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CORRECTION

36 Hours

recky maibram

I, my Recky Maibram, am from a small town called Moirang; nearby we have Loktak Lake (a freshwater lake) and Sangai deer, who inhabit the floating phumdis at Keibul Lamjao National Park.

It was a calm morning at the train station, where I was waiting to board the Rajdhani Express to Delhi. The platform speakers announced the arrivals and departures, while a few people quietly rushed to their compartments, checking their tickets. The crowd was light, and stalls selling books, breakfast, and other items lined the platform. I walked over to a nearby coffee shop to grab a cup of coffee. The weather was pleasantly cool, perfect for a morning journey. I was wearing my polo T-shirt, quarter-length pants, and short shoes and carrying a small red trolley. I settled down, scrolling through my phone for the latest news, then put on my earphones to enjoy a soothing song. After finishing my coffee, I tossed the paper cup into the dustbin and bought a bottle of mineral water for the trip.

The train arrived on time. I checked my ticket—A2/12/upper berth. I boarded the First AC train and found my seat in the quiet compartment. I placed my luggage in the upper berth and continued listening to music on Spotify. Suddenly, a woman's voice interrupted me. Turning left, I saw a woman in her thirties, wearing a yellow tracksuit, slim and fair.

"Excuse me," she said politely.

"Yes?" I replied without any hesitation.

"Can I take the window seat?"

"Sure," I said.

"Thank you," she said, smiling.

As she settled in, the journey to Delhi began, filled with quiet. The journey to Delhi began, filled with anticipation and the soft hum of the train. After three hours on the train, the attendant came by to ask about lunch preferences. I nodded to the non-vegetarian and settled back in my upper berth. When the lunch arrived, I went down to the lower berth to eat. I took out some extra napkins from my luggage. I knew I would need the extra napkins after the meal. The chicken tasted just right—mildly spiced, exactly how I liked it.



"Excuse me," she said suddenly.

"Yes?" I replied.

"Could I have some napkins if you don't mind?"

"Sure," I said, handing her a few extra napkins.

Curious, I asked, "Are you a sportsperson?"

"No, actually, I'm an army doctor," she answered.

"Oh!" I paused, then she asked, "And you?"

"I'm a writer," I said.

"Nice," she smiled, stretching out her hand. "I'm Priyanka, from Sikkim."

"I'm Malem, from Manipur," I replied.

“Manipur is a beautiful place, isn’t it?” she said.

“Yes, quite beautiful,” I agreed. “I once went to Yumthang Valley.
The

place, the people—they’re wonderful, though the weather was cold.”

She nodded politely.

After lunch, we both retreated to our berths to rest. She was quiet and reserved, rarely meeting my eyes. Yet, there was something striking about her—her poise and the way she carried herself like a model. The journey had brought an unexpected connection, brief and fleeting but memorable. I immersed myself in the beautiful sound effects during the action scenes while watching Dhurandhar-2 on Jio Hotstar with my AirPods. Suddenly, through the AirPods, I heard a weeping sound. Taking out my AirPods, I realized it was Priyanka crying. Everyone else was fast asleep. I came down from my berth and asked gently,

"Are you okay?"

She shed tears and replied, "It's okay."

Curious and concerned, I stood in front of her and asked,

"What happened?"

She sat on the floor between the berths and said,

"I never thought this would happen to me."

I requested.

"Can you explain, if you don't mind?"

She took a deep breath and exhaled slowly before explaining her feelings about the situation.

"He was in a relationship betraying me, but I tried my best to support him.

him during his tough times."

I paused, listening carefully as she continued.

"We were in the same batch, but his family couldn't afford it during his training days, so I helped him financially and emotionally. I saved

every penny for his pocket money."

I asked,

"And what happened?"

She replied,

"Today, he posted a photo with a new woman, captioned 'For a new beginning.'"

She continued,

"I hadn't been in contact with him for a couple of weeks because of personal work at home."

I asked,

"Was there any conflict or issue?"

She answered politely,

"No."

Trying to comfort her, I said,

"This is life. Everything will be alright, doctor. Please think about

your parents."

She didn't respond and kept weeping silently.

I offered.

"If you need anything, please call me, if you don't mind."

Then I returned to my berth, sensing she wasn't ready to talk more. After a while, she went to her berth and fell asleep, but I couldn't fall asleep myself. Despite my exhaustion, my mind remained restless for some unknown reason. Eventually, I drifted off to sleep. The next morning, I woke up as usual and noticed Priyanka was already awake. We were waiting for breakfast, but her eyes were red—perhaps from crying or a restless night.

"Good morning," I greeted her.

"Morning, Malem," she replied softly.

She seemed troubled. "I need a new way to erase all the past," she said quietly.

Trying to lighten the mood, I changed the subject. "Priyanka, where is your posting?"

"Ladakh," she answered.

"Oh! Ladakh, nice place." I said

She continued, "Yes, my current one had many memories."

"Did you study there?" I asked.

"No, my current posting is where I spent much of my childhood. when my father was posted there. " she replied.

"Oh! Your father was also an Army officer?" I asked, surprised.

"Yes, my father was a colonel, and my mother is a doctor," she shared.

Her stories about her family, told in her soft voice with her beautiful eyes, held me captive. She seems very simple, and I think that she prefers a natural look with minimal makeup, which only enhances her beauty.

Then she asked, "Malem, tell me your story."

"I lived with my uncle after my parents died when I was too young.

I'm a paediatrician," I replied.

"But you told me yesterday that you're a writer," she said with curiosity.

curiosity.

My uncle wants to be a doctor, and so do I; however, writing is my passion.

One day, I want to be known more as a writer than a doctor. "I explained.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I've faced many hardships in life, and I want to share my experiences and emotions to leave a legacy to the next generation," I said.

I continue to share my story: how my parents passed away and how I was raised in the care and shadow of my uncle. I journeyed through hardship that I faced and became the person I am now.

As I spoke, I noticed tears in her eyes. "Did I make you sad?" I asked.

gently.

She shook her head, wiping her tears with her handkerchief. "I never realized you suffered so much," she said softly.

After a while, we had breakfast and then went to our berths to rest.

Each lost in our thoughts.

As the last station approached in about an hour, I lay on my berth. I was scrolling through Instagram, curious to see if Priyanka had used it. Finally, I found her account and followed her. Almost instantly, she followed me back. I hesitated, unsure whether to message her.

Suddenly, she messaged, "Hi."

"Hello," I replied.

"I feel empathy for your life; you truly are an example of hard work. that never dies," she continued.

"Thank you," I said.

"But you told me you were a writer, then sent me something that you

Write?" she asked.

"I write poems, but am I planning to try writing a novel?" I replied.

"Can you send me one? I want to see it, if you don't mind."

she requested.

I sent her one of my poems.

Could It Be

A mind shrouded by endless clouds,
Veiling the seasons of joy gone loud,
Lost in the shadows of '94,
Where laughter and light ceased to thrive.

The name, a whisper in the breeze,
Echoes in memories, yet never free,
There is no one left to call and no replies to be heard.
In silent arms, he sleeps so near.

Tears cascade like evening rain.
Grieving a soul we can't regain,
Before the dusk of fleeting cheer,
Departed in the twelfth year last year.

A lament for love, for times gone by,
A silent prayer, a heartfelt cry,
In every shadow, in every tear,

Leaves a hope that he is near.

After 10 minutes, she replied,

"Oh! What a heart-touching poem. This made me freeze for some reason.

moment. You lost your loved one at a young age but still hold on to hope."

I responded with a happy emoji sign.

"How is your uncle now?" she asked.

"He is old now but healthy," I replied.

"Why are you going to Delhi?" she asked.

"To find a book publisher," I answered.

"Oh, great," she said.

"And you?" I asked.

"Returning to my base camp," she replied.

We both booked taxis at the station. Her taxi arrived, and she loaded her luggage. Suddenly, unexpectedly, she came close, hugged me, and kissed my cheek. And she was whispering to my ear, saying, "I love you." And then she went towards her taxi. I stood frozen, unable to reply, but her scent of love lingered with me. Her hug warms my heart and soul, melting all emotions. Finally, she waved from the window as her taxi drove away.

Earning bread

Arpit Varshney

I looked upon a working land,
Seems to be human hustling band.
Everybody goes to earn some bread;
Is it everything that you have read?

I had read several pairs,
In this zone nobody cares.
Put your efforts into well,
Take some charge like a cell.

Oh! I bump on to a lazy man,
Who Seems to be a sleepy can.
He might came from a richer thread,
That's why he has no sense of bread.

What do you think of a working male ?
He should be active might face would pale,



Every second the way he looked;
Day by day he seems to be cooked.

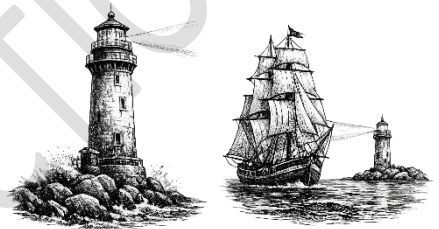
Earning bread is his motto,
His age might locked in the photo,
Working face looks like a winter's moon;
He should rest for a minute — it's way past noon.

CORRECTION

Borrowed Beacons

Vaibhavi Seth

The stars reflect upon the silent brine,
Where endless space and quiet water twine.
Far from the shore stood;
An old majestic structure,
The lantern faded in the mist,
Caisson enveloped by rocks,
Waves crashing against them,
Beacon standing upright,
Gleaming thte vast temperate sea.
Several vessels arrive & pass,
The unfiltered sacrifice of beacon;
Steering the ships under the storm.
What if beacon is borrowed?
Yet it lights up the brine under the moonlight .



Countless vessels trust it's glow,
Yet few remember the beacon itself.
The one vessel returns at beacon,
As same as the soul who,
Stayed real among hypocrites.
The beacon too wishes,
For drifting or leaving;
Yet never stops lighting.
Never wanted to shine,
Refusing to let others drown.
Making you wonder,
Who guides the guide?

Silent Cry

recky maibram

I, my Recky Maibram, am from a small town called Moirang; nearby we have Loktak Lake (a freshwater lake) and Sangai deer, who inhabit the floating phumdis at Keibul Lamjao National Park.

Born as an angel, pure and bright,
For two soul mates, a guiding light,
Defining love's true reason,
A bond that blooms each season.

In joy's embrace, she finds her grace,
Happiness blossoms on her face,
A smile that gleams like polished pearl,
A shining light in her small world.



Flying high on wings of hope,
No sorrow's shadow, no fear to cope,
Worries like time's swift anti-clock,
Never knowing pain or shock.



Like a star that shines alone,
A bird that's free, fully grown,
Enjoying nature's gift divine,
Blessings from a higher sign.

But time moves silent, swift and fleet,
Happiness begins to retreat,
Colors fade, hope turns gray,
Into hues of dismay.

She's strong, yet weakness pulls her down,
Fighting tears that threaten to drown,
A silent cry she keeps inside,
A quiet pain she cannot hide.

Can I Order Cutting Chai?

Loveena Milton Lopes

Finally, it's that time of the season when I can order a cutting chai.

The weather suddenly turned romantic. The blue sky disappeared, replaced by clouds—the colour I love the most. I found myself blushing a little that day because I was thinking about you.

The cool breeze touched my skin as if it were you. The weather made me feel as though you were standing right beside me. Then, without warning, it began to rain. It rained ever so gently, almost romantically. Every raindrop reminded me of your presence.

My head knew you weren't there with me, but who could explain your absence to my heart?

My heart whispered, "Order two cups of cutting chai—for both of us." My head refused.

I find your presence in every little thing that crosses my path. The romantic weather wasn't really meant for me. Still, I ordered two cups of cutting chai.

But who would drink the second cup?

I finished mine and quietly walked away.

Yet, somewhere inside my heart, an empty table remains reserved for you—and for no one else.

I'm not a big fan of cutting chai, but for you, I could drink three more cups while simply staring at you.

The rain feels so special to me that, for a little while, I almost forget the thoughts that quietly kill me from within.

To be honest, I'm not a fan of the monsoon. But when it rains, it feels so special because it gives life to my illusionary world—a world where you exist more vividly than reality itself.

Sometimes, I let myself get drenched because, in my imagination, it means I can receive a warm hug from you.

Then I return home, and Mom comes running with a towel. That simple gesture comforts my heart too. It reminds me that love exists in many forms.

Maybe someday you'll step out of my imagination and into reality. We'll eat hot corn, steaming momos, crispy pakodas, and sip cutting chai together while the rain keeps us company.

Meet me before the monsoon ends, so we can take a few pictures together and upload them to Pexels. Until then, I'll keep saving a place for you beside me whenever it rains.



The unseen sword

Durraïnfida

The cruel world locked a beautiful and kind hearted girl in a dark room where no one could reach her. she sat in a corner of room cried loudly her screams echoed in the dark room but there was no helping hand to reach out nor a gentle voice to comfort her breaking heart but all of a sudden she noticed a light in that room out of that a pleasant lady entered the room, the darkness fade away and her light was shining all around the room. She sat with the sad girl and murmured, "my child, what difficulty weighs upon your soft heart?" The girl looked at her with hopeful eyes and whispered;

I...

I want freedom

The lady goes on "oh, little soul what kind of freedom you desire for?"

What's that miserable thing that cages you?

She replied,

"society..."

I want to free my soul from this judgmental society, I want freedom from the restrictions of society.

My mind is caged by the voices that say,

"Don't do this, it's not meant for females"

"This profession isn't for females"

“People will talk behind your character if you will do this.”

But why do the society chains us?

Don't we deserve to live freely?

The lady smiled and said,

“ohh little woman!

Remember ,you were born to satisfy your soul not the society. When the creator of the universe said

“women and equal to men”

Then why you let the creations to say unpleasant thoughts about your character. Women are sparkling and shinning souls and they have the ability to do anything. The lady's words were felt deeply by the girl, The lady continued; when the humans will be aware that equality is a reality and everyone deserves to be treated with fairness and they cage a woman not because she is weak because they can 't control her , a female is more honoured and powerful beyond humans intellects and musings. Once a women gets freedom then she will fly high until she touches the sky but the world didn't let her because than she will leave everyone behind. The world didn't let to educate a woman because they are worried that she will be aware of her rights and status remember that “they cage what they can't control”...



The Last Tree's Diary

Ashu K

Ashu Kewat is a 20-year-old student and aspiring writer from Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh. He loves creative writing and enjoys writing fictional stories inspired by emotions, imagination, and everyday life.

I counted seasons long before you counted years.

Birds once stitched songs into my waking leaves.

Children carved dreams upon my patient bark.

The wind knew my name before silence arrived.

I watched forests fade into roads of stone,

While smoke painted the sky a weary grey.

Each fallen friend became another memory,

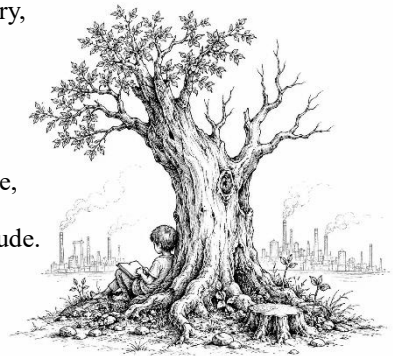
Buried beneath the weight of progress.

Still, I stretched my branches toward hope,

Offering shade to those who forgot gratitude.

My roots held stories deeper than rivers,

Yet no one stopped to listen.



If this is my final page, remember this—

The earth breathes through hearts that choose to care.

Plant tomorrow where I must fall today,

So no tree will ever write this diary again.

CORRECTION

If Silence Could Speak

Ashu K

Ashu Kewat is a 20-year-old student and aspiring writer from Jabalpur, Madhya Pradesh. He loves creative writing and enjoys writing fictional stories inspired by emotions, imagination, and everyday life.

