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Wine from a Red Night

Ayesha Rahman Ilma

Darling,

If you really come tonight
to my home, even for the last time—
maybe the war will stop itself,
maybe the screams will ease,
once I breathe in your sweet scent.

Darling,

if you really come tonight
to my home, even for the last time—
I will give you that bloody letter
I saved for you through the last war.
But look at our fate, our broken wishes:
when I reached home to hold you,
you were no more—you were dead.
Thus, the war will never truly end.



A Friendship That Could Be Seen, But Never Truly Understood

Umme jannat lisa

This is my story. Maybe, in some way, it is a story about everyone—a story about the human mind, human behavior, and the way our feelings can change with time. It is a story about the present, about the things we see but sometimes fail to understand.

This is a story about friendship. A best friendship that everyone could see, but perhaps no one could truly understand.

It is not a story about first love. It is not about falling for someone at first sight. It is about a feeling that slowly grew with time—a feeling that took years to become something meaningful, only to suddenly fall apart and leave everything shattered.

Even today, whenever I think about those days, I feel a deep pain inside me. Sometimes I wonder if things would have been different if I had not done what I did. Maybe she would still be beside me.

But anyway, let's begin the story.

When I first went to school and saw her, I was honestly surprised.

Why was she like that?

Why was she so beautiful?

Why did she walk like a little doll?

Why was she so cute?

I always wanted to talk to her. I tried many times, but I never really could. I was a quiet person, the kind



of person who was more of an introvert. And at that time, she already had a friend of her own, so I never really got the opportunity to talk to her properly.

So, my days passed with nothing more than a simple "Hi" or "Hello."

And somehow, a year passed like that.

Then, one day, gathering all the courage I had, I finally tried to talk to her.

And after talking to her, I realized something.

She was even more amazing than I had imagined.

She was also deeply influenced by the way I talked. Sometimes she would tell me that I talked a lot. And somehow, I took that as a compliment, because every word she said seemed so sweet to me.

Then, more friends slowly became a part of our little circle. We spent our days together, laughing, talking, and creating countless little memories.

We were happy.

But even then, our relationship was not as deep as it would eventually become.

A few more years passed, and slowly, something changed.

A deeper connection began to grow between us.

Then came one particular day.

She came into the classroom, but there was nowhere left for her to sit. So I stood up and asked her to sit beside me.

She didn't think twice.

She simply came and sat beside me.

For a while, we sat there in silence.

And then, almost without thinking, I suddenly asked her,

"Will you be my best friend?"

She didn't hesitate.

She simply said,

"Yes."

I cannot describe how happy I was at that moment.

It was such a small word, but to me, it meant so much.

Our thoughts were almost the same. Our tastes were similar. The things we liked, the things we enjoyed, even the way we thought about certain things—it all seemed strangely connected.

I would share my sadness with her, and she would share hers with me.

She understood me in a way that very few people ever could.

Sometimes, she understood what I was about to say before I even said it.

And sometimes, before she could finish saying something, I already knew what she wanted to say.

It felt as if, somehow, we had learned to understand each other without needing too many words.

There was never a third person between us.

Even when misunderstandings happened, we always tried to bring them into the open and face them together. We had a different kind of love between us—a kind of love that could never truly be expressed in words, and understanding it was even more difficult.

For a long time, everything was going perfectly.

Until, one day, everything suddenly fell apart.

Suddenly, there were so many misunderstandings between us. And during that time, I was going through one of the hardest periods of my life. Yet, she was still there beside me.

She kept trying—again and again—to make me understand things, to calm me down, and to hold me together when I was struggling.

But I ignored all those efforts.

Instead, I began to express my anger and resentment toward her.

Even today, I don't know why I did that.

I still don't understand what made me behave that way.

And yet, despite everything, we kept trying to hold each other together. We both tried to fix what was breaking between us.

But I don't know how something that seemed so small slowly became something permanent.

Then came another misunderstanding.

Another argument.

Another moment of anger and hurt.

And somehow, three years passed in the blink of an eye.

Sometimes I wonder where all those years went.

I can no longer properly remember the times when things between us were good.

The memories that once felt so close now seem distant and blurred.

I had dreamed about a future with her.

I had imagined that we would remain a part of each other's lives.

But perhaps that future was never meant to become reality.

After that, other people slowly began to enter our lives—third people, fourth people, people who gradually became a part of the space that once belonged only to us.

I tried to make her understand me.

She tried to make me understand her.

But somehow, neither of us could understand the other's language anymore.

Not the words.

Not the feelings behind them.

It felt as though some unknown force was slowly pulling the two of us apart.

And then, suddenly, so many things inside me began to change.

Even I didn't understand why I was changing, or how it was happening.

Yet she was still there.

She kept trying to handle me, trying to make things easier for me, trying to keep me from falling apart. In doing so, she almost lost herself.

Then came another person.

And perhaps because of that, some of the changes in her became noticeable.

I was having an incredibly difficult time accepting those changes.

I kept searching for the person I once knew.

I kept searching for the version of her that felt familiar to me.

And somewhere along the way, while searching for her, I lost myself in another world.

Perhaps the story could have ended there.

Maybe everything could have remained unfinished, with no answers and no explanations.

But then, something unexpected happened.

The feelings I once had for her—the feelings I thought had disappeared somewhere along the way—returned.

And this time, they returned with a strength I could hardly bear.

I was lost between everything I had felt, everything I had done, and everything I had lost. There were moments when the weight of it all became almost impossible to carry.

But somehow, I could never completely give up.

Perhaps it was because, somewhere deep inside me, her love was still there.

And in the end, I surrendered to that love.

Even after everything that happened, a small part of that bond remained alive.

Today, she is still waiting for me.

And somewhere, I am still waiting for her too.

Maybe we are both waiting for something neither of us knows how to name.

What actually happened between us?

Why did everything change?

Why did two people who once understood each other without words slowly become strangers to each other's feelings?

No one really knows the answer.

Maybe not even we do.

Perhaps some stories are not meant to have a clear ending.

Perhaps some friendships remain unfinished-not because the feelings disappeared, but because life changed before the people in the story were ready for it.

And maybe, somewhere between the memories, the misunderstandings, the anger, the silence, and all the things we could never say ...

we are still waiting for the day when we finally understand what happened to us.

Sempiterno

Rithika Elango is a writer and poet whose prose poem, “Sempiterno” meaning everlasting or eternal, attempts to measure love from an atom to the universe, only to realise that some things are beyond measure.

Rithika Elango

I tried to measure my love for you once.

I started with an atom,

So small that the world
invisible to naked eye.

I thought perhaps
my love could be that small too.
Something almost invisible,
Something the world would never notice.

But somehow, even that felt too small
for what I felt for you.

So I went to a cell

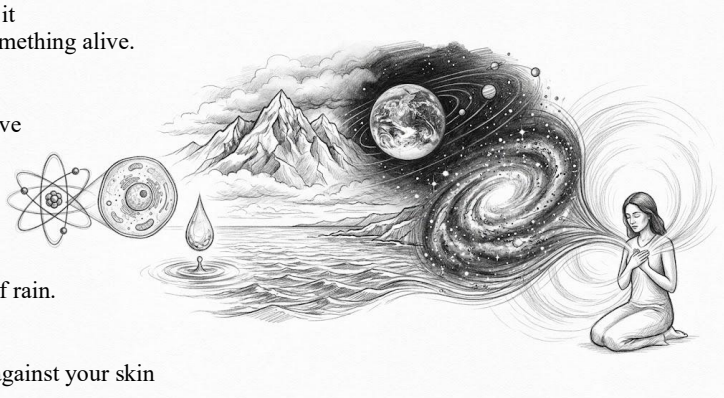
Something tiny enough
to disappear beneath a fingertip,
yet carrying within it
the beginning of something alive.

I thought maybe
love needs to be alive
to be understood.

And still,
my love felt larger.

So I found a drop of rain.
So small.

It could disappear against your skin



before you even noticed it was there.
But a drop doesn't stay a drop forever.

It falls, it joins,
it becomes part of something larger.
And that made me think of the ocean.

Where countless little drops
lose their names
and become something endless.

I thought,
perhaps my love was like that too.
And suddenly,
I had to stop trying to see
the whole thing at once.

I could stand beside it
and look as far as my eyes allowed,
but there would always be
more water beyond what I could see.

And perhaps that was closer
to what I felt for you.

Something I could stand inside,
something I could spend my whole life
trying to understand,
and still never reach the end of.

But even the ocean
has a shore.

Something I can see from where I stand,
Something I could walk towards
and eventually reach.
So I looked beyond it.

So I went to a mountain
where the earth rises so high
that the clouds have to move around it.

I thought about how long
it must have taken
for something so immense
to become what it is.

And I wondered
if love could take that long
to become this large.

And then I wondered
what if I stopped looking
at something that merely rises
from the earth
and looked at the whole earth itself?

So I went to a planet
a whole world, divided into continents.

With mountains rising above the clouds
and oceans holding the blue of everything.

And somewhere above those oceans,
a cloud becomes a drop of rain
falling back onto the world
from which it came.

A cell lives inside that drop,
too small to see, yet quietly carrying life.
And smaller still, an atom
almost nothing, yet part of everything.

And I wondered
how can something so enormous
be made from things so impossibly small?

I thought my love could fill it,
but the moment I looked beyond its blue,
the world became a little too small.

So I went to a solar system
where worlds move through the same darkness,
each with its own distance,
yet somehow never drifting apart.

I thought perhaps love could be like that
two lives, moving on their own,
still held by something unseen.

But even one solar system
is only a small part of the sky.

So I looked beyond it.

Past solar systems.

Past distances
I don't know how to imagine.

Until I reached a galaxy

and by then,
love had made the universe
feel a little smaller.

And still,
I could not measure it.
So I stopped looking outward.

I looked inward
and found
that somehow,
the thing I had been searching for
was never in the universe.

It was in me.

And somehow,
that felt
even bigger.

A Whisper Beneath the Stars

Roopam Grover

Amara and Kian walked along the quiet riverside, the moonlight painting silver trails across the water. The night air carried the fragrance of jasmine, and every step seemed to echo with the rhythm of their hearts.

Kian paused, gently taking Amara's hand. "Do you ever feel," he whispered, "that the universe conspired to bring us here?" His voice trembled, not from doubt but from the weight of love.

Amara smiled, her eyes reflecting the stars above. "Every moment with you feels written long before we met," she replied, leaning closer. Their silence became a language, their breaths a promise.

As the river flowed endlessly, so did their bond—timeless, unbroken, and destined. In that fleeting night, love was not just spoken; it was lived, eternal in the hush of the cosmos.

KYA LIKHUN !

Siya

Ek raat likhun, ek baat likhun,

Tera saath likhun, ya mahaz ek khwaab likhun.

Mil jaaye jo tu, toh tujhe apna kahun,

Kho jaaye agar, toh bas ek sapna kahun.

Tujhe paane ke liye har mandir-masjid phira karun,

Ya tere na milne ki khuda se gila karun.

Keh doon ki tu sirf mera hai,

Phir tere liye zamane se lada karun.

Tu mile toh, mohabbat ka mukaam kahun,

Tu na mile toh, ise apni kismat ka ilzaam kahun.



Aur jab bhi kalam uthe tera naam likhne ko,

Main sochu - tujhe ishq likhun ya poori kaaynaat likhun.

Ek raat likhun, ek baat likhun,

Har baar bas tera hi naam likhun.

CORRECTION

The white lily

Dr. Shivali Patel

The white lily when i see,
Is something that reminds me of thee.
The serene it provides,
Where all the chaos subsides.

Sixfold petals and stamen intact,
Is the sacred embrace thee enact.
A fragrant breath that stays behind,
To soothe the heart and calm the mind.

For all those emotionally hurt, Need a lily of valley,
healing and comfort.
The tiny bells of tears once shed,
Now bloom as woes eclipse has fled.

Thy love remains in every season,
Beyond the reach of earthly reason.

The Gentle Heresy

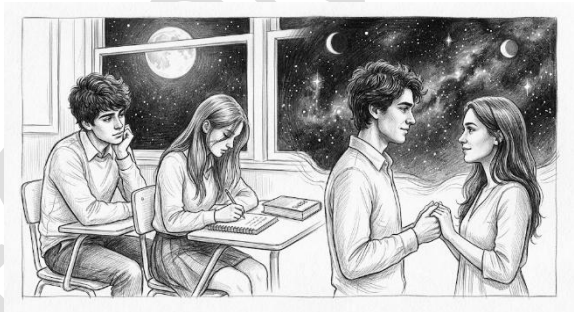
Ayesha Obaid

He knew me before I knew him,
as if he had already written my name
in the margins of his thoughts.

I came to him first as a stranger,
as a topic, as a face in a crowd,
something fleeting, insignificant.

He, however, saw more-
perhaps too much,
for he found pieces of me
in the silence between conversations,
in the way I looked at the sky,
in the books I loved,
in the little details I never meant to share.

And I, unaware, called it friendship.
It began with questions, with shared notes,
with stolen glances across desks,
and the comfort of familiar silences.



There was a time when I thought
I was merely collecting pieces of him-
his interests, his habits, the way he laughed,
the softness in his words,
the sharpness in his eyes,
the dark brown eyes that held entire universes
I could never quite describe.

He had fallen first-
that much was simple,
and I believed it would remain so.

But love, it seems,
is a quiet rebellion.
I did not intend to feel what I felt,
not at first, not in the beginning-
yet somewhere between admiration
and the endless knowing,
my heart began to shift.

I came to him slowly,
through pages and conversations,
through the way he existed in my thoughts

even when he was not near.

And perhaps that is the greatest heresy-
to love someone not because they were meant to be yours,
but because, despite all reason,
you could not help but keep them close.

He found me first.
I found him slowly.
And in the end,
we became something neither of us had planned-
but both of us had long been waiting for.

You Are Mine!

Noor Afshan

A scrapbook filled with pressed and faded flowers,
We danced like shadows through the golden hours.
The midnight tea was brewing on the stove,
We built a quiet kingdom out of love.
Your laughter is the melody I keep,
A gentle song that puts the storm to sleep.
The autumn leaves are whispering our names,
We draw our dreams upon the windowpanes.
Time is a thief that steals the afternoon,
But we are safe beneath a crescent moon.
Our pages turn, a beautiful design,
A forever written line by line,
And you are entirely mine.



The Day I Found You

Pakiza Mobeen is an emerging writer who finds beauty in emotions, relationships, and the untold stories of life. Her writing explores the depth of human connections, the silence between words, and the feelings that often remain unspoken.

Pakiza Mobeen

I still remember the first day you walked into my life. Little did I know that a girl I had approached merely to ask for a chair would one day become one of the most beautiful realities of my life.

I had heard a lot about friendship. I had read in books that it was a priceless bond, but I never truly understood its depth until you came into my life. That was when I realized that some people do not enter our lives with grand announcements. They simply find their place in our hearts, quietly becoming a part of who we are.

You were completely different from me. You loved talking, while I preferred silence. You laughed at the smallest things, while I carried even the tiniest worries in my heart. You would say, "Don't take life so seriously. It will pass anyway." And I would reply, "If I don't take life seriously, then what should I take seriously?" We were worlds apart in our personalities, yet perhaps it was this very difference that brought us closer.

Our friendship was not built on some extraordinary event. It was made of little moments: a cup of tea we shared, a book we read together, the rainy day we walked home without an umbrella, and the countless nights when talking to each other mattered more than sleeping. We shared our secrets, fears, dreams, and all those things we could barely speak about in front of the world.

I remember a time when I was deeply sad. Something inside me was breaking, yet I kept a smile on my face. Whenever anyone asked, I simply said I was fine. Perhaps people wanted to hear my answer, not understand my feelings. But you looked into my eyes and said, "You're lying. Your eyes are telling a different story."

Those few words broke every wall I had built around my pain. I fell into your arms and cried. You did not lecture me or tell me to be strong. You simply held my hand and said, "Cry as much as you need to. I'm right here."

That day, I understood that a true friend is not someone who knows the solution to every problem. A true friend is someone in whose presence we no longer feel the need to hide our pain. Sometimes, simply having someone sit beside us becomes the comfort that a thousand words could never provide.

You never tried to change me. You accepted my silence, my sensitive nature, my anger, and my tears. You never asked why I was the way I was. Instead, you made me feel that I did not have to become someone else to be worthy of friendship. With you, I discovered the peace of being myself in front of someone without explanations, pretence, or fear.

Then time changed, and circumstances changed with it. College ended, and we moved to different cities. Our daily meetings turned into occasional conversations. Those pointless talks, spontaneous plans, and long hours spent together slowly became memories. Sometimes, weeks passed without a conversation, yet there was no unfamiliarity in that silence. I learned that not

every distance means separation. Some relationships survive not through daily conversations but through the place they hold in our hearts. In true friendship, it is not necessary to ask about each other every single day. What matters is that whenever we do ask, we do not have to hide behind a mask while answering. Even today, whenever we meet, our laughter remains the same, and our conversations begin exactly where we left them years ago. It feels as though time tried to pass between us but could never quite touch the bond we had built. People say that love is the most beautiful emotion in the world. I do not deny its beauty, but to me, friendship is also a form of love in which acceptance matters more than claims, and trust matters more than



promises. There is no constant need to prove our importance. In friendship, silence becomes a conversation, and distance does not necessarily mean the absence of affection.

When I look back at the days of my life, I realize how much changed after you arrived. Life existed before you, too, but after you came, it gained colours I had never known. You did not give me solutions to every problem, but you saved me from feeling alone in the middle of my struggles. You were not always physically beside me, yet your prayers, your words, and our shared memories helped me find my balance more than once.

Last night, I received a message from you. It contained only three words: "I miss you." I stared at that message for a long time. How strange it is that sometimes a few words can wash away the exhaustion of an entire day. I replied, "I miss you too." Neither of us needed to say anything more because some relationships do not require explanations. In them, even a few words can carry years of closeness. I do not know where life will take us in the coming years. Perhaps our responsibilities will increase, our busy schedules will pull us further apart, and the intervals between our meetings will grow longer. But I hope that wherever life takes us, whenever we remember each other, we will always carry the same reassurance in our hearts: no matter how much the world changes, there will always be a place within us reserved for our friendship. If someone asked me what you mean to me, I might not have a simple answer. I would call you a prayer I never knew I had made, yet Allah blessed me with it through His mercy. You are the home I can return to without needing a formal invitation. You are the peace that waits for me somewhere, even amid the noise of the world. This is not a fictional story. It is a collection of moments from my life that taught me the true meaning of friendship. There is no extraordinary event here, no grand promises echoing through the pages. There is simply a girl I once approached as a stranger, an ordinary meeting, and a bond that deepened with time until it made life more bearable, brighter, and more beautiful. Perhaps this is what friendship truly means: becoming a part of someone's life in such a way that your presence feels not like a habit, but a blessing. Becoming so comfortable with someone that silence no longer creates distance. And holding someone so close to your heart that even when the miles between you grow, the space they occupy within you never becomes smaller. The day I found you, it felt as though life had added a page to its unfinished story a page I would never want to lose.

CORRECTION

Still Your Daughter

Shachi Vagesh Kumar

Was I a Good Daughter?

Was I a good daughter,
and did I love you enough—
or did my love remain unfinished,
spoken too late,
understood only after everything shifted?

I ask myself this
when the house feels full
yet hollow,
when your absence breathes louder
than your presence ever did.

I know I made mistakes.
I was a child still growing bones,
still learning that love needs care,
that silence can bruise,
that parents are not indestructible.

I wasn't mature enough—
not then.
I didn't know how fragile time was,
how quietly people carry pain,
how easily love feels like neglect
when it isn't named.

I thought you would always be there.
I thought understanding could wait.
I thought love was obvious
because it lived inside me,
even when my words were sharp,
even when my actions fell short.

I hid parts of myself,
not because I didn't trust you,

but because I didn't yet trust myself.
I chose distance when closeness felt hard.
I chose quiet when I should have stayed.

