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CORRECTION

Voice of nature

Ragini Chandravanshi

My name is Ragini Chandravanshi. I am a student of Class 11 and I enjoy writing poems and short stories. I love expressing my thoughts through words and exploring themes like childhood, dreams, and emotions.

Nature sings in every tree,
In flowing rivers, wild and free.
The mountains stand so proud and tall,
As birds above them softly call.
The golden sun lights up the day,
While cool winds gently pass our way.
The flowers bloom in colors bright,
Making earth a lovely sight.
The moon and stars shine in the night,
Filling the world with silver light.
Nature teaches peace and grace,
And paints beauty in every place.
If we protect this gift so rare,
The earth will bloom with love and care.



The empty chair

Janane

I made a mistake, a terrible one, my friend,
The one that broke our bond apart,
And loneliness is what I won instead.

I find no cure for it whatsoever,
Yet I refuse to let you just become another chapter, my friend.

Alone in the dim library, I dig through thousands of books,
Determined not to give up;
Yet I don't find my answers.

I decide to have a conversation, a real one this time,
To restore what we had,
Alas! Now what is left is a steaming cup of coffee,
While I wait for my mate.



The Train That Never Stopped

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.

CORRECTION

Everyone Lives In A Different World

Anupama Sham Budhrani

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

Each one of us live in a different world ,
There are so many professions to herald.
The teacher is engrossed in teaching ,
The children are engrossed in learning.

The doctor is busy treating patients,
The nurses busy with administration of medicines.
The Manager is busy in management,
The watchman busy in seeing, whom to send in..

The Houswife is busy in
The maid is busy in cleaning
,
The Husband usually earns
money.
The robber finds ways to
rob money and jewellery .

cooking ,



The lawyers are busy fighting court cases,
The criminals finding new ways to escape ,
The police seeing how the law and order is maintained ,
The ministers busy with building the nation.

One world, many professions ,
One book, many worlds.
Everyone likes his own comfort zone ,
and likes to achieve his own goals!

CORRECTION

When God Forgot My Name

Javish

Javish is a 17-year-old student, aspiring author, and poet from India. Passionate about storytelling, he explores themes of memory, hope, identity, and the quiet emotions that often go unspoken. His writing aims to leave readers with thoughts that linger long after the final line.

They say
every prayer reaches heaven.

Mine probably did too—

only with the wrong address.

As a child,
I believed the stars
were tiny windows.

Every night,
I whispered my dreams
through them.

Not loudly.

Just enough
for God to hear.

Years passed.

The stars stayed.

The silence grew.

People around me
called themselves lucky.



They found love
without searching.

They found answers
without asking.

I learned
how to smile
before breaking.

Perhaps heaven
never rejected me.

Perhaps...
it simply misplaced my file.

Maybe my blessings
were sitting
on a dusty shelf,

waiting for someone
to notice the spelling mistake
in my name.

Life has strange ways
of making us feel forgotten.

A message
that never arrives.

A chair
that stays empty.

A birthday
celebrated by fewer people
every year.

You begin to wonder
whether existence itself
is becoming quieter.

Then one morning,
the sun rises
without asking
whether you still believe in tomorrow.

Flowers bloom
for people
who never stop to admire them.

Rain falls
even on houses
whose doors remain closed.

Nature has never waited
for certainty.

It simply continues.

Maybe God isn't late.

Maybe
He is teaching us
that roots grow
long before flowers appear.

No tree apologizes
for taking years
to become shade.

No river rushes
because the ocean exists.

Everything beautiful
arrives
when it has learned
how to survive.

So if heaven
has forgotten my name,

I'll keep writing it

into the lives
I touch.

Into every stranger
I help.

Into every wound
I refuse
to pass forward.

And one day,
when someone remembers me,

it won't matter
whether God
called my name first.

Because love—
real love—

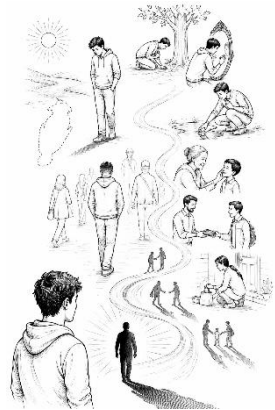
never needed
a roll call.

The Day My Shadow Refused to Follow

Javish

Javish is a young poet and storyteller who finds inspiration in the unnoticed moments of everyday life. His writing blends emotion, imagination, and introspection, exploring themes of memory, resilience, hope, and the quiet beauty of human connections.

There came a morning
when my shadow
didn't rise with me.
The sun was there.
The road was there.
I was there.
Only my shadow
had decided
it had carried enough.
I searched for it
beneath my feet,
behind old trees,
inside mirrors,
even in the puddles
that remembered yesterday's rain.



Nothing.

People passed by
without noticing
that a man
can lose himself
without disappearing.

For days,
I walked
lighter than ever—
and lonelier than I had imagined.

Without a shadow,
I no longer knew
which direction
the light was coming from.

Then,
an old woman smiled
at a child
who wasn't hers.

A stranger
returned a wallet
filled with money.

Someone

left food

outside a door

without waiting

for thanks.

I watched carefully.

Every act of kindness

left behind

a tiny shadow

of its own.

Not dark.

Not frightening.

Just enough

to prove

that goodness

always leaves

a trace.

That's when I understood.

My shadow

hadn't abandoned me.

It had gone ahead,

hiding itself
inside every kindness
I had forgotten
I was capable of.
Perhaps
our shadows
aren't born
from sunlight alone.
Perhaps
they are stitched together
by every gentle thing
we leave behind.
So if one day
you feel
as though you've lost yourself,
don't search
under your feet.
Search
in the lives
that became
a little brighter

because you existed.

You may discover

that your shadow

was never following you.

It was leading the way.

CORRECTION

What Will Remain?

Ibne Raihan

Enjoy your time while you can,
Because death ignores every other plan.
Morning comes and fades away,
Like shadows do throughout the day.
Most chase gold as well as fame,
Yet they return from where they came.
When every dream reaches its end,
Will others call you foe or friend?
The world won't stop when you're gone,
So leave a light to carry on.
Turn your every word into a light,
That guides lost souls through endless nights.
The clock will stop when your breath does too,
But what will remain is up to you.



Just Requires A Thought

Udish Deshmukh

Udish Deshmukh is a 16-year-old boy who occasionally writes poems and enjoys reading work that reflect nature, the human experiences and Love of God revealed through His creation.

Once I was walking down the street,
Walking merrily, enjoying a treat.
Then came a phone call, loud and long,
And all of my thoughts and mood went wrong.

Angry I walked my way back home,
Wanting them to leave me alone.
Holding that grudge, I went to bed,
With no other news or stories read.



But in the morning, a sudden thought:
Why was this anger so tightly caught?
Nothing of weight had passed, in truth;
No harm to my peace, my life, or youth.

Then came the very same call again;
They said, "Thank you for easing my pain."
It was only then I began to see:
My patient listening set them free.

As someone wise has rightly said:
Be the rainbow in a cloud that's laid.
For without someone's heavy shower,
How will you share your brightest flower.

The Library of Forgotten Dreams

Chawa Nandini Meghana

Chawa Nandini Meghana is an emerging poet, writer, and literary editor whose work explores themes of emotion, resilience, identity, and human connection.

There is a library no map can find,
Hidden beneath the dust of the mind.
Its shelves are carved from silent years,
Its pages stained with unshed tears.
Each book was once a fearless dream,
A quiet hope, a distant gleam.
A song unwritten, a brush untouched,
A hand that longed, yet feared too much.
One held the voice that never spoke,
Another slept beneath a joke.
Some wore ribbons made of doubt,
Others faded from inside out.
Yet none were angry, none complained.
They simply waited, still remained.
For dreams, unlike the setting sun,



Do not forget the hearts they've known.
So if one evening life feels slow,
And every answer whispers "No,"
Walk softly through that hidden door,
Where forgotten dreams still ask for more.
Choose just one book. Dust off its cover.
Read the life you meant to discover.
For hope is not a flame that dies—
It waits behind unopened skies.
And when the final page is turned,
You'll find the lesson dreams have learned:
The greatest tragedy isn't to fail,
But never to continue the tale.

WHERE THE LIGHT LEARNS MY NAME

Emavorine Dotni

I write poetry for the hearts that are still learning how to heal. My words are inspired by quiet mornings, fleeting seasons, love that changes us, and the courage it takes to begin again.

There was a time
I believed the stars
were reserved for people
who never forgot how to smile.

I watched them
from borrowed windows,
from trains that never waited,
from rooftops that remembered
more dreams than they could hold.

I thought light
belonged to the fortunate,
to the fearless,
to those whose laughter
never had to borrow strength
from tomorrow.

And so
I became a collector.

Not of gold,
nor of victories,
nor of names engraved
on marble walls.

I collected silences.

The kind



that settles between two heartbeats.

The kind
that lingers after goodbye
has already packed its bags.

The kind
that sits beside you
without asking permission,
until loneliness
begins to mistake it for home.

I learned
how grief speaks.

It does not always arrive
wearing black.

Sometimes
it dresses itself
as ordinary mornings.

A cup of tea
left untouched.

An unread page.

A chair
that still remembers
the shape of someone
who is no longer there.

A favorite song
that suddenly feels
too heavy to finish.

And somehow,
the world keeps moving.

The rivers
continue carrying mountains
one grain at a time.

Birds rehearse
their impossible songs
before sunrise.

Children invent kingdoms
from fallen branches.

The moon
still rises
without asking
whether anyone
is looking.

The universe
has never paused
for a single broken heart.

Yet somehow,
it has always made room
for one.

Perhaps
that is mercy.

Or perhaps
that is love.

I once asked the rain
why it never apologized
for falling.

It answered
by feeding forests.

I asked the wind

why it never stayed.

It answered
by teaching birds
how to trust invisible roads.

I asked the sea
why every wave
must surrender
to the shore.

It answered
with another wave.

Again.

Again.

Again.

As though
hope itself
was nothing more
than beginning
one more time.

So I began listening
to things
that could not speak.

The mountains
taught patience.

Not because
they were unshaken,
but because
they had survived
every storm
that believed itself

to be eternal.

The trees
taught generosity.

Every autumn
they surrendered
their brightest colors,
never doubting
spring would remember
their address.

The rivers
taught forgiveness.

