



CELEBRATING EXCELLENCE  
AND HARDWORK  
HONORABLE BETA READER  
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE  
MS. LUCY VICTORIA DAVID



A PRODUCT OF:

AADHYA  
PUBLISHING  
HOUSE

Parmaoone

CHIEF EDITOR  
AKANKSHA  
SHRIVASTAVA

AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

September 2024  
ISSUE-9, VOL-3

# 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

September 2024

**Publisher &  
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava  
9424002558

**Designed by:**

Lalit Kishore Gaur  
LKG Telefilms  
lkgaur76@gmail.com

**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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PANACHE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
ISSUE 9, VOLUME 3, 2024

Aadhya Publishing House  
UDYAM-MP-10-0024988  
MSME, Govt Of India  
ISSN- 3048-457X

# PANACHE

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## **EDITORIAL: A LIFE OF FAITH, RESILIENCE, AND SERVICE**

**DEAR READERS,**

Lucy Victoria David is a remarkable woman whose life is dedicated to helping others. As a writer, associate pastor, grief share specialist, and community leader, she wears many hats, but her purpose remains the same: to uplift and support those around her.

### **FINDING LIGHT IN THE DARK**

During the pandemic, Lucy turned her personal time into a mission to encourage others, writing God Encounters, a devotional that reached people worldwide. Her words brought hope to many during a time of great uncertainty, showing that even in darkness, there is light to be found.

### **TRANSFORMING GRIEF INTO HEALING**

After the devastating loss of her two sons, Lucy channeled her grief into founding Springs of Healing, a support group for those facing trauma and loss. Here, people find solace and community, sharing their stories and realizing they are not alone. Her initiatives provide much-needed comfort and remind us of the healing power of shared experiences.

### **LIVING HER FAITH**

In her role as an associate pastor, Lucy's faith deeply informs her approach to ministry and counseling. She brings a compassionate, personal touch to her work, connecting with individuals and offering hope and guidance both in church and in everyday life.

**CULTURAL ROOTS, COMPASSIONATE SPIRIT**

Lucy's Indian heritage, with its values of respect, humility, and service, shines through in all she does. Inspired by her mother's example of kindness and charity, she continues to serve her community with a heart full of grace and generosity.

**INSPIRING OTHERS TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE**

As a member of this magazine's editorial board, Lucy aims to inspire readers to think outside the box, discover their own potential, and make a positive impact. Her life and work remind us that each of us has the power to bring about change and that every act of kindness matters.

Lucy Victoria David's journey is one of faith, resilience, and a deep commitment to others. Her story is a powerful reminder of the difference one person can make when they lead with love and compassion.

Warm regards,



Akanksha Shrivastava

**Akanksha Shrivastava**  
Chief Editor and Publisher,  
Aadhya Publishing House

**CELEBRATING THE EXCELLENCE AND HARDWORK  
WITH HONORABLE MS. LUCY VICTORIA DAVID  
(BETA READER, AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE)**

**1. Your work spans many different roles, from being a writer and poet to serving as an associate pastor and grief share specialist. How do you integrate these diverse roles into your daily life, and what keeps you motivated across these varied responsibilities?**

It has always been a pleasure to serve and befriend people across racial lines, genders, religions and cultures. I have met many people on my journey and have listened to their accounts of joy, sadness, triumph over adversity, hardships and pain. I am able to offer my friendship and solace. For me personally, it is a good thing to bring about a positive change and effect.

**2. As the author of God Encounters, a daily devotional, what inspired you to write this book, and how has it influenced your readers and your own spiritual journey?**

It was during the "covid period" and the "lockdown" phase, that I was impressed to utilize my time profitably and thus began my devotional writing journey. The sole purpose was to encourage, uplift and bring hope to those who could not see the light of day in those trying days. I decided to chronicle my personal life encounters. I am so pleased to receive positive feedback from the global community from the islands of Trinidad and Tobago, Jamaica, India, the United States of America, the United Kingdom, Kenya and locally. All of the readers have been strengthened and equipped to fight challenges and to overcome the adversities of life. It has truly been impactful.

They've accepted the fact that the Almighty watches over all His children, He hears our prayers, sees our tears, is touched by our emotions and is always present to help us when we call upon Him!

**3. You've founded several initiatives, including Salem Friends International WhatsApp group and Springs Of Healing. What prompted you to start these initiatives, and how have they helped the communities they serve?**

The loss of both my sons left me devastated. No amount of words of comfort from family and friends could ease my pain. They tried their utmost best to offer support but did not understand the depth of pain nor my vulnerable state. Having traveled this "grief journey" for sometime now, has enabled me to accept the fact that my children have gone to a better place, with God!

Springs Of Healing, is a support group. Here we gather with those who have been affected by trauma in some way or the other. It is here that the group opens up to discuss how grief has affected them and their families. This is very therapeutic for the soul as each brings their raw feelings to the table. The others present then recognize that they are not alone on this journey.

The Salem Friends International What's App Group has embraced friends globally. Everyday they receive and send inspirational posts. They receive encouragement and they post requests for prayer. This is beneficial for the group as everyone is involved and each renders support to one another. This has empowered them to reach out to others who face various difficulties with a clearer understanding.

**4. In your role as a grief share specialist and founder of Springs Of Healing, you work closely with individuals dealing with loss. What are some of the most important lessons you've learned about helping people through grief?**

During the Springs Of Healing sessions, I have embraced and endeared myself to individuals. I have witnessed first hand the transforming power of hope, courage and love. They now accept this fact, that they can still talk to their loved ones and share their feelings of pain and loss. This has opened a portal for the healing of the soul. They are made to realize that although their loved ones are not physically present, they still have a connection both mentally and spiritually, that all things are spiritual and all things are connected. These are all important lessons.

**5. As an associate pastor at Salem Full Gospel Church, how do you see your pastoral duties intersecting with your other roles, particularly in writing, counseling, and motivational speaking?**

My pastoral duties are interwoven in the lives of my members. I am able to relate to them on a very personal one on one basis in my counseling and motivational speaking when sessions are in progress and I'm also able to bring hope from behind the pulpit.

**6. Being of Indian descent and living in Durban, how does your cultural heritage influence your work, particularly in writing, ministry, and community service?**

I'm a proud Indian. I hail from a very rich culture that has taught me to respect the elderly and all peoples, to submit to those in authority, to love animals, to not be judgemental of others, to always walk in humility, to sow good seeds on a daily basis, to assist the needy wherever I can, to be understanding of the plights of others, to never have a condescending attitude at any time and to bring change for good whenever it is required. I inherited these wonderful attributes from my late mom who stood on street corners collecting funds from the public for the blind and hearing impaired. She made a huge difference in the community. I continue with her legacy of love and grace.

**7. As a member of the editorial board of this prestigious magazine, how do you envision your contribution to the publication, and what message do you hope to convey through your involvement?**

I think my contributions are needful. There are many who have enjoyed the work I've produced. Some can even relate to it. I hope to help others evolve to higher spheres, to open their minds to new and exciting pathways on this life's journey. To enable the reader to think out of the box, that they too have innate talents which if kindled, can come to the fore, that they can make a difference and that they are more than enough!