There are nights I replay everything—
every tone I used,
every time I stayed quiet to survive,
every moment I chose being “strong”
over being honest.
Strength became my hiding place,
and I didn't know how lonely it would make me.

I carry guilt that has no single face.
Guilt for being a child.
Guilt for not knowing better sooner.
Guilt for loving you fiercely
and still failing to protect what we were.
Some losses don't come from lack of love—
they come from love that didn't know how to fight.

I grieve the daughter I was allowed to be,
and the one I had to become too early.
I grieve the home that taught me safety
and then quietly withdrew it.
Growing up didn't feel like freedom—
it felt like learning how to ache in silence.

I would tell you
that my mistakes were never a lack of love—
only a lack of knowing
how to carry it with care.

Now everything has changed
without asking if I was ready.
Love has been redistributed.
Home has shifted its shape.
And I am grieving a parent
who still breathes,
still speaks,
yet lives somewhere I cannot reach.

There are things I will never ask you
because I'm afraid the answers will confirm
what my heart already suspects.
That I mattered,
but not enough to stay.
That loving me was real,
but not heavy enough to anchor you.

I am angry.
Not because I don't love you—
but because I do.
Because I am still the daughter
who wants to belong
without measuring her place.

And still—
beneath the anger, the questions, the fracture—
there is a child who waits.
Not for explanations.
Not for apologies.
Just for the moment you look at me
and choose me
without hesitation,
without sharing,
without leaving.

So if you ever wonder
whether I was a good daughter—
know this:

I loved you
in the only ways I knew how
at the time.
I loved you before I had language for loss,
before I understood that parents can leave
and still be alive.

My love did not disappear with distance.
It aged.
It deepened.
It learned regret, patience, grief, and mercy.

And even now—
with a changed home,
a fractured sense of belonging,
and a heart that had to grow around absence—

I am still your daughter.
Still loving you.
Still carrying you
in every version of myself
that survived.

Not perfectly.
Not quietly.
But honestly.

CORRECTION

Life Between Two Notifications

Roshni Patidar

His name appears on my screen—

I smile,

read his words twice,

and then put my phone away.

And somewhere between

that notification

and the next one,

life happens.

I return to my little world,

he returns to his,

days get busy,

and hours quietly pass.

But in those silent hours,

something is always left unsaid—

a thought about him,

a smile I cannot explain,



a sentence I wish I could tell him.

Then, suddenly—

another notification.

His name again.

And for a moment,
it feels like
those quiet hours in between
were never really quiet.

Maybe that's what we are—

not together every second,
not endless conversations,
but two little moments
connected by everything
we feel in between.

Two notifications.

One story.

And a thousand little feelings

living quietly between them. ❤️

Beyond perfection

I am a young aspiring writer with a passion for poetry and expressing emotions through words. I enjoy exploring themes of love, beauty, emotions, and the little details that often remain unspoken. Through my writing, I try to turn feelings and imagination into meaningful words.

Ranveer singh anand

You are beautiful like stars..

Glamorous like the moon..

Angelic within the most angelic one..

Celestial like a sunburnt brown eye...

A flawless beauty which has no flaws...

Magnificent like a wish...

Which desires to be fulfilled with you..

Etherial like an unreal dream...

Mesmerizing within my memories like an art...

Exquisite, deep like a living space..

Charming in your own way..

A divinity, divine, which shocks divinity itself..

Where I am just an existence, existing for you...

CORRECTION

Mar jaane tak yaad kroge

I am a young aspiring writer with a passion for poetry and expressing emotions through words. I enjoy exploring themes of love, beauty, emotions, and the little details that often remain unspoken. Through my writing, I try to turn feelings and imagination into meaningful words.

Ranveer singh anand

Tum piroge khawaab bunoge...

Raat raat na sooke fariyad kroge...

Woh mann bharne Tak baat kregi...

Tum mar jaane tak yaad kroge...

Uski har galti tum maaf kroge...

Ishq kam thaa kahegi maan loge...

Woh muskura kr chale jayegi..

Tum Marte dam tak muskurahat sajote rahoge...

Tum apne upar sawaal kroge..

Mohabbat tumhe thi behintehan kroge...

Tumhare baad woh kisi dusre ko galle lagayegi...

Tum aakhen gilli kr sirf usse yaad kroge...

Ki...

Tumhari sapno main usse mulakat hoogi...

Kya Wha ishq krne ki ijazat hoogi?

Woh sapne main bhi tumhe rihah kregi...

Aur tum...

Tum uske diye hue dard ko bhi.. mohabbat ka hissa maankr chaloge....

Tum uske naam ki kahani duso ko padhaoge...

Panne gille...

Dard chipakr sirf uski hascenta dikhaoge...

Sitaro ko usse chhota...

Chaand ko uska tukda jataoge....

Har uss padhne waale ko...padhane ke naam pr...

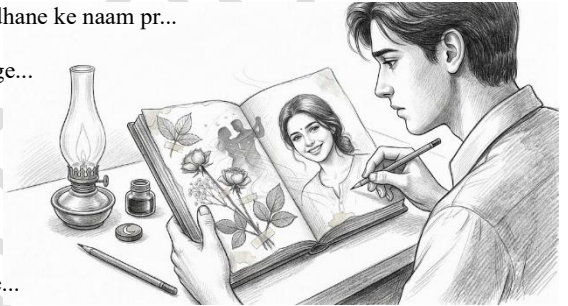
Usse hazaar baar jeena chahoge...

Woh kamiyan dikhayegi...

Buraiyann kregi...

Aur tum?...

Tum mar jaane tak yaad kroge...



A Spare Room Made on Tuesday

I'm the human equivalent of messed up colour palette. My brain is a mashup of junji ito's illustrations and alt pop music. When I'm not binge reading any comics or swooning over romcoms, you can find me crocheting for invisible friends, compose letters for stars and bake disastrous brownies.

AFRIN SHEHNAZ

On the evening the conversation ended,
no door closed. Nothing so honest as that.
The words simply thinned,
the way a river forgets its own name
somewhere past the last bridge.

A clock in the hallway kept its small arithmetic.
Outside, the light was the colour of weak tea,
and the afternoon folded itself
into a drawer where unfinished things are kept
beside buttons, and keys to locks that have since moved away.

Between us there stood a well.
I do not know who dug it.
I only know that when a sentence was dropped inside,
we listened for the sound of arrival,
and heard instead the long patience of depth.

Somewhere a cat crossed the width of an empty street
with the calm of an animal
that has never been told what it is losing.

We were two lamps in the same house,
each burning for a room the other could not see.
The dark between them was not absence.
It was architecture.
It had walls, and a ceiling,
and a window that opened only inward.

I learned that night that silence has a weight,
precisely the weight of everything almost said.
It settles on the shoulders like fine snow
on a statue in a park that has been closed for the winter.

I May Never Find The Kind Of Love You Offered To Me And still the
evening went on being an evening.
The kettle cooled. The stairs held their breath.
Tuesday leaned against the wall
like a stranger who had come to the wrong address
and was too kind to
knock.

Now, when I pass that
hour,
I feel the spare room still
there,
its bed made, its curtains
drawn,
waiting for a guest
who was never told
the house had been built for them.



Who Am I? -Fragments of Me

Sagarika Dash

If you were to ask me who | am, | wouldn't answer with a name. I'd hand you a handful of fragments instead. | am the colour of dusty lavender that lingers in memory without ever asking to be seen. | am the rain that arrives after an impossible summer, bringing quiet relief to hearts tired of the heat. | am blueberry cheesecake-layered with sweetness and tang, softness and strength. | smell of lavender, rain-soaked earth, old books, and warm vanilla; like a well-loved journal holding pressed flowers, fading ink, and little doodles that turned into memories. | am amethyst, learning that light is often born under pressure. | am the mist over the Scottish hills, where silence whispers its own kind of music. | am unfinished pages, half-lived dreams, and stories still waiting to be written. And perhaps that is who | am- not someone trying to shine the brightest, but someone quietly blooming in my own season, leaving behind stories instead of dust. Perhaps my greatest fragment is this: | am quietly terrified of the dreams | want the most.



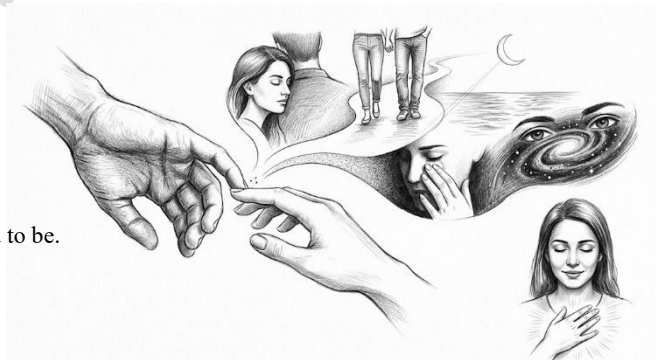
5 minutes more of you

Zehra Siddiqui

I wish I could pause time
right at the moment I see you
hold it still between heartbeats,
stretch a second into forever,
just to have five minutes more of you.

Because with you,
time doesn't pass...
it slips,
it melts,
it disappears into laughter
and the quiet comfort of being close.

And then there are days
no messages,
no words,
just silence where you used to be.
I try to step back,
not because I'm letting go,
but because I'm afraid



my love might push you further away.

But then you look at me,
reach out your hand
and I forget everything.
I hold on instantly,
like my heart remembers
what my mind tries to hide.

That night...
we were us again.
Laughing, playing,
existing in a world
that felt untouched by distance.

I stayed close
too close, maybe
holding your hand like it was home,
even holding onto you in sleep,
as if letting go, even then,
would take away my peace.

And in those moments,
I realize

this is all I ever wanted:

to stay.

To not let the night end.

To live inside that single day forever.

Because loving you...

was never part of my plan.

I was someone

who found comfort in silence,

who built walls out of solitude

and then you came,

softly,

like a sunrise that didn't ask permission

but still changed everything.

Now my mornings carry your name,

and my nights echo with your presence.

You became my calm,

my chaos,

my unexpected everything.

You once asked me,

"Why me? I'm not even that good."

But who told you that?

Who dared to dim a light

that, to me,

has always been blindingly beautiful?

Because you are

in ways you don't even see.

Your smile softens storms.

Your laugh feels like music

the world forgot to write down.

Your voice

a quiet kind of healing.

And your eyes...

they hold galaxies

I could get lost in

for lifetimes.

You are warmth

in a world that feels too cold.

You are comfort

where I once felt alone.

And maybe you don't notice
but every small moment with you
stays with me.
Every touch, every glance,
etched into something deeper than memory.

I remember when your hand met mine
how you held it,
even if just for a second.
It was enough
to make my whole world pause.

I wanted to hold tighter.
I wanted to stay.
But I let go too soon...
like I always do.

If I could give you anything,
it would be this
the ability to see yourself
the way I see you.

To feel even a fraction

of what I feel
when I look at you.

Because this love
it isn't loud,
it isn't perfect,
it doesn't always know how to stay strong...

but it is real.

It is patient.
It is soft.
It is constant
even in silence,
even in distance.

So if time insists on moving,
and paths insist on parting,
then let it.

I will still be here
loving you quietly,
like the moon loves the sea...
never touching,

yet forever connected.

And maybe,
in another moment,
in another night like that one

time will pause again.

And it will be us.

Still.

Always

Unspoken feelings

Adesh okramcha

Sometimes silence speaks louder than words, because not everything needs to be explained.

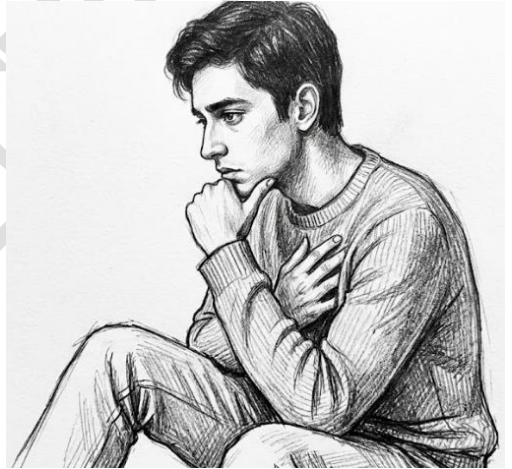
Keep your heart kind and your mind strong; the right people will understand your worth.

Some memories never fade, no matter how much time passes.

Life becomes beautiful when you stop chasing people and start choosing your own peace.

Not everyone who smiles with you wishes to see you happy, so choose your circle wisely.

I may be quiet, but my silen



Mithran

Alphy Renita is a writer who finds stories in the quiet spaces between human emotions, relationships, and the battles people carry unseen. Her writing explores the shades of grey that make us human—the contradictions, vulnerabilities, resilience, and imperfections that often remain unspoken.

Alphy Renita

Tears rolled down her cheeks. Her hands trembled, and soon a shiver took over her body. Megha felt her chest grow heavy. A sharp ache pierced her and radiated to her right shoulder and upper back. The pain gained strength. Breathlessness kicked in. Gradually, her vision blurred...she could sense something wrong. It didn't feel like a usual panic attack. She could feel her body getting immobile. She was slowly losing consciousness. Her subconscious mind portrayed her whole life's moments, emotions, people and places in blurred images...she knew her life was coming to an end. She smiled and embraced her inner self for the perseverance it showed until then – for fighting battles both within and beyond herself. She could see the image of Mithran. She wanted to thank him – perhaps for the last time.

Mithran, a friend whom she met during her GATE preparation days. She became an ardent fan of his writings during her first encounter with one of them. It paved the way for their conversation. She soon found herself reading more of his writings, often returning to the same pieces again and again. Reading both fiction and non-fiction had been an integral part of her life for many years, but it was the first time she had found herself reading someone's work multiple times – and she never regretted it.



As usual, she was battling her trauma during those days, just as she did in every other part of her life. But those days were worse, with more frequent trauma episodes, anxiety and panic attacks. The nights frightened her more

and peaceful sleep became a lost treasure. During a conversation with Mithran, she shared about her difficulty sleeping. He offered help and support at the very moment. It didn't end with words. He regularly checked on her. In the beginning, she was reluctant to open up. The bitter experiences life had given her had painfully closed the doors of trust, and she had forgotten how to let people get close. The way he treated her slowly made the reluctance disappear. Gradually, he became her comrade in the battlefield; more than anything, a safe place where she could be comfortable taking off her heavy shield which she usually wore around everyone and everywhere. The nights became less frightening with his presence through calls and messages. A few of his words flashed in her mind – "Don't be afraid, I'm here". He stood with her as a brother and comrade through the storms even when he was fighting his own battles silently. Soon, he helped her reopen the doors of trust in her life.

When the doors which should have opened were repeatedly shut in her face, even begging couldn't suffice; he stood by her even without being asked for help even as his own battles were wearing him down. Knowingly or unknowingly, he taught her things about life in ways he could never have imagined. He meant more to her than words could ever express. It was a bond precious enough to carry her gratitude into her final breath. Mithran had his grey shades, and so did Megha. At the end, she remembered him not despite those shades, but with all of them.

Megha, Mithran, you and everyone around you are shades of grey. Perhaps that is the very essence of being human. Megha's eyes closed forever, a quiet, peaceful smile resting on her face.

I May Never Find The Kind Of Love You Offered To Me

Zeba Mariyam Khan is an inspiring 18-year-old writer and poet who beautifully captures raw human emotions through her words. She shares deeply relatable, unfiltered thoughts and messy pages that resonate with thousands of readers. Her writing serves as a powerful mirror for the chaotic, beautiful journey of youth and self-discovery.

Zeba Mariyam Khan

When I first told you that I was in love with sunsets You clicked a picture of it and sent it to me the next evening. The kind of love that is not loud. I once told you that I like white and now I often get to see you in white tees. The kind of love that doesn't only promise but proves and remembers. Because I remember telling you that my favourite and comfort food has always been Maggie and then I saw you ordering it on our next date. I always wanted a princess twirl while it's raining just like how I've watched those couples in movies and somehow You managed to fulfill that dream also and rest destiny was on our side that day. I may never find the kind of love you offered to me because you notice the tears that aren't out yet. Because you count all the moles on my body and remember the one that is hidden in my right eye's corner. Nobody can love me like you do because you hold my hands whenever they tremble. And no matter how much I try to hide, you still somehow notice the cut on my face. And I even remember you collecting every strand of my hair when I was struggling to eat. I saw you taking pictures of me secretly when I was admiring the skylines and you were admiring me.



The Way You Love Me

Diksha Agarwal holds a Master's degree in Computer Applications and works as a Senior Technical Editor by profession. Living in *Dilwalon Ki Delhi*, she balances the precision of the technical world with the depth of creative expression through her writings. Passionate about writing, music, and meaningful conversations, she believes in the power of listening and understanding people's stories.

Diksha Agarwal

Sometimes, love isn't about who is right or who is wrong. It's about what a person wants and what makes them feel loved.

Some want a partner who is mature, while some want someone who is a little kiddish.

Some want financial stability, while some simply want love and respect.

Some want to be heard, while some want to listen.

Some want to understand, while some simply want to be understood.

Some want to take the lead in the relationship, while some want to be the pampered one.

Some want things only when they ask for them, while some want their partner to notice the little things without having to ask.

Some want words, some want actions.

Some want space, some want constant reassurance.

Because there is no one definition of love.

What feels like love to one person may not feel like love to another.

Sometimes, it's not about right or wrong-it's simply about understanding how the other person wants to be loved.

YUANFEN

Zavier Zoey Arashi is a young writer and artist with a passion for poetry, visual art, animation, and design. Their work explores emotion, relationships, and human experiences through creative writing and visual storytelling. They aspire to create stories and artwork that leave a lasting impression on their audience.

Zoey

Shock waves through my blood
a fragile body, now a burned socket.
He poured the water in,
and left me sparking long after.
I said I'd be the electricity if he were the light,
but every attempted connection failed to ignite.
I tried every circuit, every wire in between,
yet he found his conductor in someone else's scene.

I believed I was the resistance,
making the flow harder.
I had come to accept that I slowed him down,
Seemingly hindering his current.

I thought to leave, perhaps forever.

However—

With no resistance, the current would surge unchecked
the current left uncontrolled.



The resistance was more necessary than I ever knew,
keeping the conductor from burning through.

Perhaps the most compatible were we,
who had nothing in their favor, just love.

CORRECTION

DEAR FUTURE SCIENTIST

Tanya Agarwal

Stay Curious.

Keep asking “Why?” when others stop questioning.

Let your passion for science be bigger than your fear of failure.

I don't want to just memorize answers—

I want to understand, discover and explore the unknown.

This diary is not just about JEE or IISc.

It's the story of my journey from curiosity to discovery.

Never stop wondering.

Never stop learning.

Never stop asking why.

If it's worth it

Deep Shikha

A flower that blossoms in heart,
Spreading warmth to those around,
Yet the winds pass it by,
Leaving it unseen and alone

I wonder if you ever saw that flower?
Giving shade while being in rain,
Smiling before the world to see,
While hiding in silence of dark
Oh are you not tired of holding candles for others,
Or are you still waiting for someone to notice,
And thank your light,
Is it really worth it,
Does this question ever came to you?



About you

Little feelings decorated with words. Always express what you feel. I would really appreciate if my readers could take a look at \"Hidden in Italics: just like you\" book written by me cause yeah although it's a bit unpolished... my journey began there. So yeah do check it out if you like this.

Izadora Fernandes

I try to write

A haiku about you,

And before I know it,

I have a stanza.

I try to write

A stanza about you,

And before I know it,

I have a poem.

I try to write

A poem about you,

And before I know it,

I have a song.

I try to write

A song about you,



And before I know it,

I have a book.

I try to write

A book about you,

And before we know it,

We have each other.

CORRECTION

Some where between us, A Red rope

Bhavyasri Kancherla

A Red rope, tied to our souls

And somehow we

Became one of them.