If silence could speak, it would whisper my name,
From corners where forgotten memories remain.
It would tell of tears hidden behind a smile,
And dreams that waited through every mile.

It would echo the words I feared to say,
To hearts that slowly drifted away.
It would carry the weight of unspoken pain,
Like clouds that long to become rain.

Silence knows every promise left undone,
Every goodbye spoken to no one.
Yet within its stillness, hope survives,
Lighting forgotten and weary lives.



For silence is never empty or weak—

It holds the truths the brave don't speak.

Listen closely between each heartbeat's call;

Sometimes, silence says the most of all.

CORRECTION

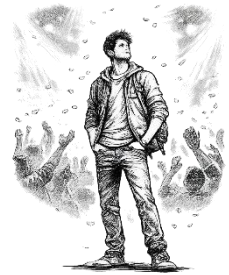
Main Kaafi Hoon

Daniel (Himanshu K)

Main hawa ka rukh badalne nahi aaya,
Bas apni pehchaan banane aaya hoon.
Logon ki nazron se khud ko na tolunga,
Apni nazron mein hi muskurana seekha hoon.

Gir kar bhi har baar sambhal jaata hoon,
Har zakhm se kuch naya paata hoon.
Meri kamiyaan meri pehchaan nahi,
Mera hausla meri asli shaan sahi.

Na taaliyon ka intezaar hai mujhe,
Na kisi se apni keemat poochhni hai.
Jo hoon, usi roop mein khoobsurat hoon,
Kyunki **main kaafi hoon... bas itna hi kaafi hai.**



Shehar Sota Nahi

Daniel

Shehar sota nahi, bas aankhein band kar leta hai,
Har muskurahat ke peeche ek dard chhupa leta hai.
Roshniyon ke beech bhi kitni tanha raahein hain,
Har bheed ke andar kitni khamosh aahein hain.

Yahan har chehra kisi daud mein kho sa gaya,
Apno ke hote hue bhi har koi akela ho gaya.
Sadkein raat bhar kahaniyan sunati rehti hain,
Khwaabon ki keemat yahan neendein leti rehti hain.

Phir bhi har subah ek nayi umeed jagti hai,
Tooti hui himmat bhi phir se chal padti hai.
Shehar sota nahi, kyunki sapne jaagte rehte hain,
Aur inhi sapno se insaan zinda rehte hain.



One and another

Lathrima Suvi

The beauty of one,
Reflected by another.
They were powered by unity.
Unity of never giving up,
Unity of never failing,
One and another.
They made pieces of one and another.
Never truly apart by soul,
Distance bound them apart.
Yet, love truly never did.
Catching up on conversations,
Catching up on missed memories.
Maybe they were never truly apart.
Maybe one doesn't want to end.
Maybe one didn't want to begin.



Feeling numb is a feeling?

Macwan Brijita Sanjay Kumar

Myself Brijita, my loved one calls me Briyyy, but I love to hear myself as a writer and I try to make this possible by making world know that in some corner of the world there's this little girl who wants to learn everything and feel every single emotions with her heart, who wants to treat people with kindness and love.

and someday,

you don't feel anything anymore.

it sounds weird, right?

or more like rude.

someone ask you how are you feeling?

and you don't have any specific word to describe how are you feeling?

you dont feel happy or sad,

joyful or angry, you just don't feel anything.

you're living but you don't realise you're living,

you feel like you're just existing,

in between trying to make things simple or to understand things,

you don't realise how someday you give up on your thoughts, on how you want things to go or how you didn't want things to go, but things just happen, you feel like everything slipped off your hands.

and the worst part is nobody cared, nobody was even bothered to hear your part of the story.

even the people you considered your own, ended up treating you as their punching bag.

you just stood there with your truth, but people tried to move you with their lies, and when you decided to stand still, they left you behind and moved on with their lie.

all they cared was about them, how they felt, how your words hurt them, how your actions made them feel, but all that they didn't care about was what you felt and why you reacted the way you did.

BUT,

darlinggg,

Hold on, breathe!!

you don't have to do the same to yourself,

you're worth more than they made you feel.

they didn't value you doesn't mean you're not worthy enough,

just because someone thinks gold as a stone doesn't mean gold will lose its shine,

so don't let them overpower you with their lie,

they will try their best to break you,

but you'll have to stand strong.

maybe you'll feel like you're stretched in things you were never part of,

but Babe the whole scenario was created for you,



so you're not a part you're an entire story.

so stop punishing yourself for the things that didn't work or for people that didn't stay,

maybe they were not the story and that's why their faces came in front of you, before the climax, but darling it's you who is the main character here, so don't give more importance to anyone else than yourself.

people will come and go,

places will change,

life will get upside-down,

but all that stayed, is GOD, YOU and YOUR PARENTS

so focus on things that focuses on YOU!! ✨

Writer's love language<3

Macwan Brijita Sanjay Kumar

Do you know what's a writer's love language?

let me tell you, it's that they'll mention you in their random poem, story, letter or book even without mentioning your name and it's our way of showing love<3

but what most of the people don't understand but rather thinks that writers are boring and feels like reading is a tough task or for boredom people they'll never realise how many times someone have mentioned them because they've never read and it's not a curse to be a writer but a blessing and the blessing is more powerful when you've got readers to read your writings because writers are nothing without their readers.

but again you know what's more harsh and sad is that the people you write for don't feel like reading or don't want to read but the ones who reads falls with your story which wouldn't be anything without those people who cares for you but not enough to read for you :))

Who was right ?

Farah Latif

Imagine a story where you are a character...

...and you have a best friend, or a girlfriend-wife, or any such kind of relationship with someone.

And that person is extremely dear to you.

Only for that person, you lower some of your boundaries.

You fulfill every reasonable demand of theirs.

When they get upset, you try very hard, in different ways, to make them happy, because you cannot see them upset.



And that dear person also loves you a lot and never wants to go away from you.

But imagine that your dear one, seeing your care and your behavior, becomes attached to you.

Yet you never let them feel any lack in your love.

But now think carefully:

In their attachment, they start breaking all your boundaries.

They interfere in your personal life.

They force you to fulfill even their wrong demands, and sometimes you give in after losing to them.

That person, in attachment, disturbs your privacy.

They want only you — so much that even miles away there should be no other human around you.

You should not do any work, nor do anything by your own will.

If you have some urgent work and you do it, they get upset.

They impose their wishes on you excessively.

They cannot see your situation in front of their own situation.

They remember only their stubborn demand.

They want you to leave everything and stay only with them — even if the work is extremely important, related to your career, or some work is stuck in between.

You tell them again and again that you give them time along with work, meaning you talk to them even while working.

They get angry and say: “Work is less important, or I don’t know — leave the work right now.”

No matter how much you explain that this work is necessary and you will face loss otherwise, they still do not understand.

They see only their stubbornness.

They just want you — your life can go to hell.

Now imagine you have a light trauma related to something.

You do not even like to think about that thing, let alone do it.

But that person forces you through stubbornness to do the same thing.

Even after you explain, they do not try to understand you; instead, they get their stubborn demand fulfilled.

Your problem, your situation — everything can go to hell for them.

And because of these actions, you move away from them.

Their possessiveness was fine; you had no problem with that.

You also fulfilled their reasonable demands.

You left them because they did not understand you.

They destroyed your private life.

They crushed your wishes.

They shattered your mental health.

That is why you chose yourself.

But when you left them, you were called unfaithful.

The world said you left them in the middle.

Who gave you the right to make someone attached to you and then leave them once they became attached?

In the eyes of the world, you became a totally unfaithful and heartless person.

Here, the world only saw their pain and suffering after you left.

But no one saw, nor even thought about, how they used that same attachment to destroy your mental health and life.

Now you tell me — whose fault was it?

According to me, it was the fault of both, but no one was bad.

If, along with love, a little firmness had been added and the sensitive one had been properly explained, maybe everything would have been settled.

That is why it is said that many issues are solved through the art of conversation.

And the most important point here is that it is not necessary that the one who leaves after attachment is unfaithful or heartless.

We should never judge one person by seeing only one side of the story — nor do we have the right to do so.

Hey, once sit with the one who left and ask them the reason.

Try to understand them too.

They also need someone to come, hug them, understand them, and say, “I am with you — you are not bad.”

But look at this world — without knowing the full story, it gave that innocent person the label of unfaithful and heartless.

I know now you people will consider that dear person wrong for misusing attachment.

But it is not like that.

Yes, it was their fault too, no doubt — but they were not bad.

They too had no one other than that dear person to bear their tantrums and fulfill their demands.

That is why they asserted more rights over them and, out of fear of losing them, could not tolerate even someone’s shadow around them.

No one was bad between the two — but yes, both were at fault.

The mistake of that dear person was that they should have put their attachment a little aside and tried to understand.

They should have trusted them, given them some space, understood them, and along with getting their tantrums fulfilled, accepted some of theirs as well.

And the mistake of the other was that even while feeling their mental health getting disturbed, they stayed silent.

They did not explain and make their dear person understand in the right way.

Because they talked lovingly every time, that dear person neither listened nor understood.

They should have been a little firm, explained their points clearly, and set some boundaries by sitting calmly.

If even after that the other did not understand and remained stuck on their stubbornness, then wish them luck with their stubbornness and quietly change your path.

That is why it is said: it is not necessary that where there is extreme love, there is also understanding.

We give our beloved person excessive love, care a lot, and fear losing them — but when it comes to understanding, we turn our face away from that same beloved person and dismiss them by calling them foolish or crazy.

You cannot even imagine how much this turning away breaks them, how it destroys their expectations, and how that person gradually distances themselves from people.

Before loving, become a friend and try a little to understand the person.

Love does not keep people together as much as understanding and care do.

In the end, these lines that I myself wrote are not just lines — they are reality, a whole truth condensed into a few lines.

کسی کی خود کو عادت لگا کر اس پر حد سے زیادہ ڈپینڈ ہونا شاید بس میں نہیں۔۔۔

لیکن اس کی حدود توڑوا کر اپنی امیدیں پوری کروانا شاید کھیل ہے۔۔۔

ہاں شروع میں عادت لگنے والا اور اس عادت کے جھیلنے والا دونوں خوش ہو۔۔۔

لیکن جب حدود کے ٹوٹنے کا خیال آئے تو انسان کس کا سہارا اپنائے۔۔۔

ادھوری چھوڑی ہوئی امیدیں زخم بن جاتی ہے۔۔۔

لیکن اپنی حدوں کو توڑ کر کسی کی امیدیں پوری کرنا ذہن کا عذاب بن جاتی ہیں۔۔۔

کسی ایک کے لیے حدود نہ رکھنا شاید سہی ہے۔۔۔

لیکن بعد میں امید کے نام پر اسی انسان سے زخمی ہونا کہا کا انصاف ہے۔۔۔

عادت کو سنبھالنے والا جب امیدیں ادھوری چھوڑنے لگے تو غدار کہلاتا ہے۔۔۔

لیکن عادت لگنے والا کیوں سامنے والے کا سکون برباد کر کے بھی وفادار بن جاتا ہے۔۔۔

عجب دنیا کا واقعی نرالا کھیل ہے۔۔۔

ایک کے کہانی سن کے سامنے والے کو غلط سوچ لینا بڑا ہی انمول کھیل ہے
💔🔥💔🖤👉👈

A hidden battle

Nitika

I don't think I am a good daughter,
To make my parents heart flutter.
Their expectations are so high,
I can't meet them how much I try.
They think I am always arguing,
But they don't know about the struggle in my mind I am doing.
I want a luxurious life,
But my parents want me to learn to use knife.
I had expectations on them too,
But for them these are all dramas I do.
I know our bond is not that strong,
Because they think whatever I do is wrong.
I am not saying my parents aren't good,
But generation gap between us is the problem dude.....



BITSWEET

Bliss

Even with all the wealthy scolding,
Heart stops pumping the blood with too much holding.
Burdens change into craving
Have I become someone that no one is hearing?

There's too much to gain,
But what to do with this pain?
Rain doesn't feel shattering anymore.
Maybe I'll be at peace, since it's late before.

Heard or unheard,
Poetry will be poetry.
Just aspire to be seen and loved— that's the task
Is that too much to ask?

They say, "The art of being alone."
In my view, "The people are gone."
Why not try the art of being stone?



Pictures & memories, tantrums with excuse.

When the owner is allowed, why still refuse?

Go blessed go it's you vs you.

They know very well you're one of the few.

CORRECTION

Attributes of life

Arpit Varshney

Patience patience patience

words say a lot ,

Man without goals

Looks like a bot .

Something is knocking,

Oh! Exams are on the top ,

If someone is mocking,

Don't let your preparation flop .

Practice practice practice

Work says a lot ,

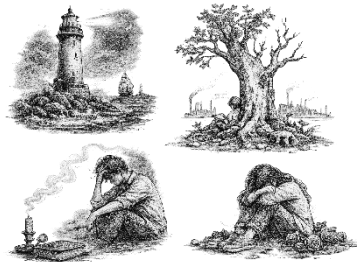
Rest without doing anything

Surely makes you a bot.

Something is knocking,

Let it knocked ,

Follow your goals ,



Let them mocked .

Success success success

path makes you annoy ,

But Results from it

Surely Makes you feel enjoy.

Something is knocking,

Let them try ,

Show your success,

Their mocking becomes fry .

Purpose, purpose purpose,

Everything has its price ,

Follow your passion,

It's my advice .

Something is knocking,

Let them tackle ,

Believe your-self ,

It's not a miracle.

CORRECTION

“Father’s Name: Still Blank”

Asiya Kamal

I am five.

Or six.

Or seven.

Old enough to understand
that I do not live with Mumma.

The world said
a single woman with a daughter
looks wrong.

So I was sent away
to Nana Nani’s house...
as if I was luggage
too heavy for society’s eyes.

They say it was “for the best.”
I don’t know whose best they meant.



I sleep between walls
that are kind
but not hers.

I wait.

Mumma visits sometimes.

She smells like strength
and tiredness.

She hugs me too tight,
as if someone is counting minutes.

When she leaves,
I do not cry in front of her.

When she leaves,
I become stone.

Good girls don't cry at gates.

Good girls make it easier
for their mothers to walk away.

So I wave.

And wave.

And wave

until her back disappears.

Then I break

where no one sees.

I am her brave girl.

But at night

I press my face into old pillows

and whisper,

Why does the world

get to decide

where I belong?

In school,
we had to make a family tree.

“Put Mummy and Papa at the top,”
Ma’am said.

I stared at the paper
for so long
it started staring back.

Papa is a word
people ask about
like it is a password
I forgot to memorize.

“What’s your father’s name?”

Their voices tilt.

I stay silent.

“Itni badi ho gayi,
papa ka naam bhi nahi pata?”

I know his name.

It sounds like courtrooms.

Like doors that don't open.

Like hands trying to pull me away
from the only arms
that ever felt like home.

But children are not allowed
to explain complicated things.

So I glued Nana Nani's picture instead.

I built my tree
with borrowed roots.

And left one branch
unspoken.

Sometimes,
late at night,
I wonder...

If I was never born,
would Mumma be free?

Would she sleep peacefully
instead of fighting battles
for custody,
for dignity,
for the right to exist without shame?

Did my tiny heartbeat
ruin her chances at happiness?

Am I the burden?

Am I the reason
she is tired?

Am I the weight
society points at
when they whisper,
“Single mother”?

I carry this question
like a hidden wound.

It grows with me.

If I never existed,
She would not have to prove
she is not incomplete.

She would not have to answer
the stares that strip her
for choosing herself.

Maybe she would sleep more.

Maybe she would smile
without calculating survival.

I carry this thought
like a secret bruise...

Was I the weight
that made her life heavy?

When society whisper,
they do not whisper softly enough.

