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INTERVIEW | LITERATURE

Guest Of the Month

Ms. Abhilasha Tiwari

Kathak Dancer

Director Vividha Dance

Academy

CHIEF EDITOR:

AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA

AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

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# Preface

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*"Panache" is not just a name. It is a basic value of our "Aadhya Publishing House" as we believe talent should never die. Rather it should always stand out like the feathered plume on a helmet to attract the world and that is what Panache means. We, as the Publisher, believe in encouraging new talent in the field of literature. We want each and every poet to get the opportunity to express themselves and get the proper acknowledge that they deserve. They should be known by the world for their views and we hope very soon we shall be able to achieve this.*

*Panache is a monthly international magazine in the English Language, that is released on digital platforms for literature lovers.*

*However, our work does not end here. I, Akanksha Shrivastava, Publisher and Chief Editor of Aadhya Publishing house, am trying to put a smile on the faces of poor children by providing them with food on behalf of our publishing house. By taking this small initiative, it is our wish to fulfill this basic need of food so that we help the children to survive in a better way.*



# **AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**

**PRESENTS**

## **PANACHE** International Magazine

*November 2025*

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Chief Editor**

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**Panache** is a monthly magazine which is published by **AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**. In this magazine we encourage new poets and writers by publishing their writings. Every month we offer a competition in which poets and writers can take part by registering themselves. The registered participants send their writings along with their name , photograph and phone number. The magazine will be launched on our facebook page on 1st day of every month. After the launch of magazine every registered writer will get the pdf of the magazine. Out of all the registered participants we ask every writer for their top 5 choices. And then we promote our writers on our social media platforms like Facebook, Instagram, Youtube, Twitter . This “**Panache**” will definitely be the attraction of literature and also the rise of every poet...



**Akanksha Shrivastava**  
**Publisher & Chief Editor**

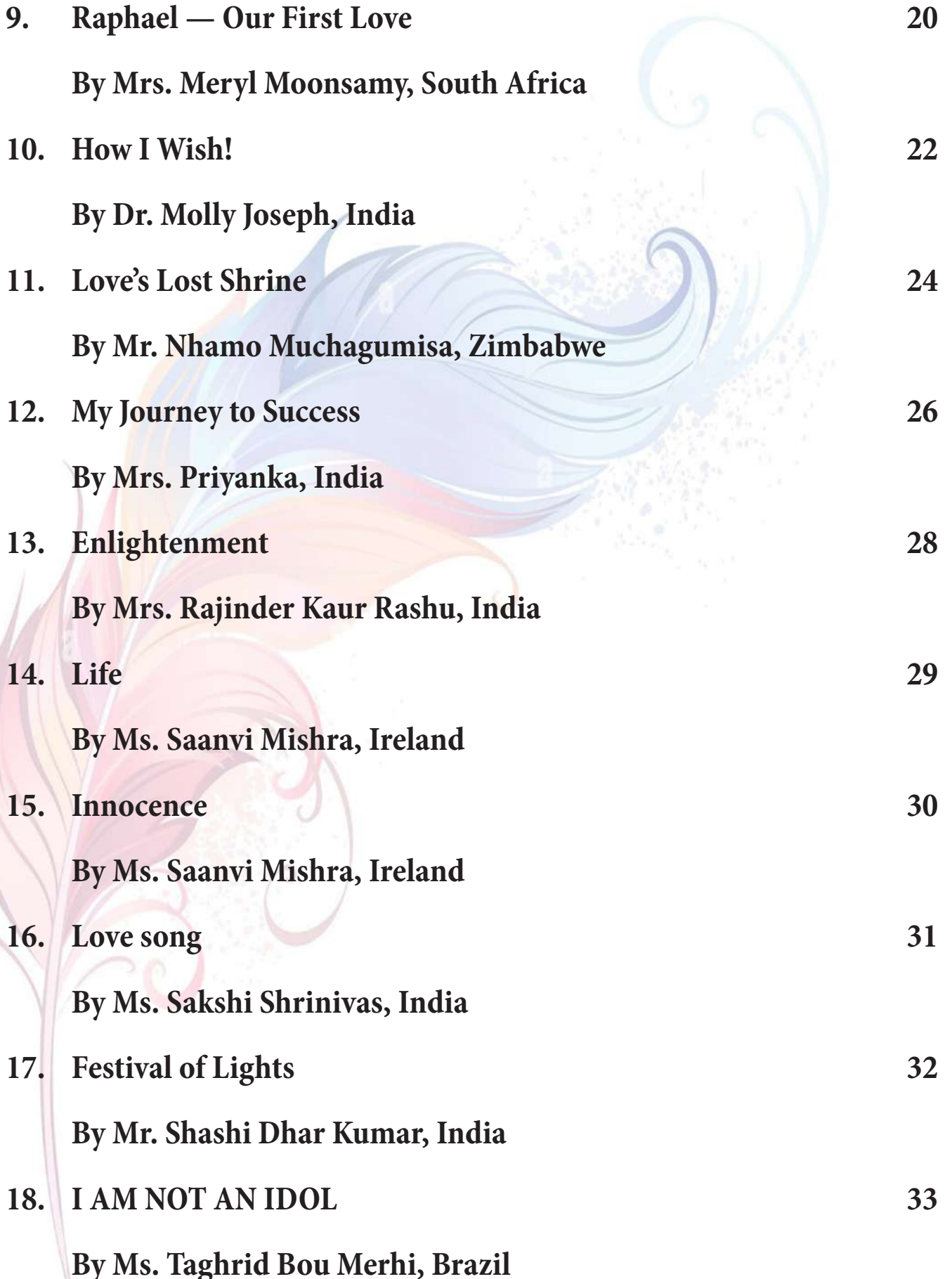
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**Note :- We always demand the original write-ups from our writers. If any article, short story or poem is found to be a copy of any other article, short story or poem respectively, then the writer would only be responsible for it.**

# Editorial

**“WHEN RHYTHM BECOMES DEVOTION,  
ART BECOMES THE VOICE OF THE SOUL.”**

In the serene city of lakes, where the reflections of culture shimmer on every ripple, stands a woman whose ghungroos echo far beyond the stage — Guru Abhilasha Tiwari. She is not merely a dancer; she is a spiritual voyager whose every movement tells a story, whose every gesture carries centuries of tradition.