Everyone taught

We would stay

But the times have

Different plans.

Sometimes, we hope

For the same

Thing, but

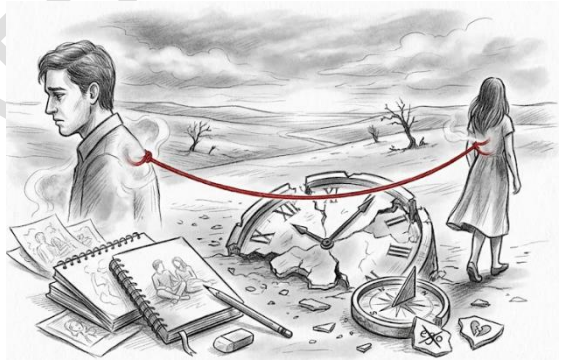
Ego drops.

Where heart doesn't exists.

I keep searching

That, Where

I went wrong,



To lose you.

Turning back,

All I'd in my past,

Everything is you !

My sweetest (lovest).

Cause,

There was a beauty in what we had

And fear in what actually

We're becoming.

Maybe there was

A reason

For every moment,

Silence, step back

When the song

Of our heart plays

Other.

My greatest fear was never,

Leaving youu ..

Day by day

Learning to move,

Even when my heart

Still wants to hold.

CORRECTION

LET HIM FEEL

Sri Tulasi

We compare men and women
by strength, by freedom,
but we never pause for a second
to see the sorrow they hide deep down,
never ask them about their heart.

We blame them for being cold,
but no man is ever asked,
"How are you? Are you okay?"
They are only asked about salary,
about why responsibilities weren't fulfilled.

Inside his heart too, there is a kid,
who just wants to be understood,
who also wants to be pampered,
who also wants to be loved.



When a man holds back his tears,
it doesn't mean he is strong,
it just means he doesn't want to show

how badly his heart is broken.

A man is also a human

with all emotions.

Love him in his strength,

and love him in his tears too.

Let him live his emotions freely,

The Shiv Parivar

Sreja Basak

Every year at this time, Maa Durga comes from Swarga.

Look, you will see her elder son, Kartikeya,

He is the symbol of Vijaya.

Then you will see a cute little child,

He is Ganesh, who saves us from Klesh.

Then you will see Lakshmi and Saraswati,

They are like Rashmi and Yukti.

Shiv waits for them until Durga Puja ends.

Subho Durga Puja.



Are we meant to be in this life?

Soumya

I wonder if you've ever known,
How long my heart's been yours alone.

Are we meant to be in this life, or just shadows that collide?
You don't even see the fire, I've been hiding deep inside.
Years of silence, years of lies, But I still drown in your eyes.

I've memorized the way you breathe,
Every glance a secret thief.
Stealing hope I can't confess, A love I'll die with, unexpressed.

Do you feel it when I stare too long,
Or am I just a ghost moving on?

Are we meant to be in this life, or just strangers side by side?
You don't hear the prayers I'm screaming,
Every night you haunt my dreaming.
Years of silence, years of tries,
But I still drown in your eyes.

I Love The Concept Of Love

Soumya

I love the concept of love because to me, it feels like the purest kind of magic. I believe that **love has the power to heal what the world tries to break**. It is soft yet fierce, invisible yet so deeply felt. I have always pictured love not as something loud and showy but as a warm light that glows quietly in small gestures, in thoughtful words, in the way someone stands by you when everyone else walks away.

When I think about love, I think about loyalty and respect. I dream of *a love that feels safe*, where two people grow together, support each other's dreams and stand strong for each other. Maybe that is why I love the old-fashioned idea of love too, where it is graceful, classy and timeless like old money stories I'll sometimes imagine myself in.

For me, ***the concept of love is not just romance between two people*** but also the little ways we love our family, friends and even strangers when we choose to be kind. I love how love shows itself in different forms: a mother saving the last bite for her child, a friend listening to you cry without looking at the clock, a teacher who believes in you when you do not believe in yourself.



Sometimes I think I am a bit of a dreamer. I have never wanted a loud love story. ***I want a love that feels like coming home***. A love where I do not have to pretend to be someone else, where my flaws are held gently and my dreams are encouraged. I want someone who is proud to say, That's my girl, and who I can be proud of too.

I love the concept of love because it makes me believe that *no matter how harsh the world can get, there will always be a soft place to fall*. I think love makes us better people. It makes us patient, brave and hopeful. Even when love hurts, it teaches us what truly matters. It teaches us how to forgive, how to let go and how to start again.

In the end, I know I have so much love to give. And I trust that one day, all the love I dream of will find me too. Until then, I will keep loving the concept of love because it reminds me that something beautiful is always possible, no matter what.

Our Story: Beginning to End

Saarthak Haldar is a Clinical Research Professional, scientific and medical writer, independent researcher, author, and poet. With an academic background in Pharmaceutical Sciences and experience in clinical research, he is interested in the intersection of biomedical science, drug development, scientific communication, and research.

Saarthak Haldar

I was nonplussed, flabbergasted, spellbound, hypnotized,
on the first day I saw you.
Into the Mariana Trench, pulled me senseless, your doe eyes.
More bewitching than any apsara, the color of your eyes, deep oceanic blue.

I lost my senses; like telekinesis, you pulled me towards you.
Attraction of magnetism, sparks of electricity, all were triggered within me.
My tongue was numb, my mind blanked out, and I became speechless too.
There was chaos of delight and pleasure inside me that no one could see.

That day you turned towards me, like sunshine, you smiled at me and you
said, "Hi."

Like a brain-dead person, I looked at you and I just smiled.
And as you were dragged away by your friends, you kept smiling at me
with shyness in your eyes.
I still treasure those precious memories in my mind.

Destiny and fate played with us; we met again several times
in beautiful and unexpected places we never imagined.
Nature played the flutes of love and scattered positivity like sweet tunes of
wind chimes.
Like the sakura flower, our love flourished and blossomed.

In each other's eyes, we used to stay drowned,
hand in hand, drenched in each other's warmth.
We used to watch the sun go down.
We handed each other our bleeding, beating hearts.

Suddenly, something happened to us; I still don't know what.
Friction, repulsion, resistance, and fights.
I wanted to be me, but you wanted me to become someone else; my brain
couldn't encompass.
Our love was hanging by a thread, flickering, and starting to die.

You loved boys who could race a bike at a rapid pace.
I was someone who liked to keep things safe.
You loved the one who could keep you every time in his embrace.
Believe me, I yearned for the same, but to build a happy future for us, I
toiled late at my workplace.

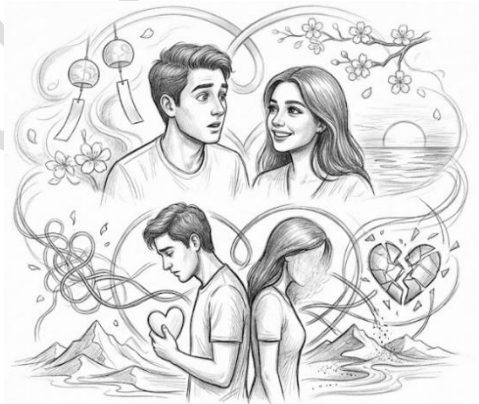
You wanted one who could brawl with ten guys
just because they bumped into you accidentally.
I was the one wanting to protect
both of us, never wanting to
escalate a fight.
And that night, you blamed and
insulted me; according to you, I
acted cowardly.

Now, I ask the question: have we
ever loved each other's real
selves?
Perhaps we just idolized the false,
perfect identity we created in our
minds.

We loved the image of each other
that we made ourselves.

We just needed each other to be our own imagined versions, the reality we
never tried to find.

I am not blaming you; I never will.
Perhaps we never understood each other; we never even tried.
I used to ponder and sit still.
I was clueless; maybe I was the culprit too, thinking that internally I cried.



The mesmerizing depth of your eyes had now turned into suffocating quicksand.

Your spellbinding voice had begun to irritate my soul.

Still, the dying love, I hopelessly tried to mend.

But I knew,

whatever we had once is now forever gone.

We were never made for each other.

It was all a big mistake.

We were both delusional.

The so-called destiny and fate were all false and fake.

CORRECTION

Where Our Pages Stay Open

Jeffrey Jenifer is a PhD scholar in English Literature and a content writer who handles 25+ brands, turning ideas into words that connect. Her poems have appeared in 100+ anthologies, including world record anthologies and international collections available in 250+ countries. For her, reading is the sweetest escape, and every book is a doorway to somewhere new. She writes to capture the little feelings that live between the lines.

Jeffrey Jenifer

We never wrote it down in ink,
Yet every page was ours to keep,
In glances held a second long,
In midnight talks that outran sleep.

Our story lives in smaller things:
A cup of tea gone warm too soon,
A borrowed scarf, a half-sung tune,
Your laughter underneath the moon.

Some chapters opened soft as dawn,
Some closed in silence, low and slow;
We learned to read between the lines
Of all the things we didn't show.

Not every tale must end in bliss,
Nor every love a grand design;
Some stories are just two hearts learning
To hold a pause, to hold a line.

So if the ink grows pale with years
And the corners fade to gray,
Remember this: our pages stay open,
Never closed, just turned away.

And should you ask where it began,
I'd say with one soft "hello,"



A story needs no final page
When love still lets the pages grow.

CORRECTION

\\"Sarhad-e-Junoon\\"

A young writer who finds poetry in the emotions people leave unspoken. Her writing often explores love, loss, longing, and the beauty of things left unfinished. For her, poetry is a way of giving words to feelings that the heart struggles to explain.

Kishwar hussain

Woh waqt aaya phir,

jab hamare raaste alag ho rahe the,

woh waqt aaya jab hamari alag duniya hone waali thi.

Phir bhi maine use mud kar nhi dekha...

yeh mom-sa dil uss din patthar ka tha.

Yeh mohabbat ka libaas,

uss din izzat-e-nafs ban gaya tha.

Usne bhi shayad yahi socha hoga—

ki ek baar mud kar dekhoon...

aakhri baar.

Magar hamara na milna hi shayad sabse achha tha.

Agar milte,

toh shayad yeh jo sarhad hai

junoon ki,
woh mitt jaati.

Aur phir...
uss ek mulaqat ko
hum saalon taraste.

Achha hua woh waqt aaya—
ehsaas karwaane ke liye
ki apni mohabbat sirf apni hoti hai,
aur iss mohabbat par haq bhi
sirf hamara hota hai.



Shayad mohabbat ka matlab
hamesha saath rehna nahi hota,
kabhi-kabhi kisi ko
apne dil mein zinda rakh kar bhi
usse apni zindagi se rukhsat karna padta hai.

Kuch log humare nahi hote,
phir bhi unka ek hissa
umar bhar humara rehta hai.

Aur kuch mulaqatein...

mukammal hone ke liye nahi,
yaad ban jaane ke liye hoti hain.

Isliye aaj bhi agar kabhi
woh raasta saamne aa jaaye,
toh shayad main mud kar na dekhun...
magar dil ko kaise samjhaun,
ki jis shakhs ko chhod diya,
use bhoolna zaroori nahi tha.

Kuch mohabbatein adhuri reh kar hi
apni poori kahani keh jaati hain.

Aur shayad hum bhi
unhi kahaniyon mein se ek the—
jo mil
nahi sake,
magar kabhi khatam bhi nahi hue.

Friendship

A. Nasiya

F-fresh

R-remarkable

I-identity

E-enjoyable

N-neverfade

D-define



Fresh like a flower with remarkable character given a identity in my life with a lot of enjoyable moments filled will neverfade away is define as a friendship

We were new to the course but from the same locality without any inattraction lived in the city

We each other got to know as in the first meetup of the course as a bachelor of education

We introduced each other with a handsack .. There it started the cute world called friends ...

Lots of message about our self to each other, got to close with in an hour as like a century of friendship

Touch with modern technology by message ..

(WhatsApp) , meet ups, conversation on call, few days passed in the way

Sharing the ideas, thought, knowledge, contents, write-ups all are our 1\4 of the part in the friendship ...

Driving in two Wheeler, chatting on the restaurant tables, going on small picnics, sitting in theaters becomes our major part of our life ...

Helped each other in all situation, moved with confidence, happiness,
healings, makes us to live the life spectacularly

The end of the day came on the year

We are excited to get our recongization as a teacher

So happy, enjoyed the moment, self clicking, eating, talking meeting the
faculty, our friends all made the day so memorable in my life ...

An hour of with my friend make me to drop the tears at end

We move to our life ... Asual works, family responsibility make us, so far
and no word

no message,

no calls,

no meet ups,

no driving,

no flim,

no conversation

But

Still our friendship is sailing in the ocean without sinking

still remember the days we chillout, preparing for exams, everything this
cherisable days are not leaving from the soul

Girl vs social media

Roshni Patidar

At seventeen, I had already learned how to compare my life with people I had never met.

Every night, before sleeping, I would open Instagram. I would scroll through reels, stories, and posts until my eyes felt tired. Most of the girls I saw were around my age. Seventeen. Sixteen. Sometimes even younger.

They were making reels, creating art, dancing, writing, starting small businesses, making videos, and gaining thousands of followers.

One girl had fifty thousand followers at seventeen.

Another had started making videos when she was sixteen and now worked with big brands.

Someone else had turned her hobby into a successful page.

I would look at their profiles and then look at my own.

Nothing.

No followers.

No reels.

No achievements that looked impressive on a screen.



Just a girl sitting in her room, holding a phone and wondering, "What am I doing with my life?"

I knew Instagram did not show the whole truth. I knew people posted their best moments. I knew there were failures, bad days, and ordinary moments behind those perfect pictures.

But knowing that did not stop me from comparing.

One evening, I came across a girl who was exactly my age. She made simple creative videos using things around her house. Her videos were not expensive or perfect, but they were different.

She had started with just a few followers.

Now she had more than one hundred thousand.

I watched one of her videos three times.

Then I opened my notes app.

For the first time, I started writing my own ideas.

I had so many.

A short video about teenage life.

A funny reel about parents and phones.

A small story about friendship.

A video about how girls constantly compare themselves with others.

I even thought of a name for my page.

I smiled.

For a few minutes, I could actually imagine myself doing something.

Then I heard my mother calling me.

“Phone chhod do. Itna phone use karna achha nahi hai.”

I locked my phone.

The excitement disappeared.

I knew what would happen if I told my family about my idea.

“What will you gain from making reels?”

“People will talk.”

“Focus on your studies.”

“Girls should be careful online.”

“Why do you need strangers to watch you?”

And honestly, I understood their fear.

But I also wished they could understand mine.

I was not trying to become famous overnight.

I just wanted to try something.

I wanted to know what I could create.

The next day at school, I told my best friend about my idea.

She looked excited.

“You should do it!”

I laughed nervously.

“What if people from school see it?”

“So what?”

“What if they make fun of me?”

She shrugged.

“Then let them laugh.”

It sounded easy when she said it.

It wasn't easy for me.

I created a small account anyway.

I wrote a bio.

I chose a profile picture.

I spent almost an hour deciding whether I should post my first reel.

Finally, I recorded it.

I watched it.

Deleted it.

Recorded it again.

Deleted that one too.

After almost twenty attempts, I made one that I liked.

My finger stayed above the post button.

My heart was beating fast.

Then I imagined my relatives seeing it.

My neighbours.

My classmates.

Someone saying, "Look at her. She thinks she is an influencer now."

I closed the app.

I told myself, "Maybe tomorrow."

Tomorrow became the next day.

Then the next week.

My account remained empty.

But I continued scrolling.

And somehow, every time I saw another seventeen-year-old girl succeeding, I felt smaller.

One night, I saw a quote on someone's story:

"You are not late. You are just watching someone else's timeline."

I stared at it.

I read it again.

And again.

Maybe that was my problem.

I was so busy watching everyone else's journey that I had forgotten to start mine.

The next morning, I took out my notebook.

At the top of the first page, I wrote:

Things I want to do—not things I want people to see.

Under it, I wrote:

Create.

Write.

Learn.

Try.

Fail.

Try again.

I realised something that day.

I did not actually want thousands of followers.

I wanted the courage to begin.

So I recorded the video again.

This time, I did not make it perfect.

I did not use expensive clothes.

I did not wait for the perfect room.

I did not worry about whether my voice sounded perfect.

I simply spoke.

I talked about something I knew well—the feeling of being seventeen and thinking everyone else was ahead.

Before posting it, I looked at myself in the camera.

For a moment, I could see the same girl who had spent months comparing herself with strangers.

Then I pressed Post.

Nothing happened.

No thousands of likes.

No sudden followers.

No messages from brands.

Just one view.

Then three.

Then seven.

I smiled.

It was not a big number.

But for me, it was a beginning.

A few days later, someone commented:

“I feel the same.”

I read those four words again and again.

That one comment meant more to me than a thousand likes could have.

Because suddenly, I understood what I had been searching for.

Connection.

Not attention.

Not fame.

Connection.

There were other girls sitting in rooms just like mine, looking at Instagram and wondering if they were falling behind.

Maybe they were also scared of what people would say.

Maybe they also had dreams they had not started.

Maybe they also thought they were not good enough.

My little video had reached one of them.

And that was enough.

I still had arguments with myself.

Sometimes I still opened Instagram and compared myself with girls who seemed much more successful.

Sometimes I still felt behind.

Sometimes I still wondered whether I would ever become successful.

But now, whenever that feeling came back, I reminded myself:

Their success does not make me a failure.

Their beginning is not my deadline.

Their followers are not my worth.

Their journey is not mine.

I am seventeen.

I am allowed to learn.

I am allowed to be confused.

I am allowed to start slowly.

I am allowed to fail.

And most importantly, I am allowed to become myself without asking society for permission.

Months later, my page had grown a little.

Not thousands of followers.

Not millions of views.

Just a small group of people who liked what I created.

And strangely, I was happier than I had expected.

One evening, I sat on my bed and opened my first notebook.

On the first page were the words:

Create. Write. Learn. Try.

I smiled.

I finally understood what the real story had been.

It was never about Instagram.

It was never about followers.

It was never about becoming famous at seventeen.

It was about the distance between the girl I thought I had to become and the girl I truly wanted to be.

It was the story between my dreams and my fears.

Between my voice and society's opinions.

Between who I was online and who I was when the screen went dark.

And maybe that was the most important story I would ever write.

The story between us—between the girl I was afraid to become and the girl I finally gave myself permission to be.

That One Meeting

Autumn is the pen name of Bhumi Yadav—an 18-year-old poet whose writing explores the quiet corners of human emotion—love, longing, loss, self-discovery, and the complexities of connection. What began as a natural way of expressing her thoughts a few years ago soon grew into a passion that continues to shape her life.

Autumn

I happened to fall in love with you,
Knowing you aren't even aware of my existence.
Our union is probably impossible,
But I believe we will meet one day.

And when we will meet,
The sky will blush in shades of pink.
The gentle breeze will brush
my hair after passing by you.
Autumn will bloom around
and trees will shed their leaves.



The season will turn brown for you and me—
Our shared colour of warmth and glee.
Your dark brown eyes will meet mine,
Swaying together a dance of silent words.
Your fingers might brush mine too,
Hitching my breath,
making my heart skip a beat.

Don't worry seeing my damp lashes,

For they will be shedding years of yearning and the joy of the moment.

The crowd of thousands around me

Will narrow down only to you.

And in that moment, please look back at me.

Again.

And I swear I will

be done for a lifetime.

My peach shirt...

Autumn is the pen name of Bhumi Yadav—an 18-year-old poet whose writing explores the quiet corners of human emotion—love, longing, loss, self-discovery, and the complexities of connection. What began as a natural way of expressing her thoughts a few years ago soon grew into a passion that continues to shape her life.

