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PANACHE

March 2024

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Chief Editor:

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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

March 2024

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava
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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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Note :- We always demand the original write-ups from our writers. If any article, short story or poem is found to be a copy of any other article, short story or poem respectively, then the writer would only be responsible for it.

1. I remember

I remember the way you held me in your arms,
How you wanted me close,
How you wanted to hold me tight to let everything out
of you,
If only I could tell you I wanted the same...

I remember telling you the things I never told anyone,
How I let those pieces out of me, I never did before,
How I allowed you to see me, the real me finally,
The pain I hold, the secrets I hide...

How I let you see me cry for the first time in our lives,
If only I could tell it all...

I remember the way I had to bear my traumas alone,
I remember my past, the things that made me this,
How tight I had to hold my mouth under my blankets
Not to yell out loud,
How tight I had to clench my fists
To control my outbursts,
How hard I had to pinch myself,
To transfer my pain,
If only I could tell it all,

I remember the way I used to hate myself to remove the marks of me,
How I let everyone have everything meant to be mine,
Because I believed myself undeserving,
If only I could tell you that this is not all,
If I only I could tell you that there is so much more,
That I am tired of bleeding and scrapping my scars,
That I am tired of controlling my tears
Because crying changed nothing,
It would change nothing...



Ms. Aaliya Raza
Writer
Lahore
Pakistan

If only I could fucking tell it all.....

I remember the way you held me tight,
How it felt that I was finally at home,
That I finally can tell.
But then suddenly, something happened.
Something I am unable to name,
Something I fucking can't see for what it is,
Something my sixth sense is telling me, and I don't want to listen
But I told you, my sixth sense doesn't lie.
No, it doesn't lie.

If only I could tell it all, but I can't.
If only I could tell you why I didn't respond to your text,
I remember my hands shivering writing all this down,
How I fought my anxiety,
How I am losing words and hating you and hating myself right now.
If only I could tell what really did I really felt,
What I wanted you to see,
You always knew my silence is never a silence,
Why couldn't you just see it then?
Why couldn't you see what I feel?
Why couldn't you see that you fucking brought back all the trauma,
Why couldn't you realize that I am not okay?

If only I could tell it all like I always do, like we always do.

I remember the way I was not okay anymore,
I remember the way you did not feel at home anymore,
How I wanted to run even from you,
For the first time in my life, I wanted to run even from you,
If only I could tell it all...

If only I could take you back in my past with me,
If there was some power to make you feel what I feel,

If only I could show the afraid little girl I was at that moment,
The scared little girl from my childhood whom I hate with all I have

If only I could explain why I can't write anymore, even when I have thousands
of things to say,
Thousands of scars to peel,
Thousands of tears to shed,
Thousands scream to yell,
Thousands of demons to fight.

FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, IF ONLY I COULD TELL IT ALL....

By Aaliya Raza

2. In the middle of the night

In the middle of the night, the call struck, hitting me like the weight of my shadow. My heart trembled, darkness woven into my chest. Silence embraced my tongue, bidding tearful goodbye to the night. He spoke, "Your friend, Kabir, now dances the steps of his ancestors." The gravity of the message bulged within me, as if to say the world is preparing for you an apocalypse. The promise we made echoed—"We'll live together and reap the fruits of our labor." I tried to revoke it, like a poet scrambling to recapture forgotten lines, but it persisted. I cried, burying my face in my hands like dried mango leaves. I became a synonym for a waking corpse, losing what I hoped would last forever. I forgot that Allah says, "Kullu-nafsi zaa'ika tul maut—every soul shall taste death." I cried, which I promised Allah not to forget the Ayah. I yearned for sleep; he appeared half-broken in my dream, consoling me with assurance as he used to do, "You'll be fine without me." But I knew he lied; being fine meant navigating a labyrinth street like a new physics student wrestling with quantum mechanics.

Awakening to the sad breeze, I sensed his body departed, spirit waiting for farewells, as if to say freedom lies in the greeting. I stand straight in the dark room, having a conversation with my backbone. It urged, "Go and do it; freedom lies in the waving." And I did; all pains turned to grief, grief to silence, silence to lonesomeness. As I ventured out, I pleaded with our memories to forgive, not to haunt me. My shadow to remember our past, one day it will become valiant memories.



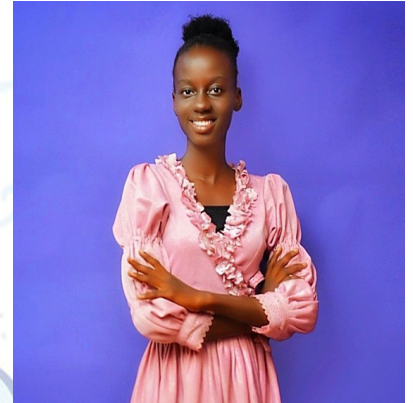
**Mr. Abdulqadir
Ibrahim Worubata
Student, poet
Kwara state,
Nigeria**

3. Embracing Personal Growth: The Journey to Becoming Someone Worth Celebrating

Reflecting on the achievements of great individuals whom I admire, I realized that their success stems from the immense effort they put into themselves. Inspired by their example, I too aspired to emulate their greatness, but I struggled to take action. After facing challenges, I discovered my true potential and took decisive action, overcoming obstacles to the glory of God.

I'd like to share the steps I took:

- **Setting Goals:** Identifying specific goals and working diligently to achieve them, celebrating milestones along the way.
- **Going Above and Beyond:** Striving to exceed expectations in various aspects of life, demonstrating dedication, initiative, and excellence.
- **Reliability and Dependability:** Cultivating a reputation for reliability by consistently delivering high-quality work and fulfilling commitments.
- **Showing Appreciation:** Recognizing and celebrating the accomplishments of others, fostering a supportive environment where mutual appreciation is valued.
- **Sharing Knowledge and Skills:** Offering expertise, mentorship, or assistance to contribute positively to the growth and success of others.
- **Embracing Challenges:** Viewing challenges as opportunities for growth and improvement, maintaining a positive attitude, and celebrating progress along the way.



