



“NINE EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN GRACED OUR COVER AND OUR PAGES – TODAY WE HONOR THEM AS THE NINE SHAKTIS OF PANACHE.”



A PRODUCT OF
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

Panache

International Magazine

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CHIEF EDITOR:
DR. AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

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

October 2025

**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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Editorial Note:

The Nine Ghatis of Modern Womanhood

In every era, womanhood has manifested itself in countless divine forms—strong yet compassionate, determined yet nurturing, silent yet powerful. This edition of Panache celebrates nine extraordinary women who embody the essence of Navashakti—the nine forms of Maa Durga. Each of these women stands as a living reflection of divine energy, channeling courage, creativity, intellect, and grace into the world around them.

By comparing their journeys to the sacred forms of Maa Durga, we honour the timeless truth that every woman carries within her a spark of the Devi—a force that heals, leads, creates, and transforms. These nine articles are not merely stories of success; they are invocations of Shakti in its purest human expression—where devotion meets purpose, and strength wears the face of compassion.


Akanksha Shrivastava

Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava

Chief Editor, Panache International Magazine

MSME

MICRO, SMALL & MEDIUM ENTERPRISES

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PANACHE

April 2024

Volume 3, Issue 4



Guest of the month
Ms Renee Mary Jetto
IELTS trainer
Kochi

Chief Editor:

Akanksha Shrivastava

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1

Ms. Renee Mary Jetto – The Shakti of Knowledge

Among the nine inspiring women celebrated by Panache, Ms. Renee Mary Jetto stands as the Shakti of Knowledge – a teacher whose strength, wisdom, and grace have enlightened countless minds. Her journey began in 1984 under the guidance of the late Prof. G. D. Gabriel, who first recognized her gift for teaching.

For Ms. Renee, teaching has always been a joyful exchange, not a duty. Her classes were alive with laughter, stories, and creativity. She believes, “A graveyard is a place for silence, not a classroom,” and her vibrant approach made every lesson a celebration of learning.

Life tested her with challenges, but she faced them with calm courage – first as an Army wife balancing many roles, then as a single mother rebuilding life with quiet strength. Her compassion and discipline reflect the grace of Saraswati and the resilience of Durga.

Today, through her writing and gardening, Ms. Renee continues to nurture life and thought with the same loving spirit. Her favourite saying, “Happy is the one who knows how to make a bouquet with the available flowers,” beautifully sums up her philosophy – to live with gratitude and joy.

In Ms. Renee Mary Jetto, Panache celebrates the true Shakti of Knowledge – radiant, wise, and endlessly inspiring.



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PANACHE

May 2024

Volume 3, Issue 5

Guest Of the Month
Ms. Vinitra
philanthropist and feminist.

Chief Editor:
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2

Ms. Vinitra -
The Shakti of Empower

Vinitra is a woman who proves that true strength lies in kindness and selflessness. As the founder of STMM and SIS, she has dedicated her life to helping others without expecting anything in return. A philanthropist, feminist, and professional with over 15 years of IT experience, she balances career, compassion, and community beautifully.

She believes that imperfections are gifts—they teach us, shape us, and make us stronger. For her, success is not about being perfect but about learning every day, facing challenges, and turning negatives into positives. Her calm attitude towards stress and criticism shows a deep inner strength that comes from understanding herself and her purpose.

Just like Shakti, the divine feminine energy, Vinitra represents power with grace. She carries the wisdom of Saraswati, the courage of Durga, and the compassion of Lakshmi. Through her actions, she inspires others to live with confidence, humility, and love.

Vinitra reminds us that real empowerment is not loud—it is gentle, consistent, and full of heart. She is the true face of modern Shakti, spreading light wherever she goes.



LITERATURE | INTERVIEW



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JULY 2024

Issue 7, Volume 3


PANACHEE

Guest of the Month

DR. ANUKRATI SHRIVSAYAVA

HOMOEOPATHY
PHYSICIAN,
COUNSELLING
PSYCHOLOGIST,
INTERNATIONAL CERTIFIED
LIFE AND MENTAL
WELLNESS COACH.
CCH (UNITED STATES)

Chief Editor:
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PANACHE

3

Dr. Anukrati Shrivastava

The Shakti of Healing

In a world that often seeks quick cures, Dr. Anukrati Shrivastava stands as a rare healer who blends science with soul. A devoted homeopath and mental health advocate, she embodies the essence of *Maa Shailputri*—the first manifestation of Durga, symbolizing purity, patience, and unwavering strength

Her journey began with a personal vow inspired by her grandmother's illness. What emerged from that pain was a lifelong purpose—to heal with empathy and integrity. Choosing homeopathy, she dedicated herself to a path of gentle, side-effect-free healing, guided by the belief that true wellness lies in treating the person, not just the disease.

Dr. Shrivastava's strength extends beyond medicine. During her pregnancy, she faced emotional struggles that opened her eyes to the unspoken reality of mental health. Turning her challenges into a mission, she began integrating psychology with homeopathy, offering holistic care that heals both the mind and the body. Her message is clear: mental health deserves the same care and dignity as physical well-being.

Like *Maa Shailputri*, who represents grounded determination and calm endurance, Dr. Shrivastava moves through life with quiet purpose. Her approach to healing reflects divine compassion—steady, nurturing, and transformative. Through her practice, she restores balance where there is chaos and brings light to those walking through mental darkness.

Dr. Anukrati Shrivastava is more than a doctor; she is a living embodiment of Shakti—the power that heals through love and understanding. Her life reminds us that healing is not merely a medical act but a sacred offering, where empathy becomes medicine and faith becomes the cure.

OCTOBER 2025





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AND HARDWORK
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MS. LUCY VICTORIA DAVID



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CHIEF EDITOR
AKANKSHA
SHRIVASTAVA
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

September 2024
ISSUE-9, VOL-3



4 Madam Lucy Victoria David: A Living Shakti of Compassion and Strength

In a world that often measures strength by loud achievements, Madam Lucy Victoria David embodies a quieter, yet far more profound power—the power of Shakti. Like Maa Durga’s Kalyani Shakti, the benevolent and nurturing force that heals, protects, and uplifts, Lucy radiates a warmth that transforms lives.

A South African of Indian descent, she has devoted her life to service in countless forms—as an award-winning writer, poet, motivational speaker, grief share specialist, singer, marriage officer, playwright, philanthropist, and associate pastor of Salem Full Gospel Church in Durban.

Through her devotional book *God Encounters* and her ministry, “Springs of Healing,” Lucy brings solace to the grieving, guidance to the lost, and hope to the weary. Her empathy, patience, and unwavering kindness mirror the nurturing aspect of Kalyani Shakti, reminding us that true strength lies in the ability to uplift others without seeking recognition.

As a leader, counselor, and public figure, she seamlessly blends humility with authority, energy with grace, and vision with compassion. Whether guiding couples through marriage, mentoring her congregation, or inspiring audiences through motivational speaking, Lucy’s life reflects the sacred balance of strength and love—the very essence of Shakti.

Madam Lucy David is more than a remarkable individual; she is a living embodiment of divine feminine energy, a modern Kalyani Shakti whose life teaches us that true power lies in service, compassion, and the courage to heal the world, one heart at a time.

