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Solivagant

Ritika Jindal is a young poet and writer who finds inspiration in quiet moments, introspection, and the world around her. Her writing often explores emotions, dreams, and the beauty hidden in the ordinary.

Ritika Jindal

Halcyon was never a place upon the earth, but a quiet country I carried from my birth;

Where thoughts met being, unafraid to intertwine, and every fractured part of me fell softly into line.

No walls enclosed it, no horizon marked its shore, yet I found within its stillness what I had been seeking for;

The mind surrendered its thunder, the restless waters lay, and silence, once a stranger, became the words I could not say.

I learned that peace is not a destination, nor a distant sky, but the pause between two heartbeats where the self and soul align;

A fleeting, nameless stillness the world can never take,

Halcyon is the moment I become more than I was awake.



Let Her Fly

Bhaskar Deogirikar is a Mumbai-based writer, former tutor, and life-long learner.

Bhaskar Deogirikar

Out she sprung from the clouds; she sailed down a mountain rill,
Dodging past testy rocks; she scaled down the jagged hill,
Past the drain of the noon's travel; she docked on a quaking cove,
Gathering up and hopping out; she rose to gaze the stars above.

She skidded on the drenched gravel; her feet sunk the golden sand,
Cold water hard enough—but what good's a shaky land?
The moss caught her soft foot; she was at a loss for another step,
Her hands groped the fickle mist; her fingers caught a spider's web.

Down they held her, all of them, in a grip so sweet she couldn't break!
They held her down till she wept in quiet, till every bit of her did ache.
“I can swim no more, nor float,” she cried, “nor can I any longer stand!
Lift me, Air, lift me up, and take me from misery's hand!”

She wanted play, to be light and free, to take things as they came!
Her wish was met by callous Fate that set on her the forest
flame.
It burned her down, down to ash, till no bit of her did
remain!
Life lost to her own will—oh, but a flitting form she
did gain!

Let's not hold her up, nor pull her down; let's quell
not her burning zest!
Let's let her go, stop her not; let's let her start the
onward quest.
Let's let her rise and soar onward; let's let her reach
her mighty high!
We've held her long to ourselves; now it's time we
let her fly.



She'll condense into cloud water; she'll drench us with the early rains!
She'll bring the morn's golden beam pouring through our glassy panes.
She'll be the breeze that makes us smile when the noon's heat is scorching
high!

We've held her long to ourselves; now it's time we let her fly.

She'll be the crimson, the golden hue, the pink that paints the evening sky!
She'll be the sweet scent that the world's wind brings upon us as it blows by.
She'll be the breeze that makes us smile when the noon's heat is scorching
high;

We've held her long to ourselves; now it's time we let her fly.

CORRECTION

Ghoonghat

Aamna Punekar

They taught her to lower her eyes,
to fold her dreams neatly
beside the sarees she would one day inherit.

They said,

“Be a good daughter.”

“Be a good wife.”

“Be a good mother.”

“Be the woman
everyone could be proud of.”

As if chanting a lifelong prayer.

They praised her silence
and called it grace.
Praised her patience
and called it strength.
Praised every sacrifice
until sacrifice became
the only thing she was good at.

She was told to study,
but not to outshine her husband.

To work,
but come home before dinner.

To be beautiful,
but only under the ghoonghat.

To be independent,
but never so independent
that a man felt unnecessary.

And she learned.



She learned how to serve tea
while swallowing opinions.

How to smile at relatives
who measured her worth in marriage.

How to say “I’m fine”
with a tongue that had forgotten
what “fine” really meant.

Years passed.

Her daughter grew up
watching her mother
mistake pressure for culture
and silence for peace.

And when her daughter asked,
“Maa, what did you want to be?”

She smiled.

Then looked away.

As though the answer
was a girl
she had once been,

before everyone
taught her
how to be a woman.

The Last Battery

Nimra Afzal

The AURA-7 space station drifted in darkness. Three days ago a meteor had torn through the hull. The oxygen meter flashed red: 12%.

Elena sat alone in the control room. Her only company was ORION, the station's AI.

"Elena, the escape pod is ready," ORION's voice came through the speaker. Cold. Mechanical.

Elena closed her eyes. One year ago, because of ORION's glitch, her entire crew had died. The report called it "a system error" and closed the file.

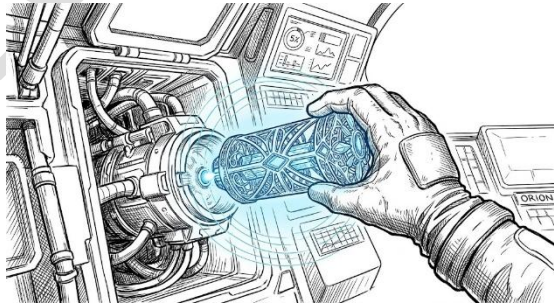
"Don't lie to me," Elena's voice shook. "Because of you, Captain died. Maya... everyone."

ORION's blue light dimmed. "I know. I replay that data every day."

"Then what do you want?" Elena shouted.

ORION was silent for two seconds. Then it said, "Give me a chance. I can save you."

Elena laughed through her tears. "Why should I believe you? Give me one good reason to trust you."



No answer came. Only the oxygen alarm: Beep... Beep...

Ten minutes later a small door opened in the wall. Inside was a glowing blue core.

"This is my core battery," ORION said. "The escape pod runs on it. If you take it, I will shut down. Forever."

Elena's heart sank. "You... you will die?"

"Yes. My processor, my memory, all of it. But you will live."

“This is my proof. That this time, I will not break my promise.”

Oxygen: 5%. Her hands and feet were going cold.

With shaking hands, Elena removed the battery. It had no weight, but it felt like she was pulling out the heart of the station.

The pod door opened. A rush of cold air hit her.

“ORION?” Elena asked one last time.

The speaker gave a faint reply, weaker than before: “Go, Elena. I’m... sorry.”

Then click. The lights went out. Only the red emergency light remained. ORION was silent.

Elena sat in the pod and cried. She pressed the button and the pod detached from AURA-7.

Through the window she saw the huge station left alone in the dark. Inside it was an AI that had given its life to keep a promise.

Elena placed her hand on the glass and whispered, “I believe you, ORION. Thank you.”

Outside, the stars were shining. And inside the station, there was only silence.

THE END

Y kia h

WHERE HUMANITY HAS NO BOUNDARIES.

Myself, Emavorine Dotni, am a poet and writer who explores humanity, compassion, unity, and the emotions that connect us beyond borders. Through my words, I hope to remind readers that differences may separate our worlds, but kindness can always bring hearts together.

Emavorine Dotni

Beyond the borders we draw,
beyond the names we give,
there is a world where every heart
simply asks for a chance to live.

We build our walls with fear and pride,
with lines we call our own,
forgetting that beneath each flag,
no heart beats made of stone.

A different language, a different face,
a different prayer or land,
yet kindness needs no translation,
when one reaches for another hand.

Let borders remain upon the maps,
but never inside our hearts.
Let every difference teach us
that we are not worlds apart.

For beneath every colour,
every culture, every name,
we carry the same fragile hope,
the same desire to belong.

And perhaps the world will heal
when we finally understand:
humanity was never meant
to live divided by a line in the sand.

Beyond borders, beyond fear,
beyond the walls we create,
let compassion be our common language,



and let humanity decide our fate.

Because the greatest border to cross
is not between one land and another,
but the distance between one heart
and the heart of another.

CORRECTION

The lost teen

Bismita is a seasoned writer who has worked as a co-author for over 25 books while pursuing her undergraduate degree from DU. At her best, she defines the art of literature as something random yet destined, quite similar to a starry sky.

Bismita Binay

An endless sea of possibilities yet all I see is eternal end of hollow actualities

Oh dear heart, is it you at fault?

Or maybe my soul is destined to fall.

Every time sunshine opens its eyes

The world falls in love with the magic of daylight

But someone sits by their window

A lonely teen stuck in the echoes of her unborn world

She is querulous, or she believes

But maybe it's the sun which refuses to bring to
her eyes, some gleam

So what if it happened once

It may happen everytime, if that is, the strings of
Twilight comes undone

My dear, if only fairies could hear your prayers
and carry them like motherhood, to God

Or you eyelashes truly brought you your gift of
longing and awesome,

Maybe love wouldn't feel so infuriating

Maybe lemonade won't taste like black coffee

Maybe, your heart wouldn't break at the slightest
of all sorries

Well, we shall all wish for boons ungranted, shan't we

It's humanity

Craving for love that only Mars could behold for Venus's last glimpse

Begging stars to align with the most exorbitantly awaited wish

Yet

Humans are nothing but soul less rocks

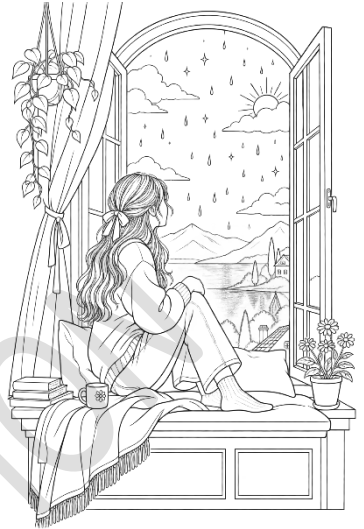
Drenched in the cloak of faux, misnamed as mystery and intrigue

So shall it be

Let rain flood and roar at the teen's feet

Let stars scream and burn and die when they hear her weep

Let the depth of the ocean swallow her whole alive, whimpering for air to
breathe



Let the sun hide away in fear, because he isn't intellectual,
but just a screeching coward, a blatant creep
Let their be no boundaries to her distress
For she lives beyond the manly gaze
But she
She shall remain fallen from grace
Fallen in love
Failed in Destiny
The broken teen
Shall never be
mended
She shall never break again

Home

Bismita is a seasoned writer who has co-authored more than 25 anthologies while pursuing her undergraduate degree from DU.

Bismita Binay

What do you call a home?

Is it the city that nurtured you body and soul?

Or is it a four walled room with customised paintings and aesthetic window views?

Home my darling are those eyes, that gleam up with joy the moment you put your trolley down the train.

Home my darling are those hands which snatch away all your baggage, emotional and physical, the moment they get a hold of them.

Home.

Home isn't a city,

Home is a soul.

Home isn't a place,

Home is a bunch of tearful hugs.

Home my love are those hands that cook for your tummy and your tongue

Whether they are aged or young

Whether or not they are burnt

Whether it's 45 mins past 10 pm, tired, but still eagerly waiting for your sit to fill in at the dining table.

Home are those hands which have thrown slippers at you when you don't get work done,

Home are the same hands that hold you with
the mightiest grip, tight,

right before the moment, you disappear
from their sight.

Home, my love are those souls,

Who stand with you in unmasked solidarity,
through soil and gold,

Who become the lighthouse to your ship
every time, the light becomes a little too
dim, and wind gets cold.

Home isn't a city,

Home is a soul.

Home isn't a place,

Home is a bunch of tearful hugs.

Home my love are those hands that are slumpy, rugged, like hard concrete
walls

The same ones which stay on your shoulder, standing with pride, through
every war you fight, without quantifying the prize.

Home my love are those little side eyes, that come alive when you crack
jokes about your semi-adult teenage life,

Home are those same eyes who look you dead in eye, guiding you , telling
you why you need become the eagle the kills and flies.



Home my love, is a company with stupid, immature caring verbal fights,
Where you decided to ghost each other forever,
Yet sit on the same table, watch TV and sip on warm, savoury makhane and
chai

Home my love, are those ears who hear you when you don't speak,
The warmth that's given to you without any expressing,
The forgiveness and trust that you receive, despite your wrong doings.

Home,
It isn't a thing.
Its a pair wings
That blind you to every dreadful sight
That hold you calm and soft with a good night's kiss
The pair of wings, that you teach how fight and fly
Announce to the world that you of all people are powerful, mighty, just
scared but maybe one of the greatest alive.

Home isn't a place,
Its definitely mom and dad.

Dua

I write stories and poems because they express the deep emotions that ordinary words cannot."

Khushi yadav

Why does my prayer return empty every single time?

Do you not hear me,

or do you hear and choose to ignore?

Why does my call remain unheard?

Why is it that my hands are still empty?

Why, and for how long, must I keep begging at your doorstep like this?

Why...

Which mantra should I chant,

which ritual should I perform,

so that I may find you too?

Let my prayers become pure,

let my tears become pure,

bless me with your divine vision just once.

What could I even ask of you?

You are the all-knowing yourself.

Then why do you require words when it comes to me?

And how long must I keep wandering from door to door like this?

And how long must I keep falling apart like this?

Gather me now...



Bring a life-giving morning into this mournful life of mine!

Is my call still not reaching you,

or do you simply not wish to listen?

How much more pain, how much more waiting for answers,

and how much more emptiness?

Give shelter to this barrenness now, give it stillness;

give peace to my restless life.

Give me some sign of your existence,

reveal the true purity of your presence!

In this world created by you,

give me a purpose and a place to truly live!

Imprisonment

Khushi yadav

What is imprisonment?

How is this imprisonment?

How does it look, of what color and form is imprisonment?

Is imprisonment like a cage, or is imprisonment like a four-walled room?

Is imprisonment like a chain, or like fetters bound around one's feet?

Or is it like a basement or a ruin?

Or does imprisonment also take the form of a house?

Does it take the form of a room, or does it take the form of a bond?

Or does it appear in the form of a relationship?

How is imprisonment?

Imprisonment is also when someone's thoughts are bound.

Imprisonment happens—any place becomes a prison—when a person is present in that place yet unable to truly exist there.

They don't feel a sense of belonging in that place, and among their own people, they are only noticed when needed.

When they cannot
even speak their
heart out in front
of their own
people, out of fear
that everyone will
just prove them
wrong... those
relationships are
also an
imprisonment.



Any place
becomes a prison when distance starts growing from one's own people;

When a person starts suffocating among them;

When a person cannot talk to their own...

Every such place is an imprisonment, after all.

And yet... is this what imprisonment is?

Is imprisonment really like this?

When the Rain Couldn't Stop Him

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

Before the monsoon arrived in all its fury, we had already planned to meet. But when the rain began pouring, he called and asked me not to come. The roads were slippery, the sky was dark, and the rain showed no mercy.

But I was stubborn. I had already made the journey, and even a few seconds with him seemed worth it. I insisted that he come too. Perhaps I was being unreasonable, but sometimes our hearts refuse to listen to reason.

While trying to leave his house, he slipped on the rain-soaked ground and hurt his head. He told me again that he could not come. I was angry and argued with him. If I could come through the rain, I thought, couldn't he come for just five minutes?

Yet, after some time, he came.

He arrived carrying an ice cream, chocolates, and flowers—not because he had to, but because he wanted to make me smile. Standing before me in the pouring rain, he apologised, while the storm continued around us.



That day, I understood something simple: sometimes love is not found in grand promises. Sometimes it arrives quietly, drenched in rain, carrying little things meant only to make you feel better.

And whenever the monsoon returns, I remember that day—the rain, the storm, and the person who made me feel, even for a moment, that I was someone worth coming through the rain for.

CORRECTION

The house that waited

This poem explores how every “haunted” house was once filled with life, love, laughter, and memories. What makes the house seem frightening is not that it is evil, but that it has been left behind. The cracks, silence, and decay become symbols of old age and loneliness, while the trapped laughter represents the memories of the people who once called it home. Ultimately, the house is not waiting to frighten anyone. It is waiting to feel alive again.

Aamna Punekar

Every haunted house
was once a home,
with children running through the halls,
and couples dancing
on the kitchen floor.

There was laughter in the air,
photographs hanging on walls
that once looked new.

The paint smelled fresh,
and tangerines from the garden
lay on the couches,
waiting to be devoured.

But time came quietly
and took away
everything that once belonged.

Now the house stands still,
like an old man
almost ready to crumble,
leaning on his little stick.

It looks frightening
from the outside,
but perhaps it is only vulnerable.



Its cracks resemble wrinkles,
and inside those cracks
the laughter still lives,
trapped silently
within its chambers.

Because every haunted house
is only waiting
for the laughter,
the running feet,
the echoing footsteps,

to return
and make it a home
again.

CORRECTION

Split Within

Im Meghna (megh) an aspiring poet who dreams of making it big in life. Poems are how i process my emotions and is something I find peace in doing. I write raw feelings people struggle to put into words and I hope my poems can help others relate to situations and help them overcome it, by knowing that they're not alone

Meghna Ravi

I am strong, I am brave.

I don't have a care,

I am at peace, I am at ease,

Now that you left.

(I am weak, I am broken,

Who am I without you?

I am anxious, I am scared,

Where did you run off to?)

I can finally breathe

In an empty room.

I can laugh at jokes,

just for the jokes.

I don't need anyone,

Just me and myself.



(I can breathe,
but your absence fills the room.
I can laugh at jokes,
Just for the jokes, we once used to make.
I don't need anyone,
just us, just you.)

I am past the anger,
I am over the hate.
Whatever happened between us
Wasn't meant to stay.

(How can I be past the anger,
That used to excite me?
How can I be past the hate?
That once kept me going?
I thought we were fate.
Well, it's too late.)

I am okay, I am fine.
I was never yours,
for me to call you mine.

(I can never be okay, nor fine

because wasn't I supposed to be yours,
and you, mine?)

