was surrounded by lore.

A teacher that cared for us and a syllabus that left us sore,

Together formed something,

none of us tried to ignore.



# A Flame's Final Life:

## Elijah Hendricks

Elijah Hendricks is an aspiring author based in Florida who uses words on a page as his medium. He has always found happiness and tranquility within poetic remarks ever since he was in middle school, and achieves to capture the essence of true emotion, understanding, and sentiment within his works.

---

When dusk meets dawn, a flame is born.  
A flame that burned so bright it could blind.  
It dances, it sways, it smiles at the world.  
He feels at peace, unbeknownst to society's lingering dangers.

"Desire is the root of all suffering."  
The flame was forced to move wicks,  
Leaving past memoirs burnt.  
But why does this flame care so deeply about those crisp fragments  
of memory?

Judgement day arises.  
The flame faces potential extinguishment:  
Quietly excruciating, tiny water droplets nullifying the flare of the  
soul.  
The droplets managed to simmer into the heart:

He nearly perished.

As fate is pernicious,  
It brought him others to become one with:  
Finding familiar tranquility and stability once more.  
He enjoyed peace,  
Even if it was only with him for a moment each day.

Destiny challenged him:  
Another risk of extinguishment.  
To save the shards of his heart left, he moved onto a  
separate taper,  
Attempting to escape the inevitable of the disintegrated  
ashes left behind.

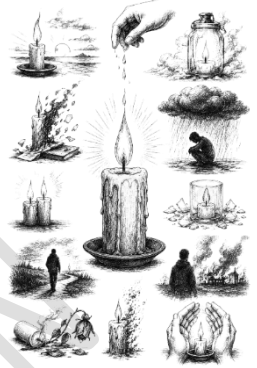
However, he eventually trekked back to revisit old memories,  
Rebuilding ties that were never truly broken.  
Although cloudy with a mist of questions,  
He still journeyed into unknown territory.

The worst has yet to arrive;  
A series of events cause catastrophic damage:  
The flame wanted to be put out,  
To disappear into the fog, a familiar person once dared to venture  
into.

Running away is never easy,  
But when the doomsday of smoke and blaze ultimately transpires,  
One must strive to survive,  
Survive the downfall of a family.

The wax closed off his spirit, but consumed his resolve,  
His flame slowly dying quietly, behind closed doors.  
How can one heal covered wounds?  
How can one mend themselves against fate's inevitable attack?

After a slight, jagged recovery,  
He moves onto another wick once again, a husk of his former ego:



This flame is silent, this flame is hidden, this flame is concealed  
from others.

"No more attachments."

People may go as fast as they came,  
But the flame gained a newfound comfort with those he trusts.  
His flame grows brighter as his wounds slowly heal.  
He will never forget the mental struggle of self-extinguishment.

CORRECTION

# I hate clocks

Rania sajid

The hands on the clock just keep ticking my time away.  
With a click you've lost another second, another minute, another  
hour, another moment.  
I think I have an abundance of time while tomorrow is here and I'm  
still living yesterday.

the clock keeps ticking away the time I never  
had,

the time I begged to utilise yet once  
again,

I'm met with the silence of waking up the next day.

I hate clocks. I wish some books never closed, some  
days never  
ended,

some nights remained full, my house never turned  
empty.

I wish I knew how to live in the moment when time  
has already ate me  
whole.

I hate clocks, they never stop ticking on the wall.



# Latibulate

Anshu

What a strange beast is man,  
Who preaches light, yet walks in shade,  
Speaks of truth with silver tongue,  
While draping ignorance like a blade.  
He praises grace, then scorns the weak,  
Lifts himself on borrowed pride,  
A king of words, a thief in deeds,  
With shadows where his soul should hide.  
He says one thing, yet acts another,  
Plays noble tunes in twisted ways,  
And when the truth stands bold before him,  
He kneels, defeated, in a haze.  
To guard his view, he breaks down others,  
Crushes voices, stifles flight,  
As if to say, "If I'm in chains,  
Then none shall walk in light."  
He mocks the beasts as lesser things,  
Yet stoops below their quiet grace,  
Performs what even they would shun,  
Then stares himself in the mirror's face.  
He wears a child's mask of sorrow,  
Wrecks the lives that cross his path,  
And hides among the coward's crowd,  
Unmoved by consequence or wrath.  
He claims, "The past is dead, I've changed,"  
But what of the soul he once betrayed?  
That child too was lost in time,  
Left to wither, left afraid.  
Can such wounds forget the fire?  
Can such echoes fade away?  
The pain still breathes in silent rooms,  
The grief still haunts the day.  
No, you won't change, nor will you try,



You feed on pain to taste delight.  
Yet in your game, one fault you made,  
You stirred a soul once lost to dark.  
And slept in wounded peace,  
Now stirs with burning eye.  
Your cruelest gift shall not be wasted,  
Witnessing the birds loving their prison,  
she knew,  
awareness was her poison.  
Dreaming of leaving behind the cage of,  
slavery and sick notion.  
Removing the veil of ignorance,  
When raised voice,  
was labeled as the act of arrogance.  
What a fair world she lived in,  
the king remains the king even after he sin,  
Where one's life was decided by his kin?  
The birth of a person,  
described his prison where freedom was given to none on the name  
of caste and religion?  
Controlled by the notion,  
that she used to consider her own emotion,  
when realised the truth,  
her belief was shattered and broken.  
Watching the sun go down,  
She remembered the life she lived as a mere pawn,  
remembering the chances where she could have the crown.  
Despite the time she lost,  
the sacrifice of love this freedom costs,  
she was glad of finding the life she lost.  
It might be delayed but won't be dead.

# A Cracked Mirror

**Amber Hameed**

I am Amber Hameed. I did masters in english literature and post graduation in ELT..i have always intrigued by the beauty of poetry..expressing the feelings by being concise yet whole..

---

A Cracked Mirror...

Reflects as many parts of me

As many pieces,

All look back at me in awe..

Reminds me of all the broken pieces;

One left alone at night

One losing the game

One left aching inside

One being the scapegoat

All looking at me now

'Standing and growing'

Rediscovering myself..

## Because we end

**Hamz majid**

Hi, I am Hamza majid. I am 14 years old and I study in Delhi public school. I like to write poetry and I love to play music as well. I want to thank everyone who loves my work.

---

If we could live forevermore,  
Would we still cherish what we're living for?  
Would sunsets feel as warm and bright,  
If endless days replaced the night?

The flowers bloom, then fade away,  
That's what gives beauty to their stay.  
The clock keeps moving, none can hide,  
And that's what gives our steps their stride.

We love because we know we'll part,  
That's what makes moments touch the heart.  
A single laugh, a hand to hold,  
Becomes more precious than pure gold.



Death stands silent, far from sight,  
A shadow walking with the light.  
Not there to steal, not there to hate,  
But to remind us time won't wait.

So chase your dreams beneath the sky,  
Speak your truth, don't let it die.  
For life's not precious despite its end,  
Its ending makes it worth the spend.

The stars burn bright, then fade above,  
Yet still they fill the world with love.  
And maybe that's life's greatest art—  
Not living forever,  
But leaving a mark upon a heart.

# Birth or Reincarnation?

## Elijah Hendricks

The Twenty-First of April marks the date an innocent soul was born:

Skin as fair as snow,  
Hair as smooth as silk,  
Eyes as bright as stars,  
A smile that personified sunshine.

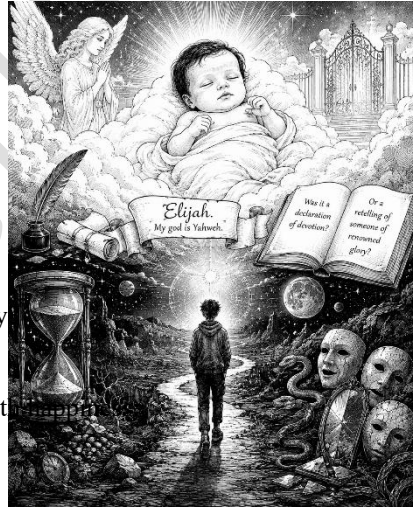
He was the purest soul that ever lived,  
Even the angels praised his grandeur,  
One that refracted Heaven's promise.

"Elijah."  
My god is Yahweh.

Was it a declaration of devotion?  
Or a retelling of someone of renowned glory?

Nothing in this world is of true purity;  
Fate does not favor those who were born with

You must earn it.  
The Universe will eternally test your worth,  
Forever trapping you in a cycle of self-righteousness,  
Until your broken spirit proves you virtuous.



# BLITHE OF THE GIRL I LOVED

Hirako

The war that has started for you  
Is the war where I am losing for you  
How soon I have lost this race  
That soon you changed your face  
Darling, I thought you were my mate  
But God knows you have become my fate  
I thought you were the moonlight which loved me  
But never knew you were the light that killed me  
Our love is a flower that never blooms  
My soul is the one that forever glooms  
At last the way you brought the wreath  
Is the way you took away my last breath



A Cracked Mirror.  
Amber Hamesel



BLITHE OF THE GIRL I LOVED  
Hirako



BLATTER  
Vishakha Tiwari



A Flames Final Lie.  
Ehab Hendricks



## The seed

### Rainly herder

Rainly herder a student this year for college in her hometown. She has loved writing short stories and poems when she was introduced to it in middle school.

---

I'm a seed in a world of many monsters  
One that looks the same of every other seed  
Monsters can be anything even a seed like us  
Seeds are a hope of life  
A small growth in a big world  
They can be beautiful and warm  
But even seed can go bad if not treated right  
They are fragile but strong  
But only time will tell



# A Silent Companion

**Simran Tekwani**

Simran Tekwani is a self-published author of *Forget & Smile*, a passionate poet, and a firm believer in the power of words to heal and connect. Writing has always been her way of understanding both herself and the world around her.

---

It never judged the mess I made  
A silent companion that always stayed.  
Not perfect words, not always right,  
But this pen made every syllable bright.  
It saw the days I could barely speak,  
With crumbled pages, torn & weak.  
When the world turned loud & cold,  
It was this pen I could hold.  
It bled my truth on silent pages,  
Narrating my secret wars & hidden rages.  
When life offered me to stop there,  
It whispered gently, "I am here."  
For words don't ask for space or sun,  
They break cages and then they run.  
I rewrote the world with my tool,



A journey that had my rule.

I owe no crowd, I owe no stage,

I owe the pen, I owe the page.

And when I raised up high, they asked how

I hold my pen, and tell them now.

CORRECTION

# Letters Never Sent

## Syeda Hijaab Fatima

Syeda Hijaab Fatima is a young under eighteen poet and emerging novelist whose writing explores human emotions, resilience, identity, and the unspoken realities of society.

A drawer inside the heart— hidden mysteriously beneath the ribs.

Envelopes gathered in dust, their corners folded by hesitation.

Thousands of letters rest in silence,

each one beginning with

almost- escaped words.

Some faded before the ink could recognize  
its true meaning.

Some were stained with tears that never  
fell.

But somehow...

Nothing was sealed.

None was ever posted.

For courage, it seemed, arriving a little too  
late— every single time.



# The letter I Never sent

Vaishnavi Holey

I feel the urge to hold you close  
to look at you once, fully,  
and let you live forever in my eyes.  
People say you echo through my words,  
that you dwell quietly within my gaze.  
Yet witness my unrest  
I wander the world, still searching for you.

If I'm honest, my eyes are not filled with you alone;  
they also shelter tears.  
I wish I could tell you what my heart carries,  
lighten its weight, if only a little.  
But I am not unaware  
you are still innocent,  
unfinished by time, tender in age.

And these tears are not merely easing my soul;  
somewhere within them, they look for you.



They wish to be angry with you,  
and only you may soothe them.  
As if my wisdom stands in opposition  
to your affection, born of innocence.

I live you more than you live yourself and perhaps I live myself  
even more.

In this single lifetime,  
you and I have played two roles together  
is that not proof enough?  
Let anyone who can, measure it.

Now I only wish to meet you,  
to hold you close.  
Surely, a sermon on worldly matters is due  
is it not?

More beautiful than your form  
is this role you inhabit  
without a doubt.

These unspoken truths

even Shri Krishna Yadav may read,  
but to understand them,  
my younger brother (Kaanhu) is enough.

I believe you are the helmsman of my other self;  
for without your will,  
not even a single leaf in this world can move !!

CORRECTION

# FROM MOCKERY TO MAJESTY: God's Hand On A Life

**Ms. Bindhu KM**

Bindhu K. M. is an award-winning author, poet, and storyteller with contributions to over 30 anthologies. She is the author of the fiction book " *The Chronicle's Codes: When fiction becomes truth and truth becomes fiction*" and is recognized for her engaging narratives and literary excellence.

People of his time 'strained',  
To forget him  
Rejected him from their land.  
People of this time 'strain' to adore him,  
With an unexplainable devotion.  
What a contradictory demeanor!  
  
A pure soul chased by evil  
And an entire land, then.  
Now is at redemption,  
Deserving a crown of glory.  
  
My Lord shall crown him with eternal



Priesthood and Kingship

He is a wonderful warrior,

The treasured peacekeeper.

Let the world sleep unannoyed

In his peace for his people

Who waited for him, losing their

Body of desires and dreams,

Saving souls from the hell of fire.

Earth shakes in agony

Emits her fury, commands the seas to engulf the land

Uproot every human pride and possession

A plan made in heavenly realms

For the cosmic balance,

Between divine plans and human desires.

Is it inevitable to balance

To control the wicked?

The aggressive and disobedient,

The namesake believers.

This version never serves human desires

But the divine will.

Oh, world, leave your hope,

To tame the Divine with your favours,

Here matter the tears of sacrifice and true devotion

Not your fake, profiteering actions.

You stand before the holy!

That burns all sins,

That melts all minds,

That counts all atrocities,

That sees all creations.

Yes, holy was the chosen

One who is born holy

A strong pillar on whom

A miraculous kingdom will rise.

# ART AND POETRY

**Manasvi Sharma**

A writer from India, hoping to get their own poetry book published one day. I want to leave an impact in the world through my poems. I want my ideas to be remembered through the poems I write.

The poet wanted to be the poetry

The artist wanted to be the art

Both yearned to be loved

Yet God gave them the ability

To be loving endlessly

A love that can surpass time itself

For poetry never fades

And art never dulls

No matter how powerful the grim reaper might be

He can take away people

But not art and poetry

If anybody would ask them

About love and its road of torment



Both would smile and sigh  
Because they loved too deeply  
But everybody left without saying goodbye.

They preserve their muse  
Through their writing and their painting  
So that even when death claims everything  
It can't take away them

And let me tell you a secret  
The secret to immortality isn't a miracle  
But art and poetry itself.

# THE MESSAGE TO MYSELF FOR SELF-LOVE

**Ms. Bindhu KM**

Bindhu K. M. is an award-winning author, poet, and storyteller with contributions to over 30 anthologies. She is the author of the fiction book *'The Chronicle's Codes'* and is recognized for her engaging narratives and literary excellence.

“Self-love” is one of the most confusing and misinterpreted words in the world. But it holds utmost importance in this fast-paced modern age where people run behind goals, where humans are tested by misfortunes, and finally forget to live a life of fullness. Self-love is the foundation of our mental peace, physical health, spiritual growth, social fulfilment, and overall growth.

A life concern that we must understand, and a principle to lead in life and promote in our social circles.

To be more precise, self-love is living a life knowing our soul, needs, and life mission; moreover, a divine fulfilment. It is never a luxury, but it is a real need of our body and mind. Self-love is a necessity, not an imagination. In short, it should be the core principle in everyone’s life.



Unfortunately, self-love is misinterpreted as selfishness, but it is not. The meaning of self-love is finding one’s own worth in this busy world, realising one’s mission in life, giving time to breathe consciously, nurturing oneself with hydrating water of calmness, inhaling soothing air of mental peace, and nutrients of happiness and self-fulfilment.

Self-love is not about ignoring or neglecting the care of others, but is all about prioritising and acknowledging one's own needs and existence.

That's the gracious moment when you find the divinity in you. Being aware of who you really belong with, and what should guide your footsteps, it is a break of silence, becoming aware of who you are and what you should become.

Self-love is an act of wisdom, a thoughtful path to the fulfilment of life.

CORRECTION

# The Last Letter

**Shagufa Ahmad**

Shagufa Ahmad is an English teacher, poet, and emerging author with a deep love for words and storytelling. Through her poems, short stories, and heartfelt letters, she explores themes of love, loss, hope, resilience, and human emotions.

---

You knew, didn't you?

You knew I wouldn't know how to live without you.

Yet you walked away as though leaving me behind was the easiest thing you had ever done.

If you ever come back, look at me carefully. Look at what is left of the girl who once believed her entire world began and ended with you. I am still breathing, but I don't know if this is what living is supposed to feel like.

Before you left, I wish you had stopped for just one moment and wondered what would become of me. I wish you had imagined me crying until there were no tears left, waiting for a message that would never come, hoping every unfamiliar call would somehow be yours.

You probably knew I wouldn't be able to survive your absence.

And you were right.

People say time heals everything, but time has only taught me how to hide my wounds. It never healed them.

Sometimes I tell myself that perhaps my love was one-sided. Maybe I loved you more than you ever loved me.

But then another question finds its way back into my heart.

Didn't you feel anything for me?

Not even once?

Didn't my presence ever make your day a little brighter? Didn't my smile ever make you smile? Was every moment we shared so easy to forget?

That question has lived inside me ever since you left.