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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.**

## 1. Deadly Confessions



**Ms. Aaliya Batool**  
**Writer**  
**Lahore**  
**Pakistan**

It's been months since I've slept at all, and I am so exhausted. I'm tired of staying up all night and battling my mind. I'm tired of the nightmares and waking up to the slightest sounds around me. I want to feel safe. I'm tired of being tired all the time. I don't know how much longer I can endure this. I don't even care if this sounds like a suicide note; I am just so done. I want to sleep; I want to rest.

I thought running away would help, so I put thousands of kilometers between us, but it didn't make a difference.

I burned some clothes and gave away other items with memories, but nothing helped. There is so much noise in my head that I can't focus on anything else. Sometimes, I just want to cry until I can't breathe anymore. I've tried asking for help, but no one could do anything, as if I was meant to bear this burden alone.

Every night, I replay those moments in my mind and wonder why I didn't die. All my life, I've been fighting and running as if it were a relentless hunt. I've tended to my scars and wounds myself, but I don't think I can anymore. I used to come out stronger each time, but this time feels different. This time, it feels like I can't hold my ground anymore.

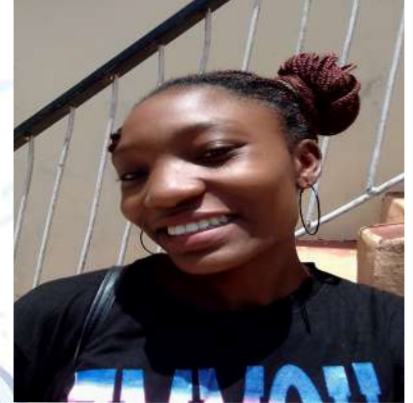
I've fought with my demons and survived, but none held the key to my heart like he did. I let him become my hope and my home, and he left me with nothing, not even my dignity. My life has always been a mess, but I've never bled this way before. I don't think I can survive this, and honestly, I'm not sure I even want to. They say everything happens for a reason and for some greater good. Maybe the reason he came into my life was to end my never-ending battles. Perhaps this tragedy is meant to give me the rest I deserve. For this, I will always be thankful to him. I want to sleep; I need it so badly. Maybe I will come out of this, or perhaps I won't, but at least I'll know I tried.

## 2. Insect

This insect has caused me pain,  
Letting my blood drain,  
As Abel did to Cain,  
In a land so plain.

This pain makes me cry  
When I feel your sting at night,  
Wishing you, insect, would die,  
And angrily, I sleep without light.

Oh! You have made me powerless,  
Oh! Parasite, due to my carelessness.  
I freely opened my door  
To invite you, predator.



**Ms. Akindipe  
Oluwafunmilola  
Student  
Ibafo  
Nigeria**

### 3. The Truth of Silence



In the midst of turbulent waters,  
The rock is silent;  
For truth prevails in silence.  
Even though the accuser's voice echoes across the  
valley,  
Silence shouts louder still  
And reverberates with intention—  
Silence will not be silenced;  
Its message will be heard amidst the cacophony of  
voices and clutter.

Silence is liberating;  
In the face of criticism,  
It stands alone when confronted  
And always takes the path less traveled,  
A pilgrim on its quest for purpose.  
Silence shouts the loudest  
As it bows and bears fruit in its season.  
Silence never fails to speak,  
And builds a monument to truth and purpose.

**Mr. Alvin Trevor  
Fredericks  
Writer/Poet;  
Musician; Pastor;  
Teacher  
Johannesburg  
South Africa**

#### 4. The Night in the Sky

The night in the sky  
Is bright and clear.  
There is a guy  
Who stands in the sky.

The sky is amazing and sparkles,  
In the night of black and pitch dark.  
The moon and the stars are shining in the sky,  
In the night sky.

The sky is large, the sky is dark,  
The stars look beautiful in the sky.  
The moon appears like a wow  
In the night sky.

The sky is full of wonder,  
It is so stunning.  
When I think about the sky,  
Ideas run through my mind.  
In the end, I say  
The sky looks bright  
In the night sky.



**Mr. Anmol  
Shrivastava  
Student  
Vaishali  
Bihar**

## 5. It cost you nothing



**Ms. Ayushi  
Khawade  
Student  
Bhopal  
Madhya Pradesh**

Sometimes, It costs you nothing  
To give someone  
A token of appreciation  
For their good deeds.

It costs you nothing  
To give a gentle hug,  
As a token of genuine care  
For being there in need.

It costs you nothing  
To lift them up,  
As a token of encouragement  
For building their confidence.

It costs you nothing  
To show them the right way,  
As a token of reminder  
For correcting their mistakes.

It costs you nothing  
To make them feel special,  
As a token of humanity  
For reconnecting with the world.

And it really costs you nothing  
To share your thoughts,  
As a token of help  
For solving your problems.

It's truly free of cost  
And available to anyone  
Who understands the value,  
As a token of being human.

## 6. ECHOES OF YESTERDAY!



**Ms. Esha Fatima**  
**(MindScribe)**  
**Student, Writer**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

After two months away, I returned to a place rich with memories—both joyful and sorrowful. The hours I spent there were filled with a poignant and bittersweet mix of nostalgia and reflection. As I sat on the benches and chairs, revisited the corridors, classrooms, and gardens, each spot stirred vivid and heartfelt memories, as if the past were unfolding before my eyes. Taking photos of these cherished places felt like an attempt to freeze time and capture the essence of moments that had once defined my life.

In my mind, scenes from the past played like a cherished film, each frame bringing forth a rush of emotions. Laughter, tears, conversations, and even petty fights flashed before me, creating a powerful sense of emotional intensity. It felt as though time had collapsed, merging yesterday with today into a seamless emotional tapestry.

As I prepared to leave, I wiped away my tears, each gesture heavy with the weight of nostalgia and longing. The familiar paths beneath my feet felt more burdensome with each step, as if they carried the profound reflection of days gone by. Even though I physically left those surroundings and moments behind, the emotional resonance of the visit stayed with me, enveloping me in a state of suspended reality. I found myself caught between the echoes of the past and the present moment, trapped in a trance that made it difficult to fully escape the powerful hold of those memories.

The visit stirred a deep sense of melancholy and yearning, leaving me grappling with the bittersweet reality of moving on while still being tethered to what once was. As I closed the door on that chapter, I understood that the journey of reconciling with the past is ongoing. The echoes of what once was will forever linger, shaping my path forward with their poignant presence.

Dated: August 1, 2024

## 7. A Celebrity

A celebrity is known by his name.

A celebrity is known by his fame.

A celebrity is known by his recognition.

A celebrity is known by his reputation.

A celebrity defines his own designation.

A celebrity runs his special institution.

A celebrity reflects his own passion.

A celebrity keeps a strong dedication.

A celebrity has refined dignity.

A celebrity has no similarity.

A celebrity commands his own dictation.

A celebrity redefines his motivation.

A celebrity is above every regulation.

A celebrity creates his own imagination.



**Mr. Girish Chandra  
Upadhyay  
Advocate Allahabad  
High Court,  
Allahabad  
Prayag Raj  
Uttar Pradesh**

## 8. In Gardens of Innocence



**Mr. Harvendra  
Singh  
Lecturer (Jaunpur)  
Lakhimpur Kheri  
Uttar Pradesh**

In gardens of innocence, she blooms,  
A delicate flower with a tender perfume.  
Her laughter echoes like a gentle stream,  
But shadows creep with a sinister scheme.

Her petals unfold like a work of art,  
A masterpiece, straight from the heart.  
But hands of greed, with wicked intent,  
Seek to bruise her delicate bent.

