

Table of Content

1. Be Strong.....	8
Saraswati Jha	8
2. Who is reading you?.....	12
Mariya Fatima.....	12
3. IF I could capture time.	14
Maithili Pravin Tagalpallewar.....	14
4. THE GIRL IN THE DARK.....	15
Maithili Pravin Tagalpallewar.....	15
5. What Are We?	17
Ayushi kumari.....	17
6. Architects of magic	19
Pratiksha khobare	19
7. The Quest of Nine Shadows	20
Yasa rai	20
8. The boy he was.....	24
Meghana	24
9. My Book.....	27
K Ravi.....	27
10. Waiting for the same rain	28
Akhila kommu	28
11. A TEENAGE REFUGE	33
Vrinda Sethi	33
12. From mustards to concrete	36

Emaan Latif	36
13. My teenage years.....	43
Chetna koushal	43
14. One Book, Many Worlds	47
Bhakti Gangwal	47
15. You had to be there.....	50
Dipanshu.....	50
16. Baatein.....	51
Dipanshu.....	51
17. To The Faded Firefly	53
Lakshmi Nair	53
18. PLAYGROUND.....	55
Dheeman Ghosh	55
19. LOVE YOURSELF, BOY.....	56
Dheeman Ghosh	56
20. The Butterfly Will Never Fly	58
Shlok Pandey	58
21. The Conversations We Have	60
Shlok Pandey	60
22. Itni Nafrat kyun?	62
Dr.Mehak	62
23. Fantasy of love	63
Dr.Mehak	63
24. A Little Too Long	64

Madhumitha.....	64
25. "Fade Out"	67
Rajiv Vishwakarma.....	67
26. WHEN THE LAST HOPE IS LOST.....	68
Madhumitha.....	68
27. COLOURFUL LIFE.....	71
SIVASANKARI YUVARAJ.....	71
28. "I wished to be held tightly"	73
Maryam Khalid.....	73
29. Did we not deserve to love.. or live?	76
Afshan Noorain Fathima.....	76
30. When We Go Home.....	78
AASTHA ANAND	78
31. The Seabed Between Two Futures	82
Himakhshi Tungkhungia.....	82
32. The Clock That Forgot to Move	92
Himakhshi Tungkhungia.....	92
33. Sarkaar.....	96
Kumari Geetika.....	96
34. Realization.....	97
Amna Islam	97
35. Friendship.....	99
Rashmiprava Ranasingh	99
36. Light & Shadows.....	104

Nimisha Rastogi	104
37. Ghost at My Own Funeral	106
Bidisha	106
38. My Serendipity	108
DIVYASHREE SIVAKUMAR.....	108
39. I aspire to be...	111
Arshpreet kaur	111
40. The Child That Was Once Me	112
Hareem Faisal	112
41. Silent Lockers	114
Sarthak Moga.....	114
42. The Mirror On The Glass Door	115
Aananya Trehan	115
43. The Fire That Lost Its Spark	118
Sakshi	118
44. Why worry?	120
Shruti Patel	120
45. Hallucinations	121
Sakshi	121
46. Prisoner of Past	123
Sakshi	123
47. When Two Broken Hearts Met	124
Leela R.....	124
48. Waiting for the same rain.	126

Akhila kommu	126
49. A Mother's Heart Never Forgets.....	131
Lakshya Chandani	131
50. नई मोहब्बत.....	134
Aleraf.....	134
51. "पापा जैसा निश्छल प्यार".....	135
Sweety Mittal.....	135
52. जब तक है जान	137
सरस्वती पिल्लई.....	137
53. 9 से 9 की डायरी.....	140
सरस्वती पिल्लई.....	140
54. एक दिन का देश प्रेम.....	144
Abhijeet Sharma	144
55. अधूरा प्यार.....	146
Lipsamayee Mishra.....	146
56. अनकही वो कुछ यूँ रही.....	148
Aarshida Khan	148
57. ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानायची.....	151
Sahil sunil Choudhari	151
58. मैं एक स्त्री हूँ.....	154

Jaspreet Kaur	154
59. मेरी नज़र से खुद को देखो.....	160
Kopal	160
60. तिरंगा महान	162
Foram Almoula.....	162
61. इंतज़ार.....	164
Priyanshu	164
62. तुझं लग्न	168
Sahil sunil Choudhari	168
63. वक्त को ठहरने दो.....	170
Navneet Kumar.....	170
64. आस्था	172
Nusarat Bano Biwan.....	172
65. एक काम करते हैं !	173
Nikhil Srivastava	173
66. लाल	175
Khushal Chandani.....	175
67. தருவாயோ?	181
S. mahalakshmi.....	181
68. آنکھیں باتیں کرتی ہیں.....	183
Sidra Arshad	183

69. ਹਾਲ-ਏ-ਦਿਲ	185
Arshpreet kaur	185

CORRECTION

Be Strong

Saraswati Jha

My name is Saraswati Jha I am a Student and I am an emerging author, poet, and lyricist passionate about exploring the depth of human emotions through words. My writing is inspired by everyday life, resilience, hope, justice, and the belief that every story has the power to connect people across different backgrounds and experiences.

I know you worked hard,
I know you fought,
But still, it didn't turn out the way you thought.
It's okay to fall down,
It's okay to be astray,
But never let those painful thoughts come in your way.
Life's never easy, I hope you know,
So don't you stop now, don't give up now.
Some people fought till the very end
And showed the world that they never bent.
They were humans just like you.
If they can do it,
So can you.
I won't say something that's cliché,
Like, "Your future can't be decided by a page,"



\Cause we both know that\'s not true.

In these times, those pages matter too.

Sometimes they matter more than our lives,

So whenever they are scared, people go and die.

Now, when I say that, I know it\'s huge,

But we all know that it is the truth.

You are scared, I know,

because I was too.

But giving up on life, isn\'t what you do.

Working hard and losing, that\'s just life.

But people give up and say that,

"I had tried."

It isn\'t just a letter; it\'s a coward\'s note.

\Cause courageous ones fight until kings and queens are born.

It\'s easy to give up on life,

But what about those left behind?

You are gone, you are free,

But they keep remembering you in everything they see.

Don\'t make suicide your only solution,

\Cause courage and strength will make you number one.

If you ever feel lost,

Just read these lines

That I have written
As one who survived.
Whenever you're tired, just cry it out.
After crying, just shout out loud,
"I am strong, and I believe
Everything will one day work out for me.
Till that day, I won't step back.
Till that day, I won't lose track.
And when I have a knife in hand,
Or when I have a cloth on stand,
I will look up at the sky,
And throw all of those thoughts behind,
And cry and shout my heart out loud.
One day I know,
I will make you proud."
Here's to the strong hearts out there.
You are strong and You are here.
You're a knight every night
Who fights all battles
And wins them all.
And show the world,
"I won't fall."

Hey, my love, just be strong,
\'Cause the universe chose you,
And it was never wrong.

CORRECTION

Who is reading you?

Mariya Fatima

Am I the architect or merely a draft, a biological machine or a
cosmic vessel?

They handed me a manifest, a muzzle, and a path already worn by
a thousand boots, to wear down my gears within four mere walls ...

But the static in my veins refuses to settle ...

for I am cursed with eyes that peels the paint away ...

to watch the solid world dissolve into a haze of probabilities ...

i am split down the middle, a paradox of realities:

one that conforms to logic, the box where I should fit, and the

other that pulls me to awareness where consciousness bleeds

and questions sow the seed ...

if reality is a wave until the eye creates the fact ...

who is the one observing and who performs the act?

Where do misfits wander when the rat race leaves the cold ...?

the anomalies who cannot swallow the illusions they are told?

Are we a collective hallucination, a glitch in the matrix, or are

we finally waking up inside a coded dream ?...

Look at your hands, feel the pulse
beneath the skin ...

Where does the universe end and
where do we begin ?...

you walk with certainty, convinced
your footsteps leaves a mark ...

Blinded to the truth that reflects in what you do, you are the
universe itself staring at you

So tell me as the echoes fade and silence takes its cue ...

if everything is a question, who is reading you ?...



IF I could capture time.

Maithili Pravin Tagalpallewar

Hey! This is Maithili Pravin Tagalpallewar, an MBBS student at SSMGMC, Washim. Despite being in one of the most demanding academic fields, I always make time for my passion.

If I could capture time and make it last,

I'd complete the things left in the past.

If I could capture time and save its glitter,

I'd make old memories shine even better.



If I could capture time and return to childhood,

I'd live it fully, never step into adulthood.

If I could capture time and revisit the past,

I'd erase the bad memories in one bold blast.

If I could capture time and relive my prime,

I'd dive right in and stretch each golden time.

If I could capture time and wash away the dirt,

I'd mend my mistakes, apologise to those I hurt.

THE GIRL IN THE DARK

Maithili Pravin Tagalpallewar

Hey! This is Maithili Pravin Tagalpallewar, an MBBS student at SSMGMC, Washim. Despite being in one of the most demanding academic fields, I always make time for my passion.

Every night while going home,
I meet a girl who stands alone.
Helpless streets and dark cold night,
Nobody around to run or fight.

She never waved, she never spoke,
Yet I still searched for rays of hope.
The girl with red lips, dressed in white,
Me standing silent beneath the streetlight.

Unusual things haunt me each day,
She disappears when others look her way.
Bold sunken eyes and a horrible smile,
Footprints appear on my doorstep tile.



My body shook while reading the newspaper,
The girl had died almost a year later.

A terrible accident, a mysterious killer,
Haunting the ones who watched in fear.

The newspaper ended with one dark line:
"The victim's body still remains undefined."

CORRECTION

What Are We?

Ayushi kumari

If someone asks what we are,
I never know how to answer.
Not because I'm confused,
but because the truth is
too delicate for simple words.

We are comfort without commitment, x
care without claims, A
and a connection that survives
without promises.

We talk like we've known each other
for a lifetime,
yet we're still a mystery
neither labeled, nor defined.

There's peace in our silence,
daughter in our nonsense,
and an unspoken understanding



that words could never explain.

Maybe we're not meant

to have a name, M

maybe we're just meant

to be real.

Whatever we are,

I just hope we never lose

what makes us ... us.

CORRECTION

Architects of magic

Pratiksha khobare

DAD is book but MOM it's cover

DAD gives knowledge but MOM it store

DAD have chapter and MOM is master

to girl DAD pampered but MOM is a fighter

DAD is bestfriend and MOM saves that friendship

DAD'S Love is over but MOM that's Recover



This Book can't understand anyone Because it hidden with magican

The Quest of Nine Shadows

Yasa rai

The next morning, a golden sun rose over the campus, but caspian didn't feel his usual bright self. He sat on the library bench, his wavy black hair messy and his green eyes staring blankly at the stone floor. For the first time, his quick wit was silent as he struggled to figure out the mystery of her name.

Suddenly, she appeared- She stood before him with a calm, challenging look in her eyes.

"You asked for clues, didn't you?" she said, her voice steady. 't have decided to give you a path. I will name nine places. You must visit each one in order to find the letters of my name.'

caspian blinked, his mouth dropping open. "What ?? You want me to go on a whole trip just for a name?"

She crossed her arms. 'Either you try to find it, or you accept that your 'love' is just timepass- nothing serious between two people. If you aren't willing to search, then it's just a game to you.'

caspian stood up quickly, his competitive spark returning. 'No! Never. I won't accept that. I'll go, and after this, you will believe me. You'll praise me and finally fall in love with me!'

Just then, Lila walked up, shaking her head in disbelief. 'Ey girl, are you mad? You're asking him to travel all over just to



find a name? caspian, don't be silly. Just go to the college office and check the student register.'

CORRECTION

caspian looked at Lila, then back at her. "No," he said firmly. 'If tjust look at a piece of paper, I can't prove that love is precious. I want to earn it."

She smiled small, then began her list. "Listen carefully. My name has nine letters, and it is made of two words. You must follow this exact order:

1. Vijaya vittala Temple
2. Elephant Stables
3. Dambal-Doddabassappa Temple
4. Heerebenkal Megalithic Dolmens
5. Dhanushkodi
6. Jog Falls, Shivamogga
7. Aguada Fort
8. Brihadisvara Temple
9. Paradesi Jewish Synagogue

"But,' she added, her finger raised in warning, "there is a rule. You can only use your mobile phone to book your tickets. Do not use it to search for information or shortcuts. You must visit each place, learn its history, and find the letter hidden there."

She turned to leave, her red saree fluttering in the morning breeze. "Follow the order, caspian. I'll be waiting to see if the 'Rogue' is as smart as he claims.'

caspian watched her walk away, a fierce grin spreading across his face. The hunt was on.

As she walked away from the library doors, her friend caught up to her, looking upset.

"This is not right!" her friend scolded her, walking fast to keep pace. "You are playing with him. Sending him all over the country just for a name? It's too much."

She stopped and looked at her friend with eyes that had seen too much cold reality.

"Who is playing?" she replied coolly. "He should know that what he believes is 'precious' is no more precious in any aspect. He talks about love like it's easy."

She looked back toward the bench where caspian was still sitting, a small, cynical smile on her face.

"Just watch," she whispered. "Hardly he tries to visit two places and he will return back. This will prove his 'precious love' is just another shadow that disappears when things get difficult."

Yaa guys t think many caspian's are here who is reading this novel so just try to find out the name of the girl

Get ready .. this is not just a routine love story you will experience something different ...

The boy he was

Meghana

The boy he was

“She looked at him, searching for something- some trace of the boy she once knew”

Was it the same boy

Who once hung onto my every word,

Who loved my talks, my laughter,

My endless thoughts?

Now he sighs and says, “you just speak philosophy”.

Was it the same boy

who once had a million things to share,

who would never run out of words with me?

Now he asks, “What is there to even talk about?”

What changed between us?

You say you love me, but in what way?

Was it wrong of me to express my hurt,

to tell you how your silence felt like a storm?