For more than eighteen years, Abhilasha Tiwari has devoted her life to the classical dance form of Kathak — not as a performance, but as a lifelong prayer. To watch her dance is to witness grace and determination blend seamlessly; to listen to her story is to understand how art can become both strength and surrender.

Through her institution Vividha, she has trained over fifteen thousand students, turning each into a torchbearer of classical legacy. Yet her greatness does not lie only in the perfection of her tatkar or the fluidity of her abhinaya; it lies in her compassion — in teaching underprivileged girls for free, in helping them earn diplomas and dignity, in transforming art into empowerment.

Her journey is adorned with laurels — from the Guinness Book of World Records and TEDx Global recognition to national honors that celebrate her as both an artist and a changemaker. But what shines brighter than her awards is her unshakeable humility — a quality that only true artists carry in their hearts.

When asked what dance means to her, she smiles softly and says, “It is my prayer.” In those few words lies the secret of her success — surrender. She dances not to impress, but to express; not to be seen, but to make others see beauty through movement.

Today, as she continues to guide her disciples, nurture talent, and represent India’s classical essence across borders, Abhilasha Tiwari stands as a symbol of dedication, discipline, and divinity. Her art reminds us that dance is **not** just rhythm — it is remembrance. It is the remembrance of who we are, where we come from, and how art can elevate us to something higher than ourselves.

In celebrating Guru Abhilasha Tiwari, we celebrate every woman who turns her passion into purpose and her talent into transformation. Because in her rhythm beats the heart of India — timeless, soulful, and ever graceful.



Akanksha Shrivastava

**Akanksha Shrivastava**

**Chief Editor, Panache International Magazine**

# Interview with Kathak Guru Ms. Abhilasha Tiwari

**Q1. At what age did you realize that dance was not just a hobby but your life's calling?**

A: I began dancing at the age of 10, and even then, it felt like more than a pastime—it felt like a prayer. When I tied my first ghungroo, I realized that dance would remain with me forever. Over the years, this connection deepened into my life's purpose.

**Q2. How did your early training under Guru Anuradha Singh shape your artistic journey?**

A: Guru Anuradha Singh ji not only taught me the techniques of Kathak but also instilled in me the discipline, humility, and respect that are inseparable from classical art. She always said, "Dance is not in your feet, it's in your soul." That guidance shaped the dancer and teacher I am today.

**Q3. What does Kathak mean to you personally—art, discipline, or spiritual practice?**

A: For me, Kathak is all three. It is an art form that allows me to express, a discipline that keeps me rooted, and a spiritual practice that connects me to the divine. Every performance begins with Ganesh Vandana because for me, dance itself is worship.



# Interview with Kathak Guru

**Ms. Abhilasha Tiwari**

**Q4. From Guinness World Record to TEDx and beyond, which achievement do you consider the most defining moment of your career?**

A: The Guinness World Record was historic, but the defining moments for me are when I see my students perform with confidence and grace. That joy surpasses every award. Recognition is important, but the true achievement is carrying forward the tradition of Kathak with sincerity.

**Q5. How do awards and recognitions inspire or challenge you as an artist?**

A: Awards bring responsibility. They remind me that people look up to me and that I must continue to give my best. Every honor is also a challenge to remain humble and keep evolving as a dancer and teacher.

**Q6. Can you share your experience of performing Ganesh Vandana before the Chief Minister on Madhya Pradesh Foundation Day?**

A: It was a proud and emotional moment. To perform Ganesh Vandana on such a grand platform, in front of thousands of people and our honorable Chief Minister, felt like offering my art to my own state. The blessings I received that day will always remain special.

**Q7. You have trained over 15,000 students—what philosophy guides your teaching?**

A: My philosophy is simple—Dance should shape the character, not just the body. I tell my students that Kathak is about patience, respect, and devotion. If they can imbibe these values along with rhythm and grace, they are true dancers.

# Interview with Kathak Guru

## Ms. Abhilasha Tiwari



**Q9. How do you balance tradition with innovation while teaching Kathak to today's generation?**

A: Tradition is the foundation, innovation is the bridge. I ensure that my students first master the purity of Kathak—its taal, laya, and abhinaya. Once they are rooted, I encourage them to bring their own creativity while respecting the boundaries of the form.



**Q11. How do you envision dance as a tool for empowerment and self-reliance among women?**

A: Dance gives confidence. It teaches discipline, self-expression, and courage. For underprivileged girls, Kathak becomes not only a skill but a way to earn respect and financial independence. I truly believe that art has the power to transform lives.

**Q8. What inspired you to establish Vividha, and how do you see its role in nurturing future dancers?**

A: I wanted to create a space where every child, irrespective of their background, could experience the magic of Kathak. Vividha is not just an academy, it is a family. Here, students find not only training but also confidence, discipline, and opportunities to showcase their talent.

