

Literature | Interview



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**GUEST OF THE MONTH**  
**DR. SUNITA SINGH PRAMAR**  
Reiki Grand Master |  
Educationist |  
Energy Healing Expert

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# PANACHE

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**CHIEF EDITOR:**  
**AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA**  
**AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**

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# Preface

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

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

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



# **AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**

**PRESENTS**

## **PANACHE** International Magazine

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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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# PANACHE

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**INTERVIEW****WITH DR.****SUNITA SINGH****PRAMAR**

Reiki Grand Master |

Educationist |

Energy Healing Expert

**Q1. Dr. Sunita, tell us about your background and early life.**

A1. With immense gratitude to the Almighty, I share that I am currently serving as a professor at a B.Ed. college.

My early education was in the village of Khaparkheda, located in the Amravati district, which we fondly call our "Ayodhya." Until the 8th grade, I studied in a Marathi medium school, which is why I am fluent in the Marathi language. From 9th grade onward, I continued my studies in Khandwa district, where I completed my M.A. in History in 1991.

In 1998, I married Shri Gajendra Singh Parmar and we were living a happy and fulfilling life. Unfortunately, tragedy struck when my husband met with a fatal accident, leaving me a widow with two young sons — the elder was nearly 7 years old and the younger just 3½.

**Q2. How did you overcome such a difficult phase in your life?**

A2. God blessed me immensely with a loving and supportive family. My mother-in-law, Gargi Devi, loved me more than her own daughter. After her passing two years ago, my elder brother-in-law, Shri Uday Kumar Parmar — whom I consider no less than divine — stood by me as a pillar of strength and ensured I lacked nothing.

Today, my elder son Abhijeet has completed his MBA from Pune, and my younger son Ashmit is pursuing a B.Tech. in Nagpur.

After a long gap of 18 years following my husband's demise, I resumed my education — completing a B.Ed., M.Ed., a double M.A. in Hindi, and eventually earning a Ph.D. I now proudly work as a professor in a B.Ed. college.



**Q3. How did your spiritual journey and interest in Reiki begin?**

A3. Spirituality has always been a part of my life. I grew up in a household where rituals, prayers, and devotion were a daily routine. So naturally, I was spiritually inclined from childhood.

I had some awareness of energy healing earlier, but my deep desire to bring positive transformation to people's lives led me to the path of Reiki.

As a Reiki Grandmaster, I aim to channel this divine energy not only to uplift myself and my family but also to spread positivity, healing, and peace throughout society. That is my constant prayer to the Divine.

**Q4. You hold multiple degrees and also practice Reiki. How do modern education and spirituality complement each other in your life?**

A4. Along with being a triple postgraduate and holding a Ph.D., I have found that modern education and spiritual practice go hand-in-hand. It is this balance that has brought me mental peace and made my life meaningful and beautiful.

I firmly believe that integrating spiritual disciplines like Reiki with formal education can bring holistic growth to an individual.

**Q5. Please explain how Reiki works in terms of energy levels and healing.**

A5. Reiki is the art of living. However, to get its full benefits, one must trust it 100%.

- At the first level, after initiation (Shaktipath), the practitioner receives about 10% of the energy.
- At the second level, with the use of sacred symbols, one receives around 40% energy.
- At the Master level (third level), after receiving the Dai-Ko-Myo symbol, the practitioner is empowered with 100% of Reiki energy.
- When we follow Reiki's five principles, our thoughts, emotions, and energies naturally come into alignment, creating a powerful balance in our lives.

**Q6. Could you share any powerful experience or case where Reiki created a life-changing result?**

A6. I have had many profound experiences through Reiki — some of which are almost unbelievable.

One such case was of a 38-year-old woman diagnosed with terminal cancer. Doctors had given her just 40 days to live. Her sister, who had learned Reiki, began healing her regularly. Miraculously, this woman is still alive and well after 4.5 years.

Such moments move me to tears and reinforce my faith in the transformative power of Reiki.

**Q7. What message would you like to give regarding the misconceptions surrounding Reiki?**

A7. There are indeed several myths and misconceptions about Reiki. But I sincerely request people not to believe in these false notions. Reiki is a pure, divine energy available to everyone. It brings positive energy into our lives, teaches us how to live with awareness, and helps transform not only ourselves but those around us.

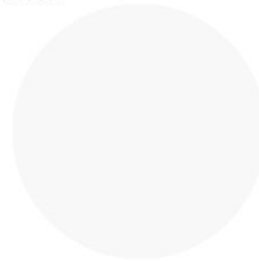
It is not bound by religion or belief systems — it is universal.

**Q8. What is your vision for Reiki and the future generation?**

A8. I dream of a world where Reiki reaches every home, empowering individuals with positivity, peace, and healing.

I believe Reiki should be included in the educational curriculum so that the younger generation can learn to use this natural energy to bring about change in their physical, mental, emotional, spiritual, and financial well-being.

My heartfelt desire is that everyone learns the art of living, improves relationships, health, and prosperity — and ultimately leads a life of harmony and fulfillment.



# COLUMN

## A WELL OF SWEETNESS

BY: MR. PIYUSH GOEL

The kingdom of Tejgarh fell into the grip of sorrow. The people began to suffer terribly due to the scarcity of water. But the King of Tejgarh showed no concern for his people. He remained immersed in his own pleasures, spending most of his time indulging in hunting. While his subjects longed for a drop of water, the king continued his carefree lifestyle.

The citizens were deeply distressed and pleaded, "At the very least, let the king make arrangements for drinking water!" But the king remained indifferent.

Helpless, the people turned to God in prayer. Then, an elderly man in the kingdom remembered a sage who lived in the forest—someone he had met long ago. Filled with hope, he said, "Let me try meeting him again. Perhaps he can help us."

The elderly man, along with two or three wise companions, set out toward the forest to find the sage. When they reached, the sage already knew why they had come. He welcomed them warmly.

"It's been so long since you last came. Is there a special reason for your visit?" asked the sage.

The elderly man folded his hands and said, "Yes, we are all desperate for water. The king doesn't care about us. We have come to you. Only you can do something for us."

The sage, who was deeply enlightened, replied calmly,

"Do not worry. Just a few steps to my right, there is a well. All of you may draw water from it freely."

A wave of happiness spread across everyone's faces. The villagers began drawing water from the well in large containers to take back home.

When the king learned where the people were getting water, he grew suspicious and ordered his general,

"Bring that sage to me, and also inspect this well."

The general obeyed and set off with a few soldiers toward the forest. When they arrived, the sage was deep in meditation. But he already knew of their arrival. As soon as he opened his eyes, he asked the general,

"Why have you come?"

