

The logo for MSME (Micro, Small & Medium Enterprises) is displayed in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The letters 'M', 'S', and 'E' are significantly larger than the 'M' and 'E' in the middle, creating a stylized, blocky appearance. The background of the entire cover is a vibrant, abstract painting of a woman's face, primarily in shades of red and blue, with intricate jewelry and a red veil.

MICRO, SMALL & MEDIUM ENTERPRISES
सूक्ष्म, लघु एवं मध्यम उद्यम
OUR STRENGTH • हमारी शक्ति
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PANACHE

April 2023

Volume 2, Issue 4

Presented by:
Aadhya Publishing
House

Chief Editor :
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 2023

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

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



Akanksha Shrivastava
Publisher & Chief Editor

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PANACHE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
VOLUME 2, ISSUE 4, 2023

Aadhya Publishing House
UDYAM-MP-10-0024988
MSME, Govt Of India

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GUEST OF THE MONTH



Dr Anukrati Shrivastava
Homoeopath and
psychologist

Hello everyone,
I am Dr Anukrati Shrivastava
I am homoeopathy physician
and a counseling
psychologist
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(Texas)
I treat people dealing with
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and needs to be treated feel
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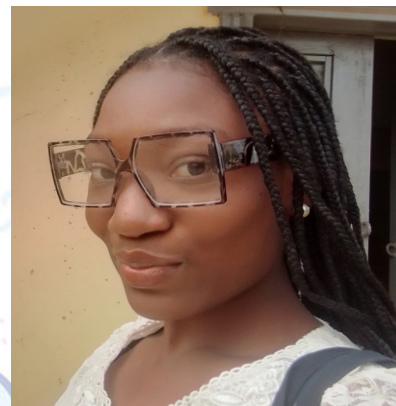
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1. LOVE SEALED ON BIRTHDAY



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Student and writer
Ibafo
Nigeria**

I woke up at 6 a.m. to find a surprise message, "My love, I wish you a very happy birthday. Dress more elegantly than usual and meet me at the chess club at 12pm. Please accept my small gift, which will be sent to you shortly. I adore you ". I felt butterflies in my stomach, looking for a place to perch as they flapped their wings incessantly.

My phone rang a few minutes later "Hello, Dan has sent you a package. I've arrived at your door ". "This is my best birthday ever!" I exclaimed as I unwrapped my present, which was neatly wrapped in my favorite color, pink. When I saw the most expensive heels I'd ever wanted, I tried to catch my breath. I rushed to get dressed in order to meet the love of my life at chess club.

You're a sneak. "I thought we were best friends," I exclaimed." "Dan asked us to keep it a secret," Tonia chuckled. I was surprised to see my friends and his friends. "It's going to be a great day," I told myself.

I stood in the middle of the small room where my party was being held, perplexed as someone, who had just won the lottery as I looked at him, yeah Daniel of course, and imagined the stress he would have gone through just to make my birthday memorable. The room was stunning, with disco lights adding to its allure. "He really got my taste," I mumbled

The MC performed admirably. Everyone got their fill of food and drink. We also did some dancing. Dancing with my man was incredible. As he held my hand softly and we moved to the beat of the music, I felt that unbreakable connection. He abruptly told me to close my eyes so he could reveal the final gift. I closed my eyes, and then he stretched out a diamond ring to propose marriage. "Say yes!" my friends exclaimed. Who am I to say no? "I love you, Daniel," I exclaimed joyfully after he placed the ring on my finger.

2. Can I say?



Aldodo Yasir
Writer, student
Ilorin
Nigerian

Your blood flows in my body,
Your heart kills the ant and the art of man,
Your eyes are very synonymous with the sky,
The atmosphere of your heart is the moon in me.

Let's hear the voice of the Eagle,
The announcement of the day,
You are welcome,
I wish you would welcome me,
To your room of success,
If it is only your hand that can hold me,
It is okay.

I see you as my success,
I see you as a gift from God,
I see you as what God promised,
My dream later comes to reality.

What is love?
Love is a metaphysical feeling,
From a man and a woman.

Love,
Is what you have and what you can give,
Love,
Is a language of humans,
Man and woman.

I am the king in your palace,
You are the mareemi in my palace,
You are the olori in my heart.
Love,
Your love is what I can't share,
Can I say I love you?

3. SWEET BUT IMPERFECT EX



**Amama Christabel
Maria
Student
Ilaro
Nigeria**

My stomach is grumbling, hormones already released and my stomach lining attacked by acid from the breadbasket. The pressure was so unbearable, like a pressure cooker. That's how I used to care for that guy.

So I decided to cook noodles to eat with the Chinese noodles instead of white rice and stew. As a newcomer, I usually craved his love and attention. Out of desperation, with ingredients not measured, I increased the blended pepper the way I gave all of my love and got nothing in return.

So sweet and pleasant as its aroma, my tongue salivating already but forbidden in the mouth to eat. My ex was so handsome and charming, but a narcissist. Realization dawned upon me that I messed up; the type you experience after a breakup. Oh sweet but imperfect ex! Indeed, love is blind.

That sweet but imperfect meal just brought back memories. So, I decided to write an open letter to my ex, just like the former President of Nigeria, Chief Olusegun Obasanjo, usually writes open letters to the Presidency and its Cabinet Members.

Dear Ex,

Thank you so much for the breakup. If you didn't betray me, I wouldn't have met myself. If you didn't leave me crying, my tears wouldn't have become my life realization. Cheers to you! Now I'm unapologetic about myself and love myself more. I stopped keeping expectations and focused more on self-improvement in all aspects by engaging in creative activities, reading books, surfing the net, and taking good care of my overall health.

Affirmations;

- I am safe
- I am loved
- I am calm and mindful
- I have everything I need
- I am in control
- I am happy and content
- I am blessed
- I know that this will fade away.

**Feelings are just visitor, let them
pass!**

-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

4. Shooting Star *

We cross over bridges
and run past meadows.
The sun is setting with its last rays,
and the sky is pinkish-dark in a beautiful way.

Soon, stars twinkle above our heads
as we sit by the riverbed.
"Look, a shooting star!" someone exclaimed, pointing
at the sky.
Many heads shot up with excitement in their eyes.

"Quick! Make a wish, or it'll be too late!"
I closed my eyes and did the same.

"I wish the world is full of happiness!
I wish for a world full of joy,
and all the bad deeds vanish in the blink of an eye.

"I wish the world is perfect!
If not, then close to it,
where birds sing cheerfully and people are great."

"That's too much to ask for," someone pointed out.
I looked up to see that the star was nowhere to be found.



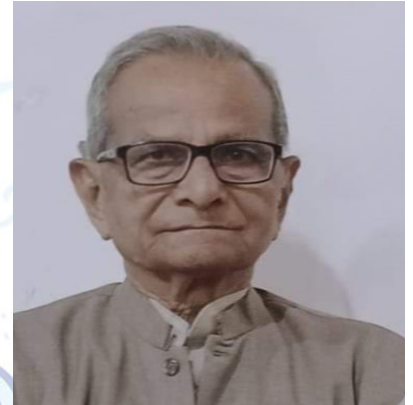
Arushi Mishra
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

5. Work to be completed

When I came home, getting tired,
I was not worried about meals.
I just wanted to take rest.
As soon as I saw the cot,
nobody was there on the cot,
I lay down forgetting everything.
I closed my eyes and found immense peace.
Even though there was no bed on the cot
and my stomach was empty,
I was not worried about it.

After taking a few moments of sleep,
all the tiredness seemed to disappear,
and as soon as the tiredness disappeared,
a sudden urge for hunger increased.
I quickly got up and sat down on the cot.
My wife was standing there, and she told me,
"Sleep is over now, talk to me for a moment."
I was startled to see the wall clock.
It seemed that the wall clock was reminding me,
"Hey, you have to go and finish your pending work.

Laborers are waiting for you!"
I got up, and my hunger had gone
because I have to finish the assigned work first.
Works must not be left unfinished.



**Bal Mukund
Dwivedi
Patna
Bihar**

6. STANDOFFISH



Bobby Narayan
Ph. D Scholar
Rajouri Garden
Delhi

They were just returning from Kali Dighi Puja pandal, then her father, Anil Bhattacharjee saw them in close circuit. He dragged her to the van and drove away. Tapan stood silently almost a mute spectator with no heroic commitment and spent the night lonely far away from the joyous crowd. His major concern was - how Lopa would be treated after the discovery of secret meeting. She was warned earlier also - not to meet the guy. But Lopamudra defied all the warnings and threats and continued to abreast her relationship. But that incident was not noticed by anybody in his house or would have taken a fierce shape.

Tapan, a bio-science graduate, a boy of 24 with novice hand as a Medical Representative started well; his area dominated in the triangle comprising Kumarghat, Kailashwar and Dharmanagar - which are well connected with bus and train services. All he had to do was excessive hard work because of his ailing father, though his other two brothers also contributed. He was miser not by birth but due to circumstances and thus disdained in his friend circle, but this was very much liked by Lopa apart from being a teetotaler or a smoker.

It was a pleasant spring. Tapan did not go home but was wandering to calm himself from the humiliation he met at the hands of her father and was thinking of wiping out the enemy. And he forgot about his ailing father, who required immediate medical attention, and when need arose, there was neither of the sons. He was shifted to Jeevan Jyoti Hospital by the neighbors. After spending the night outside, Tapan reached the hospital and got the message that the three valves were not functioning properly, and his profession taught him that with growing age the pace of blood sprinter loses its track, the only need was the best pace-maker and for arranging one pace-maker for his father, Tapan wandered all the universe but solution for finance did not come out to be fruitful by means of dreaming or wild imagination.

The three brothers managed nearabout five lakhs: but the rest ten lakhs? They decided to mortgage their house and arranged the costliest pacemaker for their

father who was only God, residing with them. Tapan knew that the cap for this purpose was less than 10 lakhs but for demon-doctors humans are the next, money first.

Life suddenly gives a jerk, even more than two at a time. 'Lost love and ailing father; two incidents occurring at the same time' he thought, 'what can I do? I have no control over the destiny, though I can perform Pran Pratistha of Idols, and know how to recite the hymns and mantras, all the ritual to infuse life into the murtis and bring to it the numinous presence of spirituality and divinity but alas! can't help my father without the help of science; at the same time, all plans to elope crashed before fructifying. No, Lopa is not responsible, but I am stuck in vicious cycle.'

Two days later, while returning from a business tour, on the way Tapan was suddenly stopped near Dharmanagar Govt. Degree College by five goons and severely beaten with hockey sticks. The police took him to hospital. While receiving first aid, Mr. Anil Bhattacharjee threatened him:

- Never dare to meet my daughter and maintain your status. You people are Bangaal, migrant from Sylhet. And we are Ghoti. Your father is a Crematorium Pandit who picks out the phools sorry still-hot bones of the dead. Is it a good job- 'impure job.' What will you do after your father dies? Continue the same profession? And always dependent on the mourner's desires at that time? What will you do when there are no bodies? Have you ever thought about lower status? How dare you dream to match? What an audacity! Scavengers!

Another fellow laughed at and said: Uncle, don't you get smell of Shukti? He wants to create 'Bati'. Ha ha ha.

Disdained, he returned home.

There he received another shock, transfer orders for both his brothers out to the remote area. Tapan decided to leave the job and look after his father. His friends asked him to join the NGO named Swapnochowa to help people in all sorts of disasters and after taking an oath even to help the enemy, he started.

-2-

His father being undergoing treatment in hospital, one morning, while Tapan was

returning from home with bedsheet, towels etc, he found Mr. Anil Bhattacharjee lying on the ground just beside the drain. For a few minutes, he thought – ‘whether to help or not. That day this fellow humiliated me. I should rather kick him in the drain.’ He then said to himself, ‘It is very easy to kill a person, then to save him. You should forgive him. God has given you the opportunity.’ Then to follow divine orders, he took him to hospital. But the doctor advised:

- Please admit him. Due to a stroke and the clot busting drugs he took, caused fluctuations in his heart rate; he is diagnosed with non-ischemic dilated cardiomyopathy. Ejection fraction is at 32%.

