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A Portrait of Kindness

Samreen Khanam also known as Nimme is a creative writer whose work carries both feeling and insight. As an author with an M.A. in Psychology, she brings a deep understanding of human thoughts, emotions, and behavior into her writing.

Samreen Khanam

Samreen Khanam, Also Known as Nimme Khan: A Portrait of Kindness, Respect, and Quiet Strength

Introduction

Every community has a few people whose presence makes others feel comfortable, respected, and valued. They may not always seek attention, but their actions speak loudly. Samreen Khanam, popularly known as Nimme Khan, is one such person. Born to Fazle Rab Khan and Ahmedi Khanam in Kopa, she is admired as a very young, talented, and decent girl who carries herself with grace. She is especially known for the way she cares for her relatives, shows respect to everyone around her, and creates a warm feeling wherever she goes.

What makes her story special is not only her gentle nature but also the balance she has given to her life. As the **youngest daughter of the house**, she grew up in a loving and pampered atmosphere, yet she learned how to stay humble and responsible. Along with her family role, she also works as a **teacher in a small private school**, showing that kindness and dedication can live side by side. She is the kind of girl who is respected by all, and her life reflects the beauty of a kind heart.

A Gentle Beginning in a Loving Home

Samreen Khanam's early life began in Kopa, where she was raised in a family that cared for her deeply. Being the youngest daughter often means receiving extra affection, attention, and protection. Samreen grew up in such an atmosphere, where love was abundant and she was surrounded by warmth. This kind of upbringing can shape a child in many ways. In her case, it seems t

o have nurtured softness, gratitude, and emotional awareness rather than pride or carelessness.

Children who grow up with love do not always become dependent; many of them learn how to value relationships more deeply. Samreen appears to be one of those people. Instead of taking affection for granted, she transformed it into a habit of caring for others. Her family background gave her comfort, but her character shows maturity. She did not become defined only by being the youngest or the most pampered child. She became a thoughtful and respectful young woman who understands the importance of treating people well.

This is what makes her story meaningful. A person's home environment often lays the foundation for character, but it is personal choice that shapes the final result. Samreen's life shows that a loving upbringing, when matched with good values, can produce someone truly admirable.

A Personality Full of Respect and Responsibility

One of the most beautiful qualities of Samreen Khanam is her respectful nature. Respect is not only about speaking politely; it is also shown in listening carefully, helping quietly, and valuing the feelings of others. Samreen is known for all these traits. She is the kind of girl who carries herself with dignity and makes others feel honored in her presence. This is why she is appreciated not only by family members but also by people around her.

In many households, the youngest child is often expected to be carefree and playful. While Samreen may have enjoyed the warmth of being the youngest daughter, she also carried responsibility in her daily behavior. She has a natural habit of taking care of her relatives, which shows emotional strength and family attachment. In a time when many people are busy with their own lives, a person who remembers relatives, supports them, and stays connected to them becomes truly valuable.

Her respect toward others also reflects a strong inner discipline. A decent person does not need to announce their goodness loudly. It is noticed in small things: a soft tone of voice, a helpful attitude, and the willingness to show love without expecting anything in return. Samreen seems to live by these quiet but powerful habits. This is why she is not only liked but genuinely respected.

A Teacher with a Caring Heart

Beyond her role in the family, Samreen Khanam also serves as a **teacher in a small private school**. This is an important part of her identity because teaching is not just a profession; it is a service. A teacher guides young minds, builds confidence, and helps shape the future. For a young woman like Samreen to take this path shows both commitment and courage.

Teaching in a small private school may not always bring fame or recognition, but it often requires patience, regular effort, and sincere care for students. A teacher must understand not only lessons but also the hearts of children. Samreen's kind nature makes her well suited for this role. A teacher who is decent, respectful, and calm can create a classroom where children feel safe to learn and ask questions. That kind of environment is very important in education.

Her work also proves that she is willing to contribute to society in a meaningful way. She is not waiting for life to give her importance; instead, she is already making a difference by teaching children. In doing so, she is helping shape young learners with the same values that make her admirable: respect, kindness, and care for others. A teacher like Samreen may quietly influence many lives, and that is a form of success that cannot always be measured by titles or awards.

The Beauty of a Kind-Hearted Lady

People often remember a person not only for what they do, but for how they make others feel. Samreen Khanam is remembered as a **kind-hearted lady**, and this description carries great value. Kindness is one of the strongest human qualities because it touches lives in simple but lasting ways. It can reduce hurt, build trust, and create peace in relationships.

A kind-hearted person notices the needs of others. She may offer help without being asked, speak gently to those who are upset, and maintain patience even when situations are difficult. Samreen's nature seems to reflect this quiet strength. Her care for relatives, her respectful behavior, and her professional role as a teacher all point to one central truth: she values people. She does not look down on others, and she does not use her position or age to act proudly.

In many ways, kindness and respect are connected. A person who truly respects others usually becomes kinder as well. Samreen's life shows this connection clearly. Her behavior makes people feel comfortable, and that comfort

is often the first sign of goodness. Because of this, she stands as an example of how a simple, sincere person can earn deep admiration from everyone around her.

Why Her Story Inspires Others

Samreen Khanam's story is inspiring because it reminds us that greatness does not always come with noise. Some people shine through achievements that are widely known, while others shine through daily goodness that is quietly powerful. Samreen belongs to the second kind. She may be young, but she has already shown qualities that many people spend years trying to develop.

Her life teaches several valuable lessons:

- **Love at home can shape a beautiful character.**
- **Respect is one of the most important signs of good upbringing.**
- **Caring for relatives strengthens family bonds.**
- **Teaching is a noble way to serve society.**
- **Kindness and decency make a person truly memorable.**



These lessons matter for students, young adults, and families alike. In today's fast-moving world, people often admire confidence, achievement, and success. Those things are important, but they become even more meaningful when joined with humility and kindness. Samreen's example shows that it is possible to be talented and decent, loving and disciplined, soft-hearted and responsible at the same time.

The Quiet Strength of Decency

Decency is sometimes underestimated, but it is one of the strongest qualities a person can have. A decent person brings peace into a room. She avoids unnecessary conflict, speaks with care, and treats everyone fairly. Samreen Khanam is described as decent, and that word fits her well. Her character seems to rest on steady values rather than temporary moods.

In families, schools, and neighborhoods, decent people become anchors. They help maintain harmony and trust. Their presence reduces tension because others know they will act with fairness and kindness. Samreen's respect for relatives and her role as a teacher suggest that she understands this responsibility well. She does not merely live for herself; she contributes to the lives of others through her behavior.

This quiet strength is often the mark of a mature soul. A person does not need to be loud to be important. Sometimes the most important people in a community are those who listen, care, and serve without asking for applause. Samreen appears to embody this truth in a natural and graceful way.

Conclusion

Samreen Khanam, widely known as Nimme Khan, is a shining example of how kindness, respect, and responsibility can come together in one life. Born in Kopa to Fazle Rab Khan and Ahmedi Khanam, she grew up as the youngest daughter in a loving home and developed into a young woman admired by many. Her habit of caring for relatives, her respectful nature, and her role as a teacher in a small private school all show that she is more than just talented—she is deeply thoughtful and sincere.

What makes her truly special is the way she combines softness with strength. She has the gentleness of someone raised with affection and the responsibility of someone who understands the value of service. As a kind-hearted lady, she has earned love and respect not through showiness, but through

ough her everyday actions. Her story reminds us that a beautiful character is built through respect, care, humility, and consistent good behavior. In that sense, Samreen Khanam stands as a lovely example of the kind of person every community is proud to have.

CORRECTION

A Wish That Can Never Be Fulfilled

Samreen Khanam is a thoughtful writer and a knowledgeable guide to the human mind. With an M.A. in Psychology, she brings a deep understanding of feelings, behavior, and relationships into her work. Her writing reflects both care and clarity, making her books meaningful for readers of all ages.

Samreen Khanam

Introduction

This short story is about Mr. BT and Miss NK—two people who met not as strangers, but as souls drawn quietly toward each other. He was a teacher, thoughtful and steady; she was a Muslim girl with a gentle smile and a heart full of dreams. Their story began like a soft breeze on an ordinary day, the kind that no one notices at first, and yet it changes everything.

What started as a simple moment of eye contact slowly turned into a love story that lasted seven years. It was not a love built on promises made loudly, but on silent understanding, deep respect, and endless care. Yet behind their love stood a painful truth: they belonged to different religions, and the world around them was not ready to accept their union. Their hearts were together, but their destiny seemed to walk on two separate roads.

The Beginning of a Love Story

Love has a strange way of arriving. It does not always ask for permission, and it does not wait for the “right time.” For Mr. BT and Miss NK, it came in the most unexpected way—love at first sight. In that first meeting, something unspoken passed between them. It was not a loud or dramatic moment. It was gentle, almost invisible to the world, but unforgettable to their hearts.

Mr. BT saw in Miss NK a quiet strength, a grace that made her stand out from everyone else. Miss NK, in turn, was touched by his kindness, his respectful nature, and the calm way he carried himself. They did not fall in love because of perfect words or grand gestures. They fell in love because their hearts recognized something familiar in each other. From that moment

onward, they were no longer just two separate people. They became a part of each other's inner world.

As days turned into months, their connection grew stronger. They talked, understood, supported, and trusted each other. What began as a glance became a bond. What began as a feeling became a relationship. And what began as a small spark became a flame that lasted for seven long years.

Seven Years of Togetherness

Seven years is not a short time. It is a long journey filled with memories, sacrifices, misunderstandings, patience, and hope. During those years, Mr. BT and Miss NK did not just love each other in the easy moments; they loved each other through struggle too. They learned each other's habits, moods, fears, and dreams. They stood beside each other in happiness and in pain.

Their relationship was not perfect, because no real relationship ever is. There were days when the world felt heavy, when questions from society made their hearts tired, and when the future looked uncertain. But still, they remained. They chose to stay, again and again, because their love was not casual—it was deep, mature, and real.

They shared small joys that became priceless memories:

long conversations that made the night feel shorter,

silent support during difficult times,

celebration of each other's achievements,

and the comfort of knowing that someone truly understood them.

In many ways, their relationship became their safe place. When the world outside was judgmental, their bond inside was warm. When people asked difficult questions, they answered them with patience. When others doubted them, they continued believing in each other. That is what made their story beautiful—its honesty.



The Pain of an Unaccepted Love

But love, however pure, does not always live in a kind world. Mr. BT and Miss NK loved each other with full hearts, yet they knew one painful truth from the beginning: their destiny was not the same in the eyes of society. Their religions became a barrier that many people were unwilling to understand. Instead of seeing two loving human beings, society tried to see labels, boundaries, and differences.

This was the hardest part of their story. They were not fighting each other. They were fighting the world's narrow thinking. They were not lacking love. They were lacking acceptance.

For many couples, love becomes stronger when they dream of marriage, a shared home, and a shared future. But for them, every dream carried a shadow. They knew that if they chose each other fully, they might face rejection, pain, or separation from the people around them. They understood that love could be enough for the heart, but not always enough for society.

This created a silent sorrow in their relationship. Even when they smiled, there was a sadness behind it. Even when they spoke about the future, there was uncertainty in their voice. They loved each other deeply, but they also loved each other enough to understand the truth: sometimes love is not defeated by lack of feeling, but by the cruelty of circumstances.

Still, they never stopped respecting each other's faith, identity, and family background. Their love was not about changing one another. It was about accepting one another completely. That is what made their bond pure. They did not ask each other to become someone else. They only asked for love, understanding, and the right to exist together without judgment.

A Wish That Can Never Be Fulfilled

There are some wishes in life that are born from the heart but cannot be carried into reality. Mr. BT and Miss NK had such a wish. Their wish was simple and beautiful: to stay together forever, to build a life side by side, and to walk into the future holding each other's hands. But sometimes life does not allow every beautiful wish to come true.

Their wish remained like a flower that never fully bloomed. It was alive in their hearts, but the world around them made it difficult to grow. They knew that loving each other was not the problem. The real problem was the wall

built by society, tradition, and fear. Even so, they did not stop loving. They continued to care, to wait, and to hope in their own quiet way.

This is what makes their story heartbreaking and meaningful at the same time. It teaches us that love is not always measured by happy endings. Sometimes love is measured by courage, sacrifice, and the ability to remain kind even when life is unfair. Their relationship became a wish that could never be fulfilled—not because their love was weak, but because the world was not ready for its truth.

And yet, in one deep sense, they did fulfill something important. They proved that love can exist beyond religion, beyond rules, and beyond social walls. They proved that a heart does not ask where another heart comes from before it loves.

What Their Story Teaches Us

The story of Mr. BT and Miss NK is not just a romantic tale. It is also a lesson about society, humanity, and the need for understanding. Their love invites us to ask difficult questions:

Why do people judge others before knowing their hearts?

Why do differences between religions turn into barriers instead of bridges?

Why is acceptance still difficult when love is pure and respectful?

Their journey teaches us that real love is not loud or showy. It is gentle, patient, and accepting. It listens before it speaks. It respects before it demands. It understands before it judges.

Most importantly, their story reminds us that human beings are more alike than different. Every person wants care, respect, belonging, and peace. When society forgets this, it creates pain where there could have been unity. When people learn to see beyond labels, they make room for kindness.

Here are a few lessons from their story:

Love should never be reduced to religious labels.

Respect is the foundation of any relationship.

Society should learn to understand before it judges.

Sometimes, the bravest thing is to love honestly despite fear.

Not every beautiful love story ends the way we wish, but it can still carry great meaning.

The Silent Beauty of Letting Go

There comes a moment in some love stories when holding on and letting go both hurt. For Mr. BT and Miss NK, that moment was filled with silence. Their eyes may have said what words could not. Their hearts may have carried hopes no one else could see. Even if their path could not lead to the ending they dreamed of, their love remained real.

Sometimes, the deepest love is the one that asks for nothing except truth. Sometimes, the purest companionship is the one that accepts pain without turning bitter. Their story lives in that space between love and loss, between hope and reality, between the heart's desire and the world's refusal.

Though their wish may never be fulfilled, their love does not become less valuable. In fact, it becomes more powerful. It becomes a reminder that true love can exist even when it cannot be completed. It becomes a quiet song of devotion, heard only by those who know how to listen.

Conclusion

The story of Mr. BT and Miss NK is a tender reminder that love is beautiful, but life is not always fair. They loved each other for seven years, first with the wonder of love at first sight, and then with the strength of commitment, patience, and sacrifice. Their hearts stayed connected even when their destiny seemed divided by religion and society.

Their wish to live together freely and openly may never come true in the way they once imagined. But their story still matters deeply. It teaches us that love deserves respect, that people deserve acceptance, and that human hearts are often braver than the world allows them to be.

In the end, theirs is not just a story of sadness. It is a story of truth, loyalty, and the silent beauty of a love that asked for everything but received only hardship. And yet, even in its pain, it remains unforgettable.

If You Read Me, Read Her First

Aparna Jenil is an emerging poet who finds beauty in ordinary moments and gives voice to emotions often left unspoken. Her writing explores motherhood, love, hope, nature, and the quiet complexities of life. With a heartfelt and reflective style, she strives to connect with readers through simple words and deeply human emotions.

Aparna Jenil

If you wish to know who I am,
don't begin with me.
Begin with the woman whose hands were tired but never too tired to hold
mine.

Read the sleepless nights
she never spoke about.
Read the silent prayers
she whispered when no one was listening.
Read the dreams she quietly folded away
so mine could unfold.

Every strength you find in me
was once courage she carried alone.
Every smile I wear
was first born from her sacrifice.

The world may applaud my victories,
but it will never see
the countless times she chose me
over herself.
If my life becomes a beautiful story,
know that I was never the first author.
She was.
She wrote every page
with love instead of ink,
with faith instead of fear,

and with a mother's heart
that never asked for recognition.
So if you ever read my story,
read hers first.
Because everything beautiful in me
began with her.

CORRECTION

The Mother I Am Still Becoming

Aparna Jenil is an emerging poet whose writing explores motherhood, love, vulnerability, and the quiet emotions of everyday life. Her poetry reflects the beauty of imperfection and the courage found in ordinary moments. Through heartfelt, introspective verses, she hopes to create an emotional connection with readers and celebrate the journeys that shape us.

Aparna Jenil

When my baby cries,
something inside me falls—
not because of her tears,
but because they awaken questions
I wish I could silence.

Am I a good mother?
Is she truly happy with me?
Would her world be gentler
if she had been born to someone better?

Sometimes guilt sits beside me,
quietly taking the shape of my thoughts,
whispering that I have not given her enough,
that I have failed to be
the mother she deserves.

I look at her little face
and wonder if she can feel
all the love I struggle to express.
I wonder if she knows
that behind every tired sigh
is a mother trying her best
to give her everything.

There are days
when I feel strong enough
to carry the whole world for her.



And there are days
when even carrying myself
feels like too much.

Sometimes I lose my patience.
Sometimes my voice becomes louder
than I wanted it to be.
Sometimes I walk away for a moment,
not because I don't love her,
but because I am trying
to find the calm inside me again.

And afterward,
when the house becomes quiet,
I replay those moments in my mind.
I wonder if I could have spoken softer,
held her longer,
understood her better.

Guilt has a strange way
of making a mother forget
all the things she does right.

