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Guest of the month
Ms Renee Mary Jetto
IELTS trainer
Kochi

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Akanksha Shrivastava

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Preface

"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

April 2024

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
9424002558

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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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Guest of the month

EDITORIAL: EMBRACING THE LEGACY OF EDUCATIONAL EXCELLENCE

In this edition we are honoring an Inspiring Educator *Ms. Renee Mary Jetto*, *IELTS trainer Of Kochi*.

Today, we celebrate the remarkable journey of an educator whose passion has touched countless lives. From mentored beginnings to lecturing, her career epitomizes dedication and perseverance. Inspired by empathy, her classrooms became havens of learning and laughter, where creativity and care shaped lessons that left lasting impressions. Through trials, she stood resilient, finding solace in student progress. Balancing roles with grace, she epitomized strength and determination, extending her influence far beyond the classroom through hobbies and creativity. To the next generation, she imparts wisdom: believe in yourself and spread kindness. In her journey, we find inspiration for our own paths. Let us honor her legacy and strive for excellence.

Akanksha Shrivastava
Founder And Chief Editor
Aadhya Publishing House

VIGNETTES FROM A TEACHER'S LIFE

1. When and where did your career start?

The late *Prof. G D Gabriel of U C College*, my PG alma mater was the first to recognize my flair and ability to teach. So my first official job as a teacher was in 1984 when I joined this professor's private institute for Women even before my post graduate studies were over. That same year, I became a lecturer of English at a recognized college affiliated with the *University of Calicut, Kerala*. However I had already recognised my ability to help others learn when I had successfully coached an undergraduate student to pass an English paper in 1982

2. Why did you choose teaching as a profession?

I always thought teachers were so knowledgeable and believed that if I became a teacher I would be bursting with knowledge myself. In 1979, I received a prize for the best teacher at the Teacher's Day celebration at school, perhaps the first recognition of a talent. That was when I understood that teaching is not too tough a job. A clever teacher prepares his or her lesson and goes armed with information to be delivered in a span of 45 minutes or so. The secret of appearing to be well-informed is to just present a well-prepared lesson! A good teacher will just be a mentor and will elicit information without much effort and with maximum cooperation from the learners.

3. Who is your inspiration?

Well, on my thirteenth birthday, I got '*To Sir with Love*', a novel, by *E R Braithwaite set in 1959 London* as a gift. This teacher who could win over his unruly students with the power of his wit and compassion inspired me.

4. How do you create your lesson plan?

I create my lesson plan according to what has to be taught i.e. the topic; the level and the type of learners for whom the lesson is planned. The available time and what I hope to achieve at the end are both important. The number of learners in the classroom and individual differences in terms of intellect or behaviour too are always considered. I won't go into the objectives too much and stress out. I just aim for a transfer of knowledge in a happy vibrant atmosphere. To be honest, this theoretical aspect of teaching is the most boring part of the job.

5. What do you think are the signs of a good teacher?

A good teacher for me has a genuine concern and interest in the welfare of his or her students. I don't like those who snub and mock their students; a teacher should be a good person with compassion and understanding of people. Should be impartial and sincere in his or her efforts. I would never respect a hypocritical fake person.

6. How do you manage your class effectively?

My classes always have something funny and interesting group activities that allow some bit of interaction and reporting. I also try to have drama and music if the lesson permits. Role play and enactment of a poem or joke. One of my favourite activities is a quiz. But I have gotten into trouble with my superiors for having noisy classes. But I would say a graveyard is a place where there will be silence but a room full of eager learners should be abuzz with excitement. My teaching has always been activity-oriented, I don't even give a speech without involving the audience.

7. What are the difficult phases in teaching?

Teaching would be a challenge if one did not know the subject one had to teach. It would be difficult if the learners were unruly, hyperactive, or distracted. The venue of a class should have the right ambience; it shouldn't be too hot, cold or sweaty. If the superiors or parents are too critical and have unreasonable demands, my teaching would not be effective. Some language teachers complain about notebook corrections being dreadful and tedious. On my part, I enjoy getting a glimpse of my student's mental activity which is on display in his or her written work.

8. How did you manage both your career and your family?

I have never had issues handling many tasks at the same time, because I am quite organized and have a timetable that I follow. Since my late husband was an Army Officer, I used to find it needed more planning to juggle social commitments, along with my career and handling a growing child's requirements. But I rarely bite more than I can chew! So when I became a single parent, I changed my priorities; as an Army wife I used to entertain and host parties but as a single mother I focussed more on keeping our lives in order.

9. Apart from teaching what is your favourite hobby?

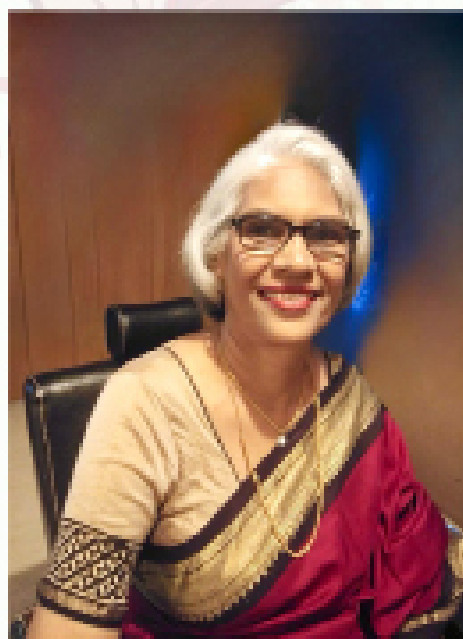
Teaching is my passion and vocation, but as a senior citizen, I have quit active teaching in institutions. I have a lot of interest in gardening and spend happy hours working in my garden. I enjoy creative writing, generally short snippets of thoughts on daily happenings which I post as WhatsApp messages or Facebook posts

10. What message do you have for the younger generation?

My message to the younger generation is – You should believe in yourself, and appreciate and nurture the uniqueness that you have. Accept your physical appearance as something for which you should neither be vain nor ashamed: after all you did not make yourself, your genes came from your ancestors. But your character is something you can modify and you should try to change whatever you think is undesirable in you. Use your potential to the maximum, do not live selfishly but try to give to others what you want them to give you, respect and love. Put your heart and soul into whatever you do. If you don't chase happiness, it will probably sit on your shoulder like a butterfly as you are busy enjoying the present.

MY FAVOURITE QUOTE IS “HAPPY IS THE ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A BOUQUET WITH THE AVAILABLE FLOWERS!”

GUEST OF THE MONTH



Ms. Renee Mary Jetto

**Designation: IELTS trainer
(current)**

Others: High school English Teacher at Indian School Muscat, Sultanate of Oman, with 25+ years of experience.

Place: Kochi(current)

"LET'S PUT A DIMPLE ON THEIR FACES"

SPREADING JOY THROUGH UNEXPECTED ACTS OF KINDNESS

Under the radiant afternoon sun, we arrived at the tranquil sanctuary of **Anand Dham** [*Old Age Home Managed By Seva Bharti*], our hearts brimming with anticipation and excitement. This was no ordinary visit; it was a journey fueled by love and compassion, with a special mission in mind—to celebrate the birthday of our dear friend **Dimple** in a truly meaningful way.

Dimple, with her gentle demeanor, compassionate and tender heart, unassuming innocence, had always found solace in acts of compassion and had always been drawn to acts of kindness and empathy. Knowing her tender nature, we believed there was no better way to honor her special day than by sharing it with those who would appreciate her warmth and sincerity the most.

As we stepped onto the grounds of Anand Dham, we were greeted by the gentle smiles of the residents and the welcoming presence of **Mr. Gandharv Singh Dangi**, the manager. With warm embraces and heartfelt introductions, we were ushered into a world of love and camaraderie, where the spirit of community thrived amidst the tranquil surroundings.

Though we had arrived in the afternoon, our spirits were as bright as if it were the dawn of a new day. We listened with rapt attention as Mr. Dangi shared stories of the daily routines and traditions observed by the residents—a tapestry woven with threads of prayer, yoga, and companionship.

Inspired by the tales of kindness and resilience, we eagerly joined the residents for a special birthday lunch—a gesture of solidarity and compassion that would touch the hearts of all who gathered.

As the table was adorned with dishes lovingly arranged by us, each one a symbol of love and generosity, the air was filled with laughter and joy. Amidst the shared moments of celebration, bonds of friendship were forged, bridging the gap between generations and cultures.

As the afternoon sun began to dip below to start its journey towards the horizon, casting a golden glow over the tranquil surroundings, we bid farewell to our newfound friends, our hearts filled with a sense of purpose and fulfillment.

Inspired by the spirit of generosity and compassion we had witnessed, we vowed to continue our mission of spreading joy and kindness wherever we went. For in the embrace of Anand Dham, we had discovered the true essence of love—a love that knows no bounds and has the power to transform lives, one smile at a time.

As we embark on this journey of celebration and love, let us honor Dimple not only with words and gifts but with actions that reflect the essence of her being—a commitment to kindness, a dedication to compassion, and a willingness to see the beauty in every soul we encounter.

For in the presence of Dimple, we find solace, we find joy, and we find the true meaning of love. And on this special day, there is no better way to honor her than by sharing her light with those who need it most." **Wish You A Very Happy Birthday !!!**



Yours
Akanksha Shrivastava

Rashtriya Seva Bharati

Rashtriya Seva Bharati is a non-governmental organization (NGO) that works with economically weaker sections of Indian society, including tribal (vanvasi communities).



History

On 8 April 1989 veteran social worker and the then RSS Sarsanghachalak Shri Balasaheb Deoras addressed a mammoth gathering of volunteers at Ambedkar Stadium, Delhi, where he called upon them to start service activities among the neglected sections of the society. He asked the volunteers to raise self-respect of the socially and economically deprived people of India. This speech is considered to be the initiating first step that led to starting the Seva Bharati. Although the volunteers of RSS and other allied organisations had been informally working for the betterment of the under-privileged, it was opined that a formal structure would help coordinate the service programs all over the country. Seva Bharati was thus established later that year.

Organisation

Seva Bharati is inspired from the Rashtriya Swayamsevak Sangh (RSS) and is the official community service umbrella of allied organisations. The Akhil Bharatiya Saha Seva Pramukh of the RSS guides the organisation and is also represented in the Akhil Bharatiya Pratinidhi Sabha, the highest decision making body of the Sangh Parivar.

Seva Bharti manages so many social service organisation from which **Anand Dham** is also one fine organisation that take cares of old people in their Old Age Home.