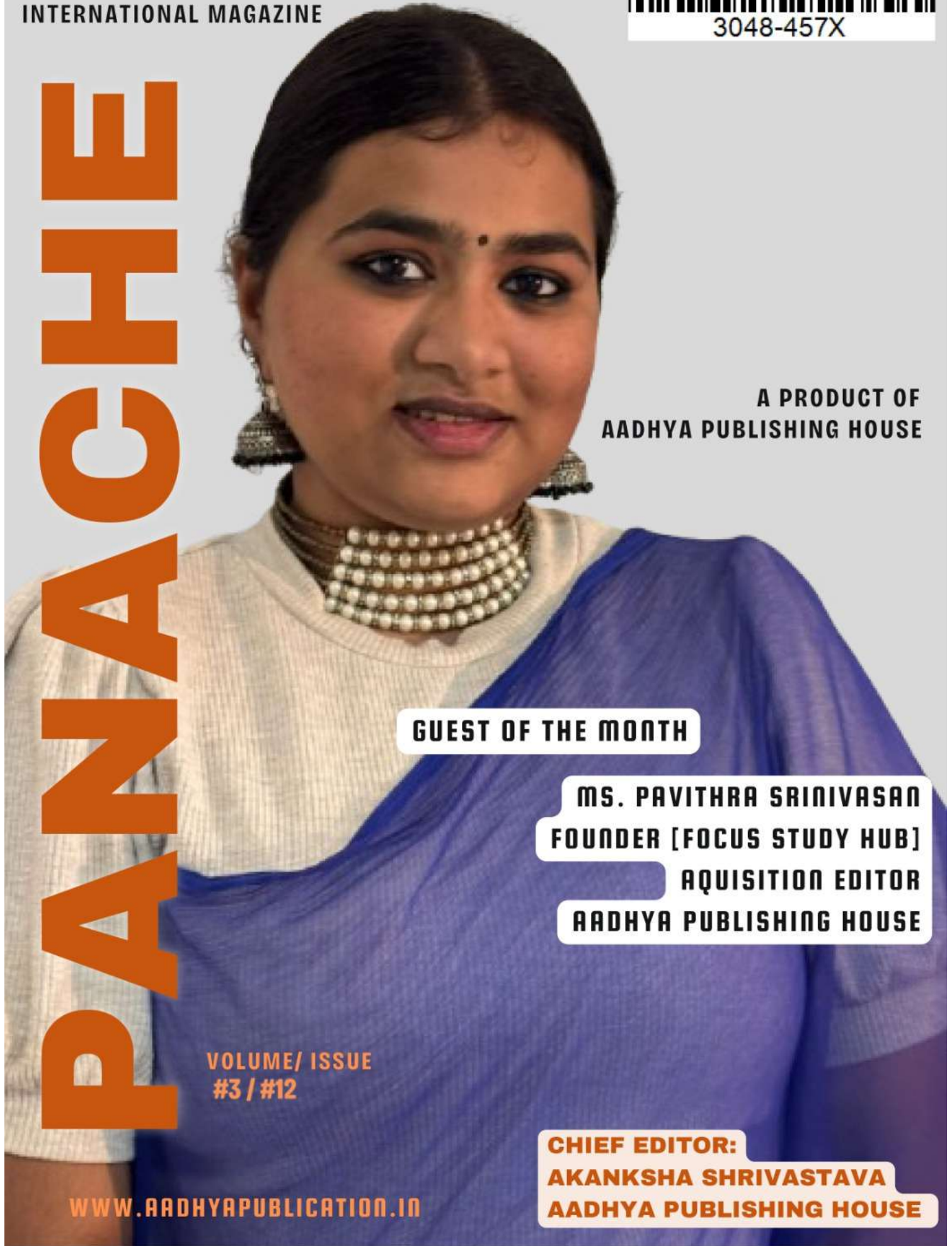
LITERATURE | INTERVIEW

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE



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GUEST OF THE MONTH

MS. PAVITHRA SRINIVASAN
FOUNDER [FOCUS STUDY HUB]
ACQUISITION EDITOR
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

VOLUME/ ISSUE
#3 / #12

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Ms. Pavithra Srinivasan:
The Shakti of Perseverance

Ms. Pavithra Srinivasan's journey is a remarkable testament to resilience, determination, and the transformative power of guidance. When she moved to Australia as a student, life was challenging. Restricted by visa rules to part-time work and navigating an unfamiliar culture, she faced daily struggles. Yet, she refused to lose confidence.

In 2019, she began tutoring in Sydney, discovering not only a source of income but a deep joy in mentoring students, which became the foundation of her teaching career.

Pavithra's passion extends beyond teaching. Her novel, *Wings of Victory*, reflects the immigrant experience, weaving tales of hardship with hope, showing readers that even in the darkest tunnels, light awaits. Her writing and teaching are intertwined, guiding students to express themselves confidently, encouraging them to embrace mistakes as stepping stones, and nurturing creativity alongside knowledge.

In her journey, Pavithra mirrors Maa Durga's Shakti of Uchchista—the power of perseverance and triumph over adversity. Like this Shakti, she faces challenges with courage, transforms obstacles into opportunities, and uplifts those around her. Her students are not just learners but companions in growth, reflecting her nurturing strength and empowering spirit.

Through unwavering dedication and quiet determination, Ms. Pavithra Srinivasan exemplifies a modern Shakti—resilient, inspiring, and empowering. She reminds us that true power lies in overcoming struggles while lifting others, making her story one of hope, strength, and transformative guidance.

Literature | Interview

An International Magazine



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Magazine

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Guest of the Month

Ms. Kshama Urmila

A Symphony of color,
words and motion

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Kshama Urmila — The Shakti of Art and Spirit

A Living embodiment of Mahagauri - Some people shine quietly but leave an undeniable mark on everyone they touch. Kshama Urmila is one of those rare souls. Like Mahagauri, the Shakti of purity, resilience, and transformation in Maa Durga, Kshama blends gentleness with immense strength, turning challenges into creative power.

Even when bedridden for months, she didn't let her spirit break. Instead, she poured herself into her art—painting, sculpting, writing, and animation—creating works that carry depth, emotion, and meaning. From painting 1,248 forms of Lord Ganesha to making animated films that speak to social issues, her creations are more than art; they are messages, expressions, and inspirations.

Her power isn't about fame or awards, though she has received plenty. It's about touching lives, whether through a painting in Bhopal or a short film that reaches the world. Her studio, Pink Flower, carries her mother's spirit, connecting love, legacy, and creativity in every piece she makes.

Kshama shows us that strength can be quiet, that perseverance and dedication can move hearts, and that real Shakti is not just in legends—it lives in women who rise, create, and transform the world around them. In every brushstroke, poem, and sculpture, she embodies what Mahagauri represents: purity, endurance, and the courage to keep moving forward.

Kshama Urmila is not just an artist—she is a living example of Shakti, reminding us that the greatest power comes from love, creativity, and unwavering resilience.

LITERATURE | INTERVIEW
VOL. 04 / ISSUE. 07



PANACHE

INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

JULY 2025

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GUEST OF THE MONTH
MS. ESHA GULATI
NUMEROLOGIST AND TAROT CARD READER

**A GIFTED VISIONARY WHO
MASTERFULLY ILLUMINATE LIFE'S HIDDEN
PATHS AND DIVINE DESTINY.**

CHIEF EDITOR:
AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA
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Esha Gulati:

The Shakti of Clarity and Compassion

In a world where uncertainty often clouds judgment, Ms. Esha Gulati stands as a quiet force of wisdom and insight. Her work in tarot and numerology goes beyond predicting outcomes; it is a journey of self-discovery for those who seek her guidance.

When confronted with delicate questions—such as concerns about fidelity or major life choices—Esha gently redirects attention to what can truly be nurtured: self-awareness, emotional clarity, and empowered decision-making.

What sets Esha apart is her ability to transform even a “generic” reading into a mirror reflecting personal truths. She reconciles contradictions between numerology and tarot, gently guiding clients to see patterns and possibilities rather than absolutes. When emotions run high or energy feels unclear, she offers calm, grounding presence, inviting reflection rather than reaction. Every session is tailored with respect for cultural beliefs and personal sensitivities, ensuring a space of safety, growth, and understanding.

Esha’s essence reflects Maa Durga’s Brahmcharini Shakti, the embodiment of purity, discernment, and illuminating clarity. Just as Brahmcharini dispels darkness and reveals the path with gentle strength, Esha lights the way for those who feel lost, helping them reconnect with their inner wisdom. Her power is subtle yet profound—not in controlling outcomes, but in awakening the courage, clarity, and self-trust within each individual she meets. In her presence, guidance becomes transformation, and insight becomes empowerment.