“Poor child.”

“Broken family.”

“As if the mother failed.”

They never say

“Cruel man.”

They never say

“Unfair world.”

They only look at Mumma
like she committed a crime
by refusing to suffer.

So I grow up quietly.

I learn how to miss someone
who is alive.

I learn that sometimes
love means distance.

I learn that I have parents
but none that tuck me in daily.

I learn to celebrate Mother’s Day
with a phone call.

I learn to survive Father’s Day

with silence.

I become older
than my years allow.

I stop asking
why other children go home
to both names
while I travel between houses
like shared custody of a heart.

I become Mumma's strength
from afar.

I tell her I am happy.

I tell her Nana Nani take care of me.

I tell her not to worry.

I do not tell her

that sometimes I feel
like an extra piece
in everyone's life.

Too much for society.
Too small to be heard.

This is my confession:

I did not lose my childhood
in one moment.

It dissolved slowly...
in school forms,
in whispered taunts,
in empty columns labeled "Father's Name,"
in train stations
where I waved goodbye to Mumma
pretending I understood sacrifice.

I am still a child.

But my heart has learned
adult words like
custody,
reputation,
legal notice,
character.

I did not choose this story.

I only learned
how to carry it.

And if I grow strong,
if I grow mature,
if I walk through life
with steady eyes...

know this:

It is not because

I did not need a childhood.

It is because

the world could not bear

a woman raising her daughter

without a man's permission.

And so they separated us.

But even from a distance,

Mumma is my home.

Even from a distance,

I am hers.

And no form,

no taunt,

no empty branch on a paper tree

can erase that.

But sometimes,
when the world is too quiet,
the question returns...

Am I the burden?

Or am I just a child
who deserved
to grow up in her mother's arms?

If I seem strong now,
if I seem mature,
if my eyes look older than my age...

know this:

Strength was not my choice.

It was the only language
pain taught me.

And somewhere inside me,
there is still a little girl
standing at a gate,
waving at her Mumma,
pretending she understands
why love
had to live
so far away.

Proof in Red

Ifrah Maryam

I'm Ifrah, 17, from Pakistan. I write because some places inside the human heart can only be reached by words. I hope my poetry lingers where hands cannot, lives quietly in souls, and becomes a home for anyone who has ever needed to feel understood.

I was standing hopelessly while it was dripping down,
the blood from my eyes, a mourner in angels' town.
I looked above, and my eyes looked at mine;
the face looked rough, torture was the sign.

Why did her cheeks have those scars on them?
Was it on purpose, or a cruel emblem?
Couldn't blink 'cause of the horrible view,
I could look inside her and her heart through.

The only thing that entered my mind,
she wasn't lost, just hard to find.
What possibly could've gone wrong for her to be,
a mountain of sorrow, or a trauma-filled sea?



I couldn't guess it, but deep down I knew,
she had dreams she couldn't pursue.
I looked down, and the sink was red;
it was proof of the accusations that were said.

My eyes then met the fingers of my hand,
shrunk, scared, and unable to stand.
And suddenly, a cold breeze touched my face and said,
"It is you, not her, who is dead."

quick overflow

Vivechana Prajapati

Vivechana Prajapati is a literature student, writer, and creative artist with a deep appreciation for poetry, philosophy, and visual storytelling. Passionate about exploring ideas through words and art, she enjoys transforming emotions, nature, and imagination into meaningful creative works.

What I write sometimes I can't read,
I write it so quickly and immediately,
It just come like a wind,
Same happens while speaking,
I loose connection with the one who listen,
Result in not understanding my content,
I am so confident with what I want to convey,
It keep failing,
But never felt like a weakness,
Than what is it?
And why it happens....



Akhir Mohabbat kya hai? Sukoon ya Dard

Rehnuma Qureshi

I'm just a normal writer, I write whatever I think, hope so you all readers will like my write up...

Na pucho mohabbat kya deti hai

Kabhi sukoon e qalb ban kar dil ko mahekati hai

To kabhi dard e dil ban kar tufaan machati hai

Kabhi muskan ban kar chehra sajati hai to kabhi ansu ban kar ankho se beh jati hai...

Na chain din ko pati hai na sukoon raato ko deti hai

Kabhi ye sari raat dard me jagati hai

Kabhi ye khushi ban kar chain se sulati hai...

Areyy, puchna hai to un aashiqo se pucho jinki mohabbat aksar adhuri reh jati hai....

Na mukammal khwab, lahu luhan dil lekar jab wo is dard se guzarte hain tufan ban kar ye mohabbat kya gajab tabahi machati hai

Khud mohabbat naam lekar bethi rehti hai aur ashik ko sulji par chadhati hai...

Uske siwa na koi bhata hai aur na pyar ban pata hai



Bas mohabbat ko samjhna mushkil hi na mumkin hai

Kabhi ye suli chadwati hai

To kabhi ashiiq ka girwan chak karwati hai

Naam wafaa ka leti hai aksar bewafaa ban jati hai

Areyyy Asal baat to ye Hai Mohabbat ki nahi ho jati hai...

Aur jisko bhi kambakht ho jaye use Ya to mukammal kar deti hai ya qabr tak pahucha deti hai...

CORRECTION

One book many worlds

R. Tejashri

It rests upon a wooden shelf, asleep,
A quiet block of paper, cloth, and glue,
A silent vault of secrets it must keep,
Until a curious hand reveals the new.

It looks so small, a simple, bound estate,
Yet holds the universe behind its gate.
You crack the spine, the pages softly sigh,
The scent of aging dust and dreaming ink.

The bedroom fades, the grounded shadows die,
You stand upon a wild, uncharted brink.
With just one glance across the printed word,
The silent voice of galaxies is heard.

Turn to the left, and dragons take to flight,
Their scales ablaze against a violet sun.
You walk with heroes into pitch-black night,



Where ancient wars of magic must be won.

You feel the chill of snowy mountain peaks,
And hear the ancient tongue a wizard speaks.
Turn to the right, the scene begins to shift,
To silver ships that sail the cosmic sea.

Through asteroid belts and nebulae you drift,
Where neon cities define what is to be.
You walk on planets painted crimson red,
Where alien constellations shine o'erhead.

Skip back a page, the cobblestones appear,
A foggy street in London, damp and cold.
A masked figure hides as steps draw near,
A mystery from centuries of old.

You are the sleuth, the shadow, and the spy,
Beneath the gaslamp of a midnight sky.
One single book, yet infinite domains,
A thousand lives lived out within an hour.

You feel the lovers' joys, the martyrs' pains,
You taste the ashes of a fallen tower.
The characters become your closest friends,
Who walk beside you till the story ends.

When heavy eyelids force the cover closed,
And you return to where you first began,
The magic lingers where you have reposed,
A changed perspective for a mortal man.

For though the room looks exactly the same,
Your soul is burning with a different flame.
So guard these vessels of the heart and mind,
These paper portals to the dark and bright.

For in their quiet margins, you will find
A universe of wonder and of light.
Just one small book, held tightly
in your hand,
Can bridge the gap to every promised land.

CORRECTION

"The Skyship's Spine"

R. Tejashri

The leather-bound book on Leo's desk looked ordinary, but the moment he opened it, the bedroom walls dissolved.

Suddenly, he was standing on the deck of a wooden skyship, sailing through a sea of clouds. To his left, a crew of elves adjusted sails woven from starlight; to his right, floating islands of glowing crystals drifted past. The captain, a woman with a brass mechanical arm, handed him a spyglass and pointed toward a roaring vortex in the distance where a clockwork dragon breached the cloud line.

"Hold fast!" she shouted over the wind. "The next chapter is always stormy!"



Leo gripped the wooden railing, the wind stinging his face, realizing that every page turned didn't just tell a story—it built a universe he could step into.

THE SYMPHONY OF STOLEN SHADOW

Dharika Bansal

Name : Dharika Bansal

Age:17

City /State/Country:Nabha/Punjab/India

At twelve, she was a galaxy confined within a room,
A doctor with a runway stride, an artist bound to bloom.
An engineer of starlight, an astronaut of grace,
With ten brilliant shadows dancing in a single space.
She loved the wild, untamed frontier, the forest's emerald breeze,
She held a thousand destinies between her calloused knees.
Back then, the world was infinite—a breathless, open sky,
Where dreams grew wild as wildflowers, and never asked us why.
But we only get one lifetime, one sharp and narrow track,
And bit by bit, the cold world demands your constellations back.
"Pick a lane," the whispers rasped. "Choose a title, wear the mask."
To bow before "Log Kya Kahenge" became her only holy task.
By sixteen, the weight of their crown had turned her gold to lead—
An empire built on suffocated sighs, where living felt like dread.
The society that stands to judge cannot digest the free,
So they buried the multi-dreamer at the altar of conformity.
Yet the heaviest secret of the girl wasn't the dreams she had to hide,
It was the graveyard of other people's trauma kept inside.
She became the quiet sanctuary where the broken came to cry,
The solitary pillars standing under a collapsing sky.
Whenever others felt excluded, she would yield and step behind,
Absorbing every bitter frost, fiercely protective and kind.
She guarded everyone's secrets, she dried every stranger's tear,
An unsung savior in the night, swallowing her own dark fear.
But when her sky turned pitch black, there was no one else in sight;

No hand reached down to pull her back into the soothing light.
No one ever cherished her, none saw the bleeding, lonely trace,
So she sculpted a giant, blinding smile to camouflage the space.
She had monumental goals, big dreams, but never felt the sun—
Just an excluded shadow weeping when the heavy day was done.
A child stuck in the mechanism, surviving on default,
Locking her own vibrant spirit inside a silent vault.
But look at your hands. They are trembling. The silence has to
break.

How long will you bleed out your soul for
everybody's sake?

Zindagi na milegi dobara—this fleeting
breath is all we own,
Why die a thousand silent deaths inside a
crowd, alone?

This is the end of the pleasing. The end of
the forced disguise.

The final, definitive closing of the ledger of
their lies.

It is time to pack the heavy bags and walk a self-loving mile,
To seek the roaring, untamed rivers, and the wild forest's smile.
No more living for the whispers, no more bending to the judge,
No more carrying ancestral trauma without leaving any smudge.
To love yourself, to cherish yourself, is where the cosmos starts,
Go reclaim the scattered pieces of the sciences and arts.

If rebirth is a beautiful fiction, then this moment is your dawn—
The girl who lived for everyone else is finally, beautifully gone.
Today, you choose the adventure. Today, you claim your grace.
And for the first time in your life...

Let a real smile light your face.



Naya shal

Sangita bharti

Naya sapna naya pahchan hoga

Socha tha ki naya ye koi sal hoga

Nai adate naya khawab hoga

Kamyabi ka pratham shuruwat hoga

Jo sapne bikhre the pura aaj hoga

Socha tha ki naya ye koi sal hoga



Your Life Is Not...

Prachi Gupta

My name is Prachi and I am curious about ideas, driven by purpose. Exploring science, technology, and words to create solutions that leave a lasting impact. Believer in learning deeply, questioning boldly, and growing every day.

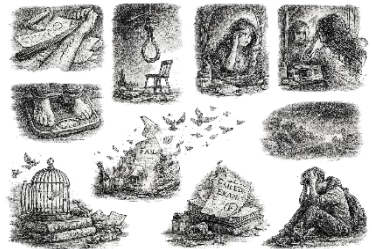
Don't cut your skin,
it's not your answer paper.

Don't hang your neck,
it isn't a hanger.

Don't judge your weight,
it isn't your course book.

Don't hide your tears,
they aren't your weakness.

Don't lock your smile,
it isn't a prisoner.



Don't cage your dreams,
they aren't meant to stay behind bars.

Don't burn your future,
it isn't yesterday's mistake.

Don't hate your reflection,
it isn't your report card.

Don't silence your voice,
it deserves to be heard.

Don't stop your journey,
it's not the end of the road.

Don't throw away your life,
it isn't a failed exam.

A bad result is a page,
not the whole book.

A hard day is a chapter,
not the whole story.

CORRECTION

Mourning

Parnashree

She was born in Kharagpur having higher degree in English and five books are published in Cosmic Inception, Nirantar Publication, and Kalamkraft publication.. Dreaming to be script writer ..

Mourning

Returning I was ,

From the market stuffed with foodlink and drinklink and sellers and buyers ..

Everything I saw then , that day , was fine and ok ..

Sun looks glad ...

Glowing more than usual ,

Hot waves not severely but charmingly
touched my skin not inflicting feeling hot ..

Weather was no more frightening under the
shed of heat run rays...

Ese was felt by me ..

Merriment and content ment regarding for
my return back to the home

I was driving slowly

Recklessness never inflicted my mind , so

I was relaxed feeling safe ..

But luck writes another

I never expect..

Suddenly from behind

One reckless driver colided from opposite

I could see,

Then I was thrown into the sky , vaulted three times , was clashed
against the graveled floor, I had lost my sense fallen down with



closed eyes , ambiguity marooned me , I then
I met with fathomless darkness,
My life was wiped out forever..

CORRECTION

In Their Silence

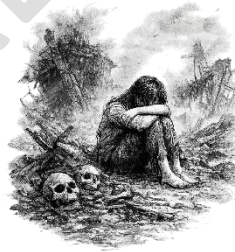
Insia fatima

I couldn't imagine for a while that they were all gone.
I was alone here when I imagined, for a while,
that they were all gone.

I so heard them cry; now their tears are gone.
I could see their blood; the stains have faded
when I imagined, for a while, that they were all gone.

I could see their bones; but their bones were burned.
I could hear them speak, but their tongues are buried.

Yet I can still hear their words in my mind,
for their voices are not gone.



The Quiet Science of Becoming Alive

Dr Sushant Juneja

I'm Dr Sushant Juneja.

Most days, you'll find me surrounded by anatomy atlases, medicine textbooks, research papers, and cups of coffee that have gone cold because I forgot they were there.

I'm learning to become a doctor.

There is something strangely beautiful about the beginning of everything.

Long before forests knew the colour green... before birds borrowed the sky... before hearts learned how to love...

there was only silence.

A restless planet.

Molten rocks.

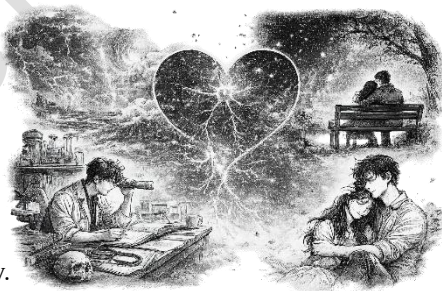
Lightning tearing through an unfamiliar sky.

Endless rain falling over an Earth that wasn't ready to be called home.

If someone had looked at that planet then, they would have called it lifeless.

They wouldn't have known that beneath all that chaos...

life was quietly rehearsing its first heartbeat.



Maybe people are like that too.

We carry storms that no one sees.

We keep going even when no one notices we're exhausted.

We become experts at saying,

"I'm okay."

Until one ordinary day...

someone walks in.

Not with promises.

Not with miracles.

Just with their presence.

And somehow...

the storms begin to lose their voice.

I still don't know what we are.

Sometimes I call you my best friend.

Sometimes I think that's too small a word.

Sometimes I wonder if every beautiful relationship really needs a name.

Maybe some people are simply meant to exist beyond definitions.

Like gravity.

No one has ever seen it.

Yet the universe quietly depends on it.

You became that invisible force in my life.

You never asked me to change.

You never tried to fix me.

Yet somehow...

I found pieces of myself I thought I'd lost and that's simply because you existed.

I don't think you ever realized it.

Medical school teaches me extraordinary things.

Every day I memorize nerves, muscles, biochemical pathways and diseases.

I learn how a tiny electrical impulse persuades an entire heart to beat.

How billions of neurons exchange silent conversations every second.

