

Table of Content

1. Winning Against Rivals.....	8
Saumya	8
2. The Youth	10
Yakshhika Nayal	10
3. Finally Freedom!	12
Adrija Sarkar.....	12
4. God of the Floor	14
Megha Agarwal.....	14
5. LIFE IS THE GREATEST GIFT	19
Jyotirmayee Pattanaik.....	19
6. The Paradox of the Shore	20
Syed hifzaan	20
7. What Did I Ever Do to Get Him?	22
Mukta pradhan	22
8. Loving You In Silence	23
Khwahish Kedia	23
9. Memories.....	25
Diksha Chandrus.....	25
10. You are the reason	26
Varsha Kp	26
11. Wish it was me	28
Diksha Chandrus.....	28
12. An uprooted tree.....	30

Anjandev Roy	30
13. A Day That Changed my life.....	31
Divyanshi Pandey	31
14. Spiritual — One Last Time	33
Bikramjit Sen.....	33
15. I'm Waiting	34
Veer.....	34
16. *Haan, Main Tumhe Bhul Jaungi *	39
Simran kaur	39
17. The Garden I Became~.....	40
Humna Fatima	40
18. The bhairavapuram murder case	43
K. Gayatri	43
19. “Dead still Alive?”	47
Shaila Akahiv.....	47
20. Ek Lafz, Kayi Duniyaan.....	48
Harmandeep Kour.....	48
21. A Conversation with the Sky.....	51
Nousheen D	51
22. A Second Start.....	54
Nisha.....	54
23. This is my story	55
Yashika	55
24. Her love for the woods	61
Riya Thakur	61

25. Am I Good Enough?	63
Priyanshi	63
26. Perfection is a Myth..!!	65
Anushka Jain.....	65
27. UNTOLD STORY OF SHADOWS 😊	66
Perna.....	66
28. April 17	70
Yvette.....	70
29. 8:00 PM.....	76
Yvette.....	76
30. Letter of a Dead Mother	81
Aanchal Bharara	81
31. Aik Kitab, Aik Kainat.....	84
Mariyam khan.....	84
32. The Auction of Time	86
Janane	86
33. Kaise??	87
Simran.....	87
34. One book many dreams	88
Savaniya Jignesh Anilkumar.....	88
35. Offline Forever.....	92
Jigar Makwana.....	92
36. FUEGO AND MEGO	95
Abhinav Singh	95

37. Hurdles	98
Abhinav Singh	98
38. Illusion.....	99
Shristi Agrawal	99
39. Courtroom	101
Shristi Agrawal	101
40. Time Took It Away	103
Sonali Baruah	103
41. My heart	106
Heena bandivadekar	106
42. Two Halves of a Childhood _ a beautiful poem of two childhood friends who are now grown up.	108
Numan Shaik	108
43. A Letter to My Dad	110
Tanya sahu	110
44. The Last Bus Home.....	112
Himanshu Kewat	112
45. Home for Three Days	120
Himanshu Kewat	120
46. "Some battles are invisible "	127
Amena Tabassum.....	127
47. चलो आज बैठक पर कुछ बात किया जाएं!	130
Kanchan Kumari Rajput	130
48. "है कहीं मिलन हमारा..."	132

RICHA.....	132
49. शायद कुछ नहीं, लेकिन सब कुछ भी	135
Shreya Nema.....	135
50. दिल या दिमाग	137
Shreya Nema.....	137
51. दर्द-ए-बेफिक्री	139
Abhijeet Sharma	139
52. वो पहला-सा इतवार अब कहाँ है...	140
Anamika Sharma	140
53. Dastan-E-Dal	142
Aryan kashyap	142
54. एक स्टूडेंट की उसकी मंज़िल तक पहुँचने की जर्नी	143
Shaik Numan	143
55. उसी एक नाम में वो सबसे अच्छी लगती है	145
Vinayak Yadav	145
56. वो.....	148
Shantanu sharma.....	148
57. तन्हाई का उजाला	151
Riya Thakur	151

58. .. में स्त्री हूँ ..	153
Sweta Sharma	153
59. *खामोशी का पोस्टमार्टम*	155
Roshani Jaiswal	155
60. पसंदीदा किताब	160
Mariyam khan.....	160
61. AKHIRI DO PAL	162
Dhiraj.....	162
62. हां मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ.....	164
SURENDRA AGRAHARI	164
63. ஒரு புத்தகம், பல உலகம்	169
Swetha Vaishach	169
64. Mahboob se door ho jane ka andaze bayan	170
Shaik Numan	170
65. అమ్మ	172
L Jahnavi Reddy	172
66. అమ్మ	174
L Jahnavi Reddy	174
67. ایک گفتگو تقدیر و شمشیر میں	176
Amrit Sahani.....	176
68. خوفِ عمیقِ سمندر	179

Amrit Sahani..... 179

CORRECTION

Winning Against Rivals

Saumya

Looking through the windowpane,
can the world recognise my pain?
Can personal loss
ever justify a nation's gain?

I turn to God in quiet despair—
how do I hope
in this suffocating, pitch-black air?
“Humanity,” He answers...
but the directions remain unclear.

My children dream of toys—
how do I tell them
they are no longer boys?

Souls lie buried
deeper than my rival's pity—
how did this massacre ground



once become my favourite city?

Am I a patriot,

for raising a gun to war?

or a coward,

hiding pride behind a distant roar?

Am I the loser,

or the giver?

For the blood of the innocent

will stain forever my sacred river.

The Youth

Yakshhika Nayal

With tiny hands and heart's ablaze ,
taking a step for the betterment of the country,
opposing government, expressing themselves,
helping others through internet or in life,
all while figuring out their own lives,
sometimes filled with contempt but never with unsurity.

Delivering goods even on the longer routes,
where no one wants to go.
Helping in turning houses from just tin shed ,
to homes filled with love ,
from making roads to fundraising,
all on their own .



From telling stories to elementary students
To solving them in middle school,
From being taught and talking about politics
To taking actions on our own.

From being one in the many,
To becoming the one leading the many.

From turning their vehicle's into ambulance when needed,
To making sure next time,
there is one .

From growing crops to growing institutes ,
filled with compassion and determination ,
becoming a ray of sunshine in the dark and deep forest of illiteracy.

The little one's turned out to be the ones with big heart's,
Sacrificing their own light,
to light up the lamps of others.

Finally Freedom!

Adrija Sarkar

Adrija Sarkar is a high school student who views poetry as a lens to understand the world. Believing that some thoughts are too heavy for prose, she uses the structured beauty of verses to explore complex emotions, freedom, and the human experience.

The wild beast is hidden behind the cage,
Thrown in the abyss darker than Erebus
It paces behind the iron bars, stiffening rage,
Let down its guard, mourning death of Cerebus.

When tears showered, it soared above the cloud
But now, claws turned blunt, feathered span cramped.
The silent thoughts emerged to be too loud,
The cruel shower made the windows damped .

The blacksmith, who crafted it, lost its
key;
Instead of breaking rules, the foes broke
soul,
The leaf dreaming to fly, jumped from the
tree,



Lost and devoid of hope, the flesh turned coal.

It ceased beating, retained the days that shone,

Amidst the intact dreams, lies broken bone.

CORRECTION

God of the Floor

Megha Agarwal

I was four years old
when I learned that God wasn't listening.
They said I was a good child —
never stubborn, never begging for toys in crowded shops.
What they didn't see
was how I already knew
plastic dolls cost too much,
and so did my voice.
That asking meant guilt.
That wanting meant debt.
I learned to kill my wants
before they could embarrass anyone.
I learned to make myself
small enough to feed on scraps of attention
and call it enough.



I thought maybe that would make You notice me.
Good children deserve saving, right?

By twelve, I stopped pretending.
I closed the bathroom door
and let my knees collapse under me.
The tiles were cold,
but not as cold as the way my chest caved in.
I pressed my face to the floor
and whispered to You —
or maybe I screamed, I don't remember -
"Either fix this or finish me."
I told You I didn't care which.
I told You I didn't need a clean death.
I would take my lungs filling with water,
my bones cracking,
my skull opening like a dropped fruit,
if it meant I didn't have to wake up tomorrow.

You did neither.

I lay there and thought maybe
You wanted to see how far I'd bend

before I snapped.
Maybe You liked the sound
of children begging
because it reminded You
that You were God.

They tell me You answer in Your own time.
But what does time mean
when every second is a blade,
when every sunrise feels like
You pressing on my chest
just to watch me squirm?
I was twelve.
I was drowning in air.
And You had oceans to spare.

Now I'm older,
and I still find myself bargaining with a God
I say I don't believe in.
Some nights, I ask again —
Give me something.

Someone.

A reason.

Let me be myself with another soul
without them turning away in disgust.

And every time You say nothing,

I imagine You watching,

like a scientist with a glass jar,

me pacing inside,

wearing grooves into the floor.

They tell me You love me.

I remember the floor.

I remember the silence thick enough to choke on.

I remember my nails digging into my palms

until the half-moons bled

just to feel proof that I was still here.

I remember realizing that

if I stayed alive,

it was because of me —

not You,

never You.

And still, I catch myself looking up,
as if You might finally have an answer.

But I already know what You'll give me.

The same thing You gave a four-year-old
learning to starve her wants.

The same thing You gave a twelve-year-old
willing to die on the bathroom floor.

Nothing.

LIFE IS THE GREATEST GIFT

Jyotirmayee Pattanaik

Jyotirmayee Pattanaik is an aspiring writer currently pursuing a degree in Biotechnology. Alongside her academic studies, she is actively engaged in research paper writing while nurturing a deep passion for literature and creative expression.

Life is the greatest gift of all,
A one-time blessing, precious and small.
Each sunrise paints a brand-new start,
A chance to live with an open heart.

Every person we meet has a reason to stay,
Teaching us lessons along the way.
Some bring laughter, some bring tears,
Yet all help shape our passing years.

Every lesson we carry makes us wise,
Helping our dreams and hopes arise.
Every success is a blessing written in our fate,
A reward for faith, though it may come late.

So treasure each moment, both joyful and hard,
For every heartbeat is Heaven's reward.
Live with gratitude, kindness, and uplift—
For life is the greatest, one-time gift.



The Paradox of the Shore

Syed hifzaan

I am the listener who holds the sea,
But words freeze tight when it comes to me.
A loyal friend, in the quiet shade,
Yet a shadow when the plans are made.
A "good enough" person, striving to be
A simple human, flawed but free.
I read the pages, I take the test,
A striving student who cannot rest.

I feel an ocean, deep and wide,
But cannot show the tide inside.

I hear the thoughts you never speak,
The silent tears upon your cheek.
I read the heavy, unsaid weight,
The hidden grief, the quiet hate.
But when I look into your eyes,
And hold the truth beneath the lies,



It makes you pull away in fear-

To feel yourself so deeply clear.

And so I bleed from what I know,

In silent chambers, masked in snow.

The sharpest ache I have to bear

Is feeling what you cannot share.

CORRECTION

What Did I Ever Do to Get Him?

Mukta pradhan

I can't accurately recreate every chapter and page from our entire conversation because it exceeds the context I currently have. This PDF contains a placeholder and recommendation to compile the full manuscript in sections.

Please ask me to compile Chapters 1-5, then 6-10, etc., and I can produce a complete formatted PDF without losing any content.



Loving You In Silence

Khwahish Kedia

Khwahish Kedia is a 16 year old published author. Writing has always been more than just an activity for her. Themes of her writing include; societal issues, love, contrast, short stories, nature and much more.

Your eyes speak what words can't,
Your gaze flickers with every glance,
Your presence—your actions—everything about you
Makes you better, more precious,
Someone the world doesn't quite deserve.

I steal glances at every chance,
Just to catch a sight of you—
My gaze softens every time it finds you.
My tone, my voice—they change when it's you,
My cheeks flush deeper,
And even silence begins to hum with your presence.



In every dream I see,
I make sure you're there—

Cradling moments with you
That reality never lets me keep.

And every time the thought of making you mine appears,
Your independence outshines it—
A reminder that you don't need anyone's hand.
And I... I love that.
I love seeing you happy in your own world,
Smiling freely, living on your own terms.
I wouldn't bind you,
Or shape your happiness in any way.

So I just smile—
Watching you in your own rhythm,
And somehow, I get colored in it too.
To feel you,
To feel the peace,
To feel the quiet symphony—
And let you remain
The most beautiful version of yourself.

Memories

Diksha Chandrus

Hello to all fellow readers out there! Myself Diksha Chandrus a 17 year old girl who loves to convert the pain inside her heart into words and write poems that describe not only me but the deepest part of my heart which remain hidden from others.

As the clouds drift apart, so does the person.
The memories we had, just for a moment,
Bring me to tears to think that I wasn't meant for you—
When all I wished for was to be considered.
Funny how time changes like the weather of a city;
One day you were all I had,
The next, you left me like I was nothing.
Breaks my heart to see you without me,
But know that you will be far better away from
me.
And just like that, the fairytale was left in the middle,
With pages half written, but the heart full of memories...



You are the reason

Varsha Kp

You are the reason I still blush when a song suddenly reminds me of you.

You are the reason I started noticing a softness in myself I never paid attention to before.

You are the reason I learned that caring deeply doesn't always need explanations or permission.

You are the reason I began to look at my reflection without being too harsh on myself.

You are the reason ordinary moments started feeling a little less empty and a little more alive.

You are the reason silence doesn't scare me the way it used to.

You are the reason I started believing I deserve love, even on days I don't feel enough.

You are the reason I stopped being so unkind
to myself in thoughts no one ever hears.

You are the reason I find meaning in the smallest, simplest things without trying too hard.

You are the reason sunsets feel like they are
holding something I can't fully say out loud.

You are the reason I learned to sit with my emotions instead of running away from them.



You are the reason I feel a quiet kind of strength on days I feel weak.

You are the reason I write things I will never send to you.

You are the reason some memories still feel warm, even when they should've faded.

You are the reason I miss something I never truly had.

And you are the reason a small part of me still hopes... even when I pretend it doesn't.

I loved you so much that I started to love myself too.

CORRECTION

Wish it was me

Diksha Chandrus

Hello to all the fellow readers! Myself Diksha Chandrus a 17 year old girl who loves to convert the heartache and sadness felt into words through the medium of poetries.

