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CORRECTION

A Friend

Gopal Gupta

The way you laugh, the way you speak,
The little pause when you stop to think.
Your words feel warm, gentle, unique,
With your every message, my worries shrink.

I love our talks, both simple and deep,
From random jokes to dreams we share.
Time slips away, I lose my sleep,
When I'm lost inside the words you care.

And I won't lie, there's one thought I fear,
One that this heart can't seem to hide.
The thought of you disappearing, dear,
Of days without you by my side.

So if you stay, just know it's true,
These words aren't said on a whim.
I like who you are, I love talking to you,
And I hate the thought of losing you to time.



CORRECTION

Where's the bridge

Hey I'm Mohit, a B.A L.L.B student who loves writing and putting his thoughts into words, the poem is more like story where the narrator is stuck in his thoughts about happiness and desires he wanted in his life I hope the reader will like it. Thank you Regards- Mohit kumar

Mohit

CORRECTION

Today, I found that spot... But where's the bridge?

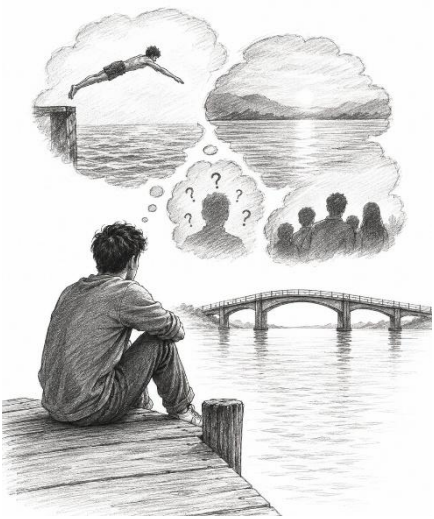
I used to step on and dive. There was a time I stood there-not for too long, but long enough for my heart to heal from the ache of loneliness.

Long enough for that cozy, warm feeling to fill my skin quietly with the air I once prayed for.

The bridge between peace and my mind. The bridge between the questions I asked.

Would the water be warm if I jumped?

Or would it be like the people I spent my life with?



When I am Gone

Aman Sharma walks through life as though each step is borrowed soil—grateful, unhurried, and unafraid. His poems speak of a body returned to the earth it loved, of graveyards that host conversations rather than verdicts, and of a soul that asks to be remembered not for its sins but for the pleasure and pride with which it lived.

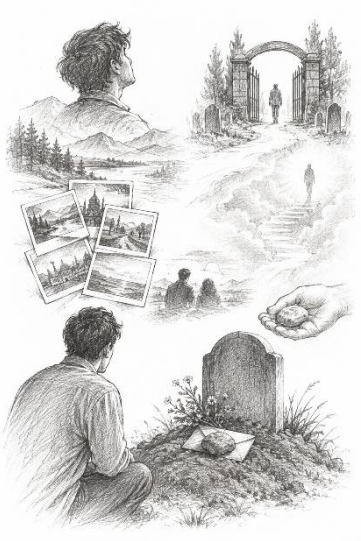
Aman Sharma

CORRECTION

When I leave this temporary body of mine
on this heavenly earth,
let my body become part of the soil
on which I once walked.

Don't conduct an analysis like a researcher
who will declare me good or bad in the graveyard.
Just see me for the last time,
and never cry for me after I am buried in the soil.

When you leave the graveyard,
don't bother about my way to hell or heaven.
Don't bother about the Day of Judgement to come.
On the way back home,
take a picture of places I visited even once in my whole life,
seal it in an envelope, and keep it on my grave.



Keep a paperweight so the wind cannot take the envelope along with it.
Don't keep the paperweight too fancy,
but don't make it dark either.
Just keep a nearby stone—
one that is available next to my grave.

Don't remember me as a man with sins I once committed,

but remind me as a man with a life
who spent every minute of it with immense pleasure and pride.

You may visit me once in a decade,
but whenever you enter the gate of the graveyard,
tell me in advance—
as I will host you.
Don't come to listen to my sorrows,
but to share your life.
Sit in front of my grave and stare at me till I reply.
If you don't have time to sit,
meet me on the Day of Judgement
to answer your unsolved questions.

And promise—
remember me as a soul
who departed the earth long ago.

CORRECTION

Tum Se

Tousif Zaman

The moon feels closer when I think of you,

The stars shine brighter in skies of blue.

My silent heart has learned to sing,

Since you became my everything.

Tum se, my world has found its rhyme,

A timeless song beyond all time.

Tum se, my dreams have learned to fly,

Like silver clouds across the sky.

You are the verse I cannot erase,

The gentle peace in a restless place.

The sweetest thought before I sleep,

The quiet promise my heart will keep.

If seasons change and flowers fall,

I'll hear your name through it all.

And if the stars forget to shine,

Your memory will still be mine.

No matter where life's rivers flow,

There's one truth my heart will always know:

My favourite words will always be tum se.



CORRECT

The Shade of You

A poetic exploration of beauty through the colours that make someone unforgettable. From the sparkle in their eyes to the softness of their hair and the rose-like hue of their lips, every shade becomes a verse, and every verse becomes a feeling that words alone can barely capture.

Tousif Zaman

CORRECTION

The colour of your eyes,

The greatest jewel beneath the skies,

A thousand stars that softly gleam,

The loveliest part of every dream.

The colour of your hair,

Like midnight silk, beyond compare,

A shade the moon would love to wear,

A beauty time could never spare.

The colour of your lips,

Like roses touched by dewdrop drips,

A crimson bloom, a sweet surprise,

Like dawn that paints the morning skies.

The colours of your soul,

More precious than the purest gold,

A rainbow no artist could pursue,

For every shade reminds me of you.



CORRECTION

What Did the River Take Away, What Did It Leave Behind?

Reshma Khatoon is a poet who turns unspoken emotions into words. Through her poetry, she explores life, love, silent struggles, and self-discovery. Her words aim to touch hearts and remind readers that loving others should never mean losing yourself.

Reshma Khatoon

CORRECTION

One day, I asked the river,

"Why do you flow both day and night?
Does your heart hold pain within,
Or is flowing simply your life?"

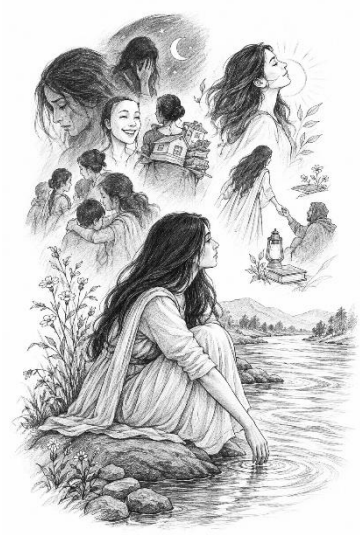
Like the river, I kept flowing,
Fighting every storm I knew.
I became the smile on others' faces,
While hiding my own pain from view.

Beneath the weight of responsibilities,
My dreams were buried deep.
For the happiness of everyone else,
My own desires fell apart, piece by piece.

I smiled throughout the day,
And cried in silence through the night.
Everyone said, "You're so strong,"
But who could read the tears I hid inside?

Sometimes, I wished for just myself,
For moments I could call my own.
Without a worry, without a burden,
To live a little, free and on my own.

But caring for everyone around me,
I slowly drifted away from who I was.



Smiling for the sake of the world,
I lost my happiness without a cause.

Then one day, beside the river,
I came carrying all my pain.
With broken dreams inside my eyes,
And unfulfilled wishes like falling rain.

I whispered, “River, take my sorrow,
Take the weight my heart has known.
Take the words I never could speak,
The silent cries I’ve kept my own.”

A wave came gently to touch my feet,
As if it understood my pain.
The tears fell like the monsoon rain,
And years of silence washed away.

The river did not erase my sorrow,
Nor did it perform a miracle.
But through its quiet, gentle waves,
It taught me to find myself again.

Now I will stand beside the needy,
And lend a hand wherever I can.
I’ll light a lamp in someone’s darkness,
But won’t leave myself behind again.

When tears come, I’ll let them fall.
When I grow tired, I’ll pause and rest.
I’ll help others carry their sorrows,
While learning to understand my own heart best.

If someone asks, “What did the river take?
What did it leave upon the shore?”
I’ll say, “It carried away my fear,
And left me courage at my core.”

The river did not take my pain away,
Nor did it dry the tears I cried.
It simply taught me how to live:

CORRECTION

To live for others is beautiful,
But not to lose yourself in the tide.

After living for everyone else,
I will no longer forget who I am.
I'll fill other lives with colours,
While keeping my own colours alive again.

Because now I finally understand—
Before I can belong to everyone,
I must belong to myself, too.

CORRECTION

She is My Shine

Shafiya Khanum H.K

You are the moon in empty sky

I am the bird,you as my wings to fly

You are my only one

But I would have no other one.

You're like a rain in desert

You are the only one of assert

I am mad at you, but glad to have you

Oh my dear I really love you.

You can do anything for us

As a time vastly runs

Oh my dear, I really proud because of

you were dare and fearless ..

You as my best friend

Always make together a trend

You are like a dove

Your presence really made me to love.



CORRECTION

You are true forever.

Please don't leave me never

I saw something in you

That's none other than existence god in you

Oh my dear mother, I really love you ever and ever ...

CORRECTION

Secret memories with someone

Shafiya Khanum H.K

Thou came as a stranger

In my life like a rare crystal

In middle of stones .

When i was infantile ,you make me ripe

and gave insight about the universe thrones.

Through your care and gentle,

You build a sturdy mansion of love.

The way you treat me as a

Princesses, your endeavor is truly priceless.

In fact im scared to portion our

special and hidden stuff with others.

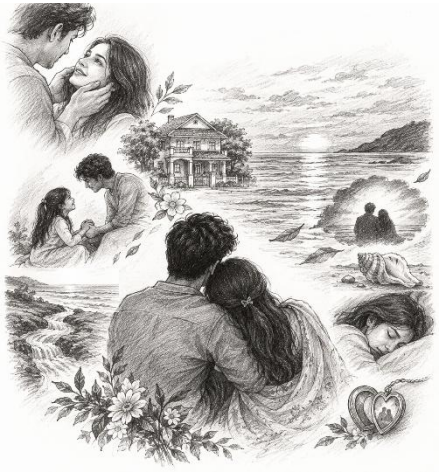
Since a day I met you,

My life became like

an autumn and spring.

While spending time with you,

is similar to sitting at a seashore



CORRECTION

and gaze the sunset.

Your arms are soft pillow

for my sweet dreams

Our love flow as stream unite to ocean.

When i bring to mind that joy, laughter,

minor quarrel of us will bring our

bond resilient.

I wish our oneness must be an eternity

Whereas i recall all this,

a charmed smile show upon my face.

I'm truly grateful to have you

as my pocket of secret memories

That never be shared to any one else,

Because your my only one special.

So, when I close my eyes and

imagine you, my heart beats faster

than faster to see you soon.

Wherever may I, but your heart is

my permanent stay,

In every heart beat, your memory

softly stays,

A timeless love that lights

my darkest days .....

CORRECTION

CORRECTION

She Will Rise !

Urwah Anwar

Those ropes tied her up
Those screams muffled her whispers,
That heat dried her up,
That ocean obscured her rivers,
Was treated as a weakling when,
She felt frail , now & then...
Of chuckles and giggles, she was deprived,
Every innocent dream was brutally denied
forbidden to cry, she mastered disguise;
Yet each with each smile, a rebellious grief filled her eyes.
Every tormenting fall , had its own tragic story,
But this time , her wounds turned into glory
Those ropes and screams again arrived,
Standing with the pride of blood , she now survived
Her heart battered
Her eyes teary,
No thought scattered
No sight bleary
The result is here,
of her countless tries
On every fall,
Higher she'll rise !



CORRECTION

perhaps i believed you

Shradha Dixit

some words linger

long after their meaning fades,

leaving us to wonder

if they ever meant anything at all.

if always knows

how softly it takes root

in places

that have known too little warmth.

or if anytime

is just another pretty word

we give away so easily,

never knowing

someone might one day

need it to be true.

perhaps the cruelest part

is not the silence,

but the little voice inside me



CORRECTION

that still makes excuses for it.

still,

somewhere beneath the hurt,

a part of me wonders

did you mean it

when you said it,

or was i simply lonely enough

to believe you?

CORRECTION

If This Is My Last Shot

Jetal



if this is my last shot

i want to meet you where we first met

i'll wear the same clothes

you'll wear the same smile

for the last time, i'll hold your hand

for the last time, i'll get lost

in those deep blue oceans of yours

whisper my name in my ear

so i'd keep hearing it for the rest of my life

we'll have the same conversation

you'll tell me i look more beautiful in person

and i'll look away hitting your arm

we'll click the last photo of us

and i'll take it with me to my grave

for once let me cup your face between my hands

that'd be enough to make me dream sweet at night

cause that will be the only place

i'll meet you from now

where we'd still be smiling

and teasing each other

CORRECT

where we’d still be cuddling and kissing

for the last time, take me in your embrace

and hold me so close that i won’t

crave it for till the end of my time

just like that we’ll say goodbye

and you know the rules

you wouldn’t let me go without a i love you

but this time darling

we’ll meet back again in the afterlife

so if this is my last shot

i want to meet you where first met

CORRECTION

The Stories We Carry

Jefrey Jenifer is a PhD scholar in Literature and a content writer who has worked with more than 25 brands around the world. Her poems have appeared in over 100 anthologies, including a few that hold world records and several that are available in more than 150 countries.

Jefry Jenifer

CORRECTION

Before I learned to read a page,
I learned to read my grandma's face,
the way her eyes would soften, slow,
when twilight settled in her place.

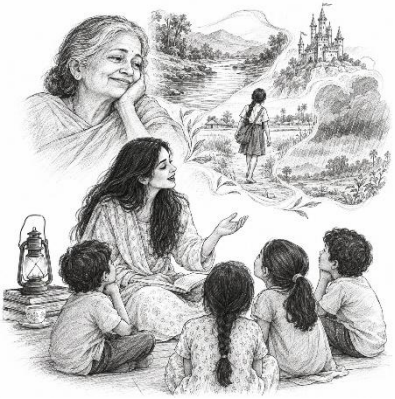
She spoke of rivers, kings, and rain,
of monsoon clouds that knew her name,
of a barefoot girl who walked to school
through fields that never looked the same.

I thought those tales were hers alone,
like bangles worn on festival days,
but stories, I have come to learn,
are seeds that bloom in other ways.

Her hands are gone, her chair is bare,
yet every story kept its glow;
what time takes from the keeper's arms
the listening heart will always know.

Now I sit where she once sat,
with lamp and tea and fading light,
and tell the children what she told,
my voice a lantern in the night.

They gasp where she once made me gasp,
they beg to hear it one more time,
and somewhere in the lamplight's glow
her laughter slips inside my rhyme.



So write your tale, however small,
the ache, the joy, the ordinary day,
for someone, someday, will need to hear
the words that you were born to say.

CORRECTION

Two decades trapped

Hiii anonymous, am Arni, a 19 year old student who loves to write under the name _miss_vanilla_09. It's been more than a decade am writing, and mostly I pen down about my grief. If u liked my writing, am grateful about that. Lots of love.

Arni Misra

CORRECTION

For two decades, I followed a dream

A dream, which was never mine...

Something I never thought of, I only looked at it still

But somehow I have to follow that path...

Even if that drained me, made me homesick..

Even if that left me hollow,

Made my guilt so strong that it was hard to swallow..

I would stare blankly at my reflection

yearning for the liveliness of childhood.

But was I gifted with a childhood?

Was I ever okay with the mistakes I did?

I took a pause and barely remembered anything.

The night was coming to an end,

Nocturnal birds were returning back to warmth

The breeze was becoming heavy,

laden with words I never spoke,

It settled on my skin like a vanished touch,



too heavy to rub off, to light to ignore

I carried the weights of days undone,

Each gust a stanza,

Each silence a sigh,

And this time I opened the windows,

not with the hope for a new dawn.....

But to grow wings,

and fly away from where I don't belong.

CORRECTION

Hazy Mess

Haya Hashim

I surrendered the pieces of myself,
adjusted to what I once hated,
bent the edges of who I was,
believing, it was for for good.

I changed. I endured. I stayed.

And ever since I had learned to live with what I never wanted,
I never yearned for other things I always wanted.

But then it ended too.

No goodbye. No reason. Sole silence.

I shattered into dust, from the pieces I once was.
I didnt know how to undo all that I went through.

I questioned my presence,my worth, even my existence.

It hurt me deeper than the level where words could possibly reach.

Time isn't heart to get stuck,so,it passed.

The wounds healed slowly.
The pain softened.
I learned to breathe again.

Days turned carrying what once nights couldn't.
I became someone,
who could finally look back without falling apart.

Yet moving never meant healing.
Yet healing never meant forgetting.

CORRECTION

A certain silence finds me every now and then.
And for a moment..
I'm standing there again,
waiting for reasons
that never came.

Some scars remain,
where No one can see them
But they linger in the soul as long as you're alive.

I still hear those silent cries of my soul.

I No longer live in that moment
Yet, that moment still lives in me.

Not as wound. Not as memory.
But as a scar beneath everything I am now.

The words that were never said But felt by,
The goodbyes that never came But given to,
Dug me deeper than I could endure.

Pain slipped away,
But the scars found a way to stay.

And perhaps, what remains
Are silent echoes of what I was before
learning,
that leaving without reason can make lifetime
of
noise.

At the end remains a wish that echoes,
A wish that I could go back to what I was
without you.

Something from that chapter,
a familiar face, familiar name, a familiar word
A fragment of that period
And all of sudden..
It feels like a knife



CORRECTION

slipping through the seams
of a heart that had finally healed.

And for a moment,
The past bleeds into the present.

Some chapters end
Yet their echoes still stay.

I was a river that changed its course
just to meet an ocean that never held me within.
And when it left, I kept flowing,
carrying its salt in waters that were once sweet.

CORRECTION

WHERE LIFE TOOK ME

I am an Assistant Professor of English who believes that life often takes us on unexpected journeys. With a passion for literature and teaching, I continue to learn and grow through my experiences. My journey reflects the dreams, challenges, and unexpected opportunities that have shaped my life.

ARPITHA H

CORRECTION

When I was a child and someone inquired about my future aspirations, I would reply that I wanted to be a teacher so I could wear various sarees to work. As I grew up, I didn't have any specific plans; I mainly just wanted to play. When people suggested that everyone should have a goal, I mentioned my desire to teach, but it wasn't a serious ambition—just a casual thought.

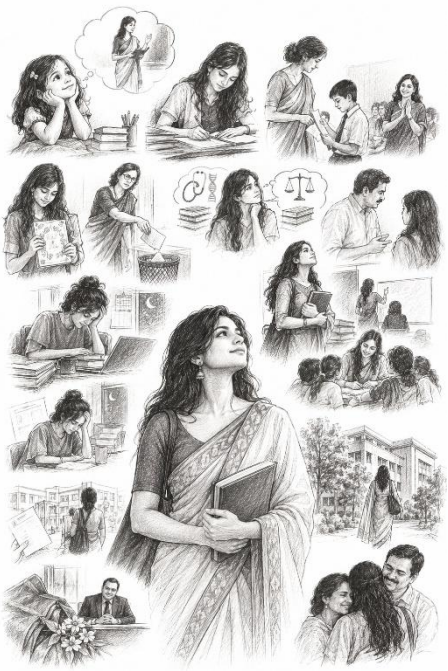
During my time in school, I developed a keen interest in writing stories, and by 10th grade, I aspired to become an author. I would write stories and short poems in Kannada, often focusing on my life, friends, and school experiences. I shared my work with friends, who encouraged me with their compliments. On one occasion, while I was bored in English class, I began reading one of my stories about my future aspirations. My teacher noticed the paper and mistakenly thought it was a love letter, so she handed it to a boy to read aloud since she couldn't read Kannada.