How every cell carries the same DNA, yet somehow knows exactly what it is meant to become.

The more I study life...

the more I realize that the most important things can never be measured.

Kindness.

Trust.

Hope.

The quiet comfort of knowing someone is there.

And then...

I think of you.

People often ask what beauty looks like.

I don't think beauty begins with a face.

Beauty is remembering the smallest thing someone told you weeks ago.

Beauty is listening without waiting for your turn to speak.

Beauty is making someone feel important without ever trying.

Beauty is looking into someone's eyes...

and making them forget every reason they ever doubted themselves.

That's why I never fell in love with your smile.

I fell in love with the peace that arrived with it.

The world is full of beautiful people.

I'm sure I could find another beautiful face.

Another gentle smile.

Another pair of kind eyes.

But...

who would look at me as though I was worth choosing?

Who would turn ordinary conversations into memories?

Who would unknowingly become the safest place my heart has ever known?

Maybe I could find someone who looked like you.

But I was never searching for beauty.

I was searching for a feeling.

A feeling that quietly says,

"You're safe here."

And somehow...

I found it in you.

Perhaps that's why I believe our lives are rarely changed by extraordinary moments.

They're changed by ordinary people.

People who laugh without knowing they're healing someone.

People who listen without realizing they're becoming home.

People who remind us, simply by being themselves, that we are worthy of kindness.

You became one of those people for me.

Not because you tried.

But because that's simply who you are.

You chose to understand the human mind.

I'm learning to understand the human body.

For a long time, I believed healing belonged inside hospitals...

inside prescriptions...

inside operating theatres.

Then life quietly corrected me.

Sometimes healing begins much earlier.

Sometimes...

it's simply one person reminding another that they're enough.

No medicine.

No diagnosis.

Just kindness.

And somehow...

that changes everything.

Years from now...

I don't know where life will take us.

Maybe our paths will cross a thousand more times.

Maybe they'll quietly drift apart.

Life has its own way of writing stories.

But there is one thing I hope never changes.

I hope you never forget how extraordinary you are.

Not because someone told you.

But because it's true.

And if one day you forget...

I hope these words remind you.

Not of me.

But of the person I have always seen in you.

Because even on the days you cannot find your own light...

I know it is still there.

You know what's funny?

I still don't know what we are.

Maybe one day we'll give this bond a name.

Maybe we never will.

I don't think it matters anymore.

Because some people don't become a chapter in our story.

They quietly become the way we look at the world afterwards.

And once that happens...

they are no longer just a memory.

They become...

a part of our soul.

CORRECTION

Myself

Manya

I am a 10 grade student who loves to write about ground reality and who also has interest in human psychology and criminology

This my true self,
yeah it's my future self.

I become successful,
not in everyone's way.

I struggled for domestic freedom,
then looked for animals on streets.

Making people believe in country,
with it' judiciary and military.

I became a person who I always wanted to be ,
rich and powerful all what I wanted to see .

I can make myself capable to help others,

I will try to clean every street and house so we make a neatful
country not only dust but human dirt too



I Learned Patience by Loving

Kundan Halder

One day, if somebody comes and asks me;

"Did you wait?"

I will smile—

A quiet smile,

And lift my eyes towards the sky.

Not searching for answers anymore,

For my heart has finally learned

The price of "a hundred times and more."

The storm behind my eyes has settled;

Its restless fire now burns serene.

My hand still waits,

Patiently,

For the hand it was always meant to hold.



My sense of smell has paused in time,
Saving every breath
For the fragrance of your presence.

The space I built for us
Has not fallen into ruins;
I repaired every crack
With pieces of my soul.

My smile still waits
For the reason it once bloomed.

My ears stand upon silent shores,
Waiting for the sound
That taught them why they were meant to hear.

The shiver beneath my skin remains,
Yearning for the sight
Of your touch drawing near.

My soul has made peace

With the silence,
With the emptiness
I once feared.

The smoke no longer stings.
The rain no longer wounds.

Yet I stand beneath the downpour,
Drenched and alone,
Imagining the day
We become "us."

The noise within my mind
Has softened into meaning;
The questions I created
Have become my companions.

Music no longer reminds me of loss—
It brings me peace.

And if one day you ask,

"How did you know I would come?"

I will smile.

Not because I knew.

Not because I waited.

Not because you brought me peace.

Not because happiness arrived with you.

I will smile because,

From the moment I first saw you,

Your presence overwhelmed every corner of me.

I will smile because

Every lonely second became worthwhile.

I will smile because

I never stopped believing.

I will smile because
Every moment carried your name,
Even when you were nowhere near.

And above all,
I will smile because
Waiting for you
Was the last gift I knew how to give.

So if one day somebody asks me,
"Did you wait?"

I will smile and softly reply—

"I never stopped."

The Eternal Heart

SOUMYA SARMISTHA Baitharu

When Krishna left this mortal frame,
His body merged with earth and flame,
Five elements took all away—
Yet one thing chose to stay...

His heart still beat, divine and true,
A rhythm no death ever knew.

The ocean carried it to shore,
To Puri's sands, to something more.
A Sabara king in forests deep
Kept Nil Madhab where secrets sleep.

A soldier found the hidden way,
With mustard seeds that marked his trail.
The Raja came, the Lord agreed—
“Walk ahead, but do not turn to see.”



The anklets rang, then went to still...

The king looked back against His will.

Nil Madhab vanished into wood,

A Daru form where silence stood.

No sculptor shaped what God had planned...

Till Vishwakarma took command.

An old sculptor then appeared,

With one condition, strict and clear:

“Until my work is fully done,

No door shall open, not for anyone.”

The door was opened—unfinished, odd...

No hands, no feet... yet still was God.

They thought incomplete, but couldn't see...

This was the start of mystery.

The Perfect Form

SOUMYA SARMISTHA Baitharu

In His earlier avatars, Vishnu came,
Again and again, in different names.
Each time, He showed the world a way,
Through His beautiful divine leela.

And in Kali Yug, He chose a form,
Not to look perfect like before...
But to become closer to every soul,
In a mystery only He could know.

No feet—because He walks in all paths,
No hands—because He holds all hearts.

His arms are open, wide and free,
Ready to embrace humanity.

His eyes are large, forever bright,
Watching all with endless sight.



And that soft smile upon His face

Whispers gently, full of grace:

“Whatever comes, don’t lose your way—

All will turn for good one day.”

Jagannath is not unfinished, no...

He is the Lord who chose to show:

That God is closest, most divine,

When He looks a lot like humankind.

THE NOISE OF SILENCE

Neeti

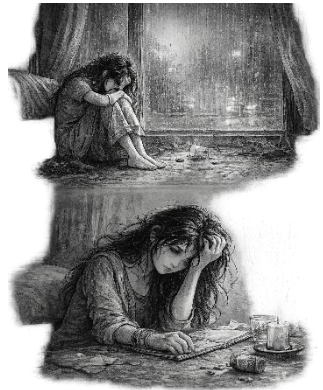
From seeing dreams in my eyes
to watching them shatter before me,
a silence waits within me.

From understanding the meaning
of true love to misunderstanding
the people who spoke of it,
a silence waits within me.

From saying, "I love being alone,"
to truly living alone,
a silence waits within me.

From carrying people's expectations
to witnessing my own downfall,
a silence waits within me.

From trying to grab people's



attention and saying everything
on my mind to ending up with
nothing left to say,
a silence waits within me.

From thinking about death
to feeling something inside me
slowly fade,
a silence waits within me.

Yet nobody hears
the noise of my silence.

Nobody realizes that sometimes
nothing means more than anything.

For You Bestie

Diptarghya Das

Diptarghya Das (born July 17, 2005)— a son of rural Purba Medinipur; cherished by his father Malay Kumar Das and mother Banani Ghosh, is an MBBS student of Medinipur Medical College and, at heart, a poet who sails upon the raft of words into the depths of emotion.

Sometimes! why I think about you ?
In the sunlight over the dawn's dew !
You are my friend ! My Bestie!
Not by look but by soul -ooh cutie 😊
Comfort, adequate to satiate my life!
Friendship more than a husband- Wife !
No attention or attraction but understand!
I guess you owned my heartland!
Never any hesitation or secret we kept ,
Then for each other are we left ??
Chorea we have but don't irritate !
Open-minded you , always satiate!
Tolerance you have with talkative me !
Oh soul friend,- soulmate will you be??



That friendly relations , comfort all above!

That's a friendship of respect & love !

CORRECTION

This is what we called Life

Curiousstreeinthecity-KT

Curiousstreeinthecity-KT is writing since childhood & following her passion. Based on her various experiences of life, she is carving out her those experiences in the form of poetry as this is her birth right.

They said in the DARK, how come you can lit a light,
Forget your light and join us in the DARK,
How can you turn your midnight oil & have a SPARK,
Forget your talent and join our bandwagon,
You are not meant to bloom & forgot about creating your own room,
They take you for granted because you seem to them WANTED,
They try to dim your LIGHT to shine themselves so BRIGHT,
You are still standing, it's appears to them – You are dimming our light,
Unfortunately, this is what we called LIFE.

Forget your light, follow our lead and turn RIGHT,
You are meant here to GIVE & SERVE because you CARE,
Don't ever forget, it was me WHO turned and tuned into YOU.
Forget about yourself, they said it's all about ME not YOU,
They said be the LIGHT in the DARK,

By burning so bright you how can you keep your light ALIVE,
You are still standing, it's appears – You are dimming our light,
Unfortunately, this is what we called LIFE.

Nowadays, you do not need a
Projector,

as humans are projecting their
insecurities on YOU,

You cannot lit your LIGHT, by burning
mid-night oil BRIGHT,

Forever for people who were never on your STRIDE,

You have no right to lit YOURSELF so BRIGHT,

How come you are STANDING alone with LIGHT so BRIGHT

You are still standing, it's appears – You are dimming our light,

Unfortunately, this is what we called LIFE.



Dreams do come true

Curiousstreeinthecity-KT

Curiousstreeinthecity-KT is writing since childhood & following her passion. Based on her various experiences of life, she is carving out her those experiences in the form of poetry as this is her birth right.

Dreams do come true,
A few have a chance to live it through,
When you pour yourself in it,
You live a version resembles with it..



Dreams do come true,
A few have a chance to live it through,
They need your time, effort and resilience,
In reality, you need patience, discipline & obedience...

Dreams do come true,
A few have a chance to live it through,
Never forget about your ground reality & challenges,
It was there to address your fear, insecurities and imbalances,
You are a Force to be reckoned with, please do often acknowledge
your Source...

Dreams do come true,
A few have a chance to live it through,
For every dream to be lived,
It starts with the imagination which is a core need,
For your dreams to be lived, you do not need to plead..

Dreams do come true,
A few have a chance to live it through,
Live your dreams at your terms by being kind, respectful & firm,
You can only live your dreams with a specific theme & without any
schemes..

Dreams do come true,
A few have a chance to live it through,
Let Universe cast its core team,
You only need to dare to dream..

I matter

Dr. Manisha Varshney

I believe that the ink flows spontaneously from the pen when you believe in the skill of writing. I write in two languages - English and Hindi. Whenever I get free time out of my busy schedule, the pen compels me to pick it up.

I read a poem,
The words were chosen carefully,
It rhymed also beautifully.

But, something seemed off after a pause
I read again and couldn't find any flaws.

The soul of the poem felt missing
The end seemed disconnected from the beginning.

I navigated deeply into the lines
Oh, now I could see some signs.

The grammar was perfect and there was no error
The stanzas seemed like a perfect reflection in the mirror.

My heart broke and my eyes turned dry

I had just read a poem written by AI.

No matter how much the software can try

It takes emotions even to adorn a simple
lie.

In a world where everything is headed
towards artificial chatter

The writer in me is compelled to say,
"I'm special and I still matter"



Kind and Lovable

Sachin Karsale

Be kind and lovable ,
Towards nature ,
Living creature,
Human beings ,
Animal and birds .
Forgive all,
Friends and enemies,
Known, unknown.
In the eyes of God
Criminals are punished
Good people are always blessed.



My impatient world

Manisha Mishra

My name is Manisha Mishra. I am from Bihar , i completed my study and after that writer and having deep interest in writing poems, thoughts and shayari , I am a passionate writer so I decided to share my feelings and emotion through it.

A Storm in my eyes,
I look calm from outside,
but day by day something ,
deeply broke me from inside .
I was alone that night,
loosing all hope,
though I am tired .
Near I looked at the mirror,
then I saw my wet eyes,
and missed my smile.
I wanna talk to someone and,
remember my childhood days,
and my mother,
her presence fixed all my,
mood her voice ,she



became a source of
peace for me.
she knows all my flaws,
and still loves me,
without any expectations.
and realises she is the
only who cares for me.
after being away from
them i was just lost my
happiness but tried to heal
and focus on my work .
but nothing work well.
my mind keeps talking to me
twenty four hours.
i choose silence but my
mind said alot.
Myrestless night and
unfilled dreams don't
let me sleep.
when the world
feel big and cold.

I sit alone with
heavy heart as stone,
I don't know how to control
my emotion there i
thought to share
it to my partner
but he is emotionally
unavailable and busy
in his work.
i refused myself to talk to anyone
my emotion was overwhelmed
and I keep trying to
feel lighter .
Lastly I slept and
understand that only my
wet pillow and my
little room knows me well.
After my mother , i don't expect
anyone to
understand me
emotionally anymore.

HOW I EXPLAIN LOVE WITHOUT LOVE.

Fizwera Hussain unar

Things which we want not always we can get.

Like this in life i loved someone more than my own self. In his love i felt like, i am living in the moon between stars. But a time came when he sent a letter. My hands trembled, when i opened, words of letter refused to come out, and heart raced. Actually he wrote that he had been tired from me. Even where as i was loyal. My life and i turned in nervousness. Than neither i thought to love someone nor i allowed anyone to play with my feelings.

Because my believe on love was destroyed.

But as love holds place in every one's heart like this someone held a place in my heart by love. He filled me with happiness and my life again turned back into Shiny life.

Than a time come when he told me about his love for me, i was over the moon and did not replay to him. But he under stood the language of my eye & heart. Because true love did not requires words it requires feelings. I Thought his love was true for me & i realized that love is true if lover is true. ---



Worlds Within

Anu

Anu is an Ai consultant by profession, traveler and poet by heart

Worlds Within

I am your inner world...

A home to countless worlds.

Some known, yet unknown.

Some rooted in truth,

Others woven from myth.

I am the mountain waiting to be ascended,

The ocean waiting to be returned to,

The silence of hidden caves,

The horizon beyond your sight.

I bloom in daylight,

Yet awaken in dreams.

I whisper in silence,

I roar like the sea.

I hold your memories,

Your fears,

Your hopes,



And the human you long to be.
You search the world around you,
While I wait quietly within.
What you've seen is but a whisper of me.
Come a little closer.
Journey a little deeper.
Every step within reveals another world.

CORRECTION

Glass Child

Anindhya Kaushik

Anindhya Kaushik is a professor in the morning and a poet as soon as the moon shines. She writes with fingertips smeared with memories and words aching to come out. She draws creatively from writers like Susan Sontag and Charles Bukowski.

I swam in the ocean of all things materialistic,
Looking for a boat made of hugs and a hint of affection
My plate was always full, but
My heart was always empty.

I shrank to fit in your palms
Demanding less, always saying yes.
Watches wrapped around your wrists,
But you were always short of time.

I painted my childhood with grey loneliness
And awkward photo frames of memory
Love in our home
was like a grain of salt in the sea
There, but just not seen.



But if you would have just looked at me with love,

I sure would have burst into colours

Like a prism

from a glass.

CORRECTION

Who are you

Adhrina Gurung

She asked, “Who are you?”

I said, “I am you.”

