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The Memory of My Soul

Ishh

One day, I was walking through my college campus when an extraordinarily handsome boy with mesmerizing grey eyes stopped in front of me. He smiled as though he had finally found what he had been searching for all his life.

"Finally," he whispered. **"I found you, my Moon."**

Confused, I frowned. "Do I know you?"

He gently took my hand and smiled.

"I've been searching for you across lifetimes. In every reincarnation, in every world, I searched for the girl whose soul was always destined to be with mine."

I laughed, convinced he was joking, until he opened an old book.

Inside were sketches of me different faces, different eras, yet unmistakably me.

Then he pointed to one picture of us together.

"This was our first life," he said softly. "This was the first time I met you. You were kind, caring, and full of love. We fell deeply in love, but a tragic car accident separated us before we could spend our lives together. Our love story remained unfinished, but I never forgot you. In every reincarnation after that, I made myself one promise I would find you again."

He looked into my eyes, tears glistening in his own.

"And now, after eight reincarnations... I finally found you, Moon."

He pulled me into a tight embrace, as though he was terrified of losing me again. Then he gently brushed my hair aside and pointed to the small mole on my neck.

"I kissed you here in our first life," he whispered. "The moment I saw this mole, I knew it was you."



A shiver ran through my body. The stories people tell about moles suddenly didn't seem impossible anymore.

Then his eyes fell on the ring resting on my finger.

"This is the ring I gave you when I proposed to you in our first life." I stared at it in disbelief.

"Who gave it to you?" he asked softly.

"I... I don't know," I admitted. "I've had it for as long as I can remember."

A smile spread across his face.

"It's a sign," he said. **"You were mine from the very beginning, and you'll be mine forever."**

Strangely, his embrace didn't feel unfamiliar. It felt like home as if my soul had finally found the place it had been searching for across countless lifetimes.

He cupped my face, kissed my forehead, and held both my hands.

"I love you so much, Moon," he whispered. **"Please... don't ever leave me again. I can't lose you another time."**

Without even thinking, tears filled my eyes as I whispered back, **"Never."**

He cupped my face again with trembling hands, as if he was afraid I would disappear the moment he let go.

"I spent eight lifetimes searching for you," he whispered, tears shimmering in his mesmerizing grey eyes.

Without thinking, I stood on my tiptoes, wrapped my arms around his neck, and whispered into his ear,

"I love you too."

The words escaped my lips before I could understand them, as though my soul had remembered what my heart had forgotten.

A smile broke across his face. He rested his forehead against mine and closed his eyes for a moment, as if every prayer he had ever made had finally been answered.

"So... what now?" I asked softly.

He intertwined his fingers with mine.

"Now?" he smiled. **"Now you stay with me. You're my Moon, and I'll spend the rest of this lifetime loving you the way I couldn't in the last one."**

My heart raced.

Just yesterday, I had been crying over someone who never truly loved me. And today, standing before me was a man who had crossed eight lifetimes just to find me, love me, and never let me go. I smiled through my tears and squeezed his hand.

"I guess some love stories don't begin when two people meet," I whispered. "They begin when two souls refuse to give up on each other."

He smiled, his eyes never leaving mine.

"Then let this be our last search," he whispered.

I closed my eyes, smiled, and replied,

"No more goodbyes. No more unfinished stories. Just us... forever."

He lifted my hand to his lips and placed a gentle kiss upon it.

"Welcome home, Moon," he whispered.

Before I could say another word, he leaned in and kissed me with a passion that made the entire world disappear. In that moment, there was no past, no pain, no unfinished story only us.

As he pulled away, he rested his forehead against mine and smiled.

"I told you I'd find you."

And he had.

I never knew love could cross time, survive death, and wait through eight reincarnations. But somehow, love had found its way back to me.

Maybe destiny doesn't always arrive when we expect it to.

Sometimes, it simply arrives when two souls are finally ready to stop searching... and start living their forever.

A canvas called life

Debapriya Dey

Life is a canvas, plain and white,
waiting for colours, day and night.
I hold the brush tight and strong,
to paint the life that is my own.
I paint it with red,
for love and passion,
that helps me in every action.
I paint it with yellow,
for friendship and happiness,
a truly bright and joyful bless.
I paint it with blue,
for sadness and tears,
that made all my anxiety clear.
I paint it with grey,
for problems and confusion,
that means life has no conclusion.
I paint it with green,
for growth and learning,
colours fade but lessons keep going.



That's how our life is.

Blank Pages

Debapriya Dey

Hii I'm a student participating in this competition for the first time, I would be very happy if I get selected. Also I love this page thefavoratetales so much it's very good. I hope I get selected..

You were the white paint in my life,

Making every cracked wall look new.

But blank pages don't forget the words,

they just hide them in the paper cuts.

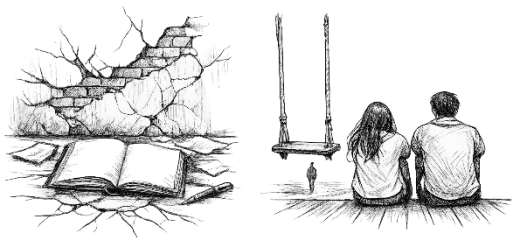
Maybe the cracks aren't to be fixed, maybe they're ment to be remembered.

Your absence hurts like getting no air,

Some goodbyes doesn't end with words,

It ends with pure silence,

That's how friendship ends.



I'm a Sunflower

Afrin

the Sun was hiding behind the clouds. Painting the sky in orange .
She is Picking the grass from the ground and throwing towards the
side and says.

"I think i was a Sunflower."

"What?. "

Her friend beside her speaks up. "Why did you think you're a
sunflower?" . Her friend laughed at her words .

She looks at the sunflower which was resting between her book
pages. . Dried up and probably died . She takes it , in her hand and
twists it.

Because young sunflowers always face
the sun, when the sun moves
east to west for sunset , the
sunflowers also move its petals
to face the sun .



She took a deep sigh, " i thought the sunflower loved the
sun." But when sunflowers grow. it stops to move or face towards
the sun . It's nature.

She pointed at the sunset and said . NO

" The sunflower doesn't stop to face the sun because it's grown. It
does cause she knows that the sun is not mean only for her. "

For sunflowers the sun is the only person she wanted but to the sun
she is just a random flower.

She looked at her friend, who was now in deep thoughts about sun and sunflower and said.

"Soo I'm the sunflower. My younger self wanted to be with him , but now I have grown and learned he doesn't belong only for me "...

Sun-Kissed Sunset:

Elijah Hendricks

elijah Hendricks is an aspiring teen author based in Florida whose prose serves as a medium to express his inner ideas, feelings, and experiences. Ever since middle school, he has found peace within poetry and creative writing.

As the sky becomes a pitcher of pink lemonade,
The sun reflects on the ocean's refractive surface.
As I stroll down the boardwalk,
I can't help but admire Nature's beauty from afar.

From its splendor to its grandeur,
The universal symbol of summertime shines down its glory,
Blessing us with each new day:
Another chance to spend our time differently.

From hanging out with friends to unplanned beach days,
Summer can be spent however I please.
Whether it'd be having a personal polaroid photoshoot,
Or reading cheesy romance books under that pink lemonade sky.

As I lounge on a sandy beach,



I reminisce on the moments I've shared with the sun-kissed sunsets.

However, the last days of summer are fast approaching:

I long for just one more moment of freedom.

As the last sunset of summer quietly occurs outside my bedroom window,

I glance at myself in the mirror:

Tan skin, red blush, and a burning resolve.

I have truly been sun-kissed.

The Battle of the Brain & Heart:

Elijah Hendricks

Elijah Hendricks is an aspiring teen author based in Florida whose prose serves as a medium to express his inner ideas, feelings, and experiences. Ever since middle school, he has found peace within poetry and creative writing.

In my inner psyche, there coexist two opposing forces:

The brain and the heart.

As one remains faithful to the soul, freedom-centric,

The other values reason over true liberty.

I consider my heart:

"Follow your morals."

I turn to my mind:

"Follow your logic."



A body in one piece,

A spirit shattered in two:

I desire to achieve my dreams,

But I need to be realistic.

For what is yin without the yang?

A powerful will combatted by a burning passion:
I should move on from irrational emotions,
But I can't ignore these feelings I shelter.

I'm only a husk of my inner self,
Suppressed by the fight I harbor inside me.
Many decisions I quite often regret,
Why can't one army just win instead?

A tale of the undying fervor,
A myth of the iron-fisted intellect.
An eternal clash, where the seas don't seem to mix:
The Battle of the Brain and Heart.

The broken pieces

Ishu

You shattered my heart
In thousand pieces....
Each piece longing to kill me a thousand times.

And yet I tried to gather those pieces
I tried to put them in place.....

My hands tremble....
My heart aches...
But stubborn little hope..... Doesn't Care about my bleeding fingers.

Hope didn't save me!!!!
Neither did u !!!
U watched me weep and turned away!!!!

The pieces slipped out of my hand,
Leaving scars on my palm....
The harder I tried, the deeper it hurt!!!



So I decided to let them go...

I threw each piece out!!!

Bleeding my hand everytime, with every piece.

I just threw it all out!!!

So here am I with hollowness and bruised hands...

Never letting another sliver of hope setting in!!!

Or maybe I died that day!!!

Because who am I without love, without hope and without heart!!!!

Yes!!!! I died that day, waiting for the burial...

Women

Afrin

Women made this world ,
Every creature is a woman's soul.
Some people still say it's gross.
To accuse them . To curse them .
Who made the world bloom.



Fate brought them together once again

Vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya

Hi myself vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya I'm practicing advocate at Andhra Pradesh. beside that iam passionate poet, author, story writer, kuchipudi dancer and violinist .

Chanikya first saw Sandhya in UKG. She was tiny, loud, and completely sure of herself even then. He didn't know the word "crush" yet. He just knew he wanted to sit next to her. Years passed. In 4th class fate did him a favor and he joined the same school as Sandhya. Same benches, same assembly lines, same noisy corridors. He watched her from a distance and never said much. In 6th class his parents got transferred. He left. And just like that, Sandhya became a memory he carried without meaning to. He came back to Delhi in intermediate 2nd year. And there she was again. Older, sharper, walking like she owned the place. The crush came back, harder this time. One day her degree friends were talking and someone called her "a girl with a lot of attitude." Chanikya stepped in for Sandhya without thinking. "Don't talk about her like that." After that, boys who chased Sandhya would find him around. Not threatening. Just firm. "Don't irritate her." That was it. He made sure she had space. Degree ended. He lost direct touch with her, but not with her world. Manisha, Sandhya's degree friend and akshay chanikya degree friend both akshay and manisha are school friends and chanikya friend Akshay stayed in touch. Manisha moved to Mangalore for her MBA. Chanikya was doing his MBA too. Sandhya had chosen LLB. Manisha would call Sandhya and put her on speaker. Chanikya would show up at Manisha's house on those evenings. He'd sit on the floor, eat, smoke, and just listen to Sandhya's voice on the other end. He never spoke. He just listened. He finished MBA, started his own business. Sandhya finished LLB, started practicing as an advocate, and also started learning Kuchipudi dance. Akshay and Manisha knew the whole

thing. Chanikya had been in one-sided love with Sandhya since UKG. They'd watched him carry it quietly for years. Then Sandhya got scared of arranged marriage talks at home. One night she dreamed of a rudraksha. Another day in a temple she saw a crystal shivalinga. And one night she dreamed of Chanikya, crying, and it was about her. She told Manisha. Manisha did what Manisha does. She made them talk. On the call Chanikya said, "I've been waiting for you for a long time." Sandhya went quiet. At home, He said okay to the arranged marriage matches. "Okay fine. Be happy," she told Chanikya and hung up. Later Sandhya used to grieve regularly later she came to know chanikya also grieved more than her . Sandhya learned from akashy and manisha through phone calls .After months later Akshay and Manisha and Sandhya met them in restuarant they told her even more about chanikya. He took night shifts just to manage time and money. Every year on your birthday he bought you a gift and threw it in the Hundri river. "So it reaches God, and maybe her," he'd said. Her eyes photo was his phone lock screen. He'd pulled guys away during inter and degree by talking to them, man to man. "Don't irritate Sandhya." He quit smoking and drinking for a whole year in their final year because Manisha said



maybe then he could talk to her. Sandhya started grieving. All those years and she never knew. Akshay told her, "Wait six months. You will marry only him." In that six months chanikya cancelled his arranged marriage matches. In those Six months ,In that time Sandhya became a Kuchipudi dancer, an author, a violinist, a practicing advocate, and she started preparing for government jobs too. Then Akshay and Manisha took her to the Hundri river. Chanikya was there. In his hand, a diamond dollar and a silver chain. Same ritual. Same river. He looked up and saw her. Sandhya

didn't say a word. She walked to him, grabbed his collar, and hugged him. Tight. Akshay told her later, "He even had a bike accident because of those night shifts." Sandhya pulled back, eyes full. "I'm sorry," she whispered. Chanikya just held her. He didn't believe it yet. Akshay grinned. "After marriage don't worry Sandhya. Chanikya will clean the dishes." Manisha burst out laughing. Chanikya finally smiled. After that he started coming to all her Kuchipudi stage performances. Not in the front row. Off to the side, with his camera, photographing her every movement like it was the only thing in the room. They got married, with their parents' permission. And Sandhya finally got the person she'd imagined in books. The quiet one who waited, who protected, who loved her since UKG. They lived a happy life.

A Book That Never Let Me Feel Alone

PrernaJha♥

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

When the world grew loud with silence,
and every familiar voice faded away,
I reached for a book
not knowing it was reaching for me too.

Its pages did not ask
why my eyes were heavy,
or why my smile arrived
a little too late each day.

It simply opened its heart.

Between faded ink and quiet words,
I found people who had survived storms
they never thought they'd escape.
Their courage became a small light
inside my own darkness.



Every chapter whispered,
"You are not the first to break,
and you will not be the last to heal."

Some nights,
I cried over stories
that were never mine,
yet somehow carried
the weight of my own heart.