No matter
how many stones
stood in their way,
they chose movement
instead of bitterness.

And the sky

the endless,
ordinary,
unreachable sky

taught me
that emptiness
is not always
a wound.

Sometimes
it is simply
the place
where tomorrow
is waiting
to be painted.

People often ask
what makes
a person strong.

I do not think
strength
is loud.

I have seen mountains
collapse.

I have watched oceans
retreat.

I have seen
the tallest trees
bow before
a quiet wind.

Strength,
I think,
is the candle
that keeps burning
even while knowing
morning
will receive
all the credit.

It is the gardener
who plants
a tree
whose shade
they will never enjoy.

It is the letter
never sent,
yet written
with honesty.

It is forgiving
someone
who never learned
how to ask.

It is waking again
inside an unfinished life
and choosing
to continue
the sentence.

There are days
I still lose
small wars.

Days
when the mirror
introduces me
to a stranger.

Days
when hope
sounds like
a language
I once knew
but cannot pronounce.

On those mornings,
I no longer demand
that my heart
be fearless.

I ask only
that it remain open.

A closed flower
never meets
the sun.

A closed window
never learns
the scent of rain.

A closed heart
may avoid sorrow,

but it also
misses wonder.

If life
has taught me anything,

it is this

joy
is not the absence
of suffering.

It is the courage
to keep noticing
beautiful things
while carrying
what hurts.

A grandmother's hands
folding bread.

Dust dancing
inside afternoon light.

The sound
of someone saying
"I remembered you."

Books
with cracked spines.

Letters

written by trembling hands.

The first breeze
after impossible heat.

The last star
before dawn.

These miracles
arrive quietly.

They do not knock.

They simply wait
for someone
who has not forgotten
how to notice.

Once,
I envied
the people
whose stories
seemed untouched
by sorrow.

Now
I wonder
whether rivers
would still sing
without stones.

Whether pearls
would exist
without irritation.

Whether forests
would know spring
without winter.

Perhaps
our wounds
are not interruptions.

Perhaps
they are doors.

Not every door
should be entered.

Not every scar
must become
a lesson.

Yet sometimes,
the places
that hurt us most
also teach us
where light
can finally enter.

I no longer wish
to become
someone else.

Not because
I have mastered myself.

But because
I have finally learned
that healing
does not erase
the past.

It teaches
the past
how to live
without ruling
the future.

If I could speak
to the child
I used to be,

I would not promise
an easy road.

I would not promise
that everyone
who says forever
will stay.

I would not promise
that dreams
never break.

Instead,
I would kneel
beside that frightened soul
and whisper

One day,

you will discover
that surviving
was never
your greatest achievement.

Your greatest achievement
will be learning
to remain kind
after discovering
how easily
the world
can become cruel.

You will laugh
without asking permission.

You will cry
without apologizing.

You will lose people.

You will find yourself.

Then lose yourself again.

And somehow,

that too
will become
part of the map.

You are not late.

The moon
has never envied
the sunrise

Autumn
has never apologized
for arriving
after summer.

Every season
keeps
its own promise.

So should you.

Do not measure
your worth
against clocks.

Measure it
by the lives

that feel warmer
because you existed
inside them.

When the final evening
arrives

as it must
for every traveler

I do not wish
to count
how many mountains
I conquered.

I wish
to remember

that I noticed
the wildflowers.

That I listened
when someone
needed silence
more than advice.

That I forgave
more often
than I judged.

That I left
more hope
than fear
behind me.

And if,
long after
my footsteps
have disappeared,

someone finds
these scattered words,

I hope
they do not remember
my name first.

I hope
they remember
their own.

I hope
they close this page,
step outside,
look toward the endless sky,

and realize

they were never
too broken
to belong
to the morning.

Because dawn
does not ask
the night
to explain itself.

It simply arrives,

patient,
faithful,
unafraid,

placing gold
into every place
the darkness
once believed

it owned.

And perhaps
that has been
the secret
all along.

Not that life
becomes perfect.

Not that pain
disappears.

Not that every prayer
receives
the answer
it expected.

But that somewhere,
beneath every ending,

a quiet light

is still learning

your name.

LOVE TAUGHT MY HEART TO BLOOM

Emavorine Dotni

I write poetry for the hearts that are still learning how to heal. My words are inspired by quiet mornings, fleeting seasons, love that changes us, and the courage it takes to begin again.

I once believed love wore a human face,
a pair of hands opening toward mine,
a voice that knew the road back home,
eyes bright with the vow,
I'll never leave.

But promises, like autumn leaves,
learn the shape of falling.

So I gathered my broken pieces
from the floor of that leaving,
and for a while I thought
love had ended
the day someone walked away.

For a long time
I mistook surviving
for healing.

I smiled because it was easier
than naming the silence
that lived inside me.
I laughed while my heart
kept whispering
in a language
only midnight understood.

Then one quiet morning
the sun laid itself



across my window
without asking
whether I deserved its warmth.

The rain kissed the earth
that had cracked all summer long.
The flowers did not question
the storm
that nearly uprooted them.
They simply
bloomed.

That was the day I learned
healing does not arrive
wearing fireworks.

It comes like dawn
slowly,
softly,
patiently,
almost unnoticed.

It teaches you
that not every goodbye
is the end of love.

Sometimes it is only
the beginning
of loving yourself
the way you always should have been loved.

Healing is not forgetting a name.
It is hearing it
without your heart
forgetting how to breathe.

It is passing the places
you once called forever
and finding they are now

only places.

It is waking one morning
and realizing you smiled
before remembering
what once broke you.

Love, the truest kind,
does not ask you
to become someone else.
It does not demand
that you shrink
to fit inside another soul.
It does not measure your worth
by how much of yourself
you are willing to surrender.

Real love is gentle.
It waits.
It listens.
It waters the gardens inside you
instead of plucking
every flower for itself.

And if it must leave,
it leaves you
more yourself
than before.

Perhaps that is why
the moon never competes
with the sun.
Each knows its own light.
Each arrives in its own time.
Neither asks permission
to shine.

So why should we?

If I ever fall in love again,
I hope it feels like spring
after a hard winter
not because it erases the cold,
but because it reminds me
nothing beautiful is gone forever.

I hope it feels like coming home
to a place I never knew
I was missing.

I hope it teaches me
that two hearts are not meant
to complete one another,
but to grow side by side
like trees whose roots run deep,
sharing the same earth
without stealing each other's sky.

Until then,
I will keep becoming
the person I once searched for
in someone else.

I will learn my own laughter.
I will memorize my own light.
I will hold my own heart
with the tenderness
I once begged from the world.

Because the greatest love
I will ever receive
must first recognize me
when I look into the mirror.

And when that day comes,
when love finally knocks again,
it will not find a heart
waiting to be rescued.

It will find a soul
already blooming.

And together,
we will not heal
because we are broken.

We will heal
because love,
when it is true,
does not merely find the light.

It teaches every wounded heart
that the light
was there
all along.

The hardest lesson
was never
how to let go.

It was learning
that my heart
could still open
without fearing
every goodbye.

Now I understand
that love
is not measured
by how long
someone stays.

It is measured
by the kindness
they leave behind,
by the courage
they awaken,

by the quiet strength
they help us discover
long after
their footsteps
have faded.

Every scar
has become
a window.

Every tear
has become
a river
leading me
toward myself.

The heart
I once believed
was shattered
was only
making room
for a gentler version
of who I was
always meant to become.

So if tomorrow
asks me
whether I would love again,

my answer
will be yes.

Not because
I no longer fear
being broken,

but because
I have learned
that healing

is love's
most beautiful language,

and every heart
that dares
to bloom again

becomes living proof

that hope
always finds

its way

home.

CORRECTION

17th Of February!

Aditya

Yeah, it was 17th Feb!

When our souls said — "I am yours,"

Your eyes were wet,

Those tears and that smile had their own glory...

My heart felt your depth,

My calm lies in your arms — wondering how special I am,

You chose me to be your man.

I was a guy with a heartless problem,

You, with your love, brought my smile back.

A love that never fails, always choosing
me —

"I am yours"... uff, that "my"!

If your love is a well, I'm the
one falling down,

Deeper and deeper — it's the way
to heaven.

You are my favourite book,



My favourite chapter is your heart.

A pure, living organ,

Which gave me life again.

I will never forget the day I was reborn...

Yeah, it was 17th Feb!

CORRECTION

Alvida Bangalore

Mohak Bajaj

Ab jaayu toh main

jaayu kahan.

Rukna agar chahu bhi,

toh rukoon kahan.

Kiske paas.

Tootkar bikharna bhi chahta hoon.

Thak kar girna bhi chahta hoon.

Par tootoon kahan,

Rukoon kahan.

Royun kahan.

Bikhru main kiske paas,

Kiske saamne?

Haar sa gaya hoon,

Thak gaya hoon,

Kahin kisse.

Batayu kaise.

Hasna bhul gaya hoon,



Jhooti hasi ab dikhayi bhi

nahi jaati hai.

Par sawal ab bhi wohi

tootoon main kahan,

Bikhru main

Kahan,

Kisike saamne.

Kahaaniya jo deti thi

khushi aur sukoon.

Khelna aur baat karna apno se

jo deta tha muskaan,

ab thakaan sa deti hai.

Kehna toh hai bahut kuch,

Kehna toh sab kuch hai,

Par baat toh wohi hai na,

Ki,

Tootoon, toh kiske saamne

Bikhru agar main,

toh kahan,

aur kiske saamne.

Rukunge kya
ya chale jaayenge woh bhi
muskara kar yuhi.
Kehkar sab theek hai,
Sab theek ho jayega,
Bas bahar jaaya karo.
Naye dost banaya karo.
Milna chahta main bhi
naye logo se bhi,
Banana chahata hoon
naye aur sacche dost main bhi
par darta hoon bas ek baat se hi,
Ki,
Tootoon, toh kahan,
Bikhru, toh kahan,
Kiske saamne woh bhi.
Rukenge kya woh bhi,
ya chale jaayenge woh bhi
muskura kar yuhi.

Shayad isliye hi,
seekh liya maine bhi,
tutna akele mein hi.
Bikharna akele mein hi.
Taaki puchhna na pade,
Ki,
Tootoon, toh kahaan
bikhru agar main
toh kahaan.