Autumn

That I'll never forget.
I still remember it's cologne,
The first time it filled my veins.
The feeling of having it close,
Wrapping myself in its comfort.
Falling in love over and over again,
With the same peach shirt.
It may have been kept aside,
Somewhere safe in my closet.
Oh, whatever past it holds,
It'll still catch my heart the same.
There came a few different—
Vivid energies, vibrant colours—
Several versions of the same shirt.
But how do I explain,
How that peach shirt speaks to me...
The kind of love language it possesses,



I cannot elaborate it to you.

However hard I try to forget,

It's always been my peach shirt

That I'll never forget.

CORRECTION

The Story Between Us: Unconditional

Swati Kolekar is a writer drawn to stories of quiet strength, self-rediscovery, and emotional truth. Her piece, *The Story Between Us: Unconditional*, reflects the tender journey of healing between a mother and daughter stepping into a hopeful future. She writes to bring light to the invisible struggles women overcome with grace.

Swati Kolekar

Meera looked out the window of her small apartment and couldn't stop her tears. It had been years since she had opened her heart or felt a touch of affection. Her self-esteem had not collapsed in a single moment; it had been eroded through constant belittling, icy silences, and an atmosphere so suffocating that it felt so heavy to breathe. Survival had become an all-consuming task.

During that day-to-day exhaustion, the deepest damage was invisible. The pain had numbed Meera so much that her face had forgotten to smile. Whenever her ten-year-old daughter, Anya hugged her, Meera found it very difficult to respond to this gesture with warmth. Anya was left wondering, "What is wrong with Mom? Did I do something wrong?"

Meera loved Anya fiercely, but trauma had hollowed her out. Her husband's indifferent attitude had made her feel invisible. She had completely forgotten her identity and was dragging her days. She was so drained, so emotionally exhausted, that she had nothing soft left inside to offer her daughter. She just knew that she had to live for her daughter, bearing all the suffering, without any complaints.

Gradually, Meera noticed the same strange feeling creeping into her daughter. Anya absorbed that hollow chill, retreating further into herself, drawing quiet houses without doors and growing startled by the slightest sound. She had lost interest in everything and found socializing very difficult. She felt as if everyone was judging her or ignoring her and that she was an unimportant person.

Finally, one day Meera gathered all her courage, took Anya, and walked out the door.

Stepping into the street, she felt like a hollow shell—exhausted, broken, and terrified that in trying to shield Anya, she had already failed her as a mother. Though she was moving into the unknown, she knew that Anya needed a better life than that. For that, she had to be strong and help herself and her lovely daughter to overcome the trauma.

She took a taxi and left everything behind.

Looking at Anya curled tightly in the passenger seat, hugging her knees to her chest, Meera's throat tightened with a raw, aching truth. If she hadn't found the desperate courage to pack those two battered suitcases and walk away, the slow poison of that home would have quietly swallowed them whole. She could see the unbearable future so clearly: Anya growing up believing that a family meant living on eggshells, learning to apologize for merely existing, and slowly losing every trace of the bright, dancing spirit she was born with. Meera herself would have eventually withered away into a silent ghost in her own kitchen, with nothing left to offer the little girl looking up at her.



Closing that front door had felt like tearing off her own skin, but as she looked at her daughter's trembling hands, Meera knew with a fierce, quiet certainty that staying would have cost them their very souls. Even through the panic racing in her blood, she whispered to Anya, "We are going to be okay," holding on to the faint hope that out here in the unknown, they might finally learn what it feels like to breathe.

In those first fragile months, the world felt too loud, too sharp, and every knock on the door made Meera's heart leap into her throat. But escaping the old house was only the first trial; finding a roof over their heads proved to be another humiliating wall.

Every landlord and broker looked past her, their eyes narrowing the moment they realized she was alone. The invasive questions came like slaps: Where

is your husband? Why aren't you with him? In the eyes of society, a single mother wasn't a survivor fighting for her child—she was a liability, a subject of loose gossip, or somehow to blame for her own fractured home.

Meera swallowed the judgment, but the nights inside the small, damp flat she finally managed to secure were haunted by a relentless dread. Lying awake listening to the unfamiliar creaks in the hallway, an icy insecurity pressed against her chest: Could she protect Anya out here all by herself? What if she got sick? What if the world proved too cruel for just the two of them? Meera checked the flimsy door bolt three times every night, terrified of failing the little girl sleeping beside her, carrying the suffocating fear that society was waiting for them to break.

It was during that blur of survival, when her spirit felt like parched earth waiting for rain, that Dev stepped into her life.

There was no sudden drama or loud promises. Dev arrived quietly, like morning light slipping through drawn curtains. The moment he walked into a room, an unhurried, grounded stillness settled over everything, whispering that the storm was finally over.

Soon, Meera found herself living for those glimpses of him. Even when he wasn't there, his gentle voice echoed in her mind, quieting her racing thoughts whenever fear threatened to take hold. Around him, the heavy adult armour she had worn for years simply slipped away. In his presence, she felt an instinctual, helpless longing to stay right beside him. Being with him brought a deep, sheltering warmth she never wanted to let go of.

Their very first meeting felt as though unseen hands had gently arranged their paths to cross. For the first time, she felt as if someone had connected a powerful current of warmth and light directly into her exhausted core. She could feel an influx of vibrant energy that shattered years of numbness. Dev possessed an effortless, unforced positivity that made the room feel lighter.

Above all, Dev was a patient listener. For years, Meera had been used to her words being twisted, minimized, or used against her. But Dev listened to her tangled fears without judgment, without offering unsolicited advice, and without interrupting. Simply having a safe space to speak her truth aloud allowed the deep wounds within her to heal faster than she ever imagined possible. For the first time in her adult life, Meera developed genuine self-

love. She realized she was not broken—she was worthy of tenderness, safety, and respect.

That healing didn't just piece Meera back together—it spilled outward into the spaces where Anya needed her most. For years, Meera had been trying to pour from a completely shattered cup, mistaking silent survival for motherhood. She realized then that healing cannot be demanded or rushed through rules; it requires unconditional love—the kind that asks for no explanations, sets no conditions, and accepts every broken piece without judgment. When a mother finally feels safe and anchored within her own skin, the way she loves her child shifts entirely; she stops just managing their grief and finally begins to wrap them in genuine, fearless warmth.

Meera found herself pulling Anya into long, effortless hugs, lingering over bedtime stories, and laughing freely in the kitchen. The cold glass wall between them vanished. Anya began to look up, her anxious eyes softening as she leaned into her mother's newly found strength.

Yet, as Meera's warmth returned, she saw with absolute clarity that Anya needed her own uninterrupted season of recovery. The child needed time—a slow, patient sanctuary free from the city's noise, where she could feel her mother's undivided presence without sharing it with anyone else. Anya needed a quiet haven to rebuild her trust in the world from the ground up.

Sitting across from Dev in the soft evening light, Meera held his hands.

"Anya needs a quiet place to heal completely," Meera said softly, looking into the eyes that had brought her back to life.

"My mother's home is in the quiet hills... she needs green spaces, unhurried mornings, and all of my focus right now. I have to go there and give her my full heart, the way you helped me find mine." She held her breath, bracing for cold indifference, wondering if she had meant anything to him at all or if he was simply gentle by habit. Instead, Dev leaned forward and closed his hand over hers with unmistakable warmth.

"I know," Dev replied, a gentle smile warming his face. "You aren't the same woman I met months ago, Meera. You are standing in your own power now. The love you have found for yourself is the exact love Anya needs to heal. Go and give her back her light."

Tears of pure, luminous gratitude slipped down Meera's cheeks. For the first time, love was not a cage or an emotional bargain; it was a boundless sky that gave her wings to be the mother Anya deserved.

As their train slowly pulled away toward the green hills, Anya leaned her head gently against Meera's shoulder, watching the open landscapes roll past. Meera wrapped her arm securely around her daughter. The terror, the numbness, and the mechanical exhaustion were fading. She was heading into the future whole, radiant, holding unconditional love in her heart.

CORRECTION

The Name I Never Meant to Keep

Mansi is a 21-year-old social changemaker, writer, and passionate advocate for education. She works closely with children and communities while leading her own social initiative dedicated to creating meaningful change. A lover of words, emotions, and little moments, she finds joy in turning life into poetry—and lately, she has been quietly, deeply, and beautifully in love.

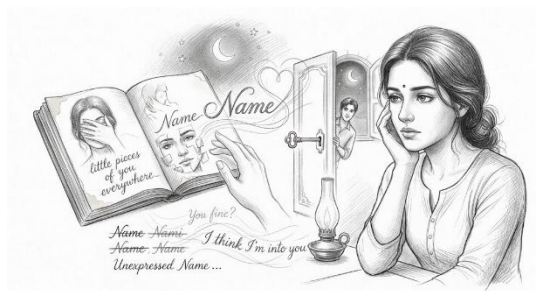
S.R.Mansi Kholi

I knew you first by two different names,
Yet somehow your nickname escaped my claims.
A little mistake, or perhaps fate's design—
I called you by one, and somehow made it mine.
I never had planned for a name to remain,
Nor thought it would echo so sweetly again.
But slowly, between every question and care,
I found little pieces of you everywhere.
You'd ask me, "You fine?"—so simple, so small,
Yet somehow those words began
meaning it all.

You'd listen, you'd talk, you'd
remember each thing,
And care in a way that needed no
spring.

You never announced it, you
never made show,

Yet somehow your kindness had started to grow.



And somewhere between all the talks we would share,

I noticed I waited to know you were there.

My heart grew impatient with things left unsaid,

With thoughts that kept wandering round in my head.

So, braver than usual, I gathered my nerve,

And told you the truth that my silence deserved.

“I think I’m into you”—there, simple and bare,

A sentence that carried far more than its share.

CORRECTION

When Numbers Begin to Dream

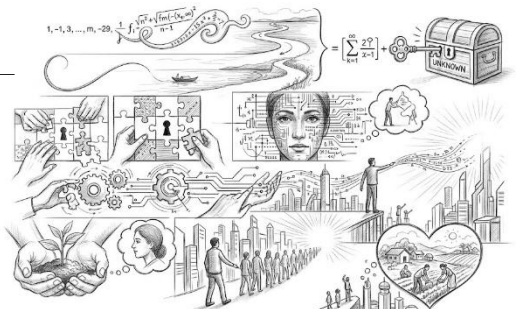
Afser Unnisa is an Assistant Professor of Mathematics at Lords Institute of Engineering and Technology, Hyderabad. She is passionate about mathematics education, artificial intelligence, academic writing, and creative expression. Her interests include mathematics, technology, education, and interdisciplinary research. She believes that knowledge becomes meaningful when it inspires curiosity, creativity, and positive change.

AFSER UNNISA

Numbers were meant to measure the world,
But somewhere along the line they learned to dream.
A line turned into a trail,
A curve turned into a trip,
And an equation turned into a riddle
Waiting patiently to be solved.

Mathematics taught me
That there is always a pattern in any problem,
Always a meaning in silence,
And any unknown
Can be revealed if you are patient enough.

And then came Artificial Intelligence—
Machines started to learn,



Algorithms started to think,
And data turned into a language
Of the future.

But every algorithm
Must be created by a human being,
Every calculation
Should be made wisely,
And every invention
Should be responsible.

Let machines calculate faster,
Let technology go farther,
But let humanity take the lead.

For numbers will create the future,
And AI will shape the tomorrow—
But only compassion
Will make that future worth living.

Zindagi ki kitab

Farheen Shaikh

Zindagi ki kitab k panno par

Har Roz kuch Nayi kahani likhe jaa rahi hu.

Kabhi kuch bura ya bhalaa magar

Har Roz khudko ek nayi Sikh diye jaa rahi hu ..

Kabhi muskura kar to kabhi afsos kar

Har Roz khudko ek nayi ummid se sehla rahi hu ..

Kuch khwabo ko pura karne ki chahat mei

Har Roz khudko ek nayi sapno ki duniya mein

paa Rahi hu ..

Zindagi k kuch haseen se
maksad k liye

Har Roz ek nayi soch ko
apna rahi hu ..

Zindagi ki kitab ko
mukamal karne k liye

Zindagi ki kitab k panno
par



Har Roz ek nayi kahani likhe jaa rahi hu ...

CORRECTION

English shayari

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AFSER UNNISA

The Unspoken Heart

Some emotions transcend words,

Some tears never touch the eyes.

In the heart lie the most secret stories

Under a thousand skies.

Keep Going

When everyone tells you to stop,

Let your courage say "I will try."

Even the tiniest bird learns how to fly

When it decides to reach the sky.

The Strength of a Woman

She holds the storms within her heart,

Still smiling like the dawn.



She falls, she stands up, she walks again –
That is what courage looks like.

The Journey

Do not fear the path before you,
Even if it is unknown.
Each step taken in faith
Will give you the strength to own.

Dreams

Beyond the stars are my dreams,
Beyond the ocean are my hopes.
Whatever the world says about my journey,
I will never doubt myself.

Time

Time teaches us what books do not,
Silence teaches us what words hide.
Some people leave our lives
Only to teach us to heal.

Hope

If today is a storm, remember –
Storms cannot last forever.

Even the darkest night has to end

When morning finds its way.

Success

I do not need to climb to the peak today,

All I need to do is go forward.

One step, one dream, one attempt –

And I will reach the summit of my imagination.

Silent Strength

I smiled when my heart was broken,

I walked when my feet were tired.

No one knew the battles I have fought;

All they knew was the strength I acquired.

My Time Will Come

Let them laugh at my dreams today,

Let them question what I can be.

I may be going slow right now,

But one day, they will see me.

Behind Every Smile

Behind each smile there lies a story,

Behind each silence a tear.

Do not judge people's journey,
You may not know their burden nearby.

Never Give Up

The road will bend, the journey will break,
The heart will tremble from every mistake.
But dreams cannot be abandoned –
Get up on your feet for your own sake.

A Mother's Prayer

Not much does a mother ask in life,
Only happiness for her loved ones.
Her prayers silently pass every distance,
And reach the heart of the heavens above.

The Power of Hope

Hope is a little candle
Burning in the darkest night.
It may be small and fragile,
Yet it teaches the soul to fight.

Time Changes Everything

Yesterday is a lesson,
Today is another page.

Tomorrow silently waits
For the courage to turn the page.

The Dreamer

They called me a dreamer
As if it were a crime.
I smiled and believed –
Every achievement begins in the mind.

Life's Equation

Life is an equation
Full of unknowns we cannot see.
We solve it through experience,
One moment at a time, patiently.

Rise Again

If life takes you down,
Do not surrender to the ground.
Gather all the broken pieces,
Rise again - and wear your scars like a crown.

She Still Rises

She has known the weight of sorrow,
Walked through nights alone.

Yet, every morning, she rises
Stronger than the woman she once was.

Her Dreams

She does not dream of a perfect life,
She dreams of a life she can choose.
With courage in her heart
And nothing left to lose.

A Teacher's Legacy

A teacher may forget the lessons taught,
But his student always remembers the belief.
Sometimes just one encouraging word
Can relieve a lifetime of doubts.

Beyond the Struggle

My struggles do not make me weak,
They are just chapters in my story.
Every scar reminds me
How I walked to my glory.

For My Daughters

I may not leave you any riches,
I may not give you gold.

But I will give you wings to fly
And the courage to be bold.

Believe in Yourself

When the world says, \"You cannot\"
Let your heart quietly say \"I can.\"
The first person who should believe in you
Is the person you see in the mirror.

The Unfinished Journey

I have not reached my destination yet,
And perhaps I still have miles to go.
But each step has made me stronger,
And that is all I need to know.

Dreams Do Not Ask Permission

Dreams do not seek the world's approval,
They simply wait in the heart.
Give them courage, give them effort –
Watch a new life start.

The Quiet Fighter

She never announced her battles,
She never asked the world to care.

She simply fought her silent wars
And learnt to breathe in despair.

One Day

One day, tears will be memory,
Struggles will be a story.
And you will smile remembering
The road that led to your glory.

This world is pretty farce

Farheen Shaikh

This world is pretty farce,
Everything you want is sparse !!

When you want too much love,
Which you thought as pure dove
Can be a great shove !!

When you crave for too much trust,
Which you assumed as unbroken crust
Can be easily burst !!

When you run for too much success,
Which you supposed for everything's access
Can cost your emotional address !!

When you try overly for solving life's puzzle,
Which you pondered as a sip guzzle
Can bring you trouble unparallel !!

Obviously,
This world is a pretty farce!!
Where everything is too harsh !!
To survive,
You need an insightful parse !!



The First Bloom

Nimra Afzal is a Pakistani writer and BS English Literature student. Her writing is rooted in human emotions, relationships, resilience, healing, and the quiet experiences that shape the human heart.

Nimra Afzal

The seed never fears the darkness,
For it knows the light will come.
Every season of waiting
Prepares the soul to bloom.



A flower never rushes to bloom. Before it reaches the light, it spends days hidden beneath the soil, surrounded by silence. No one sees its struggle, yet every drop of rain and every ray of sunlight prepares it for the moment it will finally blossom.

The human heart is no different. There are seasons when we feel unseen, unheard, and forgotten. We wonder why our prayers seem delayed and why our dreams remain out of reach. Yet Allah is always at work, even when we cannot see it. Every hardship, every tear, and every moment of waiting is shaping us into the person we are meant to become.

Sometimes we measure our lives by what we have achieved, forgetting that Allah measures us by our sincerity, patience, and faith. We often believe that progress must be visible to be real, yet the greatest changes begin in places where no one is watching. Just as roots grow beneath the earth before a flower appears, the soul also grows in silence before its beauty becomes visible.

Growth is never about speed. Flowers do not compare themselves with the blooms around them; they blossom only in their appointed time. In the same way, hope grows quietly within the heart. It teaches us to trust Allah's wisdom, knowing that His timing is always perfect.

Every garden is filled with flowers that bloom at different times. None of them compete with one another, yet each adds beauty to the same garden. Our lives are much the same. Comparing our journey with someone else's only steals the peace that Allah has written for us. Your season has its own time, and your story has its own purpose.

Perhaps today you are still beneath the soil, waiting for your season. That does not mean you have stopped growing. Some of the most beautiful transformations happen where no eyes can see them. Allah knows the exact moment to whisper, "Now bloom, My child."

Waiting is never wasted when it is spent with faith. Every unanswered prayer teaches patience. Every delay builds strength. Every difficult season prepares the heart to carry blessings with gratitude. What feels like silence today may one day become the very reason you appreciate the beauty of your bloom.

And when that day comes, you will not bloom because you hurried the process. You will bloom because every season of waiting strengthened your faith, deepened your patience, and taught your soul how to grow.

Spring is not simply the season of flowers. It is the season when hope returns, faith grows stronger, and the heart discovers that Allah had been preparing it to bloom all along.

So if your garden still seems empty, do not lose heart. Beneath the surface, God is nurturing seeds you cannot yet see. One day, when the time is right, your life will bloom in ways you never imagined. And you will realize that every season of waiting was not a punishment it was preparation for something beautiful.

Where We Almost Stayed

I am Sayyida Liyakatali Chandoo, a Tanzanian writer and poet writing under the name #SaayaWrites. I have been writing since childhood, turning emotions, memories, faith, heartbreak, love, grief, and healing into words. My poetry is raw and intimate, often exploring the fragile spaces between what we feel, what we lose, and what we struggle to let go of.

sayyida liyakatali chandoo

There was a story between us,
but I don't know
where it began
or when it became
a goodbye.

Maybe it was hidden
in the way you looked at me,
as if my heart
had finally found
somewhere to rest.

Maybe it lived
in the little things—
the almos**t**s,
the late-night conversations,
the silences
that somehow said
more than words ever could.

We loved each other
in a language
neither of us
was brave enough
to speak fluently.

And perhaps
that was our tragedy.



Because I loved you
while you were still learning
how to stay.

And you held me
while some part of you
was already letting go.

Now I keep wondering
if we were ever
a love story
or merely two lonely people
who met at the right time
and became the wrong ending.

There are days
I miss you so badly
that even breathing
feels like betrayal.