ANAND DHAM

Anand Dham, established in 2005, stands as a beacon of compassion and service for the elderly in India. Rooted in the noble principles of selflessness and cultural reverence, it embodies the essence of Seva Bharati's mission to serve humanity. Anand Dham's purpose extends beyond mere accommodation; it is a sanctuary where the elderly find solace, care, and dignity in their golden years. Nestled amidst verdant landscapes, Anand Dham offers not just physical shelter but a nurturing environment where residents can thrive emotionally and spiritually. It symbolizes a commitment to preserving and cherishing Indian traditions while providing modern amenities and support services tailored to the needs of its residents.



Under the compassionate umbrella of Seva Bharati, Anand Dham orchestrates various projects aimed at uplifting different segments of society. From maternal care and special education for disabled children to vocational training for women, its endeavors span the spectrum of social welfare. Each initiative echoes the organization's ethos of service and societal harmony.

At Anand Dham, every aspect is meticulously crafted to promote holistic well-being. Residents are not just recipients of care; they are valued members of a vibrant community where their wisdom and experiences are celebrated. The tranquil ambiance, coupled with dedicated spaces for yoga and contemplation, fosters a sense of serenity and purpose.

The heart of Anand Dham beats with the rhythm of compassion and inclusivity. It embraces the marginalized and provides refuge to the lonely, ensuring that no elder feels abandoned or forgotten. Through its tireless efforts, Anand Dham exemplifies the timeless Indian values of empathy, respect, and solidarity.

In essence, Anand Dham is not just a residence; it is a sanctuary of love, where the elderly find comfort, companionship, and dignity in their twilight years. It stands as a testament to the enduring spirit of service and the profound impact of collective kindness on society.

EXCELLENCE OF ANAND DHAM

Anand Dham operates several other projects within its premises, each dedicated to enhancing the well-being of its residents and the broader community. The Yoga Center provides yoga sessions and training under the guidance of certified instructors, promoting physical and mental wellness. Additionally, an ambulance service ensures prompt medical assistance, connecting Anand Dham with Bhopal Maharajgarh divisional services for invaluable medical support. A library houses an array of inspiring books, educational resources, and competitive exam preparation materials, fostering a culture of learning and intellectual growth. The Counseling and Conflict Resolution Center offers assistance in resolving various social issues, including family, business, societal, legal disputes, and mental health concerns. Physiotherapy and Neurotherapy services are provided to seniors to aid in their healing and rehabilitation. Homeopathic medical facilities are also available on-site, offering holistic healthcare services free of charge. Free coaching classes are conducted for underprivileged children from grades 1 to 12, preparing them for competitive exams and empowering them with education.



GLIMPS:



Mr. Gandharv Singh Dangi
Manager, Anand Dham,
Bhoapl



LET'S CONTRIBUTE

These projects also welcome financial and material contributions, ensuring their sustainability and impact. Contributions towards residential amenities such as beds, bedding, and furniture are appreciated, with a suggested donation of INR 10,000 per individual. Regular financial support, with a minimum contribution of INR 11,000, is crucial for the operational expenses of the service projects. Daily expenses for meals, including breakfast, lunch, and dinner, amount to INR 6,000. Contributions of INR 3,000 are encouraged for providing a communal meal experience for the residents. Additionally, funds for Pan-chamrit, consisting of milk, fruits, and snacks for morning and evening refreshments, are valued at INR 1,250. Cash and in-kind donations, such as grains and food supplies, are also welcome. Donations to Seva Bharati are tax-exempt under Section 80G of the Income Tax Act. Contributions can be made to the "Seva Bharti Anand Dham" bank account.

These small efforts made our culture so rich and make us proud that we belong to such a wonderful nation. As our country our culture teaches us that this whole earth is our home and we are united as a family "Vasudhaiv Kutumbakam".

Jai Hind !!
Jai Bharat !!

SEWA BHARTI ANAND DHAM
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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. Diary of a Chaotic Person



Ms. Aaliya Raza
Artist
Jauharabad
Pakistan

First love is powerful;
it's crazy and beautiful, I told him.
It was unlike anything I experienced before,
taking me from my roots and swirling me.
It was the most beautiful thing that ever happened to
me;
I was happy until I was not.
Love went away,
driving me into trauma I can never forget,
a pain I can never control.
But then I fell in love again.
It was not like the first love;
it did not give me butterflies.
It was calmer and peaceful,
fixing me instead of uprooting me.
I was mature enough not to find a home in people,
but I knew I could rest in him,
hide in him. I did not have to hide myself from him;
I was a mess, chaos, and whirlwind,
but he could handle me.
He had it in him to call me back home but not cage me;
he had it in him to listen to my silence.
I finally wanted to rest, to settle,
to believe in something,
to believe in me and that I could be loved.
I was finally ready to give the world a chance,
wanting to let myself laugh again, feel.
I was ready to let go of the burden
I was carrying within me, the pain, the trauma,
the insecurity, the fear, the needs, the sadness.
I was ready to let go of everything;
I was ready to be loved, to fit in with him,

a perfect, true gentleman,
someone who would never hurt me,
let me disappear.
Someone I believed would love me right until it all collapsed.
He did not hurt me;
he just turned out to be what I never wanted him to be,
and I saw him for who he was, no one special,
no one different, ordinary like the rest of us,
wanting things that every other person wants,
seeing me as every other person sees.
I was no one special, no one different,
ordinary like the rest.
I was ready to tell him that I love him,
that the love poems I write are about him,
that the desire to be loved in me was by him.
I was ready to tell him that when I talk about love,
I do not talk about my past;
I talk about my future, a future I could have with him.
When I talk about wanting to rest,
I wanted to rest in him;
when I talked about leaving,
I wanted to leave the world and hide in him.
He was the center of my love,
and I thought I could be his,
but it was all like the first love,
nothing different.
I fell for him when he never did.
I was a mess, chaos, and whirlwind.
How could he love me?
How did I think it was love signs when he was only being good?
He had the whole world falling for him;
how could he just choose me?
He had it in him to call me back home but not his.
I was finally wanting to settle,
but it was not my place to even ask for.

I was a stupid girl, never right;
even my poems don't rhyme.
So now I am ready;
I am ready to let go of the desire to stay.
It was never my home to stay.
But what if it could be?
What if I could tell him that I was falling for him?
It was him I wanted to settle with, to have a home in.
But what if my confession would change everything?
What if I lose the little I am left with?
I thought I was ready to let go of everything,
the pain, the trauma, the insecurity, the fear,
the needs, the sadness. What if these are the only things for me?
What if I am destined to fall in love with the dark,
to be cursed forever, to never be loved?
What if my insecurity is actually keeping me safe?
What if these what-ifs are all I can have?
Am I actually ready to know the answers?

By Aaliya Raza

2. ON A NEIGHBOUR'S ASCENSION TO HEAVEN



Mr. Ahmed Aminu
Poet
Kwara state,
Kaiama,
Kemanji

Once, a neighbor disappeared into mist, surrendering her body to heaven. The day she vanished, the copper pipe in the old building smelled of burnt food. Memories flooded my mind: rights deprived by a brother, exam marks denied by a teacher, community entitlements embezzled by a politician. Manufacturers compromise on quality. As a child, I dreamt of becoming a doctor to address the suffering around me. Every challenge I face fuels my desire to make a positive change, to ameliorate conditions like a calm storm.

3. Phobia VS Love



**Mr. Ahsanullah
Nasar
Researcher, writer,
and social mobilizer
Loralai
Pakistan**

In the depths of my soul, I carry a weight,
A burden of pain that I can't abate.
I apologize for my flaws, my imperfections,
Though I hold qualifications, I lack your direction.
It's a shame, a deep regret, not knowing your aims,
For I am but a seeker, caught in ignorance's chains.

They portray you wrongly, with undeserved shame,
Using cruel words to tarnish your name.
I haven't transcended the hatred that binds,
Waiting for Hollywood's portrayal to open my mind.
I apologize for my weakness, my lack of clarity,
Each time I've felt ashamed, doubting your rarity.

But let me take a step back, pause, and reflect,
And share your true aims, with words I'll project.
I can't fathom why they despise you so,
Words fail me in explaining the reasons they sow.
There's so much to learn, to discover, to find,
It's a shame, an omission, that keeps me confined.

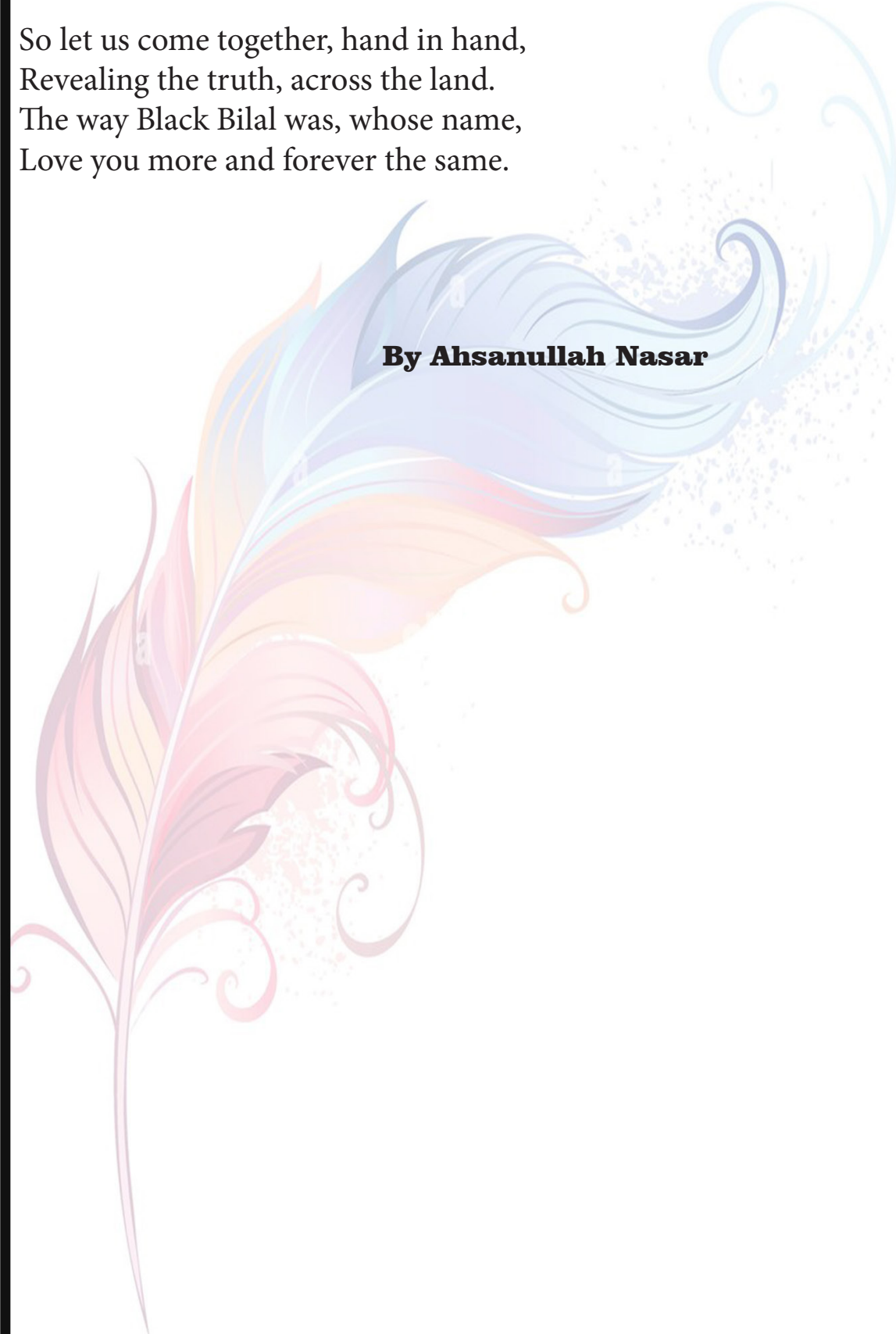
If only they knew you, the essence you possess,
The radiance of your smile, the warmth you express.
You cared for the young, revered the old,
In a world so dark, you made me bold.
Your mercy and compassion, a guiding light,
If only they read the tales, heard stories in the night.

