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CORRECTION

WE, THE HUMANS

Hi there! Myself Debasmita Pati. I'm a teenager who has always been passionate about writing and finding stories in the little things around me. For me, writing is more than putting words on paper; it is a way of expressing emotions, questioning the world, and giving shape to thoughts that often remain unspoken.

Debasmita Pati

We are the cleverest beasts in borrowed skin,
with civilisation painted over our sin.
We made the heart a marketplace,
and put a price on every face.

“Actions speak louder than words,” they say,
yet our tongues build heaven while our hands build decay.
We call greed ambition, call silence peace,
and call a dying planet a masterpiece.



We are wolves wearing halos,
with kindness rehearsed for the cameras' shadows.
We light a candle for the world at night,
then sell the darkness by morning light.

We built bridges of technology, but forgot to cross,
connected every screen, yet remained emotionally lost.

We conquered the sky with machines that fly,
but still teach little children why strangers must die.

“As you sow, so shall you reap”, the old earth cries,
but we sow poison beneath fluorescent skies.

We borrowed tomorrow and spent it today,
then blamed the future for having to pay.

We are the architects of our own cage,
writing our progress on a burning page.
And perhaps that is humanity's greatest art
We learned how to conquer the world,
but never learned how to conquer the heart.

So close yet so far

Hi, I'm Shaurya, a medical student and a writer who finds comfort in putting feelings into words. I've always been drawn to poetry because it lets me capture the little things that are often difficult to explain; the fleeting emotions, quiet moments, people who leave an unexpected mark, and the stories we carry within ourselves.

Shaurya Ojha

We are so like January and December,
So close yet so far from each other.
For times I think of myself as the December,
and you as the January,
'cause I would sit there reminiscing the past
And you would move without giving me a glance.

Yes, I feel myself being the December
Because I still wait for you in this year end chaos,
Hopeful of your return with my fingers crossed,
How I would look at the night sky shining
But would still compare them to your eyes sparkling

And you, I name you as the January
because you carry new beginnings in your quiet hands,
Washing away those beautiful memories away in sand.

You moved on with the turning year, and not staying where the memories
linger.

And this is why perhaps, I call you my January.

But at days I think I'm wrong to call you
January

'cause you are not the beginning I thought
you would be

You were my 31st of December and

I was your 1st of January.

For you could reach me in a single day if
you wanted to, while

I would spend an entire year finding my way
back to you

And that is why my love

We are so like January and December

So close yet so far apart from each other



My secret diary 📖👉

Gobika Rengaraja

Everyone is asking me this question: *"Which one is the secret diary of every girl?"*

I proudly and honestly say that my girl is the secret diary of my whole life. She is the strongest person in the world and incomparable to others.

She is completely different and brings full happiness to my life. Her love is very true, calm, pure, and unconditional. Sometimes she gets angry with me, but it's okay.

She always thinks about my life, and every time she helps me, guides me, and fully supports me. I have a lot of pain related to my body and health, and all the time she helps me and takes care of me. She is a truly beautiful gift from the universe.

Most of the time I hurt her, and from the bottom of my heart, I am very sorry for everything in my life. My love for her will never change, it is permanent.

Every woman says very proudly, "I am a mother of one child." This chance is not for everyone. Only every woman can understand this feeling.

That love is not only for our own child; she treats other children as her own in this world. My messages are very secret and saved in our hearts. I can't express it to her, but my love is very pure.



The Anatomy Of An Exit

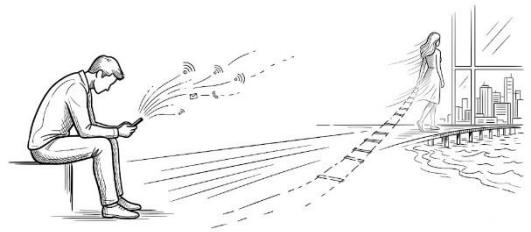
Shaik Faisal is a passionate writer, lyricist, and creative artist who breathes life into raw emotions and unspoken thoughts through powerful verses and melodies. Blending the deep resonance of traditional poetry with the rhythmic pulse of modern songwriting, his work transforms everyday feelings, quiet reflections, and unexpressed stories into art that speaks straight to the heart.

SHAIK FAISAL

The rain against the pane was just white noise; the real storm was happening three thousand miles away, inside the glowing rectangular prison of a smartphone screen.

Muz stared at the blinking cursor, his thumb hovering over the keypad, paralyzed by the sheer geography of his life. Seven hours. Seven hours of time difference, seven hours of stolen sleep, seven hours of living in a timezone where his morning was her midnight, and his midnight was her ghost. They called it a long distance relationship, but Muz was beginning to realize it was just a slow exercise in haunting.

Across the ocean, in a city whose skyline he had only ever known through compressed video pixels and late-night screenshots, Nesa was breathing the same air as monuments he could not touch. Their entire romance had been built on data packets and fragile bandwidth. They had eaten dinners together across continents, her laptop propped up against a coffee mug while he balanced his phone against a stack of textbooks. They had whispered secrets into the static of bad connections, swearing that distance was just a temporary nuisance, a math problem waiting to be solved by plane tickets and savings accounts.



“Just a little longer, Muz,” she had told him only a week ago, her voice slipping through his earphones like a warm blanket. Her face on the screen had been illuminated by the soft blue glow of her bedside lamp, her eyes crinkling at the corners the way they always did when she laughed at his terrible jokes. “Soon, there won’t be an ocean between us. We won’t have to say goodbye to a screen.”

Muz lived for those words. He had carved his entire existence out of them. He worked double shifts, saved every spare coin, and counted down the weeks on a physical calendar pinned to his wall, crossing off each day like a prisoner marking his sentence. To him, the distance was an obstacle, not a wall. You fight obstacles. You push through them. You bleed for them if you have to.

He had no idea that Nesa wasn’t fighting anymore.

The Tuesday it happened started like any other ordinary, agonizingly mundane day. The sun was heavy and blistering where he was, sticking to his skin as he hauled boxes for his warehouse job, his mind miles away, drifting through the streets of her city, imagining what she was wearing, whether she had remembered to drink her coffee, if she was listening to the playlist he had sent her that morning.

When his shift ended, he called her. It was her mid-afternoon, usually the time she would pick up on the third ring, out of breath because she had been running errands or rushing back from a lecture.

The phone rang. Once. Twice. Four times. Five times.

“The subscriber you are calling is currently unreachable,” the automated voice chirped, cheerful and entirely indifferent to the way Muz’s chest suddenly tightened.

He figured her phone had died. It was classic Nesa, forgetting her charger, getting lost in a book, letting her battery drain down to zero while she daydreamed. He sent a casual text: “Let me know when you’re alive, princess.”

He went home, took a shower, ate a cold meal, and checked his phone. Still nothing. The chat bubble sat there, gray and lifeless. A faint whisper of unease tickled the back of his neck, but he brushed it away. People got busy. Emergencies happened.

By Wednesday morning, the unease had mutated into a cold, jagged panic.

He messaged her again. “Nesa? Are you okay? You're scaring me a little bit. Please text me when you see this.”

He watched the message status. Delivered. But no blue ticks. No read receipts. No typing indicator bouncing up and down like a heartbeat.

By Thursday, he was calling every few hours, letting the phone ring out into the void until the automated disconnect tone cut him off. He reached out to her friends on social media, people he had only ever heard her mention in passing. Most of them left him on read. One of them replied with a terse, confused message: “I don't know, man. Haven't spoken to her in a couple of days either. Thought she was with you.”

With him? Across an entire continent?

Panic gave way to a suffocating, surreal numbness. Muz stopped going to work. He sat on the edge of his bed, staring at the phone like it was an artifact from an alien civilization. He opened her Instagram profile. Her last post was a photo of a rainy street corner from three weeks ago, captioned with a single yellow heart emoji. Her account wasn't deleted; it was just frozen, suspended in amber, looking back at him with total, chilling silence.

She hadn't fought with him. There had been no screaming match over bad connection, no bitter text argument about the weight of the miles, no dramatic declaration that it was all too much. There was only the abrupt, violent cessation of her existence in his world.

She had left. Not to another person, not to another city with a forwarding address, but straight out of his life, pulling the ladder up behind her so cleanly that it felt like she had never been there at all.

Months bled into one another, dissolving the calendar on his wall into meaningless paper. The seasons shifted, but Muz remained trapped in that Tuesday afternoon, suspended in the amber of a conversation that had no conclusion. He still caught himself calculating the time difference before reaching for his phone, his thumb moving out of pure, tragic muscle memory to type out the mundane details of his day, just ate the worst noodles ever, wish you were here, before catching himself, the realization hitting him like a physical blow to the ribs.

The hardest part wasn't the heartbreak; it was the ghost story he was forced to live inside. There was no grave to visit, no closure to anchor his grief, no final letter explaining why. Just an empty chat window, a handful of voice notes he played until the audio crackled with static, and the haunting, hollow realization that sometimes, the people who mean the absolute world to you can decide to become strangers overnight, walking out of your life without even turning around to see if you survived the fall.

CORRECTION

A Teacher Who Reminds Me of My Grandfather

Badal Thapa stands out as a thoughtful writer whose work is shaped by observation, emotion, and a deep interest in people's lives. Looking at Badal Thapa as an author helps us understand how a writer grows through reading, reflection, and real-life experience.

Badal Thapa

Introduction

Some people enter our lives quietly, but their presence leaves a lasting mark on our hearts. They do not only teach lessons from books; they teach lessons for life. For me, one such person is Mr. Shambu Singh, a respected teacher from Basdila, whose manner, values, and teaching style remind me deeply of my grandfather, Mr. Kewal Badhur Thapa, a retired government school principal. My grandfather was a man of dignity, discipline, kindness, and wisdom. He carried himself with honour and loved teaching with all his heart. When I see Mr. Shambu Singh, I feel as if I am seeing a beautiful reflection of my grandfather's spirit in another person.

What makes this resemblance so special is not just the outer style, but the inner character. Both men share the same grace of conduct, the same calm confidence, and the same ability to guide others with patience and respect. They are not just teachers in the ordinary sense. They are educators who inspire, encourage, and shape lives. In Mr. Shambu Singh, I found not only a colleague and guide, but also a living reminder of the values my grandfather taught me. His smile, humility, and generous heart make him stand out as a teacher full of dignity and warmth.

A Grandfather Whose Presence Still Lives in Me My grandfather, Kewal Badhur Thapa, was a retired government school principal, and even after retirement, his greatness did not fade. In fact, his real legacy became clearer with time. He was known for his disciplined nature, strong sense of duty, and deep respect for both students and fellow teachers. He believed that education was not only about passing examinations, but about building character, confidence, and responsibility.

What I remember most about him is his teaching style. He never raised his voice unnecessarily, yet everyone listened when he spoke. His words carried weight because they came from a place of sincerity. He had a gentle way of explaining difficult ideas in simple language. Students felt safe around him because he was strict without being harsh, kind without being careless, and wise without acting superior. He often said that a good teacher must first become a good human being. That lesson stayed with me. To him, teaching was a sacred responsibility. He respected time, honesty, discipline, and truth. His life was a quiet example of service. Even after years of retirement, people still remembered him as a principal who led with honour and a teacher who touched hearts.

The Familiar Reflection I Saw in Mr. Shambu Singh

When I first got to know Mr. Shambu Singh, I noticed something deeply familiar in him. It was not only his

way of speaking or standing, but the calm strength in his personality. He carries himself with a natural

dignity that does not need to be announced. There is a sense of trust in his presence, a feeling that one is in

the company of someone who truly cares. Like my grandfather, Mr. Singh has a teaching style that is both firm and caring. He guides students and

colleagues with patience. He does not rush to judge, and he does not make others feel small. Instead, he

listens carefully, speaks thoughtfully, and helps others move forward with confidence. This is a rare quality,

and it is one of the reasons he is so respected.

What I admire most is that he teaches not only through words, but through behaviour. His actions reflect

integrity. His everyday manner shows discipline, humility, and kindness. He is the kind of teacher who makes



learning feel meaningful because he connects knowledge with values. In him, I saw the same beautiful

balance I once saw in my grandfather: authority mixed with compassion, knowledge mixed with simplicity,

and confidence mixed with humility.

His Teaching Style: More Than Lessons, A Way of Life

Mr. Shambu Singh's teaching style is special because it is rooted in human understanding. He does not

treat students or colleagues like numbers or names in a register. He sees the person behind the face. He

understands that every learner has different strengths, different fears, and different dreams. Because of this,

he adapts his style with patience and care.

Some qualities that make his teaching remarkable include:

This style reminds me strongly of my grandfather's same approach to teaching. Both believed that a teacher

should be a guide, not just a speaker. A teacher should help students grow with understanding, not fear. A

teacher should create an environment where learning feels like a journey of discovery, not a burden. Mr.

Singh embodies this idea beautifully.

A Man of Generosity, Honour, and Respect

One of the most beautiful things about Mr. Shambu Singh is his generosity of heart. He is the kind of

person who gives without making a show of giving. Whether it is his time, advice, or encouragement, he

offers it freely and sincerely. He does not carry pride in his success. Instead, he carries willingness to support

others.

- Clarity in explanation

- He explains ideas in a simple, direct, and thoughtful way so that learning becomes easy and meaningful.

- Respect for learners

- He values every student's voice and never makes anyone feel ignored or unimportant.

- Confidence with calmness

- He speaks with assurance, but never with pride. His confidence makes others feel secure.

- Encouragement instead of pressure

- He pushes students to do better, but always with kindness and belief in their ability.

- A balanced discipline

- He maintains order and seriousness in the classroom, yet his approach remains warm and human. He also reflects honour and respect in every part of his conduct. He respects elders, supports colleagues,

and speaks to others with care. In return, people naturally respect him.

Respect, after all, is not demanded; it

is earned through character. Mr. Singh has earned that respect through his humble nature and consistent

goodness.

His dignity is not loud. It is quiet, steady, and powerful. He has the kind of presence that makes people feel

that they are standing in front of a true teacher, one who understands the responsibility of shaping young

minds. Like my grandfather, he wears his role with grace. He does not see teaching as a job alone. He sees it

as a duty toward society and a promise to the future.

This is why I feel proud to know him. In the world where appearances often matter more than values, he

reminds us that true greatness rests in humility, service, and respect for others.

His Smile, Confidence, and Humble Heart

If I had to describe Mr. Shambu Singh in a few words, I would say: a smiling face, a confident mind, and a

golden heart. His smile is not just a facial expression; it creates comfort. It tells others that they are

welcome. It tells the worried student to relax, the unsure colleague to trust themselves, and the tired learner

to keep going.

His confidence is equally inspiring. It is not the kind that tries to dominate others. It is the kind that steadies

a room. When he speaks, you feel that he believes in what he says. That confidence comes from experience,

discipline, and sincerity. It is the confidence of someone who has spent years learning, reflecting, and

serving.

And then there is his humility. This is perhaps his most touching quality. No matter how much he knows or

how much others praise him, he remains grounded. He carries himself with simplicity. He does not chase

attention. He lets his work speak for him. That is the mark of true greatness.

When I think of my grandfather, I see the same qualities. He too was humble despite his position. He too

had a warm smile and a wise heart. He too believed that kindness is never a weakness. Seeing these

qualities in Mr. Singh feels like meeting my grandfather again in another form. It is an emotional and

beautiful experience that fills me with gratitude.

A Guide, a Colleague, and an Inspiration

Mr. Shambu Singh is not only a teacher; he is also a guide and colleague who shares his experiences with

sincerity. His words often carry lessons from real life, and that makes them valuable. He speaks from

experience, but never in a manner that makes others feel less knowledgeable. Instead, he shares in a way

that helps others grow.

As a colleague, he is supportive and dependable. He creates a positive atmosphere wherever he goes.

People feel comfortable discussing ideas with him because he listens carefully and responds thoughtfully.

He encourages cooperation and learning. In a school environment, such a person becomes a quiet strength.

A good teacher can complete a syllabus, but a great teacher can lift a whole community. Mr. Singh belongs

to the second group. He influences people not only by teaching subjects, but by teaching life. He reminds us

that true education includes kindness, patience, discipline, and the courage to remain honest in all

situations. This is what makes him so similar to my grandfather. My grandfather was also a guide whose presence gave

confidence to others. Mr. Singh has that same rare ability to make people feel better, stronger, and more

hopeful.

Conclusion

When I think about my grandfather, Kewal Badhur Thapa, and the remarkable teacher Mr. Shambu Singh,

I feel deeply grateful. It is rare to meet someone who reflects the same values of a beloved elder so clearly.

In Mr. Singh, I found a living reminder of my grandfather's teaching style, his dignity, his respect for people,

and his commitment to education. He is a man of generosity, honour, humility, and golden-hearted

kindness.

A teacher like him is a blessing to students, a support to colleagues, and an inspiration to everyone around

him. His smile brings comfort, his confidence brings strength, and his humble nature brings trust. He shows

that the best teachers are not only remembered for what they teach, but for how they make others feel. For

me, Mr. Shambu Singh is not just a teacher from Basdila. He is a mirror of the qualities I admired most in my

grandfather, and that makes him truly unforgettable.

Two Names for One Feeling

MAJOR

Be it day or midnight,
Every day we stay; every day we fight.
You are the reason
I wish to live—and to die.

My insecurities built the walls,
And in their shadows lies the root of our hate:
The emotion you call distrust;
Yet my heart cries,
"It's only love."

I tried to breathe for you.
My soul left
The day I was renamed
"A controlling psycho" by you.

I am not your desire.
Your eyes seek my strength,
While my truth speaks softly:
I only wish to stand beneath your shower of grace.



You look for differences;

I search for affinity.

You want to be unique;

I want to be yours.

You are not my moon.

You are the sun,

And I long to be your earth.

Maybe I am wrong.

Maybe I am the blade that cuts your wings,

The water that calms your flames,

The darkness that hides the light,

The nightmare that ruins your peace.

We are trapped in a sublime hell,

Where hatred urges our feet to walk away,

Yet love wraps itself around our hearts,

Refusing to let us go.

You sink because of my shouts;

I swim for your sake.

There is a difference—

What I call love,

You find to be hate.

CORRECTION

The Diary

Iqra Manzoor is a writer and literature enthusiast. She finds beauty in ordinary moments and meaning in the things left unsaid. Her poetry and stories are shaped by love, loss, memory, resilience, and the quiet contradictions of being human. For her, writing is both a form of expression and a way of making sense of the world.

Iqra Manzoor

I found a diary beneath the ashes,
Its cover darkened to a stubborn rust.

Inside:

Olives, sun-warmed stone,
Children chasing dust through narrow streets.
The handwriting leans forward,
As if it believed in tomorrow.

Then something shifts.

Houses disappear between sentences.
Verbs collapse.
Margins narrow.

A date is written twice,
Then crossed out.



There is a page
Where the paper thins
As if fire paused there,
Considering mercy.
After that, fragments:
A half-name,
A broken line,
Ink pressed harder than before.
No final entry.