When that boy read aloud, she listened intently, but when she heard my reading, she applauded, called me to the front of the class, and praised me, though she also warned me about reading during class time. A few days later, I decided to turn my work into a mini book and aimed to publish it. When I finally completed it, I brought it to my Principal, hoping for praise. However, she remembered a mischief I had done earlier and scolded me, throwing my one and only copy of the book, which I had worked on for months, into the trash. After that, I stopped writing and abandoned my aspiration of becoming an author.

During my time in pre-university college (PUC), I had no interest in pursuing engineering or medicine, but my parents pushed me to choose a PCMB science track. I took the course despite my disinterest, and during that period, I developed a strong desire to become a lawyer. My passion for

law was so intense that as soon as I completed my PUC, I sought information about law college and classes. Unfortunately, my father had other plans; he wanted me to become a professor. As a result, I had to shift from science to arts [Bachelor's degree in English]. Even while enrolling, he insisted that I pursue this path, assuring me that I could still go to law College later. I often expressed to my teachers that I was not invested in this course and intended to pursue law afterward.

There was a professor who taught us English, and when I first saw her, I was immediately drawn to her personality, demeanour, and fashion sense. I aspired to be like her and hoped to secure a government job in the education sector. This inspired me to enter the teaching field myself. I began offering tutoring sessions to about 15 students and quickly experienced the joy of gaining their affection. This made me wonder why I couldn't attract even more students if I pursued teaching as a career. However, I hesitated to enter the field due to my short stature.



Despite this, I enrolled in a master's in English with a firm belief that teaching was my calling. I was dedicated to my studies but eventually decided to quit my tutoring sessions, which I found difficult to do, as I needed time to prepare for my exams. My main goal was to land a government job, so I diligently studied for the NET and KSET exams. I prepared extensively for the NET exam and felt confident about my performance, but then I learned the next day that there would be a re-exam, leaving me disheartened after so much effort.

To make matters worse, I was also preparing for my master's finals during this time, and I often cried over the situation, concerned about my future without any plans. My sister had already secured a job shortly after graduating, which added to my frustration. I faced judgment from relatives who looked down on me for

CORRECTION

choosing a Bachelor of Arts and Masters of Arts, suggesting that it signified a lack of future prospects. I felt trapped because I couldn't remain unemployed, and while my parents were okay

with me staying home, I felt guilty for not contributing, especially considering the investment they made in my education. I didn't want to let them down.

I had aspirations of pursuing a PhD, but my father suggested to wait before committing to it. My parents recommended to pursue B.Ed after my master's degree. I felt guilty about relying on them for daily expenses and had trouble asking for help. At 23, I was still unemployed and often found myself waking up at night, worried about my future.

The next day, I sent my resume to a local school, hoping for an opportunity. I was thrilled when they accepted my application, even without a B.Ed, as they were looking for someone genuinely passionate about teaching. However, when I shared this with my mother and sister, they questioned why I had pursued a master's degree if I wanted to teach in school. This made me reflect on my original goal of becoming a professor.

While preparing for my final master's exam, I received a call inviting me to interview for an English professor position at my former school. I was overjoyed and finished my exams, but I felt unprepared and stressed about the upcoming demo class. Despite my anxiety and uncertainty about how the students would react to me as a teacher, I managed to go through with it. After the demo and meetings with the faculty and principal, I was left to discuss salary.

Once I exited the college, I felt paralyzed, as if everyone was watching me. When I got home, I told my parents that even if I was selected, I wasn't sure I wanted to accept the position. I had a nagging feeling that it wasn't the right path for me.

After two days, I received a call informing me that I had been selected and could move forward with salary negotiations. My parents were thrilled, and I thought I'd give it a shot. On the day of the negotiation, I was extremely anxious because if I wasn't chosen, I feared it would feel like the end, especially in facing my parents.

When I met with the CEO, he asked me routine questions about my area of expertise but didn't mention salary at all and asked me to wait. After leaving

CORRECTION

the room, I worried that I hadn’t been selected since other candidates were asked about their salary expectations, while I hadn’t been questioned. I mentally prepared myself for rejection and felt like crying.

A few minutes later, the CEO's assistant called me back in, and the CEO informed me, “You are selected.” I barely registered anything else he said because I was so focused on that one word. We finalized the salary, and he remarked that I still looked like a student. I stepped out and immediately called my parents to share the good news.

Standing in front of the college, I felt a profound sense of gratitude. The best part was that I had started my schooling at this institution, and now I was there as an "Assistant Professor." Ultimately, my plans had changed, but I embraced the unexpected opportunity to begin my professional journey at such a young age. While this wasn’t what I initially envisioned, I am grateful for reaching this point and eager to learn and grow from this experience.

When I was a little girl, I used to say that I wanted to become a teacher just so I could wear new sarees every day. And now, somehow, God has made that little wish come true. I have become an Assistant Professor, and I get to wear sarees almost every day.

Sometimes, we plan one thing for our lives, but things turn out differently because God has a different plan for us. We may not understand it at first, but eventually, we learn to accept and appreciate the path we are on. One day, we will find happiness in the destiny meant for us. All we need to do is trust the journey and wait for the right time.

CORRECTION

NEVER MINE

Lisa Srivastava



An unrequited love,

erupting adrenaline rush,

persistent chase tied with miraculous hopes.

A sceptic starts seeing through rose-coloured glasses,

turns naively hopeful,

full of passionate intensity.

A non-believer falls for philosophical concepts like the "Law of Attraction":

what one seeks is seeking you back.

What an utter absurdity!

For all this, one generally pays an unfortunate cost.

One ends up feeling bummed out and cynical,

a chilling realisation,

fading breathless anticipation,

losing the electrifying sparks.

Then one settles into the truest realisation:

CORRECTION

"That the person was NEVER MINE."

WHERE I TRULY BELONG

Lisa Srivastava

I go round and round the preoccupied seats,

hoping desperately that my people would surely offer me a seat.

My footsteps leave deep imprints in the mud

showing my relentless yet futile attempt to fit in.

With a heavy heart and bitter realization, I see that

people can be surprisingly conniving.

Carrying my heart on my sleeve, being naively optimistic,

is just whistling in the wind.

At first, I find myself in melancholic darkness,

engulfed in countless thoughts.

What could have been done
right?

I slowly drift away and start
working to find a place where I
truly belong,

heading towards the discarded
chairs

that remain partly submerged
in water.



CORRECTION

The Weight of Unreturning

Atharva More is a young Indian author and storyteller known for his imaginative and emotionally driven writing. With over 25 published books, his work explores mystery, supernatural themes, emotions, life, and the hidden depths of human experience.

Atharva More

CORRECTION

There are years we cannot remember,

yet somehow, we still miss them...

Perhaps we left too much of us..

in moments that never knew

they were becoming memories...

Now, even happiness feels distant...

not because it has disappeared,

but because we are no longer

the person who once knew it...



And somewhere between

who I was and who I am,

lie all the things

I never learnt to leave behind.

The Dystopian Paradox of Womanhood

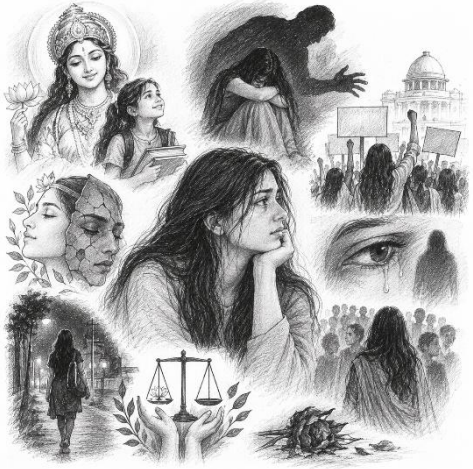
Afsana Siddika is a 5th-semester English Honours student at Darrang College, Assam. Her interests lie in Indian literature, feminist studies, environmental humanities, and marginalised narratives, focusing on the intersections of literature, society, and gender.

Afsana Siddika

CORRECTION

Since the beginning of human civilisation, Women… महिला,नारी... have not been merely words. They are sacred expressions of life and creation, revered for centuries as blessings in human form and worshipped as Lakshmi. They are celebrated as true embodiments of humanity for their quiet resilience and sacrifice.

But such glorification doesn't make sense if women continue to suffer under the brutality of sexual and mental violence. She too was a girl full of ambitions and desires and never in her wildest dreams could she have imagined herself as the victim… That is why every girl carries an unspoken fear in her heart… "What if this happens to me"… and on one dreadful day, that fear becomes one girl's devastating reality.



I have now realised there is a harsh irony in progress… when society was backward, such incidents were rare, but as civilisation advances, they seem increasingly prevalent. Humanity has progressed in knowledge and technology, but have some cruel monsters regressed in conscience?

Life is a divine gift, yet some people, stripped of their identity as humans, believe they have the right to destroy it. After every tragedy, everyone mourns and questions for a few days, but soon sympathy and anger fade. And then people question… Why

was she outside? She is a female; she should have stayed nicely to protect her honour.

Protests may give her justice, but can justice ever give her life back? The world is showing the most heinous forms of dehumanisation … and we forget to ask the only question that matters… who will answer for the suffering she endured? Well, no one everybody will forget the rage and fear until another incident happens….This has become the unsettling harsh reality now!!

CORRECTION

THE DESK UNDER THE TREE

Blessing Bevula

My classroom does not have walls. It has a tree. For three weeks in September, Grade 11B had lessons under the marula tree behind Block C. Block C's roof leaked in January. It sagged in June. In August it fell. The principal stood in assembly and said, "Grade 11, you will manage." So we managed.

We dragged what we could from the broken classroom. Four plastic chairs, two wooden desks, and a log the caretaker uses for firewood. The ground was not like the pictures of schools on Google. It was dry, cracked, with broken blue and white tiles, plastic bags, and dust that stuck to your shoes. My shoes already have a hole on the left side. The dust found it.

That Tuesday there were five of us. I know because I took the photo you are imagining now.

Four of us were standing, talking too loud. One was sitting. Always sitting.

I was the one in the light blue shirt. Blessing. 16, Grade 11, Mathematics and Physical Sciences, Life Sciences, Sepedi HL, English FAL, LO, Geography. The girl next to me in the white long-sleeve is Mi Estrella. Not her real name. I will never put her real name online. Mi Estrella means My Star in Spanish. I learned it from a song. I call her that because when she is there, I forget about the hole in my shoe.

The boy at the desk is Thato. Thato does not play.

While we were arguing about Mrs. Mabasa's Maths test - no calculators, she said, even though half of us don't have calculators at home - Thato wrote. While we argued about who had R5 for vetkoek at break, Thato wrote. His back was to us. His blue jersey was faded at the shoulders.

"Thato, are you alive?" Mi Estrella asked.

He lifted his left hand, but not his head. "I hear you. You can fail loud. I will fail quiet."

We laughed. Then we didn't.

CORRECTION

I walked closer. His book was open to Life Sciences, Grade 11, the chapter we missed because we had no lab. Photosynthesis.

He had copied the equation three times:

6CO2 + 6H2O + Light → C6H12O6 + 6O2.

Under it he had written in Sepedi, then crossed it out, then written in English: "We have too much light."

That hit me.

We had too much light. The Limpopo sun at 10am was already burning the back of our necks. We had light to make any plant grow. What we did not have was water. The school tap had been dry for two days. We had no lab, no beakers, no leaves under a microscope. Just a tree that gave us shade and dropped sour fruit on our books.

Thato turned finally. His eyes were tired.

"If we are plants," he said, "we are doing photosynthesis wrong. We have sun but no water. We have roots but no soil to hold us."

Mi Estrella did not let the silence stay. She pulled the log closer and sat. Her notebook was old, the spiral bent. She opened it.

"My gogo told me," she said, "the seeds that grow between rocks are the strongest. Because the wind cannot move them. The rock protects them. We are those seeds."

She said it in Sepedi first, then English. That is how she speaks when she is serious.

We all sat. I sat on the broken tile. It was hot. My trousers got dusty. We finished the chapter. No teacher came that day. Mrs. Molepo was marking Grade 12 prelims. So Thato became the teacher. He explained the palisade mesophyll using the marula leaf in his hand. He explained stomata by pointing at the pores on his own arm.

"See," he said, "stomata open when there is water. Close when dry. We are closed now. But we will open when rain comes."

At 12:30, the caretaker, Mr. Malatjie, came to take the desk back to the storeroom.

CORRECTION

"Leave it," Thato said.

Mr. Malatjie shook his head. "It will be stolen overnight. You know Namakgale."

Thato stood. He is not tall, but he stands straight.

"If they steal a desk, it means they need school more than us," he said. "Let them take it."

Mr. Malatjie looked at us - five teenagers under a tree with one desk - and he left it. He said, "If it's gone tomorrow, I never saw it."

It was not stolen.

The next morning, Wednesday, it was still there, wet with dew. Thato took off his jersey, even though it was cold, and wiped the desk dry. Then he sat again. Same position. Same pen.

We joined him.

People in Australia judging this competition might think a school is four walls, a whiteboard, a projector. For us, in September, a school was that one desk. It moved where we moved. When the wind blew, we chased our papers into the bushes. When the sun moved, we moved the desk an inch to the left. We learned to write on our laps, to do Maths without a table, to respect a pen because if it falls in the dust it stops.

This is not a sad story. Please don't give me $1200 because you feel sorry for us. Give me a good mark because this story is true.

In Limpopo, education is not given to you. You take it. Every day you take it from dust, from a broken tile, from a tree that does not belong to the Department of Education. You take it even when your friend is standing next to you talking about vetkoek and you want to laugh.

After school that Tuesday, Mi Estrella and I walked home. She said, "Blessing, if we pass Grade 11 under a tree, Grade 12 in a classroom will feel like university."

I said, "If we pass Grade 11 under a tree, we can pass anything."

She is still my star. Thato is still sitting at that desk, even now in October, because Block C is still broken.

CORRECTION

If you are reading this in a classroom with four walls and a roof that does not leak, please open your book. Learn for us too. And maybe, close your eyes for a second and listen - you will hear us learning under a tree, loud and quiet at the same time.

Everything feels like a fairy tale, but somehow it has become normal. The desk is more than wood - it keeps us moving forward. It gives us determination to study hard and fight for our future. We realize we don't have much time left. We have to stand firm, even when we wonder if it will all end as nothing. Still, we know it is time to fight against all those who are against our development. We will win this. We will stand together, united as a front, as a family learning under a tree, with our loved ones. In my case, with my star. May this touch the hearts of those who are heartless, and may it be motivation to all those who are still suffering and learning under a tree.

CORRECTION

What the River Carried

G.VARSHIKA

Beneath its laughter, a thousand goodbyes slept,

Along with promises the muddy banks had kept.

It borrowed the weight of every passing shore,

Yet never asked what all that weight was for.

The stones knew its silence, the waves knew its art,

It carried broken pieces without falling apart.

And somewhere beyond the bends, beneath the sky,

It turned all that heaviness into reasons to fly.

CORRECTION

THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING

Gilbert Adams is an independent author, digital content creator, and entrepreneur passionate about knowledge, personal development, and lifelong learning.

Gilbert Adams

CORRECTION

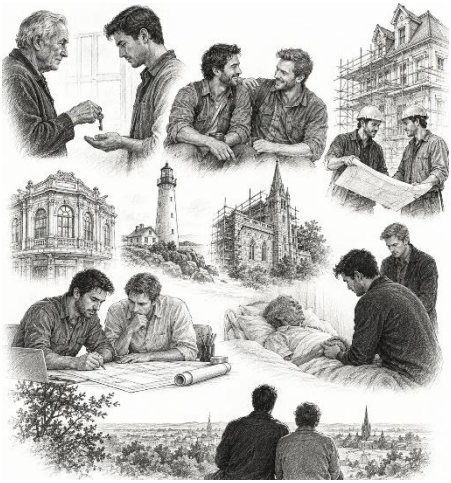
The most expensive lessons come from the people you trust the most.

Part One: The Foundation

The morning Marcus Ellison turned thirty-two, his father placed a brass key in his palm and said, "Everything I built is now yours to lose."

The key belonged to a small office above a hardware store on Colton Street in Ashford, Connecticut—a town where the elms grew thick as cathedral pillars and everyone knew the sound of everyone else's screen door.

Behind that office was Ellison & Sons Restoration, a company that had spent forty-three years breathing life back into wounded buildings: Victorian homes with sagging spines, churches with cracked stained glass, libraries where the plaster wept calcium tears.



Marcus had grown up smelling linseed oil and sawdust in his father's hair. He'd learned to read blueprints before he could read novels. By nineteen, he could repoint a brick wall so seamlessly that time itself couldn't find the seam. By twenty-five, he ran crews. By thirty, he was the one clients called when no one else would take the job. But Gerald Ellison—lean, quiet, with hands like worn leather gloves—had never handed over the company. Not until that morning. Not until the diagnosis. Pancreatic. Stage three. The doctors

gave him fourteen months if the stars aligned generously.

"I'm not dying today, son," Gerald said, lowering himself into his kitchen chair as though his bones had turned to glass. "But I won't be here to watch you make your mistakes. So make them while I can still phone you and say, 'You absolute fool.'"

Marcus swallowed the lump in his throat. He gripped the key until its teeth bit into his skin. "I won't lose it, Dad."

Gerald smiled. It was a tired smile, but warm. "You will. Everyone loses something. The question is whether you lose it to your own hands or someone else's."

Marcus didn't understand those words then. Not truly.

He would.

Part Two: The Brother You Choose

His name was Daniel Voss, and he entered Marcus's life like weather—suddenly, inevitably, reshaping the landscape whether you were prepared or not.

They met at a restoration conference in Savannah when Marcus was twenty-seven. Daniel was thirty, sharp-jawed, with copper hair and a laugh that filled rooms the way brass fills a trumpet—bright, resonant, impossible to ignore. He specialized in structural engineering for heritage buildings, the mathematical poetry behind the aesthetics.

Where Marcus saw beauty, Daniel saw load paths. Where Marcus felt the soul of a building, Daniel calculated its skeleton. They were, in every way that mattered, complementary.

Their friendship calcified over shared whiskey in hotel bars, over arguments about whether a 1920s cornice should be replicated or reimagined, over the 3 a.m. phone calls when one of them couldn't solve a problem. Daniel became the best man Marcus never expected to need. He was at the hospital when Gerald got his diagnosis. He brought casseroles. He drove Gerald to chemo when Marcus was on-site in Hartford.

"You don't have to do this," Marcus told him once, finding Daniel asleep in a hospital chair, a crossword puzzle half-finished on his lap.

CORRECTION

Daniel blinked awake. "Your old man taught me how to identify fourteen types of mortise joints over a phone call. I owe him. Besides." He stretched, vertebrae popping. "You're my brother, Marcus. The one I chose."

Three years later, when Gerald handed over the key, Daniel was the first person Marcus called.

"I want you as partner," Marcus said. "Fifty-fifty. Ellison & Voss Restoration."

A pause on the line. Then Daniel's voice, thick with something: "You're sure?"

"I've never been surer of anything."

The paperwork was drawn in six weeks. They shook hands over Gerald's kitchen table while Gerald watched with his whiskey glass raised, too weak to drink from it but unwilling to put it down.

"To the boys," Gerald whispered.

They built something extraordinary.

Part Three: The Ascent

Over the next four years, Ellison & Voss became a name spoken with reverence in preservation circles from Boston to Philadelphia. They restored the Aldric Theatre in Providence—a 1911 vaudeville house with a ceiling painted in fading gold leaf. They stabilized the Morrow Lighthouse after a nor'easter cracked its foundation. They rebuilt the entire eastern façade of a seminary in New Haven using hand-cut sandstone from the original 1840s quarry.