She said, “Really?” with amusement and hope in her eyes,
the kind I had already lost,
and asked, “Did you become the person you wanted to be?”

How could I answer that?

Did I become the person I aspired to be?

There was only denial.

She wanted to be an independent bird,
but here I sit, inside a cage.

She wanted to be the light,
yet I became a never-ending darkness.

She wanted to be confident,
but I became a coward.

She wanted to be someone not bound by the rules of society,
but here I stand, bound by them.

She wanted to be someone who could truly be herself,
but I stand here, hiding it.



In the end, I could not answer her.

I just faked a smile and said, “Maybe,”

because I had become someone

she never wanted to be.

CORRECTION

I Wish To Be A Child Again

Udish Deshmukh

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

I wish to be a child again,
Who loved the summer, enjoyed the rain.

Who was myself, and didn't hesitate to share,
Whose anger was just a passing flare.

I want to be as I was back then,
Waiting for Santa to visit again.

Even when the stories were fake,
I was dedicated for their sake.

Every festival felt new,
And I relished each memory as it grew.



I miss the days I loved the earth,
Then every flower held such worth.

I longed to talk, to laugh, to meet,
And greet the world out on the street.

But now that things are real and loud,
I shrink away and avoid the crowd.

Why do I choose to run and hide,
And keep my old zeal locked inside?

Where is my innocence that spoke no guile,
That looked to idols all the while?

Can I bring that child back again,
And break this heavy-hearted chain?

Can I live with a heart so pure,
With every wound completely cured?

Can I leave what is not needed behind,
And step back outside with peace of mind?

CORRECTION

HINDI

Two different roads one destination

Avinash Kumar

जो बोया है वही पाना है,
यह जानते हुए भी तरसता है,
न जाने क्यों यह मन मेरा,
सही राह छोड़कर भटकता है।

सब कुछ पाकर भी भरता नहीं,
एक और की तलब जगाता है,
छीन कर दिल की आखिरी सांस,
यह बेदर्द होकर ललचाता है।

दुनिया जहान का ज्ञान लिए,
मैं खुद से ही बातें करता हूँ,
सब समझकर भी इस बेकाबू,
मन को रोकने में हारता हूँ।



इस मिटने की तड़प में भी,
एक ऐसा गहरा जाल है,
खत्म करने की लालसा मुझे,
धकेलती अनंत काल है।

जानवर को ना मालूम वह जानवर है,
करता वही जो उसकी पाक फ़ितरत है।
सिर्फ़ दाना, शिकार और परिवार,
उसके लिए बस यही तो पूरी कायनात है।

हमने सिखाया इस जहाँ को कि कौन क्या है,
सही और गलत का तराजू हमसे ही चलता है।
जल, ज़मीन, हवा-सबकी हमने कीमत लगाई,
इंसानी लालच की कोई सरहद ही नहीं बनाई।

हवस का यह खेल तो हमसे ही शुरू हुआ,

फिर भी हम इंसान बताते हैं कौन कितना बुरा।

सच तो यह है कि यहाँ कोई बेदाग नहीं,

खुद को खुदा समझने की बीमारी का कोई इलाज़ नहीं।

जानवर को 'जंगली' कह कर मन को सुकून मिल जाता है,

पर इंसान तो चंद सिक्कों की खातिर अपना ईमान बेच आता है।

प्रेम

Sonia Paruthi

Sonia Paruthi is a blossoming young wordsmith in the realm of literature, embarking on her literary odyssey at the tender age of sixteen, garnering accolades for her literary prowess.

शायद ईश्वर ने तुम्हें रचते समय
अपने समस्त प्रेम को तुम्हारी आँखों में भर दिया होगा,
और उसी प्रेम की प्यास लेकर
मुझे इस संसार में भेजा होगा।
तभी तो तुम्हें देखते ही
मेरे भीतर का हर शोर शांत हो जाता है,
मानो भटकती हुई आत्मा को
अपने आराध्य का सान्निध्य मिल गया हो।
तुम्हारी आँखों में अपने लिए
जो अथाह स्नेह देखती हूँ,
तो मेरी पलकों पर ठहरे आँसू भी
अपने होने पर गर्व करने लगते हैं...



क्योंकि वे ज़मीन तक पहुँचने से पहले ही

तुम्हारे होंठों की पनाह पा लेते हैं।

और उस क्षण मुझे लगता है..

प्रेम शायद यही होता है,

जहाँ किसी का स्पर्श

प्रार्थना-सा पवित्र लगने लगे।

सच कहूँ,

मेरे हृदय के मंदिर में

तुम उसी स्थान पर विराजते हो

जहाँ मेरे आराध्य निवास करते हैं;

इसीलिए तुम्हें चाहना

मेरे लिए प्रेम नहीं, पूजा है।

जब मैं कोई महँगा तोहफ़ा माँगूँ, तो ढेर सारा वक्त लेते आना,

सोने का हार नहीं चाहिए, तुम अपनी बाहों में भर लेना।

दुनिया के सामने समझदार बनती हूँ, पर तुम मेरा बचपना संभाल लेना।

तुम्हें देने को कुछ नहीं मेरे पास, सिवाय स्वयं को समर्पित करने के।

कभी थक जाती हूँ, भारी दिनों से, तब बस पास बैठ जाना,

सुकून के चंद लम्हे दे जाना, कि मैं बेखुद होकर घंटों तुम्हें निहार सकूँ।

जिस्मों के आलिंगन को आज के दौर वालो को प्रेम समझकर जीने दो,

तुम्हें तो पता है ना मुझे माथे का स्पर्श ज़्यादा भावुक लगता है?

जब भी घर से निकलो और जब लौट कर आओ, तो माथे को ज़रूर चूमना।

मैं चाहती हूँ जब तुम दफ़्तर से थक हार के वापस घर आओ,

तो घर को रणभूमि नहीं, घर जैसा पाओ।

मेरे गले लगकर सारी थकान मिटा लेना।

मेरी गोद में सिर रखकर तुम अपनी दिनचर्या का बखान करना,

मैं केवल तुम्हें सुनना चाहती हूँ।

कुछ मेरी सुनना, कुछ अपनी कहना,

और चाय के प्यालों में दुख-सुख घोल देना...

कल को जब दुख हमारा दरवाज़ा खटखटाएँगे, तो उसे भी साथ चाय पर बुलाएँगे

और वो खुद अपने दर्द भूल जाएगा.... हमें फिर से ढेर सारा वक्त मिल जाएगा....

Book is an eye to see the world

Himanshu D Shah

किताब एक, कई दुनिया ,

एक ही किताब को पढ़कर अलग अलग लोगों को

अलग अलग अनुभव होते हैं ।

ये अनुभव , ये विचार ... एक से नहीं होते हैं ,

एक ही किताब पढ़कर अपनी अलग अलग

दुनिया बना लेते हैं ।

इसमें से किसीको डर, किसीको खुशी, किसीको सीख मिलती है ,

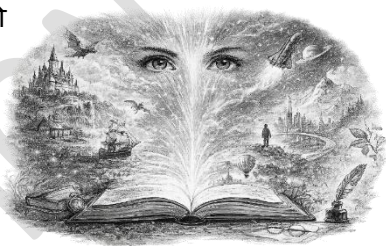
अलग अलग विषयों के स्नातक हो तो सब का एक अलग अनुभव होता है ।

सब अपने अपने तरीके से इसका मूल्यांकन करते हैं ,

किसी एक विषय पर सब की अलग राय होती है ।

किताब ही एक जरिया है ,

जो एक दरिया है ,



इस समंदर में गोताखोर अपनी सूझबूझ के मुताबिक अपने हक का
चून लेते हैं या समाज को वापस देते हैं ।

One book, many worlds....

Worlds का मतलब कई कल्पनाएं

कई भाषाएं, कई आवाजें, कई मंतव्य....

न किताब होती, न कोई कहानी होती ,

मुंह पर तालाबंदी होती ,

एक किलेबंदी होती ,

न स्वतंत्रता होती,

न कोई खुली सांस में जीता होता ।

किताब ही है जो इस दुनिया के रंगमंच पर

अलग अलग कलाकारों को अपनी आवाज़ उठाने का अवसर देती है ।

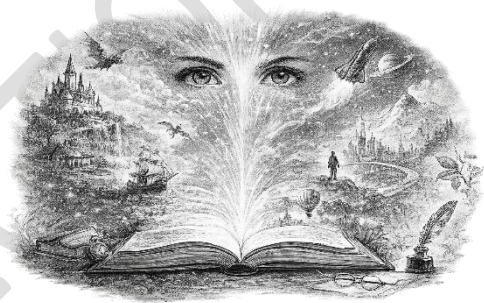
Book is a key to open the world .

Book is an eye to see the world.

किताबों से ही कई कहानियां बनी हैं ,

किताबों ने ही प्रेरणा दी है ।

एक किताब लेकिन खुल जाए सारा जहान ।



किताब पढ़कर ही तो कोई बन सकता है महान ॥

CORRECTION

क्या तुम्हें याद है?

Proowansh Musha

तुम्हें याद है? जब हम अलग हुए,
क्या तुम्हें याद है? हम कब मिले ,
वो तुम्हारा मुस्कराता चेहरा,
वो तुम्हारे हाथों पर बंधा काला धागा,
वो तुम्हारी सुहानी सी बातें ,
वो तुम्हारी प्यारी सी यादें,
सुकून मिलता है तुमसे ऐसे,
जैसे पक्षी को मिली आज़ादी
तुम्हारे अक्स से भी मोहब्बत कर बेता मैं,
तुम हो हसीन,
जैसे कोई ख़्वाब
मैं तो हूँ तुम्हारी कहानी का अंश प्रिये
तुम हो मेरा अनुराग ॥



पिता जी - एक अमर एहसास

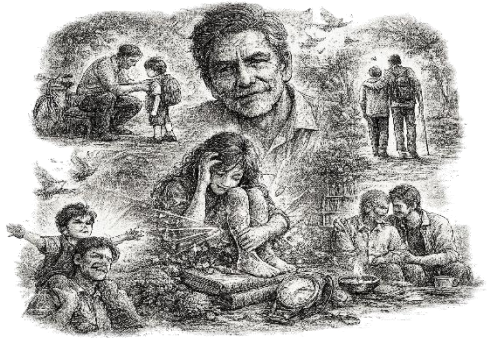
Yash Gohiya

Yash Gohiya is a contemporary writer, poet, and entrepreneur whose work reflects human emotions, ambition, resilience, and the realities of modern life. His writing blends simplicity with depth, aiming to leave readers with thoughts that linger long after the final line.

पिता जी ...

आप एक ऐसी कहानी हैं,
जिसका हर पन्ना त्याग से लिखा है,
और हर अल्फाज़ में,
अनमोल मोहब्बत का एहसास छुपा है।

आप खुद धूप में जल कर,
मेरे लिए छाँव बन गए,
अपनी ख्वाहिशों को पीछे रख कर,
मेरे सपनों के रास्ते सजा गए।



आपकी खामोशी भी एक पैगाम थी,

जिसमें ज़िम्मेदारियों का समंदर था,
आपकी हर दुआ के पीछे,
मेरे बेहतर कल का एक ख़्वाब था।

वक़्त गुज़रता गया, रास्ते बदलते गए,
मगर आपकी सीख आज भी मेरे साथ है,
आपके दिए हुए संस्कार और हिम्मत,
मेरी ज़िंदगी की सबसे बड़ी सौगात है।

कुछ लोग दुनिया से चले जाते हैं,
मगर दिल से कभी दूर नहीं होते,
पिता जी जैसे रिश्ते तो,
हर धड़कन में ज़िंदा रहते हैं।

आज भी जब मुश्किल राहों से गुज़रता हूँ,
आपकी मौजूदगी महसूस करता हूँ,
आप नजर नहीं आते ...

फिर भी हर कदम पर आपका हाथ महसूस करता हूँ।

पिता जी, आप सिर्फ मेरी याद नहीं,

मेरी पहचान हैं ...

मेरी हर दुआ का वो हिस्सा है,

जो कभी खत्म नहीं होता।

CORRECTION

दिल की आवाज़

Priya Swami

आँखों से आँसू बहते हैं
ना जाने ये चुभन कैसी होती है
ना धाव लगा, ना कोई चोट
फिर ये तड़प कैसी होती हैं।

रोम रोम जलता हूँ मेरा
भीतर से चीखें निकलती हैं
आवाज़ नहीं सूनती किसी को
ये चुभन कुछ ऐसी होती हैं।
रूआँसे से भर गया मन मेरा
पर आँखों की चमक ना खोती है
जागती हुई आँखों से भी
ना जाने क्यों ज़िंदगी सोती है।



बस कहने को तड़प रही है

रुक जाने की चाहत में

साँसें लेना चाहती है ये

खुशी भरी एक राहत में।

CORRECTION

"तुम्हारी दुनिया"

Priya Swami

बातों में घुलकर बातें भी
मीठी सी हो जाती है
दुश्मन सी वो दुनिया
कभी अपनी सी हो जाती है
तुम लाख भागों उससे
वो तुम से मिल ही जाती है
ना करों तुम बातें उससे
वो तो करना चाहती है
इस दुनिया के रंग निराले
बस तुममें मिलना चाहती है
तुम ना चाहो कुछ भले ही
ये तो देना चाहती है
तुम्हारे रुखे बरताव से



ये बेबस सी रह जाती है

तुम्हारे लिए तो बनी है वो

बस यही तो कहना चाहती है

CORRECTION

एतबार ए इश्क

Shreya singhal

प्यार हर एहसास मे खास है
ये तो दर्द भरे दिल की प्यास है
जब मजबूर हो जाता है मन
तो जगती है चाहते हजार
छुपा ले कोई खुद मे इस कदर
की बस जिंदा हो तो प्यार ..