Let us shield her like a fortress strong,  
From winds of malice that seek to do wrong.  
Let us nurture her radiant glow,  
And keep her safe as the sun keeps the snow.

For she is a gem beyond compare,  
A treasure trove of love and care.  
Her safety is our collective creed,  
A promise to keep her heart in good deed.

Let us stand guard like sentinels true,  
And safeguard her with love anew.  
For a girl's safety is our holy duty,  
And protecting her is a sacred beauty

## 9. Rhapsody in Blue



**Ms. Husna Abbasi**  
**Student, Writer**  
**Pakistan**

I'm an Elsa, who builds her own ice castle,  
Not a Cinderella that you're waiting for.

No glass slipper needed, no prince to adore,  
I am Elsa, queen of my own frozen shore.  
My icy walls rise high, a fortress of might,  
No waiting for rescue, I shine with my own light.  
I am the snowflake queen, delicate yet strong,  
My castle's my sanctuary, where I belong.  
Frosty winds whisper secrets of a life untamed,  
I build my own kingdom, where my heart's not  
ashamed.

No fairy tale romance, just my own design,  
I am Elsa, the Ice Queen, sublime and divine.

In the blizzard of life, I am the snowflake that refuses to melt.

## 10. Revelation



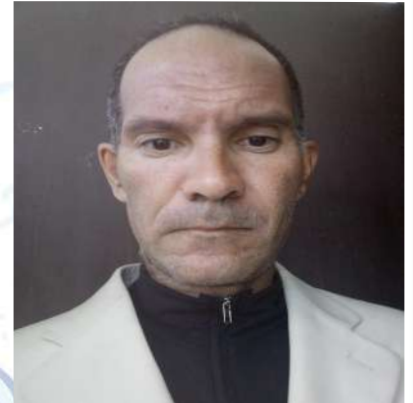
**Dr. Jailaxmi R  
Vinayak**  
**Research guide for  
Ph.D students  
Bhopal  
Madhya Pradesh**

He lay on the bed,  
Writhing in agony.  
His life was stifled,  
Not finding any release.  
The doctor asked him,  
"Why so much thunder in your heart?  
What is the gnawing worry?  
Why couldn't you die peacefully?"

His patient replied,  
"It's because of my beloved, sir,  
Who spurned my love  
And left me alone to pine and grieve."  
He handed the doctor a photograph,  
Then breathed his last in utmost grief.

Remorsefully, the doctor returned to his house,  
With all emotions aroused.  
Then he saw the crumpled photograph  
That his patient had given him.  
It was none other than his wife,  
Who had just opened the door  
With a bright smile.

## 11. Serene Skin



**Dr. Jose Luis Lopez**  
**Puerto Rico**

Dilutes the whisper of the voice,  
Sings!  
Moisturize!  
Encapsulate!  
Adhere!

The pores that induce life,  
They go in like a honeycomb.  
Absorb!  
Love!  
Crumble!  
Crunch!

Is the cooking of salts,  
The gossip of the shells,  
Universal juice of the sea,  
An immeasurable scene.

Annexes the souls in the flame,  
Serene of the skin!  
That docile and faithful lover.

## 12. Access a Success



**Mr. Kailash Rana**  
**Ph. D scholar**  
**Hazaribagh**  
**Jharkhand**

(Success is a state of mind. Everyone considers themselves successful only when they reach the level they once dreamed of. But in some perspectives, not all are seen as successful, even if they believe they are. So, who truly secures success? Let's read and find out.)

O' my friends, who has succeeded?  
Is it the one who feels fresh,  
Or the one who turns himself to ash?  
If not, then is he really a fool?

Work at the office tenses us,  
For which life was stressed to secure.  
Does it give relaxation for a few funny cases?  
If not, then is he really a fool?

Is success holding a heap of cash?  
If it is, why do capitalists long for more?  
In fact, longing has no limit.  
All are successful right when they feel they are.

Let life not be wasted for the taste of rest;  
The moment you are in is the best.  
Later, you will know the days were the best,  
Even if you once thought they were wasted.

And continue striving for the best, for success.

### 13. Some Lines in the Name of Life



**Ms. Kanchan  
Mishra  
Shahjahanpur  
Uttar Pradesh**

Why do you drench yourself in pain?  
Why do you cry for someone who isn't yours?

For whom has the law of life ever stopped?  
So why worry unnecessarily about anyone?

Who truly belongs to you in this world?  
Everyone standing beside you is silent in sorrow.  
Why do you still consider them yours?

Even after making sacrifices, I couldn't improve myself,  
So why are you still being kind to them today?

When you've been betrayed by your own people,  
Why do you trust them again today?

Every day, life starts a new tune!  
Every day, life starts a new tune!  
Why don't you change with time?

.....

### A Few Lines in the Name of the Changing World

Don't complain to this world.  
People bow their heads even when they're wrong.  
Some bow their heads to the mistakes of the powerful.

Some hurt the hearts of the weak and poor  
By questioning their truthfulness and honesty.  
People hurt hearts.

## 14. When Will I See You?



**Mr. Leonard Maero**  
**W**  
**Author, poet,**  
**teacher, Editor**  
**Kitale**  
**Kenya**

I'm seated here, hands on my cheeks.  
I glance at my phone, how I cherish  
That first time, how your voice  
Tickled my heart, leaving a void—  
A void that refused to be filled.

I check your status, I remember your call.  
I confess you're gorgeous, yet I remain cool.  
That soft hair, on your head curled,  
Forming a whirl, following dimpled cheeks—  
Dimpled cheeks tempting to touch.

I turn to my left, the empty seat glares.  
I raise my eyebrows; emptiness scares me.  
It might be long, long before I see you—  
Long before I tickle your glowing cheek,  
Long before I stare into your eyes and whisper.

This is your day—where will I find solace?  
You must enjoy this, the joy of embrace.  
You're truly special, but something else...  
When will I see you, gaze into your eyes?  
I'm waiting, waiting to see you.

## 15. The Sun



**Ms. Lucy Victoria  
David  
Writer, Motivational  
Speaker  
Durban  
South Africa**

A rising ball of playfulness, a settling capture of gold.  
She winks between trees and branches,  
and is welcome throughout the year.  
She's a tad mischievous, yet she lands on time!

She's the honored guest at every celebration.  
She's sought out for her golden appearance,  
and she puts a smile on many faces  
as she lavishly throws her warm kisses.

She's taken for granted,  
and no one thanks her for her faithful appearance.  
She arrives at every occasion, attending with graceful  
dignity and pride,  
bringing her soulful warmth as she blankets us in winter's cold.

Thank you, Sun, for the incredible force that you are,  
dispelling every darkness and  
showing us a pathway that is pristine and clear.  
We soak in your refreshing presence.

For without you, life would be dark and gloomy.  
We find comfort when you hold our hands.  
I'm so glad God created you to be our best friend.  
For you break all barriers as you take your stand boldly,  
irrespective of countries, persons, time, or seasons!

## 16. Not Guilty, My Lord



**Mr. Major Sir  
Adesoga Jubril  
Asiwaju  
Educator and  
Prolific Writer  
Ogun  
Nigeria**

"I am not guilty, my Lord.

There are memories that can never stop haunting me—memories that can never be erased. I was scared to die in silence, too young to be death's feast.