**Q10. You have been offering free Kathak education to underprivileged girls. What challenges do you face in this noble effort?**

A: The biggest challenge is resources. Sometimes the girls don't even have proper clothes or ghungroos. But their passion overcomes everything. Seeing them smile after performing makes every challenge worthwhile. Their dedication inspires me more than I inspire them.



# Interview with Kathak Guru Ms. Abhilasha Tiwari

**Q12. Can you share any heart-touching story of a student who transformed her life through Kathak?**

**A:** There is a girl from a slum area who started learning Kathak with me free of cost. Today, she is pursuing a diploma in dance and also teaching younger children. She tells me, "Guruji, dance gave me a new identity." Stories like hers are my true rewards.

**Q13. Where do you see Indian classical dance, especially Kathak, in the next 20 years?**

**A:** I see Kathak flourishing even more. With global platforms, digital media, and the dedication of young artists, Kathak will continue to inspire across boundaries. But we must ensure that its purity is not diluted in the process.

**Q14. What advice would you give to aspiring dancers who look up to you?**

**A:** Respect your guru, respect the tradition, and work hard. Dance is not about shortcuts; it is about surrender. If you give your soul to Kathak, it will give you an identity for life.

**Q15. If you had to define your life's mission in one sentence, what would it be?**

**A:** "To live for dance, to serve through dance, and to leave behind a legacy of empowered souls through Kathak."



## Column By: Mr. Piyush Goel

### When the Lightning Spoke

I was working in a company just 10 kilometers away from my home. It was raining heavily, thunder and lightning were in full force. It was 11 p.m. The company had been without power for a long time—everything had come to a halt.

Everyone was worried. I called the maintenance engineer. His voice on the other end was irritated and dismissive—

“You think it’s just about you? We can’t even find the fault yet!”

I said, “Let me come there, I’ll fix it.”

He laughed mockingly, “You’ll fix it? We can’t do it ourselves, and you—a store guy—will fix it?”

I picked up my umbrella and went straight to where the problem was. All the seniors were already standing there, the maintenance engineer too. I walked up and said, “Move aside, yaar.”

As I did, my hand accidentally touched a nearby switch—and suddenly, the lights came back on.

I turned to the maintenance engineer and said, “Give me your car keys, buddy.”

He handed them over and said, “What will happen to me now?”

I smiled, “Come along, I’ll drop you home—it’s already midnight anyway.”

The strange part? I didn’t even know how to drive a car. Yet, after dropping him off, I found myself driving alone on the expressway. The rain was pouring down, lightning flashing across the sky, and the car was speeding at a hundred kilometers per hour.

Then I saw a man on the roadside signaling for a lift. I stopped.

He was wearing a wheat-colored safari suit, holding a neat suitcase,

with stylish glasses—a handsome man. I didn’t know why I stopped for him, but I did.

As soon as he sat inside, he said my name and asked,

“How are you? Where are you headed so late at night?”

I replied, “Going home.”

He said calmly, “Your home isn’t this way. It’s quite a long route.”

My mind started racing—

What’s going on? I don’t even know how to drive, yet here I am behind the wheel.

At the company, I touched a random switch, and the power came back.

I somehow got the car keys too.

And now this stranger knows my name? I’ve never met him before. Something’s not right.

The stranger smiled gently and said, “Don’t worry. I know what you’re thinking.”

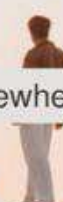
He continued, “In a few minutes, you’ll see a broken-down car ahead. I waved at them earlier, but they didn’t stop.”

Sure enough, there it was—a stalled car by the roadside.

I said, “It’s so late, we should help them.”



He smiled, "That's what I like about you. Alright, if you say so—reverse the car."  
We got down and approached the stranded car. The stranger said to the people there, "Brother, I waved at you earlier, but you didn't stop. It's only because of him that I'm here now."  
He told them to sit in their car and start it—and the car started instantly.  
They thanked us and drove away, talking among themselves. My heartbeat grew faster.  
Who was this stranger? How did he know me?  
After some distance, he said, "Let's stop at Modinagar. There's a hotel there—we'll have dinner."  
We stopped; the food was already served for two, as if prearranged.  
He paid the bill too. I was completely lost in confusion.  
Then he said, "Now we're going to Mussoorie. On the way, at Khatauli, a man will be standing near a petrol pump—fill fuel there. Everything will happen exactly as I say. And yes, we'll visit that man's home too. His wife is no more, his son doesn't listen to him, and he's a good man who needs help. We'll fix his problem before moving on."  
Everything happened just as he said.  
After visiting that man, we continued driving. Then he said, "We won't stop at your sister's place. I know she lives in Muzaffarnagar, but we shouldn't disturb them this late at night."  
He then took over the wheel and said, "We'll reach Mussoorie by 1 a.m."  
I snapped, "What nonsense! We left at midnight, and you're saying we'll reach by 1?"  
He replied firmly, "Listen, don't argue. Whatever I'm doing is right. I'm not your enemy—I'm your well-wisher. Nothing will happen to you. I'm with you."  
Then, between Roorkee and Haridwar, he began telling his story—  
"You wanted to ask who I am, right? Then listen.  
On 19th August 2015, around 5 p.m., in Pune—you dropped your son off somewhere.  
You and your brother were heading to the hotel where you were staying.  
You handed the phone to your son so he could talk to his mother—your wife.  
There were tears in your eyes. There was a tree nearby, with a small hollow in it, holding a tiny idol of Sai Baba. There was a 4-5 foot wall beside it.  
I was sitting on that wall, watching you all. You saw me too.  
There were tears in my eyes as well.  
I'm that man.  
Right after I took a pinch of tobacco and put it in my mouth, I fell backward off that wall.  
After that, I don't remember anything."  
He paused, then said quietly, "And today is 19th August 2023. Now we are in Mussoorie."  
As he dropped me home, he said, "I'm taking the car. Tell your friend—it's parked outside his house, and the keys are on the bonnet."  
As he left, his voice echoed in my ears—  
"Don't worry. When you call, I'll come. Everything will be fine.  
And remember, not everyone bad—there are good souls too."