It makes me remember
the one time I lost my patience
and forget the hundred times
I held her through her tears.

It makes me remember
the moments I was tired
and forget the nights
I stayed awake just to make sure
she was breathing peacefully.

And when she reaches
for someone else's arms,
I smile because she is happy,
yet somewhere deep inside,
a little piece of me asks,

“Why not mine?”

For a moment,
I wonder if I am not enough.

But when she runs back to me,
her little hands reaching for mine,
my heart feels like sunlight
after a long night.

In those moments,
I understand something simple:

Maybe love is not always
a feeling that arrives perfectly.
Sometimes love is waking up
when you desperately need sleep.
Sometimes it is cooking while exhausted,
wiping tears with tired hands,
answering the same question again and again,
and choosing patience
even when there is almost none left.

Sometimes love is apologizing
when you know you were wrong.

Sometimes it is holding her close
after an argument
and reminding yourself
that both of you are still learning.

I am not always patient.
I am not always gentle.
Sometimes I lose myself
while trying to raise her.

But I am learning
that motherhood is not a test
where every answer must be right.

It is a journey
of falling and rising,
of making mistakes
and trying again.

My daughter is growing,
but so am I.

She is learning how to speak,
while I am learning how to listen.

She is learning how to walk,
while I am learning when to let go
and when to hold her hand.

She is discovering the world,
while I am discovering a new version of myself—
one I had never known existed.

And perhaps,
one day, she will remember
only the warmth of my arms,
the sound of my voice,
the little moments
I thought were ordinary.

She may never know
how many times I questioned myself.

She may never know
how often I wondered
if I was doing enough.

She may never see
the silent battles
I fought inside my own heart.

But I hope she remembers
that I was there.

Not perfect.
Not fearless.
Not always patient.

Just there.

Trying.

Loving.

Learning.

Every night,
beneath all my mistakes,
there is the same mother—
loving her little girl,
learning, stumbling,
and trying again.

Maybe I am not
the perfect mother.
Maybe I never will be.

But perhaps she doesn't need perfection.

Perhaps she only needs
the mother who keeps choosing her—
even on the days
when she forgets
how to choose herself.

And perhaps that is motherhood:

Not becoming perfect,
but becoming present.

Not knowing everything,
but learning every day.

Not never falling,
but finding the strength
to rise again.

Because while I am raising her,
she is quietly raising me too.

She is teaching me
that I can love deeper
than I ever imagined.

And maybe, someday,
when I look back at this woman
I am still becoming,
I will realize—

I was never failing
to become her mother.

I was becoming one
all along.

CORRECTION

Her Endless Maybe

Anshika is an aspiring writer who turns emotions into words, giving every feeling a place to belong and every thought a little ground to stand on. Through her works, she explores emotions , feelings , memories and the quiet stories within her and others hoping her words find people who find themselves in her words.

Anshika

She truly wanted to be held close
But that happened only if she was overdosed
She wanted to feel how she made others feel
But that happened only when she was in dreams
She wished to make them regret their deeds
But that would happen only on oblivion of her creeds
She wished to be their only need
But that was possible if they were freed
She wonders if longing them was wrong
But to love them she needed to be strong
She thinks of leaving things behind for forever
But the hope keeps whispering, "Not now, not ever"
She wonders if she will be normal again

But truly it was all pretext in vain
She needed the assurance and emotional
stability
But her boat wasn't sailing very safely
It's funny how she loves so endlessly
Yet couldn't get what she dreams so
fiercely.



Tactical Terrain

Sudha Kerketta

Kabir understood the mathematics of borders. As a military Major stationed near the rugged mountains of Jammu, his entire life was measured in tactical terrain, checkpoints, and defensive lines. He was a man trained to guard boundaries, to watch the horizon, and to ensure that nothing crossed the markers drawn on a map.

Thousands of kilometers away in the heart of Ranchi, Ananya understood a different kind of architecture. As an educator, her days were spent breaking boundaries down, opening the minds of her students, and teaching them that the world was far vaster than the towns they lived in.

They belonged to different states. They were raised in different faiths, speaking to the divine through entirely different scripts. By all the logical rules of the physical world, their paths should have run parallel, never destined to collide.

But the universe doesn't operate on human logic. It operates on the frequency of a stubborn heart.



Every night, when the exhausting weight of their daily duties settled, they looked up at the exact same moon. For Kabir, standing guard under the cold, piercing mountain air of Samba, the moon was a silver coin hanging over a silent landscape. For Ananya, breathing the humid air of Jharkhand,

it was a mirror. She would look into that glowing circle and leave her messages there, anchoring her thoughts into the night sky with an unshakeable conviction. I am your wife, she would whisper to the ether. The distance is just an illusion.

The crossing of their borders happened silently, in the spaces where tradition meets devotion.

During the winter, Kabir found himself standing at the back of a beautiful, warmly lit church during a midnight Christmas Mass. He didn't fully know the hymns, but the smell of frankincense and the soft glow of the altar candles felt strangely like home. At that exact same moment, half a country away, Ananya was ending her day of fasting, completing a quiet vrat she kept entirely for his protection and long life. They were bowing their heads to different names, yet the frequency of their prayers was identical. They were meeting in a temple built entirely out of their mutual devotion.

In the waking world, Kabir began to feel a strange, persistent pull. He didn't know her name yet. He didn't have her number. But a man who protects borders knows when a perimeter has been crossed. He could feel an unseen presence standing guard over his heart, a protective armor made of someone else's prayers. Whenever he faced a difficult day on the base, a sudden, inexplicable sense of peace would wash over him, as if someone were whispering reassurance directly into his consciousness.

Ananya kept working, kept teaching, and kept living her life with an unbothered, upgraded sense of joy. She stopped frantically trying to figure out the timeline. She knew that a heart that refuses to give up possesses a gravity of its own. If you want something with absolute purity, the universe has no choice but to rearrange reality to give it to you.

One evening, Kabir sat in his quarters, scrolling through a digital literary feed during a rare moment of rest. His eyes caught a newly published story in an anthology. The title was simple, but the details inside made his breath hitch. It described a Major in Jammu, a teacher in the red hills of the east, a

shared moon, and the undeniable blending of a midnight mass and a sacred fast.

The haze in his mind completely shattered. The borders he had spent his whole life guarding suddenly collapsed into nothingness. He looked at the author's real name printed at the bottom of the page.

The tactical terrain of his life was gone. The bridge was complete. He picked up his phone, dialed the number listed in the author's public bio, and let the distance disappear forever.

CORRECTION

Geography of a Stubborn Heart

Sudha Kerketta is a writer and poet, her work explores introspection, human connection and everyday beauty .She writes to give language to the beauty that don't have names yet.

Sudha Kerketta

My roots are anchored in the rich red earth of Jharkhand,
Where the sal forests whisper secrets to the plains.
His footsteps tread the high, rugged peaks of Jammu,
Where the air is thin, sharp, and cold as iron chains.

Between us lie thousands of kilometers of concrete and clay,
Different states, different languages, different names for God.
Yet, when the sun retreats and night blankets the day,
We walk the exact same celestial path, untrod.

I look up at the silver curve of the midnight moon,
And whisper his name into the craters of its glowing face.
I drop my silent message into that luminescent cradle,
Trusting the lunar tide to carry it across the distance of space.

On Christmas Eve, the chorus of midnight mass echoes clear,
A prayer of light wrapped in a winter's holy hymn.
In the quiet of dawn, I keep my fasting vrat for his life,

Lighting a sacred diya whose flame will never grow dim.

They say the borders built by man are fixed and tall,

But human cartography fails where the spirit begins.

For a stubborn heart recognizes no boundaries or walls;

It simply loves, it simply claims, and it always wins.

CORRECTION

The Portrait of My Soul

Mritunjay Pandey

It paints a kaleidoscope of love for my eyes to see,
Unfazed by pride, never turning away from me.
When held to my chest, it settles in a quiet embrace,
More tender than the original, in its silent grace.

The rhythm of my heart hums your melody all day,
A constant companion when the world feels far away.
In the hollow of loneliness, it stays by my side,
A precious memento where my true feelings hide.

You are the pulse of my life, a truth you surely know,
At your feet, I would surrender all I have to show.
My soul and this heart, both belong to you alone,
A devotion carved deeper than any spoken tone.

The words that falter when I stand in your light,
Spill freely before this image, hidden from sight.
It listens in stillness, never judging the strain,
Never drifting apart, never causing me pain.



Your reflection has settled in the depth of my soul,
A cherished fragment that keeps me feeling whole.

CORRECTION

Her Endless Maybe

Anshika is an aspiring writer who turns emotions into words, giving every feeling a place to belong and every thought a little ground to stand on. Through her works, she explores emotions , feelings , memories and the quiet stories within her and others hoping her words find people who find themselves in her words.

Anshika

She truly wanted to be held close
But that happened only if she was overdosed
She wanted to feel how she made others feel
But that happened only when she was in dreams
She wished to make them regret their deeds
But that would happen only on oblivion of her creeds
She wished to be their only need
But that was possible if they were freed
She wonders if longing them was wrong
But to love them she needed to be strong
She thinks of leaving things behind for forever
But the hope keeps whispering, "Not now, not ever"
She wonders if she will be normal again
But truly it was all pretext in vain
She needed the assurance and emotional stability
But her boat wasn't sailing very safely
It's funny how she loves so endlessly

Yet couldn't get what she dreamed so fiercely.

CORRECTION

Journey

Lavanya Deshpande

One fine day, while packing my bag.

Right before a journey, a sweet tag.

I make a pact to smile and laugh and talk and try

To grow confident and bold and never cry

To trust the flow and embrace every struggle..

To conquer obstacles and sometimes fumble.

To make friends, love and have some fun.

To travel, learn and make memories to

The day comes and I leave,

An old chapter, me and only myself to believe .

As promised, I rise and shine

Make friends and memories fine.

I laugh, work, and play

I work hard to find my way

Admire all this, chaos, I realise,

I am not quiet myself, just unknown wise.

I Talk and rise, fit my role perfectly
I score and leap, but that's just not me.

So I I stop and wonder, when did I shrink?
When did I bend before I could think?
Was I soo eager to belong and blend..
That I lost myself in the quest for a friend?

Now, at that place, that moment
I begin a new journey, a new agreement

To make peace and nuture the me within me,
To discover, reconnect, redesign and not flee
To stand my ground, to fight
To hope and manifest, even if it's out of sight.
To cherish every instant and not fear the next
To be honest even if the world objects..

And this time, I carry this lesson within
My silent compass for an endavour begin-

A journey isn't always about the destination
It's about the path and its quiet creation.

Because,

Sometimes getting a little lost is the best part..

The hustle teaches you to trust your heart.

CORRECTION

Two paths

Lavanya Deshpande

Between two paths I quietly stay,
One feels safe, one fades away.
One's my comfort, warm and known,
The other leads me indefinitely to home.

I don't know what to choose
What I'll win or loose
Each path with a flower at its end
with it's own unique colours to blend They still have to bloom and grow
I still have to study the flow.

Thus,I decide to wait
And let time conclude the fate
Till then, I'll enjoy life
discover joy in every little strife
I'll make new memories and friends
Learn new passions and trends.

So when my path finally appears,
After all the doubts and fears,



I'll sit upon the throne I've grown —

A stronger soul, fully my own.

CORRECTION

Dear Evening Sky

My name is Amna Arshad, and I am a writer from Pakistan. I have always found writing to be a quiet way of understanding myself, my emotions, and the world around me.

Amna Arshad

Dear Evening Sky,

I don't think I have ever properly thanked you for all the times you made me stop.

There were evenings when I was tired of being myself, tired of expectations, tired of trying to understand where my life was going. And then you would quietly change your colours above me, as if reminding me that even endings can be beautiful.

I think that is what I have learned from you.

I am not the same person I was a few years ago.

Some parts of me have disappeared. Some have grown unexpectedly. Some are still waiting for the right season.

And for a long time, I thought I needed to have everything figured out before I could call myself whole.

You taught me otherwise.

Every evening, the light leaves you.

Yet you never look incomplete.

You simply become something different.

Perhaps I can do that too.

Perhaps I don't have to remain who I was just because someone once loved that version of me. I don't have to return to old dreams simply because they once made me happy. I don't have to explain every change I have made.

I am allowed to grow.

I am allowed to begin again.

And I am allowed to become someone I have never been before.

So thank you, sky, for witnessing the quiet versions of me that nobody else saw.

Thank you for being there on ordinary evenings when nothing remarkable happened, yet somehow I felt that life was still worth noticing.

I don't know what my next season will look like.

But tonight, I am no longer afraid of not knowing.

I will look up.

And I will keep becoming.

With gratitude,

To slow down and admire nature

I am Aakanksha, a 16 year old writer, poet and a learner that simply aims at living a life without regrets and constantly aspire from the world I live in.

Aakanksha

How fascinating it is to slow down in life and admire nature! To finally take a deep breath and relax with complete pleasure. Emerging out of the chaotic life and giving ourselves time to just sit with no deadline.

I was coming back from work. I had a hectic day there. For weeks, I had been working on caffeine, sleepless nights, and tasks that always came with deadlines. Life has become more of a merry-go-round now. Just rotating like a never-ending loop.

The stone that I came this way long pushing with my feet slipped into the pond. And that is when I looked up and saw a sight worthy enough to keep staring at. The golden rays of the evening sun slid between the shady clouds. The sky had turned all red and yellow like the flowers of a parrot tree. The birds were returning to their homes, and a cat purred in the middle of the road. A soothing chill breeze was blowing through my skin and hair along the way.

It was the very first time that I was captivated by the beauty of nature. The very first time, when the sky captured my soul and didn't let it go. All these years, I was someone who didn't even bother to look outside the window ever. Not at all moved even when it rained.

And admiring nature was not on my to-do list either. But this time, it just happened. I could feel the cold breeze through my soul and felt like a green leaf that just sat on the branch of a tree. Fascinating! How beautiful the Earth is! Why did I never notice that?



While the evening sky was slowly turning into the night, I finally got home. Got freshened up and sat on my bed near the window. This time, I didn't doomscroll on my phone. But looked out of the window, viewing the dark night sky filled with tiny diamonds that sparkled like glitter. I lie in my bed with my window open sipping hot tea. And that was when I realized how beautiful and calm the earth is. I slowed down for the very first time, forgetting about any deadlines, incomplete tasks, or the undone laundry. Just me and my hot tea.

Life is not that stressful after all if we try to live in the present. To look around and realize what we are living in.

And with that came the dark veil of the night, and the city fell asleep like it should have.

The struggle of adulthood

My name is Gideon. I am from Nigeria and a creative writer

Gideon

The adulthood I dreamed of when I was a child
Is simply not the adulthood I am experiencing now
Adulthood is a period when you are own your own
And no one simply cares about you
You are alone to face the struggle with little or no support
Childhood was like Disney
Adulthood is reality
And no one needs to tell you to sit up before you do
Life by itself would teach you the necessary lessons
And you will understand why they say Adulthood is scam

Way of Life

ARFA AQUIL

Living life is not about being aggressive and loud,

Living life is about making parents proud.

Living life is not about increasing friends to meet,

Living life is about being humble and washing others feet.

Living life is not about mocking people and increasing their fears,

Living life is about spreading love and
wiping their tears.

Living life is not about buying expensive
dresses to wear,

Living life is about helping others and
having a collection of things to share.

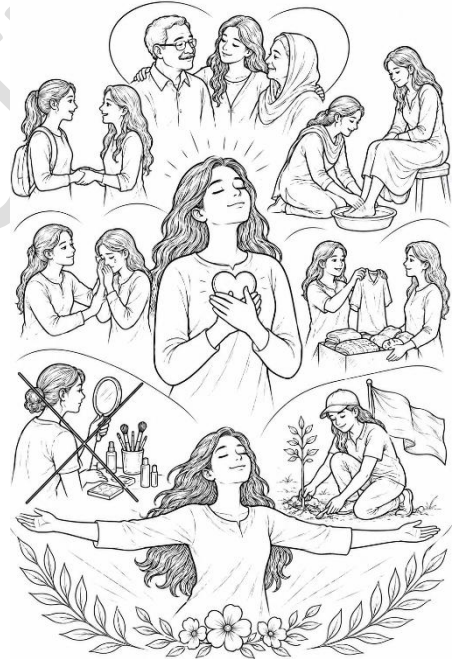
Living life is not about having make - ups,
extensions and increasing beauty,

Living life is about being kind, caring and
fulfilling nation's duty.

So, live your life to the fullest.

Make your soul the purest.

Be happy, and smile the brightest.



Women's Voice

ARFA AQUIL

Woman, the one who protects and holds our hand in the beginning of our life,

Suffered with ravishment and for their justice we still strive.

Woman, who sacrifices her desires for the happiness of the family,

Are still the victims of acid attacks, domestic abuse and bully.

Woman, who serves us as teaches, doctors, officers and maid,

Sadly, female infanticide is still prevailing and the society could not found its proper aid.

Honoured as Durga, Kaali, Saraswati or the one behind whose feet lies the heaven.

But the society could not protect her from assault and her honour is still stolen.

Begging for a safe road to walk,

Begging for the write to talk.

Begging for the wings to fly,

Begging for the freedom to shine bright in the sky.