"I don't love you anymore
A pretty line that I adore"
Always loved the wording to this,
Until it was my chance to miss.
I love how ur cheeks turn red the very moment u smile,
I capture it in my heart like a source of life;
The ignorant waves, or the "chill dude we buddies" kinda ways;
Were all I had of you until u went away.
Perhaps it wasn't you or me,
But the girl who became everything I couldn't be.
And I hate how I can't hate her,
For she is all I ever want to be—
Prettier, kinder, smarter,
And all you wished me to be.
I hate you for letting her get between us,



When all I wanted was to save us.
I hate that I can never possibly hate u,
for all u did was never for me;
All I felt is still kept deep inside,
Cause I'm yours for all the times u weren't mine.

CORRECTION

An uprooted tree

Anjandev Roy

Anjandev Roy born on January 9, 1973, in the small village Barkona, in the district of Purba Bardhaman, west Bengal. He has loved to read and write poetry since his childhood.

An uprooted tree came in my dark vision,

It was extremely sad and pensive,

I asked it a very simple question about the modern civilization,

But it gave me a very complex answer.....

Silently though,

Which uprooted my creative voice

In the worst way,

I remained completely standstill,

No hope, no expectation for me,

Utter darkness suffused inside and outside,

Eventually I realised the ultimate truth,

As my devastated inner self became deeply entwined with

The pain and agony of the uprooted tree.



A Day That Changed my life

Divyanshi Pandey

Divyanshi Pandey ✨

Not just a name, but a story in the making,
A heart that's strong, even when breaking.
I fall, I rise, I learn, I grow,
Becoming better than I was before.
I don't follow the crowd, I follow my way,
With quiet strength, I shine every day.
Dreams in my eyes, courage in my soul,
Turning every challenge into my goal.

A day that changed my life,

Just a normal day,

But it changed everything

In my life.

Many people spoke,

But I never listened.

I made mistakes

In many different ways.

But when I realized the truth,

I knew they were right that day.

I failed many times to understand,

Until I found the right way.

Only a few people care,



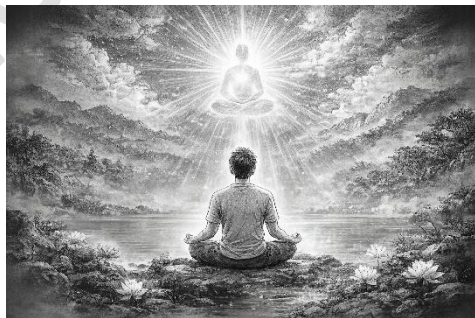
Only a few want your success,
But even one true person
Is worth more than the rest.
That was not just a day,
It was the biggest realization
Of my whole life.
My realization became very strong.
Thanks to that day
That made me powerful.

Spiritual — One Last Time

Bikramjit Sen

Bikramjit Sen is a versatile author and poet celebrated for his evocative storytelling in both prose and poetry. With a prolific career, he has written eight books—including 'Potentially Divine Souls' and 'Leap of Life'—and contributed to over 100 anthologies.

Our spirit's truest nature is spiritual;
Becoming ourselves is the miracle.
As real as what's felt,
Where true joy dwells—
Eternal within, empirical
Therefore we are spiritual
Destined to be so
As our very core
Teaches us to bow
Infront of the Supreme Spirit
Residing in each one of us...



I'm Waiting

Veer

They Say The Dead Find Peace,
They Lied,
I Found Nothing But Silence,
And The Sound Of My Own Voice,
Repeating The Same Words,
Over And Over,

“I’m Waiting.”

The Gates Are Tall,
White, Quiet, Blinding,
Angels Sit By Them, Wings Folded Like Questions,
And They Ask Me Gently,

“Do You Bring A Flower?”

A Simple Thing, They Say,
Just One,



From Anyone,
In Life, Or After.

And I Stand,
Empty-Handed,
Empty-Hearted,
And I Answer,

“I’m Waiting.”

Not For Redemption,
Not For Gold,
Not Even For God,

I Wait For A Flower.

The Kind They Give So Easily To Others,
A Mother,
A Daughter,
A Friend,
A Lover,

But Not To Men Like Me.

In Life,

I Carried The Weight Of Houses,

But Not The Weight Of A Petal.

I Broke My Back To Build Smiles,

But No One Thought I Needed One.

They Said,

“You’re Strong,”

“You Don’t Need That,”

“You’re A Man,”

So I Became Stone,

And Stones Don’t Get Flowers.

Even In Death,

I Watch The Gates Bloom With Souls Who Bring Blossoms,

Roses Kissed With Laughter,
Jasmines Wrapped In Memories,
Even Wildflowers Picked By Accident,

But Me?
Nothing,
Not Even A Dry Stem.

And Still, I Say,

“I’m Waiting.”

I Have Waited Across Decades,
Through The Dust Of Forgotten Prayers,
Through Centuries Of Silence.
The Angels No Longer Ask Me,
They Just Glance And Turn Their Eyes Down.

They Know,
He Has Nothing,
He Was Loved Like A Wall Is Loved,

Only When Leaned On.

They Say A Man Must Earn His Heaven,

But No One Told Me

I Had To Earn A Flower Too.

Not One In Life,

Not One In Mourning,

Not One Now,

Not Even One.

So I Remain Here,

By The Gate,

Nameless,

Face Dimmed,

Hands Stretched Out Like A Question

That No One Ever Answered.

And With Whatever Breath Remains In Me,

I Whisper Again,

“I’m Waiting.”

***Haan, Main Tumhe Bhul Jaungi ***

Simran kaur

Han main tumhen bhul jaaungi,
Han thoda waqt lagega, par bhul jaaugi.
Tumhari yaadon ke jo saaye hain mere sath,
Un saayon se apna daaman chhudaungi,
Han thoda waqt lagega, par bhul jaaugi.
Jo silsile the humare darmiyaan kabhi,
Un kisse-kahaniyon ko mitaungi,
Dil ko thoda dard hoga, thoda royegi ye jaan,
Magar ek din sukoon ki neend so jaaungi,
Han thoda waqt lagega, par bhul jaaugi.
Tumhare naam par jo dhadakta hai ye dil,
Ise kisi aur mod par sambhalna sikhaungi,
Tumhe khabar bhi nahi hogi meri talaash ki,
Main is qadar tumhari zindagi se chali jaaungi,
Han thoda waqt lagega, par bhul jaaugi.



The Garden I Became~

Humna Fatima

I am a young poet from Kanpur, India, whose writing explores themes of hope, resilience, healing, self-discovery, and the quiet strength found in life's struggles.

They said flowers bloom only in spring,
but no one spoke of the seeds
that survive the longest winters.

I have carried storms beneath my smile and silence,
gathered shattered dreams like fallen petals,
and learned that broken things
can still hold beauty without asking permission.

The world measured me by my
failures;

I chose to measure myself

by every sunrise I was brave enough to witness.

Not every battle leaves visible scars,

and not every victory arrives with applause.

Sometimes, survival itself



is the quietest form of courage.

I have stood in places
where hope felt too fragile to touch,
yet even there, tiny roots found their way
through cracks that seemed impossible.
Life never promised gentle seasons,
but it whispered that every ending
carries the memory of another beginning.

I no longer fear becoming undone,
for I have watched the strongest trees
bend with the fiercest winds
and still greet the morning with open branches.

So if you find me blooming now,
do not mistake it for an easy life.

I bloomed because I learned
that darkness is not the end of the story.

It is simply where unseen roots
learn to believe in the sun.

I am not the person
the world expected me to become.

I am something softer,
stronger,
and infinitely more alive.

I became the garden
I was always searching for.

The bhairavapuram murder case

K. Gayatri

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

Detective Akash arrives in Bhairavapuram to investigate a murder case. A few days earlier, two men from the village had been found dead. The local police had failed to identify the killer or close the case, so they called Akash, a famous detective whose intelligence is known throughout the state.

As soon as he reaches the village, Akash goes to meet his childhood friend, Anvi. Akash is originally from Bhairavapuram, and Anvi has been his closest friend since childhood. After greeting her warmly and asking about her well-being, he says, “You completed your M.A. Why didn’t you move to the city for work?”

Anvi replies, “I chose to stay here and take care of the children in the orphanage.”

Impressed by her dedication, Akash asks Anvi to help him with the investigation.

The next day, Akash, Anvi, and two policemen visit the crime scene where the two murdered villagers, Charan and Surya, had been found. The police explain that, at first, they suspected the murders had resulted from a fight between the two men, because villagers had seen them arguing that very morning. However, after the postmortem examination, the police began to doubt this theory. Both



victims had been killed with unusual brutality, suggesting that someone else was involved.

Akash asks whether the police know of any motive behind the murders. They explain that Charan and Surya were honest men who always spoke the truth. Many villagers respected and trusted them, but others disliked them because they exposed people's mistakes and caused them to be punished. Anvi adds, "Yes, they had enemies, but not the kind you would expect to commit murder."

Akash decides to interrogate both the people who hated Charan and Surya and those who had witnessed their fight that morning.

Anvi and the police gather everyone Akash wants to question. During the interrogation, he asks about the argument between Charan and Surya. The villagers tell him it was not the first time the two had fought. Akash asks why they argued so often, and Anvi explains that occasional quarrels between them were not unusual.

Akash then asks the police to bring the postmortem report to the crime scene. The crime scene is an abandoned old house, isolated from the rest of the village. There is not a single other house within a 200-meter radius. While searching the area, Akash finds no major clues except two cinema tickets from a theater in the nearby town. However, the tickets are dated two days before the murders, so they seem unimportant at first. With no other evidence, Akash finds himself at a dead end.

Anvi suggests that he investigate known criminals in the village first and determine whether the murderer might be among them. Akash follows her advice and eventually identifies two suspects. The first is Rajesh, the village head. The second is a notorious local thief.

After questioning the police and several villagers, Akash learns that there had been no robbery in the village around the time of the murders, which weakens the case against the thief. Rajesh, however,

remains suspicious. He had once been involved in a drug case and was even sent to jail, though the crime was never proven. Officially, he had been released as innocent, but many villagers still believe that he is secretly a drug dealer.

Determined not to ignore any clue, Akash travels to the town the next day to investigate the cinema tickets. The theater manager checks the seat numbers and CCTV footage and tells him that a woman accompanied by five children had attended the show. When Akash watches the footage, he realizes that the woman is Anvi, and the five children are from the orphanage.

Akash begins to think carefully. Finding two discarded tickets may be normal, but where are the other four? He decides to ask Anvi about them.

When questioned, Anvi explains that she still has her own ticket, while the children had kept theirs. Two of the children, she says, lost their tickets on the way back from the movie. When Akash asks where this happened, she replies, “Near the old house. That is the only रास्ते back to the village at night.”

Akash asks whether they passed by the old house when the murders took place. Anvi calmly answers, “No.” Akash believes her and continues his investigation into Rajesh.

Soon, Akash uncovers stronger evidence that Rajesh is indeed involved in drug trafficking. At that moment, he remembers seeing traces of white powder at the crime scene—something he had completely overlooked. When he returns to the old house and examines the area again, he realizes that the powder is drugs. He then consults the doctor who performed the postmortem and asks whether any drug particles were found on the bodies. The doctor replies, “No, not on the bodies themselves. But I did find some powder near them.”

This confirms Akash's suspicion.

He goes directly to Rajesh and asks where he had been on the day of the murders. Rajesh hesitates before replying, "At home."

But Akash already knows this is a lie. He has learned that Rajesh had been outside that day because he was preparing to transport drugs out of the village, and the old house was the delivery point.

Akash arrests Rajesh and closes the case. He explains that Charan and Surya had witnessed the drug operation and opposed Rajesh. Fearing exposure, Rajesh murdered them to silence them. Though Rajesh had once been jailed in connection with a drug case, his wealth had later helped him rise to power and become the village head. Within just five days, Akash solves the case and submits his report.

Before returning to the city, Akash goes to meet Anvi and inform her that he is leaving. At that moment, she reveals a shocking truth: she had known the identity of the murderer all along.

The children had seen the murder while passing by the old house after the movie. In their panic, they had run away, and two of the tickets had fallen from Anvi's purse. Yet Anvi had chosen not to tell Akash the truth from the beginning. She wanted him to solve the case on his own.

In the end, Anvi congratulates Akash on solving the case successfully. Akash then returns to the city where he now lives.

“Dead still Alive?”

Shaila Akahiv

Pattering; Shattering; Scattering across the wall;
Broken; Hollow; Empty embracing the fall;
Bleeding; rushing down to kiss the drain;
Whisper; mere a mumble desperate for call.
Sliding; dripping down leaving the stain.

Breathing! How sinful its feel to breath?
Flying! I'm trying to fly like smeath;
Nerves breaking down - it's the magic of meth;
Turning gaze to him - gulping limp down is eath.
Lost! I'm lost; sitting far from beth.

Drag me, pull me, carry me away;
Screams, I'm gulping them only to sway;
Scratching! Digging! unraveling my deeds;
Hold me beneath the warmness of warm ray.
Let me taste it, let me feel it, let me hide it far from my beats.



Ek Lafz, Kayi Duniyaan

Harmandeep Kour

Between the margins of a single word,
A thousand silent galaxies unfold.
Kagaz par bikhri ek chhoti si lakeer,
Carries a weight no cosmos could ever hold.

A quiet breath, a stroke of ink on page,
Kabhi ban jaati hai kisi ki taqdeer.
It mends the bitter, weathered wounds of age,
Aur badal deti hai waqt ki tasveer.

In one word, a mother finds her peace,
Wohi ek shabd uski duniya sanwaarta hai.
A prisoner whispers for a longed-for release,
Jab dil ka dard hadd se guzarta hai.



In one word, two lovers weather every storm,
Jab do dilon ke beech faasle badh jaate hain.
A frozen soul reaches for its quiet warmth,

Toh yahi lafz unka sahara ban jaate hain.

Kagaz par likha ek lafz, lagta hai kitna aam,
Yet open it, and it softly speaks your name.
Yeh kitaab nahi, yeh hamari rooh ka aaina hai,
Where every weary heart rediscovers its flame.

It is a mirror to the human heart,
Toote hue dilon ka aakhri sahara hai yeh.
Where every ending births another start,
Gham ke samundar mein umeed ka kinara hai yeh.