The day I met him, I was not a seer to see the devil in him. He gave me comfort like a queen. He set a lovely trap, and I was caught in his snare. I never knew it was painful pleasure. I spent years lavishly with him—years I couldn't account for, years that vanished before my very eyes. Then, I gave memories the audience to sit before me and remind me of the past.

I never listened when people cautioned me. Friends and family never understood why I was always indoors. They thought I was a good housewife. They never knew I had been kidnapped by someone I loved. Whenever I was sick, they believed it was a symptom of pregnancy. They were absent when I was silenced by his 'lovely' punches. No one could offer ransom when my silence didn't speak. My silence was silent.

Plain and patterned like African attire, battered and bruised, my face became unrecognizable. The world vanished before me as love turned to suicide. He placed my love on his shoulders, and I began to grow wings for the day I would fly. Time trekked to that beautiful day—wings firmly grown, I was prepared for the difficult flight. Yet, I was neither physically nor mentally fit to confront him. I engaged in this attack. A life had to be sacrificed, but I never wanted to be the sacrificial lamb. Pandemonium set the house ablaze. Unfortunately, he slipped and hit his head on the wall as I tried to use my teeth to leave marks all over his body. I feared he would get back on his feet, so I went to the kitchen, picked up a knife, and stabbed him until he was lifeless. I went to the other lady; she was surprised to see me, but before she could say anything, I stabbed her too, without sparing her 9-month-old child.

My Lord, do not blame me. He built a fortress of hatred in his heart after I was raped by armed robbers long ago. How could I deny them when they had weapons? He was never there for me again when I needed him. Later, I realized he had an extramarital affair that led to a pregnancy. I felt depressed, reduced to a mere figure in the house. Anytime my body longed for him romantically, he complained of tiredness. I knew better than to utter a word after that, for I knew the outcome if I did.

One day, I put some pills in his wine just so I could have him after a long time of denial. He drank, slept, and my mission was accomplished. Unfortunately, it all went wrong on another day. I found myself in a hospital ward for treatment. Love is not stupid—it's the person wearing the garment of love who needs a doctor's attention.

How do I appease the court? My hands are fashioned with cuffs as the wages of sending his soul on an errand. Pardon me, my Lord. I played my cards well, but fate prevailed. Someday, I will retire to heaven to have some rest," she narrated.

"After careful consideration of all the evidence and arguments presented by both the prosecution and defense, you have been found guilty. The crime committed is of the utmost severity. The loss of life cannot be understated, and the pain caused to the victim's family is immeasurable. In light of the aggravating factors, including the premeditated nature of the crime, and taking into account the mitigating factors, such as the defendant's lack of prior criminal history, I hereby sentence you to life imprisonment without the possibility of parole. This court is adjourned," the judge announced.

**By Major Sir Adesoga Jubril Asiwaju**

## 17. O MY LOVE

Best for Utility in Movies/Album



**Mr. Mantri Pragada  
Markandeyulu  
Writer  
Hyderabad**

Love Love Love  
Tanta Tanta Dan

Am away from you  
Can't reach you  
Can't meet you  
Nor you reach me

Love Love Love  
Tanta Tanta Dan

Happiness from Peace  
Sorrow-ness from Gun  
Beautifulness from Nature  
Loveliness from Universe

Love Love Love  
Tanta Tanta Dan

Thinking about you  
Am memorizing thoughts  
My Love for you  
Happy to hear from you

Earlier days different  
Gone days never come  
Past love changed to affection  
See the golden days now

Love Love Love  
Tanta Tanta Dan

My heart is empty  
My breathe is heavy  
My mind is blocked  
Am for you

You're in my dreams and breathe  
You're in my heart and nerves

Love Love Love  
Tanta Tanta Dan

O My Love  
Love is blank  
No Life minus you  
Uneasy without you

How do I know?  
What you've in heart  
How do I assess  
Day is not far  
I express feeling in person

Love Love Love  
Tanta Tanta Dan

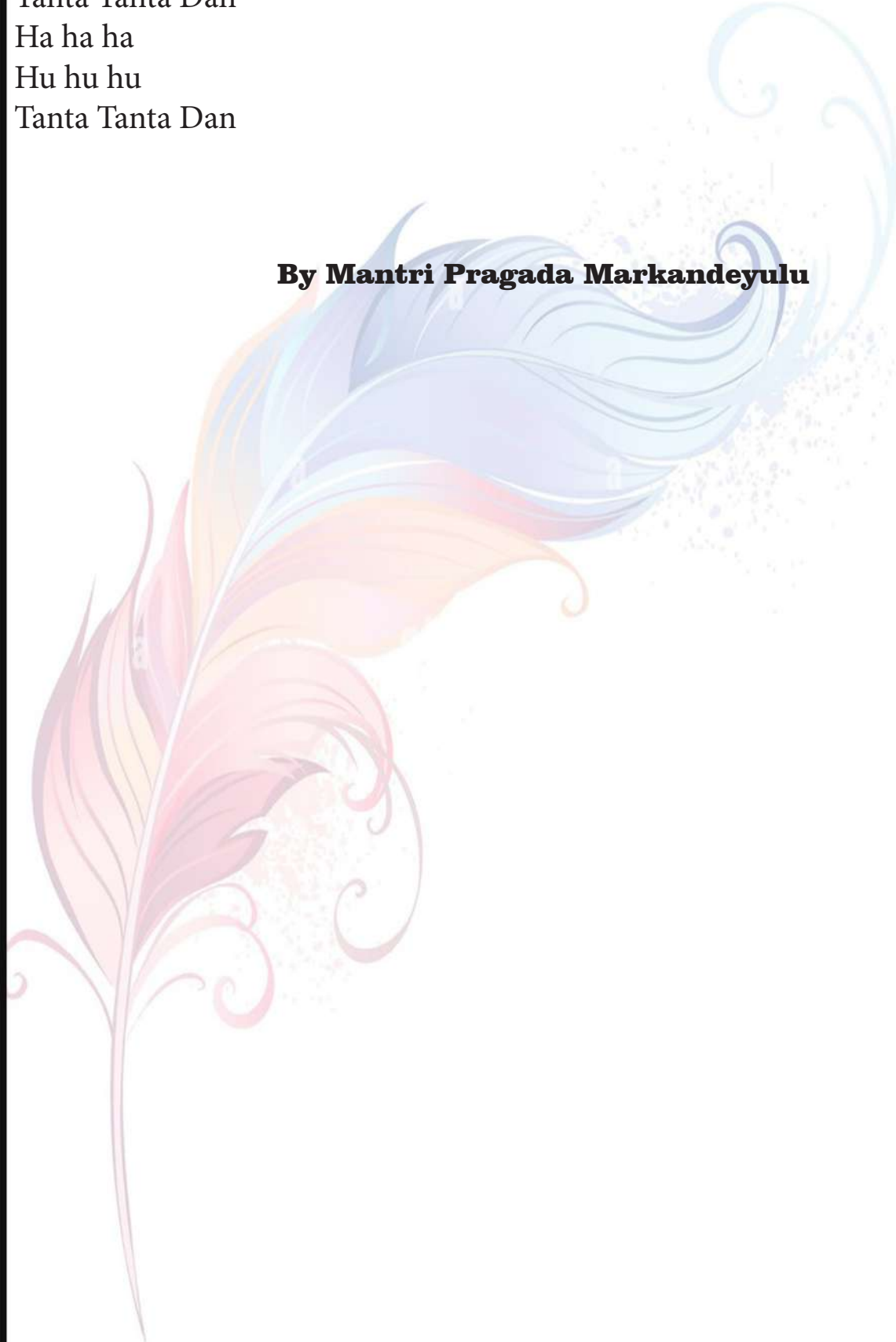
You're there  
Am here  
My thinking for you  
Need your love  
Days rolling  
One day favour you  
Can't write in Air  
Can't sing in Space

DANACHE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
ISSUE 9, VOLUME 3, 2024

Aadhya Publishing House  
UDYAM-MP-10-0024988  
MSME, Govt Of India  
ISSN- 3048-457X

Love Love Love  
Tanta Tanta Dan  
Ha ha ha  
Hu hu hu  
Tanta Tanta Dan

**By Mantri Pragada Markandeyulu**



## 18. LUNAR MEDITATIONS

My lyrical senses have rediscovered  
the mystical moon  
and the times of insight -  
the heightened sixth sense of the ancestors.