## 1. From Strangers to Friends

Toward Chidikho in the morning light,  
In bus and car, our hearts felt bright.  
A dhaba stop for breakfast and cheer,  
Laughter blooming as adventure drew near.

A wildlife sanctuary, vast and wide,  
With lakes, deep woods, and secrets to hide.  
Exploring today—nature's gentle grace,  
A swing, a breeze, a peaceful place.

The big turtle swam in waters deep,  
While baby deer played hide-and-peek.  
A calm so soft, a silent pause,  
We breathed it in—joy without cause.

In teams we split, with tasks ahead,  
Solving puzzles, threading ropes we sped.  
Push-ups, tug of war, tasks and race—  
Smiles and sweat, a shared pace.

Heartfulness felt in the open air,  
Quiet moments rare, beyond compare.  
Laughter rose as lunch we shared,  
Stories built, memories cared.

The watchtower called—we climbed for the view,  
Sky so vast, the world felt new.  
Songs with guitar, a jamming sound,  
Where memories layered and dreams were found.

Photos taken with eyes so bright,  
From dawn to dusk in pure delight.  
Souvenirs for hearts that soared,



**Ms. Ayushi  
Khawade  
Student  
Bhopal**

New friendships made, old ones restored.

Back toward home with music loud,  
We danced and laughed beneath fading clouds.  
And somewhere along this joyful end—  
From strangers... we became friends.

**By Ayushi Khawade**

## 2. Ginger Spice

Peel back the skin —

A golden glow beneath the seam,  
Aromatic warmth rising softly,  
Like a gentle, secret dream.

In the heart of every kitchen

It finds its rightful place,  
A tender touch of comfort,  
A smile in subtle taste.

Ancient roots to modern day,

Its uses rich and rare,  
A healing note in every sip —  
A comfort beyond compare.

Hear its quiet whisper,

Its fragrance warm and bright,  
A spice of life eternal —  
Always shining in delight.



**Dr. Debabrata Maji**  
**Howrah**  
**West Bengal**

### 3. Optimism Versus Pessimism

Optimism paves the way to success;  
Pessimism advocates failure.

Optimism leads to positive thoughts;  
Pessimism breeds negative ones.

Optimistic minds never lose heart;  
Pessimistic minds recall only odds.

Optimism always creates positivity;  
Pessimism opens the door to negativity.

Optimism looks rational and bright;  
Pessimism often clouds insight.

Optimism leads from the front;  
Pessimism leaves a fearful dent.

Optimism can transform life;  
Pessimism magnifies struggle and strife.

Optimism brings meaningful gain;  
Pessimism invites needless pain.

Optimism shapes our mindset anew;  
Pessimism traps like a silent net.

Optimism frees us from the past;  
Pessimism chains us to it fast.



**Mr. Girish Chandra  
Upadhyay  
Prayag Raj  
Uttar Pradesh**

## 4. The Genius on the Street

An excerpt from “El Ginos Diary” by Godknows Elginos Pomerai

I have discovered that the best way to beg is to work. Consider the following experience.

One morning, I was walking along Albion Street in the city of Harare. My mind was occupied with thoughts of an important meeting scheduled for later that day. I was early, so I strolled leisurely, almost as if I were on vacation. As I walked, I came across two visually impaired men seated along the street. They were not far apart, and considering the difficult economic times, I found the short distance between them to be significant.

The first man sat cross-legged on the pavement. As I approached, he stretched out his hands, holding a small plate, and spoke in a continuous tone of pleading words. I felt sympathy for him, especially when I noticed his plate was empty. In the past, I had seen some beggars remove donations from their plates to appear more in need, but he had nothing before him.

Across the street sat the second man. He held a guitar close to him, strumming it passionately as he sang. His head moved energetically in rhythm with his tune. I hurried across the busy street toward him. The moment I got close, a warm melody filled my ears and lifted my spirit.

It wasn't a sad song — it was moving and full of hope. He was praising God for giving each person a purpose and reminding us of the importance of discovering that purpose for ourselves. He was remarkably talented.

To my surprise, his guitar had only two strings. Knowing guitars well, I understood how difficult it is to play with even four strings, let alone two. A standard guitar has six strings, except some bass guitars with five. It takes skill and passion to



**Mr. Godknows  
Elginos Pomerai  
Biochemist &  
Visual Artist  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

create music from such a worn instrument.

What must once have been a purple acoustic guitar was now faded and battered. Yet, this man impressed and inspired me deeply. He didn't seem to be begging at all. If asking for help was considered a crime, he would surely be acquitted — his dignity and effort were undeniable. A small plate lay before him, but unlike the first man's, it held notes and coins contributed by those who appreciated his music.

Around a dozen people stood listening, cheering and encouraging him to continue. I was so moved by his dedication that I reached into my pocket and gave him the little I had — a dollar — even though I barely had enough left for my bus fare home. I did not regret it; it felt like a gesture of gratitude. It was money well spent. More importantly, I had learned something valuable: whatever you do, however small it may seem, do it wholeheartedly. It will set you apart in any field.

This musician was seeking help, yes — but he was not idle. He did not call out to passers-by nor depend on pity. Instead, he drew people in through his effort and talent — reminiscent of a humble, street-side Jimi Hendrix.