Kayi sadiyan beet gayin, kayi daur badal gaye,
Yet timeless words have never lost their grace.
Is kitaab ke jazbaat har dil mein utar gaye,
Helping us find our history, our home, our place.

Ek lafz. Kayi duniyaan. An endless, boundless sky.
A universe too vast for human eyes to claim.
Jab bikhre hon sab khwaab aur umeed ho kam,
The silent stars still whisper out its name.

Iska ek bhi lafz padhoge, toh sukoon mil jaayega,

For every page becomes a light against the night.

One heart remembers, then another learns to rise—

Aur isi tarah, lafz dar lafz, insaaniyat phir se jee uthti hai....

CORRECTION

A Conversation with the Sky

Nousheen D

Today, I spoke with the sky.

The sun was shining,
yet rain was gently falling.
The sight was so lovely
that I could not take my eyes away.

I asked the sky,
"Why are the sun and rain together today?"

The sky replied softly,
"Every moment has two sides.
Some people look up at this rain
and complain about the weather.
But you stand here smiling,
simply enjoying the beauty.
That is what makes your view different."



As night arrived,
the rain continued to fall.

A beam of light touched the raindrops,
making them sparkle like tiny stars.
The scene was beautiful once again.

Then the rain whispered,

"This light is forced upon me,
coming from lamps in the darkness.
But what you saw in the evening
was different.

There, the sunlight met me naturally,
with no force, no command,
only a gentle meeting of sky, sun, and rain.

That is why it felt so special."

And I stood there silently,
watching the falling rain,
learning that beauty is not only in what we see,
but in how we choose to see it.

CORRECTION

A Second Start

Nisha

Everybody has a chance
To start fresh, to rise anew,
To shape a path much brighter
Than the one they once went through.

Like a player who loses a game,
Yet turns around to see,
What was missed, what slipped away,
What could have been the key.

Even after giving all they had,
A hundred percent, no less,
They search again for what lacked,
Through failure and through stress.

And once they find that missing piece,
They build themselves much better,
For life, like every field of play,
Demands effort altogether.

Time, patience, and consistency
The roots of all we chase,
For every loss can shape us strong,
And lead us to our place.



This is my story

Yashika

There was a time
when every song was an accident.
A lyric would stumble into my chest,
a melody would brush against an old memory,
and suddenly
the world would become unbearably full of you.
Not because I wanted it to.
Not because I searched for you.
But because love is strange—
it hides people in ordinary things.
In bus rides.
In rainy evenings.
In unfinished sentences.
In songs.
God, especially in songs..
But somewhere along the way,
something shifted.
Not all at once.
Not dramatically.
Not with a slammed door
or a final goodbye.
Just slowly.
Cruelly.
Like watching paint peel from a wall
you once called home..
And what broke me
wasn't even what you did.
It was what you became.



Or maybe,
what I finally allowed myself to see.
Because love can survive distance.
It can survive silence.
It can survive misunderstandings.
But it struggles to survive disappointment.
The kind that settles inside your bones.
The kind that keeps asking—
"Why are you like this?"
"Why would you think that?"
"Why would you do that?"
"Why would you choose this version of yourself?"
Again.
And again.
And again.
Until your mind becomes a courtroom
where the same trial never ends.

I hated that.
Not you.
The behavior
Teh talkingg
The endless noise.
The constant ache of trying to understand someone
who made less and less sense
every time I looked at them.
I was angry.
At you.
At myself.
At the fact that I still cared enough
to be angry at all.
Because indifference would've been easier.
Far easier.
You know what nobody tells you?

Sometimes love doesn't leave first.
Respect does.
And when respect starts packing its bags,
love follows behind
like a child who doesn't know where else to go.
I kept noticing things.
Tiny things.
The way you spoke.
The way you avoided.
The way you reacted.
The things you pretended not to mean.
The things you definitely meant.
Every glance.
Every silence.
Every shift in temperature.
I noticed all of it.
Not because I was searching.
But because once you've loved someone deeply,
you become fluent in their smallest changes..
And maybe that's what exhausted me.
Not losing you.
Studying you.
Trying to solve a puzzle
that kept changing its own pieces.
Trying to defend you
against conclusions
you personally delivered.
Trying to find explanations
for things that should've never needed explanations.
People kept saying,
"There must be another perspective."
Another perspective.
Another reason.
Another possibility.

Another excuse.
Another door.
Another angle.
Another version of the story.
And maybe they're right.
Maybe there are hundreds.
But I was tired.
So unbelievably tired.
Of standing in the middle of a burning room
and discussing architecture.
At some point,
I stopped wanting answers.
Stopped wanting clarity.
Stopped wanting redemption arcs.
Stopped wanting proof.
Stopped wanting hope...
Because hope can be dangerous
when it overstays its welcome.
And one evening,
under a sky that looked exactly like this one—
dark clouds,
strangled sunlight,
trees turning into silhouettes—
I realized something.
I don't need you to become better
for me to move on.
I don't need you to understand my pain.
I don't need you to validate my version.
I don't need an apology.
I don't even need closure.
I only need me , myself ,my feelings , my
disappointment..everything's on me ..
And peace is impossible
when every memory is being interrogated.

When every song becomes evidence.
When every conversation becomes an autopsy.
When every heartbeat is still trying
to resurrect what already died..
So I stopped.
Not loving.
Not immediately.
I don't think hearts work that way.
But I stopped reaching.
Stopped waiting.
Stopped translating your silences
into things they never were.
Stopped searching for myself
inside your thoughts.
Stopped wondering
whether I still mattered...
And the strangest thing happened.
The world didn't end.
The sky still changed colors.
The wind still arrived in the evenings.
The songs still played.
The roads still led somewhere.
And people—
good people—
continued finding me.
Remembering me.
Choosing me.
Without confusion.
Without games.
Without making me question
my own reality.
Now when a song plays,
I don't think of what we could've been.
I think of what I survived.

And maybe that's sad.
Maybe it's beautiful.
Maybe it's both.
But if you ever cross my mind now,
it isn't with longing.
It isn't with hope.
It isn't even with hatred.
It's with a quiet grief
for the version of you
I carried for far too long.
The version that never truly existed.
The version I loved.
The version I defended.
The version I waited for.
And somewhere beneath these heavy clouds,
while the last light struggles through the darkness,
I finally understand:
I wasn't losing you.
I was losing an illusion.
And somehow,
that hurt even more.
Because the hardest goodbye
isn't to a person.
It's to the thoughts
You build of them , around them , for them...

Her love for the woods

Riya Thakur

She craveth love, yet dareth not its flame,
And seeketh solace where the wild winds sigh;
For Nature knoweth well her hidden name,
Whilst mortal hearts have taught her but to cry.

Her childhood's bloom did wither ere its spring,
Too soon compelled to wear the robes of years;
She once did laugh as free as birds that sing,
Now liveth veiled beneath unspoken
tears.

She breatheth still, yet seemeth long
since gone,

Not flesh, but soul hath faded into
night;

She feareth bonds where once affection shone,

Lest love should steal again her fragile light.

Thus to the trees she whispereth all her pain,



For they betray not hearts they gently keep;
The earth embraceth what men could not sustain,
And lulleth all her wounded dreams to sleep.

CORRECTION

Am I Good Enough?

Priyanshi

I wish I had someone who'd see a reel and think of me,
Someone who'd laugh and say, "This is us," so naturally.
I wish my parents looked at me with pride in their eyes,
Instead of making me feel small with every harsh reply.

I wanted to be brave, the kind that never falls apart,
The kind that walks through storms with courage in their heart.
I chose to be a fighter, strong enough to recover,
But somewhere in the battle... I ended as a survivor.

Home was supposed to heal me, not make me feel alone,
But slowly I lost my place in the only home I'd known.
Now I search for people while pretending that I'm fine,
Trying to find the missing piece I lost somewhere with time.

Sometimes I stare at heaven and wonder if God can hear,
Because every time I call for help, the silence feels severe.

My prayers are getting weaker, my tears harder to hide,
So I keep placing bandages where my broken feelings lie.

And no one really notices the wars inside my head,
The nights I overthink

The way I fake a smile so nobody
asks why,

The way I say "I'm okay" while
slowly drained inside.



Am I good enough to be a daughter someone keeps close?

Good enough to be a sister people love the most?

Good enough to be a friend they wouldn't leave behind?

Or am I just a shadow people forget with time?

I know I'm only thirteen, still growing day by day,

But sometimes even young hearts can carry too much weight.

I learned how to survive before I learned how to rest,

How to hide my pain away and still give life my best.

I chose to be a fighter,

But ended as a survivor.

Yet maybe every scar I hide, every time I stayed alive,

Is proof that even survivors... still fight to survive.

Perfection is a Myth..!!

Anushka Jain

Perfection is a myth, that's what I believe,
For no one in this world is flawless, if we truly perceive.
Some may seem perfect from afar, shining bright like a star,
But every soul has strengths and flaws, that's who we are.

Yes, I'm not a perfect girl, and that's completely fine,
I may not know cooking or household chores at this time.
But when the moment comes, I'll learn and grow with grace,
Step by step, at my own pace.

What I know today is to study hard and chase my dream,
To become the person I've always wished to be.
To make my family proud one day, standing tall and free,
For they believed in this imperfect girl and saw the best in me.

You don't need to be perfect to deserve a place in someone's heart,
Those who judge you for your flaws were never meant to be a part.
The true ones stay beside you through sunshine and stormy weather,
Accepting you as you are and walking with you forever.

So keep those people close, never let them drift apart,
For they are the rarest treasures you'll ever hold in your heart. ❤️

UNTOLD STORY OF SHADOWS

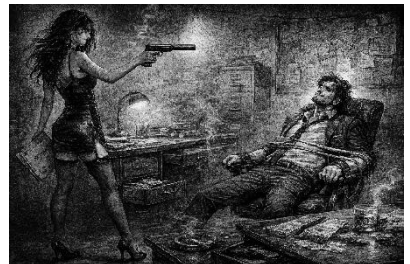
Prerna

In heels of silence, shadows crept,
She moved where secrets never slept.
A club of smoke, of neon lights,
A mission hidden deep in night.

The file...a ghost of blood and lies,
Was marked beneath the traitor's eyes.
She searched the drawer, smooth and fast,
When footsteps echoed from the past.

Beneath the desk, her breath grew tight,
As danger stepped into the light.
He cursed and called, "Where is the file?"
His voice a storm, yet calm in style.

He slammed a fist, the floorboard shook,
She stayed unseen sharp eyes, sharp look.
He dialed again. "It should be here."



She raised her gun. "Now listen clear."

Right at his core, her weapon aimed,
A threat no man could leave unnamed.
"Cut the call. And lean right back,"
One move too quick, she'd fade to black.

He stilled. He smiled. No hint of fear.
She tied him down with leather near.
But as her fingers grazed his wrist,
He felt not hate... but heat persist.

His voice dropped low, like velvet sin,
A smirk beneath his tightened grin
"Oh, pretty girl, you playing with fire,
Is it what your heart desire?"

Her glare was ice, her stance was steel,
But something flickered..barely real.
She checked the knots, kept calm and cold,
But heat like his was hard to hold.

He tilted back, his gaze was slow,
“As much as you pretend to know...
You want control, you want the win,
But what you crave—it starts within.”

She scoffed, then searched the room once more,
Her mind on codes, on silent war.
But every time she met his stare,
He stripped her calm, left her bare.

The file was there, beneath the glass,
Marked confidential—“Do not pass.”
She grabbed it quick, turned on her heel,
But paused... despite the final deal.

"You don't scare me," she said at last.
He chuckled low, "Oh, that will pass."
She moved to leave, her heart a drum
But didn't notice she'd grown numb.

For danger came with steel and charm,
And she had tied it to the arm.
She vanished then, like ghost in mist
But left behind... a scar, a twist.

And him? Still tied, a smirk intact,
Already plotting his next act.
A girl with fire, a game begun
Two shadows now instead of one.

April 17

Yvette

"If someone had told me that one ordinary day would change my entire life, I would've smiled and said they were being dramatic.

But sometimes, the most beautiful stories begin on the most ordinary days."

It was April 17.

I had spent the day at the hospital with one of my friends. By the time we were heading home, I was exhausted. All I wanted was to get back, lie on my bed, and call it a day.

Just then, my phone buzzed.

It was a message from one of my guy friends.

"Can you come meet me for a bit?"

I replied almost immediately.

"I'm busy. I can't. I don't even have a vehicle to come."

A few seconds later, another message appeared.

"It'll only take a few minutes. My friend will come and pick you up on his bike."

I stared at the screen for a moment.

Should I go?



It was just for a little while ...

After thinking about it, I smiled and typed one word.

"Okay."

A few minutes later, my phone rang.

"Where are you?" a calm, gentle voice asked.

I told him where I was standing.

"Walk a little further ahead. I'm almost there."

I did as he said.

Then I saw a bike slowly approaching.

And there he was.

Yoel.

The first thing I noticed was his smile.

It wasn't loud or flashy. It was warm, comforting, and somehow familiar, as if I'd known it forever.

Then I looked into his eyes.

Kind.

Gentle.

The kind of eyes that made you feel safe without saying a single word.

I had no idea that, in that tiny moment, I had already begun falling for him.

What I didn't know was that he was quietly feeling the same way.

Before I could climb onto the bike, he picked up a helmet and gently placed it on my head.

"There," he said with a small smile. "Safety first."

It was such a simple gesture.

But somehow ...

My heart skipped a beat.

I climbed onto the bike, trying my best to stay calm.

The ride felt strangely quiet.

My thoughts were much louder.

Should I hold onto him?

Would that be weird?

What if I make things awkward?

My hands trembled as I sat there, trying not to touch him while secretly hoping I wouldn't fall off the bike.

When we reached my friend's place, everyone was talking and laughing.

I quietly took a seat beside Yoel.

Neither of us seemed to know how to start a conversation.

The silence wasn't uncomfortable.

It was simply the silence of two strangers who wanted to know each other but didn't know where to begin.

Noticing I looked tired, he ordered a cup of coffee for me.

As I wrapped my hands around the warm cup and took my first sip,
he suddenly began to sing.

I looked up.

His voice ...

It was soft, sweet, and soothing.