Ab jaayu toh jaayu kahan

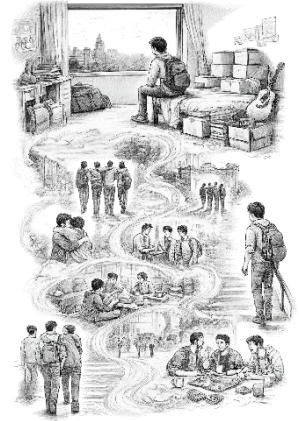
Mohak Bajaj

Toh meri na college life khatam ho rahi hai, ya fir kaho ki khatam hone waali hai and jaise jaise mere jaane ke din paas aa rahe hai aur main apni yaadein, cheezein, apni haar jeet in gaton ke dabbon mein samet raha hoon, apne andar kuch khaalipan, thodi udaasi, bhi mehsoos kar raha hoon.

Janta hoon 3 saal ki yaadon ko shabdo mein sametna mushkil hai, par yeh ek chhoti si koshish keh lo, jo mere jazbaat ko bayaan karte hai. Toh yeh kavita kaho ya nazm yeh iske liye hai.

Ek ajnabi shehar,
jo ban gaya kuch ab apna sa.
Ek baigana sa shehar, anjaan si galliyan,
jisme ghuma main,
chala main,
aur bana li maine yaadein kayi.

Woh ajnabi shehar,
jisne dekhi jeet meri,
aur haar bhi.
Dekha jisne mujhe tootte hue,



bikharte hue,
aur shayad aakhir mein,
nikharte hue.

Jahaan mile yaar mujhe,
mile apne zindagi bhar ke liye,
jiya zindagi saath unke main,
roya saath unke main.
Sambhala jinhone mujhe,
jab aati thi ghar ki yaad mujhe
aur paata tha khud ko akela main.

Mile mere apne mujhe,
aur mili seekh, sabak bhi.
Paaya pyaar bhi
aur dard bhi.

Seekha maine dil tootne ke baad
hasna bhi,
aur usse aage badhna bhi.

Woh shehar,
Woh chaar diwaari,
jisne dekha mujhe
haste hue,
rote hue,
bikharte hue,
aur akele mein naachte hue.

Nahi bhulunga main yaadein
aur lamhe saare,
jo banaye the maine,
is anjaane se sehar mein.

Na bhulunga main sabak saare,
na bhulunga main ab
khud ke liye ladna,
aur sapne dekhna.

Nahi bhulunga main
us baat ko,
ki,

Isi shehar mein,
paaya tha maine khud ko.
paa li thi maine apni kala ko.

Aur
shayad,
apni zindagi ke maqsad ko bhi.

Shayad ab is shehar mein dobara aana na ho kabhi.
Par yaad rahenge mujhe woh lamhe—
beech sadak par bikhar jaana,
rona...
aur kabhi kabhi,
bina wajah naachna bhi.

Yaad rahengi woh class ki mauj masti,
kabhi professors se bhid jaana,
toh kabhi unse hi shabaashi paana.

Aur woh canteen ki chai...
ghanton tak baith kar UNO khelna,
ludo ki shartein lagana,
aur haar jaana.

Aakhir mein bas itna hi kahunga,

Ki,
bhale hi chale jaau main

aur laut kar kabhi bhi na aayu main,
par rahoge mere ek ghar tum sada,
mera ek hissa tumhare paas,
aur tumhara mere paas rehega sada,
yaad aayoge tum sada.

It was a nice journey Bangalore, thank you for everything, until next time.

The Person I Owe

Anisha Sahay

Some hearts speak in silence; hers speaks in verses. Anisha Sahay writes about love, loss, hope, and the quiet strength found in becoming. She believes every poem leaves behind a small piece of the soul that wrote it.

trying to become
someone
the world would admire.
I chased applause,
collected expectations,
and wore masks
that never truly fit.
Then one quiet day,
life asked me
a question
no mirror ever had—
"When was the last time
you were proud of yourself?"
The answer
was silence.



So I stopped
running after perfection
and started
walking toward peace.

I learned
that success without kindness
is empty,
that love without respect
is fragile,
and that happiness
borrowed from others
never lasts.

Now,
I no longer dream
of becoming
the richest,
the smartest,
or the most celebrated.

I simply hope
that when I meet
the person I become,

I can smile
and say,
"You kept your heart honest."
Because in the end,
the greatest achievement
is not being remembered
by the world—
but being respected
by the person
you see
in the mirror.

Nature Can Heal Everything

Anam Shafique

When life's loud echoes weigh upon your soul,
And restless days leave hidden wounds untold,
Step where the earth still speaks in silent grace,
Where every breeze becomes a warm embrace.

The forest keeps no record of your pain;
It simply greets each sunrise after rain.
The rivers carry burdens far away,
Teaching tired hearts to begin each day.



Beneath the endless sky so vast and clear,
The smallest birds can quiet every fear.
Wildflowers bloom without a need for praise,
Yet fill the world with beauty all their days.

The mountains stand with quiet, patient might,
Reminding us that hope outlives the night.
Each falling leaf, each branch that gently sways,

Whispers that healing comes in countless ways.

Walk slowly where the morning dew is bright,

And watch the stars awaken into night.

The wind will lift the sorrow from your chest,

While gentle hills invite your mind to rest.

For every storm will one day lose its voice,

And every heart can find the strength to rejoice.

Nature asks for nothing in return,

Yet offers peace to all who choose to learn.

So open your spirit to the world anew,

Let skies of endless blue awaken you.

Within the earth's embrace you'll always see:

Nature can heal, and set the heart truly free.

The Art of Becoming

Aparupa Goswami

I am not a finished story,
Not a picture framed in gold.
I am a page still turning,
A thousand dreams yet untold.

The sky does not ask permission
Before it changes its hue.
The stars don't wait for approval—
They simply shine right through.

So why should I fear becoming
Someone I've never been?
The world is vast and waiting,
And my journey can begin.

I'll collect little moments,
Like seashells from the shore.
Each laugh, each step, each lesson,



Will open another door.

I don't need to have all answers,

Or know where every road leads.

Sometimes the bravest thing is simply

To trust the heart that dreams.

And if tomorrow looks different,

I'll greet it with open eyes.

For life is not about perfection—

It's about learning to rise.

Becoming

Aparupa Goswami

I am an aspiring writer and student who finds meaning in expressing emotions through poetry. My writing is inspired by everyday experiences, personal growth, and the quiet moments that often go unnoticed.

BECOMING

I stopped asking life
why everything changed.

Some people left,
some memories stayed,
and some dreams became different.

At first, I thought
I was losing myself.

But maybe I wasn't lost.

Maybe I was just growing
into someone



I had never met before.

CORRECTION

If My Diary Could Speak...

Afshan

My name is Afshan. I'm 15 and currently studying in Saudi Arabia. I hold deep admiration for writing and literature, and wish to pursue it as a career in the upcoming future.

Kaash meri diary ko chand lamhe aise bhi ataa hote,

Use bolne ki salahiyat hoti aur falak ke nazare sunne ko beqarar hote,

Woh palat kar dekhti apne panne, ki main kaunsa kissa karu bayaan?

Par likhi milti use har panne pe bas teri hi dastaan...

Bayaan kiye jaate meri bepanah mohabbat ke kisse,

Un shabnami raaton mein humpe khuda ki rehmat ke kisse

Aur who kisse jinhe sunke falak bhi ek pal ko theher sa jaaye,

Woh taare guftgu mein masroof ho aur who chand bhi pighal sa jaaye.

Bayaan kiye jaate who gam jo maine lahu mein lipte haathon se utaare the,



Aur who tareefein jinse maine uss bejaan si kitaab ke panne sawaare the,

Zikr kiya jaata un shikayaton ka jo maine apne khuda se rakhi thi,
Aur in saari baaton ka ta'aluq hota tujhse, ke maine tujhse mohabbat seekhi thi.

Na jaane kya asar hota sama-e-shab pe agarchay meri likhayi ruhani hayaat paa jaati,

Khayal hai ki shayad who chand bhi tabassum farmaata aur un taaro ki ziya bhi sharma jaati,

Ek din teri dilkashi se puri duniya waqif hoti aur yehi mere ishq ka anjaam hota,

Meri diary apna aakhri panna palat'ti, aur zaahir si baat hai, uspe bhi tera hi naam hota..”

Love

Samiksha sachin salunkhe

It's good until it's not yours...

Sometimes, untold stories are better
than a lie.

No relationship is ever
true enough
to be trusted completely.

Romanticizing the world for love
feels enough,
until we start dreaming
of a non-cliché relationship.



Borrowing Light

By Tania Tabassum

Tania Tabassum is an emerging poet whose writing explores hope, resilience, memory, and the quiet beauty hidden in ordinary moments. She believes poetry is a bridge between silence and emotion, giving voice to experiences that often remain unspoken.

When I was young, I believed the stars
belonged to anyone who looked long enough.
So every evening I filled my pockets with wishes,
certain that the sky remembered
every quiet dream.

Years passed, and the world taught me
to measure worth in applause and trophies.
Names were spoken with bright certainty,
while mine remained a whisper
waiting to be heard.

For a while, I mistook silence for failure.
I thought an unopened door meant the end,
and an empty hand meant I had nothing.
But the night refused
to agree with me.



The stars arrived without ceremony.

They neither hurried nor competed,
never asking who had won the day.

They simply carried their light
across the darkness.

Watching them, I understood
that light does not beg to be noticed.

It keeps shining through forgotten hours,
trusting that even the longest night
will one day end.

So I gathered every unfinished dream,
every disappointment I could not outrun,
and stitched them into quiet words,
hoping they might become
their own kind of light.

Perhaps victory is not always a trophy
resting on a polished shelf.

Perhaps it is the courage to return,
to begin again,
without bitterness.

If my name is never the loudest,

let my heart remain the strongest.

If I leave without applause,

let me leave with hope

still alive within me.

And if one day my name is called,

I hope it is not because I chased glory,

but because I kept writing,

kept believing,

and never stopped reaching.

Until then, I will walk beneath the stars,

not asking them to fall into my hands,

only borrowing enough of their light

to guide the next dream

waiting inside me.

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, she now turns her focus toward the raw, lyrical power of poetry, crafting lines that breathe life into quiet observations and unspoken emotions.