Yes, if they knew you more, their hearts would transform,
No longer blind, their perspective would reform.
I apologize for my weakness, my doubt,
For not making them understand what you're about.
It's time for me, for you, for them to embrace,

The love for the one whose name we should trace.

So let us come together, hand in hand,
Revealing the truth, across the land.
The way Black Bilal was, whose name,
Love you more and forever the same.

By Ahsanullah Nasar



4. FAST



**Mr. Akinpelumi
Benaiah
Writer & Author
Nigeria**

Today, I woke up earlier than expected, and I didn't want to commit myself. While lying idle in bed, my head ranted. How could it be that I am just this old in a short while? I closed my eyes and felt the beaming rays of the morning sun.

Oh, how am I late again? I rushed out of bed, swiftly put on my clothes, wearied in my mind. I failed to align the buttons on my shirt, but that's not the goal. It's to get to the ticket booth for a secured rail trip to work.

Now, I'm sitting on a roadside bench, waiting to see if life could just smile on me. I missed the train. I checked my wallet for some extra cash for a bus ticket instead. It's a high price, and I guess I'm paying that for both the ticket and my unaccountability. That's life.

Now it's lunchtime, but I'm not eating anything or taking a break. It's just a formality, but I'm sure breakthrough is around the corner. I am trusting the process. But is the process trustworthy? Well, there's only one way to find out.

Later this evening, while checking my archives, I found a picture of my old school days. It was a hangout among colleagues and old school friends. I saw the smile on my face, and my heart broke. Take me back to those days, I plea. But you know, life is like the cycling of a bicycle; to keep your balance, you have to keep cycling, "steady grinding" as some nasty people will say.

Paulina was called to the bar, Johnson graduated from med school. Do you remember my friend Sam? He is pulling strings too. But there is a guy who has all the dreams and aspirations of a whole lot, up and running before the morning roosters, ticking every box and checking every path, staying put and getting ready for the next obstacles.

He is not making the headlines, so you might not know him now. But of course,

you will, definitely! When the time is right and the waves of evidence are upon his shoulders, off his struggles. Life is fast, but the actualization of dreams? Too slow. If not now, then maybe in a decade. Breakthrough is coming, keep at it, champ!

By Akinpelumi Benaiah



5. World Noise



Mr. Aziz Mountassir
Writer
Morocco

Necks that bow to names,
Ruins are here and there,
Bared walls,
And high palaces,
Happiness and the woods are crying,
Suffocating with smoke,
Fruits fall without harvest,
And the tree leaves are scattered,
The cultivation of addiction,
Sucked the dew and grew,
Then the flowers shriveled,
Noise, my mate,
The pleasure bed committed suicide,
Couldn't find the high forest branches,
Taken for something,
Couldn't find the minerals,
Melted in the factories of devastation,
Life passes by,
The soldier passes,
The funeral passes,
The train stomped on the present and the future,
And we are alone,
In the dungeon of noise,
What it means to be human!

6. Poet and poem



**Mr. Bal Mukund
Dwivedi
Patna
Bihar**

I am a poet, and I write whatever comes to my mind.
There are many expressions to convey, but only a few
please me.

There is no age limit for the love of makeup.

I am drawn to the love of bravery, yet I fear it.

Some light topics suit me well, infused with humor and
sarcasm.

Only we know the extent of suffering due to inflation.

Our backs are burdened; there are no excuses in the
face of market prices.

Giant-like demands increase while capital dwindles to
a dwarf.

Desires grow, but belief in their fulfillment wanes.

The weight of life bends my waist; I can't bear it any
longer.

Needs flow like a waterfall, unstoppable by the sieve.

Time slips away, like sand through our fingers.

My mind breaks down when I try to explain, unable to comprehend.

This is the story of every family; it's not just mine or yours.

Everyone shares the same condition, suffering alike.

Listening to leaders' speeches offers no hope for improvement,

Seeing their intentions, hope dissipates entirely.

7. Interesting facts about Tajikistan



**Mr. Behruz
Saifulloev
Journalist
Tajikistan**

About 600 years before the physicist Isaac Newton opened his eyes to the world of existence, the famous Tajik scientist and sage Abu Ali ibn Sina discovered the first law of universal gravitation. Also, about 400 years before Isaac Newton, another Tajik scientist, Imam Fakhridin Razi, determined the second law of gravity. Abu Rayhan al-Biruni learned from Galileo 600 years ago that the Earth is round and 500 years ago from Copernicus he knew that the Earth revolves around the Sun. In the science of world algebra, 14 types of equations of the third degree were defined by the Tajik-Persian scientist Omar Khayyam. The Khojamumin salt mountain, which is located in Tajikistan, is the second longest in the world and the first in Central Asia. The Khojamumin and Khojasartez salt mines make up 30 percent of the world's salt and can supply the world's population with salt for up to 100 years. The famous Tajik scientist and traveler Haji Yusuf Khujandi made eleven large and small globes, of which only one has survived to this day. Now one copy of it is kept in Samarkand and the other in St. Petersburg. The first world empire was not built by the ancestors of Tajiks before Alexander the Great under the name "Empire of Achaemenids", which spread over 3 continents - Asia, Europe, and Africa. On the eve of 2022, the famous mountaineer and tourist from Tajikistan Vitaly Hinenzon conquered the highest peak of Ecuador-Chimborazo, which is the farthest point from the center of the earth! The third kidney stone operation, two of which were performed by the Indian doctor Sushruta, was performed by Tajik Ibn Sina. The highest reserve and botanical garden in the world is located in the Pamir region of Tajikistan. The world's highest dams are located in the Norak and Rogun Hydroelectric Power Stations. The Pamir region (Bulunkul area) is the fourth coldest place in the world. After Baikal, Lake Sarez is the deepest lake in the Commonwealth of Independent States. The highest flag in the world is raised above sea level in Badakhshan, Tajikistan. "Nowruz Palace" has been included in the eighth wonder of the Shanghai Cooperation Organization. 70 percent of the historical film "Alibaba and 40 bandits" was shot in the cities of Bukhara, Samarkand,

Tashkent, and some of the scenes of this film were shot in the city of Dushanbe, Varzob, and Romit regions, as well as in the city of Agra, India. In the historical film *Alibaba and 40 bandits* (1979), Tajik actors Golib Islamov, Hotam Nurov, and other actors took part in momentary roles. Due to the international recognition of scientific achievements, the statues of four famous Tajik geniuses, Abu Ali Ibn Sina, Hakim Umar Khayyam, Abu Raikhan Beruni, and Muhammad Zakaria Razi, were placed in front of the building of the United Nations. The great Tajik mathematicians Abu Nasr Farabi and Muhammad Abulwafo Buzajani are among those scientists who introduced tangent and cotangent lines to science. In 1970, one of the discovered asteroids was named Tajikistan in recognition of the remarkable achievements of Tajik scientists and their cooperation in uncovering the unseen cosmic secrets. Today, several asteroids discovered by foreigners have been named in honor of the valuable services and unique scientific discoveries of Tajik sons Abu Ali Ibn Sina, Abu Raikhani Beruni, Bobojonov, and others. In 1969, the Institute of Astrophysics of the Academy of Sciences of Tajikistan was awarded the Order of the Red Banner of Labor for outstanding achievements in the field of science, and two small planets were named "Tajikiston" and "Gissao."

By Behruz Saifulloev

8. Death Teacher



**Mr. Bholanath
Samanta
Teacher
west Bengal**

Teachers are either born or made; they prepare themselves to motivate students. Pupils acknowledge teachers for imparting ideals and features. Naturally, teachers explore knowledge, reading students like pages. Nowadays, teachers frequently use social media to enhance their influence. They utilize platforms like Facebook for building friendships, although some students find it challenging to accept requests, feeling left out. Teachers also use WhatsApp, Twitter, and Messenger as communication tools. They extend gestures like wishing students on birthdays, enhancing their charm and status. Teachers' facial expressions and body language reflect modernity. Obtaining more degrees or courses for promotion is not essential; society values teachers who maintain caring relationships with students. It's considered the best policy to become a better teacher.

9. DEVIL ON THE POLE

Dig the hole and sink the pole,
For there's a rope to pull the pope toward the rose!

Hold the gold,
And flunk the boat,
For I'll wear my coat to boast on the coast!

The devil on the pole
Has made my soul to foul!

The devil on the pole
Has dampened my hope!

The devil on the pole
Has roasted my role on fire!

The devil on the pole
Has set a rope for easy climbing to the rose!

The devil on the pole
Is causing the power company to sell the pole!

The devil on the pole
Has cemented the factory of hope to ashes!

The devil on the pole
Has monitored the parameters of the electrical system to fail!

The devil on the pole
Is like a poking stick,
Trying to make everything neat!

The devil on the pole



**Mr. Chinwendu
Chinonyerem
Emmanuel
Author, Teacher
Aba
Nigeria**

Has taken control of my consciousness,
Commanding me to climb without a ladder,
For it is our soul mate in a state of confusion!