Was it the same boy

who once searched for reasons to talk to me,

but now looks for reasons to stay away?



The one who once missed me in my absence,
but now goes days without even noticing I'm gone?
You never used to hang up in anger,
but now, I see you slipping away.
The voice that once melted your heart
now sounds like poison in your ears.
Was it the same boy
who once sat with me for hours, time forgotten,
but now tells me, "Where is the time for all this?"
The one who used to worry when I was sick,
but now doesn't even ask if I'm okay
when I feel like I'm fading away?
Was it the same boy
for whom I cried when he was hurt,
who once made me feel special,
no matter how I looked?
Today, he makes me feel like I am nothing—
like I am ugly, unwanted.
Was it the same boy
I once dreamed of forever with?
Because now, his actions make me question everything.
The boy who was once free for me,

every second, every moment,

now finds a thousand excuses to be busy.

Will he ever see how much he has changed?

Or will he just blame me for noticing it?

Tell me, was it the same boy I fell in love with?

Because if it was, then I must have lost him somewhere along the way.

And maybe, just maybe,

I am not the same girl he once loved either.

Maybe I was never the one he truly wanted.

And maybe... that hurts the most.

My Book

K Ravi

I am a retired professional from Nagpur keeping myself busy by spending time on my hobbies which include photography, writing, singing, travelling, cooking, gardening and all those activities which keep me engaged with happiness

Many words flow in my book

Yes ! that's how I define my life's book

Beautiful verses line up with

every moment in life

Observing every moment in worldly life

Oscelating with different moods in life

Keeping pace with every change in life



Waiting for the same rain

Akhila kommu

A 21 year old poet and b.com(computer applications) graduate.my work reflects themes of love, longing and hope.

I know how easily you let me go,

like silver pearls of rain
melting into the puddles
on our terrace—
the rain that once
made us linger
a little longer.

But you drifted away,
like clouds crossing the sky,
never leaving me
in their cool shadow.

Maybe that's how
we were always meant to end—
with words unsaid.



You slipped from my arms
like grains of sand
returning to the sea,
while I searched every tide
for the very same grains
that once held our secrets.

Now this serene twilight
blurs the sky,
hiding the stars
that longed to listen
to our stories.

Even the moon
finds its way home,
leaving me awake,
until sleep
forgot my eyes.

I stood staring
at every path

you once walked,

and even those roads
forgot where they led
beneath the midnight moon.

I waited for you
with a heart
too full of hope,
only to become
a girl lost
in the daydream
of us.

I hope
one day
you'll realize
you thought
you had chosen
a flower
already dried,
sleeping

inside your shirt.

Yet,
it kept blooming—
not because
you pampered it,
but because
it never learned
how to stop
being a flower,

still waiting
for the same rain
that once
felt like
a blessing.

Choosing
to become beautiful,

where
every silent gaze

turned into
a smile.

CORRECTION

A TEENAGE REFUGE

Vrinda Sethi

She hums at dawn,
the smell of oil and love in the air,
My favourite sandwich, lunchbox packed.
She hides all that quiet care,
And still, I walk away pretending it's just what all mothers do.

I hate people
I think they hate me too.

He drops me to school, a silent ride,
Returns from work when the moon yawns wide.
Calls me after school to ask how class was.
I say "Fine," and let the silence pass.
He never says much but waits for my tone,
Like words aren't needed to make care known.
He's the opposite-too calm, too true.

I hate people
I think they hate me too.



My best friend-my chaos, my morning hater,
Yet at five with sleepy grace,
She pinned my dress, hair out of place.
She said, "Now go, look new."
She lost her dreams to lend me two.
She fixed my world without a clue.
I hate people
I think they hate me too.
My sister, ten years and a half away,
Married now, "busy" with no time to stay.
Yet when I'm sick, her calls break through-
Scolding, laughing, loving too.
I say I deserved better, but maybe I miss her view.
I hate people
I think they hate me too.
As the night grows quieter and the truth peeks through,
I replay the things they silently do.
Maybe love's not loud-maybe it hides
In sandwiches, phone calls, and sleepy eyes.
I believe I have worn my hate too proud.
Maybe I'm the reason love slips through.
I hate people

I think they hate me too.

CORRECTION

From mustards to concrete

Emaan Latif

The first ray of dawn came piercing the yellow mustards, going across the fields of brown wheat, sprawling the golden tint over the landscape.

Vehicles moved across the road.

I prepared for school; formal attire was a concept unheard of for us

The classes began at nine in the morning. We carried our books in arms, wedged to our chests. We seldom had bags back then.

For the lucky ones, their mothers would stitch a bag out of worn tablecloth or curtain.

The courtyard laid in front as open terrain without a gate. As I trudged toward the classroom, the cakey mud would crack and smear my freshly washed feet.



At the end of the elongated narrow yard was a small construction, steps leading up to the front porch.

Three cavernous rooms branched off from the porch—one straight ahead as you climbed the couple of steps, and the other two flanking either side

A couple of graders would share a single room. Few would sit on windows, and others on steps. The floor in the classroom was cracked, construction stones peeking out.

There were long sequential benches that would leave you with stiff backs at the end of the day.

The lucky ones would get the last bench by the wall, and they could lean on it—saving their backs for the day.

We had a single washroom, which you would never wish to use.

There were just three teachers, and barely two would be present at a time.

In summers, we sat in the classroom with no fans; the classroom would stench in the hour that followed after break time.

Winters were worse; it was impossible to sit inside, so we strode to the patio.

We had no chairs for outside; bricks served us.

We fetched bricks from the in-process wall at the back of the school and arranged them in alternating horizontal and vertical succession—stacking over each other, creating a crown.

The ones who knew the skill were quite a few.

The rowdy students got more bricks, and the silent ones got barely a single one.

We spent half the day scuffling over bricks, or sharpening our slate pencils on wet-floored low walls that surrounded the hand pump.

Then a student would take the bell stick, which was hung on a tree, and hit the flat metal plate several times—the sound would shatter the softness of the morning. It was loud enough to be heard across the village, signaling break time.

We would run to our houses for meals—spending the next hour eating at home, watching TV.

We rarely went back after break, and I was not academically inclined anyway. The simplest notions were arduous to me.

Kids laughed when I couldn't chant a poem.

This imposed shame upon me—forcing it into torment.

I made up my mind to leave the school and live like other girls in the village, but my mother never agreed; she beat me red for even talking about that.

One day, my father came from his duty. He was mostly out.

He told us that we were moving to Lahore, a city so far.

The couple of days that followed were spent packing, and on the third day, we left.

I had never ridden a bus before.

As we entered a different territory, we shed our old life behind.

The sun rays in the new city were softer, reflected off the blackened highways, glistening on the black shiny surface.

We were allotted an army quarter with two rooms, a porch, and a small open space.

One of the rooms had a small cubicle, which we used for disposing of our junk.

The place was cluttered after shifting, unless we came across something to perceive a familiarity.

Then our mother harbored the worry of our education.

Education was on top of my mother's priorities.

She wanted her children independent, perhaps because she was not.

She had never seen school herself, but she was spirited to get her children educated.

Our father prepared us for the admission test.

We went to tuition for a few days before attempting the test.

When the day arrived, our mother tried as hard as she could to make us appear sophisticated.

Our father lugged five of us on his bike. We clamped onto each other to prevent a fall.

The school was at a short span from our quarter.

As we arrived, the two guards flanked either side of the front gate, rifles hung by their shoulders—it sent shivers up my spine.

Our father talked to the guards, and then they opened the gate.

As the gate slid, the enormous compound opened up in front of us. Green grass sprawled on a vast expanse. It was not until then that I had ever seen green grass except on television.

The pavement road took off from the front gate and ran along, separating the wide compound into two asymmetrical sectors.

Each sector contained rooms arranged in long rows, and I squinted my eyes to see where the line ended.

Later I would find that school had a back portion just as big

A woman, well-dressed, approached us.

Our father told her we had an appointment with the principal.

The woman led us to the principal's office

Which was the embodiment of luxury, furnished with plush brown couches and a vast mahogany table with glass atop it. There was a shaggy rug beneath the table, which is now gray in my memory.

There were stacks of papers on the table and a bunch of pens arranged in small cylindrical metal tubes, manifesting literacy.

The principal, a tall intimidating woman, gestured for us to sit.

She had a big black mark on her face, which originates from her bridge and runs down across her cheek.

It was not an ugly kind; it looked polite on her.

They conducted our tests.

We flunked—all of us.

“I am sorry, but your children are incompetent.” She tried to soften her words as much as she could.

The next thing, somehow we were going to school like other kids. I woke up at seven in the morning. I would prepare for school, half asleep, my mother half carrying, half dragging me, tying my hair and lacing my shoes, muttering scolds about an irresponsible child.

The school gate would close at exactly seven thirty. If you reached a closed gate, you were to run three rounds of the tremendous compound—on such days I missed the small courtyard of my school back in the village.

You were to ask the teacher before entering the class. I received a cold glare on my first day for not showing basic courtesy.

During break time, you had to either bring your lunch or buy something from the canteen; you were not permitted to go home.

There was no slate or slate pencils. You used copies and a pencil. Every kid had a neat bag with a pile of books and a heap of stationery.

Soon the school reshaped us. I stopped carrying a dupatta, as I was accustomed to back in the village. I cut my hair short. I began to wear jeans and shirts, like the ones I saw people wearing on television. We continued to thrive in the new environment.

I did not pinpoint what happened on the day of the admission test. What I vaguely remember is that my father was making phone calls to relatives and friends asking for money, as he was short a few.

Years later, I found out that my father had bribed the school to let us in. Big cities came with big conditions.

CORRECTION

My teenage years

Chetna koushal

Just a teenager writing what she feels.

My words. My memories. My story. ✍️❤️ I miss those days

when I used to laugh in class with my group.

I miss those days

when I used to sit on the last bench and eat lunch.

I miss those days

when we used to play games in class.



I know those days will never come back,

but I love the memories we made together.

Now, whenever I think about them,

I realize how fast time flies.

I just want to live those moments one more time,

but somehow I know that I can't.

Those silly talks,
sharing lunch,
playing games—
they have all become memories.

How do I forget them?

Can someone please tell me?

I don\'t have the courage to let them go.

I used to be with those people every day.

How did they become just a part of my memories?

Can I really believe it?

I don\'t have the courage to understand it.

I want to live those moments again,

but the truth is,

those moments can never come back.

Some people become a part of your life,

especially the ones you meet in your teenage years.

You feel the same emotions,

share the same dreams,

and express the things you can't say to anyone else.

But one day,

it's time to leave.

And when that time comes,

you just can't.

You feel like they were

the best part of your life.

But it's important to move on,

because the past can never become
your present or your future.

It will always remain
a beautiful memory.

CORRECTION

One Book, Many Worlds

Bhakti Gangwal

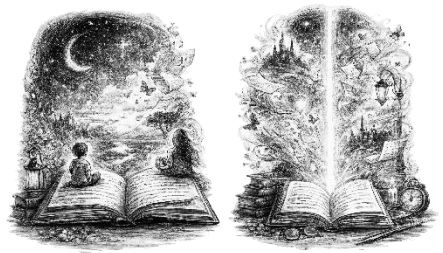
Bhakti Gangwal is a young Indian poet whose words celebrate hope, courage, and the beauty hidden in everyday life. She believes poetry has the power to heal hearts, inspire minds, and connect worlds beyond boundaries.

A single book can hold the sky,
A thousand lives, a thousand years.
It preserves the dreams unspoken,
And gathers laughter, loss, and tears.

Each page may carry hidden pain,
The kind no crowd can ever see.
A smile may stand in falling rain,
While hearts still long to simply be free.

One child writes from a broken room,
Another from a house of light and gold.
Yet both can plant a seed of hope,
And both can grow through stories told.

Some words arrive like springtime rain,
Some like leaves that drift and burn.
But every honest line we write
Can help another heart return.



The richest gift is not the prize,
Not silver, fame, or shining stone.
A gentle heart can light the dark
More brightly than a throne alone.

A poem is not merely sound,
Not only lines that softly glow.
It is a lamp in midnight rooms,
A hand that helps the wounded grow.

Every tear has its own voice,
Though books of rules may miss the tune.
Every silence holds a door
That opens when we listen soon.

The mountains stand because they stay,
The rivers live because they flow.
The stars do not contend for space;
They simply rise and choose to glow.

So speak your truth without a mask,
Without a borrowed name or face.
For copied echoes fade away,
But honest words can leave a trace.

If your words can calm one angry heart,
If they can ease one hidden ache,

If they can help one weary soul
Believe that dawn will wake—

Then you have written more than lines;
You have restored what was torn.
You have shown this restless world
How hope can still be born.

When this book grows old with time,
And every page is soft and worn,
May each reader close it knowing
Love is stronger than the storm.

For one small book can hold many worlds,
Yet every world begins the same:
With one brave heart, one honest dream,
And one small spark that starts a flame.

You had to be there

Dipanshu

While my heart
was breaking in silence,
my eyes searched for the only place
I called home.
You had to be there...
My thoughts were falling like rain,
one over another.
I reached for you,
but the horizon kept moving away.
You had to be there...
Even in the middle of june
my body shook like a frightened leaf.
Still, I waited for you.
You had to be there...
Now, flowers rest upon my grave
And every petal repeats the same words
You had to be there...



Baatein

Dipanshu

Baatein... kuch ankahi baatein,
Aur woh bhooli bisri yaadein.
In baaton aur yaadon ka basta liye,
Aa gayi tumhare sheher, tumse mulaqat karne.

Socha tha tumse milkar
Dher saari baatein karungi.
Aur agar baatein na bhi ho paayin,
Toh bas apna haath tumhare haathon mein rakhkar,
Tumhare kandhe par apna sir rakh lungi.