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, she now turns her focus toward the raw, lyrical power of poetry, crafting lines that breathe life into quiet observations and unspoken emotions.

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.

CORRECTION

I was trying from a while to die or to cry
But when I put off my eye I found everything dry
I was wishing for the death
But you make it fine
Then I imagined my life
Like a hand without any line
I was chanting with the sorrow
I was finding some happiness to borrow
And then suddenly you pick me up
Like the coffee out of cup
Then I found that I was in a rhyme
When it's 8 am in the clock then I wonder that it's not my time
And I have to look fineee



You

Anamika S

You are the only one who I can lean on without judgement

You are the only one who sees me for who I am

You are the only one who loves me

You are the only one who hears me

You are the only that supports
me

And yet I was not there for you
when it mattered

You were there for me when it
mattered

You never say I love you but I know just
from looking in your eyes

You never say you are tired but i can see from the wrinkles on your
face

You never say it's tiring and just plasters a smile on your face

You do everything for our family

You mounts the weights of our family and i see you

Happy father's day, mom



WINTER: MY BELOVED

Riddhi Jain

What cannot be said,
will be wept and written..
a frostbitten truth buried beneath
the snow-laden bones of silence.
They forget me. Again.
As if I'm the wind, they feel me,
but don't see me.
A whisper lost in the storm's hymn.

I am always the afterthought,
I smile like the moon smiles in winter,
cold, borrowed light
reflecting the warmth it cannot feel.

There's a quiet judgment in their eyes,
the kind that wraps itself in politeness,
but bites like frost,
To them, I am a snowdrift..



lovely from a distance,
but too much to walk through.

My body, a fragile architecture
of salt and storm..
skin that remembers
what hands have forgotten.
And inside,
a thousand glass threads
tangle and pull
like winds through brittle trees.

I would knit my arteries into a cardigan
if they told me to,
the same people who look away,
when I ask for a mere embrace.

They pass warmth
in silence to each other,
but when I shiver,
they say it's summer.

My heart..

a door that I never learned to lock.

I've left it open even for those,

who never planned to knock.

And in they came,

Not love but my worst fears.

I am a song without melody,

echoing in frozen hallways

no one walks through anymore.

I believe in love,

in friendship,

but doubt their touch,

like a fire I watch

through frost-laced glass.

Winter is my beloved..

soft, cruel, and quiet.

And I would rather freeze to death

in the valley of blood, ink, and tears

than burn in a room
where love is rationed like firewood.

I have escaped
every monster beneath my bed,
but none of the ones inside my head.

Their words..
spine-chilling,
creep into my marrow,
numbing every “why”
I try to bury in snow.

Still, I go on.
Miserable in silence,
functioning like a clock
that ticks through sorrow.

But I don't weep.
The snow doesn't either..
it just falls,
gracefully breaking under its own weight.

I tried to find souls
sweeter than my solitude,
but I keep waking up,
with frostbitten hope
and breath that fogs the glass
between me and them.

And now,
I no longer belong to the rooms
that leave me out.

I am no one's,
but winter's.
She sees me as her own,
wraps her arms around me
not to hush,
but to hold.

Her silence is honest,
her touch, pure.

In her stillness,
I am not too much.

In her cold,

I am finally warm.

CORRECTION

Scarlet hue

ADRIJA NAG

Roses were her favourite, Lilies

were next-

Little did she know, she was

beauty at its best,

Like a melody amidst the cry-

Like a rainbow in the sky-

She was a Blue morpho, a pretty

butterfly;

Her voice so sweet, her wounds

so deep-

Her smile so bright yet her

experiences bittersweet.

For some, she was a lighthouse

in the hurricane;

For some she was as peaceful as

rain-

But in the end, she was a brave

one, smiling through her pain.



Like a missed opportunity, like
a shooting star,
She is actually a gorgeous and
bizarre scar,
Her eyes so sparkly-
Her eyes so brown-
She is a queen who didn't need
a crown.
She liked red and she wore
blues-
But in the end, she was a scarlet
hue.

My dark

Keerthana

There were murmurings around me passing through, and there I sat, all alone with my thoughts echoing more and more. The echoes were like thunder, ready to split my head open. I kept telling myself, 'This too shall pass,' as I always do, but that was when I realized nothing really passed; I just kept going through life carrying all the scars while my heart bled the entire way, leaving its footsteps for me to remember. Today, I lost my favorite words: 'Idhuvum Kadandhu Pogum' 'This too shall pass.' They lost their meaning because it didn't pass; it never did. I just learned to hide it well until I couldn't anymore, until I lost all of it to the darkness that cages me like its precious child. Maybe I was never meant to be. As my heart repeats this, I do what I am best at: procrastinate, maybe until I finally stop



A Day will come

Hiten Bareja

Hiten Bareja is a romance novelist. He passed his high school from Modern School, Faridabad. Passionate about crafting love stories, he debuted with his first novel, Perfect for me in 2023, available on Amazon, [Pothi.com](https://pothi.com) and Wattpad.

A day will come,
when everything will be fine.
I'll belong to her,
And she'll be mine.

A day will come,
when she'll be in my arms.
When I won't be dreaming,
and there'll be no alarms.

A day will come,
when I'll cry in front of her.
She'll console me,
and I'll slowly recover.

A day will come,
when she'll become my wife.
We'll have kids,
and I'll be living my dream life.

A day will come,
when I will stop waiting.
Only after will I realise,
Oh! I was just hallucinating.



The red thread theory~

PRISHA GUPTA

Somewhere, quietly,
Beyond the noise of cities
And the chaos of becoming,
There is said to be a red thread
Tied gently between souls
Who are meant to find one another.
Not always as lovers.
Not always forever.
Just... meant to meet.
I like to think the universe works that way;
Like an old magician with careful hands,
Pulling invisible strings behind the curtains
Of ordinary days or cold mornings which don't really make much
sence.
Because isn't it strange
How some people arrive so naturally?
As if your spirit recognizes them first,
Before your mind can even understand why.



A random conversation.
A seat beside yours...
A name repeated too many times to be coincidence.
And suddenly, someone becomes part of your story
Without forcing their way in.
Maybe the thread stretches oceans.
Maybe it tangles, loosens, disappears for years.
But it never truly breaks.
It simply waits for the right time
Patient as moonlight on water drifting like pearls too pretty to
ignore.
And, I think that's beautiful...
The idea that in this enormous world,
Filled with billions of passing lives,
Certain hearts still find each other
Like stars pulled together by their own quiet gravity.
Not fate, not some grand story written in gold.
Just a soft kind of magic.
The kind that lives in timings of the old clock in your grandmothers
room which you always found comforting-
Maybe it's In the strange feeling of "I know you?!"
Before you really do..

Maybe that is what the red thread truly means.

That some connections are written

So deeply into the universe,

That they find ways to meet,

No matter what.

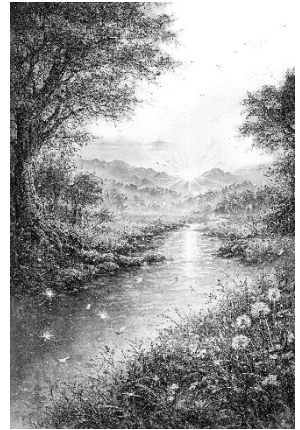
CORRECTION

In Every Change

Nand Kishore

Nand Kishore is a logistics specialist. Beyond his professional role, he is a creative writer and poet known for composing works centered on philosophical themes, time, and nature, such as the poem "In Every Change".

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



Lost which cannot be regained.

B N Roshini

Guards there may be
to guard the flower,
Still the flower is broken,
Seraphic glow in eyes
having quality attracting power,
Still the wrong one chosen,
100 steps to climb your tower,
But someone climbed the lift by token,
Even though had a chance
to have a golden shower,
Still you picked the gold plated way of spoken,
That day sat beside me on the throne
with your complete empower,
Today in tulip bed you would have woken...



THE RAIN THAT CAME TWICE

K Sudheendra Nayak

“A simple physics teacher, a persistent student, and the unexpected lessons the monsoon brought”

Anand sir had been teaching Physics in a small tuition room near Kadri in Mangalore for fifteen years. He lived with his parents in a small house. His mother had died two years ago. After she passed away, the house felt very quiet and empty. Every evening he went to his tuition centre, switched on the lights, wrote on the blackboard, and taught his students. He never shouted at anyone. He helped everyone the same way, whether they were fast learners or slow.

Deep inside his heart, Anand sir still carried one old pain that never left him. Twenty-five years ago, his elder brother had left home after a big fight with their father. No one in the family knew where he went. Anand had tried to search for him for many years. He asked relatives, visited old places, and even wrote letters, but he found nothing. Slowly, he stopped searching and started living a simple life with his parents. Still, on some quiet nights, he would sit alone and wonder what happened to his brother and why he left so suddenly.

One June, when the monsoon was very heavy in Mangalore, a new student joined his second PUC batch. His name was Arjun. He was thin, quiet, and came from a small village near Bantwal, which was half an hour journey from the tuition centre. Every day he took the early bus to Mangalore for college and then came to tuition in the evening. Even when it rained very hard and most students stayed at home, Arjun always came. His shirt would be wet at the edges, and

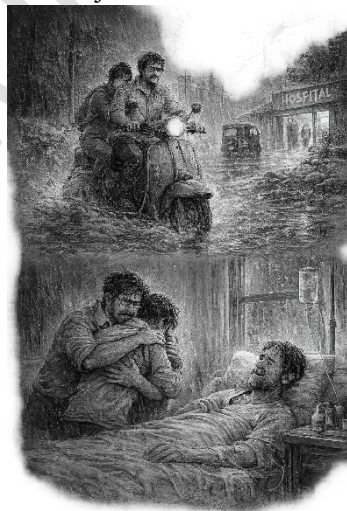
his bag would have a plastic cover on it, but he would still sit in the last bench and listen carefully to whatever was being taught.

Anand sir slowly started noticing small things about Arjun. Arjun had a habit of tapping his pen on the table when he was thinking deeply about something. Anand sir also used to do the same thing when he was young. Sometimes when Arjun was in class, Anand sir felt a strange feeling in his chest — a kind of warmth mixed with sadness — but he never understood why he felt that way. He also noticed that Arjun sometimes looked at him for a few seconds longer than the other students, but Anand sir thought it was just his imagination.