The devil on the pole
Is intimidating and fearsome in sight,
But I stand firm on the truth dashboard!

By Chinwendu Chinonyerem Emmanuel

10. Adi Shankaracharya and His Message



**Dr. Chitranjan
Dayal Singh
Kaushal
Director of Sanskrit
cell, Haryana
Sahitya Evam
Sanskriti Akademi,
Panchkula
Haryana**

Adi Shankaracharya was born in 508 B.C. at village Kaladi in Kerala. His father's name was Shiv Guru and mother's name was Aryamba. Both were devotees of Bhagwan Shankar. After intense prayers they got this divine child so they named him Shankar out of love and respect. His father expired when Shankar was at the age of three years only. Shankar became a Vedic scholar at the age of six and very much willing to lead the life of Sanyasi. His mother never permitted him for this. One day at the time of bathing in a river once a crocodile caught Shankar from his foot. Shankar asked his mother for permission to have sanyas lest the crocodile not eat him. Under compulsion to save life mother permitted and Shankar was saved. Govinda Bhagavadpad was his guru who made him Sanyasi and inspired to do commentaries on Vedas, Upanishads, Brahma sutras and Bhagvad Gita. At that time, Raja Sudhanva was renowned ruler. He also excepted Vedic philosophy as propounded by Adi Shankaracharya.

Acharya Shankar was a great philosopher and theologian who revitalized Hinduism during a time of decline. He propagated the doctrine of Brahman. 'Brahm Satyam Jgan mithya, Jivo Brhmaiva Naparah' meaning there by the ultimate truth is Absolute. He won Mandan Mishra and his wife Ubhaya Bharati in the logical debat 'Shastratha'.

He lived a short life of 32 years but his teachings and philosophy continue to inspire people even today.

Shankaracharya travelled extensively across India to spread his message and had four main disciples who continued his legacy.

1. In the North Jyotishpeeth at Badarikashrama under Totakacharya, Atharvamnaya, Ayamatma Brahma.
2. In the West Sharada Peetha at Dwarika under Padmapadacharya(Sanandana) Samamnaya, Tattvamasi.
3. In the South Shringeri Peetha under Sureshvaracharya, Yajuramnaya, Aham Brahmasmi.
4. In the East Govardhan Peetha at Jagannath Puri under Hastamalakacharya, Rigamnaya, Prajnanam Brahma.

He also wrote many books on vedant tradition and devotional poems called Strotras. Adi Shankaracharya consolidated the doctrine of Advaita Vedanta.

His works are divided into four categories: Bhashya, commentaries on the Brahma Sutras, Upanishads, and the Bhagavad Gita. These are considered to be his most important works as they establish the Advaita Vedanta philosophy.

The second category is Prakaran Granth, which includes texts that explain the philosophy of Advaita Vedanta. These texts are written in a simpler language and are accessible to everyone.

The third category is Stotras or bhakti Strotras. These are devotional hymns that express devotion and love for God. Adi Shankaracharya's bhakti Strotras are still popular today and are sung in temples all over India.

Adi Shankaracharya's commentaries on the Brahma Sutras have been studied by scholars for centuries and have influenced many great thinkers in India. His works have also been translated into many languages, making them accessible to people all over the world.

Adi Shankaracharya's complete works are a treasure trove of knowledge and wisdom. They provide insights into the philosophy of Advaita Vedanta and offer guidance on how to live a meaningful life. Love

and respect all. Service of mankind is service God. Panch devopasna propagated by Adi Shankar indicates that worship of Vishnu, Shiv, Shakti, Ganesh and Surya is the same and inculcates humility and humanity.

He was true Karmayogi, Jnanayogi, Bhaktiyogi and Dhyanayogi. Shankaracharya's journey began at a young age when he left his home in search of a guru. He organised and established Dashnami Gosvami Samaj including Sarasvati, Giri, Puri, Ban, Bharati, Tirtha, Sagar, Aranya, Parvat and Ashram to save our Bharatiya Vedic culture.

His message was centered around the concept of Advaita Vedanta, which emphasizes the unity of all things and the ultimate reality of Brahman. Shankaracharya believed that the individual self or atman was identical to Brahman and that the goal of life was to realize this truth through spiritual practice.

His teachings continue to influence Hinduism today and have also had an impact on other spiritual traditions. He left his life for heavenly abode on 474 B.C. at Kedarnath Dham in the North of Bharat.

In conclusion, Adi Shankaracharya's life and teachings have had a profound impact on Hinduism and continue to inspire people around the world. His message of unity and spiritual realization is as relevant today as it was during his time.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

11. Tamed



Mr. Denis Ogola
Student
Nairobi
Kenya

And then I realized that there is a rivalry in control within myself and my inner spirit, with the goodness in me consistently trying to hide its darker side away, there in imagination, only to accept reality as an option never to run out of. And my intuition, regularly cogitating for confession in revelations to free myself before it ticks my senses, that liberty is set to some limits.

Weakened in body and relations, the mind involuntarily sometimes questions the loyalty of its heart to myself. Wondering if the blame is on me as a being, or the failure of the mind to teach the heart. These questions only arise when I reflect on the early years before this tame.

Not long ago, this was not me; with evolution and growth, we call it. Tamed in freedom, prior to what felt like I'm drowning in oblivion. Being careful already in daunting situations, for this will help me rescue part of myself that my people still appreciate.

I'll keep reappearing, even after they think I'm expired, as a kind approach to set an opportunity to love me again. In my cage, I see who people are, even though they see someone else. When I reminisce on some of our past memories, they make me linger in giggles, seeing how far this cage has set us apart.

I don't know if I'll break free and find my way, and whether my abundance and capacity will be restored, but hopefully if it happens, I will pay what I owe - either in shillings or service.

12. Broken Heart

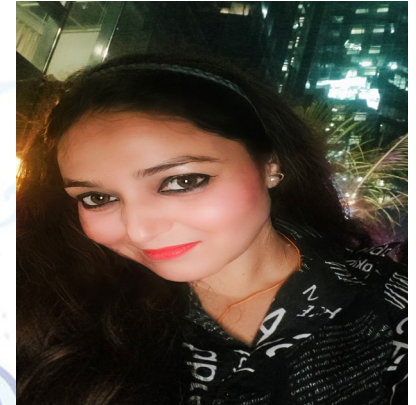
Every loved one who comes here,
one day, he goes forever.
I had a fun time with you, my partner.
I never thought of your departure.
I have a broken heart, my friend.
No farewell gift for you in my hand.
The bouquet laid near you is mine,
with no charm and shine.
Calm and quite tinny lips,
giving me signals and tips -
"Don't find me in the sky and stars.
Forever, I live in your heart.
Whenever I am extremely sad,
come into my dream, bliss me.
Life is miserable, I'm quite alone.
Separation is life's sad tone."



**Mr. Dhan Singh
'Dhanendra'
Moradabad
Uttar Pradesh**

13. Rain Is Falling

Existing or lifeless, every creature has a different role and responsibilities, often related to the time of life. This cosmos is vast, with a unique space for every creature in the wildlife. I am admiring the mesmerizing beauty of wildlife and enjoying this lively term, as I am part of this wildlife, which is both terrific and glorious. The globe is full of marvels and gorgeous moments. Since morning, I have been experiencing the raindrops on my colorful body. How beautiful this moment is, it reassures me to live my life fully with my beloved family and friends under my pretty umbrella. I will enjoy it with utmost bliss and relish the lovely rain droplets. I will go out with all my friends and family members. See, we all have diverse colors and stunning designs. I will capture these moments to cherish for my entire life. We only have two seasons for our living: summer and rain, but rain brings with it many variations, each with different meanings, enriching our wildlife forever. It is an endless joy, available to all, whether existing or lifeless.



Ms. Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

14. Consistency

Your record speaks - the constant invite
In your Alpha-male mastery,
The constant incite
Of uncalled commentary.

Here I am, you got me.
With trust and a little fear of the known
Unknown to me that you prepared for mystery.
The forceful agony, to the living and the death, known.

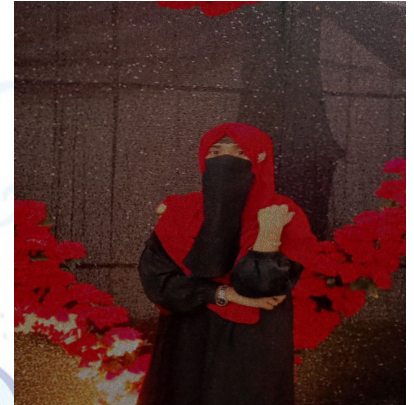
I begged you and your Chi
The body needs it at a moment and from a specific person.
Howbeit, you did not take a chill.
And not at the moment and not you.

The forceful dicking with no signature of mine
Correlates the hurtful coochie-itching
Ceaseless picture of The Barbarity.
Backed by my ancestors and my pain, only one word for you: onikure



Mr. E. Collins
Nigeria

15. EMOTIONAL TURMOIL!



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

Heartache can leave lasting emotional scars, impacting mental health and well-being. The pain of heartbreak, the sting of betrayal, or unreciprocated affection can trigger feelings of anxiety, depression, and low self-esteem. These experiences can shake the foundation of one's emotional well-being and manifest physically, leading to sleep disturbances, loss of appetite, and other health issues. The resulting feelings of sadness, anxiety, and worthlessness can seep into every aspect of life, affecting relationships, work, and overall happiness.

Left unaddressed, this emotional damage can lead to long-term consequences for mental health, making it crucial to seek support and employ healthy coping mechanisms.

Healing from heartache is a journey that requires patience, self-compassion, and effort. Through therapy, self-reflection, and the support of loved ones, individuals can begin to mend the broken pieces of their hearts and rebuild their lives. While the scars may remain, they serve as a reminder of resilience and the capacity to love again. With time and dedication, it's possible to move beyond the pain and find hope for a brighter future.

~"With Every Goodbye,
The Weight Of Solitude Grew Heavier."

16. Mother's Love



Ms. Gargi Saha
Poetess
Varanasi
Uttar Pradesh

So pure is a mother's love.
There's nothing like a hug from mum.
How she embraces her offspring tightly,
Without the slightest hesitation,
Of past, present, future.
Her love speaks volumes of undistinguished affection.
A woman who teaches kids the right things
Since childhood
Is so wise, sagacious, a boon for all,
For she knows 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'
She knows where to safeguard her kids
And she is not blind in love.
I salute you, mother,
For always helping me to make the right decisions in
life,
Despite the trials and tribulations.
You were my talisman, my sky, my success,
For I'm still your child,
Learning to scale heights in life.
I look upon you to share my woes, sorrows, happiness.
Wherever you are, mother, I wish you
Serenity, happiness, divine joy.
None can replace a mother.
She is just as sweet, silent, noble as a prayer.