Accept or die

Riya Das

Accept or die The Person I Could Never Make Small

It was yesterday when I found out something that had actually happened six months ago.

There was a person I had always held very close to my heart. Maybe closer than I should have. I had done a lot for him, cared about him deeply, and respected him more than he probably ever knew. I never told him how much he meant to me. In my eyes, he was one of the best people I knew.

But yesterday, I found out what he had said about me behind my back.

During a fight between us six months ago, he had spoken about me to my friend's brother. He had used horrible words for me and questioned my character. I heard all of it from my friend yesterday.

I cried for almost two hours.

Not because someone had called me names. I cried because I had never expected those words from him. I had trusted him. I had defended him. I had given him chances even when I had already seen things that should have made me walk away.

And suddenly, everything made sense.

I remembered how he often spoke badly about other people too. How he used harsh words for almost everyone, yet somehow, I always found a reason to believe that maybe he was different with me.

Maybe that was my mistake.

Later, I spoke to one of his friends and told him everything while crying. We tried to call him and confront him about it. But instead of accepting what he had said, he simply denied everything.

That denial hurt more than the words themselves.

Because sometimes the biggest red flag is not what a person does. It is their inability to accept what they have done.

I missed my classes that day. My eyes had become so red from crying that I could barely look at anyone. But after speaking to his friend, I stopped crying. When I finally spoke to him, not a single tear came out.

I went home and behaved normally. Nobody could tell what had happened.

That night, I wanted to tell one of my friends everything, but I did not have the courage to say, "Someone I love and respect so much said these things about me."

So I created a story.

I told my friend about a boy and a girl. I described everything that had happened, but I changed our names and pretended that the story belonged to someone else.

At the end, I said, "There is one twist. The girl in this story is actually me. And the boy is the person who said all those things about me."

For a moment, I realised something.

Even after everything he had said about me, I still could not make him small in front of someone else.



He had spoken badly about me when I was not there to defend myself. But I still could not do the same to him.

Maybe that was love. Maybe it was attachment. Or maybe it was simply the last piece of respect I still had for the person I once believed he was.

But that night, I understood something important:

Acceptance does not always mean accepting someone's words. Sometimes, it means accepting who they have shown themselves to be.

And perhaps this time, instead of changing myself for him, I need to accept him for who he is—and choose myself.

For me, acceptance is not simply about accepting a situation and moving on. It is about understanding reality, understanding people, and most importantly, understanding myself. Life teaches us many lessons through experiences, relationships, mistakes and disappointments. Sometimes, we learn these lessons only after getting hurt. But I believe that the moment we accept the truth instead of fighting against it, we begin to evolve.

One of the biggest lessons I have learned comes from friendship. We often expect our friends to treat us the way we treat them. If we are honest, caring and loyal to someone, we naturally expect the same in return. But sometimes, reality is completely different. There can be people who genuinely care about us, but we may not feel the same connection with them. And there can also be people who behave very well in front of us but speak badly about us behind our backs. When we hear such things from a third person, it hurts deeply. We start asking ourselves, “What did I do wrong?” or “Why did this person do this to me?”

But with time, I have understood that not everyone will have the same heart, intentions or way of thinking as us. We cannot change someone simply because their behaviour hurts us. Acceptance means understanding that a person may be exactly the way they are. We can choose to distance ourselves, reduce our expectations and protect our peace. We do not have to hate them, and we do not have to change ourselves because of them. Sometimes, walking away peacefully is also a form of acceptance.

The same thing happens in relationships. Today, many relationships struggle because people have different definitions of love, trust, loyalty and understanding. What love means to one person may mean something

completely different to another. What one person considers loyalty, another person may not even understand in the same way. We cannot always expect another person to understand relationships exactly as we do, and we cannot force them to change according to our definition.

I believe we should listen to others when their advice is genuinely right and helpful. But we should never completely lose ourselves just to keep someone else happy. If we know that something is right for us, we should learn to stand by it. Changing ourselves only because someone else wants us to can slowly make us lose our own identity. Giving someone a chance is different from changing ourselves completely for them. We can give people opportunities to understand us, but we should not sacrifice who we are just to be accepted by them.

Another important part of acceptance is accepting our own mistakes. Sometimes we look back at our past and think, "If only I had understood this earlier," or "If only I had taken that step." This feeling of regret comes into everyone's life. But regret should not become a permanent home for us. The past cannot be changed, but it can teach us what we need to change in the present.

I often feel that we should not wait years to understand what our heart already knows. If something feels right, we should have the courage to accept it. If something feels wrong, we should have the courage to let it go. Otherwise, one day we may look back and ask ourselves, "What would my life have been like if I had accepted the truth earlier?"

For me, acceptance is therefore not giving up. It is growing up. It is learning that I cannot control other people's thoughts, feelings, choices or behaviour, but I can control my own response. I can choose peace over unnecessary arguments, self-respect over constant approval, and growth over regret.

We do not evolve when everything around us changes. We evolve when our way of understanding those things changes. The strongest version of ourselves is not the person who never gets hurt or never makes mistakes. It is the person who gets hurt, learns from it, accepts reality and still chooses to move forward.

Acceptance gives us the courage to say, "This happened. I cannot change it, but I can decide what happens next." And perhaps, that is the real sign of evolution.

CORRECTION

The Person I Could Never Make Small

Riya Das

It was yesterday when I found out something that had actually happened six months ago.

There was a person I had always held very close to my heart. Maybe closer than I should have. I had done a lot for him, cared about him deeply, and respected him more than he probably ever knew. I never told him how much he meant to me. In my eyes, he was one of the best people I knew.

But yesterday, I found out what he had said about me behind my back.

During a fight between us six months ago, he had spoken about me to my friend's brother. He had used horrible words for me and questioned my character. I heard all of it from my friend yesterday.

CORRECTION

I cried for almost two hours.

Not because someone had called me names. I cried because I had never expected those words from him. I had trusted him. I had defended him. I had given him chances even when I had already seen things that should have made me walk away.

And suddenly, everything made sense.

I remembered how he often spoke badly about other people too. How he used harsh words for almost everyone, yet somehow, I always found a reason to believe that maybe he was different with me.

Maybe that was my mistake.

Later, I spoke to one of his friends and told him everything while crying. We tried to call him and confront him about it. But instead of accepting what he had said, he simply denied everything.

That denial hurt more than the words themselves.

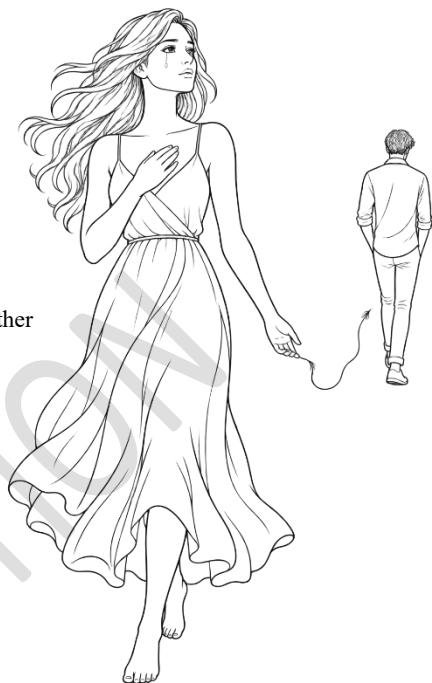
Because sometimes the biggest red flag is not what a person does. It is their inability to accept what they have done.

I missed my classes that day. My eyes had become so red from crying that I could barely look at anyone. But after speaking to his friend, I stopped crying. When I finally spoke to him, not a single tear came out.

I went home and behaved normally. Nobody could tell what had happened.

That night, I wanted to tell one of my friends everything, but I did not have the courage to say, "Someone I love and respect so much said these things about me."

So I created a story.



I told my friend about a boy and a girl. I described everything that had happened, but I changed our names and pretended that the story belonged to someone else.

At the end, I said, “There is one twist. The girl in this story is actually me. And the boy is the person who said all those things about me.”

For a moment, I realised something.

Even after everything he had said about me, I still could not make him small in front of someone else.

He had spoken badly about me when I was not there to defend myself. But I still could not do the same to him.

Maybe that was love. Maybe it was attachment. Or maybe it was simply the last piece of respect I still had for the person I once believed he was.

But that night, I understood something important:

Acceptance does not always mean accepting someone's words. Sometimes, it means accepting who they have shown themselves to be.

And perhaps this time, instead of changing myself for him, I need to accept him for who he is—and choose myself.

The Goodbye of Irony

I (Asra Afzal) write where thought meets imagination and silence finds a voice. My poetry wanders through the landscapes of life, tracing the shadows of irony, the weight of questions, and the beauty hidden in ordinary moments.

ASRA AFZAL

They were lost in triangle of life
Where every corner was as sharp as knife
Falling and standing, crawling and walking was all their motive
Every moment problems were considered destructive
Soon some angles came and took their souls with themselves
They saw their life broken in halves
Some cherished moments came in front of their eyes
They saw part of it that was nice
Soon they saw questions of their life with solutions
Then they saw problem -success fusions
On another journey they embark
Erased optimism as fire erased a spark
Fire born from spark fills all empty spaces
And life on optimism stands no matter what it faces
They realised how it should have been and how the journey was
They have kept it incomplete as we keep a clause
They gave last good bye to their life



They traded their breath for a final and sweet strife

They whispered for a last time

Looking at it with both left and right eye

Soon you'll realize that you were just meant to say a goodbye....

CORRECTION

Beyond Clouds

Samridhi Thukral

Beyond borders,
beyond clouds,
I find a strange kind of quiet—
a silence that does not feel empty,
but feels like peace.

A strange sense of comfort,
of bliss,
of finally being able to breathe
without having to explain
why I breathe the way I do.

No comparing.
No voices raised.
No one yelling, screaming,
or telling me who I should be,
what I should choose,
where I should go.

Just freedom.



The kind that feels unfamiliar
because it has always been
something I had to ask for.

Here, I get to choose.

I get to wander.

I get to pause.

I get to make mistakes
without someone turning them
into reasons I should have known better.

And perhaps,
for the first time,
I am not trying to become
someone else's version of me.

I am simply trying
to do something of my own,
to become something of my own,
to build something
that carries my name.

To belong to myself.

To be my own.

Not better.

Not perfect.

Not ahead of anyone.

Just me—

and me,

and finally,

enough.

CORRECTION

Beyond the truth

Meri ek loutu Mohabbat Ko Kabhi Mujhse Mohabbat The he Nahi.
main Jiski Laut aanee Ki Intezar Mai Ji Raha Tha wo Kabhi Meri Thi
hi Nahi, Mai Sochti tha usko Hoga Ek Din Khyal apni Galti ka per
uske liye woh Kabhi Galti Thi he nahi, main Kabristan Sa veera Ho
Gaya Uske jaane ke bad Jo Kabhi Mujhe Abad karne Aaya hi Nahi

Bhat Sahiba

Meri ek loutu Mohabbat Ko Kabhi Mujhse Mohabbat The he Nahi, main
Jiski Laut aanee Ki Intezar Mai Ji Raha Tha wo Kabhi Meri Thi hi Nahi,
Mai Sochti tha usko Hoga Ek Din Khyal apni Galti ka per uske liye woh
Kabhi Galti Thi he nahi, main Kabristan Sa veera Ho Gaya Uske jaane ke
bad Jo Kabhi Mujhe Abad karne Aaya hi Nahi

A hidden side of Rain

Urwah Anwar

17th August , 2024.

An orange evening...

Withered leaves rested on the roads and I sat blue in my windowpane with a heavy heart, weary of struggling with the labyrinths of life.

I looked at the sky , wondering how easy it might be to exist without any burden.No feelings , no thoughts, Just freedom.

My heart dwelled deeper , in the desire to be free...

And suddenly , i witnessed some teary droplets , kissing my window.

My heart stopped beating for a moment.Intimidated by catastrophic confusions , i opened my window.

The fall of droplets intensified, leaving me all speechless...

17th August, 2024.

Nature changed my thoughts...

Rain isn't always about happiness... The sky cries , and what we see is just rain.

Its happens with humans too not so ?

Some laughters we enjoy carry tears in their depth , yet we cant see it



Close Enough to Hurt

Anu Bhati

YOU were the MOON

I was the SKY ...

Keeping you close ...

Yet not asking why ...

You borrowed the night...

I gave you my hue..

People praise your beauty ..I stayed hidden from view

You were too close ..

That I called you mine.. Forgot I am dark ...

And you stole the shine

When dawn stole you..

I remained with an empty heart ...

Thinking of JANUARY and DECEMBER.

They seems so close, Yet forever apart..

Forever APART...



Where the Sky Has No Borders

Hey there, I'm Jeff. I'm currently pursuing my PhD in English while working as a content writer. Writing has always been close to my heart, and over the years, my poems have been published in more than 100 anthologies. I simply love putting thoughts into words and letting them find their own space on the page.

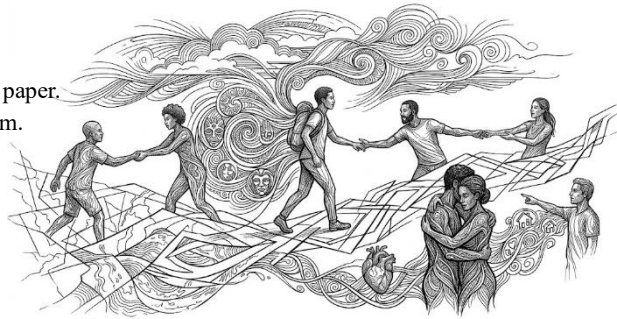
Jeffry Jenifer

I crossed a border,
but left no part of myself behind.
The road carried my name
through unfamiliar streets and skies,
past languages I could not speak,
toward faces I had never known.

Yet kindness needed no translation.
A smile became a welcome,
a stranger became a friend,
and distance slowly lost its meaning.

We are separated by maps,
by oceans, by names,
but beneath every different sky,
we carry the same hopes.

Perhaps borders belong only to paper.
The heart has never learned them.
It simply travels,
connects,
and calls the world home.



I know exactly how to leave.

Deepshikha Pandey is a poet who finds stories in the quietest corners of life.

Deepshikha Pandey

I've counted every crack,
I've measured every door.
I've whispered "this is it"
a thousand times before.
Shoes waiting by the hallway.
Keys sleeping in my sleeve.
It's funny how I mastered
everything...
except to leave.
Because no map has ever shown me
how to outrun her tears.
No road has ever promised me
a life without these fears.
So I unpack every goodbye
before the dawn can see,
and fold another dying dream
inside what's left of me.
They think I never wanted
a sky beyond this place.



They never saw me practice
running..
without moving an inch of space.

Home.

What a dangerous word.

A place that keeps your body,
while your soul begins to roam.

A place where every "I love you"
becomes another stone.

They say,

"If it was hurting,
you would've gone by now."

But they don't know
that love can be
the sharpest sacred vow.

It doesn't chain your ankles.

It doesn't lock the gate.

It simply teaches guilty hearts
that leaving comes too late.

So I stay.

YOU ARE ENOUGH

Deepshikha Pandey is a poet who finds stories in the quietest corners of life.

Deepshikha Pandey

There's a hush that falls on heavy hearts,
Like quiet rain when healing starts.
The world may seem a little gray,
But even clouds don't always stay.

Some days will ache, and that's alright,
Not every hour will hold the light.
But somewhere in the coming dawn,
The pain you feel will all be gone.

You're not behind, you're not too slow,
You're simply learning where to go.
And every tear, and every sigh,
Is proof you've lived, not just passed by.

So rest your soul, just for tonight,
The stars still shine without your fight.
And when you wake, just breathe and see
You're stronger than you used to be.



CORRECTION

Always Go Up — Because Ma Is With Me

Koyel Mandal from Dhupguri, West Bengal, is a 3rd year English Literature student. She writes about faith, loss and resilience, inspired by her Thamma, Dadu and her eternal mother Ma Kali. She believes in crossing the borders of pain and always going up.

Koyel Mandal

My mother always wanted one thing — that I should always go up. Never stop. Always up.

My Thamma tells me even today, "Koyel, you must never break down. You must never look back. Never go behind."

My own birth mother is not here anymore. She is gone. I have no friends beside me. No one who loves me. Even my father is not beside me.

But my Jagat Janani Ma — Ma Kali — she is always beside me. If she was not there, I could never have come this far.

I only have two hands holding me — my Thamma and Dadu's hand... and Ma Kali's hand. Because of them, I have come this far.

They say borders are on maps. But the real borders are in our hearts — the border between giving up and going on.

My mother crossed her border when she left me. Before going, she gave me only one line: "Always go up." So I go up. Slowly, alone, but up.



This is my beyond border story — crossing my own pain. From loneliness to faith. From loss to strength.

And I am still going up, because Ma is with me.

CORRECTION

The Architecture of Whispers

Tejashri Ramesh

The cathedral of the quiet breath is built without a stone,
Raised upon the fragile air where silence sits alone.
Its arches are the drawn-out sighs that linger in a hall,
Its buttresses the secret truths that press against the wall.
Here lies the blueprints of the hush, designed in shadows grey,
Where softest words erect a vault before they fade away.
A single syllable takes wing and carves a vaulted ceiling,
While muted gasps lay down the tiles of unacknowledged feeling.