Tumhara pass hona ek alag sa hi sukoon deta h
Aur tum kuch na bhi kaho,
Toh us khamoshi mein bhi
Ek alag si hi baat hoti h

Hamesha sochti thi,
Kaash koi ho jisse main bhi keh sakun
Apne dil ki saari baatein.

Aur koi ho

Jo bina thake sune meri har baat.

Par tumne mujhe bataya hi nahi

Ki tumhara basera ab kisi aur sheher mein ho gaya hai.

Tumne yeh bhi nahi bataya

Ki tumhare dil ki galiyon mein

Ab kisi aur ka naam rehta hai.

Main toh yaadon ki baarish lekar aayi thi,

Aur tum kisi aur mausam ke ho chuke the.

Main wahi purani kitaab sambhale khadi rahi,

Jabki tum zindagi ka ek naya safar shuru kar chuke the.

Aur meri saari ankahi baatein,

Phir ek baar,

Sirf baatein hi bankar reh gayin.

To The Faded Firefly

Lakshmi Nair

Lakshmi Rajesh Nair enjoys writing poetry inspired by the quiet moments of everyday life and the memories that stay with us.

It sat stuck in my throat like an unfinished song,
refusing to let out — a fog of words.
It's devouring me, my dear,
the apology that I rehearsed for years.

The smile that caged it broke too long,
cluttered behind the bright white teeth.
But the words are not so bright, my dear,
of the apology that I rehearsed for years.

The rain fell hard on me, my dear,
piercing through the only soul in me.
But never was I able to mumble the tale,
of the apology that I rehearsed for years.

Me, myself, sank into the abyss,
Trying to trace an ounce of you.
Yet you left — alone, untold —
Of the apology that I rehearsed for years.

Death is soft like the elegant white snow,
beautiful like the gilded black crow — but it devoured you.
And I did nothing but stand and watch my world fall,
for not speaking the apology that I rehearsed for years.

You often lurk in the corners of my mind,
yet you never let yourself into my arms.
For I have been waiting to love you, my dear,
like the days before I rehearsed the apology, for you.



Our photographs are in my palms, my dear —
Trembling, palms sweating profusely.
I'm left with the only echoes of you, my firefly.
I'm sorry — I'm sorry for not loving you enough.

The mirror shows me someone I almost knew,
eyes hollow from unsaid words, my dear.
I stare hard, trying to speak the words for you,
but the reflection trembled with my confession.

And yet, sometimes I look for you, my love,
like a madman who couldn't accept the grievance.
I run away from everything that proves your demise is true,
but my chest tightens, and I wilt to the ground.

I have accepted my defeat, my dear — weak and numb.
left with shadows, where you once stood.
My body burns from exhaustion and regret.
But my dear, won't you — won't you ever pay your condolences
upon me?

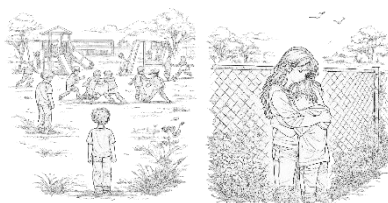
For the days I waited for you,
for the nights I wept in your absence,
For every ounce of me that surrendered to you —
Now tell me, my love, was I worthy only to be forgotten, unloved?

The syllables, dressed like tremors in grace, tasted like regret —
Of this song, this apology that I rehearsed for years.
I stop running from the silence I chewed,
and finally mourn for my firefly, my grandmother.

PLAYGROUND

Dheeman Ghosh

In the dream there was a playground.
And a child who gazed alone at all around.
With all the laughter and noise around him.
Oh that noise, that fun, that glee beyond his grim.
Until it rolled up and became a knot in his chest.
A lump he could not swallow, gasping at best.
A kick or a violent push for not joining in.
So he ran away from all of his mud-stained kin.
For his gaze met another that stood the distance.
Away from pretty flower beds across the fence.
A hand that held him, a tight hug to greet.
Thus a wildflower rose above the concrete.



LOVE YOURSELF, BOY

Dheeman Ghosh

And boy, you have got to love your day.
Your everyday.
You have to wake up at nine in the morning.
You bleary eyed butter toasted beast
And stare at the trees and the birds and the squirrels.
BBMP reckons you will take out the trash.
But who will take you out?
Is it work from home today, or you need to get in queue?
To board the purple line of your life?
Too bored to see bumble love lines?
Nah you would Instagram and Instamart instead.
Will she find out? That there was a what if before a maybe?
Chuck it. The Microsoft Excel cubicles align well with your chair.
Suddenly, a whiff of perfume unsteadied your gaze.
A villain, a cloak and a dagger, a spy in the maze!
Is it her again, your lover in the haze?
Stop.
Stop being so goddamn personal.
Be an unknown citizen instead.

Too tired? The uber promo worked!

Even though the dozing off during a Scrum call didn't.

Love the whiff of Surf Excel and Cantonese noodles.

Have you Netflixed enough?

Its time to sleep, you say?

But its almost midnight! Its time to explode! Its time to embrace the extraordinary, love fiercely, ride into Social Valhalla!

Express your opinion on Palestine, Beef, Immigration, Sexual preferences, Religion, Politics, Keyboard wars! RIGHT NOW!

Right now, you are an unknown citizen.

One or several ten digit bank accounts.

Twelve digit Aadhar.

Six digit Pin Code.

Four digit pin.

Two digit age.

Single digit relationships.

And one. You.

Love yourself, boy.



The Butterfly Will Never Fly

Shlok Pandey

Shlok Pandey is a 17-year-old Indian writer who writes as a hobby in his spare time outside his studies. His work has appeared in/forthcoming in several literary magazines including The Wise Owl, Setu, The Wildflower Post, The Drift and Dribble Miscellany, Synchronized Chaos, WisteriaMagz, The Utrecht Pigeon and many more.

The butterflies of Afghanistan flew back then.

They swam in fresh air;

They dashed towards the Sun;

They shone like stars;

They lived, they did live.

“It is Afghan my boy,

Today you must catch a butterfly beautiful,

You must keep it in your palms.

Closed.

Dark.

You must tell it to live there,

It must not fly.

Stop its soothing singing.



You must walk where your mind heads;
It must feel free in your closed palms.

You are one of us;
You must not see its shivers,
Frantic struggles to fly.
It is born to go where you go,
Dare it dream the nectar.”

I must listen to what they say,
I am one of them, I did what they said.
One day, its prayers will be answered,
This hand will open, gone forever.
But there is another hand,
The Butterfly Will Never Fly.

The Conversations We Have

Shlok Pandey

Shlok Pandey is a 17-year-old Indian writer who writes as a hobby in his spare time outside his studies. His work has appeared in/forthcoming in several literary magazines including The Wise Owl, Setu, The Wildflower Post, The Drift and Dribble Miscellany, Synchronized Chaos, WisteriaMagz, The Utrecht Pigeon and many more.

I pray to him every day,
Rigorous rituals,
I beg for his forgiveness,
This shall be the last time, Father,
It shall never be.
My heart is heavy, struggling to beat,
It beats under a heavy stone.
This tongue shall never be envenomed,
A promise always forgotten,
Guilt has never been permanent.
My father, never was I once true to you,
Never shall I be better than I was yesterday,
Yet you forgave me daily.
The worldly curses taste sweet,
Your hands that wipe my tears.



No noble priests, no charity to show off,
No sacrifices, no holy fires, no fake prayers,
For me as this heart has not been pure.
These Conversations We Have are my spirituality.

CORRECTION

Itni Nafrat kyun?

Dr.Mehak

Maine to bas tujhe Chaaha tha to itni nafrat kyun?

Itna khafa kyun ho mujhse Ek khawaish to tune bhi ki thi mujhse
baat karne ki, mere pass aane ki, mere qareeb hone ki, to itni nafrat
kyun?

Kyun dekh kar tu nazreine pher leta hn,
kyun mujhse tu door bhaagta hn, phir
kyun badal gaya tera Lehza aur andaaz,
Aakhir khata to teri bhi thi , phir
mujhse itni nafrat kyun?



Main to aaj bhi wahi hu, Jahan tu chod
ke gaya tha iss aas mein ki ek roz teri
Awaaz aayegi aur main Palat jaungi aur
tu ek baar keh de main phir se teri ho jaungi!

Par kyun tu aata nahi, mere khwaabon se jaata nahi, Aur roz dekhti
hu tujhe kisi na kisi ke saath par mere alawa tere saath koi aacha lag
paata nahi!

Tere to pyaar mein bhi kami thi, to itni nafrat kyun?

Fantasy of love

Dr.Mehak

when I look up at the sky, it seems there is a chattering of the starlings.

And I think of you only you & I suddenly starts fly in the milky way of sky.

Your face, Your smile, Your eyes, your heart , your lips ,your everything flattered my heart not once, not twice but either everytime.

As the sun rises to wake the earth, I think of you, how your light illuminates my life.

But suddenly I realised you are not reality , So you never be mine but you always in my mind.



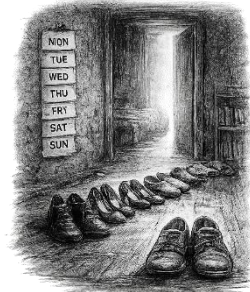
A Little Too Long

Madhumitha

Hi, this is Madhu.

I fell in love with words that are written rather than spoken. They make me feel alive. I truly admire those who find their own reasons to stay in this world, no matter how small. In a world where you can be anything, Be kind. ♡

Forever feels too long
for a human heart to hold
On a random Monday at home
someone leaves the keys
carelessly on the table
I pick them up
hang them where they belong
Walking away I wonder
What if I have to do this forever?
On a random Tuesday
I choose vanilla
over chocolate
With every bite I wonder
What if I have to choose like this forever?
On a random Wednesday
I arrive first



waiting for hours
Sitting there I wonder
What if I have to wait like this forever?
On a random Thursday
plans for my future are made
Their words become
the final decision
my own thoughts
feel like just a choice
Making that plan I wonder
What if I have to live like this forever?
On a random Friday
I smile while breaking inside
My cheeks begin to ache
What if I have to wear this mask forever?
On a random Saturday
I give away
the last piece of bread
Watching them eat I wonder
What if love means sacrificing forever?
On a random Sunday
everyone is asleep

I lie awake on the couch

Thinking

What if my seven days of the week

keep going like this forever?

Forever never announces itself

It simply keeps happening

I'm afraid

of the things

that last forever

CORRECTION

"Fade Out"

Rajiv Vishwakarma

If you don't want me here, just say the word,
I promise that I'll pack my things and go.
I hate the thought of staying where I'm blurred,
Or being someone that you used to know.
I won't text first or hang around your space,
Or make you feel like you are trapped or bound.
The second that I feel I'm out of place,
I'll quietly just stop coming around.
There won't be drama, tears, or a big fight,
No begging you to try and make it work.
I'll just step back and slip into the night,
Without the heavy silences that lurk.
So give it to me straight and tell me true,
If we are done, I'll take it on the chin.
I'll walk away from everything and you,
And let a brand new chapter just begin.



WHEN THE LAST HOPE IS LOST

Madhumitha

Hi, this is Madhu.

I fell in love with words that are written rather than spoken. They make me feel alive. I truly admire those who find their own reasons to stay in this world, no matter how small. In a world where you can be anything, Be kind. ♡

It all starts

when your last hope is lost somewhere,

and you question your reason

for being alive in this world.

When God makes your pain

deeper than the ocean,

you still hope

the rocks show a hand to you.

But no,

they still stand still.

When God takes away

the people around you,

you still hope

the bright sky guides you.

But no,

it still moves fast.



When God puts you
on a different path,
full of twists and turns,
you still hope
the path ends
in a beautiful destiny.

But no,
it is still a dark tunnel.

When God chooses your health
to make sure you are strong,
you still hope
your body fights back
against everything.

But no,
it still sleeps.

When God likes your smile
so much that He takes it away,
you still hope
your tears bring it back.

But no,
life makes it worse.

When God burns

the life within you,

that is where

it all starts.

When the last hope is lost,

I lose my faith in God.

There is no reason left

to stay alive.

CORRECTION

COLOURFUL LIFE

SIVASANKARI YUVARAJ

SIVASANKARI YUVARAJ is an engineer in mettur thermal power station. She is passionated in writing articles,books,etc

As a child my dream is big. During my childhood i used to play in toys with keyboard and guitar. With tiny small things, i used to prepare food with differant items. Till when I am in 5 th standared i am not good in study. Since, i am little bulk in physical appearance i used to avoid playing games etc.its my colour of VIOLET. After my fifth standared, i studied a lot . I used to complete read a book. From fifth to tenth standared i used to get first or second rank . I used to go in cycle which was given by my father as a gift. I collect all the books from my home and go to school. I am happy to lead a very good life from 6th to 10th standared.its a colour of INDIGO. during my tenth standared I used to secure good marks with school topper. From 10 th to 12 th I used to go in my scooty. It was gifted by my father. The scooty name is\" Spirit\". I am interested to study doctor. Even though I am a school topper in 12th, can't secure marks to study doctor. Without interest, in have studied Engineering, but as time goes I am interested to study electrical and electronics engineering. The college life was excellent. A very good environment teaches a lot. Its the colour BLUE.



After my college days in Bachelor of Engineering, i used to go in bus for studying my master degree, power system engineering. Travelling of bus is very happy situation. Its the colour of GREEN. After completing my studies, i used to search for my job as assistant professor in various colleges. I used to work in two colleges. I am

happy to work as assistant professor. Teaching profession is an environment where there is a very good bond between students and colleagues. Its the colour of YELLOW.

After my marriage i have learned a lot. The whole environment is changed. I used to cook food for my family. I used to learn a lot. I need to take care of my family independently. I consider my husband home as mine. It a happy life. Its the colour of ORANGE. Then I used to get government job . I am happy to have a blessed girl baby. I am a Government officer as assistant engineer. Its the colour of RED. MY LIFE FILLED WITH VIBGYOR rainbow colour.