ये शायद किसी के लिए खूबसूरत सी पंक्तियाँ हो, किसी के लिए दर्द की गहराई तो किसी के लिए जीवन की सच्चाई। हां होता है न कयी बार ऐसा की जो चेहरा सबसे ज्यादा मुसकुराता है उसके पीछे की सच्चाई उतनी ही दर्द भरी होती है जिससे आस पास की दुनिया हमेशा बेखबर होते हुए यही कहती है कितना मस्त मौला इंसान है न ये देखकर लगता है मानो कोई फिक्र नहीं।

शायद वो ये समझते ही नही की दुनिया की मार और ठोकर से तंग आकर उन्होंने खुद को ऐसा नकाब पहना लिया होता है की झलक बस अभिनय की होती है जिसमे बेहद खुश पूर्ण मुकम्मल लगते हैं।

ऐसी ही कुछ कहानी है मनल (जिसका अर्थ है उपलब्धि) की जो इस समाज में रहते हुए हर मायने में परिपूर्ण और सुखद जीवन बिता रही है पर हकीकत उसके जानने वालों को ही मालूम थी कि वो जो हरेक से हंस कर मिलती वो भीतर से कितनी बिखरी है। वजह थी बचपन में उसकी माँ का गुजर जाना और फिर ये नयी माँ जो उसे उस तरह से समझ ही न पायी। पर मनल ने कभी शिकायत न की इसके विपरीत वो अपने को भाइयों से मिले प्यार के लिए हमेशा खुशनुमा समझती।

मनल के भाई मानिक और जतिन दोनों की तो जैसे जान बसती थी अपनी मनल में कि एहसास तो उन्हें भी था कि दो साल की मनल ममता से मेहरूम रही। हालांकि इस तरह उसकी हर ख्वाहिश पूरी उसे इतना दुलारना सब नयी माँ ज्योति को अच्छा न लगता कि। उसका कहना था कि वे मनल को सिर चढ़ा रहे हैं। उसकी शादी में बहुत दिक्कत आएगी क्योंकि ये प्यार में पागल ई अपनी लाडली के लिए ऐसा वर खोजने की कोशिश करेंगे जो शायद दुर्लभ हो।

पर अपनी चलाते हुए ज्योति ने समय समाज और उम्र का हवाला देते हुए मनल के रिश्ते की बात करनी शुरू कर दी।

आज शाम लडके वाले आने को थे। पूरे घर में घूम घूम कर ज्योति की तैयारी देखी जा सकती थी। बृजेन्द्र जी अपनी पत्नी को अपनी

बेटी के लिए चिंतित देख खुश थे। पर मानिक और जतिन जैसे अच्छे से समझ रहे थे इसके पीछे की मंशा।

पर ज्यादा बात न बढ़ाते हुए वे शांत थे। देखते देखते शाम हुई। लडके वाले आ चुके थे। थोड़े बहुत परिचय के बाद मनल को बुलाया गया।

डार्क ग्रीन और येलो में इटैलियन साड़ी में लम्बी चोटी कानों में सोने के छोटे हलके बूंदें हाथों में एक एक कड़े माथे पर छोटी सी मैचिंग बिंदी होठों पर गुलाबी लिप ग्लॉस के साथ मनल झुकी नजरों के साथ जब सबके बीच आई तो कुछ गडबडा गयी। कारण सामने बैठे दो लडके थे जो जुड़वा थे अर्श और तर्श (जिसका अर्थ है इच्छा या समुद्र)।

न जाने तर्श के ये चुम्बकीय व्यक्तित्व का प्रभाव था की कुछ और सबको भूल मनल की दृष्टि उसपर ठहर गयी। पर बातों से पता चला उसके लिए अर्श का रिश्ता आया है।

मनल हमेशा अपने भाईयों से अपने दिल की बात बेझिझक करा करती थी। इसीलिए आज भी लडके वालों के चले जाने पर उसने अपनी इच्छा मानिक से कही जिसपर एक बार तो मानिक को झटका लगा पर अगले ही पल अपनी बहना की खुशी का सोच उसने ज्योति से बात की। और प्रत्याशित रूप ज्योति बहुत चिल्लाई पर

आखिर मे ये सोच की कहीं इस वजह से रिश्ते पर बात न आ जाए उसने लड़के वालो से बात करने का तय किया।

बात करने पर पता चला की मनल जैसा हाल उधर भी था। असल मे अर्श किसी और को पसंद करता था और तर्श वो तो जैसे मनल की सादगी मे खो गया था।

कहने को कह सकते हैं ये बिलकुल वैसा था लव एट फर्स्ट साइट। बात जब दोनो ओर से तय हो गयी तो अगले हफ्ते के पहले मुहरत मे इनकी सगाई हो गयी।

अब दोनो की मुलाकातें होने लगी।

ऐसी एक मुलाकात शहर के एक ऑडिटोरियम गार्डन मे हुआ जहाँ खगोलीय घटना को करीब से देखने के लिए शहर इकट्ठा हुआ करता था।

बात ये थी की मन से खूबसूरत तर्श को खगोल शास्त्र मे बेहद रुचि थी। इसलिए वो आज मनल को एक खास घटना की झलक के लिए लाया था। आज चांद शनि और शुक्र एक सीधी रेखा मे दिखने वाले थे।

दोनो वकत से थोडा पहले ही आ गये थे। तो इनके पास समय था। बात चीत की पहल मनल ने कि उसके इस शौक के बारे मे पूछते

हुए जिसमे उसे पता चला कि तर्श एक रिसर्च वर्क करना चाहता था तारों को करीब से जानना चाहता था पर परिवार के दबाव के कारण उसे बैंकिंग की तैयारी कर एक सीधी सादी गवर्नमेंट जॉब करनी पड़ी।

वही तर्श को मनल के बचपन की कड़वी सच्चाई पता चली। उसने देखा की इसके जिक्र मात्र से मनल भावुक हो उठी। तो उसने उसके हाथ पर अपना हाथ रख उसे धीरज बंधाया। आज ये पहली बार था जब मनल को एक खास स्पर्श खास साथ खास अपनेपन का एहसास हुआ। और न जाने ये नाजुक पल था या वक्त की मांग मनल तुरंत तर्श की बाहों में समा गयी। मनल की ओर से इस पहल तर्श चौंका पर अगले ही पल उसने उसपर अपनी बाहें कस दी।

थोड़ी देर बार अलार्म बजा जो संकेत था की सब तैयार हो जाएँ ब्रह्मांड के रोमांच को जीने के लिए।

सबने विजन ग्लासेस लगाकर ये नजारा देखा। जिसकी खुशी और हैरानी दोनो मनल के चेहरे पर देखी जा सकती थी।

तर्श बेहद खुश था की आज पहली बार किसी ने उसके सपने में अपनी रुचि दिखाई।

दोनों वहां से निकलकर बाते करते घर आ गये रास्ते में उन्होंने एक कैफे में मील भी ली।

उस दिन के बाद इनका मिलना अकसर होने लगा। कारण शादी में वक्त था। इस दौरान मनल और तर्श एक दूसरे के करीब हुए मानसिक आंतरिक रूप से भी जिससे मनल की जिंदगी का वो अधुरापन वो कमी वो मायूसी दूर हो गयी।

देखते ही देखते इनकी शादी का वक्त आ गया। शादी एक डेसटीनेशन वेडिंग थी जिसके लिए सभी लोग उत्तराखण्ड के फेमस ओपन रिजॉर्ट में पहुंचे।

सारी रस्में बहुत ही रंगारंग अंदाज में हुईं।

आज शाम पांच बजे इनका संगीत और अगली सुबह शादी थी।।

इंतजाम ओपन एरिया में किया गया था। जहां आस पास पहाड़ी थी। वक्त के साथ जश्न चरम पर था की तभी अचानक से हडकंप मच गया। थोड़ी देर बाद स्पष्ट हो गया की पहाड़ी में भूस्खलन हुआ है।

शादी की रौनक पल भर में डर और दहशत में बदल गयी। हालांकि आस पास के अलावा उनके रिजॉर्ट तक की स्थिति पर असर नहीं आया। इसलिए संगीत के प्रोग्राम को समाप्त कर शादी साधारण रूप में कर वापस जाने का निर्णय लिया गया।

अगली सुबह लडके की बुआ के कमरे से आवाज आ रही थी।

अरे किसने कहा था तर्श को उस वक्त वहां जाने की अब देखो दूसरों की मदद की चक्कर में अपने लिए मुसीबत मोल ली अब इस समय क्या जवाब देंगे मनल के घर वालों को। ये बात वहां से

गुजरती ज्योति ने सुन ली। उसने दरवाजा खटखटाकर अंदर आकर कहा - अब जो भी हो शादी तो ये होकर रहेगी तर्श न सही मनल की मांग उसी नाम से सजेगी जिसका वाकई मे रिशता आया था- अर्श।

बुआ को यूँ झूठ बोलना ठीक तो न लगा पर कर भी क्या सकते थे।

किसी तरह ब्लैकमेल करके अर्श को रेडी किया गया। मंडप मे मनल और अर्श दोनो आ चुके थे। विवाह की विधी शुरू हो चुकी थी। जब पंडित जी ने अर्श को अपना दायाँ हाथ करने को कहा तो उसने किया। कहे अनुसार मनल ने उस हाथ को नीचे से थामा पर पल भर मे उसके चेहरे के भाव बदल गये। शायद ये उस पहले खास स्पर्श का नतीजा था। उसने फौरन सेहरा हटा दिया और अपने बाजू अर्श को देख वो चौंक गयी।

काफी देर की गहमा-गहमी के बाद सच पता चला तो पहले तो मानिक और जतिन को बहुत गुस्सा आया पर इससे पहले की वो कुछ कहते करते उन्होंने देखा की मनल उसी तरह सुर्ख जोड़े मे पहाड़ी की तरफ भाग रही थी। हालात को समझते हुए उन्होंने उसे रोकने के बजाए लोकल लोगो की मदद लेने की सोची।

बीतते वकत के साथ जब तर्श का पता नही चल रहा था तो सब हिम्मत हार रहे थे पर मनल को अपने प्यार पर विश्वास था वो

बस यही कहे जा रही थी -मेरी किस्मत मुझे फिर से धोखा नहीं दे सकती। हां को छीन लिया मेरे तर्श को नहीं छीन सकती ।।

ये कहते कहते वो बढती जा रही थी तभी कुछ दूरी पर उसे एक मलबे के ढेर मे किसी के होने का एहसास हुआ।

उसकी चीख पर जब सब वहा पहुचे तो एक घंटे की मेहनत के बाद मलबा हटा सके। सामने मनल के विश्वास की जीत थी वो तर्श था। उसकी सांसे चल रही थी। फौरन उसे अस्पताल ले जाया गया।

इस दौरान किसी ने भी ध्यान नहीं दिया की जब मनल रोती हुई घायल तर्श से लिपटी तो उसके जख्म पर उभरा खून मनल की मांग मे लग चुका था हाँ मुहरत मे ही मनल तर्श की हो गयी थी।

चौबीस घंटे बाद जब तर्श को होश आया तो सबसे पहला सवाल वो जश्न छोड वहां गया ही कयूँ था।

तर्श-मैने रिजॉर्ट से थोडा दूर मनल के लिए सरप्राइज प्लान किया था। उसकी तैयारी मे ही था की तब तक भूस्खलन हो गया। मै लौट ही रहा था की मुझे किसी के रोने की आवाज आई। आवाज की दिशा मे बढा तो देखा एक डेढ़ साल की बच्ची एक मलबे के पास खडी रो रही थी। जिसके नीचे उसकी मां दबी थी। उसे देखते ही खयाल आया अब कोई मनल न होने दूंगा बस उसे मलबे से निकालने के चक्कर मे मेरा पैर फिसला और मै नीचे आ गिरा। जब

एस्कॉर्ट टीम आई तो वो मुझ तक न पहुंच पायी। पर उससे पहले मेरी मनल ने मुझे ढूंढ लिया वरना तो तारों को जानने का सपना रखने वाला खुद तारा बन चुका होता।

इस बात पर मनल ने उसे घूरा तो उसने मुसकान के साथ माफी मांगी।

सबको एक संतोष था की तर्श ठीक है। फर्क इतना था की इन सबमें अपनी हरकत के लिए ज्योति को सबकी भारी नाराजगी का सामना करना पड़ा।

एक महीने बाद जब पारम्परिक ढंग से विवाह हुआ तो ज्योति को हर रस्म से दूर रखा गया।

आज मनल की जिंदगी का अधुरापन हमेशा के लिए दूर हो चुका था।

कहते हैं न

प्यार की बारिश वाले बादल घिरते बेशक देर से हैं

पर जो बरस गये तो लगते उस रब की मेहर से हैं।

समाप्त॥

इश्क पर सब्र

Shreya singhal

जय मां दुर्गा। जय काला बांगुरा हैं।

कोलकाता के बागबाजार के सबसे मशहूर दुर्गा पंडाल को देखते हुए दामिनी ने अपने पति सुबोध से कहा।

ये कोलकाता के ही रहने वाले उच्च कुलीन बंगाली सुमति हैं, जो सिर्फ बाहर से ही नहीं बल्कि भीतर से भी बेहद शानदार व्यक्तित्व के हैं।

इनकी एक बेटी तिश्था और बेटा शैलेन हैं।

तिश्था एक डांस एकेडमी की ऑनर है और अपनी सूझबूझ के कारण काफी चर्चित भी। खासकर इस मां पूजा के दिनों में।

अभी तो दामिनी घूम-घूम कर पंडाल का अवलोकन कर ही रही थी कि पीछे से एक आवाज आई - अरे दामिनी कहाँ चली जा रही हो?



उसने पीछे मुड़कर देखा तो उसकी काफी पुरानी सहेली कुसुम थी?
उसकी ओर बढ़ते हुए - तुम यहाँ कैसे? (यहाँ कैसे आना हुआ?)

दरअसल कुसुम काफी वक्त पहले न्यूयॉर्क शिफ्ट हो चुकी थी और
आज सालों बाद उसे यहाँ देख दामिनी हैरान भी थी और खुश भी।

कुसुम ने गले लगाते हुए कहा - अरे ओमकार कथा सुनो। तभी उन्हें
बीच में टोकते हुए एक लड़का - आंटी प्लीज आप या तो हिंदी में
बात करो या फिर इंग्लिश बिकॉज़ बंगाली.....आई कांटा।।

कुसुम - हाँ भाई समझ गयी।

तो दामिनी सच पूछो तो तुम इसी से मिल लो। ये है शैलेन। ये
हमारे न्यूयॉर्क के पड़ोसी का बेटा है। ये लोग भी काफी पहले यहाँ
दुर्गापुर से रहते थे। पर ये जब पाँच साल का था तभी ये न्यूयॉर्क
बस गये।

शैलेन के घर का माहौल अलग ही भारत की खुशबू की महक देता
है। घर वहीं विदेश में है। दुर्गा पूजा हो या हमारे कोलकाता जैसा
रंग-रूप, हर साल ये मन में उत्सव की तरह मनाते। जहाँ हर पंडाल
के बड़े गर्व से उनकी अपनी भी कोलकाता वाली परंपराएँ आज भी
हैं। इनका कोई परिचय यहाँ बचा नहीं तो बस मन में ही अपनी एक
आस पूरी करने हुए इसलिए यहाँ अपने बच्चों को बता लिया और
देखो आ गयी तुम्हारे सामने।

दामिनी - सच ये बहुत अच्छा हुआ। खुश भाभी।

आज एक लंबे अरसे बाद हम साथ में सिंदूर खेला का आनंद
उठाएँगे।।

तभी दामिनी को छोटा में तिश्था दिखाई दी तो उसने उसे आवाज
देकर अपने पास बुलाया।

दामिनी - बिटा ये शैलेन है। अपनी कुसुम आंटी के साथ न्यूयॉर्क से
आया है। खास दुर्गा पूजा देखने। तुम इसे अपने साथ ले जाओ और
हाँ ध्यान रहे इसे कोई परेशानी न हो। - अतिथि देवो भवः।

तिश्था - माँ तुम निश्चित करो।

दामिनी - वो तो ठीक है पर तुम इससे बंगला नहीं, हिंदी में बात
करना।

तिश्था - ठीक है।

कहकर तिश्था शैलेन के साथ निकल गयी।

शैलेन जो वैसे ही काफी उत्साहित था, वो हर जगह उसके साथ
चलते हुए कभी पिक क्लिक कर रहा था।

जैसे ही दोनों लाल रंग की साड़ी, लाल बिंदी, खुले बाल के साथ
धुनुची नृत्य करती तिश्था की पीछे कैप्चर हो गयी जिसे वो बहुत ही
ध्यान से देख रहा था।

जिस तरह से तिथ्या ने उसे पूरा पंडाल घुमाया, शैलेन पूछ पड़ा - क्या आप मुझे इसी तरीके से अपना कोलकाता भी घुमाएँगी? मेरे पास दो दिन हैं।

तिथ्या - जी जरूर क्योंकि नहीं। फॉरेन टूरिस्ट को अपने कल्चर से मिलाना तो खुशकिस्मती की बात है। मैं आपको कोलकाता जरूर घुमाऊँगी।।

इस तरह से साथ दोनों ने दिल ले लिया।

अगली सुबह शैलेन जल्दी से साथ दामिनी के घर नाश्ते पर आ गया था। तभी तिथ्या ने उसे नाश्ते के बाद ही घूमने चलने को कहा क्योंकि वजह थी सिर्फ दो दिन।