17. Enthusiasm

Enthusiasm is a strong feeling of excitement.

Enthusiasm is an inspiring deal of fervor.

Enthusiastic persons count everything in their favor.

Enthusiasm is an energetic pill.

People with enthusiasm are happy and positive.

Enthusiastic persons never become sad and negative.

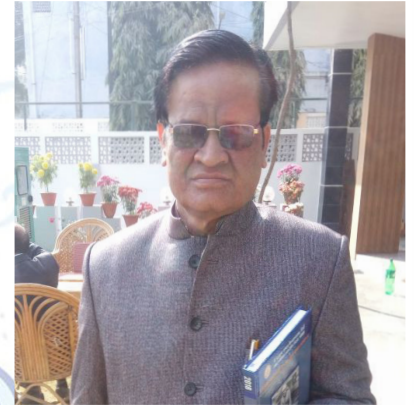
Enthusiasm helps us to always stay motivated.

Enthusiasm makes us smart and spirited.

Enthusiasm is a powerful tool to create momentum.

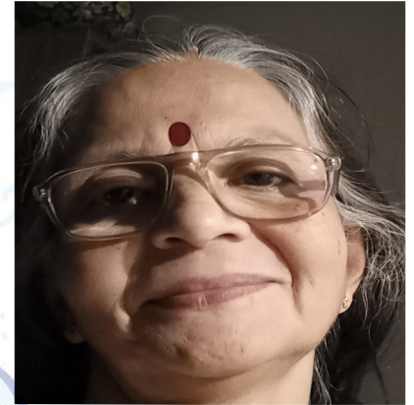
Enthusiasm has never given a negative symptom.

Enthusiasm is the vital force that impels action.



**Mr. Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Legal profession
(Advocate High
Court)
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh**

18. AGONY



**Ms. Gowri
Ramachandran
Retd Educator,
Author
Chennai**

She sat on a little branch,
Hidden by the thick foliage of a potted plant.
She tweeted a loud, shrill, sorrowful note
Which struck at the strings of my heart.

She fluttered her little brown wings,
Then, looking up at the dim dawn sun,
Tweeted again, a full-throated, sad note.
Was she in pain? I wondered.

I froze in my garden chair,
Undecided, afraid to reach out to her,
Lest she, in fear, fly away.
My heart yearned to learn her pain.

She paused, looked hither-thither, in askance,
Fluttered her little brown wings rapidly, once more.
She let out yet another shrill note
And flew away into the azure sky.

Cautiously, I walked to the potted plant
Where on a branch she sat and tweeted.
Curious, I moved the leaves and peered...
Only to see her little nest all destroyed!

I realized... it was a mother's helpless cry,
On seeing her little home broken.
Her lovely dreams all shattered!
A mother's helpless AGONY!.

19. A SONNET ON FRIENDS' LOVE



**Dr. Jailaxmi R
Vinayak
Poet, writer, singer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh**

Their healing touch enlivens you always,
Like the wafting of fragrant zephyr.
Thronging of friends is longed, serene sunrays,
True love of companions one may require.

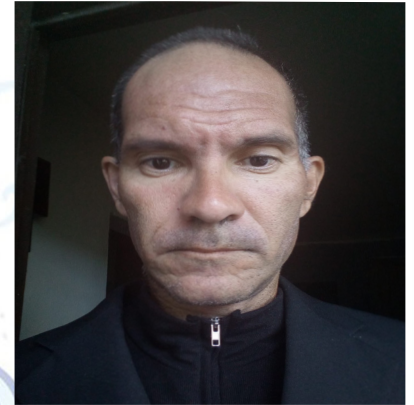
Adversity tests their tenacity,
Forbearance, patience, love, and tolerance,
Ingredients to form a joyful fraternity,
Bonding is strengthened with perseverance.

Friendship makes the way for perpetuity,
An eternal tie of togetherness.
Cherishing memories of amity,
Long-lasting, replenished with tenderness.

Blessed with God's approval and consent,
It's a journey of pleasure and contentment.

(A sonnet is 14 lines of Iambic Pentameter. It has 10 syllables and rhyme scheme is abab, cdcd, efef, gg.)

20. Irreplaceable



Dr. Jose Luis Lopez
Puerto Rico

We as humans, we have had the perspective wrongly that we could replace whoever we want, but they don't understand that everyone is different on the planet. Indistinctly and indivisible from everything and everybody, we might be able to change our own minds to make decisions appropriately assertive.

We know we have a different vision of the world, but unfortunately, we are all from the same Earth and it can't be replaced for any reason because the irreverent people are not acting humanely to develop a righteous direction to save what we have. And the scenario we have to be in is not working consciously to maximize the possibilities to build up a correct response.

From our nature and society, fortunately, we have to accept who we are pursuing to joy people who are around, not segregation of massive people to live according to everyone's vision. Because that's the system we are all going on. I prefer to exist in a way to have a peaceful, lovable environment and not a debacle falsely portrayed as a movie where you act someone's life.

21. Life Path

Some stories remained incomplete.
I endured some pain with a smile.

Some traces remained.
Sometimes gaps disappeared.

Some desires remained in the heart.
Some kites were made and cut.

There were many storms in my life.
I managed to keep my steps again after falling.

When I saw the waves closely.
Swept away in the rhythm of my cool voice.

The world has given me a lot of pain in my life.
Still, I kept applying ointment on my wounds.

I loved my loved ones infinitely.
I kept finding love in my indifference.

I just went on my way,
I was once a sunny courtyard,
Today I became like a wall in a wet courtyard.

The thorns that wounded my feet,
Still I kept stepping on those spikes.

Any day Diwali is not mine,
I kept lighting the lamp.

There is no one in the flower garden for me,
Still I kept decorating the entire garden.



**Mrs. Kanchan
Mishra**
Teacher & writer
Shahjahanpur
Uttar Pradesh

I had asked for happiness for my family,
I drowned in the darkness of sorrow.

I wanted to fly in the sky like a bird,
Today she remained locked in a cage.

Still, I took every step with a smile.
Whether the pain is easy or difficult,
I just went on my way.

Now why should I be afraid of pain?
When I got used to the thorns.
Those who got flowers,
Congratulations to them!
Autumn has now become my spring.

By Kanchan Mishra

22. I WILL BE ALRIGHT



The alarm on my phone wakes me up,
A speck of soil falls into my tired eyes.
Reaching for my phone on the bedside table, it slips
from my grasp and hits the tiled floor,
Sending spasms of pain through it.

As I stumble out of bed, I accidentally spill water from
a cup,
The water runs like an escaping prisoner, soaking the
floor mat.
I retrieve my phone, its cracked screen blinking rapidly,
But I'll be alright.

Entering the bathroom, I grab the door just in time to
prevent slipping on the wet floor,
Turning the knob, the showerhead sputters with thirst.
Squeezing toothpaste from the tube, it ejects dry remnants,
But I'll be alright.

A strange smell reaches my nostrils, and I sneeze while waving away flies from a
jug of milk I forgot to boil.
I grab the only matchstick, but it gets extinguished before I reach the stove knob.
With a coin in my wallet, I walk along the road,
My stomach churning and rumbling,
But I'll be alright.

**Mr. Leonard Maero
W
Author, poet, writer,
teacher, deputy
editor
Kitale
Kenya**

23. UNKNOWN PATHWAYS

I wonder,
In a fair, fine dark night,
"If life be a map torn asunder
And tossed in the brilliant sun with might,
We lose every way to the raging wind."
When our elders die blind,
Who is to know and lead?
So many ways that meander,
And later on, to everyone, become a load.
I feel the burden of a murder
Every time, unless I seek solace
In my every solitary night of this detrimental maze.



**Mr. Leonten Tendai
Chakombera
Author, boiler
Maker , Artisan,
Auto-Mechanic,
Evangelist
Mutoko
Zimbabwe**

24. FROM HERE TO THERE!

People live as though tomorrow is promised,
But this is so untrue,
For when it's least expected,
Death comes knocking at the door.

Live today as if it's your last,
Be kind, be understanding, be a friend,
Do all that you can to live your best.

Leave a legacy of love and care,
It matters not what you had to bear,
For in the end, we all must travel
On a journey from here to there!



**Ms. Lucy Victoria
David
Writer/ motivational
speaker
Durban
South Africa**

25. Anumair (A story of unfulfilled love)



It is a story about two young lovers (as the title indicates) who were united by names but apart by destiny...

Once upon a time, in the valley of love, a teenager named Umair took a breath. He was the only son of his parents, pampered and thriving in an environment of intense comfort. His unfulfilled love takes him beyond the boundaries of time and space. He was a soul woven by threads of love.

Anum was the only melody his ears longed to hear. He loved her so intensely that he knew no boundaries. His love was a melody, a song that echoed in the chamber of his heart. He was always lost in the imagination of that girl. Anum, who was a beautiful daughter of a rich family, couldn't respond properly to his overwhelmed love. Initially, she mesmerized him with her charm and magical eyes, but in the long run, she couldn't keep her promises, leaving him in the valley of despair and a broken heart.

Their love story began when they were school-going children. Umair, who was a passionate young boy, lost interest in their studies and impatiently used to wait for the weekend because it was the time when he got time to talk to her. On weekends, he used to steal the phone of her elder sister and run away to text her. He didn't know how to text, so for this purpose, he hired a friend. As time passed, he got more drowned in her love and addicted to her presence.

It was the time when he was completely busy with his love and daydreaming; cruel destiny played its role and took away his father. A young boy who was lost somewhere in the lock of her beloved now had to become a responsible man because he was the only breadwinner of his family. It was a time when illusions began to shatter and reality began to clear. He had to fight with his emotions and responsibilities at the same time. When his so-called beloved found him surrounded by a lot of responsibilities, she left his hand and moved on to a better option. It was a time when he tried to hold the responsibilities with his tiny

**Ms. Mahnoor
Mukhtar
Writer
Sargodha
Pakistan**

hands. It was hard to survive between the war of responsibilities and emotions. During his hard time, his love began to slip from his hands like sand, and the melody of his love began to fade.

So now their love was over. She left him in extreme pain. For him, it's painful like an ache that won't fade, a wound that won't heal. Her betrayal left him with trauma, haunted by problematic and wounded memories. Those moments which were a source of pleasure for him now become the worst memories; when he experiences a flashback, he does not remember the experience, relive it. Those words echo in his mind like hell that she said at the time of her departure.