The general said sternly, "You will have to come with us to the palace. And also tell us where this well is."



# COLUMN

## A WELL OF SWEETNESS

BY: MR. PIYUSH GOEL

The sage refused. "Tell your king to come here himself. Let him see the well with his own eyes. Also, give him my message: At the very least, he should care for his people." The general returned and informed the king of everything. Enraged, the king himself set off to meet the sage. But when he reached the forest, he found neither the sage nor the well. After waiting for a long time and seeing nothing, the king returned with frustration.

On his way back, he saw a long line of villagers carrying water from the forest. This sight stirred something in him. He thought, "The sage must be truly powerful. We saw nothing, and yet these people are bringing water."

Back at the palace, the king shared everything with the queen, a woman of deep spiritual wisdom. She said gently,

"Let it be, my lord. I shall go."

The queen truly cared for the people. As soon as she reached the forest, the sage appeared before her, and so did the well. Despite knowing everything, the sage asked her why she had come.

The queen folded her hands in reverence and said,

"You already know everything. What you've done for our kingdom is beyond our imagination. You have gifted us life itself. But yesterday, when the king came to meet you, he could neither see you nor the well."

The sage replied,

"Yes, you're right. But how could I reveal myself to a king who has no concern for his people? Hunting and self-indulgence do not befit a ruler."

He then handed the queen a message written on a piece of paper for the king. It read:

"A well of sweet water, or a well of bitter water?"

The queen returned to the palace and gave the message to the king. Something shifted in his heart. He went back to the forest — this time with his entire royal family — to meet the sage.

In front of a large gathering of people, the king folded his hands and declared,

"From this day forward, I shall care for my people with my body, mind, and wealth."

The sage, moved by the sincerity, gave his blessing in front of all:

"From now on, this kingdom shall lack for nothing. You all have my blessings."

Everyone chanted in joy, raising slogans in honor of the sage and the king. Peace and happiness returned to the kingdom, and the people lived in harmony once more.



**Mr. Piyush Goel**

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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. ÌYÀ ÌWÓ



**Mr. Adesoga Jubril**  
**Writer and**  
**Educator**  
**Ogun**  
**Nigeria**

Kongó kongó kongó!!!  
Just like the sound of agogo.  
Who must have sent the crier?  
The mouth-piece of the king isn't a liar.

Mó wíre àbí n ò wíre?  
Ó wíre, Outspoken by all including myself; Àrè.  
In a village named ÌWÓ.  
There's a pretty lady tí mo yà wò.

WÚRÀOLÁ, the only beauty i see.  
I love her, sùgbón kò fún mi lésì.  
Saákì o, Omo Olá!  
Men choice, Tálíkà atí Olólá.

She brightens the sky like Òsùmàrè.  
"Àgò mi ní yòó dádiye gbèyìn láse Olódùmàrè"  
The words i uttered when she scolded me  
like she was my mother; Ìyá mi.

Àrè lásán làsàn  
My effort was futile, ó já sásán.  
As i was starved with food and Love.  
But my patience seemed tough.

I was apprehended and put in a cell  
For 6 days, living in hell.  
On the 7th day i was released with no delay.  
I packed my belongings, eni oriyo ódilé.

I bid farewell to the town as i trekked  
to Ílé-Òlókà to release the wrecked  
and also nut my loosen joint

with Ògídì-Emu and Eran Òyà in Àmàlà joint.

Tàbìlì kún kéké, full of palm wine  
Along with Àmàlà and bush meat as i wine and dine.  
Then entered the princess; WÚRÀOLÁ.  
As i greeted in distance; Saákì o Omo Olá!

My eyes kept seducing  
My mouth too Salivating.  
Èwo ni kinse, should i summon?  
Tàbí kin ma sún món?

What heart says, àfi kin wí  
I was stung by Love, Oyin ìfé ló ta mí.  
I went to her in a bid to say Goodbye.  
When the love she traded i couldn't buy.

Àfi bí idán, she welcomed me with million kisses.  
My heart dismantled into million pieces.  
"I will love you over and over again" She said.  
E bá n wórími, i hope i'm with my head.

Forgetting what has happened, we embarked on a journey  
to my town to live in harmony.  
I was welcomed and praised as i narrated my suffering in Ìwó.  
WÚRÀOLÁ! Ìyà tí moje ní ìwó; Ìyà-ìwó; Ìyàwó.

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Written on 4th August, 2020.

Poem No 114.

Agogo- Gong

No wire abi n o wire- I hope I'm communicating.

O wire- We heard you right.

Are- Stranger

IWO- A town in Osun state, Nigeria.

ti mo ya wo- That i checked on.

Sugbon ko fun mi lesi- She didn't accept my proposal.

Saaki o omo ola- Royal Greetings.

Ewo ni kinse- What should i do?

Talika ati Olola- Poor and Rich ones.

Are lasan lasan- A commoner/ mere stranger.

**By Jubril Adesoga**

## 2. A Crazy Love!



**Mr. Ahmad Al-Qaysi**  
**Iraq**

My love for you is different—  
In every way...  
In every way!  
In love, in longing, in madness.  
My love for you is a wild chaos!

I forgot love even had a taste—  
Its flavor vanished from my lips.  
After years and years, suddenly,  
You looked at me as if you wanted to say:

"Thank you, my dearest days...  
Thank you for the blessings you brought me,  
For every trial I went through."

Have you ever met someone like me?  
Love, passion, and pure madness!  
Your longing reaches the skies.

When I met you, I was so happy—  
Grateful for that coincidence!

Do you remember the boat we dreamed of—  
The one that carried us away?  
Thank you for asking about the time  
When we met.

You lit the fuse in my heart—  
And it blazed with all the madness  
You stirred inside me.

My love, your buds bloomed within me,  
Little by little...  
Oh, if you only knew what this madness holds for you!

I fear for you—  
From my heartbeat,  
From my whispers,  
From my lips when they bewilder your ears with a sigh!

My beloved, my beloved...  
I say it with a mouth full of trust,  
Full of feeling—of every detail of it!  
With longing, with passion,  
And a sigh that had sat on my chest  
Until I let it out, relieved.

I am crazy...  
Oh, if you knew how I melt in your hands  
When you whisper in my ear...  
How I get jealous of your own whisper chasing me!

The laughter keeps echoing!

Have you ever wondered about this madman?  
Loving this deeply?  
Carrying all this yearning?

I feel overwhelming joy when I meet you...  
And I ask myself—  
Is this love?  
Is this what I longed to live?  
Is this happiness?  
Is this what I dreamed of?