Our anxious dreams  
rain on a full moon  
and diamond splashes  
in anticipation of a tidal wave.

The ice towers  
and cities of Atlanteans grew  
above lunar craters  
on the reverse and dark side.

The golden reflections,  
the sparkling sea of the morning  
outline the bright infinity  
in the window open to dreams



**Mr. Minko Tanev**  
**Bulgaria**

## 19. HUSHED

(The Way She Is Staring at Life)



**Mr. Moomal Afzal  
Alvi  
Lecturer in Higher  
Education dep  
Punjab  
Sargodha  
Pakistan**

PS. I wrote this poem many years ago when I saw this photo in a Sunday magazine dealing with the kind of treatment the labor girls get and how frequently they are molested with heart wrenching details melting the core of humanity.

Innocence, murdered.  
Juicy lips wrapped  
In a canvas of silence,  
Fastened and kind of zigzag rope.

Disheveled hair, like Life's ghost,  
Has failed to play the part  
Of combing,  
And messed them with mud.

Evening eyes, weary, dreary, and teary,  
Mourning and shouting, "Sorry, sorry, and sorry."  
Brown-bronzed, big, and bold,  
Undaunted, but,  
Yeah!

Submerged in a pond of angelic water  
That overflows but does not override.  
Eyes are the world—worldly eyes—  
Enigmatic, stuffed sockets pouring  
Secrets of unheard history.

Chained neck, bearing line-like scars of  
Taboos—  
Bell ears, or ear bells,  
Jokes of hell.

Knock, knock, knock—  
Who is thundering?  
The old, innocent baby woman,  
Born in black and destined  
To remain in black,  
Is required to quit.

**By Moomal Afzal Alvi**

## 20. Darkness Prevails

Hope slept under the cover of hopelessness.  
Struggles vanished.  
Standing on the verge of pain,  
Empty-handed,  
What did I get?  
After facing the ecstasy of pain,  
Nothing...!!  
But I received words  
From beloved ones:  
"You weren't good at your job."  
Really...?  
Did they really not witness my dried eyes,  
A heart without a heartbeat,  
A brain without any rich thoughts,  
A body without a soul?  
Yes, I lost the battle... Yes, I lost the battle.



**Ms. Nafja Fatima**  
**Writer**  
**Faisalabad**  
**Pakistan**

## 21. Gas Fire



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

She came to drop her curriculum vitae wearing a work suit that sat on her more beautifully than fashionable civilian clothes would have done. Zvekvedu knew that if he should employ her, he would have to surmount an incipient interest in her that would compromise his status as her superior. Although he was new in business, he was familiar with cases of companies whose fortunes had gone under as a result of office related love affairs.

He had started this new business after a twist in his fortunes made him emerge US500 000 dollars richer at a click of a button. Luck had catapulted him from being a mere car washer to a businessman with limitless prospects.

Tariro reminded him of a girl whose name he had never asked, a girl with two angels' hearts in one chest. Each time she brought her Jaguar to the car wash she brought with her a box of lunch for him. Although Zvekvedu worked with a dozen other car washers, she always preferred his hand. He had been made to consider the rich as proud, mean and greedy, but the girl always treated him as her peer, adding discomfort to his shyness.

She must have been in her twenties, an age mate from a higher cloud. She had, however, vanished from his life soon after a shift in his fortunes, as if she was an angel that had been sent to minister on him in his time of need. Had he asked her name, he would search for her on all social media platforms, only to say thank you. Of course he had always expressed his gratitude towards her humanitarian acts, but now that she had evaporated from his life, he thought his word of gratitude had not been loud enough.

One day he heard himself say, "I wish I had remained poor for life in order to see her forever," then realised that that did not make any sense because he had only met her when he was twenty-five, coming from somewhere else where she was being missed. How could he, a mere car washer, keep her to his world?

Life as a car washer was everything one would expect life to be apart from being rosy. His meagre monthly collection was hardly enough for him to pay rent and buy food. He was lucky that work suits were provided by the employer, but they needed to be laundered and ironed, issues that demanded soap and power.

The shortage of US\$ banknotes made his employer decree that all his employees should open bank accounts so that he would deposit their wages into their bank accounts. Little earnings, to be thrown to the mercy of the weevils and rust of bank charges. His business transactions became confined to the few dealers who accepted swipe transactions and cash transfers. Where things were cheaper they demanded cash payments. Where both were accepted those paying electronically parted with an extra coin or two per item purchased. Business had become some kind of robbery. Where he was supposed to be paid, he got less, where it was his duty to pay, he paid more, but the worst was still to come.

One day he woke up to the notification that his account had been debited of US50 dollars via swipe card at a large, popular supermarket. He was surely going to starve had it not been for the lady who brought him food once every two days. After reading the notification, he said, "I have reached the climax of my suffering. Life cannot be worse than this." But it was going to get better.

Taking a day off work, he visited his bank and the transaction was traced and finally reversed after 7 working days. He received an apology via sms that the anomaly was a result of a cross link, however the transaction charges could not be reversed. "Robbery!" he shouted in his heart, but at least US46 dollars had been salvaged from the transactional mess.

Three months down the line he received a short code message that would make him sing and dance in the shower. There had been a promotion being run by the supermarket and his bank when the cross link had defrauded him of fifty dollars that later reduced to four dollars and he was the winner of half a million US dollars. He queried the authenticity of the message a countless times before going out to see the supermarket manager. But his win was not conclusive yet!

The customer whose transaction had resulted in the cross link challenged the promotion results and for seven days Zvekwedu had sleepless nights, asking why fortune was teasing him. He had got used to his life of want and that was the only life he knew. He had not asked to be rich, but he had always prayed for a decent life. Why had this drama chosen the landscape of his life for a stage?

But every story has got an ending, even a sad story. In a press statement, the man who had contested the outcome of the promotion was made to reread the promotion rules, especially the issue of an irreversible outcome. Even though the winner had benefited from a technical hiccup, the supermarket could not run a fresh promotion as that was not likely to benefit the complainant as the promotion was a game of chance. Zvekwedu had become half a millionaire.

His first choice business venture was a car wash and gas station in one space and his prospects were sky bound. In addition to keeping cars clean, he would have many gas fires burning in the city, but Tariro's visit had lit another gas fire in his heart. No, he was not going to give her a job. But was he being fair? No he would train his heart to look for pastures elsewhere. But where was elsewhere? The only woman who had reminded him that a heart had a romantic side was Tariro, just a poor woman looking for the menial job of car washer or gas station attendant.