Literature | Interview



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

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INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

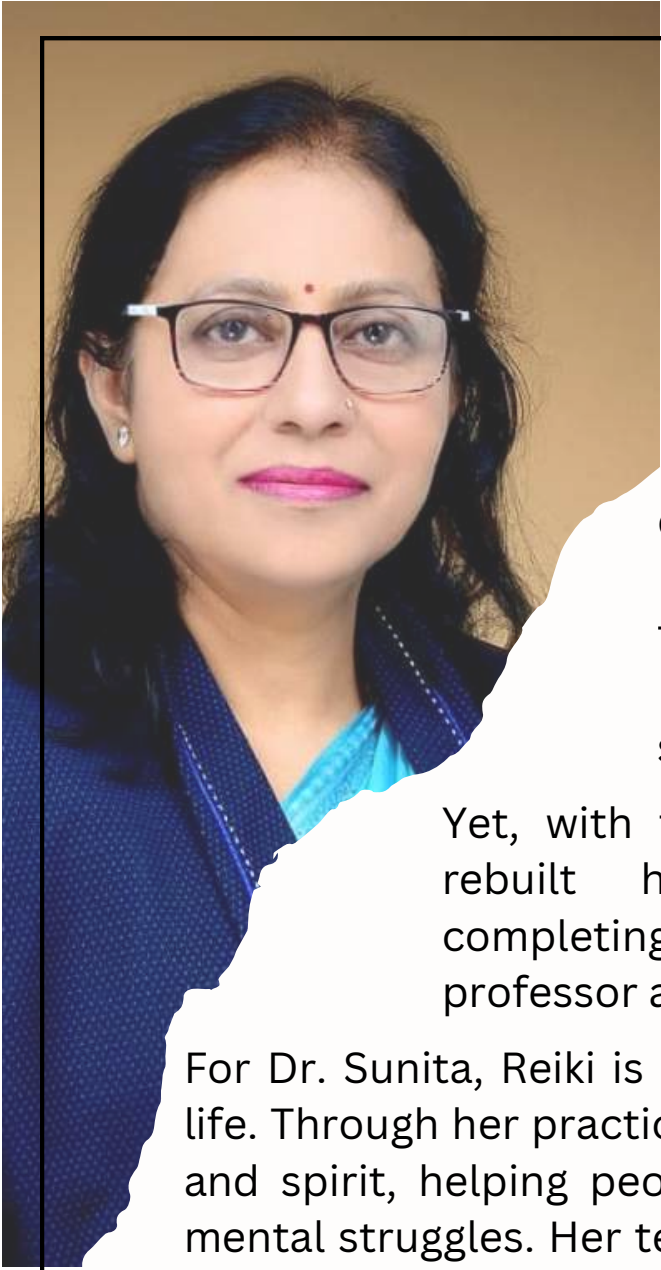
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Dr. Sunita Singh Pramari-
The Shakti of Guiding LightA portrait of Dr. Sunita Singh Pramari, a woman with dark hair, wearing glasses and a blue patterned jacket over a light blue top. She has a bindi on her forehead and is looking directly at the camera with a calm expression.

Dr. Sunita Singh Pramari's life is a story of strength, resilience, and compassion. Born in a small village in Amravati, she faced life's harshest trials early on. Losing her husband in a tragic accident, she was left to raise two young children.

Yet, with faith, courage, and determination, she rebuilt her life—earning multiple degrees, completing a Ph.D., and becoming a respected professor and Reiki Grandmaster.

For Dr. Sunita, Reiki is more than energy healing; it is a way of life. Through her practice, she brings balance to the body, mind, and spirit, helping people overcome physical, emotional, and mental struggles. Her teaching is not just about techniques—it's about guiding people to reconnect with their inner strength, awareness, and peace.

Her work mirrors Maa Durga's Shakti of Shanti and Bala—strength filled with compassion. Just as this Shakti protects, nurtures, and uplifts, Dr. Sunita channels her energy to bring light into people's lives, inspiring hope where despair once lived. She envisions a world where everyone can tap into their own healing power and live a life of positivity, health, and purpose.

Dr. Sunita's journey reminds us that even in the face of profound loss, inner strength and devotion can create beauty, healing, and transformation. In her, we see a living Shakti—someone whose hands heal, whose words guide, and whose spirit uplifts all those who come into her circle.

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Guest Of
the Month

MS.
ANAMIKA
JAISWAL

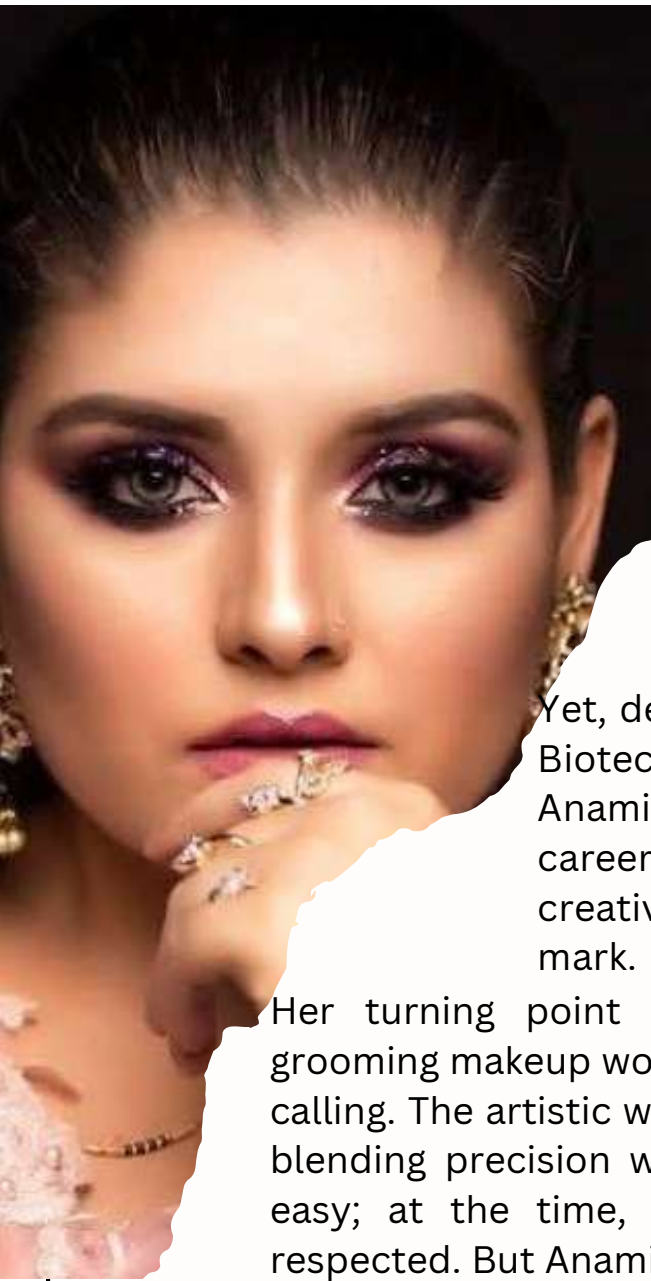
[A FAMOUS
VISAGISTE
OF BHOPAL]

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Ms. Anamika Jaiswal: The Shakti of Glamour And Grit

In the heart of Bhopal, Ms. Anamika Jaiswal has redefined what it means to follow one's passion. Born into a family where business ran in the blood, she grew up surrounded by entrepreneurship.

Yet, despite a strong academic foundation—a B.Sc. in Biotechnology and an MBA in International Business—Anamika knew early on that a conventional 9-to-5 career was not for her. Her mind yearned for creativity, for a canvas where she could leave her mark.

Her turning point came unexpectedly through a simple self-grooming makeup workshop. What began as curiosity soon became a calling. The artistic world of makeup resonated with her personality, blending precision with imagination. Convincing her family wasn't easy; at the time, makeup artistry was far from being widely respected. But Anamika stood firm, her determination as unwavering as her passion.

Over the years, she honed her skills through international courses and certifications, collaborating with photographers and gradually entering the world of celebrity and bridal makeup. To date, she has transformed over a thousand brides, each face telling a unique story. Recognition followed, including the Rubaroo Zindagi honor as one of the "Most Inspiring Women." Through every challenge, the support of her husband and family grounded her, enabling her to pursue her dreams fearlessly.

Anamika's strength mirrors Kali Shakti, the fierce energy of Maa Durga that destroys fear and empowers transformation. Like Kali, Anamika breaks societal norms, inspiring women to embrace their dreams boldly. Her vision of launching her own academy, mentoring young artists, and expanding her brand reflects this fearless yet nurturing spirit.

Today, Anamika Jaiswal is more than a visagiste; she is a symbol of courage, creativity, and transformation—a woman who proves that with passion, resilience, and support, dreams truly can become reality.



The Eternal Presence of Ghateti

As we conclude this special edition, we bow to the divine essence that flows through these nine remarkable women—each a living embodiment of Maa Durga's infinite forms. Their journeys remind us that Shakti is not confined to temples or scriptures; she walks among us, in every woman who nurtures dreams, upholds values, faces challenges, and turns compassion into strength.

Through their stories, we see that divinity doesn't descend from the heavens—it rises within the human heart. These women, like the nine goddesses of Navadurga, illuminate the path for others with courage, wisdom, and unwavering grace.

May their light continue to inspire us to recognize the Shakti within ourselves and in every woman we meet—a power eternal, radiant, and transformative.