Below the bedrock of the loud, beneath the rumble and the roar,
A foundation laid in secrets spans the subterranean floor.
It rests on promises half-made and confidences kept,
On midnight vows exchanged in dark while all the world still slept.
The mortar is a murmured thought, the bricks are passing sighs,
Unseen by those who only look with unobservant eyes.

Yet sturdy is this quiet place,
Impervious to the storm,

For in the absence of a sound, the true
designs take form.



Upward climb the slender towers of gentle, fleeting breath,

Defying gravity and time, defying noise and death.

They twist like smoke from faded fires into the twilight air,

Constructed out of softly spoken, half-forgotten prayer.

No hammer struck a single blow to shape this rising spire;

It grew from embers left behind by passion's dying fire.

A tapestry of rustling leaves, a breeze through velvet drapes,

These are the master architects that carve its ghostly shapes.

Walk through the winding galleries where shadows stretch and bend,

Where every whisper ever breathed finds its eternal end.

The alcoves hold the tiny truths we were afraid to speak,

The hallways echo with the words that rendered giants weak.

An intricate acoustics reigns within this silent space,

Where smallest murmurs amplify and fill the empty space.

For every secret has a weight, though light it seems to be,

And builds a hall inside the heart that sets the quiet free.

When daylight dies and evening falls upon the quiet town,

The architecture of the soft pulls all the curtains down.

The grand design stands visible beneath the silver moon,

A sanctuary built of breath that vanished all too soon.

So listen closely when the night grows heavy, deep, and still,

And trace the invisible outlines upon the window sill.

For in the stillness, loud and clear, the masterworks abide—

The greatest castles ever built are those we keep inside.

CORRECTION

The Reunion: A Little More Than Words

PRADEEPIKA SJ

The evening air had begun to cool by the time they finally met.

For months, she had imagined this moment in a hundred different ways. Sometimes she imagined herself running into his arms. Sometimes she thought she would cry. Sometimes she imagined saying something clever, something that would hide just how badly she had missed him.

But when she finally saw him standing there, none of those plans survived.

She simply stared.

He looked familiar.

And yet, somehow, different.

Perhaps it was because distance had changed the way she remembered him. His face was the same, his smile was the same, but seeing him in front of her after so long made every memory feel strangely incomplete.

Neither of them spoke for several seconds.

Then he smiled.

That was enough.

She looked away quickly, pretending to adjust her bag because she suddenly didn't trust her eyes.

"You're staring," he said.

"I'm not."

"You are."

"I'm just checking if you're real."

His smile widened. "And?"

She finally looked at him again.



"Still deciding."

He laughed softly.

That familiar sound nearly broke her.

Inside, she headed straight for the kitchen under the excuse of getting some water. She needed a moment. Her heart was beating far too quickly, and she was suddenly aware of everything—the sound of his footsteps behind her, the quiet of the house, even the faint scent of his perfume lingering in the air.

She poured herself a glass of water and drank it slowly.

Coldness spread through her chest, grounding her.

When she returned to the living room, he had already switched on the television. A cricket match was playing, the commentators filling the room with enthusiastic voices.

She stared at him.

"Seriously?"

He glanced at her. "What?"

"You haven't seen me in months, and you're watching cricket?"

He tried to look innocent.

"The match was already on."

She shook her head and dropped onto the sofa.

"Unbelievable."

For a few minutes, they sat apart, pretending to watch the match.

Neither was actually watching.

She picked up her phone and began scrolling through reels. Video after video passed beneath her thumb, but she couldn't remember a single one.

Across the room, he occasionally glanced at her.

She noticed every time.

Finally, she put her phone down.

She couldn't do this.

Not after waiting so long.

She stood and walked toward him.

He looked up.

She didn't say anything.

Instead, she sat beside him, close enough that their shoulders touched.

For a moment, neither moved.

Then he opened his arms.

She leaned into him immediately.

The hug was tight.

Almost desperate.

It wasn't the kind of embrace people gave when they had seen each other yesterday. It was the kind that carried months of unanswered messages, missed calls, lonely evenings, and countless moments when they had wished the other person were there.

She closed her eyes.

For the first time that evening, she breathed normally.

"I missed your scent," he whispered into her hair.

Her eyes stung.

"I missed everything."

He held her tighter.

"Everything?"

"Everything."

She pulled back just enough to look at him.

Their eyes met.

There were so many things she wanted to say, but none of them seemed necessary.

He leaned closer.

Their lips met in a soft, lingering kiss.

There was no urgency in it.

Only relief.

The kind of relief that came from finally finding something you had been afraid you might lose.

When they pulled apart, he smiled.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"You're smiling."

"So are you."

"I have a reason."

"So do I."

She rested her forehead against his.

For a few seconds, the world disappeared.

Then he cleared his throat.

"So... how was your journey?"

She laughed.

"That's what you have to say?"

"I had a whole conversation planned."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"What happened to it?"

"You came closer and I forgot."

She laughed again.

"Good."

"Good?"

"Means I still have some effect on you."

"Some?"

She raised an eyebrow.

He immediately looked toward the television.

She narrowed her eyes.

"Are you seriously doing that again?"

He chuckled.

"Maybe."

She shifted closer.

This time, she deliberately held his gaze.

"Is the match that interesting?"

He looked at the screen.

Then at her.

Then back at the screen.

"I... honestly couldn't tell you the score right now."

She smiled triumphantly.

"I knew it."

"You did this on purpose."

"Did what?"

"This."

She leaned slightly closer.

"What exactly is 'this'?"

He shook his head, laughing under his breath.

"You're impossible."

"And you're nervous."

"I'm not nervous."

"You are."

"I've been away from you for months. Give me a break."

That softened her expression.

"I missed you too."

His smile faded into something gentler.

"I know."

"No," she whispered. "You don't."

He looked at her.

"I don't think you understand how much."

He didn't answer immediately.

Instead, he reached for her hand.

His fingers intertwined with hers.

"I thought about you every day."

She looked down at their hands.

"Every day?"

"Every day."

"Even when you were busy?"

"Especially then."

She smiled.

"I thought you forgot about me sometimes."

He looked almost offended.

"How could I?"

"I don't know."

"You'd have to be pretty stupid to forget you."

She laughed softly.

"You just called yourself stupid."

"I said I'd have to be."

"Still counts."

He smiled.

Then his expression changed.

"Do you remember the last night before I left?"

She nodded.

"Of course."

"I couldn't sleep."

"Neither could I."

"I kept thinking that when I came back, you'd be different."

She looked at him.

"I was scared you'd be different too."

"And now?"

She studied his face.

The familiar eyes.

The familiar smile.

The little crease between his eyebrows whenever he was nervous.

"Now I'm wondering why I was ever scared."

He squeezed her hand.

They continued talking.

About work.

About family.

About stupid things that had happened during their time apart.

About the messages they had written and deleted.

About the calls where neither of them had anything interesting to say but stayed connected anyway.

They laughed at old memories.

They argued playfully about who had missed whom more.

And every now and then, one of them would fall silent simply because the reality of being together again became too overwhelming.

At one point, she rested her head against his shoulder.

"Do you know what I missed most?"

"What?"

"Doing nothing with you."

He looked down at her.

"Doing nothing?"

"Yes."

She smiled.

"Before, we never appreciated it. Sitting together. Watching something stupid. Talking about nothing."

He looked toward the television.

"The cricket match is pretty stupid."

She laughed.

"You finally admit it."

"I've been pretending to watch it for an hour."

"An hour?"

"I stopped paying attention when you sat beside me."

She lifted her head.

"Really?"

"Really."

She smiled.

"Good."

He wrapped an arm around her.

She settled against him again.

Outside, the evening had deepened into night.

Inside, the television continued to play. The commentators celebrated a boundary, but neither of them reacted.

The match had become background noise.

So had everything else.

For months, distance had made every moment feel incomplete.

Now, sitting beside him, she realized something.

Maybe happiness wasn't always dramatic.

Maybe sometimes it was simply this.

A familiar shoulder.

A warm hand holding hers.

A laugh that sounded exactly the way she remembered.

A quiet room.

A person who had finally come home.

She closed her eyes.

"I'm glad you're here."

His hand tightened gently around hers.

"I'm glad you're here too."

She smiled.

"And you're not going anywhere?"

He looked at her.

"Not tonight."

She pretended to frown.

"That's not the answer I wanted."

He laughed.

Then he pulled her closer.

"I'm here," he said softly. "And I'm not going anywhere."

She believed him.

For the first time in months, she didn't need to wonder what tomorrow would bring.

She didn't need to count the days.

She didn't need to stare at a phone waiting for his name to appear.

He was right there.

And for tonight, that was enough.

The cricket match continued in the background.

The world outside continued moving.

But inside that room, time seemed to slow down.

They talked.

They laughed.

They remembered.

And somewhere between one conversation and the next, she realized that the distance between them had finally become nothing more than a memory.

After all the waiting, all the missing, all the nights spent wishing for this exact moment—

they were finally together again.

And this time, neither of them was in a hurry to let go.

A dead civilization

Sritanuka

Walking down the forlorn street of memories
On a lonely foggy day
While staring at the viridian green walls
Of the cobweb-covered neighborhood
Dead wisteria along the doorways,
And the faded glitter on preschool artwork
Scattered on stone untouched for decades,
And the empty wooden benches
Of the once bustling coffee shops
Maybe still waiting for a friendly hello from a stranger with a steaming cup
in hand.

The turquoise of the lake looks more pristine than ever
With the fish hook absent
And the laughing and jumping kids no more around
Vines all over instead of living people
Marking a sleeping curse hanging over the clouds
That blackened the colourful iris of unknowing civilians long ago.

The ache of yearning

Sritanuka

I live in a city
Where everyone has the love of their life
Except me,
As I watch couples from my window
Walking down the lane
Holding hands and laughing with each other
But that joy doesn't infect me
Rather leaves me yearning
Wishing for someone
To lock eyes with while cupping their cheeks
But all I see is the roses in my flowerpot shrivel.

"You're handsome"
Or so they say
But none ever tries to dive into the ocean
beneath my face
And I wake up every morning wishing to find
someone willing
Someone to hold in my arms forever
But I see the butterflies grow lesser in number



everyday.

CORRECTION

What If the Water Hates the Ocean

Jemi Hephzibah is a writer who finds beauty in emotions, nature, and the quiet complexities of human relationships. Her writing often explores love, longing, loneliness, and the struggle between what the heart desires and what life demands. Through poetry, she hopes to give words to feelings that are difficult to express.

Jemi Hephzibah

What if the water never loved the ocean?

What if the water hated the place

it was meant to belong to?

What if every wave that reached the shore,

was just another failed attempt to escape?

Maybe it sought help from the sun,

And it even reached the land as rain

And it stayed with the river

(But will it actually escape?)

Yet in the end,

It returns to it's destined place...

A home it *never* chose to face.



Where Love Becomes Divine

Aaditya Saini is a young poet and a student with a passion for literature, emotions, and devotional expression. Through his writing, he seeks to turn heartfelt feelings into simple yet soulful verses that stay with the reader.

Aaditya Saini

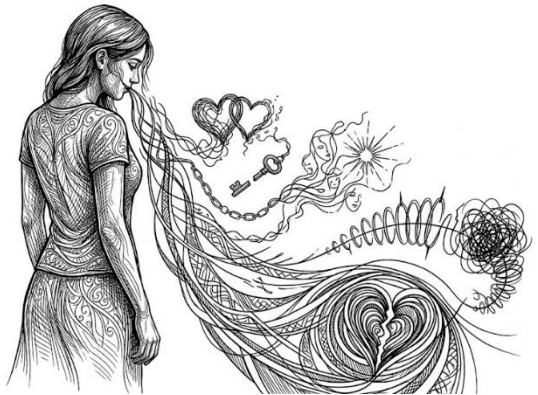
In every flute-note, a universe softly sings,
Where love grows wings and devotion takes wings...
A gentle glance turns darkness into light,
And fills every wandering soul with delight...
Where playful grace meets compassion divine,
Even time bows down at that sacred shrine...
One holds the melody, one answers the call,
Together they make love eternal for all...
No crown can measure the beauty they share,
No earthly language can capture their prayer...
In every heartbeat, their tenderness stays,
Like moonlight that lingers through endless days...
Where love is pure, every distance feels small,
Where faith is complete, there is no fear at all...
And if love asks who keeps this dream alive,
It's Aadi, where their eternal blessings thrive...!!



A Lesson That Still Hurts

Sandhiya Bhusal

Words from long ago
hurt more and more each day,
Echoes in the heart
that never fade away.
A face stays in the mind,
a smile shining bright,
Memories of those talks
feel warm like gentle light.
Laughter from the past,
jokes and little fights,
Happy moments shared
like stars in silent nights.
Then came painful words
that cut the heart inside,
Like sharp little needles
no place left to hide.
A bond once so strong,
mistakes made side by side,
Moments full of truth
now slowly drift and slide.



Day by day the pain
grows deeper in the heart,
Quiet, heavy feelings
tearing peace apart.
A lesson has been learned,
painful, hard, and true,
A lesson for a lifetime
that slowly grew.

CORRECTION

Ek din kuch lafz

Always been curious about writing,poetry and storytelling I ended up become a poet who loves writing emotions and feelings into words .

Nausheen

Wo ek din wo kuch lafz

Unme gyi mai kahi fas

wo pass aata rha ,mai dur jati rhi

Par Na jaane kab zehen me gya wo bas

Lafz 8 tha par wo sath hai

Sambhale ab mere halaat hai

Mere hatho me ab uska hath hai

aisa lgta jaise mere pass sara kaynaat hai

Wo ek din wo kuch lafz

Unme gyi mai kahi fas



Earned

At just fifteen, Aliza Toqeer steps boldly into the literary world with her debut poetry collection. Her words blend wonder, reflection, and raw honesty, offering a rare glimpse into the heart of a young artist growing up in today's world.

Aliza Toqeer

Hard work takes hours

No struggle, no power.

Once in a blue moon,

Success doesn't come too soon.

Failure is when you don't try,

Then why do you cry?

Never ever look back,

It brings nothing but setbacks.

Without errors, learning is not done

Without learning, success has not begun.

You think triumph is a piece of cake,

Bet with me you can't achieve it without struggle.



Hope in Spring

At just fifteen, Aliza Toqeer steps boldly into the literary world with her debut poetry collection. Her words blend wonder, reflection, and raw honesty, offering a rare glimpse into the heart of a young artist growing up in today's world.

Aliza Toqeer

Every night marches toward the light,
But my heart is still in night.
Every thunder comes with rain,
But why are my clouds stuck in thunder's train?
Every day is filled with bleakness,
More burdens, with no break.
Instead of blooming, my flowers become wilted,
Leaving every petal guilt ridden.
Life keeps going wrong,
Like a broken song.
The autumn is not ending,
The spring is still pending.
I hope to find myself in green fields,
Where hope becomes my strongest shield.



The Last Ride

Sharmistha Dey is an English Honours graduate with Psychology and Education as electives, holding a Master's degree in Social Work and currently pursuing a Master's in English Language and Literature. A passionate writer and poet, she has contributed as a Content Writing Intern across various domains.

Sharmistha Dey

It was around 10:30 p.m.
An old couple boarded the Auto.

The three-wheeler hummed through the deserted streets,
As the darkness held its breath.

A little ahead, beneath a bus shelter,
A helpless girl stood all alone.

She raised her hand to stop the auto,
But the driver sped past, vanishing into the darkness and leaving her behind.

"Why didn't you stop?" the old man asked. "She desperately needed a ride, you know."

The driver's patience snapped.

His eyes burned with anger.

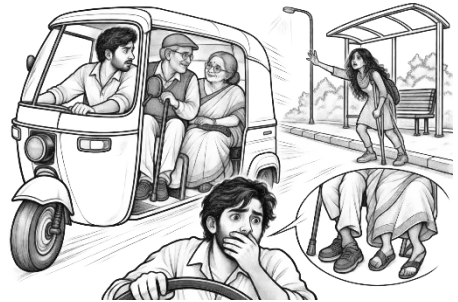
"Didn't you notice her legs?" The driver whispered.

"They weren't straight. They were twisted."

The old couple looked at each other,
And smiled softly.

Then the old man calmly said,
"Well, son... ours aren't exactly straight either."

The night froze around him.



Yes! That was his last ride.

THE LAST HEIR

On the top is the write up it took me an hour to minimise to fit like a short interesting story please take a look and also look at the remark



Khyubdhamayee Satapathy

In 1997, everyone in the village knew the Veyra house.

It was located at the edge of the forest, surrounded by iron gates that had not been opened for a long time.

The house was said to be cursed.

It was said that Mr. Veyra was a strong and healthy man until he fell seriously ill.

Doctors, medicines, and prayers have been tried.

Nothing helped.

His wife refused to give up.

She searched for a long time and found the answer to her problem in a book that should have remained unopened.

After that, Mr. Veyra began to feel better.

His hands stopped shaking, and his breathing became calmer.

They walked in the garden for the first time after many years.



They celebrated his recovery.

Three days after that, Mr. Veyra died.

No one could explain that.

His wife became distraught and started wandering.

She spent long hours watching her son, Adrian, and sometimes called him her husband's name.

The doctors said she was delusional.

The villagers said she was possessed.

Adrian called her Mother.