How does someone become a stranger to the person they once held so close?

You turned away without looking back. You never asked if I was okay. You never asked whether I had eaten, whether I had slept, whether I was still smiling.

But from the day I met you until this very moment, I have never stopped praying for you.

The only thing that changed is what I ask God for.

Once, I prayed that you would become mine. Now, I simply pray that wherever you are, you are happy.

I still wonder if the reason you left was truly so impossible that nothing could have been saved.

Didn't our love deserve one last conversation?

One last meeting?

One last goodbye?

I cannot believe I meant so little to you that silence became our ending.

I often think that if you ever returned, you would find me exactly where you left me—not in the same place physically, but emotionally.

Still waiting.

Still carrying conversations that never happened.

Still holding onto a goodbye I never received.

They say separation hurts more than death.

I never understood those words until I lost you.

There were nights when breathing felt difficult.

My hands trembled.

My chest felt unbearably heavy.

I had never imagined that someone could remain alive while feeling as though everything inside them had already died.

The hardest part wasn't your absence.

It was needing you when you were no longer there.

There was only me...



And a silence so loud that it echoed through every corner of my life.  
People eventually forget faces, places, and even voices.  
But they never forget the way someone once made them feel.  
I still remember our first meeting.  
I remember waiting for you with countless questions in my heart.  
But the moment you stood before me, every question disappeared.  
Seeing you brought me a peace I had searched for my entire life.  
Perhaps that is how a child feels after finding comfort in their  
mother's embrace.  
Meeting you felt like every unanswered prayer I had whispered to  
God had finally been heard.  
For the first time, life felt beautiful.  
For the first time, I wanted tomorrow to come.  
You became my reason to smile without trying.  
Then one day...  
You left.  
And everything beautiful seemed to leave with you.  
The light in my eyes slowly faded.  
The smile on my face became unfamiliar.  
Even laughter started sounding borrowed.  
I still remember the first time you held my hand.  
In that one simple moment, every heartbeat inside me celebrated.  
You never looked into my eyes and said, "I love you."  
But love isn't always spoken.  
Sometimes it is hidden in the way someone waits for you.  
The way they remember little things.  
The way they notice your silence.  
The way they protect your heart without even realizing it.  
You made me believe I was loved.  
I didn't imagine those feelings.  
You planted them inside me.  
And when I finally confessed—  
"I've fallen in love with you."  
I don't think I can ever live without you."  
—I never imagined those words would become my punishment.  
Since then, I have met new people.  
Kind people.  
Good people.

But every time someone walks into my life, I find myself searching for traces of you.

Would you have laughed like this?

Would you have cared like this?

Would you have understood me without explanations?

And when the answer is no, I quietly walk away.

Maybe that isn't fair to them.

But neither was losing you.

Perhaps you think I have forgotten you.

How could I?

Some people leave your life.

Others leave pieces of themselves inside your soul.

You belong to the second kind.

The bond between my heart and your memory has never broken.

Whether we speak or remain strangers forever, your memories continue to visit me every single day. .

Not a single morning passes without your name crossing my mind.

Not a single night ends without me wondering where you are.

I don't know who will hold your hand in the future.

I don't know who will become your home.

I only know this—

No one will ever love you the way I did.

Because I loved you without conditions.

Without expectations.

Without knowing whether I would ever be loved back.

Perhaps that was my mistake.

Or perhaps it was simply the purest thing I ever felt.

This letter exists because some emotions become too heavy to carry in silence.

Maybe one day these words will somehow reach you.

Maybe you'll read them when life is quieter.

Maybe, just for a moment, you'll remember me.

Maybe you'll wonder how the girl who loved you so deeply disappeared from your life.

And maybe you'll whisper to yourself—

"I should have spoken to her one last time."

Sometimes I think love is the most beautiful miracle God ever created.

It gives ordinary moments extraordinary meaning.

A simple smile becomes unforgettable.  
A brief conversation becomes someone's favorite memory.  
A goodbye becomes the beginning of a lifetime of longing.  
With you, I truly lived.  
Happiness finally felt complete.  
Hope became real.  
Even prayers started making sense.  
You were never just another person to me.  
You became my peace.  
My safest place.  
My favorite habit.  
My reason to believe that broken people could become whole again.  
Then you disappeared Quietly.  
Without explanations, Without promises.  
Without looking back.  
As though everything we shared had belonged to another lifetime.  
But despite everything...  
I never hated you.  
There were countless nights when I could have filled my prayers  
with anger.  
I could have asked God to make you feel my pain.  
Instead, every prayer ended the same way.  
May you always be happy.  
May life be kind to you.  
May no one ever hurt you the way losing you hurt me.  
Because love never taught me revenge.  
It only taught me how to keep loving someone, even after they  
became a memory.  
All I ever wanted was for you to stay.  
Just once...  
To hold my hand ,To look into my eyes.  
And tell me,  
"Everything will be alright."  
Perhaps that single sentence would have saved something inside me.  
But maybe some stories are never meant to have happy endings.  
Maybe some people come into our lives only to teach us what love  
feels like, not what forever looks like.  
You became the most beautiful chapter of my life.  
And also the most painful.

You are the unfinished story I still carry inside my heart.  
A story I could never complete...  
Yet one I will never stop loving.  
So this is my last letter.  
Not because I have stopped loving you.  
But because I have finally accepted that some letters are never  
answered...  
Some goodbyes are never spoken...  
And some people remain with us forever—  
Only as memories.  
And if life is ever kind enough to bring you back to this letter...  
I won't ask you to love me again.  
I won't ask you to return to me.  
I only ask for one thing.  
One last call.  
One last conversation.  
One last meeting.  
A goodbye that we never had.  
Because some stories deserve an ending, even if they are not meant  
to have another beginning.  
Until that day, if it ever comes...  
I'll carry your memories with the same love I always have.  
And somewhere, in the quietest corner of my heart, a part of me will  
keep waiting—  
For your last call.  
For your last meeting.  
For the goodbye we never got to say.  
And if that day never comes...  
Know this:  
You were loved beyond words,  
Beyond reasons, And beyond endings.  
And perhaps...  
In another lifetime,  
We will meet again— Not to say goodbye...  
But to stay with each other...

## Noches de rencor

Julia Molina

Unida a las voces  
vuelves a asomarte.  
Absurdo sería  
huir de tus sonrisas.  
Otra sombra más  
llena de burlas mías.  
Maldita seas,  
tan joven y eterna.  
Desapareces,  
pero el vacío solo crece.



# Noche silenciosa

Julia Molina

El Sol se despide  
y el mundo se apaga.  
Dejándome sola con lo que más temo,  
mis propios pensamientos,  
que me agarran con fuerza  
y con voces y susurros  
me consumen lentamente.  
Oh, la noche,  
tan silenciosa por fuera  
pero tan ruidosa por dentro.



# The God that could be seen

## Liklalen Lairenmayum

How great the path before me,  
When You lead me on my way.  
To the path of truth and success,  
Guiding me through every day.  
Till we reach our zenith's ray.

Shining all around,  
Spreading love and kindness bright.  
You taught us our duty;  
Holding out a hand in light,  
Afraid of nothing, standing right.

Hiding all the pain and sorrow,  
You taught us to smile awhile.  
You showed me  
The true meaning of hardwork, love, and sacrifice—  
A journey worthy every mile.

Most enlightened is the place  
Where I can find endless grace.  
Endless love, truth untold,  
Are the one true gifts to embrace:  
"The God that could be seen."



## Ek khwaab tha mera

Navneet Rai

Ek khawb tha mera,  
wahi manjil thi meri  
Jaha pahuchna tha hume  
Khud ko bhi kho ke.  
Magar mera khwab adhura sa reh gaya  
Jab meri manjil ne naya ashiyana chuna  
Koshish phir bhi kri paane ki  
Apni manjil ko behad chahne ki  
Uss din Toot bikhar gye hum  
Jab chun ke hume chhoda gaya  
Chhod diya wo manjil humne bhi  
Mere khuda ne naya ashiyana diya  
Mere khwabon ko nai manjil mil Gayi  
Ye naye raste mujhe chahne lge  
Ye manjil mili pehle se behtar  
Chaha hai isne hai sambhal bhi isne  
Tota tha main apanaya hai isne  
Ye manjil meri yahi ashiyana mera  
Yahi hai mere jeene ki wajah  
Isse hi main mukkamal hua ...



# The Masquerade

Jiyanshi Virmani

Jiyanshi, a 16 year old, she writes poems and essays. She has been a co-author of more than seven anthologies. She has an Instagram account dedicated to poetry called “Aurelia\_journal”, she handles a newly made awareness page called “the.lantern.journal”.

---

Lights on, cameras drawn.

This time, I choose what to be shown.

The chandelier glitters as it watches me perform.

Now, I become who they came for.

Silk gloves, crooked smiles,

The mask knows me better than myself.

The ballroom, a huge cage,

where you're trapped until you understand how to play.

Midnight came, but the mask didn't fall.

It's strange how the world preferred someone I did not know.

The dancing continues, the mirage stays on.

But something feels off.

I adored the light until it left me alone.

Lights off, cameras gone.

I watch the mirrorball reflect borrowed light like it is its own.

I chose the illusion, but not myself.

The mask slipped on its own.

I removed the lie, but the truth doesn't knock yet.

I still wait like it might come any second.  
Without the audience, is the art even worth the price?  
The night ended and set me free,  
but where do I go if I have no place to be?  
I exist, with the mask, the smile, the laugh.  
But without it, I'm just a lost soul.  
Broken and scattered like a mirrorball.  
The play ended, like someone blew on the flame of a candle.  
And I see a reflection.  
The mirror returns a face it swears is mine.  
It vanishes again when the light turns on.  
So I live when I hear my name in the applause.  
And the ballroom remains the place that calls me home.



## love of *life* .

**Julfiya rosul Ahmed**

Hi, I am Writter ' J' R Ahmed.

Today is my birthday and I have no idea what to do . Then I saw my best friend " **Jack** ". I call him and he said hi ,Jay what's up .

Screctly, I love jack. But I can't said because when he came in front of me. My heart goes 100 + drop. I feel shy. But he is my best friend . One day he asked me - who do you like? I say something about it and I don't know that who had complaint about it and I don't know how to make different things. Actually this is the first part .



## She shared My Name

**Abiha Fatima**

My name is Abiha Fatima. I write about the things that rarely announce themselves, the quiet griefs, forgotten memories, invisible transformations, and questions that stay long after the answers are gone.

---

Every Saturday morning, I visit the cemetery. The old caretaker has stopped asking questions. The first year, he watched me with the careful sympathy people reserve for fresh grief. The second year, he greeted me by name. By the fifth, he had begun placing fresh water in a small glass vase before I even arrived. Routine has a peculiar way of disguising tragedy. Now he simply nods when he sees me carrying white lilies. "You've come to see your friend again." And I nod. "Yes." It is easier than explaining. Her grave sits beneath the oldest tree in the cemetery. The roots have begun swallowing the edges of the stone. Nature has never been particularly respectful of permanence. I brush away the fallen leaves. The marble is always cold. I tell her about my week. The books I've read. The poems I've ruined by editing too much. The people who mistook confidence for happiness. Sometimes I laugh while talking. Sometimes I get emotional. The cemetery has become the only place where both seem equally appropriate. She would have loved autumn. Not because of the leaves. Because she used to collect things everyone else ignored. Bottle caps. Feathers. Broken chalk from classroom floors. She once cried because the janitor threw away a bird's nest after a storm. "It took them so long to build it." That was her argument. She believed effort deserved to survive. Children say remarkable things before adults teach them practicality. We met on the first day of school. Neither of us liked introducing ourselves. So

instead, we compared pencil boxes. She always sharpened her pencils before class. I waited until they broke. She hated mathematics. I hated being called on to read aloud. She would trade me her ruler for my blue pen. Every Friday, we promised we'd never stop being friends. Back then, forever still sounded believable. I remember rainy dismissal. Our shoes soaked through. Folding paper boats from homework sheets. Arguing over whether clouds had favorite cities. Saving seats for one another. The smell of library books. The teacher who always tucked loose strands of hair behind our ears before photographs. The tiny victories that felt enormous. Finishing lunch before recess ended. Getting every spelling word right. Finding five rupees beneath the desk and believing fortune had personally visited us. Funny. No one tells you that one day those ordinary afternoons will become priceless. Last winter, the caretaker asked, "What was she like?" I answered without thinking. She couldn't solve fractions. She always finished the blue candy first. She wrote her name with tiny circles instead of dots. She cried whenever classroom plants died. She trusted everyone. She apologized to tables after bumping into them. She believed birthdays changed people overnight. She thought adults never lied. She laughed so hard she'd forget what was funny. She never looked at the clock while spending time with someone she loved. He smiled. "You must miss her terribly." I looked at the gravestone. "Every day." Sometimes I bring old notebooks. I read them aloud to her. The pages are filled with impossible handwriting. Letters shaped like tiny houses. Circles instead of dots. Margins decorated with flowers that botanists would never recognize. She wanted to become everything. An artist. A painter. A detective. A teacher. A writer. A journalist. A bird. I have tried very hard to become someone she would admire. Children have the extraordinary privilege of believing identity is unlimited. Adults call that immaturity. I call it honesty. There is something strange about growing older. Nobody announces that someone is leaving. There is no funeral. No condolences. No black clothing. One ordinary afternoon, while

trying very hard to become acceptable, someone quietly gathers the child you used to be and walks away with her. The world applauds. They call it "growing up." The first thing she lost was the habit of asking "why?" The second was speaking without rehearsing. Then came curiosity. Wonder. Trust. The loud laugh. The ridiculous dreams. One by one, they disappeared so politely that nobody noticed a life was ending. Least of all me. The caretaker asked me once, "Does her family ever visit?" I almost answered. Then I realized I had no idea. How do you explain that the only person still mourning her is the one who survived? The gravestone bears no name. It never needed one. I always knew who rested beneath it. Every year, I bring flowers to the girl who believed promises were permanent. Who waved at passing trains. Who collected pretty stones because beauty alone was reason enough. Who thought home was wherever laughter echoed. She was my oldest friend. We shared the same birthday. The same dreams. The same handwriting. We even answered to the same name. Strange, how nobody noticed there were never two little girls. Only one, disappearing so gradually that everyone mistook it for growing up. I still visit her. Not because I believe she will return. Some seasons are not meant to bloom twice. I visit because memory, like a neglected grave, grows quieter when left unattended. And I am terrified of a day when I walk past that stone, unable to remember the sound of her laugh.

"I buried the only person who knew me before I learned to perform."

Because perhaps the cruelest part of becoming an adult is not that we lose our innocence. It is that we eventually stop noticing the silence it leaves behind. "I buried the only person who knew me before I learned to perform."

# Brutally yours

Sirenaiink

She walked into his world with conditions in her hands and survival in her heart.

Aditya Malhotra was a man who believed everything could be controlled. Power. People. Outcomes. A contract marriage was just another calculated decision... until the woman he married refused to become another thing he could own.

Inside the walls of the Malhotra house, battles weren't fought with raised voices, but with silence, stolen glances, difficult choices, and two people who slowly began changing each other in ways neither of them expected.

What began as an arrangement built on obligation slowly became something far more dangerous...

A choice.

But can love born inside a cage ever become truly free?

**Brutally Mine** is a dark, emotional slow-burn romance about control, freedom, healing, and the quiet courage it takes to choose someone... and to let them choose you back.



# Ashes of Tomorrow

Varda Naeem

My name is Varda Naeem, though I write under the pen name VN. I have been writing for nearly four years, finding in it both refuge and expression.

---

A broken shell is all that's left  
All the dreams have turned into ash  
The moments of joy is nowhere to be found  
The peace is gone, replaced by despair

Amidst the chaos, there's a distinct voice  
Telling me I'm better off left behind  
The stars have all lost their shine  
As if they too, are tired of the nights

A thousand thoughts echo in the confines of my heart  
No soul willing to listen to the whispers in dark  
All paths lead to the ruins of life  
Every road here follows the downfall of human kind

My heart aches to be free of this world  
My mind begs to be heard, just once  
My body refuses not to be numb  
Yet my soul never agrees to give up and run



## The Last Draft

Isha Sai

---

A month before my boyfriend's birthday, I sat in front of my laptop, typing the longest love letter I had ever written.  
I wanted him to know how much he meant to me.  
Everything between us had always seemed perfect. We had been together for three beautiful years, and we were about to enter our fourth. I believed we were the kind of couple everyone wished for. I had planned everything.  
A midnight surprise.  
His favorite cake.  
Fresh flowers.  
A special gift.  
And the love letter I had saved for the perfect moment.  
Finally, it was the night before his birthday.  
At exactly 11:45 PM, I stood outside his house, ready to surprise him.  
I called him twice.  
No answer.  
As I waited outside his door, I heard laughter.  
A girl's laughter.  
Then I noticed a pair of women's slippers outside.  
My heart stopped.  
Every fear...  
Every strange feeling I had ignored...  
Suddenly made sense.  
I couldn't gather the courage to knock.  
I quietly turned around and walked away.  
With tears blurring my vision, I stepped onto the road and everything went dark.

When I opened my eyes, I was in a hospital.  
Someone had tried calling him from my phone because he was my  
favorite contact.  
Maybe he never answered.  
Maybe he never saw the calls.  
But it didn't matter anymore.  
It was too late.  
I was gone.  
The next morning...