But...  
I thank God for His grace—  
That I loved you back then.  
Thank God you are with me.

**By Ahmad Al-Qaysi**

### 3. Our Little Christ



**Ms. Anna Zanidaki**  
**Greece**

Our little Christ, who will be reborn again,  
Take care to give generously to the earth—  
Love, health, joy, and prosperity.  
May Your voice echo throughout the world.

May You fill it with lights, with warm sunshine,  
Free from all the frost and hatred there.  
May You spread Your gaze across the land—  
No matter how small, may it be filled with humanity.

Time has taught each of us individually  
That it's not enough to wish—one must ask.  
May the silence of injustice be broken,  
May the echo of justice lead us everywhere.

When Christmas comes, we all desire  
Gifts to be shared with all, not just the prominent.  
Leaders of our lives—souls of mind and heart—  
Let empathy guide them swiftly.

Otherwise, those who dwell here may lose everything,  
Instead of filling the world with echoing joy.  
Let us always, everywhere, and all at once  
Offer a recital of happiness rather than misery.

Let us all learn a lesson—  
To endure hardship with grace, as You wish.  
Now in the nativity scene, may these be worshipped:  
Innocent eyes, and Christ on Earth.

The bells ring joyfully—  
Our Christ is born, and all shall hear!  
Great is the Day of the Nativity, I say—

Its message shall be sent across the Earth.

At Christmas, when young and old gather here,  
We unite in the name of Jesus Christ—  
Each one longing in their own way,  
Let us worship Him purely and humbly.

Christians will modestly proclaim  
The message of Jesus—here, there, and everywhere.  
Children will joyfully sing their carols,  
For they dread being left without.

In narrow little streets, they wander and turn,  
Starting early, eager to return.  
They gather in homes, in little groups,  
Counting coins for gifts, with laughter and hope.

Children rejoice as Christmas nears,  
While adults return late from work.  
They sit and share sweet moments of joy,  
Celebrating through all the neighborhoods.

**By Anna Zanidaki**

## 4. Be Your Own Moses



**Ms. AnnaKeiko  
China**

You are my Christ—  
so near,  
just a skin's breadth away,  
yet I've never seen your face.  
Sometimes I feel you beside me,  
sometimes far—far as the air.  
Yet one thing never changes:  
you keep faith with the Ten Commandments.

Be your own Moses.  
That road stretches boundless—ah,  
but it's paved with blades and scorching stones,  
your feet blistering, your body gaunt,  
pressing on through storm and wind  
toward the holy land of the soul.

When night falls, look around you:  
three feet underground, palaces rise.  
All arrivals at the sacred day  
will return to zero.  
And so you choose the purest path,  
the most beautiful road  
this world can offer—  
though it has no end.

## 5. God's Gift

A thousand barbs of speech wounded me deep inside.  
Withering, I lay...

Then, through the pain, I felt a firm but gentle touch  
on my shoulder,  
And through the haze, I saw a reassuring smile.

With his presence, he lifted me from agony to a place  
of peace.

That is what a smile, a gesture, a friend's touch  
Can bestow—even in the worst of times.



**Mr. Ashok Manikoth**  
**Dubai**  
**UAE**

## 6. Power of Dedication

The power of dedication inspires,  
Bringing smiles and a life that aspires.  
It's a powerful, healing ointment—  
Capable of shifting your goal's alignment.

Dedication calls for sacrifice,  
Anchored in faith, loyal and precise.  
It nurtures a gentle kind of might,  
Rooted in commitment and inner sight.

It helps to overcome all trials,  
Strengthens the mind across the miles.  
It awakens the soul to rise and win,  
And turns each weakness to strength within.

It motivates like eternal sunshine,  
Igniting inner strength so divine.  
It dissolves the shame that holds us back,  
And instills discipline to stay on track.

Yet, it has its boundaries too—  
It never bends where resilience is due.  
It refines life with purpose and clarity,  
Turning our dreams into bright reality.



**Dr. Debabrata Maji**  
**Engineer and poet**  
**Howrah**  
**West Bengal**

## 7. The journey of motherhood



**Mrs. Dikshya  
Sarangi  
Teacher  
Bolangir  
Odisha**

I feel your tiny kicks  
With my soft, loving hands.  
I enjoy your little moves,  
Holding my breath for a moment.

The pleasurable feelings,  
The divine blessing,  
Those unspoken fears,  
Those unseen pains—  
I've learned through many phases.

How to care for you, how to pamper you,  
How to be cautious for you.  
Amid all those scattered emotions,  
Ceaseless uncertainty and incomparable happiness,  
A myriad of thoughts flows through this journey.

With mood swings  
And the harsh words of others,  
Scars remain in the heart like thorns—  
Especially when they compare their pain to ours,  
When they fail to understand.  
Tears fill our eyes,  
Yet we face the world with a cheerful smile.

Everything seems worth it  
When we see the child—  
And the journey continues  
Till the end of life.

## 8. Moon



**Ms. EVA  
Petropoulou Lianou  
Greece**

Moon—  
Gazing at your light,  
Feeling the energy of your brightness.

Moon—  
My full moon,  
My wishes rest in your hands.

Moon—  
My moon,  
Crazy—maybe that's what they call me,  
But deep down,  
I see myself in you,  
Like a magic mirror.

Like Hercules,  
Like Zeus—  
Strong enough  
To battle witches,  
Giants,  
And dragons.

Moon—  
Beautiful moon,  
You inspire poets,  
You make lovers  
Promise faith to one another.

Moon—  
Full moon,  
Mother of the sky,  
Sister of the stars.

In my heart,  
Whisper the little nymphs  
Of the night.

Moon—  
Full moon,  
Unchain my past,  
Free my future.  
Today,  
I become  
The master of my path.

## 9. Life

Life is a thrill – enjoy it.  
Life is a puzzle – solve it.

Life is an opportunity – avail it.  
Life is an adventure – experience it.

Life is a mystery – unfold it.  
Life is a game – play it.

Life is a song – sing it.  
Life is a movie – watch it.

Life is an asset – utilize it.  
Life is a gift – increase it.

Life is a miracle – feel it.  
Life is a challenge – accept it.

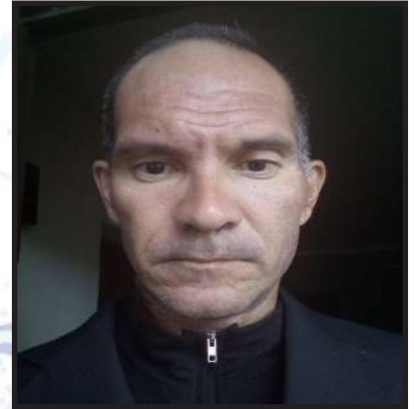
Life is a battle – win it.  
Life is a task – complete it.