Daniel handled the engineering, the permits, the financial projections. Marcus handled the craft, the clients, the vision. They argued constantly—about budgets, about timelines, about whether to take a job in Maine or finish the one in Vermont. But the arguments were the kind that sharpened blades rather than dulling them.

Gerald watched from his armchair, growing thinner but not less present. He made it twenty-two months. Fourteen had been the estimate. He attributed the extra eight to stubbornness and his son's refusal to let him die bored.

CORRECTION

On his last night, Gerald held Marcus's hand with fingers that were mostly bone. "The company is yours. But the wisdom in it—the part that isn't written in any ledger—that's what you have to protect. Promise me."

"I promise, Dad."

Gerald's eyes drifted to Daniel, standing in the doorway with his hat in his hands. "Danny. Take care of him. He trusts too easy. Always has. Even as a boy, he'd hand a stranger his lunch and expect a thank-you."

Daniel nodded solemnly. "I will, Gerald. I promise."

They buried Gerald on a Thursday in November, under elms shedding copper leaves. Marcus didn't cry at the service. He cried three weeks later, alone in the workshop, holding his father's favorite chisel, the one with the hickory handle worn smooth by four decades of grip.

Daniel came over that night. Didn't say anything. Just sat on the workbench beside Marcus and handed him a beer. They drank in silence until the bottle was empty and the grief was a little less like drowning and a little more like wading.

"You don't have to carry it alone," Daniel said.

"I know," Marcus whispered. "That's why I chose you."

Part Four: The Cracks

The first crack appeared in the fifth year. Small. Easy to dismiss.

They won a contract to restore the Whitmore Estate in Litchfield—a Gilded Age mansion with forty-two rooms, a collapsed conservatory, and a family trust willing to spend nine million dollars. It was the largest job in their history. Daniel handled the bid, the negotiations, the contract language.

Marcus noticed, reviewing the final documents, that Daniel had structured the payment schedule unusually. Seventy percent upfront. Thirty percent upon completion. No milestone payments. No escrow.

"That's... aggressive," Marcus said, frowning at the papers in their office. The office still smelled like Gerald's pipe tobacco, five years on. Neither of them could bring themselves to repaint.

CORRECTION

"It's protective," Daniel corrected, leaning back in his chair. "If the Whitmore trust decides to pull funding mid-project—which these old-money families do—we're not left holding the bag for materials and labor. Seventy percent upfront means we're covered no matter what."

Marcus chewed his lip. "And if they balk at the terms?"

"They won't. I've already had preliminary conversations. They're eager. They want it done before the centennial gala in eighteen months." Daniel smiled. "Trust me, Marcus. I've done this before."

Marcus signed.

He told himself it was fine. Daniel was the numbers man. Daniel was the one who'd kept them solvent through the lean years. Daniel was his brother.

The Whitmore money arrived. Seven million, three hundred thousand dollars hit the company account on a Tuesday. Marcus felt a strange electricity looking at the number. Enough to fund their operations for two years. Enough to finally replace the ancient scaffolding. Enough to hire the specialist plasterers from Italy he'd been dreaming about.

But Daniel redirected the funds.

Not all of them. Not obviously. But Marcus noticed, over the following months, that the Whitmore materials were being sourced cheaper than specified. The Italian marble for the conservatory floor became Portuguese limestone. The hand-forged ironwork became cast reproductions from a factory in New Jersey. The specialist plasterers never came; instead, Daniel hired a local crew at half the rate.

When Marcus confronted him, Daniel spread his hands. "The client won't know the difference once it's sealed and finished. And we save four hundred thousand. That's margin, Marcus. That's the difference between surviving the next slow season and laying people off."

"It's not what we quoted. It's not what we promised."

"We promised a restored estate. They'll get one. A beautiful one. No one walks through a finished building with a materials manifest in their hand."

Marcus felt something cold move through his chest. But Daniel's logic was smooth, practiced, reasonable. And Marcus was tired. And the project was

CORRECTION

behind schedule. And he told himself that Daniel knew best about money. That this was what partners did—covered each other's blind spots.

He let it go.

The second crack came three months later. Marcus was reviewing quarterly finances—a task Daniel had gradually absorbed, the way a river gradually absorbs a tributary—and found a line item: Voss Consulting, LLC. Structural advisory. $12,000/month.

"What is this?" Marcus asked, dropping the ledger on Daniel's desk.

Daniel didn't look up from his laptop. "A separate entity I set up. For the engineering consultations I do on the side. Small residential projects. Keeps the liability separate from the company."

"You're billing our own company twelve thousand a month for work you're already doing as a partner?"

Now Daniel looked up. His expression was patient, slightly wounded. "Marcus. I do structural consulting on evenings and weekends. Separate clients. Separate liability. The company benefits because I bring that expertise in-house instead of outsourcing. The twelve thousand is below market rate. I'm subsidizing us."

Marcus stared at him. The math didn't add up. But Daniel's tone was so certain, so mildly hurt, that Marcus felt foolish for questioning it. Like accusing a brother of stealing and being told, gently, that you'd simply misunderstood.

"Fine," Marcus said. "But run it past me next time."

"Of course. Absolutely."

He never ran anything past Marcus again.

Part Five: The Widening

Year six. Year seven. The company grew. Marcus's reputation grew. Magazine profiles. A segment on public television. He was invited to speak at symposiums. He was becoming his father—lean, quiet, with hands that knew the language of old wood and stone.

But the ledger told a different story than the press clippings.

CORRECTION

Daniel had restructured the company's accounts into three entities. The main restoration firm. A property holding company that owned their equipment and vehicles. And Voss Consulting, which now billed the main firm forty-three thousand a month for "engineering oversight."

The Whitmore Estate was finished—beautifully, Marcus admitted, because he'd poured his soul into the craft regardless of the materials—and the remaining thirty percent payment had been "reinvested" into a new venture Daniel called Ashford Heritage Partners.

Marcus was listed as a minority stakeholder in Ashford Heritage Partners. Thirty percent. Daniel held seventy.

"When did this change?" Marcus asked, holding the amended operating agreement he'd found in a drawer. His hands were shaking. Not with anger. With something worse. Confusion. The vertigo of realizing the ground you've been standing on was never solid.

Daniel poured two glasses of scotch. His movements were calm, unhurried. "Eighteen months ago. You signed the amendment. Don't you remember? We were in the middle of the seminary project. You were stressed. I needed to restructure for tax purposes. You initiated page forty-seven."

Marcus remembered. Vaguely. A stack of papers thrust at him at 11 p.m. in the office, Daniel saying, Just initial here, here, and here. It's the tax restructuring I mentioned. Saves us about ninety grand a year. Marcus had been exhausted, covered in limestone dust, desperate to go home. He'd signed.

"That was an operating agreement amendment," Marcus said slowly. "Not a tax form."

"It accomplishes both. Marcus—" Daniel sat across from him, leaning forward, his expression earnest, brotherly. "You're the artist. I'm the businessman. That's how this works. You build. I make sure the building doesn't bankrupt us. You trusted me with that. Remember? Fifty-fifty. But fifty-fifty means fifty-fifty of decisions, and sometimes the decision is that I handle the structure while you handle the craft."

Marcus drank the scotch. It burned. "My father built this company to be one thing. Not three entities. Not a holding company. Not a consulting firm billing itself."

CORRECTION

"Your father built it in 1979. The world's different now. You can't protect what he built without evolving it." Daniel touched Marcus's forearm. Squeezed. "I'm protecting you, brother. From liability. From tax exposure. From your own generosity, which, God love you, would give away the mortar out of the walls if a client cried hard enough."

Marcus wanted to argue. Every instinct in his body wanted to argue. But Daniel's hand was warm on his arm. And his voice was steady. And he said brother. And Marcus had no one else. His mother was gone. His father was in the ground. His wife, Claire, had left two years ago—couldn't handle the hours, the obsession, the way Marcus spoke to buildings more tenderly than he spoke to her. Daniel was what remained.

So Marcus nodded. Drank the rest of his scotch. Went home to an empty house. And the cracks widened.

Part Six: The Reckoning

It happened in the ninth year. A Tuesday in March, unremarkable except for the sleet tapping against the office windows.

Marcus was on-site at a brownstone restoration in Hartford when his phone rang. A woman's voice. Formal. Clipped. "Mr. Ellison? This is Patricia Whitmore, of the Whitmore family trust. I'm calling regarding a discrepancy we've uncovered in our estate's restoration documentation." Marcus felt his stomach drop. "What kind of discrepancy?"

"Our insurance appraiser conducted a valuation last month. The conservatory flooring is listed in your original proposal as Carrara marble, hand-selected, from the Fani quarry. The appraisal identifies it as Estremoz limestone. The ironwork is specified as hand-forged by the Beckett foundry. The appraisal identifies it as cast reproduction. Mr. Ellison, the material variance represents approximately four hundred and twelve thousand dollars. We've engaged counsel."

Marcus stood in the half-finished parlor of the Hartford brownstone, surrounded by plaster dust and the smell of wet horsehair, and felt the world tilt.

He called Daniel.

Daniel didn't answer.

CORRECTION

He called again. And again. Fourteen calls over three hours. At four in the afternoon, Daniel's phone went straight to voicemail. At five, Marcus drove to Daniel's house—a restored colonial Daniel had bought with, Marcus now realized, money siphoned from their shared accounts.

The house was empty. Neatly empty. Not ransacked. Packed. Deliberately. The closets held nothing. The garage was bare. The refrigerator contained a single bottle of water and a note.

The note read: Marcus. I'm sorry. I know this doesn't fix anything. The Whitmore matter will resolve—I've set aside funds. Don't look for me yet. I need time. You'll understand eventually. You always do. —D.

Marcus read it four times. Then he sat on Daniel's kitchen floor, in the empty house, and pressed the paper to his forehead until it grew damp.

Part Seven: The Audit

The full picture took four months to assemble. Forensic accountants. Lawyers. Boxes of documents subpoenaed from three banks. Marcus sat in conference rooms under fluorescent lights while strangers in grey suits explained, in careful jargon, how he'd been hollowed out.

The numbers were staggering in their creativity.

Over four years, Daniel had redirected approximately $2.1 million through Voss Consulting into personal accounts. The Ashford Heritage Partners entity had purchased three properties—rental units—under Daniel's sole control, using company funds categorized as "equipment acquisition." The Whitmore materials substitution had been deliberate, documented in emails between Daniel and the Portuguese supplier that Marcus had never seen. The operating agreement amendment Marcus had signed at 11 p.m. had transferred sixty percent of the company's intellectual property—including the Ellison name, the client list, and the proprietary restoration techniques Gerald had developed over forty years—into a holding company Daniel controlled.

The fifty-fifty partnership was, on paper, a seventy-thirty arrangement. Had been for eighteen months. Marcus had signed it. His initials were there, in blue ink, page forty-seven.

CORRECTION

"He was very careful," the forensic accountant said, a small woman with reading glasses on a chain. "Every transaction had a veneer of legitimacy. Every restructuring had a signed authorization. He didn't steal from you, Mr. Ellison. Not in the way the law would easily recognize. He restructured you. Gradually. With your permission. Obtained in moments when you were tired, or trusting, or both."

Marcus stared at the spread sheets. Numbers. Columns. Years of his life reduced to debits and credits. His father's legacy itemized in rows.

"And the Whitmore matter?" he asked. "The family trust is suing for the material variance. Four hundred and twelve thousand. Plus legal fees. Plus reputational damages, which they've estimated at—" she paused, adjusted her glasses— "another three hundred thousand. Given the publicity."

Marcus closed his eyes. "And Daniel?"

"His attorney sent a letter. He's proposing a settlement. He'll return four hundred thousand—enough to cover the Whitmore claim. In exchange, you release him from the partnership, he retains Voss Consulting and Ashford Heritage Partners, and he walks away clean. No criminal referral."

Marcus opened his eyes. "He stole two million and he's offering to give back four hundred thousand."

"He's offering to give back enough to make the problem go away." The accountant removed her glasses. "Mr. Ellison. I'll be honest with you. You can fight this. But it will take years. It will cost hundreds of thousands in legal fees. And some of what he did—technically, legally—was authorized. You signed documents. You initialed amendments. A jury would look at those signatures and see consent."

You trusted me with that.

You're the artist. I'm the businessman.

I'm protecting you, brother.

Marcus went home that night and sat in his workshop. He held his father's chisel. The hickory handle was warm from his grip, as it had always been. He thought about Gerald's hands. About the smell of pipe tobacco. About a man who built things to last, who measured twice and cut once, who

CORRECTION

believed that a handshake meant more than a contract because a handshake was a person and a contract was just paper.

He thought about Daniel asleep in a hospital chair with a crossword puzzle. About the first time Daniel called him brother. About the beer on the workbench the night Gerald died.

And he thought:

The most expensive lesson is not the money. The money can be counted. The most expensive lesson is learning that the person who held your hand while you grieved was simultaneously calculating how to hold your future.

Part Eight: The Price

Marcus did not take the settlement.

He also did not fight.

Instead, he did something that surprised his lawyers, his accountant, and himself. He went to the Whitmore family. He sat in their drawing room—the very room he'd restored, with its Portuguese limestone floor and cast-iron railings—and he told them the truth. All of it.

The substitution.

The deception. His own failure to oversee. His own trust, misplaced and expensive.

"I can't undo what was done," he told Patricia Whitmore, a silver-haired woman who

CORRECTION

What I Kept Without Meaning To

Pihu Goyal is an emerging writer who finds meaning in the quiet corners of life, the fragments of memory, and the emotions that often remain unspoken. Her writing explores change, self-discovery, friendship, and the invisible marks that life leaves on the heart. Through poetry and reflective prose, she hopes to give words to feelings that many experience but struggle to express.

Pihu Goyal

CORRECTION

I thought
leaving meant

taking only
what belonged to me.

The rest,

I assumed,

would stay behind.

The rooms.

The conversations.

The versions of myself
that only existed
there.

I didn't know
how many things
could leave with you

without asking.

A sentence
I still say
the way someone
once said it.



A habit
I don't remember
learning.

The instinct
to check my phone
twice

even when I know
no one
is going to call.

There are things
I thought
I had left behind

because I stopped
thinking about them.

But sometimes

I hear a song
and lower the volume

before realizing

I don't need to.

Sometimes
I apologize

before I know
what I have done.

Sometimes
I make myself smaller

in rooms
that have never
asked me to.

And I wonder

how long something
can stay

CORRECTION

after the reason
for carrying it
is gone.

Perhaps we don't
leave our lives

in neat piles.

Perhaps we carry
small pieces

without knowing
they are in
our pockets.

A fear

that no longer
has a name.

An expectation

we no longer
remember making.

A way of waiting.

A way of leaving
before anyone
can ask us to.

I used to think

healing meant
putting things down.

That eventually

I would be able
to look behind me

and know exactly

what I had left there.

CORRECTION

But perhaps

some things
don't stay behind.

They simply move

from one version
of our lives

into another.

Until one day

we reach inside

for something else

and find

a phrase
in someone else's voice.

A fear.

A kindness.

Something
we never meant
to keep.

There are things
I have found

still living
inside me

that I would like
to put down.

The need
to understand
why someone left.

The instinct
to leave

CORRECTION

before I can be left.

The habit
of preparing
to disappear

before anyone
has asked me to go.

But there are things

I hope
I never lose.

The way
I notice
when someone
is trying
not to cry.

The instinct
to remember
small details.

The softness
I learned

even from people

who are no longer
here to recognize it.

Maybe

I kept more
than I meant to.

Maybe that isn't
always a mistake.

Because becoming
someone new

has never meant

arriving somewhere

CORRECTION

with empty hands.

Sometimes

you look down

after years
of walking

and realize

you are still
carrying things

you don't remember
picking up.

And perhaps

growing up

is learning

to empty
your pockets

slowly.

Keeping

the things

that feel

like they belong

and finally

putting down

the things

you only carried

because no one

CORRECTION

ever told you

you could.

CORRECTION

Things I Almost Remember

Pihu Goyal is an emerging writer who finds meaning in the quiet corners of life, the fragments of memory, and the emotions that often remain unspoken. Her writing explores change, self-discovery, friendship, and the invisible marks that life leaves on the heart. Through poetry and reflective prose, she hopes to give words to feelings that many experience but struggle to express.

Pihu Goyal

CORRECTION

There are things
I almost remember.

Not enough
to tell you
what happened.

Only enough
to know
that something did.

A room
I have been in before.

The colour
of a wall.

Someone laughing
from somewhere
I can no longer find.

I remember
the feeling
of being there

more clearly
than I remember
why.

Sometimes
a memory returns



without bringing
the whole story
with it.

Just a fragment.

A song
I cannot place.

A sentence
with no speaker.

The smell of rain
on a day
I have forgotten.

And suddenly,

for a moment,

I miss something
I cannot name.

I wonder
what happens
to all the moments

that disappear
before we realize
they are leaving.

The ordinary ones.

The ones
we never thought
we would need
to remember.

A conversation
on an ordinary afternoon.

The way someone
said goodbye.

A walk
I didn't know

CORRECTION

would become

something
I could only
almost remember.

Maybe memories
don't disappear
all at once.

Maybe first,

they become
less certain.

The details
leave.

Then the order.

Then the reason
it mattered.

Until all that remains
is a feeling

that something
once lived here.

Sometimes
I find those feelings
inside myself.

A sadness
with no story.

A comfort
I don't know
how I learned.

A fear
that feels older
than the thing
I remember fearing.

And I wonder

CORRECTION

how much of me

was shaped
by things

I can no longer
fully recall.

Maybe memories
don't always disappear.

Maybe they simply
change form.

They stop being
stories

and become
instincts.

The way
you hesitate.

The way
you trust someone.

The reason
you know

when something
is about to change

without remembering

what first
taught you
to notice.

Perhaps there are things
I still do

because of moments

I can no longer
return to.

CORRECTION

Things I avoid.

Things I keep.

Ways I listen.

Ways I leave.

A comfort
I reach for

without knowing
whose kindness
first taught me
to want it.

And perhaps

that is what
I almost remember.

Not a room.

Not a face.

Not the whole story.

Only the evidence

left behind.

A habit.

A hesitation.

A certain kind
of silence.

A feeling
that arrives

before I know
where it came from.

There are things

CORRECTION

I almost remember

that still seem
to remember me.

Not because
they return.

But because

somewhere,

without asking
to be remembered,

they became

part of the person

who forgot them.

And sometimes,

I think

that is all
a memory needs
to leave behind.

Not its whole story.

Just something

that remains

without knowing

where it came from.

CORRECTION

Memorable Memories

priyakhi

I will be in you
in a definite way
where the road ends
to have a pleasant time
where there is no
hole for the pain
filled it up
with the fragrance of Roses
and the races going on
who will be on top
by bequeathing you memorable memories.....



CORRECTION

The Things I Left in the Water

Tom

I have always been good at leaving things behind.

Old houses, familiar streets, names I once knew by heart. I have a peculiar talent for making a home of somewhere and then becoming a stranger to it.

There was a river once. Or perhaps there still is. I haven't been back in years. It ran behind the old town, carrying the usual evidence of human existence: fallen leaves, broken twigs, paper boats, the occasional flower somebody must have thrown in with a wish.

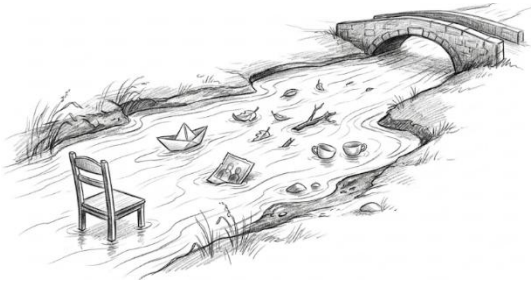
I wonder if it remembers everything.

The river never asked what it was carrying. Never distinguished between what had been discarded and what had slipped from someone's hands. It simply went on, with that dreadful indifference peculiar to things that cannot turn around.