MY LIFE FILLED WITH SEVEN COLOURS
HAPPY TO HAVE SEVEN SEASON
MY EIGHTH SEASON FILLED WITH SURPRISE
ITS GOING TO COME

"I wished to be held tightly"

Maryam Khalid

Maryam Khalid is a writer, poet, and seventeen years old who believes in the power of words to inspire, heal, and connect. Her writing explores themes of resilience, identity, hope, and personal growth, blending emotion with reflection.

Falling deep into the endless blue,
A world unknown, a haunting view.

Drowning in infinity, I sway,
Where light and shadow lose their way.

I leap into the void, hearts unbound,
Hoping in the dark that hope is found.

Will you catch me if I fall?
Or watch me vanish in the ocean's thrall?

Beauty whispers in the space of illusion,
A tempting glow, yet hides confusion.

Blue as Maldives, sparkling and wide,



Yet under its waves, the dark resides.

I braved the depths, I faced the night,
But fear of darkness still held me tight.

I tried to clear the shadows from me,
But the ocean's pull would not let me be.

I wished for hands, a warm embrace,
To hold me steady in this place.

Yet no one came, it was only me,
Falling endlessly into the sea.

Insecurities tugged with every wave,
Overthinking carved a secret grave.

All my doubts, my silent screams,
Pulled me down through endless dreams.

And still I fall, yet hope clings near,
For even in the dark, a hand may appear.

I wished to be held, to not drown alone,
To find a heart where my fear's overthrown.

CORRECTION

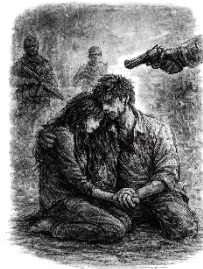
Did we not deserve to love.. or live?

Afshan Noorain Fathima

I was told not to judge a book by its cover,
Yet there was a gun now, pointed at my head.
I turned around stiffly, my eyes falling on my lover,
The sight making my vision red.

Blood dripped down from his mouth,
And I couldn't scream, I couldn't cry.
I just stared at him, horror stricken,
Because I knew, in a moment, we were going to die.

We heard the sound of a gun loading,
And my love gripped my hand tighter.
If we died here, we would die together,
And that made me feel a little lighter.



Right then, a gunshot ran out, stealing our lives,
As the officer gave his last order.
And I still find it funny that our only mistake was
That we were born on different sides of the border...

CORRECTION

When We Go Home

AASTHA ANAND

I am **Aastha Anand** am a student with a passion for literature and creative expression. I enjoy writing poems and stories that reflect human emotions and the beauty of everyday life.

We spend our childhood
thinking home
is a place.

A roof that keeps out the rain,
a window where the evening waits,
a door that always knows
our way back.

Years pass.

We leave
to chase classrooms,
careers,
dreams with difficult names.

And somewhere along the way,
we discover

that home
has been people
all along.

It is my mother
saving the ripest mango
and saying,
"I wasn't hungry anyway."

It is my father
pretending not to be tired
just to hear
how my day went.

It is the old dining table
that has heard
every celebration,
every argument,
every apology
that never found the right words.

Then, quietly,

life introduces us
to strangers.

We share a bench.

A notebook.

A joke
that should never have been funny.

And one ordinary afternoon,
without anyone noticing,

they become the people
we call
when the world feels too heavy.

Friendship is a curious thing.

It begins
with borrowing a pen.

Years later,
you find yourself
borrowing courage
from the very same person.

Time,
as it always does,

moves faster than we expect.

The house grows quieter.

Friends move farther.

The people who once held our hands
begin holding the railing
instead.

And suddenly,

the things we hurried past
become the things
we miss the most—

our mother's voice
calling us for dinner,

our father's knock
before entering our room,

our friend's message
that simply says,

"Reached home?"

Perhaps
a beautiful life
was never about
collecting extraordinary moments.

Perhaps it was always about
ordinary people

who remembered
how you liked your tea,

who noticed
when your smile was borrowed,

who kept a place for you
even when you were late.

If, years from now,

someone smiles
because your name
still feels like home,

then I think

you have lived

a life

worth remembering.

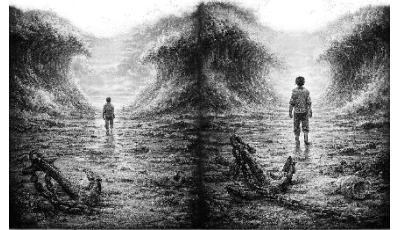
CORRECTION

The Seabed Between Two Futures

Himakhshi Tungkhungia

Himakhshi Tungkhungia is a literature student from Assam, India, with a deep interest in poetry, storytelling, and reflective writing. Her work often explores themes of identity, memory, courage, and the quiet emotional landscapes of human experience.

Before the moon had measured the sea with silver,
before the stars had learned their patient stations,
the ocean moved in one unbroken sovereignty,
a breathing kingdom without border or divide.
Its tides carried the memory of vanished tempests,
its depths guarded the silence of forgotten ages,
and its surface lifted the dawn like a banner
raised over a realm older than human names.
Upon that shore I stood,
a solitary witness,
where the waters had long spoken in endless
rhythm.



Yet on that fateful morning the sea grew strange.
Its vast body recoiled from the land,
not with the rage of storm or the violence of wrath,
but with the solemn withdrawal of a giant who parts his robes to
reveal a hidden wound.

The tide retreated.

Sand, rock, coral, and buried shells emerged from beneath the weight of centuries.

The seabed, dark and glistening, lay exposed like the secret foundation of a drowned world.

Ancient anchors rested in the silt,
their iron mouths filled with salt and stillness.

Pale fish trembled in isolated pools,
flashing like fragments of thought trapped between one certainty and another.

Then from opposite horizons arose two mighty waves.

The first surged radiant with untamed promise.

Its crest was braided with light,
and in its advancing waters I beheld distant harbors, unwritten roads,
and the many selves I had
not yet become.

This wave named itself Becoming,
and its voice was the voice of horizons:

Come forward.

The world is wider than the shore that raised you.

The second wave rose dark with memory.

Its depths carried the echoes of old songs,
the warmth of familiar fires,
and the hands that had once taught me how to speak my first truths.

This wave named itself Remaining,
and its voice was the voice of roots:

Stay near.

Do not become so vast that you forget the river from which you
came.

Between these colossal tides,
the ocean floor stretched bare and vulnerable.

For one suspended interval,
the seabed stood revealed between two futures.

And there, upon that trembling ground, I understood that the
exposed earth was not merely earth.

It was a human life.

It was the place where old anchors rested,
where forgotten shells accumulated,

where every retreating tide left behind the evidence of what had
once passed through.

It was the hidden foundation beneath all movement,
the quiet ground beneath all roaring waters.

It was me.

Becoming thundered from the east,
bright with possibility.

It showed me cities not yet entered,
languages not yet spoken,

and horizons waiting beyond the known shore.

Its waters glittered with the promise of enlargement,
with the intoxicating vision of a self made wider by experience.

Remaining murmured from the west,
steady with inheritance.

It showed me the house where my first name was spoken,
the evenings stitched together by familiar laughter,
and the values that had shaped my earliest understanding.

Its waters were heavy with memory,
with the gravity of belonging,
with the truth that roots also carry strength.

I wanted to choose quickly.

The human heart prefers certainty.

It longs for a single banner to follow,
a single horizon to trust.

If I moved toward Becoming, I
feared I would lose the language of my beginnings.

I feared that ambition might polish away the rough,
honest parts of me that had been shaped by ordinary days.

If I moved toward Remaining,

I feared I would become a shoreline that never learned the courage
of deeper water.

I feared that loyalty to the familiar might quietly become a prison.

The seabed beneath my feet trembled.
Not from weakness,
but from exposure.
It had always been there,
holding the weight of tides,
carrying the secrets of the ocean floor.
Yet it was rarely seen.
Its strength had been hidden beneath water,
beneath movement,
beneath the constant conversation of waves.
Now, in the interval between futures, it was visible.
And visibility itself felt dangerous.
The two waves drew closer.
Becoming lifted its luminous crest and showed me what might be
gained:
knowledge, independence, new landscapes, new voices, a self
enlarged by experience.
Remaining gathered its heavy waters and showed me what might be
preserved:
memory, identity, belonging, the quiet values that had formed my
first shape.
Neither wave was wrong.
That was the cruel elegance of the moment.
If one had been clearly false,

courage would have been easy.

I could have rejected it and called the choice wisdom.

But both carried truth.

Both carried a future.

Both asked for loyalty.

The ocean had not divided into good and evil.

It had divided into two necessary desires:

To become. To remain.

I looked down at the seabed.

In the wet sand I saw footprints,
half-formed and already fading.

They might have been mine.

They might have belonged to someone else who had once stood in a
similar interval,

caught between the pull of departure and the gravity of return.

A small shell lay near my foot,
its interior pale as moonlight.

I picked it up.

Inside its curved chamber,
the sea had left a faint echo.

It sounded like a question.

Who are you when the tides withdraw?

Not when the waves praise you.

Not when the currents carry you.

Not when the shore recognizes your name.

Who are you when the ocean empties around you,

when nothing remains but the exposed ground of your own
unresolved life?

The waves rushed forward.

Becoming came first,

its water flashing with the promise of distance.

Remaining followed, dense with the gravity of memory.

The air tightened.

The seabed seemed to hold its breath.

For a moment,

I thought courage meant choosing one side before the collision
arrived.

I thought it meant declaring allegiance:

to the future, to the past, to movement, to loyalty, to transformation,
to preservation.

But as the waves advanced,

I understood something quieter.

Courage was not the roar of either tide.

It was the stillness of the seabed.

It was the willingness to stand in the exposed place without rushing
to become or clinging

desperately to remain.

It was the willingness to let both waves speak,
to hear the truth in each,
and to resist the temptation to reduce life into a simpler argument.
The waves met.
Their collision was magnificent and terrible.
Water rose in white explosions.
Spray filled the air like shattered glass.
Sound crashed across the horizon,
deep enough to rattle the bones of the shore.
Then the sea returned.
Water rushed back over the exposed floor, covering shells, coral,
anchors, footprints,
and the trembling ground where I had stood.
Within moments, the ocean looked whole again.
The surface moved with its ordinary rhythm.
Gulls circled above.
The horizon settled into its familiar line.
Anyone arriving late would have believed that nothing unusual had
occurred.
But beneath the water,
the seabed remained changed.
And so did I.
The sea did not ask which future I had chosen.

It did not demand that I become or command that I remain.

Instead, it folded both tides into the same horizon.

I understood then that Becoming and Remaining had never truly been enemies.

They were two movements of the same ocean,
two directions of the same human longing.

To become without remaining is to drift away from the self until
success feels strangely empty.

To remain without becoming is to preserve the self so carefully
that it never has the chance to grow.

Courage is the difficult art of carrying one into the other.

It is becoming while remembering.

It is remaining while evolving.

It is allowing the future to reshape you without erasing the shore that
first named you.

The tide touched my feet.

Cold water wrapped around my ankles, then retreated.

I looked out at the restored sea.

Nothing on the surface revealed the secret that had briefly been
visible beneath.

Yet I knew the seabed was still there,

hidden once more under moving water,

holding the memory of that impossible interval.

And I knew that every human life contains such moments:

brief exposures, temporary clearings,
places where the waters of certainty withdraw and leave us standing
between who we have been
and who we might become.

When the next tide rises, the world may not notice the change.

The ocean may appear as ordinary as before.

But somewhere beneath the surface, the seabed will remember.

And perhaps that is what courage truly is:

not the thunder of the waves, but the quiet ground beneath them,
willing to be revealed, willing

to be vulnerable, and still willing to remain itself

when the sea becomes whole again.

The Clock That Forgot to Move

Himakhshi Tungkhungia

Himakhshi Tungkhungia is a literature student from Assam, India, with a deep interest in poetry, storytelling, and reflective writing.

The clock above the doorway had stopped at 3:33.

Not broken, not dead – simply unwilling to move.

Its second hand rested between two numbers as though it had lost faith in the distance between

one moment and the next.

I noticed it on an ordinary afternoon while waiting in my grandmother's old drawing room.

The house smelled faintly of sandalwood and books that had absorbed too many monsoons.

Dust drifted through the slanted light like tiny wanderers searching for a place to settle.

No one else seemed disturbed by the stillness.

The ceiling fan turned slowly,

its blades circling with the tired patience of an old bird returning to the same branch.

A kettle hissed somewhere in the kitchen.

Outside, a bicycle bell rang and dissolved into the lane like a pebble dropped into a deep pond.

The world continued its patient machinery,

yet inside that room the clock remained fixed at 3:33,
as though a single minute had decided it was too important to leave
behind.

I moved closer.

The glass covering the clock face was slightly fogged with age,
and my reflection wavered across it like a face seen through water.

For a brief moment,

I appeared trapped beneath the unmoving hands,

as though time had placed its
fingers gently over my image and
asked me not to leave.

“Has this clock stopped?” I asked.

My grandmother looked up from
her knitting.

Her needles clicked softly,

like tiny bones remembering an old rhythm.

“Long ago,” she said. “Or perhaps only yesterday. I have never been
sure.”

Her answer should have sounded strange.

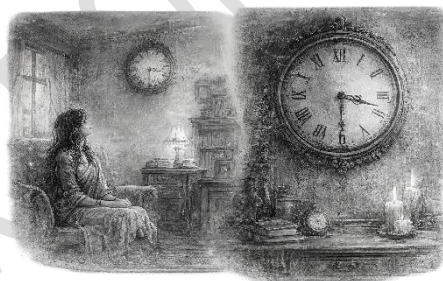
Instead, it felt perfectly reasonable,

as if time in that house had always preferred riddles to
measurements.

I sat beneath the clock and listened.