Life is a race – run it.  
Life is a boon – honor it.



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

## 10. Panic Attack... Live or Die



**Dr. HC Jose Luis  
Lopez**  
**Writer artist**  
**Puerto Rico**

Remembering a person who endured one of the most terrifying experiences imaginable—one that, due to the irresponsible behavior of a patient who failed to receive proper care, nearly resulted in death.

He had been admitted for an infected abscess on his left side. The area required debridement, but because his immune system was dangerously compromised by diabetes, he also needed a blood transfusion—eight pints in total.

During this time, his hemoglobin dropped to a critical level of 8. Everything possible had to be done to restore his immune system. Cortisone was administered to relieve the post-surgical pain, as he was bleeding profusely after the abscess was treated.

However, when a new patient arrived, the situation grew more complicated. The man was already so weak that he suddenly collapsed—unable to breathe. That morning turned into an emergency. For an hour and a half, he was in respiratory distress and had to be urgently treated with respiratory therapy.

The doctor on duty asked him to sign a liability waiver in case of a catastrophic outcome, and he continued with the therapy. He had no choice but to fight for emotional and physical stability while being monitored by the respiratory machine.

But then the LORD intervened. In the midst of that hospital room, a spiritual battle raged. It was believed that an external spell had been cast to destroy the patient. His family turned to fervent prayer, pleading for divine protection to prevent death from taking hold.

And so it happened.

A servant of the Lord, who shared the room, could sense the depth of the spiritual warfare. He witnessed the patient struggle to breathe on his own—and endure. Eventually, he emerged victorious.

After this harrowing ordeal, the servant received a spiritual revelation: there were indeed those who had conspired to ensure the patient would never leave that hospital alive.

Yet, through divine grace and relentless faith, he survived.

**By HC Jose Luis Lopez**

## 11. Who Will Protect You?

Who will protect you from anxieties  
When I am no longer in this universe?  
Who'll caress your beautiful forehead,  
Saying, "Let's sleep now, for it is late"?

Who will whisper words of comfort,  
The ones that flow just like a stream?  
Who will give you a caress, a smile,  
Awakening your soul and dreams?

Who will accompany you in slumber,  
Speak to you and touch you sweetly?  
Who will kiss you, who will love you  
With passion—when I'm no longer here?



**Ms. Irma Kurti**  
**poet, writer, lyricist,**  
**journalist, and**  
**translator**  
**Bergamo**  
**Italy**

## 12. Life



Slow down, rest awhile!  
Night is young  
Nebulous stars shimmer and wink  
Late winter moon curtained by drifting clouds  
Plays hide and seek  
In backdrop of bamboo trees  
Slow down, rest awhile!  
Enough of harangue  
Volley of verbal onslaughts  
Moralising with an unfounded  
air of spite  
An amusing combination of  
Arrogance and condescension  
Bah! the ravings and rantings!  
Slow down, rest awhile!  
Footslog for a future bleak  
Abortion of laboured efforts to zilch  
Collapsed the tower of ambition  
Mushroomed the debris of  
hope  
Infuse the sensitivity  
Desire to live  
Slow down, rest a while!

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

### 13. God Never Does Any Wrong

God is always merciful,  
He never does any wrong to us;  
He is truly powerful and omnipotent,  
He showers His blessings upon us.

Earthlings may try to defy supreme nature,  
But the whole universe bears His signature.  
Why do you think you are so strong and mighty?  
God knows exactly when and how to fulfill His duty.

An ant can even defeat a giant elephant in an instant;  
Never think tiny creatures are weak—they are  
significant.  
Fear God—your evil actions are always seen;  
Why indulge in bad habits? Why be so keen?



**Dr. Kuldeepsingh  
Sisodiya  
International  
acclaimed Poet &  
Educationist  
Kota  
Rajasthan**

## 14. A Beautiful Soul

I knew a lady once who came from a small village, outside the metropolitan. She wasn't much schooled, yet her wonderful, bubbly personality shone through brighter than the noonday sun!

She came into our lives, when dad married her, after my mom passed. She was a gentle companion soul. Together, they had a son, who if they were alive today, would be both proud and pleased, with his outstanding achievements.

Aunt Lily, made every occasion special. She didn't have much, but boy, could she make her pots dance and sing, to the tunes of her best culinary skills! Her food always tasted super delicious, and one couldn't help but ask for more!

I loved her humility. This was such an adorable trait. She didn't ask for much, nor did she make any demands. She was just content with whatever she had. All she did, was give so much love to whomever visited with her, even unexpectedly.

She didn't have any fancy clothes, yet she was always neat and presentable. She would laugh at days to come with the excitement of a child. Her respect for fellow humans, irrespective of race, gender or religion, spoke of a pure heart. She had many friends, who loved and accepted her, just the way she was.

Yes indeed, she was different from most. She came from a world without inhibitions, she was a free spirit, who lived and laughed and gave so lavishly, not counting the pennies in her purse.



**Ms. Lucy Victoria  
David  
Motivational  
speaker, writer  
and international  
influencer  
Durban  
South Africa**

Visiting her was always a treat and her favorite thing to bake, was delicious chocolate cake. She knew that recipe so well, she didn't even have it written down! It was safely locked in her mind. Everytime she baked, a delightful aroma filled her little home, that heightened the senses and left us salivating, as the smell of hot chocolate came wafting through the house, hitting just the right spot!

She became ill suddenly, and it wasn't long after that, the angels took her home to heaven. Our hearts were broken in a million pieces. She could never be replaced for God had created just one like her!

Today, we hold her in our hearts and will love her 'til the end of time. I know her beautiful soul is resting now, in a wonderful place, where everything lives and nothing dies!

I will see you real soon, my beautiful aunt Lily!!!

(In memory of my dear aunt Lily, this Womens Month.)

**By Lucy Victoria David**

## 15. Love Letter to My King!



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

In my worst moments and deepest despair,  
I close my eyes—and You are there.  
And when I feel like I can't go on,  
I call Your name, and You give me a song.

A song of pure love and amazing grace,  
A song that reminds me to seek Your face.  
A song about Your goodness to me—  
For the best place to meet You is on my knees.

My King Jesus, You have always been  
My best friend, confidant, and hope unseen.  
In my good and bad times,  
My happy and sad times,  
Speaking to You always brings  
A peace, a joy, a calm and sweet ease.

I've experienced anxiety, pain, and fear—  
Heartbreak, trauma, death, and tears.  
But in every moment, every day,  
In each and every way,  
Your profound love for me  
Has never ceased to shine—faithfully and endlessly.