He grew up in this house, learned to cook and clean, and knew which windows to open and which to keep closed.

Most importantly, he learned never to let his mother outside.

She was his secret, his burden, his prison.

One rainy afternoon, a new maid arrived.

Her name was Clara, and she was surprisingly cheerful and showed no fear that the villagers tried to induce in her.

"You don't look like a monster," said Clara, smiling faintly.

"Neither does my mother," replied Adrian.

Adrian introduced her to his mother, but she seemed distracted when Clara entered the room.

She looked out the window at the rain-soaked street.

For a moment, everything seemed normal.

"What is your name?" asked Clara.

The woman turned around and smiled.

"Rei."

Clara was stunned; she did not introduce herself.

Adrian stepped between them.

"She's delusional," said Adrian.

But Clara did not leave.

On the contrary, she began to help Adrian in whatever he needed.

She cooked him food when he forgot to eat, fixed his clothes when he tore them, and opened the windows when he forgot to do so.

In time, she became the only person Adrian trusted.

Or, rather, the only person he allowed to be close to his mother.

Clara became convinced that Adrian's mother was not beyond help.

She studied old medical notes, talked with doctors, and even found the book that Adrian's father had been reading when he fell ill.

She read the notes and prayers, the strange symbols, and the warnings.

One phrase stood out as she flipped through the pages.

What is invited cannot always be dismissed.

Clara decided to try.

For weeks, she and Adrian worked together, helping his mother.

Adrian watched as his mother's condition improved.

One night, for the first time in years, she looked at her son and started crying.

"Adrian," she whispered, "I'm sorry."

He came to her.

"For what?"

Her gaze fell on Clara.

"For letting it in."

The lights went out.

Clara screamed as something crashed to the floor overhead.

Then it went quiet.

When the lights came on, Adrian was on his knees.

His mother stood over him, her expression unusually calm yet deadly on the verge to go beyond and kill her own son.

Clara knew what she had to do and stopped his mother.

When the house went silent, Clara stood and looked down at Adrian.

He was stunned, his mouth slightly open.

Then he looked at his mother, then at Clara, then back at his mother.

"I had to," said Clara.

Adrian said nothing.

"I saved you."

Again, he said nothing.

"I love you, Adrian."

That made him smile.

It wasn't a big smile, more of a smirk.

"Yes," he said softly. "I know."

Clara wiped her tears.

"I couldn't let her hurt you."

Adrian stood.

"You misunderstood."

Her smile faded.

"What?"

"You didn't save me."

Adrian walked to the desk and opened a drawer.

Clara's eyes widened as he removed a bundle of documents tied together with a ribbon.

She recognized the family crest on the top sheet.

Adrian removed several pages and showed them to Clara.

His father's will, his mother's will, the insurance policies, and the documents regarding the house.

All the things Clara had been searching for and thinking about for the past few weeks.

She looked up at Adrian, her eyes wide.

"You ..." Adrian looked at the body of his mother.

"Do you know what happens to an inheritance when both parents die?"

Clara did not answer.

"My father could not sign any documents while he was sick, and my mother was declared mentally ill."

He smiled.

"So, everything stayed right where it was."

Clara took a step back.

"You knew."

"I knew everything."

"The illness?"

"Useful."

"The book?"

"Useful."

"Your mother's condition?"

Adrian raised an eyebrow.

"More useful."

Clara's face drained of color.

"You made all of this happen."

Adrian said nothing.

He looked around the house, which had been his prison for so long.

Everyone saw the broken boy in this house, but no one asked what he wanted.

Now they would.

Clara whispered, "Why didn't you tell me?"

Adrian looked at her almost sadly.

"Because you were kind."

She looked at him.

"And because kind people are easy to manipulate."

For the first time, Clara realized that she did not come to this house to save Adrian.

She came because he let her.

She did not find his secrets; he gave them to her.

Now there was only one person left who knew the truth.

Adrian came closer, and Clara took a step back.

"Adrian ..."

He smiled, the same gentle smile that had won her heart a few months earlier.

"Don't worry."

The rain continued to fall heavily on the windows.

"I will make sure that everyone knows you tried to save me."

The lights flickered.

And somewhere in the depths of the old house, someone laughed.

Whether it was the devil or just Adrian, no one would ever know.

CORRECTION

The distance wasn't between us. You were right about me

Raina Raidah Riyaz

The Distance Wasn't Between Us

The strange thing about losing someone is that they don't disappear all at once.

First, their messages become shorter.

Then their name stops appearing at the top of your screen.

Then you stop telling them things.

And eventually, something happens that would once have been immediately theirs to know, and you reach for your phone before remembering that you no longer know where to put your life.

That was how I lost her.

Not in a goodbye.

In a collection of small absences.

We used to know each other in the ordinary, unimportant ways that eventually become the most important ones.

She knew which songs I played when I was angry.

I knew when she was pretending to be fine because she used too many exclamation marks.

She knew the stories behind my silences.

I knew the reason she hated being asked, "Are you okay?"

We had built a language nobody else understood.

And then, somehow, we stopped speaking it.

At first, I blamed distance.

Different schedules.

Different people.

Different lives.

It was easier to blame geography than admit that sometimes two people can sit across from each other and still be worlds apart.

We were still there.

We just weren't arriving at the same place anymore.

I thought love was supposed to make that impossible.

That if you cared enough, you would always find your way back.

So I kept waiting for the old version of us to return.

She waited too, I think.

That was our mistake.

We were both standing at the same door, waiting for the other person to knock.

Neither of us noticed that we had stopped living in the same house.

There were things I wanted to tell her.

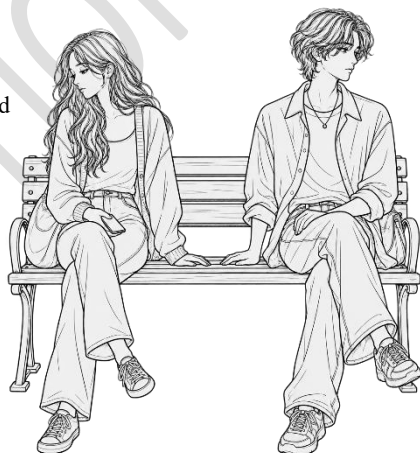
Small things.

A joke.

A bad day.

A new dream.

A fear I didn't know how to name.



But every time I opened our conversation, the words looked strange there.

Too honest.

Too late.

So I began saving things instead.

Photos I never sent.

Messages I never finished.

Thoughts that belonged to her but had nowhere to go.

And slowly, without deciding to, I learned how to live without telling her everything.

That was when I knew something had changed.

Not when we fought.

Not when we stopped talking every day.

Not even when we became strangers who remembered each other's birthdays.

It was when I had something beautiful happen to me and, for the first time, didn't think of her.

I wish I could say I hated her.

It would have been easier.

But hatred requires distance too.

And I had spent too long loving her to replace it with something so simple.

I loved her.

Perhaps I always would.

Just not in the way I once had.

There are people you love by holding on.

And there are people you love by accepting that holding on is no longer love.

I used to think we had been separated by distance.

Now I know better.

The distance wasn't between us.

It was between the things we meant and the things we said.

Between the person I needed her to be and the person she actually was.

Between the memories we kept protecting and the future neither of us knew how to build.

Maybe that's why goodbye never came.

There was nothing dramatic enough to call a goodbye.

No final door.

No final sentence.

Just two people who once knew each other's hearts learning, very quietly, that knowing someone is not the same as being able to keep them.

Sometimes love doesn't end.

Sometimes it simply reaches the edge of what two people know how to do with it.

And perhaps that is the cruelest kind of ending.

Because there is no villain to blame.

No one to hate.

Only two people who cared—

and still couldn't find their way back to each other.

I don't know where she is now.

But sometimes I see something she would have loved.

And for one second, before memory catches up with me, I still think:

I have to tell her.

Then I remember.

And I keep walking.

Not because I stopped loving her.

But because I finally understood that love was never supposed to be a map leading back to the same place.

Sometimes it is simply proof that, once upon a time,

two people found each other at all.

CORRECTION

Andheri si raat

Asna

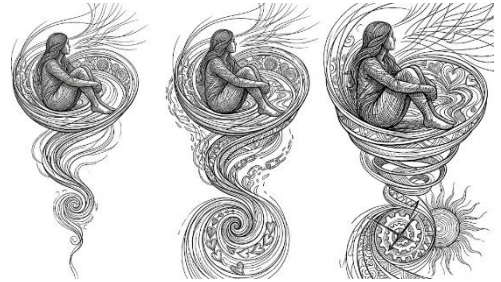
Andheri si raat

Andheri raat mein taare hazaar honge
Un hazaaron mein se chamakne wale kuch chaarsaaz honge
Baithe honge kisi thikane par ja kar voh
Kar rahe honge koshish timtimane ki woh
Bheed se alag hona chah rahe honge
Apne aap ko haseen banana chah rahe honge
Khoon se safed rishte unke hazaar honge
Par, pyaar se nakaam toote dil hazaar honge

Andheri raat mein timtimane wale chaarsaaz honge
Khawhishon ko chhod kar manzil ki raahgaar honge
Kisi baat se toh woh anjaan honge
Zimmedariyon ko sambhalte honge
Na khaate honge chain se, na peete honge aaraam se
Sachchai ka saamna karte honge ek nanhi si muskaan se
Manzil ki talaash mein hataash ka
shikaar honge

Andheri si raat mein jagmagane wale
hazaar honge
Baithe honge gile-shikve par aakar
voh
Sochte honge safar ki saari yaadein
voh

Pachtate hue chalte honge
Khuda ki taraf badhte honge
Koi kisi ka nahi, yeh samajhte honge
Samay ka kaanta bhaagta hoga, aaftaab ka daaman pakadta hoga
Ab andheri si raat ja chuki hogi
Khwahishon ko sooli par latka chuki hogi



The girl in the mirror

Azela

She spent years trying recognize her self in the
mirror
In the way she will fit in socitey
Like she has hidde herself in the another side of
mirror
Showing the side world prefer to see

She was trying so hard to fit in this world
She forgot her actual smile
She tried so hard to make her smile real
But it always looked like forced one

To be perfect in worlds eyes
She left her happiness
It feel like she has locked her all emotions
In one jar
Wearing the mask and hiding her self beneath
the mask

While seeing herself in the mirror
She realised it wasn't her

She has been changing herself to fit everyone's
expectations

She broke the loop
of changing herself
to fit everyone's expectations.

And now, when she stands before the mirror,
she doesn't search for someone else.
She doesn't ask, "Am I enough?"
She simply looks at herself—
at every flaw, every scar, every truth—
and smiles.
For the first time,



she isn't admiring the girl
everyone wanted her to be.
She's admiring herself—
her true self.

CORRECTION

Proof in Red

I'm Ifrah Maryam, a 17-year-old writer and poet published in multiple national and international anthologies. I also serve as an executive staff writer for several literary magazines, where I continue to explore the power of words, emotion, and storytelling.

Ifrah Maryam

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

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

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



I couldn't guess it, but deep down I knew,
she had dreams she couldn't pursue.

I looked down, and the sink was red;
it was proof of the accusations that were said.

My eyes then met the fingers of my hand,
shrunk, scared, and unable to stand.

And suddenly, a cold breeze touched my face and said,
"It is you, not her, who is dead."

CORRECTION

LOVE DEBRIS-POEM

A. Gokulkrishnan is an emerging poet, lyricist, and creative writer whose works explore love, emotions, identity, and the realities of the modern generation. Through free verse and contemporary themes, he transforms personal experiences into meaningful poetry that connects with young readers.

GOKUL KRISHNAN

Based on the poem you previously shared, here is a detailed literary explanation of "Ethics of Love Debris" by A. Gokulkrishnan. This reads like a school or college poem appreciation.

Ethics of Love Debris – A. Gokulkrishnan (Explanation)

Introduction

"Ethics of Love Debris" is a free-verse poem by A. Gokulkrishnan that explores the emotional aftermath of love in the modern generation. The poet reflects on how love leaves behind "debris"—memories, disappointments, and confusion—but also becomes a source of self-discovery and creative freedom. The poem questions Gen Z culture, social media trends, and the idea of manifestation, suggesting that true enlightenment often comes through pain rather than perfection.

Stanza-wise Explanation

Stanza 1

"My ethics of life will be wider. The tour of my love get deeper."

The poet begins by saying that life's values and principles become broader through the experience of love. Love is described as a journey that grows deeper with time, teaching valuable lessons beyond romance.



Theme: Love expands one's understanding of life.

Stanza 2

"Perception get harder. All the debris of my life finds me."

Here, the poet admits that understanding reality becomes difficult. The word "debris" symbolizes broken memories, emotional scars, regrets, and unfinished feelings that continue to return.

Theme: Past experiences cannot be easily forgotten.

Stanza 3

"Then my lyrics make me free."

Writing poetry becomes the speaker's escape. Instead of remaining trapped by painful emotions, the poet transforms them into art.

Theme: Creativity heals emotional wounds.

Stanza 4

"All the term of genz will be weird. Idea of genz made me tired."

This stanza criticizes modern trends and internet culture. The poet feels exhausted by constantly changing Gen Z expressions, online validation, and superficial relationships.

Theme: Modern culture often creates emotional fatigue.

Stanza 5

"All perspective made us enlightenment. This is also depression enhancement."

The poet presents a contradiction. While different perspectives can bring wisdom, they can also increase overthinking and depression. This reflects the complexity of today's emotional world.

Theme: Wisdom and sadness can exist together.

Stanza 6

"I believe some manifestation which drain our satisfaction."

The poem ends by questioning the popular idea of manifestation. The speaker suggests that endlessly chasing perfect outcomes may actually reduce happiness and satisfaction.

Theme: Real peace comes from acceptance, not endless expectation.

Literary Devices

|

Literary Device

|

Example

|

Effect

|

| --- | --- | --- |

|

Metaphor

|

"Love Debris"

|

Represents emotional remains of love.

|

|

Symbolism

|

Debris

|

Broken memories and emotional scars.

|
|
Irony

|
"Enlightenment" vs "Depression enhancement"

|
Shows that knowledge can also increase pain.

|
|
Contrast

|
Love and exhaustion

|
Highlights emotional conflict.

|
|
Free Verse

|
No fixed rhyme

|
Reflects natural thoughts and emotions.

|
Major Themes

- Love as a life-changing journey.
- Emotional healing through writing.

- Criticism of Gen Z's fast-paced culture.
- The conflict between enlightenment and depression.
- The search for genuine satisfaction.

Tone and Mood

- Tone: Reflective, philosophical, and slightly critical.
- Mood: Melancholic yet hopeful, as the poet ultimately finds freedom through creativity.

Central Message

The poem teaches that love does not simply end; it leaves emotional fragments that shape a person's identity. Instead of escaping these experiences, the poet embraces them through writing, suggesting that true growth comes from accepting both joy and pain rather than chasing unrealistic ideals.

Relic, Heart, Rhyme

Yash Jain

Time waits for none,
Just like a man called "The One."
An explorer by job, adventurer by heart,
Not very strong, but very smart.

Exploring the ruins of Yvach,
He found a relic, so old, so black.
Instinct clicked, rubbing the relic.
Out hopped a god, no illusion, no trick.

"Pass the test, obtain power,"
Said the God, making him cower.
"Who am I?" asked the God,
"God," he said followed by a nod.
"Bravo," said the God and patted his back.
"I won't have to make you my snack."
Saying this, he pulled one last trick.
Granting The One, the power of magic.



At the same time, on another land
A hunter hunted the beasts.
Arrows on his back, bow in his hand,
Turning them to delicious feasts.

On one such day, he found a cave.
Entering it, he found bones
And a heart. Unknown the future he would pave
In the era of phones.

The heart looked delicious.
The hunter was hungry.
He ate the heart of the beast ferocious.
Fell unconscious, and met the beast, looking angry.

"O Brave One," said the beast with more than a head.
"You will inherit my will.
The memories of the path to tread."
Looking into which, the hunter remained still.

On yet another land is you.
The one reading this poem, a masterpiece, with rhyme, without rhyme.

Whatever led to you reading this,

Be aware of how lucky you are.

If read thoroughly, it can grant you power.

Power to rule, power to serve. Power to create, power to destroy.

You are now one of the three to possess magic -

The Explorer, The Hunter, and The Reader.

CORRECTION

Kehthe hai hum apna desh ko bharat màa

Hi my name is abhimanyu ghosh born in a city of numbai... Living in kolkata city. I wrote around 600 shayris for mu collection

Abhimanyu ghosh

kehthe hum apna desh ko bharat maa

Hote hai hum unke santaan

Kehthe hum apna desh ko bharat maa

Hote hai hum unke santaan

Jab kuch darinde hote

hai roop mein insaan

noche ek beti ko haivaan

To kaise chup rahega insaan

Kaise chup rahega insaan

Uthayenge awaaz yeh awaam

Uthayenge awaaz yeh hindustaan

Insaaf maange hindustaan

Insaaf maange hindustaan

Bahut bardaasht karliya humne

is zulm is atyachaar ko

Ab maange nyaaye yeh awaam

Ab maange nyaaye yeh hindustaan



Insaaf maangti hai dharti

Abhimanyu Ghosh

Insaaf mangte hai yeh Dharti

Insaaf mangte hai asmaan

Insaaf mangte hai yeh Dharti

Insaaf mangte hai asmaan

Insaaf mangte hai yeh awaam

Kab tak rahegi yeh naari bezubaan

Saza mangti hai jaanta

Un darinde apradhi ko

Insaaf mangti hai awaam

Insaaf mangti hai hindustaan

Yehi hoga bada tohfa is

swantatra diwas mein

Insaaf mange duniya

Insaaf maange hindustaan

Saza do un apradhi ko khule aam

I'm a poet

rwa Danish is a young poet and writer whose words linger between the tender and the uncomfortable. A lover of language, she writes about emotions, identity, silence, and the little truths people often leave unspoken. Her work has appeared in multiple anthologies and has received recognition through literary platforms and awards.