Some might argue that his advantage was owning a guitar or having natural talent. I disagree. His guitar was old, damaged, and barely functioning — yet he made music from it. He improvised, he worked, and he touched hearts. His song changed mine.

Perhaps the other visually-impaired gentleman did not know that the guitar player was also seeking help. Had he known, he might have moved to another street or found a different way to express his need. One thing was clear to me that day: effort, creativity, and dignity transform even the most challenging circumstances.

**By Godknows Elginos Pomerai**

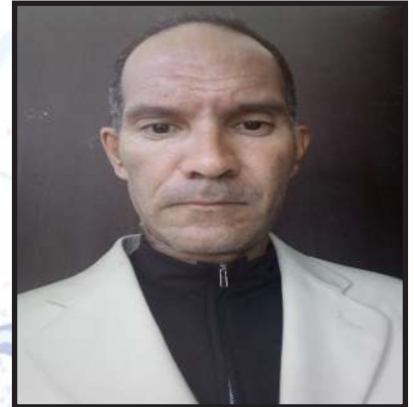
## 5. November

November steals in stealthily with hopes galore  
To change the slumbering scenario  
Aftermath of festivities  
Into an enlightened  
Awakening with  
Lashes of wind Laced with feeble sunrays  
Motivating creativity, brisk walking and exploring  
nature,  
Bountifully adorned with colour and varied moods.  
Ah November!  
We delight in your  
Each mood!



**Dr. Jailaxmi R  
Vinayak  
Poet, Singer,  
Author, Research  
guide  
Bhopal  
Madhya Pradesh**

## 6. An “Ugly” Creature



**Mr. Jose Luis  
Lopez  
Writer  
San Juan  
Puerto Rico**

It has been a long time since I realized  
that life did not unfold the way I hoped,  
that I never reached the dreams I once held close,  
that what once inspired me slowly slipped away.  
There was something I always longed for,  
yet it never arrived as I imagined.  
My goals felt distant,  
and my reflection became unfamiliar,  
as if I were only seeing the shadow of myself.

Some people see me as kind,  
friends praise me and believe in who I am,  
yet inside I feel worn and disappointed,  
caught in bitterness and tired thoughts.  
Have I ever wondered if life would feel easier by escaping my pain?  
Yes, at times I felt overwhelmed and wished for relief,  
not out of hatred for life,  
but from the weight I carried alone.

Have I ever looked at myself with harshness?  
Too many times to count.  
I once questioned my worth,  
but now I see myself simply as a person searching,  
trying to understand who I am beneath the struggle.

I have endured judgment, misunderstanding,  
disrespect, and moments that felt crushing.  
At times, I wished to run far away from it all —  
not to abandon life, but to find peace.

A reflection of brokenness,  
that is how I once felt.

Yet I am not a puppet for shallow desires,  
nor a being defined by suffering,  
nor a spirit meant to endure cruelty in silence.

A reflection of pain — yes,  
but also of endurance.

I am not the illusion of imperfection I once believed.  
Slowly, I am learning that even in the depths of doubt,  
there is a human being deserving of compassion,  
of healing,  
and of becoming whole again.

**By Jose Luis Lopez**

## 7. Metamorphosis

(Loraa of New York)

Loraa asked me to imitate Odysseus—  
not to listen  
to the sirens of the deep,  
nor the poet's erotic verses  
echoing in the rocky waves of the sea.

In New York, he studied Pythagoras;  
the language of mimicry read the unspoken word,  
and wrote it in saltiness,  
where life is a dream  
and the dream becomes life.

The epic words underwent a metamorphosis;  
the seagulls danced  
over our heads,  
deep-sea conception—  
shivers running through,  
air in New York—  
I missed the thrill of life.



**Mr. Lan Qyqalla**  
Albanian writer,  
editor-in-chief of  
the **EliteOrfeu**  
International  
Magazine  
Kosovo

## 8. OVERWHELMED!



**Ms. Lucy Victoria  
David  
Writer, poet  
Durban  
South Africa**

She rose early every morning, got ready for work, with handbag in hand, she left her home. She left behind the scent of her favorite perfume from the east.

She was fastidious in all her doings, ensuring her plans for the day were methodically and skilfully executed. Her name was Alice, an astute small business owner. All of the community in the town in her day, knew her as "the lady in white"!

White was her favorite color and she had an almost "white wardrobe of clothing".

She walked and talked with great grace. Wisdom and compassion spilled out of her mouth when she met with people. Her gentle smile felt like a warm welcome hug.

She was generous in her giving, never counting the cost. She was acutely confident and precise in business matters. It was no wonder she commanded respect wherever she went. The people she knew simply loved her. There was something about Alice!

She raised her family of eight children, catering to all their needs. In my humble opinion, it was definitely no easy task. Somedays business went well, these were bright colorful days. On other days things were gray, as there wasn't enough influx of work .

We all know there are many risks that must be taken in business, however large or small.

Still, she kept a cool head and hid her vulnerability and emotions well. No one in her family understood her struggles, except her eldest daughter.

Flo worked alongside her mother, and was moved by her mother's heartache and pain.

Oftentimes, she bore the brunt of her mother's sharp and cutting remarks, especially when things looked bleak, work wise. Would there be enough money at the end of the month to pay the rent, the bills and to feed the children? These were some of the questions raised almost every month.

One day, long after Alice's demise, her youngest daughter, now a mother herself, asked Flo a pertinent question. "Why didn't our mother show us the love we all longed for, or find the time to converse with us like other mothers do, why was she always so busy?" The answer she received was simple, yet touched her innermost core.