I think I understood it rather well.

There are things I left on its banks. Not things, exactly. A particular kind of afternoon. A window left open. Someone who could recognise my footsteps before I reached the door. The quiet certainty of being expected somewhere.

I remember how the water rose that year. How it swallowed the lower steps, then the stones, then the little patch of earth where we used to sit. By the time it receded, the place looked almost untouched.



Almost.

Funny, how absence can be so thoroughly disguised.

CORRECTION

I have crossed many bridges since. Some without looking down. Others with the peculiar discomfort of recognising a landscape I have no intention of revisiting.

And I have wondered, occasionally, what becomes of the things that do not travel well.

A name, perhaps. Or a habit of setting two cups on the table. The instinct to turn towards a sound that no longer belongs to you.

I suppose the river carried those, too.

There is something deeply dishonest about distance. It makes a departure look like an event, a single afternoon, a door closing, a figure disappearing around a corner.

But leaving is rarely so punctual.

Sometimes it begins long before the feet move. Sometimes a person spends months becoming absent while still occupying the very same room.

And sometimes, when they finally go, the only thing left to mourn is the fact that nobody noticed when they had already disappeared.

I don't know where that river ends.

Perhaps it empties into the sea. Perhaps it dries somewhere between two forgotten villages. Perhaps it carries all its little tragedies into a vastness that has no use for remembering.

I only know that I went one way, and something went the other.

And somewhere, I suspect, the water is still carrying what I could not bring myself to keep.

CORRECTION

When I Went to the River

An aspiring writer with a deep interest in emotions, human connections, and the beauty hidden in everyday moments. I find inspiration in nature, memories, silence, and the little things people often overlook. Through my words, I aim to turn ordinary feelings into meaningful stories and give readers something they can carry with them long after reading.

Shyam Daniel

CORRECTION

"When i went to water, i saw the places were before like when i used to hold your hands."

"The tree used to raise it hands to make the place as my date."

"The birds used to sing so that my moon has to dance for me."

"As i was looking for a stars there is no one as it was in your eyes."

"I thought stones are used by people for throwing out. but when you came you did'nt throw me away as i am an stone."

"When the rainbow comes i saw it has many colour when i saw your eyes i thought this world has one colour."

"When i heard the sound of storm i used to get fear but when i heard your voice i felt like i am standing above the clouds."



"This time while i was sitting under a tree the leaves started to fell like i used to fell for you, but still i will not fell on the grounds as you'r holding my hands."

"Then i saw the honey was i thought this is not an real as you're more sweet than that, so i decided to stop seeing the honey while i can hear your voice."

"When the sunrise started to rise" ,"You're beside me so that I can rise."

"When the sunset started to go down you gave me your shoulder so that I will not go down."

CORRECTION

If sky had a favourite person

Ura Soni

If the sky had a its own person

I don’t think so she’ll be the most beautiful

No she won't have waist length silky hair

Or those big blue eyes with the fairest skin

Or have the most perfect figure

Or that polite laugh

Rather I think that would be the, most normal girl

The one we never seem to notice when she walk by

She might not have the most beautiful hairs

Or blue eyes or the fairest skin

But she'll have the most beautiful personality

That once you’ll know her you might forget how she looked

But never how she felt

When she'll laugh her eyes would crinkle and the sky

Ohhh the sky would have melted when she had snorted while laughing

Or her nail paint ……god her nails

Or when she baked that rock solid
cake and still argued it was good

She would be the person who would
pray for every passing ambulance

Sky who has seen it all and everyone



CORRECTION

Who ain’t ever fallen in love

Will forget everyone just to see her even when she ain't seeing him

He would be spell bounded seeing her play with lil kids

He would have died seeing her …do things to herself when no ones around

He would have traded anything just to be her at that moment and tell her she’s the most beautiful person to ever exist

He would have told her that in all these centuries he hadn’t ever fallen in love before her

He would have sat down with her every time she picked it

And he would have told her “every time you do this to yourself it’s happening to me “

He would have held all the scars and would have wiped them with his tears

Cause he know her

How she would’ve done that for any stranger let alone the person she loves

But he wasn’t there in this cruel world to tell her the shallowness of it

How she is not just beautiful from outside but from inside

If he had the power he would had done anything to save her from herself

If he could he would take that away

But he couldn’t and so every time she did that he cried and it rained

And on her last day she looked at the sky a said

I love you too

I know you cry for me

I know you do so here I come to you because I can

And I cannot bear this world anymore

CORRECTION

The Version of Me I Don't Talk About

Ura

I love to surround myself in
The night sky, the one
Without moon or stars.

My eyes burn like a campfire
But bleed as a melting glacier.
I love them the most but pain them the most too.



My lips are an untamed cat
With a strict owner
Trying hard to tame them
To fit where they should.

My hands are stable as the earth
But yet there are so many earthquakes.
These earthquakes scare me…
From myself.

My forearm, a mark of everything I did.
They hold a scar too delicate to share,
Too vulnerable to accept.

My heart.
Oh, my heart.
Oh, that shabby little darkened thing.
I wonder if it has ever known how to love.
For its love is like a sunset you kept watching
And then all that was left was the blue of the night.
I wonder if it has ever known how to care.

And my feet are like statues,
Stopping me from chasing
The home I am losing.
Even when my body is begging and falling,
They remain stone hard.

CORRECTION

My hair, tangled, untamed yet beautiful,
As if each curl has a language of its own.
Those curls hold people so tight that no one,
Not even I, can see them.
And yes, I hate that.
I hate that I hold them but yet not see them.
I hate how I make them feel close yet far.

CORRECTION

The Tapestry of Past

Adrita Sengupta

The wrought iron gates kiss the shadow of the sun.
When I realize that I am finally in the cemetery ground.
A mundane of sorrows and stories untold.
The memories of the loved ones that still echoes.

The banyan tree that stands so straight,
With the names of their loved ones beautifully engraved.
The leaves so green yet looks dull,
Signifying the incomplete love.



The place where the soul merges with the god,
The end of forever love,
The hearts of grief
And the watery eyes.

The words once whispered,
Now a distant sigh.

I slowly walked in with heavy treads,
Towards the path of unmet commitments.
Felt like a ship adrift at the sea,
And the souls resting is solemn.

CORRECTION

Realms of Beauty

Areebah Umar is an English literature student. Her poetry revolves around the themes of nature and sufferings. She also writes articles on social and political issues and currently serving as a writer at Jarida Today.

Areebah Umar

CORRECTION

Wandering beneath the stars at night

That scattered across the skies

Taken over by a wondrous sight

Gold butterfly softly saying goodbyes

To the never-ending rows of blue buds

Adding fragrance to the air

Mesmerising the dancing birds

Nature offered all of its care.



Drew me from a world of sorrow

To realms of beauty, endless joy

Compelled me to dream of tomorrow

Where hope will never destroy.

Nature forever refreshes the soul

Offering peace that makes my goal.

CORRECTION

The Last Arrival

Areebah Umar is an English literature student. Her writings revolve around the themes of nature and sufferings. She also writes articles on social and political issues and currently serving as a writer at Jarida Today

Areebah Umar

CORRECTION

In the valleys of towering mountains in Balochistan, there were small houses. People living there largely depended on livestock for their living. Among these, Riaz Hussain lived with his family. He had two children, Ahmad and Fatima. Riaz, his wife Ruqaiya and Fatima were having dinner when he asked his wife, “Did you contact Ahmad? How is his college going?” “Yes, he called in the evening. He has a tough routine there. Studying medicine is quite difficult. He will be the first doctor in our family. I am so proud of my son.” “Yes, he is very hard working and intelligent.” Riaz said proudly. After a minute Ruqaiya, remembering something, became excited and announced, “ Oh, I forgot to give you both the good news.” “What is it, mama,” asked Fatima in a curious manner. “Ahmad is coming next week,” she added delightfully. “That's great, it has been seven months since he last came,” Riaz said. Seven years old Fatima jumped excitedly “Hurrah! Bhai is coming. We will have a lot of fun.” “Fatima, sit down and finish your food first. Then do whatever you want,” her mother said.

After dinner, Fatima went to bed, excitedly thinking about her brother. “I will show him my books and colour pencils. I will draw a spiderman for him, he will like it.” Lost in these thoughts she fell asleep. The rest of the week went by very slowly. Everyday, she counted the days until her brother's arrival. And then there came Saturday, the day Ahmad was supposed to come. She woke up early in the morning, waiting for him. Her mother was busy in the kitchen making preparations for lunch. Her father left for the railway station so Ahmad didn't need to wait for him.

It was twelve o'clock in the afternoon when Fatima came to her mother in the kitchen. “Mama, when will Bhai come?” “Your father has gone to pick him up. They will arrive soon. Have some patience. I am busy. Don't disturb

me.” “Can I go outside to play till he comes?” “Ok” she gave her the permission, saying “switch off the television before going.” Fatima hurried outside. After some time Ruqaiya realised that it had been too late, the train's arrival time was twelve and they were not at home after an hour. “The train might not have arrived yet. Nothing in this country happens on time. What will we do?” She came out of the kitchen intending to call her husband to inquire why they had been so late. Passing by the living room she saw the television on in a low voice. “ This girl is so silly” she thought worriedly. She came close to look for the remote when her eyes caught the breaking news “Bomb Blast on a Train”. She froze. She raised the volume with trembling hands, heard the news anchor saying, “A passenger train from Quetta has been hit by a bomb blast near Harnai. Police and law enforcement agencies have arrived at the incident site. The explosion was of such magnitude that there is very little chance of any survivors. The Prime Minister and Chief Ministers of all provinces have expressed deep sorrow.” The news anchor was saying something more but her brain couldn't process anything after the word blast. She desperately tried to call her husband.

Fatima came from outside and seeing her mother sitting on the floor crying bitterly, rushed to her. Her mother held her tightly constantly saying “my son”. That evening, she was holding the paper on which she had drawn spiderman when her father returned carrying the dead body of his son. She cried, “Bhai, I made it for you.”

CORRECTION

The Memories Are Same But Eyes Are Different

My name is Ayushi Patel. I am 16 years old. I love to write simple and heartfelt stories about school and friendship, as well as exciting thriller stories full of mystery.

Ayushi Patel

CORRECTION

The morning sun came through the windows of class 10. The room was loud, messy and messy as usual. Miss Vanita stood near the blackboard with chalk in her hand. She was just watching her students.

In the middle row, a boy named Raghav was trying to balance five heavy books on his lap of Maths, Physics, Chemistry, Biology and heavy book of English.

His friends were laughing, whispering in the back, some were playing paper football. They were using their rulers to hit the paper ball across the bench. Everyone in the class was talking, laughing, & having fun.

Then Miss Vanita said, "Class, please open page 42."

But her voice mixed with the noise of the class. And in a splash of time the books fell from Raghav's head with a loud noise. The whole class went quiet. Raghav's face turned red. He quickly started picking the books up.

Miss Vanita did not get angry, instead she just looked at them.

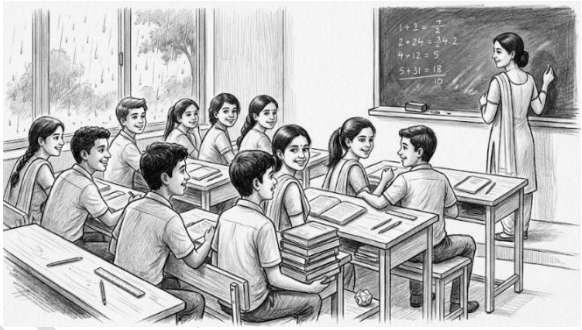
Looking at Raghav, Miss Vanita smiled inside. She did not see a bad class. She saw herself.

Fifteen years ago, when she was not a teacher, she was also a student like them. She was not the topper, was also an average student who sat at the back. She also loved having fun more than studying.

She recalled how she used to hide notebooks inside her desk to complete the work. She also remembered how she and her friends used to send paper pieces, paper notes during the boring lectures of History classes. She even thought of that her teachers were very strict in never had in their lives.

Now, after fifteen years, standing at the front of the class, she understood the truth. The students change every year, but the fun, the mischief & the laughter never changed.

Miss Vanita closed her eyes for a second. She remembered her own school group. The boys used to call themselves as the "backbenchers". It was a group of boys friends. They were naughty, careless, romantic & bagheera. None of them was a topper but they had best time together.



She also remembered the smell of rain outside the windows & the taste of their lunch made by their mothers. They hide under the desk to eat during class.

She remembered the time when Vaishali tried to make a funny face at the teacher, but principal caught them. After they got punished and told to stay back at school with teachers for hours. And even during punishment, they laughed until their stomachs hurt.

Thinking that those days were simple yet beautiful. They didn't care about marks, but cared about friendship.

At a sudden sound came quietly from the back.

"Miss, can you help me? Will you give me 5?"

The class looked towards Raghav. He was still holding his books, looking down.

Miss Vanita looked at their eyes. She saw the same fear she used to feel. But she also saw the same love & friendship. The only difference was that fifteen years ago, she was the one doing mischief.

Today, she is the one watching it.

The memories of school are exactly the same for every generation. The only thing different is the eyes.

CORRECT

Before, she saw the one classroom as a student. Now, she sees it as a teacher.

Miss Vanita took a deep breath and smiled warmly at the class.

"No punishment today, son," she said in a gentle voice. "And Raghav, next time you balance books, try using notebook covers. They are lighter & won't hurt your head."

Suddenly, the fear in the room vanished. The students cheered & laughed with relief. Raghav smiled widely and sat down nicely.

Miss Vanita started the lesson. She looked at her happy students. She knew that in the future, these kids would grow up. They would get jobs, and maybe one day, one of them would become a teacher too. They would look back at this beautiful morning and miss it deeply.

She felt lucky. She was not just teaching them lessons from a book; she was watching them make the best memories of their lives.

CORRECTION

PREM

Abhishek Jaiswal

"""LEY, Antar mann mein prem agadhaa
Thorh ke sare bandhan badhaa
Ek chhote ghar kaa shahzada"""
Kuch to batein batane chala hai
Ya sayad dil ko jalane chala hai
Pata nahe bechaare ko ,
Ek pagli se wafa pane chala hai
Maloom hai door hai manzil...
Kuch yakeen , kuch Shak hai shamil
Jab bhe dekhta hai (ABHISHEK) use
Uski pyari si Aankhen jhil- mil
Kehti hai kuch aur din mein , lene ana car mein
Chalenge phir ye Princess , kahee bhe bekaar mein
Abhi isi PE ghum lete hai , pure shahar mein Jo khadha hai bench, isi park mein .....
"""LEY, Antar mann mein prem agadhaa
Thorh ke sare bandhan badhaa
Ek chhote ghar kaa shahzada""".....



Kya pyara sa chehra hai tera, narm sii ankhen
Mithe mithe hoth tere, chasni bhari batein
Kisi Nazm jaise adayein teri ,
Khusbu hai fizayen teri
Baar baar aati hai, kya kare asi Hi hai teri yaadein
Aajkal itna hi hai kaam mujhe
Baar baar , sirf tera Naam aur tujhe
Sota hu bistar par jis taraf
Khusbu hai Teri, dikhti Aaj bhe mujhe
Ek andhere kamre mein batha hua mai Char pahiye jismein lage hai
Pass mein dekhta hu to, wo nazar aati nahe
Yehe malaal hai .....
Kis pari lok mein chali gayi, meri Pari.....
Yehe sawaal hai

CORRECTION

Yehe sawaal hai.....
Tum hotee to kehti
"" Kii kaise Aarhe terhe sabd hai kaha gaye kabi
mere
Kya kahu mai tumse, wo bhe Chala gaya sath tere
Sath tere, Sath tere""
Sath tere..... Sath tere..... Sath tere.....

CORRECTION

Bachpaan

Abheepsa Ranee Behera

Kabhi kabhi dil se ek hi sawaal nikalta hai hum bade kyun Ho gaye,
Bachpan kitna simple tha chhoti chhoti baaton mein khusi mil jaati thi,

Na koi tension thi, na kisi ko khone ka daar tha, Aaur aaj saab kuch samajh toh aata hai, par sukoon kehin nehin milta,

Pehle aansun girte the toh koi bhi samajh leta tha, abh aansu bhi chupke girte hai aaur koi dekh nehin paata, na samajh paata hai Shayed isi liye lagta hai kaash hum kabhi bade hi na hote, kaash woh bachpan wahi ruk jaata...



Before It Bloomed

Purbahna Kashyap, who writes under the pen name Xiziac, is a thirteen-year-old poet who has been writing for the past eleven months.

Purbahna Kashyap

CORRECTION

What is there

to be ordinary

about poppies

when even

the faintest scent

could make one

of them stay.

I had seen cracks

forming within

the sunshine

I remember

what did not happen.

What I never

got to see



was that flower.

The scent reminded

me of a spring

I never lived

Was it

ever sunshine?

CORRECTION

Abyss

Shahida Patel is a poet and writer who finds expression in words, emotions, and everyday experiences. Her writing explores love, longing, self-discovery, and the complexities of being human. She is also the author of In the 20's.

Shahida Patel

CORRECTION

I stare at the abyss,
knowing I would never find
a home,
a love.

Always tried to win
the game,
never realised
the game wasn't
mine to take part in
or even play.

Because, to be honest,
I had nothing to lose.
Never had something so precious
to be scared of losing,
not even myself.

I was always a little girl
waiting for someone to love.

Kept trying hard,
just to end up
being an extra
in my own story.



Still a little girl staring into the abyss,
waiting for it to take her.

Until You Find Me

Seren Abyss

Until you find me,

I will slowly rot.

Until you find me,

I will slowly broke.

And when I m broke fully,

I will look for you everywhere.

And when it's time for me to die,

Come and find me.

And when you find me,

Don't ever let go again.

CORRECTION

The River Between Who I Was and Who I Became

Mohammad Roshanara Mubasheer is a writer and poet who finds extraordinary meaning in life's ordinary moments, silent struggles, and untold stories. A BSc Chemistry graduate, she discovered in writing a powerful medium to transform emotions into words and experiences into art. Her poems and literary contributions have been featured in digital anthologies, earning her recognition as a co-author.

Mohammad Roshanara Mubasheer

I learned that some bridges are meant to burn,

And some painful endings are places we turn.

Not every departure is meant to destroy,

Some rivers take sorrow and leave us with joy.

I stopped chasing shores that were never my own,

And learned I could flourish while standing alone.

I gathered my fragments, each trembling part,

And stitched them with courage, not fear, but heart.

Now I stand where the old and the new selves meet,

With scars as my medals and hope at my feet.

CORRECTION

The river still flows, but I no longer plead,



For I am not defined by the things that I need.

I am every fall that taught me to rise,

Every buried dream that outlived its demise.

I am not who I was when the waters began,

But the soul that survived and became who I am.

And if you ask what the river took away,

It took who I was, but not my tomorrow.

For somewhere between the loss and the flow,

I found the woman I was meant to know.

CORRECTION

ALONE IN SUCCESS

Raghav vig

A UNSPOKEN TRUTH OF BEING ON TOP

When I was nobody, they said “be somebody”; now I’m successful, they say “you’re not our buddy”.

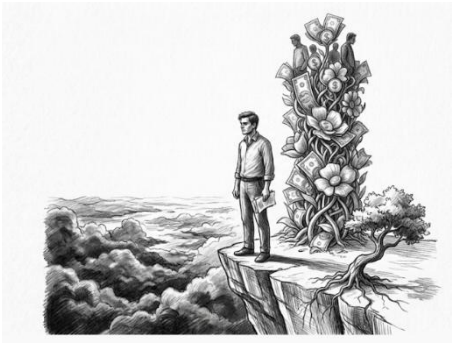
My home, the love of my life, was so kind it stopped me from the grind, so I built rhymes to reach the money that shine.