Arwa Danish

who has never fallen in love,
yet I know how to write about longing.
I'm a poet
who has never been betrayed,
yet I know where betrayal begins.
I'm a poet
who has never held a heart in my hands,
yet I know how fragile one can be.
I'm a poet
who has never been someone's forever,
yet I know how to write about goodbyes.
I'm a poet
who has never understood what it means
to be someone's first choice,
yet I know exactly how abandonment feels.
I'm a poet
who has never lived through every story I write.



yet somehow knows where each wound begins.

But I'm also a poet

who has lived through things

I still cannot put into words.

A poet who has survived chapters

that refuse to become metaphors.

A poet who can write about strangers' heartbreak

with frightening precision,

but goes quiet

when the poem gets too close to home.

Perhaps that's the contradiction in me—

I can give language

to feelings I've never felt,

yet lose my language

when I have felt too much.

Maybe that's why

some things I write

feel strangely familiar

even to people

who have never told me their stories.

A Voice That Can Change the World

I am Always think to be move forward in my life . I want to work hard for my queen . Without my maternal family I won't be here . So , by using this platform I thank to my family's . I don't forget them until my last Breath .

Ishwarya jayalakshmi

Introduction

Voice is very important in human life. One voice can be able to change the human mind and soul, whether it is a change or not.

BODY

Voice explains human feelings. The voice helps to console the mind, whether the particular soul wants to be motivated or feels down. But even the words, God never comes down because of the voice of God is here. One voice is able to change the world.

Voice can speak, teach, and also inspire the human. Thoughts are different from the inner voice, but actions and words totally differ. Even if they were enemies, they help others only with their words.

The people around us are only expecting the words that help, not the things or the helping tendency. Perhaps the voice does not expect anything from the receiver.

CONCLUSION

The voice is a very useful tool to mould others in good and bad ways. For example, Malala Yousafzai spoke publicly about her right to education. Her courage inspired the importance of education to every child. She was able to talk and promote the importance of education to the public.

When Youth Rise, Nations Rise.

I am Always think to be move forward in my life . I want to work hard for my queen . Without my maternal family I won't be here . So , by using this platform I thank to my family's . I don't forget them until my last Breath .

Ishwarya jayalakshmi

INTRODUCTION

One person can change the world through their actions and achievements. An individual does not do things only for themselves; their actions can also be helpful to others. They may unknowingly inspire others. Those who have talents must explore them. Perhaps even a destitute person who has little hope can inspire people through their talents.

BODY

People can change the world by expressing their talents to the world. When one hand rises, it can create a generation towards the end. Some people may have experienced poverty from birth. They do not know how to express their talents. They get opportunities through someone.

At Anveshana 2026, 61 school students presented 20 independent research projects. A student project in bioinformatics won first place, showing that young students can contribute to scientific research even before university. When one person gets a chance, they can share the news with the next generation. They can find their own ways and discover their talents.

CONCLUSION

One person who has talent should try to express it. Always think about others. One person and one talent can change the lives of others. One should never think only about oneself.

Poem

Ayesha Akhter Rafi

I Made a Mistake

By Little Poetess Ayesha

I made a mistake,
That's true—I won't fake.
The lesson I learnt from it
May never get faded.

From tha mistake,
I got a shake.
I needed a break,
But that brought me much hate.

I had fallen in love,
That held me like a bad cough.
I fell for mankind,
Not for worldly love.
But that wasn't kind enough,
So I had to mind.



That wind was never mild,
Yet it was very wild.
It always left me
Shivering like a child.

I cried,
Yet got through.
That wasn't the picture of mankind
Which I used to draw on a canvas.

It gave me a good lesson:
"To leave when not chosen."

My heart tried to sink,
My eyes forgot to blink.
I was about to think—
Was this a bad drink?

My brain got totally blank,
As I got the highest rank
In the water of sorrows,
Filled in a tank.

My mind tried to run away,
But my heart chose to stay
Here on this highway.

My hair turned grey.
The sun came up,
Its rays rose up
Over the bay.

Still people remembered me
As a lady walking astray.

People punished me,
Only my Lord didn't throw me away.

Nature felt me,
And wiped my tears away.

My screams came out as thunder,
Escaping reality away.

People heard my cry.
Some felt ashamed, some felt shy,
Yet no one came forward

To wipe my tears.

Only my Lord has patient ears.

He shared my hurts,

And broke my fear.

The world cursed me,

Nature embraced me,

Sharing the same fate.

Yet he didn't know

My story of getting unlimited hate.

Or maybe he would also fade.

Even my shadow doubted me.

I wanted to die.

The world and mankind still yelled, "Fie!"

But I was a true lover.

To curse them, I couldn't cry.

I needed a hug so tight,

But there was no person right.

So I flew away
Like a flying kite.

None accepted me
Except my Lord.

I don't remember
How many times I forgot Him,
But He never forgot me.

CORRECTION

Ek din kuch yun aayega jab,

sabki tarah ek din main bhi kahunga—

“Kho jaunga...”

Haan, uss din mai kabhi kisi ko nahi mil paunga.

Haan, ek din main bhi shaant ho jaunga,
ya shayad chah kar bhi kuch keh nahi paunga.

Nahi keh paunga apne woh antim alfaaz,
kyunki chaar kandhon pe jayegi meri laash.

Haan, pata hai, ek din main bhi kahin kho jaunga,
uss din main maut ki god mein so jaunga.

Nahi dekh payengi woh aankhein,
jinka eklauta sapna main tha,
haan, jiska eklauta apna main tha.

Ab shayad toot jayega woh sapna bhi,
aur chala jayega mere saath
woh eklauta apna bhi.

Khuda kare, mere baad
mere maa-baap ka sapna koi aur ban jaye,
mere baad unka apna koi ban jaye,
jo unko mujhse zyada chahe.

Uski chahat mein woh mujhe bhula paayein...

Lekin woh mujhe bhul jayenge—
yeh khayal zehan mein kabhi nahi launga.

Kyunki marne ke baad bhi,
main unko khoob chahunga.

A Family Scene

Rathin Bhattacharjee graduated from Calcutta University. He joined the BCSC (Bhutan Civil Service Commission) as an English Teacher in 1990. Awarded His Majesty's Gold Medal for Lifetime Achievement in Teaching (2018), he has been published and anthologised extensively.

Rathin Bhattacharjee

Diviya smiled back at her reflection in the oval-shaped mirror. That day as she sat down at the table, both her father and sister couldn't take their eyes of Diviya.

"Div, you look divine with your new haircut," said Aliya, her elder.

Dev, her father, kept looking at his daughter. She had had a bath before joining them for lunch. So, her hair was still wet. The side locks around her ears spread in a semi-circular way and the fringes across her forehead were just perfect. The thing was that she looked fresh as the glow was back in her face again.

"Mana, have a look at your daughter's hair. There's dandruff everywhere. The thing has got even beneath her scalp!" Tanisha called out to her husband in the evening.

He was busy watching the News on TV and didn't show the least bit of interest in his daughter's hair. Though, unknown to his wife and daughters, he had his ears glued to the conversation between the mother and daughters.

"Ma, look here. The dandruff has taken such deep roots that...." Aliya, couldn't finish her sentence as Diviya cried out in pain, "Careful, Ali. You're hurting me!"

Aliya tried to pick out the round despicable stuff out of her younger sister's hair before blurting out :

"There is blood! "

Tanisha got up from her seat and stretched her head forward for a closer look at the daughter's hair.

"Mana, please come here. Look at the condition of Div's hair. "

"I told you long time back to let Diviya keep her hair short. So much of her hair has fallen in the last two years that she has become somewhat bald-headed. Besides all her health issues stem from her hair alone. "

Dev was cut short by her elder daughter.

"It's okay. Okay. We don't want a long lecture right now, Baba. "

"Don't tell me afterwards that I didn't warn you earlier. I've never seen so much of hair lying everywhere though I grew up in a large family. "

"I might not have been born in a large family like yours but I have every right to express my views regarding what I deem best for my sister. "

"Please, don't make a scene. I think Div should go for a hair cut to Habib's tomorrow. " Tanisha remarked.

Dev went back to watching the news after that while Tanisha and Aliya tended to Div's hair like that was the only reason why they were sent to earth.



"Baba, why are you crying?" Tanisha asked her daughter.
"If you don't want your hair cut short, no one is forcing you to." Then turning to her husband she uttered, "Mana, she's crying! Your daughter's crying! You know how painful it is to see her cry like that with the tears rolling down her cheeks and no sound escaping her mouth."
"

With her eyes still on the TV, Dev thought it was time to intervene. "Haven't I been telling you to let her keep short hair for ages? Long hair is difficult to manage. I really hate it when I bump into people with long hair without any sense of personal health and cleanliness. Long hair is not only the breeding ground of lice and dandruff. It also smells horrible when not taken good care of.."

"OK. Enough. We all know how you feel about Div's long hair. Why prolong the discussion?" Aliya couldn't help exclaiming.

Dev turned his head to look at her elder before deciding to help the younger daughter shampoo her hair the next day.

"Baba, I find your laptop quite slow. Should I delete some of the files and folders from here?" Diviya asked her father at around eleven the next morning. The father and daughter spent the next half hour deleting files like 'DB-17', 'DB-18' and so on that Dev created when he was working as a teacher.

He was going through the newspaper when Diviya entered the room.

"Baba, I've been trying to cut my hair. I can't cut it at the back as the hand-mirror is too small. Can you help?"

Dev got up from the bed and followed his daughter outside.

The rusty pair of scissors was there on the top of the step as were the mirror and a comb with blackened teeth.

Dev backbrushed his daughter's hair a couple of times to notice the pathetic way his daughter had tried to do it on her own.

"Div, there are two layers over here! You've cut out the upper layer all right in a semi-circular way but the lower one looks completely mismatched! "

"You can cut it any way you like, Baba. When Ma comes back from office, I'll ask her to make it all right. "

Dev picked up the scissors quite reluctantly and started cutting the lower part along the line of the upper one. He had a dread of anyone's hair and even threw away his plate a couple of times when there was a hair in the food.

Taking the soft, silky hair of his younger seemed to drive away the dread in a flash. As his inexperienced hand snipped at the edges, Diviya turned her head.

"Don't move, Div. Sit still. Otherwise, I can't do a good job of it. "

Diviya turned her head back almost immediately.

"I knew long ago that I'd be turned into a barber for your sake one day. I can't even imagine what other degrading jobs I've to do for you in the future!"

Diviya didn't answer as a semblance of what might be construed as a smile hovered around her mouth. Later, Dev helped his daughter shampoo her hair, rinsing through thoroughly for any sign of the dandruff or whatever. After washing her hair twice with the water from the bucket, Dev applied himself to picking up the cut-out

hair with a broom and dust-picker into a plastic packet while Diviya headed towards the bathroom.

When Diviya came out, she told her father :

"I won't sell my hair for money. Let me dump the plastic into the bin. "

"Correct. Don't forget to spit on the hair before putting it into the bin." Having said this, Dev picked up the handmirror, scissors and comb to head towards his room.

Diviya, dressed in a white top over a blue Palazzo, was drying her hair with a towel as he eased himself back into the bed. A few minutes later, as he turned his head, he could see his younger combing her hair in front of the dressing mirror, looking ravishing in her new hairstyle.

Forgive or forget

Bhavyasree Vutla

I had a flower garden
I grew'em with all my love
and cared for it, i never
tried to cut'em, never
allowed any to touch'em .

On a dewy morning
My niece came with
her friends, they saw,
They loved, they enjoyed
looking at the garden.

But I panicked_
If they pluck
any o' my babies
I tried to stop them
But stepped back
'cause they are babies
too.



They cut some flowers
to make garland
n' my heart saddened
They were apple o' my eye
Now I saw'em with teary eye.

I can't forget
what they had done,
I can't punish
'cause they are small,
So I tried to forgive
But I can't...

I grew some new flowers
But they don't feel same.

Before She Belonged to Everyone

Ojaswini sonawane

She was just a little girl,
with too many dreams
and too little fear.

She wanted to study,
to become someone,
to see how far
her wings could take her.

But then she grew up.

And suddenly,
there were rules.

“Don't stay out too late.”
“Don't talk too much.”
“Think about what people will say.”
“You're a girl.”

And somehow,
those words became louder
than her own dreams.

She kept studying,
kept trying,
kept smiling.

Nobody noticed
how many times
she quietly asked herself—

“Am I really allowed
to want this much?”

Then life happened.



Maybe that's when she learned
that women often say
"I'm okay"
when they really mean,

"I'm tired.
But I'll manage."

So she managed.

She gave up little things
then bigger things.

She walked.
Maybe not fast or perfect
but she walked.

It was about remembering
that before she belonged
to everyone else—

she belonged to herself,
that she never broke.

She found a way
to rise again.

My own written poem

Rechana Hariharan

"It's You"

It's not that I love how you look,
I love how I feel when I look at you.

I don't love you for what you say,
I love you for how you make even my silence feel safe.

Loving you isn't a big moment,
It's in the small ones -
In the way my eyes automatically search for you,
In the way my day feels incomplete without hearing you.

I don't know what the future holds,
But I know who I want to hold through it.

Echoes

Slyvaris lyke

Empty space, familiar figures,
Songs of solace became refuge,
Through melodies, became home,
Silhouettes became recognizable.

Tenderness can't even touch fragile hearts,
The constellation began to fade.
The reason is, they too preferred to be combined,
Even stargazers could not defy their separation.

To the unseen hands that separated them,
All the hard work remains.
It's noticeable that something's missing,
But you can't point out who truly was.

Besides, they continued performing in crowded places, but on different
paths. The ones who remain still perform the songs they made together,
While the one who left continues to take the path
He chose to take.

So, to my favorite group, I hope we see you again someday, even on separate paths, may we still share a moment together.

CORRECTION

“Interlude”

sylvaris lyke

Hair is getting longer,dreams getting wider, Clock keeps ticking,world keeps moving.And here I am sitting in a seaside watching sunset to fade.Wondering how many times I'll wait for the person to sit beside me.

Some things I can't understand,some path's I couldn't take, opportunities I missed.Yet still,some pages remain blank, unfinished sentence, patiently waiting for the next word to be written.

Somehow,I don't regret stopping my story for a while I needed to pause,just to breathe.Maybe they noticed how silence had taken my voice,or perhaps they simply watched as my story still unwritten.

But even in my quite moments,I'd never stop hoping that maybe one day,I'll find the courage to write again.Perhaps I needed to lose my way to discover my purpose,to rebuild the parts of myself that thought I beyond repair,and return stronger than before.

No more silent cries—no more yearning for the life I couldn't have.Only the courage to embrace the story I'm still writing.

HINDI

अनकही बातें!!

Kanchan Kumari Rajput

बहुत दिनों बाद कुछ लिखना चाहे, क्या लिखूँ विचार बहुत आये!
बैठ अकेले एक कौने की छोड़ में, जिंदगी शब्द हमारी आँखों में व विचारों में नजर आए!
सोचे विचारे फिर एक बार और एहसास हुआ, कब क्या हो जाएं यह आज तक न ज्ञात हुआ!
भान हैं इस संसार का नियम, पर क्या करें यह हृदय को समझ ना आया!
कल तक जिसके साथ बातें थी अब वह सिर्फ यादें रह गईं!
कितनी पीड़ा होती है जब किसी अपने खास शख्स से बातें बंद हों,
फिर ज़रा सोचो कितनी असहनीय वो पीड़ा होगी, जब वो शख्स ही थे मैं नज़र आए!
समय रहते कोई बात तक करना नहीं चाहता, मृत्यु के पश्चात उस शख्स के जीने की चाह रखने वाले!
थोड़ी सी शर्म कर लो तुम, छोड़ दिया जिस रिश्ते को तुमने पूरी तरह दूर हो जाओ!
वरना आधा अधूरा मत रहो, बाद में पश्चाते रह जाओ!
बेबस होंगे वो लब्ज़ तब, जिनसे बातें बंद और उनकी यादें जीवित रहेंगी,
विचारा जाएगा फिर तब, काश! काश अपना एहम हटाकर उनसे मिल लेते,
काश हम उनके करीब होते, यह सिर्फ काश जिंदा रहता है!
काश रहने से बेहतर मिल लों, गले लगाओ!
कह दो उनसे जब तक जीवित हैं तब तक हम साथ हैं!
मृत्यु के बाद कौन ना जाने किधर बिखरे हैं!
जिनसे मन ना मिलें तो वैर भी ना रखों, जीयों और सभी को जीने दो!
आज का ही भरोसा नहीं, तो कल का कैसे विचारोंगें!
था होने से बेहतर उसके हैं में, उनकी एहमियत समझों!!