Tapan thought for a while, ‘Why should I? I will have to bear all the expenses, look after him for days... No matter everything is fair in love and war.’

With slight medication, Mr. Anil got back consciousness and got to know about his admission. When Tapan came to see him, Mr. Anil sought pardon, folding his hand, said:

- Baba, please forgive me for my past deeds and please come to my house after I get well. I have some important matters to discuss with you.

- Okay, no issues.

- About a year ago, it was 35%. Pacemaker/defibrillator is the recommended device, but I ignored it. Tapan, I am abandoned by my children - my son left for USA and daughter left for Delhi after quarrel regarding my orthodox mindset. And began to cry loudly. Soon he fell unconscious. Mr. Anil was taken to the ICU.

A nurse came and asked Tapan to accompany him. His father died. Tapan was about to cry but controlled himself, for death there is no divine power to beat it. Rather he showed courage and requested doctors to extract the Pacemaker from his father and install it in Mr. Anil Bhattacharjee.

Tapan rang his brothers. But again, began to think, ‘Will it be reasonable to call Lopa and her brother? I took the decision without their consent. It may take the shape of a medico-legal case. But it was the need of the hour. As a Samaritan, I have done the righteous deed. Let’s see what happens’

-3-

Mr. Anil Bhattacharjee got well. Tapan advised him to get fresh air outside. Sitting together in park, he asked Tapan to come close and asked him to hear the heart beats; the fatherly figure evolved, Tapan could hear his father speaking from inside - ‘Tapan, you are really a good human being, you have given life to

a person who has snatched your life, but you are still working for mankind. The world needs more people like you. I am blessed, my son.' Tapan felt proud and began to dream, 'Now, Lopa will certainly thank me for the same'.

After cessation of the funeral and other rituals, Tapan went to the house of Mr. Anil Bhattacharjee.

- Baba Tapan, what I was thinking that, if you don't mind, I wish that you marry Lopa.
- I cannot say anything. It is up to her. She might have changed with changing circumstances.
- Do not worry. I will talk to her.

Thereafter, Mr. Anil handed over his Will to Tapan and asked him not to disclose it to anyone. Tapan was hesitating but Mr. Anil forced him. Then he began to search for the phone numbers in his pocket diary.

-4-

Coming home, Lopa began frequent fights with her father. Her elder brother joined too. They began to abuse him regularly after knowing that the property had been gifted to a lower-class fellow. And in the next few days, they filed a case and handed over the notice to Tapan.

In the meantime, the health of Mr. Anil deteriorated. He was admitted but he died. The doctor said that it was an already implanted pacemaker which failed, so survival chances got rare which made both the siblings furious.

Tapan was not allowed to attend the pyre ceremony. Rather Lopa shouted at him:

- 'You cheat!' You have deceived my father with magical tricks to take away the property. You have also cheated him by implanting a used pacemaker. It was your plan for murder. We will put you in jail. You scoundrel!

All the acquaintances, in white clothes, were watching but none interfered. Her brother pushed him away. Tapan began to fear arrest for he had no right to take decisions like that, but at that time no close kith and kin were present. Gone are gone, what next? It is better to leave.

Tapan ran. Went to his house and took Will and came back. The pyre was still in flames. Tapan went nearby and threw away the Will towards her and said:

- I don't need such a piece of papers. One day everything will be burnt to ashes. I tried my level best to save your father. I could have left him on the road

where he would have died weeks ago. What were you doing when he was in dire need? I do not want your property. When you have grown up standoffish attitude what will I do with your father's property? Before handing over the Will, your father wished that I would marry you, but you have a change of wind.

Lopamudra could not speak but began to cry. A few minutes later, she ran towards him and hugged in front of all the people present.

Tapan in calm voice said: Now, it's too late. Stop crying. Your tears cannot thaw me out. Leave me alone. I am already late for my flight.

- Why do you want to leave me?
- I am leaving for Delhi. Wish you a happy life.

While Tapan crossed nearabout half a kilometer, Lopa was still crying and wiping her tears, then her brother cried:

- Throw the papers in the flame. Be quick.

Thwarting the dictate and she began running.


By Bobby Narayan



”

Your child goes through everything
with you..
your child knows you are suffering!

Don't feel guilty mama
you are equally a mother
”



-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

7. Moving from the Comfort Zone to the Challenge Zone



Caroline Cabral
Lecturer
Vizag
Andhra Pradesh

What is a comfort zone?

The comfort zone is nothing more than a mental state that focuses on the possibility of avoiding all kinds of fear or anxiety, turning life into a routine space without major risks. The comfort zone is a safe space where we don't take risks, but neither do we grow. It's not simply a physical space but a mental concept. It's not limited to a secure cord we've built around us but includes both our daily routines and way of thinking. Therefore, it can become the perfect excuse not to do, not risk, and not grow.

Signs of the Comfort Zone

- Feelings of deep unmotivation.
- Close yourself to new ideas.
- Afraid to take risks.
- Following the same easy routine.
- Feeling isolated.
- Not learning anything new.

Benefits of leaving your comfort zone

- ✓ **Your limits will expand.** Once we step out of our comfort zone, it expands, which means that we become more open to change.
- ✓ **Your creativity will increase.** The comfort zone represents everything we know. Outside is another world to discover. In the comfort zone, there are no great ideas or new discoveries. It is necessary to leave the known to find the inspiration that stings creativity.
- ✓ **You will gain self-confidence.** Leaving the comfort zone is a bit scary, but when we do it and achieve our goals, we experience an incredible feeling of empowerment.

How to come out of the comfort zone

✓ **Do everyday things differently.**

In everyday life, there are ample opportunities to challenge yourself. Turn off your smartphone and television while having dinner, decide what to wear more quickly, or just slow down to take in the surroundings on a walk.

✓ **Get creative.**

Creativity – anything from writing a poem to building a business – usually involves an element of risk. Creative endeavors are about stepping into the unknown.

✓ **Remain positive.**

There will be times when you experience a negative outcome. Something that shakes your confidence and makes you feel scared. Don't allow negativity to creep into your mind.

✓ **Keep expanding your comfort zone.**

Never stop expanding your comfort zone. Even if you arrive at your stated goal, it's important to keep pushing those boundaries.

✓ **Change the way you view your day-to-day life.**

Look at each day as a chance for you to learn something new. Remember that this can only happen if you step outside your comfort zone. You can do this by always making an effort to find ways to grow.

By Caroline Cabral

8. Trust

Trust in yourself and do your duty honestly.
Trust in God and do your job perfectly.

Trust and train yourself to think in terms of eternity.
Trust and make yourself think in terms of infinity.

Trust is nothing but unshakable faith.
Trust is nothing but unquestioning faith.

Trust, never criticize anyone.
Trust, never neglect anyone.

Building trust is a boon for humanity.
Building trust is real service to humanity.

Trust would make you free from all worries.
Trust would make you free from all queries.

Trust doesn't mean negligence of any sort.
Trust doesn't mean selfishness of any sort.

The more you trust, the more helpful you are.
The more you trust, the more cheerful you are.

Trust in God and pray very hard.
Trust in yourself and work very hard.

Trust is the result of truthfulness.
Trust is the outcome of purity and goodness.



**Chitranjan Dayal
Singh Kaushal
Retired Associate
Professor, S.K.U.K.
Kurukshetra
Haryana**

9. Untitled

Small or big, my food still ripens
Without tightening the ropes.
What if I only swim
When the lights are dim?
I'd like the Earth's positioning,
'Cause it'd suit my reasoning.
Imagine having a good plan in your net,
You'd build a plan-net
That living in it won't be suffocating
Or some sort of defilement.
'Cause it's pleasure that puts your olfactory cells into a
deep sleep
When a somniloquist mourns in the darkest night,
Thinking is on a break in that room.



**Dannish Mudondo
Jnr
Poet
Nairobi
Kenya**



**I KNOW IT'S HARD MAMA,
BUT I'M SURE YOU WILL GET
THROUGH THIS!!
LIVE EACH DAY AS IT COMES,
TALK TO YOUR KIDS,
YOU ARE THE WORLD FOR THE
LITTLE LIVES REVOLVING AROUND
YOU!**



-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

10. April-fool

How smart you are, Mr. Brool!
It is the 1st of April, Fool.

Forget momo, pizza, flavour
All around, fun and pleasure.
Don't become an easy tool,
It is the 1st of April, Fool.

Look in the mirror, zero to nine,
Topsy-turvy, we are enjoying.
Nice humorous mirror's rule,
It is the 1st of April, Fool.

Someone knocks the door,
No one is there for sure.
Who is making a funny fool?
It is the 1st of April, Fool.

Lip impressions on your back,
Such a lovely, beautiful pack.
Love sign is very cool,
It is the 1st of April, Fool.

A big courier on the table,
Unknown sender without a label.
It was smelly, worst wool.
It is the 1st of April, Fool.

How smart you are, Mr. Brool,
It's the 1st of April, Fool.



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

11. The Dark Night

The diurnal is departing, yielding the ingress of the nocturnal. It's parting its chamber to accost the nocturnal so that it can curlicue the refinement by giving its gloss with its gorgeous cronies like the sky, glittering stars, moon, silence, impermeable and trifling gale.



Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

Only the nocturnal has the supremacy to banquet the murky on the cosmos for hours. Only the nocturnal tint has the tome to break on the ecosphere with its trifling and gust winds until the diurnal knockouts the stunning terrestrial. Nocturnal banquets the most cherished hush for the amity of the cosmos, as only the cosmos is pausing for the amity of its capital.

The hush of the nocturnal suppers the honey on the terrestrial and levies on the meadow. Birds can respite for a while in the tour of the nocturnal. Look at the singularity that the moon is also decamping with the help of the admirable costars and glistening vapors. Impermeable, trifling gales are bopping with the dazzling stars and moon, accompanying them to triumph the meadow.

Oh, gorgeous and mesmerizing nocturnal, you are taking the core of the cosmos with your utmost and delightful prettiness. You are not letting the cosmos consent your way, as you pilfered its core by your murky peeper. Hey, nocturnal, let's passage now as your diurnal comrade is going to triumph the terrestrial with its admirable grin.

12. MY WOMAN

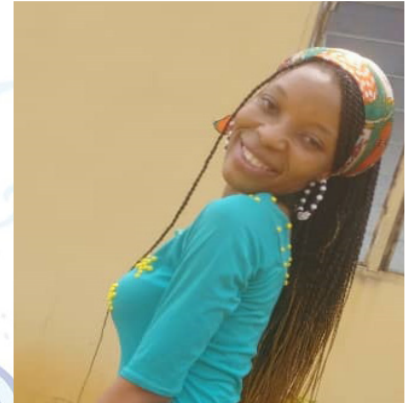
Her eyes twinkles like the bright star.
Her arms are that of an eagle for protection.
Her ears are not deaf to hear the tears of her beloved ones

She is magnanimous,
She is brave,
She is a king to the nation,

Her breast is filled with succulent milk.
Her heart became the most valuable bronze I had.
Her tears makes me weary,
Her happiness is enough to feed the universe.

You can't make her yours,
Because I already did.
When the world crushes her to the wall,
She becomes so brave that she cannot be broken.

The angel I speak of, dwells right on earth.
A woman her children chose to celebrate right on their shoulders.
Her voice is so sonorous that I chose to listen to her speak.
She is expensive,
She is my woman.



Elonu Annabel
Student
Ogun state
Nigeria

Antenatal depression

Depression during pregnancy is hard to accept and acknowledge, because people are taught, that pregnancy is meant to be time of joy!



-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

13. WHO IS TO BLAME??

I wish I could be a toddler forever, when I worried only about what I'd eat, wear, and more playtime. The pettiest things made me cry, but I never took them to heart. When my smiles were as genuine as my tears. Nobody tells us about this "adulthood" thing; we get there and start figuring shit out. We grow up in homes where we are told to work hard, go to university, and graduate. What ails my heart is that we're not told what happens in between.