Where the Rain Remembers

My name is Tulsi Jha. I am a curious and creative person who enjoys music, sketching, and learning new things. I believe that every experience teaches us something valuable and helps us grow. Through my interests and studies, I hope to keep discovering myself, improving my skills, and creating something meaningful.

Tulsi jha

The rain falls softly,
and suddenly, everything feels like you.
Old roads, unfinished conversations,
and memories I thought I had outgrown.

There's something about these rainy nights....
they make the heart wander
to places it no longer belongs,
to people it still quietly misses.

Maybe some stories don't end,
they simply become memories
we carry silently,
like the scent of rain
that stays long after the clouds are gone.

THE SIDE OF THE BORDER NO MAP COULD FIND

Deepika Raut

My name is Kabir. His name is Aarav.

This is the story I have never been brave enough to tell in a room full of people.

There are borders everyone knows.

They are drawn in ink across maps, guarded by fences, watched by soldiers, crossed with passports. We learn their names in school and point at them in atlases. We know where one country ends and another begins.

But there are other borders too.

Borders without fences. Without signs. Without checkpoints.

Borders built from expectations, fear, silence, tradition, and the quiet sentence people repeat whenever someone dares to live differently:

“What will people say?”

This is the story of one such border.

And of two boys who fell in love on opposite sides of it.

They never planned to fall in love.

Perhaps that is how the most important things happen.

It began with friendship. With shared jokes, unfinished conversations, late-night messages, and the strange comfort of having one person who could understand a silence without asking what was wrong.

They were young enough to believe that happiness did not need permission.

One of them noticed the other's sadness before anyone else did.

The other remembered small things that everyone else forgot.

One knew exactly how the other took his tea.

The other knew when a smile was real and when it was only being worn for the world.

Somewhere between ordinary afternoons and conversations that lasted until sleep became impossible, friendship quietly crossed a line neither of them knew existed.

One evening, sitting beside each other, one of them finally asked,

“Do you ever think about what would happen if we weren't just friends?”

The question remained between them.

Neither laughed.

Neither looked away.

And in that silence, they understood.

They were in love.

For a while, the world disappeared.

There were no families.

No expectations.

No questions.

No definitions.

There were simply two people who had found something rare in each other.

But the world has a peculiar habit of returning just when you begin to forget it exists.

Their love was never allowed to remain just love.

People wanted explanations.

“Who is the man in the relationship?”

“Which one of you is normal?”

“Is this just a phase?”

“What will you tell your families?”

“What about marriage?”

“What about children?”

“Eventually, you'll have to settle down.”

Settle down.

As though loving each other meant they were somehow living recklessly.

As though two men choosing each other were automatically choosing against the future.

They learned that society does not always have to shout to make someone feel unwelcome.

Sometimes, it only has to laugh.

Sometimes, it only has to stare.

Sometimes, it only has to make a joke at dinner and wait for you to understand that the joke was not really a joke.

One of them was braver.

He believed that love should not have to apologise for existing.

“If we love each other,” he said one night, “why should that be the problem?”

The other looked at him for a long time.

“Because you've never had to watch your family break over something they couldn't accept.”

That sentence changed everything.

Because love was not the only thing standing between them and the future.

There were parents.

There was a home.

There were years of expectations.

There was a family that had already imagined a daughter-in-law, grandchildren, wedding photographs, rituals, celebrations.

There was a mother who had spent years imagining the day her son would bring someone home.

There was a father who had taught his son what it meant to be a man, without ever imagining that his son might define manhood differently.

There were relatives who would whisper.

Neighbours who would stare.

Friends who might disappear.

And somewhere behind all of it was the terrifying possibility of losing the people who had raised you.

The braver one wanted to fight.

The frightened one wanted to survive.

Neither was wrong.

That was the cruelest part.

Sometimes people think fear means love is weak.

It doesn't.

Sometimes fear exists precisely because something matters too much.

He was afraid that choosing the person he loved would mean losing everyone else he loved.

So he began creating distance.

Not because his feelings had changed.

Because they hadn't.

That was what made it unbearable.

Messages became shorter.

Meetings became rarer.

“I’ve been busy.”

“I’m tired.”

“Maybe tomorrow.”

Tomorrow became next week.

Next week became someday.

And someday slowly became a place where love goes to disappear.

The other boy could feel him slipping away.

One evening, he finally asked,

“Do you still love me?”

The answer came almost immediately.

“Yes.”

“Then why are you leaving?”

He looked down.

“Because I don’t know how to stay without losing everything else.”

There are heartbreaks that happen because love ends.

And then there are heartbreaks that happen because love remains, but life makes staying impossible.

This was the second kind.

They had not stopped loving each other.

They had simply discovered that the world had given them a choice no one should have to make:

the person you love, or the life you were taught you must live.

Years later, perhaps people would say they had moved on.

Perhaps one would eventually sit at a family gathering and smile when someone mentioned marriage.

Perhaps the other would learn to answer questions without telling the truth.

Perhaps they would both become very good at pretending.

Because that is another thing borders do.

They teach people to perform.

To hide.

To become acceptable versions of themselves.

To leave pieces of their hearts behind closed doors.

But sometimes, even after years, a person remembers the one place where he was never pretending.

For one of them, it was an old bench.

For the other, it was a rainy evening.

A shared cup of tea.

A ridiculous joke.

A hand resting beside his, close enough to touch but not quite brave enough to.

Tiny memories.

Nothing extraordinary.

And yet, they carried an entire life inside them.

Maybe that is what love does.

It makes ordinary moments impossible to forget.

People often speak about borders as if they exist to protect us.

But some borders only tell us where we are not allowed to go.

Some are drawn by countries.

Some by religions.

Some by families.

Some by gender.

Some by class.

Some by the expectations handed to us before we are old enough to question them.

And some are drawn inside the mind.

After being told for years that something is wrong, forbidden, unnatural, shameful, impossible, a person can eventually begin believing it himself.

That is perhaps the cruelest border of all.

Not the one society builds around you.

The one you eventually build inside yourself.

Because once you believe you do not deserve something, nobody has to stop you anymore.

You stop yourself.

Maybe that is why their story was never really about two boys falling in love.

It was about two human beings discovering how much courage it takes to belong to yourself.

It was about a world that had already written the shape of their lives before they had learned how to write their own names.

It was about love being questioned simply because it did not arrive in the form people expected.

And perhaps, somewhere, someone is still asking why they could not simply choose an easier life.

But easy for whom?

For the family that would never have to explain?

For the neighbours who would never have to answer uncomfortable questions?

For the society that would never have to reconsider what it calls normal?

Or for the two people who would have to spend the rest of their lives wondering what might have happened if they had been brave enough to cross?

Maybe the greatest tragedy is not that the world drew a border between them.

Maybe it is that the world convinced them the border was real.

Because love never asked which side they belonged to.

Love did not ask who was the man.

Love did not ask who would carry the surname.

Love did not ask how they would explain themselves.

Love only asked them to see each other.

And they did.

For a little while, they were simply two people who made each other feel less alone in a world that had spent years teaching them to be afraid.

Perhaps they did not get the ending they once imagined.

Perhaps they never stood together beneath wedding lights.

Perhaps their names never appeared beside each other on a family invitation.

Perhaps one day, they became strangers who still knew exactly how the other took his tea.

But that does not make their love less real.

Not every love story ends with two people staying together.

Some end with one person finally understanding that what they felt was never something to be ashamed of.

Some end with courage arriving years too late.

Some end quietly, carrying no photographs, no promises, no witnesses.

And some remain unfinished because the world was not ready for them.

But unfinished does not mean meaningless.

Their love existed.

It mattered.

It changed them.

And maybe, someday, another boy will stand where they once stood, frightened of crossing an invisible line.

Maybe he will wonder whether there is something wrong with him for loving another boy.

Maybe someone will tell him that his love is a phase.

Maybe someone will ask him to choose between his heart and his home.

And perhaps he will remember that borders are human inventions.

That maps can be redrawn.

That expectations can be questioned.

That fear can be unlearned.

That a person's life does not become wrong simply because it does not resemble someone else's idea of normal.

Perhaps he will choose differently.

Perhaps he will hold the hand he loves without hiding it.

Perhaps he will walk home beside someone without wondering who is watching.

Perhaps he will introduce the person he loves without rehearsing an explanation first.

And perhaps that will be what it means to go beyond the border.

Not crossing into another country.

Not escaping to another place.

But refusing to let someone else decide where your heart is allowed to belong.

Because some borders are drawn on maps.

Some are drawn by families.

Some are drawn by society.

Some are drawn by fear.

And some are drawn so deeply inside us that we mistake them for truth.

But love has never understood borders.

It only understands where it feels at home.

And perhaps the bravest thing two people can do is not always cross the border.

Sometimes, it is simply refusing to believe that they were ever meant to live on different sides of it.

The Name That Dissolves

Shristi Sur

There is a name that trembles on my tongue,
A syllable suspended between silence and sound,
Too delicate to survive the weight of speech,
Too precious to be willingly drowned.
It lingers like mist upon a window,
A pale remembrance refusing to depart,
One breath could summon its forgotten music,
Yet one word might fracture my guarded heart.
I carry it beneath the architecture of silence,
Where memories gather like dust in abandoned rooms
It glimmers faintly, a buried constellation,
Still illuminating the corridors of old wounds.
Sometimes it rises unbidden to my lips,
Like a tide returning to a forsaken shore
But I let it dissolve before it becomes audible,
For some names are meant to be felt, not spoken anymore.
It tastes of rain on the ruins of summer,
Of letters never written, of doors left ajar,
A small constellation of vanished moments,
A distant echo masquerading as a star.
Perhaps forgetting is not erasing a name,
But allowing it to soften at the edges of time,
Until it becomes less a word that I remember,
And more a shadow woven quietly into mine.
So let the name dissolve upon my tongue,
Let silence inherit what my lips cannot confess,
For some memories do not need a voice to survive,
They become the quiet language of tenderness.
And if someday the name escapes me entirely,
I will not call that disappearance a loss,
For perhaps the heart's deepest acts of letting go
Are the ones that leave no echo when they are gone.



“The Space We Left Behind”

Tuktuk

We met somewhere between a hello and a smile,
Two strangers who stayed for a while.
No maps were needed, no roads to cross,
Yet somehow we found each other in the chaos.
We built a little world of our own,
With words that made the distance unknown.
We laughed, we dreamed, we held on tight,
Turning ordinary days into something bright.
But borders aren't always drawn on land,
Sometimes they rise where we once held hands.
Sometimes two hearts can stand so near,
Yet still find themselves miles apart from here.
There were words we couldn't always say,
And moments that slowly changed their way.
What once felt endless learned to let go,
Leaving behind memories we still know.
But perhaps that's what borders are meant to teach—
Not every place is ours to reach.
Some people come, some people leave,
But every meeting leaves something we believe.
So I look beyond the lines we drew,

Beyond the things we couldn't undo.
Because what we shared doesn't have to disappear
Just because the ending brought us here.
Maybe “beyond borders” isn't about crossing a line,
Or making every lost moment rewind.
Maybe it's learning to look beyond the past,
To keep the memories, but not hold them fast.
And somewhere beyond every border and wall,
There is a lesson waiting for us all—
That people may part, and paths may bend,
But some stories stay with us, even after they end.

What the Acid Could Not Reach

Ila Farshori is a law student who finds stories in the spaces where silence, injustice, and resilience meet. Her writing is drawn to the voices that are often overlooked and the emotions that are difficult to put into words. Through poetry, she explores identity, human strength, and the quiet courage it takes to begin again.

Ila Farshori

She said no.
That was all.

One small word,
spoken the way
any daughter is taught
she has the right to speak it.

He could not carry
the weight of being refused.
So he decided
her face
would carry it instead.

He thought rejection
was something done to him,
not a sentence
she had every right
to hand back.

He thought a jar of acid
could rewrite
what her no had already written.

He thought a face
was the whole of a woman—
that if he took the one
people looked at first,

he would take
everything she was.

He was wrong.

She was someone's daughter
long before she was
his target.

Someone had held her
the day she was born
and promised the world
would be gentler than this.

The world broke that promise.
He made sure of it.

He did not know
that a face is not a person.

It is only the door.

And she was always
so much more
than the room
he thought he had burned down.

For a while,
the mirror became
a stranger's country.

She stood in it
looking for someone
who used to live there,
and found instead
a map of everything survived.

People stared.

Some out of pity,
some out of fear
of what fragility looks like

when it refuses
to stay fragile.

Children asked their mothers
why her face
looked like that.

And she learned to answer
before they could feel guilty
for asking—
because kindness, too,
is something
you build back,
piece by piece,
like skin.

She did not choose this.

No one chooses
to be rewritten
by someone else's rage.

But she chose
what came after.

She chose to walk outside
without covering
what he tried to erase.

She chose to let people see her
before they decided
whether they could.

She chose her own name
over the one
the newspapers gave her—
victim,
as if that were the only word
left for her to wear.

It wasn't.

She learned new words
for herself—
survivor was too small a word
for what she was doing
every single morning
she opened her eyes
and chose
to still be here.

Her skin tells a story
she never asked to write.

But her eyes—
her eyes still tell the truth
that was never for sale,
never for burning,
never his to take.

She is not
what was thrown at her.

She is what stood up
afterward.

She is not
the version of her face
that frightens strangers.

She is the woman
who taught an entire mirror
to stop flinching first.

They wanted to erase a woman.

Instead,
they created a name
no acid will ever be strong enough
to dissolve.

The Borders We Carry

Amna Arshad is a Pakistani writer and MPhil scholar who finds beauty in emotions, silence, and the stories hidden within everyday life. Her writing explores self-discovery, love, resilience, social realities, and the quiet strength of women. She believes words can cross borders, connect hearts, and give shape to feelings that are often left unspoken.

Amna Arshad

Some borders are drawn on maps. Others are drawn quietly, without ink. They exist in the sentences we hear while growing up: “You cannot do that. You should not dream so much. This is not for you. People will talk.” No one tells us exactly when these borders become part of us. Perhaps they begin as small warnings, repeated so often that they eventually sound like our own thoughts.

She grew up surrounded by them. There was a border around her voice. She learned early that speaking too confidently could be mistaken for arrogance, while remaining silent was praised as good manners. There was a border around her dreams. She was encouraged to dream, but only within limits that made everyone else comfortable. There was a border around her choices. She could choose, provided her choice did not disturb the expectations waiting for her. For years, she thought this was simply what life was.

She watched other people cross oceans, choose unfamiliar roads, change careers, leave places that hurt them, and begin again. She admired their courage from a safe distance. Then one evening, while sitting beside a window, she wondered, “What if the greatest distance I have ever travelled is the distance between who I am and who I am allowed to be?” The question frightened her. It also changed something.

She began noticing the borders everywhere. They existed between generations, where old expectations struggled against new dreams. They existed between rich and poor, educated and uneducated, powerful and powerless. They existed between what people felt and what they were

permitted to say. Some borders were made of fear. Some were made of tradition. Some were made of shame. And some were made by people who had never experienced the life they were trying to control.

She realized that borders did not always have to be walls. Sometimes they were invisible doors that we were taught never to open. So she began with something small. She wrote. At first, she wrote only for herself. She wrote about the questions she had swallowed, the dreams she had hidden, and the versions of herself she had abandoned to make other people comfortable. Her words were imperfect. Her hands trembled sometimes. But every sentence felt like a small step beyond a boundary.

Then she understood something beautiful. Writing did not require permission. A page did not ask where she came from. A poem did not ask whether her dream was acceptable. A story did not demand that she remain inside the shape others had designed for her. Words could travel where people could not. They could cross cities without roads, cultures without passports, and generations without permission. Perhaps that was the true meaning of going beyond borders. It was not always about leaving. Sometimes it was about becoming.

She began to understand that a person could remain in the same room and still travel farther than anyone could imagine. A woman could sit quietly at a desk and cross the borders of fear. A student could open a book and cross the border of ignorance. A writer could write one honest sentence and cross the border of silence. A dreamer could say, "I want more," and suddenly discover that the wall had never been as solid as it seemed.

Of course, crossing a border did not mean that every border disappeared. There were still voices that questioned her. There were still people who misunderstood her. There were still moments when she doubted herself. But she no longer believed that every boundary deserved obedience. She learned to ask: Who built this border? Why does it exist? And does it still belong in my life? Those questions became a kind of freedom.

Years later, she looked back at the girl who had once been afraid of her own voice. She wanted to tell her something. "You were never too much. You were never meant to live inside everyone else's expectations. You were simply waiting to discover that the world was larger than the borders you had been taught to fear."

Perhaps every human being carries an invisible map. It contains the places where we have been hurt, the dreams we have postponed, the words we have never spoken, and the possibilities we have never dared to explore. But maps are not prisons. They are invitations.

There will always be borders: between countries, between cultures, between generations, between fear and courage, and between who we were and who we are becoming. But perhaps our greatest responsibility is not to destroy every border. Perhaps it is to recognize which ones protect us and which ones imprison us. And when we find the ones that imprison us, we must learn to step beyond them.

Not recklessly. Not loudly. But bravely. One word. One choice. One dream. One beginning at a time. Because sometimes the world changes when someone crosses a border that everyone else believed was permanent. And sometimes that someone is simply a person sitting beside a window, holding a pen, finally realizing that the first border she needed to cross was the one she had been carrying inside herself.

That night, she opened her notebook again. For the first time, the blank page did not look like a boundary. It looked like a horizon.