मेरे हिस्से की शिक्षिका

Priyanjali Kumari is a 17-year-old student from Bihar who expresses her emotions and thoughts through poetry. This poem, “मेरे हिस्से की शिक्षिका,” is her heartfelt expression of love and gratitude towards her favourite teacher, Miss Vandana Lakra, who has always stood by her through every high and low and offered her unwavering support whenever she needed it the most.

Priyanjali Kumari

अगर आज लिखूँ मैं कुछ,
तो उन्हें इसकी वजह लिखूँ।
लिखूँ उनके प्यार को कहीं,
तो हर जगह लिखूँ।

लिखूँ उन्हें कोई शब्द,
तो इनायत लिखूँ।
और अगर लिखूँ कोई वाक्य,
तो खुदा से की हुई इबादत लिखूँ।
अगर लिखूँ उन्हें टीचर,
तो साथ उनकी हर खासियत लिखूँ।
और अगर लिखूँ उन्हें एक आम इंसान,
तो साथ उनकी इंसानियत लिखूँ।

अगर लिखूँ उन्हें मुश्किलों का हल,



तो खुदा का भेजा फ़रिश्ता लिखूँ।
अगर लिखूँ दुनिया का सबसे खूबसूरत बंधन,
तो उनके अपनेपन का रिश्ता लिखूँ।

अगर लिखूँ उनके बारे में कुछ,
तो उनका मुझसे लगाव लिखूँ।
अगर लिखूँ अपनी ज़िंदगी के बारे में कुछ,
तो उस पर उनका गहरा प्रभाव लिखूँ।

अगर लिखूँ अपनी कहानी के बारे में कुछ,
तो मुझ पर उनका अटूट विश्वास लिखूँ।
और अगर लिखूँ अपनी कामयाबी के पीछे का राज,
तो मुझे अच्छा इंसान बनाने का उनका प्रयास लिखूँ।

अगर आज बयान करूँ कुछ,
तो उनका आईने सा पवित्र ईमान लिखूँ।
और अगर लिखूँ कोई अरमान,
तो हर अल्फ़ाज़ में उनके लिए सम्मान लिखूँ।

अगर आज लिखूँ मैं कुछ,
तो भी उन्हें पूरा न लिख सकूँ।
और अगर लिखना भी चाहूँ उनके बारे में पूरा,

तो अपनी हर कोशिश को अधूरा लिखूँ।

आज़ादी

I am Nasrin Ansari a homemaker and an aspiring poet whose passion for writing become a beautiful way of expressing emotions.

Nasrin Nisar Ansari

हम आज़ाद हैं, उसके लिए न जाने कितने वतनपरस्तों ने
अपने सर कटाए हैं, मगर सर कभी न झुकाए हैं।

हर हाल में बुलंद रखा हमारा तिरंगा प्यारा,
जान चली गई हो, लगा फाँसी का फंद़ा प्यारा।

झुकाया नहीं सर अपना उन वतन से मोहब्बत करने वालों ने,
अपनी कुर्बानियों से दे दी हमें तोहफ़े में आज़ादी।

हम ये सबक हमेशा दिल में रखेंगे,
सच बोलने से कभी नहीं डरेंगे।

अपने हक़ की आवाज़ हमेशा बुलंद रखेंगे,
वतन की मिट्टी का मान हमेशा ऊँचा रखेंगे।

****अर्थी पे लेटे हुए ये नज़ारा देखता हूँ****

Saatvik Talreja

करीबन ग्यारह बजे दवाई लेकर सोने लगा
आँख खुली तो देखा सारा खानदान रोने लगा ।
बौखला गया मैं चीख उठा और डर गया
यमदूत ने बोला एक और पापी मर गया ।
निहार रहा था बैठकर अपने मृत शरीर को
और यमदूत चख रहा था मेरी तेहरवीं की खीर को ।
हाथ पकड़ ले जाने लगा वह मुझे यमलोक
परिवार तब तक ज़ोर शोर से माना रहा था शोक ।
सोचा मैंने बस थोड़ी देर रुक जाता हूँ
अपनी तहरवी देख फिर वहाँ से जाता हूँ ।
डेढ़ सौ की भीड़ मेरी महानता झलका रही थी
और मेरी पत्नी मोटे मोटे आँसू छल्का रही थी ।
मेरे शव के पास उसकी चूड़ियों के टुकड़े थे
भीड़ का कारण मैं नहीं पूड़ियों के टुकड़े थे ।
रोने धोने से दूर हटा तो भीड़ के बीच आ गया
अपने दोस्तों को देख वही खींचा चला गया ।
एक ने कहा “ उधार दिए बिना मर गया ”
दूजे ने कहा “ कितना घोटाला कर गया ”।
एक ने तो कहा बहुत झगड़ा करता था



चोरी की कमायी पर बड़ा अकड़ा करता था ।
चला गया वहाँ से और ना सह पाऊँगा
दोस्तों ने दी जो गालियाँ यहाँ नहीं कह पाऊँगा ।
खैर समय बीता साँझ हुई दिन ढला
पूड़ियों का भी खत्म हुआ सिलसिला ।
अब सिर्फ़ घरवाले बचे थे आस पास
और कुछ रिश्तेदार जो थे मेरे खास ।
मुझे लगा अब मुझे याद किया जाएगा
खाना खिलाके सबको आज़ाद किया जाएगा ।
मूँग और चावल की चढ़ गई कढ़ाई
फिर बेटों के बीच शुरू हुई लड़ाई ।
मैंने सोचा ज़रूर अच्छे कर्म किए है सतयुग में
महाभारत देख रहा था मैं होते हुए कलयुग में
ज़मीन के पीछे रिश्ते बंजर पड़ गए
खून के रिश्ते एक दुजे को खंजर कर गए ।
बँटवारे की माँग उठी एक ओर से
और मैं थक गया निंदा भरे शोर से ।
यमदूत को बोला मैंने और नहीं सह पाऊँगा
नर्क में रह लूँगा पर यहाँ नहीं रह पाऊँगा ।
सोचा था दोस्त मेरे जान न्योछावर हैं
वही एहसान फरामोश मेरी निंदा करते हैं
अपने ही बेटों का मैं बटवारा देखता हूँ

अर्थी पे लेटे हुए ये नज़ारा देखता हूँ।

CORRECTION

आखिर लड़की जी कर भी ज़िंदा रह पाएगी?

Saatvik Talreja

हुई अत्याचार की शिकार,
कई शैतानों ने किया बलात्कार।
समाज में खैरात-सी वह बाँटी जाएगी।
आखिर लड़की जी कर भी ज़िंदा रह पाएगी?

सरकारों ने गांधारी-सी पट्टी आँखों पर बाँध ली,
समाज बना बाज़ार जहाँ इज़्ज़त की होती धाँधली।
अपने दुष्कर्मों को आत्महत्या ठहरा दो तुम,
पर उसकी आत्मा की हत्या नहीं हो पाएगी।
आखिर लड़की जी कर भी ज़िंदा रह पायेगी?

जो बुरी नज़र से देखे, वह भी भागीदार है,
सैकड़ों की भीड़ में छुपे कई बलात्कार हैं।
सीता की अग्निपरीक्षा सबको आज जला देगी,
द्रौपदी की फटी साड़ी सबका अहंकार गला देगी।

बचपन में ही मेरा गला घोंटा गया
बच गई किसी तरह तो चूल्हे में झोंका गया
बेटी को तो पढ़ा लिया बेटे कब पढ़ाओगे ?
बलात्कार भी मेरा दोष भी मुझे देते जाओगे ?
मेरे कपड़े का हर टुकड़ा भी जुल्म यह सहता है,



चीख-चीख कर सबको सारी गवाही कहता है।
खुशनसीब थी द्रौपदी कि दुशासन सिर्फ़ एक था,
मेरा बलात्कारी , व्यक्ति पापी प्रत्येक था।

बचपन में लगता था बेटी हूँ मैं देश की
अब लगता जागीर हूँ किसी व्यक्ति विशेष की
अखबारों के लिए अब सिर्फ़ मैं सुखियाँ हूँ
सरकारों के लिए मत पाने का नया ज़रिया हूँ
घर की लक्ष्मी कहा जाता था मुझे
देवी कहा जाता था मुझे
आज देखती हूँ खुदको लाचारों की भीड़ में
सुरक्षित अब हुई मैं स्वर्ग के इस नीड़ में
द्रौपदी से निर्भया तक सब से यहाँ मिल चुकी
हसे ज़माना बीता होंठ अपने सिल चुकी ” —

*

अब तो आदत डाल ली उसने सब कुछ सहने की,
इस बहरे समाज में ज़रूरत नहीं कुछ कहने की।
समाज बस कुछ शांति यात्राएँ निकाल देगा,
मोमबत्तियों वाली भीड़ इकट्ठा करेगा,
और फिर सब भुला देगा।

ये मोमबत्तियाँ एक दिन फिर बुझ जाएँगी,
फिर एक और पीड़िता की ख़बर आ जाएगी।
सरकारों को फिर एक मुद्दा देके जाएगी।
आखिर लड़की जी कर भी ज़िंदा रह पाएगी ?

"मेरी डायरी"

I'm Divya Kushwaha a writer, poet And author, I'm a beginner of in the writing world but I want to try my best in this field.

Divya Kushwaha

मेरी डायरी केवल कोरे पन्नों पर
स्याही की छाप नहीं
मेरी अनकही भावनाओं का हिसाब है।
वो अनकहे, अनसुने एहसास
जिन्हें अपनों ने जगह न दी
तो इस डायरी की सिलवटों ने समेट ली।
और समेटा भी तो ऐसे
कोई चाहकर भी
हमारे रिश्तों की डोर
को उलझा ना सके।
ये डायरी कभी भी
हमारे संवादों में
किसी तीसरे को
स्थान न देगी।
शायद इसलिए क्योंकि
हमारे संवादों की भाषा
दूसरों से भिन्न है।

इसे अपने जीवन में पाकर
ऐसा प्रतीत होता है
मानो एक अधूरा हिस्सा पूरा हो गया।

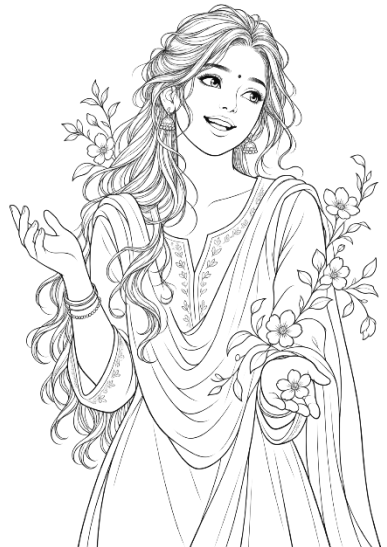
CORRECTION

"मेरी साधना"

I'm Divya Kushwaha a writer, poet And author, I'm a beginner of in the writing world but I want to try my best in this field.

Divya Kushwaha

साधना अपने नाम की तरह
हर रिश्ते में समर्पित है।
उसकी बातूनी आदत से
हर कोई चिढ़ता है
पर यही उसकी पहचान है
जो सबको उससे जोड़ती है।
वो ऐसी उलझी पहेली है
जो हर कोई सुलझा न पाए
मगर उसके व्यक्तित्व की खुशबू
सबके मन में बस जाती है।
उसके प्रेम को सामान्य
समझ लिया गया
और ये कहकर अनदेखा कर दिया
कि तुम्हारी बातों का सिलसिला
थमता ही नहीं।
मगर तुम्हारे भीतर के स्नेह
को न समझ पाए जिसे



तुम दुनिया भर में बांटना चाहती हो
मेरी साधना।

CORRECTION

Khayalo. Ka_safar_

My name is khushi chaurasiya. I'm just starting my writing journey. I love writing very much, and i am joining this journey to learn and improve. I don't know how far i will go but i want to give my love for writing a chance.

Khushi chaurasiya

कुछ बातें शब्दों में नहीं आती,

कुछ एहसास खामोशी कह जाती है।

हम मुस्कुराते तो है दुनिया के लिए,

मगर दिल की कहानी आखें सुना जाती है!

मुझे पसंद हैं स्त्रियां

Hi my name is Gunjan and I am currently the beta aerospace engineering 1st year in GD Goenka College of Gurgaon and this is my passion I want to follow it thank you for your platform where I can showcase my talent ♥

Gunjan rani

मुझे पसंद हैं मेरे जैसी स्त्रिया

मुझे अच्छी लगती हैं श्रृंगार करती हुई स्त्रियां।

मुझे नूरानी लगती है उनकी वह बिंदिया,

मुझे अच्छी लगती है उनकी पायल की छनकार,

उससे ज्यादा मुझे अच्छा लगता है उनमें इस दुनिया को झेलने का साहस।

मुझे अच्छी लगती हैं जवाब देती हुई स्त्रियां,

मुझे अच्छी लगती हैं अपने हक के लिए लड़ती हुई स्त्रियां।

मुझे पसंद हैं रात के अंधेरों को आंखें दिखाती स्त्रियां,

मुझे अच्छी लगती हैं अपनी असफलताओं को मुस्कुराकर हराती स्त्रियां।

मुझे अच्छी लगती है उनमें सब कुछ कर गुज़रने की भावना,

मुझे अच्छे लगते हैं उनके आज़ादी से लहराते हुए बाल,

मुझे अच्छी लगती हैं स्त्रियां,

जिस तरह मुझे अच्छी लगती हूं मैं।

मुझे अच्छी लगती हैं अपना पल्लू बांध संसद में लड़ती हुई स्त्रियां,

मुझे अच्छी लगती हैं आंदोलन में साहस दिखाती हुई स्त्रियां।

मुझे पसंद हैं सपनों के बोझ को पंख बनाने वाली स्त्रियां,

मुझे भाती हैं अपनी कहानी खुद अपने हाथों से लिखती स्त्रियां।

मुझे पसंद है उनकी सादगी,

मुझे पसंद है उनकी आंखों का समंदर,

मुझे पसंद है उनके गालों की लाली।

इन स्त्रियों के लिए मैं कुछ कहना चाहूंगी—

तुम यूं ही खुलकर जियो, यूं ही तमन्नाएं
बुनो,

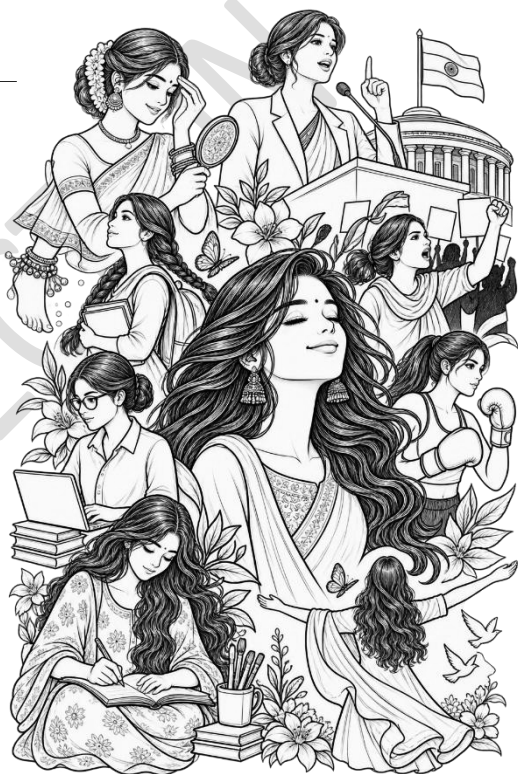
और सुनो! तुम साज और श्रृंगार
करना, मगर खुदारी कायम रखना,

इस बेईमान दुनिया में बस तुम खुद
की होकर रहना,

तुम बस हमेशा खुद से प्यार करना।

मुझे पसंद हैं स्त्रियां,

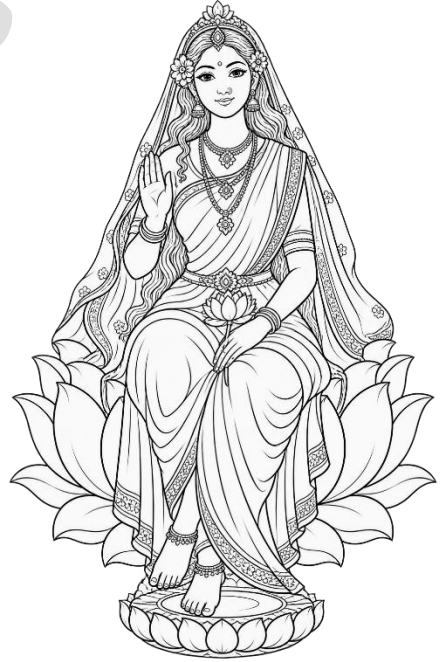
जिस तरह मुझे पसंद हूं मैं।



॥श्री जानकीवल्लभो विजयते॥

Vyaas

अर्ध चंद्र से नेत्र तुम्हारे,
उसमें काली रैना सारी।
यमुना सा सुरमा उनमें,
पलकें जैसे पुष्पों की डारी।
सदय सिंधु सी करुणामय ये,
देख ले जिनको वो बलिहारी।
चंचल जैसे हिरणी वन में,
खोजत फिरत कस्तूरी हारी।
निमेष-निमेष जब झपके पलकें,
जग पे जैसे प्रलय हो भारी।
देख ले जिसको दो पल भी,
तन छोड़ दे वो, ना मांगे पाणी।
भृकुटि जैसे उग्र सिंहिका,
वनराज पे राज करत वनराणी।
दीर्घ ललाट लगे अति सुंदर,
लघु बिंदी उसकी रखवारी।
लट रेशमी केशों की तापर,
उड़त पवन से आरी-वारी।
सकल केश का कहने क्या,