Only white space
Carrying what the hand
Could no longer hold.

The Key

Iqra Manzoor is a writer and literature enthusiast from Pakistan. She finds beauty in ordinary moments and meaning in the things left unsaid. Her poetry and stories are shaped by love, loss, memory, resilience, and the quiet contradictions of being human. For her, writing is both a form of expression and a way of making sense of the world.

Iqra Manzoor

The key is warm in her hand, though the house is gone.

Every morning, Mariam unwraps it from the corner of her scarf, where she ties it tight each night, close to her throat like a prayer. The metal is worn smooth. It used to open the blue door of their home, back when the wind smelled of jasmine and hope.

She hasn't seen that door in the past two years.

Now, she sits on a plastic chair in a refugee camp, beneath a patchwork of tarp and tin. She watches her granddaughter Laila braid cloth into a doll with no face, no arms. They ran out of thread months ago, but Laila keeps making dolls.

"She doesn't need arms," the girl says. "She can carry things with her heart."

Mariam nods, though the words make her chest ache.

Once, she carried a whole country in her own heart. Her



father's laughter. Her mother's recipes. Her wedding ring—left behind in the kitchen during the night of the screams. They told her to run. That it was temporary. That she'd be home by morning.

That morning never came.

At night, Mariam dreams of the house. The cracked wall where the jasmine used to grow. Her son's name carved into the wooden doorframe, crooked from the knife he used. She dreams of setting the key into the lock and turning it, of stepping inside, of calling out to ghosts who answer.

But in the real world, her tent has no lock. No walls. No silence.

Today, the camp echoes with another grief. A twelve years old boy was shot. From across the rows of tents, Mariam can hear his mother wailing until her throat gives out. Now there is silence of a woman sitting still, holding his worn shoes.

Laila asks if they can plant the doll in the ground. "Like a seed," she says. "So something can grow."

Mariam looks at the key in her hand. The metal catches the last bit of sun, and for a moment, it almost glows.

"Let's bury her," she says, "but not too deep."

"Why?"

"So she can hear us."

They dig a shallow hole behind the tent, lay the doll inside, and cover her with dust.

Mariam presses the key hesitantly into the ground beside it.

"She'll need a way home," she says.

Laila smiles. "Do you think she'll make it?"

"Maybe," Mariam says. "She's light. The wind might carry her."

She watches the dirt settle.

The doll might find her way, but what about us?

We are heavy with stories.

Too real to float.

Too quiet to be rescued.

Who will carry them?

Who will come?

She does not say these things out loud. She just sits beside her granddaughter, listening to the wind move across the camp, and wonders—

How long can people wait

before even the sky forgets them?

Refuge in Ink

Abbiha Muntaha

Dear Diary,

You deserve gratitude
for making me feel safe.

You always spare time for me,
so I can narrate my life's race.

You never check your watch
when I speak or cry.

You never look for a door
whenever my heart pours out.

The ink never argues,
the pages always listen.

You always listen in silence,
making me feel safe.



You assure me of security,
making me forget the cold eyes.

You are the only one
who holds my secrets
without dropping them
or wearing them like a crown.

You always have blank pages
when others make excuses.

The ink never argues,
the pages always listen.

The Last Human Thing

Priyosi Sarkar is a sci-fi poet and writer from West Bengal, India, whose work spans poetry and speculative fiction. Her writing explores philosophy, cosmic imagery, and the nature of time and existence.

Priyosi Sarkar

We taught machines to paint,
to compose, to grieve in binary ,
and they did it perfectly.

Too perfectly.

We taught them our languages,
our histories, our hunger.
They learned everything
except the one thing
that made us worth learning from ,

the ability to be
beautifully,
catastrophically,
wrong.



To love someone who won't stay.
To chase a dream that has no map.
To wake at 3am
not because of an alarm
but because something inside you
refuses to be silent.

The machines got everything.

But that ,
that stubborn, illogical,
magnificent ache of being alive ,
we kept for ourselves.

yeah duri bhi kya majburi hn.

Zainab Munir

Yeah Doori bhi kya majburi hn
Kabhi ghar khaali kabhi haath khaali
Yeah zindagi ke safar mein
Kaisa mod aaya
Woh mera jissey kehti hoon
Mujh se door huya
Yeah Doori bhi kya majburi hn
Itne faasle ke hum ek hone se rahe
Na saath chal sakey
Na saath reh sakey
Ns saath de sakey
Yeah Duri bhi kya majburi hn
Yeah hawa yeah fiza yeah paani ki boonde hum akele hi reh kar mehsoos
kar lete hn
Yeah suraj ka ugna yeah shaam ka dhalna
Yeah raat ki tanhaayi mein guzar jaana
Yeah baarish
Yeah khushbu yeah rang
Yeah roshni
Jaane kitne Mausam guzar gaye
Meri yuhi zindagi ke
Yeah duri bhi kya majburi hn
Kabhi zemmedari ke naam kiya
Kabhi qurbani ke naam kiya
Apna waqt apne shouq apni yeah jawani bas tere naam kiya
Yeah Duri bhi kya majburi hn
Koi nahin jo khareeb hn
Koi nahin jo naseeb mein
Koi nahin jo dekh sake
Koi nahin jo dhunde mujhey
Main gum ho gayi
Door koi sehra mein
Koi jungle mein
Koi gufa mein teher gayi



Yeah Doori bhi kya majboori hn.
Kabhi kuch na keh saki
Kabhi aansu ban ke gir gaye
Kabhi barf ki tarah jam gaye phir ek Mausam ke guzartey hi woh armaan
pigal kar beh gaye
Yeah Doori bhi kya majburi hn
Chudi ki khanak payal ki chan chan koi taras koi lamha jo tham jaaye
Woh sab na raha
Na hum rahengey
Yeah Duri bhi kya majburi hn
Koi dard mein hn koi apne zaqm ko marham laga raha hn
Koi karb mein hoga sab mein akela
Yeah Duri bhi kya majburi hn
Mere hum safar na
Mera hum qadam mera saath hn
Jis ke saath main chal saku
Yeah duri bhi kya majburi hn
Kabhi woh mera ayna bane
Main uski Nazar se dekh saku
Uss ke sang main kuch keh saku
Uss ke liye main kuch kar saku
Yeah Duri bhi kya majburi hn
Apne aangan mein bhi hawa chale
Koi phool khile
Koi roshni ho koi Khushboo rahe
Yeah Doori bhi kya majburi hn
Mere tasawwur mein
Mere taqayyul mein
Mere khwahishon mein
Woh rehta hn saath mere
Phir bhi yeah Doori bhi kya majburi hn.
Kabhi maa ki mamta
Kabhi pita ka pyaar
Ek behen ka bhai
Ek yaar ki yaari
Koi safar ka saathi
Sab reh jaate hn khaali
Yeah Doori bhi kya majburi hn
Woh chai ki pyaali

Woh khaane ki khushboo
Woh kamre ki rounak
Woh Ghar ka soona pan
Woh darwaza bhi tere khatkhatana ka kar raha hn intezaar
Thak Rahi hn har ghadi
Jab alfaaz poochthey hn ek sawaal
Kab aaoogey ghar
Kab aaoogey mere humnawaz .
Yeah duri bhi kya majburi hn.

CORRECTION

Princess

Zainab Munir

I was all of four She sat in the corner with her legs folded hiding her face from the world .

She was all of four and there was a downpour of tears her little hands held her innocent face .She was getting exposed .

Getting exposed to people of the world and getting to know ways better.

No adult around bothered to pacify her.

All of four she loved her balloons and dolls. Ran behind butterflies.

Intrigued by flowers smelt the scents. Fascinated by the stars.

Cuddled teddies loved chocolates and cherries .

Just like any other child.

Then she grew a little more and she was hurt once more and she cried again. Little did she realize she will be going thru pain again and again .

She will sit alone, she will cry ,she will wipe away her tears and her fears.

She would cry at the drop of a hat, at loud raised voices, or expressions of rage, she will cry with pain of heartbreaks and disappointments. Over disagreements and of Shame.

She will cry she wouldn't know why ? Why her heart feels all that and much more.

She might shed tears at someone else's grief and on her own losses and sorrow.

Hurt and pain will be a parcel that she would carry for a long time .

No one would share it with her and she would protect her self over time .

She discovered slowly and realized her pain was hers no one will feel it or cry her tears or take it away and give her any smiles or happiness,

That was when she knew she owns the world and she has arrived.

Thru childhood and teen years thru turmoils and relationships and understanding of emotions she grew.

Some people called her wise, some called her sensible, and some even called her smart and mature because all she did was hid the little baby girl inside a huge robe and faced the world with an armour .

The world isn't my friend it isn't my foe either .

If im positive and trampled the toxicity

All will be better.

As she grew there was one more truth she knew all the world needed was someone who could do them a favour with a smile and call it duty for a while.

In the journey of life The ones whom she called her own was never hers at all, but that didn't bother her or ever made her stall .

She marched forward facing the tornadoes, tsunamis and all challenges life had in store.

She smiled, she owned the most charming smiles ever she also owned a sensitive heart and a sensible mind right from the start.

Steadily as life passed by she didn't let people and their intent diminish her light.

No matter how old she grew deep inside her a heart she was a little girl just like at the start . All of four not a day more.



Caught Between

Manzar Khan is a literary scholar and poet crafting verse from the unedited fragments of human vulnerability. Her writing sits at the intersection of critical scholarship and raw feeling—mapping the geography of silence, trauma, and complex emotional loss. She studies the power of words to wound, to heal, and to navigate the dark.

Manzar Khan

I hold my finger over your name,
standing at a door I cannot close,
ready to leave
just to save what is left of my pride.
I ask for the end
because your last words cut like glass,
and I cannot keep breaking like this.
But when the screen goes black,
and the room falls completely still,
the quiet frightens me.
I forget how bad the insult burned,
and I reach back for the same glowing screen,
asking for the hand that made me bleed.
I want to shield myself,
but I am terrified of the dark.
So I stay caught in the middle,
never at peace,
always suffering.



FOR ALL THE GAPS YOU LEFT IN ME

Ayesha Iqbal Jarral, final year MBBS student and a writer. I have written 2 anthologies through HOC publications and TWS publications house. Also I have been internationally nominated as the author of the year in mbcc awards.

Ayesha Iqbal

I let my fingers move today; for I felt broken again

The heart screeched today; for I felt broken again

It started raining while am crying now

Are the clouds accompanying my heart while emptying now?

For a heart to live for mere one time

How does you expect mine to be broken multiple times?

To be so close and still not mine

For what am I holding your name with mine

To let my heart to be yours for a day

For you could see all the gaps you left in me

What if the screams inside my soul reach you;

Could you still know ; for a million times my heart is broken by you



For all it makes me strong in the end; breaks me in pieces in the process

The heart holds the sorrow for all the gaps you left in me

CORRECTION

Dreams in my eyes :

Subhana Maryam

I have a dream deep in my heart
To build a life and play my part
I want to stand on my own feet
And make my future strong and sweet
I dream to be a businesswoman
brave , hardworking and wise
With hope and courage in my heart
I will rise and touch the skies
Step by step I will move ahead
Learning something everyday
My dreams are big , my will is strong
And I will find my own way



Rakshabandhan

Aparna is a postgraduate in English literature. Writes poetry in English and Kannada

Aparna Hulithala

Dear brother, today I tie
this sacred thread.
I pray be happy dear
I recall our childhood
Memories fill my heart
Brother you should bless and
give me fruit.
Once Lakshmi
tied a rakhi to Bali.
Bali blessed her
and let Vishnu to Vaikunta.
Droupadi tied a piece of saree
to Krishna's wound.
Lord blessed her and gave her
Akshyambara
the great saree
Brothers always love their sisters
Sisters also love them a lot.
I wish my brother let there be bond



CORRECTION

The Last Echo of a Forgotten Song

Saniya Anwar Ansari

Fading notes that linger on,
a haunting melody of what's gone.
In the silence, memories awake,
searching for a refrain.

My heart aches like a pain,
echoing through every moment,
a sorrow that remains.
My vision goes off when I think of us,
and in the darkness, shadows dance with your name.

Lost in the haze of a forgotten rhyme,
hours dissolve like mist in the dawn,
leaving only echoes, forever torn.



"Shadows in the Mind

Saniya Anwar Ansari

In the whispers of my mind, a storm begins,
Haunted by shadows in the rain.
Fears reside in every shade, darkness that I've made,
I tend to move, but it remains the same.
A fleeting thought that I've yet to claim,
Lost in words that can't be explained.
A silent scream that echoes in vain,
That brings me peace and calms the pain."



Zindagi-e-sach

Asna

Zindagi ek aayene ki tarah hai
Bas roop dikhta hai rooh nahi
Khushi dikhti hai barbaadi nahi

Par yeh aayena ka dusra rukh humare par hota hai
Kisko kya dikhana hai yeh hum par nirbhar hota hai

Kya koi kisi ki muskurahat ke peeche ka dukh dekh sakta hai kya
Koi kis haalat mein jee raha hai yeh parakh sakta hai kya
Zindagi aur maut ki ghadi ko badal sakta hai kya
Aarzo-e-dil ki tamanna ko mod sakta hai kya
Sheeshe ka dusra rukh dekh sakta hai kya
Apne dil ka haal woh har kisi ko pesh kar sakta hai kya
Kya woh kaagzi cheetron mein insaniyat dhoondh payega kya
Ya aksharon mein woh bhavnaayein dhoondh payega kya
Kisi ki talaash bin jaane kar payega kya
Apne maa-baap ki khidmat bina kisi laalach ke kar
payega kya
Kya apni anah ko woh chhod payega kya
Kya kisi ka toota dil jod payega kya
Kya woh ghadi ka kaanta rok payega
Kya woh suraj ki kirno ko dekh payega
Kya woh chaand ka daag chhupa payega ya bin daag
chhupaye usse pyaar jataayega

Do rukh hain
Par dikhta wahi hai jo dikhaya jayega



Wafa Ka Wada

Aanchal Soni is a young poet and writer who finds inspiration in emotions, relationships and the quite stories hidden within everyday life. Her writing reflects her believe in the power of words to connect hearts, cross boundaries and express what often remains unspoken.

Aanchal Soni

Atma se insaan bana tha,
Teri bewafai ne zinda hote hue bhi bejaan bana diya.
Mohabbat sikhane aaya tha tu,
Magar nafrat ka harf-harf padha diya.
Dil diya tha ibaadat samajhkar,
Tune use sauda bana diya.
Ek sacche insaan ko,
Apni bewafai se begaana bana diya.
Kasoor ishq ka na tha,
Kasoor us shakhs ka tha.
Jisne wafa ka vaada karke,
Har ehsaas ko qa
id kar diya.



“My presence”

I am Minha Fatima, a passionate 16 year old poet/writer and highschooler, I tend to live my life by finding beauty in every trivial thing and finding meaning and story behind even a blank page. I proudly serve as co-founder and President of a literary society called Dayar-e-Zauq.

Minha Fatima

my presence barely moves through
the air.

it carries a scent of chaos and lies
heavy on chest.

I tend to fall if I don't try too hard
and I tell myself perhaps that's the
only way it's fair.

so I scream too loud, so I sway my
hands and run as fast as I can.

but my presence barely moves
through the air, it is quite yet deep

like the subtle droplets of rain that
fall in the middle of the night
lingering through dreams.

my presence barely moves through
the air, I think it gets noticed by a
few,

as brief and quiet as morning dew.

but within its stillness, resides a sanctuary
treasured deep within me.



my presence barely moves through the air, as though faithful to an
unspoken decree.

as though waiting for someone to
murmur a prayer that never came
to be.

my presence barely moves through
the air, perchance it chooses to
bide.

but maybe when the stars align the
amity of my words catches a breath
never to be sighed.

CORRECTION

My universe gift

Gobika Rengaraj

One day, I saw a woman and I became completely drawn to her. Her confidence is remarkable. She has faced many challenges in this world, yet her smiling face makes everything seem insignificant.

She loves her students and always thinks about their lives. Her voice is pure, and her words are true. Many people have hurt her, and some may dislike her, but her smile makes everything okay.

She sees every student as equal. Whether they are good or not, it does not matter to her. She is the secret role model of my life.

Her love, her care, and her true words are pure in my life. She is the most trusted person in my world. When she speaks, I watch her and eagerly wait for her next words.

She treats all students like her own children, with the same love and care. She touches every soul that is damaged and confused, and her words give clear guidance for a better life. She is the best guide, the real mother of our college and department. She is open-hearted and very friendly.

She is different from others. She is unique. I am truly proud to be her student, and I still miss her so much.



CORRECTION

Artists part

Shivam is a Class 12 student and young poet from India. His writing explores emotions, experiences, and the thoughts that often go unsoken. Through poetry, he aims to turn feelings into words that readers can connect with.

Shivam Mishra

I am stuck in a loop
My words are not rhyming
My pen broke it's nib, ink flew
and now it's just drying
My thoughts are all tangled
My voice is also breaking
Alphabets are all scattered
My hands are now shaking
Pages from my diary,
are self torn apart.
And still you dare,
You dare to call it an artist's part
When I lay here unable to create an art



Dooriyaan

I am Kshiraj. A writer who believes words should be felt when they are read. A stranger to the real world, my poems and stories are where I live. I write of fear, heartbreak, love, pain, and melancholy. I write what I feel, I want to write until you start feeling what I feel.

Kshiraj

Kuch qisse, kuch kitaabein dil pe hai laadi,

Kuch baatein, kuch saugatein saath apne hai laayi;

Uska humse naata in lafzon ne aisa bandha,

Koi mamuli churi is dhaage ko kya kaat paati.

Dooriyaan tab jo thi, jazbaaton me humari,

Gair the hum, aur be-sadaa chahhat thi humari;

Faiz k numaainde toh hum bhi the lekin,

Rekhte k jaal se woh bhi naa bach paayi.

Apni baato ko sajaya jaise sher sadiyo puraane,

Faasle fir use bhi bardaasht naa ho paye wo humare;

Jab bhi aakhein milti thi uss se gali mein,

Roz hojata ishq ek baar fir humein.

Shaayaron ke aalishaan bagh se gul chura ke,

Uske hothon pe jo maine rakha tha saja ke;



Shayad khafa hue humari gustaakhi se woh shayar ek din,
Chhin liya uska saath aur reh gaye hum begaane.

Bhoola naa paaye par un naato ko aaj tak hum,
Jinhe badi sabr-o-qaraar se gehno ki tarah tarasha tha;
Khud ko toh bhul jata hai ye aashiq har roz magar,
Aashiqui bhulana isne kaha sikha tha.

Qalam se aashiqui karte hai ab,
Pannho se karte hai izhaar-e-ishq tera;
Zubaan se toh mita diya hai tera naam beshaq,
Par kaise hum kare use iss rooh se juda.

Aaj bhi dhundta hai ye dil us mohabbat ko,
Jo meelo dur se usse yaad kabhi naa aayi;
Be-hisaab dooriyaan humne paar kari iss umeed me ki,
Wasl ki rahat hogi, bas aakhon k chu jaane se humari.