Akanksha Shrivastava

Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava

Chief Editor, Panache International Magazine

COLUMN

FROM SMOKE TO SCOOTER

BY: MR. PIYUSH GOEL



It was the year 1975. My father was working in the Health Department of a small village called Sabdalpur in Saharanpur district. He had been transferred there from Thanabhavan (Jalalabad). My father had a habit of smoking — he used to smoke around 10–15 cigarettes a day. Back then, the daily cost of those cigarettes was about ₹1.50 to ₹2.00, while a litre of milk cost ₹1.15.

It must have been around 10 in the morning on a Sunday. My father and I were sitting on a cot under the neem tree, reading the newspaper. Father was smoking, as usual. My mother, upset for some reason, said to him angrily, “You smoke so much! You spend around ₹1.50 to ₹2 every day on cigarettes, and a litre of milk costs ₹1.15!”

Hearing this, my father got angry, crushed the cigarette pack and the matchbox in his hand, and threw them into the drain. From that day onwards, we never saw him smoke again.

In those days, my father owned a bicycle. For office work, he would travel around 60 kilometres (to and fro) in three days. Every evening, all of us — my parents, my two brothers, my sister, and I — would sit together for prayer, and right after that, we would have dinner. Those moments felt so peaceful and complete.

One evening, during dinner, my mother said, “Why don’t we buy a scooter?” All of us instantly agreed, saying, “Yes, Papa, please buy one!” Around that time, a company had just launched a new scooter model. In 1977, my father bought that scooter for ₹5277. And the most delightful part — its number was 6377, which I still remember to this day.

The most meaningful thing about this story is that the money saved from quitting cigarettes helped a lot when buying the scooter. The day the scooter arrived (in 1977), the entire village gathered to see it. We siblings were overjoyed. Owning a scooter in 1977 was a matter of great pride.

Today, in 2022, I bought a scooter worth around ₹85,000 — the price difference is almost ₹80,000 in 46 years. But I still remember... back then, when my father bought a scooter, the whole village came to see it. And today, not a single person did.

1. Women as Shakti: The Power Within



**Mr. Aladodo Yasir
Ciskey
Student
Nigeria**

The word Shakti in Sanskrit means power, energy, or divine force. In Indian philosophy, Shakti represents the dynamic feminine principle — the life-giving energy that sustains creation and drives transformation. If consciousness is stillness, Shakti is movement; if the mind is thought, Shakti is action. Through Shakti, the world evolves, grows, and thrives.

When we speak of women as Shakti, we are not only paying homage to mythological ideas but also recognizing the living reality of women's strength in our families, communities, and nations. Women embody Shakti in many ways:

The Power of Nurture: As mothers, caregivers, and guides, women sustain life while nurturing compassion and humanity.

The Power of Knowledge: Like the goddess Saraswati, women embody wisdom, creativity, and innovation, making breakthroughs in education, science, the arts, and leadership.

The Power of Courage: Like Durga and Kali, women stand as protectors of justice and defenders of truth, challenging injustice and inequality in society.

The Power of Transformation: As reformers, leaders, and change-makers, women channel Shakti to reshape communities and inspire progress.

History and mythology offer countless examples — from ancient goddesses to modern icons — reflecting women as bearers of resilience, courage, and vision. Whether at home or in positions of leadership, women's power continues to create ripples of change across the world.

Celebrating women as Shakti is not only about honoring their strength but also about recognizing their rightful place as equal contributors in every sphere of

life. It reminds us that true progress can only be achieved when both masculine and feminine energies work in harmony.

As we celebrate women this month, let us remember: Shakti is not distant or mythical — it lives within every woman. To empower women is to awaken the boundless power that sustains the world itself.

By Aladodo Yasir Cissey



2. Where Is She?

Where is she?
The carefree, slightly anxious, sweet girl.
Where is she?
The merry-smiled, lonely-eyed, shy girl.

The one who was always afraid of what others would
say,
The one who never spoke of her dismay,
The one who wrote her thoughts on pages — and threw
them away.

I saw her today,
Waved at her, and she waved back,
But she was different now.
Her carefree nature was now reserved,
Her anxiousness and sweetness, sheltered
Well behind her hazel eyes.
She looked like she'd lost herself.

But maybe she's just found herself,
Maybe she's just healed herself,
Maybe she doesn't know it yet —
That there's a mirror between me and herself.



Ms. Arushi Mishra
Student
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

3. Nature Knows

The wind knows my secret – that neem tree too,
Flowing water, squirrels – they've heard it too.
The sun holds my history, birds carry it on their wings,
Clouds hide it quietly, but unsent letters are revealed
when they sing.

Flowers know the reason why I always sit with joy,
The butterflies collecting nectar know the playlist I
enjoy.
The moon, hiding in the sky, always peeks through the
trees,
The dog gives them hints – to watch me as I do these things.

I thought no one knew my secret, until I looked again,
And I saw these creatures know me better than myself – so plain.
They shower their blessings through their rays, their wind, their rain,
And I feel blessed to be with them, in the peace and joy I gain.



**Ms. Ayushi
Khawade
Student
Bhopal**

4. The Spiritual Soul

A shining light upon the path to tread,
The spiritual soul holds a living thread.
It may softly hum beneath the fray,
The spiritual soul is the shade of day.

It seeks no gold, no transient power,
It finds its peace in life's brief hour.
It whispers love in the gentle breeze,
And blossoms like the ancient trees.

It sees beyond the fleeting sight,
Its beauty bathed in inner light.
A flicker glows in the darkest night,
To guide the path toward what is right.



Dr. Debabrata Maji
India

5. Women's condition these days

I saw a girl crying at home,
For the freedom to fulfill her dream,
For the freedom to be her own version,
And to fight for the right to live her own life.

I saw a girl crying at home,
For self-respect and dignity,
For her expectations to be the best.
Seeing her trembling face and countless sacrifices,
I thought, perhaps she felt her deeds were fruitless.

I saw a girl crying at home,
Her anxiety and worries reflected in tearful eyes,
Her choked voice balancing both work and family.
She bore it all with a smile,
For the sake of her loved ones.

I saw a girl struggling for justice,
Tired of blind laws and endless delays,
Relentlessly gathering evidence,
Searching for her sinner, her culprit.

I saw a girl burning—
At home, in schools, colleges, and workplaces.
Martyred in the war for her rights,
A beautiful soul leaving her partner in anguish.

I saw a girl, a witness
To all these perilous incidents,
Living with fear in her heart,
And alertness in her mind.

Again, I saw a girl crying at home,
With her untold story, unexplored world,
And unfulfilled dreams.



**Mrs. Dikshya
Sarangi
Teacher
Bolangir
Odisha**

6. Peace

Peace—
So expensive.
We buy so many weapons
To maintain it.

If we prayed more,
If we were kind to one another,

We could say
We have peace of mind,
A poetic heart,
A call for meditation
Within our hearts.

Peace—
We say it often,
Yet we create so little of it.

Peace—
Like a woman
We adore,
Yet few can truly attain.

Peace—
A value with no cost,
If only humans understood the word...

I wish, one day...



**Ms. EVA
Petropoulou
Lianou
Greece**

7. Your face in the sky of love

Her face appeared—
Moons in her veil,
Rosy red like coral...
When she removed the veil from her full moon,
Shyness adorned her gaze.

Ah, my beloved...!
After you,
Will I see a full moon to converse with
In the sky of my horizon?
And love asks:
Where is the reader of the verse of passion...
In embrace and union?

For your eyes,
A poem tempts me.
From the clarity of your intoxicating glance,
My soul is reborn.
For your union,
I wrote poetry as ink.

The hunter of your heart,
I strive toward that heart.
And in the confession of your eyes,
Longing is revealed openly
To a beloved who stood at my door.
And what she hid from my eyes,
I see in her beauty—
The chapter of embrace.



Mr. Fadi Sido
Editor in chief
Raseef 81
magazine
Germany

8. A Spark of Divinity

A Durga, a Bhavani, the Queen of Jhansi, you are,
A storm, a destroyer of difficulties, you are.
Through the path of bitterness you walk with
solemnity,
Against enemies you rise — victorious in every battle.

Though confined to house and hearth,
You remain a wave of serenity.
A mother, daughter, sister, wife,
So many roles, and yet one soul.

You are a force dynamic, a spirit divine,
A treasure of wisdom, sharpness of mind.
Laborious, steadfast, patient and true,
A goddess of perseverance lives in you.

Unflinching, firm, unyielding,
A Draupadi, a Sita, a Parvati
Blessed to bless others,
A spark of divinity you are.