Days passed and Arjun's marks improved slowly. He started smiling a little more in class. Sometimes he brought banana chips or jackfruit chips from his village and shared them with other students. The whole room would smell nice for some time. Anand sir started feeling protective towards Arjun without knowing the real reason. When Arjun looked tired, he felt worried. When Arjun smiled after understanding a difficult sum, Anand sir also felt happy inside.

But then Arjun started coming less regularly. He looked tired and worried most days. One evening after class, he stayed back and told Anand sir that his father had a small accident and could not work properly. He said he might have to stop coming to tuition and help at home. Anand sir felt very sad that night. He kept thinking about Arjun and his family problems.

One evening after class, Anand sir saw something that shocked him. A weak student from the batch, whose family was also very poor, was holding some notes and a small packet. He was thanking



someone again and again near the door. When Anand sir asked him later what had happened, the boy said, “Sir, Arjun has been giving me his notes every week. He also gives me small money for bus fare sometimes. He told me not to tell anyone because he said you are already helping him a lot.”

Anand sir stood there for some time. He felt shocked and sad at the same time. Arjun himself was struggling so much. His father was not well and could not work properly. Still, he was quietly helping another student who was even weaker than him. He never spoke about it or showed off. That night Anand sir sat alone in his dark room and felt like crying. He thought about how much pain Arjun was carrying and how he was still trying to help others. From that day, Anand sir started feeling even closer to Arjun. He started giving him more attention and care without saying anything.

The rain became very heavy one week. It did not stop for many days. Roads were flooded in many places. One evening Arjun came running to the tuition room. He was completely wet and breathing very fast.

“Sir, my father is very sick. Doctor said he needs to go to hospital immediately. We have no money left. I did not know who else to ask.”

Anand sir did not think even for a second. He took his old scooter and told Arjun to sit behind him. They went through the flooded roads in heavy rain. Water was everywhere and the scooter was slipping many times, but they kept going. When they reached the village, Arjun’s father was lying on a mat and struggling to breathe. An old neighbour was sitting beside him. Anand sir quickly arranged an auto and took him to the nearest hospital. He paid the first amount from his own pocket without saying anything.

They waited outside the emergency ward for many hours. Arjun was crying. Anand sir sat with him and told him not to worry. In the

morning, the doctor came out and said the patient was stable but needed rest and medicines. Arjun felt relieved and started crying again.

Anand sir went inside the ward to check on the man. When their eyes met, the man looked at him for a long time. His face changed completely. He looked shocked and scared.

“You... you are Anand?” the man asked in a weak voice.

Anand sir felt confused. “Yes. How do you know my name?”

The man’s eyes filled with tears. His voice was shaking.

“I am your brother... Ramesh. I left home twenty-five years ago after fighting with father. I changed my name and came here. I was too ashamed to come back.”

Anand sir felt like someone had hit him hard. The man lying on the bed was his own elder brother. The same brother who had left home many years ago. The same brother he had tried to find but could not.

Arjun was standing near the door, completely shocked. He could not understand what was happening.

Anand sir’s hands were shaking. He asked in a broken voice, “All these months you sent your son to my class... and you knew who I was?”

His brother nodded slowly. Tears were falling from his eyes.

“I saw your name outside your centre one day. I knew it was you. But I was too ashamed. So I sent Arjun hoping you would help him without knowing the truth.”

Anand sir sat down on the chair. He could not stop his tears. All these years he thought he had no family left. And his own nephew was coming to his class every evening in the rain, calling him “Sir”.

But then his brother spoke again. His voice became very low.

“When you were young, you had a relationship with a girl. She got pregnant. She gave the baby to me and left. Only I knew about it. If father had come to know about the child, he would have thrown you out of the house. He would have never accepted it. So I took the baby and left home. I did this so that you could stay with father and mother peacefully. I was never interested in marriage, so I raised Arjun as my own son all these years. I sacrificed everything so that our parents could stay together and you could live in the house without any problem.”

This hit him hard when Ramesh said, “Arjun is not my son. He is your son.” Anand sir was crying. He looked at Arjun, who was also crying silently. His brother had explained everything clearly.

Anand sir hugged Arjun tightly. He could not control his tears. All the pain, loneliness and questions of so many years came out at once. Realising that he himself was reason for his brother’s disappearance shocked him. He never knew that one bad illicit relation could spoil his entire family, his entire life.

Outside the hospital, it was still raining heavily. But inside that small room, everything had changed in one single night.

After that day, Anand sir’s life became completely different.

He continued teaching, but now Arjun stayed with him. His brother also slowly became part of their life again. Every evening after class, the three of them would sit together and have tea. Anand sir often thought about that stormy night. If Arjun had not come to him in the heavy rain... if he had not gone to the hospital that day... he would have never known that his own son was with him every evening. He would have also never known how much his brother had sacrificed just so that he could stay with his parents.

He often thought about the two stormy nights in his life. One stormy night many years ago had created all the problems and forced his brother to leave home with his child. And now, after so many years, another stormy night had brought everything back — his brother, his son, and the truth he never knew. Life had finally come full circle under the same rain.

CORRECTION

The Dining Room in my Head

Megha Agarwal

I set the table with bone china—
actual bone.

Mine, mostly. Some borrowed.

The plates tremble when I laugh,
but laughter has always been a mouthful of teeth,
and tonight, I'm starving for something raw.

The guests arrive in white—
one wears a noose like a necktie,
another brings wine that smells like formaldehyde.
Someone is missing.
I think it's me.

We sit.

My mother serves the first course:
my childhood, boiled in guilt,
garnished with things I never said aloud.
I chew through the cartilage of memory



and feel it snag between my ribs.

The main course is heavier.

Father carves up the silence between us,

slices it thin, paper-thin,

like skin on wrists.

We pass the platter around,

dip our fingers into grief

like it's gravy.

I excuse myself to scream—

but only in lowercase.

Always lowercase.

Capital letters require hope.

In the bathroom mirror,

my reflection blinks out of sync.

She mouths something I don't understand.

I think it's run.

Or rot.

Or repeat.

Back at the table, dessert is madness.

Served cold,

with a side of her voice,

still echoing:

"don't let them know you're unwell—smile with your eyes, and
bleed into your coffee."

Everyone claps when I start eating myself.

They say I'm brave.

They say I'm art.

They say I'm delicious.

The lights flicker.

No one notices.

I'm gone

before I finish my name.

BECAUSE SHE IS A GIRL

HARSHITA SANIYA

Harshita Saniya is a first-time author with a passion for expressing ideas through writing. This book marks the beginning of her journey as an author and reflects her dedication, creativity, and love for storytelling.

Accept her as a blessing of god

Treat her as a divine light of happiness,

She will never let you down

She will always look after you When she will marry

She will be the bond,

Between the two families

And she will give birth

To the next generation

She will shine, wherever she will go

She is the second only

To the goddess you pray

She will always make you proud, Respect her, educate her

Because she is a girl.



The Iron Titan's Pulse

Bhavisha Nagaraj

Before the spark, the mountain sleeps in stone,

A silent giant, heavy and alone.

But deep within its dark and dusty floor,

A current wakes the sleeping iron ore.

Out from the rivers where the turbines churn,

The massive wheels of heavy power turn;

They send the lightning down a silver line,

To wake the titan in its grand design.

The copper coils are wound a thousand deep,

A million turns to break the metal's sleep.

And when the surge comes crashing through the wire,

The cold, dead steel is filled with invisible fire.

It lifts the ships, it bends the structural beam,

It drives the engine through the cosmic stream.

A force so vast it shakes the very ground,

A quiet empire moving without sound.

From local grids to stars that burn in space,

The great magnetic net holds every place—



A universe of engines, grand and bright,

All swinging on a single thread of light.

CORRECTION

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."



The Regret of Losing Love

Amatullah Phoolwala

So I read somewhere that:

"If a replacement arrives from God you forgot the ones you lost." ."

Toh iss pr kuch likha tha ke:

Beshak usse mujhe mere rab ne nawaza hai
Mere nek karmo ka shayad yeh nek sila hai
Shukar hardam uss rab ka iss nawazish ke liye..
Magar.....

Jisko ek daur mein bepanah chaha tha
Jiska hone ki tammana lab pr thehri thi
Jiske liye sab kuch kr guzarne ko dil
chahta tha

Tum zara pucho unn dilon se ab kaise
usko sabr aata hai...

Kaise woh liye dil apna udaas kisi ka haath
thaamta hai

Aankhon mein nami or labon pr muskurahat rakhta hai
Keh jaana aasan hai

Par iss baat ki gehrai ko samjhne tk mein umar bas beet jaati hai
Laa haasil dua woh meri kisi or ki mukammal ho
Yeh dekh paana asaan toh nahi magar thik hai
Sabr iss baat pr ab krna hi mera naseeb hai
Mera naseeb hai..



What scars don't tell

Selenophile

I smiled through storms I couldn't explain
Wearing sunshine while drowning in rain.
I called it healing, I called it time,
But some wounds learned how to hide and rhyme.
People say scars eventually fade away,
Yet some still whisper everything they couldn't say.
And that's the cruelest truth I've come to know
The things that broke you are often the things that never let go.



lost Time

Roshani yadav

The evening sun is fading outside my window pane
A nameless face is lost in the crowd, like a shadow in the rain
Pen in my hand, but the words have gone astray
The dreams I once held tight have simply drifted away
In these city lights, I'm searching for a sign
Trying to weave together these broken memories of mine.

Oh, this Lost Time, like sand it slipped through my hand

The moments I cherished, I couldn't
make them stand

I tried so hard to hold on, but the clock
wouldn't wait

I couldn't even read the pages of my
own fate

In this lost time, I'm still searching for me

A silent melody in a world of mystery.



Hidden in the corners of my diary, old promises stay

The high ambitions of my youth have turned to shades of grey

There was a warmth even in the cold Korean breeze
Every word I wrote back then felt like a soft release
Now there's a fog around me, nothing's clear anymore
Yesterday is a distant land, a closed and locked door.

But is losing what we love the way we learn to find?
The destination is right there, I just was acting blind
If the time has passed me by, a new morning will still rise
And this quiet voice of mine will sing beneath the skies.

Oh, this Lost Time, like sand it slipped through my hand
The moments I cherished, I couldn't make them stand
I tried so hard to hold on, but the clock wouldn't wait
I couldn't even read the pages of my own fate
In this lost time, I'm still searching for me.