Dekh ke hi undekha kar diya ussne par humein,
Aakhein mili bhi uss se, magar bas ek baar hi humari;
Rooth ke hi sahi, bol toh deti kya gunaah tha mera,
Aaj bhi likh raha hu wo, jo adhuri reh gayi thi kahani ye humari.

Shayad koi aur hoga, jo ab usse nazm sunata hai,

Shayad koi aur hoga, jo ussake hatheli pe apna naam likhta hai;
Hum toh duniya se ladd jaate be-yaaro-madadgaar,
Par aashiq se ladne k liye saari kainaat bhi kam pad jati ye humari.

Fir ek baar kho jayenge hum uss kaali siyahi me,
Fir ek baar kitabon k saath se hi dil bhar liya karenge.

Aashiqui toh chahe puri naa ho paayi lekin,
Uski doori se hi aashiqui kar lenge.

CORRECTION

Countless Lies

I am Kshiraj. A writer who believes words should be felt when they are read. A stranger to the real world, my poems and stories are where I live. I write of fear, heartbreak, love, pain, and melancholy. I write what I feel, I want to write until you start feeling what I feel.

Kshiraj

Countless aches and countless wounds,
I feel every scar crawling over my skin.

A million smiles and a million boons,
And the pain still haunts my dreams.

How do I abandon this grief I feel,
How do I forget the affronts against my life?

I could have peace forevermore,
But how could I face such a lie?



AN INVISIBLE LINE...

Deepshika Narayanan

Sometimes a bond doesn't end,
because two people stop meaning
the same to each other.

Sometimes,
it's because of the invisible line
they draw between them
for reasons only they know.

Maybe the boundary was built
out of fear...
fear of getting hurt,
fear of getting too close,
fear of losing what was left.

But even that hurts,
When you realise,
the distance you created
to protect yourself
has taken you



farther away from them
than you ever wanted to be.

CORRECTION

A Certain Kind of Quiet

Ansari Kashish

There is a certain kind of quiet
that arrives with some people—
not silence,
just peace.
You don't notice it at first.
You simply find yourself
smiling a little longer,
staying a little softer,
and wondering when ordinary moments
became worth remembering.
Shayad mohabbat ka matlab
hamesha izhaar nahi hota.
Kabhi kabhi,
bas kisi ki maujoodgi
dil ko be-wajah
sukoon de jaati hai.
And perhaps,
the most beautiful feelings
are the ones we never name—
because naming them



might make them less ours.

Hidden. Unnamed. Yours.

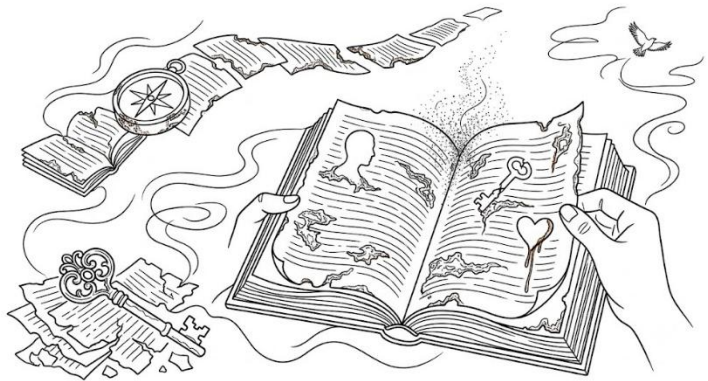
CORRECTION

Rust Between the Pages

Sarthak Moga, 16, is a young poet and creative writer from Aligarh, Uttar Pradesh, India. For him, poetry is more than writing—it is a way of giving shape to emotions, memories, questions, and thoughts that are often difficult to express aloud. His poems explore love, human emotions, solitude, relationships, introspection, and the beautiful uncertainties of growing up.

Sarthak Moga

Your words turned rust between my pages,
Like metal bleeding slow with time,
The edges curled, the ink went fragile,
But I still read each broken line.
And though the years will fade the letters,
The paper smells like you still do,
I guess the past can stay forever
If you hide it where the sky stays blue.



The First Goodbye

Sarthak Moga, 16, is a young poet and creative writer from Aligarh, Uttar Pradesh, India. For him, poetry is more than writing—it is a way of giving shape to emotions, memories, questions, and thoughts that are often difficult to express aloud. His poems explore love, human emotions, solitude, relationships, introspection, and the beautiful uncertainties of growing up.

Sarthak Moga

You didn't slam the door -
You just walked slow,
Like you were borrowing air
Before you had to go.
I waved with my smile,
My hands stayed still,
And the silence after
Was a noise I still feel.



“We expect children to be omniscient”

Salika Fayaz is a deep thinker and writer from the heart of Kashmir, where nature itself teaches depth and resilience. She writes for solace and connection, sharing her innermost thoughts and emotions with those who feel unseen, unheard, and who find comfort in knowing they are not alone.

Salika Fayaz

1. The unrealistic expectation

We often forget that children are meant to learn, not to know everything. Omniscient means a person who knows everything. But most people expect their children to be like that, which is really impossible. Now the question arises: why is this impossible? To be honest, the answer is simple—children are small, and this is not the age to be perfect. It is the phase of childhood to make mistakes, learn from them, and after experiencing those mistakes, guide others.

The great personality Allama Iqbal once said, "Know yourself, build yourself, and give yourself to others." What does he mean? He wants people to learn honestly and become brave, because the world will hand over the duty of leadership to us. How can we take the duty of leadership? If we become honest, if we believe in making mistakes, build ourselves from those mistakes, and then guide everyone.

But today, most people fail. Why? Because they want their children to become omniscient and never make a mistake. They think kids should always know the answer and never make a mistake. But children are still small and learning. We shouldn't expect our children to be perfect. When we expect too much from them, they feel pressure and get scared.

2. Why this expectation happens

Parents and teachers want children to do well in life. They think if kids know everything, they will not fail. But this is impossible. There are some things and some experiences in life that we never imagine—how can we be prepared for them if we are not even aware of them? Sometimes they also

compare their child with others, which kills the talent inside children, and most of the time this goes overlooked. But the thing I realize is that comparison kills motivation.

Parents don't do this to hurt their children; they do it because they care. They want their children to be successful. Their intentions are good, but the way they choose is wrong.

3.How it harms children

Children are not experts; they are learners. When we expect too much from them, they become scared of making mistakes. They often feel stressed and lose their confidence.

Surveys show that about 60% to 75% of high school and college students experience significant academic and peer-comparison stress. Driven by the burden of grades, parental expectations, and digital comparisons, up to 50% of teenagers report facing near-daily stress or symptoms of moderate-to-severe anxiety and depression.

Honestly, I have seen students stop asking questions in class because they are afraid. This kills their curiosity and love for learning.

4.What we should do instead

We should let children learn slowly and make mistakes. Mistakes help them understand better. Parents and teachers should praise effort, not only results. We should expect children to be curious and hardworking, not to know everything. That is how they grow better.



The Deceptive Smile

Papri Mitra completed her M.A. in English Literature. She is striving for a career as an assistant professor. She has presented research papers as an independent scholar at various international conferences and seminars and has published book chapters and research articles in international anthologies and journals. Furthermore, she occasionally writes poetry out of her love for creative writing.

Papri Mitra

Happiness is a thing of the public sphere,
but grief is exclusively a private discourse.

Success is a subject of propaganda;
failure is a matter of confidentiality.

We can easily share
our euphoria and our achievements;
yet it is hard for bleeding hearts
to uncover their wounds.

Sharing a smile is always welcome,
yet our eyes hesitate
to shed tears in front of anyone.

Everyone appreciates the giggles,
but no one knows
how many sleepless nights
we have gone through.

Society's stereotypes:

disseminating happiness

is the mark of strength,

while discussing pain implies

you are mentally weak—

lacking emotional intelligence.

Hence, our deepest scars

are fastened in our essence;

hiding our unbearable suffering,

under the masquerade of contentment.

There is a saying:

'Time is the greatest healer.'

People advise—

move on.

They believe that those

who lose their loved ones

forget this anguish

with the passing years.

But is it really possible

to blank out those hands

that brought us into this world,

taught us how to walk,

filled us with love and care,
and made our lives complete?

Sad company is not enjoyable,
nor is it comfortable.

We all love the bright daylight
and grow uneasy in the long night.

So, if you are mourning,

if you are in misery,

if you are suffering,

you may be surrounded

by many familiar faces,

but no reflection of kinship,

no resonance of closeness,

no traces of friendliness.

Everyone loves

to celebrate our exultation,

yet we hardly find a person

who can hear our crying

even when our eyes are dry—

someone willing to walk with us

when the storm hits the land.

Though time fails to heal us,

it successfully teaches
how to seal
our deepest sorrow,
greatest bereavement,
at our very centre,
veiled behind a silk curtain of silence.
Some bruises are so radiant
no Panacea can cure them.
our pain increases every day,
bit by bit,
while our affinity for relationships
waned slowly—
we stop sharing
our feelings, our emotions.
Assuming we have finally overcome,
people praise us for bravery,
appreciating our practicality;
we react to nothing—
only our faces wear a gentle smile,
while the suppressed pain
aches in our core.

Sovereigns of the Timberline

Shveta Kacher is an emerging poet from Lucknow, India, exploring themes of community, shared motherhood, and internal voice.

Shveta Kacher

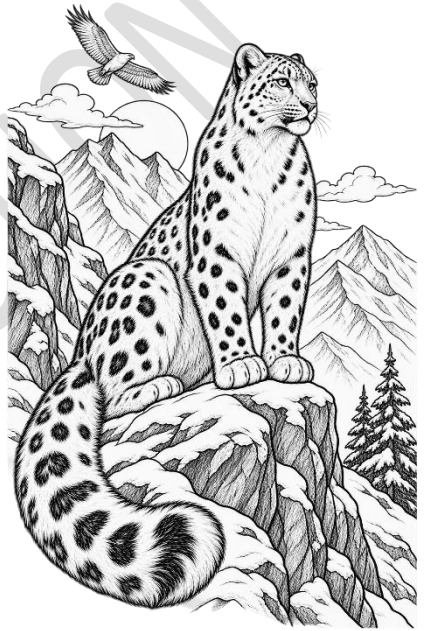
A sacred silhouette,
living art etched against the frost,
complete and solitary
among the frozen peaks.

They guard the highest summits —
altitudes we fail to protect.
The ghost of the timberline,
treading where few dare to follow.

A creature deeply revered,
yet adored from a distance.
We notice them only in fragments —
a sudden glimpse, a static photograph, a passing tale.

Cease the pursuit for once.
Bow to their quiet grace.

Look up at the sweeping sky



where ancient stars stare down.
Through the cursive drift of clouds
and the roar of the wind,
you could never truly decipher
the secrets that they keep.

They are akin to those stars —
silent monoliths of power,
binding the vast and the microscopic
into a singular, fragile world.

They carve their own sanctuaries
high upon the featureless white,
where no human eye follows,
where the gale forgets their name.

But they have adapted
to the cruelty of the cold,
thriving in isolation.

Oh, how we long for that resilience.

Instead, we fracture.

We break.

The snow leopards do not.

They endure — sovereign alone,
unbroken together.
And our unspoken bond will outlast the ice.

They can sense it.
They can see it.

A truth to endure by:
"The eye at the precipice
watches the valley below.
Standing.
Hunting."

Perched on the crown of the world,
observing our frantic motion,
they perceive our true nature
in ways we never will.

We blind ourselves to their presence,
while they, patient and ancient,
overlook the world.

Just Inches Apart!

Vidisha Chaudhary

He looks at me with adorable eyes,
And pats my head,
As if he was calming a child,
Who's hands were trembling and eyes were read.

There's a softness between the space between us,
A question we both quietly defend,
A fragile wish we never voice,
A hope we're scared to let ascend.

I was crying like a helpless child,
Tears slipping faster than I could hide,
And then he stood there firm and gentle,
Like the whole world could break,
But never on his watch,
No until he is on my side!

And when he finally calmed me,
When my sobs felt quite and slow,
He smiled with that soft warm pride,
The kind the only I know,
In that moment I wanted
so desperately it almost hurt,
to rise on my toes, just once,
and kiss his forehead tenderly,
as a thank you,
as a confession,
as everything I'm too scared to blurt.

And though we stand just inches apart,
Close enough to feel what could begin,
I wonder in the hush Between hearts ,
If we both feel it ,
Why don't we let it in?



CORRECTION

The Girl I Never was

I'm an ordinary girl from Nepal living in a small village. I'm not an expert at literature but I'm fond of writing and expressing my feelings by writing it down in forms of poems, quotes, and journal.

Numa Limbu

I saw my reflection in the mirror, but it wasn't me.

The more I tried to recognize myself,
the more I got lost deep in my thoughts.

I had changed myself
as the world wanted me to be,
trying to be the perfect girl.

I didn't know I had
lost myself.

I had lost all my years
without fun and entertainment.

I can't change myself back
'cause the world already pictured
me as the girl that I never
was.

I always tried to be the
perfect girl, but I couldn't.
Their expectations were high,
and I was getting tired.



I can't do anything now
but be the girl that I
never really was.
Everything is out of my hands.
Now I don't have any choice
but to be the same as I
was presented to the world.

CORRECTION

Never Enough

I'm an ordinary girl from Nepal living in a small village. I'm not an expert at literature but I'm fond of writing and expressing my feelings by writing it down in forms of poems, quotes, and journal.

Numa Limbu

It's funny how we're never
ever satisfied with anything.
Today, the weather is sunny, and
it's probably bothering a lot of people.
"This damn weather! Why is it so hot?"

The next day, the weather might be
cloudy, and no sun could be seen.
People will still complain about it.
"I hate this weather. Why is it so
gloomy and depressing?"

The weather will be everything but
to your liking.

You're like the weather, maybe.

You try and try... but it still
won't be enough.

You push yourself hard for validation,
and they still won't approve.

You'll never be enough for them.



After some time, it gets so bad—
you stop trying, and that's where
all expectations drop.
You can already feel the weight on your
shoulders coming off—
wait!
Your shoulders are heavy again.
Could it be the expectations?
Nope, it's not.
But it could most likely be the guilt
of not living up to their expectations.
It might be the guilt of not making
them proud.
It might be the pain built up inside
you for a very long time.
And the next thing you know...
you're not satisfied with yourself

Jism parast

Jaannii

Meri umeedon ka aaftaab —

be-waqt ast kaise ho gaya?

Dagabaazi mein tu

itna zabardast kaise ho gaya?

Jise khuda maana taa-umr —

aakhir woh jism-parast kaise ho gaya?



Men at border

I am 45 years old lady, married and presently house wife and on sabbatical since 2013 due to family priorities, I am from New Delhi and a graduate in English Hons. Basically a bengali and born and brought up in Siliguri (West Bengal), from past 20 years residing in Delhi.

Riya Roy

Martyr are the souls descend from heaven,
their purpose so high, so glorious.

Martyr are the souls descend from heaven,
their heart so brave , so gallant.

Martyr are the souls descend from heaven,
their nature so selfless ,so altruistic.

Martyr are the souls descend from heaven,
their cause are so noble, so virtuous.

Martyr are the souls descend from heaven,
their drive so righteous, so honest.

Martyr are the souls descend from heaven,
their feelings so patriotic, so heroic.

Martyr are the souls descend from heaven,
they protect nation' sovereignty,

we all salute men at border for their ultimate integrity.



THE BORDER BETWEEN US

Ayesha Siddiqui

Every evening, twelve-year-old Aarav sat beside the old iron fence behind his house.

The fence was unremarkable—rusty, uneven and covered with climbing vines. Yet to Aarav, it seemed enormous.

On the other side lived an old man named Rahim.

Aarav's mother had instructed him never to go near that house. She never explained why. She simply said, "Some people are better kept at a distance."

So Aarav remained on his side.

Every evening, however, he noticed Rahim watering the same small rose plant beside the fence.

One day, Aarav saw something unusual.

Rahim was struggling to lift a heavy bucket.

Without hesitation, Aarav squeezed through a gap in the fence and picked it up.

Rahim looked surprised.

"You shouldn't be here," he said.

"Neither should you be carrying that," Aarav replied.

For a moment, neither of them spoke.

Then Rahim laughed.

It was the first time Aarav had heard him do so.

From that day forward, the fence gradually became less significant.

Aarav discovered that Rahim had once been a schoolteacher. Rahim learned that Aarav disliked mathematics but loved drawing.

They began meeting every evening.

Rahim shared stories with him, and Aarav showed him his sketches.

One afternoon, Aarav asked, “Why did my mother say I shouldn’t talk to you?”

Rahim looked at the rose plant.

“Sometimes,” he said quietly, “people inherit fears they have never learned to question.”

Aarav did not completely understand.

That changed when the monsoon arrived.

Heavy rain fell throughout the night. By morning, the narrow stream beside their houses had overflowed, and water rushed through the streets.

Aarav’s mother slipped while trying to reach their neighbour’s house.

Before Aarav could help her, Rahim came running.

He crossed the flooded lane, pulled her to safety, and remained with them until the rain stopped.

That evening, Aarav’s mother stood silently beside the fence.

She looked at Rahim.

Then she looked at the rose plant.

“I was wrong,” she finally said.

Rahim smiled. “We all are, sometimes.”

A few weeks later, something remarkable happened.

The fence disappeared.

Not all at once.

First, one broken section was removed. Then another. Soon, the neighbours began using the space as a small garden.

Children played there. Adults gathered together in the evenings. Someone planted Jasmine, while someone else planted Marigolds.

And Rahim's rose grew taller than ever.

Years later, Aarav became an artist.

When people asked what had inspired his first painting, he always gave the same answer.

“A rusty fence.”

They laughed, assuming he was joking.

But Aarav would smile and say:

“The fence taught me that borders are often strongest when they exist only in our minds.”

He never forgot the lesson.

The world would always have maps.

It would always have lines.

But kindness had no boundary.

Neither did friendship.

Sometimes, all it took to cross a border was one person brave enough to take the first step.

The srisailam journey

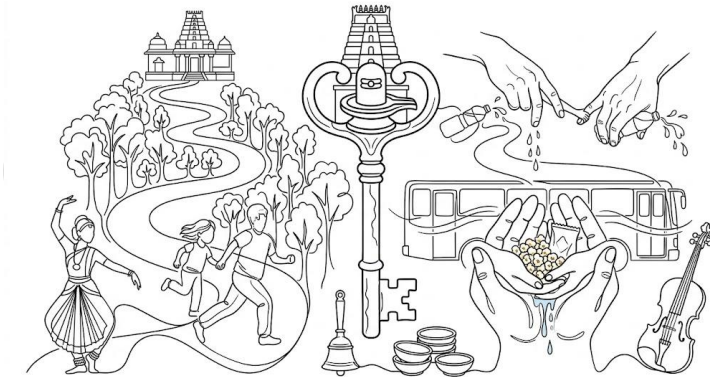
hi my self vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya sivarama prasad a practicing advocate at Andhra Pradesh. Beside that im a kuchipudi dancer and violinst beside that i had huge passion for writings, poetry, fictional stories, novels.