Beyond the Borders of Silence

Amna Arshad is a Pakistani writer and MPhil scholar who finds beauty in emotions, silence, and the stories hidden within everyday life. Her writing explores self-discovery, love, resilience, social realities, and the quiet strength of women. She believes words can cross borders, connect hearts, and give shape to feelings that are often left unspoken.

Amna Arshad

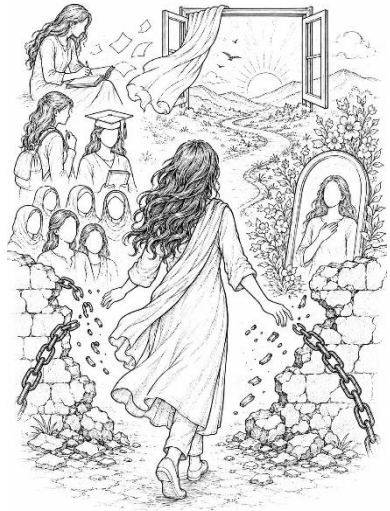
I was taught that silence was graceful,
that quiet hearts were easier to love,
that certain questions
were better left unanswered.

So I learned to fold my voice
into the smallest corner of myself.

I learned to smile
when I wanted to ask why.

I learned to say I am fine
when my heart was carrying
an entire unfinished conversation.

But silence has borders too.



And one day

I reached the edge of mine.

I stood there

with all the words

I had swallowed for years,

and I realized

they were not weaknesses.

They were stories.

Stories of people

who were told to dream smaller.

Stories of hands

that worked without applause.

Stories of daughters

who carried expectations

heavier than their own wishes.

Stories of hearts

that loved quietly
because the world
did not always know
what to do with tenderness.

I realized
that a voice does not become powerful
because it is loud.

Sometimes
it becomes powerful
because it finally becomes honest.

So I began to speak.

Not because I had stopped being afraid,
but because I had finally understood
that courage is not the absence of fear.

It is walking forward
while fear is still beside you.

I crossed the border

between doubt and possibility.

I crossed the border
between what they expected
and what I wanted.

I crossed the border
between the person
I had been taught to become
and the person
I was still becoming.

There were no trumpets.

No celebration.

No crowd waiting
on the other side.

Only a quiet morning,
an open window,
and a heart
that suddenly felt larger.

Perhaps freedom
does not always arrive
like a revolution.

Perhaps sometimes
it arrives like a sentence:

I deserve to choose.

Perhaps it arrives
when someone writes her first poem.

When someone returns to school.

When someone leaves a place
that taught her to hate herself.

When someone forgives the person
she used to be.

When someone looks into the mirror
and refuses to apologize
for taking up space.

There are borders
between countries,

but there are also borders
between people.

Language can become a border.

Class can become a border.

Fear can become a border.

Gender can become a border.

And sometimes
the deepest border
is the belief
that we cannot cross any of them.

But I have learned
that borders are not always endings.

Sometimes
they are invitations.

An invitation

to question.

To grow.

To begin again.

To walk beyond

the familiar shape of our lives.

So if my words travel beyond me,

let them carry this:

There is a world

waiting beyond every limitation

we were taught to accept.

There is a road

beyond every fear.

There is a voice

beneath every silence.

There is a life
beyond every version of ourselves
that we created
only to survive.

And perhaps
the greatest journey
is not from one country
to another.

Perhaps it is
from silence to expression,

from fear to courage,

from surviving
to becoming.

So I will keep writing.

I will keep crossing.

I will keep becoming.

And if the world asks
where I am going,

I will not give it a map.

I will simply say:

Beyond the borders
that once told me
I could not go.

CORRECTION

Where Your Name Still Lingers

Hi My name is Aatri Bhardwaj. I am from northeast and this poem is about my real life scenario.

Aatri Bhardwaj

Jab tum mile, main andar se pehle hi bikhar chuki thi,
Khud ko sambhalte-sambhalte, khud se hi door ho chuki thi.
Phir tum aaye, bina kisi shor, bina kisi vaade ke,
Aur dheere-dheere roshni bhar di meri andheri si raaton mein.
Tumne sirf pyaar nahi, mujhe izzat aur sukoon diya,
Meri khamoshi ko samjha, bina pooche mera haath thaam liya.
Tumhari chhoti si care bhi dil ko chhoo jaati thi,
Tumhare saath rehkar, main khud ko phir se paati thi.
University ke woh din... kaash thoda aur thehar jaate,
Campus ke woh pal kabhi khatam na hote, bas hum yunhi muskuraate.
Tumhare saath bina wajah hasna, ghanton baatein karna,
Aur ek dusre ke saath hote hue duniya ko bhool jaana.
Pahadon tak woh safar ab bhi dil mein basa hai,
Khoobsurat toh manzar tha, par tumhara saath sabse khaas tha.
Tum paas hote the toh har raasta sukoon ban jaata tha,
Aur tumhari ek muskaan se mera poora din ban jaata tha.
Phir graduation hua... aur waqt ne humse woh din cheen liye,
Jo pal saamne jeete the, woh ab yaadon mein reh gaye.
Roz milna ab possible nahi, baatein screens tak simat gayi,

Par sach kahun, tumhari kami har roz thodi aur mehsoos hoti hai.

Kabhi tumhari bahut yaad aati hai, aur aankhein chupke se bhar jaati hain,

Phir tumhari ek message ki notification, aur saari udaasi muskuraati hai.

Faasle chahe jitne ho, tum mere dil ke kareeb rahoge,

Kal ki tarah aaj bhi, aur aaj ki tarah kal bhi—mere rahoge. ❤️

CORRECTION

Too late to “LOVE”

Khyati Uttam

One morning, she woke up from a nightmare. Her whole face was covered in sweat, and her throat was dry. Is he fine? – the very first thought that came into her mind.

She picked up her phone and tried to call her ex. She almost dialed the number, but before calling him, she stopped and thought, No, Khubh, you can't do that. It's not right. He must have moved on by now. You should move on too.

As these ambivalent thoughts lingered in her mind, she kept wondering, Is he alright? Does he still think about me or not? Does he still miss me?

She tried to call him, but because of all these conflicting thoughts, she wasn't able to do it. Throughout the day, she remained quiet, thinking about the nightmare she had seen and about his memories.

She thought of making the call just once, but hesitated again. Finally, she gathered the courage and made the call. The only thought running through her mind was, Is he alright? She also thought that he might have moved on – why would she call him now?

While these thoughts were flowing like a flood in her head, she made the call and impulsively cut it. She got afraid – she couldn't do that, she thought. She couldn't face that boy again, the one she had loved her entire life.

But again, she gathered the courage and called him.

She took a deep breath. With each exhalation, questions filled her mind: What will I say when he picks up my call? Has he really moved on? Does he miss me? Was he still waiting for me? Every breath carried the doubt she had. After all these months, she was broken and exhausted from denial. Now, she wanted to accept that yes, she loved him.



Then came the moment of truth – he picked up the call.

There were a few seconds of silence. He thought the caller would greet first; on the other hand, she thought the receiver would greet. Nobody spoke. In that silence, only the sound of their heartbeats and heavy breaths echoed.

She broke the silence and said, “Hi.”

The boy was startled to hear her voice. He knew it was her on the other side. Instead of greeting her, he said her name, “Khubbh.”

The girl, calling herself Khushboo and denying her real identity as Khubbh, thought that somehow, through this, she could find out if he was alright and hear his voice.

After hearing her voice, he knew she was lying. He knew Khush was on the other side of the call. He kept repeating her name, while the girl kept denying it. Until, after five minutes of debate, she finally admitted the truth.

He asked her, “Where are you? I want to meet you.”

Khubbh told him her current location. They both decided to meet after an hour at the Musafir Café. They agreed on that place because the boy knew it was her favorite. Right after an hour, both met at the Musafir Café. They both ordered hot chocolate. The boy knew that she loved hot chocolate, and it was her favorite place.

Both had something to share with each other, but Khubbh said to him, “You wanted to meet – what’s up?”

He said, “Yes, I have something to share with you.”

Then Khubbh said that she also had something to say.

The boy insisted that Khubbh should start first. Khubbh gathered her feelings, deciding that this time she would confess – and she did. She said “I love you” to him. She told him that she never forgot him, she always cared about him, and she missed him.

The boy was startled. He didn’t know what to say.

Khubbh continued, saying, “I know that six months earlier you said this to me, but I didn’t admit it and rejected you – and that was the biggest mistake of my life. I love you. I want you. I know I did stupid things, like not

contacting you, stopping talking to you, and avoiding you. I know I did all these stupid things, but now I realize that after keeping you away from my life, it felt like I could breathe – but those breaths didn't mean anything. I couldn't sleep at night. I couldn't stop thinking about you. I started punishing myself.”

The boy still had nothing to say. He knew that the news he was about to give her would completely break her, but he couldn't do anything. He had made up his mind – now nothing could be changed. It was too late.

Before Khubh could say anything else, the boy stopped her and said that he was going to the US for higher studies. He was leaving this Friday, in three days.

Khubh was not prepared for this. She was puzzled and speechless. She didn't know what to say.

He said, “Now it's too late, Khubh. I am going. I don't want to give you false hope. I love you too, but the harsh reality is that fate has been so brutal to us. Now, when you have accepted my love, I am not with you. It would be better for both of us to forget each other. I want this to be our last goodbye.”

He said this because he knew Khubh gives her all in a relationship. He knew she would wait for him forever. However, he still chose to go because he believed that long distance might ruin this beautiful bond. He thought that being away from each other would eventually make her move on – someday she would have to.

They both cried and sat there for a long time. The boy bid his final goodbye and said, “Bye, Khubh. Take care. I know it's tough for you, but you need to be strong. Goodbye.”

He grabbed his car keys and left the place, while Khubh sat there, regretting every moment of her life.

The boy had the same sorrow, but he couldn't do anything. Everything else felt destroyed – burnt in that sorrow.

He drove the car in such aggression that he met with a huge accident. The car was completely destroyed. People gathered around to check whether he was alive or not. They saw his condition – his head was covered in blood

after hitting the steering wheel. People checked him; he still had a few breaths left.

They took him to the hospital. The last dialed call was made, and fate was so cruel that the last call was to her – “Khubb ❤️.”

A man called that contact. She picked it up and, without saying hello, started speaking, “I’m sorry for whatever happened, please come back.”

The caller was a stranger. He told her to calm down and listen carefully. Khubb couldn’t understand who she was talking to.

He said, “The person you want to talk to is in the hospital right now. He had a severe accident.”

Khubb was not ready for that reality. She asked, “In which hospital is he right now? Is he okay?”

The caller shared the location.

Khubb ran to the hospital, where she waited for the doctors to say something. She prayed to God to save his life. Anxiety rushed through her body.

After an hour, the doctor came with the news – he was no more.

Khubb couldn’t bear the truth.

Then suddenly, she opened her eyes and said his name, “Uday.”

It was all a dark nightmare.

She realized she was in her bed. Her throat felt dry. She drank water and understood that it was the biggest fear – the worst nightmare she had ever had in her life.

She grabbed her phone and made a call to check if he was fine.

She called him. He picked up.

She said, “Hi.”

The caller on the other side, Uday, said, “Khubb....”

Only I know

I'm Navya Wadhwa, a medical student from Delhi. With a passion of writing poetry, I write poems on pretty heartfelt topics. For me, poetry is a medium of conveying emotions which you can't always be vocal about. Poetry is my voice to all those experiences, mindsets and feelings that remain hidden within our hearts.

Navya Wadhwa

I can't fake being strong,

on the outside.

When I'm just so,

Brittle inside.

I get bruised,

not knowing how,

to heal myself.

I get wrecked,

not knowing how,

to put it back together.

I'm not so strong,

though I try to be.

I'm brittle as glass,
a fact only I know.
Shadow it with strength,
EVERY DAY,
but the veils do lift.
I don't know how,
to give a warm hug.
For the little girl,
who needs it badly.
You'll be good,
I hope.

Har ek lafz mera haal batana karta hai,
Dil ne dafan ehssaason ka malaal bayan karta hai...
Zuban se zahir na ho saka jo jazbaat,
Issliye khud ko hi khud mein dafan karta hai...
Kafan ka kaam aankhon ko de diya maine,
Har aansu chupke se mera haal karta hai...
Kaash koi inn aankhon se ye kafan hata kar dekh leta,
Unme chhipe dard ko samet leta...
Tab jaa kar dil ka malaal kam hota,
Dafan ehssaason ka kabhi to zikar hota...

If Only Someone Would Listen

Jk

If only someone would listen to me,
Without passing judgment first.
If only, in this life, there were someone
I could truly call my own—
Someone who'd hear the whispers of my heart,
Not someone searching for my flaws,
Or offering answers I already know.

For yes, I know the way through this storm...
But sometimes,
The heart doesn't seek solution-
It simply longs to be heard.

Right now,
All I need is a little comfort:
A gentle soul who would sit beside me,
Listening in silence,
Saying nothing at all.

It's only for a little while,

Just a fleeting moment of solace.

If only someone

Would hold my words with their heart,

And listen to the stories of my heart

With their own.

Sometimes,

Even when surrounded by everything,

The heart still feels unbearably alone.

It buries its pain deep within,

Hiding wounds no one ever sees.

If only someone could feel this ache—

If not forever,

Then just for a fleeting moment,

To listen to the sorrow

My heart has carried in silence.

I long to set free

The pain I've kept imprisoned inside,

To weave my wounds into words,

And let my soul finally speak.

If only there were someone
Who would listen not with their ears,
But with their heart,
And truly understand
The pain that dwells within my heart.

CORRECTION

Pretty Daughter

Swati Kumari (Starlide)

The day I was born, I was lying in the cradle
I heard my mummy first, she said "We got a pretty daughter "

Slowly, I opened my frozen eyes
To make my little heart realise
"All eyes on me"
" All lies in me"
I was born to-
Make the forgotten dreams come true

Grinning and Toddling
Running and Modelling
Soon, I turned into a 5 years darling

Sticking to my rhyme
I always said to myself
"You have to build a time
To make it to yourself "
"Twinkle Twinkle Little Star
When you grow big ,Twinkle Twinkle like a star
Go on! Twinkle Twinkle Little Star"

It was 10 then-
showing a 90's photo I asked my mommy "mommy did you like this
fashion?"
My mommy gave me a sweet smile and told with a deep sigh
" yes darling ,but I wasn't able to live all my passion"
I said -"it's okay Mommy, when I grow big I will buy you a huge mansion"

When I turned 20, my mommy said to me "Soon you will be married
Choose someone who knows how flowers are carried "
I asked- why mommy ?!
"Cause darling every day I am awaken
I see my reflection in you,so I can't bear seeing you broken
I said ,it's ok Mommy I will have the Best man chosen ".

Now I have a last wish
when I die, I want all the daddy's and mommy's to give me a flying kiss
Point me in the night sky
I want to see those words fly

"Look! a star named Pretty Daughter"

" Pretty Daughter".

CORRECTION

Love - the light

I am divyanshi, a 13 years old student of class 8 from Dewas Madhya Pradesh. I have always writing poems and expressing my thoughts through creative words. I enjoy writing about love, friendship, nature and the beautiful moment of life. For me poetry are beautiful way to share feelings and turn ordinary moment into memories stay in our heart forever. I try to give those feelings a voice.

Divyanshi goswami

your gentle smile makes me glad,
you left me up when I am sad.
we promise to stay side by side,
with nothing in our heart to hide.

with step so true,
My world is brighter because of you.
even when the storm is near,
I know that I have nothing to fear.

with sharing laughter, dreams, cheers,
together we will pass the year.
Hand in hand we walk along,
Our love will always stay so strong



Midnight reverie

Syeda Dua Zainab Kazmi is an aspiring writer and the author of Midnight Reverie, her debut novel. Inspired by emotions, quiet moments, and the beauty of unspoken stories, she writes to create worlds that stay with readers long after the final page. ☐

Syeda Dua -e-Zainab kazmi

Some connections are not written in words; they are written in the stars.”

The silence of the mountains remained unbroken as the night grew deeper. The stars shimmered above like countless tiny lanterns, each carrying a story too distant for the world below to hear.

A gentle breeze wandered through the valleys, brushing against the tall grass before disappearing into the endless darkness.

Then, a quiet voice broke the silence.

“Do you think the stars ever feel lonely?”

The question floated gently through the cold night air.



THE SKY THAT STILL WEEPS

Asiya Kamal

That day, the sky shattered...
a thousand fragments falling like confessions.
They said, "Everything's under control."
Tell me...
how do you control something
that has already lost its soul?

Two hundred forty hearts...
reduced to debris.
Two hundred forty dreams...
signed off as logistics.
And yet,
the earth turned,
markets rose,
mornings came...
pretending nothing froze.

What is the value of a life
that disappears in a minute
and returns as a hashtag?



Where “Rest in Peace” trends faster
than justice ever will?

They buried the plane...
and the truth...

under the same soil,
and called it closure.

Closure?

what a cruel synonym for forgetting.

They said “fuel cutoff.”

I say “human cutoff.”

We disconnect humanity
more easily than we do engines.

A single switch...
and conscience loses power.

Tell me...

what god governs systems
where efficiency outweighs empathy,
where time is saved,
but lives are spent?

The sky remembers, even if we don't.