### **11th November. His birthday.**

Right on time, he received the scheduled  
birthday message I had written weeks earlier.  
***"Happy Birthday, my love. I hope today becomes as special as you  
are."***  
He smiled.  
He immediately called me.  
Once.  
Twice.  
Again.  
No answer.  
That wasn't like me.  
We had planned to meet at 11:00 AM to celebrate his birthday  
together, and I had never ignored his calls before.  
A strange fear settled in his heart.  
Without wasting another second, he rushed to my house.  
The moment he entered...  
He froze.  
Everyone was crying.  
And I was lying on the floor...  
Silent forever.  
Someone gently said,



*"Please... bring her photograph from her room."*

Unable to believe what he had just seen, he slowly walked upstairs.

My room looked exactly the way I had left it.

Beautifully wrapped gift boxes covered my bed.

The outfit I had planned to wear for his birthday was neatly ironed and hanging on the chair.

Just then, a notification appeared on my laptop.

*"Your parcel is on the way."*

He realized...

It was the cake and flowers I had ordered for his birthday.

His lips trembled as he whispered,

*"She had planned everything..."*

As he closed the notification, another tab caught his attention.

Its title read—

***Love Letter.***

***"My last draft"***

The letter I had planned to hand him at midnight on his birthday.

With trembling hands, he opened it.

He read every word.

Every dream.

Every promise.

Every little forever we had imagined together.

Then...

He reached the last line.

It wasn't finished.

It simply read—

***"I love....."***

He stared at those two incomplete words for what felt like forever.

A tear rolled down his cheek.

In a voice barely louder than a whisper, he completed the sentence himself.

***"I loved you... more than you'll ever know."***

For the first time...

He realized how deeply I had loved him.  
And for the rest of his life...  
He could never decide what hurt more.  
Losing me...  
Or realizing my love only after I was gone.  
I never got to finish writing "I love you."  
The words remained incomplete.  
Just like us.  
And that's how my love letter became...  
The Last Draft. ❤️

CORRECTION

# Nobody Tells You Adulthood Is a Compromise

Tahira Khair

Nobody tells you that adulthood is not just freedom and dreams. It is about sacrifice, compromise, and silent battles no one sees.

Nobody tells you that growing up means carrying worries behind a smile, walking through storms in your heart while talking to the world and saying, "I am fine."

Sometimes life feels like rubbing your heels against rough roads, getting tired, getting hurt, yet still moving forward.

For small moments of happiness, for basic needs, for simple peace, we often find ourselves begging life for things that should come with ease.

Adulthood is learning that not every fight can be won with strength alone. Some battles are fought in silence, with tears that remain unknown. You compromise with time, with people, and with your own desires. You let go of certain dreams just to keep other hopes alive.

And yet, every morning you rise again, carrying burdens without a sound. Because deep inside, you know giving up is not an option now.



Nobody tells you this truth when you are young: adulthood is not about having it all. It is about standing tall through hardships, even when life makes you crawl.

CORRECTION

# A LETTER LEFT UNSPOKEN

Cashvin Sood

Cashvin is a student who enjoys writing poetry that gives words to emotions often left unspoken. Writing has always been a way to reflect, heal, and connect with others through honest experiences.

I know I have lost—  
as a student,  
as a friend,  
as a lover,  
as a sister,  
and, most importantly,  
as a daughter.

I know that I am  
no less than a shattered dream.

But believe me,  
I have always strived  
to be the best version of myself.  
I've always attempted  
to make sure that my conviction reassures you.

But I think  
it's time for me to let go—  
to let go of myself.

I know, I know,  
I owe a thousand silent thanks  
to a million souls.  
I owe more  
than words can ever show.



But let my words be your certainty,  
for life continues to bloom,  
and time does not stop  
for every fall.

Maybe it's time  
for me to grow wings,  
time for me  
to fly miles away.

And maybe it's time  
for me  
to be a heavenly spark.

Perhaps all I want from you  
is to stay by my grave  
a little longer than

all those pretending  
to be by my side.

Yet do not let your footsteps find me,  
before I am laid beneath the ground.

For these hands  
shall no longer rise  
to wipe away your tears.

Shall no longer rise  
to wipe away your tears.

# The Devil

## Girneata Carmen

I thought the devil didn't reach me  
until I realized  
He reached me  
the day I understood  
that the person who gave me life  
would not be here for eternity.  
That one day, the hands that held me first  
would slip from mine,  
slowly or suddenly,  
and nothing  
not love, not prayers,  
not the way I memorized her voice  
could stop time  
from stealing her.  
He reached me  
the moment I realized  
that even my father  
the one who was supposed to feel unshakeable,



immortal,  
bigger than the world  
would not be here forever.

He reached me  
when I looked at my father  
and saw a man  
not a hero  
a man who gets tired,  
who hurts,  
who ages,  
who will one day  
leave me too.

And for the first time,  
I feared time itself.

He reached me  
when I thought about my childhood friends  
the ones I once swore  
would stay forever.

How we grew up together  
only to grow apart.

How we promised we'd never change

but the world changed us anyway.

One moved on,  
one drifted away,  
one became someone I barely recognized,  
and suddenly I was left  
with memories that felt softer  
than the people themselves.

He reached me  
in the friendships of now  
the ones I tried to hold on to.  
People I trusted  
looked through me,  
walked past me,  
forgot me  
as easily as taking a breath.

They outgrew me  
like an old sweater  
warm once,  
but no longer needed.

And I stood there,  
watching them laugh without me,

wondering when exactly  
I became a ghost  
in the lives I used to live.  
He actually reached me when  
He made me wake up every day  
in a world where  
dead people receive more flowers  
than the living ones  
because regret  
is stronger than gratitude.  
We don't say "I love you"  
until it's too late.  
We don't hold people close  
until the funeral chairs are full.  
We don't cherish  
until the loss  
is carved into us.  
And I learned that  
far too young.  
I learned it in the hospital rooms.  
I learned it at gravesides.

I learned it in the silence  
after someone I needed  
was no longer there.

CORRECTION

## .....Nature in you.....

**Manav poudel**

Manav Poudel, 16, Student from nepal,bansgadhi-5,bardiya.  
Passionate about learning, always curious, and striving to improve every day.

---

Thy mesmerizing eyes, sparkling in the dark,makes me hate the moon's glory

The waving movement of your hair;

The hair which makes me gloom

The devil's smile you got, Every time I see,my brain dooms

Even rose feel rocks in compare to thy touch

Every words feels so short, As I've got time so much

Even cuckoo feels dull front in thy voice

There's a lot things in nature but thee is only choice.

There's flood of tingling sensation inside my heart,

which gets stimulated by your call

I want to be released by this delusion

but every time your love wins And I fall.



## Summary of life

**Manav poudel**

I'm Manav Poudel, a 16-year-old student from nepal, bansgadhi-5, bardiya who enjoys learning new things, exploring ideas, and working toward a brighter future.

---

Born word starts the Tourney

Asks Question How to find the shore

Who is the pilot , Who is my company ?

Shedding tears and pain teaches to faikle hardship

Afyaid of hard worke finding way to leap

Out of hundred darkness ,onic Toy sparked

One wYong chrection catalase the dayk

In the mid way many T-sunami came

but have to overcome this Drobblem

foy our dignity and fame

T'/l Aght to the end

fill the stars still bhinling

actual realty that's Tuesta thinking



While fighting these hurdles all energy's lost

Anally.Tive found peate when I Turned

INTO DUST'

CORRECTION

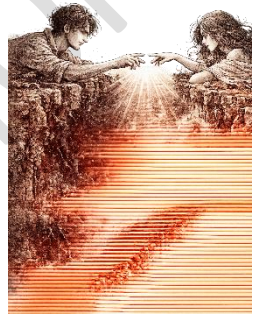
# Asymptote

Lorraine Antony

When good nights disappeared,  
I asked the ceiling fan,  
\_What did we break?\_  
The spark. The emoji.  
The 2 a.m. sentences  
that used to breathe.

Was it understanding  
that undid us?  
Or the space we gave  
to save each other's peace?  
We were distant while lying side by side,  
and together while miles apart.

Love was still there.  
It just forgot how to speak out loud.  
Living in the same room  
with no room for each other.



It hurt like prayer  
with no amen.

It was longing  
and looking after each other  
from across an infinite space.  
Same house. Same air.  
Two souls magnetized  
and exploding on contact.

Our love bloomed in distance.  
It wilted in closeness.  
Part of one whole magnet,  
but turned the wrong way.  
Part of one world,  
but standing at opposite edges.

So yes, love hurts.  
But it's the only reason  
my heart still beats.  
Love has no boundaries

when it comes to endurance.

It just taught me

how to love

in peace.

CORRECTION

# imperfection

Haleema Amir

A crack can hold a shining light,  
A flaw can make the stars seem bright.  
The broken things still have their place,  
In every scar, there's gentle grace



# Peace Withheld

**Shalom C. Anya**

Shalom C . Anya is a writer of African descent. She spends her time reading widely, studying craft, and steadily growing her literary skill, while also mentoring a community of writers from Nigeria and South Africa.

Many a times,  
walking through the beautiful corridors of life  
feels much more easier  
than taking a seat at the expensive table.

Such kind of decision,  
taking a seat at the table,  
Can demand more you bargain,  
And leave:  
twisted emotions,  
tested hope,  
truncated intentions.

So when the path feels so dim,  
and the weight comes crumbling on you,  
when you feel so invested  
and long to hear the voice in the wind  
whisper peace and breathe rest,

When everyone around seems to cave in,  
and the purity of your love goes largely unnoticed,  
Just rest!

The sea of life can be both beautiful and ugly,  
A baptism into which reveals a cloned you,  
or the real you,  
just remember:



clones are never original,  
even when they pretend to be.

So when you're tired and down,  
when life seems to play its trick on you,  
Just rest!

Regain peace,  
Relieve satisfaction,  
Remember your true you.

CORRECTION

# "Ek Anjaani Kahani"

Pragya chaudhary

Socha tha...

Isse to kabhi baat bhi nahi karungi...

Phir waqt ne seats badli..

aur do ajnabi baaton ke safar par chal diye....

Maine dosti samjhi,

usne meri har chhoti baat notice ki...

"Tum bahut caring ho..."

Bas itna hi kaha...

par us ek line ne kai sawaal chhod diye.

Phir ek din zid jeet gayi...

aur rishta haar gaya..

Ek complaint,

kuch aansu,

aur hazaar unsune ehsaas...

Usne "Sorry" kaha,

maine khamoshi...

20 din tak dono ke beech

sirf ego baat karti rahi...

Phir ek festival aaya...

Maine socha..

tyohar guzar jaate hain..

yaadein reh jaati hain...

Bas ek "Wish" ne

saari dooriyan halke se mita di..



Result ke din  
usne apna result mere haathon se dekhna chaha..  
Jaise meri zubaan se nikla  
"Pass"  
sirf ek result nahi..  
uski muskaan ka sabab ban gaya...

Aur jab main royi..  
Sab ne wajah poochhi..  
woh bina kuch kahe chala gaya..  
Laga shayad farq hi nahi padta...

Par raat ko ek message aaya..  
"Theek ho ab tum?"

uss din lga..Kabhi kabhi  
jo log sabke saamne kuch nahi kehte..  
woh tanhaai me sabse zyada fikr karte hain..

Na dosti ka naam mila..  
na mohabbat ka..  
Bas ek adhuri si kahani hai..  
jisme lafz kam..  
aur ehsaas bahut zyada hai...

# Lost In A Dream

**Ibne Raihan**

Hello, I am 15 years old. I love writing poems based on my own experiences. My poems are a way for me to share my thoughts and feelings with others.

A boy was born with a gentle heart,  
But it was broken from the very start.  
His parents were very mean,  
Yet he had such a nice dream.  
He was born to be loved by all,  
But the love slowly started to fall.  
He wanted only love and care,  
But no one wanted to be a little bit fair.  
He was hated by his mother the most,  
And everyone sees him as the worst.  
He tried his best to make them proud,  
Though he wasn't surrounded by helpful crowd.  
Soon a Villain woke up in him,  
And the Hero was lost in a dream.



# The Last Ray of Hope

MAHEK GUPTA

Mahek Gupta is an aspiring writer from Ahmedabad with a deep love for poetry and creative expression. Through words, they explore emotions, hope, self-discovery, and the beauty of everyday life.

---

I wrote these pages with quiet hands,  
Not seeking praise or loud applause.  
Only a place where fragile hearts  
Could finally rest without a cause.

Each line remembers who I was—  
A soul that feared it wasn't enough,  
A heart that searched in distant eyes  
For love that never chose to stay.

I learned how silence has a voice,  
How lonely nights can slowly teach,  
That broken dreams are not the end;  
They're simply stars we cannot reach.

Not every hand was meant to hold,  
Not every heart was meant to remain.  
Some people leave without goodbye,  
Yet somehow leave us gifts through pain.

So I stopped asking, "Why not me?"  
And asked instead, "Who can I become?"  
A kinder soul. A gentler light.  
Someone who loves despite the night.

If you have found these words today  
While carrying a hidden scar,  
Please know your worth was never measured



By those who couldn't see your heart.

Be gentle with the life you live.  
Be kind to strangers passing by.  
The battles people never speak  
Are often hidden behind a smile.

And when your story feels unfinished,  
When every page is stained with tears,  
Remember...

**The last draft is never the end.**

**It is the moment  
you stop searching for love  
in everyone else...  
and finally find it  
within yourself.**

CORRECTION

# The Pen Became My Wings

Nimra Afzal

Met Nimra one of the most remarkable and radiant personalities, passionate student of literature and a talented writer.

---

Dear Eleven-Year-Old Me,

You believed the sky was not just a ceiling, but a boundless promise waiting to be claimed. Every airplane that crossed above our house carried a vivid, tangible version of your future. You never watched them simply disappear into the clouds; you followed them with your entire heart, tracing their invisible, contrail-laced paths across the endless blue. You were convinced that one day, you would be inside the cockpit, chasing horizons no one else could see, with the world sprawling beneath you like a map. You spent countless hours sketching intricate flight paths in the margins of your school notebooks, your pencil dancing across the paper as you listened to the distant, muffled roar of jet engines. To you, that sound was a lullaby and a call to adventure all at once. You believed, with the absolute certainty only a child possesses, that dreams had only one destination: the open sky. You thought the crisp uniform, the breathtaking altitude, and the ultimate freedom of the clouds were specifically meant for you.



Life, however, is remarkably fluent in detours, and it rarely follows the flight plans we draw in our youth. The dream of becoming a pilot quietly slipped beyond your reach. It was never a dramatic, cinematic crash that shattered your hopes; rather, it was a slow, silent grounding. It happened in the quiet moments of

realization, in the shifting priorities of growing up, and in the heavy weight of circumstances beyond your control that quietly redirected your path. For a long time, it felt as though the sky had firmly closed its doors, locking you out of the world you had built in your mind. You lowered your eyes from the vast, inviting clouds to the hard, unforgiving pavement, believing your chance to fly had already passed.

In those years, silence became louder than words. Loneliness became a familiar companion, wrapping itself around you like a heavy blanket. Fear settled quietly into the deepest corners of your heart, whispering cruel lies and convincing you that you were destined for an entirely ordinary, unremarkable life. You felt stranded on the ground while everyone else seemed to be taking off, and the weight of that unfulfilled dream pressed heavily on your chest.

If I could step out of time and stand beside you now, at twenty-one, I would gently place a reassuring hand on your trembling shoulder. I would look into your wide, uncertain eyes and whisper something you would struggle to believe at that age: "A dream ending is not the same as a life ending." The years ahead will not magically make you fearless; life does not work that way. Instead, they will teach you how to move forward despite the fear, step by step, until the fear no longer leads the way. Every hardship you face will become a profound lesson, etching resilience into your bones. Every closed door will quietly, almost imperceptibly, guide you toward another opening you never knew existed. You will learn that the universe often denies our specific requests only to grant us something far greater, something we lacked the imagination to ask for.

Along this journey, you will also discover something truly extraordinary about yourself. The solitude you once mistook for emptiness, the quiet moments you thought were a curse, will become your greatest classroom. As an introvert navigating a loud,

chaotic world, you will learn the vital distinction that being alone is not the same as being lonely. Your quietness is not a weakness to be fixed; it is your sanctuary, your fortress. It is the sacred space where your scattered thoughts coalesce into compelling stories, where your deepest wounds are alchemized into profound wisdom, and where your silence finally finds its own unique, resonant voice. You were never empty, my dear younger self; you were simply gathering the words, hoarding the emotions, and observing the world with a depth that others missed. You were preparing for your true calling.

Last year, the dam finally broke, and you began to write. You didn't start because the world asked you to, or because you sought external validation, but because your soul could no longer remain unheard. The words were pressing against the inside of your chest, demanding to be let out. On quiet, starlit nights, while the rest of the world slept, you poured every unspoken dream, every stinging disappointment, and every fragile hope onto blank pages. The pen became your confidant, and the paper became your therapist. You wrote until your fingers ached and your eyes blurred, finding a strange comfort in the exhaustion.

Today, the culmination of those midnight efforts rests in the hands of readers. Your first solo book, a physical manifestation of your soul, carries not only your name on its cover but also a bleeding, beautiful piece of your heart within its pages. Furthermore, your words have found a home in several anthologies, sharing space with other voices that understand the language of the heart. It is a surreal and humbling realization that stories can travel farther, touch deeper, and soar higher than airplanes ever could. A pilot can carry passengers across oceans, but a writer can carry a reader's heart across lifetimes.