And there are days
I convince myself
that I am finally okay,
only to hear a song,
see a place,
remember a sentence—

and suddenly
I am back there.

Back to us.

Back to the person
I was before
you became a memory.

I wish you had hated me.
It would have been easier.

I wish I had hated you.
It would have been kinder.

Instead,
I still love you
in that quiet,
embarrassing way
that asks for nothing
and still hurts for everything.

Perhaps this is
the story between us—

not love,
not goodbye,

but the space
where both of them
keep breaking my heart.

You became
the chapter I cannot reread
and cannot tear out.

And I became
the person who learned
that sometimes
the saddest endings
are the ones
where nobody stopped loving—

they simply
stopped choosing each other.

So if anyone ever asks
what happened between us,

I will say:

We were beautiful.

We were real.

We were almost forever.

And somehow,
almost
was all we ever became.

CORRECTION

The Pain Behind Smiles

Apoorva

Justice can be found in books you read,
But it's only a word we use in need.
We see this word in every page,
We also hear justice on every big stage.
A worker works from morning till night,
He does his job with all his might.
Yet, he is paid less for what he does,
While those are above him, earn more than us.
For several months, he worked each day,
But still his boss refused to pay.
So to keep his family members fed,
One day he stole a loaf of bread.
The law may call him a thief,
And send him to jail without relief.
Did it see him ask for pay?
When his boss said, "not today."
It never saw his children's cry,
It never felt the pain in his eyes.



kuch mulakaten need se ज्यादा zaroori thi .. D

Myself pragya patidar. I am not a professional writer but I believe that sometimes a few simple words can express feelings that are difficult to say aloud. This is my first step into sharing my writing with others 😊

Pragya patidar

Jaha mene dekhi he vo raaten

jab neend na aane par mene

khud se ज्यादा किसी or se

mulakat ki he ... @

THE STORY BETWEEN US

Amna Arshad is a writer and researcher from Pakistan with a passion for literature, poetry, and creative expression. Her writing explores love, emotions, healing, faith, and the quiet stories hidden within everyday life. Through her words, she seeks to turn feelings into meaningful stories that readers can connect with.

Amna Arshad

"A Story About What Was Never Said"

There was never a proper beginning to our story.

No first meeting worth remembering.

No dramatic moment beneath the rain.

No promise made under a sky full of stars.

There was only a quiet afternoon, two people sitting across from each other, and a conversation that neither of us knew would become a memory.

You asked me what I was thinking.

I smiled and said, "Nothing."

That was the first lie I ever told you.

I was thinking about how strangely familiar you felt.

As though somewhere, in some forgotten version of life, I had already known you.

Perhaps that is why some people do not feel like strangers when they arrive. They feel like unfinished sentences returning to be completed.

You became one of those sentences.

At first, it was simple.

A message.

A conversation.

A shared laugh.

Then another conversation.

Then the kind of silence that does not feel uncomfortable because two people have become comfortable enough not to fill every second with words.

I never noticed when you became part of my ordinary days.

Your name appeared on my screen, and my day became lighter.

Something reminded me of you, and suddenly an ordinary moment had a meaning it did not have before.

We never said what we were becoming.

Perhaps we were afraid that giving it a name would make it fragile.

So we left it unnamed.

And somehow, that made it more beautiful.

There was a story between us.

Not the kind people write about.

There were no grand declarations.

No perfect endings.

Just little things.

The way you remembered something I had mentioned weeks ago.

The way I could tell when something was wrong with you even when you insisted you were fine.

The conversations that continued long after midnight.

The comfortable silence.

The almost-confessions.

The words that reached our lips and returned before they could be heard.

We were always standing somewhere between friendship and love.

Close enough to feel everything.

Afraid enough to say nothing.

Maybe that was our greatest mistake.

We thought there would always be another day.

Another conversation.

Another chance to say what we meant.

But life does not make promises about tomorrow.

One day, the conversations became shorter.

Then less frequent.

Then unfamiliar.

There was no fight.

No betrayal.

No final sentence that could explain everything.

You simply began disappearing from the spaces where I had become accustomed to finding you.

And I pretended not to notice.

That was another lie.

I noticed everything.

I noticed the missing messages.

The unanswered questions.

The silence where your laughter used to be.

I noticed that I had begun checking my phone without admitting why.

I noticed that places looked different because you were no longer there.

Most of all, I noticed how easily two people can become strangers after once knowing each other so well.

People often think endings are loud.

They imagine doors closing.

Voices rising.

Someone walking away.

But some endings are almost silent.

They happen between two unanswered messages.

Between one last conversation and the decision not to begin another.

Between two people who still care but no longer know how to remain.

That was how our story ended.

Or perhaps it did not end.

Perhaps some stories simply stop being lived and start being remembered.

Years later, I still wondered about you sometimes.

Not with the old ache.

Not with the desperate wish to return.

Just with the quiet curiosity one has for a road once travelled.

I wondered whether you remembered.

Whether a song ever reminded you of me.

Whether you ever passed a familiar place and thought of those afternoons.

Whether, somewhere inside your life, there was still a small room where our story existed.

I never found out.

And eventually, I stopped needing to.

Because I learned something about love that I had not understood when we met.

Not every person we love is meant to stay.

Some people arrive to teach us how deeply we can feel.

Some arrive to show us parts of ourselves we had never discovered.

Some stay for years.

Some stay for moments.

And some remain only in the space between what happened and what could have happened.

You were that space for me.

The story between us was never about having you.

It was about knowing you.

About discovering how beautiful it could be to be understood, even briefly.

About learning that some connections do not need a forever to be real.

I used to wish we had said everything.

Now I think perhaps the unsaid words were part of our story too.

Maybe that is why I still remember them.

Because spoken words belong to the moment.

Unspoken words belong to memory.

And ours had plenty of both.

Sometimes I imagine meeting you again.

Not in the way I once imagined.

Not with a thousand questions.

Not with expectations.

Just two people sitting across from each other, older and wiser, smiling at the strange journey that brought us there.

Perhaps you would ask me the same question.

“What are you thinking?”

And this time, I would tell you the truth.

I would say:

“I was thinking that some people become chapters in our lives without ever knowing how important their chapter was.”

Then I would smile.

And perhaps you would understand.

Perhaps you would not.

It would not matter anymore.

Because I finally understand that our story was never incomplete because it did not last forever.

It was complete because it happened.

You were there.

I was there.

And for a little while, there was something beautiful between us.

Something neither of us knew how to name.

Something life eventually taught us how to release.

So, if anyone ever asks me about you, I will not say you were the one who got away.

I will say you were a story I was lucky enough to live.



A story without a perfect beginning.

A story without the ending I once wanted.

But a story that changed me nonetheless.

And perhaps that is what remains between us.

Not regret.

Not longing.

Not even goodbye.

Just a story.

The story between us.

The Song of the Leaves

Hira

I

Yes, me.

Standing there,

with a tree in front of me,

I froze.

I watched its branches,

slowly moving with the wind,

as if they were whispering

to one another.

I thought about the roots

the quiet ones

carrying the weight of the whole tree.

They seemed beautiful to me.

Suddenly,

the wind whispered in my ear,

and the branches carried a song.

I called it

the song sung by the leaves.

The wind moved through them,

and I listened.



Then I listened again.

There was no bird,
neither a nest.

I looked around.

They had all left their homes.

Who knows where they are?

I wondered.

I love the whispers of birds,
their little melodies,
the songs they leave behind.

I saw them flying once.

And I never saw them return.

Reflection of You

If you become fire,
I will become the ash
that remembers your warmth
long after the flames are gone.

If you become the ocean,
I will become a wave
born from your depths,
returning to you
no matter how far I wander.

If you become the rain,
I will become the storm,
to shake the heavens,
yet still made of you.

If you become the sky,
I will become your cloud,
wherever your winds carry me,
never asking where we are going.

If you become a mountain,
I will become the withered tree at your feet,
rooted in silence, still reaching for you
with every broken branch.

And if you become everything
the fire, the ocean, the rain,
the sky, the light, the mountain

then I will become
whatever the world asks me to be
just to remain
a small part of yours.

I wounded up ,and you come by

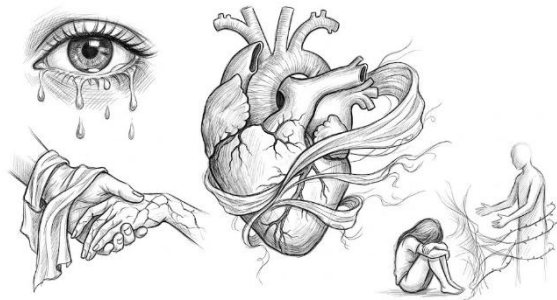
Kavisha Awasthi

I'm wounded deep, and bleeding fast,
A kind of pain I thought would pass.
But you who come and stand by me,
Get touched by what you shouldn't see.

I know it's wrong to let it show,
To let my hurt on others flow.
So I pretend, I fake a smile,
And hide the pain for just a while.

I try to wrap it up real tight,
To keep it hidden out of sight.
But still it spreads, I can't control
It finds its way through every hole.

I'm doing all I can to heal,
To stop this hurt I always feel.
But it's so deep, I fall apart,
It's hard to fix a broken heart.



I never meant to make you ache,

Or cause your gentle hands to break.

I only hope you stay away—

So you don't wear my pain someday.

CORRECTION

The Love That Stayed

Kanupriya Yadav

The day I stopped asking the world to teach me what love was, I finally sat alone with myself.

For the first time, I wasn't trying to become someone easier to love. I wasn't trying to fix every flaw, silence every insecurity, or earn a place in someone's heart. I simply listened.

And in that silence, *I met a stranger.*

A stranger who had always been me.

The version of myself I had left behind while chasing people who only knew pieces of me.

The version who waited quietly through every heartbreak, every unanswered message, every goodbye, and every night spent wondering why I wasn't enough.

Meeting myself felt like returning to a house I had abandoned years ago.

The windows had forgotten the warmth of the sun.

The rooms echoed with memories I never allowed myself to feel.

The walls carried the weight of every word I wished I had never believed.

Yet somehow, it still felt like home.

And for the first time in a long time, I wasn't afraid to stay.

People spend so much of their lives looking for someone who feels like home.

I did too.

I searched in conversations that lasted until sunrise, in promises that sounded forever, in people who said they would never leave.

But no one ever told me that before another person can become your home, you must stop treating yourself like a place you're always trying to escape.

So I stayed.

I stayed with the lonely child inside me.

The anxious heart that feared being forgotten.

The overthinking mind that replayed every mistake.



The soul that apologized for taking up space.
Instead of asking those parts to disappear, I sat beside them and whispered,
"I'm not leaving you anymore."
That was the first time I truly understood love.
It wasn't loud.
It wasn't dramatic.
It didn't arrive with fireworks or perfect timing.
It came quietly, like morning sunlight entering a room that had forgotten
what warmth felt like.
It didn't ask me to become someone else.
It simply reminded me that I had always been worthy of staying.
Without realizing it, I became the poem I had spent years looking for in
books.
I became the voice that comforted me after difficult days.
I became the hands that wiped away my own tears.
I became the person who celebrated my small victories and forgave my
silent battles.
Somehow, I had become both the one who needed love and the one who
gave it.
Now that love is home, I no longer knock on doors that never open.
I no longer beg to be understood or shrink myself to fit into places too small
for my heart.
I no longer mistake attention for affection or confusion for connection.
Because once you've felt peace within yourself, chaos no longer feels
romantic.
People still leave.
Life still changes.
There are still nights when old memories visit without warning.
There are still moments when my heart remembers people it should have
forgotten.
But the difference is this—I no longer abandon myself to follow someone
else's footsteps.
I stay.
I become my own reason to keep going.
People often think self-love means believing you're perfect.
But love has never asked for perfection.
Love is sitting beside the parts of yourself that are still healing and saying,
"You don't have to heal alone."
It is forgiving yourself for the mistakes you made while trying to survive.

It is speaking to yourself with the same kindness you offer so freely to everyone else.

Your worth has never depended on how many people choose you.

You were worthy before the compliments.

Before the relationship.

Before the apologies that never came.

Before anyone ever looked at you and called you beautiful.

A person's inability to love you has never been proof that you were difficult to love.

When you truly love yourself, you stop chasing people who keep running.

You stop asking for the bare minimum and calling it enough.

You stop settling for almost-love because you finally understand that peace is worth more than uncertainty.

You begin choosing honesty over empty promises, respect over attention, and yourself over the fear of being alone.

If someone walks into your life now, I hope they love you gently.

I hope they choose you on ordinary days, not only on beautiful ones.

I hope they remind you that love can be safe.

But more than that, I hope you never forget the love that existed before they arrived.

The love that carried you through every season of your life.

The love that stayed when everyone else left.

Because the greatest love story isn't always the one where two people find each other.

Sometimes it's the one where a person spends years searching for love in every corner of the world, only to discover that it had been waiting quietly inside them all along.

The heart was never asking you to search farther.

It was only asking you to come back.

Back to the place where you have always been enough.

Back to the person who has survived every chapter of your life without ever leaving.

Back to the soul that has loved you even when you didn't know how to love yourself.

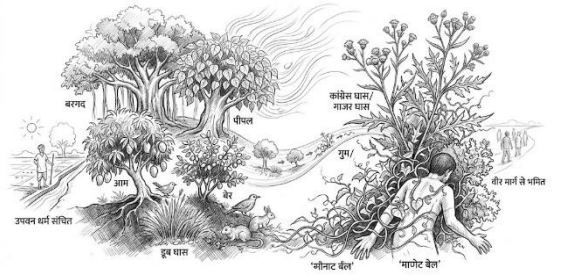
And ever since that day, I have never called myself homeless in love.

Because wherever I go, home goes with me.

ढीठ अतिथि दरियापार

Anurag Singh

में बेल विटप, में आम गाछ,
में महुआ, में ही बेर झाड़,
में पीपल सा सरल तरल,
में बरगद ह, मैं रौद्र वट।
में कमल किशोरी तरोवर की,
में डूब घास मैदान की,
में अलंकार हु, रम्य धरा की,
में जीवन दायिनी, वसुंधरा की।
मेरे और मेरे परिजन की,
यदि गाथा सुनना चाहो तुम,
तो पहले जन्म, फिर विस्तार,
और अब मानव द्वारा ही गुम।
हमने लिया तुम्हे खूब झेल,
तुम कुम्बेरा, तुम मिनट बेल,
तुम पंचफुली, कांग्रेस घास,
हैं बोलो तुममे कितनी प्यास,



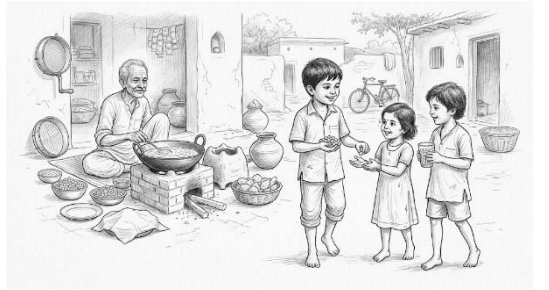
ये तो बताओ, हम निर्दोषों को,
कब तक बनाओगे काल ग्रास।
है मिथ्या कि तुम हो कृतार्थ,
शुभ नाम तुम्हारा इसपे अर्थ,
कहा से आये, क्या करते हो,
किसने लाया अपार अनर्थ।
क्यों करते व्याकुल संसार,
क्यों व्यर्थ बढ़ाते धरती भार,
धैर्य धरो, निज श्राप हरो,
अभी बाकी है कथा सार।
हैं वीर मार्ग से अभी भ्रमित,
मगर हम उपवन धर्म संचित,
उनके आने तक खूब लड़ेंगे,
फिर निश्चित होगी हमारी जीत।
तुम अरि नहीं बस दिशा हीन,
अपनी आपा खो बैठे हो,
अपने आंगन से असंतुष्ट,
सब राज्य पलट बैठे हो।

देहाती बूंदी

This is Anurag Singh from Jaunpur UP, I have done my bachelor's from BHU and currently persuing master's from IIT Guwahati, My core research focus is on Social Ecology but I have a deep love towards Hindi poetry.

Anurag Singh

सर्व प्रथम वैश्य वंश में तुमने जन्म पाया,
या सुश्रुत के औषधियों में मिलती तुम्हारी साया,
कुछ भी हो, शिशिर शशि सम सुंदर तुम्हारी काया,
कही नुक्ती, कही बुंदिया और कही बुनिया कहलाया।
जन्म और विस्तार पर चर्चा, फिर कभी करेंगे,
तुम्हारी रक्षा हेतु, हम स्वयं खूब लड़ेंगे।
फीकी तुम नहीं पड़ी, बस हुआ दिखावे की लुट,
धन की प्रबलता में, नाता अनुपम
गया छूट।
पर हृदय में आदर तुम्हारी कहा
हुई कम ?
देहाती बच्चों को बूंदी चुराते देखे
हैं हम।



गिलास में बुनिया लिए, मचलते चलते यार,

मन में तृष्णा लिए और सवेरे का आहार।

इस उत्तम स्मृति को अब कैसे भूला दूं,

अपने प्रथम प्रेमिका को, कैसा सिला दूं।

भोजन उपरांत मिलने की, एक यही गलत थी रीत,

चंद पल के अवसर में, कैसे सुनाते जीवन गीत।

आज भी हमें वही प्रिय, तू माने या ना माने,

एक टूटी मृदु मूर्ति की कीमत, बचा ही जाने।

काल का अंतिम तट

रेशमी वर्मा 'चिरैया' छत्तीसगढ़ के बेमेतरा से हैं और वर्तमान में बी.एससी. की छात्रा हैं। साहित्य के प्रति गहरी रुचि रखने वाली रेशमी कविता को अपने अंतर्मन, संवेदनाओं और जीवन के विविध अनुभवों को अभिव्यक्त करने का माध्यम मानती हैं। उनकी रचनाओं में प्रकृति, मानवीय संवेदना, आत्मसंघर्ष और जीवन के अनकहे पक्षों की सहज एवं भावपूर्ण अभिव्यक्ति दिखाई देती है।

reshmi verma

जब धड़कन की धुन थम जाए जब साँसों का गीत थम जाए जब चलती हुई
जीवन-नदिया सागर में समा जाए।

जब साँसों ने मौन ओढ़ लिया जब धड़कन ने विराम लिया एक ठहरे क्षण
में समय ने विश्राम लिया।

जब अंतिम साँस मौन में विलीन होती है जब जीवन की कथा पूर्ण होती
है।

तब एक क्षण ऐसा आता है जहाँ काल भी अपनी प्रवाहमानता भूल जाता
है।

ठहर गया पल कहीं ठहर गई हर बात जीवन ने जब
मौन लिया, थम गई समय की रात।

ठहर गया पल कहीं, ठहर गई हर बात।

जो कल तक पल-पल जीता था हर पल को दिल
में सीता था उस एक पल के ठहर जाने से जैसे
जग सारा ठहरता है।



समय बहता रहा निरंतर जैसे बहती हो कोई धारा एक छोर पे जीवन धारा
दूसरे छोर पे सूना किनारा जो चला गया उस पार कहीं उसके लिए न भोर,
न शाम, एक ही क्षण में सिमट गया उसका सारा जीवन-धाम ॥

चिरईया

गौरैया...

कभी जो आया करती थी चुपके से, मेरे आँगन की देहरी पर, वह नन्ही-सी
बस छाया थी, या मेरे मन का अंतरस्वर?

वो चूँ-चूँ की मधुर पुकारें, अब स्वप्नों में ही सोई हैं, सूनी डाली, सूना आँगन
-बस स्मृतियाँ ही रोई हैं।

मैं दाने अब भी रखती हूँ, निशि-दिन राह निहारा करती हूँ, पर शून्य पवन के
स्पर्शों में बस अपना ही मन पाती हूँ।

किसने छीना तेरा आशियाना?

किसने तेरी उड़ान रोकी है?