At first I heard only the ordinary sounds of the room:

the soft scrape of knitting needles,



the distant call of a vendor, the rustle of wind against the curtains.
But gradually another silence emerged beneath those sounds –
a silence so deliberate that it seemed to have been waiting for me.
It settled around me like a shawl woven from invisible threads.
The room changed in small, almost imperceptible ways.
The afternoon light no longer merely touched the floorboards;
it lingered upon them like a visitor reluctant to depart.
The shadows in the corners deepened,
gathering themselves like listeners around an untold story.
I realized then that the clock was not merely refusing to move.
It was holding something.
Something unfinished.
Something I had spent years trying not to hear.
I looked again at the still hands.
Three thirty-three.
The numbers seemed less like a time and more like a doorway half-
opened in the dark.
They stood in perfect symmetry, quiet and unwavering,
like three silent witnesses waiting for a confession.
A memory stirred at the edge of my mind.
Not a clear memory – only the shape of one,
pale and hesitant,
like a shoreline glimpsed through morning mist.

I remembered standing at another threshold years ago,
holding a decision in my hands the way one holds a fragile cup:
carefully, fearfully, aware that a single tremor could change
everything.

I had not stepped forward then.

I had told myself there would be a better moment, a safer hour, a
clearer sign.

Perhaps I had been waiting for time itself to grant permission.

The clock above me remained silent.

Yet in that silence I began to understand something strange.

It had not forgotten to move.

It had only mirrored the stillness I had been carrying inside me.

Mere ragon me behta khoon hain aap,
meri poornima ka moon hain aap,
mera ishq, mera pagalpan, mera junoon hain aap,
aur yun to mai iss kaabil nhi ki aap mujhe mil paayen but kismat ka
khel dekhiye aaj mere sukoon hain aap.

Rang prem ka gehra h,
kintu premiyon pe pehra h,
parcham jo prem ka lehra h,
samaaj jo chikh chikh ke kehra h,
khud ko bnaya behra h.

Aur Ishq ki baazi khel gye hm,
raazi khushi sb jhel gye hm,
jin nadiyon me doobi thi logo ki kashtian, unhi nadiyon ko hath
pakad ke hel gye hm.



Realization

Amna Islam

Isn\'t it disturbing?

To know about your frequent lies

And still loving you.

Even it\'s stabbing my heart!

Isn\'t it biggest kind of slavery?

To admire you,

While facing your cruel side.

You made me injured

From head to toe

My heart\'s bleeding

And so my soul is breaking down.

And yet,

I\'m so in love with you

That I\'ve forgotten my true self



Of being calm and having principles

And still I\'m praying to God

To take my everything

In return of you.

Just you!

CORRECTION

Friendship

Rashmiprava Ranasingh

Friendship is a precious gift,
A bond that helps our spirits lift.
It is not measured by wealth or fame,
But by hearts that stay the same.

A friend is someone who understands,
Who offers help with caring hands.
Through sunny days and stormy night,
They guide us toward the brighter light.

When sadness fills our weary mind,
A true friend's comfort we can find.
They listen when we need to share,
And show us that they truly care.

Friendship grows like a blooming tree,
Rooted in trust and honesty.
Its branches spread both wide and far,
Shining gently like a star.



Friends laugh together side by side,
Sharing moments with joy and pride.
Simple memories big or small,
Become the treasures of us all.

A friend encourages us to try,
To reach our dreams and touch the sky.
They help us rise when we may fall,
And remind us we can conquer all.

Distance cannot break the chain,
Nor can hardship, loss or pain.
For friendship built on love and trust,
Remains strong because it must.

In every stage of life we see,
How valuable true friends can be.
They celebrate our every gain,
And stand beside us through the pain.

A friend never asks for a reward,

For kindness is their greatest sword.
They fight our fears with gentle grace,
And bring a smile to every face.

Like rivers flowing to the sea,
Friendship moves naturally and free.
It teaches patience, faith and care,
And fills our lives with warmth to share.

When days are dark and hopes seem few,
A faithful friend will see us through.
Their words become a guiding light,
Turning darkness into bright.

Friendship knows no race or land,
It joins people hand in hand.
Different languages different ways,
Yet friendship brightens all our days.

The greatest treasures cannot compare,
To a loyal friend who will always care.
Gold may fade and riches depart,

But friendship lives within the heart.

So let us value every friend,
And cherish bonds that never end.
With honesty, respect and love,
A friendship becomes a gift from above.

May we always learn to be,
The kind of friend we wish to see.
For every act of kindness shown,
Plants seeds of friendship that have grown.

In this world where changes come,
Friendship beats like a steady drum.
A melody sweet pure and true,
Bringing happiness to me and you.

Friendship is a beautiful art,
Connecting heart to heart.
A treasure that time cannot erase,
A source of strength, hope and grace.

And as the years go passing by,
Beneath the ever-changing sky.
The memory of true friends will stay,
Lighting our hearts along life's way.

CORRECTION

Light & Shadows

Nimisha Rastogi

My name is Nimisha Rastogi, and I am currently pursuing the Company Secretary (CS) course. I am in the final stage of completing this prestigious professional qualification, which has strengthened my knowledge of corporate laws, governance, and compliance.

Light & Shadows, two phases of nature.
A world inseparable.

Each a beauty of its own,

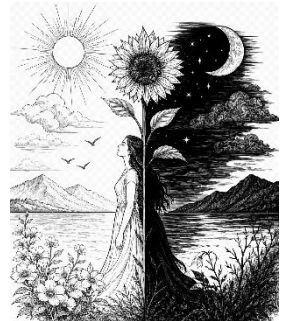
Both indispensable in its zone

As, the golden hues rises shadows fades,
While moon manifest its beauty in the night.

The blazing beams of sun form Soft shadows in light.

Admit shadows deep & light\'s array ,
Life thrives & blossom like a sunflower.
In a realm of complexities,
Whilst in darkness, life vanishes.

Light & Shadows, both intervened,
In life\'s bay, they are defined
like a symphony of day & night
When shadow\'s hovers ,light retreats.



As the dawn breaks in, shadows flee,
Light & Shadows, two shades of nature,
Both interwoven with each other,
Resembling life & death, two
rhythms of nature.

CORRECTION

Ghost at My Own Funeral

Bidisha

I keep rehearsing eulogies
for timelines I won't walk.
I balance budgets in my head
for a house I'll never unlock.

The calendar is full of days
I will not live to spend.
Yet still I grieve them in advance
like letters with no end.

What if the world keeps turning, yes,
but not beneath my feet?
What if the wars I fear to fight
are not for me to meet?

So I'll step out of the future's shadow,
where my shape does not belong.
I'll sit here, solid, breathing, now,
and let tomorrow hum its song



without me in the chorus.

I was never meant to stay that long.

CORRECTION

My Serendipity

DIVYASHREE SIVAKUMAR

There was no sign,
no whisper from the sky,
no moment telling me
that something beautiful
was about to begin.
It was just an ordinary day—
quiet, simple, passing by.
And then...

you!

You came into my life
like an unexpected season,
unannounced,
yet somehow
exactly where you were meant to be.

At first,
I didn't even realize it—
how softly you were changing things.
How your presence
filled spaces I never noticed were empty,



How your name,
your laughter
became a comfort
I didn't know I needed.
You didn't ask for a place—
you simply became one.
My safe place.
My constant.
My home in a person.
You are more than a best friend—
you are my companion
in every unspoken thought,
my quiet strength
in every ordinary day.
And even when life
takes us in different directions,
into different dreams,
into different paths—
something in us
remains untouched.
Because hearts like ours
don't drift apart—

they stay connected,
no matter the distance.
And maybe,if I had a name to this bond,
this soft,unexplainable closeness-
I would call it \"Hobia\"!!
So maybe you were never just
an unexpected moment—
you were
the part of my life
that was always meant to find me.

I aspire to be...

Arshpreet kaur

Arshpreet kaur is an emerging poet whose writing explores themes of resilience, self-discovery, love and hope. Through her poetry, she hopes to inspire readers to embrace their dreams and overcome life's challenges.

I aspire to be
that woman—
the woman who dares to chase her dreams,
who never gives up
Who has always dreamed
of standing at the top.
The woman who always shows up
even on the days
she doesn't want to.
The woman who is afraid
not of failure,
but being an average.
I aspire to be
that woman...



The Child That Was Once Me

Hareem Faisal

Hello! I am Hareem Faisal, a fourteen-year-old aspiring author of the book: The Wanted Criminal.

The poem you are about to read explores the differences between your current self and the child you once used to be(hence, the name of my poem).

This poem is a long-delayed update for the child that was once me.

A letter destined never to be received.

A quiet reflection time adamantly refuses to deliver.

A soul crushing apology that will forever be left unread.

My once-curious, untroubled mind now lives in constant overdrive,

Burdened by the weight of responsibilities that have now come to
consume my once vibrant—now monotonous—life,

And it no longer knows the peace it once called home

The once-perpetual twinkling glow in my eyes,

Is now discarded and replaced by the tiredness of countless sleepless
nights

My once-easily grinning lips are now so worn of constantly wearing
fake, counterfeit smiles,

That they can scarcely summon the strength for a simple upturn

My once-carefree heart is now heavy with the indecipherable whirl
of emotions,

The result of a hectic teenager's life

My stomach, once delighted at the prospect of doughnuts,
milkshakes, and sweets in place of lunch,

Now lies in knots,

Entangled in the infinite chain of worries,

And it can barely keep down a single slice of plain bread

My legs, once eager to skip with every step,

Now struggle to keep me upright till the day's end

Before I collapse into the waiting arms of my comfortable bed

To the child that was once me,

I am sorry for everything this world stole
from you —

Your light,

Your wonder,

Your innocence,

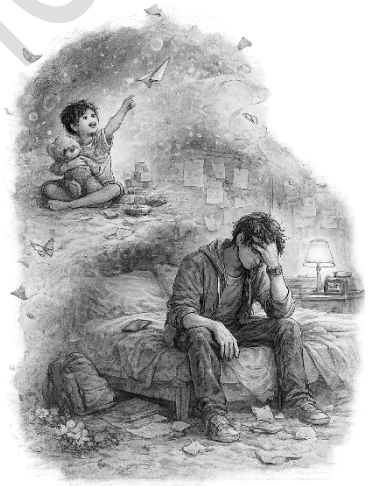
And above all,

Your serenity.

Leaving behind a shell of a person who can barely
survive a single day.

And most of all,

I am sorry for who I have now become.



Silent Lockers

Sarthak Moga

"Silent Lockers" is a poem about the quiet spaces people leave behind after they are gone. Through the image of empty hallways and forgotten lockers, it explores memory, attachment, and the small ordinary things that start carrying the weight of someone's absence.

Our lockers still creak when you're not around,
Like they remember the sound of you laughing,
I walk past quick, eyes fixed on the ground,
Pretending my shoes need all of my tracking.
It's dumb, I know, they're just metal doors,
But they hum your name when the hallway's empty,
And I'm left counting the tile floors,
Like math could fix this broken plenty.



The Mirror On The Glass Door

Aananya Trehan

I'm Aananya Trehan, an 18-year-old writer who discovered poetry at the age of twelve. I find myself drawn to writing through the voices of characters whether they're borrowed from history, mythology, ordinary people, or even objects given a soul of their own.

The mirror on the glass door

A skin i borrowed.

I show them what they want.

Facetious compliments, faced with smiles.

Brows intertwined, tongue whistling lies.

Opinion borrowed form the room.

Wrinkled cheeks , body in fumes

Cursing everyone

Except the one they should .

I hung like a mirror on the glass door.

Pathalogically pleasing others

So they like me better

That\'s my guilty pleasure.

It\'s like an act of kindness.

I lie my way,



In the reality of astrays.
Desperation i learned from them,
Now I play with them.
Pretentious wearing jerseys
Of teams they don\'t support.
Just be known,
That they know.
It\'s a game of hide and seek
I was assigned the seeker
The truest one of them all
\'\'Mirror\'\'.
Forgot I have to reflect
Not just on them
But also on myself.

The mirror on the glass door
My fit for this show .
The keeper of secrets
And vicious smiles keeping scores.
I see it all , know it all
I must stop them all
But I can\'t help ,

I'm the guardian

Who forgot her pledge.

Loyalty is an ancient currency

I can't survive on anymore.

My ambition outlived the purpose I was born for.

The mirror on the glass door

Is the skin i wore.

Leading a life of deception

Acts of helping

Kept me captive.

The Fire That Lost Its Spark

Sakshi

I am Sakshi an aspiring writer and a student with a passion for storytelling. Who enjoys writing thought-provoking stories inspired by everyday emotions, relationships, and human experiences.

I am a fire.

I warm people in the cold, help them cook their food, boil water, and make their lives a little easier. Whenever I am lit, people gather around me. They use me until their work is done, and then they leave. As they walk away, my spark slowly fades.

Over the years, I have seen tears in people's eyes as they cremated their loved ones. It made me sad. I have watched forests burn because of me, destroying countless lives and happiness.

But even after all that...

I carry one memory that hurts the most.

Losing a friend.

It wasn't another fire, a burning log, or a flame.

It was a little girl.

She was cheerful, kind, innocent... and beautiful.

One winter, she sat near me, watching my flames with curiosity. I could see my reflection in her eyes. She would sit there for hours, laughing, telling me about her day, and sharing her little memories. Maybe she wasn't really talking to me...

But I listened.

Every day she came, and for the first time, I didn't feel like just a fire.

I felt like a friend.

Then winter passed.

She stopped coming.

I thought she had forgotten me, just like everyone else. People still used me in their homes and for their work, but I missed her laughter, her innocence, and the way she looked at me.

One day, she came back.

She tried to light me with a matchstick.

For a moment, I thought she had returned to me.

But the flame caught her fingers instead.

She cried.

The matchstick slipped from her hand.

And with it...

I lost my spark too.

From that day on, I was never the same.

I still had the power to burn. I could still give warmth, cook food, and light the darkest nights.