But what had he learnt from the girl who used to bring him food? He searched his heart for any fondness beyond a profound sense of gratitude and found none. He wished he was reacting in the same way to Tariro, but instead, Tariro was promising to be real trouble for his heart.

As if to complicate matters, the girl who used to bring him food visited him two days after Tariro's visit. She was clad in a floral dress that dropped an inch or two below her knees. As he took in the details of her facial features, he realised that he was talking to Tariro in another guise. How could she be looking for a menial job? As if she was seeing through his mind she stated the purpose of her visit.

"How could you be looking for such a job, given your social standing?" Zvekwedu asked.

"What social standing are you talking about?" Tariro laughed.

"I used to wash your car when I worked for Chindeya Car Wash and Repairs," Zvekwedu said matter of factly.

Tariro laughed at Zvekwedu's joke.

"It was my employer's car. I was her housemaid," Tariro explained.

"You must be kidding," Zvekwedu said.

"I wish I was kidding. She was such a kind employer. She has now relocated to Nigeria. I decided not to go with her, but the package she paid me can sustain me for a while as I look for fresh employment," Tariro explained.

For a while the desk in front of Zvekwedu seemed to be sinking into the stone floor, together with the woman sitting across. Zvekwedu wondered why such dreams visited him during his workday and spare his nights. He closed his eyes a split second, hoping to see no one across the desk when he reopened them, but Tariro' was still there waiting for a positive response.

"The house you bought is the house we lived in, but I'm glad that Mrs Mawondo has given me permission to stay in a flat for which she is a trustee for at least the next three years," Tariro continued.

"Enough my Dear. I would rather have you as my business partner if you marry me," Zvekwedu proposed, the clumsiness of his words making his blood coagulate in his veins.

"I will not say no, but I will give you a chance to reconsider your wishes before I accept your hand," Tariro said, standing up to leave the office.

Before Zvekwedu could say anything more, Tariro had already left.

Their next encounter was not at the office; Zvekwedu felt it made the whole

subject awkward, but at a youth club, where the environment was less formal. "I should have been the one to propose, but I held back the words too long, until it became impossible for me to say them because of the changes in our fortunes," Tariro said.

Zvekwedu's vocal cords had lost their elasticity. His limbs had been struck by a rigidity that conveyed a motionlessness that is characteristic of a statue, yet his rising and falling chest reminded him that he was alive and the gas fire in his heart burning more hotly than ever. Tariro knew what he should have done and drew his body towards hers, locking him in the embrace of her arms. A whirlwind swept them away from the ground they were standing on and they soared into space, on an emotional navigation of what chance had laid before them, the delight in their hearts becoming chaotic with every breath they sucked into their lungs.

Back on earth, Zvekwedu allowed life to crawl back into his vocal cords and his loosening tongue was able to articulate the words that would always be sensible in their relationship, "I wish tomorrow was judgement day. Heaven would most certainly reward us for a bond well made."

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

## 22. Suicide / Part: 3



**Mr. Own Abbas  
Writer  
Jhang  
Pakistan**

The darkness of his room, pieces scattered wide,  
Frames of her broken, with nowhere to hide.  
Glasses shattered, fallen books on the ground,  
Folded papers tossed, his whispers a silent sound.  
Wearing the same old clothes for a week,  
A smell in the air, long white hair, rough and bleak.  
Rough appearance, like a beggar's plea,  
Lost in shadows, desperately seeking to flee.  
Was he alive, or had he already gone?  
In this room of darkness, where dreams don't dawn.  
I trembled, haunted by what I see,  
Silently praying for him to be free.  
In this room of mess, no solace found,  
Memories of her were all around.  
A heart-wrenching tale in this room's embrace,  
In the darkness, he found his final place.

To Be Continued...

**Unveiling the Beginning Part of Suicide.**

## 23. LOVE LETTERS!

Thinking!  
Frame Timeous reasonings,  
Sleeping...reclinating,  
On my bed...sidelines,  
Full brooding layup,  
Leaps presently past time,  
Of the love letters,  
Scribe hastily  
In my head.

Tell,  
The loving ...jilt exist,  
Tell,  
The hurt...heals helps,  
For the besotted,  
Loving love flips over,  
Into chapters...consigned.

There,  
Layered my typewriter,  
Grandma's bequeathed,  
Stoic...smitten full words,  
Thee lyrical psalms,  
The profusely oratory,  
Of the Man wicking a woman,  
Ooh .... Effortless fever,  
Nay no exceptional men.

Browsed behind,  
On the same childish mat,  
Clothe within the feather bed,  
Aging my tents of hoods,  
From child unto adult strait,



**Mr. Phillips Tayo  
Damilola  
Writer/Content  
Enthuasist  
Lagos  
Nigeria**

Of the love letters  
Browned off plentiful dust,  
Then immense pictures,  
Conflicts with revolving realities,  
Angles full of hurt ants.

Sleep thee, my head,  
Open thy letters worth,  
Of the many touchy words,  
Oozing from my bristine youths,  
To many roses ... flushing gardens,  
Since self fresh boom blushes,  
From feminine eyes stares.

Am I!  
Pleasant love hold,  
Sweet love magnetize,  
Oh...how sick was I!  
Is me writing...meeeeew!!  
I read...  
Oh...sleep eludes eyelids,  
Apple of my leech eyes,  
You popped...lick sweet blueberries  
Ah...damn the infertile mind,  
Of a weakling default setting,  
Of a young man's aberrations.  
Is such a dagger tool,  
Knowing Eunice's jolted,  
Making me sleepy,  
Making me broody,  
My first love!

The second epistle,  
Slouch contraband's export,  
Packaged reads: Maggie!  
How lucky ...laden fortunes...

Setting eyes on her sweet Eire,  
Chuckles mildly...'Same Me!'  
Continues...my pen scribes...  
Eyes closed....heart open,  
To scribble inkling lines,  
...her love is a warm strive,  
Not of the battalion strife,  
Of subdue animes...hers submission,  
Of two in one meekness,  
From my edge to hers,  
The strolls runs yearly months,  
Combing...clambering feet roundly  
Piercing ears ...casting gazes  
For her perfected shadows,  
Castaway by a dinosaur foreigner,  
Off guilty false promises,  
Last seen afar...never heard from...  
Eventually!

I sigh,  
Asking...is this my youthful mirror?  
Meeeeeew....such lust feelings,  
Roll up wherein the papyrus wreck,  
Times cheap my broadband,  
To sit seat straight forward,  
Next...is Dorothy, the city gel!  
Came visiting grandma's loft,  
Then fate stroke our paths,  
I wrote...Days off wasted pestinence,  
Your polished elegance ...my Goodluck,  
Throw the colourful garb ...we clothe ever,  
For days....weeks... Trees caught our images,  
Green leaves...bear witness ...our surreality.  
Under the oaks...we kissed lips,  
Moans...branch bodies...lost virgin folders,

Eyes ...ears...echoes dotted lines,  
Flirting turns familiar trapping.  
Lo...Behold...She returns suddenly.

Breathe in,  
Breathe out,  
Was dried up ...reading love letters,  
Of a younger me then,  
Of me now nimbly,  
If could refresh is never ending,  
Of the Manny water reincarnations,  
Ousted from thrones of love,  
Stacked empty...embellished  
How beautiful thou...Love!  
Momentary...Momentous!