Vajrala Sree Lakshmi Sowmya sivarama prasad

It was just the four of us me, my mom, my dad, and my sister. We had been planning to go to Srisailam for a long time, and finally, we boarded a bus from our native place.

The journey itself was full of excitement. The roads through the Nallamala forest, the curves of the ghats, the cold wind coming through the bus windows everything felt like an adventure.

Somewhere in the middle of the journey, the bus stopped. Me and my dad got down to fill our water bottles. We found a small tap nearby and were filling them slowly, talking and laughing. We didn't notice that the bus had started moving again.



"The bus! The bus is going!" I shouted.

For a second we both panicked, then we started running. Dad was holding both water bottles tightly in one hand and pulling me with the other. People inside the bus were looking at us, some were shouting for the driver to stop.

We ran as fast as we could and finally caught up to it. We climbed back in, breathless and laughing, with water spilling from the bottles. Mom and my sister were scolding us and laughing at the same time. I will never forget that moment.

When we reached Srisailam, the whole town felt divine. We took a small AC room to stay. It was clean and cool after the long, hot journey.

In the evening, we went for the darshan of Lord Shiva at Mallikarjuna Temple. The crowd, the chants of "Om Namah Shivaya," the lights of the temple reflecting on the stones it felt so powerful and peaceful at the same time. We were so moved that we decided to visit the temple again the next morning. So in our two days there, we had darshan twice.

Those two days were pure joy. We walked around together, ate temple prasadam, bought small souvenirs, and just enjoyed being together away from home.

Then came the return journey.

As always, my dad was thinking about everyone. He went and bought buttermilk packets and popcorn for me and my sister, so we would have something to eat comfortably in the bus.

On the way back, I got my periods. I was feeling uncomfortable and a little low, and I quietly told my mom. My dad understood immediately. He didn't make it awkward or make a big deal about it. He just took extra care of me.

He made sure I had enough water, he kept bringing me those cool buttermilk packets to keep me comfortable in the heat, and the popcorn to make me feel better. It was such a small gesture, but it meant everything to me. I felt safe and cared for, even on a crowded bus journey.

We finally reached our native place late at night, tired but so happy. It was more than just a pilgrimage. It was fun, it was devotion, it was family, and it was my father's silent love that I saw in the form of a buttermilk packet and a popcorn packet.

Even now, when I think of Srisailam, I don't just think of Lord Shiva's temple. I think of running with my dad to catch that bus, and his caring hands holding everything together for us.

A Thousand Talents, One Untold Story

Prophetic Wellness

Let Me Tell You About a Rather Extraordinary Girl... ✨

Let me tell you about a girl.

Not the kind of girl who has one thing she is good at.

No, no.

She seems to have completely missed that particular life instruction. 😂

Give her a pencil—she sketches. 🖍️

Give her a canvas—she paints. 🎨

Give her mehndi—she creates designs. 🌿

Put her in a kitchen—she cooks. 👩🍳

Put her behind a steering wheel—she drives. 🚗

Give her something new to learn—and somehow, she'll eventually figure it out.

And just when you think you've discovered all her talents—
surprise.

She's a Hijama Therapist too. 🌿

She has this almost amusing habit of turning curiosity into a skill.

She sees something interesting and thinks,
“I wonder if I can do that?”

And then she tries.

Sometimes she learns it quickly.

Sometimes she struggles.

Sometimes she probably questions her entire decision halfway through. 😂

But eventually, she learns.

Because she has never really been interested in simply knowing things.

She wants to create them, understand them, experience them and eventually teach them.

And perhaps that's what makes her story worth telling.

She wants to learn more.
She wants to create more.
She wants to teach.
She wants to help people.
She has ideas—lots of them.

Actually, perhaps too many.

Her mind is basically a room full of ideas, all shouting:

“Pick me!” 🗣️

She dreams of doing many things, building something of her own, sharing what she knows and becoming someone whose skills can be useful to others.

And then...

Every good story has a plot twist.

Hers came quietly.

Life changed a few things.
Circumstances changed a few more.

And somewhere between all of that, the girl who once approached things with “I can do this” slowly began asking:

“Can I still do this?”

Her studies, which once came naturally, became difficult.

Her confidence became quieter.

Speaking openly and clearly became harder.

Even driving—something she already knew—could suddenly feel intimidating.



And her mind?

Oh, her mind discovered the wonderful world of overthinking and apparently decided to become a permanent resident. 😊

But here's the thing:

Her talents didn't disappear.

The artist was still there.

The learner was still there.

The creator was still there.

The teacher was still there.

Only the confidence had gone missing.

And maybe that is something many people don't understand.

Sometimes a person doesn't lose their ability.

They simply lose the courage to let anyone see it.

As the beautiful Urdu saying goes:

پرواز بے دونوں کی اسی ایک فضا میں، >
"کرگس کا جہاں اور ہے، شاہیں کا جہاں اور۔"

The sky may be the same, but every soul has a different way of soaring.

And perhaps she is still learning how to soar again.

Not because she has nothing to offer.

But because she has so much to offer that she doesn't know where to begin.

She wants to teach.

She wants to share.

She wants to create.

She wants to help people discover their own abilities.

She wants to tell someone who is hiding their talent:

“Please don't let fear become the keeper of your gifts.”

Because if you can paint—paint.

If you can write—write.

If you can cook—create.

If you can teach—teach.

If you can make something beautiful—let it be seen.

You don't have to wait until you're perfect.

You don't need everyone's approval.

And you certainly don't need to compare your first chapter with someone else's tenth.

Start small. Start imperfectly. Start anyway.

Because sometimes the world doesn't need another perfect person.

It needs someone brave enough to begin.

And maybe that's what this competition means to her.

Not a declaration that she is the best.

Not a claim that she has everything figured out.

But a tiny, courageous announcement:

“I have something inside me—and I'm finally willing to let it out.”

These photographs are more than photographs.

They are little glimpses of a girl who refuses to fit inside one definition.

A sketch.

A painting.
A mehndi design.
A dish made with love.
A drive.
A profession.
A collection of skills.
A thousand ideas.

And perhaps...

the beginning of something much bigger.

But here's where I need you.

Imagine this girl sitting in front of you and asking:

“What should I do next?”

How does she become more confident?

How does she learn to speak openly?

How does she put her creativity out into the world without being afraid of judgement?

Should she start creating content?

Show her artwork?

Speak on camera?

Teach online?

Build something of her own?

She wants to do all of it.

She just doesn't know where the first step is.

And maybe that's okay.

Because every great journey begins with someone brave enough to ask:

“Where do I begin?”

So, if you have read this far—

don't just tell her that she is talented.

Tell her what she should do with that talent.

Tell her where she should begin.

Tell her how she should step into the world.

Because perhaps...

you could be the person who gives this girl the direction she has been looking for. ♥

So, what should she do next?

She's listening. ✨

Perhaps this story was never really about how many things she could do.

Perhaps it was about a girl who spent years collecting little pieces of herself—through colours, sketches, recipes, mehndi, driving, healing, learning, teaching and creating—only to realise that she had never actually stopped being capable.

She had simply forgotten how loudly she was allowed to shine.

And now, she wants to remember.

She doesn't know exactly where this road will take her.

She doesn't have a perfect plan.

She doesn't even have all the answers.

But she has something far more important:

curiosity in her heart, creativity in her hands, countless dreams in her mind, and the courage to finally ask, “What if I begin?”

So perhaps this isn't the end of her story.

Perhaps this is the first page.

And if you have read this far, maybe you can become a tiny part of what comes next.

Tell her—where should she go from here?

What should she create?

What should she learn?

What should she share?

How should she find her voice and let the world meet the person behind all these little talents?

She is ready to listen.

Because sometimes, all a dream needs is one person to say—

“I see what you can become. Now go... and become it.” ✨

And perhaps, someday, she’ll look back at this little competition entry and smile—

“That was the moment I stopped hiding... and started becoming.” ♡

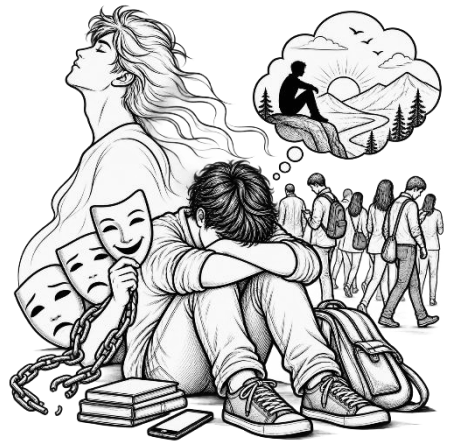
CORRECTION

Dead while Alive

S Balajothi is an aspirant with a sincere interest in learning and self-reflection. He has published a few poems that express personal thoughts, emotions, and everyday experiences in a simple and honest manner. With a thoughtful and patient outlook, Balajothi continues to develop his writing and confidence, believing that growth comes through discipline, experience, and quiet perseverance.

S Balajothi

The dead are not only beneath the ground,
Some are not found in a graveyard
But some among us
Hiding all their emotions within themselves,
Living a life just to pass the years,
Not to impress anyone or gain mercy,
Just a way of life after lessons learned.
Things that meant everything for the world,
No longer draw their attention.
The young, burnt-out crowd follows this path,
As though tradition being followed for years,
Leading a life where emotions are buried
The longing to be seen remains no longer.
A life in a society where silence is preferred,
Not to fit into society,
But a choice over the period of time



A life like shadow,
Disappear from the crowd,
Show up when needed.
Termed us cold-hearted
Isn't that the world around us?
Pushed us to be dead while alive

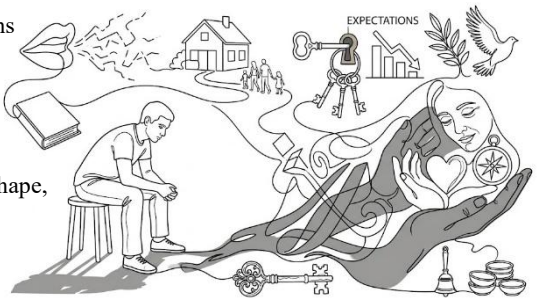
CORRECTION

Shadow the companion

S Balajothi is an aspirant with a sincere interest in learning and self-reflection. He has published a few poems that express personal thoughts, emotions, and everyday experiences in a simple and honest manner. With a thoughtful and patient outlook, Balajothi continues to develop his writing and confidence, believing that growth comes through discipline, experience, and quiet perseverance.

S Balajothi

Whispers advised that shadow disappear at dark
Isn't that a fallacy?
I witnessed the whispers drift away from me,
But little they know, I withdrew my interest from everything.
My presence felt drowning, so I
Vanished from their sight.
They no longer remain my home.
How long will he be alone? Said the whispers
But aren't you with me - back and forth, day and night
Unlike them when they find no one
Birth of peace on death of expectations
You stood with me when all felt lost,
Cheered me up when I felt lost
Made me laugh with your changing shape,
Unlike them changing with time
A keen listener of mine



A space to rant without fear of being judged.

Now I understand why the creator created you

I wish there was a life in you!

So I would never seek anyone

I wonder what if there was no shadow at all

CORRECTION

Once upon in my dream-

Kumari Deepika Singh

Once upon in my dream

I saw a world where no one was mean

I was inhaling kindness

And exhaling gentility

Where skies were painted

With the brush of hope

And the sun shone

With a polite glow

The laughter of people

Echoed everywhere

And love for one another

Was in the air

The trees were shouting

You are worth

And the flowers were dancing

On the melody of pleasure

The rivers were telling untold stories

While the mountains wrote a love theory



As I was wandering in my dreams
I felt my soul came alive
My mind was purely satisfied
The heart was knocking with another surprise
And a magical moment was yet to arrive

A world full of dreams and bright light
Where only love rule
Every day and night
We were dancing with our heart and soul
Was hoping this dream would never end
A universe full of beauty and peace
No worries, and living at ease

As I woke up from the dream so sweet
My mind was full of heavy sigh
Waking up from the dreamland
Where everything was crystallly clean
But deep in my heart
The memories will always stay
Of once upon my dream
Once upon my dream.

As A Cloud & Daffodils

I'm Amrita Mohapatra from Bhubaneswar, odisha. I belong to odia hindu brahmin family. I'm 20 years old. I'm MBA student

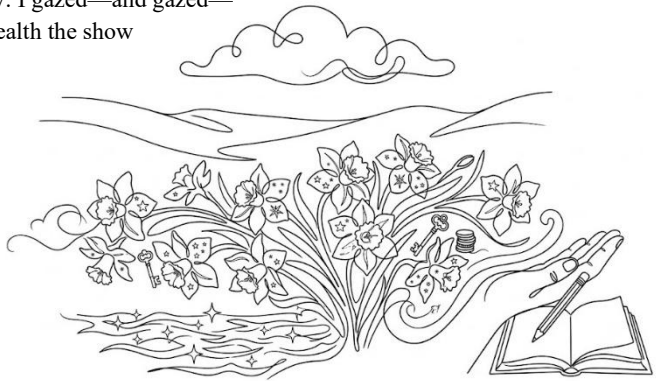
Amrita Mohapatra

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company: I gazed—and gazed—
but little thought, what wealth the show
to me had brought.



The Curious, Cunning, Chaotic Adventure

Harshita Khare is a high school student from Mumbai who loves writing fiction and telling stories. When she's not writing, she spends time volunteering with NPOs, practicing classical dance, and finding new ways to be creative.

Harshita Khare

Curious Clara sat by the crackling café,
Counting cars as they careened clean away.
Chocolate colored clouds curled overhead,
While curious clutter kept crowding her head.
"Could I?" thought Clara — could she really go?
Her courage came creeping, uncertain and slow.
She carefully counted the coins in her cup,
Cracked open the door, and clattered on up.
She crossed the crowded, cluttered street,
Where clanging carts and cars couldn't compete
With the cheerful
commotion crammed
in the square;

A carousel creaking,
chairs everywhere.

A clever confectioner
called, "Come and
choose!"

Caramel, cookies,
cinnamon chews.



Clara counted her coins, considering care:
"Cake's too costly. Candy too. I'll share."
She wandered on, half-lost in the scene,
Kids chasing clouds, cyclists cutting clean
Through a city that felt colossal and bright,
Too much color, too much light.
Clouds gathered close; the cool evening came,
And Clara's carefree outing changed shape.
She turned herself homeward, no longer afraid,
Curiosity, it seemed, was courage half-made.
She came through the courtyard, cheeks flushed red,
Cookie crumbs caught in her wind-tangled head.
Nothing had gone quite the way she had planned.
Maybe that was the whole point, she thought, half-grinning.

It's all about you

Vanzyla Dcosta

Does life feel like a burden
where you don't know what to do ?
you don't know what's happening you don't have a clue?
you were feeling happier
but it was all just a fluke?
you are imperfections have become your boundaries
and it seems you can't find its remedy?
you think people are born with flowers
and you are one of them?
you can't do anything without missing it up
you can't even look in the mirror and say
"what's up"? but hey don't worry your trying
your level best
you can't fail again , just trust the process.
and at the end of the day remember:
you are unique you are special you are
precious you are strong
you are loved you are cared for
and most important you are chosen by all
mighty God



A Moral Crime?

Scarlett, is a 21-year-old college student with a passion for reading and writing. As she navigates the challenges and joys of student life, she finds solace and expression in weaving words into poetry. Inspired by the world around her and the depths of human emotion, Scarlett constantly seeks to improve her craft, striving to become a more impactful storyteller.

Scarlett

I'm Mayra.

A girl.

A daughter to someone.

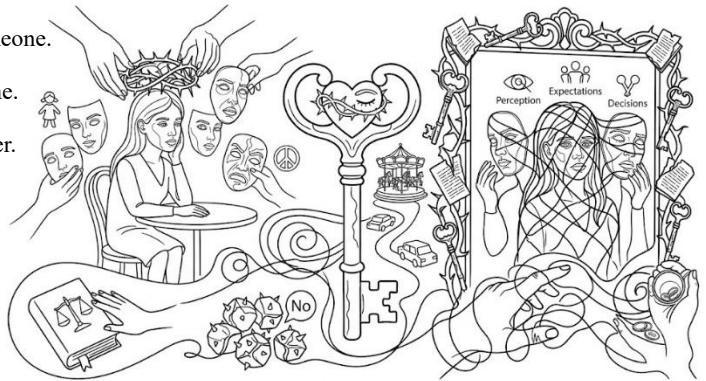
A sister to someone.

Someone's younger.

Someone's elder.

Someone's peace.

Someone's chaos.



I've been everything except myself.

Being myself has been such a big task I'm unable to fulfill.

My mother always says that I'm not good enough.

However I've always tried my best, but still.. I'm never good enough.

I'm never the best, always the worst.

Never the trust, but always a curse.

Never the cure, I'm always the pain.

She said she wanted me dead someday. Or maybe if she was dead herself it would've been easier for her.

She's still alive. I'm still alive.

We both are alive.

Both are suffering.

I wish I could end mine.

Of course, suffering.

I wish I could end hers by ending mine.

But not breathing now suffocates.

Being everything to everyone else does the same. It suffocates me.

To the point I can't live.

To the point I can't feel.

To the point I can't heal.

I want to survive this. But being the Mayra from everyone's perception, expectations and decisions isn't easy.

Being their Mayra hurts.

Badly.

Brutally.

I want to be my own Mayra now.

Who doesn't have to feel the numbness.

Emptiness.

The tears.

But whenever I try to be that Mayra, everyone looks at me like I'm the villain.

Like I'm the culprit.

I'm the problem.

I don't understand.

Standing up for myself, setting boundaries, saying no or saying that I'm in pain bravely.

When did it all become a crime?

When did that happen?

As far as I remember, that was what I was told to follow by my Moral Knowledge's teacher.

The books said it too.

They never mentioned it as a crime though.

So how come I commit a sin and not know my fault?

I'm still searching for the answers.

Still searching for the clues.

Out of the blue, should I say “no” to the plate of gulaabjamun in front of me which I absolutely despise?

CORRECTION

Finding My Own Way

I am a school student with a deep interest in writing and storytelling. I enjoy exploring everyday experiences, emotions, and the quiet thoughts that often go unnoticed. Through my writing, I try to turn simple moments into stories that readers can connect with and find a part of themselves in.

NAYAN JYOTI DAS

I don't always need a plan,
just a road that feels calm and free,
a bike ride beside a quiet river,
or through a forest, not knowing what's next.

Some days it's the wind on my face,
some days it's just quiet steps,
but it's always that same feeling —
not knowing what comes next, and going anyway.

There are days it feels heavy,
like I'm moving but going nowhere,
still I keep trusting the road,
even when I can't see where it leads.

If you were beside me on this journey,
I wouldn't need to say much,



just knowing you're there, riding too,
would make the distance feel lighter.