## 16. Chef's Day



**Mr. Mohammad  
Sahil Zaidi  
Student  
Amroha  
Uttar Pradesh**

Wake up, dear—it's June,  
Born on the day of a crescent moon.  
The one who's the prettiest of all,  
Imperfectly perfect, though not so tall.

In this world so bright,  
Don't you know how I write?  
It's difficult for me to rhyme a line,  
For a soul so deeply divine.

Let's begin with what she loves:  
A silver bracelet on little gloves.

She gets angry oh so fast,  
With mood swings that never last.

Faith runs deep within her vein,  
She prays with the passion of pouring rain.  
She's the flower, with charm of Pavo  
Gonna win—so cheers and bravo!

The heat of the oven,  
When she bakes a cookie,  
Burns so loud—  
And calls her "Pookie."

Her brownies? Delicious,  
Chanting the baker's name—  
But here's a poet's advice,  
Dear princess, don't chase fame.

You're entering your 20s—your finest decade,  
So promise me, never let your colors fade.

On your special day,  
Here's my wish so true:  
Stay healthy, grounded, proud—  
And may wealth and joy follow you.

## 17. Crazy What?!



**Mr. Nageh Ahmed  
Egypt**

They said: "Are you crazy?"  
I said: "Yes."

Did it come from the love of a madman?  
Why am I crazy for my color?  
Even the secluded ones envied me.

A judicial ruling was enough—  
No witness stood by me.  
With every gasp of longing,  
You were in my soul.

Hearts died from love,  
And my heart—burdened with all its sins.  
The letter "ah" defeated me.

Stoning shattered my eyelids.  
A tear burns in the eye of the scorched.  
The fire of my longing boils within me.

Oh, you who approach me!  
Haifa's shade shelters me.  
Your enemy blames me.  
The envious are spiteful of you.

## 18. Acceptance

You admire the serenity I wear,  
But would you still feel the same  
If you saw the tornadoes I hide in the dark?  
The glacier I claim to be  
Covers a volcano beneath—  
How ready are you to endure both?

If I am a fruitful land now,  
Will you weather the famine that follows?

He whispered in my ear,  
"I don't chase away your demons—  
I'll let them dance with mine."



**Mrs. Naska  
Sulaiman Rasool**  
writer  
**Sulaymaniyah  
Iraq**

## 19. The Other Side of The Rainbow



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

Her friends told her that her man was back and she found no relief in hearing the news. She could not name the feeling that seized her, body, mind and soul, she only knew that the news gave her no delight. The message was, however, meant to be a joke, but she found not the slightest amusement in hearing it. The joke actually conveyed a bitter taste in her mouth as if she had swallowed several dosages of bile. Chirichoga was back from prison and Wadzanai was the last person he should have missed during his six month stint in the penitentiary. A few more such messages found space in Wadzanai's inbox and she uttered silent curses on the day she laid charges on Chirichoga for attempted rape.

Wadzanai had more issues to lament, other than the return of Chirichoga. Her father's business fortunes had been on a steady decline from the day Chiri had earned a conviction for trying to get sexual favours from her by force. She was no longer driving to college as she used to do. She was now going by public transport, but that was hardly where her greatest complaint was. Her home had turned into a battlefield, her parents quarrelling and fighting the moment they found each other under the same roof. Her father always found himself on the defence, a situation that she had forced Chiri into when she falsely accused him of aggravated indecent assault. Her mother accused him of poor financial management, the nemesis that was eating away his business fortunes like the biblical rust.

Each time Wadzanai lay alone in bed, she imagined saying her apologies to Chirichoga, like a poet working on the lines of a poem, but knowing that she would never be able to express the words. Her heartbeat would accelerate, and her whole body would get soaked in sweat until her bed sheets stuck on her body like wet paper. "I hate my mother," she would finally say as she turned on the fan next to her bed.

Wadzanai's most embarrassing experience came when she bumped into Chirichoga in a large supermarket in Mutare. "Why is this world so small?" she silently complained as they stood face to face.

"Hello Wadza, how is school?" Chirichoga greeted her.

Wadzanai wished there was an opening on the tiles of the supermarket so that she would just go under and never come back. The fact that the man whom she had caused to spend half a year in the filthy custody of a prison cell had greeted her with her pet name gave her unbearable discomfort.

"Life is good, but school is a nightmare as usual," she responded, trying with the effort it required to sound playful.

When they parted, she left her trolley and slowly walked towards the exit of the colossal building to avoid meeting Chirichoga again. But she had observed a few things about Chirichoga that would inevitably increase her discomfort. He looked a lot more handsome than he had been before his brief alienation from mainstream society. The shyness that punctuated his earlier interaction with her had left him and he had turned into the guy who would say a love word to a girl without stumbling over a syllable. Only he was not going to say it to her!

After finding exit from the supermarket, she walked across Herbert Chitepo Street towards Meikle's Park, fatigue threatening to drive her into a faint. She dropped into a concrete bench and sat for a long while before walking towards another supermarket to resume her shopping. If she could feel such pain about the past and its present consequences, how had Chirichoga felt all those six months in the abusive environment of jail life?

Nothing can trouble a woman's heart and last forever, unless she makes deliberate efforts to hold on to the pain, Wadzanai thought as she switched off the light the night after his encounter with Chirichoga. "I will allow myself some sleep and forget the past, yes, I will do my best to forget what cannot be undone, and if I can't, I will be able to settle for one truth that cannot be denied, yet I cannot share it with Chirichoga, that all that had brought shame and suffering on him was the

work of my mother, not me. The truth is that, had it not been my mother's ploy to destroy the reputation of a promising carpenter, I would have surrendered my body to him without protesting even if his wish was to get my love by force."

Sleep slowly descended on her like a blanket of many colours, only that there were only a few bright spots. But when she came to the snoring point she found herself bathing in the colours of the rainbow. To add to the delight of it, she was not alone. At first she could not place a name on the face of the young man who gave her so much joy. Cuddling, caressing and kissing, they sailed aboard the multicoloured cloud. Wadzanai and her nameless lover had found their heaven. Finally, when they had landed on a level place, they were intimate with each other. It was Wadzanai's first time to allow a man to penetrate her loins and for a moment, the rest of her body was lifeless except that part of her body that her unidentified lover delighted with unimaginable zest. Then there was an explosion within the depth of her loins and her lover sighed and ceased all movement. Wadzanai found herself staring into Chirichoga's eye.

Before she could say a word she was awake and alone in bed. There was an unusual warmth between her legs. She placed her two fingers where the warmth sat and wondered how it felt so real that she had been intimate with a man.