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

9. Mental Health Day

Mental health, we ask ourselves, what is its purpose? There are human beings in the world with various problems with brain function, and they suffer from physical conditions that affect their quality of life. Why aren't these people normal? Do people notice that they have complete limbs?



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

Today, there are diseases that affect the processes of speaking, hearing, moving, and eating. And most are caused by a dysfunction of the neurotransmitter system in the brain's hemispheres. We must be careful with the information we diagnose for each patient suffering from the disease. Because there are symptoms similar to what they suffer, but at their root, they are not what they physically reflect.

We can talk about autism. What happened to them because they seem strange? Simple. That condition is that the patient's brain is not capable of developing the authenticity of their existence, and without the help of trained personnel, they become lost in their own world. It's like living inside an invisible bubble, where no one can access it unless their conscience allows it. These people live like twins, but they are not present in their true consciousness.

There are three types of autism: patients who can express themselves, patients who cannot express themselves, and patients who are violent in their behavior. Each person's external life is different, and these patients are like that, and if the family doesn't understand their way of consciousness, it can be destroyed. Some families have been in critical situations because if the patient doesn't receive timely treatment to control their personal activity, it can lead to their own death.

Unfortunately, there are patients who have no help managing their lives, and society doesn't tolerate their presence in the environment. And people think they have dementia because they don't act like the rest of the world. Are autistic people so dangerous? Certainly, they are the ones who are inexpressive and violent.

I mention that they are unaware of their reality and seek help from someone to control them. Also, caregivers shouldn't fall victim to them when there's a symptom of unconsciousness.

Dementia? This case also involves experiencing a decline in the patient's memory. And people don't have a solution to how the family suffering from it functions. And yes, they cease to exist in their consciousness, and they lose control of reality altogether. The condition is irreversible for any patient who suffers from it. Alzheimer's? The diagnosis is very delicate when there's evidence that they suffer from it. Because it destroys all families. The symptoms are irreversible because they lose all the information about what they were in their childhood and regress to it. I experienced it with my foster grandfather. He was a very active and intelligent person, and his consciousness was fading with irrational behaviors. (Example: the patient makes unusual arrangements, such as putting objects in absurd places, such as putting a knife in the car, putting a pen in the oven, and in my case, he kept a hammer in the refrigerator.) They are expiring when their memory erases the entire family.

Schizophrenia? A patient with a split personality, or in some cases with more than 10 beings in their brain. It can be recognized when there is an action distinct from the other individual who inhabits their memory. If people don't understand how to control the people the patient possesses, it can destroy families. It's not like a theater actor; each patient develops a different persona at each stage of their irremediable consciousness.

Mental health is not a sport to be won or lost; it is a complicated process for society, which doesn't understand the symptoms of the diagnosis suffered by patients and their affected families.

By Jose Luis Lopez

10. Women

Women are the heartbeat of humanity, embodying a profound blend of strength, compassion, and boundless love. Their power is not always loud or forceful; it is often found in the quiet resilience that carries families, communities, and societies through challenges. Women are the architects of hope, building bridges where there are divides and weaving connections through their unwavering dedication.

The nurturing spirit of women is a force of nature. From the mother who soothes a crying child to the friend who listens without judgment, women cultivate spaces where growth and healing flourish. They are caregivers not just in homes but also in workplaces, classrooms, and communities, offering empathy that mends and uplifts. This nurturing extends beyond the personal—it shapes cultures, fosters peace, and inspires progress.

Love, in its purest form, flows through women like a river. It is in the sacrifices they make, the dreams they champion for others, and the courage they show in vulnerability. Women love fiercely—whether for their families, their passions, or their causes. This love is a catalyst, sparking change, igniting hope, and reminding the world that compassion is a superpower.

To women everywhere: your power is undeniable, your nurturing is transformative, and your love is the foundation of a better world. You are seen, celebrated, and cherished for all that you are and all that you do.



Mr. Jubril Adesoga
Teacher poet
Nigeria

11. To My Dearest Unborn Child

Daddy-in-Waiting
Room 1, Daydream Corner
Broken-Heart Avenue
Earthsides but Hoping
15th September, 2025



Mr. Jubril Adesoga
Writer and
Educator
Nigeria

My Dearest Child,

I have carried you in my heart for a very long time. I knew the kind of father I wanted to be. I dreamt of naming you, teaching you how to buckle your shoes, and showing you how to stand up for what is right.

I am sorry. I am sorry you never had the chance to grow here with me. There were women I loved and trusted, and together we reached for that future. But the future kept slipping away. Some pregnancies ended, and with each ending, a part of me broke. Some relationships ended too. My heart was broken in many places. I wish I could change what happened. I wish you could have felt my hand on your head, even for a moment.

I make you a promise. When I love again—when I meet the woman who will walk beside me into the next chapter—I will do everything in my power to protect the life we create together. I will choose a partner who wants a child as much as I do. I will support your mother in every way so she never feels alone or forced into ending a pregnancy. I will fight for us with gentleness, care, and responsibility by loving fully. I say, honestly and fiercely: I will not stand by while another chance is taken from us. I will work to ensure that if a child comes into our lives again, we will keep them, protect them, and love them into being.

I will tell your story in quiet rooms and loud ones; I will let your memory shape who I become.

If you can see me, forgive me where I failed. If you can feel me, know that I have

never stopped wanting you. You are my hope folded into sorrow and light. I will keep loving you, and I will keep trying. One day, if fate allows, I will be a father, and when that day comes, everything I do will carry the promise I make to you now.

I am looking forward to seeing you soon.

Yours sincerely,
Jubril

By Jubril Adesoga

12. Hermes of Praxiteles



**Mr. Konstantinos
Fais
Greece**

The lush and enchanting Olympia, at the confluence of the Alpheios and Kladeos rivers, was a sacred land and one of the most important transportation hubs of the ancient world. It served as both a starting point and reference point for world athletic history and as a center for the expression of archetypal ideals. The area was majestically adorned with a multitude of statues, primarily of Olympic champions, the most outstanding of which was probably Polydamas of Thessaly Skotoussa, known as the imitator of Hercules.

In addition to the athletes, a very important and prominent statue of the classical era was the Hermes of Praxiteles, a marble composition discovered in the Temple of Hera. Praxiteles of Athens, one of the most famous sculptors of antiquity, introduced the nude as a sculptural type and the renowned inclined postures, the “Praxitilean S curve,” while maintaining idealized proportions. The work is dated to around 340 BC and depicts the god Hermes carrying the infant god Dionysus in his arms. His body is naked and polished, and his posture has often been described as relaxed and graceful, foreshadowing the expressive styles of Hellenistic sculpture.

In my graphic study, I focused not on pragmatism or lifelike representation, given that Hermes belongs to the ancient Greek pantheon, but on capturing the head of Hermes. The slightly furrowed forehead combined with the deeply set eyes reflects a spiritual and contemplative character. While I did not include any adiposity, my interpretation differs from the ancient work in the neck area, emphasizing an intense muscular build inspired by the heroic figurative types of Heracles and Alexander the Great (*imitatio heroica*). This choice creates a contrast with the mild naturalism of the original Hermes, similar to the difference between the emblematic, hypertrophic Hegemon of the Thermae and the athlete of the Paul Getty Museum.

Through this artistic rendering of the rugged head, I aimed to highlight the benevolent physiognomy of the ancient god, reminiscent of the funerary athlete from Kos. Above all, I sought to depict the elaborate ivy wreath as restored in a 19th-century plaster representation of the head (A. Asher, 1897). I consider this detail a symbolic harmony with nature, whose love must, over time, become our priority once again. Through this artistic rendering of the rugged head, I aimed to highlight the benevolent physiognomy of the ancient god, reminiscent of the funerary athlete from Kos. Above all, I sought to depict the elaborate ivy wreath as restored in a 19th-century plaster representation of the head (A. Asher, 1897). I consider this detail a symbolic harmony with nature, whose love must, over time, become our priority once again.

By Konstantinos Fais

13. HELLO...



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

Hello! Hello!
The voice hums, like in a cave.
I had forgotten the color of this voice
In the agony of the late month.

Hello, hello...
The voice on the other side shuddered
In the raging river.

“Yes, I am here,”
Closed in the ego,
“Gnosi”—the lip timbre,
Turmoil of times,
Or late spring?

Hello, I’m Lora,
Nothing important,
Yet the shadow of longing
Affects the absorbed nectar,
In search of immortality...

I clutch the phone;
I feel stuck in water—who will revive my fire?
Mercury in late May?