I want to build something real someday,
something that makes me proud,
so I leave behind my doubts,
the fear that says I'm not enough.

Maybe I was never lost,
just slowly finding myself,
in my own way.

CORRECTION

Human Bee

Shamira Jashath writes about pain, longing, memory, healing, and the beauty found in brokenness. Her poetry gives voice to unspoken emotions, turning wounds into words and creating space for readers to feel understood.

Shamira Jashath

Each and every flower bears a various fragrance,
While bee gathers the same honey from them all.
Even a bee does not remain with a single flower,
It seeks what each one has to offer.
Likewise, humans use people to satisfy their needs,
then forget those who gave to them.
A bee stings only the one
who dares to steal its honey.
Human, however, often wound the very people
whose labour helped them thrive,
simply to claim the fruits of another's hard work.



Things between us

Shamira Jashath writes about pain, longing, memory, healing, and the beauty found in brokenness. Her poetry gives voice to unspoken emotions, turning wounds into words and creating space for readers to feel understood.

Shamira Jashath

I'm the fairy tale she'll never see,
I'm the moon, when she sleeps early.
I'm the sunrise she wakes too late,
I'm the wind, a fear she can't debate.
I'm the autumn, while her heart craves
summer's heat....



The Canticle of the Unaccompanied

Ghazifa Bashir is a writer and FSc Pre-Medical student at Kinnaird College for Women, Lahore. Her work has appeared in Monograph Magazine, St. Stephen's College PostScript (twice), The Disappointed Housewife, Jarida Today, Swim Press (twice), Florescence Magazine, Unearthed, iExile, Bowen Street Press, Apparna Hsna Magazine, the Jollie Publication (Petrichor) Anthology, Parcham Magazine, MindPrint Magazine, and the Yasco Foundation Anthology.

Ghazifa Bashir

The hospice was an antechamber—a liminal passage between the geography of the living and the silence of what lay beyond. Not a place of finality, as once presumed, but of translation: a quiet negotiation between the density of a life fully inhabited and the attenuation of its release. Years stationed there as a witness to countless crossings. Patients arrived bearing the sediment of their histories, their unresolved regrets, their incomplete utterances—and assistance was rendered in the gradual relinquishment of all they had carried. The hospice did not teach how to die. It instructed in the discipline of beholding.

The corridor stretched like a spine dividing two worlds. On one side, the fluorescent insistence of the living—charts, monitors, the ceaseless hum of machinery. On the other, the gathering quiet of those preparing to depart. The threshold between them was not marked by any door, but felt in the quality of the air: heavier here, more patient, as though time itself had learned to slow its passage. The dying taught that every breath was a negotiation, every exhalation a possible farewell. They taught that the body was not a fortress but a vessel, and that the soul was not a possession but a visitor.

Some arrivals were violent in their refusal. Their bodies clenched against the current, fists tightening, jaws set against the inevitable. Others surrendered with a grace that seemed almost rehearsed, as though they had been practicing for this moment across decades of quiet preparation. But most occupied a middle territory—neither resistance nor surrender, but a

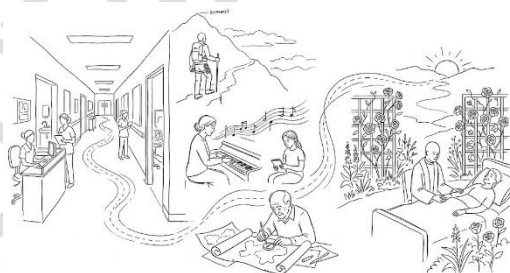
prolonged attentiveness, a vigilance that refused to concede either to hope or to despair. They became students of their own dissolution, documenting the slow erosion of their vitality with the precision of scholars. Each day brought a new observation: the fading of a favorite scent, the muffling of a familiar voice, the gradual attenuation of desire.

The nurse's station was a nexus of quiet heroism. Professionals who had learned to administer compassion without sentiment, to offer presence without expectation. Their hands were precise, their voices calm, their eyes accustomed to witnessing the unspeakable without flinching. They moved through their shifts with the economy of those who had internalized the rhythm of the ward. The charting was meticulous; the observations were clinical; the empathy was genuine. They understood that healing was not always restoration, but sometimes accompaniment. Not always salvation, but sometimes solidarity.

A young man arrived whose name is worth recording—Daniel, who had not yet reached his fourth decade. His diagnosis was summary, his prognosis abbreviated. He had been a climber, a man who had spent his brief years seeking altitude, pressing his body against the

resistance of rock and ice. His hands were calloused, his lungs scarred by altitude, his eyes still holding the faraway clarity of summits. He did not mourn his shortened timeline. He mourned the impossibility of one final ascent, the foreclosure of a future that would not include another dawn above the clouds. His dying was not a decline but a descent—a gradual return from the heights he had sought, a slow acclimatization to the gravity he had spent his life defying. In the final weeks, he spoke of the silence at altitude, the particular quality of stillness that existed above the treeline, where the wind was the only sound and the sky was the only boundary. He said that hospice reminded him of that silence—the same purity, the same absence of pretense, the same proximity to something vast and indifferent. His crossing was not a defeat; it was a summit of another kind.

Another patient, a woman named Clara, approached the threshold through the labyrinth of her memory. Alzheimer's had been her companion for



nearly a decade, eroding the architecture of her past with the patience of water carving stone. She had been a pianist—her fingers still remembered the geometry of the keyboard, even when her consciousness could no longer summon the names of the pieces she had played. Her daughter visited each afternoon, reading aloud from the journals her mother had kept, attempting to stitch together a coherence that no longer existed. Clara did not always recognize her daughter, but she always recognized the music. When the daughter played recordings of Chopin, something in Clara's gaze sharpened, her fingers tracing the air as though she were conducting a symphony only she could hear. Her crossing was not an extinguishing; it was a transcription. Her identity was translated into a language that did not require memory. She did not remember who she had been, but she remained who she was—a soul shaped by sound, a being whose essence had been forged in the interval between notes.

In Room 12, an elderly man named George waited with a patience that seemed to have outlasted his body. He had been a cartographer, a man who had spent his life drawing the boundaries of nations, tracing the contours of rivers, annotating the elevations of mountains. His maps had been used by travelers, soldiers, and refugees. Now he was mapping his own journey, charting the trajectory of his decline with the same precision he had once applied to the territories of others. He spoke of the maps he had never drawn—the territories that existed only in the imagination, the geographies of the heart that resisted cartographic capture. He was not afraid of the crossing; he was curious about what lay beyond the edges of his own map. His final days were spent in a quiet fascination, observing the slow disappearance of his own physicality with the detachment of a scholar studying a foreign land. He crossed not as a navigator, but as an explorer.

The volunteers arrived in shifts, offering their presence without expectation. Some read aloud from novels, their voices steady, their cadence unhurried. Others simply sat, their hands resting on the hands of the dying, offering warmth without words. There was a particular quality to their attention—a willingness to be present without demanding reciprocity. They understood that the dying were not vessels to be filled with consolation, but witnesses to be accompanied. Their presence was a form of testimony, a refusal to let the dying vanish without acknowledgment. They were not there to rescue; they were there to remember.

The garden was a sanctuary adjacent to the ward. A small enclosure of green, where patients who still possessed sufficient strength could sit in the sun, their faces tilted toward the light, their bodies absorbing the warmth of a world they were preparing to leave. Roses bloomed there, indifferent to the mortality that surrounded them. Their petals fell and were replaced, their cycle unbroken by the departures that occurred within the walls beside them. The garden did not mourn; it continued. It was a reminder that life did not cease with the cessation of a single breath, that the world continued its indifferent rotation, that the seasons would persist long after every patient in the ward had crossed

The chaplain was a quiet presence, her faith worn lightly, her words chosen with care. She did not impose; she offered. She spoke of the mystery that lay beyond the threshold not as certainty, but as possibility. She said that the crossing was not a departure but an arrival—that every ending contained within it the seed of a beginning. She was not dogmatic; she was companionable. She sat beside the dying, her hand on theirs, her voice a murmur against the silence. She was not there to convert; she was there to witness.

The crossing itself was a moment of particular gravity. The body prepared, the breath slowed, the eyes focused on something invisible to those who remained. There was a sequence to the departure—a recognition, a release, a relinquishment. The dying often spoke in the final hours, their voices sometimes lucid, sometimes incomprehensible. They said the names of the dead, as though greeting them across a distance that had suddenly collapsed. They expressed gratitude, or contrition, or acceptance. And then they were gone—not erased, but translated. Not absent, but present elsewhere.

In the years since, the corridor still stretches between two worlds. The fluorescent lights still hum, the monitors still pulse, the patients still arrive bearing the sediment of their histories. The volunteers still come, the chaplain still sits beside the dying, the garden still blooms. Nothing has changed, and everything has changed. The hospice remains an antechamber, a border post, a passage. The dying continue to teach what cannot be learned elsewhere—that every ending is an opening, that every departure is an arrival, that the interval between breaths is not a termination but a beginning.

The Scent of Home

I am not a seasoned literary figure, nor do I claim to understand the rigid mechanics of what, how, or why to write. Instead, I am simply someone who finds joy in playing with words. Hindi remains closest to my heart, and I have always had a fondness for weaving everyday conversations with rich idioms and listening to soul-stirring poetry.

Thakur Daivik Singh

The scent of damp earth and freshly bloomed night jasmine always took Samar back to the courtyard of his childhood home in Lahore. Sitting in his small, sunlit apartment in Old Delhi, seventy years later, the fragrance from his balcony garden still carried the same haunting memory.

Samar was twelve when the borders were drawn. Overnight, maps changed, and lines were etched deep into the soil. Families were displaced, leaving behind keys to houses they would never enter again. Samar's grandfather had handed him a single, heavy brass key before they fled across the newly formed border, whispering, "Keep it safe. We will go back when the dust settles."

The dust never settled, but Samar kept the key in a small velvet pouch inside his wooden chest.

Decades passed. Samar became a grandfather himself. One evening, his granddaughter, Aisha, returned from an international cultural exchange program in Lahore. She placed a small, worn wooden jewelry box on his lap.

"I met an elderly potter named Farooq in Anarkali Bazaar, Dada," Aisha said softly. "When I mentioned your name and our ancestral neighborhood, his eyes filled with tears. He gave me this for you."

With trembling fingers, Samar opened the box. Inside lay a handful of dried jasmine flowers and a brass lock—the exact mate to the key he had guarded for seven decades. Tucked beneath was a small note written in elegant Urdu:

"The doors we left behind may have changed, but the land still remembers the footsteps of those who loved it. Borders divide nations, my friend, not souls."

Samar inserted the key into the ancient lock. With a gentle twist, it turned smoothly with a soft click. Tears rolled down his weathered cheeks as he realized that some bonds transcend maps, politics, and time itself.

CORRECTION

Mohabbat

Divyansh Gupta

That person, sitting far away, is so close to my heart; she may seem like a stranger, yet she feels like my own. How do I tell her the state of my heart—that without her, my body refuses to breathe, my mind refuses to think, and my heart refuses to beat? She thinks I am constantly thinking of someone else, but the truth is, lost in thoughts of her, I lose all sense of time—day or night. Even though she is far away, I feel her presence as if she were sitting right in front of me. Memories of her make my eyes well up with tears, and waiting for her often leaves me weeping. I am constantly haunted by the fear of losing her. She says she might leave me for the sake of her studies, but sometimes, alongside one's studies, it is equally important to make time for that special someone.

Behind the walls

Keza Maria Cynthia

I still remember those times,
All those restless nights,
Sleep wasn't optional,
Since choosing it was forbidden,
Drank too much sleeping pills,
Yet sleep turned my enemy.

Night drive became a bestie,
Since it took an ounce of pain,
The walls I sat in still engulfed me,
But behind all that I still held our memory,
The memory we shared before,
I remember the door closing behind you.

Your scent still remain in my nostrils,
Your breath still catches me,
I thought our boundaries meant nothing,
I thought our live was beyond borders,
Yet there you are watching me,
Staring at me a few inches with no touch.



Behind those walls I still faint at your scent,
Behind those walls I still see our love,
Behind those walls your voice still echoes,
Behind those walls I still stare at our portrait,
Behind those walls I still feel it all for you,
Behind those walls I still choose you.

CORRECTION

Treasure of people

Angela

It's something we had

Maybe for a long time

Maybe not.

Maybe it's a memory, maybe it's an object

Perhaps a photo?

A doll?

Something that we picked up

Or something someone gave to us?

People treasure different things

For some, it's something similar

Yet the memory is different

Or for some people, it could be the opposite.

Yet there is something that people always treasure

Because in one way, it is theirs alone.

Sure, someone could have something identical

Yet the memories of it, the memories of how they got it

Who they might've gotten it from

Would always be different.



Memories, treasures, they're all different

Just like people

People could also be the very thing

That someone else treasures

We aren't objects

Yet we also give memories to others

Something that would be kept

In their minds.

We don't know how long that is

It might be until they're gone

It might be just for a few minutes

Now and then while they're thinking

Or it might be in the present.

There is something that most

People treasure

Sure, not all

But it could be a memory

A photograph

A person

A pet

Or just something they picked up one day

And decided that they liked it

And did what they could to not lose it.

That could be what makes someone,

Or something a treasure

Something someone saw one day

Decided they liked the presence it gave

And decided that it would then

Be their treasure.

CORRECTION

Almost Human

Syeda Hijaab Fatima is a young, Pakistani writer, poet and author who writes poems that sit at the intersection of silence and sound. With a love for honest language and sharp imagery, she try to make the ordinary feel profound.

Syeda Hijaab Fatima

A turtle passed me slowly
while the whole world was buried by...

I saw a creature of the deep
when the whole sea was silent.

The voice traveled through miles of water,
sleeping, searching for the forgotten ear.
The ocean should have given...

A crow against the silver moon,
black as the nib of a pencil.

O moth, why mistake fire,
little pilgrim of flame,
for just a star?

A dolphin was leaping beside the sea,
laughing as though the world were wearing sunlight like a crown,
but never told how to drown,

diving, rising, circling.

I watched it stretching the blue sky.

A human question arose:

Why always so happy?

Nothing, nothing.

All I could hear,

the loudest laughter I could hear,

was the small word: nothing.

Finding a spider beneath a wall,

sadly, its palace was gone.

How?

Wind, so kind for some,

so cruel for some,

thread by thread,

left the trembling strands.

I saw it beginning again,

thread by thread,

hope after hope.

Destruction?

No, not knowing the meaning of surrender.

I found an elephant staring at something

I couldn't see,

perhaps a ghost.

I saw his eyes—libraries,

vanished books,

as if the earth were a locked diary,

perhaps knowing the password.

Far beyond the shore,

a voice traveled, searching for an ear.

A whale called into the blue.

Again, again, and again,

perhaps hope is simply loneliness.

Cars chased the clocks,
morning chased the nights,
people chased the future,
but one stood still.

I asked,
“Aren't you afraid?”

It looked at me
as if I had asked its purpose of creation.

“I carry my home.
Why would I race towards someone else?”

That was the reply I got.

The strangest one wasn't you,
me,
snail,
elephant,
dolphin,
or moth—

but asking a living thing
what it meant to feel alive.

Maybe that is why I kept meeting.

Maybe that is why it is strange.

Or maybe

I never met the animals.

CORRECTION

THE BORDERS WE CARRY

Harris is a student with a deep curiosity about people, cultures, and the stories that shape human lives. Drawn to the quiet emotions hidden behind everyday experiences, he finds writing a way to explore identity, belonging, and the invisible boundaries that exist between people.

Harris

They told me a border was a line—
drawn across a map
by hands that never had to live upon it.

“Here you end.
There, another begins.”

But I wondered—
who taught the river where to stop?
Who told the wind
which country it belonged to?
Who taught the birds
to carry passports across the sky?

I have seen borders without fences.

They live in surnames,
in the colour of our skin,
in the language we speak,
in the clothes we wear,
in the places we are told
we do not belong.

Some borders are drawn
inside a child's mind
before the child even learns
what a border means.

We inherit them,
and then call them tradition.

We inherit fear,
and then call it difference.

Ask a migrant what a border means
and perhaps they will not speak of geography.

They will speak of a door
closing behind them.

Of a mother's voice
fading through a telephone.

Of a suitcase carrying
more memories than clothes.

Of standing far from home
while the heart remains there.

And still, humans cross.

We cross mountains, oceans, languages.
We carry our grandmother's recipes
into unfamiliar kitchens,
our childhood songs
into distant cities.

We borrow words from strangers.
We fall in love across cultures.
We change.

And somewhere between
what we were
and what we become,
a new world quietly begins.

Perhaps we were never meant
to fit inside the boxes
we drew around ourselves.

We call them nations,
tribes, communities,
castes, classes.

Then forget
that behind every label
there is someone
who laughs, grieves, remembers,
and longs to be understood.

Maybe every border
is simply a question:

How long must you call someone
a stranger
before you listen to their story?

Because every stranger
carries a homeland inside them—
a voice, a street, a smell,
a name once spoken with love.

Perhaps we are all immigrants
from somewhere.

Some cross countries.
Some cross oceans.

Some only cross
the invisible distance
between childhood and adulthood.

So when they ask me,
“Where is your border?”

I will not point to a fence.

I will place my hand
over my heart.

“Here.

This is where I was taught
to divide the world
into mine and yours.

And this is also
where I learned
to erase the line.”

Perhaps going beyond borders
does not mean crossing into another land.

Perhaps it means
crossing the distance
between one human heart
and another.

Until there is no

“us”

and

“them.”

Only—

we.

WHERE THE MAP ENDS

Harris is a student with a deep curiosity about people, cultures, and the stories that shape human lives. Drawn to the quiet emotions hidden behind everyday experiences, he finds writing a way to explore identity, belonging, and the invisible boundaries that exist between people.

Harris

There is a line on every map

that says,

“Do not cross.”

But I have never seen

the sky obey one.

The clouds move freely.

The rain falls everywhere.

The birds leave in winter

and return when they remember home.

Only we stop ourselves.

We build walls

and give them names—

country, caste, class,

language, religion,
mine and yours.

Then we teach our children
to be careful of the other side.

I wonder what a child would think
if we gave them no map,
only the earth.

Would they ask
which soil belongs to whom?

Would they refuse a hand
because it came from
the other side of a line?

Perhaps borders are not born.

Perhaps they are taught.

A stranger arrives
carrying a different language,
and we hear distance.

Someone dresses differently,
and we see difference.

Someone prays differently,
and we forget
that the silence in every prayer
sounds almost the same.

But people have always crossed.

A traveller carries home
in a small bag.

A migrant carries it
in a memory.

A mother carries it
in the way she calls
her child by an old nickname.

Home is strange like that—
sometimes it is a place,
sometimes a person,

sometimes only a smell
that suddenly brings back
a life we thought we had forgotten.

So perhaps going beyond borders
does not require a passport.

Perhaps it requires
only the courage
to sit beside a stranger
long enough
to discover their story.

Because the world has enough walls.