Every note felt effortless.

For a moment, I forgot about everyone else in the room.

I just listened.

And somewhere between that first sip of coffee and the last line of
his song, I realized something.

I liked him.

Maybe more than I should have after only meeting him once.

Trying to hide how nervous I was, I finally spoke.

"So ... what's your name?"

He smiled.

"Yoel."

Then he looked at me with the same gentle smile.

"And yours?"

"Yvette."

"I like your name," he said.

I felt my cheeks grow warm.

A few minutes later, he asked,

"Can I have your number?"

Instead of saying it out loud, I held out my hand.

"Give me your phone."

He handed it to me without hesitation.

I typed my number into his contacts before giving it back.

He looked at the screen, smiled, and slipped his phone into his pocket.

"I'll call you ... or maybe text you tonight."

I tried to act calm.

"Okay."

But inside, my heart was celebrating.

Time flew by before I even realized it.

Soon, it was time for me to leave.

"I'll drop you home," Yoel said.

Once again, I climbed onto the back of his bike.

This time, I was a little less nervous.

The evening breeze was cool as we rode through the quiet streets.

Halfway home, he gently reached back and held my hand.

Every thought in my head disappeared.

"So ... " he said after taking a deep breath.

"Are you single?"

I couldn't help but laugh nervously.

"Umm ... yeah."

For a brief moment, he was silent.

Then he smiled.

"Can I take you on a date next week?"

I stared at him, completely caught off guard.

No one had ever asked me that so sincerely.

A smile slowly spread across my face.

"Yes"

It was only one word.

A tiny answer to a simple question.

But neither of us knew ...

That little "yes" would become the beginning of a love story that would change both of our lives forever.

8:00 PM

Yvette

Have you ever waited for a notification you kept pretending you weren't waiting for?

That was me.

The moment I reached home, I changed into my pajamas and tied my hair into a messy bun.

I tossed my phone onto the bed and told myself not to be ridiculous.

"He's probably busy."

"He'll probably never text."

"And even if he does ... why am I so excited?"

Every five minutes, I'd unlock my phone.

Nothing.

Again.

Nothing.

I sighed dramatically and threw it back onto the bed.

"Stop being delusional, Yvette," I whispered to myself.

I shared a room with my sister, so I couldn't exactly sit there smiling at my phone without her asking a hundred questions.

I tried distracting myself.

I watched random videos.

Folded my clothes.

Even stared at the ceiling for a while.

Still ...

My eyes kept finding their way back to my phone.

Then ...

Buzz.

I practically snatched it off the bed.

One message.

Unknown Number.

My heart started racing.

I opened it.

Hello.

That was it.

Just one word.

But somehow, that single word made my heart do cartwheels.

I didn't even have to guess who it was.

It was him.

I smiled so hard my cheeks hurt before replying.

Hello.

Almost instantly, another message arrived.

"Did you miss me already?"



I rolled my eyes and laughed.

"We've only met once," I replied.

"I know," he answered.

"But I still wanted to talk to you."

I don't know why ...

But reading those words made me feel strangely happy.

After talking for a while, another message popped up.

"I'm actually near your house."

I blinked.

Near my house?

"Come outside for just two minutes."

For a second ...

I wanted to.

More than anything.

But I looked beside me.

My sister was still there.

If I walked out now, she'd definitely ask questions.

I bit my lip before replying.

"I can't. My sister's with me."

A few moments later, he replied.

"That's okay. We'll meet another day."

He even sent a smiling emoji, trying to make sure I didn't feel bad.

Later, I found out he was out with his friends.

Yet somehow ...

In the middle of all that ...

He still thought of texting me.

That night, we didn't talk for very long.

Life happened.

He got busy.

I went to sleep wondering if tomorrow would be any different.

The next morning ...

The very first notification on my phone read-

Good morning, Yvette.

And somehow ...

My mornings never felt the same after that. Yoel

8:03 PM

Hello.

Yvette

8:04 PM

Hello ...

11:47 PM

Incoming Call ...

Yoel

CORRECTION

Letter of a Dead Mother

Aanchal Bharara

“What? She’s no more?” Said a son crying, when his wife informed him about his mother’s death.

The son reached back home from office within minutes. His wife gave him a letter left behind by his mother, who committed suicide. But why did she commit suicide?

Tears rolled down the son’s eyes as he started reading the letter –

“You killed me son. Not today but years back. When we wanted you to take our responsibility, you took it, but as a burden. Your father and I died the day we understood this.



We loved you always and did every possible thing to make you a happy and successful person. But what did we get in return? Rudeness and loneliness?

Your father died a year back and today I am leaving you forever. After he left me, I had you but still I was alone. So just writing this letter for you and going.

Was it really difficult to give us back the love that we gave you, every second of our life? We loved you for all your rights and wrongs. We took every step of our life, keeping your happiness and your feelings in mind.

The first thing we taught you in life, was to eat. But when we became old, you – my ‘busy’ son, forgot to ask us, whether we have eaten our meals properly or not.

Then we taught you to walk. But when we wanted to hold your hand in our old age, you got irritated.

Next important thing that we taught you was to speak. But after settling happily in life, you even forgot speaking or talking to us, for days. Sometimes when we tried to talk to you, your rudeness killed us from inside. But still we loved you always.

After eating, walking, speaking, we taught you countless good things in life.... But you gave us only one lesson – Never give much importance to anyone in life, neither your parents nor your son.

All your birthdays were celebrated by us in a grand way every year. But after you became independent, you even forgot to take us along for your birthday, anniversary and special days. It used to hurt us. But we kept quiet because you were happy, even without us.

Your father worked day and night to earn money for your good future. He made sure that you get good food, clothes, education etc. When you grew up, he never took rest till you got your good job. He made your life easy and expected you to do the same in his old age. But to his disappointment, this never happened.

As I started getting older, I started forgetting everything I said. So repeated things. But it irritated you so much, that you started ignoring me. But trust me son, I never got irritated of you, when in your childhood you made me answer your repetitive questions thousand times.

I tried to give you good values, but today I feel, I failed.

Show this letter to your son also. So that he will learn from your mistakes and at least your old age will not be a waste, like ours.

God bless you with the best of everything in life son (specially children). Because only good children make one's life worth living. Love you my boy.”

The son read the letter, cried and cried with guilt and regret. But he had no chance to correct his mistakes now.

Moral: One should always keep there parents happy. Instead of regretting your bad behaviour with them, love them, respect them and with their blessings lead a happy life.

CORRECTION

Aik Kitab, Aik Kainat

Mariyam khan

Mariyam Khan is a writer who expresses emotions and ideas through poetry, ghazals, and prose. She writes in Hindi, Urdu, and English, exploring themes of love, self-discovery, memories, and human emotions.

Har ek varq mein na jaane kitni kainat hoti hai,
Kitab sirf kitab nahi, aik nayi hayat hoti hai.

Kahin khwab harfon ki soorat saans lete rehte hain,
Kahin khamshi bhi muhabbat ki koi baat hoti hai.

Kabhi aik kirdar dil mein hamesha ke liye utar jaye,
Kabhi aik kahani hi insaan ki najaat hoti hai.

Jo ahl-e-dil hon, wo khoob samajhte hain is raaz ko,
Har achhi kitab apne likhari ki zaat hoti hai.

Kabhi aankh nam, kabhi labon pe be-saakhta si hansii,
Yun hi to lafzon mein ehsaas ki barsaat hoti hai.

Kisi baab mein hijr, kisi baab mein wasl ka mausam,

Har varq ke peechhe aik alag vaardaati hoti hai.

Kitab band bhi kar do to kahan
khatam hoti hai,

Jo dil mein utar jaye, wohi asal kainat
hoti hai.



Isi liye to ahl-e-qalam umar bhar likhte rehte hain,

Ke aik kitab mein kabhi poori aik kainat hoti hai.

The Auction of Time

Janane

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

Only once in a blue moon does one earn the chance to attend the Auction of Time.

The golden ticket to the world's greatest trade—
The only realm where time serves as currency.

Upon entering the Auction of Time, countless bargains await—from trading fragments of one's lifetime for priceless boons to pledging one's soul to eternal servitude in exchange for everlasting youth.

Naive souls often lose everything,
Surrendering their lifetime into the hands of souls consumed by cruelty.

While the wise ones never step upon its stage,
Guarding their priceless treasure with all they possess.



Kaise??

Simran

Masla ye nhi ki use bhulayenge kaise,
Ham tadapte hai bas uss ek shaqs ke liye,
Jo sahmne baitha hai use ye baat batayenge kaise??
Mujhe pta nhi milta mukaam kabhi mahobbat me,
Per ye baat iss naye ashiq ko samjhayenge kaise?
Jo sawar baitha hai apni duniya mere liye,
Ham tabah ho chuke hai dil se ruh tak ye baat chhupayenge kaise?
Maana nhi milega Mera saahil mujhe ye taay hai,
Per kisi aur ka saahil ban use kinare laayenge kaise??



One book many dreams

Savaniya Jignesh Anilkumar

Jignesh Savaniya is an emerging Indian author, poet, and creative writer with a passion for transforming thoughts into meaningful words. He has been published in 15+ literary anthologies and is a co-author in an Asian Book of Records Holding Anthology, reflecting his growing contribution to contemporary literature.

One Book, Many Worlds

A single page may seem so small,
Yet it can hold the rise and fall
Of kingdoms lost, of stars untold,
Of dreams more precious far than gold.

A book is not made merely of paper,
Nor is a story imprisoned by ink.
It is the silent bridge between souls,
Where strangers meet without ever speaking.



Every chapter breathes a different sky.
Every sentence carries a heartbeat.
Some pages become forgotten memories,

While others quietly change destinies.

Within one book lives a thousand worlds—

A child discovering hope,

A warrior embracing peace,

A mother waiting through endless nights,

A poet searching for the perfect dawn.

Books teach us to travel

Without moving our feet.

They let us touch centuries,

Converse with legends,

And understand hearts we have never met.

Sometimes a single paragraph

Heals wounds no medicine can reach.

Sometimes one simple line

Becomes the reason someone chooses

To begin again.

The greatest libraries are not measured

By shelves or walls,
But by the lives transformed
One reader at a time.

Every writer plants a seed,
Not knowing where the wind will carry it.
Years may pass,
Generations may change,
Yet words remain immortal.

Perhaps that is the true magic—
Ink fades, paper grows old,
But an honest thought
Can outlive empires.

One book does not contain one world.
It carries countless universes,
Each waiting patiently
For curious hands
And fearless hearts.

So write with courage.

Dream without limits.

Let every word become a lantern

For someone walking through darkness.

Because somewhere, someday,

A stranger may open your story,

Find a piece of themselves within it,

And whisper with gratitude—

"This book changed my world."

Offline Forever

Jigar Makwana

Jigar Makwana is a distinguished PhD Research Scholar, Lecturer, Blogger, and Poet based in Ahmedabad, Gujarat, India. A lifetime member of the English GUETA (Gujarat University English Teachers' Association), he is deeply involved in academic and literary circles, contributing through both scholarship and creative writing.

The world still scrolls through endless light,
Yet you remain beyond its sight.
A frozen smile, a timeless face,
Untouched by sorrow, held in grace.

Before the dream could fade away,
You chose an everlasting stay.
No promise broke, no tears were shown,
No heart was left to ache alone.

We save our lives in clouds above,
Screenshots, stories, words of love.
Yet every file, though safe it seems,
Cannot preserve our fragile dreams.



You never feared the hands of time,
Nor watched your brightest moments climb.
You never felt the seasons bend,
Or wondered where the roads would end.

Perhaps that's why your silence sings,
Like ancient art on weathered wings.
Forever young, forever fair,
A perfect moment resting there.

But I have walked through storms and skies,
With sleepless nights and hopeful eyes.
I've lost, I've healed, I've learned to see
What broken hearts can teach the free.

A sunrise earned through darkest night
Still holds a deeper kind of light.
A fleeting joy, a passing breath,
Can conquer even fear and death.

So keep your endless, silent frame;
I'll wear the scars, I'll bear my name.
For moments lived with love and pain
Outshine forever's perfect chain.

If life must end, then let it be
A song the soul remembers free.
For hearts that break, yet choose to rise,
Are earth's own quiet paradise.

FUEGO AND MEGO

Abhinav Singh

FUEGO AND MEGO are best friend in French of career

Time and age are barriers and they are living in whelm

Love is hidden but care and respect are always in redeem

Savage is the situation but they never regret the past

If past hurts them, they share the emotions in the vast.

Thought provoking days are always there

Thursday is the day but still they care

There is no last option left in the mind

Every day we have to live in modesty and be kind

internal grudges are still very heavy to resolve

there is still the big gap between bi and tri cuspid valves.



Blood has the habit to have its own uniqueness

but feelings are always ultimate even in graveness

so loving the might power of feelings as it

they are moving forward with further ease.

fish tank and the fish are glorious enough
situation is ambiguous and truth is tough
still mego is innocent, claims his honesty
fuego asks of the golden fish in uncertainty.

mago is determined to answer fuego
he admits the truth of the past
and replied to fuego very fast
fuego was still absent to say hello!

Ten days passed after the new year
still music and love are there
patience comes from every bit of interest
success has no limit, present forever with wit.

Fuego things she is only a priority with time
but mego knows thinking of others love is crime
sitting and writing with new zeal and passion
mego expresses his thoughts without delay in session.

Six hours have passed for today

Mego raised early in the morning's play

There are many things to sort out now

And the story is still going on.

CORRECTION

Hurdles

Abhinav Singh

Tried or untried, willingness is important with honest replies,
Because the innocent person faces the hurdles of some lies.
When, it comes to relating to some specific work for citations,
People were unaware of the artificial intelligence of violations.
Which was hidden besides their cunning professional negativity,
Nothing can be revealed in a single day of brevity.
So, keep smiling with truth and patience in your heart,
Because trust is the only source of a successful cart.



Illusion

Shristi Agrawal

Shristi Agrawal is a passionate young poet who finds beauty in words and emotions. Through her poetry, she expresses thoughts inspired by everyday life, dreams, and the world around her.

In the name of blood I was finding trishna mriga..

Awful right , I know praises polishing and all lot of laughter .

Dustbin was the use made

I know synonyms would fail and describe way better of these verses in poetic language ..