Hello, hello... listen to me!
I am the sin-ridden Danaide.
Why don’t you talk to me?
Why are you silent?

...I can hear you on the other side.
I was disturbed by this phone call last month.

14. Waiting

All days, however busy, I think of you.
A daydream I hunger for, when I gaze at you.
That I might hold your hand, oh please—
Your skin so smooth, I long to feel its peace.

A glance at you makes my smile linger.
A look into your eyes makes me laugh.
That sweet voice leaves me in wonder,
Your skirt's swish makes me vulnerable.

Speaking with you, even for moments, is bliss.
Tell me something sweet, in this frenzy of mine.
It makes me wait—don't keep me too long.
Your lively laughter, I'm waiting to hear again.



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

15. Never Undermine the Power of a Woman!



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

Never undermine the power of a woman!
She can do things which you can only imagine.

From dawn to dusk she shows forth her strength and power.

She's a warrior for her family.
She's a wonderful counselor, and her advice does not cost, it comes from a well of wisdom learned over many years.

Women have the power to be innovative, impactful and influential.

Her power is the catalyst which takes her to workplaces where her skills are envied.

Her articulate style on many platforms, comes from all the research and reading, she diligently and relentlessly pursues. Her power is ground breaking as she makes in roads globally in the marketplace. She's impactful and resilient.

There are so many women across the globe who have impacted the world of aviation, surgery, aeronautics, sciences, technology, robotics, and the likes. This insight is warranted and is an eye opener to the world, that women are not the lesser of genders, but a force to be reckoned with!

16. Relationships

Out of deep friendships, relationships are formed. They are beautiful and form the spine, which keeps friendships strong and sturdy.

Depending on the types of relationships you keep, you can befriend some folk, whose love and loyalty to the relationship is timeless.

Relationships must be safely locked away, in a place inside of you, which no unauthorized persons may enter nor steal. The sanctity of such relationships were formed in heaven, before we were even born.

Yes, it was hand written by God Himself, we see it in the stars, when we look up on a still night.

Personally, I could never put a price tag on my relationships. They are so dear, so meaningful, so utterly exciting and often times, they leave me breathless!



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

17. In My Chest Sleeps



**Mr. Manik
Chakraborty.**

In my chest sleeps
A distant child,
The city of light,
The Jesus of protest—
Sleeps.

I see today the great age of the next era.
Today, the sick body of civilization
Lies as a sleeping skeleton.

I hear the cry of helpless humans in the universe.
Conscience and intelligence have been lost;
The bond of humanity, broken.

Fierce beasts rage like demons,
Fire burns in their eyes,
And the earth shakes
In the flow of volcanic lava.

18. Pam's Song!

I wonder sometimes,
I ponder in thought:
What life would be like,
If under different circumstances,
If only I had fought.

Fought harder to hold on to you, prayed harder that you'd
stay,
Asked God to grant more mercy,
So you didn't have to go away.

The days were never easy,
The nights felt far too long.
From the moment God took you home,
We seemed to have lost our song.

I'm reminded of what you believed in,
Of what you always proclaimed:
There was beauty in your brokenness,
And joy even in your pain.

My darling Pam, I love you,
I miss you in every breath.
Though I'll never forget you,
I know I must live my life,
Even after your untimely death.

Heaven received you with joy and celebration,
Even though our hearts were torn.
God's calling is one of destiny and eternity,
A truth that can never be withdrawn.

I'll love you until I take my final breath,
But one thing I must remember:
To live this life,
Here and now, without regret.



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

19. Wake Wake Up

Wake, wake up,
My world...

There proceeds my cruise
Over Mediterranean waters,
Breathing the scent of the Hellenic,
Toward the shores of Heraklion.

My ship cleaves chasms
In the ocean deep
As it steers its way,
Cruising...

I wonder how deep
She carves her imprints
On the bosom of Mother Earth,
That pulsates for all.
How the flora and fauna beneath
Shudder at the enormous shake,
Disturbed in their otherwise
Complacent play,
Once free.

Are the entrails
Of the oceanic depths
Still clean—
Their habitat unharmed?
Or are they enmeshed
With deposits of rash,
Inorganic waste?

Oh, Mother Ocean!
Fountainhead of our origin



Dr. Molly Joseph
Professor, Poet
(Bilingual)
Kerala

On Earth,
I bow before you
In reverence.

My vessel proceeds,
Piercing the sheaves of night,
Searching for resplendence
Born at the horizon's East,
With the first cry
Of the newborn dawn.

The night grows feeble,
Fading into streaks of promise—
Yes, yonder islands glimmer,
Sending their greetings!

Wake, wake up,
My world, my spirit!
How those encrustations,
Sedimented on Mother Ocean's lap,
Invite me to islands of solace—
Far, far from the maddening mundane.

Waves lash upon me,
Wash me,
Baptize me
With energy anew,
To seize a new world,
Born fresh and raw,
Full of wonders divine!

By Molly Joseph

20. A Dove's Manners 1



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Mrs Zvakawuya had received a rare client and spent quite some time with him compared to other clients. Some of her clients who had queued for a spiritual session with her had given up the wait, postponing the much needed holy encounter with her to the following day.

He was a rapist, whose trial was due within five days. His chance of acquittal was almost zero, but his faith in prayers had brought him to Mrs Zvakawuya's doorstep. He begged the Prophetess to pray for his acquittal, to give him holy water, anointed oil, anointed ash, whatever could be used by a holy woman to ensure the fortunes of her patients would not come to grief.

He was in his late twenties, no look of a rapist in his eyes, but he had confessed performing such an act, like ripping the skirt of a teenager, stripping her of anything that lay under her shredded skirt before ravishing her, with the selfishness of a sex demon. The scene was too disgusting for the Prophetess to imagine, how the hapless las had struggled under his weight, till exhaustion made her allow him to plough into her innocence.

"Don't you think it is more redeeming to let justice take its course and repent for the forgiveness of your sins?" Mrs Zvakawuya asked.

"That makes great sense my Prophetess, but the harsh penalty will plunge my soul into the pit of the hopeless, even before death. Imagine 15 years in confinement and the detestable conditions I will be living in. I don't think repentance will get a chance. It is easier to repent as a free man." The young man protested.

"Okay, you will have to come for prayer sessions here for four consecutive evenings. If the LORD answers our prayers, glory be to Him, if He does not answer again, I say glory be to Him," Mrs Zvakawuya told Chimwendo, the young man.

Mrs Zvaka knew that she was going to act against her own principles, but there was something in Chimwendo's manner that made him deserve a second chance. Indeed prayers were necessary, not just to make him find acquittal, but also to exorcise the demon that had made him force his pleasures on an innocent school girl. Judging from external experience, Chimwendo was the type of young man every wary or unwary girl would want for a husband and every woman in her midlife would wish was there when the man who became her husband proposed marriage to her. He was handsome and well-spoken, the type that one would never expect to allow the surges of savage lust to make prey of a hapless teenager. The prayer sessions began with the solemnity they deserved. Chimwendo's case was different from the other cases the Prophetess dealt with, so his prayer sessions were held at night. He would not travel back to Tsvingwe, where he resided, from Nyanzunda Village, where he had found a spiritual mother, after the night prayers. He would rise very early in the morning to find transport to Mutare, where he worked.

For four consecutive days he had spent his nights under the grass thatch of the Prophetess' roof. He would have to rise very early in the morning to leave the Prophetess' compound before other patients arrived. He had brought a quarter of his wardrobe with him to ensure that he would head straight to work every morning after night prayers.

Mrs Zvakwa sometimes felt bile creep into her mouth when she saw, Mukudzei, her daughter laundering the rapist's clothes. She began to feel that she was signing her very beautiful daughter's soul for his, but took comfort into the reality that needed no divination to accept. Chimwendo was going to be locked up within a week.

"Yes, I have prayed wholeheartedly for him, but not all prayers may be answered. With such kind of an offence, my soul tells me that GOD is one with the law man has made, more than a decade in jail with hard labour," she told herself with sudden pain because Chimwendo did not in any way look like a man who could commit a rape case.

The day of the trial approached at a gallop, while at the same time, Chimwendo was becoming more like a member of the Prophetess' family. An opaque cloud of sadness fell on the Prophetess on the night before Chimwendo's trial. She had wept through her prayers and her daughter had wept too. Her voice had echoed through the grass thatched hut where the prayer sessions were held. She had implored the LORD for mercy until she sensed her soul soaring into Heaven in search of a sign from above, but she saw nothing but a heavy metal door closing before Chimwendo and the grim darkness within his new found home swallowing him like a legion of devils prevailing against an angel.