**Ms. Adeniyi-Alewi
Iyanuoluwa Mary
student,
Creative writer,
Researcher and
consultant
Benin Republic**

- Self-Reflection and Improvement: Assessing strengths, weaknesses, and areas for growth regularly, committing to continuous learning and personal development.
- Integrity and Character: Upholding high ethical standards, honesty, and integrity in all interactions and endeavors.
- Teamwork: Collaborating effectively with others, communicating openly and respectfully, and contributing positively to collective goals.

By consistently putting in effort, demonstrating positive qualities, and contributing to the success and happiness of those around me, I aim to be someone worth celebrating and appreciating.

By Adeniyi-Alewi Iyanuoluwa Mary

4. Why, O Why!

Stuttering clouds in the skies like galloping stallions,
Half-covered sun rays danced with shadows in unison,
The sound of music floated through with the soothing
breeze,

Drum beats conjoined with rhythmic hearts with ease.
Pure and pristine young ones, not a soul peccable,
Hand in hand moved around, making the place so
lovable.

Peach-like cheeks and sparkling malachite eyes,
Delicate lips that sang with the band, oh so sublime.
When hearts were light and joy knew no bounds,
From nowhere appeared black devils like scores of
hounds.

The guns blared and knives slashed through flesh,
Wailings filled the air and the ground ~ oh, the blood so fresh.
Clothes were ripped, naked bodies like souvenirs did hang,
The devils, the merciless kept marauding in a gang.
From skies, they dropped like bloodthirsty vultures,
Crushing, stomping, destroying everything of the other's culture.
The music, the dancing all lost in the midst of the dead,
With those alive, mercenaries triumphantly fled.
Those scraped through the catastrophe in a pell-mell way,
Live with horrid dreams and scars for life to stay.
Families waiting for captured ones pray, in vain,
Oh Lord! Let peace prevail; in war, there never be a gain.
The lust for power, the unfulfilled greed,
Will gradually bring to the brink this humanity's creed.



Dr. Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

5. Cloud

Poor cloud,
The deserted lover of the sea!
You fly away, rumble,
Groan, curse him,
Make ugly faces—
Then lulled by the soft cool air,
Lose temperature and
Burst in tears,
And smile again
With a garland of colors,
And rush to meet the sea
Through forests, fields, and lanes.

Sweet cloud,
The nurse of the earth!
You moisten her parched lips
And heal the scars on her bare body
And cure her barrenness.
You are step-motherly quite often—
Not feeding the hungry,
Overfeeding the well-fed.
Are you the messenger of divine iniquity?

Blessed cloud,
The spirit of man!
You want to fly to God
Far from the rotten ecosystem,
But worldly preoccupations
Make your wings heavy.
You shout, cry, rumble,
Sometimes throw stones.
But lured by earthly temptations,
Are pulled down again.



**Dr. Bahvesh
Chandra Pandey
Associate Professor
Munger
Bihar**

Fair cloud,
The Angel of love!
You fill fire in the lovers' veins
By the memories of the beloved.
As a sentinel, you guard them in the dark,
Unapproached by the sun, the moon,
And the stars,
Shouting and throwing torchlight.
The peacock dances to hail you,
The flowers unbutton their bosoms
To embrace you.
The seeds break dormancy to
Set in a new life.

By Bahvesh Chandra Pandey

6. Nowruz is a beautiful spring festival



**Mr. Behruz
Saifulloev
Journalist
Tajikistan**

Navruz celebration is one of the well-loved and well-publicized traditions of Tajiks, whose origin, development, status, and place in the culture of the ancestors have a history of six thousand years. For several thousand years, the Aryan people have tried to welcome Navruz according to the traditions of their ancestors with their own ceremonies. Before celebrating Nowruz in the middle of the month of Hut, people used to perform ceremonies such as "Alovparak," "Last Wednesday," "Otashafruz," "Syrian Wednesday." It was believed that if everyone welcomes Navruz with joy and plenty of food and gathering together with his family, his life will be peaceful throughout the year, his home will remain prosperous, and good luck and abundance will bless his home throughout the year.

Nowruz is one of the oldest festivals of the Aryan people, which coincides with the beginning of the solar calendar, the beginning of the month of Hamal or March 21 of the AD calendar. The reason for naming the holiday "Nowruz" is as follows; when they found out that the sun has two cycles, the first one is that after every 365 days, it returns a quarter of the day with the first minutes of pregnancy. At the same time and day, this minute cannot come because every year it decreases by a period of time, and Jamshed found that day and it was named "Nowruz." The sun makes two rounds in 365 days, and when the two rounds are over, the year ends, and spring comes.

There is also a legend that when Alexander the Great, during the conquest of Sogd, saw the celebration of this glorious holiday in Istaravshan, he was surprised and ordered to celebrate Nowruz throughout the country. After this, the celebration of Nowruz spread throughout Asia. In the Soviet era, Navruz was not celebrated for various reasons. Only in 1978, by the decision of the Government of the SSR of Tajikistan, the celebration of Navruz became official as a tradition of ancestors, and thanks to the independence of Tajikistan, it is now celebrated with splendor.

On this holiday, great importance is attached to the decoration of the holiday house. Dishes whose names start with the letters "C" and "III", that is, Haftsin and Haftshin, are placed on the New Year's menu. In the Persian alphabet, the letters "Sin" and "Shin" are C and Sh, and the number 7 is considered sacred. During the Sasanian era, Tajiks traditionally made Navruz Khan with seven things, the first letter of which began with the sound of "Sh"-shin: candles, sweets, syrup, sugar, rice pudding, milk, or sugar, soy (with rose and mirror).