The characters became friends
who never judged my silence.
The endings became promises
that hope could still exist
after the longest night.

While the world hurried past me,
that book waited patiently
on my bedside table,
never asking for anything
except one more page.

It never laughed at my fears.

It never walked away.

It never said,

"You're too much."

Instead, it reminded me
that even forgotten souls
deserve beautiful stories.

And perhaps that is
the quiet miracle of books

They cannot hold your hand,
yet somehow they steady your heart.

They cannot wipe your tears,
yet they teach your soul
how to breathe again.

People may leave.
Seasons may change.

Memories may fade.

But somewhere on a shelf,
a book still waits

Ready to remind someone,
just as it once reminded me,

that even in the deepest loneliness,

no heart that keeps reading
is ever truly alone.

Loved, Yet Alone

Ananya Bhatt

Ananya Bhatt writes out of the rawest parts of memory -betrayal, silence, and the quiet ache of losing yourself. Fresh out of high school, she's on the cusp of a new chapter, her poetry a wound and a path forward.

I was drowning around faces I know,
No one moved, yet they told me so.
"We love you," they said, with every breath,
Yet they stood like stones, paralyzed by death.

Bound by thoughts they couldn't clear,
My life was less valuable than their fear.
If I were them, I'd surely have tried,
But no one stepped forward, no
one cried.

No one gave me a hand, though
words were said,

The silence was louder than the tears
I shed.

People that appeared to be mine, turned away,
Many unbreakable bonds chose to decay that day.



That day I realised I lost my fire,
I lost my spark and my last desire.

Clouds

Dipti Ratmele

The clouds cried that cold night,
and their tears fell softly upon us.
Somehow, their sorrow felt like peace,
even as lightning split the sky.
And still, we stayed unafraid,
safe beneath their grief.



Dil se likha

Ansari Kashish

I Ansari Kashish a writer who likes to write feelings, give a world to thoughts

Kabhi hansi ko ghazal likha,
Kabhi ashkon ko dua likha,
Har ek lamhe ke ehsaas ko,
Maine Dil se ada likha

Kabhi barishon ki khushbu likhi,
Kabhi dhoop ka noor likha,
Kabhi bachpan ki masoomi ko,
Khwabon ka suroor likha.

Kabhi apno ki qurban likhi,
Kabhi tanhai ka safar likha,
Kabhi jeet ka nagma likha,
Kabhi haar ka sabr likha.

Kabhi subah ki pehli dhoop,
Kabhi sham ko manzar likha,



Kabhi umeedon ke par likhe,
Kabhi waqt ka asar likha.

Har mausam meri tehree bana,
Har lamha ek nazm likha,
Khushiyaon ko thaam kar,
Ghum lo bhi humsafar likha.

Na sirf ashk meri pehchan the,
Na sirf muskan meri ada,
Zindagi ke har rang ko maine,
Apna khubsurat hunar likha.

Na shohrat meri manzil thi,
Na taaref ka intezaar likha,
Jo qismat me baksha mujhe ko,
Uss har Lamhe ko pyaar likha.

Har dhadkan ko qalam bana kar,
Maine khud ko “*Dil se Likha*”.

Ek Kitaab Tere Naam (تذکرہ)

Anubhav Pal

I write poetry for the feelings that often remain unspoken. My words explore love, longing, silence, and the quiet weight of emotions we carry every day. I don't write to offer answers, I write so someone, somewhere, feels a little less alone.

Jab bhi tere baare mein kitaab likhunga
Main tere chehre ko aftaab likhunga.

Teri aankhon ko be-hijaab likhunga
Teri baaton ko mehakti hui duaon sa.

Aur apni chahat ko ek azaab likhunga
Tujhe likhunga us har khushi ke naam.

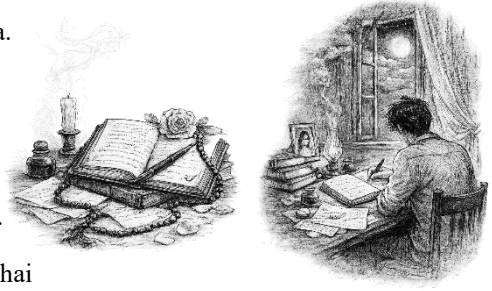
Jiska na koi hisaab likhunga
Har ek dard ko tera intekhaab likhunga.

Jo meri rooh pe likha hai muddaton se
Usi ehsaas ko be-naqaab likhunga.

Jab zikr hoga wafaa ke qisson ka
Main tera har waada lajawab likhunga.

Poochega koi agar ishq ki intehaa kya hai
Main tera intezaar jawaab likhunga.

Aur jab baat chalegi meri duniya ki
Main tujhe sabab, khud ko khwaab likhunga.



Yet again

Leo

I trusted again
Started the charade anew
The same dizzying joy
Before it strikes, burns raw

I felt safe again
My demons kept at bay
Red lines faded to white
Look again, a new crimson array

I started smiling again
Opened the curtains, let light in
Felt hopeful rays spilling
Only to see clouds, its raining

I broke the walls again
Let a "lover" inside
He saw the cracks, stepped back
Ran, looked for a place to hide



I loved again
Drank the sweet poison
Drunk, high don't know when /
Felt bile rising up, felt sick
Thought I was betrayed
Was I just..... allergic?

Jab koi samjhe tumko galat,

Zindagi Ho jaati Hai Na kitni Alag.

Tumhe pata hai ki tum ho sahi, Par Kya jab koi ye Mane hi nahin.

Tum kahana chaho apni baat, Lekin use khatm kar diya jaaye hone se pahle shuruaat.

Tum chahte ho ki Sach samne Aaye, Lekin pata nahin kahan se aa jaati Hai jhooth ki ye hawayen.

Tumne apne aap ko Sahi sabit karne ki koshish ki, Lekin duniya ke samne tumhari Har koshish pad Gai feeki. Jab Kisi aur ki galti ki vajah se apnon se ladni pade Jung, Socho Na jindagi kitni Hoti Hai Tang. Na neend aati hai ,Na chain aata Hai Bus Dil mein yahi khyal aata hai ki- Kya main sach mein galat hun? Dil mein ek sailab Umdrta Hai Sach batane ka sabko man karta hai aankhon mein hamesha vah aansu rahte Hain Jo is duniya ke jhooth ki vajah Se bahte Hain dusre ke jhooth Ne aisi lagai Aag jismein दूर-दूर Tak

nahin Hai Koi pani ka Swaraj khud Ko sabit करते-करते jab Tum Har jaate Ho tab Tum ek muskurahat ke piche aansu bahut chhupate ho jab Koi tumhen majbur Kare karne per Arjun jaisa vichar tumhen chunna Ho kuchh ek Apne ya apna Adhikar vahan per to Arjun ko samjhane ke liye Shri Krishna the per Aaj ke Arjun ko samjhane ke liye Kaun bus ek Bhari Dil Hai Jo sochta ki Kash Main bhi Na hota

शान्त Jab koi apna jis par Ho tumhen sabse jyada Bharosa ,vahi

Tum per Bharosa karna chhod De, Apne najriya ki vajah se tumhari sacchai ka Hi rasta mod De. Tumne jab Kisi ke liye tyag diya sab,

lekin vah Kah Raha Hai tumhen jhutha ab. Jab Tumhari aankh ke aansu Sukh jaaye, Dil Se bus ek hi awaaz aaye ki Kash Koi Meri baat Sun jaaye fir jab tum sacchai mein ho maqbool, aur yahi duniya tumhen jhutha kah ke Bura banne per Kare majbur. Jab yahi log matlab ke liye tumse jhutha pyar dikhayen ,matlab khatm hone per tumhen rota chhod jaaye, fir Dil mein ek sawal Aaye- Kya yahi mere Apne Hain? fir kahin Se jawab **हाँ** Aaye aur tumhare man mein khyal Aaye ki - sab theek ho jaega, lekin kuchh bhi theek Na Ho payega..

Fir ek din tu aisa kadam uthaega, ki Har ek Insan sochne per majbur ho jaega ki - Shayad ye Sahi tha. Unhen sochne ka naa milega Koi jariya kyunki unke sochana ka hi galat hai najriya...

Fir jab der hogi Har Koi pachtaega ,sabko samajh aega ki - "samjho jab Kisi Ko galat to socho kya tumhara sochne ka najriya sahi hai?"

Thankyou..



Ways in which he loves that can be Unloved

Chahat Malhotra

Chahat Malhotra is recently graduated from DU, Rajdhani College. She is raised up in Delhi and have pursued BA English honours. Writing poetry is her hobby and as co-author her poetries were published in anthologies like 'The Tale of hearts', 'Be Limitless', 'Pages of Us' and 'Me and Moon'.

One day he asked her that why you love me ??

She replied to him "because I LIKE YOU".

He argued- but what? really in me as friends also likes each other.

So, she replied smartly- But i like everything about you.

Although, this question twirled her mind round & round- she thinks things liked by her the most.

She pondered in mind- The day they spend holding hands for days , his



distancing himself for herself from the crowd , to show care for her by holding her hands tightly and kept near chest. She said-i am near you, he grinned then saying Not with others.

His voice and texts- today, can i buy flowers for you? Which you want ?? Her saying NO,IT'S OK- but waiting for him to show-up.

For caring, conversing and consoling- HE could be a just friend or a stranger. No need to be someone's special then- IS THAT SO.

Hence, these are his ways to love that can be unloved forever, but if you want to make him special please treasure them as very valuable then.

Beautifully Homeless

Asiya Kamal

Asiya Kamal is a writer of quiet truths. Her poetry lives where grief meets grace, where longing finds language, and where the smallest moments reveal the deepest emotions.

sitting alone in a city that does not know my name,
not a single familiar soul in sight
and yet, a quiet fullness gathers within me,
soft as dusk settling into forgotten corners.

is this peace,
or just the echoing caverns of my own being,
finally heard?

i have never known the shape of home,
yet here...
in this borrowed skyline,
i belong in a way i never did before,
a strange comfort in being beautifully homeless.

what does this evening place into my hands?
a reflection of all i have been chasing,

or the universe, hollow yet kind,
returning me to myself?

the sky is unbearably gentle,
trees breathe in shades of green,
birds stitch sound into the air...
and even the restless traffic
feels quieter
than the wars i carried within
when i was “home.”

strange, this city...
but stranger still,
this heart of mine,
this existence that runs endlessly
only to collapse into stillness
it cannot explain.

how do you name this feeling...
of becoming your own shelter?

i wish i had known this softness



within the walls i once called mine,
but it was always just a house,
empty in all the ways that mattered.

perhaps it has always been this way,
perhaps it always will be...
and i will keep finding refuge
in unfamiliar streets,
sitting quietly beside myself,
laying down the battles
i no longer wish to fight.

If you don't love me then why?

Saurav Nath

My name is Saurav Nath, and I am from Panisagar, Tripura. I am a Psychology student with a deep interest in understanding human emotions and the way people think and feel.

During my Class 12 board exams, one incident happened to me that may stay with me for my whole life. Her guardian told me that she didn't have any feelings for me. I accepted it because I had no other choice. Maybe she never loved me. Maybe I misunderstood everything. But even after accepting it, my heart never found peace. There are still so many questions that I have never been able to answer. Sometimes I try to convince myself that it was all in my imagination, but then I remember her actions, her reactions, her eyes, her smile, and the way she looked at me. Those memories still make me wonder if there was something she never said. I am not writing this to blame her or prove anything. I am writing this because these unanswered questions still live inside my heart, and maybe they always will.

Let me tell you Poetically....!!

Her guardian said you never had feelings for me.

Okay...

I accepted it.

Maybe you never loved me.

Maybe everything I believed was wrong.

But then...

What were all those moments?



If there were no feelings...

Then why?

Why, after your guardian warned me during our pre-board exams Of class 12, did you look so guilty? Why couldn't you look into my eyes? Why were you so nervous? Why did it affect you?

If I was just another person...

Why did you sometimes choose to sit near me in school?

Why did you notice the smallest things about me that nobody else noticed?

When I misunderstood you...

When I hurt you...

When I insulted you...

Why didn't you block me?

Why did you say,

"If my family accepts you, then I will accept you."

Why did you tell my sister,

"I don't want to hurt him."

If there were no feelings...

Then why protect the person who hurt you?

Even after I hurt you on your birthday...

You still didn't block me.

But when I blocked you...

You blocked me too.

Why?

During the rainy days...
Why did your eyes always find me?
Why did you ask me,
"Why don't you understand me, Saurav?"
Whenever I said,
"I love you."
You never became angry.
You smiled.
You laughed.
When I said,
"One day I'll marry you."
You smiled again.
Not with hatred...
But with a smile I still remember.
When I became sad...
Why did your face become sad too?
Your friend once said,
"Please message him. He really loves you."
But you replied,
"I promised my relatives. I can't message him. Tell him to forget me,
otherwise it will hurt him for his whole life."
Tell me...
If there was never anything...

Then why did your silence carry so many emotions?

Why did your eyes speak the words your lips never did?

Maybe I misunderstood everything.

Maybe everyone else was right.

Or maybe...

Some stories never get answers.

Some feelings remain unfinished.

Some people leave without explaining why.

And some hearts spend a lifetime asking just one question...

If you never loved me... then why did your eyes always make me
feel that you did?

Even today...

I don't cry because you left.

I cry because I still don't know which part was true...

Your words...

Or your eyes.

A Garland of Simple Joys....

Mayuri Bhikaji Kotalekar

Hello . I am Mayuri Kotalekar . I love to write Poetry . Writing poetry is more than a hobby for me . I believe that every emotions deserves to be expressed through words .

Learn to laugh the way children do,
With hearts so light, with skies so blue.
Learn to live each passing day,
Like golden sunlight finds its way.

For peace is never bought by fame,
Nor hidden in a wealthy name.
Fill your soul with moments small,
The simplest joys outshine them all.

Sometimes let the rain embrace your face,
Sometimes smile for no reason, with grace.
Dance with the winds, wander free,
Like waves that kiss the endless sea.