When others chose virtue, I chose the climb; now they stand on the edge of a sinking dark, and I have the limitless sky of my prime.

Everyone loves the occupation that gives them fun, but I love the occupation that gives me money to buy fun.

With great power comes great responsibility, but the greatest power the world wants is the tower of insane money flowers, in which only the richest shower.

The charm of the mountain of success is seen only by the peak of intellect, not from a dwarf tree



When power talks, money walks; but when money walks, no one sits on the rocks to watch the ugly power game dressed in beautiful frocks.
Once, everything was a rhyme, but success became a crime that took my family and my time

Success is a door opened by grit or by cheat, but it can be seen as the darkness of loneliness where you hear your breath, or the obsession of a heavenly love which no one leaves or cheats

CORRECTION

CORRECTION

Kya ho jata hu

Sahil Kumar

Tum jab aati ho

Be khabar ho jata hu

Ye kya bana diya hai tumne mujhe

Mai apna sabkuch bhul jata hu

Mai toh yu hi tumhe har roz dekhta rehta hu

Tum jo palat kar dekhlo pagal ho jata hu

Subah bakhair, shab tumhe ibadat

Mai sochta hu tumhe toh pagal ho jata hu

Nigaah jab milti hai chasmai ke andar se

Binaai,Basaarat,Nazar choro, mai toh andha ho jata hu

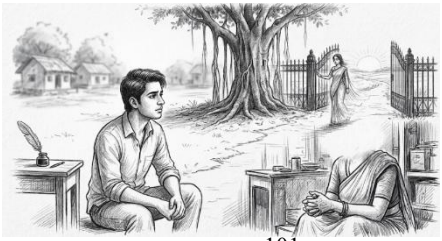
Mujhe tumse ishq hai ye kehne mai darta hu

Mera yakeen Karo aise hi shayar nahi ban jata hu

Jise chahu voh sapna nahi rehta ,

Iss shahar mai koi apna nahi rehta,

Aesi taqdeer mili hai meri aankho ko



CORRECTION

Jise dekhte hai voh jyada waqt nahi teharta

Mai chup chaap sa rehne laga hu ab

Mujhse koi umeed mat rakhna (koi) ab

Maine haari hai apni har ek azeez chiz

Mai phir bhi apni kismat aazmaunga

Voh na mili toh kya huwa, zindagi bhar meri rahegi ab

Isi bahaane dil ko tassalli milegi

Meri na sahi toh kisi ko toh apni lagegi

Use mai apna kyu kahu, ye bata Zara

Kal dekh liya agar use kisi aur ke saath

toh ye baat dil ko bhot zor se lagegi

CORRECTION

Her Story, My Life: Growing Into Myself

Farjana Begam

Since childhood, she had always been a quiet girl who didn't talk much unless it was necessary. She was an introvert, but that didn't mean she wasn't friendly or didn't have friends. She was friendly with everyone, but she wasn't the type of person who talked a lot. Maybe one reason was that she didn't have any girls as her classmates, only boys. And honestly, those boys were some of the best people she could have had around her. They always helped her whenever she needed them and treated her with respect. When she entered Class 9, things slowly started to change because she found more girls as her classmates. She started making new friends, talking more, and becoming more open with people. Little by little, the quiet girl began to show a different side of herself. Now, she is more like an ambivert. She can be very talkative, childish, funny, and even a little crazy around the people she is close to. She can laugh over silly things and talk about anything with them. But when she is around people she isn't close to, she becomes quiet and mature. She is friendly with everyone, but she doesn't feel comfortable enough to show her real self to everyone. Some people see her as a mature person, while others know her as a childish and talkative girl. It all depends on how comfortable she feels with them. She has changed a lot since childhood, but one thing remains the same: she is still the girl who chooses her words carefully and opens up only when she feels comfortable with someone.



PREVIEW

Why lie ?

ANMOL GUPTA

The story begins with a 15 year old boy named Roy, who was Sai and studied in ninth grade. He was an introvert who struggled to express his emotions and talk with only a few selected people. One of his friends was risk who was quite the opposite of him. Risk was a famous boy in school. Roy. Blind believed him and was sure that he remain his best friend forever was a boy who followed rules and believed morals and ethics. In contrast, his life without a plan and often followed his heart and mood . initially Roy and spend most of their time together, however, later Rusk made many miss new friends could make fun of sometimes just to appear cool. later. This continued and slowly Roy started to notice it lived in a fractured and poverty streak in family. He faced every day pressure from his parents about his academic performance. Relationship between his father and mother was not healthy. His father was a heavy drinker and wasted all the heart and money by his mother. Roy talked everything to risk and wanted his support and advice which risk provided earlier. Now when he talked to him about his family matters, he made fun of Roy Roy had began to take all of this seriously wasn't cruel or bad hurt. He was just in the wrong group surrounded by people who liked to bully students. discontinued, every night, Roy cried in his bathroom in front of the mirror and doubted whether the rust was his friend or just bully on Friday. All limits were crossed, risk joked about Roys, fear of talking to other people, he joke about Roy secrets as well as his family depressed about risk's behaviour at school. Got home later that night when he was in his room. He he loud reeks and cries from his mother. he got out and saw that his wrong father was beating his mother brutally. He was scared and locked his room. He had no one to talk to. He could share his feelings with no one on Saturday at school. He directly went to ask and asked whether he would stop doing all this and support me like a real friend in front of the group said that he would never want to be friend with a weird guy who was fear of talking to people told a lie. He wanted to help him, but he didn't want to lose his aura or attend in front of the group, had no intention to hurt him. He was just doing it for fun. This was Roy's last day at school was so depressed and devastated because the person he trusted blindly broke his trust and told him weird. later the day he went into his bathroom, wrote a letter describing his situation, and what he felt after

CORRECTION

losing his friend that he had. them, he took a knife and cut his viens. on the same night. He was founded in his bathroom by his mother as soon as risk got to know about it Hira as fast as possible and reached at Roy‘s house. He found his suicidal letter and saw“ I tried “ written on the mirror with blood. felt so guilty that you couldn’t resist slapping himself 100 times and felt responsible for Roy‘s death. His whole life a lie made him lose his best friend.

CORRECTION

Her pain, their pleasure

Abida Ali is a writer and poet from Kashmir, the valley of chinars and waterfalls. Her love for writing began in childhood, gradually growing into a way of expressing the emotions she often found difficult to put into words. Having been published in anthologies before, she continues to explore her passion for poetry and reflective writing.

Abida Ali

CORRECTION

For sharing her trauma, they called her attention seeker,

because instead of letting it consume her, she chose to be a speaker.

Every word she uttered held a strong feeling,

She was smiling, but every sigh had a different pain revealing.

Sharing with her friends with the hope of getting help,

without realizing it's going to be just her and herself.

They heard her, pretending to understand,

Behind her back, they enjoyed her sufferings like a fun band.



Innocent girl thinking her friends are her well-wishers,

not realizing they were the real troublemakers.

Wolf in sheep's clothing were her so_called supporters,

laughing, gloating, high-fiving each other on her cries and sad matters.

Now she's left with smashed trust and a learned lesson,

Those hidden snakes made her clear her vision.

CORRECTION

Primogenita's Shield Beneath the Silver Light

I'm srusti R Das and I finds poetry in the quietest corners of life, in the whispers of nature, the depth of human emotions and the stories hidden beneath ordinary moments.

Srusti R Das

The silver moon looked down from starlit skies,
And watched the silent River's water rise.
She gazed upon the stream so deep and blue,
And asked her wonders as the midnight grew.

"Why keep your currents smooth when cold winds blow?
Why bear the heavy weight of depths below?
Who catches the heavy stone if it should fall?
Who guides the wandering fish through shadows fall?
Who keeps the wooden boat safe from the wave?
Who shelters sunlight in a quiet cave?

Why bleed your waters till your riverbed's dry,
With steady heart beneath the open sky?"

The River glowed beneath the silver beam,
Her gentle waters flowing like a dream.

"I quiet down the storm of heavy days,
So all I hold can rest in peaceful ways.

I ground the stone so it will never slide,
I light the path where small fish safely glide.
I keep the boat afloat when wild winds blow,
And guard the sunlight with steady glow.

I lose no strength nor do I break in two,
I am the anchor keeping all things true.
Because if I don't carry them, bright Moon,
Who else will guide them to the morning soon?"

CORRECTION

Colour that fade away

Syndrella

The door opens to a black and white room. No light is on; the only illumination comes from a big window straight across from the door, where a white curtain flies gently in the breeze. On the right wall hang many photos. In the middle is a large photo of Tim, surrounded by numerous photographs from different times. On the left sits a sofa with a showcase standing behind it. Sue sits on the sofa, opening an album and looking at the photos, trying to force a small smile.

Two months earlier, in the bustling heart of a major city named Balvonia, stood St. Clear Hospital. Tim was the medical director there—a brilliant surgeon who practically lived within the hospital walls. When he wasn't performing intricate surgeries, he was teaching medical students. He was handsome but remarkably grave and disciplined, a man who loathed broken rules. The newer staff whispered that he was a strict, unapproachable taskmaster who kept his personal life entirely under wraps. Yet, the senior staff deeply respected his fierce dedication.

Tim and Sue's families ran a charity organization together, spending their days helping the underprivileged. The charity was headed by Sue's father. One evening, her father approached Tim at the hospital. "Tim," he said gently, "I know you never want to leave this hospital. But for the sake of our charity work, I need you to go abroad. Please don't say no. I can't leave your aunt alone here to go myself. You are the only one I can trust with this." Tim looked at him and replied, "It's okay, uncle. I will go."



Because of their close family ties, Tim frequently visited Sue's house. One evening, Tim went to see Sue's mother. Tim asked, "May I come in?" Ms.

CORRECTION

Noushin replied, "Oh, Tim. Yes, please come in. Solana… Solana… She didn't come?" Tim sat her down on the bed and checked her medicine. "You didn't bring my daughter! She didn't come, right!" Ms. Noushin exclaimed. Tim sat beside her, smiled gently, and said, "Momo, I am leaving the country for a while for our charity work." Ms. Noushin froze. "You are going? Oh… Ok, but where? You are going there!" Tim responded, "Momo, I haven't been there for three years and I won't go either." "No, you will go there and you will find her. I know she is there," Ms. Noushin said anxiously. Tim answered, "Momo, it has been three years since the accident and we have no news of her. We don't even know if she is alive." Ms. Noushin, who had been mentally ill for three years, kept insisting. Tim finally agreed and promised her that he would go and search for her.

Lutania was a small, picturesque country. Tim's destination was Javia, a primary school run by a local church. The church board had requested Tim to oversee the school's health programs. At exactly 10:00 AM on a crisp morning, Tim walked through the gates of Bavitun Child School. The headmistress, Ms. Sloka, welcomed Tim warmly along with the rest of the administrative team. Tim was a little nervous because it was his first time doing charity work alone. Ms. Sloka took Tim on a tour of the campus. He observed the classrooms, noting how beautifully decorated and organized they were. "Your playroom and classrooms are excellent," Tim remarked. "It feels good to hear that you have an assistant for the play class. But where is she?" The headmistress replied, "She went on a training. Our assistant is highly talented, but her situation is tragic. Three years ago, she survived a terrible accident that left her with complete memory loss. She forgot everything she knew. We took her in because she is brilliant in mathematics and science, and her crafting skills are also very good. The children love her, so we let her lead the creative classes." Tim listened, politely nodding along, though the story felt strangely unsettling.

The next day, Tim came to visit the classes again. The headmistress asked Tim if he wanted to meet their assistant. Tim replied, "Yes, sure." The headmistress then asked the office assistant to call her into the office. She entered the room, shook hands with Tim, and said, "Hi, I am Stuti." Tim replied, "Hello!" After that, Tim went to the washroom. In the washroom, his eyes turned red as he held back his tears. Washing his face, he thought, "Who is she? It can't be her; she died three years ago. I must be hallucinating. Am I seeing ghosts again?" (Tim had seen ghosts twice in his life).

CORRECTION

After stepping out of the washroom, Tim re-entered the headmistress's room. Stuti was still standing there. There was no sign of recognition or familiarity in her eyes. When Tim looked at her, she just gave a polite, ordinary smile. Tim realized that although she looked exactly like her, she was not the one. Tim thought to himself, "Ahh, she is not Sue." However, when Stuti took the files from the table, Tim's eyes suddenly darted to her wrist. He thought, "What is that? A scar! No, a scar could just be a coincidence. It can't possibly be her." Yet, Sue had a similar scar on her wrist, just like Stuti. Controlling his emotions with great effort, he managed to compose himself and continued talking with the headmistress until noon.

The next day, when Tim went back to school, he saw Stuti and tried to ignore her completely. But when the teachers started talking about their lesson plans, Tim's attention kept drifting towards her. When Stuti came forward to present her lesson plan, Tim found glimpses of Sue in Stuti's behavior. Back home, Tim sat on the sofa and fell into deep thought. Suddenly, he picked up his phone and called the church secretary. "Hello, sir, good evening. I am sorry to disturb you at this hour. Could you please tell me about Ms. Stuti's history? May I see her medical history?" Mr. Jardan, the church secretary, replied, "Good evening, Dr. Tim. I will send it over to you in a little while." "Thank you, sir," Tim said.

A short while later, the church secretary sent over Stuti's medical report. Tim checked it thoroughly and was stunned by what he read: memory loss and asthma. After a pause, Tim called Mr. Jardan again. "Mr. Jardan, sorry to bother you again. I wanted to invite you all to a small evening party. Will you be free tomorrow evening?" Mr. Jardan replied, "Dr. Tim, thank you so much. Give me a little time, I will let you know." "No problem at all. Please message me tonight," Tim said. At 9:00 PM, Mr. Jardan messaged confirming they would come.

Tim got to work. The house he was staying in was their old farmhouse. No one had lived there for three years, so there were no animals. Tim cleaned the courtyard himself and decorated it with lights. The next evening, the teachers, the headmistress, Mr. Jardan, and his daughter all arrived. When Tim met Mr. Jardan's daughter, both froze. Mr. Jardan introduced her, "This is my daughter Crystal." Tim shook her hand, saying, "I know her. She is my junior doctor." They started talking.

At that moment, Stuti entered. As soon as Stuti stepped inside the farmhouse, something strange happened within her. She started looking

CORRECTION

around carefully as if she knew the place. Tim had arranged the entire party only to observe Stuti, but he found himself deeply caught up in the emotions of the situation. While observing her, Stuti suddenly felt dizzy. She walked towards the bathroom, trying to hold herself together as her breathing became heavy. She took out her inhaler and took a puff, completely unsure of why this was happening to her. A teacher followed her and asked softly, "Are you okay?" Stuti controlled herself and said, "I am okay." That day, everyone left. Tim had found no definitive answers about Stuti. Defeated, he sat alone in the empty farmhouse. The lights he had decorated were still on, but the courtyard was empty once more. On the way back, Crystal kept praising Tim, mentioning how good, strict, and disciplined he was. Hearing this, Stuti's head throbbed, and the pain grew worse.

Two days later, the church held its yearly teacher training, and Tim was invited as a trainer. There, the teachers sang and learned like children to better teach their students. The trainers asked Tim to sing a song. At first, Tim refused, but at everyone's persistent request, he took the guitar and started to sing. Stuti was sitting at the back. Hearing Tim's voice, she was startled. She listened to the song attentively, and once again, her breathing problems started. Since she did not have her inhaler with her, she ran towards her room.

When she came out of the room, Tim was standing right in front of her. Tim casually said, "Hi." But Stuti's eyes were red, and suddenly tears rolled down her cheeks. She kept staring at Tim. Looking at her intense stare, Tim understood—this was Sue; her memory was back. Suddenly, someone came from behind and asked Tim, "Tim, why are you here? Let's go over there." Sue quickly wiped her tears. They had recognized each other but did not want to show it in front of everyone. On the other side, Crystal kept searching for Sue, wondering, "Where have I seen her? She looks familiar." Sue's face had changed—there was now a scar on her forehead.

The training took place a little far from Javia. All the teachers from Bavitun School left by car, with Tim's car following behind. On the way, one of the cars broke down near a small restaurant. It was going to take an hour to fix the vehicle. Sue looked for Tim and, upon finding him, quickly asked, "How is my mom?" No one noticed them as everyone else was busy. Tim looked at Sue and smiled, showing his teeth. He replied, "You don't even ask how I am?" He said this because he did not want to tell her right now that her mother had become severely ill after her accident. Sue sighed and

CORRECTION

said, "I am serious." Tim, needing to use the bathroom badly, said, "Excuse me," and walked away.

With a puffed face, Sue started walking back toward where the teachers were sitting. Crystal was talking with a teacher. Seeing Sue approach, she said, "Hi, do you know your face is very similar to Solana Noushin?" (Sue's real name was Solana Noushin; the name Sue had been given to her by Tim). Without waiting for Sue's answer, Crystal added, "Her accident happened three years ago. Hearing the news of her accident, her grandfather died of a heart attack."

Hearing this, Sue collapsed onto the ground. Tim ran to Sue, held her up, and made her sit on a tree branch. Sue tried to speak but couldn't; her breathing problem had flared up again, and tears rolled down her eyes. Everyone was shocked by the sudden crisis. Tim gave Sue her inhaler and helped calm her down. After taking the inhaler, Sue sat silently. Tim started walking toward his car to fetch a water bottle, but suddenly, someone rushed forward and stabbed Tim with a knife. No one was prepared for the situation, and before anyone could comprehend what was happening, the criminal fled.

Sue screamed and ran desperately toward him. "Tim! ... Tim! ..."

CORRECTION

lost souls..

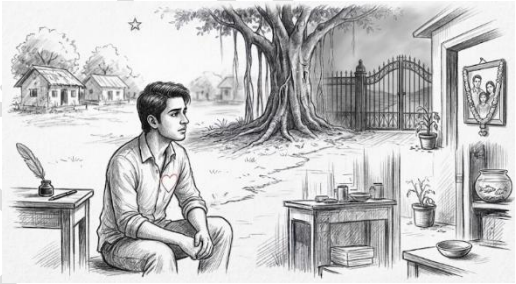
Aish Kumari

We all have lost many loved one

Who are everything for us

They are like umbrella in rains

Roofs of home



Life becomes restless without them

Festival become like normal day

Diwali feels like

Darkness in light

The plant who receive care from them

They are becoming dead day by day

plant is waiting for them

To be cared with love once again

There is no longer the fragrance of camphor in my home,

The ones who light it ,is gone for forever

That voice I used to listen always

It's lost for forever

CORRECTION

Not a person is only in heart and memory of all

And frame of wall

The flowers who waited become the garland of person

Of photo wall

The fish of aquarium

Died by crying

Because the house was close

No one in home

Who will give them food

Because door is closed

That taste of food

Changed

Because he never came to cook

So we have to eat restless food

In my dreams

There is only hope

That you are alive

After opening my eyes

We all lost many happy souls

Offering heartful prayers

CORRECTION

From this colourless heart

Because red colour is gone

The suffering in heart

Will be reduce

By time

What the per

son in mind

Will always shine like star in sky

CORRECTION

Topic -love your Grandparents before too late...

Aish Kumari

We all love our grandparents but how much they love us we can't even imagine... grandparents are the who gives us unconditional love, support, care sometimes I feel why life is to Short? why we have to faces death?