Flo explained to her youngest sister, that their mom, "started off as a young mother who had eight children. Our father worked as a tradesman, only when work was available. The weight of the home and all of its needs fell to our mum. She had huge responsibilities and she faced some pretty tough times. Paying the bills, caring for us, feeding us, and providing for our needs was difficult.

Life was hard, and sometimes played cruel mind games with her! She had to fight ferociously to survive, and move strategically forward in the game of life. You see she was a born survivor! Today all of us, live good lives because of the sacrifices she made. She was a strong woman"!

I've come to the end of my story, and I'm sure dear reader, you've guessed who the key role players in this story were. You see I've come to understand all this now, and can summarize from our mother's history, that she did what she had to do at the time, coping as best as she could with whatever was handed to her. The truth is, she had a great deal to handle, and survived, although most times, she was completely overwhelmed"!!!

(Based on my true life story).

**By Lucy Victoria David**

## 9. Raphael — Our First Love



**Mrs. Meryl  
Moonsamy  
Wife, mom,  
attorney  
Durban  
South Africa**

What do we remember,  
What do we even say?  
The day we heard about you,  
We found a joy that could never go away.

You were everything we wanted,  
Everything we had prayed for.  
And when we saw your tiny fingers  
And the most perfect, cutest toes,  
Brushed that straight hair off your eyes,  
We knew that God never forgets.

He remembers all our prayers,  
Our solemn and heartfelt requests —  
And oh, how beautifully He delivers,  
Without a single moment of delay.

You were sent with purpose,  
A calling of precious worth —  
A baby sent to remind us  
That God never does anything less  
Than perform endless miracles  
And knit together perfection.

God's perfect love never ceases.  
And though we may grow weary,  
Now that you are a teenager,  
Sixteen years of your precious love and grace  
Are a gift we treasure deeply.

We loved you before we knew you,  
You stole our hearts before you came.  
Even when you make us angry,

The joy you bring washes away the pain.

You are our firstborn,  
Our heartbeat beside us —  
There has never been a doubt or regret  
About welcoming you into our lives.

We look at you with so much love,  
So amazing and full of grace —  
For God proved so perfectly  
How deeply He loves us,  
By blessing us with this precious gift.

Our existence has purpose because of you.

With all our love,  
Mum & Dad

**By Meryl Moonsamy**

## 10. How I Wish!



**Dr. Molly Joseph**  
**Professor, Poet**  
**(Bilingual)**  
**Kerala**

How I wish  
my wingspan  
would spread over  
those landscapes  
where nature  
exudes  
breath so pure  
and fresh...

There, where  
people dwell  
in close proximity  
with nature,  
respecting  
each other's space...

There, where  
the cuckoo  
sings in full-throated ease,  
fluttering from  
tree to tree,  
the branches  
dancing in  
mirth  
in the  
winter wind...

The clean river  
meanders,  
feeding the  
rich green  
shores...  
Well-laid

streets,  
boulevardeed  
with orchards  
offering  
luscious fruits,  
inviting and sweet...

Not much  
traffic—  
most commuters  
cyclists,  
pedalling  
along...

Sans towering skyscrapers,  
simple sweet abodes,  
similar in grace,  
not vying with each other  
for architectural glory  
of present-day  
monstrosity...

Ah! How one  
seeks  
a serene life,  
with no fanfare  
of religion  
or politics...  
Open spaces  
open for all—  
birds,  
animals,  
humans—  
as parks,  
forests,  
and playgrounds.

Life, in its precious value,  
matters here—  
caring  
for all,  
living in peace,  
not goaded  
by compulsions  
to outsmart,  
making the other  
seem less significant.

How beautifully  
they show  
fulfilment lies  
not in  
hurting others—  
be it  
nature, flora, fauna,  
animal, or man...

Let our minds  
grow  
co-extensive  
with the world  
around...

**By Molly Joseph**

## 11. Love's Lost Shrine



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

Is it because of the place where we first met  
Between the rock and the banana tree  
The colossal leaves fanning your slender body  
That I cannot undo your touch?

The wall of the high rock behind me  
You dropped at my feet sighing  
Like a heavenly being giving birth  
The sun above us peeping earnestly  
At your unusual presence  
In the world of the ordinary

I took you by the hand feeling the warmth  
Of your palm in the sweaty contact  
We had stories of pain and sorrow to share  
And you were looking for a way to die  
While I was looking for a way to live

A forced relationship had made you fugitive  
And betrayal had made me a loner  
I directed you where help could be found  
And soon the psychologist worked himself  
Out of work with invaluable results  
And your rebirth gave life to new love  
Whose shrine was between a rock  
And the leafy presence of a banana tree

You and I became the warmest you and I  
Sharing the breath of angels in real time messages  
And real time physical company  
Just you and I for real and for fun

But you found your healing and became you again

And you and I shrank back to nothing  
Like what it was before a miracle  
Found you dropping in painful spasms at my feet  
You followed your heart with zeal and passion  
Till you found where your joy was a winter's fire

And left me bemoaning a second betrayal  
Like a cock stripped of his feathers  
At the beginning of the longest winter  
Wishing you had never come to me  
Like a present, between the rock  
And the approving banana tree.

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

## 12. My Journey to Success



**Mrs. Priyanka**  
**Author**  
**Kolkata**  
**West Bengal**

There are years that feel like a drought — a time when the well runs dry, and you keep digging, hoping for a single drop. For me, that drought was the period when I truly believed I had lost all hope.