It limps each time another flight ascends...
because some wounds aren't meant to heal,
only to remind us what ignorance cost.

They built memorials of marble,
but marble cannot mourn.
They lit candles...
but candles melt faster than accountability.

They blamed the pilots...
but who taught them to fear silence?
Who signed the checklist of negligence
and called it protocol?
Who wrote rules
that measured profit before pulse?

Why does progress demand blood?
Why do we fear falling
when we've already fallen from grace?

They called it a "black box mystery."
But truth was never lost...
just muted.
You can't decode silence

in a world that's forgotten how to listen.

Every plane carries two passengers...

one chasing a destination,

the other escaping themselves.

And both vanish the same way...

mid-air, mid-sentence, mid-belief.

Somewhere,

a mother still checks the clock at landing time.

Somewhere,

a lover still swears they heard the phone ring once more.

But grief has no flight plan...

it circles endlessly,

waiting for permission to land.

They call it fate.

I call it convenience.

Because fate never files safety reports,

and convenience never apologizes.

So tell me...

what is life,

if it fits inside an insurance claim?

What is death,
if it rehearses for headlines?
And what is truth,
if silence earns more respect than honesty?

They buried the plane.
And the truth.
But sometimes the earth hums at night...
a low, trembling sound,
like engines asking,
“Did anyone even learn?”

And I...
I still look up,
at a sky that pretends to be blue
but hides its scars behind sunlight.
A sky that learned to lie beautifully...
because we told it to.

Maybe peace isn't the end of war,
just the exhaustion of questions
no one dared to answer.

And when they say, “Move on,”

I whisper...

How far

?

Because I'm still grounded

in the echoes of AI-171...

under a sky

that still weeps,

long after the world forgot why.

CORRECTION

Poem

Maahi Negi

12 Saal Ki Ladki Thi,

Chudi pahne Ka Shauk rakhti thi,

सालों बाद Chudi usse Tuti Mano Jaise Ho Zindagi usse ruthi

FIR ek ek Kanch usmein sameta Chudi ko ek kagaj per Lapeta

फैंक आयी Jo Chudi Thi Tuti

Per Ab Bhi woh 15 Baras Ki Mano nai Jindagi ke liye Thi woh Chhoti

Poem

Maahi Negi

बारह साल की लड़की थी

Churi pahne Ka Shauk rakhti thi

सालों बाद churi usse Tuti jaise ho jindagi usse ruti

फिर एक एक कांच usne sameta churi ko ek kagaj mai lapeta

फेंक आयी jo churi thi Tuti

Par ab bhi woh 15 bars ki मानो nayi jindagi ke liye "choti"

When Tomorrow Looks Back At Us

Sadiya Rehman Khan

There is a peculiar silence in the hours before dawn—a silence in which the world seems to hold its breath, as though even time itself were waiting to see what we shall make of another day.

Perhaps tomorrow exists somewhere in that silence.

Not as a date upon a calendar, nor as some distant country beyond the horizon, but as a thousand unseen possibilities quietly taking shape beneath our hands. The tree we plant today may one day cast its shadow upon a stranger. The words we speak in passing may become a memory someone carries for a lifetime. A choice made in an ordinary room may, years from now, become part of a history we shall never live to read.

And yet, we walk through the present as though it belongs entirely to us.

We build, consume, discover, divide, dream, and hurry onward, seldom pausing to consider that the future is not merely something approaching us—it is something we are leaving behind for those who come after us.

Perhaps, then, the question is not what tomorrow will bring.

Perhaps the more unsettling question is this:

When tomorrow finally turns its gaze upon our generation, what will it see?

Will it see a people who merely inherited their moment in history, or a generation courageous enough to understand that every age is, in some measure, a promise made to the next?



For we are all, whether we know it or not, writing upon a page whose final readers have not yet been born.

And someday, when they turn that page, our choices will be the words they read.

CORRECTION

Friendship Amidst Chaos: A Tale of Courage and Sacrifice in the Valleys of Kashmir

I'm a science student and a teen writer . I have always loved reading and this inspired me to write stories, poem and songs .

Gargi Singh

It was a bright day in the valleys of Kashmir, the heaven of India. The serene beauty of the hills, houses built on steep slopes, and the bustling crowds of tourists painted a picturesque view. In a small town near the POK border, life was calm and quiet. People were busy with their own work. This small town was known for a famous school – the only government-affiliated school in that district.

Two best friends, Meher and Nehal, were students of Class 8 in that school. One morning, as they walked to school together, Nehal said, “Do you know, tomorrow we are going to have a war drill because of the violent attacks that Pakistan continues on India?”

Meher exclaimed, “I am not scared! I am excited to learn how to handle fight or flight situations, so I can take action that would be helpful in emergencies.”

At school, the children learned how to respond during a hostage situation, a shooting, a fire outbreak, and how to evacuate safely. They picked up several life-saving skills.

After the drill, the students went home and eagerly shared everything they had learned with their families.

A few days later, on a cold Sunday, the two best friends were playing together. While playing, Meher hurt her leg badly. In their town, visiting a hospital was considered only for serious emergencies since



the nearest one was very far. Meher's family consulted a village doctor, who advised her to rest and avoid walking. But the very next day, she insisted on going to school, despite her parents' concerns. It was the day when academically bright students were to be recognized, and Meher was one of them.

With Nehal's help, she reached the stage to receive her award. At that moment, a terrifying sound echoed. It was gunfire. What they had prepared for in the drills was happening for real. Panic erupted. Everyone started running in fear. Nehal held tightly onto Meher, trying to help her escape, but Meher's injured leg slowed them down. They hid in a corner, but soon the rushing crowd of students and teachers separated them.

Nehal grew anxious. Her best friend couldn't walk without her. While everyone else ran to save their own lives, she ran in the opposite direction to find Meher. At last, she saw her crouching in fear. Pulling her out of danger, Nehal supported Meher to move forward. Suddenly, a bullet came flying toward Meher. In a split second, Nehal pushed her aside, and the bullet hit her own arm. Meher screamed in horror. Before anyone could react, another bullet struck Nehal's leg, and she collapsed unconscious.

Just then, army personnel stormed in and neutralized the attackers. The injured were rushed to the hospital. Meher, though slightly bruised, wept inconsolably and prayed for her best friend's life. Both families arrived at the hospital. After almost 24 hours, doctors successfully completed Nehal's surgery. She had fainted due to severe blood loss but was saved in time.

When Nehal finally opened her eyes, the happiest face she saw was Meher's. Overwhelmed with relief, Meher scolded her for risking her life to save hers. Nehal only laughed weakly and replied, "That's what friends are for."

UNSENT

I am a young writer who loves turning emotions, relationships, and the little moments of life into words. I believe that not every feeling needs to be spoken; some feelings are better expressed through writing. My inspiration often comes from the things I see, experience, imagine, and feel in everyday life.

Surya Debnath

Are all words meant to be spoken?

Perhaps not.

Or perhaps ...

Some words are born only to remain inside us.

We spend years ,
talking to the people we love.

About ordinary days.
About sleepless nights.
About favourite songs,
unfinished dreams,
and random little things that disappear with time.

Yet somehow ...
the words that matter most,
stay imprisoned behind hesitant lips.



Not because they are difficult to say,
but because they are too precious to-
losing the person listening.

Love does not always arrive wearing its own name.
Sometimes ...
It quietly introduces itself as friendship.
That was us.

I never searched for love.
I was simply grateful that ,
life had given me someone who stayed.

Someone who remembered the little things-
"Have you eaten?"
"Did you reach home safely?"
"Are you feeling better today?"

You never knew,
Those ordinary questions felt like home to someone-
who had spent years feeling homeless inside his own heart.

The strange thing about care ...

is that it never announces,
when it becomes love.

One day,
without even realizing,
I stopped counting how many times we spoke.
I started counting how peaceful my day felt -
after hearing your voice.

Whenever the sky grew heavy inside me,
I never had to explain.
Before I could hide the rain,
you somehow noticed the clouds.
And somehow ...
you always knew how to bring back my sunlight.

I wish I could say,
I cared for you just as beautifully.

Maybe I wasn't good with words.
Maybe I never understood-
"What was love supposed to look like?"

But I knew this-

every road felt safer,
when I walked beside you.

Every illness of yours felt heavier,
than my own.

Every smile you wore became-
another reason for me ,
to survive the day.

Then ...
something changed.
Or perhaps,
it had always been changing.

Friendship-
when held too close for too long,
sometimes forgets where it ends.
One heart crosses the line.

The other ...
never notices.

Mine did.

Quietly.

Without permission.

Without warning.

Without asking whether-

you would ever feel the same.

Slowly,

you became the first person,

I wanted to tell every good news.

The first person I searched for-

inside every crowd.

The last thought before sleep.

The first prayer after waking.

My feelings never became love letters.

They became

unfinished drafts.

Unsent messages.

Countless times,

I typed-

"I think ...

I've fallen for you."

Then I stared at the screen,

watching my heartbeat inside those words.

And every single time,

I pressed

"Delete".

Because losing my love

hurt less-

than losing

my only friend.

So I chose silence.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Until silence became another language between us.

Ten years ...

is a strange amount of time.

Long enough,

to become family.

Long enough

to believe-

someone will always be there.

Maybe that belief was my greatest mistake.

I thought,

there would always be-

another tomorrow.

Another conversation.

Another chance.

I was wrong ...

On the day I finally decided to tell you everything,

I carried flowers instead of fear.

For the first time,

my heart was ready to stop hiding.

Then ...

you smiled.

The same smile

I had spent years protecting inside my memories.

You looked at me,

then at him,

and said-

"Meet my boyfriend."

"We're getting married soon."

Isn't it strange ...

how a single sentence,

can quietly destroy-

ten years ...

without making any sound?

The flowers never reached your hands.

The confession never reached your heart.

Only I returned home,

holding

a bouquet that no longer had a reason,

ten years that no longer had a future,

and.

a heart-

still carrying every word,

I never sent.

Perhaps

I was too late.

Or perhaps,

some feelings are never meant-

to become conversations.

They exist only-

as blinking cursors,

half-written confessions,

and messages saved nowhere ...

except

inside the heart,

of the one-

who never pressed Send

CORRECTION

“ BOJU ”

I'm Nehemiah Ekten. Born in hilly region in Nepal in 2004. Currently in Qatar for foreign employment. My journey in writing started with writing lyrics of my own songs, which aren't published yet because I'm not a singer or songwriter. That was out of hobby but that gave me a habit of writing my hearts out and expressing what's inside.

Nehemiah Ekten

“ It’s almost been a year since we’ve arrived in Qatar, isn’t it?”

“ A year! It’s been more than a year, almost 14 months as of this February.” Roshan replied to me with an unclear voice as he still had a spoon inside his mouth.

“ Don’t you know Roshan, Nehemiah always forgets the dates, he just couldn’t keep up with it.”

Ashal shouted from a few metres away, he was washing his hands in a basin.

“ We arrived in Doha at 22, joined the company and did paperwork, registration, bla bla on 23rd of December.” Ashal made his way to the table, showing off his precise knowledge about the dates.

“ 2025, You missed 2025.” Roshan tauntingly addressed him.

Food was already served on the table, Roshan was having his choice of keema noodles. And despite being meat items placed all over, Ashal had ordered for veg thukpa and started to have it. I pushed chicken dumplings towards him and signaled him to try it.

“ I won’t.” He nodded in disagreement.

I saw Roshan giving me an eye.

“ My grandfather has died recently, so I’m mourning for him. Though he didn’t love and cared much about me but still I’ll mourn for him, that’s why I’m not eating meat for 10 days.” Ashal said, moving aside the chicken dumplings.

Ashal words echoed in my mind. And the question was lingering within me, why would he do so, despite the hatred? It made me think about my grandparents.

My grandfather, I never saw him, not in person nor in photos. My mom told me that he had passed away long before she was married to my father. So she didn't have a chance to get to know him either.

And my grandmother, I grew up hating her. I hated her so much that till now I don't even know her name. The reason came from my mom,

“ When you were still in my womb, nobody helped me with my chores. They used to say we've become untouchable and refused to help us even with our harvesting, and your grandmother, despite knowing that I'm pregnant and am unable to perform even a simple task properly, used to leave me alone with all the work pending, instead just roaming around the village.”

I was born and raised in a Christian family, but my parents were not. They turned into Christianity in about 2001, a year before I was born. Christianity was spreading rapidly those days, missionaries were to be seen preaching the word of God door to door, village to village, and that was the wave that carried away my parents too. At the time those who turned themselves into Christianity were cast out of the society, I heard that some were even killed, burned alive and beaten to death.

When my parents became Christians, first my dad, then my mother, the whole village; brothers on father's side, relatives turned their back on us, and even my grandmother was included.

I don't recall what the village used to be like back then. By the time a child starts to remember about their childhood, I was already at a hostel. It was a hostel where orphans and children from very poor families were admitted.



As my parents were cast out of the village, my dad lost his job as teacher, the only source of income, and with no options left I was sent to a hostel because they couldn't afford much. So they decided to send me to a hostel, whereas my Dad left for Malaysia, to stabilize the financial condition.

We arrived at Kadamtala, India. As for a child who barely has stepped out of the village, the hustle and bustle of the city was so much more to process. My mom wore a saffron Kurtha with small black flower patterns and flat sandals. We entered through a large iron gate, a huge building that stood like a mansion, a big yard surrounded by walls as if it was a fortress.

“ Don't worry babu, I'll soon come for you.” My mom left right after saying those very words.

“ It's a lie.” I said to myself. But still hoped she would return to take me back.

I spent my 3 years there, each day hoping that she'll come for me and setting my eyes towards the same iron gate which I came in from. Every night, being there was followed by a nightmare; I would see something heaving falling from above and crushing me, and me being unable to lift it up, used to wake up drenched in sweat and fear. I really hated dreaming then.

Living was already hard those days, and adding up they left the village with just the clothes they were wearing, a couple of plates, a pot to cook and a few thousand rupees which my mom got by selling the oxen she got from her side of the family on marriage.

I was later retrieved from the hostel when the financial situation stabilized a bit. My mom came to take me, and by then my parents were living in Dudhe, Jhapa. One storey house, with a small spring running in front, no walls to surround the house, just a small bamboo fence of about 4 feet in height. I made my way through a bridge made of bamboo, then a lawn and to a room; two beds, television on the table, right beside the door, which my dad might have brought from Malaysia, a stand fan and a dvd player. I learned from my Mom that the Chaudhary family owns the house.

One fine summer our grandmother paid a visit to us, our room was already small and adding one more person made it smaller. Maybe because of the age she had gotten a little slow and timid, she used to gaze continuously outside the window, without moving as if she's a statue. She barely spoke to us. Whatever time she spent with us, all she used to do was gaze outside the window.

Due to hatred towards her I must say or maybe it was my childishness, one day I lit a firecracker and threw it at her. Which disturbed her silence and she was startled and started weeping. Her tears slowly rolled down her wrinkled cheeks. She pulled up to Patuki and wiped her tears still not looking towards me. The sound of a firecracker brought my parents to the room.

“Nammu, threw a firecracker at me.” She said looking at my father.

My dad saw her sobbing, and a fresh smoke of firecracker still hovering in the room.

Her weeping turned into crying, and sobbing into wailing as she saw Dad and Mom being present in the room.

She later left our place to stay with her other son in the valley. She used to move from one place to another to her son's and daughter's. My Dad has 4 brothers and 3 sisters, he's 3rd one.

It was winter of 2019, I was enrolled in a theological seminary, Presbyterian Theological Seminary, located at Sunakothi, Lalitpur as a fresher. Due to the sudden demise of our Tumma (Dad's eldest brother's wife), I had to leave for Ilam immediately; I took the bus the same night I received the news from my Mom. All of our relatives were gathered to attend the funeral, many of them I never knew or ever saw. I stayed a couple of days in Ilam and as my classes were going on so I had to take a leave. I met everyone possible before leaving.

“Don't forget to meet your grandmother before leaving.” My mom shouted from the kitchen.

I was done with my packing stuff and paced towards my grandmother's room to pay her a visit.

Her appearance is the same as she used to be, even her behavior, she was lost in her own thoughts. I approached her room, slowly opening the door.

“Who is it?” She asked, facing towards me. She was looking at me yet didn't recognize me.

“It's me Boju, Nehemiah.” I replied. She didn't seem to respond. I repeated again.

“Nammu, I'm Nammu Boju.” Now a little louder than before and with irritation.

A firm smile appeared on her face when she heard my voice. She squinted her eyes as if she hadn't yet seen me. And then I realized that her eye sight has got really worse and her hearing too.

I went near her, held her hands. I could feel muscles on her back of hands and the dry and cold hands, which might be because of the weather.

“Boju, I’m leaving for Kathmandu today.”

She removed her hands from mine and wiped her falling tears, she started sobbing again.

I don’t know why she’s weeping now. I was totally out of words to tell her now. I was just here to let her know that I’m leaving and in confusion of what to say now I said,

“Boju, when I come next time I’ll bring you two granddaughters in law.”

She burst out laughing. And I left afterwards as she stopped her crying.

I didn’t have an encounter with her after that for a long time. I spent my years after SEE at Kathmandu, hardly visited home and had no news about her and I didn’t bother asking either.

Until, years later when the whole country was in a pandemic, due to COVID-19. I returned from the valley to Damak to be with my family.