But I realised I was bleeding from within..

I could or someone would surely see the injuries where blood is new

But inside is made to bleed

So you could walk on aisle which is built with sweats guys and shatter blows

To reach the pyre the corpse buried or burned..

It's interesting to note Rajasthan was famous of it right..

I felt it now in every walking being of mine..

Synonymous to dry , cracked and scattered soul .

I stopped walking the aisles now

This soul tried and was so proud to flaunt that it doesn't regrets ..

I regret being me

I regret running

And chasing what is not supposed to be mine

Everything is illusion people are devils .

We walk on thorns to sit on throne

Of not armour, of not royal neither of power

But of affection, expectation and when the waves flowing from
within meant for warmth becomes rebellion brute is the word used
to answer and silence questions



Courtroom

Shristi Agrawal

Shristi Agrawal is a passionate young poet who finds beauty in words and emotions. Through her poetry, she expresses thoughts inspired by everyday life, dreams, and the world around her.

I wish I could know
who is right and who is wrong.
Yet a courtroom keeps running in my mind,
arguments flowing all day long.
Both sides feel real, convincing, alive—
perhaps it's only my head
that refuses to let hope die.
Curse it—
I can't let the victim cry
or the criminal fly.
Yet somehow I still live
with double standards inside.
I wish I could choose.



How do I answer the wrongs done to me
yet still allow their reasons

to make my heart bleed?
If notebooks were chances,
pages were glances,
and ink was the choice—
my hands still refused
to hold the pen tight.
There are feelings still
outside the box of what I can think.
Maybe someday I'll return stronger
and choose the best—
for myself, or for others, I guess.
Sometimes I wish
I were a lawyer, not a judge—
someone who searches deeper
through the strange and the hard.
Yet somehow reach a conclusion
as if the truth
was always clear.

Time Took It Away

Sonali Baruah

Childhood is beautiful.

My mother tells me
that when I was little,
I loved dancing in the rain.

But now,
I do not know why,
I no longer like the rain
the way I once did.

When I was young,
I followed my mother everywhere she went.

Now,
I find comfort
in being alone.

Perhaps it is through these small changes
that I realize
I have lost my childhood.

When I was a child,
I wished I could grow up quickly.

Now I ask myself,

Why did I grow up so soon?

I am not old enough
to have seen so much of life,

yet life has already shown me



more than I expected.

My heart is not strong enough,
and still,
it has learned to carry pain.

I am not wise enough,
yet somehow
I have begun to understand things
I never wanted to.

Why did I grow up so soon?

Someone took my childhood away.

Yes,
it was taken away.

But by whom?

To answer that,
I first had to search within myself.

And when I finally looked for an answer,

I found only one:

Time.

I miss those days,
but I hardly find the time
to remember them.

I search for old photographs,
yet they seem to disappear
just when I need them most.

And perhaps,

in the same way,

I will one day lose
this moment of my life too.

CORRECTION

My heart

Heena bandivadekar

My name is heena bandivadekar.i am a higher secondary student .I live in India . I have had an interest in poetry writing since I was small but couldn't right due academic pressure but now I have decided to follow my passion and be happy with it

Feeling of love was not something I ever wanted to experience

But when I saw your face

With tanned skin and cheek that flushes red

And your eyes

Drowned in those amber deep honey

I knew I was experiencing the love

But is the experience enough

We started the story only for it to end

By only with one persons hand

Is it even fair ?

I remember your hair

Ever so perfect only Waiting to be in my hand

Your smile is so bright

as if the pearls lost their light

Do you even think about me



Or am I just one star in your many night
No doubt you were the only star in my life
Shining so bright stealing the light from every body else's eyes
Not only in this life but every time
I want you to be mine
I will long to experience that love with you itself
Never with someone else
Breathe the same air as you do
And forever give my heart to you

Two Halves of a Childhood _ a beautiful poem of two childhood friends who are now grown up.

Numan Shaik

👤 Sheikh Noman | Born May 17, 2009

🏠 Roots in Bhainsa, Telangana

📖 Co-author & Multi-lingual Poet

☀️ Painting raw real-world truths and the innocent wonder of childhood through captivating fiction and whimsical children's tales.

🔥 Weaving stories that make readers feel, reflect, and dream across Urdu, English, and Hindi.

Two Halves of a Childhood One tire swing, a single branch,

Two pairs of muddy knees,

We built a kingdom out of sticks

And ruled the backyard trees.

You held the bucket,

I caught the frogs,

We raced the setting sun,

Two separate lives, one tangled path,

Where everything was fun.



You learned to whistle,
I learned to skate,
We shared a single bike,
Trading the secrets we wouldn't dare
Tell anyone else alike.

A pocket full of shiny rocks,
A double scoop of blue,
Half of every summer spark
Belonged to me and you.

The scrapes and bruises healed in time,
The sandbox days are gone,
But in the canvas of my mind,
The morning sun stays on.

We split the laughter, shared the dreams,
And watched our worlds expand—
Two halves of one bright childhood,
Still walking hand in hand.

A Letter to My Dad

Tanya sahu

I'm Tanya Sahu, an aspiring author who loves turning emotions into words. Writing is my way of expressing the feelings that are often difficult to say out loud.

They say time heals every wound,
But some hearts never learn to forget.
I still search for your voice
In the silence of ordinary days.
Your absence isn't just a memory-
It's a space no one can ever fill.
Every achievement feels incomplete
Because the first person I want to tell is you.



I miss the warmth of your guidance,
The strength hidden in your smile,
And the quiet way you made everything
Feel safe, even in the hardest moments.

People tell me to stay strong,

And I try, every single day.

But strength doesn't mean I stopped missing you;

It only means I learned to carry the pain with love.

If heaven has windows,

I hope you're watching me grow,

Cheering for every small step

Just as you always did.

No matter how many seasons pass,

You will always be my greatest blessing,

My first hero,

And the heartbeat of my prayers.

I don't need a special day to remember you, Dad.

I carry you in every prayer, every tear, and every dream.

Until we meet again, your love will forever be the light that guides me home.

The Last Bus Home

Himanshu Kewat

I am Himanshu Kewat is a 20-year-old first-year engineering student with a deep passion for creative writing. He loves writing fictional stories that explore imagination, emotions, and different perspectives of life.

Daniel never liked the last bus.

It smelled faintly of diesel, wet clothes, and the kind of exhaustion that couldn't be washed away.

By 10:45 every night, the city had already decided who was important enough to stay awake for.

Everyone else waited at Bus Stop 18.

Daniel was twenty-one.

He attended college in the mornings and worked evenings at a neighborhood bookstore. The pay wasn't much, but it covered rent for his tiny apartment and allowed him to call his mother every Sunday without pretending everything was perfect.

Every night, he boarded the same nearly empty bus.

Same driver.

Same route.

Almost the same passengers.

The first person he noticed was the nurse.

She always sat near the window with her head resting against the glass, still wearing blue scrubs. Sometimes her eyes closed before the bus even left the station.

Daniel wondered how someone could look so tired and still return the next night.

One evening, the bus lurched over a pothole.

The nurse's coffee spilled onto the floor.

Daniel silently handed her the packet of tissues he carried in his backpack.

She smiled.

"Thanks."

That was all.

The next evening she nodded at him before sitting down.

Somehow, that felt like progress.

Then there was the old man.

Every Tuesday and Friday he carried a paper bag full of bread.

Not fresh bread.

The discounted loaves sold before closing time.

One rainy night Daniel finally asked,

"Big family?"

The old man chuckled.

"No."



He pointed toward the bus window.

"Stray dogs."

Daniel blinked.

"I feed them."

"Every week?"

"For seven years."

The answer was so casual that Daniel almost laughed.

Seven years.

Without anyone asking him to.

Without anyone thanking him.

The old man got off three stops early.

Outside, four dogs were already waiting beneath a broken streetlight.

The security guard boarded at Riverside Mall every night.

He looked about fifty.

His uniform was always perfectly ironed despite finishing twelve-hour shifts.

He rarely spoke.

Instead, he greeted everyone with the same sentence.

"Long day?"

He asked it like he genuinely wanted to know.

Sometimes people answered.

Sometimes they didn't.

He smiled either way.

Weeks turned into months.

Daniel stopped wearing headphones.

He started listening.

The bus became less of a ride and more of a small moving world.

He learned that the nurse's name was Mia.

She worked pediatric nights because children smiled even when they were sick.

The old man had once been a baker before arthritis made kneading dough impossible.

The security guard, Mr. Lewis, had wanted to become a history teacher but left college when his father became ill.

None of them complained.

Not once.

One Friday Daniel looked unusually quiet.

He had failed an important interview earlier that day.

The bookstore owner had also announced he was retiring.

Soon, Daniel would lose his job.

Everything felt uncertain.

Mr. Lewis noticed immediately.

"Long day?"

Daniel laughed bitterly.

"The longest."

No one spoke after that.

The bus rolled through familiar streets.

Streetlights passed like slow-moving stars.

Then the old baker reached into his paper bag.

He handed Daniel a warm bread roll.

"I bought one fresh today."

Daniel stared.

"I can't take this."

"You can."

The nurse pulled an orange juice carton from her lunch bag.

"I wasn't going to drink it."

Mr. Lewis smiled.

"See?"

Daniel frowned.

"See what?"

"You got on this bus thinking you were alone."

The words stayed with him long after he reached home.

Winter arrived.

The bus windows fogged every night.

Passengers wrote little drawings into the condensation.

One evening Daniel drew a tiny smiling face.

When he looked back later, someone had added a hat.

Another person added glasses.

By the end of the ride it had become a silly little portrait.

Nobody admitted drawing it.

Everybody smiled anyway.

Spring came.

Daniel found a new part-time job at the city library.

It paid a little better.

His hours changed.

No more last bus.

On his final night, he climbed aboard carrying a paper bag.

Inside were four chocolate muffins.

One for the driver.

One for Mia.

One for Mr. Lewis.

One for the old baker.

No speeches.

No dramatic goodbyes.

Just,

"Thank you."

The driver grinned.

"For what?"

Daniel looked around the nearly empty bus.

"For making this ride feel shorter."

The old baker laughed.

"It was never the ride."

Mr. Lewis nodded.

"It was the company."

Months later, Daniel sometimes finished work late enough to see the last bus pass by.

He'd stop walking for a moment.

Through the window he could see strangers sitting where familiar faces once had.

Someone new was probably handing over tissues.

Someone was probably asking,

"Long day?"

Someone was probably learning that growing up wasn't about having everything figured out.

Sometimes ...

It was just about finding the right people on the ride home.

And Daniel smiled, grateful that an ordinary bus had quietly taught him one extraordinary lesson:

The people who change your life aren't always the ones who stay forever.

Sometimes they're simply the ones who share the journey for a little while.

CORRECTION

Home for Three Days

Himanshu Kewat

I am Himanshu Kewat is a 20-year-old first-year engineering student with a deep passion for creative writing. He loves writing fictional stories that explore imagination, emotions, and different perspectives of life.

The train reached his hometown at 7:15 in the morning.

Daniel stepped onto the platform with a backpack that somehow felt heavier than when he'd left three months ago. It wasn't because of clothes or books. It was the feeling that he wasn't quite the same person who had boarded the train at the beginning of the semester.

His phone buzzed.

Mom: Where are you?

Daniel: Platform. Don't worry. I can walk.

Mom: Your father already left to pick you up.

Daniel smiled.

Some things never changed

His father stood beside the old silver hatchback, leaning against the hood with his arms crossed.

"You got thinner," he said instead of hello.

"You too."

His father looked at him for a second.

" ... Liar."

Daniel laughed.

The drive home was mostly quiet. The radio played songs neither of them paid attention to.

His father asked, "How's college?"

"It's good."

"Studies?"

"Fine."

"Money?"

"I still have some."

After another minute of silence, his father quietly said,

"If you need more ... ask."

Daniel nodded without looking at him.

"I know."

That was the closest either of them came to saying I missed you.

Home smelled exactly the same.

Rice.

Soap.

The jasmine flowers his mother always kept near the window.

His younger sister, Mia, barely looked up from the couch.

"Oh."

"That's all I get?"



She shrugged.

"You'll leave again in three days."

Then she hugged him anyway.

The first day passed strangely.

His room was exactly how he'd left it.

The books.

The old football trophies.

The tiny crack in the ceiling he used to stare at when he couldn't sleep.

Everything had waited for him.

Except him.

His clothes fit differently.

The room felt smaller.

Even the silence sounded unfamiliar.

That evening, Daniel walked to the neighborhood convenience store.

The owner looked up immediately.

"Daniel?"

"You still remember me?"

"I remember everyone who owes me five dollars."

"I paid you."

"You did."

The old man grinned.

"I just wanted to see if you'd panic."

Daniel laughed harder than the joke deserved.

On the second day, his mother asked him to buy vegetables from the market.

He almost complained.

Then realized ..

He hadn't walked these streets in months.

The old bakery was still there.

The mechanic still worked with the radio blasting old songs.

The stray dog near the pharmacy somehow recognized him before he recognized it.

He bought it a biscuit.

"Still stealing hearts?" he muttered.

The dog's tail answered.

That night, the electricity went out.

The whole neighborhood stepped outside like it always did during power cuts.

Children chased each other with flashlights.

Someone brought plastic chairs.

An elderly couple argued about whose turn it was to make tea.

Daniel sat on the front steps.

His father joined him with two cups.

Neither spoke for several minutes.

Finally ...

"You seem happier," his father said.

Daniel stared at the dark street.

"I think I'm becoming someone."

His father nodded slowly.

"Good."

" ... I worried I wouldn't."

His father sipped his tea.

"When I was your age ... "

Daniel looked over.

" ... I worried every day."

"You?"

"I hid it better."

Daniel had never imagined his father at twenty.

Parents always seemed born as adults.

For the first time ...

He saw a young man behind the wrinkles.

The third morning arrived too quickly.

His backpack waited by the door.

His mother packed enough food for a week.

"It'll spoil."

Then eat faster."

His sister slipped a chocolate bar into his pocket without saying anything.

He pretended not to notice.

She pretended she hadn't done it.

At the station, the train horn echoed across the platform.

His father helped lift the backpack.

"You forgot something."

"What?"

His father reached into his own pocket.