Let yesterday softly drift away,
Do not let old shadows stay.
Welcome each dawn with open eyes,
Like flowers blooming to the skies.

Life is a book, tender and deep,
Filled with memories we forever keep.
Read every page with love so true,
And let each chapter Inspire You



Nature's Ribbon

M. Komala Rani

Rivers Are the Life of Nature,
They Are One of the Best Things
Of Our Dear Mother Earth,
And For Our Future.

It's Ribbon-Like Structure
Makes the Dry Land Green
And The Rocks Shine,
While our tiny little heart melts,
And Removes All Our worries
With its Friendly and Indescribable Sounds,
Doesn't It?



One Can Learn Lessons from the River,
Each Mind Has Various Thoughts About Them.
Yes! It Is the Same River Whose Siblings and Cousins
Are Slightly Unique from One Another.

Few Are Near, While Few Are Further

To Reach the Ocean;
Few Are Perrineal, While Few Dissappear
But They Never Ever Mock at Each Other
Like The Human World.

So, My Dear Homo Sapiens
Let's Try to Be Like the Rivers,
And Appreciate Each One of Our Members' Uniqueness
Of Our Human Family
Around The World!

ME TO ME

Md Salman

If you listen,
I could say something.
But that doesn't mean
I'm ready to take the risk.

Because my life,
at least for now,
feels like nothing
worth writing about.

I wonder,
when you read this,
will you smile?
I'd love to see that.



But more than that,
I'd like to meet you-
the new version of me,
still waiting to be born.

Now, here's one thing
that should be noted:
I never forget memories,
yet I wish to forget this poem.

Because I wrote it
for my future friend.

And if there's one thing
I wish to erase,
it's the mystery
of my favorite person-
the one who, someday,
will read these words
and finally understand them.

And if you're reading
this now,
then somehow,
we made it here.

Maybe not in the way
we planned.
Maybe not as the person
we expected to become.
But we're still here.

So tell me-
Did we find what
we were looking for?

Or did we become
something greater
than the dreams
we once chased?

Until then,
this poem will remain
a secret-
a message hidden in time,
waiting for the one soul
who was meant
to understand it.

For this was never just a poem-

It was a piece of me,

left behind in time,

hoping that one day

someone would read it

and know exactly

who I was.

The Forbidden Love

Harsha Ravi

Harsha Ravi is an emerging poet from Kerala whose writing explores the quiet complexities of human emotion, love, loss, healing, and resilience. Drawing inspiration from nature, she weaves together imagery of rain, fire, earth, and silence to reflect the landscapes of the human heart.

A barren land it was,
filled with haunting dreams, shattered hopes, and a withered soul—
a heart beyond mending.

He poured down like monsoon rain,
bound to drench my barren world,
showing what the heart had forgotten,
awakening a soul that knew only how to burn.

And yet, it was forbidden,
smothered beneath the earthly world,
known only to her,
felt only by her.

For her, he is a solace
that rewrote everything she knew about love.



For him, she is love—
a love beyond spoken words,
a love that knows only abnegation.

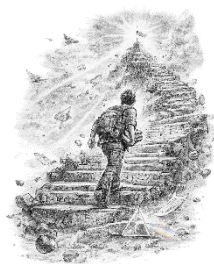
The Physics of Becoming

Syeda Hijaab Fatima

At an age when many are still discovering their voice, Syeda Hijaab Fatima has already begun sharing hers through published poetry. Her writing explores the beauty of unspoken emotions, quiet strength, and the timeless connection between words and the human soul. She believes every poem is a conversation waiting to find its reader.

It was not born in motion,
Born as a body at rest,
Held captive by uncertainty,
Till a dream became the force that pushed it forward.

The road was rough.
Friction lived throughout it,
So it had to apply a greater force.



It learnt that even a little mass in motion can create momentum.
Every fall teaches how to rise with greater speed.

There lay potential energy, unseen by every eye,
Until it broke free, turning the page,
Embracing the transformation into kinetic energy.

Gravity never stopped pulling it down—

Responsibilities,

Expectations,

Fear.

Yet it discovered that courage to climb

is not born from the absence of gravity.

Knowledge refracted into countless colours,

Perhaps resolving the most difficult numerical with the simplest formula.

This is what it understood—

A student's journey is not measured by marks,

But by force endured, friction overcome,

Nature's laws echoing their truths:

Without motion, no momentum can exist.

Even the biggest star, At rest, has zero momentum

Escape

Anamika Ray

I'm Anamika Ray. My poetry Bengali collection "Agnirjita Manisha" has been published some months ago. I'm from West Bengal. Since my childhood, words have been Friend of me.

Don't want to escape the life which I've got,
Because of God's plan!
Don't want you to come again into my life,
Because there is no match in our vibes.

Complaining against you,
And a desert in my view!
Both are the same
For the sake of life's game!

Yes! I'm a cheater,
By being a failed writer,
Not by ditching you,
Who wants her honeymoon in a barren view!

I loved you,
But the proof is no more,



Because of your new one,
I've got a lesser score.
In life's venture,

Please be happy.
Remove all the memories,
Because they will return!
Monologues used to be
Your access-free.

Now why are you so quiet in the bed,
Where white has become a greyish shade!
Why is everyone doing the last ceremonies,
When you've disrespected my memories,

By giving me the dangerous ring,
That I was going to be your future queen!
Then why are your ashes so grey?
Why weren't you happy even on your last day?

The 82nd Passenger

Alisha Siddiqi

The first lesson every aviation investigator learns is that airplanes are built on numbers. Before a flight leaves the ground, every passenger is counted, every boarding pass is scanned, and every kilogram of luggage is recorded. People make mistakes. Numbers rarely do.

That was why Flight 317 should have been an ordinary case.

The file arrived on my desk three days after the flight landed. I expected a routine discrepancy, a duplicated boarding pass, a clerical error, perhaps a missed headcount. Instead, the summary ended with a single question.

How does a plane depart with eighty-one passengers and land with eighty-two?

According to the airline, Flight 317 had left on time with exactly eighty-one passengers. The boarding manifest listed eighty-one names. Security footage showed eighty-one people passing through Gate 14. The cabin crew confirmed the count before the doors were sealed, and the aircraft landed without delay or incident.

The problem surfaced only after the passengers entered the arrivals hall.

The immigration officer counted them once, frowned, and counted again. Convinced he had made a mistake, he asked a colleague to verify the number.

Both reached the same conclusion.

There were eighty-two passengers.

The airline blamed immigration. Immigration blamed the airline. Security reviewed its footage. Every passport was checked, every boarding record verified, yet no one could explain how an extra passenger had appeared on a flight that had never stopped between departure and arrival.

I requested every document related to Flight 317 and began where I always did, with the manifest.

There were eighty-one names. No duplicate entries. No last-minute additions. No missing scans.

The departure footage told the same story. I watched every passenger walk through the gate, counting them myself as they disappeared down the jet bridge.

Eighty-one.

The crew reports matched the manifest.

The headcount had been confirmed before departure, and once the aircraft doors closed, no one boarded or left until it reached its destination.

Only the arrival records refused to fit.

Immigration had processed eighty-two passengers from Flight 317. Every identity was genuine. Every document was authentic.

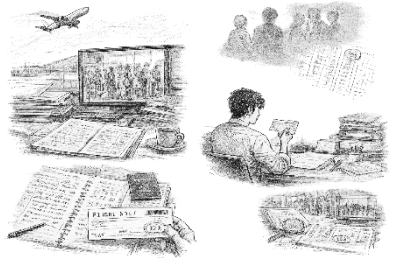
I read the departure report again.

Eighty-one.

Then the arrival report.

Eighty-two.

For the first time in twelve years, I found myself staring at evidence that was internally flawless and completely impossible.



Cases like this are rarely solved by documents alone. Records tell you what happened; people tell you what they remember. If an extra passenger had somehow been on Flight 317, I expected at least one person to notice.

I wasn't prepared for everyone to.

The first passenger I interviewed was a university student. She hesitated before speaking, embarrassed by her own certainty.

"There was an elderly woman beside me," she said. "She spent the whole flight knitting a green scarf. We talked about my grandmother."

According to the seating chart, the seat beside her had been empty.

The next witness, a businessman, remembered a curious little boy who had spent half the flight asking why clouds never fell from the sky. He smiled as he recalled lending the child his pen to draw airplanes on a paper napkin.

When I asked where the boy's parents had been sitting, he fell silent.

"I... don't remember."

There were no children seated anywhere near him.

By the end of the afternoon, every interview contradicted the last. A retired teacher remembered sharing sweets with a young nurse. A flight attendant recalled serving tea to a polite French-speaking man. Another passenger insisted she had helped a pregnant woman lift her handbag into the overhead compartment. Different faces. Different voices. Different conversations.

Yet every memory felt genuine.

The details were too ordinary to have been invented, a peppermint scent, chipped blue nail polish, fingers tapping against an armrest

during turbulence. People lie about dramatic moments. They rarely fabricate details they have no reason to remember.

I spread the interview transcripts across my desk, searching for a single point where the stories overlapped.

There was only one.

Again and again, the mysterious passenger was remembered returning to **Seat 22A**.

I unfolded the aircraft's seating plan.

Row 22 had seats **22B**, **22C**, and **22D**.

There was no **22A**.

I checked a second copy.

Then the manufacturer's layout.

The aircraft had never been built with a Seat 22A.

For the first four days, I believed the mistake was hidden somewhere in the paperwork.

On the fifth, I began to suspect it was hiding in me.

I requested the airport's original CCTV recordings and watched every passenger board Flight 317, slowing the footage until each face lingered on the screen. The count never changed.

Eighty-one.

During my third viewing, I noticed something strange.

A woman carrying a blue suitcase entered the gate. An elderly man followed close behind. For a fraction of a second, I thought I saw someone pass between them, a blurred silhouette that disappeared before I could focus on it.

I rewound the footage.

The figure was gone.

I dismissed it as exhaustion and reached for the passenger manifest.

A name had been circled in blue ink.

I had never used a blue pen.

Certain I had overlooked it before, I counted the names again.

There were eighty-two.

My notebook, filled only hours earlier, still listed eighty-one.

I checked the manifest once more.

The additional passenger now had a passport number, a boarding time, and a seat assignment, as though the record had always existed.

Everything had changed.

Everything except my memory.

I spent the next two days trying to prove that I had made a mistake.

Every archived copy of the passenger manifest now listed eighty-two names. The airline's servers, printed records, and backup files all agreed. The additional passenger had a valid passport, a boarding pass, even a checked bag. Nothing about the records suggested they had ever been altered. It was as though the eighty-second passenger had always existed.

Only my notebook disagreed.

On its first page, written in my own handwriting, the number **81** appeared beside every document I had examined. It had become the only piece of evidence that refused to change.

Before closing the investigation, I met the immigration officer one last time. He looked exhausted, as though he hadn't slept in days.

"I still remember counting eighty-one," I told him.

He stared at me for a long moment before answering. "So do I."

Neither of us spoke after that.

There was nothing left to argue with. Every official record described the same version of events. The contradiction no longer existed in the evidence.

It existed only in us.

For the first time in my career, I wondered if the mystery had never been about an extra passenger.

Perhaps it was about the few people who still remembered a world without one.

The investigation was closed the following week.

The official report concluded that Flight 317 had departed and arrived with eighty-two passengers. The file was archived, the questions stopped, and life moved on.

As I packed my notes into storage, something slipped from the back of the folder and landed on my desk.

It was a boarding pass.

The paper had yellowed with age, but the print was perfectly clear.

Flight 317.

My name.

My hands froze as I looked at the seat assignment.

22A.

I searched my memory for the flight, for the airport, for anything that could explain how my boarding pass had found its way into a case I'd never been part of.

I remembered nothing.

Then, almost instinctively, I counted the names on the passenger manifest one last time.

"There were eighty-two. Mine was the last."

Only The Tide Answered

By: Arianna Saha

Arianna Saha is a student with a passion for drawing and poetry. Inspired by deep emotions and the power of unspoken words, she uses writing to explore thoughts and feelings that are often difficult to express aloud.

Why can't you let me drown?

The sea asks less of me than the shore ever did.

The depths feel light against the burden I carry.

Let the tide decide

What becomes of my name.

Lay me beside

Forgotten anchors

Cracked shells

And the names

The sea never returned.



Let the current finish the lullaby

I never could.

I descended through ruins and shipwrecks,

Where time had already won.

The shipwrecks never asked

Why I arrived.

They simply made room.

Unopened bottles drift above me

Their unspoken words

Lulling me to slumber

In soft kelp beds.

Above me,

The gulls still argued with the wind.

The shoreline carried on

As though it had never noticed,

I had left.

I waited,

For someone to call my name.

Only the tide answered.

I was never afraid to drown

I'm afraid of being rescued.

A Garland of Simple Joys....

Mayuri Bhikaji Kotalekar

Hello , I am Mayuri Kotalekar . I love to write poems and shayari .
Writing poetry is more than a hobby for me . I believe that every
emotions deserved to be expressed through words .

Learn to laugh the way children do,
With hearts so light, with skies so blue.
Learn to live each passing day,
Like golden sunlight finds its way.

For peace is never bought by fame,
Nor hidden in a wealthy name.
Fill your soul with moments small,
The simplest joys outshine them all.

Sometimes let the rain embrace your face,
Sometimes smile for no reason, with grace.
Dance with the winds, wander free,
Like waves that kiss the endless sea.

Let yesterday softly drift away,
Do not let old shadows stay.
Welcome each dawn with open eyes,
Like flowers blooming to the skies.

Life is a book, tender and deep,
Filled with memories we forever keep.
Read every page with love so true,
And let each chapter Inspire You



The Weight We Carry

Rithika Elango

Rithika Elango started writing at the age of fifteen, beginning with fiction. What began as passion soon became how she understood the world and herself.

We grow up thinking hearts don't change,
That love will always know our name.
But time keeps moving, cold and fast,
Turning tomorrow into the past.