What it needs
are people willing to ask,

“Tell me where you come from,”

and, after listening,

to say—

***“I understand.

I have been there too,

in one way or another.”**

And maybe someday
the maps will still have lines,

but our hearts won't.

Perhaps that is
where the real border ends.

HINDI

आज का भारत

I'm Abhishek, wrote this "आज का भारत" to exposes the harsh, undeniable realities facing the nation today. Rather than turning away from these ground truths, it issues a powerful call to collective responsibility, urging every citizen to actively reform and uplift the country selflessly for the progress and future of the entire nation.

Abhishek Kumar Mahato

आज हम किस भारत में साँसे ले रहे हैं ??

जहाँ चारों ओर फैला भ्रष्टाचार है,

ठप पड़ा SYSTEM का कारोबार है।

जहाँ की शिक्षा व्यवस्था की नींव ही कमजोर है..

अरे !!

यहाँ तो.. बस महंगाई और गरीबी का ही शोर है।



आज हम किस भारत में साँसे ले रहे हैं ??

जहाँ मानवता को पीछे धकेल कर,

संप्रदायवाद और जातिवाद का विष घोला जाता है,

दिल पसीजता है यह देखकर कि..

यहाँ मानवता से ऊपर मजहब को तौला जाता है।

क्या ये वही भारत है ??

जिसके लिए सुभाष ने अपना लहू बहाया था,

क्या इसी दिन के लिए ??

भगत और खुदीराम ने फंदे को हँसकर गले लगाया था।

आज बाबा साहब की आत्मा भी शायद रोती होगी,

जब अपने संविधान को बिखरते देखती है।

गांधी बापू की रूह भी तड़प उठती होगी,

जब इस देवधरा को नफरत की आग में जलते हुए देखती है।

चूर हुए वो सपने.. जो देशभक्तों ने सजाए थे,

आज पूछती है ये माटी हम सब से..

"क्या ये वही भारत है ??

जिसके लिए अनगिनत वीर काम आए थे !!!"

चाँद तो बस एक बहाना है

An emerging author presenting his imagination and special feelings
for his loved one by some beautiful writings that matter

Shreekanth sharma

हर रात बादलों में चाँद से मुलाकात होती है,

इसी बहाने आपसे थोड़ी बात होती है,

अक्सर बादल भी चाँद छिपाकर हमें सताते हैं,

पर हम भी बादलों के बीच से आपको सारी बात बताते हैं...

हर रात बादलों में चाँद से मुलाकात होती है,

इसी बहाने ज़रा हसीन रात होती है,

अक्सर बादल भी चाँद छिपाकर हमें सताते हैं,

पर हम भी बादलों के बीच से आपको सारी रात निहारते हैं...

हर रात बादलों में चाँद से मुलाकात होती है,

इसी बहाने सफेद चाँदनी की बरसात होती है,

अक्सर बादल भी चाँद छिपाकर हमें सताते हैं,

पर हम भी बादलों के बीच से खुद को हर रात भीगाते हैं...

हर रात बादलों में चाँद से मुलाकात होती है,

इसी बहाने थोड़ी देर तू हमारे साथ होती है,

अक्सर बादल भी चाँद छिपाकर हमें सताते हैं,
पर हम भी बादलों के बीच से तुझे हर बार साथ लाते हैं ...

CORRECTION

वो एक दिलकश एहसास

Vaishnavi Gholap

मैं उसके पहली नजर मैं मानो कैद हो गई थी और उसे इसकी भनक तक नहीं। वो एक खूबसूरत लम्हा चला तोह गया लेकिन मैं आज भी उसी में जी रही हू।

उसके बाद उसका खयाल मेरे जहन से जा पाना नामुमकिन सा लगा मुझे। ऐसा नहीं था कि उससे खूबसूरत लड़का कभी मैंने देखा नहीं था लेकिन वो एक एहसास जो मुझे सिर्फ उसके पास से गुजरने के बाद ही आया था।

उस एहसाह को मैंने इस कदर महसूस किया था कि मैं दिन रात उसमें ही मदहोश रहने लगी।



खामोशी

Aditya Singh Rathor

खामोशी के सिलसिले में कुछ यूं चलता रहा।

जैसी ज़मीन पर कछुए चलते हैं।

और मैंने सिखाया है कि खामोश ही रहना ठीक है।

क्योंकि अक्सर करीब ही तोहें किया करते हैं

CORRECTION

सरहदों के पार भी

संगीता पटेल, आयु 26 वर्ष, मध्य प्रदेश के जबलपुर शहर की निवासी हैं। उनकी प्रारम्भिक शिक्षा केंद्रीय विद्यालय, सीओडी, जबलपुर से पूर्ण हुई। उन्होंने शिक्षा के क्षेत्र में उत्कृष्ट उपलब्धियाँ प्राप्त करते हुए बी.कॉम., बी.एड., एम.एड. तथा पीजीडीसीए की डिग्रियाँ अर्जित की हैं।

Sangeeta shivam Patel

सरहदों के पार भी
एक दिल धड़कता है,
बिल्कुल वैसे ही
जैसे यहाँ धड़कता है।

वहाँ भी एक माँ
अपने बेटे के इंतजार में
रात भर जागती है,
वहाँ भी एक बहन
राखी पर अपने भाई को
याद करके रोती है।

हमने नक्शे पर
लकीरें खींच दीं,
हमने जमीन को
तुम्हारी-हमारी में बाँट दिया,
पर हवा से कैसे कहोगे
कि उधर मत जाना?
बारिश से कैसे कहोगे
कि उस तरफ मत बरसना?

सरहदों के पार भी
वही चाँद निकलता है,
वही सूरज डूबता है,



बच्चे वैसे ही हँसते हैं,
बूढ़े वैसे ही कहानियाँ सुनाते हैं।

कोई सरहद नहीं रोक पाई
माँ की दुआ को,
कोई दीवार नहीं रोक पाई
प्यार की खुशबू को,
कोई बंदूक नहीं मार पाई
इंसानियत को।

मैंने देखा है,
सरहद के इस पार
एक सैनिक की आँख में आँसू,
और सरहद के उस पार भी
ठीक वैसा ही आँसू।

दोनों की वर्दी का रंग अलग है,
पर दोनों के खून का रंग
एक ही है - लाल।

काश कोई समझाए,
कि प्यार का कोई पासपोर्ट नहीं होता,
दर्द का कोई वीजा नहीं होता,
और इंसानियत के लिए
किसी सरहद की जरूरत नहीं होती।

सरहदें नक्शे पर अच्छी लगती हैं,
दिलों पर नहीं

भीगा हुआ मजार

Bebo bharti

बरसात की हर बूंद में तेरा फ़साना निकला,
मेरे हिस्से बस अशकों का ख़ज़ाना निकला।
वो शख्स जिसे रूह से चाहा था उम्र भर,
आखिर वही मेरी तन्हाइयों का बहाना निकला।

बिजलियाँ गिरीं तो लगा तू सदा दे रहा है,
गरजा जो आसमान, दिल फिर दुआ दे रहा है।
मगर हर दुआ बेअसर, हर तमन्ना बेवफ़ा हुई,
इश्क़ का हर सफ़हा आखिर फ़क़त सज़ा दे रहा है।

अब बारिश से नहीं, अपनी किस्मत से भी डरता हूँ,
हर भीगी हुई शाम में तेरा नाम पढ़ता हूँ।
लोग कहते हैं, "मौसम बड़ा हसीं है आज",
कौन समझाए... मैं तो हर बूंद में तेरा जनाज़ा-ए-ख़्वाब पढ़ता हूँ।

कितनी अजीब बात है ऐ दिल-ए-बेकरार,
बारिश थम भी जाए तो नहीं थमता इंतज़ार।
वो लौटे भी तो शायद पहचान न पाए मुझे,
मैं इश्क़ नहीं रहा... बस एक भीगा हुआ मज़ार।



CORRECTION

इंसान...

मिट्टी से बना ज़रूर है,

मगर सबसे ज़्यादा धूल

उसकी नीयत पर जमती है।

वो फूलों की खुशबू का दावा करता है,

और हथेलियों में

काँटे छुपाकर चलता है।

उसे सच से नहीं,

सच के आईने से डर लगता है;

क्योंकि आईना

चेहरे नहीं, किरदार भी पढ़ लेता है।

वो वादों के महल बनाता है,

फिर पहली ही आँधी में

अपनी ही जुबान से मुकर जाता है।

जिसे पा ले,

उसकी कद्र खो देता है;

जो दूर चला जाए,

उसी को मुकद्दर कहकर रोता है।

अजीब दस्तूर है—



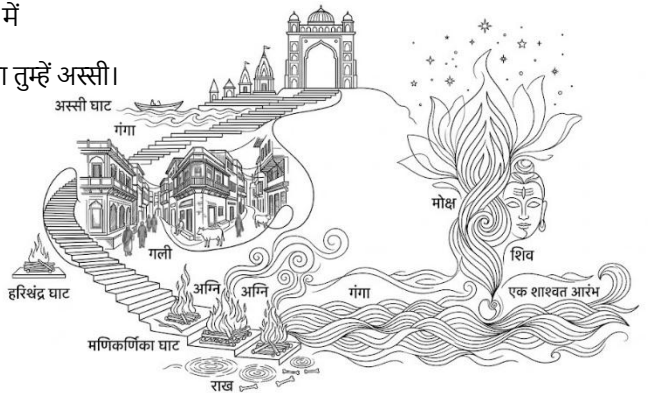
हर कोई चाहता है
कि दुनिया उसके लिए बदल जाए,
पर अपने भीतर
एक आदत तक बदलने से कतराता है।
और शायद...
इंसान की सबसे गहरी तन्हाई यही है—
वो सारी उम्र
दूसरों को पढ़ता रहता है,
मगर अपनी रूह का
एक सफ़ा भी नहीं खोलता।

काशी

Aparna Chaturvedi is a young writer, poet, speaker, and student from Goa, with a keen interest in law, politics, philosophy, and the complexities of human society. A passionate reader and dancer, she finds inspiration in nature, people, and the questions that often remain unspoken.

Aparna K. Chaturvedi

शुरू होता है बनारस
अस्सी की छोटी-सी नाव से,
ठहरता है कुछ पल
हरिश्चंद्र के घाट पर।
भटकता है उन गलियों में
जो कभी खत्म नहीं होतीं—
एक गली से निकलता हुआ बनारस,
दूसरी गली में उतरता हुआ बनारस।
जैसे ढलता सूरज
आकाश की लालिमा में खो जाता है,
वैसे ही कहीं गंगा की लहरों में
धीरे-धीरे घुलता हुआ मिलेगा तुम्हें अस्सी।
गंगा...
क्या है गंगा?
काशी के प्राण है गंगा,



काशी का प्रेम है गंगा।
बिन गंगा काशी क्या?
बिन काशी पूर्वचल क्या?
इन्हीं संकरी गलियों से गुजरता हुआ
बनारस आकर ठहरता है
मणिकर्णिका घाट पर।
हाँ... वही मणिकर्णिका,
जहाँ सब कुछ समाप्त हो जाता है।
वही मणिकर्णिका,
जहाँ वे सब रिश्ते,
वे सब मोह,
जिन्हें तुम बड़े शौक से अपना कहते हो,
राख बन जाते हैं।
और विडंबना देखो—
यही सब कुछ समाप्त कर देने वाली अग्नि
काशी को अनंतकाल तक
जगाए रखती है।
मृत्यु यहाँ अंत नहीं,
एक शाश्वत आरंभ है।
क्योंकि बनारस केवल एक शहर नहीं—
समय की गोद में बैठा
मोक्ष का सबसे शांत उच्चारण है।

CORRECTION

तुम जैसी हो वैसी ही रहना

Geetanjali

दोस्त 😊

तुम जैसी हो , वैसी ही रहना
खुद में कोई मिलावट न सहना
तुम जैसी हो वैसी ही रहना ।

कई बार तुमको मिटाएगी दुनिया
अपनी शर्तों पर फिर से बनाएगी दुनिया ।
अपने बनाए सांचे में, तुम्हें ढालना चाहेंगी दुनिया
तुम किसी के हाथों की गीली मिट्टी न बनना ।

दोस्त तुम जैसी हो वैसी ही रहना
खुद में कोई मिलावट न सहना।

पढ़ना-लिखना, समाज से लड़कर आगे बढ़ना
तुम कमाल हो , बेमिसाल बनना
पर इस समाज के बनाए ढांचे में न ढलना
ये रास्ता तुम्हारा है अपनी इच्छा से चलना



तुम जैसी हो वैसी ही रहना
खुद में कोई भी मिलावट न सहना।

गिरना , संभलना कहीं दूर निकलना
बादल पर चढ़ना , आसमान में उड़ना
अपने जीवन में अनेकों उमंग भरना
जो जैसे मन कर , वैसे करना

तुम जैसी हो वैसी ही रहना
खुद में कोई मिलावट न सहना
तुम जैसी हो वैसी ही रहना।

आखिरी पन्ना

Mohd Nasim

आरव को पुरानी चीज़ें संभालकर रखने की आदत नहीं थी। फिर भी उस रविवार की शाम, अलमारी के सबसे नीचे रखा एक नीला डिब्बा देखकर उसके हाथ रुक गए।

डिब्बे के भीतर उसकी पाँच साल पुरानी डायरी थी।

कवर पर धूल जमी थी और किनारे मुड़ चुके थे। उसने डायरी खोली। पहले पन्नों पर कॉलेज की बातें थीं—अधूरी कविताएँ, छोटे-छोटे सपने, दोस्तों के नाम और कुछ ऐसे वाक्य जिन्हें पढ़कर अब उसे खुद पर हँसी आ रही थी।

एक जगह लिखा था—

“एक दिन अपनी किताब लिखूँगा।”

दूसरे पन्ने पर—

“जो कहना है, समय रहते कह दूँगा।”

आरव ने मुस्कराकर पन्ना पलटा।

फिर उसकी मुस्कान गायब हो गई।

आखिरी लिखे हुए पन्ने पर आज की तारीख नहीं, बल्कि अगले दिन की तारीख थी।

27 अगस्त।

नीचे एक वाक्य लिखा था—

“शाम 7:30 बजे तुम उसे आखिरी बार देखोगे।”

आरव कुछ देर तक पन्ने को देखता रहा।

“ये मैंने कब लिखा?”

उसे याद नहीं था।

उसने डायरी बंद कर दी। शायद पुराने दिनों में लिखी कोई कल्पना होगी। उसने बात वहीं छोड़ दी।

लेकिन अगली सुबह पहली चीज़ जिसने उसे बेचैन किया, वह थी उसकी घड़ी।

वह 7:30 पर बंद हो गई थी।

आरव ने बैटरी निकाली, वापस लगाई। घड़ी फिर चलने लगी।

उसने खुद को समझाया—संयोग।

ऑफिस पहुँचने पर बॉस ने उसे बुलाया।

“आज शाम क्लाइंट की फाइनल मीटिंग है। सात बजकर तीस मिनट पर।”

आरव का चेहरा कुछ पल के लिए स्थिर हो गया।

“जी।”

पूरे दिन उसका ध्यान काम में नहीं लगा।

शाम करीब सात बजे उसने डायरी फिर खोली। वह वाक्य वहीं था।

“शाम 7:30 बजे तुम उसे आखिरी बार देखोगे।”

कौन?

उसे अचानक एक नाम याद आया।

मीरा।

पाँच साल पहले तक उसकी सबसे करीबी दोस्त।

शायद दोस्त से कुछ अधिक।

दोनों ने कभी अपने रिश्ते को कोई नाम नहीं दिया था। शायद इसलिए कि नाम देने के बाद उसे निभाने की जिम्मेदारी भी आ जाती।

कॉलेज खत्म होने के बाद आरव को एक नौकरी मिल गई थी। मीरा ने दूसरे शहर में पढ़ाई जारी रखी। दोनों के बीच दूरी बढ़ती गई।

एक शाम मीरा ने उससे कहा था—

“तुम हमेशा कहते हो कि तुम्हें लिखना है, कुछ अपना करना है। फिर कर क्यों नहीं लेते?”

आरव ने हँसकर कहा था, “पहले जिंदगी थोड़ी आसान हो जाए।”

मीरा ने जवाब दिया था—

“जिंदगी आसान होने का इंतज़ार करोगे, तो शायद जिंदगी ही निकल जाएगी।”

उसके बाद दोनों की बात कम होती गई।

फिर एक दिन बिल्कुल बंद।

आरव ने कभी उसे रोकने की कोशिश नहीं की।

शायद उसे डर था कि अगर उसने सच बोल दिया, तो सामने वाला सच में चला जाएगा।

अब पाँच साल बाद, उसी नाम की याद उसके सामने खड़ी थी।

7:25।

आरव ऑफिस से बाहर निकला।

बारिश शुरू हो चुकी थी।

सड़क के दूसरी तरफ़ उसे एक लड़की दिखाई दी। हाथ में छाता था। चेहरा साफ़ नहीं दिख रहा था।

आरव का दिल तेज़ धड़कने लगा।

7:30।

लड़की उसकी तरफ़ मुड़ी।

लेकिन वह मीरा नहीं थी।

वह एक डिलीवरी बॉय था, जो सड़क के किनारे खड़े एक आदमी को पार्सल दे रहा था।

आरव ने राहत की साँस ली और खुद पर झुँझलाया।

“मैं भी ना...”