Why we lost ours loved one ? But this is reality we can't escape from it ...we all have to accept the reality of universe, no one is immortal, this is story of my grandfather who not only love me ...he love others childrens also whenever we visit any relative home he takes chocolates for relative children's

He always told me his stories ,his childhood days, memories, and his struggle...he did many things for me ... But it was my turn to do something for him ...then I lost him ..he was struggling through paralysis for 4 years and then he leaves us ...i always ask God why good people have to suffer more and more but I didn't get any ans... I asked God why did you take my grandfather away? but I think my grandfather was so good so God decided to keep him

Sometime I also prayed to God... Just take him with you ...he will be save with you more

You know why? Because he was in so much pain and struggle,I can't able to see that much pain

paralyse is not a normal disease

He lost his voices , he can't even walk, can't even stand.... One day I was crying a lot why he is not calling me poti, why is not taking my name? But after



CORRECTION

paralyze... He loves me so much ... hold my hand.. touching my head ...but I lost that hand I lost that voice I lost him...hope there are many people their grandparents are alive just give them love ... They don't need anything only you and your love .. they need support ... They need care ...they need yours time ...don't forget that they are always with you because no one is immortal and time never stop for anyone...lots of love to my grandfather....he is in my heart..in my memories...and he will always shining like a start in the sky for giving me blessings so I hope dadu you get next birth and again I became you granddaughter then I will do everything for you

so just love you grandparents...call them ask them how are they ...from only your one call they will be soo happy because they don't need anything only love ...so love them as much you can ...

"We are the hopes of ours grandparents...we are the gems for ours grandparents do this is ours responsibility to gives them so much love they deserve.

CORRECTION

Papa, Your Daughter Still Belongs to You ❤

Babita

CORRECTION

I was only two when you had to leave,

Too young to understand, too small to grieve.

You left behind a world I couldn't know,

Yet your absence taught my heart to grow.

Papa, you were my sky, my moon, my light,

The quiet warmth behind my every fight.

Though childhood passed without your hand in mine,

Your love still lives within this heart of mine.

Today, I'm twenty, yet it feels so true—

There are countless untold stories I'd share with you.

I often wonder, in the silence of the night,

What life would be like with you by my side.

On every birthday, I searched for your embrace,

Imagining your smile, your voice, your face.

No gift could fill the emptiness I knew,

For all I ever wished for was you.



Whenever someone speaks of you with pain,

My eyes grow quiet, though my heart still aches again.

The respect I hold for you will never fade,

You are the deepest part of me that time has made.

Yes, Papa, your daughter still cries sometimes,

When memories return in the quietest times.

But I have learned not to surrender or fall—

I rise with your strength whenever life calls.

I may not be as silent or calm as you,

I speak when something feels unjust or untrue.

I stand for my rights, I face the world tall,

Perhaps, Papa, I learned that courage from you after all.

Still, one small wish remains within my heart:

To have lived beside you, never to be apart.

To feel your arms around me, warm and true,

And hear you say, “Happy Birthday, my child,” from you.

Though distance has kept us far away,

Your love has never left me for a day.

Among all the bonds this life may bring,

CORRECTION

No one can take your place—no one, not anything.

Papa, your daughter will never forget you;

Your name will live in everything she'll do.

And in every lifetime, beneath every sky,

She'll still wish to be your daughter, you and I. 💔

CORRECTION

The Story of an Elder

Arshlan Tanha is an emerging poet and writer from India. He writes poetry that explores human emotions, relationships, loneliness, and the realities of life. His words reflect deep feelings and untold stories of ordinary people. Through his writing, he aims to touch hearts and give a voice to emotions that often remain unspoken.

Arshlan Tanha

CORRECTION

I am like a forgotten toy lying in a corner,

No one even pays attention to me.

What am I?

Serving my children is all I have ever done,

Who am I, and what is my name?

Someone does give me food to eat,

But the way they do it feels like a burden on their tired shoulders.

They consider keeping me with them a great favour,

Someone should tell them

How I once cherished them like flowers.



When they return home tired,

They meet their families with joy.

But now I no longer know,

Where my own family is.

I just sit outside on a chair,

Watching everyone like a madman.

Where has my stubbornness gone now,

The very stubbornness I once saw in these children?

Now, whom should I go to complain to?

Who here is mine, like the others?

Serving my children is all I have ever done,

Who am I, and what is my name?

CORRECTION

What I never said

Aman Sharma is an emerging poet and reflective writer whose work explores the quiet, often overlooked landscapes of human sorrow, resilience, and mortality. Writing from a deeply introspective space, his poetry captures the unyielding trials of life in rugged terrains, the complex burdens of daily labor, and the silent,enduring bonds between those who stay and those who have passed.

Aman Sharma

CORRECTION

What I never said, I could not say then,

Yet I watched you struggling through the long days, I

saw you weeping for me after I was gone,

Witnessing the emotions you locked deep within your heart.

I saw every single effort you made, upon which my name was written.

You always asked why our hands were so rough,

And I always replied that it was the mark of labor, Of working hard through the daylight,

Still scraping by with meager means, Enduring everything a person can imagine In a harsh, helpless hilly terrain.

I saw the quiet fear you felt at the dinner table,

I saw the storm you hid away behind your mind.

Though I never told you then that you did the best you could,

Let me tell you now: you are doing far better than I ever could.

In my lifetime, I traveled from place to place,

Learning from the people who rode beside me,

Yet from you, I learned true courage. From you,

I learned the sheer dedication of sustaining life.

I learned everything from you.

Even now, residing in a place of peace,

I still look down and see your face— A heavy mix of unwavering strength and crushing stress.



One day, your efforts will be rewarded.

Until then, keep pushing forward, Because endurance is how life survives.

And should you ever face a storm too heavy to bear,

Just remember me. I will return as a quiet soul, To help you find your way out, in any way I can.

CORREC

The Unlived Years

Anushka Yashraj is an Indian author, writer and postgraduate in History, with an academic background rooted in Lady Shri Ram College, University of Delhi. Her literary pursuits extend beyond conventional storytelling, exploring the intersections of womanhood, identity, social expectations, individual aspirations and the quieter realities of human existence.

ANUHSKA YASHRAJ

CORRECTION

How strange it is to miss a life that has never happened.

A house without an address. A morning without a date. A familiar voice across a breakfast table that exists, for now, only in imagination.

I wonder if rivers understand this peculiar kind of longing.

They spend their entire existence travelling towards an ocean they have never met, carrying fragments of places they could never persuade to stay.

Perhaps love is much the same.

We meet someone in the middle of our unfinished lives, and suddenly, the future begins borrowing their face. Ordinary things become extraordinary possibilities. Two cups instead of one. A familiar pair of footsteps. Arguments about forgotten groceries. The quiet luxury of having nowhere to rush after saying goodnight.

And somewhere between today's responsibilities and tomorrow's uncertainties, we begin collecting memories of moments that haven't happened.

But ours is a curious generation.

We can send affection across continents in seconds, yet struggle to believe in a lifetime. We celebrate beginnings, romanticise endings, and rarely speak about the courage required to sustain everything in between.

I once believed love was about reaching the same shore. Now I wonder whether it is also about learning to navigate different currents without forgetting why we began sailing.

After all, rivers do not reach the ocean by escaping every obstacle. They bend, they endure, they find another way.

Perhaps the river carried neither certainty nor a promise of forever. Perhaps it carried something far more fragile: the possibility of an ordinary tomorrow becoming ours.

And I hope that someday, when life finally catches up with longing, those imagined mornings will no longer belong to poetry.

Until then, the river flows.

And so does hope.

For love's greatest lesson is not that every river reaches the ocean it dreams of, but that no dream of forever is worth losing the beauty of the journey or ourselves along the way.

CORRECTION

A Quiet Kind of Love

Hi. I am an undergraduate student of English literature. Alongside academic pursuits I focus on classical and modern texts, an enduring passion lies in creative writing and poetry, exploring themes of deep emotional introspection and interpersonal bonds.

Ansh Saxena

We sit together by the window side,
And watch the evening light begin to fade.
We talk of nothing, with our guards laid wide,
In simple peace that we together made.

No racing heart, no fear of getting hurt,
No sudden sparks to hide a secret ache.
We do not play the games of love or flirt,
There are no fragile promises to break.

The world outside is loud and rushing by,
Chasing after things that burn and fast depart.
We share a cup, a quiet, easy sigh,
A gentle warmth that settles in the heart.

Through all the changing years that come and go,
Your hand in mine's the truest friend I know.



CORRECTION

Mere yaar aayenge

Ayush Verma

Phir ek baar mere yaar aayenge,

Is baar galiyon se nahi, mera naam lekar bulayenge.

Roj ki tarah mujhe dekhkar shor machayenge,

Mujhe zabardasti nahlayenge,

Phir bade pyaar se tayyar karayenge.



Bas ek farq hoga ...

Is baar unke chehron par hansi nahi hogi,

Aankhon mein aansu nazar aayenge.

Phir mere yaar mujhe apne kandhon par uthayenge,

Aur ek kabristan tak le jayenge.

Wahin mitti ki god mein mujhe sula jayenge.

Shayad us din pal bhar ka sukoon mil jaaye ...

Phir har baar ki tarah.

Mujhe akela chhod kar chale jaayenge.

CORRECTION

CORRECTION

THE RIVER KNOWS WHAT WE CARRY

MZEEMUSTEE (Mustapha Masud Abubakar) is a Nigerian poet, writer, storyteller, graphic designer, and children's rights advocate from Katsina State, Nigeria. His writing explores humanity, social justice, hope, identity, and the experiences of unheard voices. Passionate about children's rights and education, he uses poetry and storytelling to challenge injustice, inspire compassion, and raise awareness. Through his words, he hopes to give voice to overlooked stories and contribute to a more just and humane society.

Mustapha Masud Abubakar

CORRECTION

Some rivers carry stories

that never find their way into books.

Stories of children who buried their dreams,

and mothers who smiled while their hearts shook.



Some carry the tears of forgotten villages,

where hope sleeps beneath uncertain skies;

where a child learns the language of survival

before learning how to multiply.

I have seen dreams become distant memories,

seen innocent voices disappear in the crowd.

I have seen people beg for ordinary kindness

in a world that celebrates itself too loud.

But tell me,

who will speak when the voiceless are silenced?

Who will stand when the innocent are blamed?

Who will protect a child's right to tomorrow

when today has already stolen their name?

I refuse to let silence become my inheritance.

I refuse to let injustice become our tradition.

For words are more than letters on paper;

sometimes, they are the beginning of a revolution.

I write for the child still reaching for a book,

for the dreamer afraid to speak aloud,

for every soul whose story was overlooked,

and every truth buried beneath the crowd.

And if my words must travel like a river,

let them flow beyond borders and shores.

Let them carry compassion into hardened hearts,

and awaken the conscience of those who ignore.

Because a river may forget the stones it passes,

but the world must never forget its humanity.

CORRECTION

CORRECTION

बुज़ुर्ग की दास्तान

अर्शलान तन्हा

मैं एक कोने में पड़े हुए खिलौने की तरह हूँ,
कोई ध्यान भी नहीं दे रहा है मुझपे,
मैं क्या हूँ?

बच्चों की ख़िदमत ही काम है मेरा,
मैं कौन हूँ और क्या नाम है मेरा?

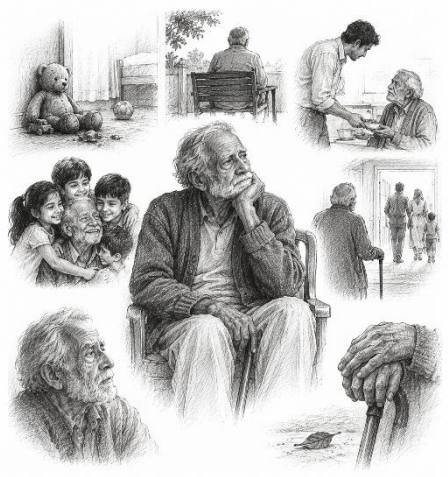
कोई खाने को तो दे देता है मुझको,
पर कैसे देता है, थके हुए शानों की तरह।

वो मुझको रखना बहुत बड़ी बात समझते हैं,
कोई बतलाए इन्हें,
कैसे रखा है मैंने इन्हें फूलों की तरह।

वो जो थककर घर आते हैं,
अपने परिवार से मिलते हैं,
अब है नहीं मालूम मुझे,
है मेरा परिवार कहाँ।

बस बाहर कुर्सी पे बैठा रहता हूँ मैं,
तकता हूँ सभी को पागलों की तरह।

अब वो ज़िद कहाँ है मेरी,
जो ये करते हैं इन बच्चों की तरह।



CORRECTION

अब शिकायत भी किससे जाकर करूँ मैं,
कौन है यहाँ मेरा औरों की तरह?

बच्चों की ख़िदमत ही काम है मेरा,
मैं कौन हूँ और क्या नाम है मेरा?

CORRECTION

एक चिड़िया की उदासी

ये है रिया जैन कक्षा 11वीं की छात्रा और गाजियाबाद की रहने वाली..इन्हें लिखना बहुत पसंद है। इतना कि ये कई किताबों में अपनी कविताएं संपादित करवा चुकी है। ये दुनिया की भागदौड़ से जब थक जाती है तो अपनी थकान स्याही से बाँटती है।

Riya jain

मैं नहीं बताऊँगा किसी को कुछ,
तुम बस मुझसे साझा कर देना,
क्या कारण है तुम्हारी उदासी का?
क्यों अब पहले-सी तुम गाती नहीं?
क्यों दिन भर अब चहचहाती नहीं?
क्या ढूँढ़ लिया है तुमने कोई दूसरा ठिकाना अपना,
या इस आशियाने में अब तुम्हारा मन नहीं लगता?

ये घर तुम्हारा अब बहुत सूना-सूना-सा लगता है,
जैसे यहाँ ख़ामोशी का कोई जहाँ बसता है।
वही डाली है, वही आँगन, वही सुबह का उजाला है,
फिर क्यों तेरे होने पर भी सब कुछ ख़ाली-ख़ाली-सा लगता है?

मैं नहीं बताऊँगा किसी को कुछ,
तुम बस मुझसे साझा कर देना,
क्या कारण है तुम्हारी उदासी का?

अब दाने की तलाश में भी तुम भटकती नहीं हो,
क्या भूख मर गई है तुम्हारी,
या अब तुम कुछ चाहती ही नहीं हो?

CORRECTION

पर ये बदलाव भी तो यूँ ही बेवजह नहीं होते,
जो कभी खुलकर जीते थे,
वही अक्सर ख़ामोश क्यों होते?

मैं नहीं बताऊँगा किसी को कुछ,
तुम बस मुझसे साझा कर देना,
कि क्यों इतनी उदास लगती हो?

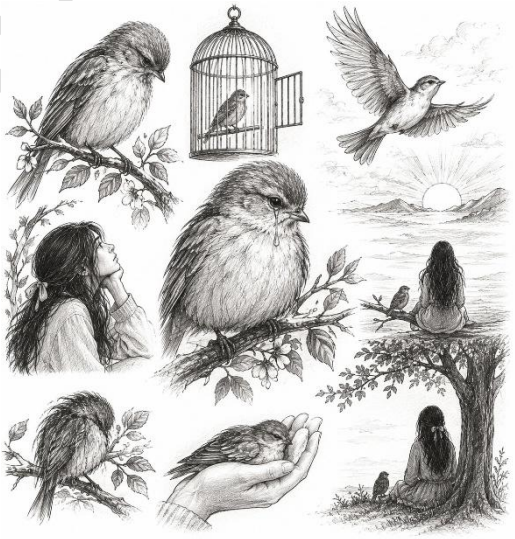
रोने का मन हो अगर, तो रो लेना, ऐ चिड़िया,
हर बार अपने दर्द को पंखों में छुपाना ज़रूरी तो नहीं।
मैं जानता हूँ, तुम मज़बूत हो बहुत,
पर हर वक़्त मज़बूत नज़र आना ज़रूरी तो नहीं।

लोगों की बातों को दिल से लगाने की ज़रूरत नहीं,
ये झूठे हैं बहुत, इन्हें सत्य-वचन का मोल पता नहीं।
ये पत्थर भी ख़ुद ही फेंकेंगे तुम पर,
फिर तुम्हें ही ये कोसेंगे।

"क्यों निकल आई पिंजरे से तुम,
जब महफ़ूज़ था वो?"

ये अपनी ग़लती का इल्ज़ाम भी
तुम पर ही थोपेंगे।

असल बात तो ये है कि ये
रोकना चाहते हैं तुम्हें उड़ने से,
क्योंकि ये तुम्हारी उड़ान से डरते हैं।
तुम जान न लो राज़ उस तरफ़ का,
इसलिए तुम्हें न उड़ने की नसीहत देते हैं।



CORRECTION

पर क्या सच में रुक जाओगी तुम?
क्या इनके डर को अपनी मंज़िल बनाओगी तुम?
नहीं, एक दिन तुम फिर से आसमान नापोगी,
अपने हिस्से की धूप और हवा
अपने हौसलों से चुनोगी।

मगर उस दिन तक अगर थक जाओ,
तो ख़ुद को कमज़ोर मत समझना।
हर ज़ख़्म का जवाब उड़ान ही हो,
ये भी तो ज़रूरी नहीं है ना?

रोने का मन हो कभी,
तो आ जाना इस पेड़ पर।
मैं यहीं मिलूँगा तुम्हें,
बस कह देना अपने सारे क़िस्से,
तुम अब चुप न रहना।

मैं नहीं बताऊँगा किसी को कुछ,
तुम बस मुझसे साझा कर देना,
क्या कारण है तुम्हारी उदासी का?

CORRECTION

कबीला

I am Bedika Yadav, an aspiring Hindi poet who finds words for the emotions that often remain unspoken. My poetry explores loneliness, self-reflection, and the quiet feelings hidden within the human heart. I write not just to express emotions, but to give a voice to the parts of ourselves that often go unheard.

Bedika yadav

CORRECTION

हां मैं एक कबीले में रहता था

जहाँ सबके होने पर भी में अकेला फिरता था

मैं आईना देख देख कर तस्सली करता था

वो एक आईने में बैठा शख्स ही था

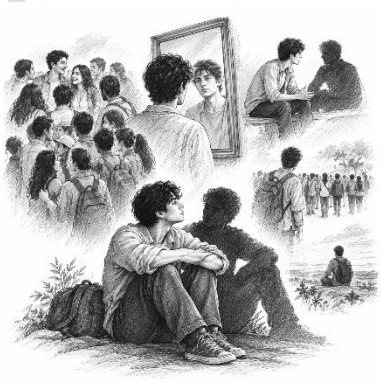
जो हर रोज मुझसे मिलता था

कभी कभी सुना दिया करता था उसे

अपने कुछ सुख दुख...

उस कबीले में वो अकेला ही था

जो मुझे समझता था



हालांकि वो कुछ कहता तो नही था पर,

अपनी खामोशी से मुझे हिम्मत दे दिया करता था

मैं हर रोज़ नए लोगों से मुलाकात करता था

लेकिन उसके पास में सबसे ज्यादा महफ़ूज़ रहता था.