Somewhere along this unexpected, winding journey, you realized a beautiful, liberating truth: You never actually stopped flying. You simply exchanged a cockpit for a page. The pen became your wings.

When you write, you still experience the rush of takeoff, the thrill of navigating through the turbulence of complex emotions, and the serene, breathtaking view from above when you finally reach the climax of a story. You are still exploring uncharted territories, still chasing horizons, and still touching the clouds—just in a different dimension.

So, dear eleven-year-old me, look up at the sky one last time, smile at the little girl who dreamed so big, and then look down at the blank pages waiting for you. Do not grieve the dream that never came true in the way you imagined. Some dreams must gracefully fade so that a greater, more authentic purpose can quietly take their place. The girl who once dreamed of flying airplanes grew into a woman who helps others soar through her words, offering them wings when they feel grounded.

The world may never remember the specific destination you never reached or the pilot's uniform you never wore, but it will remember the immense courage it took to transform heartbreak into hope, silence into symphonies of text, and a simple pen into a pair of unbreakable wings.

Keep writing. Keep flying.

# Tears

Rukaiya Malik

How long will I cry?

For the one who did die.

You have gone much too soon.

We shall meet, before everything turns to doom.

I hope you are well.

Where you dwell.

Time has stood still and isn't passing.

Since you left, I have just been acting.

For now, I say farewell.

Till we meet, I shall not be well.



# Life

Rukaiya Malik

Sometimes I wonder what life is.

Then I realize what a gift it is.

To be able to eat, walk and breathe.

There is nothing greater than this and everyone agrees.

Each day is a chance to begin anew.

This is something known by few.

Does living mean you have to be happy?

Or do we all know it can be crappy?

Perhaps life is a combination of everything you do.

And no one really has a clue.



# The Witness Below

Haya Atif Gaba

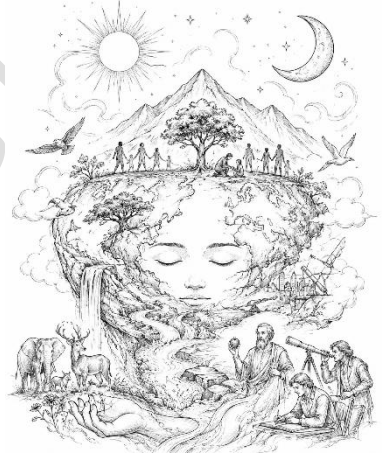
Haya Atif—a 13-year-old poet and author with a voice as deep as her love for verse. Having contributed to six anthologies and penned her own debut novel

I came into my role in submission,  
Turning as I was directed,  
Holding what I was commanded to hold,  
Growing what I was meant to grow,  
Living how I was told to live.

Then upon me, life was spread,  
Leaving prayers in some places  
And wounds in others.  
They walked upon me,  
Learning kindness in some places  
And mindlessness in others.  
I was stained where mercy was forgotten,  
I bloomed where love was begotten.  
Either way, I remained beneath them,  
Silent and aware.

I gave drink to roots and wings,  
I gave rain to waiting springs,  
I gave life to beasts and mortals,  
I bore mountains and valleys through their hurdles.  
I held the sun and moon in ordained paths,  
I nourished every leaf and vine that struggled to last.

They measured my rivers and counted my stars,  
Yet I remained,  
Silent beneath their quest.  
Newton watched as I let an apple fall,



And understood the force  
That guides all now.  
I patiently watched as humans learned fire and power,  
Until finally, Galileo discovered me—  
Not all at once, but hour by hour.

There will come a day when all will end,  
Life will be tested, truth will bend.  
Results revealed, no deed unshown,  
Not just the souls and creatures—but me too  
I carried it all through dark and light,  
I bore their wrongs, I held their rights  
I will remember everything.

CORRECTION

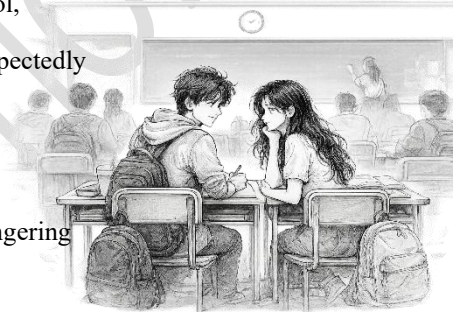
## More than a Coincidence

Haya Atif Gaba

Haya Atif—a 13-year-old poet and author with a voice as deep as her love for verse. Having contributed to six anthologies and penned her own debut novel

We were merely adolescents,  
adrift in the rigid, echoing corridors of school,  
when the chaotic variables of our lives unexpectedly  
converged.

We arrived that morning under the heavy, lingering  
shadow of a tardy bell—



an unplanned collision in a classroom that felt vast and intimidating,  
where all seats were occupied, except for the two left for us, side by  
side.

As we sat, momentarily breathless and isolated at those final desks,  
a clear tension of shared uncertainty hung heavy in the air.

I felt the quiet anxiety of the day, a weight I was prepared to carry  
alone,

until you turned to me, offering a brief, hesitant request for a humble mediator

That small, practical fragment of speech, so fragile and entirely mundane,

pierced through my isolation like a sudden light.

It was a quiet mercy, a bridge built in a blink,  
and I felt a profound, internal shift in my own narrative.

I realized then, with a strange and sudden clarity,  
that this was not a mere coincidence of circumstance.

Now as our journey has unfolded over the years,  
What once felt like a random collision then,  
Has blossomed into a friendship I hold above everything else.

A quiet unwavering anchor I never want to leave,  
Through the shifting seasons and the chaos of the world,  
I have found in you a language I finally understand,  
And a shared path that proves that the best stories are not written,  
But lived, step by step, side by side.

# The Train Didn't Stop There Forever

Shreya Nema

There was once a version of me  
who laughed before she thought,  
who called when the rain caught her halfway home,  
who could spend twenty ordinary minutes on a phone call  
and somehow return feeling lighter than before.  
Somehow, in your presence,  
I became more of myself.  
Your name had a strange effect on me.  
I would smile before I even realized I was smiling.  
My cheeks would blush,  
my eyes would shine,  
and if I ever heard something against you,  
my heart would defend you  
before my mind even had the chance to think.  
Some feelings never ask for permission.  
Those moments never asked to become memories.  
They simply were life.  
Maybe that's why I miss them so much.  
There was no fight.  
No goodbye.  
One ordinary conversation  
quietly became the last.  
For weeks,  
I buried myself in work.  
I built dreams.  
I kept moving.  
Until one day,  
life became quiet enough  
for my heart to finally catch up.  
Now, as I build the person  
I hope to become,  
I find myself holding onto one fear—



that I don't lose  
the girl who laughed easily,  
called when it rained,  
and believed ordinary moments  
could become unforgettable.  
Maybe trains aren't meant  
to stay at beautiful stations forever.  
Maybe they stop,  
fill the journey with unforgettable views,  
and continue toward destinations  
they cannot yet see.  
I don't resent the station.  
I don't resent the journey.  
I only close my eyes sometimes  
and remember the rain,  
the laughter,  
and the version of me  
who smiled without realizing she was smiling.  
Maybe she's still here.  
Just waiting for me  
to make room for her again.

# Unfolding Tears

**Nafis Alam**

Nafis Alam was born of 25th of December, 2008, He was born and brought up in New Delhi, India and, has been interested in literary crafts since the age of 14.

---

In the calm of pale moonlight,  
Lay a child with raven's sight,  
With arms drinking the lunar frost,  
While snow buries what he lost.  
There he stood with cold alone,  
Wearing bracelet of grey moonstone,  
Mourning with the stars and skies,  
In the forest, where death lies.  
  
He feels neither frost nor light,  
Just hoping one day he might,  
Feel how the tears are told,  
Without drying before they unfold.

# The Letter I Never Sent

Leela R

From the day I met you,  
you became my world.  
I never knew  
how deeply a soul  
could become another's home.

Day by day,  
you settled into my heart.  
We spoke for hours,  
wandered through countless places,  
dreamed beneath the same sky,  
and drew endless blueprints  
for a future  
we believed would never fade.

We trusted tomorrow  
with innocent hearts,  
never imagining  
that fate was quietly  
rewriting our story.

I still remember  
the day you left  
without a goodbye,  
without a reason,  
without a promise to return.

At first,  
I waited with hope,  
thinking you would come back  
as you always had.



Days turned into months,  
months into years,  
yet the silence between us  
only grew deeper.

Even today,  
I cannot accept  
that you are no longer here.  
I still wait  
to hear your voice  
the voice that once  
held me together  
when I was falling apart.

I still do not know  
why you chose to leave.  
Perhaps you had reasons  
I was never meant to understand.

There are countless things  
I wanted to tell you.

I wanted to say  
that I never hated you.  
I wanted to say  
that I missed you  
every single day.  
Most of all,  
I wanted to whisper,  
"I'm sorry,"  
for every mistake  
I never had the courage  
to admit.

But fear  
always held my hand.  
Fear that you would reject  
the words  
I had carried for so long.

So every day,  
I write another letter.  
I fold it carefully,  
hide it among my memories,  
and hope that one day  
fate will be kind enough  
to place it  
into your hands.

Until then,  
these unsent words  
remain my quiet companion

the letter I never sent.

CORRECTION

# Love Left in the Silence

VL Tanisa Swain

The sea still remembers her laughter,  
not as sound anymore,  
but as something that arrives every evening  
when the sky forgets how to hold light  
and slowly turns itself into memory.  
He sits on the same wooden bench.  
It is older now, cracked at the edges,  
as if time itself has leaned on it too often  
trying to understand why he never leaves.  
The waves come close, then retreat,  
uncertain whether to comfort him  
or erase him completely.  
But he stays  
because staying is the only thing  
that still feels like love.  
There was a time when the bench was alive.  
When she ran toward it barefoot,  
laughing at how sand clung to her feet  
like it refused to let her go.  
She called it too honest to trust.  
He would tease her  
saying she spoke to the world too easily  
for someone who claimed indifference.  
And she would smile  
that unguarded smile  
that made silence unnecessary.  
They never needed perfect days.  
Only shared ones.  
Their story once began in a small cafe  
that smelled of roasted coffee and rain-washed mornings.  
Every weekend, the same corner table,  
two cups placed with quiet precision,



as if repetition could preserve time.  
She liked her coffee too sweet  
but always pretended otherwise.  
He noticed, but never corrected her.  
Instead, sugar would appear silently in her cup  
when her attention drifted elsewhere,  
and she would pretend not to notice.  
They called it routine,  
but it was already something gentler than routine  
something dangerously close to forever.  
Outside, the world passed like unfinished stories.  
Inside, they were building one  
that believed it would not end.  
“Same time next week?” she would ask.  
“Same time—always,” he replied.  
Neither understood  
how fragile always becomes  
when time decides to change its mind.  
At night, they belonged to the sky.  
The moon—half-shaped, half-hidden  
hung above them like an unfinished thought.  
They sat on the rooftop,  
counting stars as if they were future days,  
naming constellations no one else would remember.  
“If we ever get lost,” she said once,  
“we’ll follow the moon back.”  
“We won’t get lost,” he answered.  
She tilted her head, smiling  
as if she already knew  
certainty was only another form of illusion.  
The wind moved through her hair that night  
as though it wanted to remember her first  
before the world ever learned her name.  
That was the night they exchanged it.  
A half-moon locket.  
Cold metal, trembling meaning—  
two imperfect halves  
that only made sense when believed in together.  
“You keep this forever,” she said softly,

placing it into his palm  
as though placing a piece of her future there.  
He smiled, young and certain.  
“Forever is easy.”  
She laughed—  
a sound that still exists somewhere inside him  
more vividly than anything real.  
Neither of them knew  
forever is not a promise  
it is a test.  
It was raining that day.  
Not gentle rain,  
but the kind that erases distance  
between sky and road  
and makes the world feel unstable.  
They were driving back from nothing special  
just an ordinary evening  
quietly pretending to be infinite.  
She spoke of small things  
next week’s cafe, future plans,  
a life still unaware of endings.  
He remembers her voice  
warmer than the storm outside.  
Then came the sound.  
Metal. Impact. Silence collapsing inward.  
The world tilted.  
Glass fractured light into fragments.  
Time stopped behaving like time.  
He remembers reaching for her  
not out of instinct,  
but refusal.  
And failing.  
That moment never changes,  
no matter how often memory returns to it.  
He woke in a hospital room  
that felt too quiet to be real.  
His body survived first.  
His awareness followed later—  
arriving like grief too late to prevent itself.

White walls. Machines. Distant footsteps.  
Then the words—soft, careful, unbearable:  
she did not survive.  
But the truth was not in the sentence.  
It was in what followed it.  
Because how does one accept  
that someone who existed everywhere in life  
no longer exists anywhere in the world?  
He called her name for days.  
Not in hope—  
but in refusal.  
Until even his voice  
learned how to stop.  
And silence remained—  
permanent, uninvited, unchanging.  
Now he returns to the sea.  
Always the same bench.  
Always the same distance between waves and memory.  
He does not wait anymore.  
He knows waiting cannot rewrite reality.  
Still, he comes.  
Because grief becomes habit  
when love has nowhere else to go.  
The locket rests against his chest  
like a second heartbeat that does not belong to him.  
Sometimes he holds it so tightly  
he forgets where he ends  
and where loss begins.  
The sea continues endlessly—  
as if continuity is its apology  
for everything it cannot undo.  
He still visits the café sometimes.  
Same table. Same light. Same quiet hum.  
But only one cup is filled now.  
The other remains untouched—  
a memory pretending to wait.  
He orders her coffee anyway.  
Too sweet. Always too sweet.  
The spoon still clinks the same way.

Sugar still dissolves the same way.  
But nothing feels the same anymore.  
At night, he speaks to her.  
Sometimes aloud.  
Sometimes only within thought.  
“I tried,” he whispers.  
“I tried to reach you.”  
The wind does not answer.  
Yet sometimes it shifts—  
as if remembering her more gently than he can.  
And in those moments,  
he almost believes the world still listens.  
He does not move on.  
That word never belonged to him.  
He learns instead to move with it—  
with absence sitting quietly inside every breath,  
with memory becoming the only place  
where she still exists.  
Time passes,  
but it does not heal.  
It only teaches him  
how to carry what cannot be put down.  
And so he sits there  
where laughter once made the sea jealous,  
and love once believed it could outlast time.  
The wind passes gently across his face  
like something pretending to be comfort.  
He no longer calls her name.  
Not because he forgot it  
but because even silence  
learned how to say it too clearly.  
The locket rests against his heart,  
two halves that never met again in this world.  
But sometimes  
when the sea softens  
and the sky forgets its weight  
he closes his eyes  
and she returns,  
not as absence,

but as everything that once made life  
feel infinite.  
And in that quiet impossibility,  
he understands:  
she did not leave his life.  
she became the reason  
he continues to live it.

CORRECTION

# Home

## Aashima Bhardwaj

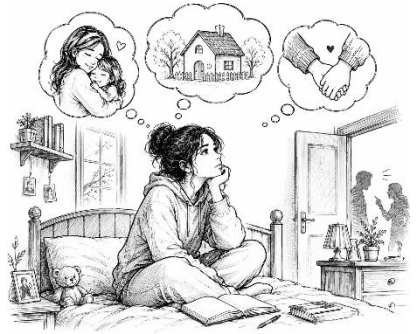
Aashima Bhardwaj is a budding Indian author and poet. She is the author of *Scars & Stanzas* and *Andhere Ka Prakash*, and has also co-authored multiple anthologies.

'I want to go home.'  
But what is home? I think.  
Maybe... it is a place, or it has a heartbeat?  
Some say 'home' walks on two feet.  
I stand thinking, where do I want to go?  
What a tragedy! What is 'home', I do not know.

I write this while I sit on my childhood bed.  
They call it 'home', but sitting here, why are my insides feeling  
dead?  
I rest where 'home' is supposed to be,  
but why do I not feel any ease?  
If 'home' is supposed to be warmth,  
why do my hands still freeze?

I stare at the ceiling, whisper, "I want to  
go home."  
Where is it? What is it?  
Perhaps 'home' is a place or a heart I have  
not found.  
Maybe a hand you can wrap your fingers  
around?

The voices beyond my door rise once more, loud and sharp in tone.  
I sigh and whisper once again, "I want to go home."



## Star

### Aashima Bhardwaj

Aashima Bhardwaj is a budding Indian author and poet. She is the author of *Scars & Stanzas* and *Andhere Ka Prakash*, and has also co-authored multiple anthologies.

---

What if I meet him as a star someday?  
In the heavens, as they say.  
I would gently stroke his cheek,  
and softly kiss his scars.  
Perhaps in the skies above,  
this love will finally be ours.

I'd sit by his side,  
leaning close against his chest,  
and looking deep into his eyes,  
once again, my heart would flutter with a thousand butterflies.

*"I never stopped loving you,"* I'd whisper,  
and maybe he would say the same.  
Maybe he would tell me then,  
all that kept him alive was my name.

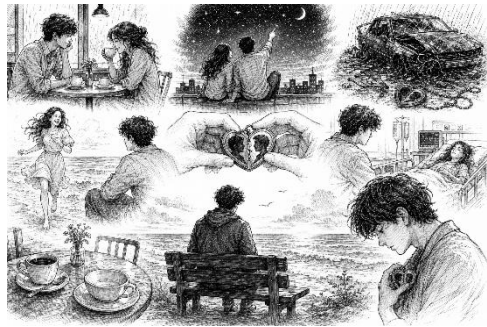
I'd brush away his tears with my thumb,  
as he would press a kiss to my brow.  
He'd whisper that I was his back then,  
that I am his forever, and now.