The world won't pause because we fall,
It never promised that at all.
The sun still climbs, the streets still fill,
While broken hearts learn to stand still.

Some people leave with no goodbye,
No final words, no reason why.
They take a part they never knew,
And leave behind a different you.



You give your heart with open hands,
Still trying hard to understand.

You lose yourself just trying to prove
You're worthy of another's love.

The hardest truth you'll ever face,
Not everything is yours to chase.
Not every seed you plant will grow;
Some things are meant to come and go.

Perhaps that's life—not fair, not kind,
But slowly shaping heart and mind.
The deepest scars we try to hide
Become the strength we keep inside.

The last lullaby

Heartvail

Heart Vail is an independent fantasy author passionate about creating immersive worlds filled with mystery, emotion, and unforgettable characters.

Rain tapped softly against the windows of the old Ravenscroft house, its gentle rhythm blending with the crackling fire in the hearth. Inside, warmth filled every corner. The cold outside could not touch this place not tonight.

Beneath thick blankets, a seven-year-old Theodore Ravenscroft lay curled against his pillow, his tiny fingers clutching the edge of the quilt as sleep slowly pulled at his eyes.

“Theo.”

His mother’s voice was soft, almost like a whisper carried by the wind. She sat beside his bed, her fingers brushing gently



through his dark hair as she hummed the lullaby she had sung for him every night since he could remember. It was a song so familiar it felt like home itself, wrapping around him like a warm embrace.

"Sleep, my little star,
The night will guard your dreams.

Close your eyes and fear no dark,
For love stays where light leaves.

When shadows call your hidden name,
And stars forget to shine,
Follow the song beyond the dark,
And you will still be mine.

Through broken skies and silent cries,
Through fire, ash, and sea,

Remember, child, when all is lost
The song will lead you home to me."

Theo blinked up at her, fighting the heavy weight of sleep.
Her silver necklace caught the firelight, glowing faintly
against her pale skin.

"Will you sing it tomorrow too?" he asked quietly.

His mother smiled the kind of smile that made everything
feel entirely safe. "Always."

Across the room, his father leaned against the doorway,
arms crossed, watching them both with quiet amusement.
"You spoil him too much," he said.

She laughed softly, looking up. "And you don't?"

Theo smiled. For him, this room was the entire world.

Warm. Safe. Whole. Nothing beyond these walls
mattered not the storm outside, not the darkness creeping
through the streets of eldore, nor the strange, frightened
stories whispered by people in the markets. Because here,
with them, nothing bad could ever happen.

At least, that was what children believed. And for a little
while, Theo believed it too.

Theo's eyelids grew heavier. His mother's fingers moved slowly through his hair, gentle and warm, until the world around him began to soften into silence. For a moment, everything felt still. The fire crackled low in the hearth.

Rain whispered against the glass. Somewhere in the house, the old wooden beams groaned beneath the weight of the storm, but Theo barely noticed. Sleep was already pulling him under.

But just before his eyes closed completely he heard it.

A sound. Faint, heavy, and distinct. Like footsteps.

His father straightened at the doorway, the amusement instantly vanishing from his eyes. Theo noticed the sudden shift immediately.

"Mama?"

His mother froze. It was only for a second, but Theo saw it plainly: fear. Real, unfiltered fear. She stood up from the bed and looked toward the dark hallway, her hand instinctively reaching for the silver chain around her neck.

Another sound echoed, closer this time. The floorboards creaked.

His father stepped into the room, his voice dropping to a low, commanding whisper. "Stay here."

Theo sat up, entirely confused. "Papa?"

But his father was already moving out into the shadows. His mother turned back to him, kneeling beside the bed and catching his face in both of her hands. Her smile

returned, but it wasn't the same. It looked fragile, like glass about to shatter.

"If anything happens," she whispered urgently, "remember the song."

Theo frowned, a knot forming in his stomach. "What do you mean?"

Before she could answer, something slammed against the front door downstairs. It was hard enough to shake the foundations of the house. The windows rattled violently, and the fire in the hearth flared up in response. Theo's heart pounded so loudly he thought they would hear it.

Another hit rattled the house, then another.

His father moved toward the stairs, his jaw tight. "Take him," he shouted back.

His mother grabbed Theo's hand. Fast. Too fast.

"Mama... what's happening?"

She didn't answer.

Suddenly, the front door downstairs burst open. Cold, biting air rushed up the stairs, and with it came a suffocating darkness. It wasn't the natural darkness that came with the night; it was something heavier, suffocating, and entirely alive.

Theo screamed.

His father stepped in front of them, shielding them from the stairway. For the first time in his life, Theo saw its blade of pure silver fire glowing fiercely in his father's hand.

But shadows were already moving against it. They weren't human. They were tall, twisted figures, like smoke stitched into terrifying shapes. They had eyes like hollow lanterns, and their mouths stretched far too wide as they grinned. One of them laughed, a chilling sound that resembled breaking glass.

His father attacked first. Silver light crashed against the absolute dark, and the entire room shook with the impact. Theo had never seen his father like this fast, fearless, and deadly.

His mother pulled Theo back, shielding his eyes. "Don't look."

But he already had. And he knew he would never forget it.

His mother knelt before him once more, holding his shoulders tightly as her hands trembled. Tears burned in her eyes. "Theo, listen to me. If you hear the song follow it."

He shook his head, panic rising in his throat. "No!"

She kissed his forehead gently. Just then, a loud, agonizing scream tore through the hall. His father.

Theo's chest tightened into a knot. "Mama!"

But she stood up, turning toward the encroaching darkness. Suddenly, the room behind her filled with a brilliant, blinding light bright enough to blind him, warm enough to burn.

And then, everything disappeared.

Silence. Darkness. Empty walls.

Theo was entirely alone.

Maala

Ausaf Quamer

Wo jo kabhi bichad gaye the, jaane kaise bichad gaye the.

Tute maalo ke moti se,

Har taraf bikhar gaye the.

Maale ko fir se piro liya hai,

Lekin kuch moti mile nhi.

Naye moti piro na saka,

Khaali jagah bhar na saka.

Kaise dujo ne mila liya ,

Jo bhule unhe bhula diya.

Humse to ye ho na saka,

Khaana wo bhar na saka.

Talaash abtak jaati hai,

Khaana abtak khaali hai.

Moti wo fir mile nhi,

Khaana ab bhi khaali hai ,



Khaana ab bhi khaali hai

Love

Anithra C A

I like soft, gentle promises
that land on my cheeks as parachutes.
Slowly rolling onto my chocolate-brown lips,
Falling like autumn leaves down my air pipe
Settling into my lung beds.
Tiny brown parachutes, easing through the intercostals,
floating inside, staining him everywhere.
For the first time,
my chest felt lighter.



A Canvas Called Life

Anjali . T

My name is Anju, and I am a third-year B.Sc. Biotechnology student. Alongside my passion for science, I have a deep interest in poetry and creative writing.

The dawn of my life
began with the gentle brush of time,
painting the first colour
upon the canvas of my soul.

White whispered the song of innocence,
welcoming a soul to a brand-new world.
It painted hope upon my heart,
and became the first colour of my life.

Yellow bloomed into laughter,
lighting my childhood
like the morning sun.



Green taught me to grow,
spreading wings of hope
through every lesson.

Orange ignited my dreams,
turning faith into courage
and dreams into purpose.

Blue brought tears and trials,
yet hope held my hand
and led me toward the dawn.

Black filled my path with shadows,
but every struggle
carved strength within me.

Purple transformed pain into victory,
giving my dreams
the courage to shine.

Then, among all these colours,
one beautiful soul appeared-
painting my heart
with the brush of love.

Friend of my journey,
Guardian of my hope,
Beloved of my heart,
you turned my life
into a masterpiece.

For life is not painted
by one colour alone;
only when every colour unites
does the canvas of life
become complete.

The Uncaptured Moon

Purvaja

I watch him, frozen, holding back a blink,
Afraid a fallen eyelash breaks the spell.
A single presence, beautiful and still,
To whisper that the world is finally well.

When he walks across the bridge, the rhythm falls,
Calm and steady, like a stallion's stride.
His dark suit shines like peals when midnighn calls,
Beneath the moon where smoky shadows hide.

No poet's verse, no written art,
Could hold the truth my own eyes keep.
Some souls are never meant for words;
They live where silence lingers deep.



THE first door

Heartvail

Heart Vail is an independent fantasy author passionate about creating immersive worlds filled with mystery, emotion, and unforgettable characters.

The night before Theodore Ravenscroft turned thirteen, sleep refused him.

Rain tapped softly against the window of his grandmother's cottage. Outside, the storm felt familiar far too familiar. The house stood silent, empty now, a place entirely too small for all the heavy grief it carried. Ten minutes remained until midnight. Ten minutes until he turned thirteen.

Theo opened the window and sat upon the sill, letting the biting cold air brush against his face. The world outside was dark and completely still. But inside him, nothing was still. Some nights grief slept; some nights, it stared directly back.

Then, he caught a sudden movement. A dark shadow cut through the raging storm fast and sharp. Before Theo could even react, a large black crow landed heavily on his windowsill. Its midnight-dark feathers dripped with rain, and its sharp, silver eyes stared directly into his own.

Theo froze, his breath catching in his throat.



The crow tilted its head, its gaze unblinking. Then, it spoke. “You have been chosen.”

Theo’s heart stopped.

Again, the creature spoke, its voice raspy yet clear. “You have been chosen.”

“Kao... kao...”

Theo swallowed hard, trying to find his voice. “For what?”

The crow didn't answer. Instead, it dropped a heavy object onto his bed a sealed letter bound with black wax and a silver crest. Before Theo could utter another word, the bird took flight, disappearing back into the heart of the storm.

With trembling fingers, Theo picked up the letter and broke the silver seal. Inside, elegant handwriting read:

ELDORIA ACADEMY

To Theodore Ravenscroft,

It is with great honor that we welcome you to Eldoria Academy. By blood, by fate, and by the will of the ancient order, you have been chosen.

Within our halls, you will study the forgotten arts, master the hunt, and uncover truths hidden from the world. Present this letter at the gates of Eldoria

Academy.

For some doors open only once. Do not let yours close.

Sincerely,

Headmaster Alister Vane

Theo stared at the ink, his gaze drifting toward the basement stairs. Toward the ancient stone gate. The first door. His grandmother's final words echoed clearly in his mind: Some truths should sleep... until they are needed. Hours later, with a single bag in hand, Theo stood before the stone gate. He was entirely alone. No mother. No father. No grandmother. There was only the oppressive silence, and him.

He pressed the parchment of the letter against the cold stone. Instantly, the carved symbols began to glow. A vibrant blue light spread like veins across the wall, and the entire room shook violently. The gate groaned, swinging open to let a rush of freezing air howl through.

Theo took a deep breath and stepped forward. The world changed in a flash of light.

When he emerged, Eldoria Academy stood magnificent before him. Massive, towering spires stretched high into the stormy sky, and silver banners danced fiercely in the wind. Golden lights burned warmly behind endless rows of arched windows. All around him, students crossed the vast stone courtyards with weapons strapped to their sides, heavy books in their hands, and the unmistakable hum of magic thick in the air.

Theo stood frozen. For the first time, he saw a place built not to keep the darkness out, but to train those who were meant to walk within it. And for the first time in his life, he felt incredibly small.

Days quickly bled into weeks as training began hard, relentless, and merciless. Theo fought as if anger itself had given him life. Pain became his daily routine, and dark bruises became his regular lessons. Yet, he kept going.

One morning, while navigating the crowded, echoing halls of the academy, someone slammed hard into his shoulder. Books scattered violently across the stone floor.

Theo looked up sharply, his eyes flashing with irritation. A boy with incredibly messy blond hair grinned back at him. He had bright eyes and a ridiculous amount of energy.

“Well,” the boy said, chuckling, “that’s embarrassing.”

“You hit me,” Theo said flatly.

The boy crouched down, retrieving one of the fallen books. “Leonal Valehart.”

Theo took the book from his hand. “Theodore Ravenscroft.”

Leo’s smile widened. “Theo?”

Theo frowned immediately. “Don’t call me that.”

Leo laughed, throwing an arm out. “Too late.”

And somehow, from that moment on, Leo just kept following him.

Later that afternoon, during their brutal combat class, Theo found himself paired with Rowan Lockwood a boy who was quiet, sharp, and intensely cold.

Theo attacked first, moving fast and driven by pure anger. But Rowan moved only once. With a single fluid motion, he blocked the strike and countered. Theo hit the hard floor with a thud, a sharp pain shooting through his ribs.

Rowan stood over him, entirely expressionless. “You rely too much on anger.”

Theo hated him instantly.

As days turned into weeks, and weeks into months, Theo and Leo crossed paths often. Rowan was always nearby as well. Then, one afternoon, as Theo sat completely alone in the crowded dining hall, Leo dropped heavily into the stone seat beside him.

“You always look miserable,” Leo noted, helping himself to a piece of bread.

Theo ignored him.

A moment later, someone else sat directly across from them. It was Rowan. He remained silent, opening a thick leather-bound book and immediately beginning to read.

Leo blinked, looking between them. “Oh great. The emotionless one too.”

Theo felt the ghost of a smile tug at his lips. He almost laughed. Almost.

And somehow, that was how it started. It wasn’t a friendship not yet but it was something close enough.

While Theodore trained beneath the heavy stone walls of Eldoria, far away, Seraphina Draven trained beneath the gleaming silver towers of her own academy.

She was always alone. She trained alone, walked the grounds alone, ate her meals alone, and spoke only when it was absolutely necessary. It wasn't because she was unwanted, but because maintaining a distance was simply easier.

Her blade sliced through the cool evening air sharp, precise, and cold. Every single strike felt as though it carried the weight of years of unspoken pain.

One evening, while walking back from the training grounds, the sound of soft crying caught her attention. It was a girl, sounding weak and terrified. At the far edge of the academy grounds near the cliffs, three older students surrounded her, mocking her, pushing her back and forth, and laughing cruelly. The young girl trembled violently.