When the Rains Came 🌧️ 🌧️

Sanu

Once upon time there was beautiful girl. She name was merry who live in city.

Merry loves to learn skills and communication for other people She loves to dance in rain.

Merry is a bussiness lady she didn't have time for her. And families.

Oneday she go to mountains for self solo trip alone. Merry want to see whole world for her. Just feel rains.

How was expression of nature and beautiful.

Alone just fun and self time and know some roads and directions . Many times new things we should learn etc.

Just believe yourself you can doeverything alone etc.

The seven colour is beautiful.

Imagines the rain feels good to dance etc.



Music

Sanu

I played my favourite music in spotify.

Over any time and any way.

Just chill and vibes etc.

I just learn music and dance in music.

Music is emotions and happy mood everything.

Relax some health and mind relax etc.



Where Serenity Resides...

Saswati Mahapatra

Nestled within the arms of mountains lies my sanctuary,
My threshold anointed by blossoms from fragrant gardens.

No clamour of cities, no relentless pursuit of the world here,
Only the tender shade of drifting clouds, and mornings that glow
like lamps.

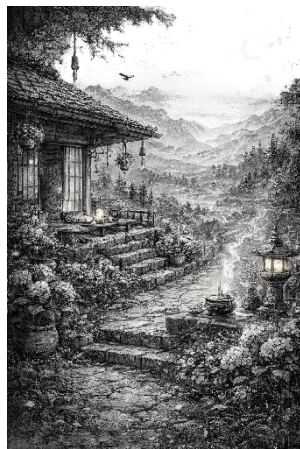
Deodars offer solace, the wind hums forgotten ballads,
I am content in solitude, for the pilgrimage is
mine alone.

When dusk descends, even silence composes
verses,
Seated beside the moon, my existence feels
eternal.

In a quiet corner reigns the presence of almighty,
Lamps flicker, and my courtyard is steeped in
incense.

No longing, no reproach held against anyone,
Within these walls throbs the vast ocean of my
serenity.

Here, the bird of my soul takes flight, unshackled and free.
Here, I am both the seeker and the destination I seek.
Here, every broken piece of me finds its way home.
Here, time dissolves, and I become infinite.



CORRECTION

Cathedral of Silence

Saswati Mahapatra

The mountains stand in sovereign reverence,
antique sentinels draped in veils of argent mist.
Their jagged pinnacles pierce the cerulean vault,
etched against heaven with an austere majesty
that renders all mortal vanities mute.

A zephyr descends, glacial and unhurried,
anointing the skin with its whispered benediction.
It threads through the colonnades of ancient pines,
and each arboreal titan answers in susurrus -
a liturgy of rustling leaves,
a psalm composed in the language of wind.

Here, time does not march; it dissolves.
The world exhales, and in that sacred pause
the soul remembers its own forgotten cadence.
No clamour of ambition reaches this altitude.
No discord dares trespass this sanctuary.



The firs stand cloaked in emerald silence,
their roots sunk deep in epochs of tranquillity.
Above, a firmament so lucent it seems
eternity has opened its eyes to gaze upon earth.

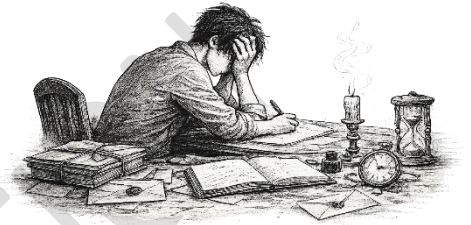
Peace here is not absence.
It is presence - voluminous, absolute.
It is the weight of mountains on the spirit,
not to burden, but to anchor.
It is the cool breath of the world
reminding you that you, too,
are a fleeting yet consecrated part
of something infinite and unmoved.

This is not scenery.
This is communion.

The boy i used to be

Akshat

I laughed with strangers
to hide the hollowness,
smiled for cameras
that didn't matter.
But alone,
my own breath felt heavy,
like the world had pressed its thumb into my chest
I wrote messages , i wrote letters but I never sent !
to the town I left behind,
to the boy I used to be.



Bachpan

Sidra Fatma

I am a student and an aspiring poet who loves creative writing. Through my poetry, I hope to share emotions and stories that resonate with others. This is my debut publication.

Kyu hogyi badhi,
Mai bacchi hi achi thi ...
Vo befikr vali duniya hi,
achi thi ...
Bacchpan ka vo zaamana tha,
Jisme khushiyaun ka khazana tha
Vo bhi kya daur tha,
Wagt hi tab kuch ar tha ...
Dadi ki pari ki khani bh,
Tb schi si lgti thi ...
Vo bacchpan ki gudiya bhi,
Apni si lgti thi
Vo shaame bh dosti ke naam hoti thi ,
Ek shaam aj hai,
Sir par din bhar ki thakaan hai



Ab samajh hai hame zimmedariyon ki,
Par na jane kyu chah hai unhi shaamon ki ...
Fas gyi hu ab samjhdaariyon me,
Mai nadaan hi achi thi

Kyu hogyi badi
Mai bachi hi acchi thi ...

CORRECTION

The Trip That He Didn't Enjoy

Abhay Kumar

The school trip came.

She couldn't go.

When he heard that, he decided not to go either.

But his friends forced him.

The bus moved. Laughter filled the air. Photos were taken.

But his mind stayed behind—with her.

That night, while returning, her best friend called her and handed the phone to him.

The moment he heard her voice, his chest loosened.

Girl: "Are you enjoying?"

Boy: "I tried. But enjoyment feels useless without you."

She stayed silent for a moment.

Girl: "You didn't have to miss me."

Boy: "I didn't miss you. I carried you with me."

Her voice trembled.....

So did his.



Eyes That Spoke Louder Than Words

Abhay Kumar

On the school function day, she stood on stage as the Master of Ceremony.

He sat in the audience.

He didn't blink.

After the program, she sat beside her parents. Their eyes met.

A thousand words passed between them—through silence.

He had to leave early. His mother called.

He gestured apologetically.

She looked disappointed.

She wanted to introduce him to her family.

Later, she told her mother and aunt about him.

“Just a friend,” she said.

But her heart knew better.



Tum bhi

Vaishnavi Rana

Hello there I am Vaishnavi this is my first submitting my poem . I am 17 years old and i live in kullu.

Na voh krishna hai

Na mai radha hu

Lekin haa

Mai kabhi kabhi radha sa rooth jaungi,

Is ummeed mei ki voh mujhe krishn sa manaye....

Hamare prem ko kuch naam nhi doongi,

Kissi yug ki kaaahani se isse nhi jodungi.

Lekin hai

Bass

Voh mujhmei radha dekhe

Mai uss mei kanha dekhu.

Mai radha sa rooth jau ,

Voh krishna sa mujhe manaye,

Aur uske manane mei mai muskurau....



The love i wasn't meant to have

Sirenaiink

I was never searching for forever.
I was only searching for a place where my heart could finally rest.
Life, however, had other plans.
It dressed me in white promises and crimson vows,
Placed a stranger beside me,
And called it destiny.
They told me love would come after marriage.
But all I found was silence.
A home without warmth.
A name that never felt like mine.
And nights that whispered more tears
than dreams.
Then, somewhere between crowded
hallways and quiet afternoons,
I met a soul who never asked me to smile,
Never promised to fix what was broken,
Never tried to rescue me.
He simply stayed.
Like sunlight slipping through forgotten windows.
Like rain finding a thirsty earth.
Like hope returning to a heart that had almost forgotten how to beat.
He never spoke beautiful words.
Yet every silent gesture became a language only my heart
understood.
A white rose left without a name.
A handkerchief when my tears became too heavy.
A quiet presence that somehow made loneliness feel smaller.
People say love arrives with fireworks.



Ours arrived with silence.
With stolen glances.
With conversations that barely lasted a minute.
With moments so ordinary that the world would never notice them.
Yet those moments became my favorite memories.
Maybe love isn't about finding someone who saves you.
Maybe love is finding someone who quietly reminds you that you're
worth saving yourself.
And perhaps...
The greatest tragedy wasn't that I married the wrong person.
It was believing my story had ended there.
Because sometimes...
Life closes one door so gently that you don't even realize another
one has already been left open.
Some souls are written into our lives as lessons.
Others...
Are written as home.
And if destiny ever asks me to choose between a perfect beginning
and a beautiful ending...
I'll choose the ending every single time.
Because the love I wasn't meant to have...
Turned out to be the only love that was ever truly meant for me.



Between Dusk and Dawn

Mahi Sinha

The stars lied to me yesterday
When I asked about you
this is what they said
Every night you come and stay
Till I wake up another day
You sit on that silent couch
And watch while I sleep
And I've heard you write something
Maybe a story about our lovely days
Where I'm the girl and you are a boy
Playing at sunset with others'toys
But now I'm the sunset fading slow
And you Already risen -gone,
one is dusk and one is dawn.



Mai thi tum the ham the

Dr krisi

Mai thi tum the ham the

Kuch kahani ke purana panno mai tum mil gye,

Tute dill ke tudke phir chubh qye,

Yad mai Teri vo pal phir ji uthe

jisme mai thi tum the ham the ...

Un kahani ke kitabo mai rakha vo rukha sa Gulab,

Teri sath bite vo Imhe zulfo se khelna,

Ankho se yu hame chedna,

Sarato se yu satana hame,

Hatho mai yu hath ho Kar kiye un hazaro vado mai,

jinme mai thi tum the ham the ...

Un galiyo mai intazar Tera rat dhalne tak ek zalk ke liye,

Un unkahi khamoshiyo ko tere lawaz mai,

Payar ki un kahani mai ek kissa hamara,

Pura hoke bhi adhura sa laga,

Tagdir ki lakiro Mai Tumse kuch mil gya

Jisme mai thi tum the ham the ...

Marzi e khuda ek araz sun le,

Un kahani ko ek naya mode de,

Mazil paye vo mohobbat -e- farmar de,

Sanso ki un dhakan ko dhakan mile,

Jisma mai hu tum ho aur ham



HINDI

मेरी अधूरी चाहत

Kishan Kishor

Kishan Kishor is an Indian writer, songwriter and composer which has published his writing in many books and also released his compositions on various streaming platforms.