The only word love is nothing without the addition of status and luxuries. When he opened his eyes from reverie and fantasy, the world around him was so cruel, and he began to realize that without pennies in your pocket, the love in your heart is worthless. Your emotions are nothing but pain. You can just hold the ashes of their memories who have gone. One who has brightened his world now left him in endless darkness.

When the table of time turned, he got everything, except his lost love. He began to pour his sorrows on paper and write about his unrequited love. The world finds solace in his writings and admires him yet she didn't. The story ends with a tragic move, she becomes a happy bride of luxuries, and he becomes the groom of agonies, sorrows, darkness, and miseries. Though their names have some connection yet their souls didn't.

By Mahnoor Mukhtar

26. 31st February

I tender an apology.
Kindly forgive me for the day
I gazed upon your gown with my eyes.
The day I unintentionally hurt your eardrums
While expressing my love to you.
The day I unlocked the door to your heart
To let joy dance like reggae on your lips.

Blame me not;
You're uniquely made
Just like the 31st of February.



**Major Sir Adesoga
Jubril Asiwaju
Educator, Prolific
Writer and Artist**

27. GIVE YOGA A CHANCE

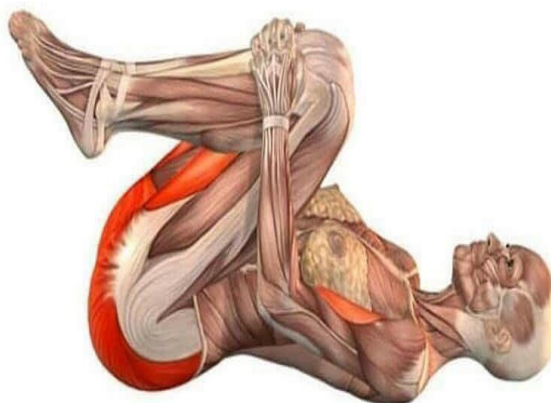
If sitting in a tranquil environment and doing breathing exercises is too sombre an activity for you, then yoga has probably never been your most favorite fitness mantra. Here's a reason to give yoga another chance. This time, with a powerful punch, with power yoga.

In a unique East-meets-West form of exercise, power yoga is a fusion between traditional yoga and flexibility training. It is a variation of the traditional Surya Namaskar but requires more body strength and flexibility as compared to regular yoga. Power yoga also causes profuse sweating, something not usually associated with yoga.

Apart from relaxing the body, it helps with weight reduction too. It increases lean muscle tissue and fastens the metabolic rate, apart from working on the muscles and increasing the core body strength.

DID YOU KNOW?

THE PAWANMUKTA-ASANA HAS MANY BENEFITS



Mantri Pragada Markandeyulu
Email: mrkndyl@gmail.com
Hyderabad, India



28. Glasses and Mirrors



**Mr. Mungoma
Anthony aka
Cowboy
Business man
Uganda**

I was there when the sun dimmed red,
It dozed and dawned.

Around a fire, a talk spread!
The praise of a woman!

A woman - a gentle woman was despised, underestimated,
trampled over, and flogged by the fire talk.

Her status was jagged by the works of their tongue.
They said a real woman is always on her knees, with her
face down, money-minded, and sooted, and a downcast
in strength.

No, I cleared their minds.

A woman is neither of that, not at all.

A woman is a glass, no simile - luxuriant and essential,
simple and gentle, just like a glass.

She glosses but not like the stars of the sky, for they are dim.

A woman is that glittering glass close to you, not the dumb heavenly stars but a
talking glass.

A woman - a considerate lady is a glass not of gold or diamond but of human
nature, owns humanity.

A woman is priceless unlike gold or diamond; she is to roar in her soft voice.

A woman is a mirror of true humanity, the kindness showed by God, the strength
given to man.

A woman is that burning spear aimed at the enemy.

I was there when the sun opened its eyes that were bright and scorching,
But a woman's smile was brighter and adorably pleasant.

29. Fire Within The Protective Walls



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Mrs. Majanisa had shouted, “Rape!” But it would be silly for her to imagine that Majanisa had believed her. Did it matter anyway if he believed anything? But there was something that mattered. An innocent person was languishing in the darkness of a prison cell in which the risk of contracting Covid-19 had been added to the perennial health-related perils like tuberculosis, skin diseases, intestinal disorders, and pneumonia.

The garden boy cum gateman could easily have remained her ally against maltreatment had Mrs. Majanisa and Samson Gwiri not taken the shortcut that, in a sense, would guarantee one of the other’s sympathy, or one of the other’s fondest longing, should distance cast a barrier inhibiting physical contact between the two.

The magistrate had denied him bail but had advised him to approach the high court for him to be remanded out of custody. If convicted, Gwiri would spend the next eight or more years within the protective correctional walls whose correctional purpose was, by any sense of the word, controvertible.

Mrs. Majanisa had hardly felt Samson’s presence when he took up employment at her residence. He was the garden boy and gateman in one and occupied the servants’ quarters of the house, which stood on its own as a separate structure. He cooked his food and did his work without complaining. Mrs. Majanisa did not need a housemaid as she spent most of her time at home since she was unemployed.

Mrs. Majanisa’s lush flower garden transformed her place into a Neverland. The roses, the pomegranates, Bethlehem stars, as well as other plants referred to as flowers by virtue of their ornamental nature, made her push her immediate grievance against Majanisa to the back of her mind. The beauty, or was it the splendour, that surrounded her tranquilized the bitterness deep within her. Her husband had barred her from taking formal employment despite her having

colorful qualifications in Laboratory Science.

Mrs. Majanisa's dream of working in a large hospital had been choked by her husband's egocentric belief that most, if not all, career women were unfaithful. She was twenty-six and endowed with the beauty that would make any husband possessive.

As Gwiri waited for trial within the grim walls, Mrs. Majanisa and her husband started going for counseling. The sessions seemed to be taking a positive effect on Mr. Majanisa. As they reposed in their bedroom after the third counseling session, Majanisa remarked, "It had not been easy for me, but I am beginning to realize that what has befallen us is not very different from the thefts and robberies that occur on a daily basis. Nobody wants it to happen to them, so when it happens it is definitely not their choice."

"You speak well, Dear," Mrs. Majanisa said, drawing closer to his side of the bed. "The only problem I may face a while longer is 'Why did it have to be me?'"

"That is the first question you must stop asking because no answer is ready for you."

It would only have been easy if nobody was deteriorating physically in the great pit of condemnation. Had she got away with infidelity without the dire consequences facing the other half of the extra romantic mischief, she would have been celebrating her gift of contrivance, but in the scheme of things, her mind was a prison cell that guarded her confession jealously.

Mrs. Majanisa had found nothing wrong in Majanisa making security a top priority, but when he barred Samson Gwiri from receiving visitors, she was greatly disturbed. His off day came after every sixty days, and Mrs. Majanisa felt that Majanisa was somehow treating Gwiri as a slave. Although that did not worry her all the time, it was sufficient enough to make Mrs. Majanisa think about Samson longer than she ought to have done.

Then came the day when Majanisa assaulted a girl whom Gwiri had smuggled

into the house. Mrs. Majanisa never established how her husband had sensed that Gwiri had brought a woman into his yard. He had simply said. "I'm going to search that bastard's quarters. Something seems to be telling me that he is doing things under my very nose."

That night Majanisa had dragged the girl out of the servants' quarters, slapping her repeatedly across the face. After ejecting her from the yard, Majanisa had turned on Gwiri and punched him hard in the face with a clenched fist. The hapless young man sustained a black eye.

"You know, Majanisa, we will be in trouble with the law if your tendency to settle matters violently with your employee persists," Mrs. Majanisa had told her husband at their supper table.

"If he reports the matter, I will easily tell whom his advisor ought to be."

"What is that supposed to mean?" Mrs. Majanisa had asked, surprised.

"You have heard me," Majanisa had said.

From that day Mrs. Majanisa had sought to know more about the silent suffering Gwiri. His cool demeanor seemed to tell a story of sadness that he was only willing to share with a person he held in utmost trust. People with such sad stories boiling within their chests never seemed to sense physical afflictions until such pestilences literally felled them in the end.

Mrs. Majanisa sensed Gwiri's uneasiness when she visited him in the garden, how he kept his eye on the hosepipe as the two conversed, Mrs. Majanisa trying to breathe life and warmth into the chat, while Gwiri seemed to hope a distraction like a phone call or the gate bell would bring the conversation to an abrupt end.

The more Gwiri stonewalled, the more Mrs. Majanisa wanted him to open up. He finally gave in. "I lost my mother when I was four, and the little me passed from coarse hands to heavy hands and vice versa till I was man enough to stand on my own feet after completing my studies in agricultural engineering. I will

be turning twenty-four within a month, though my fortunes remain confined within a precast wall.”

“How come you took up this job with such qualifications?” Mrs. Majanisa was puzzled.

The young mother of one had not believed Gwiri and on the following day she had visited his room to see his papers. He spread his papers on the little table that was one of the artifacts that constituted the furniture in his bedroom. Mrs. Majanisa was stunned to realize that Gwiri had obtained distinctions in four of his courses.

Boss Lady and employee had totally forgotten the world outside the servants' quarters, the garden, the main house, the vegetables, and the flowers. They had even forgotten employment prospects.

On Gwiri's bed, they sealed the friendship that had been forming from the day each had sensed that they were confined to the loneliness of a powerful man's fiefdom, and that in their powerlessness they had to find each other.

Majanisa did not need the gateman's services as he used a remote control device to open the iron gate. Mrs. Majanisa and Gwiri did not hear the noise of the sliding gate as they were busy with each other.

When Gwiri's bedroom door flew open, Mrs. Majanisa did not need to confirm if it was Majanisa before shouting “Rape”.

Majanisa had leapt towards Gwiri, who had already withdrawn from his young wife, but Gwiri dodged him, and the man crushed into the wall. Gwiri then scooped his clothes from the floor and found his exit from the room, leaving husband and wife to clear the rest of the mess. Samson paused outside the door to close and lock the door, leaving husband to finish off what he had been doing with his wife, before dressing up in order to face the outer world in the guise of an innocent man.

The garden boy did not go into hiding but went to reside with the friend who had taken him in when he came to the city. He never thought Majanisa would pursue the rape issue until three days after he saw pictures of himself in the press under the police wanted list. He did not want to give his friend unnecessary discomfort and surrendered himself to the police. He gave a laconic statement of his intimate relationship with Mrs. Majanisa and waited for the course of justice to prevail.