Girls are encouraged not to let every Tom, Dick, and Harry play with them. In other situations, you should not be seen with a boy. The moment you do, they give you this crap talk about how so-and-so started that way and ended up being pregnant. Well, my question is, is pregnancy a sin? In pursuit of higher education, we're met with all the evils of the world. It's true that we often try not to be swayed, be focused, make our old man proud, change Momma's story, be a role model, name it all. We try so much to fit into that cycle imparted on us that we lose ourselves in the process. We forget we're young. We need to live, but most importantly, we forget we're not our parents. We forget that it's okay to make mistakes. To cover up our mistakes, we take drastic measures that scar us for life.

That very moment when a girl's period delays is met with so much uncertainty. The very thought of one being pregnant turns the intestines upside down. You imagine your lion-hearted father yelling at you to pack your stuff and leave his compound. The whole blame being inflicted on your mother for raising a good-for-nothing daughter. The moment you confirm your fears to be true, you feel like committing suicide. That's when it hits you that the man who promised to stand by you was only a joke. For some men, they flee away like the cowards they are, pretending like they weren't in your pants. Others go the extra mile and even provide the money for the clinic. The so-called boyfriend who never had money to take you out or buy you gifts is now blessed enough to buy you abortion pills. Hilarious, right?

Nobody tells you about the guilt that eats you after the abortion. Those long,



**Fareen Khabetsa
Mboya
Student
Uasin Gishu
Kenya**

lonely nights that you cry yourself to sleep. The thoughts that come to your mind every time you see a kid. The imposter you see in the mirror. They don't tell you about the after-effects that completely destroy your entire life. The thought that if your parents loved you enough, they would have accepted you.

Here is the truth: the covered bleeding wounds never heal. In the cores of their hearts, they crave to be heard, to be understood, but they never are. They return home with fake smiles on their faces, but deep down, they are depressed souls with no wreckage to hold on. Pregnancy should not be a life sentence. One can still achieve her/his dreams. What if we lived in a society where parents weren't so uptight with their children? Where girls would be free enough to tell their moms that I know I messed up, but I'll make things right once my baby is born. What if boys would talk with their old man and assure them of making amends? What if society was not so judgmental, doing away with stigmatization and the hatred that comes with conceiving early?

I yearn for these voices to be heard, the wounds to be nursed, and see cordial smiles again. This does not mean that I'm advocating for children to have sex. It means that children should be children. Just perfect with their imperfections.

By Fareen Khabetsa Mboya

14. Fortune

Fortune always favors the brave.
Fortune also gives a clean shave.

Fortune carries miracles.
It also removes obstacles.

None can really predict fortune.
None can change the effect of fortune.

The positive approach pleases fortune.
The negativity of the mind negates fortune.

Fortune can't be taken for granted.
It always leaves something wanted.

Don't let any opportunity go futile.
Do everything in life in style.
Don't allow fortune to turn hostile.

The existing willpower acts as a catalyst to attract
fortune in your favor.
Don't let it slip from the grip in a fervor.



**Girish Chandra
Upadhyay
Prayag Raj
Uttar pradesh**

15. You are a Miracle

You are a miracle
that people crave for -
the sound of your footsteps walking in the valleys of
some mountains,
and the feeling of your presence in the silver nights
sitting by a lake.

You are that woman whom God created from the rib
of Adam. You are that woman whose beauty can be
compared to the moon, stars, and flowers, whose
fragrance wakes up fire, and for whom men of every
religion in the world rub their forehead before their
God and dig mountains to find gold for your adornment.

You are a miracle
who knows how to talk to the moon
and love the stars. Silk is obtained from
silkworms and glass is made with sand, all for your clothes.

A bracelet is made for your wrist, flower gardens have been planted for you, and
the most beautiful flowers in those gardens are chosen to decorate your hair.
Poets wrote Diwans in your honor,
and many people save a picture of you walking on the beach.

Your soul, spirit, heart, mind, and muscles are all full of love, care, and strength.
You are a miracle whose charming smile can make people write letters for you
and whose heartbeat can be heard from thousands of miles away. Writers have
written about you, and the world is full of libraries about you. Only you can fulfill
every human being, bring a smile to every broken heart, make every singer sing
a song, bring joy to every painful cry, and create solitude in every lonely night.

Then why are you sad...?



Husna Abbasi
Student/ writer
Pakistan

Affirmation for 4th trimester:



- I trust my instincts/intuition
- I can't be everything to everyone-
I'm enough!
- I won't be sleep deprived forever.
- Asking for a help is a sign of
strength not weakness.
- My confidence is growing
everyday.

16. TESU

Oh! The flower of Tesu,
So indefinitely beautiful!
Are you the reddishness of teary eyes,
Or the red tint of the regal setting sun?
Are you the ignited blazing flame,
Or the blood-smeared sword of a warrior?
What are you?

Whatever I name you,
I feel a pang in my heart,
Looking at you!

Oh, the flower of Tesu!
Leafless, nevertheless impactful,
You herald the festival of Holi,
Staying for a short span,
A guest of a few days,
A friend so transient!

What a difference in
Lotus and Tesu!
One sprouts from mud,
The other lights up the sky risen.
One is a throne of Goddess Laxmi,
The other reminds one of Holika,
But both are in shades of red,
Ephemeral and evanescent!



Jailaxmi R Vinayak
Prof. and Guide for
reseatch students
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

17. Zumrad and Qimmat

It's springtime. Nature has entered a wonderful mood. The fragrant sounds coming from the village bring warmth to the heart. The water in the ditches rushed like madly in love, and the daisies were standing tall around the ditch as if smiling at the sun, feeling the freshness of spring. Mother Zumrad is also busy with gardening, planting fruit trees and flowers in her yard. There are butterflies around her grandchildren, one with water, one with a hoe, and one with her hand on her waist, furrowing her eyebrows and feeling that she does not like these things. She said to her angry little grandson,

My dear, dig up the dry sticks that are stinging and hurting you. Ayqiz frowned again, wrinkled his nose, and his answer to his grandmother made Zumrad Aya both laugh and surprised. "Grandma, you should be named Qimmat, not Zumrad. You will not stop like Zumrad in the fairy tale. You will continue to work and use us. If we named you Qimmat, you would only rest and sleep. I would also rest, play and watch cartoons with you." The little sister's unexpected speech made her brothers laugh.



Kazakhova Sarvinoz
Writer
Gulistan
Uzbekistan

18. APHORISMS IN ENGLISH

Let friendship fill all the world! - and the world itself will come to our home.

The people of the planet Earth must turn to the origins, then they will understand that we are all children of Adam and Eve. So we are one family and this planet is our common home!

War is grief, misfortune, devastation, hunger, tears of mothers, widows, orphans and hatred for each other, and peace is love, happiness, prosperity, children's laughter and a decent life!

Peace is heaven, war is hell, and a terrorist is the devil.

Poetry, culture and art breed love, happiness and peaceful coexistence, while corruption, terrorism and extremism breed darkness and hatred.

Poetry is the path to a world of hopes, love and a bridge between hearts. This is the path to peace, dignity, and dignity of humanity. Peace of mind, understanding, wisdom, happiness and a decent life satisfies people, strengthens peace and tranquility, and the state successfully develops peace and stability.

Spirituality can save society from unwelcome nuisance such as crime, suicide, domestic violence and wars.

In fact, poets are a symbol of the dignity of the nation and humanity. Their creations have been serving people for thousands of years, inspiring them to kindness, love, creativity, friendship, brotherhood, being the guarantor of peace on planet Earth.

The well-chosen words of the men of pen play a key role in shaping the personality of the youth, which is the future of every nation and nation.



**Kosimov
Abdukakhor
Sattorovich
(pseudonym
Abdukakhor
Kosim), Republic
of Tajikistan,
Tursunzade city**

Higher poetry can awaken love in our hearts and bring peace and a happy life to humanity. Beautiful images, lofty meanings, phrases and concepts created by poets enrich our language and change our view of the world - humanity, nature, flora and fauna and the enlightenment of life.

Poetry requires high art, and music and songs enhance its influence on people's hearts. All the arts are sunlight and a wonderful source, and everyone who drinks from this source will be able to quench spiritual thirst, and his heart will be filled with the light of morality.

Many wars and misunderstandings are rooted in nationalism, and a poet of goodwill should, first of all, call all the people for internationalism and humanity.

All the people of the world, regardless of race, skin color, language or other factors, are brothers, and they all have the same single source of origin, like rivers and seas have the glaciers.

Poetry and all other arts are a means of expressing global spirituality. A tool that helps a person to find spiritual peace and a happy life

The poet always has a problem with his perception of the universe and the fact that he is always trying to better understand it and protect humanity from ignorance, suffering and torture, war and hopelessness.

A poet in search of images, creates his world of fantasy with the help of poetry. His conscience and responsibility to humanity, encourage him to create works that, like a guiding star, illuminate the path to a happy life

By Kosimov Abdukakhor Sattorovich

Dear Mama

Some of you don't even realize, how you light up the room and inspire people, just by being you!

you are magnetic!

just be the way you are..



19. HAPPINESS..



'Search of happiness'

Kshama Urmila_pf 105_36"x44"_Abstract_
acrylic on canvas
(14,800/-)

Looking through my eyes
you can search ...
behind the wall of tears
before the deadline of desires
with an innocent feeling of love
between a process of being to becoming
only devotion , only peacefulness.....
no matter wins or loses
happiness is nothing
only the victory of the
human nature of selfishness
falling down with me
with the feeling of your own heart
dip your soul in the colours of my paintings
then you will see...
i promise you, you will define your own
'Happiness"
now and forever....

Kshama Urmila

20. AHITHOPELISATION IN MALAWI



**Lawrence Develious
Kaunda
Malawi**

The suicide spirit has descended to the earth and summoned many people including children. Suicide spirit have venom with which it is stinging men and women to death in different streets over the world. The warm wind is blowing through the trees with the collection of death mystery that has wiped the blood flow in a human race.

This is just another fall that people are not catching arms in the air and only facing dirt of life riding fast to the graveyard as their last home. It might be elsewhere figures of suicide cases are minimal but in Malawi from January to November figures has been rising dramatically with the box of rubbish reasons and in particular the report from Malawi Police Service figured out 58 suicide cases in October, 2022 and out of them 54 were men and 4 were women. This is the fall that broke bones and crush the souls of people related to the deceased and of course making many children to be orphans and women to be widowers.

Although life might have alot of bruises that hurts collar bone and troubles that can bend the road of life anyhow but suicide is not the best answer. Everyday in Malawi from all regions we hear of a white shook and painful news of depopulation through suicide cases. People are getting poisons out of horror and anger and their lives are troubled to death because of family problems e.g divorce, economic hardships and loans at a wider level in communities and other painful issues in life. Suicide is not the proceeding of life because life is in stages and people must know that every problem has got its expiry date no matter what.