When they retired to their separate huts, after midnight, Mrs Zvaka was physically spent and she fell into a deep sleep. But it lasted only an hour. A voice deep within her pushed her into sudden wakefulness. It was an importunate call to go to her client and hold one last prayer with him. She felt divine intervention had arrived at last.

But when she pushed the door open, as the door had no lock, a woman screamed from within. "Since when have I started walking in my dreams?" Mrs Zvaka asked herself, stepping into the hut.

She wanted it to be a bad dream, but she knew it was not. Chimwendo was busy ravishing her daughter in her own sanctuary. She wanted it to be a rape case so that her daughter would be declared a victim by a law court, but it was her daughter who had left her own hut to extract sexual pleasure from the beast who had borrowed the manners of a dove to hit at another victim.

"Daughter, what are you doing?" Mrs Zvaka asked but Mukudzei did not answer. Meanwhile, Chimwendo disembarked from her, scooped his clothes from the floor, found his way between the Prophetess and the wooden door post and escaped into the darkness

First thing after 5 am, Mrs Zvaka went to make her report at Penhalonga Police Post.

"We do not have Chanaka Chimwendo on our records for any offence, but that

won't stop us from arresting him if he raped your daughter."

"He did, and he had come for spiritual help after raping a fifteen year old girl. He said the matter was reported here."

"We don't have any case involving Chanaka Chimwendo," the officer in charge reiterated.

Muku reappeared at home after six days, with elders from Chimwendo's family. Mrs Zvaka was greatly angered, but things had happened too fast for her to reverse them. Her daughter had decided to marry the "self confessed rapist".

When Mrs Zvaka tried to express her displeasure, Muku said, "I'm sorry mother, I don't know my father .What you told me about being raped when you were in your teens gives me pain. You helped me hate men and told me that once you got a revelation, you would tell me to start entertaining men. I'm 25, and the revelation has not yet come."

"It was on its way, and you brought a curse upon yourself..."

"You may be right, but Chanaka, must be a blessing. He is educated and has a good job in town but he has chosen me, your only daughter and child whom you could not send to high school. I told him what I do for a living, menial tasks in people's houses for a few coins per task, but he is not ashamed of me. When I persistently rejected him, he came up with a ploy to come a bit closer. At first I believed that he had indeed committed the crime and I blamed myself because I had rejected him fanatically. But he finally told me that he had made up the rape story to come closer to me. It was then that I thought of giving him the pleasure without delay," Muku explained in the presence of her mother's guests.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

21. Love Weaves a Way



Mrs. Priyanka
Author
Kolkata
West Bengal

In the bustling heart of Old Delhi, amidst the aromatic chaos of Chandni Chowk, lived a young woman named Leela. Her hands, stained with turmeric and henna, wove magic into the vibrant fabrics she embroidered for her family's small textile shop. Leela carried a quiet strength, her eyes reflecting the ancient wisdom of her ancestors and a yearning for something more than the familiar patterns of her daily life.

Across the Yamuna River, in a sprawling, sun-drenched haveli, resided Arjun. A budding architect, he was driven by a vision to blend modern design with India's rich heritage. Arjun possessed a restless spirit, a brilliant mind, and a heart that longed for a connection that transcended the superficial.

Their paths, it seemed, were destined to remain separate—one rooted in the vibrant, historical lanes of the old city, the other soaring toward the futuristic skyline. Yet fate, like a weaver's intricate design, had other plans.

Arjun, while researching traditional patterns for a new project, stumbled upon Leela's family shop. He was instantly captivated—not just by the exquisite embroidery, but by the quiet intensity in Leela's gaze as she explained the stories behind each motif.

Their initial conversations were tentative, a dance of respectful curiosity. Arjun returned day after day, not just for the fabrics, but for the profound insights Leela offered, her voice like a melodious raag. Leela, in turn, found herself drawn to Arjun's thoughtful questions and the gentle respect in his eyes. He saw beyond the shopkeeper's daughter—he saw the artist, the dreamer, the soul brimming with untold stories.

One sweltering afternoon, as the monsoon clouds gathered, Arjun found Leela sketching intricate designs on parchment, her brow furrowed in concentration.

He sat beside her, and they began to discuss the interplay of light and shadow, the rhythm of lines, the silence of creation. In that shared space of artistic passion, their souls recognized each other.

Their love story unfolded against the backdrop of Delhi's seasons. They would steal moments at sunrise by the Red Fort, the ancient stones witnessing their growing affection. They shared kulfi by India Gate, their hands brushing and sending shivers through their hearts. Their conversations—whispered secrets, shared laughter, and woven dreams—became the tapestry of their souls.

But their world was not without shadows. Societal expectations, whispers of tradition, and the chasm between their families' backgrounds loomed large. Leela's family dreamed of a match within their community, while Arjun's parents had grander, more conventional aspirations for their son. The weight of these expectations began pressing down on their tender love, threatening to tear them apart.

One evening, by the quiet waters of Hauz Khas, tears streamed down Leela's face. "Arjun," she whispered, "the world outside is too strong. Perhaps our love... it's not meant to be."

Arjun's heart ached, but his resolve solidified. Taking her hands, his gaze unwavering, he said, "Leela, our love is not a whisper to be silenced by the world's shouts. It is a song—a deep raga that resonates within us. We will face these challenges, not by breaking apart, but by weaving our stories together, like the threads of your most beautiful embroidery."

He spoke of a love that was not fleeting, but enduring—a bond that understood the pain of separation yet chose the courage of togetherness. He promised to bridge the gaps, to honor their families while fiercely protecting their sacred connection.

Inspired by his devotion, Leela found her own courage. Together, they began navigating the complex pathways of tradition with honesty and respect, slowly, patiently winning over hearts one conversation at a time. It wasn't easy—there were arguments, tears, and moments of despair—but their love, forged in the

fires of adversity, only grew stronger, deeper, and more resilient.

Eventually, their families, witnessing the undeniable depth of their bond and their sincere efforts, softened their stances. In a beautiful ceremony blending the old with the new, beneath a canopy adorned with marigolds and jasmine, Leela and Arjun finally united. Their love story became a testament to the power of deep connection—one that transcended societal barriers and wove a new, beautiful pattern into the fabric of their lives, creating a legacy of love, understanding, and enduring hope.

The final walls of doubt dissolved like rain, Releasing years of quiet, hidden pain.

No longer strangers in a guarded space, Just two hearts remained, meeting face to face.

~The End~

By Priyanka

22. The Whirlpool's Sermon



**Ms. Radhika
Mahrotra
Prayag Raj
Uttar Pradesh**

Adorned in jewels of gold and stones,
Clothed in silken grandeur,
She sits by the castle walls, gazing over the sea.
She asks the water,

“What have I done to deserve such punishment for a
weary sin?”

Lanky shadows form along the shore as the sun prepares
to depart.

“What was your sin?” asks the whirlpool of energy.
The water is alive—the river holds the power
To grant life and to conjure fatal deeds.

“I portrayed innocence to a man who chose to deceive.”

“A lowly mistake, it seems.”

“No, I chose to believe what I heard in retaliation,
Despite knowing my gut's warning.”

A heavy sigh follows,
And the current swirls—
Planetary orbits forming around the hollow circle's core.

“When the sun sets,
You wish to see no one in your mind's canvas.
As he falls, so do you—
Into a trance that isn't your own.
Is it your sickness?
Your melancholy?
No.
It is simply your lack of availability to yourself.”

“But it would be easier if I had him—”

“To work on yourself?
No other should deter your intentions.
In seeking stability,
You dismiss extremities.”

She thought she had found her person this once—
In those tender teenage years
When most fairytales are made.

By Radhika Mahrotra

23. Women – The Form of Shakti (Power)



Throughout history, women have been the living embodiment of Shakti—the divine feminine energy that creates, nurtures, and transforms the world. Shakti is not merely physical strength; it is the inner power of love, wisdom, resilience, and courage. From a mother's gentle touch to a leader's fearless decision, every woman carries within her the force that sustains life and drives progress.

A woman is the creator of generations, the keeper of culture, and the voice of change. Whether as a daughter, sister, mother, friend, or professional, she balances countless roles with grace and determination. She stands tall in the face of challenges, proving that true power lies not in domination but in compassion and perseverance.

Today, as we celebrate women, we honor their strength to nurture, their courage to fight for justice, and their spirit to uplift society. Let us remember that empowering women is not just a tribute to Shakti—it is the key to a balanced and enlightened world.