Now after their fourth counseling session, Mr. and Mrs. Majanisa would be back in court. While the counseling had had a positive effect on Majanisa, it had had a traumatizing effect on Mrs. Majanisa. A sense of remorse had taken root in her heart. Gwiri was only two court sessions away from sentencing and the chances of him being acquitted were only as bright as silliness could be allowed to imagine. To confess the truth after his conviction would make things more difficult, like trying to extract an ornament from the belly of the sea.

When it was her turn to confirm the testimony she had given earlier in the same court, Mrs. Majanisa said, “An innocent man has suffered long enough. I hereby confess that the whole act was consensual. Not even a single minute of it was otherwise.”

Salty water began to cascade from her brimful eyes. “I beg the court to close the case against Gwiri right away. I lied to save a marriage that was already dead even before the desecration of its sanctity.”

There was commotion in the courtroom before the magistrate finally managed to call the court to order. The magistrate finally said, “Mr. Gwiri will be freed from remand right away, while I give Mrs. Majanisa seven days to withdraw the statements she has just made before the court throws the case away.”

Majanisa collapsed on the way back to his car. Mrs. Majanisa passed her husband, saying nothing to the two or three people who were trying to resuscitate him, still trying to decide where to go.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

30. Mother tongue

Mother tongue - protect people,
I speak freely and with love.
If you don't know, research and read.
But never forget!

The branch is laid in the tongue, its foundation,
Sound, purity, adverb, root, word,
Human origin, race, gender,
The genetic secret code of all generations.

Language culture preserves ancestors,
And ethnos unites the whole nation.
It conveys the spirit, speech, tradition and life,
What does forgetting history do to my grandchildren?

Write to Dina Oraz
Translation by Mustafa Gökçek



**Mrs. Orazbekova
Dinara
Kabidullova -
pseudonym Dina
Oraz
Writer, poet
Astana
Kazakhstan**

31. In The Quiet Hours of Ramadan



Mr. Own Abbas
Writer
Jhang
Pakistan

In the peaceful moments before sunrise during Ramadan, she woke up to the soft glow of the moonlight streaming into her room. She got out of bed, feeling the calmness of the early morning surrounding her. As she made her way to the kitchen, the enticing scent of spices and warm bread filled the air, giving a sign of the beginning of Sehri. Meanwhile, he sat at the table, tracing the intricate patterns of the Quran with his fingers, his mind filled with thoughts of the blessings of the holy month. His eyes softened as he observed her moving gracefully around the kitchen, her actions reflecting her deep devotion and love for her husband in the month of Ramadan. While she prepared Sehri, he couldn't help but feel a sense of overwhelming gratitude for her presence in his life. She was his peace, his source of support and comfort during Ramadan's spiritual journey. With the gentle light of dawn beginning to illuminate the room, she finished her task and turned to him, a smile lighting up her face. In that moment, he rose from his seat and approached her with reverence, giving a kiss on her forehead for all her effort for Sehri. In the embrace of that special moment, they shared an unspoken exchange of love and appreciation, their hearts united in the timeless embrace of Ramadan's blessings. And as the sun's first rays peeked through the window, they knew that their love was a divine gift, a beautiful reflection of the sacredness of the holy month of Ramadan.

By Own Abbas

32. The Gamblers' Table



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

*Eyes...charming auditory,
We...innocuous precepts,
Of human presbyters' lot,
Of our 2024 lurch feelings,
Handy hoarding dices,
Of dicey numbers plastered,
Of new year crust beddings,
Wherein, the artisans scorching,
Under the seething sunshine,
We...plumbed therein,
Flipping curved shapes unveiling,
As new mildew calendar rolls by,
Even unto days hereafter,
Eroding the usual restitution,
New year.. No Staking brows.

*Young gamblers,
Zeals of the nutty generation,
We picked the three dices up,
Of palmy free throws,
Labelled to discern sentiments,
Prods to the IQ askance,
When Are We Making It?
Fates guardedly hibernated,
Like Stargazers' frantically.

*Each cast...x-rays shrewd,
If the numbers pop up, we discern,
Of the take ...token glitch,
Of how darts the dice can fly like kite,
All within the hollows of the cushioned
stirs,
I throw mine twosome...flips up

numbers,
They...them pronounced their fingers,
Oh...indolent souls...lazy buddies,
What a catharsis of flukes!

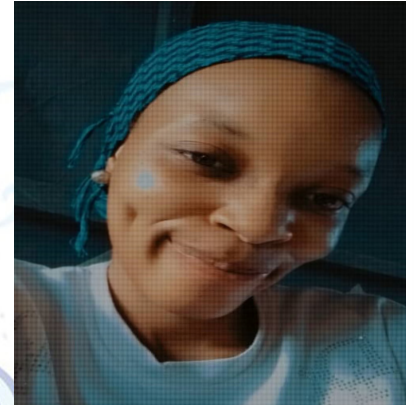
*1 for early wealth,
2 For fast turnaround,
3 For hope for the best,
4 It is well even in the well,
One throw...eyes gaze intently,
Agape ...wide open howlers,
Of how 1 & 2 set against Us,
Of how concurrently numbers,
Blinded against colorful binary,
Yet sweating hot breezes,
In the spineless task.

Crushed in the core dark,
Of what we set to know,
Of what we are up in numbers.

*Then, grandmother's image
Crying unto my soul albeilty
"Run Not,Son Ahead Shadows"
"Your destiny lies in your palms"
Echoes ...open the door!
At the cleft...the Gambler's Chief
Asking ...the winning share,
Oh...mouths silent...eyed stare
If ...penury of a worthless chase
Binge our wasted shreds of faiths.

By Phillips Tayo Damilola

33. Don't Quit



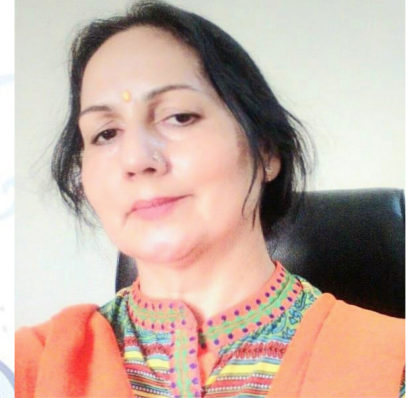
Princess Annabel
Enugu state
Nigeria

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit – rest if you must,
but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns.
And many a fellow turns about when he might have
won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow – you may
succeed with another blow.
Often the goal is nearer than it seems to a faint and
faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up when he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out – the silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And when you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst, you must not quit.

34. Awesome Aurora



**Ms. Promila Punnu
Bhardwaj
Retd. General
Manager, Industries
Department, Govt.
of H.P.
Shimla**

Artistic Nature sprays captivating colors
On the clear canvas of the sky, during the hours
Of sublime sunrise and mesmerizing sunset,
With a magical invisible brush, mixing on the palette
Primary and secondary colors to create new hues.
Being unsatisfied, it keeps experimenting, as if getting
clues,
From some mentor to create a more appealing awesome
aurora,
Seeking inspiration from mysterious sources to generate
an aura.
Extremely unique, mystical, unmatched, and ever-
changing,
Under the guidance of the Supreme Creator, which is so
amazing,
As it can't be copied ditto literally by any human being,
No matter how great a perfect painter one may be proclaiming.
Oneself as an expert in the art of painting many a picture,
The same to same, but can never compete with nature.
Nature excels in producing such excellent paintings
On the sky's vast canvas, providing a feast for the eyes, wondering,
At God's miraculous powers with innocent admiration,
Along with food for thought for fanciful minds immensely,
Who are always busy capturing natural beauty
In amusing words, exhilarating oneself and others till eternity.

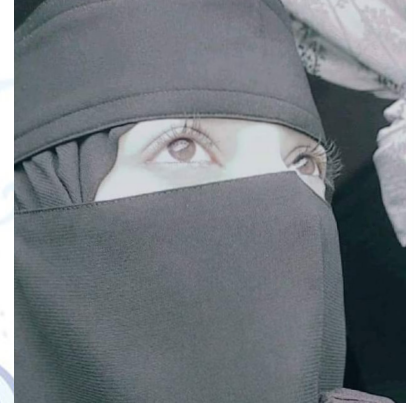
35. The old Banyan Tree

The Banyan Tree of the village,
Huge and old on the path,
A gathering place for elders,
Amidst anger, anxiety, and sadness,
Yet a path to overcome darkness,
Rejection of the elderly is painful,
Beneath this tree is the children's playground,
A repository of memories for the elderly,
Each leaf stored with delight,
Whispers to the branches,
No matter their age,
Their dreams will not be forgotten,
The rising sun promises more,
Even in rejection,
Strive harder,
And you will reach
The pinnacle of happiness,
Under the shadow of
The old, majestic Banyan
Tree of the village.



Ms. Punam Bhu
Writer
Udaipur
Rajasthan

36. Oxygen



Ms. Saira Mubeen
Student,
Writer, Author,
Poetess, Anthology
Writer and Co_
Founder of Global
literary circle and
publishers.

In today's modern age, the most significant oxygen machine, without which it is difficult for a person to breathe, if it stops even for a moment, the breath gets stuck in the throat. A machine that controls heart rate and breathing rate. For the people of the 21st century, this machine is like a beloved lover, the sight of which makes the eyes sparkle, the heart beats faster, and it seems as if a few years have been added to life. Being close to it is like stepping into the light out of ignorance, like a blossoming flower in autumn, like a cloud in the hot sun, like the rain and sunshine at the same time; even the fire of hell seems cool. Having it, lack of blood circulation is not a problem for today's young generation, but low battery of mobile phones and low internet signal is a big problem because this modern technology has become embedded in human veins. Yes, AI has enslaved human beings, the entire humanity has become addicted to this temporary oxygen.

37. Had I not loved you so much



**Mr. Saleem Raza
Jakhar (Amar Shaw)
Teacher, Writer
Khairpur Sindh
Pakistan**

Had I not loved you so much,
Would you have loved me instead?

If you had gathered all the water of oceans,
All the breaths until now, all men's breaths.

I loved you like my very breath,
Respected you like my most prized possessions.

I respect you more than my own blood,
Living in her bosom, her breast.

I hummed your name as if it were my prayer hymn,
Every breath taken in view of your worship.

She lived inside my heart and worked as my pulses,
My life in her hands, like a doll dancing with cells.

Alas! You repaid me with cold blood,
And made me insane.

Hark! You callous, arrogant bard,
You lost me as if burnt by fire.