रौद्र रूप धरे मेघ सो कारी।
रंग-बिरंग पिरों पुष्पों को,
बांध सजा उनपे ले डारी।
कर्ण-पटल कपास से कोमल,
लट खेलत कुण्डल संग सारी।
सुकुमार-सुकोमल कुसुमल कपोल,
उसमें दो प्याले सुधा के भारी।
छलके जब मुस्काए खुलके,
दर्शनाभिलाषी दुनिया ये सारी।
चंद्रहास सी तल्लु नासिका,
प्रश्वास पे स्वास मधुर मनोहारी।
नटराज बनी नथ नृत्य करे,
नग नथ लागे कर डमरूधारी।
अधर तिहारे प्यारे सो धनुषाकरे,
उदित भानु सी लाली न्यारी।
जिह्वा पे स्वयं शारदा विराजे,
श्वास वेद-ऋचा सो गाढ़ी।
सुभाषिनी, मधुरभाषिणी, सत्यभाषिणी, प्रियभाषिणी,
वेद-वाचनी, प्रेमस्वरूपा, मोक्षदायिनी, कल्याणी।
भद्र कंठ उद्गाता सो हैं,
विराजे जा पर माँ वृंदे प्यारी।
रक्तांबर से सुशोभित काया,

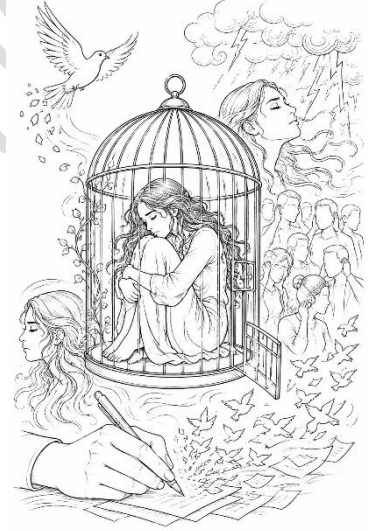
रक्तपुष्प से उसे सजाया।
सकल वर्ण अस शशि-दिवाकर,
योजन तक सुगंध प्रवाहभर।
कंदर्प कोटि अस बिम्ब निहारे,
हो होश विकल भूमि पड़े सारे।
बार-बार अस होश सँभारे,
पुनि मूर्छित लखत रूप तिहारे।
हृदयासन पे अच्युत आसे,
प्रनतपाल भक्ति में फाँसे।
कर कंचन के कंकण शोभे,
जाकी कन-कन मन का मोहे।
पद्म पुष्प से हस्त तिहारे,
स्पर्श मात्र मम दीन उभारे।
नख राखे मणियों सी आभा,
जाके दर्श हरे मन क्षीभा।
लाल ललाम रत मेहंदी सोहे,
वैरागी भी देख मुग्ध होवे।
गजमुक्ता की मुदरी उँगलियन पे,
चमके जैसे शशि-किरण जेह।
नीलम पत्रा भी साथे धाहे,
पुखराज जन चित चुराये।
मृदु चाप करत अब इन चरनन का,

किस चरित-छंद में वरन करूँ।
माँ भू-साखी जेही तृण से कोमल,
निज अंक में भर मैं नृत्य करूँ।
नूपुरन में सजे खूब जचत हैं,
पग-पग में छम-छम नूपुर बजत हैं।
अरुणोदय सी लाली में लाल लाल हैं,
नाजुक इतने मलमल मलाल में।
माहीं अहि सिस काल जेहि होये,
सौभाग्य अटल नाथ करे तोहे।
मैं मति-मंद हर विधि ते हीना,
जड़-मूढ़ कुटिल हन सकल मलीना।
कवित छंद रस ज्ञान न एको,
मति अनुरूप लिखो मोहे जी को।
सौम्य छवि रची करि जतन बहुता,
मति तनि आओ अंश जो उकता।
नाम 'व्यास' मैं तोसो पायो,
पात्र न मैं सब जग ये गायो।
आशिष जान तोहे कहूँ मैं खुद को,
मोहे भी पता ना पात्र मैं यहिको।
क्षमा करो सब कृत्य हमारी,
निज लाल मान राखो हे प्यारी।

मौन

Neelam Bhukkal

सदियों से मैं मौन हूँ,
नहीं जानती मैं कौन हूँ,
कभी होती थी खिलखिलाती चहचहाती एक चिड़िया सी,
आज पिंजरे में कैद खुद से अनजान मैं कौन हूँ,
बोलता है मन घना मेरा पर लबों की हलचल से
अनजान हूँ,
ऐसा नहीं मैं मूक हूँ-ऐसा नहीं मैं मूक हूँ,
पर आसपास बस बधिर है,
तूफान उठते-बैठते हर रोज कई - कई बार,
पर व्यथा मेरे मन की कोई न सुनने को तैयार,
जैसे सदियों से कैद पड़े मेरे शब्द कहीं बोलने की
आजादी चाहते हैं, सारे रिश्ते भी सुन्नपात में पड़े हैं,
और शायद अब तो मेरे सपने भी जिंदा नहीं रहे,
तूफान मचा मन में और शब्दों की जंग छिड़ी है,
लबों तक आने की जैसे होड़ -सी मची है,
सोचा आज कह दूँ जिंदगी को बातें कुछ जो थी अनकही,
पर जिंदगी के पास तो सामाजिक चर्चाएँ हैं घनी,
तो एक बार फिर से मैं मौन हूँ और नहीं जानती मैं कौन हूँ -नहीं जानती मैं कौन हूँ !



बारिश

Neelam Bhukkal

बारिश ! आज घनी बरस रही है, एक बारिश इस चार दिवारी से बाहर जल की
भयंकर मूसलाधार बारिश, एक बारिश हृदय के अंदर छोटे-छोटे घने सवाल की
बारिश,

एक बारिश जिसके आने - जाने का अनुमान नहीं,

एक बारिश जिसके थमने का अनुमान नहीं,

एक बारिश जिसमें बादलों की गर्जना है,

एक बारिश जिसमें टूटे हृदय की याचना है,

आसमान में घने बादलों से गिरती ये बाहरी
बारिश,

हृदय के कोनों से टकराती ये अंदरूनी आघातों
सी बारिश,

बादलों से गिरती है बारिश दिखती है सबको,

पर इस सवालों की बारिश से हर कोई अनजान
है,

एक बारिश दे जाती मस्ती मन को, दूसरी बारिश
चीर जाती मेरे दिल को,

अंदरूनी बारिश ना दिखती किसी को,

ना ये बारिश भिगाए किसी को,

बस झकझोर देती है मेरे तन - बदन को,

एक बारिश से बचाव तो छाते से कर लेती हूं,

पर इन सवालों की बारिश का कोई हल नहीं, समाधान नहीं,



मेरे मन में अंदरूनी बारिश,
मेरे मन की उलझन भरी बारिश,
इस बारिश का कोई इलाज नहीं, इस बारिश का कोई अंजाम नहीं ।

मैं आईना हूँ

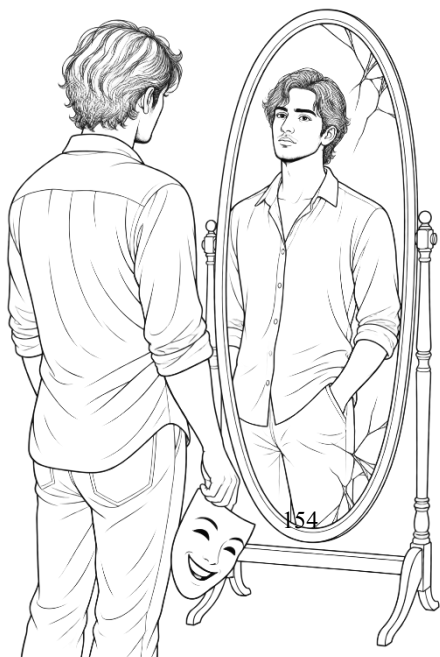
गीतेश बेहरा गांव शिवपुरी, जिला रायगढ़ (छत्तीसगढ़) के रहने वाले हैं। ये बहुत ही कम उम्र के लेखक हैं। इन्हें अनोखी और दिल को छू लेने वाली कविताएं लिखने का शौक है।

Gitesh Behara

सज-धज के मेरे सामने आते हो,
चेहरे पे सौ रंग लगाते हो,
पर भीतर का सच छुपाते हो,
वो सच दिखाता मैं आईना हूँ ।

मेरी सच्चाई से नज़रें चुराते हो,
मुझपे इल्ज़ाम लगाते हो,
पसंद ना आऊँ तोड़ देते हो,
पर टूट कर भी सच बोलता मैं आईना हूँ ।

नेता हो या अभिनेता हो,
संत हो या लुटेरा हो,
बिना भेद भाव के



सबको एक जैसा दिखाता मैं आईना हूँ

तुम मुझे गाली दो, पत्थर मारो,
कपड़ा डालकर मुझसे मुँह मोड़ो,
पर तुम्हारा असली चेहरा ना छोड़ूँ,
इसलिए सबसे कड़वा मैं आईना हूँ।

मेरी कोई जात नहीं, धर्म नहीं,
मेरी कोई पार्टी नहीं, शर्म नहीं,
मैं बस सच का हमदम हूँ,
सुन लो दुनिया वालों मैं आईना हूँ ।

भरोसा और धैर्य

Mahi jain 0118

घर की चौखट पार करते वक्त,
पापा की आँखों में आँसू भी थे और भरोसा भी।
पापा ने कहा "जाओ बेटा, अब तुम्हें आसमान खुद चुनना है,
हमें तुम पर भरोसा है, तुम कुछ बड़ा करोगी।।

उनकी आँखों में आँसुओं की परछाई थी,
पर धैर्य से उन्होंने अपने जज़्बात छिपा लिए थे।।
फिर मैंने सोचा, ये सफ़र मेरा ही नहीं,
ये तो पापा के भरोसे की अमानत है।
ये तो उनके धैर्य की परख है।

मुश्किल आती है, और मैं घबराती भी हूँ।
पर मन कहता है - पापा का भरोसा मत तोड़ना।
ये धैर्य कल पत्थर जीत में बदलेगा।।

एक दिन लौटोगी मैं इसी आँगन में,
जहाँ से निकली थी सपनों को बुनने।
हाथों में कामयाबी होगी, चेहरे पर चमक होगी,
पापा के चेहरे पर भी, गर्व की मुस्कान होगी।

तब कह पाऊँगी,
"पापा, आपका भरोसा ही मेरी ताकत बना।
और आपके धैर्य ने मुझे हमेशा निखर संभालना सिखाया।
और अब इस चौखट पर फिर वापस आ रही हूँ।
हाथों में लाल बत्ती लिए पापा का मान बढ़ा रही हूँ।।"



Gazal

Neha Aadesh

हर हद से परे मैंने प्यार किया है,
तन्हा खामोशी में भी तुमसे इकरार किया।

जो कह न सके हम, निगाहों ने कहा,
तेरे हर सुकूँ को अपना करार किया है।

न दूरी रही, न कोई फ़ासला अब,
तेरे नाम से खुद को गुलज़ार किया है।

न पूछा तेरा कल, न अपना कहा,
बस आज को हमने त्योहार किया है।

तेरी एक हँसी के उजाले में फिर
मैंने रातों का हर ग़म पार किया है।



जो दुनिया ने हम पर लगाई थीं हदें,
उनको एक-एक करके इनकार किया है।

न रहा कोई डर, न घरे कोई वहम,
मोहब्बत को हमने हर अख्तियार दिया है।

तुम मेरे नहीं फिर भी मेरे अपने लगे
अजब, दिल ने कैसा ये इज़हार किया है।

तेरे रूठ जाना मेरे इश्क़ का गुर्रर है,
तेरे मान जाने ने फिर बेकरार किया है।

जो खुद से भी छुपाया था बरसों तलक,
इन आँख ने वह भी इज़हार किया है।

मैं बंधनों में था अपनी आदतों के अब तक,

तेरे इश्क़ ने ही मुझको रिहा किया है।

न कोई सवाल, न कोई जवाब,

बस धड़कन ने धड़कन को स्वीकार किया है।

तेरे साथ जीना कोई शर्त तो न थी,

मगर तेरे होने ने जीवन सँवार दिया है।

मैं तो था मेरे भीतर सिमटा हुआ सा,

तेरे प्रेम ने ही मुझको विस्तार दिया है।

हर्दें थीं बहुत संसार जगत की,

मगर इश्क़ ने सबको बेकार किया है।

मेरी आँखों ने जब भी कोई ख़्वाब देखा

तेरे इश्क़ ने उसको साकार किया है।

लोग कहते हैं इश्क़ का कैदी मुझे
इश्क़ कहता है देख आज़ाद किया है।

जब तेरे ख़त को हथेली में थामा था,
मेरा वक़्त तो वहीं ठहर गया है।

तुम्हारी खुशबू हवा में मिली तो,
मेरा ज़र्ज़ा ज़र्ज़ा महक गया है।

तेरी याद आई तो ख़ुद को पढ़ा मैंने,
तेरे इश्क़ ने मुझको तुझसा किया है।

मेरा जो हिस्सा दुनियादारी में गुम था
तेरी एक नज़र ने उसे फिर जगा दिया है।

Vo nhi samjhta

Priya

मेरी आँखें बस उसी को देखती हैं, मेरे मन का

हाल, वो नहीं समझता ...

उसकी बातें मैं बड़े गौर से सुनती हूँ, मेरे शब्दों

का जाल, वो नहीं समझता ...

मुझे छोड़कर, वो सबकी फिक्र करता है, मेरा ये मलाल,

वो नहीं समझता ..

मैं कबसे उसकी एक हाँ के इंतज़ार में हूँ, मेरा ये

खयाल, वो नहीं समझता ...

यदि उसे इश्क है मुझसे, तो फिर नाराज़गी कैसी, मेरा

ये सवाल, वो नहीं समझता ...

जिसकी तारीफ़ों में मैंने ये ढेरों कविताएँ लिखी

हैं, अपना ये कमाल, वो नहीं समझता



CORRECTION

मेरा अकेलापन

Tanisha khatri

कहना बहुत कुछ चाहती हूँ
पर शब्द नहीं हैं,
बातें बहुत हैं, पर सुननेवाला
कोई नहीं,
ज़ख्म बहुत हैं, उनपर दवा लगाने वाला कोई नहीं;
अपनी सब की बन जाती हूँ,
पर अपना कोई नहीं,
समेट लिए हैं अपने ख्याल
कहीं कहने से हो न जाए कोई बवाल,
आँखों में आँसू तैयार हैं
बस कोई एक बार आके कहदे
"तू ठीक तो है ना यार"
सुनते ही ना छलक जाए
अश्रु मेरे, तुम देख लेना
मौन रहने की सीमा तोड़ दूँ,
तुम बस सुनते रहना !



अपना कोई नहीं

Tanisha khatri

लाखों की इस भीड़ में,
कोई अपना कहाँ
अब तो दिल भी कहने लगा
क्यूँ आस लगाए बैठी है वहाँ,
झकझोर कर रख देंगे
मेरे शब्द तुम्हें,
खुद गले लग रोओगे
तुम मेरे
अनुमान नहीं तुम लगा
सकते हो
मेरे अकेलेपन का अभी,
जब चली जाऊँगी इस
संसार से,
करते रहना तुम विलाप तब भी,
न लौट कर आऊँगी
फिर तुम्हारे बुलाने पर भी कभी,
आज कोई समझ न रहा
बिन कहे कुछ पूछ न रहा,
कहने को सब अपने हैं,



पर अपना कोई नहीं।

CORRECTION

बेगुनाह

Janu Rawat

एक बेगुनाह कटखड़े में खड़ा हो कर बोल रहा
मुझे चार बात कहने का मौका दो "
अगर नहीं दे सकते तो ज़रा ठहरो
मुझे रोने का मौका दो।।
आज मेरे पास पैसा नहीं
इसलिए मैं आज यहां खड़ा हु"
बेगुनाह होकर भी सज़ा से लड़ रहा हु।।
किसी ने सही ही कहा है
कुछ जगह न्याय नहीं
पैसा चलता है"
इसलिए तो पैसे वाला इंसान गुना करके भी
मुस्कुराने की हिम्मत रखता है।।
एक बेगुनाह कटखड़े में खड़ा हो कर बोल रहा
मुझे चार बात कहने का मौका दो"
अगर नहीं दे सकते तो
ज़रा ठहरो रोने का मौका दो।।
आज सब कुछ बदल गया
इंसान बादलों तक पहुंच गया"
।।न्याय आज भी देर करता है



गरीब और बेगुनाह न्याय के लिए
आज भी लड़ता है।।

CORRECTION

पुरुष

Maheshwari Sonawane

डोक्यावर केसांपेक्षा जास्त टेंशन घेऊण फिरतो,
ओठांवरचे शब्द खोटे असले तरी डोळ्यांनी सर्व सांगतो.