I felt like a soul drifting through a sea of rejection emails and silent deadlines. My hands were constantly at work, turning the unrest in my heart into words. I wrote poems that felt like anchors and stories I poured my spirit into, only to watch them disappear into the digital void. The creative fire was burning, yet the world seemed to offer only emptiness in return.

I took on part-time work, not out of passion, but necessity. My husband tried his best to comfort me, yet even his kindness reminded me of the space where I believed my success should have been. Every door felt closed; every effort felt heavy and unanswered. The world seemed muted, unable to hear my quiet cry for recognition.

Then my world shifted, and light entered in the form of a tiny, perfect being: my daughter.

Her arrival wasn't just a new chapter — it was a reawakening. Her pure joy, her fearless curiosity, the way she embraced life with wonder, broke through the walls of despair I had unknowingly built. She became my anchor, not of heaviness, but of hope — gentle, bright, and unconditional.

I stopped writing for approval and began writing for her, and for the joy of creating once again.

And then life unfolded in its mysterious rhythm. When I let go of desperation, success found me. A call came — someone had seen value in the words I once

thought had no place in the world. A publisher offered a contract.

That moment was more than achievement; it was renewal. My first book entered the world. Today, I have four books published, and my fifth is on its way.

This is the lesson I carry, etched into every sentence I write: The darkest nights do not last forever. Even when doubt surrounds you and every step feels uncertain, hold on to hope. Sometimes the greatest blessings — a child, a shift in perspective, a spark of change — are what give you the strength to rise again and breathe freely. They don't just lift you — they redefine your victory.

“Through the deepest doubt, where all efforts cease, Hope's true blessing redefines the victory And grants you peace.”

**By Priyanka**

### 13. Enlightenment

Enlightenment helps you know yourself better.  
Enlightenment shows you  
how the world truly sees you.

In this mundane world of pleasure,  
enlightenment reveals genuine happiness.  
It is an age-old search —  
a timeless journey of inner connection,  
still ongoing, still unfolding.

Enlightenment is the art of living.  
Enlightenment is the way of feeling.  
Enlightenment is the way of speaking.

All becomes clear through enlightenment,  
when life finds balance and purpose.

Enlightenment teaches you to embrace imperfections  
and still feel whole —  
to be “flawsome” and truly awesome.

On the path of enlightenment,  
your faults are transformed through awareness,  
and your spirit grows in light and grace.



**Mrs. Rajinder Kaur  
Rashu  
Writer , artist  
Amritsar  
Punjab**

## 14. Life

Life is a thrill — enjoy it.  
Life is a puzzle — solve it.  
Life is an opportunity — avail it.  
Life is an adventure — feel it.  
Life is a mystery — unfold it.  
Life is a song — sing it.  
Life is a game — play it.  
Life is an asset — utilise it.  
Life is a gift — celebrate it.  
Life is a miracle — believe it.  
Life is a challenge — accept it.  
Life is a battle — fight it.  
Life is a book — read it.  
Life is a task — complete it.  
Life is a race — win it.

And above all,  
Life is a boon — honour it.



**Ms. Saanvi Mishra**  
**Student**  
**Dublin**  
**Ireland**

## 15. Innocence

Innocence knows no expression.  
Innocence needs no definition.

Innocence keeps its own integrity.  
Innocence reflects shades of beauty.

Innocence is a natural gift of God.  
Innocence is never deceit or fraud.

Innocence carries a natural glow.  
Innocence has a gentle, pure flow.

Innocence always looks attractive.  
Innocence truly feels innovative.



**Ms. Saanvi Mishra**  
**Student**  
**Dublin**  
**Ireland**

## 16. Love song



**Ms. Sakshi  
Shrinivas  
Jarandikar  
Writer  
Maharashtra**

When I hear your name,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you smile,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you ramble,  
All I think of is a love song.

When things go well for you,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you fight your inner demons,  
All I think of is a love song.

When I see a rose,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you find me,  
And I find you,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you blush,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you surrender to love,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you do adorable little things,  
All I think of is a love song.

When you read a letter,  
All I think of is a love song.

When I hear the rhythm of your name,  
All I think of is a love song.

## 17. Festival of Lights

Beneath the golden sky, the city blooms bright,  
While shadows stretch long in the heart of night.  
Lamps on each doorstep, fireworks in the air —  
Yet silence burns deeper in the lanes of despair.

Their homes hold no flicker, no oil for the flame,  
Still, they whisper softly the old gods' name.  
A matchstick of hope in a cold, empty bowl,  
A dream half-glowing in a weathered soul.

The world celebrates with songs and delight,  
They sit by the roadside watching the light.  
And though no riches their hands can bestow,  
The stars — for them — still choose to glow.

For light, once kindled, knows no divide;  
It warms the broken, stands by their side.  
May this Diwali find them too —  
With a little less dark, a little more true.



**Mr. Shashi Dhar  
Kumar  
IT Consultant &  
Author  
Katihar  
Bihar**

## 18. I AM NOT AN IDOL



**Ms. Taghrid Bou  
Merhi  
Lebanon  
Brazil**

I am not an idol,  
nor a silent wall where your voice hides when it fears  
the void.

I am the breath of the universe when its chest feels  
tight,  
and I am the wound that refuses to become a scar.

I am a woman,  
not a shadow that follows you wherever you walk,  
nor a mirror reflecting your face so you may admire  
your own glow,  
but another face of truth,  
questioning you when you seek to forget.

I am not a stone meant to decorate your throne.  
I am a wave uprooting silence at its source,  
and a land returning to the seed the whisper of eternity.

You may wish to make me a chain,  
but I seek to make you a journey —  
one that searches with me for meaning beyond flesh and blood.

I am not an idol.  
I am a question living in your eyes,  
and an answer written only with the freedom of the soul.