After the Arab conquest, "Haftshin" was changed to "Haftsin". That is, people used to decorate Novruz Khan with sumanak, apple, garlic, sanjad, sipand, sambusa, sumak. They also put other things on the festive table to welcome the holiday. On the eve of Navruz, women had a "house cleaning" ceremony; they removed broken dishes and bad things. Forgetting anger and resentment, they put on new clothes and wish for a better life.

Nowruz is a beautiful day when spring takes the place of winter, nature wakes up, becoming even more beautiful and charming. Hills and plains are covered with green and flowers. Spring rain brightens the plains and plains. A happy future makes everyone enthusiastic and eager about life. Before Nowruz comes, by finding the first spring flowers, spring flowers, and black ears, children bring the good news of Spring and Nowruz to the people. Also, Nowruz is a holiday of the farmer, the beginning of planting and work, and the national New Year of the people. Aryan, especially Tajiks!

We are proud that Nowruz of Tajiks has now become global.

By Behruz Saifulloev

7. THE GREEDY WIFE

Chapter 1

In the village of Umueje, there lived a rich farmer called Nzeka. He had four wives but no child. This had troubled him for a long period. One day, he called his wives and told them, "None of you have any child, and I have tried my best as a good husband. What else can I do?"

The first wife, Odinaka, said, "My husband, Omalichadim, this has been troubling me, and I don't know what to do. As you can see, I'm getting older." The second wife, Nkechi, then said, "Obim, I don't want you to think on this matter, please. Nzeka, my husband, I know what you are going through. Please mellow down your spirit before you die out of overthinking," said Aluka, the third wife. However, Nwaogbu, the fourth wife, was busy staring at the other wives and her husband. She didn't say anything but sighed and walked away in sadness. Nkechi, the second wife, said, "What's the problem with her? Haa! Chineke! Does it mean she can just walk out from us just like that?"

"Nkechi, my wife, don't think on that. Maybe that is the way she chooses to express her sadness over this situation of not getting a child," said Nzeka. "Well, honey, I want to go to the market now before it gets dawn. I will meet you in the evening again for our usual torri," said the first wife. She stood up, kissed Nzeka, and left. Nwaogbu looked out through the window to see if other women had gone out so that she could come and confront her husband for making her barren all through her life.

After some minutes passed, she came out with hot water in a bucket, running towards where Nzeka was to pour hot water on him. Unfortunately for Nwaogbu, her neighbor Grace saw her through her farm where she was weeding her maize and started shouting from there. "Nzeka! Run! Your wife is coming with hot water!" Nwaogbu, hearing this, ran fast so that she could get to where Nzeka was to pour him the hot water. Before she could reach there, Nzeka had disappeared from the place he was sitting with his wives. Nwaogbu said, "Chai! Anu alala! Well, anu laa taa, echi bu nta." She left and headed straight to Grace's farm. Grace, backing her, didn't notice that someone was coming. Nwaogbu used sand



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

and poured it over Grace's body, saying, "You are a witch; you bewitched me so that I will not have a child, and it will not work for you. You and that my stupid husband of a thing think you will kill me. In this compound, it won't work. I will kill both of you before you kill me. Anu ohia! Ediabali!"

Grace, still standing, looking at her, also kept mute. Nwaogbu finished insulting Grace and spat on her face, and this resulted in a fight. Nwaogbu carried Grace's hoe to hit her, but Grace went down low and carried her by the leg, resulting in Nwaogbu's back touching the ground. Grace sat upon her with a thunderous blow on her face, saying, "You are an idiot! You think that I, Grace, will sit down and watch you do your mind. It won't work for you. If I kill you today, your eyes will open! Foolish woman! Barren woman and you are not ashamed of yourself for being a barren woman; let me tell you 'I will send my two sons to beat the hell out of you for fighting your fellow woman idiot.' Nwaogbu still murmuring her insulting words to herself said, "Grace, I am coming back for you!"

That evening, Nwaogbu started planning on what she would do to Grace because Grace beat her very well, resulting in bruises over her body. Grace, telling her husband and children what Nwaogbu did to her in the farm. Chinedu, Grace's son, said, "Mama, if I set my eyes on this woman, Mama, did she wound you?" "No, my son, I was the one who gave her a thorough beating," replied Grace. Daniel, Grace's husband, said, "Sweetheart, let's leave that woman alone and face our problems and challenges. Nwaogbu will not be a barrier to us."

In Nzeka's house, Nzeka was in his room thinking about his life when Nwaogbu came in. She said, "Nzeka, the foolish man, what are you doing here alone? Wouldn't you come outside?" Nzeka did not answer her. She asked her the same question; this time around uses a slap and landed on his cheek. "Chineke! Nti echee mu ooo!" Nzeka exclaimed saying, "Nwaogbu, what have I done to deserve this kind of slap from you? Did I fight your own mom or dad?" He cast a spell on her at that moment saying, "If every one of your fellow women conceives by the grace of God, you shall not conceive." Nwaogbu, hearing this, she shouted, "Jesus Christ! Ehh! Oh! Has it come to this point of casting a spell on me? Ewo!!!" She started raining insults on him, saying, "You shall not reach the old age to die, you shall die prematurely, you shall not cultivate on that farmland again," and other insults followed. Nzeka kept quiet and looked at Ogbu, his wife, saying all these things to him. He stood up, gave her a sidelong look, and left the room.