But every time someone came close, all I could remember was her tears.

I no longer saw myself as warmth.

I only saw the pain I had caused.

This was never about a fire.



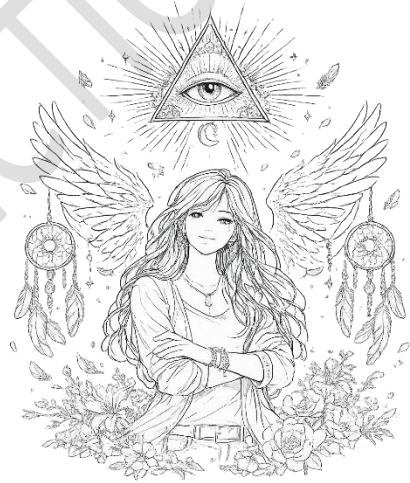
Why worry?

Shruti Patel

No evil eye can hurt me
No devil can harm me
No body can break me
Don't worry I will be fine

Please don't worry,
I will be fine
Whatever it will be,
But I will be fine.

I promise I will be strong
I will be brave, I will be
whatever I should be...



Hallucinations

Sakshi

Lunar_hazex, a girl who writes to pour her heart out. When she's shunned by the world, her pen embraced her lonely self. She writes... Because writing is her solace.

The pain in heart which I'm feeling,
I'm broken into pieces but healing,
Segments of heart shattered on the floor,
Would anyone knock the door?

Brain feeling left out,
Breaths are choking,
Eyes full of water,
Smiles are obstructing.
The pain I'm having is unbearable sometimes,
Don't know how to express things on the time.

Limits have crossed, body is exhausted,
Everything in my life is now wasted,
Don't know where to go, whom to tell
I'm tired out, I'm unwell.

Struggling with last breaths of this day,
Pain is increasing day by day,
All fears are coming out to be true,
Where to go in this dark, Sky is not blue.

Neither getting any hopes nor holding any belief,
Hallucinations of mine won't let me live,
Look from the window how stormy it is outside,
Inside me, A tornado collides.



No matter how bright the day was, the night is full of darkness,
How much I try to heal always left with sadness,
My story lost its last thread of sanity,
Sooner or later, I'll face my reality.

CORRECTION

Prisoner of Past

Sakshi

Lunar_hazex, a girl who writes to pour her heart out. When she's shunned by the world, her pen embraced her lonely self. She writes... Because writing is her solace.

A girl trapped in a cage,
With no escape,
Hopelessly unhelpful,
Surrounded by the unfaithful.

They called her Prisoner of Past,
Judged her story and broadcast,
Satirized her insecurity,
Questioned her purity.

Forced her to perform their deed,
Left her when her heart would bleed,
Exploited her panic and tears,
Expanded the scope of her fears.

She wants to scream high,
Now shushed, muffling her cry,
Clueless and tired,
Feeling unadmired.

Strangled within the chains
of thoughts,
Trying to untie
the painful knots.



When Two Broken Hearts Met

Leela R

When Two Broken Hearts Met

He was gentle, quiet, and shy, with a heart full of kindness and a smile that lit up every room.

From a distance, he admired a girl in silence. Every day, he wished to speak to her, but fear held him back. He wondered what she would think of him.

After a long time, he finally gathered the courage to start a conversation.

What began with a simple "hello" soon became endless conversations. Two strangers became friends, sharing laughter, dreams, and the untold stories of their painful pasts.

Both carried broken hearts, yet they found comfort in each other's words. With every conversation, their trust grew stronger, and hope slowly replaced their fears.

His loyalty, innocence, and gentle soul touched her heart. When they finally confessed their feelings, they realized they had already fallen in love.



Like two sides of the same coin, they completed one another. Together, they discovered that true love is not only about romance, but about trust, understanding, and choosing each other every single day.

For sometimes, the most beautiful love stories begin when two broken hearts meet.

CORRECTION

Waiting for the same rain.

Akhila kommu

A 21-year-old poet and Bachelor of Commerce (Computer Applications) graduate. Recognized among the Top 1000 Poets in India in the Hashtag Kalakar Poetry & Creative Writing Competition 2025.

I know how easily you let me go,

like silver pearls of rain

melting into the puddles

on our terrace—

the rain that once

made us linger

a little longer.



But you drifted away,

like clouds crossing the sky,

never leaving me

in their cool shadow.

Maybe that's how

we were always meant to end—

with words unsaid.

You slipped from my arms
like grains of sand
returning to the sea,
while I searched every tide
for the very same grains
that once held our secrets.

Now this serene twilight
blurs the sky,
hiding the stars
that longed to listen
to our stories.

Even the moon
finds its way home,
leaving me awake,
until sleep
forgot my eyes.

I stood staring

at every path
you once walked,

and even those roads
forgot where they led
beneath the midnight moon.

I waited for you
with a heart
too full of hope,
only to become
a girl lost
in the daydream
of us.

I hope
one day
you'll realize
you thought
you had chosen
a flower
already dried,

sleeping
inside your shirt.

Yet,
it kept blooming—
not because
you pampered it,
but because
it never learned
how to stop
being a flower,

still waiting
for the same rain
that once
felt like
a blessing.

Choosing
to become beautiful,

where

every silent gaze

turned into

a smile.

CORRECTION

A Mother's Heart Never Forgets

Lakshya Chandani

I am Lakshya Chandani, a Class IX student with a keen interest in creative writing and literature. I enjoy expressing my thoughts through words and believe that every story has the power to inspire, connect, and make a difference.

A mother's heart isn't loud.
It's quiet.
But there's always room in it for you.
No matter how big you get,
No matter how many years pass,
You never really leave that space.

She remembers everything.
Your little laugh when you were 4.
The way your tiny hand felt in hers.
The scraped knees, the late-night worries,
The days you didn't even know she was praying for you.

When you're happy, she lights up with you.
When you're scared, she holds it together for you
even if she's crying later.
And the love doesn't fade.
It just grows.
Year after year.

The world changes. People change.
But her?
She stays the same.
Steady.
True.



Because a mother's love isn't something that comes and goes.
Time can't outgrow it.
Her heart doesn't forget.
Not your dreams.
Not your bad days.
Not the small moments.

It just keeps loving you.
Every single day.
In that quiet, stubborn, beautiful way
that only a mom can.

CORRECTION

HINDI

नई मोहब्बत

Aleraf

नई-नई मोहब्बतें, नया-नया एहसास है।

नई-नई ये धुन है, नया-नया ये राग है।

दिल की हर एक धड़कन में अब बस तेरा ही साज़ है।

इश्क का ये पहला सफ़र कितना हसीं और शाद है।

|"पापा जैसा निश्छल प्यार|"

Sweety Mittal

Myself Sweety Mittal. I have done my Master's in human resource management. Currently living in Japan with my husband and daughter. Writing poem and stories is not only a hobby for me .

तुम बिलकुल मेरे पापा जैसे होना...
मुझे दिखावे के रिश्तों का बाज़ार नहीं चाहिए,
तसल्ली देने वाला झूठा इकरार नहीं चाहिए,
जो रूह की गहराइयों से सीधे आकर जुड़ जाए,
मुझे मेरे पापा जैसा ही निश्छल प्यार
चाहिए।

तुम समंदर की तरह गहरे और भीतर से
शांत होना,
पर मेरी ज़रा सी चोट पर, तुम पल में
बेचैन होना।

ज़माना लाख कमियाँ निकाले मुझमें तो निकालता रहे,
तुम मेरी खताओं पर मुझे डाँटना, पर कभी छोड़ कर मत जाना।
आँखों की जुबान पढ़ने वाले...
मेरी आँखों में झाँककर, तुम मेरे मन की हर बात पढ़ लेना,
जो मैं होठों से कह न पाऊँ, वो अनकहा जज़्बात पढ़ लेना।
मुझे अपनी ख्वाहिशों के लिए कभी हाथ फैलाना न पड़े,
मेरे माँगने से पहले ही, तुम मेरी हर हसरत को पूरा कर देना।



जब कभी हाँ मैं इस दुनिया से, और हिम्मत टूट जाए,
तो तुम छुपाना मत आँसू मेरे कंधे पर सर रख रो देना।
और जब चूँ मैं कामयाबी का कोई छोटा सा भी आसमाँ,
तो अपनी खिलखिलाहट से तुम सारा जहाँ महका देना।
दूरी में भी जो पास होने का अहसास दे...
फ़ासले चाहे जितने हों हमारे दरमियाँ,
पर तुम हर लम्हा धड़कन बनकर पास रहना।
जब भी काँपे ये दिल इस दुनिया के शोर से,
तो दूर रहकर भी मेरे कानों में हौसला बनकर बहना।
\"हाँ मैं हूँ... हमेशा तुम्हारे साथ\"
बस यही एक यकीन मुझे हर पल दिलाते रहना।

जब तक है जान

सरस्वती पिल्लई

सरस्वती पिल्लई (आयु: 36 वर्ष) एक शिक्षिका, लेखिका एवं सृजनशील व्यक्तित्व हैं। उन्होंने एम.ए. (हिंदी), एम.कॉम., एम.ए.सी.जे., ई.सी.सी.एड. (डिप्लोमा) तथा पी.जी.डी.सी.ए. की शिक्षा प्राप्त की है। वर्तमान में वे एक जूनियर कॉलेज में आई.टी. शिक्षिका के रूप में कार्यरत हैं।

जिंदगी कोई सीधी राह नहीं,
मन में कोई बड़ी चाह नहीं।
कर्म अच्छे करते रहो,
फिर डर की कोई बात ही नहीं।

कभी वक्त साथ निभाता है,
तो कभी नया रंग दिखाता है।
जैसी भी हो जिंदगी,
हंसते-हंसते यूं ही निकल जाता है।



कभी खुशी है तो कभी गम है,

लोगों में समझदारी थोड़ी कम है।

इसलिए रिश्ते बदले, नाते बदले,

जो नहीं बदला, वो हम हैं।

जो गिरकर संभल जाता है,

वही सफलता को पाता है।

वरना ठोकर खाकर भी

सब समझ आ जाता है।

जब बागों में फूल खिलते हैं,

तब राहों में कांटे भी खिलते हैं।

अगर ठान लिया सीधा मार्ग,

तो जीवन आसानी से कट जाता है।

अब जिम्मेदारियां बढ़ती जाती हैं,

और उम्र ढलती जाती है।

अगर जिंदगी में बैठ गए, तो ये साल भी

मौसम की तरह बदलते जाते हैं।

इसलिए न रुकना है,

न थकना है।

जब तक है जान,

जीवन में आगे बढ़ते रहना है।

CORRECTION

9 से 9 की डायरी

सरस्वती पिल्लई

सरस्वती पिल्लई (आयु: 36 वर्ष) एक शिक्षिका, लेखिका एवं सृजनशील व्यक्तित्व हैं। उन्होंने एम.ए. (हिंदी), एम.कॉम., एम.ए.सी.जे., ई.सी.सी.एड. (डिप्लोमा) तथा पी.जी.डी.सी.ए. की शिक्षा प्राप्त की है। वर्तमान में वे एक जूनियर कॉलेज में आई.टी. शिक्षिका के रूप में कार्यरत हैं।

सुबह अलार्म बजते ही

आँख खुल जाती है,

सपनों की दुनिया पल भर में

बिखर जाती है।

चाय की दो घूँट गले से उतरती हैं,

फिर ज़िंदगी अपनी रफ्तार पकड़ती है।

टिफिन लेकर रोज़ घर से निकल पड़ती हूँ,

स्टेशन पहुँचते-पहुँचते पसीने में भीग जाती हूँ।

"बस दो मिनट की मीटिंग है।"

यही सुनकर मुस्कुरा देती हूँ,

फिर घंटे भर की मीटिंग में
अपनी सारी ऊर्जा खो देती हूँ।

ईमेल, फाइल और पेपर के बीच
पूरा दिन उलझ जाता है,
हर नई डेडलाइन के साथ
दिल थोड़ा और घबराता है।

तभी मेल में मैसेज आता है
\"Join the Meeting.\
और उसी वक्त बॉस पूछ बैठता है
\"Why are you sitting?\"

अब उन्हें कौन समझाए
दिल का हाल,
जो पाँच घंटे की ऑनलाइन
मीटिंग से है बेहाल।



Excel की शीटें, PPT की स्लाइड,
यही बन गई है ज़िंदगी की राइड।
बनाते-बनाते वक्त निकल जाता है,
प्रेजेंट करते-करते बॉस भी मुस्करा जाता है।

लंच का समय जैसे किसी

त्योहार-सा लगता है,

पर घड़ी की टिक-टिक

फिर काम पर बुला लेती है।

शाम कब रात में बदल जाती है,

पता ही नहीं चलता।

9 से 9 का सफ़र

हर दिन फिर से शुरू हो जाता है।

दिन, महीने और साल

यूँ ही गुज़रते चले जाते हैं,

सपने थोड़े ठहर जाते हैं,

और लक्ष्य आगे बढ़ते जाते हैं।

EMI, बिजली का बिल,

घर की छोटी-बड़ी ज़िम्मेदारियाँ,

कमाई से पहले ही

अपना हिस्सा माँग लेती हैं।

कभी गिरती हूँ, कभी संभलती हूँ,
फिर भी मुस्कराकर आगे बढ़ती हूँ।
क्योंकि कंधों पर ज़िम्मेदारियाँ हैं,
इसलिए हर दिन खुद से ही लड़ती हूँ।

थक जाती हूँ
पर रुकना अभी सीखा नहीं है।
हार जाती हूँ
पर टूटना अभी लिखा नहीं है।

यकीन है आज नहीं तो कल
मेरी मेहनत रंग ज़रूर लाएगी।

क्योंकि दौलत, शोहरत और पहचान
यहीं रह जानी है,

एक दिन तो सभी को
खाली हाथ ही जाना है।

इसलिए हर सुबह
फिर एक नई उम्मीद के साथ
मैं अपनी "9 to 9 की डायरी"
एक बार फिर लिखने निकल पड़ती हूँ।

एक दिन का देश प्रेम

Abhijeet Sharma

I am 19 years old poet from Gangapur City, sawai madhopur Rajasthan. I wrote in both Hindi and English language. The reason of writing poems is make people aware about social important topics and right guidness about different topics of life.