मेरे घर की धूप भी अब विरह-वेदना में डूबी है।

तू लौट आ, ओ मेरी गौरैया, इस नीरवता में स्वर भर दे, मेरे अंतर के सूने
पथ पर फिर जीवन का संचार कर दे।

पर जानती हूँ- अब शायद, तू दूर गगन में खोई होगी, मेरे आँगन की स्मृति
लिए किसी और छत पर रोई होगी।

फिर भी तेरी प्रतीक्षा में मैं दीप जलाया करती हूँ, हर सूनी, निःशब्द दोपहरी
में तुझे पुकारा करती हूँ...

चिरईया

तुम बिन

बिन तुम्हारे सूना यह आँगन, बिन तुम्हारे फीकी हर प्रभात।

मन की वीणा मौन पड़ी है, तुम बिन खो जाती हर बात।

प्राणों में बस तुम्हारा ही स्वर, चेतन में बस तुम्हारी छाया, रुठे हो किस बात
पे मोहन, मन ने लाखों बार मनाया।

आओ अब, यह दूरी तोड़ो, करुणा की धारा बहने दो।

तुम बिन अधूरी हर श्वास मेरी, मुझमें फिर से तुम रहने दो।

अब वो किस्सा हमारा नहीं

Prince Kumar is a young poet and writer who finds poetry in emotions, silence, and the unspoken moments of life. Writing in Hindi and Urdu-inspired verse, he turns feelings into words that connect with the heart. His work reflects love, life, reflection, and the beauty of simplicity.

Prince Kumar

तेरी गली से गुज़रना भी अब गवारा नहीं,

तेरे शहर में रहना भी अब हमारा नहीं।

कभी तेरे नाम से धड़कता था ये दिल मेरा,

अब उस नाम का भी दिल पे कोई इशारा नहीं।

तूने जो छोड़ दिया, हमने खुद को पा लिया,

अब किसी के लिए खुद को फिर से हारा नहीं।

तेरी यादें तो हैं, मगर तेरी चाहत नहीं,

अब बीते हुए कल का कोई सहारा
नहीं।

तू मिले भी तो शायद नज़रें झुक
जाएँगी,

मगर लौट के आना—ये फैसला दोबारा नहीं।

जिसे इश्क़ समझकर उम्र भर सँजोया था,

अब वो किस्सा मेरा है... मगर हमारा नहीं।



शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ

Yash jitendrabhai Prajapati

उनके नखरे सहन करने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

उनका चेहरा हर कोई में ढूँढने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ...

उनकी पसंद नापसंद याद करने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ...

उनके बाल छूते ही कहीं खोने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ...

उन्हें मिलने के बहाने खोजने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

अपनी गलती ना हो के भी खुद सॉरी बोलने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ...

उनकी मुस्कुराहट की वजह बनने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ...

वो एक दिन ना मिले तो बेचैन होने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ...

वो खुश हो जाए इसलिए जूठी तारीफ करने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ...

bigg Boss, Splitsvilla
देखती वो इसलिए मैं
भी देखने लगा हूँ;
शायद प्यार में डूबने
लगा हूँ....



उनकी पसंद को अपनी बनने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

उनकी Like किए हुए Reels पर खुद Like करने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

हर सपने में उनसे मिलने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

हर Notification उनका होगा वो सोचने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

हर दुआ में उनको माँगने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

उनकी तस्वीर को भगवान की तरह पूजने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

Arjit के गानों से ज़्यादा उनके Voice note सुने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा हूँ....

दिमाग कि कम दिल की ज़्यादा सुन ने लगा हूँ; शायद प्यार में डूबने लगा...

अक्टूबर फिर तुम्हें याद करेगा

Priyanshu Kumar is a student and emerging Hindi poet who finds poetry in emotions, memories, and the quiet moments of everyday life. His writing explores love, longing, relationships, and the feelings that often remain unspoken. Through simple yet heartfelt words, he aims to turn ordinary emotions into verses that readers can feel and remember.

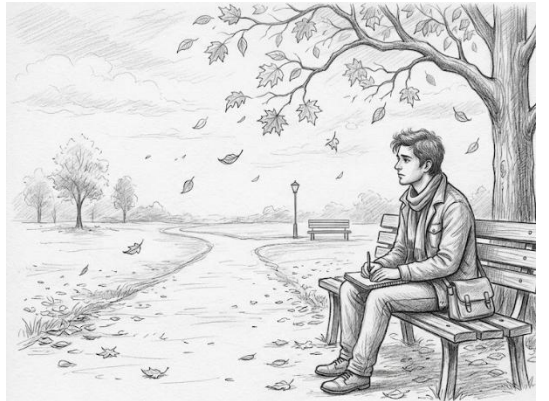
Priyanshu kumar

अक्टूबर फिर आया है, कुछ पुरानी यादें लाया है,
जो छूट गया था मार्च में, वो फिर दिल को याद आया है।

कहते हैं अक्टूबर में लोग लौटकर मिलते हैं,
कुछ रिश्ते जुड़ जाते हैं, कुछ अधूरे किस्से सिलते हैं।

मगर तुम नहीं लौटे, शायद ये भी कोई कहानी थी,
अक्टूबर की ठंडी रातों में बस तुम्हारी ही निशानी थी।

लोग कहते हैं, अक्टूबर बदलाव का महीना है,
मुझे तो लगता है, ये बिछड़ों को फिर से चाहने का बहाना है।



बारिश और शब्द

अल्फी रेनिता एक संवेदनशील और विचारशील कवयित्री हैं, जिनकी रचनाएँ जीवन, भावनाओं, रिश्तों और मानवीय अनुभवों की गहराइयों को सरल शब्दों में व्यक्त करती हैं। उनकी कविताओं में रोज़मर्रा की छोटी-छोटी घटनाओं से जीवन के बड़े अर्थ खोजने की कोशिश दिखाई देती है। वे मानती हैं कि शब्द केवल भावनाएँ व्यक्त करने का माध्यम नहीं, बल्कि किसी के जीवन को सँवारने या उसे चोट पहुँचाने की शक्ति भी रखते हैं। उनकी लेखनी आत्मचिंतन, संवेदना और सकारात्मक जीवन-दृष्टि को स्वर देती है।

Alphy Renita

बारिश का मौसम

अलग ही कहानी कहता है।

इधर खुशी देता है,

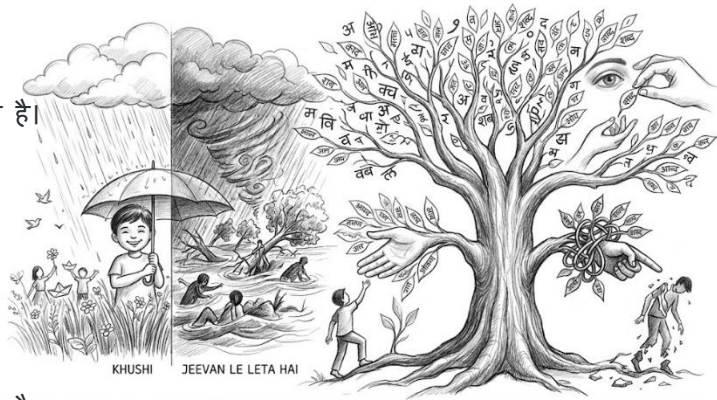
उधर जीवन ले लेता है।

वैसे ही मनुष्य भी

अपने शब्दों से

किसी को खुशी देता है,

तो किसी को दुःख दे जाता है।



हमारे शब्दों में

इंसान का जीवन

सँवारने की भी ताकत है,

और उसे बर्बाद करने की भी।

इसलिए शब्दों को सोच-समझकर चुनो,

क्योंकि शब्दों में खुशी भी है,

और दर्द भी।

मन आखिर है क्या?

Archana chawla

मन की चंचलता इतनी प्रबल क्यों है,

कभी थोड़े में ही

बहुत खुश हो जाता है,

तो कभी

बहुत कुछ पाकर भी

रूठ जाता है।

कभी इसके भीतर

मोह की परतें जम जाती हैं,

कभी अहंकार

अपना घर बना लेता है।

कभी ये प्रेम बनकर

किसी पर बरसता है,

तो कभी

नफ़रत का व्यापार कर बैठता है।

कभी करुणा से भर जाता है,

तो

किसी के आँसू देखकर
खुद भी रो पड़ता है,
और तो और कभी
तिरस्कार की कठोर चट्टान बनकर
सामने वाले को
अजनबी कर देता है।

आखिर है क्या यह मन?

जो न दिखाई देता है,

न सुनाई देता है,

फिर भी

सबसे अधिक शोर

यही करता है।

हम कहते हैं

“मत सोच...”

यह सोचता है।

कहते हैं

“चुप रह...”

यह भीतर ही भीतर

हज़ार बातें करता है।

हम इसे रोकना चाहते हैं,

और यह

हमें ही रोक देता है।

हम इसे अपनी राह पर चलाना चाहते हैं,

और यह

हमें अपनी राह पर

चलाता चला जाता है।

न जाने कैसी सत्ता है इसकी—

न हाथों में आती है,

न मुट्ठी में बंद होती है,

फिर भी

पूरी ज़िंदगी को

अपने इशारों पर नचाती है।

तो फिर

इस मन पर विजय कैसे हो?

क्या पूजा से?

क्या भक्ति से?

क्या भजन से?

या फिर

अपने भीतर उठते हर तूफान को

शांत होकर देखते रहने से?

शायद मन को जीतना

उसे हराना नहीं है,

बल्कि

उसे समझना है।

उसकी हर इच्छा के पीछे

छिपे खालीपन को पहचानना है,

हर अहंकार के पीछे

छिपे डर को देखना है,

हर नफरत के पीछे

दबी हुई पीड़ा को समझना है,

और हर प्रेम के भीतर

ईश्वर का अंश तलाशना है।

शायद

जब हम मन की सुनना छोड़कर

मन को सुनना शुरू कर दें,

तभी भीतर कोई द्वार खुलता है।

फिर पूजा

सिर्फ मंदिर में नहीं होती,

भक्ति

सिर्फ शब्दों में नहीं रहती,

भजन

सिर्फ होंठों पर नहीं गूँजता—

और चुप्पी में

जब मन पहली बार

अपने ही भीतर उतरता है,

तब कहीं दूर नहीं,

उसी खामोशी में

ईश्वर मिल जाता है।

शायद मन पर जीत

मन को वश में करने से नहीं,

मन को ईश्वर के हवाले करने से होती है।

बुखार

I am Anurag Singh from Jaunpur UP, as an aspiring social ecologist studying in IIT Guwahati, my observations and experiences in creating stories and poems highly correlating with the situations I encounter like social issues and relations fabricated beyond human societies to wild spaces, as a new writer and first generation learner, I lack social and cultural capital that helps in fuel literature journey, so hopefully trying my luck here.

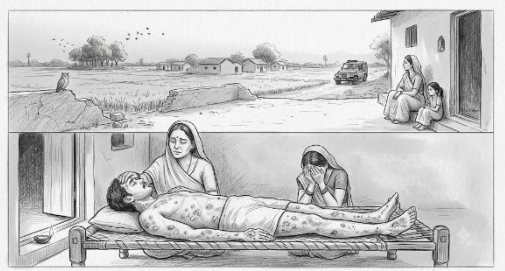
Anurag Singh

आज भी शाम हो गई, सारी चिड़िया अपने घोंसले को हो ली, उल्लू की चहक की आवाज़ इधर उधर के खेतों खलिहानों से आ रही थी, और मनोरम का कोई अता पता नहीं था, दो दिन पहले बाज़ार से ख़बर आई थी की दो सिपाही उसे ले जा रहे थे, और इस दृश्य धुन्नी कहार खुद अपनी आँखों से देखा था, मनोरम तीन बीघे का कास्तकर पर किसानों उसकी मुख्य कार्य नहीं थी, उसकी रुचि बकरियों में थी, भूरे रंग की जमुनापारी नस्ल का बकरा सबसे बेहतर होता है फलन के लिए, यह उसके मुख से अक्सर सुना जाता, और बच्चे बच्चे को ये बात पता थी, गड़बड़ी थी तो उसकी जाती में, हिंदू धर्म के क्षत्रिय कुल में जन्म लेना काफी था उसे बकरी पालन से रोकने के लिए, खेती में उसका मन लगता नहीं था, जब तक पिता जीवित थे तब तक तो काम चल जाता था, पर दो वर्ष हो चुके थे उनके देहांत को, तब मनोरम इक्कीस वर्ष का था और बहु आए करीब डेढ़ वर्ष हो चुके थे, तभी से मनोरम के ऊपर जिम्मेदारियों का पहाड़ आ गिरा, फिर भी उसने कई प्रयास किए खेती के लिए अंत में हार के अधिया पे खेत देना पड़ा, बटने पे जो कुछ मिलता वो खाने के लिए तो काफी था, पर एक गृहस्थ के रोज मर्मा का जीवन यापन नहीं कर सकता था, माँ के घुटनों की दवा, नेवता हकारी, एक बेटी का लालन पोषण और पत्नी की इच्छाओं को अधूरा रखना उसे भाता

नहीं था, फिर क्या, गांव के जाने माने सामाजिक व्यक्ति लल्लन काका से राय मनसौदा ले कर ये तय हुआ कि बकरी तो पाल नहीं सकते पर उसके व्यापार में कुछ दोष नहीं है, एक आशा जगी और ग्रामीण भाषा में मनोरम बकरियों का दलाल हो गया।

तभी से मनोरम के आय का काफी बड़ा भाग दलाली से आने लगा, कुल मिलाकर आय रोज के पचास रुपए से ज़्यादा नहीं थी, पर इन रुपयों से मनोरम के घर की लगभग सारी जरूरतें पूरी हो जाती थी, एक पत्नी की इच्छा को छोड़कर, जिसे कभी कभी बहस में उसके कान में डाल दी जाती थी, मनोरम की गड़ना गाँव के भले लोगों में होती थी, ये अलग बात है की कभी कभी दलाली के काम

ने उसके भले होने पे सवाल जरूर खड़े कर देते थे, और इस बात का मौका लल्लन काका से कभी नहीं बचता था, वो इसे बढ़ा चढ़ाके उसके चरित्र पर जरूर



लाके खड़ा कर देते थे, दरअसल लल्लन काका मनोरम के ही खानदान के होते हुए आधे के हिस्सेदार भी थे, पारिवारिक बटवारे में लल्लन काका के दो बीघे के डीह वाले खेत के मेड़ से मनोरम के पाच विस्से का खेत पड़ता था, लल्लन काका के कई संदेशों के बावजूद मनोरम ये खेत देने को तैयार नहीं था, फिर क्या लल्लन काका के। प्रिय समाज से मनोरम का निष्कासन और जड़ खोदना स्वाभाविक था, इस बात से पूरा गांव बेखबर नहीं था, और प्रधान होने के कारण लल्लन काका का थाने में आना जाना होता रहता था।

तीन दिन पहले नदी उस पार के पासी टोले में दो फुट लंबे कासीराम के बकरे की बात नहीं पट रही थी, कासीराम का कहना था कि "बाबूसाहब दाना खिलाए हयी, घास नाय चराए हयी", और सात सौ पे खुटा गाड़े हुआ था, मनोरम छ सौ पचास पे टिका था बात नहीं बनी और उसे घर लौटना पड़ा,

बदकिस्मिति से उसी रात बकरे की चोरी हो गई, कासीराम का शक मनोरम पर तो नहीं था, लेकिन लल्लन काका के दबाव वश शक के दृष्टि में मनोरम बैठ गया और थाना रपट हो गया, उसी दिन शाम को मनोरम की गिरफ्तारी बाजार में हुई और फिर कोई अता पता नहीं, गांव के कई लोगो के थाने जाने के बावजूद भी कोई खबर नहीं मिली, थानेदार लल्लन काका के बहनों के भतीजे थे, और इस साल के आलू के बोवाई के झगड़े से ही दोनों परिवार में बोली चाली बंद थी, पड़ोसी औरतों के सुझाव से मनोरम की डंडे के सहारे अपनी पोती को लेकर लल्लन काका के घर गई तो उन्होंने इस मामले में अपने होने से साफ़ इनकार कर दिया और बताया को उनकी थानेदार से बात नहीं होती, जबकि थानेदार को उनके घर दावत पे आते कई बार देखा गया था।

चार दिन हो गए थे, मनोरम के घर चूल्हा जले, मनोरम की माँ पटसन की रस्सिया पिरो रही थी, घर की छोटी बेटी भी बूढ़ो जैसे गंभीर हो गई थी, दो दिन से दहलीज़ का दिया भी ठंडा पड़ गया था, उसी शाम तीन सिपाही द्वार पर जीप रोककर कंधा देकर मनोरम को बरामदे के खाट पर लिटा गए, जबतक कोई देख पाता तब तक वो तीनों लौट चुके थे, मनोरम की पत्नी के रोने का आवाज़ सुनकर सब द्वार पर इकट्ठे हो गए, मनोरम बस देखते थे, बोल नहीं रहे थे, पड़ोसी के दो लड़कों और मनोरम की पत्नी ने मिल के मनोरम की कमीज़ उतारे तो पीठ पर छाले साफ़ दिखाई दे रहे थे, ये छाले शरीर के अलग अलग जगह भी मौजूद थे, जाँघों के पीछे तरफ़, पैर के तलवों पर, हथेली के ऊपर तरफ़, बाए की एड़ी में सूजन था, सारी उँगलियों में घाव, पैरों के उँगलियों में भी, रात भर मनोहर की पत्नी लगी रही, गर्म तेल से मालिश, अजवाइन का धुआ, हल्दी वाला दूध, और हल्दी, प्याज व मदार के पत्तो का लेप, तपस्या का असर सुबह जरूर देखने को मिला, मदार के पत्तो और हल्दी के लेप ने दर्द थाम दिया था, और मनोरम चल पा रहा था, और थोड़ा थोड़ा बोल भी रहा था, इतने कष्ट झेलने के बाद भी पत्नी

और माँ को बदले या प्रतिशोध की कोई भावना नहीं थी, उनकी सारी प्रार्थना सिर्फ मनोहर के अच्छे स्वास्थ्य पर केंद्रित थी, जिसका प्रभाव भी अच्छा देखने को मिला, और मनोरम की तबीयत दिन पर दिन सुधारने लगी।

रात भर बिलार के रोने की आवाज़ भी रात के सन्नाटे को भंग नहीं कर पायी थी, सुबह मुर्गी की आवाज़ नहीं गूँजी थी, उसके पहले ही गांव की औरते सुबह सौच के लिए खेतों में जाती, पूर्व में सूर्य की खूनी ललायी की पतली लकीर खींची हुई थी, तभी जोर जोर से रोने की आवाज़ आने लगी, लोग मनोहर के घर की तरफ़ दौड़े जा रहे थे, वहाँ पहुँचने वाले मौन रूप धारण कर लेते, दरअसल रोने की आवाज़ गांव की औरतों से आ रही थी, मनोरम की पत्नी और माँ अजान उसके खाट के सिरहाने बैठे थे, औरते उन्हें हाथों से झटका देती तो हिल जाती थी, फिर वही ढंग में हो जाती, मनोरम की बेटा जो अब लगभग एक वर्ष की हो गई थी, वो अपने अपने माँ के साथ आए हुए दोस्तों के साथ खेलने की चेष्टा कर रही थी, मनोरम का शरीर ठंडा होकर शव का रूप पूर्ण तरीके से ले लिया था, गांव के मर्द बास की तिठ्ठी बनाने में लगे हुए थे, और वही औरते माँ और पत्नी को सम्हालने का व्यर्थ

प्रयास कर रही थी, हफ़्ते भर के हरारत जो इतना चिन्तामयी नहीं था वो पिछली रात बुखार का रूप ले लिया था और अपनी मियाद पूरी कर के चला गया, अब बेटा को बिना पिता के विदा होना होगा, एक माँ को अपने संतान से खुद की चिता का अग्नि नसीब नहीं होगा, और एक पत्नी अकेले वृद्ध हो जाएगी, सिर्फ़ एक बुखार के कारण, क्या सिर्फ़ बुखार में इतना साहस है की वो इतना प्रभाव कर पाए, शायद हाँ, क्यूकी मनोरम की मृत्यु की वजह एक बुखार थी।

में क्या हूँ?