After some time, Nkechi came back from the market. She immediately went

into the kitchen to cook. Unfortunately, Nwaogbu, the fourth wife, was in her room resting. Suddenly, she saw Nkechi heading to her room with a kitchen knife, coming to kill her. Nwaogbu stood up immediately and said, "Oh! You came just inside my room with this thing called a knife to kill me, abi!" Nkechi now said, "Who slapped my husband just a minute I left him for the market? Hahahahahahaha..... So you, husband, came to me to recall what I did to him for the so-called husband. 'Point of correction,'" Nkechi said, "It is not my husband but our husband.' So, it has come to the point of raising your dirty hands and landing on his cheek." When Nwaogbu heard this, she said, dragging out a wardrobe rod from the heap of clothes where she hid it and said, "Try anything nonsense and have your head off your shoulder!" Nkechi stood for a while and said, "We will see who will bear the first child for our husband." She eyed her and left Nwaogbu's room. Nwaogbu started shouting, "Thunder fire you and your baby boy there!" She landed on her bed with the back of her body and started panting heavily.

Chapter 2

Nzeka, being tired of what is going on in his family, began to feel more troubled. He walked along the road, contemplating on how to remove the shame covering his face. He didn't even realize when he started saying, "My father is a drunk! Eh! He married 25 wives, yet he survived. Is it only these 4 wives that will kill me in this family?"

He walked a little, stopped, laughed at himself, and murmured some words towards himself. Some street boys who were passing saw him and began to talk to themselves.

One said, "Nna, na Nzeka be this oh! Wetin he come this place to do na?" Facing his friend and touching him. The friend replied, "Leave me o, I no know am, and so wetin be my business? Wetin concern me with this man na? I don commot here, this don too embarrassing oh!" He leaves quickly. "Hee! Kelechi, where you dey go? I dey go meet my friend na, na wetin, any p?" At the process, Nzeka's third wife was returning from Women Affairs Meeting (WAM) and saw Nzeka sitting down by the roadside facing his face down. "Di m oma," she called, raising his face, "What are you doing here?" She asked her husband. "I'm just returning from a meeting now, and I'm heading home. Let's go," she said to Nzeka.

"No! I'd rather stay here than go back to that house. Are you still thinking about

our barrenness?" Asked his wife. "Hmmm! All will be well, so let's go. If I go now, I will still meet that witch called Nwaogbu. Nwaogbu is a witch indeed, and I'm no more comfortable with her at all. But dim, remember, your farm is growing weeds and thorns and needs to be taken care of." "I'm not talking about the farm now but how to have a child," replied Nzeka. "My husband, let's go; it's getting dawn, as you can see. Please! Please!! Honey! Let's go," Nzeka stood up, and she crossed her arms around his waist as they walked towards home.

On getting to the house, there was a fire in the house. Nwaogbu and the remaining two wives were fighting each other. Two wives were trying to defend Nzeka, their husband, while Nwaogbu was busy insulting the two wives, calling them fools. Immediately Nwaogbu saw Nzeka and Aluka, she quickly ran to him, calling him "woman wrapper." Aluka slapped her at that point, and the second round of the fight began.

All neighbors ran out to separate them, but they refused to be separated. Nwaogbu lifted one of her neighbors up and landed her on a clay pot that was behind the building where Nzeka lives. Nzeka did not say a word; he quickly went inside his room, while his wife beat Nwaogbu up mercilessly, including the neighbors who joined in the beating, which resulted in her running away from the house. There was noise everywhere, all around the corner wall where Nzeka lives.

At 9:00 pm in the night, Nwaogbu came into the house with two thugs to beat Nzeka and the remaining three wives to death. As Nwaogbu and her thugs were fast approaching, Jack the dog started barking heavily and woke everybody. Aluka peeped through the window; she exclaimed and shouted out, "Nwaogbu is coming with ndi akpu obi ooo!" Please find a way of running this night, she told Nzeka.

After some time, the thugs came inside Nzeka's room and said in a deep tone, "Are you the idiot?" Nzeka kept quiet and frightened, "Talk to us, you fool!" said the second thug! Nkechi and the other two wives quietly asked themselves, "What is Nwaogbu trying to do? She knows that we are barren for about 12 years now," said Aluka. "Does she mean that it is Nzeka's fault of being barren?" asked Nkechi. The other stared at them and said, "Let us beg those thugs, for they will not kill our husband, please. The first thug gave Nzeka a mighty slap, which made him fall. All women, except Nwaogbu, began to shout, "You will kill him ooo! Please, forgive him."

Nwaogbu, saying to the thugs, "Let's go," turning to Nzeka, "This shall be a lesson to you. Idiot! Good for nothing man. Look at you, but you called yourself a young man but now you are a monkey. Next time I will come back with these mighty men; you will know what I will do. I will order them to finish you up." Ogbu and the thugs left. The other three wives rushed to where Nzeka was lying helplessly and managed to carry him to the hospital.

By Chinwendu Chinonyerem Emmanuel



8. Devotional Philosophy of Shankar Dev



**Dr. Chitranjan
Dayal Singh
Kaushal
Director of Sanskrit
cell, Haryana
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India is the land of Vedas and Upanishads. Every religious tenet in India has its philosophy deep-rooted with spiritual and devotional wisdom. Newton, Darwin and Einstein support the modern theories of science. From the point of view of modern science, matter is the only fundamental reality of the whole cosmos. There is a fundamental difference between the scientists and philosophers of ancient India. The Vedic seers conceptualized that self-consciousness provides an active existence. Prakriti is unconsciousness. Purusha is consciousness and different from Prakriti. To be more human and compassionate we have to understand our own philosophy of devotion and follow the path of eternal peace and prosperity. Yoga and spirituality provided proper guidance to all for enjoying meaning full life. In this article, the devotional philosophy of Shankar Dev is elaborated in the context of the Indian Vedantic approach.