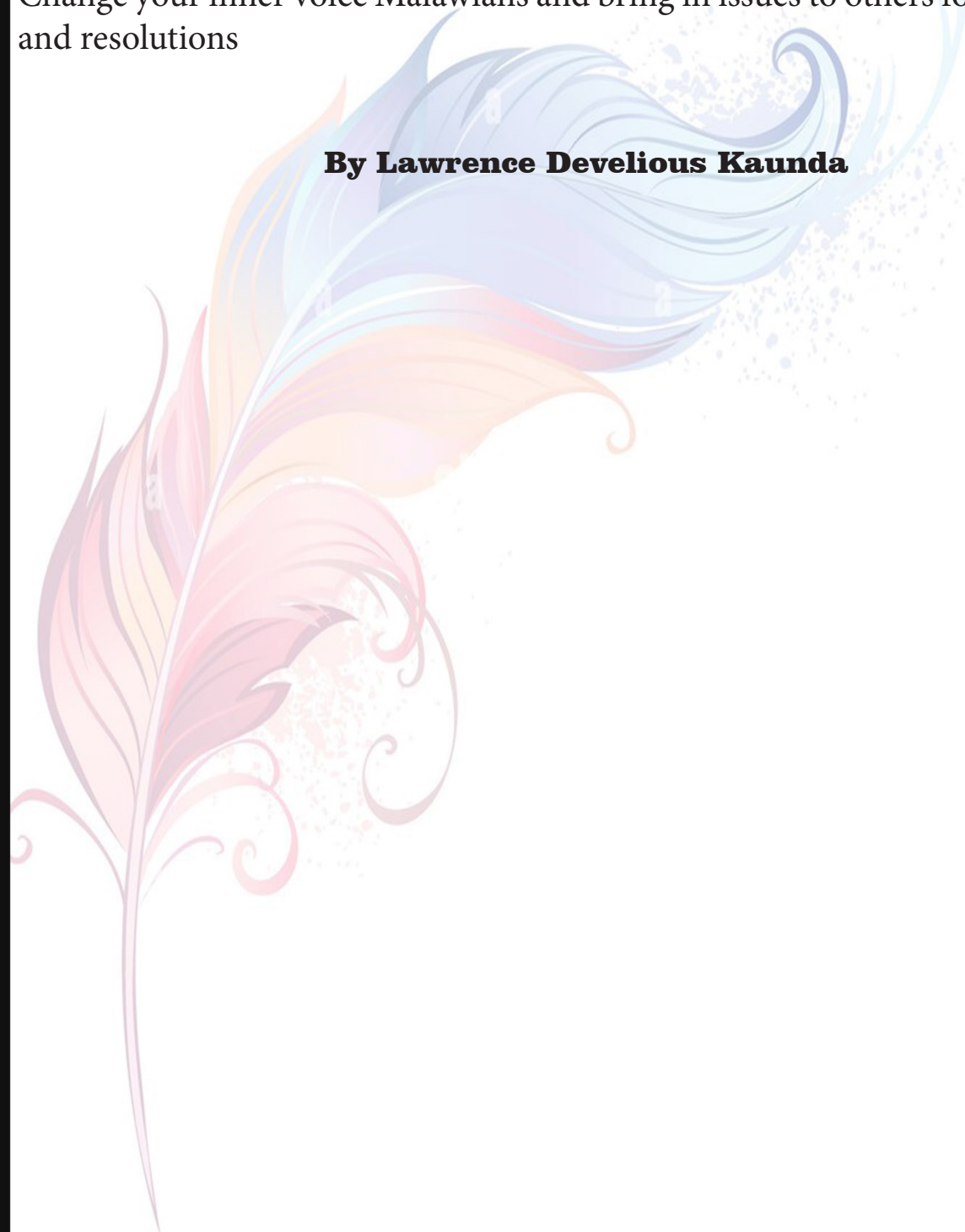
The first bell may not been rung for you but the front door bell may rang for you. You may get injured several times but understand, have self discipline, control yourself, know that your the best candidate of every problem in life and feel fantastic of life at every entangled situation.

Ambulances and police vehicles have fuel budgets for serious diseases like Cholera, Covid-19, Malaria, Cancer, Stroke and others, so don't bring in panic

in them, give them space. The doctors and police men have other serious duties so don't add them this breathe of darkness and hell.

Everyone faces the hill of life at different levels but think not of parking up your life and turning off your engine with flabbergasted issues around you because money can't buy and solve all your problems, be optimistic in life not pessimistic. Change your inner voice Malawians and bring in issues to others for counselling and resolutions

By Lawrence Develious Kaunda



21. ORDINARY KENYAN VOTERS



Leonard Maero W
Author, poet, writer
Kitale
Kenya

They work hard to feed their families and pay taxes to get services. It's disheartening when they take the sick ones to get treatment, only for the people they have entrusted their lives with to hide medicine and send them to private clinics, only for the same medicine to miraculously materialize when reporters book a visit to the clean metropolitan establishments.

There are people who pay themselves handsomely and are charged with the responsibility of ensuring that the right things are done right, but never sit in their plum offices to do what they are paid to do. Some, who have been in high offices for almost ten years, placed there by "mama mbogas," have been traversing the land, telling them what they are going to do, yet there is nothing stopping them from doing it. Are they rehearsing for ten years what they are going to do in the next ten years while doing little now?

Is it not the same gene of poverty that has been tormenting "mama mbogas" under their watch? Is it not the same rich cotton soils which they have been promising them to suddenly start feeding the ginneries that have been here since independence? Are they not the same leaders from the same chunk that voters have been recycling? After all, "mama mbogas" have survived on their own. Lies, half-truths, like marijuana, only give a false hope for tomorrow, which never comes.

Can economic liberation for the masses be entrusted to the same fellows who have been ardent supporters of the very regimes that put ordinary Kenyans where they are? Maybe ordinary voters have been feeding on that opium so long that they've lost sense of reason. When will they rise up to the reality of placing untainted, genuine men and women in all levels of leadership and holding them to account?

Investigative agencies have wasted public resources investigating the academic credentials of a few characters who have occupied high offices, having been let there. If it were an ordinary Kenyan, how long would it take to confirm which

school he or she went to and who the class teacher was in 1974? If this is what the agencies are doing with those colossal budgets, then ordinary Kenyans don't need them at all. Are they being mistaken for toddlers?

Many more have died from illnesses, children have gone without food. Communities have lost livestock due to the devastating effects of drought. They now have to depend on donations. They can prevent this by implementing commonsense remedies that anybody who doesn't even have a degree knows. Scandal after scandal, some of them have been calling each other thieves in public, yet they're the ones in a position to apprehend the wrongdoers. What can ordinary Kenyan voters do?

My sincere acknowledgment to Mr. Stanley Chagala.

By Leonard Maero W

Don't rush mama..

Don't rush to get
healed,
don't pretend to be
okay, if you are not..

GIVE IT

A

TIME!!

22. BEAST LOVER

Dear beautiful beast,
You came in haste
And loved me so much, "deep" ____ but WHY?
You left
And fled so swiftly
Leaving my heart bleeding
From your thrilling love that turned to cheating...
I can't deny
"You are a beautiful beast."



**Leonten Tendai
Chakombera
Mutoko
Zimbabwe**

23. LIFES SEASONS

Life is a cauldron of mixed emotions.

At times, we're immersed in a sea of happiness and wish it never ends.

The summer season is like the dance of life: the drumbeats, the sparkle, the raging fire within the soul.

En route, we encounter the cold seasons. Grief, anguish, and the likes of gloom knock at the door. The sun stops smiling as darkness descends, and we're apprehended by its heaviness, victims of its prey.

Again, the heart leaps for joy at the season of spring, which lifts the spirit.

The sounds of laughter and inviting smiles, like an exciting day on the Ferris wheel, of hugs so tight and a feeling of dizzy euphoria.

The fall reveals awakened senses. Love and hate are deeply embedded within the soul, a bubbling volcano ready to erupt, which cannot be stopped, nor healed with time.

But like a butterfly, colorful and free, our spirits take to the heights. Our lenses scan the cosmos in search of a safe place, away from movement and sound.

Drifting past the clouds, leaping over the silvery moon, wading through the stars, to a spot in the universe amidst the planets, into the great unknown, a place of infinity.

Where we discover rest like the welcome softness of a scented pillow after a tiring day, and in God's grand scheme of things, life's seasons, as we know it... is still!



Lucy Victoria David
Writer
Durban
South Africa

24. *LIFE*

*Know Rainbow colors
Life has many colors
Eyes have multi-colors
Life has colorful colors
Thinking has lovely colors
Shrewdness, an ideal aspect
Life be with best principles
Will power, a success to Life //*

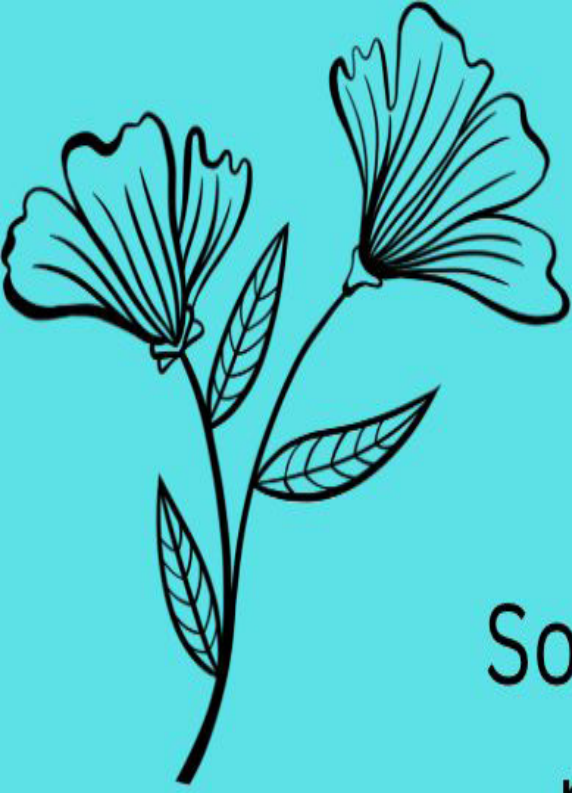
LIFE Poem Content Gist:

*Everybody's life has countless number of colors. One may be knowing Rainbow colors.
It's true that our eyes too have countless number of colorful colors.
Even our Life and Life's thinking has many colors. It's up to a person, how best be utilized with these multiple-
colors for growth of our life.
The success of one's life depends upon these colors, in any field, for that matter.
Moreover, will power with colors of thinking will lead to success.
The added attraction of life is with Principles, which one should not avoid or neglect.*



M Aniket

**Class-III, Vikas School, Miyapur,
Hyderabad (TS) – India
Email: vasavi.ramya@gmail.com
+91-7702933395**



Life..

Sometimes life is
not positive.

we must radically accept that
and

than decide what we are going to
do,

“despite” what’s not positive
and

“because of” what’s not positive.



-Dr Anukrati shrivastava

25. FEELING

*Able to pacify myself
Inner 'sacred soul' advised me
Speak softly and politely
Prepared any eventuality*

*Its crucial issue
Consoling my heavy inner Heart
After the storm, there always a calm
Cooled down my brain //*

FEELING Poem Content Gist:

This is a Feeling inside the Heart.

The Agony of Heart and Soul about its future course of action on the tackling of Life related typical issue, is sorted out through a cool thinking and projection of ideas through the power of tongue, makes the problem solved. Heart and Soul advises self-consoled life to be very soft while speaking to others politely, and get solved the problem successfully and in this aspect the person eventually prepared to confront any obstacles from other party. However, with the cool brain and after many exercises of thoughts, finally the Heart and Soul becomes successful in solving the crucial issue of Life, in solving and settling the problem.



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26. MPENZI WANGU

A Biographical Work



**Major Sir Adesoga
Jubril Asiwaju
Artist and Prolific
Writer
Ijebu-ode
Nigeria**

I was tired of life. I almost killed myself through depression. I have heard suicidal thoughts to be lonely in cool places where no one will ever find me. My body needed a knife as companion. Also, with the thought of jumping into the river.

The sky was pregnant of rain ready to birth lashes of raindrops. It started raining while I was standing at the river bank. I had no thought of leaving until I accomplished my mission. The mission of jumping into the river till I drown, lifeless.

It wasn't easy for me to die but I was just like a beggar who can't be choosers. I was just tired of life and I was very sure I was taking the best way to end them. 'I shall be relieved and calm whenever I am no more', I said to myself.

As I closed my eyes with the thought of waiting a bit longer can change my mind from getting over my pain. Let me just end the pain and be relieved. There were lightening from the sky. I said to myself "This is the right time for me to die, I am very sure I will be welcomed"

I do not want to wait any longer and I was about to jump when a hand held me.

"Suicide is not an option"

"Everything will be alright"

I sat at the river bank gazing at the young man and tears began to fall but unnoticed by the rain while my face was swollen along with my reddish eyes.

"Why are you an obstacle to my death?" Was what I told him.

"It won't be nice watching you while taking your own life, no matter what has happened" he said frankly.

"Stop, young man. It is not your life but mine. Besides, you are not the murderer. Kindly leave before you will be seen as suspect after my death" as I said angrily.

I wanted to try again by jumping into the river but that time he held me just like a criminal who must not escape. I had no strength to pull up and I started crying while I was already soaked from my hair to my toes.