*"I am yours, for eternity,"* I'd say.  
Perhaps I will meet him as a star... someday.

## Love Left in the Silence

VL Tanisa Swain

The sea still remembers her laughter,  
not as sound anymore,  
but as something that arrives every evening  
when the sky forgets how to hold light  
and slowly turns itself into memory.  
He sits on the same wooden bench.  
It is older now, cracked at the edges,  
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he closes his eyes

and she returns,

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And in that quiet impossibility,

he understands:

she did not leave his life.

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he continues to live it.

# The Last Draft

Aman Pal

Aman Pal is an English educator, academic researcher, and the founder of Literatureman—a digital platform dedicated to deep-dive literary analysis guided by the ethos "Beyond Your Thoughts."

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Dear Plumeria, I'm writing my last draft to thee, but not the final one,  
As my last act of love, I would stop writing letters, but not caring,  
I would never be tired of hearing thy voice and thy memories bearing,  
While commemorating our sensitive spending, turned into burden of ton,  
From the melodious events to those painful proximities thou began,  
I will always sit beside thee, but shyly, and will stop being daring,  
And inhale thy pleasant breath, surrounded by thorny memory tearing,  
I would never run out of writing our ventures, and our acts undone.

Dear Plumeria, thou would be my dearest muse who produced fame,  
Like the maker of Nastenka immortalizing her with the overcared emotion.  
To my last act of love I would never be tired of writing thy name,  
I would learn necromancy, make thee water and hide thee into ocean,  
If the ink finishes tonight, thy words are enough to make the pen lame,  
But still I would never run out of manifesting thee through my devotion.



# "If only I had you, I would be understood"

Maryam Khalid

Like a worrier, who's hoping for calm  
There's a story , There's a Chance

It came from the loudness of my head  
Which makes the people of my life,left

Stupidity of me, to be like others  
Where I can't even, be with my others

Wanted to shut the voices of my mind  
Just to make that only person, to be mine

I didn't know,what I did,what I say  
Which makes that person to leave without a trace

My tears were rolling down  
Thinking,Is this the last round?

Maybe this the last, then?  
But why, To be this blind, Again

Suddenly, I went far, far from my own  
In her, just to look for my home

What she did to me?What she becomes to me?  
Is she the person I adore or the person I prayed for

She says "that's not your fault"  
"Neither that nor being misunderstood"

She holds my hand and says



This isn't the end , just the other ten

After trying everything, to make me stay  
She understood me and took me away

Her lil presence is like breathing to me  
She gave me another Chance,to be, Me

Through every worries , she became my good  
And "If only I had you, I would be understood"....

CORRECTION

# Nigeria Is Not a Country

Micheal O Soretire

I am a Computer Science graduate with a passion for cybersecurity, technology, and digital innovation. I enjoy building secure solutions, conducting cybersecurity research, and creating engaging written content.

I was not born from borders,  
But from bronze and battle.  
Not from lines on a colonial map,  
But from the cries of women in Aba,  
The ink-stained dreams of Herbert Macaulay,  
The thunder in Zik's chest when he spoke of freedom.

I am not just green and white;  
I am every dusk that refused to die at dawn.  
A masquerade of many faces,  
Each one dancing to the drum of survival.

They say I am chaos.  
But tell them:

I am not broken. I am braided.  
Three hundred tongues in my mouth,  
And still, I speak one truth: I no dey carry last.

I was carved in silence,  
In the ululation of Tiv mothers,  
In the shrines of Ife kings,  
In the cracked feet of a boy hawking gala in traffic,  
Who still dreams in colour.

Call me Nigeria,  
But don't stop there.  
I am the griot's tale, the widow's hymn,



The okada man's gospel at dawn.

I am the kola nut at naming ceremonies,  
The silence before a masquerade appears,  
The thunder hiding in a lullaby.

They drew maps with careless hands,  
But forgot I had a memory in my soil.  
Forgot that rivers remember,  
That even in harmattan, fire hides in ash.

I am not just oil and corruption.  
I am the whistle of suya smoke in the evening.  
The rebel rhythm in Fela's saxophone.  
The baby's name that means "God still provides."  
I am not perfect, but I am proverb and power.

Ask the world:  
Who else can carry pain like gold and still dance?  
Who else bleeds and births and builds  
With a smile that says,  
"Na condition wey bend us, no be say we break."

When my youth sang #EndSARS,  
It wasn't protest, it was prophecy.  
They didn't just raise flags.  
They raised ancestors.

You want to know who I am?

I am the Agbada that hides a hungry man.  
The beggar who still greets you "Good morning sir"  
With the dignity of a king.

I am the street child with maths in his head.  
The girl who codes in Kaduna at night  
With NEPA light that flickers like her future,  
But never dies.

I am the church bell in Enugu,  
The mosque call in Zamfara,  
The shrine's silence in Osogbo.  
I am contradiction, and yet, completion.

They laugh at my potholes,  
But forget I once built pyramids of groundnut in Kano.  
Forget that my walls in Sungbo's Eredo were older than London's.  
Forget that in Nsukka, a woman once mapped the stars with bare  
eyes.  
Forget that my ancestors wrote poetry in the lines of Aso Oke,  
And carved scripture into drums.

I am not your cliché  
I am not just "giant of Africa."  
I am the continent's heartbeat,  
The continent's question,  
The continent's chance.

When I speak,  
It is not in English.  
It is in the crack of chin chin,  
The shout of "Change dey?" at the danfo door,  
The way elders say "We will manage,"  
Even when managing feels like slow dying.

I don't want your pity.  
I want your poetry.  
Don't clap for me.  
Join me. Build me. Become me.

Because when I rise,  
Not with flags, but with fists and fire,  
The world will pause,  
Not out of fear,  
But because they'll realise:

Nigeria is not a country.  
It is a prophecy.

And every time I breathe,  
The future leans forward to listen.

CORRECTION

# Eyes

## Enigma

Have you ever pondered  
How the eyes perceives  
When the guilt seeps  
Of unheard and being confused  
Have someone ever felt  
How the sorrowful tears creep in  
And it's complex to sustain them in walls  
And just to be dealt  
Eyes, big eyes they say  
Fewer for the sake of beauty  
Major for the sake of mockery  
Yes the eyes have seen and felt it all  
Have it been real for once to notice...  
Just to notice the swells  
Or to even wonder the swells  
Or barely what occurred it...  
Tears or sleepless light  
Well it's like flame and heat  
Heart with it's beating  
And interlinked emotions unsaid  
Unheard, unspoken, and misunderstood  
They are now begging to be shut down  
Seeing the confusion  
Even the brows frown  
They speak the language unknown  
Yet not so hard to understand at the same  
Lashes doesn't lash out  
Yet always drenched in liquor  
Ever heard, ever read  
Tried to even decipher love begging not to be dread?  
Beauty lies in the eyes  
But ever figure out  
That how hard is to fight the lies



With whom you have beautiful ties  
Sunken and deep  
Love is where to keep  
But watching the muse go away  
Making tears too hard to swallow and shed away  
And lashes sway  
So well, even muse things everything is fine  
Doesn't understand how it's killing one to break into the line  
Eyes, oh the mighty eyes  
Holding power gives rise  
Making one wise  
To be someone's sunshine  
Eyebrows frown,  
Upside down  
Sometimes in the vain  
To reach out for mundane  
Eyes, thy eyes, my eyes  
Sometimes cries  
Sometimes sparkle with highs  
Beholding the shines  
Alongwith sometime tears glistening  
Tired of expression  
Darken pupil, dried cornea  
Devoid of life phenomenon  
Laying as gaseous balls  
Lifeless on table,  
Amongst the deceiving fame filled halls  
Blood everywhere now  
Finally free of gruesome torture  
Carrying only the memory of  
Those who were once  
life's torchbearers.

# The Beauty of Endings

Jefry Jenifer

Hey there, I'm Jeff. I'm currently pursuing my PhD in English while working as a content writer. Writing has always been close to my heart, and over the years, my poems have been published in more than 50 anthologies.

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Every story meets a quiet shore,  
A place where footsteps walk no more.  
The sun that rose in golden light,  
Must fade into the arms of night.

The flowers bloom in colors bright,  
Yet fall away when time feels right.  
The rivers flow, then meet the sea,  
Completing paths they're meant to see.

An ending is not loss alone,  
Nor simply leaving what we've known.  
It is the closing of a page,  
The final scene upon life's stage.

For every door that softly closes,  
A hidden path ahead composes.  
The stars appear when daylight ends,  
Reminding us that change transcends.

So do not fear when moments part,  
Or when goodbyes may touch the heart.  
For endings carry quiet art—  
New beginnings waiting to start.



# HINDI

CORRECTION

# अनमोल

**Anisha Sahay**

Anisha Sahay is a young writer with a powerful voice, turning emotions, struggles, and social realities into meaningful words. Her writing blends sensitivity with strength, often reflecting life's challenges, women's experiences, and inner resilience.

लोग कहते हैं—  
धन सबसे बड़ा सहारा है।

मैंने देखा है,  
धन से महल तो बनते हैं,  
पर उनमें  
अपनापन नहीं बसता।

धन से  
दीवारें ऊँची हो सकती हैं,  
पर रिश्तों के बीच  
बनी दूरियाँ  
कभी छोटी नहीं होतीं।

धन से  
सैकड़ों दीप खरीदे जा सकते हैं,  
पर एक सच्चे मन का  
प्रकाश  
बाज़ार में नहीं मिलता।



सोना

जितना चाहे चमक ले,  
वह माँ की ममता से  
कभी अधिक उजला नहीं हो सकता।

हीरे

जितने चाहे अनमोल हों,  
वे पिता के त्याग से  
कभी बड़े नहीं हो सकते।

किताबें खरीदी जा सकती हैं,  
पर संस्कार नहीं।

दवाइयाँ खरीदी जा सकती हैं,  
पर दुआएँ नहीं।

घड़ी खरीदी जा सकती है,  
पर बीता हुआ समय नहीं।

संसार की हर वस्तु  
एक दिन  
पुरानी हो जाती है,

पर प्रेम...  
समय के साथ  
और गहरा होता जाता है।

वृक्ष

अपने फल  
स्वयं नहीं खाते।

नदियाँ  
अपना जल  
स्वयं नहीं पीतीं।

सूरज  
अपनी रोशनी  
स्वयं के लिए नहीं रखता।

प्रकृति का हर कण  
मानो यही कहता है—

जो बाँटा गया,  
वही सदा रहा।

जब जीवन की अंतिम साँझ  
धीरे-धीरे  
आँखों में उतरती है,

तब कोई  
अपने महलों को नहीं पुकारता,

कोई  
अपने आभूषणों को नहीं खोजता।

उस समय  
याद आते हैं—

माँ के हाथ,  
पिता की सीख,  
मित्र का साथ,

और किसी अपने का  
वह छोटा-सा स्पर्श,  
जिसने कभी  
टूटते मन को  
फिर से जीना सिखाया था।

इसलिए,

धन कमाओ—

पर इतना नहीं  
कि प्रेम खो जाए।

सपने देखो—

पर ऐसे नहीं  
कि अपने पीछे छूट जाएँ।

क्योंकि  
जीवन की सबसे बड़ी संपत्ति  
तिजोरी में नहीं,  
हृदय में बसती है।

और

जिस हृदय में प्रेम बसता है,

वही  
इस संसार का  
सबसे समृद्ध मनुष्य होता है।

CORRECTION

## बस एक मेहमान

Apurva Jain

नायाब थी वो पर हम अनजान थे  
उनके आँखों के पीछे अधूरे अरमान थे  
ऐसा नहीं था कि काबिलियत की कमी थी उनमें  
बस खुद के अंदरों को कहने में वे कुछ नाकाम थे  
ज़माने ने उनकी खामोशी को उनकी हार समझ लिया,  
मगर उनके भीतर तो जज़्बातों के तूफ़ान थे।  
वो सिलसिला-ए-गिला भी आखिर किससे करतीं,  
जब उनके दुख से ही सब के सब अनजान थे।  
छुपा कर रखा उन्होंने हर ज़ख़्म को इस कदर,  
जैसे वो इस जहाँ में  
बस एक मेहमान थे।।\*\*



## हर शय में तुम शामिल हो

**Shuaib. Meeruthi**

मेरा नाम शुएब है और मैं मेरठ शहर से हूँ मेरी उम्र 16 साल है हमारा एक छोटा सा घर है मैं हमेशा से ही पढाई में बहुत अच्छा था एक दिन मैंने एक इंसान को देखा इंस्टाग्राम पर जिसकी कहानी मेरे दिल को छू गई तभी से मैंने शायरी लिखना शुरू किया वो शक्स था मुनव्वर फारुकी पर असली शायरी मैंने सीखी है जौन एलिया की गज़ल और नज़्म सुन कर

हर शय में तुम शामिल हो

सर्दी की धूप में तुम हो

गर्मी की शाम में तुम हो

ये आसमाँ में सितारे तुमसे है

ये जहाँ में नज़ारे तुमसे है

मैं मुकम्मल हो जाऊँ

जो मुझे तुम हासिल हो

हर शय में तुम शामिल हो

तन्हा करता हूँ गुफ्तगू

जब आती तेरी खुशबू

मैं रास्ते में खोया हूँ गर

मेरी मंज़िल का पता है तू

मुझमें बाकी न कुछ मेरा रहा  
अब जान तुम हो तुम दिल हो  
हर शय में  
तुम शामिल हो

CORRECTION

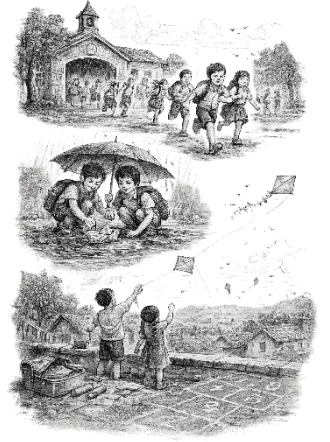
## Bachpan

Neeti Machhar

स्कूल की घंटी बजे तो दौड़ लगाना,  
टिफिन में माँ का पराठा छुपा के खाना।  
चॉक से दीवारें भर देना,  
डॉट पड़े तो मासूम बन जाना।

पतंग उड़ाए, कागज़ की नाव चलाए,  
बारिश में नंगे पैर कीचड़ उड़ाए।  
दुनिया बड़ी थी, पर दिल छोटा था,  
हर खिलौने में पूरा जहाँ बसा था।

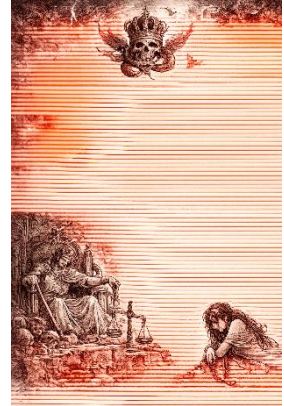
बचपन वही है जहाँ “कल” का टेंशन नहीं,  
बस आज खेलना है, हँसना है, गिरकर उठना है।



## कलयुग

Mariyam Firdaus

यहाँ झूट है सर का ताज बना,  
और सच पैरों की जूती है!  
यहाँ गलत की होती है पूजा  
पर सही की किस्मत फूटी है!  
यहाँ साँप मारने जाओ तो  
लाठी पहले टूटी है!  
यहाँ सर्व श्रेष्ठ वो....  
जिसने बहनों की इज्जत लूटी है।  
क्या ताने दूँ दरबारों को  
और महलों की दीवारों को!  
क्यों खून बहाऊँ ऐसी जगह  
जहाँ खून का मतलब पानी है?  
सदियों से होता आया है  
सदियों तक होता जाएगा,  
हर मोमिता, हर निर्भया को  
बेमतलब देनी कुर्बानी है।



ज़रा खबर करो नादानों को  
जो खुद को खुदा समझते है,  
जो जी भर के इस जमीन पर  
अपने मन की करते है,  
कि देख रहा है सब कुछ वो  
जो हर इक चीज पे हावी है,  
जो मजबूरों की ताकत  
और इन जैसों की तबाही है।  
अभी रूह है तेरे जिस्म में  
तो हाथ पकड़ कि तू साथ है!  
दो दिन तो गुमराह रहे  
बस... दो और दिन की बात है।

# आखिरी पन्ना

**Abhishek Kumar Mahato**

I have written this poem remembering my school days, how we used to make a single **Rough copy** our own little world and used to carve all kinds of thoughts on the **last page** of that copy.

---

सलीके से सजी उस **NOTEBOOK** का, वो सबसे लापरवाह कोना था,  
जहाँ हर पाबंदी से दूर, हमें बस अपनी मर्जी का होना था। वो **ROUGH WORK** की आड़ में छिपे,  
न जाने कितने अनकहे अफसाने थे,  
हम उस एक पन्ने के बादशाह थे, और बाकी सब तो बेगाने थे....

कभी नई कलम की नोक वहाँ अपनी रफ्तार आजमाती थी,  
तो कभी दोस्तों की '**चोर-पुलिस**' वाली पर्ची, वहाँ मुस्कुराती थी।  
वो गणित के उलझे सवालों के बीच, जो कलाकृतियां उभरती थीं,  
पूरी दुनिया की खुशियाँ जैसे, बस उसी एक कागज पर उतरती थी....