**By Phillips Tayo Damilola**

## 24. VOICE OF SILENCE

Silence has a voice; listen to it.  
Do go down memory lane,  
My time still stands erect there.  
Silent are my awkward moments,  
My silent words I face every day.  
So much pain and agony dominate.  
The sea water remains dead silent,  
With millions of hidden silences beneath.  
There is a silent rise in every fall.  
Listen to utter silence sometimes.



**Dr. Prasana Kumar  
Dalai  
Lecturer Poet &  
Author  
Berahmpur  
Odisha**

## 25. HOW TO HANDLE REJECTION



**Mr. Saiprakash  
Kuntamukkala  
Advocate  
Kakinada  
Andhra Pradesh**

No doubt, every one of us during our lifetime  
Might have been rejected by someone or the other,  
Those whom we valued most.  
Such rejection leaves an indelible mark,  
In fact, a deep scar on our psyche,  
As fragile as glass,  
Shattered splinters flying all across our mind.  
A constant questioning:  
What wrong have I done?  
Where have I gone wrong?  
Cursing oneself for past expressions of interest.

This is the right time to introspect:  
What was I  
Without this person?  
Wasn't I healthy and hale?  
I had my moments of fun and frolic,  
Loved and cared for by many.  
After all, a single rejection is not the end of the road.  
Pull up your spirits,  
Erase those thoughts of defiance,  
Make a new hobby,  
Pursue a new goal,  
Spend time on yourself.  
You are the captain of your ship,  
Master of your soul.  
A day will surely arrive  
When all others, including yourself, will proclaim:  
It's not you who missed, but the other person.  
Walk further while the world cheers you at each summit.  
This is the purpose of life, my dear,  
Where rejection is turned into an overwhelming opportunity.

## 26. Independent India



If India stands free today, let's speak our hearts true  
and deep,

Let's remember those valiant souls who gave us  
freedom to keep.

Lift your heads as high as the Himalayas, proud and  
strong,

Stand tall, chest out, as if boundaries knew no wrong.

Let every fragmented thought of this nation unite as  
one,

Cast away the filth of politics, let it be done.

If this nation is broken, let's mend it with our  
emotions,

We've endured much pain, now rid us of these  
commotions.

Let no human be divided by caste or creed,

Let this earth be heaven, with no room for greed.

No festival should fan the flames of faith,

Let feelings flow freely, not bound by hate.

Then we'll celebrate, joy in every heart,

Live each day with laughter, that's a worthy start.

Let not this evening of freedom fade,

Nor the valor of our heroes ever degrade.

We call this land our mother, let not her honor be sold,

Jai Hind, Jai Bharat, our nation forever bold!

**Mr. Shashi Bhushan  
Sharma  
Professional  
Mau  
Uttar Pradesh**

## 27. LIFE OF A LEAF



**Ms. Stoianka  
Boianova  
Bulgaria**

To you, I fly—a rainy cloud—  
To shine on your bright flowers,  
To caress your thin leaves and petals,  
To flow down,  
To fall heavy on the ground—  
Dizzy, powerless, wiser.

Let me touch your thin roots,  
And wild and galloping,  
Run through the secret caves of the stem,  
Until I reach the peak  
And bloom like an unknown flower—  
Unrecognized by anyone, but still alive.

I roll over, I fly—a cloud of holy water—  
Let the leaves of the world be filled with moisture,  
The leaves—a symbol of life on Earth.

## 28. The Fate of Nagasaki

The sun shone on the hills of the industrial city,  
The Mitsubishi factory workers worked as usual.  
The faithful in the nearby cathedral were ready to pray.  
Almost 850 people gathered at the gate of Nagasaki  
Medical University,  
Unaware of the impending destruction, they marched  
forward.

The civilians of this large city woke up with great  
hopes in their eyes.  
Suddenly, "Fat Man" appeared—  
A nuclear weapon with plutonium,  
A Boeing B29 Superfortress,  
Commanded by the capable leader Major Sweeney.

Then everything became history.  
At 10:30 in the morning, the plane reached its destination city,  
To drop the world's second atomic bomb.  
It tore the heart of the city to shreds,  
The industrial valley exploded in a few seconds.

Even the hills between them could not keep their promises.  
Everything was shattered.  
Human corpses piled up everywhere.  
From 22,000 to 75,000 deaths shook the entire earth.  
Even in the days and months that followed, thousands more died.  
No one could measure the pain under the unclear sky—  
Grey air, red earth, foggy streets.  
Pain hung in the poisoned air.  
The effects of radiation lasted for months.  
Echoes of terrible pain reverberated  
In many voices over the years.  
Dead bodies became memories of the horrific incident.  
So many stories were invented, told, and rewritten.