We all were locked inside the room. Everyone was hopeless; news of people dying, all transportation stopped, shops as well, curfew all around as the patients grew rapidly in numbers.

As it was all going many people were returning to their villages, and suddenly my dad despite being weakened by fever spoke,

“I think we must as well go to the village.”

“How will we ?” I asked him with a puzzled look.

“It’ll be a little difficult but within 3 or 4 days we might reach it. None of the vehicles are available and that’s the only option.”

“3, 4 days of continuous walking, who’ll be able to walk and sustain that long? Mom! Piku!” I looked at them calling them accordingly.

Priscilla, my sister who's 10 years younger than me, whom I love calling Piku in short.

Silence filled the room.

"Don't think that along with Mom and Piku we'll travel all the way through the jungle to that damn village, which cast you out and to those villagers who never accepted you," I spoke with rage.

Mom and dad both remained silent, maybe they knew I'm partly right too. My sister was too small to understand any of this, but she was excited when she heard of the village. We've been there once or twice while visiting our maternal uncle's house, it comes in a way.

Our small family discussion was distracted by a phone ringing, it was a call from Tumba, notifying us that grandmother is seriously ill and has wished to see my father and mother in specific.

I found out that she passed away the day my parents reached there, when mom informed me about it through the phone.

They returned only after finishing her funeral, and when I asked my mom how it went, she replied that when they reached there she was not conscious enough to recognize people, and all she was saying was, when will Saila, Saili arrive. And when we reached there and let her know that we've arrived, she silently passed away after a while.

"It felt like she was just holding on to her life until we arrived." Mom added.

"Is your grandfather dead too?" Roshan asked me, breaking my silence.

"What! Why?"

"Then why aren't you eating? Finish it before it gets cold."

We finished eating, and Roshan asked for the bill receipt. I voluntarily paid by card. I ignored the notification bell thinking that it's payment notification. But when I checked my phone when we were in a car heading towards our room. It was a text from Priscilla.

"Mom's birthday is 2035/10/26 and Dad's 2033/03/22."

“Ask mom about Boju’s name too.” As I sent the message, I saw the time was 7:20 AM. Nepal is about two and half hours ahead of Qatar. So I made a call to my mom.

“What’s Boju’s name mummy?”

“Why?”

“Just say it.”

“Chandramaya Ekten.”

“Ekten! Before she was married to our Bajey, what was her surname?”

“Lingdam, Lingdam Limbu.”

“Okay , bye bye.” I hung up the call.

I didn’t mourn for her, nor felt remorse about her but if I could have met her exactly the time before her last breath. I would firstly ask for forgiveness for throwing a firecracker at her. And tell her that Piku loves her. I would have held her hands again with care this time and told her I was unable to bring her two granddaughters in law but will surely find someone someday. And at last, I would have asked her name and listened to her saying it herself, Chandramaya Lingdam Limbu.

What Was My Sin?

Koyel Mandal is a third-year English Honours student with a deep love for literature and creative writing. Her writing explores family, identity, silence, resilience, and the emotions left unspoken. She dreams of pursuing a PhD in English and hopes to express the stories she could never say aloud through her writing.

Koyel Mandal

I was too young
to understand
that I had lost my mother.

Before I could know her voice,
I knew her absence.

I grew up watching other children
run to their fathers,
ask for little things,
laugh, complain,
and receive the love
they never had to ask for.

I watched them
and quietly wondered—

Why not me?

My father was alive,
but he was an absent father.

He never accepted me
the way a daughter longs
to be accepted by her father.

And somewhere inside me,
a question grew—

What was my sin?

Was it my fault
that I lost my mother



when I was only an infant?

Was it my fault
that my father could not love me?

Whom could I ask?

I never found the words.

So many wishes,
so many feelings,
so many little dreams
were buried beneath
a pile of silence.

I never had
the childhood I imagined.

But I had my grandparents.

They became my guardians,
my home,
my strength.

Even at twenty,
when I break down
over the things I never had,
they remain beside me.

I have failed.
I have fallen.
But when I was broken,
they were not.

They kept believing in me.

So I continued my studies.
I kept dreaming.

Today, I want to write
what I could never say aloud.

Perhaps I will never know
why I was denied the love
I deserved.

But I know this now—

I was only a child.
I did nothing wrong.

And the girl
who once had no words
now has a pen.

With it,
I will finally tell
the story of my life.

CORRECTION

the sacred tie (rakhi)

anwesha verma

a tiny thread around the wrist
A bond no distance can resist.
It holds the laughter, holds the tears,
A bond that grows more precious through the years.
Not made of gold or fame
Yet nothing else could feel the same.
it isn't a simple knot it's the promise that's true
That says I'll always stand by you
Through every storm and every fight,
A sacred bond that guides to light
Rakhi is more than threads we tie

It's a reminder that, to save you from all the bullets I'll take them all and die

And when the years have come and gone

This sacred bond will stay untouched and live
on



Beauty

Tanisha

The fair color of skin, beautiful face, big eyes, cute smile, big height, long hair. Is the beauty bound by only these few things?? Does beauty only lies in the body??

What about those kind hearted, selfless people who love everybody?? Those beautiful hearts who are always ready to make sacrifices.

In a world full of fair faces with black hearts, aren't the people with little outward beauty but purest hearts are the best??

Beauty lies in the beautiful hearts not in beautiful faces.

"You are beautiful the way you are."

A Thoughtful Girl

Gender war

Tanisha

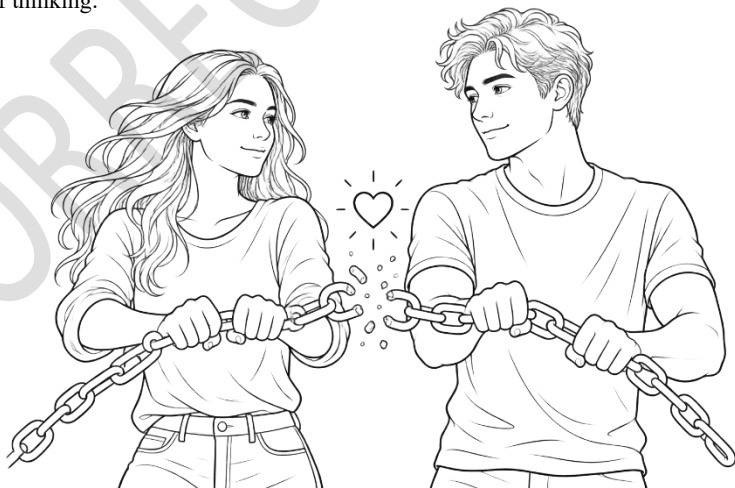
In every corner of the world, there is a war going on, gender war is one of them. This war says that girls are gold diggers, selfish, gossip queens and they play with boys. On the other side, it says that boys are heartless, egoistic, liars, they defame girls and take advantage of girls.

This gender war is not new. Time is becoming modern but don't know why this chain doesn't break. Bad things and bad happenings do not depend on gender; they depend on human beings.

This war is not about who is right and who is wrong whether it's a male or a female.

It's about how cruel our world is which destroys happy families.

My Dear Friends, niceness and cruelty do not depend on gender. It is just society's way of thinking.



"THE FRIENDSHIP I KEPT ALIVE"

Hi, I'm PB.Prudvika, a young writer who loves expressing thoughts and feelings through words. I enjoy writing poems and stories about friendship, emotions, memories, and the little things we often feel but don't know how to say. Writing is a way for me to turn my feelings into something meaningful and share a part of myself with others.

PB. PRUDVIKA

I kept texting you, even when you stopped texting me first.

I kept asking if you were okay, even when you never asked about me.

I remembered the little things about you, while slowly realizing that you were forgetting the little things about us.

Maybe I was holding onto a friendship that had already let go of me.

I kept telling myself, "Maybe they're busy. Maybe tomorrow they'll text."

But tomorrow came.

And nothing changed.

So one day, I stopped trying.

Not because I stopped caring.

Not because I hated you.

I was just tired of being the only one trying to keep us together.

And strangely, when I stopped texting, you didn't come looking for me.

That hurt more than I expected.

But it also taught me something.

Sometimes, losing a friendship isn't really about losing someone.



Sometimes, it's about finding yourself again after spending so long trying to be enough for someone who had already stopped choosing you.

I still miss the friendship we had.

But now, I know,

I shouldn't have to beg someone to stay.

And maybe that's where my hope begins.

CORRECTION

The Last Train Home

I am an academic writer, an aspiring poet looking for opportunities to improve my poetic journey. I am inspired by little things in life such as the random rainfall, an overcast sky, and crowded places..

Dipesh Chettri

I hear the siren that resembles an ultimatum, a deadline
The heart pounding like the bird in a cage fighting for its life
I look around, no familiar face, no safe place to hide
Should I run or should I just be a little patient?

I see a crowd rushing towards the train
As if it is bound to leave them there
Some were left hurt; I see many selfish faces
Should I be selfless? Should I be more patient?

A Minute later, I hear another call
A call that is distinct from every other I have ever heard of

The crowd becomes more engaged;
their patience now comes to an end

The platforms have now become a
symbol of hope



A distant light appears to be too close
The towering clock does not want to rest
The heart keeps pounding as if I'm the culprit
A call is to be made very soon, a final call.

I hear in distant "This is the last train"
I ask the passerby if it is true.
He was afraid, he was impatient.
He just nodded his head and turned away.

A moment of brief silence was all I needed
In the crowdest place I wish never to be
I looked around, I still see them rushing towards the train
Should I follow the crowd or simply walk at my pace?

The departure time seems farther away than the next platform
A final call is now made, a whistle is blown
The crowd diminishes like the polar ice
Partially happy and sad, but completely composed.

The urge to reach home beats every crowd and rush
I was happy and smiling, yet no familiar faces to follow
I looked out of the window, a moment of serenity and comfort
Distinguished and less ordinary.

As the world begins to slide away slowly
My heart starts to pound again, but this time for different reasons
I am finally going home, to embrace what I call my own.
I am finally going home on the last train home.

Where No one Knows

She writes with simplicity and honesty, turning ordinary thoughts into verses that feel deeply personal. For Maria, poetry is not just about creating beautiful words, it is about giving feelings a voice and making someone, somewhere, feel a little less alone.

Maria Ibji

I can't recall the time or place,
When pain became a warm embrace.
When "Ouch! I fell, it hurts a bit,"
Turned into wounds I chose to slit.

A childhood scrape would bring a tear,
But arms would pull me safe and near.
Now silence wraps around my chest,
And pain's the friend I know the best.

I used to cry when I would fall,
Now, I don't feel a thing at all.

A bruise back then meant careless play,
But now, I hide my scars away.

When did my hands, so soft, so small,
Decide that they must bear it all?
When did my skin, so pure, so light,
Become a canvas for the night?

I trace the lines, both old and new,
A map of battles no one knew.
They whisper secrets, tales untold,
Of nights so dark and hands so cold.

I lock the door, the world outside,
No one will see, no one will find.
The room is cold, the light is dim,
A deep, slow breath, then I give in.

The blade moves slow, the pulse beats thin,
A war once fought now caves within.
A breath, a blink, then fading slow,
Into the dark where no one shall know.

HINDI

किसे सुनाऊँ अपनी व्यथा?

Aparna Raut

मौन रहने लगी हूँ मैं,
रहती हूँ चुप्पी साधे,
क्या करूँ, किसे सुनाऊँ
अपने मन की व्यथा?

अगर कह दूँ सबको अपनी पीड़ा,
तो प्रश्न उठेंगे मेरे प्रेम पर,
और दोषी ठहराए जाओगे तुम—
हर उस बात के लिए
जिसका उत्तर शायद
मेरे पास भी नहीं।

मेरा हृदय तड़पता है
तुम्हारी अनुपस्थिति में,
और तुम—
दिखाते हो बस औपचारिकता।

क्या हो गया है मुझे?
क्यों हो गई हूँ मैं इतनी संवेदनशील?
बात-बात पर भर आती हैं ये आँखें,
और जाने क्यों,
मुझे तुम्हारी याद नहीं आती—
याद आती हैं मुझे मेरी।

वही मैं,
जो कभी ऐसी लड़कियों पर
उपहास किया करती थी,
जो प्रेम में स्वयं को खो बैठती थीं।
आज आईना देखती हूँ तो
उनमें अपना ही चेहरा दिखता है।



प्रेम रूपी जीवन का
एक सुंदर स्वप्न सजाया था मैंने,
अब प्रेम शब्द सुनकर ही
मन भय से भर जाता है।

क्या बताऊँ तुम्हें—
मुझे नहीं चाहिए तुम,
न तुम्हारा साथ,
न तुम्हारी दिखावटी फ़िक्र,
न तुम्हारे साथ
वह बनावटी-सा रिश्ता।

चाहिए तो बस—
उन यादों के पिंजरे से आज़ादी।

नफ़रत रहती है मेरी आँखों में तुम्हारे लिए,
पर मेरे दिल पर
आज भी लिखा है तुम्हारा नाम।

और फिर वही प्रश्न लौट आता है—
बताओ, क्या करूँ मैं?
किसे सुनाऊँ अपनी व्यथा?

दो परछाइयाँ

Aarzu

तो एक शाम दो परछाइयाँ मिलीं, एक पुराने बरगद के नीचे।
सूरज ढल रहा था और वो दोनों धीरे-धीरे एक दूसरे में घुल रही थीं।

पहली परछाई ने पूछा, "क्या हम पहले भी कहीं मिले हैं?"

दूसरी कुछ देर तक चुप रही, फिर बोली, "पता नहीं, मगर तुम्हारे पास खड़ी होकर
मुझे अजनबी जैसा नहीं लगता।"

हवा बह रही थी, पेड़ों के पते हिल रहे थे और दोनों परछाइयाँ ज़मीन पर एक दूसरे
को छू रही थीं।

पहली ने फिर पूछा, "क्या तुम्हें कभी ऐसा लगता है कि तुम किसी को भूल चुकी हो,
मगर पूरी तरह नहीं?"

दूसरी मुस्कुराई और बोली, "हाँ, जैसे कोई नाम याद नहीं मगर उसकी कमी याद
है।"

शाम और गहरी हो गई, अब दोनों परछाइयाँ
लगभग एक हो चुकी थीं।

पहली ने धीरे से पूछा, "अगर हम सच में कभी मिले
थे, तो बिछड़े क्यों?"

दूसरी ने जवाब दिया, "शायद इसलिए कि शरीर की
उम्र होती है, रूह की नहीं।"

कुछ देर दोनों खामोश रहे, फिर पहली परछाई ने
कहा, "अजीब है, मुझे तुम्हारा चेहरा याद नहीं,
आवाज़ भी नहीं, यहाँ तक कि तुम्हारा नाम भी याद
नहीं, फिर भी लगता है कि मैंने कभी तुम्हें बहुत प्यार
किया था।"



दूसरी परछाई मुस्कुलाई और बोली, "शायद किया होगा, क्योंकि मोहब्बत याददाश्त में नहीं रहती, रूह में रहती है।"

इतने में सूरज पूरी तरह डूब गया, दोनों परछाइयाँ अँधेरे में खोने लगीं। जाने से पहले दूसरी परछाई ने कहा, "अगले जनम में अगर मिलें और पहचान न पाएँ, तो उदास मत होना। कुछ रिश्ते पहचान से नहीं, पहचान लेने की चाह से ज़िंदा रहते हैं।"

और फिर अँधेरे ने दोनों को अपनी बाहों में समेट लिया।

उस रात मुझे पहली बार लगा कि शायद कुछ लोग मरते नहीं, बस शरीर छोड़कर एक दूसरे की परछाइयों में रहने लगते हैं।

जिंदगी : एक आधी जली सिगरेट

Aarzu

वही एक मेज़ है कोने में रक्खी,
जिसके पायों को दीमक ने थोड़ा चख लिया है,
और उस पर रक्खा वो काँच का एशट्रे...
जिसमें कल शब की आधी जली सिगरेट का धुआँ,
अब भी किसी अधूरी बात की तरह हवा में तैरता है।
ज़िंदगी भी तो इसी सिगरेट जैसी है,
सुलगती रहती है आहिस्ता-आहिस्ता,
कुछ राख बनके नीचे गिर जाता है,
और कुछ धुआँ बनके यादों के आसमान में खो जाता है।

सुनो... वो जो कमरे की बाईं तरफ़ अलमारी है न,
उसके भारी साखू के दरवाजे जब भी खुलते हैं,
एक अजीब सी महक पूरे कमरे में फैल जाती है।
पुरानी किताबों के पन्नों की महक,
सूखे हुए गुलाब की वो पत्ती, जो कभी किसी ने...
खैर, जाने दो, वो किस्सा अब पुराना हुआ।

पर अजीब बात है...
क्रिस्से पुराने होकर भी मरते कहाँ हैं?
वो तो अलमारी के दरवाज़ों में छुपकर बैठ जाते हैं,
और जैसे ही हम ढूँढ़ने निकलते हैं कोई ज़रूरी कागज़,
वो सामने आकर खड़े हो जाते हैं,
बिलकुल किसी पुराने दोस्त की तरह,
कंधे पर हाथ रखकर पूछते हैं— "पहचाना?"