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

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



मेरा बेचैन दिल बस न जाने क्या बात करे।

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

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

तुमसे मिले तो ये जाना

Janhvi Bhardwaj

तुमसे मिले तो ये जाना
क्या होता है प्यार दीवाना
क्या होता है लड़का दीवाना
क्या होता है दिल दीवाना
क्या होता है प्यार में पागलपन
क्या होता है प्यार का गाना
क्या होता है प्यार में सब बदलना
क्या होता है प्यार में रोना
क्या होता है किसी को याद करना
क्या होता है प्यार में स्पर्श
क्या होता है प्यार का मिलना
क्या होता है प्यार का तड़पना
क्या होता है प्यार में यूँ ही गिले भूलना



क्या होता है रिश्ता निभाना
क्या होता है रिश्ता संभालना
क्या होता है प्यार में झगड़ना
क्या होता है किसी की पसंद अपनी बनना
क्या होता है प्यार में झुकना
क्या होता है हाथों में सुकून
क्या होती है उपस्थिति में शांति
क्या होता है महसूस करना
क्या होता है बिना बोले समझना
क्या होता है किसी से जलना
क्या होता है किसी के लिए बदलना
क्या होता है एक ही इंसान में पूरी दुनिया होना

बरसात आई।

Anil Kumar Jaswal

I am Anil Kumar Jaswal belongs to Una road, W.NO.-4, H.NO.-5, Ram Niwas, Gagret, Distt Una, Himachal Pradesh. My journey of writing begins by writing letters to the editors of news papers. Than I shifted to writing poetry.

आज सुबह आकाश कुछ काला था,

शायद बादलों का जमावड़ा था,

उनको देखो,

वो घुमे जा रहे थे,

घुमे जा रहे थे,

लेकिन बरस नहीं रहे थे।

तभी अचानक बिजली कड़की,

रिमझिम बरसात लग पड़ी,

वो बाज़ार में था,

झट से छाता खोल,



घर की ओर हुआ खाना,
लेकिन बारिश एक बार अपने जोश में आ जाए,
तो कहां ठहरती,
बस दनादन बरसती।

तभी अचानक एक लड़की,
छाते के अंदर आ धमकी,
उसकी सीटी पीटी गुम।
अंदर से खुश,
लेकिन बदनामी का डर,
सारा बाजार देखे,
वो खिलखिलाकर हंसें,
लेकिन उसको कुछ न सुझे।

आखिर हिम्मत कर वो बोला,
मोहतरमा क्या बात है,
आपको कहां जाना है।

वो बोली- कहीं भी ले चलो,
लेकिन बारिश से पींड छुड़ाओ।

वो मुस्कराया,
और बोला- लवरज पैराडाइज में चलें,
मेरा घर तो बहुत दूर,
लगता तुम्हारा भी नहीं नजदीक।
पहले तो वो घबराई,
उसकी ज़बान थोड़ी लड़खड़ाई।
फिर बोली- आप ठीक हैं,
यही उचित है।
उसने झट से,
तेज तेज कदम बढ़ाएं,
और कैफ़े के अंदर आकर,
दोनों मुस्कराए।
एक कोने की टेबल पर बैठे,

झट से कोफी का ओडर दिया।

अब दोनों जवान थे,

कनखीयों से एक दुसरे को,

देख रहे थे,

और अगर आंखें टकरा जाती,

तो दोनों हया में आ जाते।

आखिर कोफी आ गई।

दोनों पीने लगे,

और इश्क का खूमार चढ़ने लगा।

आखिर में हिम्मत कर,

उसने उसका नंबर मांगा,

उसने झट से मिसकाल किया,

दोनों के नंबर,

एक दुसरे के पास।

तभी वो बोली,
लगता है बारिश थम गई,
चलती हूं,
लेकिन फोन ज़रूर करना,
ये मुलाकात न भूलूंगी,
शायद बात आगे बढ़ेगी।

इस तरह महोबत का सिलसिला,
शुरू हुआ,
शहर का अच्छा खासा,
जोड़ा बना।

पहली नज़र का आखिरी शहर

Udit Pathak

I am *Udit Pathak*, popularly known as *SR Udit Pathak*—an Indian singer, songwriter, poet, shayar, pianist, writer, and creative entrepreneur. I am the founder and creative force behind **SR Kings Official**, a platform dedicated to nurturing real talent in music, writing, poetry, and creative expression.

तुम मिली थी जैसे

किसी दुआ ने पहली बार अपना नाम बताया हो,

और मैं...

उस एक नज़र में पूरी उम्र का मुसाफ़िर बन गया।

तुम्हारी मुस्कान ने

मेरे ख़्वाबों की नींव रख दी,

मैंने हर आने वाले कल में

बस तुम्हारा ही घर बनाया।



मुझे क्या पता था,

जिसे मैं अपनी मंज़िल समझ रहा हूँ,
वो किसी और रास्ते की मुसाफ़िर है।

तुम चली गई...

मगर जाते-जाते
अपनी यादों का मौसम छोड़ गई।

अब हर बारिश में
तुम्हारी आवाज़ भीगती है,
हर हवा
तुम्हारा नाम लेकर गुज़रती है।

मैंने चाँद से पूछा,
"क्या वो कभी मुझे याद करती होगी?"

चाँद मुस्कराया...

और बादलों के पीछे छिप गया।

अब ख़्वाब भी अजीब हैं...

उनमें तुम आती हो,
मेरा हाथ थामती हो,
और ठीक उसी पल
नींद टूट जाती है।

सुबह जब आईना देखता हूँ,
चेहरा मेरा होता है,
मगर आँखों में
तुम्हारे जाने की उम्र दिखाई देती है।

लोग कहते हैं—

"वक्त सब ठीक कर देता है।"

शायद...

मगर वक़्त ये नहीं बताता

कि पहली नज़र से शुरू हुई मोहब्बत

आखिरी साँस तक भी ख़त्म नहीं होती।

मैंने तुम्हें कभी पाया नहीं,

फिर भी

तुम्हें खोने का दर्द

हर रोज़ जीता हूँ।

ये कैसी मोहब्बत थी...

जिसमें इज़हार मेरा था,

फ़ैसला तुम्हारा था,

और सज़ा

पूरी ज़िंदगी मेरी हो गई।

अब कोई पूछे—

"तुम्हारा सबसे खूबसूरत ख़्वाब कौन था?"

तो मैं मुस्कुरा दूँगा...

क्योंकि कुछ लोगों के नाम

लिए नहीं जाते,

बस उम्र भर महसूस किए जाते हैं।

अगर कभी

किसी भीड़ में तुम्हारी नज़र मुझ पर ठहर जाए,

तो पहचान लेना...

वो शख्स

जो आज भी मुस्कुरा रहा होगा,

सिर्फ इसलिए...

कि उसकी पहली मोहब्बत

आज भी वही है,

जिसने उसे

अपनी कहानी में कभी जगह ही नहीं दी।

प्रश्न सिर्फ नारी से क्यों?

Anisha Sahay

मैं अनिशा हूँ। मैं कभी पुरुषों के विरुद्ध नहीं थी, और न कभी रहूँगी। मेरा संघर्ष किसी के अस्तित्व से नहीं, असमान सोच से है। मैं केवल इतना चाहती हूँ कि जिस सम्मान, विश्वास और स्वतंत्रता का अधिकार एक बेटे को सहज मिल जाता है

जब द्रौपदी का चीर हरण हुआ,
प्रश्न उसके वस्त्रों पर था,
पर सभा में बैठे पुरुषों से
किसी ने मौन का हिसाब नहीं माँगा।

जब सीता से
अग्नि परीक्षा माँगी गई,
किसी राम से
प्रेम की परीक्षा किसने माँगी?



जब सती की चिता जली,

एक स्त्री राख हुई,
पर उस अग्नि को
परंपरा कहने वालों से
किसने प्रश्न किया?

सदियों से
नारी को मर्यादा सिखाई गई,
पुरुष को अधिकार।

नारी से कहा गया—
झुको।
सहो।
चुप रहो।

पुरुष से कब कहा गया—
सम्मान दो,
सुनो,

समान बनो?

मैं पुरुष की हार नहीं चाहती,

मैं नारी की जीत भी अकेली नहीं चाहती।

मैं बस इतना चाहती हूँ—

जहाँ नारी को

देवी बनने की मजबूरी न हो,

और पुरुष को

श्रेष्ठ कहलाने की आदत न हो।

जिस दिन

दोनों एक-दूसरे को

सिर्फ "मनुष्य" समझेंगे,

उसी दिन

न कोई द्रौपदी अपमानित होगी,

न कोई सीता परखी जाएगी,
न कोई सती की चिता जलेगी।

उस दिन
इतिहास नहीं,
भविष्य मुस्कराएगा।

CORRECTION

मेरी जंग

Vaishnavi Holey

तुझमें समाना

मेरी आरज़ुओं के रंग

तेरी ख्वाहिशों में

दिल बेखौफ़ मलंग

तेरे तस्सवुर के स्याही से

मेरे अल्फाज़ बुलंद

तेरी हस्ती में ये

तस्वीर बेहया दंग

तुझे जीतना और पाना

इतने नापाक दाँव तो नहीं मेरे

मगर तुझे हारकर भी



खुद की साँसे चलाये रखना

इतनी बेशुमार हैं मेरी जंग

बस इतनी

तो है मेरी जंग !!!