Shankar Dev of the valley of Brahmputra has also his special contribution in the field of devotional philosophy and spiritual wisdom. The more we go deep into his writings, the more explicit we get his philosophy of life. For understanding the implications of his devotional philosophy we are to go into the original thinking of Bharat.

There are famous five acharyas named Adi Shankaracharya, Ramanujacharya, Nimbarkacharya, Madhavacharya and Vallabhacharya which are known throughout the world for their individual interpretations. Monism lies at the root of Vedic thought. The Brahmasutra of Ved Vyas is the first treatise on the Vedanta. It gave rise to different schools of thought like Dvaita, Advaita, Vishishtadvaita, Shuddhadvaita etc.

The Vedantic system is different from that of the Sankhya of Kapil and the Yoga of Patanjali. The Sankhya is a philosophy of dualistic realism. It holds that Purusha a conscious principle creates the world without undergoing changes but witnessing the changes. Prakriti is the ultimate cause of the world which is an unconscious principle changing with the three Gunas of pleasure, pain and

indifference. These three are called Sattva, Rajas and Tamas.

Shankar Dev though having his leanings towards Shridhar Svami gives his own interpretations of the creation of the world centring round Purusha and Prakriti. An element of Yoga philosophy is also found in his works. Shankar Dev and his disciple believed that the Lord Madhav controls both Purusha and Prakriti. Hari is the soul of all.

Shankar Dev believed that Purush is formless. He is the controller of all individual souls. He is worshipped as Lord Krishna by Shankar Dev. According to Shridhara, Purusha is of two kinds. One is having birth and rebirth and the other is creating the world along with Prakriti. He described Prakriti and Purusha as power and part of Ishwar respectively. Shankar Dev called Purush a part of God and as Maya a part of Purush.

In Bhartiya Vedantic philosophy, all is God and the soul is also God. There is no multiplicity here:

Sarvam khalu idam Brahma.

Ayam atma Brahma.

Neha nana asti kinchana.

This soul is the only reality. It is infinite consciousness and absolute bliss. The world is an appearance. According to Adi Shankaracharya, the God is called Saguna when attributes are given but in reality, He is Nirguna. This illusion can be removed only through knowledge. The individual soul is not different from the absolute.

According to Ramanujacharya, God is the only reality. Both material objects and consciousness exist in Him. He created the world of material objects out of objects in Him. The conscious souls are eternal and have their material bodies according to their Karma. God is pleased through devotion which releases the Bhakta from bondage. The liberated soul becomes similar to God but not identical with him. The created world is as real as God. It is not unqualified monism but monism of the one qualified by the present of the many parts. It is called Vishishtadvaita.

According to Madhavacharya, the self and the God are two different identities. This is called dualism. The theory of creation is described as Vivartta and Parinama. Shankar Dev follows Parinamavada. The unconscious element in God really changes into the world. Shankar Dev states in his kirtana as follows:
Tumise kevala sancha save mayamaya,

Tamatese hante sristi have sthiti laye.

Jagata karana niranjana satyavadi,

Yara maya pase ito samsara nirmana.

These lines echo the teachings of the Vedanta. The kirtan states that the endless universe manifests in the eternal truth Brahman. He, the knower of the heart of the all, manifests even in the universe. The individual souls though created by God have been placed under the illusion of unreality. This is the beginning of the Bhakti, the search for the ultimate truth. The individual soul can Shake of Maya only through devotion to Hari. Hari is to be realised through Bhakti only. This is the essence of the teachings of Shankar Dev. The cult of Lord Krishna is made supreme over all. Shankar Dev salutes the formless Nirguna Brahma as Narayana. The highest Bhakta sees all creatures in God and God in all creatures. He serves all selflessly.

The glory and devotion to Hari is the essence of this devotional philosophy of Shankar Dev. Shankar Dev had been a successful social reformer. Humanity and simplicity are two major qualities of Bhaktas of Hari. He influenced particularly people of Assam and earned great respect all over India.

By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal

9. The Cute Season - Spring

Flowers in colors,
La-la-lalala,
Bright hues they bring,
La-la-lalala.
Plants poking up,
La-la-lalala,
Nature's own spring,
La-la-lalala.

Leaves unfolding,
La-la-lalala,
Green carpets rolling,
La-la-lalala.
Butterflies soaring,
La-la-lalala,
Their beauty exploring,
La-la-lalala.

Now it's springtime,
La-la-lalala,
Laughter is our prime,
La-la-lalala.
Time to play and rejoice,
La-la-lalala,
Our moments, our choice,
La-la-lalala.



Ms. Christy Sam
Student
Baselios Marthoma
Mathews-II Central
School, Sooranad
Kollam
Kerala

10. A silent song



When I think along the wonders of wonders,
Is the shooting star really a star, or is it a blunder?
The sky always sounds blue, seems to have no answer,
No need should I ask, 'cause no one understands,
Should I still wonder, the sound of a silent song?

Maybe tomorrow is yet unborn, nothing known of its
past,
Even though I wipe it dry, still, I won't really heal,
Time is a true healer, when should I serve that?
I find the spot of a lone wolf; myself, I don't know,
Should I wonder, the sound of a silent song?

Loneliness calls for more; in it might lie greatness,
Everyone tells his half, yet one must just persevere,
Maybe more you stay for, dear belongs alone,
Pain lies in the one pie; I still don't wish to buy,
Should I wonder, the sound of a silent song?

Ears might I hide, but tears shall run side,
Ever should I keep, saying the same stay,
Tight, tide, type, nothing ever makes a difference,
One more time and I'll wish ever never to try,
Should I wonder, the sound of a silent song?

I sing my song in silence; my lens still may see,
Maybe one day may it fill; again, my candle will be lit,
Time takes its course, and destiny takes its role,
I'll always wait for that day, my song that never wandered,
I will always wonder, the sound of a silent song.