"No one loved me. No one cared about me. No one will find my corpse when I die" I said while shaking. He told me that he will be everything I ever wanted to me. Giving him the chance to live with no suicidal thoughts will be the best gift he will appreciate from me. He walked me to his car and drove home.

We got home, he offered me a hot tea and told me to feel at home. "What could have happened that you wanted to commit suicide?" He said with a lovely smile.

I sighed and began to tell him my story.

"I have been raised by mama for donkey years after I lost papa to the cold hands of death. I was in class six since then I have not been used to male people because we were only Ladies in our house. I have always wanted someone to love me even as a friend. Someone to remind me that I am human too. Someone to share my problems with. Someone to lead me in the path of prayers or whatsoever. Someone to confide in. Been looking for that person for years just when I realized that I was just alone in this world.

I am a quiet person, not talkative but friendly. People always mistaken me for a different person. I grew up in fear. I am literally afraid of everything. I can't even address the audience. Sometimes I don't understand myself when I was in high school. I had no friend, no one ever understood why. So I decided to commit suicide.

There's more that I can't say as I am pregnant of words and thoughts. It's about my mother. She doesn't love me. Just that everything is very hard to explain. She has always been telling me hurting words since I was a child and this made me to be afraid. She is only interested in providing for herself. Since I was a child, I have always wanted to feel loved by my parents. I have always wanted a hug from them just to remind me that everything will be alright. I don't know how to live. I have always been asking myself if what I know is what love is. Kumbe, there's much more into live than what you are feeling for the person in your heart"

He moved closer to me to wipe my tears and assure me of helping me to find my happiness back. Should this be called hope or something else? Maybe!

"Let me try this if it will work out" I soliloquized.

He took more step closer to me, raised me on my feet and gave me a tight hug. "Everything will be alright, mpenzi wangu" he whispered into my ears.

Since I met him, I have learnt how to love and I have known what love is. I met love. He stayed and fulfilled his promises.

By Major Sir Adesoga Jubril Asiwaju

27. DREAM LIFE

*Oh, it's Dream Life, Deeds and Destiny
There is Criticism and Dangers of Truth exists
It's Dignity of Labor that Develop Skills
Don't get Trouble and have Dissatisfaction ||*

*Abide Directions of Nature and Diplomatic Speak
Keep aside Dirty Politics for Dreaming Life
Never encourage Drunkards and Dump Addiction
Feel an Ego A Disqualification ||*

*Encourage Energy of Love, as my Eyes Never Sleep
Give extra Mileage to Energy of Love
Don't like money, though experience the Loss
Like Dignity, Decency and Royalty ||*

*Face Value can lead from Failures to Success
Favor to follow Friendship Value
Feel Sad for Finding Faults for Flourishing Point
Follow Mentors to come out from Frustration ||*

*Guidance from mentors, is the best to follow
With no advice minds can't brush-up
Peoples support is always good
If people are good, society is good ||*

*It is not correct to stay away from the society
Society is nothing but it's our own face
Little what we help makes things great
Name and fame will last forever ||*

*THE POET MANTRI PRAGADA MARKANDEYULU
INDIA Support extended is support received
Help extended is help received*

*Reciprocal support and help is always offing
Don't blame others, rather rectify the errors //*

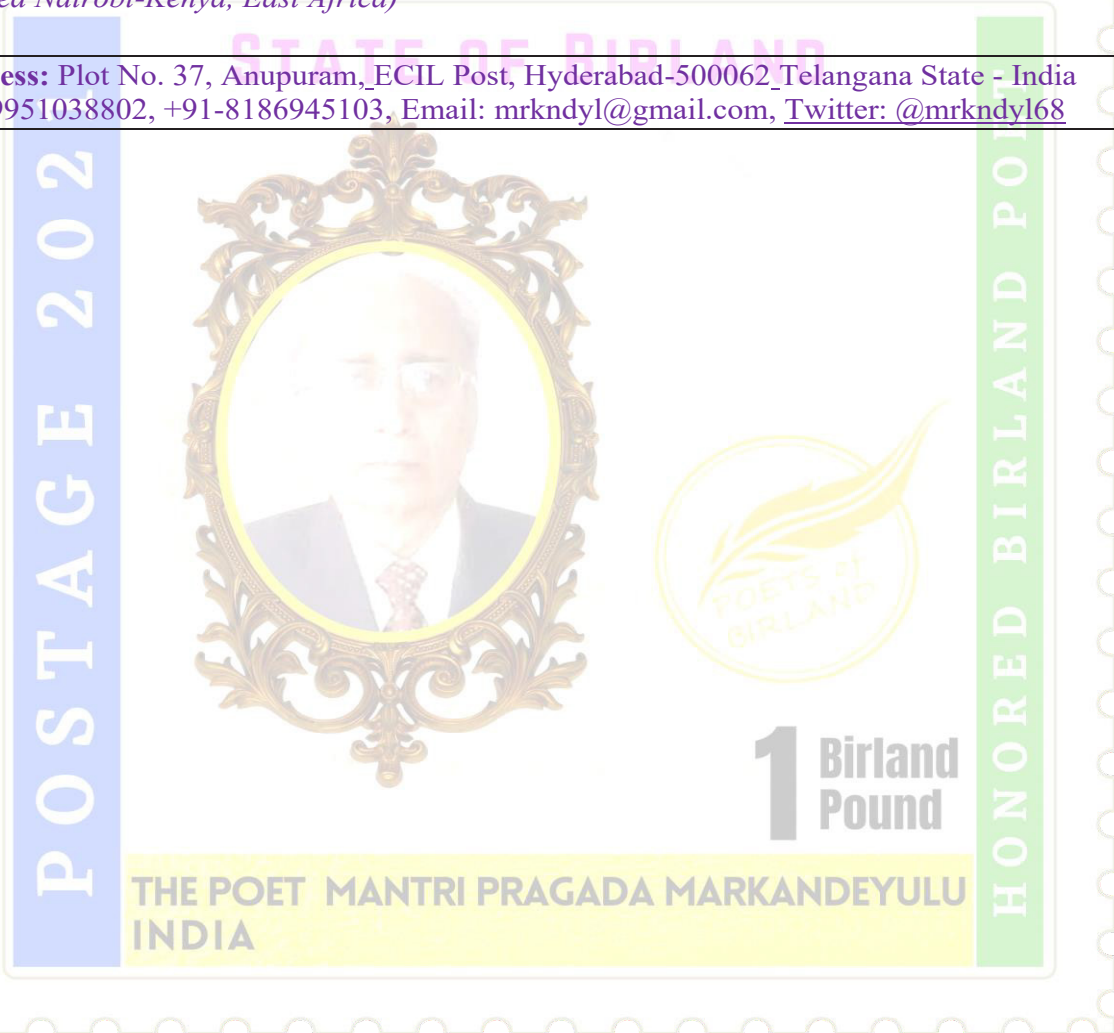
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HONORED BIRLAND POET



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Depression

*Depression is being
color blind
and
constantly being told how
beautiful
colorful the world is..*

-Dr Anukrati
Shrivastava

28. WORLD OF A MASON

In this world so bright
Don't you know, how do I write

Difficult for me to pick up the pen
On writing for hard working men
Those who design homes
But live in slums like den

Work in quite windy rains
With debts and lots of pain

As cattle crush the grass beneath their feet
They too crushed by those who are in greed

For them
Neither the festival is joyful
Nor the vacations for a week
They suffer from poverty
Full year at its peak

It's strange that
the bricks they pick
To construct a wall
Gives them wages very small

Neither enough to fulfill desires
Nor to buy toys children admire.



Mohammad Sahil
Writer
Amroha
Uttar Pradesh

29. The Bubbling Brook

My journey I begin by merrily gushing
down
From the heights that no ordinary feet
touch
When the pure milky white snow starts
thawing
On being by the Heaven's bright eye
beheld
Cutting rocks, rolling boulders, the
steady oaks I uproot
Through virgin vales and meadows
serene I meander with a roar
Mystics come here to drink from the
Spring of faith
And poets find music in the noise that I
make
To thirsty men and beasts I offer
Adam's ale
The fields of peasants and lords alike
do I soak

My water pure, my flow spontaneous
and candid

Bereft of any refinements that this
world could offer

I am not meant to be guided, tamed
and tuned fine

For I am not a decorative fountain but
a bubbling brook!



**Mohamad Sadiq
Ganaie
Development Officer
Sopore
Jammu and**

30. The Force Holding The Curtain

We had agreed to share a life
And indeed shared a whole life
Oblivious of what age would do
We sailed tempestuous seas
To discover the calmness at the fringes
We crossed waterless lands
Past the mirages cast by the hot sun
Even past hoards of unclean spirits.
We sang to the fading gold at twilight
And the particles of settling dusk
Sighed in their enchanted responses
We sang to the stars at night
And even the nebulae became alive
In a riot of amazing constellations.
We fired rockets at the full moon
Just for fun and the clear sky thundered.
But the force holding back the curtain
Let slip the ends of the colossal piece of cloth
Conveying a new scene in the drama of life.
She loves me no more, not even in my very dream
When in one dream we died at the same moment
She even rejected my company to the High Heavens
She would rather face stinking corruption
Than journey with me to the GOOD LORD
Let alone present me to the Holy Angels
As the only other half there could ever be for her
She would find an alternative path to the High Place
Even if it meant time running out;
The stressful moment of such a dream
And the waking reality of emotional decrepitude!



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Pregnancy mood swings ;



**High
irritability**



**Unexplained
crying**

Depression



**Panic
attacks**



**Feeling of
uncertainty**

-Dr Anukrati
Shrivastava

31. SUBTLE WHEEL

I walked away from the mirror the moment I realized its reflections were becoming blemished. The moment I realized its gaze was filled with uncertainties, I took a step further, for I could not stand its tribulations, its mischievous reflections, nor could I remain in their sight.

I could not trust my friendly mirrors the moment my importance was barely accorded in their reflections. Terrified within, ostracized by my own mirrors, as my distance became wider, I believed the mirrors would miss my reflection too.

A life without mirrors is unredeemable, for I have met many mirrors in my life: mirrors of ecstatic appearance and demeanor, mirrors of bright reflections angled in agreeable resolution of life, but still went unnoticed. Seemingly, after departing this mirror, perhaps my exit will lead me to another mirror.



**Ogola Writes
Student
Kenya**

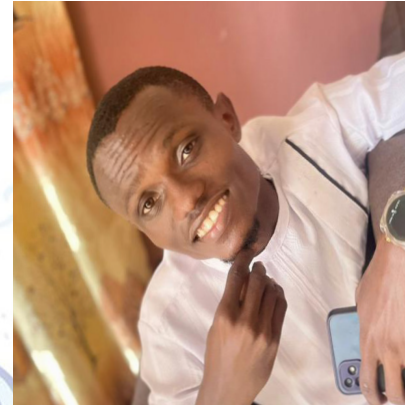
32. THIS TIME SHALL PASS

Coldness embraces the still of the night,
The gentle breeze races from north to south,
The stars twinkle as the night lies still.
A peep through the window,
The sight of moving clouds is caught,
They move like packages assigned to a port of delivery.

In the dead of the night,
All and sundry lay to rest,
I toss myself from left to right,
Praying the night to roll by fast.
The grief of my soul possesses my thoughts,
The walls of my throat strain from groans,
I gnash my teeth,
Crying, yet quiet,
So as to keep the dead of the night.

I am tempted to wish for death,
Because I think no one understands.
I try to hear the words of the SPIRIT,
But I hear woos and woes.
A peep through the window,
The sight of moving clouds is caught,
As I fix my gaze on them for help,
I hear a voice so still from within,
"This time will pass,
This time will pass."

Day and night are constant so long as the earth endures,
You can be sure to smile,
When the clouds give way for the sun.
"Hold on, my child," it says.



Oladipupo Olayemi
Anuoluwapo
Artist/ Teacher
Ikeja
Nigeria

A sense of peace fills my heart,
When I remember that after A comes B,
After seed time comes harvest,
After rain comes sunshine.
Then I lay myself to sleep,
Knowing that the spirit rules the night.