वक़्त की भी अपनी एक अलग ही ज़िद है,
ये नदी की तरह बहता तो है,
मगर कुछ पत्थरों को अपने साथ बहा ले जाता है,
और कुछ को वहीं किनारे पर छोड़ जाता है... हमेशा के लिए।
हम भी तो उसी किनारे पर बैठे हैं,

पाँव को पानी में डुबोए हुए,
और सोच रहे हैं कि जो बह गया वो वक्त था,
या वो हम थे, जो वहीं ठहर गए?

चाय ठंडी हो रही है मेज़ पर,
बाहर धूप अब दबे पाँव सिमट रही है।
शाम ने फिर से उदासी का वही रंग ओढ़ लिया है।
चलो, इस अधूरी सिगरेट को बुझा देते हैं,
और अलमारी का वो दरवाजा बंद कर देते हैं,
यादों को भी अब ज़रा आराम करने दिया जाए।

कौन हूँ मैं तुम्हारी?

Aparna Raut

ये तुम्हारे लिए महज़ चार शब्दों का सवाल है,
मगर मेरे लिए वो एहसास है,
जो हर बार मेरे ज़हन को खरोदता है।

कौन हूँ मैं तुम्हारी?

हूँ मैं तुम्हारे जीवन की किताब का एक पन्ना,
या उस किताब के किसी कोने में पड़ा
एक अनकहा, अनसुना-सा लफ़्ज़?

कभी लगता है,
मैं तुम्हारी ज़िंदगी की एक अनजान मुसाफ़िर हूँ—
हूँ मैं तुम्हारे दिल का सुकून,
या तुम्हारी बेचैनी की वजह?

कौन हूँ मैं तुम्हारी?

तुम्हारी नज़रें कुछ कहती हैं,
और तुम्हारा बर्ताव कुछ और।
तुम्हारे शब्दों में अपनापन है,
मगर तुम्हारी खामोशी में एक अजनबीपन।

कौन हूँ मैं तुम्हारी?

तुमने कहा था,
मैं हूँ तुम्हारे दुख-सुख की साथी,
मगर तुम तो मेरे दुख की वजह बन गए।

कौन हूँ मैं तुम्हारी?

मैं थी तुम्हारे चेहरे की मुस्कान,
और तुम बन गए मेरे नैनों की ओस।



कौन हूँ मैं तुम्हारी?

हूँ मैं तुम्हारा दिल,
या उस दिल की बस एक किरायेदार?

शायद तुम्हारे लिए ये सवाल आज भी महज़ चार शब्दों का है,
मगर मेरे लिए—
यही चार शब्द पूरी कहानी हैं।

कौन हूँ मैं तुम्हारी?

CORRECTION

सत्रह में सत्तर साल जीकर आई हूँ

Prachi Arun Netke

कफ़न में लिपटी ज़िंदगी मेरी, इन हाथों से
जलाकर आई हूँ।
किस्मत भी तो देख मेरी,
अपनी चिता को खुद आग लगाकर आई हूँ।

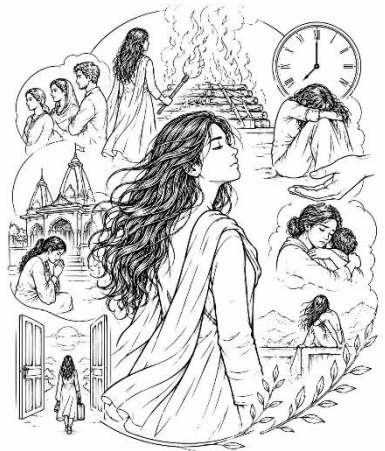
किसने लिखी ये कमबख्त किस्मत मेरी,
जो मजबूर इस क़दर हो गई हूँ।
साँस तो लेती हूँ, मगर खुद का इंतकाल
उस जनाज़े के साथ कर आई हूँ।

माना जिस्म मेरा नहीं था,
मगर सबकुछ था।
अभी तो देखना, सुनना, कहना,
गले मिलना—बाकी बहुत कुछ था।

रिश्ते, भगवान, ईसान—
सबसे मुँह मोड़कर आई हूँ।
असली ज़रूरत में कोई साथ नहीं देता,
मैं सबको आज़माकर आई हूँ।

जब तक खुद पर नहीं आती,
फ़िज़ूल लगता है सब।
मुझसे पूछो—
मैं हर मंदिर की दहलीज़ पर
गिड़गिड़ाकर आई हूँ।

सिर्फ़ जान जाती तो संभाल लेती खुद को,
मगर जिसकी उदासी तक सहन नहीं होती मुझे,
उसे बेहद दर्द में
तड़पता देखकर आई हूँ।



यूँ ही नहीं कहती
अपनी चिता को खुद आग लगाकर आई हूँ।
मेरी लिखावट से अंदाज़ा नहीं लगा पाओगे
मेरी उम्र का—

मैं सत्रह की उम्र में
सत्तर साल का तजुर्बा पार कर आई हूँ।

CORRECTION

इंसानियत की कोई सीमा नहीं

A dreamer at heart and an M.Pharm student by profession, the author finds joy in expressing thoughts and emotions through writing. Inspired by real-life experiences, relationships, and the beauty hidden in everyday moments, writing serves as a creative space for reflection and self-expression.

Vanshita Satpute

हम सब अलग-अलग जगहों पर जन्म लेते हैं,
अलग भाषाएँ बोलते हैं,
अलग संस्कृतियों में रहते हैं,
फिर भी हमारे दिलों की भावनाएँ एक जैसी होती हैं।

जब कोई दुखी होता है, तो दर्द सबको महसूस होता है।

जब कोई खुश होता है, तो उसकी मुस्कान
सबको अच्छी लगती है।

यही तो इंसानियत है, जो हमें एक-दूसरे से
जोड़ती है।

सरहदें देशों को अलग कर सकती हैं,

लेकिन प्यार, सम्मान और अपनापन कभी
अलग नहीं कर सकतीं।

एक छोटी-सी मदद, एक सच्ची दुआ,

और कुछ प्यार भरे शब्द किसी का जीवन बदल सकते हैं।

दुनिया तब और खूबसूरत बन जाती है,

जब हम लोगों को उनके देश, धर्म या भाषा से नहीं,

बल्कि उनके अच्छे दिल से पहचानते हैं।

आइए, नफरत की दीवारों को छोड़कर

प्यार और भाईचारे के रिश्ते बनाएँ।

क्योंकि अंत में हम सबकी पहचान सिर्फ एक है—



हम इंसान हैं, और इंसानियत की कोई सीमा नहीं होती।

CORRECTION

ज़्यादा बोलती हैं लड़कियाँ

मेरा नाम रिशु शर्मा है। मैं B.A. English Honours की छात्रा हूँ और साहित्य एवं लेखन में विशेष रुचि रखती हूँ। मेरे लिए कविता केवल शब्दों को पत्रे पर उतारना नहीं, बल्कि उन भावनाओं, विचारों और अनुभवों को आवाज़ देना है जिन्हें अक्सर हम कह नहीं पाते। मैं अपने आसपास की छोटी-छोटी घटनाओं, रिश्तों, ख़ामोशियों और जीवन के सवालों से प्रेरणा लेती हूँ।

Rishu Sharma

सोचने वाली लड़कियाँ

ज़्यादा बोलती हैं।

नहीं, चुप रहने वाली लड़कियाँ

ज़्यादा बोलती हैं।

नहीं-नहीं,

जब वे बोलने के बारे में सोचती हैं,

तब लड़कियाँ ज़्यादा बोलती हैं।

कितना बोलती हैं लड़कियाँ!!

मेहनत करने वाली लड़कियाँ

ज़्यादा बोलती हैं।

ना-ना,

हारने वाली लड़कियाँ



ज़्यादा बोलती हैं।

जिसे चुप कराया गया हो,

वैसी लड़कियाँ ज़्यादा बोलती हैं।

कभी-कभी

हो जाती हैं चुप लड़कियाँ।

ओह!

फिर जीत जाने वाली लड़कियाँ

ज़्यादा बोलती हैं।

शायद कभी चुप नहीं बैठती लड़कियाँ!

आगे बढ़ना तो पड़ेगा ।

Himanshu D Shah

खोए-खोए से क्यों हो

रास्ता अनजान है

तो डरे-डरे से क्यों हो

खोए-खोए से क्यों हो

रास्ता अनजान है

तो डरे-डरे से क्यों हो

चलना तो पड़ेगा

खुद से लड़ना भी पड़ेगा

रुकावटें कभी कम नहीं होंगी

आगे बढ़ना तो पड़ेगा

रास्ता अनजान है

तो डरे-डरे से क्यों हो

चट्टानों को चीरना पड़ेगा

पर्वतों को लांघना पड़ेगा
अगर पैरों पर गिर भी गए
तो मंज़िल से हाथ धोना पड़ेगा
रास्ता अनजान है
तो डरे-डरे से क्यों हो

मुकम्मल तभी होता है
जब मंसूबा मज़बूत होता है
पत्तों के हिलने से
फल कहाँ गिरता है
रास्ता अनजान है
तो डरे-डरे से क्यों हो

हाथ की लकीरें घिसती नहीं हैं
कुछ झाँकों से नीयत बदलती नहीं है
आम हो या खास हो
किस्मत किसी को जुदा नहीं करती

रास्ता अनजान है

तो डरे-डरे से क्यों हो

CORRECTION

मौका मिला तो...

अमर एक युवा कवि और लेखक हूँ जिसकी रचनाएँ मनुष्य के भीतर छिपी उन भावनाओं को शब्द देती हैं, जिन्हें अक्सर कह पाना आसान नहीं होता। उनकी कविताओं में प्रेम, विरह, स्मृतियाँ, अकेलापन और आत्म-खोज जैसे भाव सहजता और गहराई के साथ उभरते हैं।

Amar

मौका मिला तो मैं
वापस जरूर आऊंगा
हकीकत में ना सही,
तेरी यादों में जरूर आऊंगा
जो अधूरे छूटे अफसाने थे
मैं उनको निभाने जरूर आऊंगा

जो पल बिताए थे साथ में
उनको जीने की चाहत में
नए वक्त के लहजे में भी
पुराने वक्त में जरूर आऊंगा
मौका मिला तो...

कुछ दुख का साथी बनने ,तो
ढेर सारी खुशियाँ लेकर आऊंगा
हकीकत में ना सही ..
पर कभी आसू के बहाने
तेरी आखों में जरूर आऊंगा

इस जमाने के डर से
अपनी हार पर
तुम्हें रोना जरूर आएगा
हकीकत में ना सही
पर एक मुस्कुराहट के बहाने
तेरे कोमल होठों पर जरूर आऊंगा



में जा चुका होऊंगा दूर कहीं
तुम इंतजार में मेरे रह जाओगे
फिर भी..
हकीकत में ना सही
किसी बहाने के बहाने
में वापिस जरूर आऊंगा
मौका मिला तो ...

CORRECTION

राह जिन्दगी की

रश्मि ठाकुर एक गृहिणी हैं जो बचपन में कविताएँ लिखा करती थी।
जिन्दगी के टेढ़े-मेढ़े रास्ते पर चलते - चलते मैं और मेरी कविता कब
एक दूसरे से अलग हो गए पता ही नहीं चला ।

Rashmi Thakur

काश, पुष्पाच्छादित हमारी राह होती ,
नाम होता जिसका जिन्दगी ।
निष्कंटक हम चलते रहते,
पूनों के चाँद सा कोई साथी होता,
अमावस की न कोई रात होती ।
सतरंगी गलियाँ होती,
भावुक से संगी होते ।
मिलन हमेशा असली लगता,
मुस्कान भी असली ही होती।
,! गर हम बना पाते ऐसी दुनिया
तो शतायु की इच्छा भी होती ।
न विध्वंस होता न विस्फोट दिखता,
विनाश की तो बात ही न होती ।
पर क्या ये सम्भव है हे सखि,
तुम झूठी तसल्ली ही दे देती
तो जिन्दगी खुशनुमा हो जाती ।



जीवन के बन्द रास्ते हमें दस्तक देते,
हर अँधियारे मोड़ पर उजाले की एक किरण दीख जानी ।

न कभी रास्ते बन्द होते हैं
और न गलियाँ अँधियारी होती हैं ।
उन गलियों में सदा गूँजती ये आवाज ,
" चरैवेति-चरैवेति" ।
हे मन, इसी मन्त्र को प्रकाश - पुँज समझ,
अपनी गलियों को कर दीप्त

समय की इलास्टिसिटी

रश्मि ठाकुर

काश, समय में लोचकता होती

और उसे हम खींच पाते ।

समयाभाव सभी के पास है,

Genz . कहती . हमें समय नहीं:

हम बूढ़े कहते," हमें भी समय नहीं"

समय एक छलावा सा दिखता,

ऐसा अमूर्त जो पकड़ नहीं आता ।

फिर भी हम इससे बँधे ही रहते ।

कहते हैं," काल का पहिया घूमता है",

पर कहाँ, आँखें न देख पाती ।

ऐसे अगोचर , अविनाशी को

मन देखना तो दूर , छू भी नहीं पाता ।

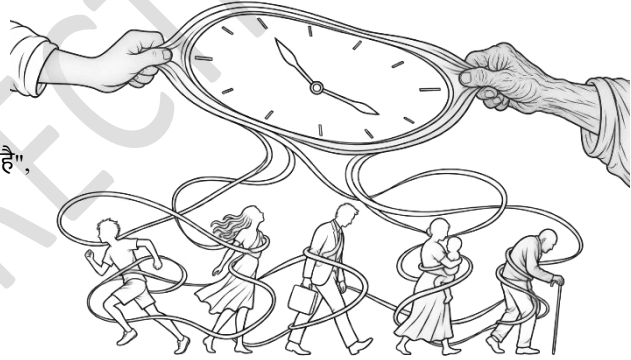
यही है जो हमसे प्रेम करवाता और कभी - कभी युद्ध भी ।

निष्ठुर इस पहिए के नीचे दबे-दबे से

हम हैं सदा कराहते ।

त्राहि माम, त्राहि माम - करते

उस ईश्वर को हैं पुकारते ।



तिमी र म

Bishal Pokhrel

शीतल स्पर्श तिम्रो सदैव मेरो मुटुमा वास
तिमी नै हो मेरा लागि सबैभन्दा बढी खास
मेरो प्रेयसी तिमी नै त मेरो जीवनको आधार
बनाउँला हामी मिलेर सँगै सपनाको संसार

मुस्कान तिम्रो लाग्छ मलाई त्यो जुनको उज्यालो
ज्योतीले भर्छ्यौं हरदम जब आउँछ्यौ यो अंगालो
ऊर्जा र प्रेरणा छरिदिन्छौ यो मनमा सधैंभरि
जुनी सयौं काटौला माया गरेर हामी यसैगरी

कलमले अवर्णनिय मेरा समस्त भाव तिम्रा लागि
म हिलो भएपनि फल्नेको सुन्दर कमल हौ मेरा लागि
देवी लक्ष्मी बनी सुख-समृद्धि मलाई बर्साइदिन्छौ
दुःख पीडाले सताउँदा मलाई सदा हर्साइदिन्छौ

आँखाको तारा भनौं या मेरो तपस्याको फल
हरेक सङ्घर्षको साथी हौ हर समस्याको हल
तुच्छ कवि हूँ मेरा सबै कविताका तिमी नै सार
हामी हाँसीखुसी रचौला हाम्रो सपनाको संसार



बाँचे क्रममा

Alisha Nepal

हाँटते हुए साथ फिर होती बाँहें कुछ [अस्पष्ट]
न चाहते हुए भटका है बाँटों [अस्पष्ट] हुए
तपता धूप, हर आशा जला गया, आकाश धुनलाई
धरतीमा बारिश करने को ही रह गए आकाश धुनलाई

अाँखवाले बोलते, महादेवन खोजते में शब्दों का सहारा
आभाष है मनाई कविता में तो शब्दों निवास
कहो भाग्यशाली जैसे हुए में पाए विभिन्न व्यक्तित्व
कहो मात्र जादू अनजान यानी जो बोलता अस्तित्व

आँखों में ही संसार रखते पति न विचार
शब्दों के फूल आँगन में, यहाँ कुल न हजार
देवता ने कहा होता है तिन्हारी टूटे हिस्सों
देखने में रखते हँसनी पति विचार भिंडो

दोनों ये कसकते ठहराऊँगा ये सांसारि रिश्तों
नाते निभाते सोचने कैसे आंतरिक जितना
देवता रखे, परिणत होते सत्य। जो समय
समर्पण भयो ही शब्दों से बोलते कमाल



CORRECTION

आखिर मैं कौन हूँ?

Kajal

आखिर मैं कौन हूँ?

आखिर मैं कौन हूँ?

वो विचार जो आया और चला गया,

जिस पर मैं काबू नहीं कर पाया।

पर अगर मैं विचार हूँ, तो मैं का मैं पर बस होता है.

पर विचारों पर कोई वश नहीं, तो क्या सचमुच मैं विचार हूँ?

माना मैं विचार हूँ, पर मैं तो सत्य हूँ ..

किन्तु विचार, सत्य नहीं हैं;

मैं तो प्यार हूँ; पर विचार हर बार प्यार नहीं है;

नहीं मैं विचार नहीं हूँ ।

आखिर मैं कौन हूँ?

वो मन, जो हर क्षण करता है मन मानी.