Sera turned on her heel to leave. It wasn't her problem.

But then, one of the boys shoved the crying girl hard enough to send her crashing to the dirt. Something deep inside Seraphina snapped.

She stepped out of the shadows. One of the boys spotted her approach and smirked. "Draven," he said, his voice laced with a sneer. "Stay out of this. This doesn't concern you."

Sera said absolutely nothing. Her eyes simply darkened.

Then, she moved.

Her fist crashed squarely into the boy's nose. A sickening crack split the quiet air, and dark blood spilled instantly.

The other two students froze in shock. Before they could even process what was happening, Sera grabbed the second boy by his collar and ruthlessly dragged him across the stone, straight toward the steep cliffside where the wind screamed into the abyss below.

She held him dangling over the sheer edge. Her voice was absolute ice. "If you ever touch her again..." She lowered him a fraction farther. "...I'll throw you."

The boy trembled, weeping with terror.

By sunset, the parents of the boys had arrived rich, powerful, and furious. Naturally, Seraphina was summoned to the highest office.

The Headmaster's office was dead silent, save for the rain tapping softly against the tall windows. Headmaster Kaelthorn stared down at her from behind his grand

desk. "You attacked noble students."

"They were weak," Seraphina replied, her voice steady.

Kaelthorn narrowed his eyes. "That isn't your decision to make, Draven."

"They were hurting someone weaker."

A long, tense silence filled the room. Then, Kaelthorn spoke, his voice turning sharp and final. "One more incident like this... and I'll expel you."

Seraphina stared back at him, completely unmoved. Then, a faint, dangerous smile touched her lips. "You won't have to."

Kaelthorn frowned. "What?"

She turned squarely toward the heavy wooden door. “I’m leaving.”

As she stepped outside into the corridor, one of the noble girls involved in the incident glared at her, muttering

bitter insults under her breath.

Seraphina stopped. She turned. And she punched the girl straight across the mouth.

- The noble girl collapsed to the floor, screaming in agony. Without a second glance, Seraphina walked away, her footsteps echoing down the hall. She never

looked back. Because some people belonged to places. And some were simply born to leave them behind.

MONSOON

Amina Batool

Met Amina Batool one of the most remarkable personality, passionate student of English literature and talented writer. Her creativity dedication and intellectual depth shine through her work along with her published poems in different anthologies.

LOOK AT THE DARK CLOUDS, GATHERING IN THE SKY;
BEHOLD THE WONDERFUL DROPS OF THE RAIN,

HEARS THE SINGING VOICE OF INNOCENT BIRDS,
THAT GIVES PEACE IN YOUR HEART.

SEE THE FRESHNESS OF GREEN LEAVES,
FEEL THE PEACE IN COLD WINDS,



BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS ARE SHINING AFTER THE RAIN,
THINGS CAPTURES THE BEAUTIFUL SCENERY OF THE
WORLD,

THE INNOCENCE VOICES OF SPARROWS,
GIVE PLEASURE IN EVERY HEART,

LOOK AT THE WONDERFUL SKY;

COLD WINDS, INNOCENCE VOICE OF BIRDS,

THE FRESHNESS OF GREEN TREES, THE SHINING OF
MOUNTAINS,

GIVE ME THE THOUGHT OF YOU.

YOU MADE THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD IN SUCH A WAY,
THAT GIVES PEACE IN THROUGHOUT THE DAY.

THE APPEARANCE OF DARK CLOUDS, GIVES THE HOPE,
THE SINGING VOICE OF BIRDS IS LIKE THE BEAUTY
VOICE OF INNOCENT CHILD,

YOUR BEAUTIFUL CREATION AND ALL OF THESE
MEMORABLE MOMENTS,
GIVES THE HOPEFUL SIMILE IN EVERY FACE.

THESE WONDERFUL DAYS OF MONSOON,
THESE PEACEFUL WINDS, THESE JOYFUL MOMENTS,

GIVES THE NEW LIFE OF EVERY PERSON,
WHO WANTS TO GET PLEASURE IN EVERY WAY.

EVERY MOMENT OF RAIN GIVE THE HOPE,

EVERY DROP OF RAIN GIVE THE SHINING OF GREENERY

I FEEL PLEASURE TO SEE THE WONDERFUL SCENERY,
THAT GIVES ME THOUGHT OF YOUR CREATION.

I AM GRATEFUL, YOU ENABLES ME
TO SEE THE WORLD IN BEAUTIFUL WAY.

DREAM COMES TRUE

Amina Batool

Met Amina Batool one of the most remarkable personality, passionate student of English literature and talented writer. Her creativity dedication and intellectual depth shine through her work along with her published poems in different anthologies.

ABILITY, RESPONSIBILITY, COURAGES EXPLAIN WHO
YOU ARE?

I HEARD ABOUT YOU;

I LOOKED TOWARDS THE SKY TO SEE YOU ;

YOUR THOUGHT ENABLES ME TO THINK ABOUT YOU,

SOMEONE TELL ME ABOUT YOUR ABILITY,

SOMEONE TELL ME YOUR LIFE,

I WANTS TO MEET YOU IN SOME PRECIOUS MOMENTS;

I FOUND OUT YOURSELF IN YOUR WAY,

THE WAY'S YOU LOOKED LIKE SHINING STAR,

WITH YOUR CONFIDENCE, COURAGE, AND DETERMINED;

I AM DELIGHTED TO EXPRESS YOUR'S RESPONSIBILITY;

I AM BLISSFUL TO EXPRESS YOUR
ABILITIES.

YOUR WONDERFUL DUTY
TELL EVERYONE
YOURSELF;

YOUR PRESTIGIOUS WORK
EXPLAINS WHO YOU ARE ?

NEVER GIVE UP ;REMAINS
IN COURAGE;

YOUR WONDERFUL WORKS GIVE COURAGE
IN EVERY HEART.

YOUR WAY OF SPEAKING GIVES HOPE IN SOMEONE'S
LIFE;



REMAINS HAPPY IN YOUR FAMILY HEART.

YOU LOOKS LIKE HERO OF NATION;

YOU LOOKS LIKE HOPE OF NATION:

YOUR UNIFORM EXPLAINS YOUR NAME ;

YOUR PRESTIGIOUS WORK EXPLAIN YOURSELF IN
BEAUTIFUL WAY.

The Last Page

Asrar-Ul-Ajra

Asrar-Ul-Ajra is a 14-year-old student and aspiring writer from Kashmir, India. Her work explores themes of memory, identity, growth, and the quiet significance of everyday experiences.

I am the last page, still and white,
Beyond the lessons, past the rage,
I watched each dream begin its flight,
Long before it reached my stage.

The first page wore a hopeful smile,
Its paper fresh, its edges bright,
It thought its words would last a while,
Unchanged beneath the morning light.

I saw the handwriting slowly grow,
From careful curves to hurried lines,
As months slipped past in steady flow,
Like rivers leaving signs behind.

Some words were written full of cheer,
Some carried burdens left unsaid,
A few were stained by falling tears,
From thoughts that echoed in the head.

I keep a sketch that lacks an end,
A sentence stopped halfway in fear,
A note addressed to no known friend,
A wish no one was meant to hear.

The pages filled with facts and dates,
With answers praised and marks well-earned,
Yet I received the heavier weights,
The questions for which no page returned.



Now dust may gather on the cover,
And time may fade the ink and age,
Yet if one day you look it over,
You'll find me waiting on this page.

For I am not the page of fame,
Nor one adorned with perfect lines,
I simply guard the truest flame,
Of all the heart could not define.

And when the notebook's journey ends,
When every chapter turns to age,
The pieces left unfinished then
Will rest upon the last page.

Gumnam dil

Kyare Kumari

Hii,I'm Kyara or mai ek beginner writer hu . Maine abhi likhna start hi Kiya h. Mujhe apne emotion ko paper par utarne me achha lagta h.

Bahar baht khamoshi h magar dil mera kyu ashant h...,

Bahar itna khubsurt mausam h magar dil me kyu tufan h...,

Bolna to baht kuchh chahta hai ye mann... magar sabd kyu gumnaam h,

Dil me bhayankar tufaan h magar kahu kisse pata nhi,

Agar kah bhi diya tumse ki kya dard h mere dil me... magar tum sunoge ya nhi ye pata nhi,

Agar sunn bhi liye to mere dard ko samjho ge ya nhi pata nhi,

Issliye sochti hu ki tumse
kuchh na kahu apne dil ke
tufan ko khud hi sahu,

Magar kab tak mai sah
payungi ye pata nhi,

Kya tumse milne se pehle
bachh bhi paungi ya nhi pata nhi,

Bahar baht soor h magar andar kyu khamoshi h...,

Bahar itna khubsurt mausam h magar dil me kyu tufan h...,

Bolna to baht kuchh chahta hai ye mann... magar sabd gumnaam h.



Versions of Me

Besu Selly

I am Selly Besu, a poet and a civil engineering student who pours pieces of my early years into every line I write. My life journey contains three main elements which include my hidden battles, my minor successes, and my ongoing belief that magic exists.

For the kid waiting by the window,
hopeful that every farewell could come back -
I remember you.

For the dreamer folding stars
into notebook paper,
believing in the healing power of words -
I remember you.

For the one breaking quietly,
who smiles while holding storms
that no one can see -
I remember you.



For the warrior standing up once more
with shaking hands and tired eyes,

and choosing to believe again-

I remember you.

For the artist who found a home

amidst unfinished poems,

turning tragedy into art-

I remember you.

For the me I am today,

still growing, still evolving,

still becoming-

I remember you.

Each and every me deserves

a place in my story.

Not because I was always right,

but because I refused

to fade away.

I am the child,

the dreamer,

the broken heart,

the warrior,
the poet,
the believer.

I am every single me
who loved, cried, learned, and survived.
And for the me tomorrow brings
another version of me,
I hope she can reflect on her past
with gratitude -
Because none of us were wrong.
We were all becoming.

temporal.

ANURIMA MUKHERJEE

anurima mukherjee is a 2nd year student, pursuing a degree in geography. she loves poetry which is her method of describing her innate feelings of nostalgia and anemonia.

I wake up in the morning, thinking sometimes
am I dead or am I alive?
seated by the bedstead,
agony rushing through my bones.

on a friday afternoon,
I faintly reminisce walking down a crowded street-
clasping onto my limbs
a swarm of humans rushing past in hurry.

I stare at my hands,
perfectly crisp with ink from the last evening —
but an eerie proposition strangles my gullet;
am I even breathing by my own body?

and yet, like clockwork
I enroute down my mundane life:
that causal question interjecting my flow;
I circle to the crowded street again, wondering —
is this body not mine?

a splash of water
and a cup of coffee might be the
cure;
I stare at the billowing clouds,
that envelope the sky, a sight for
eyes so sore.



I never conclude to answers,
the crisp ink dries away like my potential;
such a delirious feeling it is to live,
and feel ashamed of my own mortal soul.

the blanket reflects the morning light,
sending an electric motion through my bones;
seated by the bedstead again,
I blink at the torment of another temporal day.

Kuch guzra waqth

Syedha.isra

Aaj yuun baith kr kuch acha guzra waqth Yaad aaya,
Ek arse pehly bichad shaqs boht Yaad aaya
Jis trha Yeh gulaab khil kr murjhaya hoga,
Isse bhi toh apna woh bahaar mai Baad e saba k waqth woh Khilna
Yaad aaya hoga,
Krta hoga vaise hee khilne ki tamnna,
Jab bhi koi naya gulaab chaman mai khilta hoga,
Hoti hogi chahat vaise hee mushqbaar phehlane ki
Jaise hee koi gulabi itr ka zikr krta hoga,
Ibn Adam bhi Kamaal hai,
Waqth rehte qadr nahi aur jaate hee pachta tai boht hai,
Khushi rehte khush nahi, aur jaate hee ranj boht hai
Phr krtai hai aarizo waqth ko wapis laanai ki,
Smjhate nahi nadaan ki waqth cheez hai chale Jaane ki.



More of me.

Syedha.isra

Am I that hard to trust?
Am I like an iron rod covered with rust?
Am I that hard to believe?
That everyone chooses to leave?
Am I a door left open too wide,
Letting storms decide what stays inside?
Am I too much, or never enough,
A heart mistaken for being rough?
Or did I trust with unguarded hands,
Gave gold to those who wanted sand?
Maybe I wasn't hard to believe,
Maybe I made it easy to leave.
If staying means breaking me apart,
Then leaving was kinder to my heart.
I'm not rusted, I was worn too thin,
By loving where I shouldn't have been.
Am I a promise that sounds too true,
So they doubt me before I prove?
Do my silences speak too loud,
Make them uneasy, make them bow out?
Am I that hard to trust, even when I'm true?
When every word I say is clear to you?
I stood my ground, I didn't lie,
Still wore the blame without a why.
I didn't text, I didn't bend,
Yet doubt chose fear over my end.
So maybe truth is not enough,
When being right is taken as being tough.
Maybe I'm not hard to trust at all,
Just easy to use, and forget after the fall.



Still Untitled

Sobia Badar

Sobia Badar is a Pakistani poet writing under the name biaawrites. Her work explores longing, emotional weight, and quiet resilience.

what a shame I no longer belong to your name
it might be upsetting
but with no regrets for you and your claim
I would look for you
but that wouldn't change your game
I longed for you in the twilight
when the sunshine brought me your name
do you still feel it or did you let go clean
I looked for any possible way to reclaim



Seeking and Somewhere Someday

Sobia Badar

Sobia Badar is a Pakistani poet writing under the name biaawrites. Her work explores longing, emotional weight, and quiet resilience.

Always looking for the best
Got everything except the best
Always wonder why this world is so cruel
But I know the world has its own rule
Always seeking, seeking knowledge
When people praise me I acknowledge
Always struggle and never rest
Love every bird and its nest
Always so outgoing and kind
Things always stuck in my mind
Always the intuitive and over-thinker
Find people who still feel like a stranger
Still hoping someday I'll belong somewhere
Until then I learn to be aware

Where Every Page Becomes a Mirror

Zeba Nisar

I sought a book to quiet my restless soul;
It smiled and made my silence its first page.
I came believing I would gather stories,
Instead, they quietly measured my own age.