हाँ मैं एक कबीले में रहता था।।

CORRECTION

What's the river carried

Akanksha raikwar

वह मेरे सपने नहीं ले गई,
उसने उन्हें किनारों से बड़ा होना सिखाया।
वह मेरा अतीत नहीं ले गई,
उसने उसकी पकड़ ढीली कर दी।
नदी अपने साथ बहुत कुछ लेकर गई—
पर जाते-जाते
मुझे मेरा ही एक हिस्सा लौटा गई।
वह हिस्सा, जो सब कुछ खो देने के डर में
कहीं पीछे छूट गया था—
और जिसे पाकर
मैंने पहली बार
खुद को बहने दिया।



CORRECTION

इंसान

Mini Gond

कितना बदल रहा है इंसान
अपनी परंपरा को छोड़
विदेशी परंपरा को अपना
रहा है इंसान

छोटे काम करने में
शरमा रहा है इंसान
जो वह नहीं है उसे
शान से दिखा रहा है इंसान।

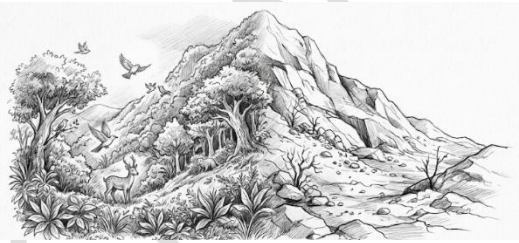
है नहीं अब किसी में इंसानियत
साफ-साफ बता रहा है इंसान
सत्य का साथ छोड़ झूठ को
अपना रहा है इंसान।

CORRECTION

सुन्दर हरियाली

Mini Gond

थी सुन्दर पहाड़ों पे कभी जो हरियाली
पेड़-पौधों के साथ जिसमें जानवर
रहा करते थे।
थी कितनी अलग वह सुबह
जब जंगलों से पक्षियों की
आवाज आया करती थी।
अब रहा न कुछ भी वैसा
सब बदल गया है
पहाड़ पे लगे थे कभी जो जंगल
अब वह मिट्टी और पत्थर सा दिख रहा है।



CORRECTION

मछुआरा और नाव

Saira. Ali

एक मछुआरे की नाव, जो हर दिन उसे पानी में गिरा देती। वह उसे छोड़ना नहीं चाहता था, लेकिन वह नाव हर बार उसे डुबाती और उसका नुकसान करती।

फिर भी, हर रोज़ की तरह वह एक नई उम्मीद के साथ उस नाव पर सवार होता कि शायद आज मैं नहीं डूबूँगा, शायद आज यह नाव मेरा साथ देगी, शायद आज मैं भूखा नहीं रहूँगा...

लेकिन वह नाव कहाँ ठीक होने वाली थी!

एक दिन उस नाव को भी अफ़सोस होने लगा। वह कहने लगी,

"मालिक, मैं तो तुम्हें कुछ नहीं दे सकती। फिर क्यों मेरे साथ चल रहे हो? मुझे छोड़कर आगे बढ़ जाओ। क्या रोज़-रोज़ की ये चोटें सही हैं?"

मालिक मुस्कुराया और कहने लगा...

"क्या तुम्हें दिखाई देती हैं मेरी चोटें? अगर दिखाई देतीं, तो क्या मैं तुम्हारे साथ चलता? यूँ रोज़ होने वाले नुकसान की भरपाई क्यों नहीं करता?

मेरी चोटों पर ध्यान मत दो। तुम बस वही करती रहो, जो तुम्हें अब तक समझ नहीं आया।



मैं मछुआरा हूँ, तुम्हारा साथ क्यों छोड़ूँ? भूखा ही सही, तुम्हारे साथ तो हूँ। इस

CORRECTION

बात का सब्र है कि शायद किसी दिन तुम्हें भी मुझ पर रहम आ जाए।

मैं तो हर वो कोशिश कर लूँगा, जिससे तुम्हें ठीक कर सकूँ। लेकिन तुम साथ चल पाओगी या नहीं, यह सोच लो।

अगर मैं तुम्हारा साथ छोड़ दूँ, तो तुम्हें क्या नाम दूँगा? बाज़ार में पड़ी रहोगी, नीलाम भी होगी। कोई नसीब वाला तुम्हें उठा ले जाएगा।

तुम किसी और के हिस्से में चली जाओगी, और मेरे हिस्से में सिर्फ़ अफ़सोस रह जाएगा।

तुम काम की चीज़ हो, तुम पर कोई खर्च करके तुम्हें अपना बना ले जाएगा। मैं तो बस तुम्हारा साथ दे सकता था, तुम्हें खरीद नहीं पाऊँगा..."

CORRECTION

Chand

Swapnil Joshi

शाम समय इक ऊँची सीढ़ियों वाले घर के आँगन में
चाँद को उतरे देखा हम ने चाँद भी कैसा पूरा चाँद

मेरे आँगन से कतरा कर उस की छत पर ठहरा चाँद
हम ने तो बस दूर से देखा, कब था हम ने पाया चाँद

जिस ने पाया उस ने खोया, जिस ने खोया वो ही जाने
पास गया तो मिट्टी निकला, दूर रहा तो सपना चाँद

मैं ने उस को सारे जग से अपने दिल में छुपाया पर
उस ने मेरी तन्हाई में आ कर भी न झाँका चाँद



हम ने 'jaun' उम्र गँवा दी जिस की ख़ातिर जाग जाग
वो तो पूरी दुनिया का था, हम ने समझा अपना चाँद

हम ने तो क़िस्मत के डर से जब पाए अँधियारे पाए
ये भी चाँद का सपना होगा कैसा चाँद कहाँ का चाँद

sab kī apnī apnī āñkheñ sab kā apnā apnā chāñd
chāñd kisī kā ho nahīñ saktā chāñd kisī kā hotā hai
chāñd kī ḳhātir zid nahīñ karte ai mire achchhe 'inshā' chāñd

CORRECTION

नदी क्यों रोई?

Gracy Singh

विषय - नदी का दर्द और एक अनसुना बचपन

पहाड़ों से उतरकर, मैदानों तक आई,

अपने साथ न जाने कितनी कहानियाँ लाई।

कभी कल-कल करती, कभी गीत सुनाती,

हर राह में जीवन के नए रंग सजाती।

एक दिन वह एक घर के पास से गुज़री,

जहाँ खुशियों की महफ़िल हर रोज़ सँवरी।

भाई-बहनों की हँसी से आँगन खिलता था,

पर एक बच्चा चुपचाप कोने में मिलता था।



सबके हिस्से में प्यार और दुलार आया,

उस बच्चे के हिस्से बस इंतज़ार आया।

न कोई उसकी खामोशी को पढ़ पाया,

न किसी ने उसके मन का हाल जान पाया।

CORRECTION

नदी ने देखा, वह बच्चा मुस्कुराता नहीं था,

अपनी पीड़ा किसी को बताता नहीं था।

आँखों में प्रश्नों का सागर लिए बैठा था,

अपनों के बीच भी अकेला-सा रहता था।

नदी ने पूछा, "ऐ बच्चे, तू उदास क्यों है?

तेरे मन में इतना गहरा एहसास क्यों है?

तेरे ही घर में जब प्रेम की धारा बहती है,

तो तेरी आँखों में प्यास क्यों रहती है?"

बच्चे ने कहा, "मैं भी इसी घर का हिस्सा हूँ,

फिर क्यों अपनों के बीच भी अकेला हूँ?

सबके लिए यहाँ स्नेह के फूल खिलते हैं,

मेरे हिस्से में क्यों केवल सवाल मिलते हैं?"

यह सुनकर नदी की लहरें काँप उठीं,

उसकी शांत धाराएँ भी जैसे थम उठीं।

जिसने सदियों से धरती का दर्द बहाया था,

आज उसने एक बचपन का दर्द पाया था।

CORRECTION

वह इसलिए नहीं रोई कि उसका जल कम था,

न ही उसके रास्ते में कोई ग़म था।

वह रोई क्योंकि उसने यह सच देखा था,

एक ही घर में प्रेम का बँटवारा देखा था।

आज भी वह नदी उसी राह से बहती है,उस बच्चे की अनकही कहानी कहती है।लोग पूछते हैं, "तेरी लहरों में नमी क्यों है?"वह कहती है, "किसी बचपन की कमी आज भी मुझमें है।"

CORRECTION

मेरा सपना उड़ान भरा, परंतु भर न पाया

Abhilakshya Vikram Singh

आँखों में हज़ारों ख़्वाब थे और रूह में अंबर को छू लेने की एक बेनाम सी ज़िद। पंख तो थे मेरे पास, पर परवाज़ के लिए आसमान कहाँ?

जैसे ही उड़ान भरने की कोशिश की, अपनों की ही बंदिशों ने मेरे हौसलों को जकड़ लिया। जिस घर को मैंने अपना सुकून समझा था, वही अब एक पिंजरा बन गया है; जहाँ हर खिड़की पर पहरा है और हर सलाह में एक अनकही रोक।

मुझसे कहा गया–"उतनी ही सोचो जितना हमने सिखाया है। बेवजह का शोर मत मचाओ।" पर मैं कैसे चुप रहूँ? क्या अपने वजूद के लिए आवाज़ उठाना गुनाह है? क्या अपनी ही पहचान से हार जाना ही मेरी नियति है?

मैं कोई बेजान परिंदा नहीं, एक जीता-जागता इंसान हूँ। मेरी भी अपनी गरिमा है, मेरा भी एक धड़कता हुआ दिल है और कुछ ऐसे अरमान हैं जिन्हें ज़ख्मी किया गया है। मेरी सोच पर ताले मत लगाओ, मेरे रास्तों में रुकावटें मत बनो। तुमने मुझे जन्म तो दिया, पर क्या जीने का अधिकार भी दोगे? मेरे हिस्से के आसमान को इन दीवारों में कैद मत करो।



आज भले ही सन्नाटा है और हर उम्मीद पर ताला लगा है, पर मेरे भीतर की आग अभी बुझी नहीं है। रातों के सन्नाटे में अक्सर खुद से पूछता हूँ कि क्या इन सपनों को दफ़न कर

CORRECTION

देना ही बेहतर है? पर नहीं! सपनों की ताक़त ही यही है कि वे मरकर भी जीवित रहते हैं और फिर से गीत लिखते हैं।

आज भले ही मैं मौन हूँ, पर यह सन्नाटा तूफान से पहले की शांति है। एक दिन यह पिंजरा टूटेगा, ये बेड़ियाँ छूट जाएँगी और मेरी उड़ान ही मेरी असली पहचान बनेगी। उस दिन तुम समझोगे कि क्यों मैं इस छोटी सी दुनिया से बाहर निकलना चाहता था। आज भले ही मैं कैद हूँ, पर कल मैं सूरज बनकर चमकूँगा और मेरा सपना अंबर को छूकर ही दम लेगा।

CORRECTION

अगर तू होती तो

राजकवि धार्या का जन्म मध्य प्रदेश के मंडला जिले के एक साधारण ग्रामीण परिवेश (सिझौरा) में हुआ। वर्तमान में आप कक्षा 11वीं के मेधावी छात्र हैं और अपनी पठन-पाठन की यात्रा जवाहर नवोदय विद्यालय (JNV), मंडला से तय कर रहे हैं। आपके पिता श्री विकास धार्या और माता श्रीमती कमला धार्या के संस्कारों व प्रेरणा ने आपके जीवन को एक नई दिशा दी।

Rajkavi dharya

CORRECTION

न होते ये आँखें नम,

अगर तू होती तो।

मिट जाते ये सारे ग़म,

अगर तू होती तो।।

खिल उठता मैं भी उन फूलों के,

कोमल कमलों की तरह।

खाकर कहता हूँ कसम,

अगर तू होती तो।।

रतजगे में आनंद आता,

अगर तू होती तो।

हर जगह मैं साथ तेरे जाता,



अगर तू होती तो।।

कुछ दिल को दुखाने वाले,

पल भी हैं ज़िंदगी में।

उन यादों को भुला पाता,

अगर तू होती तो।।

मेरी जन्नत का ज़रिया मिल जाता,

अगर तू होती तो।

तेरी फिर तेरे आँचल में छिप जाता,

अगर तू होती तो।।

अब तो यूँ भूखा ही सोया करता हूँ माँ,

तुझे हाथों से खिलाता,

अगर तू होती तो।।

CORRECTION

तिरंगे में लिपटा वादा

राजकवि धार्या का जन्म मध्य प्रदेश के मंडला जिले के एक साधारण ग्रामीण परिवेश (सिझौरा) में हुआ। वर्तमान में आप कक्षा 11वीं के मेधावी छात्र हैं और अपनी पठन-पाठन की यात्रा जवाहर नवोदय विद्यालय (JNV), मंडला से तय कर रहे हैं। आपके पिता श्री विकास धार्या और माता श्रीमती कमला धार्या के संस्कारों व प्रेरणा ने आपके जीवन को एक नई दिशा दी।

Rajkavi dharya

CORRECTION

सुन लो अब मैं नहीं रुकूँगा,

अंग्रेज़ों के सामने नहीं झुकूँगा।।



चलता रहा अकेला ही,

राहों पर वह नहीं रुका।

डरता नहीं था मरने से,

अंग्रेज़ों के सामने नहीं झुका।।

चन्द्रशेखर नाम था उसका,

हमेशा वो आबाद रहे।

मरते दम तक कहता रहा,

मेरी भारत माँ आबाद रहे।।

आज़ाद रहे वह देश हमेशा,

जिस पर ऐसे युवा पनपते हैं।

मीठी बोली से विश्व प्रभावित,

और दुश्मनों पर गरजते हैं।।

जो कहते हैं मिट्टी को माँ,

उनकी भी एक माँ होती है।

जो छुपा दर्द सीने में अपने,

छिप-छिप कमरे में रोती है।।

क्या दर्द छुपा सीने में उसके,

देशवासियों आज सुनो।

उस बलिदानी माँ के आँसू की,

आज तुम आवाज़ सुनो।।

है छुपा हुआ जो कमरे में,

ज़रा बेटा मेरे सामने आ।

है कष्ट बड़ा इन लम्हों में,

ज़रा बेटा मेरे सामने आ।।

वादा किया था तूने मुझसे,

शादी में छुटकी के पहुँचेगा।

पहुँचा ही लिपट तिरंगे में,

अब आँसू मेरे कौन पोछेगा?

कौन कहेगा मुझसे,

CORRECTION

मेरी माँ क्यों इतना डरती है?

तेरी मुस्कान है साहस मेरा,

फिर क्यों आहें भरती है?

कैसे रोकूँ आँसू मेरे,

आँखें जो तेरी बंद दिखें।

न वर्दी में दिख रहा लाल मेरा,

बस भारत माँ का रंग दिखे।।

CORRECTION

माँ

Tanu bhati

माँ, संपूर्ण जगत को अपने आप में समाया करती है,

वो माँ है कहां कुछ कहा करती है,

बहुत सी बातों पर अक्सर मौन रहा करती है,

उनसे बस मांगने की देरी होती है वह हर हाल में पूरा कर दिया करती है,

घंटो मेरी बात यूं ही सुना करती है,

मेरी उल्टी सीधी बातों पर हंस दिया करती है,

नींद ना आने पर सिर्फ उनकी गोद भाया करती है,

मुझे नींद ना आने पर वो भी कहां सोया करती है,

आंसू देख कर मेरे वो भी तो रोया करती है,

बुखार मुझे होता है और रात भर वो जागा करती है,

डर लग जाने पर मुझे अपने आंचल में छुपा लिया करती है,

मुझे खुश देखकर वो भी मुस्कुराया करती हैं,



खाना खाना भूल जाऊं तो रात को जगा कर खिलाया करती है,

सब की तकलीफ़े सुनकर उनको दूर करने की कोशिश में जुट जाया

CORRECTION

करती है,

खुद के ग़म कहां बयां किया करती है,

सिर्फ माँ ही तो होती है जो सबकी कसर पूरा क्या करती है,

पर चाह कर भी उनके हिस्से की जगह कहां किसी से भरा करती है,

कोई भी कविता मां को काम पूरा किया करती है,

लिखने बैठू माँ के बारे में तो हर बार कुछ ना कुछ बातें अधूरी रह जाया करती है,

मां दूर होने पर भी मन के पास रहा करती है,

कहां शब्दों में यह बात लिख जाया करती है,

उनकी बेटी/बेटा उनसे हद से ज्यादा प्यार क्या करती है उन्हें हद से ज्यादा याद किया करती है,

कुछ पंक्तियों में यह बातें कहां बयां हुआ करती है,

कोई भी कविता मां को काम पूरा किया करती है ...

CORRECTION

टूट के भी ख़ूबसूरत हो तुम।

Debidutta Mishra

कभी तुमने अपना दिल खोलकर रख दिया था,

हर जज़्बात, हर ख़्वाब, हर अरमान उसमें डाल दिया था।

समझा था मोहब्बत एक सज्दा है,

और तुमने अपनी रूह तक इस रिश्ते में दान कर दी।

वो मुस्कान जो तुमने बनाई,

सिर्फ़ उनके लिए चमकती रही।

वो आँसू जो तुमने छुपाए,

सिर्फ़ उनके सुकून के लिए रुकते रहे।

तुमने ख़ुद को भुलाकर,

सिर्फ़ एक वादे को याद रखा।

तुमने अपने सालों का जुनून,

एक पल के भरोसे में उतार दिया।



मगर वक़्त के साथ,

CORRECTION

तुम्हें समझ आने लगा–

प्यार एक तरफ़ से चलती राह बन गया है,

जहाँ तुम अकेली हो और सामने बस ख़ामोशी।

दिल ने कितना समझाया,

“शायद कल बदल जाए सब,”

पर कल कभी नहीं आया।

और तुम्हारी चाहत, तुम्हारी मेहनत,

सिर्फ़ उनकी आदत बन गई–

जिसे वो तोड़ते रहे, मिटाते रहे।

हाँ, तुम गुलाब की तरह ही थे,

हर पल खिलते, महकते, सजते।

पर दुनिया के लिए तुम बस एक फूल थे,

जिसे तोड़ लेना आसान था,

और जिसका दर्द किसी ने महसूस न किया।

और फिर भी,

CORRECTION

तुम्हारी रूह ने हारना कभी नहीं सीखा।

तुम्हारे टूटने में भी एक नूर था,

तुम्हारे बिखरने में भी एक सुर था।

टूटकर भी ख़ूबसूरत हो तुम,

जैसे एक गुलाब–

जिसका ज़ुल्म सिर्फ़ इतना है

कि वह ख़ुद ही ख़ुद में ख़ूबसूरत है।

CORRECTION

मैं तेरा प्रियतम प्रिये

Dewashish Pramanik

तू मेरी प्रियसी,

मै तेरा प्रियतम प्रिये |

तू चित्रा अगर,

तो मै तेरा चंद्र प्रिये |

तू स्वास अगर,

तो मै हृदय की धड़कन प्रिये |

तू निद्रा अगर ,

तो मै स्वप्न प्रिये |

तू नदी अगर ,

तो मै तेरा प्रवाह प्रिये |

तू पथ अगर ,

तो मै पथिक प्रिये |



CORRECTION

तू दृष्टी अगर ,

तो मै दृश्य प्रिये |

तू वर्षा अगर ,

तो मै सावन प्रिये |

तू संध्या अगर,

तो मै पहर प्रिये |

तू शब्द अगर,

तो मै उसका अर्थ प्रिये |

तू नियति अगर ,

तो मै संयोग प्रिये |

तू मेरी प्रियसी,

मै तेरा प्रियतम प्रिये |

CORRECTION

वो मुस्कान जो मैने ओढ़ी थी

Bharti Yadav

क्यूँ नहीं पहचान पाई जो मुस्कान मैंने ओढ़ी थी?

क्यूँ मैं चुप रही, क्यूँ तुम अनजान यूँ?

जब गलती ही नहीं जानती, तो फिर इतना दर्द क्यूँ?

क्यूँ तुम हो गम में, क्यूँ तुम हो खफ़ा?

क्यूँकि मैं पहचान गई मुस्कान जो तुमने ओढ़ी थी,

पर तुम नहीं पहचान पाई जो मुस्कान मैंने ओढ़ी थी।।

जब ठीक है सब कुछ, तुम्हें भी लगता इन खयालों में,

फिर क्यूँ चेहरे सब बयान कर देते इन गलियारों में?

बाहर से हूँ मैं ठीक यहाँ, अंदर सब बिखरा पड़ा है,

इतना कि कैसे संभालूँ खुदको, यह प्रश्न सामने खड़ा है।।

चेहरा,झूठ बोलने को, आँख बोलने दो सच,

काश! तुम समझ जाती इस चेहरे के पीछे का दर्दभरा सच।।



क्यूँ नहीं पहचान पाई जो मुस्कान मैंने ओढ़ी थी ?

मेरा अकेलापन मुझसे बहुत कुछ कहता है, बहुत रोता है और

बहुत कुछ सहता है।।

क्या हम जुड़े ही अलग होने को?