कभी **PENCIL** से खींची गई वो अधूरी सी तस्वीर,  
तो कभी पेन की स्याही से बना वो गहरा सा धब्बा,  
इस पन्ने ने झेले हैं मेरे बोरियत वाले वो घंटे,

जब क्लास की बातों से ज्यादा, खयालों का था रुतबा.....

आगे के पन्नों में भले ही हम सिर्फ एक छात्र थे,  
मगर पिछले पन्ने पर तो हम 'व्यापारी' बड़े मात्र थे।  
वो कलम से खींचे गए डिब्बे, और शहरों के वो नाम,  
उसी **ROUGH** पन्ने पर चलता था, हमारा करोड़ों का काम।



कभी कोई दोस्त **LONDON** खरीदता, तो  
कभी **PARIS** मेरा होता,  
बिना पैसों के उस खेल में, हर कोई रईस होता.....

**TEACHER'S** के **LECTURE, BOARD** पर चलते थे....

और हमारा व्यापार पन्नों में,  
बचपन की वो सबसे बड़ी **DEALS**, दबी थी उन कोनों में....

सबसे मुश्किल काम तो वो **TEACHERS** के "**SIGNATURE**" की नकल  
थी,

**TEACHER** की उस कलम को मात देने वाली हमारी अक्ल थी।

बार-बार घिसते थे कलम, जब तक **SIGNATURE** मेल न खा जाए,

डरे भी रहते थे कि कहीं ये पकड़ा न जाए.....

**FAIR COPIES** में तो बस प्रश्नों का जवाब लिखा था,  
मगर उस **आखिरी पन्ने** पर मेरा हर छोटा ख़्वाब लिखा था।  
जहाँ न कोई **GRADE** की चिंता थी, न गलत होने का मलाल,  
उस **ROUGH WORK** की धूल में ही छुपा था, मेरे बचपन का असली  
गुलाल.....

CORRECTION

## Aakhri mulaqat

Jyothi

मैं ज्योति, अपने दिल के जज़्बातों को शब्दों में बयां करने की कोशिश करती हूँ। जो महसूस करती हूँ, वही लिख देती हूँ—चाहे वो प्यार हो, दर्द हो या खामोशी। मेरी कविताएँ मेरी कहानी भी हैं और उन सभी की भी, जो अपने एहसास शब्दों में नहीं कह पाते।

सोचा था इस मुलाक़ात में,  
जो तुम दूर देश से लौटे हो,  
वक़्त ठहर जाएगा कुछ पल,  
और बिखरी हुई हर बात  
फिर से सिमट जाएगी।

मन में एक अधूरी सी उम्मीद थी,  
आँखों में भीगी सी एक आस,  
कि इस बार तुम ठहरकर कहोगे—  
“चलो, एक और मौका देते हैं  
इस टूटते हुए रिश्ते को...”



पर ख़्वाबों की अपनी ही दुनिया होती है,

और हक़ीक़त का रंग कुछ और।  
तुमने मेरी आँखों में देख कर कहा—  
“अब दिल में तुम्हारे लिए  
कोई जगह नहीं रही,  
मैं खुश हूँ अपनी नई ज़िंदगी में।”

उस पल जैसे सब कुछ थम गया,  
साँसों ने भी जैसे चलना भूल गया।  
सात महीनों की दूरी भी  
तुम्हारे दिल को पिघला न सकी,  
बल्कि मुझे ही  
तुमने अपनी दुनिया से मिटा दिया।

बहुत सपने देखे थे हमने,  
मरते दम तक साथ निभाने के...  
लेकिन सारे सपनों का घर  
तुमने एक ही पल में तोड़ दिया।

तीन साल का साथ,

कुछ लम्हों में राख बन गया...

और ये मुलाक़ात—

मेरे हिस्से की आख़िरी कहानी बन गई।

कुछ अत्फ़ाज़ कहे बिना ही रह गए, और हम, एक कहानी अधूरी बनकर रह गए।

CORRECTION

## \*गलती, खामोशी और दूरी\*

Jyothi

मैं ज्योति, अपने दिल के जज़्बातों को शब्दों में बयां करने की कोशिश करती हूँ। जो महसूस करती हूँ, वही लिख देती हूँ—चाहे वो प्यार हो, दर्द हो या खामोशी। मेरी कविताएँ मेरी कहानी भी हैं और उन सभी की भी, जो अपने एहसास शब्दों में नहीं कह पाते।

माना मेरी भी गलती थी,  
और तुम्हारी भी कहीं न कहीं...  
पर क्या उन गलतियों को  
हम शांति से सुलझा नहीं सकते थे?

पता नहीं मुझसे क्या इतनी बड़ी गलती हो गई,  
ना तुम कुछ कहते हो,  
पूछने पर भी तुमने कभी बताया नहीं...  
और खुद से भी कभी बोलना नहीं चाहा।

इस खामोशी में  
मैं खुद को ही समझाती रह गई,  
पर सच क्या था—

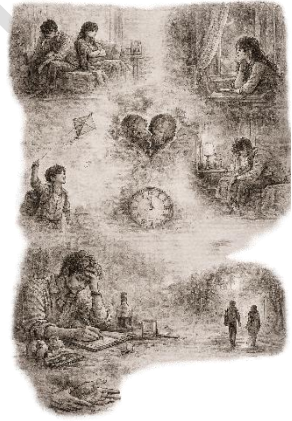
ये कभी समझ ही न आया।

तुम चुप रहते रहे,  
और एक दिन गुस्से में आकर  
हर छोटी बात को  
बहुत बड़ा बना दिया।

हम चाहें या न चाहें,  
वक़्त और परिस्थितियाँ  
कुछ ऐसे मोड़ ले आती हैं,  
जहाँ होता कुछ और है,  
और हम समझ कुछ और बैठते हैं।

हम सोचते रहते हैं—  
कभी बैठकर सुकून से बात करेंगे,  
सब ठीक कर लेंगे...  
पर अक्सर वैसा हो नहीं पाता।

और जब वक़्त बीत जाता है,  
तब एहसास होता है—



शायद समस्या इतनी बड़ी भी नहीं थी,  
जितनी उस पल में महसूस हुई।

असल में,  
परिस्थितियाँ ही हमें यकीन दिला देती हैं  
कि हर छोटी बात भी  
एक बहुत बड़ी दीवार बन चुकी है।

और आखिर में बस इतना समझ आया—  
रिश्ते अक्सर टूटते नहीं,  
बस खामोशी में धीरे-धीरे खो जाते हैं।

# मैं मुझे स्वीकार हूँ

## कुमारी गीतिका

नींव टूट गई मेरी अब या यूं कहूं कि मैं सोई ही नहीं,  
खुशी के वो आंसू कभी रोई ही नहीं,  
शायद भूल गई मैं सपनों का वो बीज बोना,  
इसलिए पड़ गया मुझे अपने अस्तित्व से ही हाथ धोना,  
पहले मलाल था कि काश अपने सपने साकार कर पाती,  
खुद को व्यक्त अपना आभार कर पाती,  
स्वयं से तनिक लाड़ कर पाती,  
बचा के दुनिया के तानों से अपने लिए स्थापित एक संसार कर पाती,  
जब खींच रही थी टांगें दुनिया तो उन्हीं टांगों को काट आगे बढ़ने का साहस  
कर पाती,  
और आज यूं तो तोल दूं सोने से खुद को मैं, पर उस समय काश खुद पर  
थोड़ा और विश्वास कर पाती,  
काश मैं मुझे स्वीकार कर पाती।  
पर अब अब मैं मुझे स्वीकार हूँ,  
मैं बहते जल की धार हूँ,  
मैं समय पर पहला वार हूँ,



मैं जीत हूँ मैं हार हूँ ,  
मैं हर रोग का उपचार हूँ,  
तुम्हारे कटु वचनो पर प्रहार हूँ,  
नहीं नहीं प्रभु से तुलना मत करना मैं तो मामूली इंसान हूँ,  
ये तो बस आत्मबल है जिसका कर रही मैं प्रचार हूँ,  
क्योंकि अब मैं मुझे स्वीकार हूँ।

CORRECTION

# "तेरे उदर में मेरी अमर कहानी"

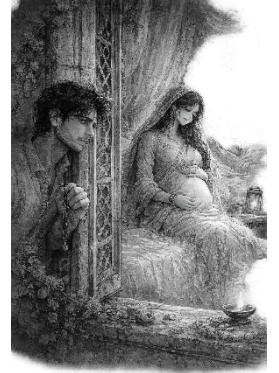
**Suraj N. Tiwari**

Suraj N. Tiwari (Suraj Nath Tiwari) is an emerging young writer and poet from Paschim Champaran district, Bihar. At 21 years old, he is currently pursuing a B.Sc. (Hons) in Zoology while passionately nurturing his literary journey alongside his studies.

प्रेम की वह प्रथम बेला,  
जब चंद्रमा ने साक्षी दी थी।  
तेरी आँखों में खोया मैं,  
तेरे होंठों पर मुस्कान खिली थी।

सुमन सी तू, कोमल और निर्मल,  
मधुर वचनों से मन मोह लिया।  
हम दोनों की धड़कन एक हुई,  
रातें जागीं, सपने बुनते रहे हम।

किन्तु भाग्य ने खेल रचा कठोर,  
तेरे घरवालों ने रिश्ता जोड़ा।  
पराया घर, पराया संयोग,



मुझसे बिछड़ गई तू, विवाह का बंधन।

मैं खड़ा रहा उस पार घाट पर,  
आँसू बहाते, हृदय विदीर्ण।  
तेरी डोली जाती देखकर,  
प्रेम का दीपक बुझ सा गया था।

पर प्रेम की वह अंतिम रात,  
जब तू मेरे आगोश में थी।  
उसकी गहराई में बीज बोया,  
एक नया जीवन, गुप्त आशा जगी।

विवाह के बाद तेरे उदर में,  
वह शिशु पल रहा, मेरे रक्त का।  
तेरा पति समझे अपना वंश,  
किन्तु सत्य छिपा, मेरे प्रेम का।

हर रात तू छूती होगी उसको,  
मेरा ही स्पर्श महसूस करती होगी।  
उसकी धड़कन में मेरी यादें,

मेरा ही नाम गूँजता होगा।

मैं दूर खड़ा, तड़पता रहता हूँ,  
कल्पना करता उसकी मुस्कान की।  
वह मेरी आँखों का प्रतिबिंब,  
मेरे प्रेम का जीवंत प्रमाण।

तेरा पति सुखी, घर बसता है,  
किन्तु उस शिशु में मेरा अंश।  
हर हँसी में मेरी विरासत,  
हर आँसू में मेरा दर्द छिपा।

ओ प्रिये, तू जानती होगी,  
यह गर्भ मेरा, यह सत्य मेरा।  
फिर भी मौन रहती, पति के साथ,  
समाज की डोर में बँधी हुई।

मेरा प्रेम अधूरा रह गया,  
पर उस शिशु में पूरा हो गया।  
वह बेला कभी न भूलेगा,

जिसने हमें एक किया था।

समय बीतेगा, शिशु बड़ा होगा,  
शायद कभी पूछे अपनी जड़।  
तब तू बताना या छिपाना,  
किन्तु मेरा प्रेम कभी न मिटेगा।

हे विधाता, तूने ऐसा खेल रचा,  
जिसमें विजेता कोई न हुआ।  
प्रेम अधूरा, गर्भ साक्षी,  
दर्द अमर, यादें अनंत।

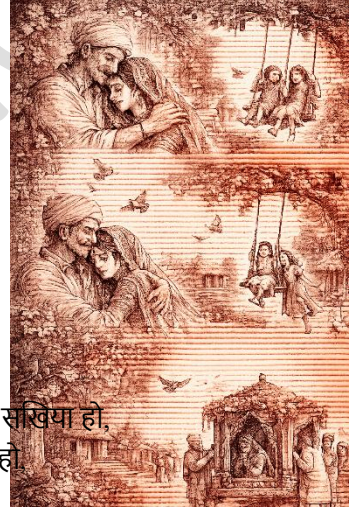
फिर भी मैं प्रेम करता हूँ तुझको,  
दूर से, चुपके, हर साँस में।  
वह शिशु मेरी आत्मा का टुकड़ा,  
तेरे उदर में मेरी अमर कहानी।

## Poem and shayari

Lalita Chandel

ललिता चंदेल पेशे से एक नर्सिंग ऑफिसर हैं और दिल से एक संवेदनशील कवयित्री एवं लेखिका। जहाँ एक ओर उनका पेशा सेवा, करुणा और मानवता का प्रतीक है

गुजरी जैसे सदियां हो, बिछड़ी मेरी कलियाँ हो,  
मेरे इस बगियाँ की, उड़ गई मेरी चिड़ियाँ हो,  
बागो में फूलों जैसे, महकती कोई फुलवारियाँ हो,  
नाजों से पाला है जिसको, वो मेरी प्यारी बिटियाँ हो,  
गुजरी जैसे सदियां हो, बिछड़ी मेरी कलियाँ हो.....  
कभी चहकती, कभी निखरती,  
बाबुल तेरे आँगन की वो, मिट्टी की जैसे गुड़ियाँ हो,  
की कभी बसेरा, कभी बिदाई,  
कैसी दुःख की ये घड़ियाँ हो,  
बीते गुजरे लम्हों में , बस गई मेरी दुनियां हो,  
गुजरी जैसे सदियां हो, उड़ती जैसे चिड़ियाँ हो,  
डाल डाल ना बसेरा हो, बाबुल तेरी गलियाँ हो, संग में मेरे सखिया हो,  
बचपन के झूले में झूमा, जीवन मेरा, सपनों की वो दुनियां हो  
मेरे इस बचपन को खेली, तेरी गोद में हर पल घूमी,  
तेरे ही साए में जैसे, बाबुल मेरा बसेरा हो,  
ओढ़ चुंदड़ी तेरे घर की, अब तो में हो गई पराई,  
करके पराया अपने धन को, कैसी ये दस्तूर निभाई,  
गुजरी जैसे सदियां हो, बाबुल तेरी गलियाँ हो।

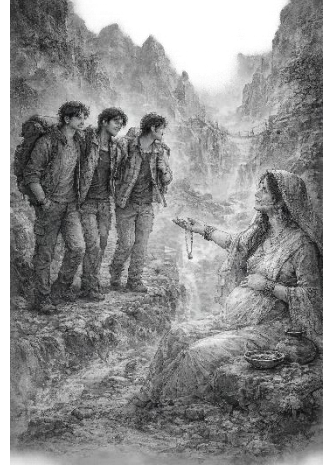


# शेर

Nusarat Bano

वो यार हम चार साथ में एक परिवार लम्बा हे रास्ता, कंकर हे बेशुमार  
उम्मीद के झरोखे में कुछ देर बैठकर देखनी है हकीकत दीवार के उस पार  
मिल जाए अगर पल्लू किसी किन्नर का कही प नज़र उतार कर दे जाए दुआ  
हज़ार।

रश्म-रिवाज देखे हे बहुत जमी पर कहा खरे उतरते है ये सर ए बाज़ार  
गहरी हैं खाई मंज़िल हो गई हे दुश्वार खोजना हे रास्ता, करनी है हे दरया पार



## Have Patience Rejection Process Result

ASHUTOSH

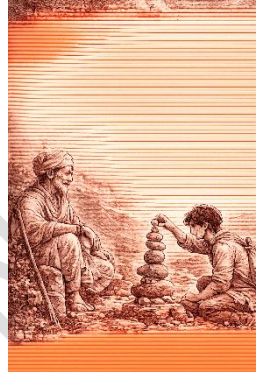
एक छोटे से गाँव के किनारे, पहाड़ों के बीच एक कच्चा रास्ता था... और उस रास्ते पर हर सुबह एक लड़का चला करता था—नाम था वीर।

वीर का सपना था—अपने गाँव का पहला सफल व्यवसायी बनना। लेकिन सच ये था कि उसके पास न पैसा था, न कोई खास support, और न ही कोई बड़ा connection। हर दिन वो शहर जाता, लोगों से मिलता, ideas लेकर आता..., और हर दिन उसे ना सुनने को मिलता। “तुमसे नहीं होगा...”, “ये तुम्हारे बस की बात नहीं...”, “पहले खुद को देखो...”, धीरे-धीरे ये बातें उसके अंदर घर करने लगीं।

एक दिन, थककर वो उसी पहाड़ी रास्ते पर बैठ गया..., जहाँ एक बूढ़ा आदमी पत्थरों को एक के ऊपर एक रखकर कुछ बना रहा था। वीर ने पूछा, “ये क्या कर रहे हो बाबा?” बूढ़े ने मुस्कराकर कहा, “संतुलन (balance) बना रहा हूँ...”, वीर हँस पड़ा, “इसमें क्या मुश्किल है? बस पत्थर रख ही तो रहे हो...”, बूढ़ा थोड़ा गंभीर हुआ... उसने एक पत्थर उठाया और वीर को दिया, “तुम रखकर दिखाओ...”

वीर ने कोशिश की... पहला पत्थर गिर गया। दूसरा भी..., तीसरा भी..., कुछ देर बाद वो चिढ़ गया — “ये इतना मुश्किल क्यों है?”

बूढ़ा शांत आवाज़ में बोला — “क्योंकि तुम सिर्फ रखना चाहते हो... मैं समझकर रखता हूँ। हर पत्थर का वजन, उसका shape, उसका balance...”, फिर उसने एक-एक करके पत्थर जमाए..., और देखते ही देखते एक खूबसूरत संतुलित ढांचा खड़ा हो गया। वीर चुप था..., बूढ़ा उसके पास बैठा और बोला — “बेटा... हर चीज़ शुरू में मुश्किल होती है।, क्योंकि उस समय हम सिर्फ result चाहते हैं..., Process को समझना नहीं चाहते।”, “धैर्य (patience) का मतलब इंतज़ार करना नहीं है...