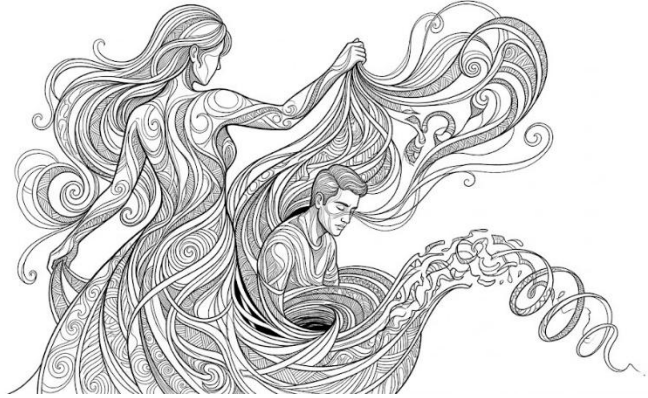
खुश राहण्याचा फक्त दिखावा करतो,
पण मनातल्या वेदना मनातच दाबतो.

हसत खेळत सर्वासोबत राहतो,
स्वतःच्या मनात मात्र तुटून जातो .

सर्वांचे अश्रू पुसतो पण,
स्वतःचे अश्रू डोळ्यातच सुखवतो.

संकट वेळी खंबीर पणे सर्वांच्या पाठीशी उभा असतो,
पण स्वतःच्या जीवावर बेतनार संकट हसत पार करतो.

असं करुन त्याच एक लहान गोंडस बळा पासून सुरू झालेला प्रवास,
कधी एक जबाबदार पुरुष म्हणून संपतो,
हे त्याच त्यालाच समजत नाही.



एक जगह जो खूबसूरत है।

Janu Rawat

आज मैं बैठा हू उसके पास

एक जगह जो खूबसूरत है"

आंखों में प्यार है उसके

मेरे लिए।।

आज मैं बैठा हू उसके पास

एक जगह जो खूबसूरत है"

वो कौन है पता है तुम्हें

बताता हू"

वो हैं मेरी जन्म भूमि

मेरी धरती मा।।

आज मैं बैठा हू उसके पास

एक जगह जो खूबसूरत है"

तिरंगे के तीन रंग खिल रहे

तीज के ल्यौहार पर।।

मा के हाथ में

मेहदी के साथ में "

अब सब बच्चों का प्यार है

उनके सपनों के एहसास में।।

हर मुश्किल से उनको बचाने का है विश्वास



हमारे साथ मे॥

॥आज मैं बैठा हु उसके पास

एक जगह जो खूबसूरत है॥

CORRECTION

The Urban Tapri

Hi, I'm Anuja — a staff nurse by profession and a writer by heart. I write about life, emotions, self-talk and those little things we often feel but don't say.

Anuja priya

दिल्ली की खूबसूरत जगहों में से एक है The Urban Tapri, जो लोगों को साथ होने की एक वजह देता है।

इस जगह की असली खूबसूरती तब समझ आती है, जब आप इसके अंदर कदम रखते हैं। हम लेखकों को आखिर चाहिए ही क्या? बस एक aesthetic-सी जगह, जहाँ घंटों बैठकर कुछ लिख सकें और साथ में एक कप चाय हो।

The Urban Tapri को ठीक उसी एहसास के साथ बनाया गया है। जब ड्यूटी की थकान लेकर आप वापस आएँ और कुछ समय सिर्फ़ अपने लिए निकालना चाहें, तो सीधे यहीं चले आइए।

जैसे ही आप इस जगमगाते कैफ़े के अंदर जाते हैं और सीढ़ियाँ चढ़ते हैं, सामने एक बड़े-से प्रोजेक्टर पर सुरीले गाने चलते हुए मिलते हैं। उसी पल आपका दिल और दिमाग दोनों मान लेते हैं कि जगह बिल्कुल सही चुनी है।

ऊपर पहुँचते ही काउंटर पर बैठे भैया की तरफ़ देखते हैं और दोनों तरफ़ से एक मुस्कुराहट के साथ स्वागत हो जाता है। वैसे उन्हें “भैया” कहना थोड़ा अटपटा ज़रूर लगता है, लेकिन एक committed इंसान के लिए किसी और नज़र से देखना भी मुश्किल होता है।

खैर...

वहाँ एक और भैया मिलते हैं, जो बड़े प्यार से आपका ऑर्डर सर्व करते हैं—चाय, मैगी और जो भी आपने मंगाया हो।

मेरे लिए तो वहाँ की चाय और मैगी सिर्फ़ टाइम पास का बहाना थीं। असली वजह थी वहाँ बैठना, अपना काम करना और इस भागदौड़ भरी दुनिया से दूर किसी छोटे-से कोने में बैठकर यह सोचना कि सच में, क्या प्यारा कैफ़े है।

मुझे याद है, वहाँ एक बोर्ड लगा हुआ है, जहाँ लोग अपनी छोटी-छोटी भावनाएँ छोड़ जाते हैं। कोई एक लाइन लिख जाता है, तो कोई बस दो शब्दों में अपना एहसास।

वहाँ रखा एक लैप मुझे बहुत पसंद है। उसके पास बैठकर तस्वीरें भी खिंचवाई जा सकती हैं और अकेले बैठकर किताब भी पढ़ी जा सकती है।

सबसे अच्छी बात यह है कि वहाँ ज़्यादा भीड़ नहीं होती, इसलिए किसी तरह की टेंशन भी नहीं रहती। यह जगह ही ऐसी है, जहाँ आप सच में कुछ देर अपने लिए रुक सकते हैं।

The Urban Tapri, अपने नाम की तरह ही, शहर के बीचों-बीच बनी एक ऐसी टपरी है जहाँ छोटे शहर से आने वाला इंसान भी कभी यह महसूस नहीं करता कि वह किसी बड़े शहर में आ गया है।

धीरे-धीरे मुझे इस जगह से लगाव हो गया। इतना कि यह कैफ़े मेरी यादों का हिस्सा बन गया।

वैसे, इस कैफ़े को चलाने वाले भैया की अपनी एक mystery भी है। इसका पता मुझे तब चला, जब एक आधी रात टहलते-टहलते चाय पीने पहुँच गई।

उन्होंने बड़ी बारीकी से बताया कि एक साल के अंदर वहाँ दो लड़कियाँ बदल चुकी हैं। पहली वाली मुझे और मेरे दोस्तों को ज़्यादा पसंद थी। वह अपने साथ एक डॉगी भी लेकर आती थी और अक्सर लैपटॉप पर कुछ काम करती रहती थी।

फिर जब मैं कुछ समय बाद वापस आई, तो देखा कि उसकी जगह कोई दूसरी लड़की थी। यह पहली वाली से ज़्यादा active थी। उसकी बातें शायद सिर्फ़ भैया ही सुन पाते थे, क्योंकि बाकी किसी की हिम्मत नहीं होती थी। वजह शायद यह भी थी कि उसका अंदाज़ थोड़ा रौब वाला था। कम-से-कम, ऐसा मुझे भैया की कहानी सुनकर लगा।

जो भी हो...

हर कैफ़े की अपनी एक कहानी होती है और हर चाय का अपना एक स्वाद। ये दिन दोबारा वापस नहीं आते।

यह बात मुझे तब समझ आई, जब मैं वहाँ से दूर आ गई।

The Urban Tapri एक ऐसा कैफ़े है जो आपको याद दिलाता है कि ज़िंदगी में कभी-कभी ठहरना भी ज़रूरी होता है—बातें करने के लिए, खुद से मिलने के लिए और कुछ यादें लिख लेने के लिए।

मेरे लिए The Urban Tapri सिर्फ़ एक कैफ़े नहीं, बल्कि यादों का एक पिटारा है। शायद हर कोई इसे उसी तरह महसूस न कर पाए, लेकिन जिसने भी कभी वहाँ बैठकर अपने लिए थोड़ा-सा वक़्त निकाला होगा, वह मेरी बात ज़रूर समझेगा।

CORRECTION

OTHER

ایک دم خبر نہیں

My name is Muhammad Tousif Raza. I have been writing poetry since the age of 14. I often participate in poetry gatherings (Mushairas) and enjoy writing different forms of poetry, including love, sadness, motivation, and other themes.

Md Tousif Raza

ہفتے مہینے سال کی اک دم خبر نہیں
یعنی کسی بھی حال کی اک دم خبر نہیں

وہ پیڑ کیا ہی پیڑ ہے جس پیڑ کو جناب
اپنے ہی ڈال ڈال کی اک دم خبر نہیں

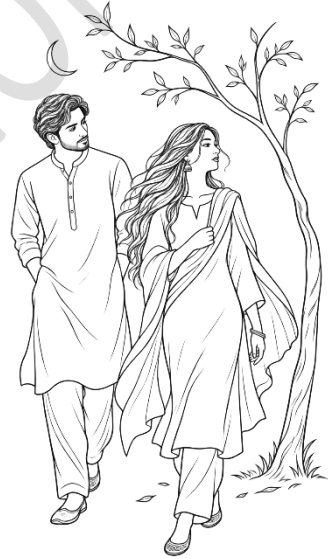
اترا رہا ہے چاندنی میں چاند اس لیے
اس کو کسی کے گال کی اک دم خبر نہیں

تبیاری کر رہا ہوں جوابوں کی اس لیے
اس کے کسی سوال کی اک دم خبر نہیں

ابرو، نگاہیں، ہونٹ سبھی ہیں یہ چھلاوے
ناداں، تجھے اس جال کی اک دم خبر نہیں

خود کا مذاق رات بناتا آ کے کیوں
کیا اس کے کالے بال کی اک دم خبر نہیں

توصیف، اس کے ساتھ قدم چل تو پھونک کر
اس کے کسی بھی چال کی اک دم خبر نہیں



அத்தியாயம் 1: கன்னத்துக் குழியும் மாலை நேரங்களும்

RESHMI.S

என் பெயர் லக்ஷ்மி. அப்பா, அம்மா, அக்கா என ஒரு
அழகான, அமைதியான

குடும்பத்தில் பிறந்தவள் நான். எனக்கு உலகிலேயே
மிகவும் பிடித்த நபர் என்

அப்பா தான்.

நான் முதலாம் வகுப்பு வரை ஒரு பள்ளியில் படித்தேன்.
இரண்டாம் வகுப்பு

படிக்கும் போது ஒரு புதிய பள்ளியில் சேர்ந்தேன்.
அங்குதான் வருண்

அறிமுகமானான். அவன் அதே பள்ளியில் எனக்கு
முன்பிருந்தே படித்துக்

கொண்டிருந்தான். ஆரம்பத்தில் நாங்கள் அடிக்கடி
பார்த்துக் கொள்வோம்,

ஆனால் பெரிதாகப் பேசிக் கொண்டதில்லை.

ஐந்தாம் வகுப்பு படிக்கும்
போது, என் வாழ்வின் மறக்க
முடியாத அந்த மாலை

நேரங்கள் தொடங்கின. என்
அப்பா அரசு வேலையில்
இருந்தார். என் அக்கா

என்னை விட நான்கு
ஆண்டுகள் மூத்தவள்
என்பதால், அவளுக்கு வகுப்பு



முடிய தாமதமாகும். எங்கள் இருவரையும் ஒன்றாக
வீட்டிற்கு அழைத்துச்

செல்ல அப்பா கொஞ்சம் தாமதமாக வருவார்.

அதுவரை நான் பள்ளி ஸ்டேஜில்
காத்துக்கொண்டிருப்பேன். வருணும் அதே

ஸ்டேஜில் தன் பஸ்ஸிற்காகக் காத்திருப்பான்.
அப்படித்தான் அவனுடைய

பெயர் எனக்கு முதன்முதலில் தெரியவந்தது.

வருண் சிரிக்கும் போதெல்லாம் அவனது இடது
கன்னத்தில் ஒரு அழகான

குழி விழும். அந்தச் சிரிப்பும், கன்னத்துக்
குழியும் எனக்கு மிகவும்

பிடித்துப்போனது. வெவ்வேறு
வகுப்புகள் என்றாலும், அந்த மாலை

வேளையில் தினமும் சந்திப்போம்,
பேசுவோம், விளையாடுவோம்.
அந்த

நாட்கள் எந்தக் கவலையுமற்ற
அழகிய நாட்களாகக் கழிந்தன.



அத்தியாயம் 2: ஆறு வகுப்பும், ஒரு துளி தண்ணீரும்

RESHMI.S

வருடாந்திரத் தேர்வு முடிந்து, விடுமுறையில் ஊருக்குச் சென்று திரும்பிய

பின், ஆறாம் வகுப்பு தொடங்கியது. முதல் நாள் பள்ளிக்குச் சென்றபோது

எங்களாலேயே நம்ப முடியவில்லை. நான் முதன்முதலாகச் சுடிதார்

அணிந்திருந்தேன், அவன் பேன்ட்-சர்ட் அணிந்திருந்தான். இருவருமே

ஒருவரை ஒருவர் பார்த்துச் சிரித்துக் கொண்டோம்.

எங்களுக்குக் கிடைத்த மிகப்பெரிய மகிழ்ச்சி என்னவென்றால், ஆறாம்

வகுப்பில் நாங்கள் இருவரும் ஒரே செக்ஷனில் சேர்ந்தோம்! இனி மாலை

நேரத்தில் மட்டுமல்ல, காலை முதல் மாலை வரை தினமும் பார்த்துக்

கொள்ளலாம்.

பள்ளியில் கணிப்பொறி அறிவியல் (Computer Science) பாடத்தில் தொடர்ந்து

100 மதிப்பெண்கள் எடுத்தால் க கப் தருவார்கள். அந்தச் சிறிய வயதில் அந்த

கப் வாங்க வேண்டும் என்ற ஆசையில் நான் தீவிரமாகப்
படித்து 100

மதிப்பெண்கள் எடுத்தேன். ஆசிரியர்கள் எங்களை
குழுக்களாகப்

பிரித்தபோது, வருண் என் டிமிலேயே வந்தான். எங்கள்
நட்பு இன்னும்

நெருக்கமானது.

ஆனால், கணிதப் பாடத்தில் எனக்குக் குழு மாறியது.
எனக்குக் கணக்கு

என்றால் சுத்தமாக வராது. வேறு வேறு குழுக்களுக்கு
மாறிய பிறகு,

வருணிடம் ஏதோ ஒரு மாற்றம் தெரிந்தது. பழையபடி
இயல்பாகப்

பேசவில்லை.

ஒரு நாள் வகுப்பில் இருந்த பசங்கள் என்னிடம் வந்து,
"வருண் உன்னைக்

காதலிக்கிறான்" என்று சொன்னார்கள். அந்த வயதில்
எனக்கு அதெல்லாம்

புரியவில்லை. கோபப்பட்டு அவனைத் திட்டினேன்.
அவனிடம் பேசுவதைத்

தவிர்த்து, ஒதுங்க ஆரம்பித்தேன்.

அப்படி ஒதுங்கிய ஒரு நாளில், வகுப்பறையில் திடீரென
வருணின்

மூக்கிலிருந்து ரத்தம் கொட்டத் தொடங்கியது.
அதைப்பார்த்ததும் எனக்குள்

ஏதோ செய்தது. அவன் ஏதோ பெரிய ஆபத்தில் இருப்பது போலத்

தோன்றியது. முகத்தைக் கழுவத் தண்ணீர் தேவைப்பட்டது. ஆனால்,

அவனிடமும் தண்ணீர் இல்லை, வகுப்பில் இருந்த மற்ற யாருமே

அவனுக்குத் தண்ணீர் கொடுக்க முன்வரவில்லை.

நான் யோசிக்காமல் என் பாட்டிலில் இருந்த தண்ணீரைக் கொடுத்தேன்.

அந்தச் சிறிய உதவி, பள்ளி முழுவதும் காட்டுத்தீ போலப் பரவியது.

"லக்ஷ்மியும் வருணும் லவ் பண்ணாங்க" என்று பேசத் தொடங்கினார்கள்.

ஏழு ஆம் வகுப்பிலிருந்து ஆண்கள் பள்ளி, பெண்கள் பள்ளி எனப் பிரியப்

போவதாகப் பள்ளி நிர்வாகம் அறிவித்தது. இனி பார்க்க முடியாது, பேச

முடியாது என்ற நிலை வந்தபோதுதான், வருணின் மனதில் காதல் ஆழமாக

வேருன்றியது. எனக்குக் காதல் என்ற உணர்வு தெளிவாக இல்லை

என்றாலும், அவனை எனக்கு மிகவும் பிடித்திருந்தது.

تمہارے نام کی ایک خوبصورت شام ہو جائے

Urooj Fatima

تمارے نام کی ایک خوبصورت شام ہو جائے
تمہاری تعریف میں میرے حرف تمام ہو جائے

میں لکھوں زندگی تیرے ساتھ کو
پھر میری زندگی تیرے نام ہو جائے

محبت ب تو اظہار تو کرو
بہل پھر عشق میرا ناکام ہو جائے

میں میسر ہوں ابھی، مجھ دیکھلو
ایسا نہ ہو کم بندہ پھر گمنام ہو جائے

کب تک نبھاؤ یمیک طرف محبت
میں جابتا ہوں اب ہم یر کوئی الزام ہو جائے