"Chirichoga, has it come to this? Did you also have the same experience in your separate bed, or I am paying for the wrong I dealt you?" Wadzanai asked herself.

As she sat in class that day, she told herself that it was okay that he had delighted her in her dream because she would never have him. She just hoped that it would be the one and only encounter. Indeed it turned out to be, but it had been such an intimate experience that she often allowed it to play again and again in her mind.

There had been a young man who had been crying after her heart like a pauper singing for his supper, but she had rejected him emphatically. Now after her dreamful experience of Chirichoga's love, the young man had turned to be a great bother. She had begun to detest him in the manner she would expect Chirichoga to detest her. So when another boy found himself within the length

of her shadow, she felt the relief of hearing a love word from a different man.

Although her earlier suitor often availed himself at her doorstep, even with the encouragement of her mother, she managed to show him that her attention span had long passed. Her heart had found a better prospect to entertain.

Nesu, Wadzanai's new friend was a thoughtful young man. Soon after Wadzanai had laid bare the love she felt for him he suggested introducing her to his cousin, from the mother's side. "He is the only close relative of my age in this city," Nesu said.

"That is very mature of you," Wadzanai consented.

They decided to meet him at the Civic Centre in Mutare. They did not wait long. When he arrived, Wadzanai thought she was looking at the other side of the rainbow. Chirichoga approached with the ease of someone who was meeting people who had been in his orbit for a decade. Wadzanai's body trembled. The delight Chiri had given her in the dream was nothing compared to the disturbance she suffered.

Chiri, however appeared not to notice much. He gathered the lovebirds in his arms and said, "Congratulations."

After this encounter, Wadzanai began to consider terminating her relationship with Nesu. "Marrying Nesu will make me live with the guilt feeling of having sent Chirichoga to prison forever."

Meanwhile the other young man continued nagging her, but his words did not find the right spot in her heart to excite her love. The only sensible thing to do was to confess her sin to Nesu and see how he would react. If he truly loved her he would not break the relationship. Through him he would find a way to apologise to Chirichoga.

As Wadzanai wallowed in her troubled thoughts within the walls of her bedroom, a quarrel between her parents broke the silence of the night. She had no choice but

to strain her ears to hear the subject of the misunderstanding. She was shocked to hear her father saying, "Watch, is this not you with that boy, who comes here after our daughter, enjoying quality time on my very bed?"

Wadzanai's mother had been caught on CCTV in bed with Hilton, the boy who had been proposing to Wadzanai before Nesu had come into the picture. Wadzanai wondered what flesh her mother was made of. When her father had hired Chirichoga to install built in wardrobes in his multi bedroomed house, her mother had framed Chirichoga for attempted rape on Wadzanai. She had told her daughter that she suspected Chirichoga of having stolen her diamond ring, and deserved some kind of punishment. Being a loyal daughter she had been sucked into her mother's diabolic scheme. Now here was Chirichoga's age mate being lavished with her father's conjugal rights.

"Could it be that my mother had offered Chirichoga such favours only to get an embarrassing rebuff?" Wadzanai was almost certain that that was what had happened.

How was the matter between her parents going to be resolved? But for now, despite the splitting headache that had seized her, Wadzanai had to think of her own future. Nesu would have to be part of it.

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

## 20. Letter to dear You

Staring into your eyes makes me high  
You're the apple of my eye, nobody can hit  
The prettiest face I saw have sea-n me away  
You pick a smile that steals my heart

Staring into your eyes makes me high  
No oxygen needed, love is in the air  
No parachute needed, love is my guide  
Staring at you, my heart takes flight

No gym required, our love is a fit  
No weights needed, our love occupies all space  
Our tender travels, beyond compare  
In your eyes, my heart finds its home.



**Ms. Ogunsola  
Elizabeth Olufunke**  
**Teacher, creative  
writer**  
**Ibadan  
Nigeria**

## 21. Yeah, That's Me

I'm my father's daughter and my mother's first child.  
Anger flashes across my face—  
More intense than the pride of a blush.

My parents treat me like their alibi,  
Tougher than their softer sides.  
It's another story altogether—  
But it carries the old tag of being the eldest child.

A box full of expectations,  
Stacked higher than my height!

Tired?  
No—this is just a story  
Of a brown household's eldest child.  
And again,  
I'm my father's daughter  
And my mother's first child.



**Ms. Poorva Sharma**  
**Student**  
**Jaipur**  
**Rajasthan**

## 22. Beneath the Digital Sky



**Mrs. Priyanka  
Sinha  
Writer  
Siliguri  
WestBengal**

The screens flicker, cold and bright,  
Reflecting shadows of the night.  
The promises of progress fade,  
As ancient forests are unmade.

A million voices, loud and keen,  
Yet silence reigns between the screen.  
The air grows heavy—thick with dust,  
The rivers poisoned, left to rust.

The polar ice— a mournful sigh,  
As futures wither beneath a dying sky.  
We build our walls, our careful lies,  
And turn away from the weeping eyes.

The lonely crowd, a silent stream,  
Lost in a waking, empty dream.  
Though hands can touch across the miles,  
A warmth is lost in our forced smiles.

The laughter echoes—thin and strained,  
A weary planet, deeply pained.  
And hope—a whisper, frail and low,  
Beneath the weight of what we know.

With heavy hearts, a world undone,  
Before the setting of the sun.  
Yet even now, a quiet strength endures,  
In every heart that seeks and truly cares.

For shattered hope can mend, and wounds can heal,  
And in our hands, a brighter world we seal.

## 23. Nothing Stays Forever

Flowers bloom to wither away,  
Seasons come to go away.  
Sunrise is followed by sunset,  
Time flies swiftly every moment.  
Everyone comes here to go  
Like actors of stage show.  
Rainbow appears but to disappear,  
Meeting is followed by departure.  
Joy is followed by sadness,  
Everything is transient in universe.  
To be happy, shun ego,  
Learn how to let go.  
Shoo away anger and malice  
Let them melt like ice.  
Living beings die one day,  
Forever here nothing can stay.  
Resist temptations and distractions likewise,  
Remembering the precious saintly advice -  
Attachment is cause of grief,  
While detachment gives great relief.  
Watch coming and going process  
Cool headedly like a witness  
In this temporary worldly abode,  
Enjoying life, till not called by God.



**Mrs. Promila Punnu  
Bhardwaj  
Retd. General  
Manager,  
Industries  
Department,  
Himachal Pradesh**

## 24. Vacant Feelings



**Mrs. Rajinder Kaur  
(rashu)  
Writer, artist  
Amritsar  
Punjab**

A thousand suns will always shine,  
A thousand moons will always brighten this heart of  
mine.