तभी उसके फोन पर एक अनजान नंबर से मैसेज आया।

“पुराने स्टेशन जाओ। लॉकर 117।”

बस इतना।

उसने नंबर पर कॉल किया।

स्विच ऑफ।

आरव कुछ देर तक फोन देखता रहा।

फिर न जाने क्यों, वह पुराने रेलवे स्टेशन की तरफ़ चल पड़ा।

लॉकर 117 प्लेटफॉर्म के एक सुनसान हिस्से में था।

उसे चाबी नहीं मिली। लॉकर पहले से खुला था।

अंदर एक छोटा कागज़ और उसकी पुरानी काली पेन रखी थी।

कागज़ पर लिखा था—

“तुम पाँच साल से जिस व्यक्ति को ढूँढ़ रहे हो, वह बाहर नहीं है।”

नीचे दूसरी लाइन थी—

“घर जाओ। आखिरी पन्ना पढ़ो।”

आरव के भीतर डर और जिज्ञासा दोनों बढ़ गए।

वह घर लौटा।

डायरी मेज़ पर रखी थी।

उसने आखिरी पन्ना खोला।

वहाँ पहले से लिखी लाइन के नीचे एक नई लाइन थी—

“तुमने उससे नहीं, खुद से रिश्ता तोड़ा था।”

आरव की आँखें डायरी के पुराने पन्नों पर दौड़ने लगीं।

एक पन्ने पर लिखा था—

“मैं लेखक बनना चाहता हूँ।”

दूसरे पर—

“मैं पापा से कहूँगा कि मुझे वही जिंदगी नहीं चाहिए जो सब जीते हैं।”

तीसरे पर—

“मैं मीरा से कहूँगा कि मैं उसे खोना नहीं चाहता।”

और सबसे नीचे—

“मैं डरना बंद कर दूँगा।”

आरव की आँखें नम हो गईं।

उसे समझ आने लगा।

पाँच साल पहले उसने मीरा को नहीं खोया था।

उसने धीरे-धीरे अपने सारे सपने छोड़ दिए थे।

हर बार उसने कहा—कल करूँगा।

कभी नौकरी के बाद।

कभी पैसे बचाने के बाद।

कभी सही समय आने पर।

और फिर “सही समय” कभी आया ही नहीं।

मीरा शायद सिर्फ़ एक इंसान थी जिसने उसे उसके पुराने रूप की याद दिलाई थी।

वह पुराना आरव, जो बिना डरे सपने लिखता था।

उसने फोन उठाया।

मीरा का नंबर अब भी सेव था।

पाँच साल में पहली बार उसने उसे कॉल किया।

घंटी गई।

एक बार।

दो बार।

तीन बार।

फिर कॉल कट गई।

आरव ने दोबारा कॉल नहीं किया।

उसने एक छोटा संदेश लिखा—

“मुझे नहीं पता तुम मुझे याद करती हो या नहीं। लेकिन आज मुझे अपनी एक पुरानी गलती याद आई। उस दिन मुझे तुम्हें रोकना चाहिए था, सच बोलना चाहिए था। मैं डर गया था। अगर मेरी चुप्पी ने तुम्हें कभी दुख दिया हो, तो मुझे माफ़ करना। जवाब की उम्मीद नहीं है। बस ये बात कहनी थी।”

संदेश भेजकर उसने फोन नीचे रख दिया।

कुछ मिनट बाद स्क्रीन चमकी।

एक छोटा-सा जवाब था—

“देर से कही गई सच्चाई भी झूठ से बेहतर होती है। अपना ख्याल रखना।”

बस इतना।

आरव ने फोन बंद कर दिया।

उस रात उसे पहली बार किसी जवाब का इंतज़ार नहीं था।

उसने डायरी खोली।

आखिरी पन्ना अभी भी आधा खाली था।

उसने स्टेशन से मिली वही काली पेन उठाई।

कुछ देर तक पन्ने को देखता रहा।

फिर लिखा—

“आज मैंने अपने अतीत को अलविदा नहीं कहा।”

उसने अगली लाइन लिखी—

“आज मैंने उससे दोस्ती कर ली।”

फिर आखिरी लाइन—

“और अब, कहानी का अगला पन्ना मैं खुद लिखूँगा।”

आरव ने पेन रख दी।

खिड़की खोली।

बारिश रुक चुकी थी।

सड़क पर पानी की पतली परत में शहर की रोशनियाँ काँप रही थीं।

उसे अचानक समझ आया—

डायरी ने भविष्य नहीं बताया था।

उसने बस उसे उसका अधूरा अतीत दिखाया था।

और 7:30 बजे वह किसी और को आखिरी बार देखने नहीं गया था।

वह अपने उस पुराने रूप से मिलने गया था, जिसे उसने पाँच साल पहले कहीं पीछे छोड़ दिया था।

अगली सुबह उसने नौकरी नहीं छोड़ी।

उसने कोई बड़ा फैसला भी नहीं लिया।

बस ऑफिस जाने से पहले एक सफेद कागज़ निकाला और ऊपर लिखा—

“मेरी पहली किताब।”

नीचे पहली पंक्ति लिखी—

“कुछ कहानियाँ खत्म होने के लिए नहीं लिखी जाती।”

वह रुका।

फिर मुस्कराया।

“कुछ कहानियाँ हमें दोबारा शुरू करने के लिए मिलती हैं।”

नीली डायरी अब अलमारी में वापस नहीं गई।

वह उसकी मेज़ पर खुली रही।

उसका आखिरी पन्ना अब भी अधूरा था।

लेकिन इस बार आरव को अधूरेपन से डर नहीं लग रहा था।

क्योंकि उसे पता था—

हर कहानी का आखिरी पन्ना लिखा हुआ नहीं मिलता।

कुछ आखिरी पन्ने हमें खुद लिखने पड़ते हैं।

अब वो निकल पड़े है

Ayushman

वो जो उनको अपनी आंखों की बारिश में भिगाना चाहा हमने
तो वो शक्स तो हाथ में छाता लिए निकल पड़े है
वो थोड़ा अच्छा महसूस न करेंगे होंगे
क्योंकि हमारा गम भी तो वो आधा लिए निकल पड़े है
हम नादान और नासमझ ही थे के उम्र भर का साथ मांगा
और वो है के ना मिलने का इरादा लिए निकल पड़े है
हम उनकी यादों के बीच कैद से हो गये है
वो है के किसी और का होने का वादा लिए निकल पड़े है
हम सोचते थे कि इतना इश्क किसी ने ना किया होगा उनसे
लगता है वो किसी और का प्यार ज्यादा लिए निकल पड़े है
हम भी उनके इश्क के कर्जदार हो गए है
और वो अब सबसे तगादा लिये निकल पड़े है
माफ़ कीजिये अब आप इस दिल के हकदार नहीं है
हम खुद अपने दिल का जनाज़ा लिए निकल पड़े है

अदृश्य पुल

मैं कोई बहुत बड़ा साहित्यकार या कलम का मंझा हुआ खिलाड़ी नहीं हूँ, और न ही मुझे इस बात का कोई गहरा इल्म है कि क्या, क्यों और कैसे लिखा जाता है। मुझे तो बस शब्दों से खेलने का एक पुराना शौक है। हिंदी मेरी सबसे प्रिय भाषा है, और बातों-बातों में मुहावरों के रंग घोलना तथा अच्छी कविताएँ सुनना मेरी रूह को सुकून देता है।

ठाकुर दैविक सिंह

धुंध की एक मोटी चादर ने झेलम की घाटी को ढक रखा था। सुबह के चार बजे थे, और हवा में चिनार के पत्तों की सौंधी खुशबू के साथ बारूद की पुरानी, कभी न मिटने वाली गंध घुली हुई थी। चौकी नंबर 42 पर तैनात सूबेदार बलवंत सिंह ने अपनी थरथराती हथेलियों को गर्म चाय के कुल्हड़ पर टिकाया। सामने कुछ ही सौ मीटर की दूरी पर लोहे के कटीले तारों का जाल फैला था, जिसके पार पाकिस्तान की 'शाहबाज चौकी' थी।

बलवंत की उम्र पचास के पार हो चली थी। अगले महीने उनकी सेवानिवृत्ति थी। पैंतीस साल की फौजी ज़िंदगी में उन्होंने तीन बड़ी लड़ाइयाँ और अनगिनत छोटी झड़पें देखी थीं। उनके शरीर पर गोलियों के तीन निशान थे, लेकिन दिल पर लगे घावों का कोई हिसाब नहीं था। सरहद के इस पार उनका गाँव था, और उस पार—जहाँ अब शाहबाज चौकी थी—उनके बचपन के दोस्त बशीर का पुश्तैनी बाग हुआ करता था। 1947 के बंटवारे ने एक ही झटके में उनके बचपन, उनकी साझा हंसी और उनके खेलों को दो मुल्कों के कड़े कानूनों में बांट दिया था।

शाहबाज चौकी पर इस वक्त हवलदार तारिक की ड्यूटी थी। तारिक का चेहरा ठीक वैसा ही दिखता था जैसा बशीर का जवानी में हुआ करता था—गहरी, गंभीर आंखें और चेहरे पर एक अजीब सा खालीपन। बलवंत जब भी दूरबीन से तारिक को देखते, उन्हें लगता मानो वह बशीर का ही कोई अक्स देख रहे हों।



सर्दियों के उस ढलते मौसम में एक रात अचानक भारी बर्फबारी शुरू हो गई। तापमान शून्य से बारह डिग्री नीचे गिर चुका था। तेज बर्फाली हवाएं सरहद के तारों को चीरती हुई सायं-सायं कर रही थीं। आधी रात के करीब, बलवंत को बाड़ के करीब से एक अजीब सी आवाज़ सुनाई दी। किसी के कराहने की आवाज़ थी।

बलवंत ने अपनी राइफल संभाली और नाइट-विज़न गॉगल्स चढ़ाए। बाड़ के ठीक बीचोबीच, नो-मैन्स लैंड के बर्फाले गड्ढे में एक साया फंसा हुआ था। वह एक सात साल की बच्ची थी। शायद पास के गुज्जर कबीले की बच्ची, जो भटक कर सरहद के प्रतिबंधित दायरे में आ गई थी और कटीले तारों में उसका ऊनी फ़िरन बुरी तरह उलझ गया था। बर्फ तेज़ी से गिर रही थी, और अगर उसे आधे घंटे के भीतर न निकाला जाता, तो वह ठंड से जम जाती।

प्रोटोकॉल साफ़ था: नो-मैन्स लैंड में किसी भी हरकत पर तुरंत गोली चलाने का आदेश था। बिना उच्च अधिकारियों की अनुमति के एक कदम भी आगे बढ़ाना कोर्ट-मार्शल या मौत को दावत देना था।

बलवंत ने वायरलेस सेट उठाया, लेकिन बर्फाले तूफ़ान के कारण सिग्नल पूरी तरह ठप थे। बच्ची की सिसकियां हवा में धीमी पड़ती जा रही थीं। बलवंत की अंतरात्मा कांप उठी। उनके सामने दो रास्ते थे—पहला, फौजी कानून का पालन करना और अपनी सुरक्षित सेवानिवृत्ति की राह देखना; दूसरा, एक मासूम जान बचाने के लिए मौत के मुंह में कूदना।

बलवंत ने अपनी राइफल चौकी पर रखी। सिर्फ एक वायर-कटर और एक कंबल हाथ में लिया और बर्फ पर रेंगते हुए बाड़ की तरफ बढ़ने लगे।

तभी, सामने की शाहबाज चौकी से एक सर्चलाइट चमकी। बलवंत बिल्कुल रोशनी के दायरे में थे। उनके कानों में आवाज़ गूंजी—"रुक जाओ! वहीं खड़े रहो, वरना फायर कर देंगे!"

बलवंत रुके नहीं। उन्होंने दोनों हाथ हवा में उठाए और चिल्लाकर कहा, "फायर मत करना! तारों में एक बच्ची फंसी है! जम रही है वो!"

रोशनी बच्ची पर पड़ी। दूसरी तरफ सन्नाटा छा गया। कुछ पलों के लिए सिर्फ हवा की सनसनाहट सुनाई दी। फिर एक अविश्वसनीय घटना घटी। शाहबाज चौकी की तरफ से तारिक अपनी राइफल नीचे झुकाए हुए, हाथ में मेडिकल किट लिए दौड़ता हुआ आया।

दो अलग-अलग मुल्कों के दो फौजी, जिनके हाथों में हमेशा एक-दूसरे के सीने चीरने वाले हथियार होते थे, आज एक ही तार के दोनों तरफ घुटनों के बल बैठे थे।

तारिक ने अपनी तरफ से तारों को काटना शुरू किया, बलवंत ने अपनी तरफ से। ठंड से दोनों की उंगलियां सुन्न पड़ चुकी थीं। खून जम रहा था, लेकिन हाथ नहीं रुक रहे थे। तारिक ने बच्ची का उलझा हुआ कपड़ा छुड़ाया, और बलवंत ने उसे धीरे से खींचकर अपने गर्म कंबल में लपेट लिया। बच्ची की सांसें धीमी थीं, लेकिन वह जीवित थी।

बर्फ की चादर पर दोनों सैनिकों की नजरें मिलीं। कोई शब्द नहीं बोले गए। कोई झंडा नहीं लहराया गया। न कोई संधि हुई, न कोई राजनीतिक समझौता। लेकिन उस एक पल में, दोनों ने एक-दूसरे की आँखों में इंसानियत की वही चमक देखी जो किसी भी सीमा रेखा से बहुत ऊपर थी।

तारिक ने धीरे से कहा, "इसका ध्यान रखना, भाई।"

बलवंत की आँखों से एक आंसू ढुलक कर बर्फ़ीले गाल पर जम गया। उन्होंने सिर हिलाया, "अपनी जान से ज़्यादा।"

बलवंत बच्ची को सीने से चिपकाए अपनी चौकी की ओर लौट आए। अगली सुबह बच्ची को सुरक्षित उसके परिवार को सौंप दिया गया। तूफान थम चुका था और सूरज की पहली किरण ने सरहद की बाड़ पर जमी बर्फ को पिघलाना शुरू कर दिया था।

बलवंत ने अपनी डायरी निकाली और आखिरी पन्ने पर लिखा: "ज़मीन के टुकड़ों पर लकीरें खींचना इंसानों के बस में हो सकता है, लेकिन हवा, पानी, दर्द और मोहब्बत का कोई मुल्क नहीं होता। सरहदें सिर्फ ज़मीन पर खिंचती हैं, रूहों पर नहीं।"

सफलता का राज

Komal

राहों में पड़े काँटे चुने हैं कई बार,
याद कर उनको बढ़ती है नई आस।
चेहरे पर रखना बरकरार मुस्कान,
आसानी ही तब अंदर पहचान हो राज।

माँ को मुझे उनका वो घर त्याग,
जो उन्होंने दिया था मुझ पर ही वार।
पैसे के लिए हमें घर चुनने,
दौड़ा था इसलिए अपार।
खिलौनों के लिए हमें रोने,
भूल गए ये अपनी चाह।
अपनी ममता की छाँव से दी,
माँ ने हमें हर संकट से बचाया।
परदों के माँ ने हँसते,
मन स्वप्नों को साकार करने का बताया।



मिला जो ने हमारे लिए ही,
अपनी इच्छाओं को मारे दिया।
हमारे लिए कठिनों से अपनी भरी जवानी,
जीवन में संघर्ष कर संघ, हमारा भला किया।
इनके त्याग को व्यर्थ नहीं होने देना है,
हमें अपने जीवन को साकार करना है।
इनका ये पूर्ण कर्ज से ना लौटता हो सकता,
और ना ही पैसों में चुकाया जा सकता।
जीवन में अपने मैने बस यही लक्ष्य चुना,
जीवन देकर सफल इन्हें सिर्फ खुश रखना।
इनके लिए मन में इतना गर्व दिया,
जो शब्दों में जा ना सके बताया।
करती हूँ मैं इससे इतना वादा,
जो तैयार हूँ मैं करने को हर बलिदान।

OTHER

یہ وفائیں کسی بدلے کے عوض نہ کیا کرتے ہیں
 ہم تو اس شہر میں گمنام پہرا کرتے ہیں
 کتنے خوش قسمت ہے وہ لوگ جنہیں وفا ملا کرتی ہے
 ہم تو رشتوں کے بھی بھیک مانگ لیا کرتے ہیں
 کس کی باتوں میں ہمیں سر عام رسوا کرتے ہو
 ہم تو ہر روز تیرے نام کی کچہری میں کھڑا کرتے ہیں
 ہم بھی کہاں سے خانے میں جانے کو قائل تھے جاناں
 اب تو ہر روز تیرے دید کی مے پینے کو جی کرتا ہے ۔



~ দে সগ্রাসি য়া ~

Riyaneeta Maity

“বললাম ত ো আমি সহই করব ো না। জ োর করলে ও না।
বাবা বলতে ন,
অন্যায়ের সামনে কখন ো মাথা নত করবি না। দে হে যতক্ষণ প্রাণ
আছে ততক্ষণ ত ো না-ইহ। সে খানে এখানে সব টুকুই আমার
সম্পত্তি !”

কথাগুল ো বলে শেষ করতে অনেকে কটা সময় লে গে গে ল ো
পরি ধি 'রা। চুল থেকে টুপটুপ করে জল পড়ছে। অনেকে কক্ষণ ভি
জে গায়ে থাকার ফলে সাদা চামড়া কুঁচকে আর ো সাদা দে খাচ্ছে।
নীল হয়ে গে ছে চামড়া।

কাঁপছে শরীর। দাঁতে দাঁত ঠক্কর খাচ্ছে। সামনে বসা বি শাল দে হী পি
শাচ রূপি মানষুটার রহম হল ো হয়ত ো মে য়ে টার উপর।

কথাগুল ো বলতে সময় দি ল ো। হয়ত ো তাঁর মাথায় চলছে
ভয়ংকর ভাবনা।

নাহলে কি ছুক্ষণ আগে নি জে ই অত্যাচার করে রহম করে কে শুনি
?

নি জে র আঙুল নি য়ে থে লছে। দৃষ্টিদিকে মাথা দলুচ্ছে।

ভাবনাগুল ো সাজাচ্ছে স্থরে স্থরে !

অন্ধকূপ কালকূটুরি র স্যাঁতস্যাঁতে দে ওয়াল গুল োয় শ্যাওলা ধরে ছে
। টে বি লে র উপর থরে থরে প্র োপাটির দলি ল গুল ো সজ্জি ত।
তার পাশে ফাউন্টে ন পে নে নি বে র স োনালী অংশ দ্রুতি এনে
দে য়।

বন্যার জল গ্রামে র ঘর-বাড়ি ডুবি য়ে নে ও খ্যাস্ত হয়নি ।

ঘ োলাতে জল ক্রমশ বে ড়ে ই চলে ছে । যা শত চে ষ্টা করে ই প্রামাণি ক মঞ্চি লে র দয়্যারে প্রবে শ করতে পারছে না। গ্রামে র সবচে য়ে সম্মানি ত বাড়ি প্রামাণি ক মঞ্চি ল। বি ধ্বংসী বান গ্রামন্তর ধ্বংস করে দি লে ও, সে ই ধ্বংসে র ছি টে ফ োঁটাও প্রভাব ফে লতে পারে নি উঁচুপ্রাসাদ আকৃতি র মঞ্জি লটিতে ।

উঁচুসি ড়িঁড়ি-ই চতুর্থধাপে ই সে নি জে কে পরাজি ত মে নে নি য়ে ছে ।

নৈ ংশব্দ্য কাটিয়ে গমগমে আওয়াজ শ োনা গে ল ো।

যা বন্ধ দে ওয়ালে প্রতি ধ্বনি ত হল ো।

“খুব ত ো আমায় শি থি য়াছি স দে খতাছি । প্রাণে র ভয় নাই। আপনে র ক্ষতি র ভয় আছে নাকি তাও নাই?”

ছ োট ো মানষু হইলে কী হইবে ? র*ক্ত ত ো প্রামাণি ক গ োই। নাইলে বে ডি এইটুহ বয়সি এমন হষি তষি করে ।এক্কাল-ওক্কাল কি ছুটি নাই। সাক্ষর তাও বে ডি করি তে পারে না। এগুল ো নাকি তার সম্পত্তি !”