I asked the page, "How many worlds lie here?"
It answered, "Count the dreams you've left behind.
Each grief becomes a kingdom when embraced,
Each scar another country of the mind."

The ink was dark, yet darkness carried dawn;
What strange alchemy turns night into light?
The stars are never born from noon's bright sky,
They wait with patience for the fall of night.

A traveller found a palace in one line,
A widow heard forgotten birds take wing;
A child discovered oceans in a shell,
While autumn secretly remembered spring.

Tell me, who altered whom upon that day?
The book remained as silent as before.
Perhaps it was the reader who returned
With eyes that opened one more hidden door.

There are great libraries carved from stone and gold,
Whose names the centuries may yet proclaim;
And there are books a mother's hands compose,
Without a word, without a search for fame.

What pride has parchment if it shelters none?
What worth has wisdom locked in lonely towers?



A single gentle sentence, deeply lived,
Outlasts the grandest monuments of power.

Each page becomes a mirror to the heart;
The proud see only shadows of their face.
The broken gather scattered rays of hope,
The humble find eternity in grace.

One book may cradle countless unseen worlds,
Yet none are born from paper, ink, or art;
They wake the moment one believing soul
Allows a quiet sentence through the heart.

When all my words have drifted into dust,
And time has closed the cover of my days,
May one unknown reader pause and softly smile,
Then carry home a little borrowed blaze.

For every book is less a world enclosed
Than but a bridge where distant spirits meet;
The writer leaves one lantern in the dark,
The reader makes the journey whole and complete.

I lied in my Journal

Mishar Munir

I lied, I lied in my journal
Because the truth felt eternal
Pages turn infernal
When I lie in my journal
They told me, "You're okay." I was not!
"Then lie" said my brain when it kept burning hot
Hence I lied, in my journal
Because they liked the
edited version..
The words just a lie, in
my journal
As I held my pen and
my tears, hosting a
funeral
Of what? Something I didn't know..
Alive Or Dead.. How could I know?
Because apparently I wasn't in control of my own life
I stabbed myself with my hand gripping the knife
I traded my life with a well-written lie
And Every time I lied, a part of me died



HINDI

खुद से मिलना अभी बाकी है

Naysha Malhotra

मेरा नाम नयशा मल्होत्रा है। मैं एक नवोदित लेखिका और रचनात्मक आत्मा हूँ, जिसे शब्दों में गहराई पसंद है। मुझे कविताएं लिखना बेहद पसंद है, क्योंकि मेरा मानना है कि कविताएं हमारे अनकहे जज्बातों को आवाज़ देती हैं।

खुद से मिलना अभी बाकी है
चल पड़े हैं हम खुशियों की तलाश में,
पर इस दिल का खुद से मिलना अभी बाकी है।
गमों की सजी इस महफ़िल में,
हम अकेले ही लड़ने के लिए काफी हैं।
प्यार की चाह में किया सब कुछ
कुर्बान हमने,
दुआओं में माँगा सिर्फ खुशियों का
पैगाम हमने।
नफ़रत से हमें नफ़रत है, बस प्यार
से ही सरोकार है,
सबके लिए जीते-जीते, अब ये ज़िंदगी
लगती उपहार है,
मगर इन सबके बीच... खुद से मिलना अभी बाकी है।
दुनिया के सामने जो रखा, वो एक हंसता हुआ चेहरा है,
जिस पर सिर्फ और सिर्फ झूठी खुशियों का पहरा है।



हम खुद के ही असली अक्स को हर रोज़ छुपाते हैं,
ज़माने के सामने हम हर पल बेवजह मुस्कराते हैं,
क्योंकि इस मुस्कराहट के पीछे... खुद से मिलना अभी बाकी है।
सबके दिल जीतते-जीतते, आज हम खुद से ही हार गए,
अपनी ही हर एक खुशी, हम इस दुनिया पर वार गए।
रोज़ नए-नए चेहरों से होती है बात,
पर इस तन्हा दिल का खुद से एक ही सवाल है...
कब होगी इस ज़िन्दगी की खुद से मुलाकात?
माना कि हम दुनिया के लिए अकेले ही काफ़ी हैं,
मगर सच तो ये है कि... खुद से मिलना अभी बाकी है।

ज़िंदगी और हौसला

Naysha Malhotra

मेरा नाम नयशा मल्होत्रा है। मैं एक नवोदित लेखिका और रचनात्मक आत्मा हूँ, जिसे शब्दों में गहराई और नृत्य में लय ढूँढना पसंद है। मुझे कविताएं लिखना बेहद पसंद है, क्योंकि मेरा मानना है कि कविताएं हमारे अनकहे जज्बातों को आवाज़ देती हैं।

ज़िंदगी के बारे में सोचते-सोचते सुबह से रात हो गई,
बातों ही बातों में ना जाने कितनी बात हो गई।
वक्त गुज़रता गया और फिर नए दिन की शुरुआत हो गई,
मगर जैसे ही दिन का उजाला छाया, अंधेरे से मुलाकात हो गई।
कहते हैं कि गुज़रा हुआ वक्त कभी लौट कर नहीं आता,
और ये ज़िंदगी का सफ़र हमें पल-पल
बहुत कुछ सिखाता है।
मत डरना कभी मुश्किलों और इन बुरे
हालातों से तुम,
क्योंकि यही वो दौर है जो अपनों और
पराए में फ़र्क बताता है।



माना कि किस्मत हर किसी पर मेहरबान नहीं होती,

मगर अटूट हो विश्वास, तो तक़दीर भी सजदे में झुक जाती है।
जीत भले ही तुरंत ना मिले, पर तुम कभी हार मत मानना,
अगर हौसला पक्का हो, तो रूठी हुई किस्मत भी मुस्कुराती है।

तुम सुन रहे हो ना

सुमि जैन संयमी

तुम सुन रहे हो ना

कोई तुम्हे पुकार रहा है

कोई तुम्हारी तस्वीर को हर पल निहार रहा है

बादलो से बतिया के

समय की टिकटिकी में दिन बिता के

नदिया के किनारे बैठ के

तुम्हारी यादों से रूठ के

तुम्हारे ही खयालों की कश्ती में बैठा है

हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो ना

वो नंगे पैर गरम छत की धूप में

इस ठहरते ढलते रूप में

यौवन की कलिका

एक सुंदर बालिका



तुम्हारे नैनो में खोने को आतुर है

हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो न

वो मृगनयनी की तरह अटकी लगाए है

तुम्हारी झलक की दरश लगाए है

तुम्हारी चित्रकारी मन मे बसाये है

तुम्हारा दिया हुआ गजरा बालो में सजाएं है

हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो न

वो अपने होठों पे तुम्हारे नाम के स्वर लगाए बैठी है

मात्र तुम्हे निहारने के लिए अपने नैनो में काजल लगाए बैठी है

हे प्रिये तुम सुन रहे हो ना

तुम नारी हो।

Priyanjali Kumari

Priyanjali Kumari is a student from Bihar with a deep love for literature and creative expression. Tum Nari Ho is her debut poem, inspired by the strength, resilience, and spirit of women.

तुम नारी हो।

हाँ, तुम नारी हो, पर किसी नर से कम नहीं।

तुम स्त्री हो, पर किसी पुरुष से कमजोर नहीं।

तुम्हारे अंदर इतनी शक्ति है जिससे तुम,

संसार का सृजन और

राक्षसों का संहार

दोनों कर सकती हो।



तो उठो, और अपनी नारी शक्ति को पहचानो।

तुम अबला नहीं, अंगारा बनो,

सिर्फ जननी नहीं, ज्वाला बनो।

तुम हाथों में कंगन तो पहनो,

पर उनमें विजय मशाल उठाने की ताकत भी रखो।

तुम पैरों में पायल तो बाँधो,

पर समाज के बंदिशों को तोड़ने का साहस भी रखो।

तुम कानों में बाली तो डालो,

पर हौसले में बलशाली बनो।

तुम माथे पर बिंदी तो लगाओ,

पर जरूरत पड़ने पर मिट्टी को माथे का तिलक बनाओ।

तुम आँखों में काजल तो लगाओ,

पर पहचान सिर्फ उससे मत बनाओ।

तुम श्रृंगार तो करो,

पर पापियों के संहार से मत डरो।

क्योंकि तुम नारी हो, पर किसी नर से कम नहीं,

तुम स्त्री हो, पर किसी पुरुष से कमजोर नहीं।

खामोशी का पोस्टमार्टम

Roshani Jaiswal

रोशनी जायसवाल समकालीन हिंदी लेखिका, कवयित्री एवं कथाकार हैं। उनकी एकल पुस्तक "बचपन के रिश्ते, ज़िंदगी के फैसले" प्रकाशित हो चुकी है। इसके अतिरिक्त वे अनेक राष्ट्रीय एवं अंतरराष्ट्रीय साझा काव्य-संकलनों में सह-लेखक (Co-author) के रूप में चयनित एवं प्रकाशित हो चुकी हैं तथा उनके नाम पर कई Selection Certificates प्राप्त हैं। एक और साहित्यिक सम्मान/प्रमाणपत्र शीघ्र प्राप्त होने वाला है।

खामोशी का पोस्टमार्टम

"मृतका का नाम - खामोशी"

केस नंबर: 0001

मृतका: खामोशी

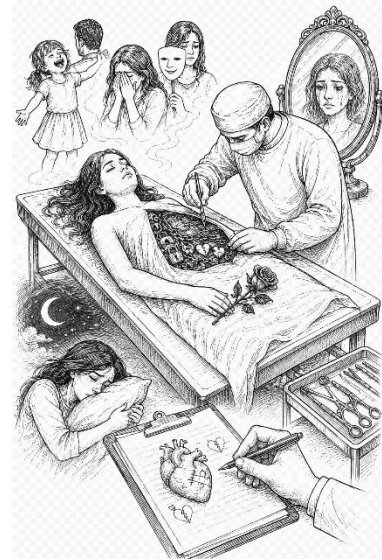
मौत का समय: कोई निश्चित नहीं।

मौत का कारण: बरसों तक अनसुना किया जाना।

पोस्टमार्टम शुरू होने से पहले डॉक्टर ने पूछा—

"क्या कोई परिजन आया है पहचान करने?"

भीड़ में सन्नाटा था।



तभी... आँखें आगे बढ़ीं और बोलीं—

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

पहला चीरा लगाया गया...

शरीर से खून नहीं निकला।

निकले कुछ अधूरे वाक्य—

"कोई बात नहीं..."

"मैं ठीक हूँ..."

"जैसा तुम्हें सही लगे..."

"मुझे फ़र्क नहीं पड़ता..."

डॉक्टर चौंक गया।

उसने कहा—

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

साक्ष्य क्रमांक - 1

बरामद सामान

बचपन की एक टूटी हुई हँसी।

पिता के कंधे पर सिर रखकर रोने की अधूरी इच्छा।

माँ से छिपाए गए अनगिनत आँसू।

दोस्तों के बीच ज़बरदस्ती की गई मुस्कान।

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

साक्ष्य क्रमांक - 2

दिल की जाँच

दिल पर कोई गोली का निशान नहीं था।

न चाकू के घाव थे।

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

हर निशान के नीचे लिखा था—

"इस बार भी तुम ही समझ जाना..."

"इस बार भी तुम ही झुक जाना..."

"इस बार भी तुम ही माफ़ कर देना..."

डॉक्टर ने धीरे से दस्ताने उतारे और कहा—

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

गवाह नंबर - 1 : बचपन

बचपन अदालत में आया।

उसके कपड़ों पर अब भी मिट्टी लगी थी।

उसने कहा—

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

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

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

गवाह नंबर - 2 : आईना

आईना बोला—

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

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

गवाह नंबर - 3 : रात

रात ने बयान दिया—

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

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

अंतिम रिपोर्ट

डॉक्टर ने फ़ाइल बंद करते हुए लिखा—

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

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

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

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

...

जब सब लोग रिपोर्ट पर हस्ताक्षर करके लौट गए,

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

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

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

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

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

"गंगा बन जिए हम":

Ashtami Dwivedi

भागीरथी-सी चंचल मैं,
अलकनंदा-से गहरे तुम प्रिये,
प्रेम मेरा निश्चल है,
साथ तुम्हारा अटल प्रिये।
गंगा बन जिए हम साथ सदा,
आस यही है सदा प्रिये,
रख लूँ सिर गोद में तेरा,
सहला दूँ सब दुख में प्रिये।
रुक कर कुछ कहना मुझसे तुम,
मौन को मेरे पढ़ना तुम प्रिये,
दुनिया की इस भीड़-भाड़ में,
हाथ मेरा बस थामना तुम प्रिये।
कल-कल करती यादें अपनी,
सातों जनम तक गूँजें प्रिये,



सच्चे मन की ये पावन धारा,

सिर्फ तुम्हारे चरणों में उमड़े प्रिये।

जन्नत-ए-जम्मू

Rajneesh Chaturvedi

बर्फ की चादर ओढ़े पर्वत मुस्कराते हैं,
चिनार की छाँव में सपने गुनगुनाते हैं।
झोलम की लहरों में सुकून का पैगाम है,
जम्मू की धरती सच में खुदा का इनाम है।
हर सुबह सुनहरी, हर शाम रंगीन,
वादियों की खुशबू करती मन को हसीन।
मंदिरों की घंटियाँ, दरगाहों की दुआ,
यही तो है जम्मू की संस्कृति
की अदा।

जम्मू की बेटियाँ शालीनता की
पहचान हैं,
मुस्कान में अपनापन, आँखों में
सम्मान है।



सुंदरता सिर्फ चेहरे की नहीं, उनके व्यवहार में है,
संस्कार, सादगी और प्रेम उनके विचार में है।

डोगरी गीतों की मिठास, लोकनृत्य की शान,
मेहमान-नवाज़ी से बढ़ता हर मेहमान का मान।
रंग-बिरंगे त्योहार, दिलों का मेल,
यही संस्कृति बनाती जम्मू को सबसे खास खेल।
ऐ वादियों की रानी, ऐ संस्कृति की शान,
तेरी मिट्टी का हर कण है भारत की पहचान।
जो एक बार तुझे दिल से देख ले,
वो उम्रभर तेरी यादों का मेहमान बन जाए। ❤️

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके ❀ ✨

Harshita Murarka

I am a young poet whose work explores the delicate intersections of love, loss, memory, and longing. Drawn to the emotions that often go unspoken, I use poetry as a means of preserving fleeting moments and giving shape to feelings that resist ordinary language.