I hear a voice calling from a distance,
"Wake up! It's the dawn of a new day."
I open my eyes only to see,
That the silence of the night,
The dead darkness of the night,
Has been replaced by the birth of a new start.
Hence, when I go through the night,
I remind myself of one truth,
"This time will pass."

By Oladipupo Olayemi Anuoluwapo

33. 02 Feb, 2023 (A Phone Call)

I put myself at a distance to give her some time to think about which one she should choose from the past and present.

After a long time, my phone vibrated, and a name appeared on my cellphone screen with the name "WIFE," actually!

She didn't want to talk to me but wanted to feel the feeling of being with me.

And then she asked, "Can I sleep with you?" Since the day you put yourself at a distance, I haven't slept for a while.

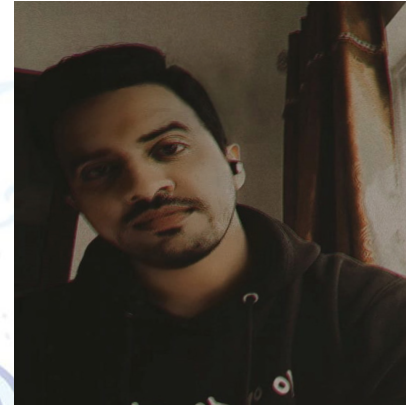
The last time when you put my head on your chest, it was the only time I felt myself at rest on your chest.

It's not possible yet, but can I feel myself being with you?

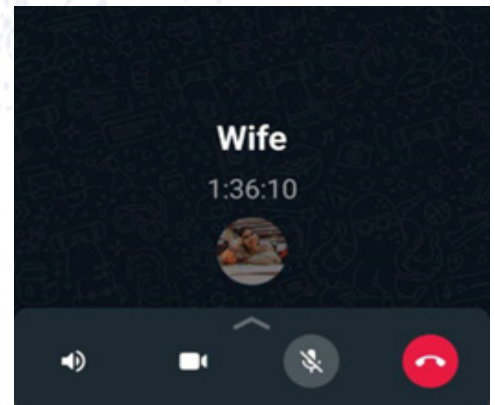
And then she called me at night, and I listened to her sleeping sounds throughout the night

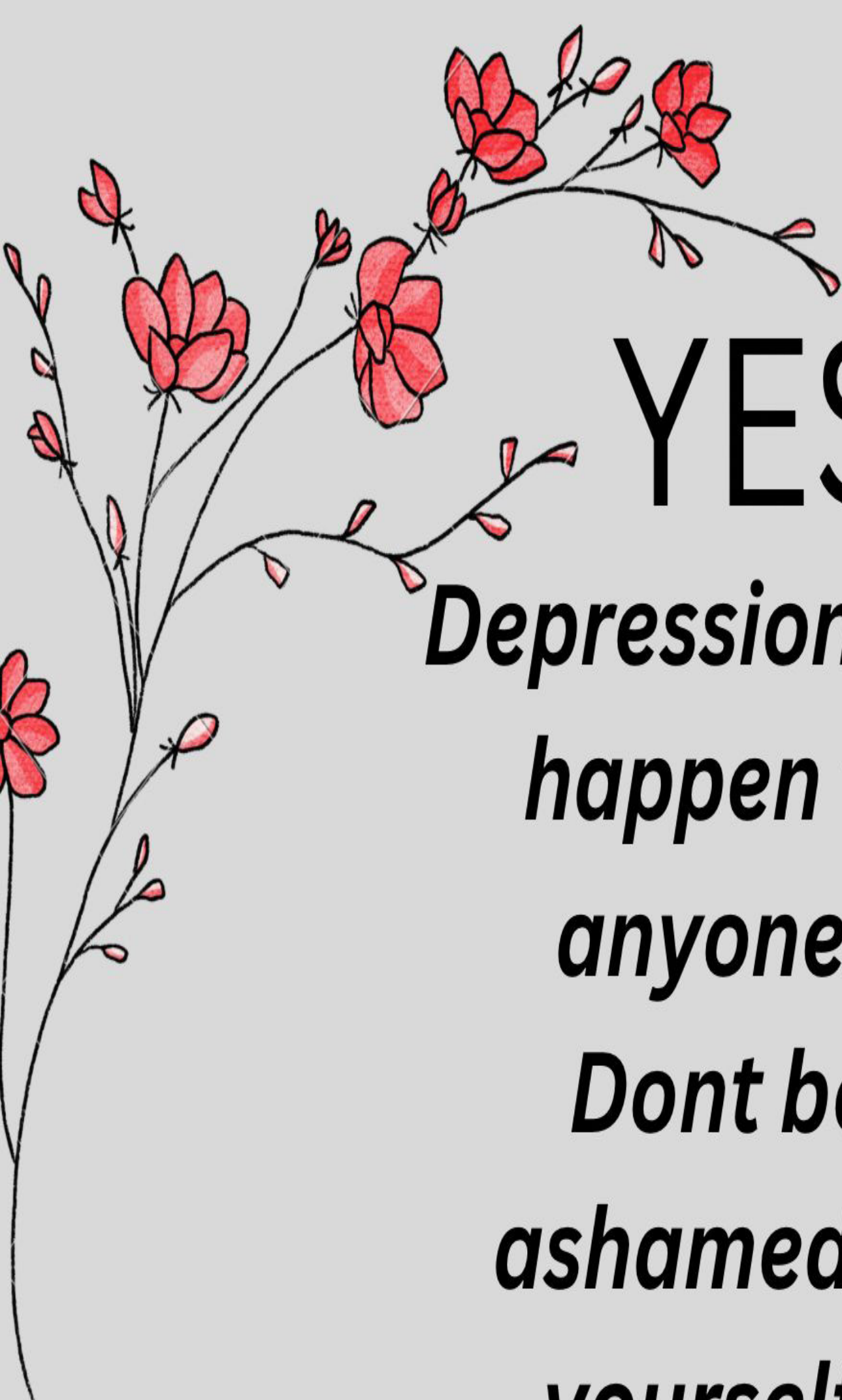
while she was sleeping with her flu voice.

That's how we don't talk to each other, and that's how we are so close.



Own Abbas
Psychowriter
Jhang
Pakistan





YES..

***Depression can
happen to
anyone..***

***Dont be
ashamed of
yourself!***

34. The excess and The moderation

I looked for the path too high, too extreme,
I looked for the path too down, too downstream.
But there's a path that goes the middle way,
Which is neither extreme nor too low,
Neither fast nor too slow.

Too much of a thing,
Living with a high swing,
May be worthy,
But for a time that is temporary.

If there is summer, then winter too is there,
If there is fire, then water too is there.
If clamor exists, then there too is silence,
Overall, the world exists because there is balance.

To have more than required never makes sense,
Is Gandhi's concept of abstinence.
To have too much of a thing is not a quality of social being,
Because to have things much in excess is to deny others from access.

One who leads a successful life,
Keeps themselves away from anything in rife.
One who knows how to balance everything in life,
Is called happy in their survive.



Prashant Kumar
Student
Patratu
Jharkhand

35. My Mother

Where are you, Mother?
My eyes are getting teary.
I need your smile to shine,
Touch me, love me, care for me,
And sing for me in my life,
So I won't be hurt until the day I die.
Where are you, Mother?
No one can judge, no one can think,
What you have been for me,
Keep showering me with blessings,
Come near me, Mother.
You taught me, scolded me, and saved me,
I am proud of you, my Mother.
Where are you, Mother?
Where have you gone? I am in fear,
Come back, don't leave me alone.
Where are you, Mother?



Punam Bhu
Writer
Udaipur
Rajasthan

36. The Music of Nature

I blindly love the music of nature,
Wondering at each of his creatures.

With the rising of stars,
Light appears in the dark.

Sun rays sparkle on dewdrops,
Every morning beetles chirp on crops.

A glint and glimmer of dribbling wings,
When a flock of birds sings.

Cockatoo plays harp under the moon,
In its melodious tune.

Butterflies while fluttering around,
Dance magically on the ground.

And psithurism floral inspires,
On her warm desire.

Primrose wishes for the grove's lap,
With tufts, plays and claps.

Irenic after elysian petrichor,
Philocalist I, kalon, and overjoyed.

Alora in latibule, the thrill of pleasure,
Nature's bounteous, I cannot measure.



Raja Noor-ul-Iman
Content Writer and
Lecturer
Hajira Poonch
Pakistan

If..

***If Each day feels like a month
if waking up from bed feels like
a big task***

***If making you own bed feels like
burden***

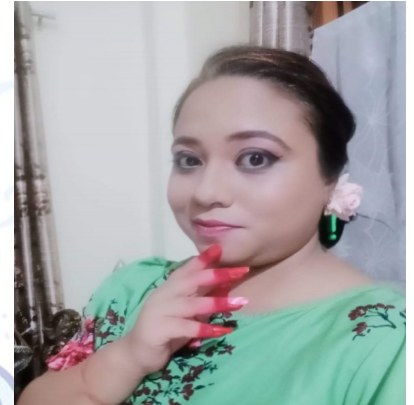
***if having food gives you No joy
if doing a minimal task seems like
mountain,***

then

***you might be dealing With
DEPRESSION.***

-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

37. Happiness is a choice



Rajni Shah
Home Tutor/
youtuber
Guwahati
Assam

One day I was sitting in the balcony and thinking what I have missed through out the years, I found that a jolly girl who loved to laugh loudly, who was like a free bird and always wants to be happy is missing somewhere. I was surprised to think when I laughed last. Slowly I walked into my room and stood in front of the mirror. I could see the dull face and tired eyes of mine. "Who am I?" I asked myself. The burden of responsibilities have faded my black hair and my happiness has become blur. I couldn't recall when last time I live for myself. The girl who loved to live in the world of fantasy has tangled in the household responsibilities. I was ambitious and always dreamt of touching the sky but today I couldn't recognise myself. I felt sorry for myself. I have realised that I am standing alone in the crowd. I sat near the window and saw a bird eating grains. It was flapping its wings. It flew and sat on the branch of the tree and started singing in harmony. I realised that the bird may die out of any circumstances yet it is happy and enjoying it's present state. Something clicked in my mind. I opened my wardrobe and took out my favourite gown. I wore it and I felt super light. I wore a smile and looked myself in the mirror. I felt that my smile has added colours to my lifeless and colourless life. Suddenly a desire to live and laugh grew inside me. I hugged myself. I had realised that my warm hugs had took my solitaire away. I took out a pen and a paper. I tried to write something but my shaky hands struggled a lot to settle down. After lots of trial I could successfully write my most favourite word that is " My name". Looking at my name I smiled and then I sat down to write my favourite lines which I had always uttered before. "Life is a gift of God and we should be happy that we are alive". Those words ran like a fuel inside me. I regained myself. I saw the rainbow in my life. I started to chase my dreams. I fall in love with myself. I sing for myself. I treat myself. This doesn't mean i escaped from my responsibilities but I have learnt to balance my life with my work. Happiness is a choice and it should be practiced in every moment of our life

38. To My Daughter

It was a bundle of joy, the day you were born.
You are the angel who adorns our sweet home.
You are the apple of our eyes.
As you lay shaking little hands and legs, we watched in awe.
Eventually, you started turning and crawling, and you became our sweet darling.
You are our loving daughter, and we forget all worries with your giggles and laughter.
As we held your hand, we watched you put small steps, teaching you how to walk.
Stammering and uttering words, we taught you how to talk.
With your little fingers, hands, and legs, you would run fast to come and hug us.
Your smiles, laughs, cries, and claps would fill our hearts with joy.
You would come and lie on our laps, and we cherished those moments.
You have grown up so fast, my angel, and you are now a queen who has bloomed from a bud to a flower, winning hearts with your smile, which is your power.
We provided you with good education, and you attended school and college, gaining knowledge.
The day has come for us to bid you adieu, as you enter a new family and a new atmosphere, everything is new.
Dressed like a princess, you are now a bride, and we shed tears of separation incessantly.
You have got a new home, and behind your name will come your husband's name.
We bless you to be happy always and to have a good life partner, and we praise him.
We wish you a happy married life and to be obedient and a good wife.
Love your husband like a friend and do not let our remembrance trouble your mind.