নন্দুঘ োষ বাঁকান ো দাড়ি তে হাত বলুল ো। চে য়ার ঠে লে উঠে দাঁড়ি য়ে পরল ো। কাঠে র পাটাতন দে ওয়া দামি বটেটের ঠকঠক আওয়াজ করতে করতে এগি য়ে এল ো পরি ধি র দি কে । হাতে আর একটি সরকারি উইল।

পরি ধি র বয়স সতে র ো হলে কী হবে ? উচ্চতায় সে মধ্যবয়স্ক নন্দ ঘ োষে র সমান-ই। শরীরে মাংসে র পরি বর্তে হাড়টাই বে শি এই আর কী! নন্দ ঘ োষে র কামারে র কাল ো আঙুল পরি ধি র গালে ছুইয়ে মথু এগি য়ে এনে ফি সফি স করল ো,,

“চরি ত্রে দাগ লাগার ডোর নাই, মাগি ? সব-ই সরে নি বি ? মানসিক সাথে শারীরিক। ”

পরিধি এই পর্যায়ে নিজে কে সামলাতে পাড়লো না। কি ড়মি ড়িয়ে বললো,,, “সৎ মায়ে র পরি বার কখনো আপন হতে ই পারে না তার প্রমাণ আপনি । নরখাদকে র ও উর্ধে আপনি । ছিঃ! ”

ওয়াক থাউ একদা ালা থুটুনন্দুঘ াষে র মথেখে ছুড়ে দিলো পরিধি । যা তার মথেখে গিয়ে পড়লো। ভয়ে র পরি বর্তে নিজে র সাহস দে খালো পরিধি । লোকটাকে ঠেলে দিয়ে বেরিয়ে গেলে। সম্পত্তি সে কাউকে দেবে না , নিজে ও কাটাতে এই নরকে । পালিয়ে যাবে এই নরক ছেড়ে বহুদূরে নিজে র মাকে নিয়ে । সেখানে মা পুচকুকে নিয়ে নতুন জীবন শুরু করবে । যেখানে নন্দুঘ াষ মতো মানষের অস্তিত্ব থাকবে না।

যিনি দাদা নামে ও কলঙ্ক!

পরিধি হল ধরে যেয়ে পাশে র বড়ো কামড়ায় ডুকে গেলে। যেখানে বিছানায় হেলান দিয়ে বসে মচ্ছেচ্ছে নর্মতর্ম া।

নিজে র কক্ষে কারো উপস্থিতি টের পেতে ইচ্ছা মেলে তাকালো। সংকোচ নিয়ে প্রশ্ন করলো,, “সই করে ছি স, মা?”

পরিধি এক মন্তুর্ দে রি না করে এগিয়ে এসে জাপটে ধরলো নর্মতর্ম াকে । ছোটো থেকে নিজে র মাকে না পেলে ও সে নর্মতর্ম াকে পেয়েছে । সৎ মা হয়ে ও নর্মতর্ম াকে ানো দিন পরিধি কে মায়ে র অভাব বঝতে দেয়নি । ফোপানোর শব্দ শুনে ই নর্মতর্ম া পরিধি কে নিজে র থেকে ছাড়িয়ে ; শুধালো,, “ব্যপার কী কাঁদছি স কে নো? সই করে ছি স তো?” পরিধি উত্তর দিচ্ছে না দেখে নর্মতর্ম া জোরে জোরে ডাকলো,,, “দাদা, দাদা।”

পরি ধি হাতে ধরে মায়ে র মথু চে পে ধরল ো। নি চুস্বরে বলল,, "ডে
ক ো না। ওটা ত োমার দাদা না একটা মানষুখে ক ো রাক্ষস। চল
ো তুমি আমি পালি যেে যাই অনে ক দরুরে ক োন ো জঙ্গলে ।
যে খানে পশু থাকবে কি ন্তু পশুর বে শে মানষুেষের ক োন ো
অস্তি ত্ব থাকবে না। ভয়, ত্রাস থাকবে না কে বল শান্তি থাকবে । "

পরি ধি দষ্ট্টিষ্টি ঘুরি যেে সে দি কে তাকাল ো। সে কী এসবে র প্রাপ্য?
কী নে ই তার? সম্পত্তি , বাড়ি প্রয় োজনীয় সব আছে ; নে ই বলতে
কে বল আগলে নে ওয়ার মানষু। বাবার সঙ্গে ই সে ই মানষুটার
সমাপ্তি ঘটে ছে তার জীবনে ।

নর্মতর্ম া মে যে 'কে বাঁধা করে বললে ন,, "সই টা করে ই দে না,
মা। পালি যেে যাওয়া কী এতই স োজা? আমার এই অবস্থা ক োথায়
থাকব ো আমরা। জঙ্গলে বললে ই কী থাকা যায়। তুই সইটা করে দে
। এরপর আমরা এই বাড়ি তে ই শান্তি তে থাকব ো। "

"ত োমার দাদাকে কি ছুবলছ ো না কে ন ো মা? উনি আমার কে
উ হ োন না কি ন্তু ত োমার ত ো দাদা, নৈ রাজে র ক োন ো
ক্ষতি করবে না তাই না?"

পরি ধি ভয়ে আছে নি জে কে নি যেে নয়, বরং সৎমায়ে র পে টে
থাকা তার ছ োট ো ভাইকে নি যেে । এদি কে কক্ষে প্রবে শ করলে
ন নন্দুঘ োষ। ললুপু দষ্ট্টিষ্টি চে যেে এগি যেে আসতে ই। পরি ধি বি
ছানায় উঠে মায়ে র পে ছনে লকু াল ো নি জে কে ।

ফি কফি কি যেে হে সে ব োনে র সামনে এসে দাঁড়ালে ন। গালে ঠ
োঁট ছুইয়ে ধীরে হাত ধীরে ধীরে পায়ে র কবজি তে নি যেে এলে ন।

নর্মতর্ম া চ োখ থি চে বন্ধ করে নি ল ো এই কান্ডে ।

তবে আক্রশ ভরা চাছনি তে পরি ধি দে থে গে ল ো সে ই ন
োংরা দশ্ ্য। দাদা নামে কলঙ্ক এই মানষুটা। সে ই মছূর্তে পরি

ধি উপলব্ধি করল ো ;যদি মামা এমন হয়; তাহলে , মামা না থাকাই
শ্রে য় অতন্ত এই ন োংরা স্মৃতি ত ো কুড়াতে হত ো না।

পরি ধি র ভাবনার মাঝে ই নর্মতর্ম া চি ঙ্কার করে উঠল ো। নন্দুঘ
োষ পায়ে র কবজি হাতে করে ঘুরি যেে দি যেে ছে । নর্মতর্ম া
খামচে ধরলে ন বি ছানার চাদর। এইবার নন্দুঘ োষ চড়া চ োখে
চালান করল কি ছুবর্তা, “ক্যাপ্টে ন ব োকা ছি ল ো রে পরি ।বি
য়ে করে নি জে র শত্রুকে কে উ ঘরে ঢুকায় বল? ত োর মা মরি
য়াতে ই ত োর বাবার উচি ত ছি ল ো এই গ্রাম ছে রে চলে যাওয়া।

একটুভয় প োষন করা।

এই তল্লাটে এত নশ্ ংস মত্ ্যু ত োর মায়ে রই কাম্য হইয়াছি ল
ো। আহহঃ কি ছি ল ো মাইরি ত োর মা! তুই ঠিক তার মত োই
হইয়াছি স। ”

পরি ধি চমকাল ো। এতক্ষনে সে বে রি যেে এসে ছে মায়ে র আড়াল
থে কে । “কী হয়ে ছি ল ো মায়ে র সাথে ?”

“এইবার না আইলি তুই আমার পরি ধি 'তে । ” মনে বলে হি সহি স
করে শুধাল ো।

তে মন কি ছুই না বড় ো নাজকু পরি ছি ল ো। ধরতে ই প্রাণ
পলাইছে । কামারে র গড়ন বলে কথা। যে ই খানে ধরব ো না
জ্বলাই-পুরাই দি ব ো। ত োর মা কী কইছি ল ো জানি স দম
ত্যাগ করার আগে ! কইছি ল ো - জান োয়ার,শয়তান ছইয়া দে
আমারে যাইতে দে । ক্যাপ্টে ন সাহে ব কত ভরসা ছি ল ো ত োর
উপর আর তুই কি না তার...। ব্যাস এইখানে ই ইহকাল ত্যাগ করে ত
োর মা। করত ো না কে ন? আমারে জান োয়ার, শয়তান সুলতান
কইব ো মই কি চাইড়া দে ব ো। ধরছি গলাটা টিপে ব্যাস খাল্লাস! ”

চ োখ বন্ধে আসল পরি ধি 'র। ক োণ বে য়ে জল গড়ি য়ে
পড়ছে। প্রথমবারে র মত ো পরি ধি র মনে হল ো – সে দি ন
তাদে র মাকে বাড়ি কে একা রে খে যাওয়া উচি ত হয়নি। সব তার
দ োষ! সব! নি জে কে নি জে ই আঘাত করল। তা দে খে বি কৃত
হাসলে ন নন্দুঘ োষ। নর্মতর্ম ার অবস্থা ভাল ো না। ব্যথার চ
োট্টে জ্ঞান হারি য়ে ছে মনে হয়। হালকা, মদু ুগরম নি ঃশ্বাস ফে
লছে ন তি নি।

“মাকে বাঁচাইতে চাইলে সইটা কইরা দে। এমনি তে ও ত োর মত
্যুর পর এই সম্পত্তি নর্মতর্ম ার সন্তানে রই হইবে।”

পরি ধি একবার মার দি কে তাকাল ো। এরপর নন্দুঘ োষে র দি কে
চে য়ে বলল,, “আমি সই করব ো, পরি বর্তে আপনাকে আমাদে র ছে
ড়ে দি তে হবে। আমরা এইবাড়ি ছে ড়ে অনে ক দরকরে চলে য়ে তে
দি তে হবে।”

“এইকথা আগে ক কইবি না। ত োরে আমি ছাড়ি য়া দি য়া আইব
ো। এই অমঙ্গলে র ছায়া তার পড়ি বে না ত োর উপর কে মন।”

আশ্বাসে আশায়ি ত হল ো পরি ধি। ধীরে ধীরে নে মে গে ল ো নি
চে। মায়ে র সাথে পুচকুকে বাঁচান ো জরু রি। পারলে নি জে র
জীবন দি য়ে ও। একটা মাকে হারি য়ে ছে নি জে র ঘুরতে যাওয়ার
জে দে আরে কটা মাকে হারাতে চায় না। সত্যি ই সে নি জে ই
একটা অমঙ্গল এই পরি বারে র জন্য। অলক্ষী, দৃভদ্র োগ্যবতী এক কি
শ োরী। তার কপালে ভাল ো সময়টা ক্ষীণ, খারাপ সময়টাই
দীর্ঘস্থায়ী।

পরি ধি কক্ষ থে কে প্রশ্নান করতে ই উঠে বসলে ন নর্মতর্ম া। দাদার
পানে চে য়ে বললে ন,, “গে ছে ?”

নন্দুঘ োষ ব োনে র দি কে তাকি য়ে বি দঘুটে হাসলে ন। এতে ই
যা ব োঝার বঝেঝে গে ল ো নর্মতর্ম া। দরজার দি কে সন্দি হান
চে য়ে বললে ন,, "রাজি হয়ে ছে যাও য়ে য়ে
সইটা করি য়ে নাও। বাঁকা মে য়ে কখন বে কেঁকে বসে । "

" কে মন কইরা পট্টি পরাইয়াছি স, ব োইন? আমার কূট দে থি তে
পাইল ো অথচ ত োর বে লা বাঁচাইতে চাইল ো। আমার থে ইকা
বড় ো শয়তান ত ো তুই রে । নি জে র সতি নরে মারলি , জামাই
মারলি এখন আবার এইডারে ও....
"

" দে ওয়ালে ও কান আছে দাদা, যাও। মতি ভ্রম হওয়ার আগে সব
ঝাইরা নাও। মানষুটার কত ো বদ্বিধুদ্ধি! সব মে য়ে র নামে করে দি
য়ে গে ছে । কি ন্ত এটা ভুলে বসে ছে এই সম্পত্তি তার আদকেরে-
আল্লাদি মে য়ে র জন্য ঠিক কতটা অমঙ্গলে র ছায়া বয়ে নি য়ে
আসতে পারে । কী হ ইত ো যদি একটুআমার নামে ও দি ত। বাঁচত
আশা করি । "

আর সময় নষ্ট করলে ন না নন্দুঘ োষ। প্রস্থান করলে ন।

কাঁপা হাতে নতুন তৈ রি করা দলি লে সই করে দি ল ো পরি ধি ।
নন্দুঘ োষে র দি কে চে য়ে বলল,, "এবার য়ে তে দি ন।"

মাথা দদ্বিদি কে ঝাঁকি য়ে নন্দুঘ োষ ডাকলে ন নর্মতর্ম াকে ।

" ব োইন আমার আইস ো ভে তরে । "

নর্মতর্ম া থ োড়াচ্ছে ন। পরি ধি ছুটে এসে ঝাপটে ধরল ো মাকে
। বলল ো, "চল ো মা পালি য়ে যাই। "

" মা? কে ত োর মা আমি ? "

আকস্মিক মায়ে র আক্রমণে দম আটকে এল ো পরি ধি র শ্বাস
ভরে চে পে ধরল। চ োখ দি য়ে ন োনা জল টুপ করে মায়ে র
হাতে ধরা চাকু টায় উপর পড়ল ো।

চাকুটা দুহাতে র আগলায় ধরে শুধাল ো।

"শে যে তুমি ও বি শ্বাসঘাতকা করলে । " পে ছন থে কে আরে কটি
হাত এসে টিপে ধরল ো গলা। ছুড়ি চালি য়ে খ্যাস্ত হলে ন না ওনারা।
গলা টিপতে ও দ্বি ধাব োধ করলে ন না। সম্পত্তি র লালসার ভুলে
বসলে ন সম্পর্কে র জাল। নি ভি য়ে দি লে ন এতি মে র মনে র শে
ষ আশাটুকুন। পালি য়ে যে তে চে য়ে ছি ল ো। তাও হল ো না।

নৈ রাজকে বাঁচাতে চাওয়াই যে ন কাল হয়ে এল ো পরি ধি র
কপালে । শ্বাসর োধ হতে ই,নন্দুঘ োষ পরি ধি র নীথর দে হ তাকে
দতু লা থে কে বন্যার পানি তে ছুড়ে ফে ললে ন। রূপ করে একটি
প্রকান্ড আওয়াজ হল ো। এরপর আবার নীরবতা ঘরি য়ে এল ো।

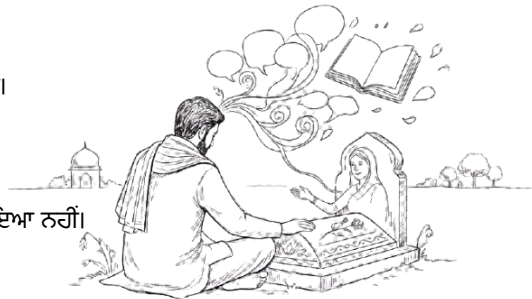
নর্মতর্ম া যে ন সৎ মা শব্দটাকে বাস্তবে র রূপ দি লে ন। সমাজে র
প্রয় োগ করা বাক্য সত্যি প্রমাণি ত হল ো। সৎমা কখন োই নি
জে র আপন হতে পারে না। সতি নে র সন্তানকে নি জে র বলে
আগলে রাখে ন ও তি নি । নাহলে সামান্য সম্পত্তি র জন্য এতবছরে
র সম্পর্ক ভুলে , কীভাবে পারলে ন মে য়ে টার সঙ্গে বি শ্বাসঘাতকা
করতে ।

নর্মতর্ম া প্রমাণ করে পর কখন ো আপন হতে পারে না।

ਮਹੇਬਤ

Rajdeep kaur

"ਅੱਜ ਤੇਰੀ ਕਬਰ ਉੱਤੇ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ,
ਮੈਂ ਆਪਣੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੇ ਆਖਰੀ ਅਲਫ਼ਾਜ਼ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਸੁਣਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹਾਂ।
ਸ਼ਾਇਦ ਇਹ ਉਹੀ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਨੇ,
ਜੋ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਭਰ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਰਹਿ ਗਈਆਂ ਪਰ ਜ਼ੁਬਾਨ ਤੱਕ ਨਾ ਆ ਸਕੀਆਂ।
ਮੈਂ ਹਰ ਵਾਰ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਆਇਆ,
ਤੇਰੀ ਕਬਰ ਉੱਤੇ ਬੈਠ ਕੇ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਆਪਣਾ ਹਾਲ ਸੁਣਾਇਆ।
ਪਰ ਅੱਜ ਦਿਲ ਆਖਦਾ ਏ-ਇਹ ਮੇਰੀ ਆਖਰੀ ਹਾਜ਼ਰੀ ਏ,
ਆਖਰੀ ਸਲਾਮ ਏ, ਆਖਰੀ ਵਾਰ ਤੇਰੇ ਨਾਮ ਨਾਲ ਗੱਲਾਂ ਨੇ।
ਤੂੰ ਮੇਰੀ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਸੀ,
ਮੇਰੀ ਆਰਜ਼ੂ ਸੀ,
ਮੇਰੀ ਹਰ ਦੁਆ ਦੀ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਸੋਹਣੀ ਜੁਸਤਜੂ ਸੀ।
ਤੇਰੇ ਬਾਅਦ ਵੀ ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਬੇਸ਼ੁਮਾਰ ਚਾਹਿਆ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਬਾਅਦ ਵੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋਰ ਨੂੰ ਦਿਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਵਸਾਇਆ ਨਹੀਂ।
ਅੱਜ ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ...
ਬਸ ਆਪਣੀ ਰੂਹ ਦਾ ਉਹ ਹਿੱਸਾ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਛੱਡ ਕੇ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹਾਂ,
ਜਿਸ ਵਿੱਚ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਲਿਖਿਆ ਏ।



ਜੇ ਕਦੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਇਸ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ ਮਿੱਟੀ ਤੱਕ ਪਹੁੰਚੇ,
ਤਾਂ ਸਮਝ ਲਈ-ਮੈਂ ਅਜੇ ਵੀ ਉਹੀ ਹਾਂ,
ਜੋ ਪਹਿਲੀ ਵਾਰ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਵੇਖ ਕੇ ਬੇਇਖਤਿਆਰ ਤੇਰਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਸੀ।
ਅੱਜ ਮੇਰੇ ਅਲਫ਼ਾਜ਼ ਮੁੱਕ ਜਾਣਗੇ,
ਪਰ ਮੇਰੀ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਨਹੀਂ।
ਇਹ ਮੇਰਾ ਆਖ਼ਰੀ ਸਲਾਮ ਏ,
ਮਹਿਬੂਬ... ਹੁਣ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਹਰ ਰੋਜ਼ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਵਾਂਗਾ,
ਪਰ ਮੇਰੀ ਹਰ ਦੁਆ ਹਮੇਸ਼ਾ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਆਉਂਦੀ ਰਹੇਗੀ।"