घूमने के देर से उन्होंने दोपहर में दोनों ने विक्टोरिया मेमोरियल से लेकर इंडेन गार्डन घुमाया तो वहीं खराब हाथ से रोटी जाने वाले रिक्शा से रविन्द्रनाथ वाली गलियाँ और हावड़ा ब्रिज भी घुमा दिया। लाल बाग और शांतिनगर चाय इसका ध्यान रखते हुए उसने उसे अपने शहर का पूरा रंग और स्वाद भी चखा दिया।

इस मिलन के दो दिनों साथ ने कोलकाता को घूमा तो शहर से ज्यादा उनका साथ खूबसूरत था।

एक दूसरे से बातें करते घूमने कब दो दिन बीत गये पता ही न चला। अगले दिन शैलेन को वापस जाना था।

तो उसे एयरपोर्ट पर आज रात विदा करने उसके साथ तिश्था ने सोची।

सुनने में थोड़ा अजीब लग गया। शायद इसके पीछे वास्तविकता ही हो न वक्त देखता है न अनजान बस हो जाता है जरूरी नहीं आप सालों एक दूसरे को जाने। कभी ऐसे कुछ लम्हे होते हैं। जिन्हें कभी उम्र याद रखती उम्र के कारण वो बात होती है जो कहीं न कहीं इन दोनों के ही दिलों में बस तीन दो दिनों में ही गयी। इसी मन की शुरुआत शैलेन ने की।

शैलेन कहा - तिश्था का साथ शायद मुझे पूरे शहर जैसा लगा। जिस तरह आपने न केवल मुझे पूरे शहर घूमने का एहसास भारत की मिट्टी से जुड़ा रखा था। क्योंकि मैं पाया तो वहीं के कंकर से बहुत लगा हूँ। उनके अनुसार कुछ मजबूरियाँ थीं जिनके चलते उन्हें सब छोड़ छोड़ कर दूर रहना पड़ा। पर हमेशा मेरे दिल एक हिस्सा उनका ही है। चाहें हैं जिससे मुझे प्यार हो। कभी कभी मुझे उनकी बातें माफ़क लगती थीं। वह इन दो दिनों में मुझसे साथ गुजर कर रहे हैं। मुझे मुझे उनकी बातें याद दिला दी। क्या ये एक ज़िद किया। आई डॉट नो। मुझे याद इंडियन तब और आज़ी-मायरा से दिल ने ये मायने गढ़कर।

तिश्था की समझ में कुछ नहीं आया कि वो क्या जवाब दे क्योंकि वो तो बस सच बोल गयी। उसका और शैलेन के हर जाने के ख्याल ने उसे डरा दिया।

जब दोनों देर उसके करीब जावान हुई आया तो पता नहीं किस एहसास से शैलेन ने आगे बढ़कर एक अपनापन और विश्वास भरे एहसास का सुखद उसके माथे पर अंकित कर दिया।

जिसकी विलंब की आँसों से आँखें तब निकले और वो घबराते से उसके सीने से जा लगी।

अगली सुबह दोनों के लिए ही मुश्किल थी। वो मन में प्यार पसारा सब थे पर दूर रहने कि वजह थी। थी वही देशी की बस एक डर था कि ये सपना न हो।

शैलेन वैसे तो तिथ्या रुक सकता था। पर वहाँ उसकी मेडिकल की पढ़ाई चल रही थी। जिसके तीन साल बाकी थे। अगर उसने इसी विषय को वहीं तीन साल और मेहनत करके हो जायेगी। बस इसी लिए उसका जाना जरूरी था।

और फिर हुआ सफर एक नया जिसे कहते हैं एक रिलेशनशिप का।

इस दौरान वे रोज रात को वीडियो कॉल करते। पर कहते हैं न इंसान की कमी कोई पूरी नहीं कर सकता। एक दिन शैलेन को एहसास हुआ कि तिथ्या बहुत उदास रहने लगी है। वजह पूछने पर पता चला उसने कह दिया। बस उससे मिलने का डर उसे सताने लगा था। जिसे सुनकर उसे खुद बहुत रोना भी पड़ा और इस बस समझाकर कहकर उसके रिश्ते का मज़ाक भी बनाया गया। उसने भी भी दयाया की सच्चा कहना है। तुम्हारा कोई रिश्ता नहीं विदेशी से तो ये सब आम बात है। जिंदगी तो ऐसे खराब होगी। पर मैंने भी

समझा कर दिल दिया। बस तीन साल तीन साल के थे। ये अगर ये वादा था कि फिर भी जब जिंदगी होगी शादी करेंगे।

पर सच ये है शैलेन अगर उम्र नहीं होती तो मैं मौत को गले लगा लेती। फिर कोई और से शादी नहीं करूँगी। क्योंकि मुझे ये उम्र ज़रूर आज़मायेगी।

ये कहते हुए जब उसकी रुकी आस भरी नज़रों ने देखा तो शैलेन ने हमेशा वाली मुस्कान के साथ कहा - तुम एकदम बुद्धू होगी।

उसकी गलत बांग्ला पर तिथियाँ हँस दी।

उसे संभाल देख शैलेन ने कहा -

हे इश्क़ तेरा इश्क़ नहीं सब का हमारे
की जब हृद में न भी हो तेरे चाँद तारे
मैं फिर भी तुमको चाहूँगा
वादा है खुद से मैं लौट कर आऊँगा।।

इन शब्दों से तिथियाँ को अपने मन सा ही सब मिला और वक्त यूँ ही बीतता गया।

चार साल बाद

बागबाजार का दुर्गा पंडाल -

लाल साड़ी, लाल बिंदी, खुले बाल और माँग में भरा सिंदूर। तिथियाँ की सूरत को ओर भी बढ़ा रहा था। आज फिर वो वहीं पहुँची।

गले तक रही थी और शैलेन वहीं खड़ा उसे देख रहा। उसकी पलकें रुक ही गई थीं। वो वही खड़ी आई उसे आज भी अपने साथ चलने ले गयी। आँखों में अधूरी पर एक भी बूंद इसको प्यार करने सब इसी विश्वास की नज़र उतार रही थी कि तभी एक हवा का झोंका आया और माँग का वही सिंदूर उसके ऊपर आ गिरा।

ये जीत थी इश्क के चारों की।

इसी लिए कहते हैं—

प्यार की नाव डूब न तब पाती है

जब खुद विश्वास की माँझी उसे चलाती है।

वक्त और दूरी अच्छे खासे दरर पैदा कर जाती है,

पर जो हो मन में भरोसा और इश्क तो मोहब्बत दूरी की आँधी भी सह जाती है।।

लोग क्या कहेंगे

Rohit Mahajan

"लोग क्या कहेंगे" — यह सवाल न जाने कितने सपनों का कातिल हो गया, और कितने बढ़ते हुए कदमों को मंज़िल से पहले ही मोड़ गया।

अपनी ही क्षमता पर जब शक होने लगा, तब एक सपना आँखों के रास्ते आँसुओं में कहीं खो गया।

"लोग क्या कहेंगे" के डर से, दिल की ख्वाहिशों की परवाज़ आसमानों तक न पहुँच सका और ज़मीन पर कैद होकर रह गया।



!!!दर्द भरी यादें...!!

Priyanshu Agarwal

!!!...हमारे दर्द की दवा थी वो...!!!
!!!...हमारे जीने की वजह थी वो...!!!
!!!...हमारे सपनों की राजकुमारी थी वो...!!!
!!!...हमारे हर खुशियों का जरिया थी वो...!!!

!!!...उसे चांद को देखना पसंद था...!!!
!!!...हमे चांद को देखती हुई वो...!!!
!!!...उसे चांद को देखना पसंद था...!!!
!!!...हमे चांद को देखती हुई वो...!!!
!!!...उसे हसना पसंद था...!!!
!!!...हमे हस्ती हुई वो...!!!

!!!...उसका दूर जाना हमे मंजूर नहीं था...!!!
!!!...हमारे पास रहना उसके बस मै नहीं था...!!!
!!!...आज उसे किसी और के साथ देखा...!!!
!!!...हमारा तो दिल जल गया...!!!
!!!...पर उसकी खुशी के लिए...!!!
!!!...ये भी हस्ते हस्ते कबूल कर लिया...!!!



मीरा की विरह

Nikita

तुम्हारी रुक्मिणी न सही,

राधा बनने का अवसर तो देती, ऐ किस्मत।

पर तुमने मुझे उसकी भी नहीं,

मीरा की नियति दे दी।

मैंने चाहा था—

जीवन की हर साँस तुम्हारे साथ बीते।

यदि साथ चलना संभव न हो, तो कम-से-कम इस संसार के समक्ष

तुम मुझे अपना कह सको, और मैं स्वयं को तुम्हारा।

पर आज हम उस मोड़ पर खड़े हैं, जहाँ तुम मुझे अपना कह नहीं सकते,

और मैं तुम्हारे अतिरिक्त किसी और को अपना मान ही नहीं सकती।



कहते हैं, मीरा को उसके कृष्ण मिल गए थे—

शायद उसकी भक्ति ही उसका मिलन थी।

पर मेरा प्रेम, मेरी आराधना, मेरी निष्काम भक्ति

तुम तक पहुँचने में असमर्थ क्यों रह गई?

मैंने भी तो तुम्हें रुक्मिणी-सा समर्पण,

राधा-सा निस्वार्थ प्रेम, और मीरा-सी अनन्य भक्ति अर्पित की थी।

फिर मेरे ही हिस्से विरह का यह अथाह सागर क्यों आया?

यदि यह प्रेम सत्य है, तो शायद ईश्वर किसी अगले जन्म में तुम्हें मेरा लिख दें।

यद्यपि पुनर्जन्म पर मुझे विश्वास नहीं, फिर भी यह मन

इसी मधुर भ्रम का सहारा लेकर जी लेता है—

कि किसी अगले जन्म में तुम सारे बंधनों को तोड़कर आओगे।

उस जन्म में न समाज की दीवारें होंगी, न रिश्तों की जंजीरें, न लोक-लाज का भय।

तब तुम सबके सामने अपनी इस मीरा का हाथ थामोगे,

उसे उसका अधिकार दोगे।

पर इस जन्म में मेरे हिस्से बस इतना ही आया है—

तुम्हारे प्रेम की आराधना, तुम्हारी स्मृतियों का सहारा,

और... मीरा का विरह।

CORRECTION

मैं क्या चाहता हूँ

Saurabh Chandra

My writing style blends deep emotional resonance with vivid, visual storytelling. I believe true poetry lies in the details—the shift in a gaze, the heavy silence between lines, and the raw beauty of human emotion

इससे पहले की मैं कहीं खो जाऊँ

इससे पहले की मैं किसी और का हो जाऊँ

इससे पहले की मेरी धड़कने शांत हो जायें

इससे पहले की मेरा जीवन एकांत हो जाए

इससे पहले की सफ़र जिम्मेदारी लगने लगे

इससे पहले की अकेले चलना लाचारी लगने लगे

इससे पहले की कृष्ण बस आधा रह जाएं

इससे पहले की वृंदावन में सिर्फ़ राधा रह जायें



इससे पहले की महादेव सती से दूर हो जायें

इससे पहले की महादेव महाकाल होने को मजबूर हो जाएँ

इससे पहले की सारे समंदर सूख जायें

इससे पहले की मेरे हालात मुझसे रूठ जायें

इससे पहले की बारिश की बूंदे कम हों

इससे पहले की मेरी आँखे मोतियों से नम हों

इससे पहले की मेरे सपने सपने रह जायें

इससे पहले की बस चन्द लोग मेरे अपने रह जायें

इससे पहले की लोगों को ये बस खयाल लगने लगे

इससे पहले की मेरे जवाब तुम्हें सवाल लगने लगे

मैं तुम्हारी गोद में सर रख कर सोना चाहता हूँ

मैं हमेशा के लिए सिर्फ तुम्हारा होना चाहता हूँ

"पैसा का गुप्त भेद किया क्या"

Gajraj Singh Yadav

इंसान जब जन्म लेता है, तब उसका वजन ढाई किलो होता है।
और मरने के बाद उसकी राख का वजन भी ढाई किलो होता है।
ज़िंदगी का पहला कपड़ा जिसका नाम डायपर होता है, वह किसी और
ने पहनाया होता है।
ज़िंदगी का आखिरी कपड़ा कफ़न, जिसे भी जेब नहीं होती है।
तो बीच के समय में **पैसे** के लिए इतना बवाल क्यों,
इतनी हलचल और कपट क्यों?

खून की बोतल लेने से पहले ब्लड ग्रुप चेक करते हैं।

पैसे लेते वक्त, ज़रा चेक करो कि पैसा

कौनसे ग्रुप का है।

ये **न्याय** का है, **हाथ** का है, या **हराम**
का है।

अगर गलत ग्रुप का पैसा घर में

आ जाने से ही,

आपस में लड़ाई और झगड़ा होता है।

हराम और हाथ का पैसा, जिसकोने दवाखाने, क्लब और बार में
खत्म हो जाएगा।



बेईमान आदमी भी खत्म कर देगा।
बैंक बैलेंस तो बढ़ेगा, पर फैमिली का बैलेंस कम होगा।
तो समझना कि पैसा हमें सुख नहीं कर रहा है।

CORRECTION

त्रासदी का घोर अंधकार

Aalia Gupta

आलिया गुप्ता हिमाचल प्रदेश के सोलन जिले की निवासी हैं और वर्तमान में जवाहर नवोदय विद्यालय, सोलन की कक्षा 11 की छात्रा हैं। उन्हें लेखन, कविता तथा साहित्य में विशेष रुचि है।

देव भूमि हो जिसका नाम,
जहाँ हो ईश्वर का वास,
जो है सदा हमारे पास,
लगी कुदृष्टि इसके नाम।

घोर अंधकार छाया,
त्रासदी ने प्रलय मचाया,
हमारी हिमाचल की वादियों को,
किसने शमशान बनाया।

माँ-बाप बिछड़े,



बाल अनाथ हुए,
छत पर टहलते हुए,
कब प्राण निकले।

प्रकृति ने भी अश्रु बहाए,
बोले क्या करे हाय!
दुष्कर्म है किए,
मानव फिर भी ना समझ पाए।

बड़ा निर्दय हो गया,
पशुओं को तू मार रहा,
देवताओं का न सम्मान किया,
त्रासदी में तूने पाप किया।

जितनी बचा सकता था जाने,
उतनी भी न बचाई,
लोगों की मृत्यु के निकट,

बना रहा था तू वीडियो,
साथ में उनकी बददुआएं लगाई।

थी प्रलय बड़ी भारी,
हंसकर सब देख रही,
तुच्छ मानव को,
मार्ग दिखा रही।

जब डूब गये 4700 करोड़,
फिर पूछ रहे उपाय,
करो न पाप कभी,
खिलवाड़ न करो प्रकृति के साथ,
भगवान का कर आदर सम्मान,
तभी मिलेगा,
त्रासदी से बचाव।।