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं तुम्हारे प्रेम में राधा बन जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं रुक्मिणी-सा तुम्हारा घर बन जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं मीरा-सा तुम्हें अपना सब समझ जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं यमुना किनारे ठहरी हुई एक प्रार्थना बन जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं तुम्हारी बाँसुरी के सुरों में खो जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं हर जन्म तुम्हारा इंतज़ार बन जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं तुम्हारे नाम का सबसे सुंदर उच्चार बन जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण बनके,

मैं तुम्हारी हर खामोशी
का अर्थ बन जाऊँगी।

तुम आना श्रीकृष्ण
बनके,

और अगर इस जन्म
मिलना हमारी किस्मत
में न हुआ,

तो अगले हर जन्म में भी

मैं तुम्हें ही अपना कृष्ण कह जाऊँगी।



A poem - khushiyan

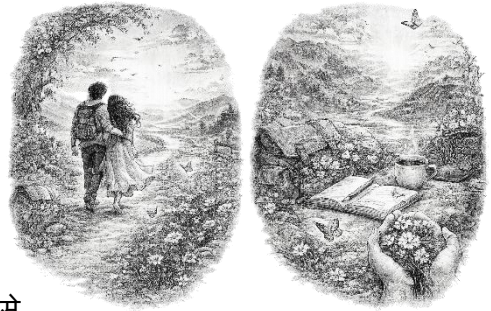
Sharmistha

तुम कहाँ मंज़िलों में अपनी खुशियाँ ढूँढते हो, खुशियाँ तो रास्ते में बिखरे हुए उन फूलों की तरह होती हैं।

जिन्हें जल्दबाजी में लोग अक्सर कुचलकर निकल जाते हैं, और फिर सरी उम्र भर खुशियों का पता पूछते रह जाते हैं

कभी किसी बच्चे की बेवजह हँसी में मिल जाती हैं, कभी माँ की दुआओं में चुपके से खिल जाती हैं।

कभी डूबते सूरज के रंगों में सिमट जाती हैं, कभी चाँदनी बनकर खामोश रातों में उतर आती हैं।



मगर इंसान बड़ा अजीब मुसाफ़िर है, उसे जो पास हो, उसकी क़दर कहाँ होती है।

वो दूर चमकते सितारों के पीछे भागता है,
और हथेली पर रखी रोशनी खो देता है।

वो सोचता है कि एक दिन सब कुछ पा लेगा, फिर चैन से बैठेगा,
फिर मुस्करा लेगा।

मगर सच तो यह है कि ज़िंदगी इंतज़ार नहीं करती, वो हर पल
चुपचाप गुज़र जाती है।

मंज़िल मिल भी जाए तो क्या हासिल होगा, अगर सफ़र का हर
खूबसूरत लम्हा गँवा दिया होगा।

क्या फ़ायदा उस जीत का, जिसकी तलाश में तुमने जीना ही भुला
दिया होगा।

याद रखना, पहाड़ की चोटी पर पहुँचकर जो सुकून मिलता है, वो
कुछ पलों का मेहमान होता है।

मगर उस चोटी तक पहुँचने में जो ठोकरें, जो नज़ारे,

जो लोग और जो कहानियाँ मिलती हैं,

वही उम्र भर का सामान होता है।

खुशी किसी मंज़िल का इनाम नहीं होती, खुशी तो चलने का अंदाज़ होती है।

वो किसी ख़्वाब के पूरे होने में नहीं, बल्कि हर रोज़ एक नया ख़्वाब देखने में होती है।

इसलिए जब भी ज़िंदगी तुमसे पूछे कि क्या पाया तुमने इस सफ़र में, तो मंज़िलों का हिसाब मत देना...

कहना कि, मैंने राहों में बिखरे फूल समेटे हैं

, कुछ हँसी के,

कुछ आँसुओं के

, कुछ अधूरे उसूलों के।

मैंने हर मोड़ से एक कहानी चुराई है

, और यूँ ही नहीं, मैंने ज़िंदगी जीकर दिखाई है।

तू मेरा कब होगा?

Aarush Vashisht

Aarush Vashisht is an emerging poet from Rohtak making their debut submission with this piece. Their writing focuses closely on love that is not complete, aiming to capture complex human emotions through minimalist language.

रोज़ सोचता हूँ, आज तेरा दीदार होगा,
मेरी ज़िंदगी में तेरे नाम का कोई किरदार होगा।
तेरे दिल में मेरा इस्तक़बाल होगा,
पर क्या ये होगा... और अगर होगा, तो कब होगा?
क्या मेरे मरने पर एक पल तुझे मलाल होगा?
क्या कभी तुझे भी मुझसे ये बेशुमार इश्क़ होगा?



तू खिलती रहे!

Aarush Vashisht

Aarush Vashisht is an emerging poet from Rohtak making their debut submission with this piece. Their writing focuses closely on love , aiming to capture complex human emotions through minimalist language.

आज बता ही देता हूँ, आखिर देखा किसने कल है।
तेरी याद में गुज़ारा हमने अपना हर एक पल है,
और ये जो तू अपनी ज़िंदगी में हँसती है, खिलती है,
ये तेरी किस्मत नहीं, मेरी दुआओं का फल है।



लोग कहते हैं , मैं बदल गई हूँ

Anshika Kumari

मैं वो शख्स थी,
जो हमेशा हँसती थी,
किसी से कोई शिकायत नहीं करती थी।
बस चुप-चाप सुनती थी,
और मुस्कुरा देती थी।

वक्त के साथ—
लोगों ने इतने ताने दिए,
कि मेरे आँसू भी सूख गए।
दर्द को छुपाना ही,
मेरी आदत बन गया।
वक्त बीतता गया—
और लोगों का रवैया भी बदलता गया।

अब वो पूछते हैं,



"तुम कितनी बदल गई हो?"

काश, उन्हें ये भी समझ आता,

कि लोग यूँ ही नहीं बदलते,

कुछ ज़ख्म इंसान को खामोश कर देते हैं

मैं बदली ज़रूर हूँ,

मगर इस बार खुद को खोकर नहीं,

खुद को पाकर।

Father

Rachit Jain

My name is Rachit Jain and I am a small shayar with lots of creative skills and talent which I am not able to share with anyone due to fear.

गौर से सुनना कुछ खाश बताता हु
बचपन से लेके अभी तक की बात बताता हु
बचपन में पापा के साथ घूमने जाता था
बापस आते में कुछ साथ लाता था
कुछ सामान कुछ यादें अभी तक याद रही हैं
उस समय के कुछ लम्हें अभी तक याद रही हैं
बीत गया वो समय जब पापा के पीछे बैठा करता था गाड़ी पे
अब वही गाड़ी खुद चलाने लगा हु
अब में बड़ा हो गया हु वो पुरानी बातें खुद बताने लगा हु
अब एहसास होता है उम्र के साथ काम भी बढ़ता है
पर कितना भी बड़ा हो जाओ पापा का काम भी पड़ता है
और तुम कितना भी नाम क्यों न कमा लो
फिर भी मुस्कुराना तभी आता है जब कोई तुम्हारे नाम के साथ
पापा का नाम भी पड़ता है ।।।



Mother

Rachit Jain

My name is Rachit Jain and I am a small shayar with lots of creative skills and talent which I am not able to share with anyone due to fear.

मेरी बेरंग दुनिया में तूने प्यार का रंग भरा
तुम्हे इतना तंग किया फिर भी तूने बेपरवाह प्यार करा
ममता क्या होती है ये तूने तेरे दिल से कहा
बीमार में रहा और दर्द तूने सहा
बुखार मुझे था गरम तू होती
बाहर से सख्त अंदर से नरम तू होती
दुख मेरी सारे तूने अपने सर ले लिए
सारे सुख तेरे तूने मुझे दे दिए
खुद भूखी रहके रोटी मुझे खिलाई
जो कुछ मैंने मांगा वो चीज तूने दिलाई
दुनिया में अगर भगवान का दूसरा रूप है कोई
तो वो तू है मां
तेरे कदमों में रख दूंगा मैं सारा जहान।।।



उड़ान

Radhika chaudhary

Radhika chaudhary is a young 11th class student and passionate poet from Uttar prades . She loves expressing emotion through poetry and believe words can inspire hope and positivity.

गिरकर भी जो फिर उठ जाए,
वही असली इंसान कहलाए।
आँधियों से जो लड़ना जाने,
वही मंज़िल को अपना बनाए।

रास्ते चाहे कठिन बहुत हों,
हिम्मत कभी न हारना तुम।
हर अँधेरी रात के बाद,
नया सवेरा पाना तुम।



सपनों की कीमत होती है,
मेहनत से उन्हें सजाना पड़ता है।
जो खुद पर विश्वास रखे,
उसे आसमान भी झुकना पड़ता है।

चलते रहो बिना रुके,
हर कदम नई पहचान बने।
तुम्हारी मेहनत, तुम्हारा विश्वास,
एक दिन तुम्हारी उड़ान बने।

तेरा खयाल।

Shreeja Sah

I'm Shreeja, a writer who believes that every emotion deserves a voice. Through my poetry, I hope to turn ordinary feelings into words that stay with you long after you've finished reading.

कभी जो मेरे मन में यह खयाल आता है,

सोचती हूँ...

तुम्हारे जाने के बाद,

यह ज़िंदगी कैसी होगी।

शायद,

धूप तो होगी,

मगर उसमें वो गर्माहट नहीं होगी।

बारिश तो होगी,

मगर उसमें वो महक नहीं होगी।

मेरे माथे की बिंदी,

केवल एक आभूषण बनकर रह जाएगी,

आँखों में सजा काजल,

सिर्फ एक श्रृंगार तक सिमट जाएगा,



उसमें लिखी वो कहानी नहीं दिखेगी।
मेरे कानों के झुमकों में,
वो चटपटी तारीफ़ नहीं होगी,
मेरे चेहरे का तिल,
किसी चाँद के दाग़ सा नहीं लगेगा,
मेरा ओढ़ा हुआ लाल दुपट्टा,
किसी सफेदी से कम नहीं होगा,
मेरी रची मेहँदी में,
शायद वो प्यार नहीं होगा,
जो तुम नहीं होगे,
तो शायद मुझमें मेरा कुछ भी नहीं होगा।
जो तुम नहीं होगे,
तो कुछ भी नहीं रहेगा...

“करिश्मा”

Latasha(Lekhika_lp)

आने पे तेरे घर पे मैंने अपना करिश्मा देखा है
जो था न कल तक आंगन में मेरे—
तेरे आने पे पौधे में मैंने फ़रिश्ता देखा है।

तू देख ना सके मेरी तरफ़ से चीज़ों को, तो क्या हुआ—
जाना,
देखने को मिलेगा तुझे भी
जो करिश्मा मेरे आंगन में तुझे देखना है।

माना वक़्त नहीं मिलता साथ ज़्यादा बिताने को संग तेरे मेरे पास,
दूर से देख तो शायद एहसास हो तुझे भी—
पास में तुझे रखने को आने वाले कल में
मैंने क़िला देखा है,
इस दुनिया में जिसने मेरे
आशियाने को संभाल रखा है।

चेहरे पे मुस्कान रख संग सबर
के—

शक़ नहीं, यक़ीन मानो मेरा, मेरी जान।
सबने चुपके से दिल में तेरे लिए एक कमरा छोड़ रखा है—
तू जाया न कर उनके बोली पे बस।



बोलने को तो लोग क्या क्या मुझे भी बोल रखा है—

खैर,

सही में जो देखना चाहता था कबसे,

सही में वही करिश्मा मैंने तुझसे देखा है।

और दे सकूँ मैं तुझे तेरे मन का जो बोले तू या हाथ रखे जिसपे—

वो तुझे दे सकूँ मैं नि-सकोच

ऐसा काबिल-ए-करिश्मा मुझे अब

मुझमें देखना है

चक्रव्यूह की गांठ में फंसा,
खेल ऐसा, जो खेला जा रहा हर जगह।
कुछ भी स्थिर नहीं है यहाँ पे,
बिन पूरा किए, कैसे बढ़ें आगे?

चाल अपनी धुरी पर चले,
एक सीध के सिवा इसको कुछ न दिखे।
जब तक बारी न आए, खेल को समझे,
नियम तोड़ने पर यहाँ सज़ा मिले।

खेल जीतने पर पुरस्कार मिले,
जो चाहो, वह सब कुछ मिले।
पर खेल खत्म होने पर भी चक्रव्यूह से न निकले,
सब कुछ पाने पर भी मन को शांति न मिले।



भाग कर जाओगे कहाँ,
परछाई से अपनी छुपोगे कहाँ।
देर-सवेर को वो आएगा,
तुम्हें अपने संग ले जाएगा।

शागिर्द अपना बनाकर,
चप्पा-चप्पा घुमाए।
गले में जंजीर काम की,
बेवकूफ तुम्हें बनाए।

पासे तुमसे फिकवाएगा,
खेल खेलना तो पड़ेगा।
जीत-हार की धुन में अंधा कर,
नौकर अपना बनाएगा।

DELHIII AANAAA JARURRR

Anuja priya

शुरुआत कहाँ से करूँ, समझ आ नहीं रहा है, पर कहने, बताने और लिखने को बहुत कुछ है।

तो धन्यवाद! उन सभी को, जो आज तक और अभी तक मेरे लाइफ़ में अलग-अलग भूमिका के साथ आए।

हालाँकि, कुछ के साथ मैं पहुँची नहीं, उन्हें मेरे साथ नहीं पहुँचे।

तो शुक्रिया उन सभी किरदारों को, जो आए और बहती नदी की तरह चले भी गए।

और शुक्रिया मेरे ईश्वर (शिव जी) को, जिनसे मैंने उन्हें माना है, विश्वास किया है और आगे उनके उम्मीद के सहारे अपने जीवन को आसान व peaceful बनाने का हिम्मत रखता हूँ।



और शुक्रिया मेरे parents को, जो इस दुनिया में लाते हुए, सभी किरदारों से मिलाकर बहुत कुछ सिखाया।

तो शुक्रिया, कर्ज़दार और एहसान से आगे बढ़ते हुए लिखती हूँ कि...