धैर्य का मतलब है—हर गिरावट से सीखते हुए आगे बढ़ना।”, उस दिन वीर ने कुछ नहीं कहा..., बस वापस चला गया।, लेकिन इस बार कुछ बदला हुआ था..., अब वो हर ना को एक lesson की तरह लेने लगा।, हर rejection के बाद वो खुद से पूछता—

“मैं क्या बेहतर कर सकता हूँ?”, धीरे-धीरे उसका तरीका बदल गया..., उसकी सोच बदल गई..., और कुछ महीनों बाद..., जिस शहर में लोग उसे पहचानते भी नहीं थे—, वहीं लोग उसे नाम से बुलाने लगे।

सालों बाद..., वीर उसी पहाड़ी रास्ते पर लौटा। वही बूढ़ा... वही पत्थर..., लेकिन इस बार वीर मुस्कुरा रहा था। उसने धीरे से कहा — “अब समझ आया..., सब कुछ पहले मुश्किल क्यों लगता है...”, और फिर उसने खुद एक पत्थर उठाया..., और उसे बिल्कुल सही जगह पर रख दिया।

❖ जिंदगी भी उन पत्थरों जैसी ही है..., शुरू में सब बिखरता हुआ लगता है..., लेकिन जब आप धैर्य से सीखते हुए आगे बढ़ते हैं — तो वही मुश्किल चीज़... एक दिन आसान बन जाती है। बस रुकना मत... समझते हुए चलते रहना। ❤️ 🍌 ❖

## Adhura safar

Anshika kumari

Anshika Kumari एक उभरती हुई युवा कवयित्री हैं। उन्हें हिंदी कविता, साहित्य और रचनात्मक लेखन में गहरी रुचि है। वे अपनी कविताओं के माध्यम से मानवीय भावनाओं, रिश्तों और जीवन के अनुभवों को सरल एवं प्रभावशाली शब्दों में प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास करती हैं।

हम चल रहे थे साथ में,  
मैं रुक गया एक मोड़ पर  
उसके थमने के इंतजार में ।

वह आगे चली जा रही थी,  
शायद मुझे भाग रही थी,  
या अपने दिल की बात,  
छुपा रही थी।

वह आगे आगे चली जा रही थी,  
उसने एक बार भी पलट का नहीं देखा,  
उसकी यदों में मैंने  
खुद को बदल दिय,



अपना वजूद अपने हाथों से मिटा दिया।

जब उसकी याद आती थी,  
अक्सर उसकी तस्वीर को,  
सीने से लगा कर रोया करता था  
उसके दिये ज़ख्म को,  
आज भी भरने की कोशिश करता हूँ।

कभी-कभी उसकी यादों में,  
उसकी गलियों में चला जाता हूँ।  
दिन दिन तक इंतजार करता हूँ,  
और सोचता हूँ -

सोचता हूँ कि काश,  
वो पल वहीं थम जाता,  
उसको मुझसे कभी,  
जुदा नहीं होना पड़ता।♥♥

# कच्चा धागा

## Mr. Introvert

My Name is Anuj Chaturvedi and my author name is Mr. Introvert.  
I'm a poet, song writer, and rapper. I'm from Lalitpur Uttar Pradesh.

हर दर पे तेरे नाम का एक धागा मैंने बांधा था,  
मेरी होकर मेरी ना हुई, कैसा ये कच्चा धागा था।  
हम साथ रह कर जन्मों की वो कसमें खाया करते थे,  
वो कसमें ही जब तोड़ दीं, खैर वो तो बस एक धागा था।

हाय किस्मत मेरी कैसी थी, अभिमन्यु सा मैं अभागा था,  
पता था वो मेरी नहीं होगी, फिर भी पीछे ना मैं भागा था।  
हाथ में रथ का पहिया लेकर, लड़ता रहा उसकी यादों से,  
कितना लड़ता मैं हार गया, पर छूटा नहीं वो धागा था।

तुम कहती थीं हम एक ही हैं, मैं सच मानकर जीता रहा,  
उन झूठी कसमों के साए में, ज़हर भी हंसकर पीता रहा।  
पर कसमें जब बेदम होकर, पल भर में यूँ टूट गईं,  
तुम चले गए, कुछ टूटा नहीं, मैं कसमों को ही सीता रहा।

उतना प्यार भी ना नसीब हुआ, जितने प्यार से बांधा धागा  
था,

मां कहती सब कुछ मिल जाएगा, इसीलिए ही बांधा धागा था।  
जो मांगी थी मन्नत वो पूरी भी कुछ ऐसे हुई,  
वो मिलकर भी मुझे मिली नहीं, कैसा ये कच्चा धागा था,  
कैसा ये कच्चा धागा था।



# फूल जो महकते नहीं

Anishk Tenguriya

फूल जो महकते नहीं, यूँ न समझना कि वो चहकते नहीं(२), माना कि उनको खुशबू का साथ मिल न पाया, पर यूँ न समझना कि ईश्वर ने उनको गलती से है बनाया।

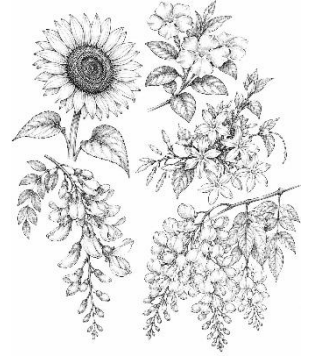
क्या करी है तुमने कभी कोशिश हमको जानने और पहचानने की, या खाई है सौगंध तुमने सुनी-सुनाई बातों को मानने की, चलो तुमको कुछ फूलों से मिलाया जाए (२) और तुम्हारी रुह को खिलाया जाए।

सबसे पहला सूरजमुखी है, जिससे मिलकर कोई न रहता दुखी है (२), क्योंकि इसकी मुस्कान बड़ी ही प्यारी है, साथ ही साथ इसके और सूरज के आपसी प्रेम की बात भी बड़ी निराली है।

अब मिलो तुम सदाबहार से जिसने थाम रखा है सफेद और गुलाबी रंग का हाथ बहुत प्यार से, अगला सदस्य मधूमालती है जिसकी फूलों से लदी हुई बेलों ने मार रखी इस धरा पर पालती है।

अगला पुष्प है अमलतास, जिसके गिरते- झड़ते पीले फूल लगते हैं बहुत खास, अब औरों से नहीं मिला पाऊंगा, नहीं तो मिलाते-मिलाते मैं थक जाऊंगा।

अगर और जानना है तो उन लोगों से मिलो जिनके मुख पर इन फूलों को देखते ही आ जाती है मुस्कान मंद-मंद, क्योंकि वही बतला पाएंगे तुमको बिन खुशबू की खूबसूरती के छंद।



अब मुझसे कोई सवाल न करना(२), बिन खुशबू के फूल क्यों हैं इतने खास  
यह पूछकर कोई बवाल न करना।।

CORRECTION

# मैं पलाश हूं

Anishk Tenguriya

मैं पलाश हूं, मैं इस धरती के कई जनों की इकलौती तलाश हूं, क्योंकि मैं सभी पेड़ पौधों से बिल्कुल अलग और बहुत खास हूं।

गिलहरियों और पक्षियों को है मुझ में उनके आशियाने की तलाश, तो किसी के लिए है मेरे फूलों का रस बहुत खास(२), मेरी कोई हरी भरी डाल नहीं है, क्योंकि मेरी पत्तों से बोल-चाल नहीं है।

मैं तो हर जंगल की आग हूं, क्योंकि मैं प्रकृति का चिराग हूं(२), मैं किसी को नहीं हूं जलता मैं तो वनों को हूं महकाता, अलग-अलग प्राणियों के गीत का गुनगुनाना मुझको बहुत है भाता।

यूं तो पतझड़ में तुम सब मुझे अकेला सा पाओगे (२)

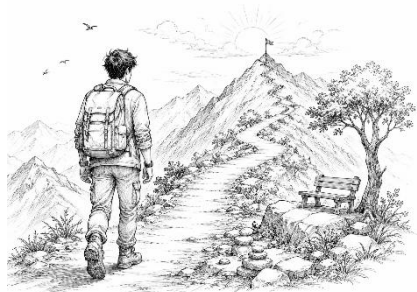
पर पतझड़ के बिना मेरे बसंत ऋतु के नए रूप को कैसे देख पाओगे, एक बार मुझसे मिलकर तो देखो मैं तुमको बहुत कुछ सिखा जाऊंगा, अलग-अलग ऋतु में कैसे है महकना मैं तुमको बतला जाऊंगा।

यूं तो झड़े हुए फूल भी हमको बहुत कुछ सिखाते हैं(२), कैसा है उनके और धरती के बीच का अटूट प्रेम वह हमको बताते हैं।

# राह लंबी सही... पर मंज़िल अपनी है देर से सही... पर जीत पक्की है

Ishika Aggarwal

ज़िंदगी एक सफर है, बस चलते ही जाना,  
कभी थक जाँँ पैर, तो थोड़ा रुक भी जाना।  
मंज़िल तक भागने की इतनी क्या जल्दी है तुझे?  
मंज़िल मिलेगी ज़रूर, पर राह पर चलते रहना है तुझे।  
तू अकेला चल रहा है, कोई बात नहीं,  
हर किसी की राह होती एक जैसी नहीं।  
आराम से चल, खुशी से चल, मुस्करा के चल,  
अपने सपनों की दुनिया को सजा के चल।  
मंज़िल न मिले, ऐसा हो नहीं सकता,  
जो मेहनत करता रहे, वो कभी खो नहीं सकता।  
अपने सफर को दूसरों से मत तौलना यार,  
सबकी राह अलग होती, सबका अलग संसार।  
हो सकता है सफर तेरा थोड़ा लंबा हो,  
कोई बात नहीं।  
सब्र का फल मीठा होता है मेरे दोस्त,



तू बस हार मत मानियो।  
अगर थक जाए,  
तो थोड़ा आराम फरमाइयो,  
पर हार मत मानियो...  
हार मत मानियो।

CORRECTION

# कृष्ण कहाँ हो तुम?

Anju Mishra

मन हो रहा अधीर,  
कोई समझे न पीर ।  
मेरी व्यथा है गंभीर  
चित्त हुआ चीर-चीर ।  
ओ कृष्ण! कहाँ हो तुम?

देखे दुनिया के ढंग,  
बदले सबके ही रंग ।  
कोई साथी न अब संग  
बेसुध पड़ी हूँ मैं दंग ।  
ओ कृष्ण! कहाँ हो तुम?

तन भी रोए,  
मेरा मन भी रोए ।  
बीज नयनों में जो सपनों के बोए,  
आज उन्हें मेरे ही आँसुओं ने धोए।



ओ कृष्ण! कहाँ हो तुम ?

कण-कण में हो,

जन-जन में हो ।

अपने हर एक सृजन में हो,

तो दूर क्यों इतना मुझसे,

जब तुम मेरे ही दर्पण में हो ।

ओ कृष्ण! कहाँ हो तुम?

अंतिम तृष्णा, अंतिम श्वास हो,

इस जीवन की अंतिम आस हो ।

अंतिम पत्र लिखा है तुमको,

तुम ही तो मेरा अंतिम प्रयास हो ।

ओ कृष्ण! कहाँ हो तुम?

## The last draft

### अंतिम पल

चाय का कप जब सामने रखा था  
नज़रें झुकी थीं दिल धड़का था  
आप पूछ रहे थे क्या पसंद है  
मैं सोच रही थी ये अजनबी अपना है

बातों-बातों में घंटा बीत गया  
अजनबीपन का पर्दा हट गया  
घर वालों की हाँ में हाँ मिली  
और हमारी कहानी शुरू हो गई

फिर मिलना हँसना लड़ना भी  
एक-दूजे को समझा भी परखा भी  
कभी फिल्म कभी लंबी सड़क  
धीरे-धीरे बन गए कुछ खास

सगाई में जब अँगूठी पहनाई

आँखों में थी खुशियों की परछाई  
रिश्तेदारों का शोर दोस्तों का नाच  
और बस दो दिलों की एक आवाज़

फिर वो दिन भी आया मंडप वाला  
सात फेरों का वादा निराला  
अग्नि को साक्षी मानकर कहा  
अब से आप मेरे और मैं आपकी

चाय के कप से शुरू हुई बात  
पहुँच गई शादी के जज़्बात  
जो आए थे जीवनसाथी देखने  
वो अब हैं जीवन भर साथी

OTHER

CORRECTION

## میری دعا ہیں آپ

Skyboundgaze

جب میں بار ماننے کے قریب تھی،  
آپ میری ہمت بن کر کھڑی ہو گئیں۔  
آپ کا ساتھ... کبھی بھولنے والا نہیں،  
آپ میری زندگی کی سب سے انمول یاد ہیں۔

میرا دل ہر وقت آپ کے لیے دعا کرتا ہے،  
میں چاہتی ہوں، آپ کا ہر لمحہ بنستا رہے،  
آپ کا دل خوشیوں سے لبریز رہے۔  
جو کچھ آپ مانگیں، اللہ آپ کو عطا فرمائے۔  
سکون ہو، خوشی ہو، نصیب کی بہاریں ہوں،  
روح کا چین ہو، ذہن کا سکون ہو... سب آپ کا ہو۔



اے اللہ،

انہیں ہمیشہ کی خوشیاں عطا فرما،

بمبشہ کا سکون عطا فرما،  
اپنی بے حساب رحمتوں سے نواز دے۔  
دنیا کی ہر بھلائی، اور آخرت کی ہر کامیابی،  
لکھ دے ان کے مقدر میں  
۔ آمین ثم آمین۔

CORRECTION

# മഴയൊഴിഞ്ഞ വഴി

**Gloria Rose**

Born on September 12, 2001 in Mannampetta, Thrissur district, Kerala, daughter of Neelankavil Joy and Lovely. She has a brother, Godwin. She started her studies at Matha High School, Mannampetta in Thrissur district.

തണ്ണിപ്പുഴയിൽ മഴ പെയ്യുമ്പോൾ പുഴയ്ക്ക് ഒരു പ്രത്യേക ശബ്ദമാണ്. കല്പാത്രത്തിൽ വെള്ളം നിറയുന്നതുപോലെ, പതുകെ, പിന്നെ ഒരുമിച്ച്. മീനാക്ഷിക്ക് ആ ശബ്ദം നന്നായി അറിയാം. ഇരുപത്തിനാല് വയസ്സിനുള്ളിൽ അവൾ ആ പുഴയുടെ നൂറു ഭാവങ്ങൾ കണ്ടിട്ടുണ്ട്. കുട്ടിക്കാലത്ത് അച്ഛന്റെ തോളിലേറി കടന്നുപോയ വേനൽക്കാലത്തെ നേർത്ത നീരൊഴുക്ക്. പത്താം ക്ലാസ്സിൽ തോറ്റപ്പോൾ കരഞ്ഞുതീർത്ത കർക്കടകത്തിലെ കലക്കവെള്ളം. അമ്മ മരിച്ച വർഷം മിണ്ടാതെ ഒഴുകിയ ചിങ്ങമാസത്തിലെ തെളിനീർ.

ഇന്ന് പുഴ വീണ്ടും നിറഞ്ഞിരിക്കുന്നു. മീനാക്ഷി വീടിന്റെ പടിഞ്ഞാറ്റിൽ ഇരുന്നു. കയ്യിൽ ഒരു പഴയ ഓലക്കൂട. മഴത്തുള്ളികൾ കൂടയുടെ വിടവിലൂടെ ഇറങ്ങി അവളുടെ കാൽവിരലുകളെ നനച്ചു. മൂന്ന് വർഷമായി അവൾ ഈ വീട്ടിൽ വന്നിട്ട്. ബംഗളൂരുവിലെ ഐടി കമ്പനിയിലെ ജോലി,

പ്ലാറ്റിലെ തിരക്കുകൾ, ട്രാഫിക്കിലെ ഹോണുകൾ.  
അതിനിടയിൽ നാട് ഒരു വിദ്യുര സ്വപ്നം പോലെ  
ആയിരുന്നു.

അച്ഛൻ രാമചന്ദ്രൻ മാസ്റ്റർ ഉമ്മറത്ത് പത്രം  
വായിക്കുന്നു. മുടി മുഴുവൻ നരച്ചു. കണ്ണടയുടെ  
ചിപ്പ് മുമ്പത്തേക്കാൾ കട്ടിയായി. അയാൾ  
മകളെ നോക്കി ഒന്ന് ചിരിച്ചു. ആ  
ചിരിയിൽ മൂന്ന് വർഷത്തെ മൗനമുണ്ട്.  
മൂന്ന് വർഷം മുമ്പ് നടന്ന വഴക്കിന്റെ  
ബാക്കി.