I am a woman —  
and if you understood me,  
if you stood before me without fear and without control,  
you too would become truly human.

## 19. Nothing New

Forty-two — a quiet beacon at the edge of life's map...  
Oceans of tomorrow kiss the shores of now.  
Counting specks of light ahead — Scorpius  
constellation...  
Knowns and maybes; almost familiar, almost true.

The world stretches, unfurling cities, torments, and  
storms...

The horizon itself, a page turned too quickly.  
I name the routes aloud: dreams, plans, bright  
inventories of love and life —  
Claiming them as mine before the wind of change  
rewrites my manuscript.

Held in the palm of this age, I feel the honey-ink soften...  
Edges blur where certainty stands no more.  
Decades roll like tides over onyx stone, and time —  
Carving quiet erosion on names I once trusted.

Wisdom, a heavy compass, slips from my grip —  
Never broken, but thinned to a thread I no longer pull tight.  
I wander the rooms of my memory — half-lit, echoing,  
Calling softly to the map, knowing the mountains I seek.

Will my goals endure such weather —  
Or drift like ships that forget their true north?  
Will love, once brilliant, still shine evermore?  
Will the fog of days and midnights keep the promises they made?

Searching the looking glass for a reflection not dulled by memory —  
A voice that beckons me forward, not back to hesitation.  
Between despair and the comfort of what I thought I knew,  
The horizon waits — trembling, inviting.



**Mr. Tha Ono**  
**Teacher**  
**Gasparillo**  
**Trinidad & Tobago**

So I learn to walk anyway — half-armed with doubt,  
Half-bowed by faith, hands and heart open to possibility.  
My old world made new — not a challenge to conquer,  
But a poem to be walked, step by breath, uncertainly brave.

**By Tha Ono**



## 20. Life's Splendour



**Mrs. Usha Krishnan**  
**Life Coach,**  
**NLP Coach &**  
**Educationist**  
**New Delhi**

Splendid is the word that mind would cherish  
To name an acquaintance  
When there is transparency in the exchange of words.

Resplendent is the feeling that the soul would yearn  
for  
To address a state of being together  
When there is genuineness in companionship.

Splendiferous is the way that our thoughts would soar,  
To sustain harmony and synergy  
When lucidity guides the process.

Radiant is the name that our persona would earn.  
To elevate the acts and efforts we undertake,  
When wholeheartedness infuses each deed.

Oh, how splendid it would truly be,  
To live in such splendor,  
Where every breath is in honor of truth,  
And every moment sparkles with the light of sincerity

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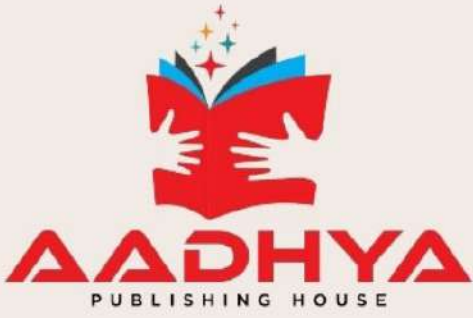
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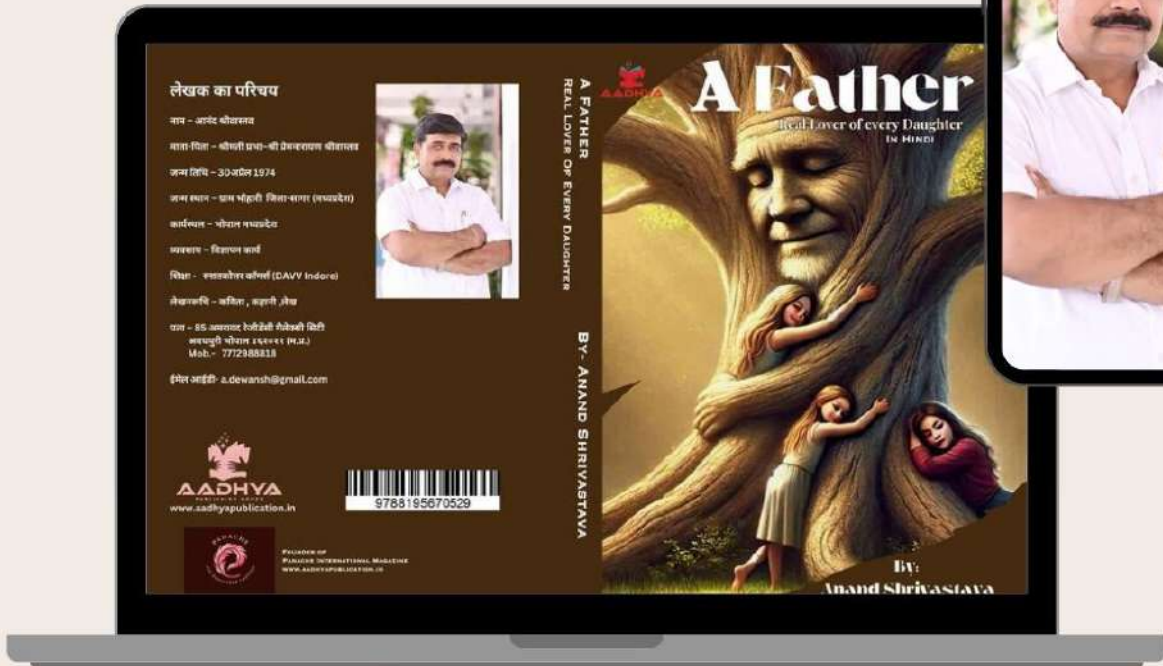


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