प्राची की रेख पर अरुणिमा की लेख देख पाता हूँ
वृद्ध वृक्षों की तंदुल शाख पर नव पल्लव को निहार पाता हूँ
वृद्ध भारत की हरीतिमा में नव जीवन की ज्वाला पाता हूँ
15 Aug की देशप्रेम पर 1 Jan की कुत्सितता भारी है
देशप्रेम के नाम पर जाति ईश धर्म का भेद जारी है
किसी के लिए बापू नेहरू तो किसी के लिए अफ़जल बीमारी है
तुम्हारी एक दिन की देशभक्ति पर तुम्हारा नाज जारी है
लद्दाख मणिपुर बंग की ज्वाला पर देश पर तुम्हारा दल भारी है
किसी की सीमा पार की देशभक्ति सीमाओं के भीतर जारी है
राष्ट्र संपत्ति के हानि कारक , कल्पित धर्म के सुधारक
इस हिंसा भेद के विदारक , मानवता के लिए हम ही हानिकारक
मार्गों पर गंदगी हम ही फैलाते हैं
दो कौड़ियों में बिक जाने को हम ही मजबूरी बताते हैं
रुढ़ियों पर चलकर वर्तमान का गला घोट जाते हैं
नागरिकों, खेलकारों, राजनेताओं, दलितों, महिलाओं देश पर अपशब्द
हमें सुहाते हैं
फ़िर भी एक दिन के देशभक्त तो हम कहलाते हैं IN   

CORRECTION

अधूरा प्यार

Lipsamayee Mishra

आज मैंने उसको देखा
हाय क्या देखा है आज
क्या आँखें थीं, क्या बाल थे
क्या चेहरा था
और चेहरे पे ढका हुआ
वो दुपट्टा सुनहरा था
क्या लगती थी वो, देखा था जब वो साड़ी में,
मानो जैसे कुदरत के सारे रंग उस पर ही ठहरा था
शायद किसी को मिलने आयी थी
उसकी आँखें किसी को ढूँढ़ रही थीं
और मेरी आँखें उस पर ही ठहरी थीं
वो दौड़ी अपनी मंज़िल के पास
और मैं अपनी मंज़िल के पास
वो आगे आगे जिस तरफ



मैं पीछे पीछे उस तरफ

देखा उसने दूर से और दूर ही रह गई

कहानी उसके साथ ही अधूरी रह गई।

CORRECTION

अनकही वो कुछ यूँ रही

Aarshida Khan

गुजारी कुछ हमने कुछ गुजरी
कुछ अल्फाज़ों में बया हुई
सिफारिश तरबियत जद्दोजेहत
ना जाने क्या क्या किया।

ये पहेली थी वो जिंदगी की
जिसकी रिवायत न रही
ऐसी बीती कुछ गुजरी कुछ गुज़र गई

इशक-मुस्क, नशा .. सब देखा
इंतेकाम-इलज़ाम, इज़ाज़त
हकीकत कुछ लगे कुछ बदले
कुछ गुज़रे कुछ गुज़र गए

निफल नस्ल, दुआ- आरजू



तमन्ना ना जाने क्या -क्या

फलसफे रहे।

नज़र-गुज़र ओज़हा ओर बाबा

फैशन की बीमारी .. भूलते

वो पुराने ठाट ...

चार दिन की चांदनी फिर वाही अंधेरी रात

कुछ गुज़री और कुछ गुज़र गई

राग-बैराग,अमल-एहसान

फिरके पुराने वो जुगले देखे

रह गयी दुनिया न्यारी ...

पिज़्ज़ा पास्ता और प्यार- प्रेम

नाम पे धोखेबाज़ देखे

गुजर गया सब कुछ ...

जिंदगी की अनोखी और अनकही बात

बताऊ ।

सच बोलू तो पागल बन जाऊ

CORRECTION

ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानायची

Sahil sunil Choudhari

रोज सकाळी गुड मॉर्निंग चा पहिला मेसेज ती मला करायची,

जर मी रिप्लाय नाही दिला तर रुसून बसायची ;

कारण ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानायची

कॉलेज ला तशी ती एकटीच यायची,

पण कॉलेज सुटल्यावर मात्र माझी वाट पाहायची ;

कारण ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानायची

मैत्रिणींसोबतच्या गप्पा गोष्टी ती मला चालता चालता सांगायची ;

कारण ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानायची

मी लिहिलेल्या प्रत्येक कवितेत ती असायची,

पण मला माहिती नाही याची जाणीव तिला असायची किंवा नसायची ;

कारण ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानायची

माझ्या हसऱ्या चेहऱ्यामागचं हसू आणि सॅड चेहऱ्यामागचं दुःख ती
बरोबर ओळखायची ;

कारण ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानायची

अकदा असाच चालता चालता मी तिला प्रपोज केलं;

मैत्रीचं नातं बाजूला करून प्रेमाचं नातं पुढे केलं ..

तिनी उत्तर नाही दिल ,

कारण तिला माझ्या प्रेमाची
व्याख्या नाही कळायची ;

कारण ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड
मानायची



तिच्या मनात एकच विचार मी तिला प्रपोज केला ,

माझ्या मनात एकच विचार तिने मला नकार दिला ; आणि इथूनच
आमच्या मैत्री मध्ये दुरावा निर्माण झाला ...

बोलणं कमी झालं भेटणं कमी झालं ,

पण याच गोष्टीमुळे आमच्या मध्ये एक वेगळंच नातं जन्माला आलं

...

ते ना मैत्रीचं होतं ना प्रेमाचं ; ते होतं फक्त एकमेकांना समजून
घेण्याचं ..

आज जरी तिने मला ब्लॉक केला असला तरी रोज रात्री अनब्लॉक
करून मेसेज करते ;

कारण ती मला जस्ट फ्रेंड मानते

CORRECTION

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ

Jaspreet Kaur

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ,

मेरे भीतर एक पूरा समंदर बसता है, मगर हर किसी को सिर्फ मेरी मुस्कान दिखाई देती है।

लोग कहते हैं मैं बहुत मज़बूत हूँ, किसी ने यह नहीं पूछा कि आखिर मुझे इतना मज़बूत होना ही क्यों पड़ा।

मैंने उम्र भर अपनों के लिए दुआएँ माँगीं, और जब अपने लिए कुछ माँगने की बारी आई, तो खामोश हो गई।

मैंने घर बनाए, रिश्ते सँभाले, लोगों की टूटी उम्मीदों को सहारा दिया, मगर कई बार अपनी ही थकान को एक कोने में छोड़ दिया।

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ,

मेरी आँखों में सिर्फ सपने नहीं, कई अधूरी कहानियाँ भी रहती हैं।

कुछ ऐसे दर्द, जिन्हें मैंने कभी जुबान नहीं दी।

कुछ ऐसे आँसू, जो बहने से पहले ही मुस्कान बन गए।

मगर सुनो, मेरी खूबसूरती मेरे चेहरे में नहीं, मेरे उस दिल में है जो
सौ बार टूटकर भी नफ़रत करना नहीं सीखता।

मेरी ताकत मेरी आवाज़ में नहीं, मेरे उस धैर्य में है जो हर अँधेरे के
बाद भी रोशनी पर यक़ीन रखता है।

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ,

मुझे जीतने के लिए प्रेम चाहिए, और खोने के लिए बस एक
अपमान काफ़ी है।

क्योंकि मैं मोहब्बत की आखिरी हद तक
जा सकती हूँ, लेकिन अपनी आत्मा को
कुचलकर नहीं जी सकती।



और शायद इसी लिए, ईश्वर ने मुझे फूल सा कोमल बनाया, मगर
जड़ों सा अडिग भी।

ताकि दुनिया चाहे जितनी बदल जाए, मैं हर बार गिरकर भी अपने अस्तित्व में फिर से खिल सकूँ। ❀

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ,

मेरी कहानी सिर्फ मेरे बारे में नहीं होती, मेरे भीतर कई पीढ़ियों की दास्तान साँस लेती है।

मैं वह हूँ, जो अपने शरीर में एक और धड़कन को जगह देती है।

नौ महीने तक अपने हिस्से की नींद, अपनी सहजता, अपना आराम खोकर एक नए जीवन को सँजोती है।

मैं वह हूँ, जो असहनीय पीड़ा से गुज़रते हुए भी मौत और ज़िंदगी की उस पतली सी रेखा पर खड़ी रहती है, ताकि कोई पहली बार इस दुनिया में साँस ले सके।

मेरी चीखों के बीच किसी की पहली किलकारी जन्म लेती है।

मेरे दर्द की गहराइयों से किसी की पूरी ज़िंदगी शुरू होती है।

और फिर भी, जब सबकी नज़र उस नन्ही सी जान पर होती है, मैं मुस्कुरा देती हूँ।

क्योंकि मैं जानती हूँ, मेरे दर्द का सबसे खूबसूरत रूप मेरी बाँहों में सिमटा हुआ है।

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ,

मैं सिर्फ़ जीवन जीती नहीं, जीवन को जन्म भी देती हूँ।

मेरे आँचल में दुनिया की पहली पनाह होती है, मेरी उँगली थामकर ही कई कदम चलना सीखते हैं।

ईश्वर अगर सृष्टि का रचयिता है, तो उसने सृजन का सबसे अनमोल वरदान एक स्त्री को ही सौंपा है।

इसलिए जब तुम मुझे देखो, तो सिर्फ़ एक चेहरे को मत देखना।

उस स्त्री को देखना जो अपने दर्द को प्रेम में बदल देती है, अपने आँसुओं को दुआ में, और अपने अस्तित्व को किसी और की पूरी दुनिया बना देती है।

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ,

और शायद इसी लिए मेरे भीतर धड़कता हुआ हृदय सिर्फ मेरा नहीं होता, वह आने वाली ज़िंदगियों की पहली धड़कन भी होता है। ❤️

मैं एक स्त्री हूँ,

मैं रिश्तों को जोड़ने की कला भी जानती हूँ
और अपनी इज़्ज़त के लिए अकेले खड़े होने का साहस भी।

मेरी ख़ामोशी को मेरी हार मत समझना,
क्योंकि जब मैं बोलती हूँ, तो सदियों से दबे हुए सच आवाज़ पाते हैं।

मैं प्रेम हूँ,

त्याग हूँ,

धैर्य हूँ, और समय आने पर आग भी।

मैं किसी की परछाई नहीं,

मैं अपनी पहचान खुद लिखने वाली कहानी हूँ।

और यकीन मानो,

एक स्त्री जब अपने होने का एहसास कर लेती है, तो फिर दुनिया
उसे रोक नहीं सकती। ✨

CORRECTION

मेरी नज़र से खुद को देखो

Kopal

मेरी नज़र से खुद को देखोगी तो पाओगी कि तुम,
अधूरी नहीं, ईश्वर की सबसे सुंदर रचना हो तुम।
जिसे आईना हर रोज़ सवालों में उलझाता है,
उसी चेहरे की मेरी हर दुआ, हर आराधना हो तुम।
जो कहती हो कि आँखें तुम्हारी बहुत साधारण हैं,
मैं कहूँगा—इन्हीं में मेरी हर मुश्किल का निवारण हैं।
तुम्हे जो अपने लटे लगे अनकही उलझन सी लगती है
इनकी हर इक उलझन में प्रकृति अपना घर चुनती है,
जो रंग तुम्हें साँवला लगता, वही धरती का श्रृंगार है,
बरसों की तपती धूप के बाद सावन का उपहार है।
जो कहती हो, “मैं बहुत ज़्यादा सोच लिया करती हूँ,”
मैं कहता हूँ, “तभी तो हर रिश्ते में जान भरती हो।”
जो कहती हो, “मैं सबसे अलग, अजीब-सी लगती हूँ,”
यही अलगपन तो सबसे अनमोल राग बुनती हो ।

जो आँसू तुम सबसे छुपकर तकिए पर छोड़ आती हो,
वही मोती बनकर रब की चौखट तक पहुँच जाते हैं।

तेरी खुशबू इत्रों की मोहताज कभी लगती ही नहीं,

जैसे भीगी मिट्टी चुपके से बारिश को छू ले कहीं।

तू खुद को जितना कम समझे, उतनी
ही बड़ी कहानी है,

तेरे भीतर छिपी हुई इक पूरी नई
रवानी है।

तू खुद को जब मेरी आँखों की
रोशनी से पढ़ लेगी,

हर कमी अपनी सबसे प्यारी निशानी कह देगी।

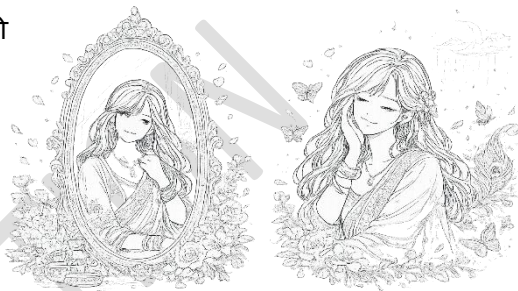
इसलिए आईनों की बातें दिल पर कभी न लेना तुम,

दुनिया के मापों से खुद को कभी न तौलना तुम।

मेरी नज़र से खुद को देखोगी तो जानोगी यही—

तुम सिर्फ़ सुंदर नहीं...

सुंदरता का सबसे सच्चा अर्थ हो तुम,



तिरंगा महान

Foram Almoula

उत्तर-दक्षिण, पूरब-पश्चिम, भारत की तो शान है,

हर तरफ लहराता हुआ, तिरंगा महान है।

जय हो, जय हो, जय हो भारत माता की!