Every woman is Shakti. Every woman is power. Let us celebrate her, respect her, and walk alongside her in building a brighter future.

Ms. Santhya

Kunjumon

Senior Nurse

Specialist

Abdul Latif Jameel

Hospital

Saudi

24. An Eulogy



**Mr. Shradhdhanand
Srivastava
Teacher
Jaunpur
Utter Pradesh**

Incarnate O Mother Durga!
and curb the satanic forces
with all your power--- the country bleeds.
The demons roam all around
with blood smeared teeth and claw,
the innocents fall scared in the streets.
The Asura's guffaw reverberates
all over and the terror pervades
when a helpless innocents kneels.
when people groaned in discontent,
with sinful deeds of Mahishasur, grew,
Mother Earth overburdened,
you O Goddess Durga! descended,
and that demon you slew.
When the demons :
Shumbh and Nishumbh, in their lust, became blind ,
denied and challenged for the war,
they swooped upon you with wrath,
it took you no time O Ma!
just within an instant you crushed.
When numerous demons grown
out of the evil blood and roused up
to knock you down O Ma!
You with all your prowess, on the ground,
let not the drops trickle and
within a moment You struck them down.
O Ma! millions of the demons(Raktbeej)
born out of the tainted blood ,
the lascivious Shumbh and Nishumbh,
the brutal Mahishasur wreaking havoc,
and the poor innocent
victims do nothing but bemoan,
Incarnate O Mother Durga!



with all your power,
and curb the satanic forces
let humanity flower.

25. THE STONE



**Ms. Taghrid Bou
Merhi
Lebanon
Brazil**

It is the awakening of beginnings,
A pulse born from the silence of ages,
The first memory of existence,
The voice of the question emerging from fear.

In the hand of the first human, it became a tool of life,
A spark to light the darkness,
An ember to guard the body from the cold of
annihilation,
And the first line drawn upon the cave wall.

It was a home when a home was unknown,
A sky beneath which to seek shade,
A ground that trembled with each step,
A language that spoke without letters.

From it, the story was launched.
Upon it, the cry was broken.
In its hollows, memory dwelled.
Through it, humanity understood the meaning of being.

In all its transformations, it bore witness:
In the grave, a mark,
In the temple, a symbol,
In the crown, glory,
In sculpture, immortality.

O you,
Silent one who thinks,
Heavy one who speaks with wisdom,
Secret one, dwelling at the edge of time.

26. Opalite

Hush of ordinary days, as beneath a warm quilt she stands...

Dawn-washed shoreline, aquamarine tides forget to hurry...

Her smile flickers a patient light...

Pale shimmer of her opalite heart...

She is storm's moonstone, a rumor of rain...

Caught in glassy sigh of afternoon breeze...

Warmth and cold kiss gasping the same breath, never quite settle on a verdict...

Her beauty is not a banner for her to unfurl for crowds...

It is truly a soft mineral lantern, held up to ignite dark...

A prism never demanding attention...

A light that cannot be ignored at torn midnight...

Opalite soul, many things she molds into the same moment...

Chrysalis, quiet courage, lattice of patient titanium...

The way her light chooses to borrow courage from shadows...

Strength, the point somber and still, in a spinning room...

Unyielding rim of a glass that refuses to shatter,
when the world pours its noise against her...

Her voice, gentle commotion of colors shifting
inside a stone kept in the palm...

Indigo sighs, pale apricot promises, a green-tinged memory...

Refusing to fade when the day grows bright with demand...

A Marshall of heartbeats, she does not roar; she refracts...

She catches a pulse of thunder and remixes it into cadence...

Guiding the feet of those who would stumble...

Every facet, she wears time differently...

Years bend beneath the weight of being..



Mr. Tha Ono
Teacher
Gasparillo
Trinidad & Tobago

Triumphs gleam a thin vein of iridescence
running just beneath the surface...
Her beauty not the sculpture that men applaud from afar...
It is a mineral of truth that remains when applause is gone...
Quiet durability of something formed by pressure...
Heat, patient and quiet hands of wind and water...

She stands, a relic of our earth's quiet alchemy...
A stone that would have been ordinary if not for struggle...
Something of beauty that refuses to be brittle...
The beacon that does not blaze to blind but to guide...
Lean close, hear a soft, stubborn rhythm...
Knowledge that strength can be as delicate as a smile...
Beauty as enduring as a dawn that never forgets to rise... .

When this world asks what she is, she answers not in words...
But in color—an opalite reverie...
Transparent courage, opalescent grace, a shimmer of resilience...
Making the night lean in to listen...

By Tha Ono

27. To the Castle



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

Dear Castle, solitary soul on this seashore,
You praise the reveries of
The sleeping beauty from my bedtime stories—
Echoing them back to me.

Slumbering in a mystic air,
Bittered by an unfair act cast upon you,
Resonating with a lamenting tone,
Pensive on—what are you?

Is it that you are reflecting on
The golden moments that once exhilarated you?
Is it that you are sighing over the grievous present,
Wishing it not to accompany you in the days to come?

Structured in stunning form,
Yet abandoned by an unknown someone,
Enchanted by voices long forgotten,
Waiting—for whom do you linger?

Is it that you are still holding onto
A word of assurance exchanged before you?
Is it that you cling to the hope of deliverance,
Or shroud yourself in silence now?

And in your silent eloquence, I see
A longing that transcends time and space,
A breeze of dreams yet to be fulfilled,
Waiting patiently for a new dawn's embrace.

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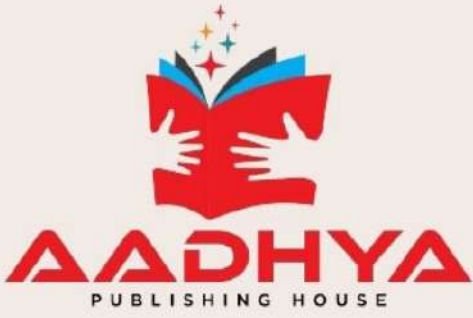
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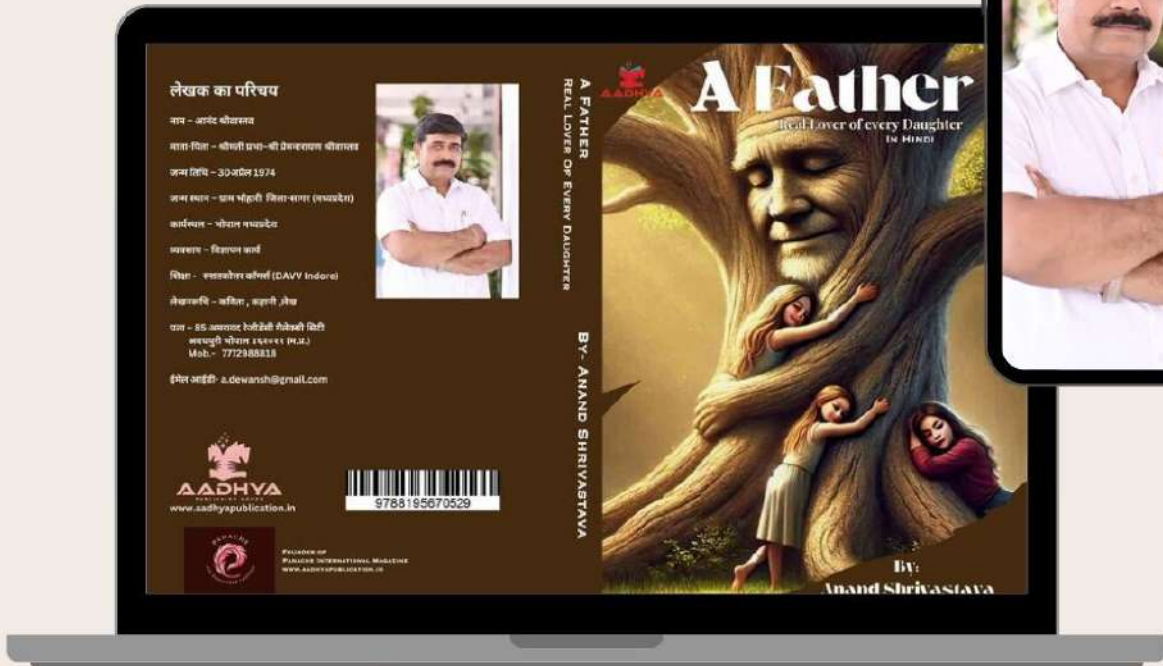


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