Aditya Prakash

निकला जबसे मैं घर से दूर,
खोया खोया सा रहता हूँ,
नहीं रहता होश खुद का और
न तालाश किसी की, बस कल्पनाओं
में गुम रहता हूँ।
था कैसा भूल गया मैं,
अब हूँ क्या इसका कुछ पता नहीं,
मैं निकला था घर से क्या करने को और
करता हूँ क्या खबर नहीं।
मैं था कैसा ये पता नहीं,
अब हूँ क्या इसकी सुधि नहीं।



बीते लम्हें ओर दव्दव

मेरा नाम मनीषा दांगी है। मैं बीएससी फॉरेंसिक साइंस २ वर्ष की छात्रा हूँ। मैं १२ कक्षा से कविताएँ लिखती रही हूँ। ये "द फेवरेट टेल्स" में मेरी पहली कविता है। इससे पहले मेरी २ कविताएँ प्रकाशित हुई हैं। एक ओर पब्लिशिंग हाउस के द्वारा और वो कविताएँ अमेज़न पर उपलब्ध है। मैं प्रकृति, निजी जीवन, प्रेरणा विषयों पर कविताएँ लिखती हूँ। अपने खयालों को एक कोरे कागज़ पर उतारकर मुझे बहुत आनंद की अनुभूति होती है।

Manisha Dangl

सपनों की तिजोरियों को ले कर जिया करते थे,

न खाने-पीने की परवाह किया करते थे।

खुले आसमान में सोया करते थे,

मीठे-मीठे सपने संजोया करते थे।

सिकंदर हम ही अपनी दुनियाँ के हुआ करते थे,

ना अच्छे-बुरे की परख थी,

ना रिश्ते-नातों की समझ थी।

ना डर था और ना घबराहट थी,

ना शोर की चमकाहट थी,

ना मंज़िल पाने की चाहत थी।



बस हमेशा माँ के साए में रहने की ख्वाईश थी।

ना नखरे थे, ना समझते थे जैसा ला दिया ,

वैसा ही पहन लिया करते थे।

खुशियां अनन्त थीं,

जिनका ना कभी अंत था।

लोगों का प्यार भरपूर था,

ना इसमें कोई संदेह था।

तारों सा चमकता ये जाहाँ था,

ना ज़िम्मेवारियों का बोझ था,

ना परिस्थितियों का क्षोर था।

खड़े हैं हम उस मोड़ पर, जहाँ ना रोड है

और ना मोड़

बस एक ही होड़ है,

ओर कुछ कर दिखाने का दौर है।

प्रेम ढूँढता आएगा मुझे

Aditya Prakash

मुझे लगता है

प्रेम ढूँढता आएगा मुझे।

जब टूटेगा कोई तारा आसमान से,

ढूँढता आएगा तब प्रेम मुझे।

खेतों में जब फसलें लहलहाएँगी,

तब ढूँढता आएगा प्रेम मुझे।

जब कोई रोता बच्चा अपनी माँ का

चेहरा देखकर मुस्कराएगा,

तब प्रेम ढूँढता आएगा मुझे।

जब बादल बरसेंगे गरज-गरज कर,

बिजलियाँ भी कड़कड़ाएंगी

तब प्रेम ढूँढता आएगा मुझे।

जब कोई व्यापारी बछड़े को देख

उसकी माँ को छोड़ खाली हाथ लौट जाएगा,

तब प्रेम ढूँढता आएगा मुझे।

गली में क्रिकेट खेलते बच्चों पर जब



कोई बुजुर्ग उन्हें डाँट न लगाएगा,

तब प्रेम ढूँढता आएगा मुझे।

जब कोई अकेली स्त्री रात में

सड़कों पर बेखौफ चलने से न घबराएगी,

मुझे लगता है

तब प्रेम ढूँढता आएगा मुझे।

CORRECTION

अधूरा बनारस

Switi

विहान पिछले कुछ दिनों से अपने जीवन को लेकर बहुत उलझा हुआ था। रोज़ की भागदौड़ और मन की परेशानियों से थोड़ा दूर जाने के लिए उसने कुछ दिनों के लिए बनारस जाने का फैसला किया।

माता-पिता का आशीर्वाद लेकर वह बनारस के लिए निकल पड़ा। बनारस पहुँचते ही उसे लगा जैसे वह किसी अलग ही दुनिया में आ गया हो। मंदिरों की घंटियाँ, गंगा की लहरें और गलियों की चहल-पहल उसके मन को सुकून देने लगी।

शाम को वह गंगा किनारे बैठा था। तभी उसकी नजर एक लड़की पर पड़ी। वह थोड़ी दूर अकेली बैठी थी। विहान ने हिम्मत करके पूछा, “माफ़ कीजिए, क्या मैं यहाँ बैठ सकता हूँ?”

लड़की ने मुस्कराकर कहा, “हाँ।”

उसका नाम दिशा था। विहान और दिशा की यह पहली मुलाकात थी। धीरे-धीरे दोनों की बातें होने लगीं। उन्होंने अपने परिवार, सपनों और जिंदगी के बारे में एक-दूसरे से बातें कीं। कुछ ही दिनों में दिशा विहान की जिंदगी का खास हिस्सा बन गई।

लेकिन विहान को वापस महाराष्ट्र लौटना था। स्टेशन पर दोनों की आखिरी मुलाकात हुई।



दिशा ने पूछा, “वापस कब आओगे?”

विहान ने कहा, “पता नहीं... लेकिन आऊँगा जरूर।”

ट्रेन चल पड़ी और दोनों एक-दूसरे को देखते रह गए।

महाराष्ट्र लौटने के बाद भी दोनों फोन पर बातें करते रहे। धीरे-धीरे उनकी दोस्ती एक खूबसूरत रिश्ते में बदल गई।

कुछ महीनों बाद दिशा ने बताया कि उसकी तबीयत ठीक नहीं है। जाँच के बाद पता चला कि उसे कैंसर है। यह सुनकर विहान बहुत दुखी हुआ और तुरंत उससे मिलने बनारस पहुँचा।

विहान ने दिशा का हर संभव साथ दिया। वह उसके पास बैठता, उससे बातें करता और उसे हिम्मत देता। एक दिन दिशा ने कहा, “अगर मैं ठीक हो गई तो?”

विहान ने मुस्कुराकर कहा, “तो हम फिर बनारस जाएँगे।”

दिशा ने धीरे से पूछा, “और अगर नहीं गई तो?”

विहान की आँखें भर आईं।

दिशा ने उसका हाथ पकड़कर कहा, “विहान, अगर कभी मैं तुम्हारे साथ न रहूँ, तो अपनी जिंदगी मत रोकना। बस मुझे याद रखना।”

उसने अपनी डायरी विहान को देते हुए कहा, “इसमें हमारी सारी यादें हैं।”

कुछ समय बाद दिशा इस दुनिया से चली गई। विहान के लिए यह स्वीकार करना बहुत मुश्किल था।

कुछ दिनों बाद वह अकेला बनारस गया। वही घाट था, वही गंगा थी, लेकिन दिशा नहीं थी। उसने दिशा की डायरी खोली। आखिरी पन्ने पर लिखा था—

“विहान, अगर मैं तुम्हारे पास न रहूँ, तो उदास मत होना। जब भी बनारस आना, मुस्कराकर आना। हमारी कहानी छोटी थी, लेकिन मेरे लिए बहुत खास थी।”

विहान की आँखों से आँसू बहने लगे। उसने डायरी को सीने से लगा लिया और कहा, “तुम मेरी जिंदगी से चली गई हो, दिशा... लेकिन मेरी यादों से कभी नहीं जाओगी।”

गंगा की लहरें धीरे-धीरे किनारे से टकरा रही थीं। विहान वहाँ से चला गया, लेकिन दिशा की याद हमेशा उसके साथ रही।

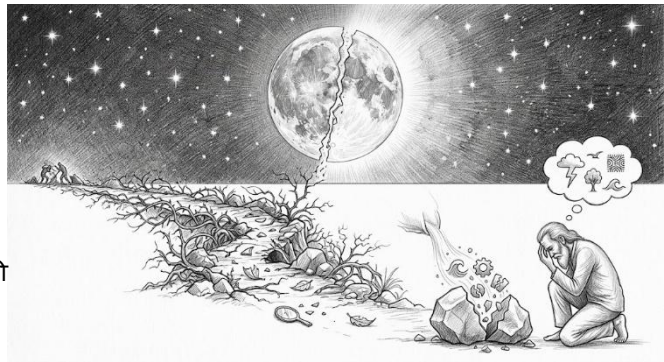
कुछ प्रेम कहानियाँ साथ रहकर पूरी नहीं होतीं। कुछ कहानियाँ अधूरी रहकर भी पूरी जिंदगी याद रहती हैं।

— समाप्त —

अनभिज्ञता

Rahul Kumhar

आज अंधेरी रात है
रात की अलग ही बात है
चाँद तो दिखता ही नहीं
पर तारे सभी साथ हैं
तारे सभी अकेले हैं
चाँद को दूर धकेले हैं
इतना दूर कि दिखता ही नहीं
प्रकाश उसका बिकता ही नहीं
बिकेगा भी कैसे?
वो खुद में ही फूला रहता है
भिज नहीं भूला रहता है
और कहता है
धरती से सौंदर्य आदि है
पर अंत मुझी में होता है
दिनभर का थका व्यक्ति भी
मेरे प्रकाश में सोता है



बिन मेरे जग में शान्ति नहीं
मन की भागती भ्रान्ति नहीं
मैं शांति जगत को देता हूँ
प्रकाशित रजत सा रहता हूँ
मुझसा शीतल है और कौन?
मुझसे ही तो जग है मौन
रातों को रजत चढ़ाता हूँ
शान्ति का पाठ पढ़ाता हूँ
पर आज
पर आज ये क्या हुआ है
क्या लग गई बद दुआ है
या झूठा श्रेय लेता है
खुद को महान कहता है
क्या आज हुई है रात नहीं
या रात में वो बात नहीं
क्या रात में कोई सोया नहीं
या रोने वाला रोया नहीं
ये तो नाहक ही अभिमान है
कुछ भी उसे न ज्ञान है

स्वतः चक्र चलता रहता है

अभिमान पलता रहता है

पथ में शूल भी होते हैं

सभी मद वहीं पर खोते हैं

अनभिज्ञता को छोड़ वहीं

संसार समर को धोते हैं।

CORRECTION

देहलीज़

Rahul Kumhar

गोरे गाल

चमकता चेहरा

ललचाते लोचन

कोमल काया

पुलकित पलकें

चञ्चल चितवन

चपल चाल

लज्ज़ा है ढाल

वाणी में वाग्मी

अन्तर मन आतुर

आँचल में आवेश

सरल स्वभाव

तेज से तरुण

नयन से नन्हीं

बोल से बच्ची

सच में सच्ची



ये तो छोड़ो
मन इधर मोड़ो
मन्द मुस्कान
कजरारे केश
केशों में कुञ्ज
कान में कुण्डल
कलाई में कङ्गन
नाक में नथनी
अँगूली में अँगूठी
पैरों में पायल
कर धरे कर से
चली जा रही नज़र से
दो हैं आँखें
करती नहीं चार
पता ही नहीं उसे
क्या होता है प्यार
कोमल कली
पुष्प-सी पली
पैर है पथ पर

पथ पर पुष्प

मन करता है बिछादूँ

पर ये कैसे भूलादूँ

किस्मत में हैं काँटे

उससे कैसे बाटें

CORRECTION

समाज

Amritarani Dihudi

पता नहीं कौन सिखा गया स्त्री के चरित्र पर सवाल उठाना,

वरना ब्रह्म की खोज में निकली स्त्रियों को यह समाज ब्रह्मवादिनी कहता था।

न जाने कहाँ से सीख गए हम पढ़ी-लिखी लड़कियों पर तंज कसना,

वरना अपनी शिक्षा से सवाल उठाने वाली को समाज गार्गी वाचक्वनी कहता था।

किससे हम सीख गए स्त्री को घर तक सीमित रखना?

युद्ध लड़ने वाली स्त्री को यही समाज झांसी की रानी कहता था।

कैसे हम मान गए कि स्त्रियाँ कुछ कर नहीं पाएँगी,

राज्य चलाने वाली को समाज अहिल्याबाई कहकर पुकारता था।

पता नहीं कौन कह गया कि घर छोड़ने वाली स्त्रियाँ बुरी होती हैं,

भक्ति के मार्ग पर घर त्यागने पर यही समाज उन्हें अक्का महादेवी और मीराबाई कहता था।

पता नहीं कौन सिखा गया नारी का शोषण करना,

वरना नारी के अपमान पर यही समाज महाभारत रचता था।

कौन बोल गया कि अपनी इच्छा रखना लड़कियों को शोभा नहीं देता,

वरना बेटी की पसंद को यही समाज स्वयंवर कहता था।

कहाँ से सीख गए पत्नी को

पैरों की धूल समझना,

वरना यही समाज पत्नी को

अर्धांगिनी मानता था।

दोष हम समाज को देते हैं,

पर समाज तो हमसे ही शुरू होता है।



पहली मुलाकात

Amritarani Dihudi

हम मिले

और आंखें खामोशी में बातें बुनने लगीं,

हवाएं हमें करीब लाने उठीं,

पर खुद ही कुछ कह न सकीं,

होंठ भी खामोश रहे...

दिल तुम्हें गले लगाने की आस में धड़कता रहा,

पर मैं उस हवा के एहसास से ही मुस्कुरा उठी,

जो तुम्हें छूकर मेरे पास आई थी।

तुम्हारी वो ठहरी हुई नज़र,

जो सिर्फ मुझ पर ही टिकी थी,

मुझे बिना वजह शरमा गई।

घंटों गुजर गए—

लफ़्ज़ नहीं बोले गए,

पर खामोशियों ने जाने कितनी दास्तां कह दी।

फिर वक़्त ने हमें धीरे से जुदा कर दिया,

हम अपने-अपने रास्तों पर चल पड़े—



कुछ अधूरी बातें,

और फिर मिलने की एक हल्की सी आस लिए

जैसे ये दूरी भी बस एक वादा हो,

कि हम फिर मिलेंगे...

थोड़ा और करीब,

थोड़ा और अपने होकर।

CORRECTION

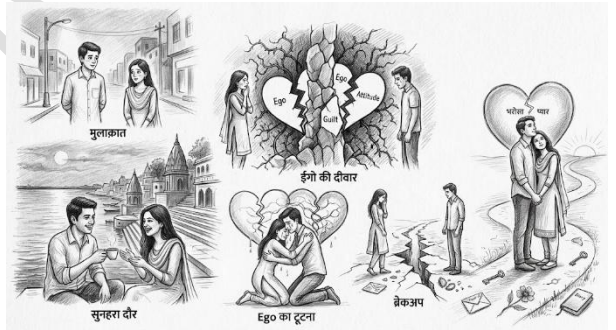
Still Holding On

Aarav

कुछ कहानियाँ किताबों के पन्नों पर नहीं, बल्कि दो दिलों की धड़कनों पर लिखी जाती हैं। हमारी कहानी भी किसी फ़िल्मी पटकथा जैसी नहीं थी, पर इसमें वो सब कुछ था जिसने हमें आम इंसान से एक-दूसरे की पूरी दुनिया बना दिया। इसमें प्यार की मिठास थी, ईगो का ज़हर था, जुदाई की तड़प थी, साथ रोए गए आँसू थे और सबसे बढ़कर—हर तूफ़ान के सामने डटकर खड़े रहने का वो अटूट इरादा था।

1: मुलाकात की वो पहली शाम

जब हम पहली बार मिले थे, तो आसमान में कोई तारे नहीं टूटे थे और न ही पृष्ठभूमि में कोई धीमी धुन बज रही थी। वो एक बेहद साधारण सा दिन था, दो अजनबी चेहरे एक-दूसरे के आमने-सामने खड़े थे। लेकिन उस पहली मुलाकात में कुछ तो ऐसा था जो सीधा रूह को छू गया। उसकी आँखों में एक ऐसी सादगी थी जिसने मेरे भटकते हुए दिल को ठहरने की वजह दे दी। शुरुआत में थोड़ी झिझक थी, औपचारिकता से भरी बातें थीं, लेकिन धीरे-धीरे बातों का सिलसिला लंबा होता चला गया। कब मिनट घंटों में बदलने लगे, पता ही नहीं चला।



बातचीत का यह दौर धीरे-धीरे एक अटूट लगाव में बदलने लगा। मुझे याद है वो पहली बार जब उसने मुझे देखकर मुस्कराया था, ऐसा लगा जैसे ज़िंदगी के सारे रंग अचानक मेरी झोली में आ गिरे हों। हम दोनों को एक-

दूसरे की आदत होने लगी थी। दिन की शुरुआत उसके मैसेज से होती और रात का अंत उसकी आवाज़ सुनकर। और फिर एक दिन, बिना किसी आडंबर के, बेहद सादगी से हमने एक-दूसरे से अपने प्यार का इज़हार कर दिया।

2: मोहब्बत का वो सुनहरा दौर

शुरुआत के वो कुछ महीने मानो किसी ख़्वाब जैसे थे। दुनिया बहुत ख़ूबसूरत लगने लगी थी। हम घंटों बातें करते, अपने बचपन के किस्से सुनाते, अपने डर और अपने सपनों को एक-दूसरे के सामने खोलकर रख देते। उन महीनों में हमने सिर्फ़ प्यार ही नहीं किया, बल्कि एक-दूसरे को जीना सिखाया।

जब भी वो परेशान होती, मैं उसका हाथ थामकर कहता "सब ठीक हो जाएगा, मैं हूँ ना।" और जब मैं ज़िंदगी की उलझनों में थक जाता, तो उसकी एक मुस्कान मेरी सारी थकान मिटा देती। हम छोटी-छोटी चीज़ों में खुशियाँ ढूँढ़ लेते थे। रास्ते के किनारे साथ बैठकर चाय पीना, बारिश में भीगते हुए बेपरवाह बातें करना और एक-दूसरे की आँखों में अपना भविष्य देखना वो दिन हमारी ज़िंदगी के सबसे सुनहरे पन्ने थे। हमें लगता था कि हमारी इस मोहब्बत को कभी किसी की नज़र नहीं लग सकती।

3: कड़वाहट, ज़िद और Ego की दीवार

लेकिन ज़िंदगी हमेशा एक जैसी नहीं रहती। जैसे-जैसे वक्त बीता और रिश्ता पुराना हुआ, हमारे बीच उम्मीदों का बोझ बढ़ने लगा। जब दो अलग स्वभाव के लोग एक-दूसरे के बेहद करीब आते हैं, तो विचारों का टकराव होना स्वाभाविक है। धीरे-धीरे हमारे बीच छोटी-छोटी बातों पर अनबन होने लगी।

जहाँ कभी सिर्फ प्यार और समझदारी हुआ करती थी, वहाँ अब ईगो, एटीट्यूड और गुस्से ने अपनी जगह बनानी शुरू कर दी। एक ज़रा सी बात पर बहस छिड़ जाती और फिर ईगो की वजह से दोनों में से कोई झुकने को तैयार नहीं होता। "मैं सही हूँ" और "तुम गलत हो" की इस जंग में प्यार पीछे छूटने लगा। कई बार गुस्से में हम एक-दूसरे को ऐसे शब्द बोल जाते जो सीधे दिल पर तीर की तरह लगते।