The road that leads to you—  
The paths we lost are but a few.

A new dawn begins with a tint of a cool sky,  
An ocean of thoughts ukiyo from feelings that once  
cried.

A splash of hope rejuvenates life,  
Let the blue day bring peace to all that's deprived.

Put away that inner loneliness,  
Merge with the silence of nature's stillness.  
Sitting in the lap of serene sound,  
Nature's bold, bright colours speak loud all around.

Explaining is just placing yourself,  
Clearing is the way to reveal oneself.  
A broken heart may try to hide,  
But outpour is healing—when pain is not denied.

## 25. India's Brain Drain: A Loss of Talent and Heritage



**Ms. Rajni Shah**  
**Educator**  
**Guwahati**  
**Assam**

India, a land of rich cultural heritage and talented individuals, is facing a significant challenge - brain drain. Despite being a hub of skilled professionals, many Indians are leaving their homeland in search of better opportunities abroad. Between 1969 and 1984, a large number of Indians migrated to foreign countries, but they face ill-treatment, exploitation, and even violence.

### Why are Indians leaving?

The reasons behind this exodus are complex. Political corruption, lack of facilities, and neglect of talent are some of the key factors. Indians who think out of the box are often mocked, and parents sometimes don't trust their children's abilities, leading to a drain of talent. The colonial mindset of seeking opportunities abroad rather than valuing India's rich heritage is also a significant contributor.

### The Cost of Brain Drain

The loss of talent is not just a personal loss but also a national one. India's agricultural practices are declining, and people are shying away from farming, despite the country's rich soil. Everyone wants to become doctors or engineers, but no one wants to become a farmer. This imbalance needs to be addressed.

### A Call to Action

It's high time to think about how to bring people back to their roots. We need to:

- Value our soil and encourage farming
- Increase industrialization
- Recognize and reward real talent
- Increasing salaries

- Providing best healthcare services
- Providing better lifestyle
- Improving education sector
- Ensuring safety and secure specially women
- Strong leadership

By doing so, we can stem the brain drain and create opportunities for Indians to thrive in their own country. Let's appreciate our rich cultural heritage and encourage our talented individuals to stay and contribute to India's growth.

**By Rajni Shah**

## 26. Selfie



**Mr. Ramesh  
Rajurkar  
Multai  
Madhya Pradesh**

When someone with the terrifying looks of Idi Amin or Count Dracula begins to see themselves as dashing as Elvis Presley or as stunning as Marilyn Monroe, you can be sure of one thing: your mirror has been deceiving you for a long time. Without any further delay, go ahead and replace that mirror. It's in everyone's best interest. Do it on a good occasion like \*Akshaya Tritiya\* or \*Basant Panchami\*, without checking for any auspicious muhurat or consulting a priest. Consider it a divine intervention to save yourself from future disasters.

Thanks to this very mirror, you might have captured your horrid face in selfie after selfie — sometimes at the mouth of a volcano, sometimes before a lion's cage, at times with thunderous seas, looming clouds, crackling lightning, seductive damsels, or twinkling evenings — and proudly sent them off to your friends' phones. They must be left baffled, trying to decide: who looks more horrifying — Idi Amin, Dracula... or you?

It was because of one such selfie that I experienced the turning point of my life — one that condemned me to a lifelong journey of solitude. Here's how it happened:

During the initial talks of marriage, the girl's family sent a formal request: "Please send the boy's photo along with the biodata." In a daring move, I sent a selfie showcasing my full monstrous glory — hoping they'd be smitten and would happily give their dear Tanuja's hand in marriage. Their reply came swiftly, "We'd rather see our daughter stay unmarried for life than have her die a slow death with this groom."

Still not discouraged, I put on my best behavior, sent a carefully selected photo where I looked halfway decent, but the conversations didn't move forward. As a last attempt, I sent a group photo with my friends, hoping it would be obvious that I was the most handsome guy in the village. Still, nothing worked.

**\*First impression is the last impression.\***

Even my parents sent my photo to many places, hoping to get me married. “Let our son and his bride double the family hands — then we can finally take that holy dip in the Ganges,” they’d say. But alas! The world’s ways are strange. Good things spread slowly. Bad reputation? That travels faster than live breaking news.

Yet, I am genuinely happy. Whatever God does, He does for the best. At least I was spared the taunts of in-laws and the fists of a brother-in-law. Nature follows its own rhythm — night follows day, dawn follows dusk. And I was spared from that ‘bittersweet disaster’ called marriage — like enduring the sharp words of a father-in-law or the sorrowful joy of being thrown out by my dear wife.

Maybe marriage — that irresistible yet regrettable **laddu** — just wasn’t written in my destiny. The one who eats it regrets it. The one who doesn’t regret it more. So I lie to myself and find fake solace in this thought: **No one gets more than what fate allows, or earlier than time permits — so how could I expect any different?**

**by Ramesh Rajurkar**

## 27. From Silence to Strength - My Unplanned Journey



**I never imagined that my silence would one day become my silent strength.**

I never planned to become a teacher.

At 20, fresh out of college, I first stood in Class-2 classroom, 30 eager faces watching me, a young teacher-nervous and unsure if I truly belonged there. I had never gone alone to buy a chocolate, and yet, there I was - expected to teach. Two years later, I found myself in a kindergarten classroom - a place that would become my second home for more than a decade, where tiny hands and innocent smiles shaped me as much as I shaped them.

I didn't feel ready. But I showed up anyway.

Teaching wasn't my dream. But life doesn't wait for our dreams. I accepted the job with hesitation but gave everything I had - every lesson, every child, every single day. I prepared, I stayed late, and slowly, something inside me changed. The children didn't judge me. They didn't care if I stumbled with words - they simply listened. That trust gave me confidence. I decided : ***If this is where life has placed me, I will give it my 100%***

**That decision changed everything.**

Eventually, I began working as a Communication Skills trainer - conducting online sessions from Bhopal. I never imagined I'd be in that role, but I was sincere. A few months later, the company asked me to move to Pune - a big metro city I had never lived in. I moved, unsure but hopeful. Soon after, I was promoted to Branch Manager.

**Mrs. Renuka  
Namdeo  
Communication  
Skills Trainer  
Bhopal  
Madhya Pradesh**

From being a quiet trainer behind a screen to leading an entire team in a new city - it felt like a silent reward for my dedication.

Now, when people hear me they say, “ You must have always been confident.” I smile when I hear that. But inside, I know - I’m still that shy girl. The only difference is that now, I trust my journey.