A folded fifty-dollar bill.

"Dad ... "

"Emergency money."

"I already have enough."

"I know."

He tucked it into Daniel's hand anyway.

"Keep it."

Daniel wanted to refuse.

Instead ...

He hugged him.

It lasted barely three seconds.

Long enough to say everything neither of them knew how to put into words.

As the train pulled away, Daniel watched his family grow smaller through the window.

His mother waved until she disappeared.

His sister made a heart with her hands, then immediately acted embarrassed.

His father simply raised one hand.

Just once.

Daniel smiled.

Three days wasn't enough to catch up on three months.

But it was enough to remember something important.

Home wasn't the house.

It wasn't the town.

It wasn't even the people waiting there.

Home was the place where nobody expected him to be perfect.

Where silence still sounded like love.

And somehow ...

Three days were enough to carry that feeling with him all the way back to college.

"Some battles are invisible "

Amena Tabassum

Deep inside, there flows an
ocean-
an ocean of unsaid
thoughts,
of unspoken words,
quietly noticing every
change,
every shift in behavior,
yet allowing no change to
reach the face.

No one-
I repeat, no one-can truly
understand
what is happening inside
a person except the one
who created you not only
you but the creator of



entire universe,
because from the outside
they seem like stone, like
iron-unbreakable.

But within,
they are melting silently,
slowly,
like a candle in the dark,
burning without a sound.

HINDI

चलो आज बैठक पर कुछ बात किया जाएं!

Kanchan Kumari Rajput

चलो आज बैठक पर कुछ बात किया जाएं-

एक ओर तुम बैठों और एक ओर हम बैठें,

फिर दर्दों का हाल-ए-दिल बयान किया जाए!

कुछ किस्से तुम सुनाना, कुछ किस्से हम सुनाए!(२)

एक दूसरों को फिर प्रेम से गले लगाएं!

फिर तुम्हें हम बैठने के प्रकार बताएं -

बचपन में वो माँ की डांट जब लगती थी,

यह पाठ जब पूरा कर लोगी तब खाने को
तुम्हें मिलेगा!

मासूम सी निगाहें हमारी बैठ जल्दी-जल्दी
याद कर जाती थी!

बाबू जी का वो काम से घर पर आना, बैठ इंतजार कहीं घूमने जाना!

संग अपनों के वो साथ बिताना, क्या जमाना था वो मिलकर साथ
रहना!



भाई-बहन की लड़ाई में एक को मार पड़े, तब सबका चुपचाप बैठना,
याद आए वो गुजरा हुआ पल हमारा!
कहाँ फंसे हम जिंदगी के इस दौर में,(२)
बैठ! सोचे एक बंद कमरे के एक कोने के छोड़ में,
बचपन ही कितना प्यारा था, बीत गया वो जमाना हुआ!
अब तो थक कर बैठ जाते हैं कहीं, बैठ देखें हम दीवारों पर लगे
पुराने तस्वीर!
आँखों में नमी होती, लब्ज़ होते हैं खामोश!
बैठ जिंदगी का हम तरकश देखें, आओ बहन फिर चुगली करें!
यह पंक्ति से हम एक दूसरे का किरदार निभाए!
कुछ खट्टी तो कुछ मीठी, बैठ जीवन का एक किस्सा सुनाए!(२)

"है कहीं मिलन हमारा..."

RICHA

तुम बारिश की बूंदों जैसे चंचल,
मैं आँधी सी बेकाबू प्रिये,
तुम शीतल हवा का कोमल स्पर्श,
मैं कड़कती बिजली की पीर लिये ।
तुम हल्की-हल्की बारिश जैसे,
मैं तेज़ हवाओं का शोर प्रिये,
तुम दिल को सुकून देने वाले,
मैं उलझे जज़्बातों का दौर प्रिये।
तुम बारिश के बाद की ठंडक जैसे,
मैं बादलों की बेचैन पुकार प्रिये,
तुम ठहरे हुए सागर की गहराई,
मैं लहरों का बेक्रार विस्तार प्रिये।
तुम भीगी मिट्टी की साँधी खुशबू,
मैं मौसम का बदलता रंग प्रिये,



तुम हर पल को थामे रखने वाले,
मैं हर पल में बिखरने का ढंग प्रिये।
तुम चाँदनी रात की खामोशी,
मैं तारों का अनकहा शोर प्रिये,
तुम हर दर्द को सहला देते,
मैं जज़्बातों से भरा एक छोर प्रिये।
जब-जब मुझमें आँधी उठती है,
तुम बन जाते हो सावन प्रिये,
जब-जब दुनिया मुझसे रूठती है,
तुम बन जाते हो मेरा आँगन प्रिये।
मगर फिर सोचती हूँ, इस मौसम से आगे,
क्या लिखा है हमारी तकदीर में प्रिये?
क्या कहीं मिलन हमारा भी होगा,
या रह जाएँगे हम बस अधीर प्रिये?
मैं तो चुनूँगी तुम्हें हर जनम में,
हर दूरी, हर मुश्किल, हर सितम में,

पर क्या तुम भी ठहर पाओगे,
मेरे हिस्से की हर ऋतु, हर मौसम में?
जब मैं आँधी बन दिशाओं में बिखरूँ,
क्या तुम बूँद बन मुझमें उतर पाओगे?
जब मैं बादलों सी उलझ जाऊँ खुद में,
क्या तुम शीतल हवा बन मुझे सुलझाओगे?
मैं तो लौट आऊँगी तुम्हारी ओर,
जैसे नदी लौटती है सागर के स्वप्न में,
पर एक प्रश्न ठहरा है अब भी—
क्या कहीं मिलन हमारा भी लिखा है,
या बस साथ-साथ बहना है एक ही मौसम में?

शायद कुछ नहीं, लेकिन सब कुछ भी

Shreya Nema

क्या है वो जो हमारे बीच था?

कुछ बातें अधूरी सी, कुछ लम्हे खास थे।

जो कह ना सके, उन्हीं में सारे राज़ थे।

कभी हंसी में छुपी थी बात,

कभी आँखों में रुक जाती थी,

एक अनसुनी सी ख्वाहिश,

जो हर बार दिल के पास आती थी।

रोज़ नहीं मिलता था,

पर मिलता ही वक़्त थोड़ा रुक सा जाता था।

बिना कुछ कहे, एक रिश्ते का एहसास चुप-चाप सा आ जाता था।

कोई जाने ना जाने, पर दिल तो जानता था,

की इस बे-नाम से रिश्ते में कुछ तो था जो खास था।

ना हक था, ना ज़रूरत थी कुछ कहने की...



फिर भी... एक सवाल पे की,

"क्या है तुम दोनों के बीच?"

मैं सिर्फ मुस्कुरा के कहती हूँ,

"शायद कुछ भी नहीं... पर सब कुछ भी।"

CORRECTION

दिल या दिमाग

Shreya Nema

कोई हमें भी पसंद आया था,
पर दिल से ज़्यादा दिमाग समझदार था।
ज़ुबान पर कुछ नहीं, पर आँखों में सारे सवाल थे,
शायद वो भी वही , जहां हमारे खयाल थे।
सब जानते थी, अब तो खुद को पहचान भी लिया था,
फिर एक दिन मैं वापस अंजान हो गई खुद से -
जब देखा खुद को, किसी को बिना थके सोचते रहना,
किसी की छोटी बात को बेवजह लेके बैठे रहना,
खुद को भूल के किसी को याद करना, और बिना वजह किसी का
इंतज़ार करना।
यहां तो फिर दिल बोल ही देता है - "तुम्हें कोई पसंद है, चाहते हो
तुम किसी को।"
तो जाओ, बता दो ना!
क्यों रुकना है? क्यों सोचना है?



शायद तुम जो चाहते हो, वही मिल जाये... उसको भी तुमसे उतना ही प्यार हो जाये

सच में, क्या यही चाहिए?

एक आवाज़ दिमाग से भी आई - "क्या सच में यही चाहिए? हां कहीं जाके सुकून ढूँढना है?"

हीर-रांझा बनके तो सब अपना ज़िक्र करते हैं, लेकिन हमने आशिकों को भी अंजान होता देखा है।

और हाँ - दिल तो बहका ही देगा तुम्हे किसी की खुशबू के पीछे ,
संभालना दिमाग से सीखना पड़ेगा।

तो किसी इंसान में अपना सुकून ढूँढने में इतना व्यस्त मत हो जाना—

कि तुम्हें खुद से मिलने का वक्त ही ना मिले।

किसी को चाहना गलत नहीं है, हमें एहसास को संभालना सीखना है।

प्यार मिलेगा, हमें भी - उतना हाथ सुन्दर, जितना हमेंशा से पढ़ा और सुना है...

हर बार लेकिन, इस दिल और दिमाग के दौर से गुज़रने के बाद

दर्द-ए-बेफिक्री

Abhijeet Sharma

कहने को साथ अपने एक दुनिया चलती हैं
पर सच पूछो तो भला यहाँ किसको हमदर्दी हैं
दर्द में अगर उछाल दो तुम अपनी दो बातों
तो बोलता सारा जग ये बड़ा सरदर्दी हैं
पर मिल जाते यहाँ नुमाइशों पर कुछ बंदे
जो दिखा देंगे कभी कभार झूठी हमदर्दी है
कहेंगे तुमसे जब हम साथ है तेरे
तो तू क्यों नहीं हम सा बेफिक्री हैं
इस हमदर्दी में उनकी नफाये दम भरती हैं
उनकी इस हमदर्दी से तुम्हारी बेफिक्री सस्ती हैं
उनकी हमदर्दी की फना भी आती हैं
तुम्हारी बेफिक्री की सजा भी आती हैं
तब जाके तुम्हारे इन नयन नक्षो के सामने
ऐसे लयकारियों की लयबद्धता आती हैं॥



वो पहला-सा इतवार अब कहाँ है...

Anamika Sharma

वो पहला-सा इतवार अब कहाँ है,

चेहरे की हँसी के नीचे छुपी उदासी का ये भार कहाँ है।

चेहरे पर मुस्कानों के कितने ही रंग सजे हैं,
मगर दिल से छलकता वो पहला-सा निखार कहाँ है।

भीड़ में भी सब अकेले हैं,
और अकेलेपन में अपनों की यादें;
अब वो दीवाली-सा जगमग करता संसार कहाँ है।

कहने को तो बहुत हैं जानने वाले, चाहने वाले,
पर जिसे हम बेझिझक "सिर्फ अपना" कह सकें,
वो पहला-सा राज़दार कहाँ है।

निकल पड़ती हूँ कभी-कभी
इन सूनी पड़ी यादों की गलियों में,
शायद ढूँढ़ पाऊँ उसे,
जो कहीं खो गया है अब...

मेरा वो पहला-सा इतवार कहाँ है।



CORRECTION

Dastan-E-Dal

Aryan kashyap

अपनी किताबों में कह गए हैं

विद्वान और आलिम कई.

इंसान और उसमें इंसानियत होने में फ़र्क है

खुश होने में

और खुश दिखने में फ़र्क है

मुस्कराहट हर चेहरे में होती है

पर दिल से मुस्कुराने में फ़र्क है

फ़र्क है बिखर कर बनने में

और बन कर बिखर जाने में

फ़र्क है अपनी राह खुद बनाने में



या दुनिया की रिवायतों में बस जाने में

एक स्टूडेंट की उसकी मंज़िल तक पहुँचने की जर्नी

Shaik Numan

Sheikh Noman is a 12th-grade student and an imaginative poet born on May 17, 2009, in Bhainsa, Telangana, India.

किताबों के पन्नों में ख्वाब बुनता हूँ,
मैं अपनी ही धुन में रात-दिन चलता हूँ।
लोग कहते हैं कि राहें बहुत मुश्किल हैं,
पर मैं हर मुश्किल से लड़ना सीखता हूँ।
कभी नींद आँखों से रूठ जाती है,
तो कभी थक कर हिम्मत टूट जाती है।
पर माँ का वो हँसता चेहरा याद कर,
सोयी हुई उम्मीद फिर से जाग जाती है।
तपूँगा धूप में तो ही निखर पाऊँगा,
गिरूँगा आज तो कल फिर संभल जाऊँगा।



ये जो अँधेरी रातें हैं इम्तिहान की मेरी,
इनको चीरकर मैं नया सवेरा लाऊँगा।
राह के काँटे भी अब तो साथी लगते हैं,
नाकामियों के ताने भी अब मीठे लगते हैं।
क्योंकि दिल में है वो मंज़िल पाने की आग,
जिसके आगे मुझे ये तूफ़ान छोटे लगते हैं।
बस चलते जाना है, रुकना मेरा काम नहीं,
जीत से पहले मुझे कोई आराम नहीं।
एक दिन चूमूँगा मैं अपनी कामयाबी को,
क्योंकि मेरी इस ज़िद का कोई सानी नहीं।

उसी एक नाम में वो सबसे अच्छी लगती है

Vinayak Yadav

काफ़िर-ए-विनायक (विनायक यादव) इंदौर, मध्य प्रदेश के 21 वर्षीय हिंदी-उर्दू कवि हैं। उनकी रचनाओं में सूफ़ियाना रंग, प्रेम की गहराई, आत्मिक अनुभूतियाँ और अनकहे जज़्बात प्रमुखता से उभरकर आते हैं। उनकी लेखनी प्रेम को केवल एक भावना नहीं, बल्कि आत्मा और एहसासों के बीच होने वाले मौन संवाद के रूप में देखती है।

क्यों करार दूँ उसे तमाम सारे नामों से,
वो तो उसी नाम में सबसे हसीन लगती है।

क्यों कहूँ मैं उसे प्रियतमा,
वो तो यूँ ही मेरी प्रिये लगती है।

क्यों कहूँ मैं उसे हसीना,
वो तो बिन किसी खिताब के ही हसीन लगती है।



क्यों कहूँ उसे परियों की रानी,

जबकि वो तो परियों से भी कहीं ज़्यादा खूबसूरत लगती है।

क्यों कहूँ मैं उसे अप्सरा,

जबकि अप्सराएँ भी उसके आगे फीकी सी लगती हैं।

क्यों कहूँ कि वो है "जान-ए-जहाँ" ,

जबकि मेरी दुनिया की हर राह उसी तक जाकर ठहरती है।

क्यों कहूँ कि वो है फूलों-सी प्यारी,

जबकि फूलों की महक तो मुरझाने पर बिखर जाती है,

मगर उसके होने या न होने पर भी,

उसकी खुशबू हवाओं में महसूस होती है।

क्यों कहूँ कि मैं उसे चाहता हूँ?