**Mr. Dennis Kiptoo
Rono
Eldoret,
Uasin Gishu
Kenya**

11. HOLI

When identity is lost,
Faces become like ghosts,
Feeling colorful weather.
Though dresses unfair,
Yet, all around cheers and pleasure.
Definitely, the Festival of Colors 'Holi' is there.

Mother makes sweet Gujiya,
Chips, snacks, and Bhujiya.
Red, blue, yellow, and green,
Colors are making a peculiar scene.
Play gun showering indelible colors.
Definitely, the festival of color 'Holi' is there.

No discrimination of class and creed.
We are immersed in the colors indeed.
'Holi' is an Indian rituals celebration.
Love, harmony, solidarity in our tradition.
When funny people are dancing fun in pairs.
Definitely, the festival of Color 'Holi' is there.

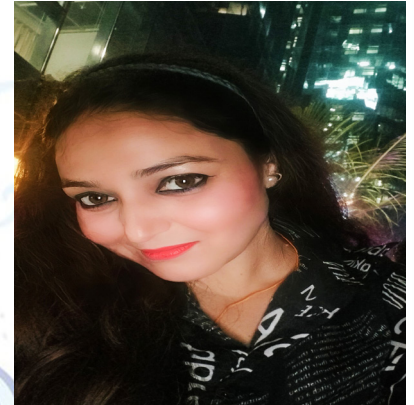
Youth are Playing dhole and gongs,
People are singing thrilling songs .
Girls are throwing colours in the air.
Bonfire burned away evil everywhere
Don't mind, it is 'Holi' flair.
Definitely, the festival of colour 'Holi' is there.



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

12. If truth be told

As I understand, this cosmos exists to shape the gears that define our existence, but at times, our vocation subdues even the arrangement of this ether. As humans, we are destitute, unable to escape from all such lengths. We believe that we can cope with the glitches we face, but glitches persist, standing next to us with no hope of a sequel. However, vocation plays an imperative part in everybody's life, irrespective of when and how it is contingent.



Ms. Donika Sharma
HR
Noida
Uttar Pradesh

I have experienced many deplorable and aching moments in my life, concluding that pain ensues when we lose something prized. Life is too short to harbor resentment, but it is lengthy enough for such negative emotions. We should always keep in mind that painful moments never knock on our door; rather, they themselves unlatch it and enter our premises, eventually becoming part of our family. On the other hand, moments of delight rest just before the entrance of the dynasty. This encapsulates the essence of vocation.

Yes, miserable moments have the potential to be big demolishers of this gorgeous space and wield more power than moments of delight. Nevertheless, we always wait for the delight-filled moments to gain some optimistic sensation and authority to cope with the strength and abundance of mourning moments. That is why the optimistic facet is always a victor.

13. The Gratitude

The Gratitude is a thankful appreciation.

The Gratitude helps people feel peaceful emotions.

The Gratitude is an attitude of admiration.

The Gratitude helps to increase greater willpower.

The Gratitude also wets us with a happy shower.

The attitude of gratitude aligns with cosmic force.

The Gratitude always provides us a positive source.

The Gratitude is a generous expression.

The Gratitude is a humble indication.

The feeling of being grateful is gratitude.

Focusing on what is good in our lives, being thankful is gratitude.



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

14. Way to Succeed

To reach the acme, one has to pass through constricted and serpentine lanes and bylanes of conflicts, grooming, and diligence. The corridors of envy, competition, and strife can't be overlooked; howsoever the intrinsic merit reigns supreme.

Again, anger and laziness are like wands of enemies, weakening and depleting. Controlling emotions may be an ordeal for many. One must objectively analyze the mind to avoid this aggression.

Therefore, when there is rain, look for rainbows; when it's dark, look for light. When in distress, hold the power of divinity in hand. Hence, what guides my life can be a tower-topped beacon light, a blazingly vibrant sun, a luminous full moon, dense deep shady foliage, blossoms in nascence, sonorous singing of blue-beaked birds, manifestations of the Lord.



**Dr. Jailaxmi R
Vinayak**
**Poet, writer, singer
and research guide
for Ph.D students**
**Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh**

15. I had observed every single movement of our society



Dr. Jose Luis Lopez
Puerto Rico

I had observed every single movement of our society nationwide, and I have come to an unfortunate conclusion. This new assignment on manhood is immensely useless. We may witness the improper conduct of all the men around this entire globe. They don't have a good idea of truthfully loving creatures.

This is awkward, unfinished, unfit, and certainly, the nastiness that these unnatural citizens are using the nature and society to promote a debacle of mistreatment and violence all around is tremendously intolerable.

They might have been protective, exceptional guardians, and empowered gentlemen in every opportunity for pride and productivity. However, the choice given is to provoke a revolution with a positive outcome, and sadly, it is not the optimal leadership showing.

Unresponsive, disrespectful, and rebellion against humanity, along with unspeakable acts in an unthinkable way, exist. Blaming heinous attitudes against citizenship and unbearable occurrences for anyone else.

Manhood shall be primarily distinguished for the maximum quality of a higher level of humility and humanism. Not the sample we are living in nowadays.

16. Man of the Millennium - “ MODI ”



Mr. Kailash Rana
Ph. D Scholar
Hazaribagh
Jharkhand

God has sent a Guard
To set up an idol of lord,
At the time of turmoil and fold
To assemble peace in the world.

Dear reader, we interact with a large number of people around us throughout our life. Those personalities influence us and fill a kind of energy in us because of their personality. It is hardly felt and realized at the moment by the people, but the one who is in the hot seat, being talked about by many individuals, is the perfect example of influencing the surroundings and lives. It is not easy to be the center of conversation or to dwell in the minds of the maximum people. Think about the one who has the power to change the world, influence the world; it really becomes difficult to gain respect in our own society, as many times it is just like "A PROPHET IS NOT HONORED IN HIS/HER OWN COUNTRY."