I never had a grand plan. I didn’t chase titles - but to do meaningful work. I stayed honest, worked hard and gave my best - even when I doubted myself. And slowly, life gave me back more than I imagined.

Through all ups and downs, mistakes and learnings, I know one thing for sure: my life has been the best, **both then and now.**

I believe:

**No matter where you start, quiet dedication has the power to shape a beautiful tomorrow**

**By Renuka Namdeo**

## 28. Caged in Chivalry

Oh, I don't want dowry—  
Just an economically independent bride.  
Whose wings I shall clip,  
And then say, "Now fly high."

Step by step, I will create hurdles,  
Make the shackles look like jewellery bright.  
I'll let her breathe, and exhibit my chivalry,  
Occasionally smothering her,  
So she fits into the cage of a quintessential wife.



**Mrs. Shadabi Naz**  
**Writer**  
**Patna**  
**Bihar**

## 29. Rising from Rupauli - The Fire of '42'

In August's burning, restless noon, a cry arose so bold:  
"Quit India!" thundered loud, the tyrant's grip turned cold.

From Rupauli's fields to Tikapatti's flame,  
Young hearts awakened—freedom was their aim.

Strikes and rallies swept the land, voices sharp as steel,  
Katihar to Barsoi marched with the nation's zeal.  
Ashrams turned to battlegrounds, the pen became the sword,  
With "Bharat Mata ki Jai!" as every soul's accord.

Near Kursela, the Kosi bridge shook with rebel might,  
Brave hands damaged rails by day, and whispered plans by night.  
At Dhamdaha police station, chants broke the hush,  
"Down with the Raj!" came with a patriotic rush.

Lakshmi Mandal stood like fire—a mother and a spark,  
Moti Mandal followed close, fierce even in the dark.  
Babulal Mandal raised his voice with thunderous pride,  
With no fear of jail or gun, he walked with truth as guide.

"Police are our brothers too," they called in firm resolve,  
"Let them join this cause of light, let chains of fear dissolve."  
Rupauli police station heard the echo of revolt,  
The tricolour rose high above, fastened with passion's bolt.

Tikapatti Ashram brimmed with dreams and secret plans,  
To throw out the empire's grip from every field and land.  
No guns, no bombs—just burning hearts and courage in the chest,  
Their slogan was "Swaraj!" Their mission never rests.



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

From every hut and temple, from riverside and farm,  
Rose songs of independence—pure, intense, and warm.  
The bridge near Kursela, the chants in Barsoi lane,  
Still whisper the names of those who broke the silent chain.

So bow your heads to the nameless, to Mandals brave and true—  
Who lit the fire of freedom in 1942.  
They may not find a statue or a chapter in your book,  
But India breathes today because of the path they took.

**By Shashi Dhar Kumar**

### 30. Evermore

Charming me with a gentle paw, a spark, a soul so bright...

Happy the sixteen years you spent in my life...  
As a guide through dawn's first light and darkest night,  
Radiant, you've been my steadfast, shining light.

In loving moments of joy, you danced beside me,  
In shadows of pain, you stayed close—quietly.  
Ever my confidant, a friend so true,  
My heart's own melody, forever new.

We've shared the laughter, weathered the tears,  
Through blessed days and tortured fears.  
Your silent presence—my soothing balm,  
A gentle whisper, my healing calm.

Now the rainbow bridge beckons you near,  
A farewell whispered through each tear.  
In my heart, you'll always stay—  
A love that time cannot decay.

Evermore, your memory gleams,  
A cherished part of all my dreams.  
Though you've stepped beyond this earthly shore,  
Your spirit lives, pawing my heart—forevermore.



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

**“Panache”  
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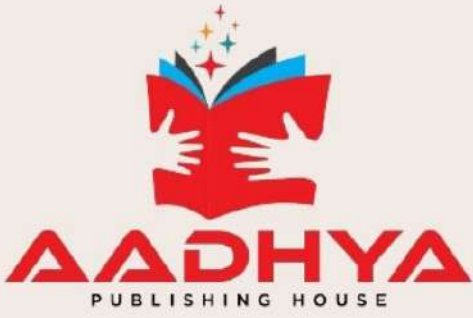
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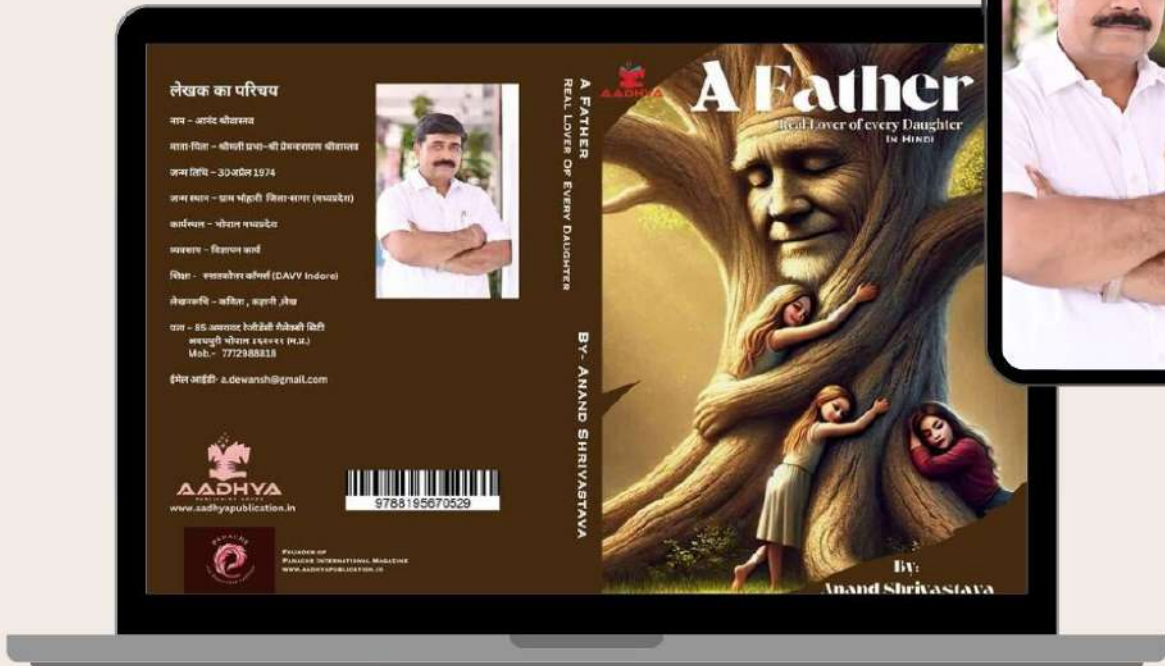


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