मेरी क्या ज़ुरत कि मैं उसे चाहूँ!

यूँ भी तो कह सकता हूँ,

कि शायद... वो भी मुझे चाहती है।

क्यों कहूँ कि वो मेरी मोहब्बत है?

मोहब्बत तो एक एहसास का नाम है,

और वो...

मेरे हर एहसास का मुकम्मल अर्थ लगती है।

क्यों लिखूँ मैं उसकी तारीफ़ में हज़ारों अशआर?

जब उसकी एक मुस्कान ही

मेरी हर ग़ज़ल से ज़्यादा खूबसूरत लगती है।

और क्यों करार दूँ उसे तमाम सारे नामों से,

जबकि वो...

उसी एक नाम में सबसे अच्छी लगती है।

उसी एक नाम में वो सबसे अच्छी लगती है।

लोग कहते हैं पागल है वो,सड़को पर पत्थर फेंकती रहती है
कभी बैठकर हंसती रहती है,कभी बैठकर लगातार रोती रहती है
पर कभी किसी ने उसकी आंखों में उतरकर देखा ही नहीं
कितने तूफान बस्ते हैं उसमें,कभी किसी के जहन में आया ही नहीं

उसके मन में भी काफी सारी आस थी
अपने हिस्से के सुकून की प्यास थी
उसको ये लगता था वो उसका मन था और वो उसकी एहसास थी
वो जिसको चाँद समझकर चाह रही थी,वो रात बनकर ढल रहा था
वो उम्र भर का वादा करके,अपने हर वादे से मुकर रहा था

जब उसने उसको छोड़ा ,उसके अन्दर लगातार कुछ धीरे धीरे
मरता गया

एक धड़कता हुआ दिल जैसे पत्थर में बदलता गया

उसका दिल नहीं अब वो कब्रिस्तान बन चुका है

जहां उसकी मुस्कान दफ़न है,उसी उम्मीद दफ़न है,उसकी खुशियां
दफ़न है

वो पत्थर लोगो पर क्या फेकेगी,अपनी यादों पर फेंकती है

भविष्य तो शायद वो जानती ही नहीं

बस अपनी आंखों में अतीत को देखती है

हर पत्थर में एक चीख छुपी होती है

हर पत्थर में एक नाम बसा है

जिसको वो लाख भुलाना चाहती है

वो आज भी उसके पास खड़ा है



उसकी हंसती आंखों के पीछे भी वो टूटी हुई है

एक अधूरे प्यार की कहानी उसके आंखों में छूटी हुई है

कभी उसकी आंखों में झांकना वहां एक कब्र होगी जिसमें कोई
इंसान नहीं सोया होगा

मुझे लगता है वो उसका अधूरा इश्क है

जो आंसुओं में खोया होगा

पागल वो नहीं पागल उसकी मुहब्बत थी

जिसका दर्द और एहसास आज भी उसके साथ खड़ा है

वो आज भी सांस ले रही पर जिंदा कहां है

उसका जिस्म यहां है,

मगर दिल आज भी कहीं और दफ़न पड़ा है

तन्हाई का उजाला

Riya Thakur

कुछ रिश्ते समय नहीं, लोग बदल जाने से बिखरते हैं। यह रचना उन्हीं बिखरे संबंधों, धुँधली पड़ती यादों और उस सुकून की तलाश का प्रतिबिंब है, जहाँ मन किसी अपेक्षा के बिना केवल ठहर जाना चाहता है।

ये बरसात मुझे मेरे बचपन की याद दिलाती है,
हर बूंद जैसे बीती खुशियों की कहानी सुनाती है।
जब हर तरफ बस सुकून ही सुकून हुआ करता था,
और दिल छोटी-छोटी बातों पर भी रो दिया करता था।

किसी से भी दिल की हर बात कह दिया करते थे,
बिना सोचे, बिना डरे, बस हँस लिया करते थे।
अब तो बस तन्हाई है, घर से मीलों दूर,
इन पहाड़ों का साथ है, और यादों का सुरू।

कुदरत से प्रेम बढ़ा, इंसानों से भरोसा उठ गया,

दिल जाने कब टूटकर खामोशी में सिमट गया।

शायद यही जीवन है, सबका यही फ़साना है,

हँसते चेहरे के पीछे भी दर्द का एक ज़माना है।

खैर, बीते लम्हों को याद कैसे न करूँ,

मेरी सारी खुशियाँ तो कहीं उन्हीं में बसती थीं।

अब तो ये दिल बस सुकून चाहता है,

कुदरत की बाँहों में सिमट कर सोना चाहता है।**

..मैं स्त्री हूँ ..

Sweta Sharma

श्वेता शर्मा बी.बी.ए. की छात्रा होने के साथ-साथ साहित्य और काव्य लेखन में विशेष रुचि रखती हैं। उन्हें शब्दों के माध्यम से भावनाओं को अभिव्यक्त करना और साधारण से साधारण दृश्य को कविता का रूप देना अत्यंत प्रिय है।

क्या तुम जानते हो मुझे ...

कौन हूँ मैं ...

वो अब्बू जो रोज कहीं लुटी जा रही है ...

या वो आवाज जिसे रोज मार कर

चुप करा दिया जा रहा है ...

या वो हूँ मैं जिसे दूसरों के शर्तों पर

जीना सिखाया जा रहा है ...

क्या हूँ मैं क्या तुम जानते हो ...

क्या मैं वो हूँ जिसे दहेज के तराजू पर



तोला जाता है ...

क्या मैं वो हूँ जिसे तानों की माला में

पिरोया जाता है ...

क्या तुम जानते हो कौन हूँ मैं ...

मैं बताती हूँ आज तुम्हें कि कौन हूँ मैं

मैं स्त्री हूँ .. मैं प्रकृति हूँ ...

हूँ मैं वो नारी जिसने तुम्हे जन्म दिया ...

हूँ मैं वो जिसने तुम्हे बड़ा किया ...

और हूँ मैं वो जिसने तुम्हे ये रिश्ते दिए

अगर मैं नहीं तो तुम पुरुष नहीं ...

क्या अब भी पूछोगे तुम

आखिर हूँ कौन मैं ...

अब भी समय है समझ जाओ मुझे ...

क्योंकि मैं स्त्री हूँ ... मैं प्रकृति हूँ

खामोशी का पोस्टमार्टम

Roshani Jaiswal

Roshani Jaiswal is an emerging Hindi author, poet, and storyteller from Uttar Pradesh, India. She is the author of the solo book "Bachpan Ke Rishte, Zindagi Ke Faisle" and has contributed to several national and international anthologies.

"मृतका का नाम - खामोशी"

केस नंबर: 0001

मृतका: खामोशी

मौत का समय: कोई निश्चित नहीं।

मौत का कारण: बरसों तक अनसुना किया जाना।

पोस्टमार्टम शुरू होने से पहले डॉक्टर ने पूछा—

"क्या कोई परिजन आया है पहचान करने?"

भीड़ में सन्नाटा था।

तभी... आँखें आगे बढ़ीं और बोलीं—

"मैं इसे पहचानती हूँ... हर रात मेरी पलकों पर सोती थी। सुबह लोग समझते थे मैं सिर्फ़ थकी हूँ, उन्हें कहाँ पता था मैं पूरी रात इसकी लाश ढोती रही हूँ।"

पहला चीरा लगाया गया...

शरीर से खून नहीं निकला।

निकले कुछ अधूरे वाक्य—

"कोई बात नहीं..."

"मैं ठीक हूँ..."

"जैसा तुम्हें सही लगे..."

"मुझे फ़र्क नहीं पड़ता..."

डॉक्टर चौंक गया।

उसने कहा—

"यह इंसान नहीं... अपनी भावनाओं को रोज़ दफ़न करने वाला कोई जीव है।"

साक्ष्य क्रमांक - 1

बरामद सामान

बचपन की एक टूटी हुई हँसी।

पिता के कंधे पर सिर रखकर रोने की अधूरी इच्छा।

माँ से छिपाए गए अनगिनत आँसू।

दोस्तों के बीच ज़बरदस्ती की गई मुस्कान।



किसी अपने का दिया हुआ आखिरी "अपना खयाल रखना"... जिसका मतलब बाद में समझ आया— वह जा रहा था।

साक्ष्य क्रमांक - 2

दिल की जाँच

दिल पर कोई गोली का निशान नहीं था।

न चाकू के घाव थे।

सिर्फ... हज़ारों उम्मीदों के उँगलियों के निशान थे।

हर निशान के नीचे लिखा था—

"इस बार भी तुम ही समझ जाना..."

"इस बार भी तुम ही झुक जाना..."

"इस बार भी तुम ही माफ़ कर देना..."

डॉक्टर ने धीरे से दस्ताने उतारे और कहा—

"इसे किसी ने एक दिन में नहीं मारा... इसे हर दिन थोड़ा-थोड़ा मारते रहे।"

गवाह नंबर - 1 : बचपन

बचपन अदालत में आया।

उसके कपड़ों पर अब भी मिट्टी लगी थी।

उसने कहा—

"मुझे याद है... यह ज़ोर-ज़ोर से हँसता था। छोटी-सी चोट पर भी रो लेता था। इसे रोने में शर्म नहीं आती थी।

फिर एक दिन लोगों ने इसे सिखाया— 'इतना मत रो।' 'इतना मत बोल।' 'इतना मत हँसो।' 'लोग क्या कहेंगे?'

और उसी दिन... मेरे इस दोस्त की हत्या शुरू हो गई।"

गवाह नंबर - 2 : आईना

आईना बोला—

"मैं रोज़ इसका चेहरा देखता था। चेहरा हर दिन नया मुखौटा पहन लेता था, लेकिन आँखें... आँखें कभी अभिनय नहीं कर सकीं।

इनमें हर रात कुछ टूटता था, और हर सुबह वही टूटा हुआ इंसान दुनिया के सामने मुस्करा देता था।"

गवाह नंबर - 3 : रात

रात ने बयान दिया—

"दिन में यह सबका था... लेकिन रात होते ही सिर्फ़ मेरा हो जाता था।

तकिए में मुँह छिपाकर जो आवाज़ निकलती थी, उसे दुनिया 'खामोशी' कहती थी... मैं उसे 'टूटना' कहती हूँ।"

अंतिम रिपोर्ट

डॉक्टर ने फ़ाइल बंद करते हुए लिखा—

"मौत की वजह— किसी एक व्यक्ति का धोखा नहीं।

मौत की वजह— हर बार अपनी बारी आने पर चुप रह जाना।

मौत की वजह— अपनों को खोने के डर में खुद को खो देना।

मौत की वजह— हर सवाल का जवाब 'मैं ठीक हूँ' लिख देना।"

...

जब सब लोग रिपोर्ट पर हस्ताक्षर करके लौट गए,

तभी पोस्टमार्टम टेबल पर पड़ी वही खामोशी धीरे-धीरे उठी...

उसने अपनी उँगलियों से रिपोर्ट के आखिरी पन्ने पर लाल स्याही में सिर्फ एक वाक्य लिखा—

"तुमने मेरा पोस्टमार्टम किया है... काश, मेरी ज़िंदगी रहते कभी मेरा हाल भी पूछा होता।"

और उस दिन पहली बार, अस्पताल की दीवारें भी रोई थीं... क्योंकि उन्हें समझ आ गया था—

कुछ मौतें साँस रुकने से नहीं होतीं, कुछ मौतें सुने न जाने से होती हैं।

पसंदीदा किताब

Mariyam khan

Mariyam Khan is a writer who expresses emotions and ideas through poetry, ghazals, and prose. She writes in Hindi, Urdu, and English, exploring themes of love, self-discovery, memories, and human emotions.

काश मैं भी किसी की पसंदीदा किताब होती,
जिसे वो हर शब मोहब्बत से खोला करता।
मेरे हर वरक पे अपना दिल रख देता,
और हर सतर को खामोशी से बोला करता।
कभी गुलाब रख देता मेरे सफ़हों के बीच,
कभी मेरी खुशबू में देर तक खोया रहता।
जो बात किसी से भी कह न पाता कभी,
वो मेरे लफ़्ज़ों से आहिस्ता-आहिस्ता कहता।
वो मुझे एक बार पढ़ कर भुला न देता,
हर बार नए इश्क से पढ़ा करता।
हर बाब में अपने ही दिल को ढूँढ़ लेता,



हर हरफ़ को अपनी दुआ सा रखा करता।

ज़माना कहता फ़क़त एक किताब है मगर,

वो मुझे अपनी मोहब्बत का जहाँ कहता।

काश मैं भी किसी की पसंदीदा किताब होती,

"जिसे वह मुकम्मल पढ़ कर भी ... कभी जुदा न करता।"

CORRECTION

AKHIRI DO PAL

Dhiraj

जब मेरा आखिरी वक्त आएगा मैं सबसे पहले तुझे आवाज लगाऊंगा, तुझे अपने सीने से लगा कर अपनी एक एक धड़कन सुनाऊंगा..

मैं अपनी रूह के साथ-साथ तुझे पाने की खाहिश भी लेकर जाऊंगा, सारी जिंदगी का दर्द तुझे एक सांस में सुनाऊंगा, तेरे साथ ना होने का श्राप मैं अपने कर्मों को बताऊंगा....

तेरी गोद में सर रख कर, आखिरी पल कुछ यूँ बिताऊंगा तेरा ना होकर वी तू पास है ये एहसास रोज़ खुदको दिलाऊंगा....

मैं अपने जनाज़े पर भी अपने साथ तेरी तस्वीर लेकर जाऊंगा. !
लेकिन अफ़सोस ! ये खाब मैं रोज़ खुदको दिखाऊंगा....

मैं अपने आखिरी पल में सबसे पहले तुझे आवाज लगाऊंगा, तेरी यादों को अपनी बाहों में भरके हंस्ता हस्ता चला जाऊंगा....