CORRECTION

एक-एक पल खुशीभरे याद आते हैं और

वो पल हजारों दफा दिल को रुला जाते हैं।।

काश तुम पहचान पाती जो मुस्कान मैंने ओढ़ी थी,

काश तुम पहचान पाती जो मुस्कान मैंने ओढ़ी थी ।।

गलतियाँ सबसे होती हैं, शायद मुझसे भी हुईं होंगी,

जिंदगी का अपना पाठ्यक्रम है और परीक्षा लेने का अपना समय,

शायद यही उनमें से एक, मेरी जिंदगी का पृष्ठ है।।

CORRECTION

आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे

अमन कुमार एक युवा विद्यार्थी एवं नवोदित हिंदी लेखक हैं। विज्ञान के विद्यार्थी होने के साथ-साथ उन्हें कविता और साहित्य में गहरी रुचि है। उनकी रचनाएँ प्रेम, विरह, प्रतीक्षा और मानवीय भावनाओं के अनकहे पहलुओं को शब्द देने का एक प्रयास हैं।

Aman Kumar



आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
आज ना मुझसे तुम्हें बात करनी है,
कुछ यूँ ही करनी है,
बिना कुछ जानने की इच्छा,
ना ही समझाने की चाह से।

आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
मुझे खुद से ही मुलाक़ात करनी है,
यूँ तो यादों का समंदर है,
फिर भी मुझे सिर्फ तुम को ही याद करना है।

आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
ख़ामोश होके भी हम दोनों को,
दुनिया भर की बात करनी है,
उस दुनिया में भी बस तुम्हारी बात करनी है।

आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
बताओ ना वो सारी बातें जो,

CORRECTION

तुम्हारे अंदर घर कर गई हैं,
आओ ना उन सभी बातों को बेघर करें।

आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
मिलवाऊँ तुम्हें तुम से ही,
अब वो बातें शायद बेघर हो गई हैं,
आओ ना अब हम दोनों उसमें अपना घर कर लें।

आओ बैठूँ साथ तिरे,
थोड़ा सा वक़्त चुरा लें,
इस शोर भरी दुनिया से
दो पल ख़ामोशी के बचा लें...

मैं बोलूँ भी ना कुछ
और तुम समझ जाओ,
आँखों के कोने में जो नमी है
उसे लफ़्ज़ों में पिघलाओ...

थक गए होंगे तुम भी
मज़बूत बनते-बनते,
हर एक से हँसते हुए मिलते हुए,
अंदर से खुद को संभालते-संभालते।

आओ बैठूँ साथ तिरे,
सिर्फ सुनने के लिए,
तुम जो ना कह पाये कभी
उसे महसूस करने के लिए!

ना वादे ना कसमें,
ना कल का कोई बोझ,

CORRECTION

बस इस पल में रहना है
जैसे रुक गया हो हर रोज़।

अगर आँसू आ जाए
तो गिरने देना उन्हें,
ये कमज़ोरी नहीं,
ये तो दिल का सच होता है कहीं...

आओ बैठूँ साथ तिरे,
मैं कविता लिखूँ धीरे-धीरे,
हर पंक्ति में थोड़ा सा तुम
और थोड़ा मैं भर दूँ धीरे-धीरे...

आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
थॉम लो ना हाथ मेरा,
अब तक तो सफ़र में थे दोनों,
आओ ना मंज़िल एक कर लें,
साथ चलते हैं ना आख़िरी मंज़िल तक।

फिर तो होंगे ही अलग जो दुनिया की रीत है,
आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
बैठ जाते हैं ना दुनिया से दूर,
थमे हाथ एक दूसरे का जब तक रोशनी है दिल में।

आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे,
फिर तो अंधेरा होना ही है,
जो पल बचे हैं जी लेते हैं ना साथ में,
इससे पहले कहीं अंधेरा छाए और हम में से कोई सो जाए...

CORRECTION

आओ बैठूँ साथ तिरे,
आओ बैठूँ साथ तिरे...
आओ ना ज़रा बैठो पास मेरे...
आओ ना...

बयार

पूनम खत्री (शब्द स्नेहा)

हौले हौले छु जाती बयार

देखूँ चहुँ ओर नजरें घुमाऊँ

पेड़ों की टहनी से गुजर

पत्तो पर झूल जाती

कभी फूलों पर झूमती

कभी लहरों पर उछलती

अपनी मस्ती लुटाती बयार

थपकी सा मीठा स्पर्श

शुकून सा शीत स्पर्श

हौले हौले छु जाती बयार

इसे पलकों में कैद कर लु

CORRECTION

गहरी सांस में भर लु

निज स्वहित में हो मगन

ख्वाहिश मेरी हो फलीभूत

लबों पे मेरे फैला के स्मित

नैनों में ले आई चमक

मुखड़ा भी दमका गई

बयार मेरी

हूँ मैं बयार की

समर्पण की पराकाष्ठा में रत

हौले हौले चूम लेती हूँ

हथेली में ले झोंके बयार के

हौले हौले छु जाती बयार



CORRECTION

सुनो ! बादलों

पूनम खत्री (शब्द स्नेहा)

सुनो ! बादलों

सुनो ! बादलों

क्यों शोर मचाते हो

आसमां को सर पर लिए

काली घटा में लिपटे

घुमड़ घुमड़ कर

दामिनी की चमक से

भय पसारते हो

गरजते हैं जो ऐसे

फिर बरसते वो नहीं

यही उलाहना पाए तुम

अब तो कहावतों में भी

सुने सुनाए और

पढ़े पढ़ाए जाते हो

क्यों शोर मचाते हो



CORRECTION

गगन की पनाह लिए

लुका छिपी में मगन

इतराना इठलाना

अब छोड़ो तुम

घन घटा तुम से

बस यही अनुनय विनय

थोड़ा थोड़ा बूंदों में

मीठे स्पर्श सी फुहारों

या फिर

तेज धारा सी बरस भी जाओ

क्यों शोर मचाते हो

सुनो ! बादलों।

धरा की प्यास बुझाओ

पौधों की हरियाली

मुस्कान बन जाओ

ताल तलैया और कुएं बाव

झर झर झरनों की

धार से नदियाँ बहाओ तुम

CORRECTION

भरोसा

Babita

CORRECTION

कहने को तो छोटा सा एक लफ्ज है 'भरोसा'

पर इसी एक नींव पर टिका है हर रिश्ता सच्चा,

दोस्ती की जान है हर दिल की यह धड़कन है,

मगर आज की दुनिया में, इसका मोल बड़ा सस्ता है,

अजीब दस्तूर है इस दुनिया का

लोग घर बनाने में उम्र लगा देते हैं,

और किसी के यकीन को

एक पल में उजाड़ देते हैं,

अक्सर चोट कोई अजनबी नहीं देता,

जख्म तो वही देते हैं

जिन्हें हमने अपने राजों की चाबी

बड़ी हिफाजत से सौंपी होती है,

फिर कुछ बदलता है इंसान के भीतर

वो हँसता तो है मगर खुलकर नहीं,



लोगों से मिलता तो है,

मगर किसी के करीब नहीं होता,

अब उसे हर चेहरे में राज़ दिखाई देता है,

हर अपने में कोई अजनबी नज़र आता है,

और भरोसा तोड़ने वाला

शायद अपनी दुनिया में पहले जैसा ही रहता है,

उसे कहाँ खबर होती है,

कि किसी ने उसके बाद

किसी पर यकी

न करना ही छोड़ दिया . .

CORRECTION

सुबह होने से पहले मुझे समेट लेना

Hellow.. nothing special just a 16 year old teen writer from odisha...writing her emotions..Thank you so much for giving my words a read

Shreya Dash

CORRECTION

सुबह होने से पहले मुझे समेट लेना,

रात की खामोशी में कहीं बिखरने न देना,

जो दर्द दिन के उजाले में होंठों तक आ न सके,

उसे चाँद की रोशनी में चुपके से कहने देना।

रात ढलती है तो दिल भी कुछ कहने लगता है,

हर दबा हुआ एहसास आँखों में रहने लगता है।

जिसे दिन भर हँसी के पीछे छुपा कर रखती हूँ,

वही दर्द रात के सन्नाटे में आँखों से बहने लगता है।

किसको पता रात के पहलू में क्या-क्या छूट जाते हैं,

दिन के संभाले हुए चेहरे रात में टूट जाते हैं।

जिसकी सुबह सब ठीक समझ कर गुज़र जाते हैं,

वो रात भर अपने ही साये को समझाते रह जाते हैं।

किसी को क्या खबर, गुज़रती रात कैसे गुज़र जाती है,

कभी खामोशी आँखों से, कभी साँसों से उतर जाती है।

फिर सुबह की रोशनी दरवाज़े पे दस्तक देती है,

और चेहरे पे वही पुरानी मुस्कान लौट आती है।

CORRECTION

श्मशान

मैं एक हिंदी कवि एवं लेखक हूँ, जो अपने शब्दों में मानवीय संवेदनाओं, अनकहे एहसासों, रिश्तों और जीवन के अनछुए पहलुओं को पिरोता हूँ। मेरी लेखनी भावनाओं और आत्मचिंतन का एक सहज संगम है।

Amar

CORRECTION

श्मशान...

जो कभी अपना कहा करता था, उससे कई दिनों बाद मुलाक़ात हुई।

मुलाक़ात में उसने सवाल किया–

क्या हो गया तुझे?

क्या था तू और क्या हो गया?

मेरे पास कहने को बस एक शब्द था–

श्मशान...



एक वक़्त था,

मैं था,

वजूद-सा था,

हँसता चेहरा,

आँखों में चमक,

चेहरे पे उजास,

खिलता,

गेंदे-सा,

महकता,

सजाता हर किसी को

अपनी बातों से,

तोहफ़े-सा।

पर अब...

वो कहीं मर-सा गया,

वजूद मिट-सा गया।

हँसता चेहरा,

सुनसान श्मशान-सा।

आँखों के आँसू

सूख चुके,

भावनाएँ कब की शरशय्या

पर लेट चुकी।

मृत्यु अंतर्मन की,

CORRECTION

फूलों के हार से

पड़े हैं हर एक-एक सपने,

मन की शव शैय्या पर।

संवेदनाओं का प्रवाह रक्त की

भाँति रुक चुका है।

मन ने भी अब धड़कना

बंद कर दिया।

ना अब कोई इच्छा-सी साँस बची है।

उत्साह और निराशाओं के कफ़न में

निश्चल पड़ा है मन का अस्तित्व।

जैसे एक पल के लिए किसी अपने की मृत्यु स्वीकार नहीं की जाती,

नहीं स्वीकारा जा रहा ये

बदलाव मेरे ख़ुद का मुझे।

जैसे शांति-सी होती है

श्मशान में,

मन भी शांत पड़ा है।

CORRECTION

बस अब बाक़ी हैं

किन्हीं चार जन के कंधे,

जो इसे, मन के शव को,

या पुराने अस्तित्व को

ले जा सके

शमशान ....

CORRECTION

இதுவோ நிதர்சனம்

Karnika E

நிழலின் நடுக்கத்தில்
நிஜமும் நிழலானதோ
நினைப்பதைப்பகிர்ந்துவிட்டால்
நிதர்சனம் நிலைக்குலையுதோ
வார்த்தையில் ஜாலம் வைத்தால்
பொய்களும் மெய்யாகுதே
வான்மேகம் காணத்தானோ
இருள் வழியும் தொடர்கிறதோ



CORRECTION

கடந்து வந்த பாதை

Karnika E

சற்றே அவள் நினைத்த உலகம்
சருகாய் அவளை மாற்றக் கண்டாள்
பருவம் மாறும்போதும்
அவளின் மாற்றம் உலகம் பழிக்கக்கண்டாள்
ஆற்று நீர்க்கூட வற்றியபோதும்
அவளின் கண்ணீர் துளிகள் இங்கே கரையக்கண்டாள்
ஆள்நுழையா கூட்டத்திலும்
அவள் மட்டும் தனிமை கண்டாள்
ஆழ்ந்து பார்த்து பேசிய அவளை
அளந்துபோக நினைத்தது உலகம்
ஆழம் என்ன இனி என்று
ஆசை கனவை நோக்கி சென்றுவிட்டாள்



CORRECTION

നദി ബാക്കിവെച്ചത്

Manju Praveen

ഗ്രാമത്തിന്റെ നടുവിലൂടെ ഒഴുകുന്ന ആ പഴയ പുഴയ്ക്ക് ഒരു പ്രത്യേകതയുണ്ടായിരുന്നു. മനുഷ്യർ ഉപേക്ഷിച്ചുപോകുന്ന ചെറിയ ചെറിയ വസ്തുക്കൾ മാത്രമല്ല, അവർ പറയാൻ മടിച്ച രഹസ്യങ്ങളും മറവിയിലേക്ക് തള്ളിയിട്ട ഓർമ്മകളും അത് തന്റെ അടിത്തട്ടിൽ ഒളിപ്പിച്ചു വെക്കുമായിരുന്നു.

അന്ന് വൈകുന്നേരം പതിവ് പോലെ പുഴയോരത്ത് ഇരിക്കുമ്പോൾ, കയ്യിലൊരു പഴയ ചിപ്പിയുമായി മീര ആ ഒഴുക്കിലേക്ക് നോക്കി. വർഷങ്ങൾക്ക് മുമ്പ് തന്റെ ബാല്യകാലം നഷ്ടപ്പെട്ട അതേ പുഴയാണിത്. അന്ന് പ്രളയത്തിൽ ഒട്ടനവധി ഓർമ്മകളാണ് ആ വെള്ളം എടുത്തു കൊണ്ടുപോയത്.



പെട്ടെന്നാണ് ഒഴുക്കിൽ വന്ന ഒരു മരത്തടിയിൽ തടഞ്ഞ് വെള്ളത്തിൽ പൊങ്ങിക്കിടന്ന ഒരു പഴയ തടിയുടെ പെട്ടി മീരയുടെ ശ്രദ്ധയിൽപ്പെട്ടത്. അവൾ അത് കരയിലേക്ക് എടുത്തു. തുരുമ്പെടുത്ത പൂട്ടിന്മേൽ കൈ വെച്ചപ്പോൾ അവളുടെ വിരലുകൾ വിറച്ചു. എന്തോ ഒരു ഉൾവിളിയോടെ അവൾ ആ പെട്ടി തുറന്നു.

അതിനുള്ളിൽ ഈർപ്പം തട്ടാത്ത ഒരു ചെറിയ ഡയറിയും, കുറച്ചു കത്തുകളും, ഒപ്പം കുട്ടിക്കാലത്ത് അവൾ ഉപേക്ഷിച്ചുപോയ ഒരു ചെറിയ

CORRECTION

കളിപ്പാട്ടവുമുണ്ടായിരുന്നു! കത്തുകളിലെ മഷി
മാഞ്ഞിരുന്നില്ല. താൻ വർഷങ്ങൾക്ക് മുമ്പ് എഴുതി,
ആരോ എറിഞ്ഞുകളഞ്ഞ ആത്മഗതങ്ങളായിരുന്നു അവ.

നദി ഒന്നും എന്നെന്നേക്കുമായി നശിപ്പിക്കുന്നില്ലെന്ന്
മീരയ്ക്ക് തോന്നി. മനുഷ്യർ എറിഞ്ഞുകളയുന്ന
വേദനകളെയും നഷ്ടങ്ങളെയും അത് തലോടി
നടക്കുകയാണ്. ഒഴുക്കിവിട്ടതൊക്കെയും
ഏതെങ്കിലുമൊരു തീരത്ത് പ്രതീക്ഷയുടെ
തുരുത്തുകളായി അത് തിരികെ
എത്തിച്ചുകൊണ്ടേയിരിക്കും.

CORRECTION

છોડી નાખીએ

Haval Chauhan is an Indian poet, lyricist, and literary researcher from Gujarat. Rooted in rich regional traditions and modern expression, his work bridges classical Indian poetic forms—particularly Hindi and Gujarati verse—with contemporary social commentary. He crafts reflective ghazals and evocative poetry that explore themes of identity, distance, human resilience, and emotional introspection.

HAVAL CHAUHAN

CORRECTION

દોરી તૂટે તે પહેલાં ગાંઠને છોડી નાખીએ
હોય જ આ સંબંધને હવે બાળી નાખીએ.

ક્યાં સુધી બનશે માળા ગળાનો ભાર
પકડી એક-એક મોતી તોડી નાખીએ.

ક્યાં સુધી આ આંખોને ભીની રાખવી
કાગળ પર પાંપણોને ખોલી નાખીએ.

અણધારી હતી મોતની આહટ મને
વહેલી ક્ષણોને હાલ વળગી નાખીએ.

ઘટે શાહી જો શેર લખતાં-લખતાં
આંખમાં પછી અંજળી નાખીએ.

જવાનીની હવાને હાલ કરીએ મેલી
બાળપણની ધૂળને ખંખેરી નાખીએ.

દોરી હતી મેં કાગળ પર જિંદગી જે
હકીકતોથી એને હવે ચીરી નાખીએ.

વિચારો કહે છે કે 'હાલત'ને રાખીએ
બહારથી જીવંત અંદરથી મારી નાખીએ.

CORRECTION

একটি সোনালী বিকাল ও সুন্দর স্মৃতি

Nadiya Akter

আমার জীবনের শ্রেষ্ঠ স্মৃতি গুলোর মধ্যে একটি অন্যতম দিন ছিল সেদিন! সেই দিন ছিলো আমাদের শেষ পরীক্ষা, তাই আমরা পাঁচ বন্ধু ঠিক করি কোথাও নতুন কিছু এক্সপ্লোর করতে যাবো। আমাদের মধ্যে থেকে একজন বললো, "দূরে কোথাও যাওয়া লাগবে না, আমার বাড়ির থেকে একটু দূরে একটা পুরাতন, জরাজীর্ণ বাড়ি আছে সেইখান থেকে ঘুরে আসা যাক"। যেই কথা সেই কাজ! পরীক্ষা শেষে আমরা সবাই মিলে গন্তব্যের দিকে বেরিয়ে পড়লাম। চারিদিকে শীতের হালকা আমেজ, তাও আমরা আমদের প্রিয় আইস ক্রিম টা কিনে খেতে খেতে হাঁটতে লাগলাম, অবশেষে যখন পৌঁছলাম, তখন একটু ভয় করতে লাগলো। কারণ একেতো পুরোনো বাড়ি, চারিদিকে বন জঙ্গল তার উপর সাপের ভয়। তবুও বাড়ির ভিতরে প্রবেশ করলাম। আমরা সবাই মিলে একসাথে হাঁটছিলাম। এরপর বাড়ির ভিতরে একটা জায়গায় গিয়ে দাঁড়ালাম। পাশের ভাঙ্গা জানালা দিয়ে বাইরের পরিবেশ টা যাদুকরী লাগছিলো ।জানালা দিয়ে সোনালী সূর্যের আলো এসে আমাদের মুখে পড়লো। তখন সব কিছু কেমন যেনো লাগছিল। আমরা সবাই তখন আমদের একসাথে কাটানো সময় গুলো নিয়ে মজা করছিলাম। আমদের স্বপ্ন, চিন্তা ও আকাঙ্ক্ষিত ভবিষ্যত নিয়ে কথা বলেছিলাম। এরপর পুরো বাড়ি এবং জায়গা টা আরেকবার ঘুরে বাড়ির দিকে সবাই রওনা দিলাম, ওই দিন যে যার যার বাড়ি চলে গিয়েছিলাম। ওই দিন ই আমরা শেষবারের মতো এমন একটা সময়



CORRECTION

কাটিয়েছি! হয়তো এমন দিন আর কখনো আসবেনা, কিন্তু আমার মনে এই ঘটনা সারাজীবন গেঁথে থাকবে।

CORRECTION