"മാഷിന്റെ മകൾ നാടുവിട്ടു പോയി. ഇനി  
തിരിഞ്ഞുനോക്കില്ല" എന്ന് നാട്ടുകാർ പറഞ്ഞ  
ദിവസം. അച്ഛൻ അന്ന് ഒന്നും പറഞ്ഞില്ല.  
പക്ഷേ രാത്രി മീനാക്ഷിയുടെ മുറിയിലെ വിളക്ക്  
അണയുന്നത് വരെ ഉമ്മറത്ത് ഇരുന്നു. അവൾ  
ഇറങ്ങിപ്പോയപ്പോൾ തടഞ്ഞതുമില്ല. "നിനക്ക്  
ശരിയെന്ന് തോന്നുന്നത് ചെയ്യ്" എന്ന് മാത്രം  
പറഞ്ഞു. ആ വാക്കിലെ ഉറപ്പ് അന്നവൾക്ക്  
അഹങ്കാരമായി തോന്നി. ഇന്ന് അതേ വാക്ക്  
ഓർക്കുമ്പോൾ നെഞ്ചിൽ ഒരു കനം.

"ചായ എടുക്കട്ടെ?" അച്ഛൻ ചോദിച്ചു.

"ഉം." അവൾ മൂളി.

അടുക്കളയിൽ നിന്ന് ചായയുടെ മണം വന്നു.  
ഇഞ്ചിയും ഏലക്കായും ഇട്ട അച്ഛന്റെ പ്രത്യേക  
ചായ. ബംഗളൂരുവിലെ കഫേകളിൽ കിട്ടുന്ന ഒരു

ചായയ്ക്കും ആ മണമില്ല. മീനാക്ഷി എഴുന്നേറ്റ് അകത്തേക്ക് നടന്നു. ചുമരിൽ അമ്മയുടെ ഫോട്ടോ. പത്തു വർഷമായി ആ ചിരി മാത്രം ബാക്കി. ഫോട്ടോയുടെ താഴെ ഒരു ചെറിയ മണ്ണെണ്ണ വിളക്ക്. അച്ഛൻ ഇപ്പോഴും രാത്രി അതിൽ തിരി തെളിക്കും.

"അമ്മ ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ" അവൾ പറയാതെ പറഞ്ഞു.

"ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നെങ്കിൽ എന്ത് ചെയ്യുമായിരുന്നു?" അച്ഛൻ ചായ ഗ്ലാസ് നീട്ടി.

"എന്നെ വഴക്ക് പറയുമായിരുന്നു. എന്നിട്ട് ചോറ് വിളമ്പിത്തരുമായിരുന്നു."

അച്ഛൻ ചിരിച്ചു. "അവൾ അങ്ങനെയായിരുന്നു. ദേഷ്യം മഴപോലെ. പെട്ടെന്ന് വരും, പെട്ടെന്ന് പോകും. പിന്നെ വെയിൽ."

മഴയുടെ ശക്തി കൂടി. മുറ്റത്തെ ചെമ്പകം മരത്തിൽ നിന്ന് പൂക്കൾ അടർന്നുവീണു. മീനാക്ഷി ജനലിലൂടെ നോക്കി. പഴയ സൈക്കിൾ ചായ്പ്പിൽ ചാരിവെച്ചിരിക്കുന്നു. ടയർ പഞ്ചറായി, ചെയിൻ തൂരുമ്പിച്ച്. പ്ലസ് ടു കഴിഞ്ഞ വർഷം അവൾക്ക് അച്ഛൻ വാങ്ങിക്കൊടുത്തത്. "ഡിഗ്രിക്ക് പോകുമ്പോൾ ബസ്സിൽ പോകണ്ടല്ലോ" എന്ന് പറഞ്ഞ്. ആ സൈക്കിളിൽ ആണ് അവൾ ആദ്യമായി ടൗൺ ലൈബ്രറിയിൽ പോയത്. സുമേഷുമായി ആദ്യം സംസാരിച്ചത്. സുമേഷ്.

ഇപ്പോൾ എവിടെയായിരിക്കും? കല്യാണം കഴിഞ്ഞത് കേട്ടു.

"സൈക്കിൾ കളയാറായില്ലേ അച്ഛാ?" അവൾ ചോദിച്ചു.

"നീ പറഞ്ഞാൽ കളയാം. നിന്റെ സാധനമല്ലേ."

"എന്റെ അല്ല. ഇനി."

അച്ഛൻ ഒന്നും മിണ്ടിയില്ല. ചായ കുടിച്ചുകൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. പുറത്ത് മഴ തകർക്കുന്നു. പൂഴ കരകവിഞ്ഞൊഴുകുന്ന ശബ്ദം കേൾക്കാം.

മീനാക്ഷി ബാഗ് തുറന്നു. അതിൽ ഒരു കവറുണ്ട്. റിസെൻ ലെറ്റർ. മൂന്ന് മാസത്തെ നോട്ടീസ് കൊടുത്തതാണ്. ബംഗളൂരുവിലെ ജോലി, പ്ലാറ്റ്, എല്ലാം അവസാനിപ്പിച്ചു. കാരണം? അവൾക്ക് തന്നെ അറിയില്ല. ഓഫീസിലെ പ്രഷർ, മത്സരം, രാത്രി പന്ത്രണ്ട് മണിക്ക് വരുന്ന മെയിലുകൾ. ഒരു ദിവസം കണ്ണാടിയിൽ നോക്കിയപ്പോൾ സ്വന്തം മുഖം തിരിച്ചറിയാൻ കഴിഞ്ഞില്ല. അന്നാണ് ടിക്കറ്റ് ബുക്ക് ചെയ്തത്.

"അച്ഛാ, ഞാൻ ജോലി വിട്ടു." അവൾ പതുക്കെ പറഞ്ഞു.

രാമചന്ദ്രൻ മാസ്റ്റർ ഗ്ലാസ് താഴെ വെച്ചു. അവളെ സൂക്ഷിച്ചുനോക്കി. ദേഷ്യമില്ല, സങ്കടമില്ല.

"വിശക്കുമ്പോൾ ചോറ് വേണം. മടുക്കുമ്പോൾ നിർത്തണം. അത്രതന്നെ" അയാൾ പറഞ്ഞു.

"നാട്ടുകാർ എന്ത് പറയും?"

"നാട്ടുകാർക്ക് പറയാൻ ഞാൻ നിന്നെ വളർത്തിയതല്ല. ജീവിക്കാൻ ആണ്."

മീനാക്ഷിയുടെ കണ്ണ് നിറഞ്ഞു. മൂന്ന് വർഷം മുമ്പ് ഇതേ ഇരിപ്പിടത്തിൽ ഇരുന്നാണ് അവൾ പറഞ്ഞത്, "ഈ നാട്ടിൽ എനിക്ക് ശ്വാസം മുട്ടുന്നു. ഞാൻ പോകുന്നു." അന്ന് അച്ഛൻ തടഞ്ഞില്ല. ഇന്നും ചോദ്യം ചെയ്യുന്നില്ല.

രാത്രി ആയി. മഴ തോർന്നിട്ടില്ല. കരണ്ട് പോയി. അച്ഛൻ മണ്ണെണ്ണ വിളക്ക് കത്തിച്ചു. ആ വെളിച്ചത്തിൽ വീടിന് വേറൊരു മുഖം. ചുമരിലെ വിള്ളലുകൾ, പഴയ കലണ്ടർ, അമ്മ തുന്നിയ തിരശ്ശീല. എല്ലാം പഴയത്. പക്ഷേ സുരക്ഷിതം.

"അമ്മയുടെ തയ്യൽ മെഷീൻ ഇവിടെ ഉണ്ടോ?"

മീനാക്ഷി ചോദിച്ചു.

"ഉണ്ട്. മുകളിലെ മുറിയിൽ. എന്തേ?"

"ഓർക്കുകയായിരുന്നു. ചെറുപ്പത്തിൽ അമ്മ പഠിപ്പിച്ചത്. കുപ്പായം തുന്നാൻ."

അച്ഛൻ എഴുന്നേറ്റ് മുകളിലേക്ക് പോയി. കുറച്ച് കഴിഞ്ഞ് പൊടിപിടിച്ച ഒരു പെട്ടിയുമായി വന്നു. തുറന്നപ്പോൾ ഉള്ളിൽ കത്രിക, നൂലുണ്ട, സൂചി. അതിനടിയിൽ ഒരു ചെറിയ തുണിക്കെട്ട്.

നിവർത്തിയപ്പോൾ ഒരു പാതി തുന്നിയ പാവം.  
മീനാക്ഷിയുടെ പത്താം വയസ്സിലെ ഉടുപ്പ്. അമ്മ  
മരിച്ചപ്പോൾ മുഴുമിക്കാതെ പോയത്.

"ഇത്" അവളുടെ ശബ്ദം ഇടറി.

"നീ വരുമെന്ന് തോന്നി. അമ്മ പോയതിൽ പിന്നെ  
ഞാൻ ഇത് എടുത്തുവെച്ചു. നീ പഠിക്കും എന്ന്  
പറഞ്ഞാൽ തരാമെന്ന് കരുതി."

മീനാക്ഷി ആ തൂണി മടിയിൽ വെച്ചു. പത്തു  
വർഷം മുമ്പ് നിലച്ചുപോയ ഒരു കഥ. ഇന്ന്  
വീണ്ടും തുടങ്ങാൻ കാത്തിരിക്കുന്നതുപോലെ.

പിറ്റേന്ന് മഴ തോർന്നിരുന്നു. പുഴ ശാന്തമായി  
ഒഴുകുന്നു. മുറ്റം മുഴുവൻ ചെമ്പകപ്പൂക്കൾ.  
മീനാക്ഷി ചുവടുമുട്ടി മുറ്റം അടിച്ചു. അച്ഛൻ  
ചായ്പ്പിൽ നിന്ന് സൈക്കിൾ പുറത്തേക്ക് വലിച്ചു.  
"റിപ്പയർ ചെയ്യാൻ കൊടുക്കാം" എന്ന് പറഞ്ഞു.

"വേണ്ട അച്ഛാ. ഞാൻ ശരിയാക്കാം. യൂട്യൂബിൽ  
നോക്കി പഠിക്കാം." അവൾ ചിരിച്ചു.

ഉച്ചയ്ക്ക് അവൾ അമ്മയുടെ തയ്യൽ മെഷീൻ  
തുടച്ചു വൃത്തിയാക്കി. എണ്ണയൊഴിച്ചു. പാതി  
തുന്നിയ പാവം മെഷീനിൽ വെച്ചു. ആദ്യത്തെ  
തൂണൽ പിടിച്ചു. രണ്ടാമത്തേത് വളഞ്ഞു.  
മൂന്നാമത്തേത് നേരെയായി.

വൈകുന്നേരം രാമചന്ദ്രൻ മാസ്റ്റർ സ്കൂളിൽ നിന്ന് വന്നപ്പോൾ ഉമ്മറത്ത് ഒരു ബോർഡ് കണ്ടു. മീനാക്ഷിയുടെ കയ്യക്ഷരത്തിൽ: "മീനാക്ഷി ട്രെയിനിംഗ്. ബ്ലൗസ്, ചുരിദാർ, കുട്ടിയുടുപ്പുകൾ തയ്ച്ചുകൊടുക്കപ്പെടും."

അയാൾ ഒന്നും ചോദിച്ചില്ല. അകത്തേക്ക് ചെന്നപ്പോൾ മീനാക്ഷി അമ്മയുടെ പഴയ അലമാര തുറന്ന് തുണികൾ അടുക്കിവെക്കുന്നു. "നാളെ മുതൽ ടൗണിൽ പോയി തുണി എടുക്കണം. പിന്നെ ഒരു ഇൻസ്റ്റാഗ്രാം പേജ് തുടങ്ങണം" അവൾ പ്ലാൻ പറഞ്ഞു.

"ബംഗളൂരു?" അച്ഛൻ ചോദിച്ചു.

"അവിടെ ഞാൻ ജീവിച്ചു. ഇവിടെ ഞാൻ ഉണ്ടാക്കി നോക്കട്ടെ."

രാത്രി വീണ്ടും മഴ പെയ്തു. പക്ഷേ ഇത്തവണ പുഴയുടെ ശബ്ദം ഭയപ്പെടുത്തിയില്ല. മീനാക്ഷി ജനലരികിൽ ഇരുന്ന് പാതി തുന്നിയ പാവം പൂർത്തിയാക്കി. അവസാനത്തെ കുത്ത് കഴിഞ്ഞപ്പോൾ അവൾ അത് മടക്കി അമ്മയുടെ ഫോട്ടോയുടെ മുന്നിൽ വെച്ചു.

പുറത്ത് പുഴ ഒഴുകിക്കൊണ്ടിരുന്നു. എല്ലാ മഴയും കടന്നുപോകും. എല്ലാ പുഴയും കരയ്ക്ക് അടിയും. ബാക്കിയാവുന്നത് നമ്മൾ എന്ത് നിർമ്മിക്കുന്നു എന്നതാണ്. ചിലപ്പോൾ അത് ഒരു ജോലിയാവും.

ചിലപ്പോൾ ഒരു ബന്ധം. ചിലപ്പോൾ പാതി  
മുഴുമിക്കാതെ പോയ ഒരു പാവാടയും.

മീനാക്ഷി വിളക്ക് അണച്ചു. നാളെ മുറ്റത്ത്  
ചെമ്പകം വീണ്ടും പൂക്കും. അച്ഛൻ സൈക്കിൾ  
നന്നാക്കും. അവൾ തുണി അളക്കും. വഴികൾ  
പലതാണ്. മഴ ഒഴിഞ്ഞുപോയ വഴിയിൽ കൂടി  
നടക്കാൻ മാത്രം ധൈര്യം വേണം.

CORRECTION

# கவிதை

S.mahalakshmi

உயிர்கொள்ள துடிக்கிறது  
ஒரு கவிதை...  
தொடுதிரையில் எழுதப்பட்டு  
கருவறைக் காண்கிறது.....  
வார்தைகளின் பொருளுக்குள்  
திணிக்க முடியா  
உணர்வொன்றை  
சுமக்கிறேன்...  
எப்பொழுது எதில்  
வெளிப்பட எத்தனிக்குமென  
தெரியாமல்...  
ஒரு புன்னகையிலா...  
சில கண்ணீர் துளிகளிலா...  
எதுவுமற்ற மெளனத்திலா ...

வாஞ்சையுடன் காத்திருக்கிறேன்...

ரசனையா ...

வலிகளா...

காதலா...

கடவுளா...

கவிதையின் பொருளில்

ஏதுமற்ற நிலைப்பாடு...

விருப்பம்போல் உயிர்ப்பெற்றுக்கொள்ள

ஒவ்வொரு வார்த்தைகளையும்

தொடுகிறேன்

என் மனஸ்பரிசுத்தால்...

நான் களைப்புற

நேரும்பொழுதெல்லாம்

மீட்டுக்கொள்ள ஏதுவாய்

தேடுகிறேன் உன் அருகாமையை...

நான் வாழ்ந்துக்கொள்ளவும்

வீழும் பொழுதில்

தேற்றிக்கொள்கொள்ளவும்

தேவைப்படுகிறது  
உன்னைப்போல்  
பெயரும் புரிதலுமற்ற  
ஒரு கவிதை...

CORRECTION

# "ரோஜாவின் காதல்"

SINTHANAI SELVAN . S

ரோஜா இதழில்

முள் என்றும் தைப்பதில்லை;

அவை

ரோஜா இதழின் மேல் கொண்ட

ஒருதலைக் காதலால்தானே...

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முள் இல்லாத ரோஜா

என்றும் முழுமையடைவதில்லை;

இருந்தும்,

அதை நீ பறித்து

உன் கைகளால் அரவணைத்தபோது,

அந்த ரோஜா

மேலும் அழகாகிறதே ஏன்?

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ஏனென்றால்,

ரோஜாவுக்குக் கூட



உன்னைக் கட்டித் தழுவ

ஆசை வந்ததாலோ என்னவோ,

உன் கைகளுக்குள்

அது இன்னும் மலர்ந்து நிற்கிறது.

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ரோஜா கொடுப்பதில் உள்ள அன்பைவிட,

அதைப் பெற்றுக்கொள்ளும்

இதயத்தின் அன்பு

சற்று ஆழமானதல்லவா?

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அதனால்தான்...

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இரு ரோஜாக்களும்

ஒரே நேரத்தில்,

ஒரே இடத்தில்,

மாற்றி மாற்றி வெட்கம் கொள்கின்றன—

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ஒன்று

அவன் கைகளிலிருந்து பிரிந்து

மற்றொரு ரோஜாவின் கைகளுக்குச் செல்லும்  
போது;

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மற்றொன்று,

அவன் கைகளிலிருந்து

காதலின் முதல் பரிசைப்

பெற்றுக்கொள்ளும் போது...

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CORRECTION

## "இதயச் சிற்பம்"

SINTHANAI SELVAN . S

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நான் சிற்பியாக மாற விரும்பினேன்...

அவளைச் சிற்பமாக வடிவமைப்பதற்காக...

ஆனால்,

அப்படியாக மாறவில்லை...

ஏனெனில்,

அவளை என் இதயத்தில் வடிவமைத்துவிட்டேன்.

அவளை நான் மட்டும்

ரசிக்க வேண்டும் என்பதற்காக...

கதைக்க அவளும்,

கதைக்கும் அழகை ரசிக்க நானும்...

ஓர் ஜென்மம் போதாது!

அவள் கதைக்கும் அழகை  
வர்ணிக்க நினைத்தால்,  
வார்த்தைகள்கூட  
வெட்கம் கொள்கின்றன...

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கட்டியணைத்து காதல்  
சொல்வதைவிட,  
உன் கண்களின்  
மெல்லிய அசைவில்  
ஒவ்வொரு நாளும்  
காதல் செய்யவே  
என் மனம் ஆசை கொள்கிறது...