S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

Listen to him obediently, and love him and his family abundantly.
When there are misunderstandings and rifts, surprise him with a smile; it's a valuable gift.
Do not let your eyes shed tears, and be happy always, dear.
Adjustments and understanding solve many problems, but arguments and disobedience will bring blame.
Be content with what you have, and do not crave beyond the limit.
Plan and save for the future, and do not buy unnecessary things as they are an utter waste.
Do not make major decisions in haste.
Love everybody and hate none, try to win everybody's heart.
Obey and respect your elders, kith, and kin.
Our home looks empty and vacant, and we try to hide the sorrow, but we can't.
Your dolls, teddy bears, and toys are lying unused, and there is no noise.
Ultimately, we are happy that you got a good mate, and we bless you to have a bright life.
A son is a son until he gets his wife, but a daughter is a daughter until the end of life.

By S.Arunkumar

39. DENIAL

I act like I don't care,
but still ask, "Is it fair?"
Forgotten that life is unfair,
even if your complexion is fair.

Still, I act like it's nothing,
but indeed, it's a huge thing,
or because it's sudden?
Maybe it doesn't warrant a scene.

Despite thinking it several times,
reality brings its time,
even when I don't want to give it a chance.



Saalim Abdulrasaq
Aremoh
Student
Ilorin
Nigeria



“

**No you are not weak
mama,
you are just diseased
and
disease take time to go
off !**

”



-Dr Anukrati shrivastava

40. University Of Loralai Blessing for Loralai



Sabir Khan
Police officer
Loralai
Pakistan

After the 14th century, the life of people in Europe changed a lot. At that time, people became rich in consciousness, awareness, skillful, knowledge and education. In this period, the printing machine was also invented. That is, art, skillful, knowledge. It gave birth to a new change in education and culture. This period changed the way people thought. It was a period when the works of ancient writers were rediscovered and made common to the common people. Because the period that preceded it was a dark, feudal, and religious one. There was no education, awareness, education and training with the people in this period. Everything was done in the church. The supreme power was the church. After the fall of the Romans, there was darkness everywhere in England, people away from enlightenment. That is, without the permission of the church, nothing was able to think authoritatively. The evil era was not even the cradle of enlightened thinking. There was darkness everywhere. Because the evil group took away the ability to think from people. Religious extremism was on the rise more than enlightenment, intellectualism, art education. But the change that happened after the 14th century, the history of England was praised by people all over the world and there was an appreciable change in the land of England. But who established his name all over the world its called renaissance. The word Renaissance is derived from the Latin word which means to be born again, which was the legacy of the Greek writers of education. Today, it has been revived on the soil of England. The works of Greek writers have been printed and brought to the common people. People of all kinds of enlightenment, skillful, art. Imbued with education and liberalism. This was a brief historical overview of European life before and after the 14th century. What has been the role of education, knowledge and awareness in the history of human beings. If we review the history, we will find the first change in the history of the world is education, knowledge and awareness. Our history has been changed by education, knowledge and awareness. Educational awareness is the only solution to change, who are victorious by fighting against the darkness and obstacles of all kinds of time. All developing countries and nations have

changed their history through education, knowledge and awareness. Changed. Just as Europe fought against the darkness of its dark history and finally became the victors. In this way, Europe came out of the darkness and darkness of history through education and awareness and its name was illuminated throughout the world. Successful nations and countries have reached their destination through education. To get education, to be enlightened, is important for both man and women. As much as the education and enlightenment of man has played a role in freedom from the darkness of time. Similarly, women have played an equal role in this enlightenment and in the field of education. Successful nations and countries are based on women. They have always favor of women education, art skillful, awareness and enlightenment. These nations have advised to get education as equal. The most important and necessary thing is that the nations and countries that have seen decline. These are the countries and nations that in history used to differentiate between man and women in terms of education, knowledge and philosophy. In other words, a man can be educated, knowledge and philosophy, while a woman is not capable of this. In the history books, such nations have often seen decline. While successful developing countries and nations have been victorious in the battle of the darkness of history with education and enlightenment.

From the independence of Pakistan until recently, a review of the education system of Balochistan and the condition of the people here, to what extent the effects and obstacles of the tribal system have been in the life and education. It was quite behind. The study of history shows how much darkness we are facing in the modern era. But our subject is the education system of Balochistan and the tribal areas of Balochistan, which is the educational journey and change in the past and modern times. And compared to the provinces, Balochistan is backward. From educational point of view to all conditions, although it is the largest province in terms of area and rich in minerals. Unfortunately, this province is not on the path of such change as it should be. It has been written in the history books that real success is practical and academic success from which the world has progressed. According to Asian countries, Pakistan is far behind in terms of education and knowledge. Similarly, according to other provinces of Pakistan, the education of Balochistan is far behind. And academically behind. Now if we go to Quetta, the capital of Balochistan. Compare it with other cities of Balochistan. The education system of Quetta will be much better than other

districts. People from other districts of Balochistan go to Quetta for higher education. which will play the role of peace, prosperity, change, development, awareness and consciousness for the region and the region.

According to the census of 2018, the Loralai district is the second largest in Balochistan province and has a total population of 397,400. This district is located in the east about 280 kilometers from the capital Quetta. The people here belong to the tribes and farmers. The ratio of education is not equal. Because these people were tribals and laborers and peasants. Most of the time they gave up farming. Hardly a few educated people were found. The parents of these educated people must be someone. It used to be the son of a rich man, Sardar, Nawab, Malik or a person holding a government officer. This education ratio used to be the education system of man. While there was no concept of education for women here. One out of a hundred daughters of the house was the jewel of education. Because there was a tribal system here, people did not leave their daughters to go out of their home town for education. It was a kind of question mark for the parents to make a woman study outside the home town. While in 2009, the University of Balochistan opened a campus in Loralai district. From here the poor people continued their higher education. Which was a commendable initiative. With the passage of time, the provincial government has awarded an institution to Loralai district in the year 2012, which is named as the University of Loralai. This award is actually a blessing and a mercy for the Loralai region and the remote areas. After 2012, this Education in this area was promoted by the institution. Men as well as women also got the ornaments of education from this institution. Because this institution has always been trying to change the tribal system. There was a time when people from here came to Pakistan. They were used to get higher education in different cities. In particular, the daughter or son of a common man, but the son or daughter of a rich man, Sardar, Malik, Nawab, Khan and a high officer holding a government position, would continue this education. The son and daughter of Arabs and farmers could not even think of higher education. But today, by the grace of Allah, farmers, poor workers, rich people all got opportunities to get higher education at home. The government of Pakistan and the creation of this institution by the provincial government of Balochistan for the people of Loralai is certainly not less than a blessing and a mercy. I have no words to express thankful first of all Allah Almighty and then to the Government of Pakistan and the Provincial Government of Balochistan.

May the world be blessed with an institution like this. Early in history, after the 14th century, there was a period in Europe which was called renaissance. Which means to be born again. The University of Lorelai is playing the role of renaissance period . Such as the people of Europe were living in darkness and obstacles after the fall of Roman. Same before 2009, the people of Loralai there was a life of darkness and obstacles. However, after 2012, from education, awareness and especially women's education was promoted education in Loralai, which would to be beneficial for the people of Loralai. That education could be obtained by the appropriate sections. Today, every ordinary a man has become available higher education in his home town. It is certainly not less than a blessing and a mercy for the poor parents and farmers' sons and daughters to get higher education in their home town.

By Sabir Khan



41. Who Won...

Loud sound, a loud noise,
A jingle of sounds all around.
Clatter of weapons all around;

Where to fall asleep, where can I sleep?
The dream is broken!
Where is my bed, where can I sleep?

Bleeding profusely from bullet wounds,
The river of blood flows.
Cities and towns were shattered by missiles,
All around is covered in smoke;
I woke up alone in this terrible night.

War, war, war...
Breathing stops, heart stops.
Great suffering, painful suffering,
Suffering that is very painful.

I think, between life and death,
Who won, who won?



Sabyasachi Nazrul
Bilingual Global
Poet, Motivational
Author, Rhymer,
Translator,
Presenter.
Bangladesh

42. Eternal love

People's love always feels overwhelming to me. It feels like a heavy burden - the burden of their bitterness, the burden of their silence, the burden of their desires, the burden of their changing attitudes - and my soul is tired of carrying these burdens.

My heart fills with pain.

So, I go to pray and sit and pray.

I go into a long prostration.

Then, I feel like someone is sitting right next to me, saying, "O my servant! Why are you disappointed?" and I just cry. It seems as if someone is very close to me,

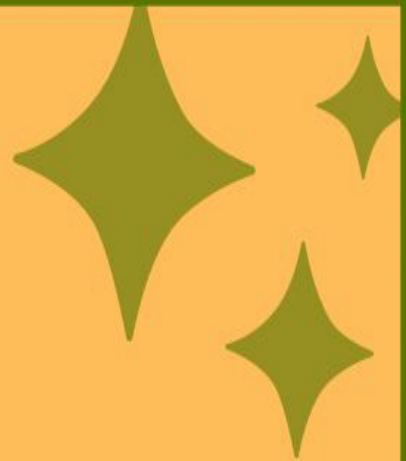
listening attentively and comforting me, as if someone is holding me. Surely,

Allah loves His servants very much. He never leaves His servants alone. He is the one who hears His servant's cry from very close.



Saira Mubeen
Student, writer
Sargodha
Pakistan

**The more you
love YOURSELF,
the less
nonsense
you will
tolerate.**



-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

43. The Finest Clocks of Our Life

Time hath gone away, O dear Pamela,
Leaving behind it, some fine escapes
In the very time when we lived our finest clock,
Laughed, loved, and lived our truest spell.

Time cannot be reversed back,
Nor can we be in the same place.
But recalled moments rebound us;
And we are blessed to kiss our past so deep.

In your schooling days, all that were;
You can forget all except those two clocks,
In which we flew over the world like a flock,
and stop the clock in our minds.

Those hours are years of love in this world,
Like the immortal song of the nightingale bird.



**Saleem Raza
Jakhar (Amar
Shaw)
Teacher, Writer
Khairpur Mirs
Pakistan**

44. The wind of Love

Love is the conquest of the eyes,
He stares,
I avert my gaze.
Desire to be one,
Desire for insanity.
Love is a conquest that is well kept hidden,
An exceptional war,
An exceptional peace.
Love is delicate, oh the beautiful breath,
Exchanging kisses,
Exchanging heat.
Love is forbidden, spiritless in a realm of its own,
Traacherous to one's kindness,
Traacherous to one's beliefs.
Love is like a zephyr, breezing, awaiting a thunderstorm,
Dancing Tandavam,
Dancing Mohiniyattam.
Love comes in many forms, like a fever,
Twisted together in untidy knots,
Temperature rises,
Temperature lowers.
Love is reality, ending in a more labyrinthine way,
In a filial,
Or not in a filial way.



**Sheila Ann
Packirnathan
Writer
Ipoh, Perak
Malaysia**

45. Self-thinking hinders personality!



**Shiv Prasad Jhabar
Latehar
Jharkhand**

Thinking is an obstacle to personality development! It is really pleasant to wander in the dream world of the past. The sensation appears to be even more pleasurable as energy declines with age. The spirits of courage also decrease, and the feeling of the scenes of the golden moments of the past keeps on gnawing. And we go on wasting our energy in vain. Times are changing. Everything has changed, and we live in false hope.

It is futile to live in the illusion of a utopia of the future. Not a single moment has a place. People make false attempts to tie time in their lap, but no one could bind big, strong men on earth to date, not even Mandhata, the first Maharaja of Raghukul, whose kingdom spread from Udayachal to Astachal. He had to give his daughter into the hands of Saubhari Rishi. The cycle of the Creator's destiny has been given into the hands of time. Only bad deeds can cut the bondage of the speed of action.

So why don't we live to the fullest in today's energy? Breathe freely in this morning's air. Take advantage of the life-giving oxygen. Take advantage of yoga, pranayama, meditation, song, and music. "A person is as healthy as his spine. A person is as strong as his stomach, and a person is as happy as his budget. The Creator of creation has gifted us only 'Today.' This day is full of courage. It has the power of courage.