दिनांक 13 अक्टूबर

ठीक सर्दी और गर्मी के बीच का मौसम।

रात का समय है और अचानक से किताब (सेपरेट राइट प्लेट) पढ़ते हुए मेरे दिमाग में खयाल आया कि दिल्ली आना ज़रूर...

एक बार के लिए सोचा, आखिर दिमाग में यह शीर्षक बना क्यों?

फिर सोचते-सोचते, बिना समय लिए, मेरी दो दिन पहले की खरीदी हुई डायरी को उठाया और **Permanent Marker** से शीर्षक बनाया —

बचपन से सभी, तभी एक **औसत-सी लड़की**, जो कभी सपने में, शादी से पहले इतने बड़े अनजान शहर में जाने की तो बिल्कुल सोच नहीं सकती है।

सोचे भी कैसे?

घर से स्कूल, स्कूल से घर।

पर हाँ, कहीं-न-कहीं मेरे पापा को यह खयाल आया होगा कि पढ़ने हैं किसी अच्छे से स्कूल में।

फिर गाँव के स्कूल से निकलकर, **20 KM** की दूरी पर एक नामी स्कूल में दाखिला लेते हुए, अपनी बहनों के साथ निकली।

पापा ने कहीं-न-कहीं हमारे पैसों को वहीं से जोड़ना शुरू किया, भले ही तब भी स्कूल से घर और घर से स्कूल का ही सफ़र तय करना था।

पर शायद मुझे करीब 6 साल तक उस **School Bus** के सहारे अपने आप को जिस स्वतंत्रता के साथ जिया था, वह मेरे लिए काफ़ी था।

फिर धीरे-धीरे बड़ी होती रही और सफ़र में स्वतंत्रता मिलती गई।

हालाँकि, इसे स्वतंत्रता का नाम देना गलत होगा, पर क्या करें, आप लोग ही बताइए?

क्यों न इसे स्वतंत्रता का नाम दें, जिस समय घर से बाहर निकलना भी लड़कियों के लिए **allow** नहीं था। उस समय हम मोहल्ले की पहली चार बहनें थीं, जो घर से दूर **बस** से जाया करती थीं।

फिर इस तरह आगे बढ़ते हुए, बिना **बस** के सहारे **ट्यूशन** के लिए जाने लगी। हालाँकि जगह वही थी, **20 KM** की दूरी पर ठहरा **बक्सर**।

बक्सर हमारे समय का एक सपनों का शहर था, जहाँ बचपन की पढ़ाई पूरी की गई।

बड़े होकर फिर वहीं, बचपन से गुज़रे वाले शहर में आते-जाते, अपनी माध्यमिक शिक्षा पूरी की और **12th Pass** की।

अब स्वतंत्रता तो बढ़ती जाएगी, अगर उसे उसके बाद भी घर पर रखा जाएगा। क्योंकि घर से दूर पढ़ाई करना ही स्वतंत्रता समझने वाली लड़कियाँ खुद को समझाएँगी।

कोरोना काल ने वह थोड़े साल तक उसकी स्वतंत्रता को रोक लिया, जहाँ सब कोरोना में घर में रहना खुद को सुरक्षित मानते थे।

उस समय उसे लगा कि ठीक है, स्वतंत्रता को एक तरफ़ रखकर पहले Safety को रखना है।

समय बीता और धीरे-धीरे कोरोना काल जैसे भयावह दिन भी चले गए।

इसी बीच राजस्थान, जो हमारे घर से लगभग **1 किलोमीटर** दूर है, वहाँ एक कॉलेज में दाखिला हुआ।

राजस्थान के प्रसिद्ध **Women's University, Banasthali** में दो साल ऐसे गुज़रे, जैसे एक सख्ती-मिश्री और बहुत कुछ सीखती हुई एक लड़की निकलती है।

उन दो सालों में उस जगह ने एक घर से दूर स्वतंत्रता जीने वाली लड़की की, कहीं न कहीं घर में कैद समझने वाली लड़की से रक्षा करवाई।

यह इस तरह कि अगर खुद को स्वतंत्र समझते हो, तो न घर से बाहर जाने की ज़रूरत है, न बाहर में कैद समझने की ज़रूरत है।

वहाँ से एक **Adult** लड़की तैयार होकर निकलती है, जिसकी उम्र करीब-करीब **25 साल** की होने ही जा रही थी, या शायद **25 साल** की हो ही गई होगी।

एक **25 साल** की लड़की का हमारे परिवार में शादी का समय हो जाता है। क्योंकि बचपन से यही देखा है। मुझसे बड़ी मेरी तीनों बहनों की शादी **25 साल** से पहले ही हो चुकी थी, हालाँकि **Graduation** तीनों ने किया था, पर घर में बैठकर।

कॉलेज की पढ़ाई पूरी होने पर मेरी भी यह गिनती होने लगी थी कि अब शादी हो ही जाएगी। फिर अचानक से हुआ...

हुआ यह कि मैंने **B.Sc. Nursing** कर रखा था। जैसे ही हमारे कॉलेज के **Exam** समाप्त हुए, वैसे ही **Hospital** की तरफ से हमारे कॉलेज में **Internship** के लिए **Offer** आया, जिसकी **List** में मेरा नाम भी था।

List में जो नाम आया था, वह **Max Hospital, Delhi** के लिए था।

मैं बहुत खुश हुई कि मेरा **Selection** तो हो गया, पर कहीं न कहीं इस बात से **Confirm** भी नहीं थी कि मम्मी-पापा मुझे जाने देंगे। क्योंकि पहले ही बात हो चुकी थी कि कॉलेज से निकलते ही कहीं **Hospital** में एक साल के लिए **Internship** करूँगी, फिर उसके बाद शादी के लिए सोचेंगे।

और इस तरह **Bag Pack** करते हुए, **Delhi** जैसे सपनों वाले शहर में प्रवेश करती हूँ।

WELCOME TO DELHI, ANUJA...

भाई! खुद ही सोचो, **19 साल** की लड़की, जिसने बचपन से यही सुनती आई थी कि **Delhi** एक **Crime Place** है, लड़कियों के लिए बिल्कुल **Safe** नहीं है। और हमारे तरफ लड़कियों को **Delhi** जैसी **Unsafe** जगह पर भेजना मतलब लड़की हाथ से निकल गई।

मुझे याद है, **24 September 2024** की वह पहली सुबह, जो **Delhi** में हुई। और किस तरह पापा मुझे छोड़ने आए थे, घर से दूर **Delhi** जैसे शहर में।

तो अब भी अनेक बातें करने मिलती हैं कि ठहर जाओ, अच्छा लगेगा। यहाँ हम तुम्हारे साथ हैं। समझ सकते हैं कि तुम्हें कैसा लग रहा होगा।

उस उम्र के उस पड़ाव पर समझ सकती हूँ कि मुझे कौन-सी जगह चाहिए, कैसा काम चाहिए।

यह स्वतंत्रता दे रही है कि दौड़ वापस जाना जाकर मैंने क्या पाया?

इंसानों ने नहीं माना कि तुमसे प्रेम कर रहा हूँ, न ही यह कि तुम अच्छे नहीं हो। बस ऐसा लगा कि सफर खत्म हो गया।

बस मैं इसलिए इस शहर से जा रही हूँ कि एक 26 साल की लड़की, एक अनजान-सी दिल्ली जैसे शहर में अपना दिन ठहर गई, तो शायद घरवालों के लिए हाथ से निकल जाएगी।

इस लड़की की स्वतंत्रता फिक्स थी, लक्ष्य था, प्लान था और एक टाइम लिमिट भी थी—वह "एक साल" के लिए ही थी।

वास्तव में सफर यहीं नहीं लगा। Reason मेरा डर था दिल्ली को।

मैंने फिर कहा, मेरा जाना यहाँ से तय है। मेरी स्वतंत्रता की इच्छा शायद उस उम्र तक ही थी, पर खुशी इस बात की है कि अंत दिल्ली से हुए सपनों की शुरुआत हुई।

न दिल्ली मुझे छोड़ना चाहती थी और न मैं दिल्ली को।

दिल्ली ने बताया कि बाहर से आई एक स्वतंत्रता से बंधी लड़की को मुझे अपना है और देखना चाहती है

उसे स्वयं की स्वतंत्रता से आज़ाद होते हुए।

एक किताब हजारों दुनिया

Sangeeta shivam Patel

माँ कहती है बेटी पढ़ाई कर लो

मैं किताब खोलती हूँ

और निकल जाती हूँ

एक नई दुनिया में

पहले पन्ने पर मैं गाँव की लड़की हूँ

नंगे पैर खेतों में दौड़ती हूँ

मिट्टी की खुशबू चिड़ियों का गाना

दादी की कहानियाँ और गुड़ की मिठास

दूसरे पन्ने पर मैं शहर की छात्रा हूँ

बड़े-बड़े सपने और छोटा सा कमरा

रात 2 बजे तक लैंप की रोशनी



और डायरी में लिखा

एक दिन नाम होगा मेरा

तीसरे पन्ने पर मैं सैनिक बन जाती हूँ

वर्दी पहनकर सरहद पर खड़ी

कंधे पर बंदूक नहीं हिम्मत का बोझ

और दिल में 140 करोड़ की दुआएँ

चौथे पन्ने पर मैं वैज्ञानिक हूँ

टेस्टट्यूब में चाँद ढूँढ रही

लोग कहते हैं लड़कियाँ ये नहीं करतीं

मैं हँसकर कहती हूँ इतिहास बदल दूँगी

पाँचवें पन्ने पर मैं माँ हूँ

छोटे हाथ थामे लोरी गुनगुनाती

थकान में भी मुस्कान

और आँसू में भी ताकत

छठे पन्ने पर मैं लेखिका हूँ

कलम से जख्म भी भरती हूँ

और कलम से तूफान भी लाती हूँ

मेरे शब्द लड़कियों की आवाज़ बन जाते हैं

सातवें पन्ने पर मैं टूटी हूँ

रिश्तों में उम्मीदों में खुद से

पर अगले ही पन्ने पर फिर उठ खड़ी होती हूँ

क्योंकि लड़कियों की किताब में

हार वाला चैप्टर बहुत छोटा होता है।

लोग पूछते हैं

एक किताब में क्या रखा है

मैं कहती हूँ पूरी ज़िंदगी

एक किताब में मैं 100 बार मरती हूँ

और 1000 बार जी उठती हूँ

एक किताब में मैं कमजोर भी हूँ

और सबसे मजबूत भी

क्योंकि लड़की होना मतलब

एक शरीर में हजार किरदार निभाना

और एक किताब

उन सब किरदारों की चाबी है

इसलिए माँ किताब मत बंद करवाओ

अभी तो मैंने 8वीं दुनिया देखनी है

जहाँ मैं सिर्फ मैं हूँ

ना बेटा ना बहन ना पत्नी

बस आज़ाद

एक किताब हज़ारों दुनिया

और हर दुनिया में एक लड़की

जो हर बार नए सिरे से खुद को चुनती है

OTHER

હું અને તું, આપણા સ્વરૂપે મળશું! ♥

Aahuti sevaani

તું ધરતી થા ,હું આકાશ થઇશ

આપણે ક્ષિતિજ સ્વરૂપે મળશું

તું નીર થા,હું નમક થઇશ

આપણે દરીયા સ્વરૂપે મળશું

તું રાત થા, હું દિવસ થઇશ

આપણે સંધ્યા સ્વરૂપે મળશું

તું ઘર થા, હું આંગણું થઇશ

આપણે ઉંબરા સ્વરૂપે મળશું

તું કપાસ થા, હું દિવેલ થઇશ

આપણે દિવડા સ્વરૂપે મળશું



તું કર્ણ થા, હું સથવારો થઇશ

આપણે ભેરૂ સ્વરૂપે મળશું

તું મહેમાન થા, માન હું આપીશ

આપણે સત્કાર સ્વરૂપે મળશું

અંતે હું શબ્દ ને,તું મારો સાદ થાજે ,

આપણે કવિતા સ્વરૂપે મળશું

હું અને તું આપણે સ્વરૂપે મળશું ✨

رات خاموش تھی اور دل بوجھل تھا،
ہر طرف لوگ تھے مگر کوئی میرا نہ تھا۔

میں نے خود کو بہت سمجھایا،
مگر درد نے پھر بھی رُلا دیا۔

جو لڑکی کبھی بہت بولتی تھی،
آج خاموشی اوڑھ کر بیٹھتی تھی۔

نہ شکایت رہی، نہ کوئی صدا،
بس لبوں پر رہ گئی ایک دعا۔

میں نے سر جھکایا اور دل سے کہا،
”یا اللہ... تو ہی میرا سہارا۔“

تاریکی میں خود کو تنہا پایا،
چھوڑ دیا گیا، کوئی سمجھ نہ پایا۔

نہ کسی نے یقین کیا، نہ کسی نے ساتھ دیا،
میں نے رو کر اپنے آنسو خود ہی پیا۔

مگر آخر میں یاد آیا۔ میرا اللہ ہے،
وہی میرا سہارا، وہی میرا راستہ ہے۔