हम दोनों ही ज़िद्दी थे। बहस के बाद दिनों-दिन बातचीत बंद रहती। सन्नाटा इतना गहरा हो जाता कि कमरे की घड़ी की टिक-टिक भी हथौड़े की तरह कान में बजती। अंदर ही अंदर हम दोनों तड़पते थे, एक-दूसरे की याद में रात-रात भर जागते थे, लेकिन ईगो की भारी दीवार हमें एक-दूसरे से 'साँरी' कहने से रोक देती थी। रिश्ता धीरे-धीरे कड़वाहट के उस मोड़ पर पहुँच गया जहाँ सांस लेना भी भारी लग रहा था।

4: Ego का टूटना और सच्चा अहसास

लेकिन प्यार अगर सच्चा हो, तो वो ईगो की हर दीवार को ढहाने की ताकत रखता है। जब दूरियाँ सहने की सीमा से बाहर हो गईं और तन्हाई का दर्द बर्दाश्त नहीं हुआ, तब हमें अहसास हुआ कि हम अपनी बेवकूफ़ाना ज़िद और एटीट्यूड की वजह से उस इंसान को खो रहे हैं जो हमारी जान है।

एक दिन, जब गुस्से का गुबार छटा, तो हमने आपस में बात करने का फैसला किया। उस दिन हमने अपने सारे ईगो, अपने एटीट्यूड और अपने गुस्से को एक तरफ उठाकर फेंक दिया। उस शाम जब हम मिले, तो आँखों में कोई शिकायत नहीं, सिर्फ पछतावा और प्यार था। हम दोनों एक-दूसरे के सामने बच्चों की तरह बिलख-बिलख कर रोए।

हमने एक-दूसरे के गले लगकर अपनी-अपनी गलतियों की माफी माँगी। वो आँसू हमारे अंदर के सारे ज़हर को बहाकर ले गए। उस दिन हमें समझ आया कि प्यार में जीतना या हारना नहीं होता, प्यार में तो बस एक-दूसरे

का हो जाना होता है। उस रोने के बाद हम एक-दूसरे के और भी ज़्यादा करीब आ गए। हमारा रिश्ता पहले से भी ज़्यादा गहरा और परिपक्व हो गया था।

5: ब्रेकअप का कड़ा इम्तिहान

लेकिन तकदीर शायद हमारी मोहब्बत का अभी एक और कड़ा इम्तिहान लेना चाहती थी। अभी हम संभल ही रहे थे कि ज़िंदगी ने एक ऐसा मोड़ लिया जिसने हमारे पैरों तले ज़मीन खिसका दी। कुछ ऐसी पारिवारिक और व्यक्तिगत परिस्थितियाँ बनीं, कुछ ऐसी मजबूरियाँ सामने आ खड़ी हुईं कि हमारे पास अलग होने के अलावा कोई रास्ता नहीं बचा।

वो ब्रेकअप का दौर हमारी ज़िंदगी का सबसे काला दौर था। जिस इंसान के बिना एक दिन बिताना मुश्किल था, अब उसके बिना पूरी ज़िंदगी बिताने की बात हो रही थी। जब हमने एक-दूसरे को आखिरी बार अलविदा कहा, तो ऐसा लगा जैसे जिस्म से रूह को खींचकर अलग किया जा रहा हो।

ब्रेकअप के बाद के दिन किसी जीते-जी नरक से कम नहीं थे। रातें रोते हुए बीततीं, पुराना चैट इतिहास पढ़ना, उसकी तस्वीरों को देखकर बिलखना और हर पल उसी की कमी महसूस करना मेरी दिनचर्या बन गया था। दुनिया की हर चीज़ बेरंग लगने लगी थी। लोग कहते हैं कि समय के साथ घाव भर जाते हैं, पर हमारा घाव हर बीतते दिन के साथ और गहरा होता जा रहा था।

6: हर मुश्किल में साथ और अटूट मिलन

लेकिन हमारी कहानी का अंत यहीं नहीं होना था। ब्रेकअप का टैग भले ही हमारे रिश्ते पर लग चुका था, लेकिन हमारे दिलों का जो कनेक्शन था, वो कोई भी मजबूरी तोड़ नहीं पाई। जब-जब उस पर कोई मुसीबत आई, मेरी रूह तड़प उठी और मैं सब कुछ भूलकर उसके पास पहुँचा। और जब-जब

मेरी ज़िंदगी में अंधेरा छाया, वो दुनिया की परवाह किए बिना मेरी ढाल बनकर खड़ी हो गई।

हम भले ही कागज़ों या दुनिया की नज़रों में अलग थे, लेकिन हमने कभी एक-दूसरे का हाथ नहीं छोड़ा। जब भी कोई बड़ी समस्या आई, हमने मिलकर उसका सामना किया। हम कई रातों को फ़ोन पर एक-साथ रोए हैं, हमने एक-दूसरे के दर्द को अपने सीने पर सहा है। ज़िंदगी ने हमें तोड़ने की हर मुमकिन कोशिश की, हर मोड़ पर नई चुनौतियाँ और तकलीफ़ें फेंकी, पर हम दोनों ने हार मानना नहीं सीखा।

हमने दुनिया से लड़ाई लड़ी, अपनी परिस्थितियों से लड़े, और सबसे बढ़कर, अपनी उस बेवकूफ़ ज़िद से लड़े जो हमें दूर करती थी। हमें यह बात बहुत अच्छे से समझ आ चुकी थी कि इस पूरी दुनिया में ऐसा कोई तूफ़ान नहीं है जो हमें एक-दूसरे से अलग कर सके, क्योंकि हमारा रिश्ता सिर्फ़ खुशी के दिनों का साथी नहीं था, वो तो हर दुख और तकलीफ़ में साथ रोने वाला सच्चा बंधन था।

तमाम परेशानियों, रोने-धोने और मुश्किलों के बाद, आखिरकार हमारी मोहब्बत की जीत हुई। हमने हर समस्या का समाधान निकाला, हर मजबूरी को घुटने टेकने पर मजबूर कर दिया और हम फिर से एक हो गए।

आज जब हम पीछे मुड़कर अपनी इस कहानी को देखते हैं, तो हमारी आँखों में नमी और होठों पर एक सुकून भरी मुस्कान आ जाती है। वो पहली मुलाकात की झिझक, वो शुरुआती महीनों का रूमानी प्यार, वो ईगो के कड़वे झगड़े, वो जुदाई का दर्दनाक ब्रेकअप और फिर हर मुश्किल को चीरकर एक-दूसरे का हाथ थाम लेना यह सब इस बात का सबूत है कि सच्चा प्यार कभी ख़त्म नहीं होता।

प्यार सिर्फ़ साथ हँसने का नाम नहीं है, प्यार तो वो है जब आप हर मुश्किल में एक-दूसरे के साथ रो सकें, हर तूफ़ान में एक-दूसरे की ढाल बन

सकें और दुनिया चाहे जो कहे, कभी एक-दूसरे का हाथ न छोड़ें। हमारी कहानी आज भी लिखी जा रही है, पर अब इसमें डर नहीं, सिर्फ एक-दूसरे पर अटूट भरोसा और कभी न खत्म होने वाला प्यार है।

CORRECTION

मैं उसे MSG करती रही, और वो देखकर अनदेखा करते रहे...

मैं खुद को लेखक नहीं मानती। मन में उठने वाले भावों और जीवन के सच्चे अनुभवों को बस अपने शब्दों में लिख देती हूँ। मेरे लिए लेखन किसी पहचान का नाम नहीं, बल्कि मन की बात कहने का एक माध्यम है।

Khushi bahuguna

वो खामोशी से खुद को समेटे रहे, और मैं अपने आप को संभालती रही...

मैं उनकी चुप्पी को Ignorance समझती रही।

मैं उनके Reply के इंतज़ार में बैठी रही।

मैंने गुस्से में झुंझलाकर पूछ ही लिया—

"क्या अब कभी बात नहीं करोगे?"

मेरे कठोर शब्दों से उनकी आँखें नम हो गईं।

दर्द भरे लफ़्ज़ों में वो बोले—

आज ही के दिन मेरे माता-पिता ने इस दुनिया को अलविदा कहा था...



उनके शब्दों ने मुझे निशब्द कर दिया।

दिल कह रहा था कि उन्हें गले लगाकर कहूँ—

क्यों रो रहे हो? मैं हूँ ना तुम्हारे साथ...

वो फोन के उस पार थे, मैं फोन के इस पार...

पर चाहकर भी उनसे ये कह न सकी।

ਟਿਵ ਤਠਛਾ

Hitesh Kumar

ਟਟਿਵ ਤਠਛਾ ਗੇਪਟਿਭਾ ਨੇ.

18 ਟੀ ਡਭਠ ਡੇ.

ਤੇਠੇ ਵਮਤਾਂ ਡੇ ਪੇਪਟਿਮਾ ਤੇ.

ਮਿਮੇ ਤਿਏ ਹੇਵਰਾ ਠਵਿਤਾ.

ਵਦਟਾਘਾਂ ਤ ਤਰ My Love ਹੈ ਵਗੀਤਾ.

ਗਟ ਵੇ ਗਲਹਵਡੀ ਪਾਸ਼ਟੀਰੀ ਵੈ.

ਘੈਠ ਵੇ ਵੱਲਿਮਾਂ ਸ.

ਵਧਾ ਯੂਭੀਮਾਂ ਰੀ ਮਟਾਸ਼ਟੀਰੀ ਵੈ.

ਨਰੈਂ ਭੁਤ ਵੇ ਤਿਭਾਠ ਟਰੰਟਾ ਭਾ,

ਲੀਡੇ ਯਾਡਿਰਾਂ ਪਡਿਰਾ,

ਫੇਠ ਤੇਠੇ ਹਿੰਸ ਪੇ ਤਾਂਟਾ ਭਾ,

ਵਿਹੈਂ ਡੱਲਾਂ.

ਭੇਠੰ ਤਠਵੀਘ ਠਵੀਂ ਭਯਣਡੰਟੀ.

ਰਮ ਰੇ ਜੇਤਠਾ ਵੇਸ਼ਟੀ.

ਮੈਂ ਮਵਿਠਟੋ ਈ ਵਿਭਾਲਾਂ ੇ ਠਗੀਂ ਤਾਡੰਰੀ।



Thande thayiya kannirina bele

Razeena Ps

ಅವಳನ್ನು ತಡೆಯುವವರು ಯಾರೂ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಆದರೆ ನಂದಿನಿ ಯಾರ ಮುಂದೆಯೂ ತನ್ನ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ಸಂಪೂರ್ಣವಾಗಿ ತೆರೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುತ್ತಿರಲಿಲ್ಲ. ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ಕಂಡ ನೋವುಗಳನ್ನು ಹೃದಯದೊಳಗೆ ಬಚ್ಚಿಟ್ಟುಕೊಂಡೇ ಸಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು.

ಸಾಗರ್ ಅವಳ ಜೀವನಕ್ಕೆ ಬಂದದ್ದು ಕಾಲೇಜಿನ ದಿನಗಳಲ್ಲಿ. ಕಾಲೇಜು ಬಸ್‌ನಲ್ಲಿ ಆರಂಭವಾದ ಆ ಸಣ್ಣ ಪರಿಚಯ, ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಸ್ನೇಹವಾಗಿ, ನಂತರ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಾಗಿ ಬದಲಾಯಿತು. ದಿನ ಕಳೆದಂತೆ ಅವರಿಬ್ಬರ ನಡುವಿನ ಬಂಧ ಮತ್ತಷ್ಟು ಗಟ್ಟಿಯಾಗುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಒಬ್ಬರಿಲ್ಲದೆ ಮತ್ತೊಬ್ಬರು ಬದುಕುವುದು ಕಷ್ಟವೆನಿಸುವಷ್ಟು ನಂದಿನಿ ಮತ್ತು ಸಾಗರ್‌ನ ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಆಳವಾಗಿತ್ತು.

ಆದರೆ ಅವರ ಪ್ರೀತಿಗೆ ನಂದಿನಿಯ ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿಯ ಒಪ್ಪಿಗೆ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

“ಮಗಳೇ, ನಾವು ನಿನ್ನ ಒಳಿತನ್ನೇ ಬಯಸುತ್ತೇವೆ. ಸ್ವಲ್ಪ ಯೋಚಿಸು,” ಎಂದು ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿ ಎಷ್ಟೇ ಹೇಳಿದರೂ, ಪ್ರೀತಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ನಂದಿನಿಗೆ ಅವರ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಕೇಳಿಸಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಅವಳು ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿಯ
ಮಾತನ್ನು ಲೆಕ್ಕಿಸದೆ, ಅವರ
ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ನೋಯಿಸಿ
ಸಾಗರ್‌ನನ್ನು
ಮದುವೆಯಾದಳು.



ಮದುವೆಯ ನಂತರ ಸಾಗರ್ ನಂದಿನಿಯನ್ನು ತುಂಬಾ ಪ್ರೀತಿಯಿಂದ ನೋಡಿಕೊಂಡ.
ಇಬ್ಬರೂ ಅನ್ಯೋನ್ಯವಾಗಿ, ಸಂತೋಷದಿಂದ ತಮ್ಮದೇ ಆದ ಪುಟ್ಟ ಪ್ರಪಂಚವನ್ನು
ಕಟ್ಟಿಕೊಂಡರು.

ಆದರೆ...

ವಿಧಿಯ ಆಟವನ್ನು ಯಾರಿಂದಲೂ ಬದಲಾಯಿಸಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ.

ಒಂದು ದಿನ ಸಾಗರ್‌ಗೆ ಆರೋಗ್ಯದಲ್ಲಿ ತೊಂದರೆ ಕಾಣಿಸಿಕೊಂಡಿತು. ವೈದ್ಯರನ್ನು
ಭೇಟಿಯಾದಾಗ ಪರೀಕ್ಷೆಗಳ ವರದಿ ಅವರ ಬದುಕನ್ನೇ ಬದಲಿಸಿತು.

ಸಾಗರ್‌ಗೆ ಕ್ಯಾನ್ಸರ್ ಇತ್ತು.

ದಿನಗಳು ಕಳೆದಂತೆ ಸಾಗರ್‌ನ ಆರೋಗ್ಯ ಧೀಣಿಸುತ್ತಾ ಹೋಯಿತು. ಒಮ್ಮೆ
ನಂದಿನಿಯೊಂದಿಗೆ ನಗುತ್ತಾ, ಭವಿಷ್ಯದ ಕನಸುಗಳನ್ನು ಕಾಣುತ್ತಿದ್ದ ಸಾಗರ್‌, ಈಗ
ಆಸ್ಪತ್ರೆಯ ಹಾಸಿಗೆಯಲ್ಲಿ ನೋವಿನಿಂದ ನರಳುತ್ತಿದ್ದ.

ನಂದಿನಿ ಅವನ ಕೈ ಹಿಡಿದು ಕಣ್ಣೀರಿಡುತ್ತಿದ್ದಳು.

“ಸಾಗರ್‌... ನೀನು ನನ್ನನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋಗಬಾರದು. ನಿನ್ನಿಲ್ಲದೆ ನಾನು ಹೇಗೆ ಬದುಕಲಿ?”
ಎಂದು ಅಳುತ್ತಾ ಕೇಳಿದಳು.

ಸಾಗರ್‌ ಅವಳ ಕೈಯನ್ನು ಬಿಗಿಯಾಗಿ ಹಿಡಿದು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ಹೇಳಿದನು,

“ನಾನು ನಿನ್ನನ್ನು ಬಿಟ್ಟು ಹೋಗಲು ಬಯಸುವುದಿಲ್ಲ... ಆದರೆ ವಿಧಿಯ ಮುಂದೆ ನಾವು
ಎಲ್ಲರೂ ಅಸಹಾಯಕರು.”

ಅವನ ಕೊನೆಯ ದಿನಗಳು ಹತ್ತಿರವಾಗುತ್ತಿದ್ದಂತೆ ನಂದಿನಿಯ ಮನಸ್ಸಿನಲ್ಲಿ ತಂದೆ-
ತಾಯಿಯ ನೆನಪು ಮತ್ತೆ ಮತ್ತೆ ಕಾಡತೊಡಗಿತು.

ಅವರ ಮಾತುಗಳು ಅವಳ ಕಿವಿಯಲ್ಲಿ ಮೊಳಗಿದವು—

“ಮಗಳೇ, ನಾವು ನಿನ್ನ ಶತ್ರುಗಳಲ್ಲ... ನಿನ್ನ ಒಳಿತನ್ನೇ ಬಯಸುತ್ತೇವೆ.”

ನಂದಿನಿ ಕಣ್ಣು ಮುಚ್ಚಿಕೊಂಡು ಜೋರಾಗಿ ಅತ್ತಳು.

ಆ ಕ್ಷಣ ಅವಳಿಗೆ ಒಂದು ಸತ್ಯ ಅರಿವಾಯಿತು—

ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಸಿಕ್ಕರೂ, ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿಯ ಹೃದಯಕ್ಕೆ ಕೊಟ್ಟ ನೋವನ್ನು ಹಿಂದಕ್ಕೆ
ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳಲು ಸಾಧ್ಯವಿಲ್ಲ.

ಸಾಗರ್‌ನ ಕೊನೆಯ ಉಸಿರು ನಿಧಾನವಾಗಿ ನಿಂತಾಗ, ಅವನ ಕೈ ನಂದಿನಿಯ ಕೈಯಿಂದ
ಸಡಿಲವಾಯಿತು.

“ಸಾಗರ್...!” ಎಂದು ನಂದಿನಿ ಕಿರುಚುತ್ತಾ ಅವನ ಎದೆಗೆ ತಲೆ ಇಟ್ಟು ಅತ್ತಳು.

ಅವಳ ಬಳಿ ಈಗ ಸಾಗರ್‌ನ ನೆನಪುಗಳಿದ್ದವು... ಪಶ್ಚಾತ್ತಾಪವಿತ್ತು... ಆದರೆ ಕಳೆದ
ಸಮಯವನ್ನು ಹಿಂದಕ್ಕೆ ತರುವ ಶಕ್ತಿ ಇರಲಿಲ್ಲ.

ಆ ದಿನ ನಂದಿನಿಗೆ ಅರಿವಾಯಿತು—

“ನನ್ನ ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ನಾನು ಏಕೆ ಅರ್ಥಮಾಡಿಕೊಳ್ಳಲಿಲ್ಲ?”

ಕಥೆಯ ನೀತಿ

ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿಯನ್ನು ಎದುರಿಸಿ, ಅವರ ಮನಸ್ಸನ್ನು ನೋಯಿಸಿ ಯಾವುದೇ ದೊಡ್ಡ
ನಿರ್ಧಾರ ತೆಗೆದುಕೊಳ್ಳುವ ಮೊದಲು ನೂರು ಬಾರಿ ಯೋಚಿಸಬೇಕು.

ಅವರು ನಮ್ಮ ಶತ್ರುಗಳಲ್ಲ. ನಮ್ಮ ಜೀವನದಲ್ಲಿ ನಾವು ಬೀಳುವ ಮೊದಲು ನಮ್ಮನ್ನು
ಹಿಡಿದು ನಿಲ್ಲಿಸುವವರು ಅವರೇ.

ಪ್ರೀತಿ ಜೀವನದ ಒಂದು ಭಾಗವಾಗಬಹುದು;

ಆದರೆ ತಂದೆ-ತಾಯಿಯ ಆಶೀರ್ವಾದ ಜೀವನದ ದೊಡ್ಡ ಸಂಪತ್ತು.

ಅವರ ಕಣ್ಣಲ್ಲಿ ಕಣ್ಣೀರು ತರಿಸುವಷ್ಟು ದೊಡ್ಡ ಸಂತೋಷವೂ ಈ ಜಗತ್ತಿನಲ್ಲಿ ಇಲ್ಲ.

ಅವರ ಹೃದಯವನ್ನು ನೋಯಿಸಿ ಪಡೆದ ಸಂತೋಷವೂ ಶಾಶ್ವತವಾಗಿರುವುದಿಲ್ಲ.