Boo-hoo! She left me as the sole night,
Insane, beggarly insane she left.

My beaches I find, witheringly,
I pray to God, solely, solely.

38. Tortured Poet's Department



Mr. Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago

Shadows of midnight,
Darkness reigns in somber power.
Here lies a poet, tortured and forlorn,
Weary soul, battered, betrayed, tattered, and worn.

Depths of his mind, turbulence brews,
A storm of anguish, aching grays and hues.
His words knives, sharp and cold,
Cutting deep, a depressed story untold.

The Tortured Poet, his spirit in chains,
Writings of sorrows, loss, and pains.
Verses a cry, a silent scream,
Lost in a cruel world, a nightmarish daydream.

His clicks dance on the parchment screen,
Dark as moonless, starless nights seen.
Keyboard flowing freely in the dead of midnight,
He writes, his heart aches, each word a burden, each line a stake.

The world turns indifferent and cold,
Tortured Poet's once untold story unfolds.
Each verse filled more and more with sorrow and woe,
A reflection of the pain only he knows.

His soul, a captive of darkened despair,
Longing for solace, finding none there.
His art, nothing more than empty release,
Bringing him deeper into a wilderness, further from peace.

Each click on the virtual page,
The Tortured Poet feels wallowing rage.
A thousand demons lurking near,

Whispering doubts in his ear.

"Your words are hollow, your verses weak,
Your pain is nothing but fake, false, and bleak.
Reflection of your tortured, confined mind,
Your soul shall remain lost and unconfined."

Still, he writes, his keys ablaze,
Each word a beacon in a lavender haze.
Guiding him through the darkest midnight moments,
A flickering flame, a glimmering light.

His pain, the poet finds solace in his bleeding lines,
A fleeting moment of release, balm for his tormented lost peace.
Writing, writing, writing, his heart laid bare,
Every word, a silent prayer, his art, finding his voice, a tortured soul with no
rejoice.

The Tortured Poet's Department, such a lonely place,
Pain and anguish interlace.
Every verse, a piece of his tortured soul,
A shattered mirror of a soul, becoming an empty hole.

Still, he writes, his tool in hand,
A tormented soul born in a distant land.
His words, he soon finds his truth,
A tortured poet's words frozen in time as a tortured youth.

As the world turns, his words burn bright,
A beacon in the endless night, his heart may be torn asunder,
His words echo like thunder.

As my verses rise and fall,
A testament to this poet's call, my pain, my art,
A tortured soul, a broken heart.

My ink may one day dry,
May my spirit soar, my words fly high.
In my suffering, may I find my voice,
This Tortured Poet's eternal choice.

I shall tell my story with pride,
This poet's journey, far and wide.
Through pain and anguish, may I find my way,
The Tortured Poet in me, come what may.

As the world turns, my quill burns bright,
A beacon in the darkest of my life's tortured midnight.
Guiding my readers' souls with its flickering light,
This Tortured Poet's words resound in every echo, in every sound.

Through valleys deep and mountains high,
As my verses become footnotes soaring across the sky.
A symphony of my pain and grace,
A haunting melody tolerated in time and space.

My disciplined heart a battlefield of sorrow,
My verses painting glimpses of a bleak tomorrow.
Know in the darkness, dear reader, a spark ignites,
A glimmer of hope in every poet's plights.

In agony, we find strength, resilience knows no length,
Every word, a battle is won, a testament to all we've done.
We who are found in The Tortured Poet's department stand,
A testament to our trembling hands, every line a piece of our soul, a shattered mirror, an empty hole.

Our ink flows onto every type of page,
Our story unfolds again and again.
Our tapestry of pain and despair,
Woven by our hands with threads of utmost care.

Our words, a river flowing free,
Carrying whispers of our agonies.
Each stanza our cry, a silent plea,
The world that our hearts long to see.

May we Tortured Poets find a solitary figure,
Lost in a world that's grown much bigger,
As our verses find a home, a sanctuary where we live forever and endlessly roam.

Let your words ring out loud and clear,
Make it a testament for all to have and hold dear.
In every line, a piece of your heart,
A tortured soul, torn apart.

As the world turns,
Let your story be heard and known,
A poet's journey, all your own.
Through anguish and torment, you will find your way,
Tortured Poet, come what may.

In the silence of your poet's room,
Allow your words to bloom like flowers,
A testament to your inner strife,
A tortured poet living life.

By Tha Ono

39. The Forsaken Vagabond

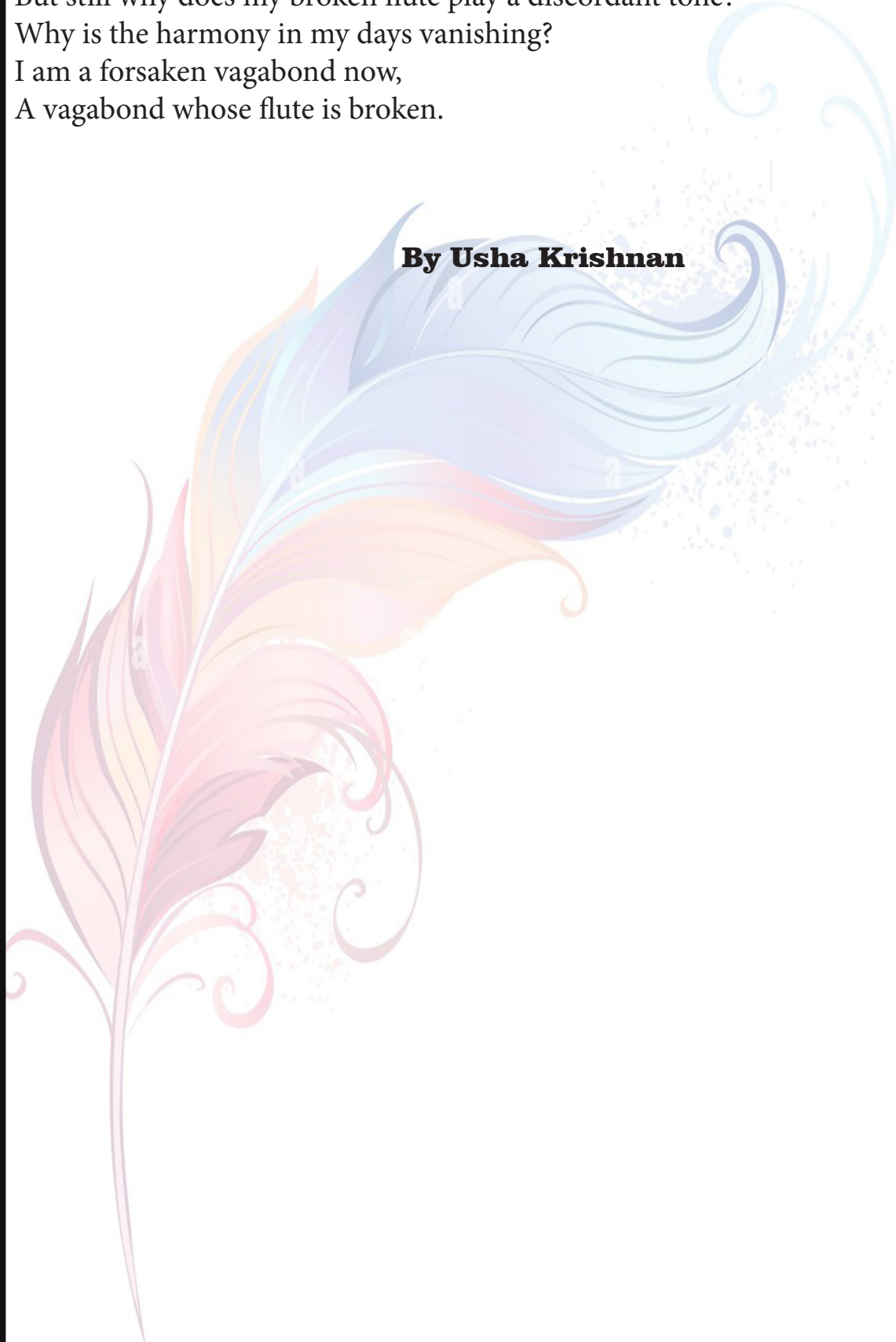


Mrs. Usha Krishnan
Life Coach,
Educationist, NLP
Coach
New Delhi

Darkness is shrouding around.
The sky is embracing it all over.
Why are these clouds turning blue-black?
Why is this sudden change in the sky?
Is it a prediction of an untimely entry of showers?
Or is it going to be a downpour or hailstorm?
Miles and miles and fathoms and fathoms are
There for me yet to be traversed.
A shelter is nowhere to be seen anywhere near.
Why does this well-trodden path look unfriendly?
My mind says, "Hurry up," but
I don't know why I am in the doldrums now!
Aren't they making me take a snail's pace?
Why do I feel a sudden heaviness choking me all over?
Why do the raindrops, which once seemed ecstatic to me,
Pierce me like sharp needles now?
Why is this desolateness casting its shadow over me?
Why do I taste dolefulness and dispiritedness?
I am a vagabond, and I am never to be forlorn when
The weather is downcast, but
My lips are getting parched now.
My throat is getting dried up even when it rains.
My legs are getting heavy like tons of iron piled up!
My walking stick is becoming a burden for me all of a sudden.
"Hum your favorite tune when you feel weary,
Sing to your heart's content in the harmony of our folk tunes,
When your body aches.
Follow your rhythm when you feel listless."
Granny's words are echoing in my ears,
But why do I feel that something is sapping my energy?
Why are my songs losing their rhythms now?
Why does this sorrowful symphony oscillate in me?
I see the bleakness of reality that
You have seen new greener pastures better than these.
My shivering thoughts are holding the truth that

I am rejected in my true love.
But still why does my broken flute play a discordant tone?
Why is the harmony in my days vanishing?
I am a forsaken vagabond now,
A vagabond whose flute is broken.

By Usha Krishnan



40. THAT IS LUCKY

That is lucky who's a friend,
Prevents loneliness of his mind,
Always stays by his side,
Like a Pa -Mom or Good Guide,
Provides comfort -safety-Companionship,
It is called the best Friendship,
He's unconditional love and passions,
Before The World he never mentions,
Improves quality of his life,
Just like a True Wife,
Helps him Focus on his goal,
Just like a holy Soul,
Makes wise decision to do better,
Just like a Man of Letter,
Helps him celebrate good lines,
Support him during bad times,
Adds moments of Sweet Talk - Joy,
Playful by Nature with a Toy.



**Mr. Vinod Kumar
Jha
Poet
Darbhanga
Bihar**

**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
House**



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