CORRECTION

साया

Namita

वो था एक साया किसी का,
जो दिखता अक्सर रातों को है,
करता है कोशिशें आने की पास,
एक एक आहट जब उसकी,
बढ़ती मेरे तरफ को है,
सहम जाती हूं, मैं डर जाती हूं।
सिरहन सी एक पूरे शरीर में दौड़ जाती है।
न निकलती आवाज जवां से,
हलक में ही अटकी रह जाती है,
छा जाता है अंधेरा घना,
दिखाई न कुछ देता है,
जैसे-जैसे वो पास आता महसूस ज्यादा होता है,
ऐसा लगता है जैसे, सांस रुक गई हो।



साया बस उसका ही हर समय दिखने लगता है,
और बढ़ते दिनों के साथ डर और बढ़ जाता है,
वो न स्पष्ट दिखाई देता है,
न कुछ बोलता है,
बस लगता है ऐसा जैसा,
अपनी हवस मिटाने वो,
मरने के बाद भी न मर पाया है
और बनकर एक साया,
करता है अपनी अधूरी हवस को पूरा,
यू रहकर अनदेखा, डरा कर लोगो को रखता है,
न कुछ बोलने देता है,
न कुछ बताता है,
पता नहीं कितना डरावना होगा,
व्यक्तित्व उसका।
क्या उसके इरादे होंगे,
कितना डरावना रूप होगा,

किस-किस को उसने सताया होगा,
करने अपना मन का पूरा ,
बनकर साया बुराई का,
किस-किस को उसने रूलाया होगा।
जाने कैसा वो इंसान होगा,
जो मर कर भी न आजाद हुआ होगा।।

आवारा आशिक

Neha Mali

वो चाँद सी खूबसूरत थी,
मैं किसी पत्थर का टुकड़ा था।

वो आवाज़ थी लहरों की,
मैं बस पानी का झरना था।

वो बहती थी खुली हवा में,
मैं बारिश का बादल था।

वो नाजुक सी चिड़िया थी,
मैं तूफ़ान का शोर था।

मोहब्बत थी मेरी वो,
उसके लिए मैं धोखे का संकेत था।



वो एक जगह ठहरने वाली,

मैं आवारा आशिक था।

वो उजाले जैसी साफ़ थी,

मैं अधूरी सी रात था।

वो सुकून की तलाश में थी,

मैं बेचैन सा सफ़र था।

वो चाहती थी एक सच्चा घर,

मैं बस गुज़रता हुआ शहर था।

गुज़रता हुआ शहर था।

ज़िन्दगी की किताब

Vaishnavi Chavhan

ज़िंदगी भी तो बिल्कुल, एक खुली किताब जैसी है,
हर पन्ना एक नया एकसास, एक नई कहानी कहता है।
कुछ पन्नो पर बिखरी है हँसी, तो कही आँसुओं का साया है,
इस किलाब के हर एक हर्फ में, मेरा ही अक्स बहता है।

एक पन्ना वो भी था, जहाँ मैंने किसी को अपना माना था,
उस अध्याय में मैंने बस, बेइंतहा प्यार ही लुटाया था।
पर उस पन्ने का अर्थ, अंत, बहुत ही अधूरा और दर्द
भरा निकला,
उसने झूठ कहकर मुझे, मेरा विश्वास जो यूँ तोड़ा था।

पर तक पन्ने के फटने से, पूरी किताब तो खत्म नहीं
होती,

गहरी काली रात के बाद, क्या कोई नई सुबह नहीं होती?



मैंने भी पलट दिया है वो पन्ना, जहाँ सिर्फ दर्द और तन्हाई थी,
अब नहीं पढ़ना वो अध्याय, जिसमें छुपी मेरी रूसवाई थी।

अब एक नया अध्याय मैं, अपनी ही हिम्मत से लिख रही है
हर ठोकर से एक नया सबक, एक नई बात सीख रही हूँ।
इस किलाब की असली लेखिका, अब मैं खुद ही बन गई हूँ,
गिरे हुए अशको की स्याही छोड़, अब हौसलो से आगे बढ़ रही

जिम्मेदारी

Vivek Bharti

सुबह से शाम तक बस खुद ही से बहस होती है,
कब तक करेंगे माँ-बाप यूँ ही मेहनत
यही सोचकर आँख रोती है।
ना नौकरी है, ना कोई ठिकाना ही है अपना,
बहन की शादी, सम्मान का जीवन, यही तो है सपना।
पर क्या किस्मत को मंजूर है, ना जाने,
जो भी काम किया निराश रहा, क्यों ना जाने।
नौकरी जल्दी मिलती नहीं, मिले तो टिकती नहीं,
कैसे साकार होंगे सब सपने, बस यही चिंता सताती है।
बड़ा बेटा होना घर में कोई खेल नहीं है, साहब!
सोच-सोचकर ये बातें, माथे की नसें फटी जाती हैं।
सुबह से शाम तक
बस खुद से यही बहस होती है।



"मैं शहीद हो गया माँ..."

Priti Rajput

Priti Rajput is a 20-year-old student and author from Utter Behani Sadral, District Samba, Jammu & Kashmir, India. She has been honored with several national and international awards for her excellence in the field of writing.

माँ, आज तेरा लाल तिरंगे में लिपटा आया,
हाथों में बंदूख नहीं... पर माथे पर शौर्य का साया।
जिस बेटे को तूने झूले में सुलाया था,
वो आज तुझे छोड़ कर मिट्टी से मिलने आया।

तेरे आँचल से बढ़कर मुझे कुछ भी प्यारा नहीं था,
पर वतन की माटी ने मुझे आवाज़ दी,
और मैं उसका होकर चला गया...

तेरे आशीर्वाद के सहारे, गोलियों से खेलने चला गया।

जब पहली बार बन्दूक उठाई थी,
तेरी ममता आँखों में उतर आई थी।

पर माँ, फर्ज़ की ज़ंजीर ऐसी थी,
कि तेरे आँचल से भी ज्यादा पवित्र लगने लगी वर्दी।

सर्द रातों में जब तू सोचती थी –
"मेरा बेटा खा रहा होगा या नहीं?"
मैं भूखा बैठा तुझसे कहता था –
"माँ! मैं ठीक हूँ... बस थोड़ा दूर हूँ अभी।"

गोलियों की आवाज़ों में
तेरी लोरी याद आती थी,
और जब मौत पास आई माँ...
तेरा नाम जुबान पर आ गया था।

तेरे हाथों की रोटी,
बहन की राखी,
बाबूजी की छड़ी...

सब याद आए माँ, पर मैंने कुछ नहीं कहा।



क्योंकि माँ, मैं रोता नहीं...

मैं भारत माँ के लिए मरता हूँ।

तेरे आँसू ज़रूर बहेँगे,

पर गर्व के साथ... माँ, मैं लौट के नहीं आऊँगा।

-मैं शहीद हो गया माँ...

पर डर मत... मैं तुझमें ही हूँ,

हर तिरंगे की सलामी में,

हर मिट्टी की महक में...

हर आज़ादी की सांस में मैं हूँ...

जय हिंद! वंदे मातरम्

आखिरी नज़र

Sarah Khan

Sarah Khan is a writer, poet, educator, and content creator from Panipat, Haryana, India. Her poetry explores love, faith, identity, resilience, social justice, and the quiet emotions of everyday life.

उठा रहा है पर्दे हकीकत के कोई,

खुदा न करे बिछड़े ऐसे कोई।

जाते हुए इक नज़र भर के भी नहीं देखा,

देखती रही भरी आंखों से सूनी राहों में कोई।

हवा में अब भी हैं उसकी गर्म सांसों की खुशबू,

मगर दरवाज़े पे दस्तक दे क्यों न कोई।

रातें मेरी होती थी रोशन जिससे,

एक चिंगारी से दिए भुझा गया कोई।

कभी जिसका नाम भी मेरे साथ था,

आज उसकी उम्मीद का भी साथ नहीं कोई।

मैं लुटा आई थी अपना सब उसकी मोहब्बत में,
वो कह रहा था, मेरे लिए अब कुछ नहीं कोई।

न जाने कब तलक रहेगा अब ये आलम,
मैं पुकारूंगी उसे, और होगा नहीं कोई।



तिला पाऊस आवडतो...

Aarya Puranik

तिला पाऊस आवडतो, आणि मला पावसात भिजणारी ती.. पावसाच्या पहिल्या सरीत चिंब भिजणारी, आनंदी कळी, माझी ती.. सरीवर सर पडत असताना, बघुन हसणारी तिला पाऊस आवडतो, आणि मला पावसात हसणारी ती.. ओल्या मातीचा मुग्ध सुवास तिच्या मनाला भावतो तिला पाऊस आवडतो, आणि मला पावसात रमणारी ती.. पावसात भिजणे हा छंद तिचा मनमोकळेपणाने नाचते तिला पाऊस आवडतो, आणि मला पावसात मुक्त होणारी ती.. होडी करून पावसात, सोडणे तिला अलगद अशी कधी बालिश वागते तिला पाऊस आवडतो, आणि मला पावसात बालपण जपणारी ती.. पावसात गरम गरम कांदे भाजे आणि चहाचा बेत लागतो तिला हमखास तिला पाऊस आवडतो, आणि मला पावसात आनंदी होणारी ती.. तिला पाऊस आवडतो, आणि मला पावसात भिजणारी ती...



चलने का प्रयास

Ekta Sahota

Ekta Sahota is an 18-year-old aspiring writer from India. She writes poems, short stories, film stories, and screenplays. Passionate about storytelling, she aims to create meaningful and inspiring works that connect with readers.

बैठी आज मे,
और जी रही काश में हु,
शायद कल की तलाश में हु।
राहें धुंधली सी लगती हैं,
मंजिल अब भी दूर कहीं,
फिर भी थामे हिम्मत अपनी,
मैं चलने के प्रयास में हु।
बैठी आज मे,
जी रही काश में हु,
शायद कल की तलाश में हु।
बीते लम्हों की परछाइयां,



अक्सर मुझसे बातें करती हूँ,
मगर नए सवेरे की खातिर,
मैं चलने के प्रयास में हूँ,
बैठी आज मे,
जी रही काश मैं हूँ,
शायद कल की तलाश मैं हूँ।

OTHER

సీరివెన్నెల నవ్వు

Nethi Sai Naveen

My name is Nethi Sai Naveen, I am a MBA post graduate passionate in writings and poetry

పేరులోనే దాగుంది ఎంతో సౌమ్యగుణం,
నీ పలకరింపు పంచే అపురూప కావ్యం!
నిర్మలమైన మనసే నీకు సదా ఆభరణం,
అందరినీ ఆదరించడమే నీ సహజ లక్షణం!
కలలు కనే కళ్ళలో కలదొక స్వప్నత,
నువ్వు చేసే ప్రతి పనిలోనూ ఒక విశిష్టత!
కల్మషం లేని నవ్వుల సీరివెన్నెల,
సంతోషంగా సాగాలి నీ జీవితం మువ్వల సవ్వడిలా!
ఆశయాల బాటలో అడుగేస్తూ ముందుకు,
ఆదర్శంగా నిలవాలి నీవు అందరకు!
గమ్యం వైపు సాగే నీ ప్రతి ప్రయాణం,



విజయాలతో నిండాల్లి నీ ప్రతి దినం!

CORRECTION