**Ms. Sudipta**

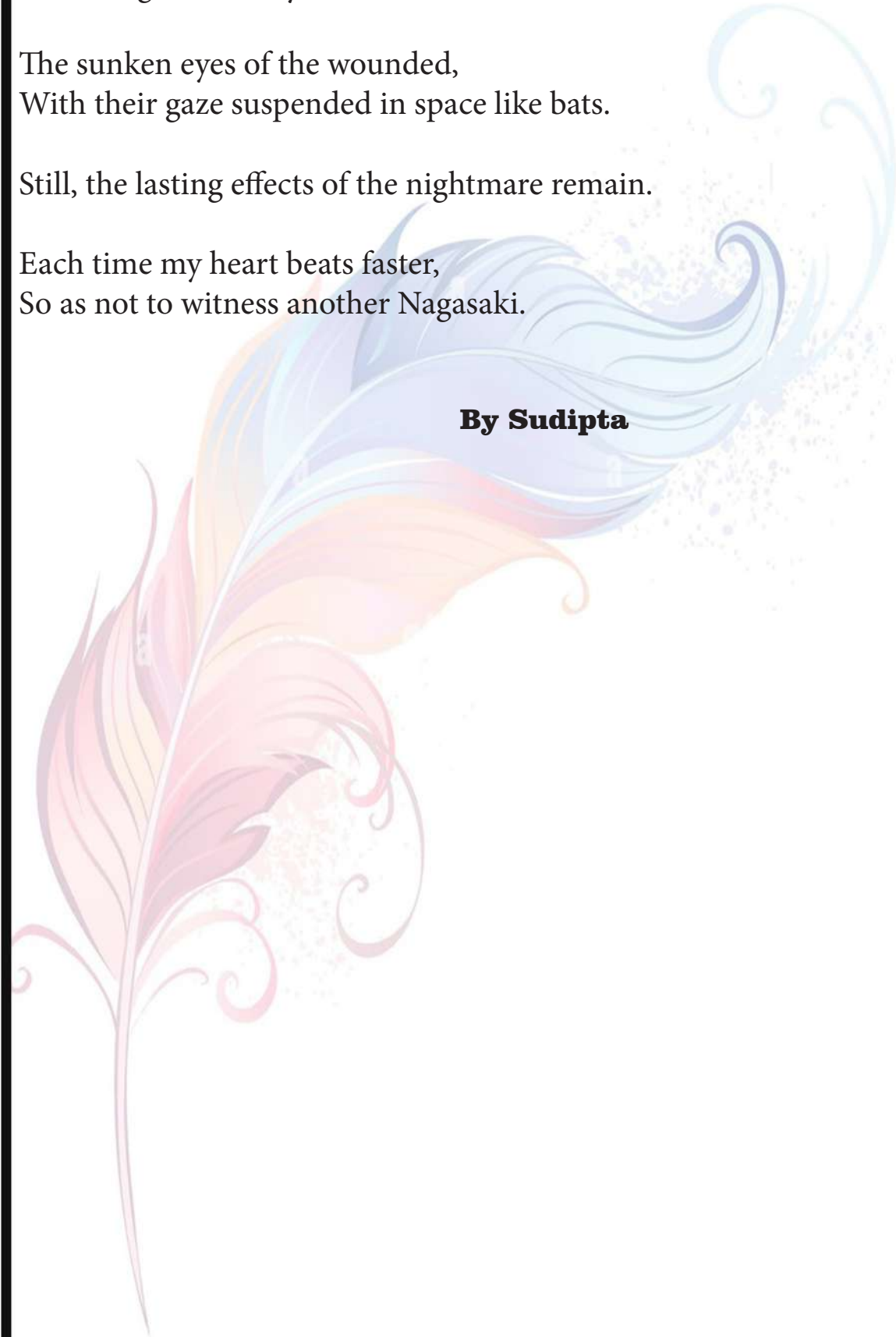
Reflecting the misery,

The sunken eyes of the wounded,  
With their gaze suspended in space like bats.

Still, the lasting effects of the nightmare remain.

Each time my heart beats faster,  
So as not to witness another Nagasaki.

**By Sudipta**



## 29. September



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

In whispered winds of September's sigh...  
August slips away, a fleeting goodbye...  
Days growing shorter, shadows extend...  
A tender reminder that all good things in its season  
must end...

Love bloomed in the summer's embrace...  
Now a flickering flame, it dances in space...  
Warming our hearts with a delicate glow...  
Chills of autumn begins to bestow...

Will it ignite, this ember so bright...  
Or fade into silence, lost at midnight???  
Laughter, we shared, the dreams we wove...  
Now linger like echoes, a haunting resigned...

In this moment, beneath the vast sky...  
We cherish the spark, not knowing just why...  
Love as the leaves, must change and must fall...  
Every ending, there's beauty and happiness for all...

Embrace August, as September becomes this bittersweet time...  
Memories splashed on a canvas in rhythm and rhyme...  
As September unfolds, and the year draws near...  
Do I go back to December???  
Or will we hold onto love, rekindling love ringing in Love's New Year...  
Through joys and the fears...

### 30. Contemplations on a Starry Night



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

The sky looks exquisitely beautiful on this starry night,  
In its glittering black attire adorned with silver stars.  
These twinkling stars, gleaming like fireflies up above,  
Are spreading their glittering sparks on us.  
How many countless nights have I spent  
Counting these innumerable stars!  
How many silent nights did they accompany  
My companion and me on our soulful night strolls,  
Punctuated by our endless discussions!  
How elated I felt when my soulmate compared my eyes  
to the sparkling stars!  
How many restless nights were turned tranquil  
When I took solace in gazing at these tiny sparks in the night sky!  
How many bedtime stories were woven by me on these starry nights  
When my naughty little daughter talked endlessly to the little stars!  
How many poets have been inspired by these dazzling stars,  
Which are the sparkling diamonds of the night sky!  
How many aching minds would have been consoled by  
These scintillating possessions of the clear night sky!  
How many vagabonds who lost their way  
Would have been guided and led to light by  
These countless ethereal companions of the Moon!  
Here is a bouquet full of gratitude and a cart full of love for you,  
Dear stars, the constellation of ethereal beauty,  
For being the inspiration for us from time immemorial.

## 31. Nature

The earth awakens from its sleep,  
As morning sunshine starts to creep.  
The trees regain their vibrant hue,  
And flowers bloom, both old and new.

The gentle breeze whispers through the trees,  
A soothing melody that rustles leaves.  
The rustling sound, a symphony so fine,  
Echoes through the forest's heart and mine.

The sun's warm touch revives the ground,  
And petals lift, their beauty unbound.  
Nature's splendor, pure, wild, and free—  
A treasure trove for you and me.



**Ms. Vaishnavi  
Shrivastava  
Student  
Vaishali  
Bihar**

## 32. Rebirth of Independence

When we value our nation's progress more  
And eradicate the notes of corruption,  
We will nurture the neglected plants of our  
independence  
Instead of indulging in fake patriotic consumption.

Healthcare shouldn't be a luxury,  
Neither should good education;  
If the rich are getting richer and the poor, poorer,  
We are definitely failing as a nation.

It may seem like the job of the government,  
But we have our share of duties too;  
Helping each other grow is the solution  
Instead of letting the tea of greed and jealousy brew.

Let's clean up our country and its mentality;  
Teach brotherhood and spread love immense;  
It's time to grow as one entity in every arena  
To witness the rebirth of independence.

Happy Independence Day!



**Ms. Vizzmaya Jalal**  
**Student**  
**Mumbai**

### 33. CHILDHOOD MEMORIES



Driving the jalopy of flashback  
To the years gone by like a breeze,  
I recall the moment of a young child  
Cycling with a tire when sent on an errand.  
— Teacher © Adesoga Jubril

I heard the neighbors calming my mother,  
Who thought her child was lost.  
Alas! I remember riding home,  
Ready to endure the punishment for my late return.  
— Student © Eke Joy

I saw myself in the future,  
Playing mother and father in a role.  
The field as my noble school,  
Caught while hands were tending the pot.  
— Student © Jimoh Azeez

Mummy and daddy panting,  
"Where has he gone?"  
Caught while playing ball in daylight,  
And danced to the reggae of the whip at night.  
— Student © Bepeh Joseph

I am a wanderer of memories,  
Years have trekked to years.  
Sweet memories are  
Much of it intoxicates me.  
— Student © Francis Victor

**Nigeria**

**“Panache”  
Aadhya Publishing  
House**



**PUBLISHER-CHIEF EDITOR**

**Name :** Akanksha Shrivastava

**Dob:** 29-August

**Place:** Bhopal

**Education:** B.E(computer science)  
M.A(English Literature)

**Achievements:** Director “De telephone”  
(Short Movie)

**Editor (Premakriti, Vihangam,  
Sunhari yaadein, Akshraang, Viraaj,  
Navoday ki yaadein, Bits Of My Heart  
Kalam ka rahi, corona kaal ka  
sangharsh, Safar Farsh se Arsh tak,  
Yaad-E-Maazi, The Journey to Success)**

**Email.id:** aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com

**Phone No.:** 9424002558



**Monthly English Magazine  
September 2024**

**“Panache”  
Aadhya Publishing  
House**



**Designer**

**Name :** **Lalit Kishore Gaur**

**Dob:** **21-July**

**Place:** **Bhopal**

**Education:** **LLB(Bachelor of Law)  
MCA(Master of Computer  
Applications)**

**Achievements:** **Producer “De telephone”  
(Short Movie) <http://surl.li/bwosk>**


**Educationist, Photographer,  
Founder of LKg Telefilms,  
Film Maker, Writer, Poet,  
Social Worker, Environmentalist**

**Email.id:** **lkgaur76@gmail.com**

**Phone No.:** **8109246305**



**Monthly English Magazine  
September 2024**



**Aadhya Publishing House**  
**Vardhman City**

**Raisen Road Bhopal**

**Mobile: 9424002558**

**[aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com](mailto:aadhyapublishinghouse@gmail.com)**

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