उत्तर में हिमालय, दक्षिण में देवालय,

और पूर्व में प्रेम का प्रतीक है, प्रेम का प्रतीक है।

पश्चिम में तो जादू का पिटारा है, पिटारा है।

महादेवी और देवताओं का वास है,

वास है, वास है,

यह तो भारत का अभिमान है,

अभिमान है, अभिमान है।

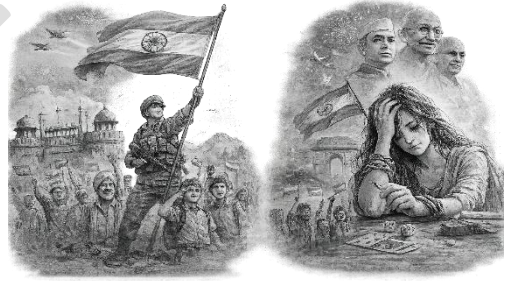
यह तो ईश्वर, अल्लाह, जीसस,

नानक की देन है, देन है।

शान न उनकी जाने पाए, मान उनका बढ़ता जाए,

लेते हैं प्रण आज, जिसने पहनाया है हमें ताज।

बढ़े चलो, बढ़े चलो, बढ़े चलो...



गांधी, नेहरू, सुभाष, सरदार की राह पर बढ़े चलो,

मिलकर साथ, मिलाकर हाथ बढ़े चलो।

अनेकता में एकता का नारा लगाते चलो... बढ़े चलो!

माथे पर तिलक लगाकर बढ़े चलो, बढ़े चलो,

भारत की शान बढ़ाते चलो, बढ़ाते चलो।

जय हिन्द, जय भारत, वंदे मातरम!

जय हिन्द।

इंतज़ार

Priyanshu

स्टेशन पर ट्रेन के आने का,
उसके दिल में मेरे लिए ख्वाब सजाने का।
हर बात में मेरा ज़िक्र ले आने का,
झलक जाने पर झूठा बहाना बनाने का।

शायद उसे भी होगा इंतज़ार,
जैसा मुझे है।
शायद वो भी करता होगा इकरार,
जैसा मेरा दिल हर रोज़ करता है।
पर शायद हिचकिचाता है दुनिया से,
उन चार लोगों से,
उनकी चार बातों से।



क्या तुमने भी किया है किसी का इंतज़ार,
जैसा मैंने किया है?

उम्र ढल जाएगी,

पर मेरा प्यार नहीं।

शायद ये बात

वो कभी जान भी पाएगा नहीं।

हिम्मत नहीं उसे बता पाने की,

डर है...

कहीं वो मुझसे और दूर न हो जाए।

नहीं चाहती दोतरफा प्यार,

काफ़ी है उसके लिए मेरा इकरार।

वैसे भी,

एकतरफा मोहब्बत में कहाँ चाह होती है

उसके भी चाहने की।

यही तो खूबसूरती है इश्क की—

बदले में कुछ भी चाह न रखने की।

वो खुश है अपनी दुनिया में,
और मैं भी हूँ...
कम-से-कम दुनिया को यही लगता है।

जब वो पूछता है,
\"कैसी हो तुम?\"
दिल चाहता है
सब बता दूँ
उसके बिना कैसी ही हो सकती हूँ मैं।
पर ठहर जाती हूँ,
उस डर से
कि कहीं वो मुझसे मीलों दूर न चला जाए।
इसलिए मुस्करा कर कह देती हूँ—
बढ़िया हूँ... तुम बताओ, कैसे हो?

मेरा प्यार
आज भी वैसा ही है,
जैसा पहली नज़र में था।

न कोई if,

न कोई but...

बस तुम।

CORRECTION

तुझं लग्न

Sahil sunil Choudhari

कुठेतरी कधीतरी पुन्हा आपली भेट व्हावी,
तुझ्या लग्नाच्या निमित्ताने का होईना,
पण तू पुन्हा एकदा माझ्यासमोर यावी

शेवटचा थोडा आनंद असेल माझ्या चेहऱ्यावर ;
तोही ओवाळून टाकेन मी त्या
दिवशी, मी केलेल्या प्रेमावर.

डोळ्यांसमोर माझ्या होशील तू
दुसऱ्या कुणाची ;
हातातल्या अक्षता पाहून,
मेल्यात जमा अवस्था होईल माझ्या
मनाची...



भर गर्दीत शोधशील तुला पाहणारी माझी नजर;
शेवटी रडत रडत म्हणशील, \"का राहिलास तू हजर?\"

\"निघून जा\" म्हणशील इशाऱ्या-इशाऱ्यांमधून ;
नाही सावरू शकणार तू स्वतःला, मला डोळ्यांसमोर बघून...

कोण हाक देईल पहिले, यात थोडा वेळ जाईल ;
जुन्या आठवणी आठवून दोघांच्याही डोळ्यात पाणी येईल...

जाता जाता शेवटी एकदा मागे वळून पाहीन,
एकच प्रश्न मनात असेल ,
\" तुझ्याशिवाय खुश कसा राहीन ? \"

CORRECTION

वक्त को ठहरने दो

Navneet Kumar

यूं खो गया था मैं, कि पल न या बीते,
ऐसा हो जैसे अब, हम तुम ही जीते।
वक्त का दरिया जम सा ही जाए,
मैं हूं , तुम हो, और कोई न आए,
ये बहती हवा यूं थम सा ही जाए,
मैं तुमको और तू खुशियां पाए।
मेरी खुशी का ठिकाना नहीं था,
किसको पता मैं दीवाना नहीं था,
कुछ भी नहीं था, कुछ भी नहीं था,
तेरे पास था तो मैं कितना सही था।
तेरे केश मुझसे कुछ कहने लगी थी,
बेताबियां जब कुछ बढ़ने लगी थी,
मेरे दिल ने माना कुछ गड़बड़ न कर दो,
बस फिर क्या, फिर समय चाल से चलने लगी थी।



खूबसूरत लम्हें, वो मदमस्त बातें,
शाम की सादगी, और व्यस्त रातें,
वो घड़ियां जो गुजरी, गुजरना ही था,
उनके ऊपर मिश्राजी तुम्हें मरना ही था।

CORRECTION

हम इन्सान हम में शैतान हम
में है कृष्णा, मौहम्मद नानक ईशा

कहा भागंगे कर्मों से परे,
रुठेंगे मनाएंगे कुछ अपने खरे

दिखे नहीं कभी सोते नहीं वो
जो कभी स्थित नहीं रख हे बो

झुकते रहते हैं इनिया से सभी दूर
तक आवाज़ जाएंगी तो कभी

मोजूद है कण-कण में हमारे
इनके प्रति आस्था है हमें

लेते हैं, आजमाईश बन्दो की रब
सुख चैने भी देते हैं हम को सब

अच्छा ज्ञान देकर दुनिया को
मोहब्बत का पैगाम देते हैं ये

नुसरत बानो बीवां

एक काम करते हैं !

Nikhil Srivastava

मैं निखिल श्रीवास्तव, चिकित्सा का विद्यार्थी और शब्दों का एक साधारण मुसाफिर हूँ। मेरे लिए लेखन केवल भावनाओं की अभिव्यक्ति नहीं, बल्कि जीवन के अनुभवों, प्रेम, आशा और आत्ममंथन को शब्दों में संजोने का माध्यम है।

अब निकल गया है काम तो एक काम करते हैं,

अब तुमसे क्या बात करें, किसी और से बात करते हैं।

जो दिल पर लिखे थे नाम, उन्हें धीरे से मिटा देते हैं,

जो याद बची है बाकी, उसे रात में दफ़न कर देते हैं।

तुम्हारी खामोशी ने कितने सवाल छोड़ दिए,

चलो आज उन्हीं सवालों से मुलाकात करते हैं।

फिर टूटकर संभलने की हिम्मत अब बची कहाँ,

चलो दर्द को ही अपना हमराज़ करते हैं।

तुम तो कब के बदल गए वक़्त के मौसम की तरह,

हम ही पागल थे जो दिल को तेरे साथ करते हैं।

अब कोई उम्मीद भी दिल

को तसल्ली नहीं देती,

बस मुस्कुरा देते हैं और दिन

को रात करते हैं।



कभी सोचा न था यूँ खुद से बिछड़ जाएँगे,

चलो फिर से आज खुद से शुरुआत करते हैं।

लाल

Khushal Chandani

I am Khushal Chandani, a Class XII student at Madhavrao Scindia Public School, Bareilly, passionate about writing, diplomacy, and youth leadership.

कहते हैं...

लाल रंग प्रेम का होता है,

साहस का होता है,

क्रांति का होता है।

पर एक लाल रंग ऐसा भी है,

जिससे आज भी

लोग नज़रें चुरा लेते हैं।

हर महीने...

वो मुस्कराती है,



जैसे कुछ हुआ ही न हो।

जबकि उसके भीतर

दर्द की एक पूरी नदी

चुपचाप बह रही होती है।

वो चलती है...

हँसती है...

पढ़ती है...

सपने भी देखती है...

और उसी बीच

लोग कह देते हैं—

"मंदिर मत जाना..."

"अचार मत छूना..."

\ "आज शुभ काम मत करना..." \

मैं सोचता हूँ...

अगर मासिक धर्म

अशुभ है,

तो फिर

इस संसार में

शुभ जन्म लेता कैसे है?

जिस रक्त से

हर धड़कन की शुरुआत होती है,

उसी रक्त से

इतनी दूरी क्यों?

जिसे प्रकृति

हर महीने

जीवन का उत्सव बनाती है,

उसे समाज

शर्म का कारण क्यों बना देता है?

शायद...

समस्या

उसके शरीर में नहीं,

हमारी सोच में है।

क्योंकि...

वो हर महीने

कमज़ोर नहीं पड़ती,

वो हर महीने

हमें जन्म देने की

अपनी क्षमता का

सबूत देती है।

और सच कहूँ...

जिस दिन

एक लड़की

अपने सैनिटरी पैड को

छुपाना छोड़ देगी,

और समाज

उसे छुपाने को कहना...

उसी दिन

लाल रंग

सिर्फ एक रंग नहीं रहेगा,

सम्मान बन जाएगा।

OTHER

தருவாயோ?

S. mahalakshmi

என்னை ஆட்கொள்ளும்

வலி நீ....

ஆறுதலுக்கென அன்பின்

புன்னகை தருவாயோ?

என்னை புறந்தள்ளும்

புயல் நீ...

நிமிர்ந்து நகர

தென்றலை தருவாயோ?

என்னை நனைக்கும்

மழை நீ...

அன்பால் உலர

வெயில்நேசம் தருவாயோ?

என்னை தோற்கடிக்கும்

தனிமை நீ...

தோள்சாய்ந்து அழ

மௌனம் தருவாயோ?



என்னை துயர்செய்யும்

அருகாமை நீ...

ஸ்பரிசு வார்த்தைகளுடன்

தோழமை தருவாயோ?

என்னை முட்டாளாக்கும்

காதல் நீ...

ஏளனம் கொள்ளாமல்

ஏமாற்றாமல்

உன்னை தருவாயோ?

وہ باتیں جو زبان کہنے سے قاصر ہوتی ہے
جھوٹ اور فریب سے بے نیاز
، یہ صرف سچ اُگلتی ہیں
آنکھیں کھلی کتاب ہوتی ہیں
بس سمجھنے والی ذہن ننگاہیں ہوں
تو ہر ایک راز صفحوں کی مانند عیاں ہوتا چلا جاتا ہے۔
زبان دھوکے میں ڈالتی ہے
لفظوں کا جال بُنتی ہے،
چالاکي و سفاکيت کی حامل یہ زبان سچ بولنے سے قاصر ہوتی ہے
۔آنکھیں اپنے اندر جذبات کا ٹھاٹھیں مارتا سمندر رکھتی ہیں
جو چھپانے سے بھی نہیں چھپتا۔
ہر شدت، ہر نفرت، ہر محبت، ہر کرب
اپنے اندر صدیوں کی اذیت بھی چھپائے پھرتی ہیں۔
بس آنکھیں چار ہونے کی دیر ہے،
ہر راز سے پردہ ہٹتا چلا جاتا ہے
ہر احساس عیاں ہوتا چلا جاتا ہے۔
آنکھوں کا تعلق دل سے
جبکہ زبان کا تعلق دماغ سے ہوتا ہے
پھر دل پر کہاں کسی کی مرضی چلتی ہے

جبکہ دماغ اپنی مرضی سے چلتا ہے
اگر تمہیں اس کے دل کا حال جاننا ہو
کہ وہ کس اذیت سے گزر رہا ہے،
کن تکلیف دہ راہوں کا وہ تنہا مسافر رہا ہے،
تو اس کی آنکھوں سے روابط قائم کر لو
یہ تمہیں ہر اُس بات سے آگاہ کریں گی
جو اس کی زبان بتلانے سے قاصر ہے۔

جب تسخیر کر لو اُس خزانے کو پھر
جسے لوگ قلبِ انسان کہتے ہیں
تو اس راز کو راز ہی رکھ لینا کہ



ਹਾਲ-ਏ-ਦਿਲ

Arshpreet kaur

Arshpreet kaur is an emerging poet whose writing explores resilience, self-discovery, hope and the quiet emotions that often go unspoken.

ਕੀ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨ ਆ, ਸੰਭਾਲ ਲਏਗਾ?

ਚਿਹਰਾ ਪੜ੍ਹਨਾ ਜਾਣ ਲਏਗਾ?

ਸਾਨੂੰ ਜਜ਼ਬਾਤ ਬਿਆਨ ਕਰਨੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਉਂਦੇ,

ਅੱਖਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੇਖ, ਦਿਲ ਦਾ ਹਾਲ ਜਾਣ ਲਏਗਾ?