मगर अपने सीने में एक अधूरा राज़ दबा जाऊँगा,
जिसे जीते-जी किसी से कभी कह न पाऊँगा।
लोग पूछेंगे आखिर किस बात का ग़म था तुझे,
मैं तेरे नाम पर मुस्कराकर हर सवाल से बच जाऊँगा।

ना शिकवा करूँगा, ना कोई इल्ज़ाम
लिखूँगा,

अपने मुकद्दर के नाम बस एक
पैग़ाम लिखूँगा,

"जिसे जान से ज़्यादा चाहा था मैंने
कभी,

उसी के नाम अपनी आखिरी शाम लिख जाऊँगा।"



हां में ही सुरेंद्र हूँ

SURENDRA AGRAHARI

कहते हैं कि इंसान का परिचय उसके नाम से होता है, लेकिन मैं मानता हूँ कि परिचय उस मिट्टी से होता है जिसने उसे गढ़ा है। मेरी पहचान किसी बड़े शहर की चमक से नहीं, बल्कि उस गाँव की सौंधी खुशबू से है, जहाँ सुबह मंदिर की घंटियों से होती है, और शाम बुजुर्गों के आशीर्वाद से।

मैं उस आजमगढ़ की धरती से आया हूँ, जहाँ तमसा की लहरें इतिहास सुनाती हैं, जहाँ दुर्वासा की तपस्या की अग्नि आज भी प्रेरणा देती है, जहाँ हरिऔध के शब्द और राहुल सांकृत्यायन के विचार आज भी ज्ञान के दीप जलाते हैं।

मैं कोई प्रसिद्ध व्यक्तित्व नहीं, कोई बड़ा अधिकारी नहीं, कोई महान लेखक भी नहीं...

मैं तो बस अपने माता-पिता के सपनों का विस्तार हूँ, अपने गुरुजनों की सीख का परिणाम हूँ, और अपनी मिट्टी का एक साधारण प्रतिनिधि हूँ।

आज मैं अपना परिचय नहीं दूँगा, बल्कि अपनी कहानी सुनाऊँगा... शीर्षक है – "हाँ, मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ"

मैं वक्त में विरक्त हूँ,
मौन हूँ, सशक्त हूँ।

एक अमित आरेख हूँ,
हाँ, मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ।
मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ

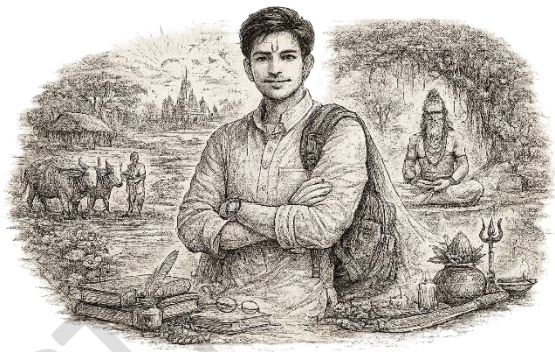
उत्तर प्रदेश की पावन धरती,
जिसका गौरव अपार है।
आजमगढ़ का वासी हूँ,
अहरौला मेरा संसार है।

तमसा के निर्मल तट का,
मैं स्वाभिमानी पुत्र हूँ।
संस्कारों की छाँव में पला,
भारत माता का सपूत हूँ।

माता-पिता के चरणों में,
मेरा प्रथम प्रणाम है।
उनकी शिक्षा, उनका त्याग,
मेरे जीवन का अभिमान है।

दुर्वासा की तपोभूमि का तेज,
हृदय में मैं धारण करता हूँ।
दत्तात्रेय के ज्ञान-पथ का,
नित्य अनुसरण करता हूँ।

हरिऔध की साहित्य-साधना,
मेरे मन को प्रेरित करती है।



राहुल सांकृत्यायन की ज्ञान-ज्योति,
मेरी चेतना को आलोकित करती है।

बाबा पाल दास जी को पूजता हूँ,
श्रद्धा से शीश नवाता हूँ।
श्री 1008 मौनी बाबा जी महाराज का,
विनीत शिष्य कहलाता हूँ।

ज्ञान मेरा आभूषण है,
कर्म मेरी पहचान है।
सेवा, समर्पण और सद्भाव,
मेरा जीवन-अभियान है।

न झुकना मेरी प्रकृति है,
न रुकना मेरा स्वभाव है।
सत्य, धर्म और राष्ट्र-सेवा,
मेरा अटल संकल्प और भाव है।

मैं शब्द नहीं, संकल्प हूँ,
मैं स्वर नहीं, हुंकार हूँ।
अपनी माटी, माता-पिता और गुरुजन का,
जीवंत विश्वास और संस्कार हूँ।

मैं समय की शिला पर अंकित,
संघर्षों का इतिहास हूँ।

आजमगढ़ की गौरव-गाथा का,
एक विनम्र प्रयास हूँ।

मैं वक्त में विरक्त हूँ,
मौन हूँ, सशक्त हूँ।
एक अमित आरेख हूँ,
हाँ, मैं ही सुरेंद्र हूँ..!

CORRECTION

OTHER

ஒரு புத்தகம், பல உலகம்

Swetha Vaishach

சொற்கள் கொண்ட காகிதம் அல்ல
வாழ்வையே மாற்றவல்ல திறவுகோல் !
எழுதுபவனும் படைப்பாளி ஆகிறான்
உயிர் தரும் பிரம்மா போல்!
எண்ணிலடங்கா உணர்ச்சிகள்
அடங்கிய பக்கங்கள்!
கதைகளையும் கனவுகளையும்
கட்டி அணைதக்கும்
ஏடுகள் !
உள் உணர்வு , வெளி
அறிவு
இவ்விரு உலகம்
உணர்த்தும் நண்பன் !



திரும்பப் படுவது தாள்கள் மட்டுமல்ல
வாழ்க்கை கருத்துகளும் தான்,

Mahboob se door ho jane ka andaze bayan

Shaik Numan

Shaik Numan is a 12th-grade student and an imaginative poet born on May 17, 2009, in Bhainsa, Telangana, India.

محبوب سے دُور جانے کا اندازِ بیاں
بچھڑ کے تجھ سے بدل گیا ہے مرے شب و روز کا فسانہ
بڑا کٹھن ہے ترے بنا اب حیات کا یہ سفر بتانا
وہ تیری پیاسی سی اک جھلک کو ترستی رہتی ہیں اب یہ
آنکھیں
وہ تیرے کاندھے پہ سر کو رکھ کر سکون دل کا پناہ پانا
ترا وہ بنسنا، ترا وہ رونا، ترا وہ غصے میں روٹھ جانا
بڑا رُلانے گا اب مجھے وہ گزر گیا جو حسیں زمانہ
بزارِ محفل میں بیٹھ کر بھی یہ دل اکیلا ہی رو رہا ہے
نہ راس آیا ترے بنا اس غریبِ دل کو کہیں ٹھکانا
ترے بدن کی وہ دھیمی خوشبو ہوا کے جھونکوں میں ڈھونڈتا
ہوں
بچھڑ کے تجھ سے تو جیسے بھولے ہم اپنی ہستی کا ہی پتا نا
عجیب اک کربِ ہجر لے کر جئے چلے جا رہے ہیں منظر

تمہاری یادوں کا اک خزانہ ہے، اور اس کا ہے یہ دیوانہ

Roman Urdu Transliteration

(For ease of reading)

Bichhad ke tujh se badal gaya hai mare shab-o-rooz ka fasana,

Bada kathin hai tare bina ab hayat ka yeh
safar bitana.

Woh teri pyaasi si ik jhalak ko tarasti
rehti hain ab yeh aankhein,

Woh tere kaandhe pe sar ko rakh kar
sukoon-e-dil ka panah paana.



Tera woh hansna, tera woh rona, tera woh gusse mein rooth jaana,

Bada rulaye ga ab mujhe woh guzar gaya jo haseen zamana.

Hazaar mehfil mein baith kar bhi yeh dil akela hi ro raha hai,

Na raas aaya tare bina is ghareeb-e-dil ko kahin thikana.

Tare badan ki woh dheemi khushboo hawa ke jhonkon mein
dhoondta hoon,

Bichhad ke tujh se to jaise bhoole hum apni hasti ka hi pata na.

Ajeeb ik karb-e-hijr le kar jiye chale ja rahe hain manzar,

Tumhari yaadon ka ik khazana hai, aur is ka hai yeh deewana.

అమ్మ

L Jahnvi Reddy

తిటడం రాని నాన్న దగ్గరుండి మేరి అనిపించావు
ముద్దులు రాని నాన్న నోటితో నేర్పించావు
నడక రాని నాన్న నడవడం నేర్పావు
నాకు తెలియనిది రానిది కూడా నా కోసం
తెలుసుకుని, నేర్చుకుని మరి నాకు నేర్పావు
ఏ విషయం అయినా నన్ను తగ్గనివ్వలేదు

అంతెందుకు

నాన్న నన్ను గా బతకటికి
రాలేని కారణాలతో వేరుచేస్తే,
నీకు
దక్కకపోయినా నీ ప్రాణాన్ని
నాకు ఆయువు గా
దారపోసావు



నేను పుట్టకముందే నన్ను చూసుకున్నావు
నీ కంటే ఎక్కువగా చూసుకున్నావు
నిజానికి నీ గురించి నువ్వు ఎప్పుడూ ఆలోచించలేదు
ఏది చెప్పగలనమ్మ నీకు
నాకు ఈ జీవితాన్ని ఇచ్చినదానికి నువ్వు ఎన్నో సార్లు
ప్రాణాపాయం స్థితుల్లో పడుతున్నావు
మేము నీకు పుట్టడం వరమో, శాపమో తెలియదు కానీ
నువ్వు మాకు అమ్మగా దొరకడం మాత్రం ఎన్నో జన్మల
పుణ్యఫలం అని అనుకుంటున్నాము.

అమ్మ

L Jahnvi Reddy

ఇది ఒక ముచ్చటికి మొదటిదే

ఇంకా చాలాంటివి ఎన్నో, మా ఎన్నో, పెయింట్లు, కలలు, ఊహలు
రాయాల్సినవి, తెలవాల్సినవి

ఓ మాటమ్మా! నీకు జోహార్లు

నిన్ను నేటి తల్లీ, రాబోయే ఆ ప్రేమలనే

ఆ పరమాత్ముడు సైతం నీకు దత్తం పెట్టట్లేదే
ఏమీ పుణ్యం చేసావని మాకు అర్థం?

నువ్వు లేకపోతే మేము లేము, మేము లేము, నిజానికి

మేమెవరము లేము

నీ చలని నీడే మాకు భరోసా

నీ ధైర్యమే మా ఈ జీవితం

నువ్వు పోయాక నమ్ముతూ ఉండడమే మా జీవితాశయం

మా ఆలోచనలతో, మా బాధలతో, మా కష్టాలతో

నిరంతరం గతప్రమవుతూ మాకో దారిని చూపిస్తున్న

జగని



మేము దణ్ణులము - ఎప్పటికీ, ఎన్నటికీ కృతజ్ఞులము

CORRECTION

ایک گفتگو تقدیر و شمشیر میں

Amrit Sahani

لوح محفوظ میں لکھی تقدیر تیری
ٹوٹی ہوئی شمشیر تیری
وہ مرجھائی ہوئی ورد
تیری مسکراہٹیں، تیرا درد
وقت صبح سے وقت رات بھی لکھی ب
لکھی کیفیت مراد اور تیری وفات بھی لکھی ب
ٹوٹی بے شمشیر پر آبن کربوں میں
شمشیر ک تجید ک لب تیمار بوں میں
مرجھائی ہیں بنکھڑی میری
حالت من خراب ب بھل
پر انقلاب تقدیر ک لی نثار بوں میں
ترائی تقدیر لکھی بے بلبل کی بھی
مرجھا کئی بنکھڑی آن چمن آبی سنبل کی بھی
انتہا سمجھ بیٹھ تم اس بستی و دنیا کو
ا مسافر
پر تقدیر تو لکھی بے صنمون کی بھی
مانا ک لکھی ب تقدیر چمن و بلبل و صنمور کی
پر برا دیتی ابراہیم کی آک صنمور کو



پیغام توحید و قرآن کا نغم بدل دیتی
 تقدیر مُردوں کی بھی ب
 لکھی تقدیر شمشیروں سے بھی ب
 رضائِ خداس بھی
 خون و پسینوں سے بھی ب
 بھانہ ب تقدیر، کہتا ہوں میں
 شمشیر نہیل تو
 ذرّہ شمشیر ہوں میں، کہتا ہوں میں
 نہ روکوں کا قدم اپنی تیری اِن بھانوں س
 مرجھائی ہیں پنکھڑی تو کیا
 توحید سینوں میں ہماری
 پانی خود چل ک آن کا سامن ہمارے
 کہتا ہوں میں
 :کہا اقبال ن نظم اقبالی میں
 عمل س زندگی بنتی ہے جنت بھی جہنم بھی؛"
 "پہ خاکی اپنی فطرت میں نہ نوری ہے نہ ناری ہے
 بھل تم محصور ہزاروں سح
 شمشیر و آوازور س
 یہ تقدیر نہیں
 جھلک حسینی ب
 شہادت یا لولزک باطلوں س

بہل ن مل فتح تیر وتلوارون سج

شہید جسم بو بوتہا بے، نام نہیں

معتمد ہونا تقدیر پ

حکم اذان نہیں

کھتاب اقبال، پھر سے توحید بے سینون میں ہمارے

ہم راہی اس دنیا ک

پر صنموں ک عوام نہیں

خوفِ عمیقِ سمندر

Amrit Sahani

ساحل کی آبادکار کو خوفِ عمیقِ سمندر
ن۔ اندازہ عمیق کا
رہت خود صنم بن کر
جیس کہ مابی نہر آتی ساحل پر
تم صنم زمین وہ
صنم سمندر
طلبِ مابی شابین لے جاتی اُس
مرکز بحر تَک
بعدِ شب س بعدِ شام بھی آجاتی ب
قبرستان بیری سح
کلستان بھی آجاتی ب
ن مل مابی تو سفر اور بھی لمباب
پروقت وہ بھی آتا ب جب اُشی بھی مل جاتی ہے
جرات تھی شابین کی مرکز تَک جان کی
جونہ ملی صنم ساحل مینِ بَر پہر پہر کی