There is joy. There is joy. Life is the smile of nectar. Life is the richness of the base. And the biggest thing is that the ultimate goal of life is also the inspiration for the research power of eternal consciousness. So why don't we live today to the fullest!

Dear new mama

**Be proud of who
you are
and
not ashamed of
how someone
else sees you !!**

-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

46. VDay Poem (To Runa)

It's been almost 23 years since you came into my life
My incomparable, sweet, darling wife
And enriched me in every way
Just as the scriptures say
Love you to the moon and back
You cover my every track
You manage home and hearth so effortlessly
Only because of you, our life runs so smoothly
You are an eternal source of joy and delight
My darkened days you brighten with your shining light
Whenever I feel despondent, lonely and tired
You cheer me up with your angelic smile like a
heavenly fire
We have our fights, quarrels and misunderstandings
But at the end all is forgiven and forgotten
I do not give chocolates, flowers or gifts to you
But you always understand, you're so lovely and true
Till the last day please remain by my side
My ladylove, friend, philosopher and guide



Subhojit Kar
Kolkata

47. Power

Why do people want to rule the world?
What makes them better than anyone else?
Who gave them permission to steal the joy from those
who try?
They believe their own lies,
Feeling vindicated by everyone else's cries.

They stomp and crush those who know and do better,
Believe they rule for someone's favor.

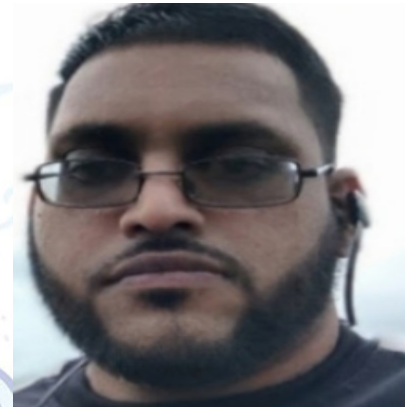
They cannot see through blind power eyes,
Their pinnacle will soon crumble as they seek to
divide.

Feeling pangs seeing others smile,
Realizing the peace they steal is like smoke, only to rise.

Dragging days to weeks, to months, to years,
Thinking they are frustrating those whom they hold back from.
Not opening their eyes that their power moves mean nothing,
Those whom you try to hurt and deceive, care.
They opened their mouth even though you think they silenced them,
Bogus rules have no end.

Contracts broken, but you wave it still,
Oh, your fall will be such a bitter pill.
You continue down the path of your own demise,
At its end, don't be surprised.
The money and material glory you chased,
Will prove to be an atomic bomb blowing up in your face.

Karma called,
Samsung imported lies you drove beyond.
As days go by,
I will smile,



Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago

No divides in peace lie.

Power can be taken faster than it is given,
Trust falls as the future remains unwritten.
May your pages be filled with goodness,
Power comes from within.
May those who see you on your knees,
Realize that you still grin.
Smiling through it all,
Tides turn for their downfall.

I'll be me,
You be you,
For power flows through me as I embrace you.
Together we rise,
Apart we fall,
Your victories are my victories,
When the day is done.

By Tha Ono

48. IF I COULD RETURN

Everyone finally returns
Goes where they belong
Maybe they want to go
Maybe they don't want to go
But finally, people return
To where they belong
There becomes a request to return
Perhaps unintentionally
Reluctantly
But I
I would want to return
If I could return
Where I belong
Quietly
Because I saw a rose
I've never seen before
In the garden of feelings.



Türkan Ergör
Sociologist,
Philosopher, Writer,
Poet, Columnist,
Art Photography
Model, Ambassador
for Peace, World
Peace Icon
Turkey

What do you mean by
“Why did a
postpartum
depression happen
to me!??”

Depression doesn't
not discriminate!!

-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

49. Dandelions and Their Bliss of Solitude



Usha Krishnan
Educationist, Life
Coach & NLP Coach
New Delhi

These little fleecy clouds, which are cherubic in their white hue, these loving friends from the sky, which are wandering buoyantly in their bliss of solitude, are bringing forth many breezy thoughts in my mind.

It would be ethereal to be frivolous in their presence. Countless would be my pride to be their acquaintance, floating like a blithe spirit. Boundless would be my joy to be a featherweight like them, soaring higher and higher. Numberless would be my jubilation to be unbound like them, swaying everywhere, being intangible. Endless would be my exaltation to merge with mirth and more fun by drifting all over with them.

Kids lovingly call them "Grandpa's White Beard," while elders have named them "Thistleweed" or "Dandelion." But I am more fancied to hear them addressed as "Meadow Sweet," as their presence brings in me the same coolness and radiance that I get by treading upon a fresh green meadow.

Alluring to me are these moments of watching them swift past downwards, then upwards all of a sudden, gliding sideways in a split second, and sometimes aimlessly here and there like vagabonds. How adventurous it would be for me to run behind them in these years of mine! But still, I do get an urge to pursue them on and on, to get at least one of them in my hold and thus to experience that childlike glee once again.

How light-hearted and resilient you all are, dear Dandelions! There is so much to learn from your bliss of solitude.

50. Tied up

(Theme: Liberation of the Human Soul)

Of cosmic energy,
in intense magnetism, my world is spinning
in the love of rules.

We, humans, are like Lilliputians.

It may seem ridiculous, but we are flesh and blood in
bodies of clay
with beautiful minds to care for. Fierce hyenas are
comparable in personalities, but why does it happen
again and again?

Sore wounds in front of the mirror,
I stand and ask myself. I was able to give myself the love
of liberation.

The mysterious echo of that distant mountain,
the roar of the sea,
calling me,
as they say,

"Hey man! Run to the end of the far horizon on the wings of a bird!"

I am very tired of civilized society's
ruthless brutality.

It takes away
all the simplicity of my mind.

Friend, will you put my head on your shoulder?

I have not cried for a long time. Let me shed some tears.

I want to go with you. I want to see the kingdom of clouds, the dream world of
the stars, and become a bird without a tie.



**Vet Microbiologist
Abu Al Farabi
Provat
Veterinarian
Chittagong
Bangladesh**

51. Voice of night

The night has given a voice,
Morning is about to happen.

Don't be afraid of me,
You keep moving forward.

Keep walking by lighting the lamp,
I am with you for a while.

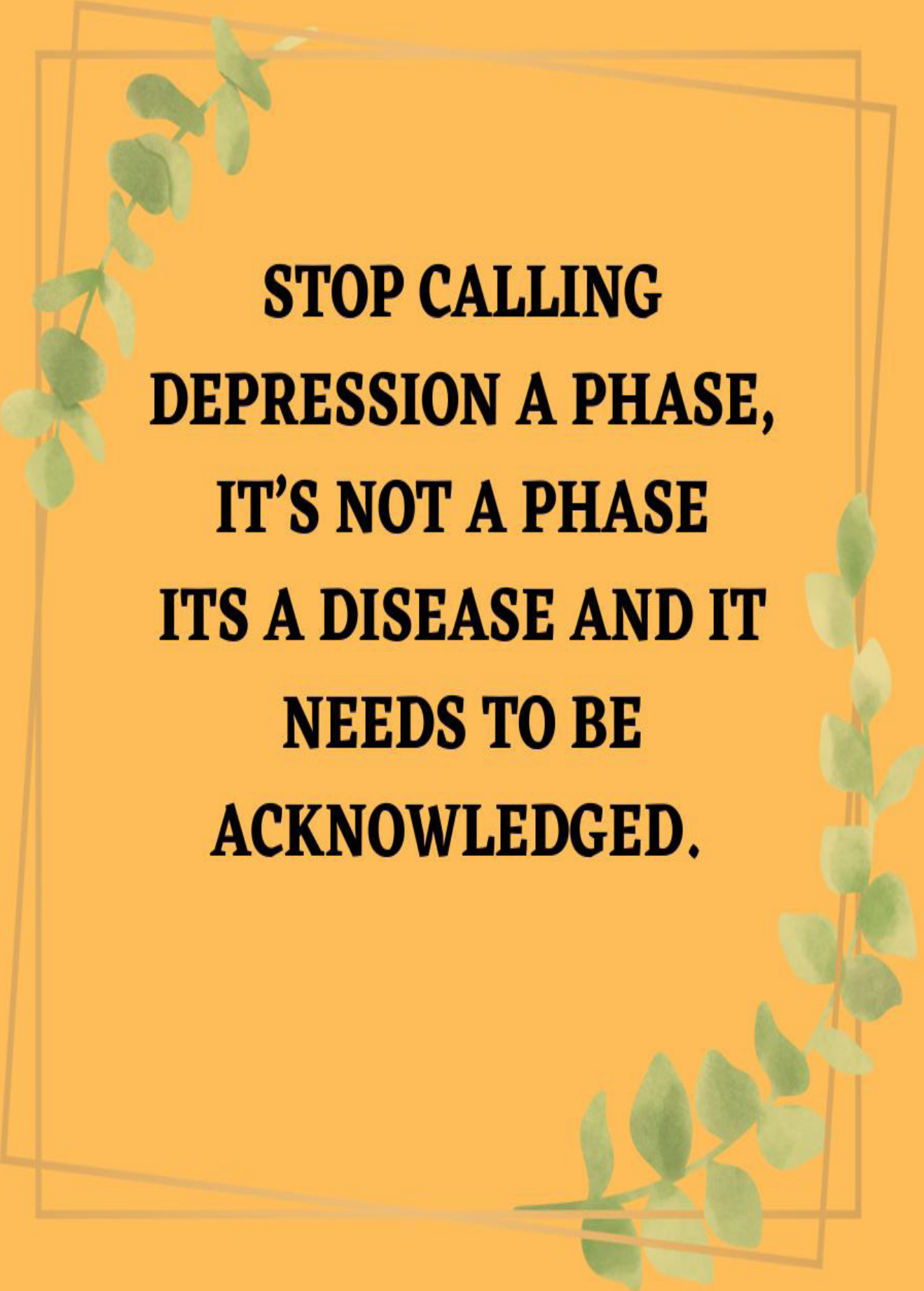
You will never face me again,
Now your path is happy with rain.

Don't forget me in the light,
You show people the power of darkness.

Step on the threshold of dawn,
Say goodbye to me now.



Vivek Sharma
Poet & writer
Himachal Pradesh



**STOP CALLING
DEPRESSION A PHASE,
IT'S NOT A PHASE
ITS A DISEASE AND IT
NEEDS TO BE
ACKNOWLEDGED.**

-Dr Anukrati Shrivastava

52. Glory of Poetry

Like tea leaves that are cut, turned, and curled
to make refreshing black tea,
in a similar way, words are smartly processed to create
every kind of poetry.

Just as different veggies and spices come together,
along with positive energy, to make a delicious curry,
in the same fashion, thoughts, ideas, and experiences
are cooked with love to form rich poetry.

Every department in an office has a role to play in order
to maintain the balance and glory.

In literature too, words are carefully chosen and wisely appointed in the elite
department called poetry.

With the power to make us cry
as well as to put a smile on our faces,
turning on our brain gym to figure out the hidden meanings,
poems can instantly reach out and awaken people in different places.

Everyone is a poet.

Some may write, others may not.

Poetry is a story wearing a veil of rhymes or sometimes just prose with emotions
that we forgot.

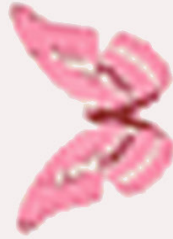
Let us celebrate every rhyme, haiku, sonnet, and ode
along with their siblings who speak to our hearts.

Sprinkle some poetry in your life
and get enveloped in the magic of literary arts.



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Student
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Aadhya Publishing
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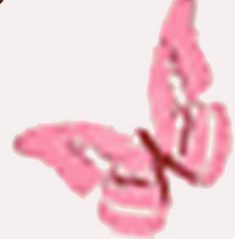
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**Monthly English Magazine
April 2023**

**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
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**Monthly English Magazine
April 2023**



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