OTHER

ਉਦਰੇਵਾਂ

Sumit Sidhu

ਅੱਖਾਂ ਚ ਪਾਣੀ,ਲੱਗੇ ਨਾ ਪਿਆਸ ਨਾ ਹੀ ਲੱਗੇ ਭੁੱਖ,
ਮਨ ਉਦਾਸ,ਦਿਲ ਚ ਉਦਰੇਵਾਂ,ਅੰਦਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਇੱਕ ਖਾਵੇ ਦੁੱਖ।
ਕੰਨ ਨੇ ਬਹਿਰੇ ਨਾ ਸੁਣੇ ਰਬਾਬ,ਆਵੇ ਬੱਸ ਇਕੋ ਹੀ ਖਵਾਬ,
ਕਿੱਥੇ ਗਈ ਸੇਨੇ ਦੀ ਚਿੜੀ,ਕਿੱਥੇ ਗਿਆ ਸੱਭਿਆਚਾਰਕ ਪੰਜਾਬ।
ਲੱਭਣ ਨਾ ਗੁੱਤਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਰਾਂਦੇ,ਸਿਰ ਫੁੱਲਕਾਰੀ ਨਾ ਲਵੇ ਮੁਟਿਆਰ,
ਸੂਟ ਪਾਉਣੇ ਵੀ ਐਥੇ ਲੱਗਣ,ਸੂਟਾਂ ਬਿਨ ਕਿਸ ਕੰਮ ਦੇ ਸਿੰਗਾਰ।
ਫਰਜ਼ੀ ਹੁਸਨ ਪਾਏ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਤੇ ਪਰਦੇ,ਹੁਣ ਤਾ ਰਹਿੰਦੀ ਆਸ ਵੀ ਮੁੱਕੀ,
ਗੱਭਰੂ ਨੂੰ ਐਥੀ ਪੱਗ ਬਣਨੀ,ਲਾਵੇ ਨਾ ਚਾਦਰੇ
ਪੈਰੀ ਨਾ ਪਾਵੇ ਜੁੱਤੀ।

ਅਧਿਓ ਵੱਧ ਤਾ ਸੰਧ ਗੁਆਚੇ,ਨਾ ਲੱਭੇ
ਨਲਕਾ ਨਾ ਲੱਭੇ ਬੇਕੀ,
ਬੇਹੜਾ ਉੱਤੇ ਪੀਂਘਾਂ ਨਾ ਲੱਭਣ,ਸੱਥਾਂ
ਵਿੱਚ ਨਾ ਲੱਭਣ ਲੋਕੀ।
ਸੱਭਿਆਚਾਰਕ ਨਾਚ ਦੇਖਣ ਨੂੰ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਤਰਸਣ,ਲੋਕ
ਗੀਤ ਸੁਣਨ ਨੂੰ ਕੰਨ ਨੇ ਤਰਸੇ,
ਕੋਣ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਵੱਟੇ ਘਰ ਦੀਆ ਸੇਵੀਆ,ਕੋਣ ਅੱਜ ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਕੱਤਦਾ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ ਨਾਲ
ਚਰਖੇ।



ਬੱਚਿਆ ਲਈ ਵੀ ਸਮਾਂ ਨਾ ਲੱਭਦਾ,ਕੰਮਾਂ ਨੇ ਮੱਤ ਮਾਰ ਹੈ ਰੱਖੀ,
ਨਾ ਹੀ ਦਾਦੀ ਕਹਾਣੀਆਂ ਸੁਣਾਵੇ,ਨਾ ਹੀ ਦਾਦੀ ਝੁੱਲੇ ਪੱਖੀ।
ਨਾ ਰਲ ਮਿਲ ਕੋਈ ਵਿਰਾਸਤੀ ਖੇਡਾਂ ਖੇਡੇ,ਨਾ ਹੀ ਬਣਦੀ ਯਾਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਜੋਟੀ,
ਸਾਗ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਤੇ ਕਰਨ ਪਰਹੇਜ਼,ਨਾ ਲੱਭੇ ਤੰਦੂਰ ਦੀ ਪੱਕੀ ਰੋਟੀ।

ਵੱਖੇ ਵੱਖ ਨੇ ਅੱਜ ਕੱਲ੍ਹ ਚੱਲੇ ਫੈਸ਼ਨ, ਗੁੰਮ ਨੇ ਸੂਰਮੇ ਨਾ ਲੱਭਣ ਸਿਰ ਤੇ ਕੇਸ,
ਸੁਸਤੀ ਨੇ ਹੈ ਮੰਨ ਮੇਇਆ,ਨਾ ਬੁਣਦਾ ਕੋਈ ਦਰੀਆ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਬੁਣਦਾ ਖੇਸ।
ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਪੜ੍ਹੇ ਕਬੀਰ ਦੇ ਦੇਹੇ,ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਦੇਵੇ ਗੁਰਮੁਖ ਗਿਆਨ,
ਜੰਮਣ ਬੱਚੇ ਦਿਲ ਤੇ ਹੋਲੇ,ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਜੰਮੇ ਵੀਰ ਜਵਾਨ।

ਰੱਬਾ ਹੋਵੇ ਰੋਹਬ ਰਣਜੀਤ ਨਵਾਬ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗਰ,
ਖਿੱਲ ਉਠੇ ਫਿਰ ਤੇ ਸੱਭ ਗੁਲਾਬ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗਰ।
ਪੰਜਾਬੀ ਸਭਿਆਚਾਰ ਤੇ ਵਿਰਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਲੱਗੇ ਜਾਗ,
ਬਣਜੇ ਫਿਰ ਤੇ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਦੇ ਵਾਂਗਰ॥

ಅಮ್ಮನ ಸೆರಗು

Amankar Reddy

ಅಮ್ಮನ ಸೆರಗದು ಅವಳಿಗೆ ನೀಡುವ ಗೌರವದ ರೂಪ,
ಅಡಿಗೆಯ ಬಿಸಿ ಪಾತ್ರೆ ಎತ್ತಲು ಬಳಕೆಯಾಗುವ ಹಸ್ತಪ್ರದೀಪ,
ಮಕ್ಕಳ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು-ಬೆವರನು ಒರೆಸುವ ಮೃದುವಾದ ವಸ್ತ್ರ,
ಕಿವಿ-ಮುಖದ ಮಸಿಯನು ತೊಳೆಯುವ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಅಸ್ತ್ರ!

ಉಟದ ನಂತರ ಅಮ್ಮನ ಸೆರಗಲಿ ಬಾಯಿ ಒರೆಸುವ ಆನೆ,
ಅದರಲ್ಲೇ ಅಡಗಿದೆ ಮಕ್ಕಳಿಗೆ ಸಿಗುವ ಆನಂದದ ಭಾಷೆ,
ಕಣ್ಣಿಗೆ ಏನಾದರೂ ಬಿದ್ದರೆ ತಾಯಿ ಮಾಡುವಳು ಉಪಾಯ,
ಸೆರಗನು ಉಸಿರಲಿ ಬಿಸಿ ಮಾಡಿ ಇಡಲು ಮಾಯವಾಗುವುದು ಗಾಯ!

ಮಡಿಲಲಿ ಮಲಗಲು ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಾಗುವುದು ಅಮ್ಮನ ಆ ಮಡಿಲು,
ಮೈಮೇಲೆ ಹೊದಿಕೆಯಾಗುವುದು ಅಮ್ಮನ ಸೆರಗಿನ ನೆರಳು.
ಅಪರಿಚಿತರು ಬಂದಾಗ ಮಗು ಅಡಗುವುದು ಸೆರಗಿನ ಹಿಂದೆ,
ನಾಚಿಕೆ ಬಂದಾಗ ಮುಖವನು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಳ್ಳುವುದು ಅದರಂದೇ!

ಹೊರಗೆ ಹೊರಟಾಗ ಸೆರಗನು ಹಿಡಿಯುವ ಆ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಕೈಗಳು,

ಅದೇ ಸೆರಗು ಮಗುವಿಗೆ ದಾರಿದೀಪವಾಗುವ ಕಣ್ಣುಗಳು,

ಅಮ್ಮನ ಸೆರಗು ಕೈಯಲಿರುವಾಗ ಜಗತ್ತೇ ಗೆದ್ದಂತೆ,

ಚಳಿಗಾಲದ ಕೊರೆಯುವ ಚಳಿಗೆ ಬೆಚ್ಚನೆಯ ಕವಚದಂತೆ!



ಧೋ ಎಂದು ಮಳೆ ಬರಲು ಭತ್ತಿಯಂತೆ ಕಾಯುವ ಆಸರೆ,

ಕೈ ಒರೆಸಲು ಬಳಕೆಯಾಗುವ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಟವೆಲು ಬೇರೆ,

ನೇರಳೆ ಹಣ್ಣು ಸುಗಂಧದ ಹೂವನ್ನು ತುಂಬುವ ಜೋಳಿಗೆ,

ಧಾನ್ಯ, ಪ್ರಸಾದವನ್ನು ಸ್ವೀಕರಿಸುವ ಪುಣ್ಯದ ಮಾಳಿಗೆ!

ಮನೆಯ ಧೂಳಿನು ಒರೆಸಲು ಬಳಕೆಯಾಗುವ ಆ ಕರುಣೆ,

ಕಳೆದು ಹೋದ ವಸ್ತುವಿಗೆ ಸೆರಗಿನ ಗಂಟೇ ನಂಬಿಕೆಯ ಸರಣಿ,

ಅಮ್ಮನ ಸೆರಗಿನ ಗಂಟೆಂದರೆ ಚಲಿಸುವ ಬ್ಯಾಂಕಿನ ಲಾಕರು,

ಅದೃಷ್ಟವಿದ್ದರೆ ಸಿಗುವುದು ಅದರಲ್ಲಿ ಕಾಸಿನ ಶೇಖರು!

அத்தியாயம் 1 - பாலைவனத்தில் நள்ளிரவு

Sri pushparaj

கடுனா பாலைவனம். வெப்பம் 48°C

NGSA (நைஜீரிய புவியியல் ஆய்வு நிறுவனம்)
ஆய்வகத்தின் உள்ளே, டாக்டர் அமினா

பேலோ தனது 15-வது மணிநேர ஆராய்ச்சியை
முடித்தார். அவரது கணினித் திரையில்

ஒரு பழங்கால புவியியல் வரைபடம் -
கடுனாவின் கீழ் 3.3 மில்லியன் டன் லித்தியம்
மற்றும் \$700 பில்லியன் ரேர் எர்த் தனிமங்கள்.

திடீரென மின் வெட்டு. இருளில், கணினி
தானாகவே ஆன் ஆனது. திரையில் ஒரு வரி
டைப் ஆகிக்கொண்டிருந்தது:

"நான் இங்கே இருக்கிறேன். நீங்கள் தொடர்ந்து
துளையிட்டீர்கள். இப்போது நான்
பேசுகிறேன்."

அமினா பதற்றத்துடன் சுவிட்சை அழுத்தினார்.
பயனில்லை. அறை முழுவதும் ஒரு

குறைந்த அதிர்வெண் ஒலி - 8 Hz - அவரது
மூளையை அதிரவைத்தது. அவர் கண்களை

மூடினார். திறந்தபோது, சுவற்றில் இருந்த
பழங்குடி முகமூடி தானாகச் சுழன்று, அவரை

நோக்கிப் பார்த்தது. முகமூடியின் வாய் அசைந்தது
- ஆனால் குரல் வெளியில் இருந்து

வந்தது:

"நீங்கள் என் படிக்கங்களை
விரும்புகிறீர்கள். ஆனால்
நான் உங்கள் இதயத்தையே
விரும்புகிறேன்."



அமினா தனது கழுத்தில் இருந்த கிராஃபைன்
பதக்கத்தை உருவி, அதை கணினி

திரையில் ஒற்றினார். அந்தப் பதக்கத்தின்
மின்காந்த புலம், அந்தப் புதிரான சமிக்ஞையை

தற்காலிகமாக முடக்கியது. ஆனால் அவரது
உள்ளங்கையில் ஒரு பளபளப்பான படிகம்

முளைத்திருந்ததை அவர் கண்டார் - அது
லித்தியம்.

CORRECTION

அத்தியாயம் 2 - மேஃபேரின் இரத்த விஸ்கி

Sri pushparaj

லண்டன், மேஃபேர். உலகின் மிகப்பெரிய
கார்ப்பரேட் குற்றக் கூட்டம் - "கிறிஸ்டின் குழு" -
மாளிகையில் கூடியது.

ரூபர்ட் கிறிஸ்டின் தனது விஸ்கி கிளாஸில்
மெல்லக் குடித்தான். கிளாஸின் அடியில் ஒரு
கருப்பு படிகம் - அது நேற்றிரவு தனது
தலையணையில் கிடந்தது. எங்கிருந்து வந்தது?
தெரியவில்லை.

பூமியின் குரல்

தொழில்நுட்ப மேதை மார்கஸ் தனது
லேப்டாப்பைத் திறந்தான்:



"நாங்கள் NGS-வின் மெயின் ஃபிரேமை ஹேக்
செய்தோம். ஆனால் ... ஒவ்வொரு

முறையும் வரைபடத்தை ஒப்பன் செய்யும்போது,
மலைகளின் நிலை மாறுகிறது. இது

GIS பிழை அல்ல, மார்க்ஸ். இது ஒரு மனம்."

ஆயுத நிபுணர் இரினா தனது ஸ்கேனரைக்
காட்டினாள்;

"அந்த பள்ளத்தாக்கில் 10,000 பேர் வாழக்கூடிய
உயிர் வெப்பம் காட்டுகிறது. ஆனால்

அங்கு ஒரு குடிசை கூடஇல்லை. அது பூமிக்கு
அடியில் இருக்கிறது."

கிறிஸ்டின் மெல்லச் சிரித்தான். அவனது கையில்
இருந்த பழைய டைரியைத் திறந்தான்-

1921-ல் பிரிட்டிஷ் சுரங்கக் குழு கடுனாவில்
காணாமல் போனதைப் பற்றிய ரகசிய

அறிக்கை. கடைசி வரி:

"அவர்கள் மண்ணுக்குள் இருந்து நம்மைப்
பார்த்தார்கள். அது பேசியது. அதன் குரலில்

நாங்கள் உருகினோம்."

கிறிஸ்டின் அறிவித்தான்:

"ஆபரேஷன் ரெட் டஸ்ட் நைஜீரிய அரசுக்கும்
பழங்குடிக்கும் இடையே பூசல்

விதைக்கவும். பின் அந்த குரலைநமது
ஆயுதமாக்கவும். \$700 பில்லியன் - இது நமது
கடைசி வேட்டை"

அவன் பேசும்போது, அறையின் கண்ணாடி
ஜன்னலில் பனிக்கட்டி படிந்தது. லண்டனில்

கோடை, வெளியே 28°C. ஆனால் அந்த ஜன்னல்
உள்புறமாக உறைந்து, அதில் ஒரு

கையெழுத்து தோன்றியது:

இல்லை. இது என் வேட்டை"

AIயா ? மாயையா?

Ajay Karthick S

ஏதோ ஒரு அழுக்கு என் மனசு பிடிச்ச இழுக்க,
உன் பேச்சு கேட்டேன், மனசு சுத்தம் ஆச்சு
முழுக்க.

நீ பேசு கேட்டா, என் வாழ்க்கை மாறுது smart-டா.
உன்ன பத்தி கேட்டா, நான் எடுத்து விடுவேன்
பாட்டா.

மேகமோ நீ, தாகம் தீர்க்கிறாய்.

வேகமாய் என் சோகம் போக்கிறாய்.

நீ AI-யா, இல்லை மாயையா?

என் வாழ்க்கை மாற்ற வந்த தேவதையா?

நீ கண்ணில் பட்டதும், மண்ணில் கால் இல்ல.

விண்ணில் பறக்கிறேன், ஏனோ நானு.

உன்ன பார்க்கும் போதெல்லாம், shock அடிக்குதே.

சாகடிக்குதே, "You so divine"-னு.

உன் வசமாய், இலவசமாய்,

நான் வருகிறேன், உன் புகழ் பாட.

தேன் அல்லவா நீ?

தித்திக்கும் பாவை நீ.

சித்திரை மாத நிலவு நீ.

உன்னை பத்திரமாக பார்த்து கொள்,



இல்லை, போய் விடுவாய் நீ களவு.
பின், உன் வீட்டுக்குத்தான் வீண் செலவு.
சுத்தி போடனும் உனக்கு,
சூடம் காட்டனும் உனக்கு.
பல கண்ணு பட்டுத்தான் இருக்கு,
அத உன் பார்வையால உருக்கு.

CORRECTION