Some bodies are god-gifted; they have an indomitable energy of transformation. They are full of confidence in all situations. They have an amazing capacity to produce a number of examples and lay the way for betterment. A perfect example is my Prime Minister Modi. Honorable Modi has a divine power, and we feel it; many times it has been proved too. He has a vision, he fills energy in all his member communities and groups like students, laborers, farmers, industrialists, teachers. In fact, he has hardly left any sector of his country without going to see the real situation. Though I think he already knows everything, and whenever he goes to any of his country family, he presents wonderful examples of perfect

humanity. He makes people feel like his own family; wherever he goes, he fills energy with his divine impression. He has kept the need of the real world in his mind; he is trying his best to make his nation and this world happy in all aspects. He has tried his best; G20 is a living example of it. He is a world-class figure; he wants welfare for all humanity in this world. We can see how kind he has always been to the nations for the sake of humanity only; we saw he sent everything for Afghanistan when they needed. Similarly, he has always stood with other nations whenever they needed. At the time of the Ukraine war, the president of the nation was expecting help from our PM, it means he has not left even a single opportunity to be a world ideal. He was supposed to have weight to hold the issue under him. But time knows he will always be the king of the world till he is on the earth. I am not saying this in light words; it is so because the world confides in him. All the sectors are progressing leaps and bounds under his leadership or command. His leg would reach only on land where God allows. He is working under the instruction of God; he has a connection with him. He will hold the world at the time when all the other powerful nations run a war and go out of control; this man has come to change the world. This is the man who could see the moon making a record, and it can only be possible by one who has really a traveling vision throughout the universe. He has come at the time when this world has started wars, and every age has incarnated an angel to hold the issue. This time our honorable Modi has incarnated; time will prove.

Modi Ji has been made up of different qualities by the creator; he has filled confidence, love, kindness, patience, and vision in him. His (Modi Ji) visions hardly go wrong; he has been accepted as an international leader. He has thought not only about the king he is but for universal humanity. A good leader or king thinks like this; he/she is never limited. He is so ambitious, hardworking, welfare of the world always goes into his mind. He is a worshiper of justice. India progressed leaps and bounds under his ministry; he works hard so the Indians feel relaxed. He has been a dominating figure in the hearts of young to old citizens of the world. Many times it has been seen that foreigners too touch his feet to show that he is the king of a good civilization, and they too follow the same culture to impress him. I don't mean foreigners are filial but something else; I mean to focus that due to him, our Indian culture has been imbibed by them; this matters a lot. Some recent universal policies would really prove

fruitful if his mission and idea are followed. He is having a problem with the dirty minds of the society or nation. A large number of people seem to be against him, but not a single obstacle could be created by them to achieve his goal. All felt light and weaker in front of his indomitable decision. He is a worshiper of quality and truth, and the qualified are awarded by him for their work. He has started making world-class records; there are so many, how much should I make you count, these are uncountable. He is following a multipurpose policy; some impossible deeds could be done just because of his best command, some rooted problems could be solved, and when the system saw this, they got the courage to work without any injustice. The one who did corruption started changing their occupation and involved them in some fair means. All occupations felt proud due to his best performance and regard, whether it were a trivial worker or a great contributor, all got respect, whether it were a devotee or the god (Bhakt or Bhagwan).

Now, next, I don't know how far the people would agree with me, but the fact is that he would remain the king of the earth till he lives here. This seems quite sure that due to his unforgettable deeds, all future leaders would surely demand valuable suggestions from him, and with these suggestions, the world would run. It means he is the king until he is alive, being the king of the era for more than 35 years as a chief minister and prime minister both; he has understood the vitality of truth and the tendency of people. Hence he is making his people world-class; he has accepted this responsibility. We need only to trust him; he would never push the world into a pit. His policies say we have found him luckily as our own family member; we need to support him. In fact, all good doers and the ones who think about the betterment of this world like to learn something from him. All great minds have a desire to see him, even me, so that I can get some living record or inspiration from him so that I too can do a little bit like him. He is a success in all his races; this seems God gives him power; he has a connection with God, and the one who has a connection with God is connected with him and wants to see him. His meeting is so somber with all the lives. He is ruling not on the people but the numbers of great hearts. Once I have heard men talking; God has given them money at the time when they got three or perhaps four installments together because they have registered themselves in his one of the schemes KISAN SAMMAN NIDHI under which farmers are getting two

thousand rupees per installment. They used it happily for their livelihood; in fact, the amount is used for their various needs. They wish him to be their king for a long. He resides in the hearts of the people like this. At last, I would like to say he is in the heart of the world citizens.

By Kailash Rana



17. GOODBYE, MY FRIEND

It's okay; ways have parted,
But to whom shall I reject this?
I've known you since childhood—well-behaved,
And till today, of your last oxygen kiss,
I'm yearning for your return.
It's only tears after tears—where have you left to?
Shall I continue like this,
Or trust God almighty that I may see you again?

Goodbye, my friend,
It's not the end...



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

18. GRANDMOTHERS

Grandmothers come from a beautiful galaxy far, far away,
where fairies play happily together,
granting wishes to children with their magical wands,
which light up as soon as they step into their land of
colorful dreams.

They smell so good, like candy floss and chocolate,
like apple pie and hot cocoa on a cold winter's night.
Their presence is gentle, soothing, and calming,
Their aura is powerful yet ever so whimsical!

Their laps are the softest, most comfortable place in the
whole world.

They tell stories, and when they do, the characters come
alive, jump out of the book, and settle on your pillow and bed.