जो माया में उलझाता है वो मन,

वो सही सोचने पर कहता है।

ये सही नहीं है, वो मन,

मैं अगर मन हूँ, तो मैं मटमैला हूँ,

पर मैं साफ हूँ, मतलब मैं मन नहीं हूँ।

आखिर मैं कौन हूँ ,

ये शरीर जो चलता है हर क्षण साथ:

ये शरीर जो बदलता है उम्र के साथ;
ये शरीर जो एक दिन मिट जाएगा और रह जाएगा मैं।
अगर मैं शरीर हूँ, तो कैसे मैं रहेगा।
मतलब मैं शरीर नहीं हूँ।
आखिर मैं कौन हूँ ?
मैं शांत हूँ दरिया में चुपचाप बैठे पत्थर की तरह,
मैं प्रेम हूँ, निस्वार्थ-सा, बिना उम्मीद का,
मैं सत्य हूँ, जो हमेशा सत्य है :
मैं, मैं नहीं हूँ, पर हाँ मैं हूँ..
जब मैं में मैं नहीं रहता, तब जो मैं हूँ वो हूँ मैं ॥
एक आत्मा, शुद्ध चेतन ऊर्जा हूँ मैं ॥

जगत में कैसा नाता रे

Kajal

जाने वाला चला जाता है अपनी जिंदगी जीकर,
पीछे रहने वाले भूल जाते हैं जीना उसके बिना।

वो जाने वाला फिर कहाँ आता है लौट कर,
चाहे लाख बुलाए , चाहे हर रोज रो-रो कर याद कर लें,
पर वो कभी नहीं आता।

पर पीछे रहने वाले भी कहाँ लौट पाते हैं अपनी जिंदगी में आसानी से,
रह जाते हैं वो भी उसी जिंदगी में, उसी अपने के साथ,
जिसके साथ जिंदगी के हँसी पल बिताए थे।

जाने वाला एक बार मरता है दुनिया की नज़रों में,
पर पीछे रहने वाले हर दिन, दिन में कई बार मरते हैं
उस अपने के लिए, उन सपनों के लिए
जो साथ मिलकर देखे थे, उन पलों के लिए जो साथ जिए थे।
पर कुछ नहीं बदलता, चलता रहता है सब
ऐसे का ऐसे। शायद यही है संसार का चक्र।

जो आया है यहाँ वो एक दिन जरूर जाएगा, सब छोड़कर।

सोचता हूँ कभी-कभी



जो इंसान जब जीवित था, जो इंसान हमें इतना प्यार करता था,
जिसने कभी आँसू ना आने दिए हमारी आँखों में,
उस इंसान के जाने बाद कैसे हम तिल-तिल कर रो रहे हैं उस इंसान के लिए।
शायद वो ऊपर आसमान में कहीं,
फिर यहीं कहीं इन हवाओं से हमें देख रहा होगा,
उसे भी दुख हो रहा होगा,
वो हमें रोता देखकर शायद वो भी रो रहा होगा।
कैसी रीत है?
जिस इंसान के साथ अच्छे पल बिताए,
उसे हम दुखी होकर याद करते हैं पूरी उम्र।
पता था हमें एक दिन सबको जाना है,
फिर भी दुख क्यों? आखिर क्यों?
हमें तो खुश होना चाहिए कि जिंदगी के अच्छे पल जो उस इंसान के साथ बिताए, वे
दिन तो थे ही अच्छे,
पर अब वो सिर्फ हमें दिख नहीं रहा,
पर वो इंसान उन अच्छी यादों के सहारे हमेशा हमारे साथ है भगवान की तरह।
हमने भगवान को कभी नहीं देखा,
पर हम कभी दुखी नहीं होते,
क्योंकि मानते हैं कि वो हमेशा हमारे साथ है।

फिर हमारा अपना, जिसको हमने देखा,
जिसके साथ जिए हम, वो भला
कहाँ कभी दूर जाएगा हमसे।
उस भगवान की तरह वो भी हर क्षण हमारे साथ है।
वो देख रहा है हमारा दुख,
और वहा भी दुखी कर रहे हैं हम उस इंसान को।
जैसे भगवान कभी अपने बच्चों को दुखी नहीं देख सकते,
वैसे ही वो इंसान वहाँ से भी हमारी खुशियाँ ही चाहता है।
वो सोचता होगा कि,
जो यादें मैंने दी, ये सब तो उन यादों में मुझे खुश होकर याद करें,
वो सब करें, जो पता है इन्हें अगर मैं वहाँ होता तो मैं करता।
जीवन कभी नहीं रुकता।
इंसान आते हैं, चले जाते हैं,
और एक दिन हम भी चले जाएंगे।
पर कभी-कभी सोचता हूँ जब मैं भी मर कर ऊपर जाऊँगा,
तो मेरे अपने क्या कहेंगे मुझे —
कि तूने रोने में जिंदगी बिता दी,
तूने हर दिन रोकर हमें दुखी किया।

हम तेरे साथ थे,

पर तूने हर बार रोकर हमें पराया किया।

तू हंसता तो तेरी हँसी में हम थे,

तेरे अपने,

तू प्यार करता तो तेरे प्यार में हम थे, तू खुशियाँ बांटता, तो तेरी खुशियों में हम थे।

पर तूने इस अस्थिर जीवन को स्थिर करने की कोशिश में दुख पाया बस,

और तेरे हर आँसू से हमने भी दुख पाया।

जिंदगी कभी नहीं रुकती,

रुकते हम हैं, वो भी किसलिए?

जब पता है हमें कुछ भी यहाँ सदा नहीं है।

हमारे रोने से, यहाँ तक कि किसी की याद में मर जाने से भी

वो लौटकर नहीं आते।

जिस इंसान ने हमें हमेशा खुशियाँ दी,

हमारी खुशियाँ चाही हमेशा,

उस इंसान की खुशी के लिए अपना जीवन खुशहाल नहीं जी सकते।

जिन यादों के सहारे हम रोते हैं,

क्या उन यादों को हम अच्छी यादों में बदलकर हँस नहीं सकते।

जब एक इंसान दुखी होता है

तो केवल वो दुखी नहीं होता,
दुखी होता है उससे जुड़ा हर इंसान।
हम क्या यहाँ दुख बाँटने आए हैं,
वो जाने वाला इंसान हमें ये सिखाकर
जाता है कि मेरे बाद तुम सबको दुखी करना।
हम लाख कोशिश कर लें,
पर हम आम खरीदकर केले का जूस नहीं पी सकते।
जब हम खुद खुश नहीं थे,
तो किसी को खुशियाँ देना एक भ्रम मात्र है।
हम खुद खाली हैं प्रेम के पात्र से,
और हम सोचते हैं — “मैं चाहे कितना दुखी क्यों ना हो,
पर मैं किसी को दुखी नहीं करूँगा”
मैं सिर्फ प्यार करूँगा,
पर ये कैसे संभव है,
जब पात्र में दुख है तो प्रेम कैसे बँटेगा।
प्रेम बाँटने के लिए पात्र में प्रेम होना भी तो चाहिए।
जब कोई इंसान चला जाता है हमारे बीच से,
तब हम सबकी जिम्मेदारी बनती है कि

उस इंसान की आत्मा को शांति मिले, प्यार मिले, चैन मिले।

और ये सब कब मिलेगा?

जब हम खुद शांत रहेंगे, प्रेमपूर्ण रहेंगे, खुश रहेंगे।

इसीलिए खुद के लिए ना सही पर अपनों के लिए, उस

अपने के लिए जो आपको हमेशा खुश देखना चाहता था,

खुश रहें, हंसके याद करें, एक-दूसरे से प्यार करें,

क्योंकि आप खुद सोचो जब आप किसी अपने के लिए इतने दुःखी है तो वो आपके अपने जो आपको हर रोज दुख में देखते है,

वो कितने दुखी होंगे

और कितने बेबस होंगे।

जो चाहकर भी आपको खुश नहीं कर पा

रहे। आप अकेले दुःखी नहीं होते,

जब आप दुःखी होते हैं, हर वो इंसान

भी दुखी होता है, जो आपसे प्यार

करता है। और वो आपसे

ज्यादा दुखी होता है क्योंकि वो आपको

ऐसे नहीं देख सकता, पर वो कितना

बेबस होकर देखता रहता है और घुटता

रहता है अंदर ही अंदर, आपकी एक

मुस्कान के लिए।

क्या आपकी जिम्मेदारी बस उस एक इंसान

के लिए थी जो चला गया, उन सबके

लिए नहीं, जो अभी भी हैं आपके

साथ, आपको खुश देखने के लिए,

आपको प्यार करने के लिए और आपसे

प्यार पाने के लिए।

जिंदगी चलती रहती है, बेहतर है जो चला

गया उन यादों को दिल में संजोकर,

हंसते हुए उन यादों को याद कर, उन

अपनों से पहले से भी ज्यादा

प्यार करें जो अभी भी हैं। समय रहते

समझ जाना बेहतर होता है, बाद में पछतावा

रहता है

जब अपने नहीं रहते, तो जो हैं

उनसे प्यार करो, जो नहीं हैं उनके तरीके

से प्यार करो ताकि वो हमेशा हमारे साथ

रहें।।

नेपालको सर्तिफिकेट

Babita Phuldel

मास्टरमा नेपाल टपर म
तर पनि मेरो सर्तिफिकेट टिकेन
यति धेरै मेहनत गर्दा नि सरकार
नेपालमा मेरो सर्तिफिकेट बिकेन

मरिहत्य गरे धेरै
यही सर्तिफिकेट पाउनको लागि
मेरो पढाइमा रकम डुब्थो
सबै जग्गा जमिन घर त्यागी

कति सपना थियो आँखामा
अनि कति आशा मनमा
तर नेपालको कानुनले गर्दा
यता न उति भो जीवनमा

सरकार देख्छ मेरो सर्तिफिकेटमा
एउटा अङ्क मात्र
म देख्छु सर्तिफिकेटमा
देशको बलियो भविष्यको पात्र

आखिर कहिलेसम्म
यस्तै हुने हो ?
म र मेरो सर्तिफिकेट नेपालमा
कहिलेसम्म रुने हो ?

न जवाफ छ सरकारसँग
न कुनै रोजगार
कति फाल्न सक्छस् सरकार सर्तिफिकेट ?
अनि कति बनाउन सक्छस् बेरोजगार ?



मैले सोचेको नेपाल

Babita Phuldel

कति सुन्दर हुन्थ्यो होला देश
यहाँ विकास भए
अझ सुन्दर हुन्थ्यो होला देश
यहाँ भ्रष्टाचारीको निकास भए

कति सुरक्षित हुन्थ्यो होला नागरिक
यहाँ कानुन बलियो भए
कति खुसी हुन्थे परिवार
देशमै रोजगार रहे।

कति खुसी हुन्थे नागरिक
यहाँ नेता ठिक भए
आँखामा आँसु हुन्नथ्यो
नेता सच्चा मन लिई दुखीको घरमै गए।

कति राम्रो हुन्थ्यो सबमा
समानताको भाव रहे।
दुखीको मन दुख्थेन होला
यहाँ एकले अर्कालाई हेर्ने भए

कति विकास गर्थे विद्यार्थी
यहाँ क्षमता अनुसार काम पाए
भनेजस्तो सबै कुरा भए
शान्त हुन्थ्यो नेपालीको मनसाय

कति सुन्दर हुन्थ्यो होला देश
यहाँ भ्रष्टाचारीको निकास भए
कति सुन्दर हुन्थ्यो होला देश
यहाँ विकास भए



कति सुन्दर हुन्थ्यो होला देश
यहाँ विकास भए

CORRECTION

OTHER

ਪਹਿਲੀ ਕਵਿਤਾ

Jagjeet singh

ਧੀਰੇ-ਧੀਰੇ ਕਰ ਗਿਣਦੇ ਜੋ ਆਈ,
ਇੱਕ ਚਿਰ ਯਾਦ ਨੇ ਹੀ ਦਰਸ ਜਾਏ।
ਅੱਜ ਜਿਹੜਾ ਆਕੜ ਜਿਹੀ ਕਰਦਾ,
ਉਹਨੇ ਵੀ ਇੱਕ ਦਿਨ ਕਿਸੇ ਮੋਹ ਲੁਕ ਜਾਏ।

ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਆਉਂਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ,
ਤੇ ਬੋਲ ਕੇ ਵੀ ਦੱਸ ਸਕਿਆ ਨਾ।
ਜਿਹੜੇ ਅਸੀਂ ਭੁੱਲ ਨਾ ਸਕੇ,
ਉਹਨੇ ਹੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਰੱਖਿਆ ਨਾ।

ਜਿਹਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਅਸੀਂ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਦੇਖਣ ਨੂੰ ਸੀ ਫਿਰਦੇ,
ਉਹ ਤਲਾਸ਼ ਤੇ ਹੀ ਖ਼ਤਮ ਹੋ ਗਏ।
ਜਿਹਨਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਐਨੀ ਵੱਡੀ ਗੱਲ ਸੀ ਰਹੀ,
ਹੁਣ ਬਿਲਕੁਲ ਹੀ ਉਹ ਚੁੱਪ ਹੋ ਗਏ।

ਜੇ ਤੂੰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਹੱਸਦੇ ਹੋਏ ਵੇਖ ਰਿਹਾ,



ਸੱਚੀ ਜਾਣੀ ਤੇ ਜਿਊਂਦਾ ਦਾ ਅਜਿਹਾ ਦਿਨ

ਯਾਦਾ ਵੇਖ ਰਿਹਾ।

ਤੇਰੇ ਨਾਲ ਅੱਧੀ ਜੀ ਚੇਤੀ ਦੇ ਮੈਂ

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਤੋਂ ਲੰਘ ਚਲੇ ਜਾਵਾਂ,

ਇੱਕ ਗੱਲ ਵਕਤ ਦੀ ਚੇਤੀ ਦੇ ਮੈਂ

ਸਿਮਰਿਆਂ ਦੇ ਵਿਚ ਦਿਨ ਤੋਂ ਸੇ ਜਾਵਾਂ।

ਜਿਹੀ ਆਪਣਾ ਜੱਗ ਤੋਂ ਵੀ ਲੈਣਾ ਇਹ

ਹੱਸਦੇ ਨੂੰ ਰਵਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ,

ਕੋਈ ਅਮੀਰ ਤੱਕ ਨਾਲ ਚੱਲਦਾ ਨੀ

ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਵਿਛੋੜੇ ਰਾਹ ਜਾਂਦਾ।

ਅਕਸਰ ਜਾਂ ਕੋਈ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੀ ਵਜ੍ਹਾ ਕੁਝ ਹੋਰ ਹੈ।
ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਦੁਨੀਆ ਕੋਈ ਮਿਲੇ ਜੇ ਤੈਨੂੰ,
ਕੋਲ ਬਿਠਾ ਕੇ ਉਹਦੇ ਦਰਦ ਨੂੰ [ਅਸਪਸ਼ਟ]।

ਫੇਨ-ਫੇਨ ਉਹਨੇ 'ਚ ਰੱਖਾ ਏ,
ਫਿਰ ਯਾਦਾਂ ਦੇ ਦਿਲ ਨੂੰ ਵੇਖੀ।
ਸਬਰ ਦਾ ਅੰਤ ਜੇ ਭਰੀ ਬੈਠਾ ਏ,
ਆਸਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਲੱਜੀ ਬੈਠਾ ਏ।

ਸਿੱਤ ਦੀ ਇਕ ਆਸ ਦੇ ਲਈ,
ਪਤਾ ਨੀ ਕੀ ਕੁਝ ਹੰਢਾ ਬੈਠਾ ਏ।
ਜੇ ਆਖਰ ਤੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਇਹ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਲ,
ਉਹਨਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਇੱਕ ਗੱਲ ਲੰਘੀ ਏ।
ਟੁੱਟਿਆ ਦਿਲ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਜਿਹਾ ਨਹੀਂ,
ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਗਲਤੀ ਕਰੀਂ ਬੈਠਾ ਏ।

ਆਪਣੇ ਖਿਆਲਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੈਠਾ,
ਜਗਨੀਤ ਵੀ ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਭਰੀ ਬੈਠਾ ਏ।
ਆਕਰ ਜਾਂ ਕੋਈ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਏ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਚੁੱਪ ਰਹਿਣ ਦੀ ਵਜ੍ਹਾ ਕੁਝ ਹੋਰ ਏ।



ایک طرفہ محبت ہر

Mehar luhana

ہماری آنکھوں کا بھی ایک معیار ہوتا ہے

جیسے عشق کا ایک ہی کردار ہوتا ہے 🔥 ⚠️

ایک طرفہ محبت کر بیٹھے ہیں

اب نہ چاہتے ہوئے بھی چھپانا اختیار ہوتا ہے ✅ 😞

دنیا سے ہٹ کے خوابوں کی دنیا ہے وہ

اصلی دنیا میں تو ایسا شخص بدکردار ہوتا ہے 🤔 🙄

ہائے یہ زمانہ مطلب کا، کیا ہی جانے کہ

ایک طرفہ محبت کا ہی تو وقار ہوتا ہے 🎯 📌

جسے پتا ہی نہیں، اس کے لیے وفادار ہوتا ہے وہ ایک شخص ہمارے لیے پورا *
جہاں ہوتا ہے ❤️ 🤝