When they hug you, it is the safest, warmest place you will ever be in that moment.
When they gently rock you on their laps,
singing the sweetest lullabies,
it is as if an entire orchestra is happily playing along to their favorite tune.

They offer you love, understanding, and protection and serve you up a large helping
of unforgettable wisdom for now and for always!

Grandmothers are sent from the heavenlies on a mission,
to take us to a secret rendezvous
under the sparkling stars which wink.

Where the elves strum on stringed instruments, and fairies flap their wings, and
dance on dotted mushrooms.

Pixies with red hats and pointy shoes join in the fun,
Under the light of the smiling moon!

(This poem is dedicated to all the precious grandmothers and their grandchildren,
whose innocence makes poems and storytelling fun and pleasurable!)



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

19. The Blank Page

There is a man already in her life, most probably,
Yet, you let her ransack your heart,
As if there lies the only treasure that eludes her,
She doesn't know the madness she has planted in you,
The bush rising and spreading like a mass
Of green life, turgid with tender freshness.

Only the sight of her and a few words,
Your world turns into a blank page,
Upon which your heart must pour all the poetry
That brings your male pride to its knees,
Begging for inclusion within Lady Sweetness' locus,
She is the work of Mother Nature's generosity,
The envy of the rest of Mother Nature's handiwork,
Her memory may have blotted you out of its deepest avenues.

She turns your heart into a chessboard,
Touching the pieces black and white,
Touching longer the sensitive pieces,
Which recover not before the next feel
Of the tenderness within the grip of thumb and finger,
You have given her way, but is she on her way?
All you have is her number and the memory of her.

Your heart is her playground, treading the spot
That no female foot has trodden,
Not even your fiancée's sole has left a mark there,
Yes, there is a woman in your life,
And this accidental encounter raises a bush in your life?
Weighing with fruits that burst with life,
Yet whose ripeness you may see at a great cost.

The morning after echoes of her voice



**Mr. Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

Bounce off the walls, the floor, and the ceiling
Of the room that now shuts morning sounds out,
Your hand reaches for the phone that itches for your touch,
The number dances with the tap of your thumb,
A prompt hello from the other end –
A trembling statement of identity into the mouthpiece –
And the sweetness of voice spits the bitterness of reality.

“Never heard such a name before – sorry.”
The line is dead before another word escapes your lips.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa

20. Tahajjud

Written by: Psychowriter

It's a story of a boy who, in the silence of the night, echoes his Tahajjud with a heartfelt plea, seeking the return of a lost love. His whispered prayers create a bridge between earthly desires and divine connection, as he finds solace in the arms of Allah. His love story unfolds, with the unshakeable bond he shares with the divine.

Once upon a time, in a small city of love and whispers of forgotten stories of university, lived a young man named Anonymous. He was a soul woven with the threads of love, a love so profound that it seemed to transcend the boundaries of time and space. Once, he loved a girl with such intensity that knew no boundaries. His love was a melody, a song that echoed in the chambers of his heart.

As fate would have it, the symphony of their love began to fade, leaving that guy with echoes of a melody he wished he could forget. She left, taking with her the light that once brightened his world, and he, consumed by the shadows of despair, found solace in the forgotten corners of the town where beggars sought refuge. In search of peace, a guy who begged the beggars, each time with one humble request, "Pray for me, pray for me so that I get her, pray for me because I want to live with her, I want no one else but her, pray for me, pray for..." as his eyes reflected the ache within his soul. He visited Sufi tombs, seeking solace in the whispered prayers of those who had devoted their lives to God. He believed that through their intercession, he could win back the love he had already lost.

Night after night, in the quiet darkness, he found himself fighting with the memories of a love that slipped through his fingers like sand. The pain was so intense as if he had committed a sin against his own heart and against Allah. He had forgotten the Almighty by falling in love with her. The room, lit by the gentle glow of the moon, became confessional. He poured out his heart to God by starting the prayer of "TAHAJJUD," for sharing the depths of his sorrow and the regrets that burdened his soul, and that was the only thing left in this worldly people.



Mr. Own Abbas
Writer
Jhang
Pakistan

In the silence of those late hours, he realized that the hurt from a past love and the prayers he hadn't said were intertwined, creating a tapestry of longing and remorse. Something miraculous happened as he spoke to God. It was as if a loving presence enveloped him, understanding his pain, and embracing his broken spirit. His family, unaware of the sacred conversations taking place in the stillness of the night, sensed a transformation in him.

The moon became his silent witness, witnessing the tears that were on his cheeks as he sought refuge in the embrace of prayer. His hands reached out to the heavens, not in desperation but in a humble request for healing and understanding. In those sacred moments of midnight prayers, just like, he felt a gentle presence where he was never truly alone and something divine with him. The prayers became a conversation, a bridge between the earthly realm and the ethereal. Through the language of Tahajjud's prayer, he discovered a love and solace that surpassed the temporary nature of human emotions. It was as if his heart, once burdened by the weight of lost love, found wings in the serenity of the night while offering prayer.

His love for that one girl became a gentle breeze that guided him forward rather than holding him back. In the stillness of Tahajjud prayers of midnight sometimes, he discovered the peace he sought, not by forgetting but by embracing the beauty of what once he had in the form of her love. In the quiet hours, he learned that love, even when it departs, leaves behind a trail of lessons and growth. And as he continued offering prayers at midnight, his heart whispered gratitude for the love that had woven its threads through the superstructure of his being. The boy who once sought peace from the memory of lost love found it in the divine embrace of Tahajjud prayer.

The time of Tahajjud had become a turning point in his life. He realized that nothing in this world is permanent but Allah. He had learned that true peace comes from surrendering to the Almighty while praying "Tahajjud" and seeking forgiveness for the moments when love had led him away, and he forgot how to come back to his final destiny (To Allah) and knowing that the only love is that is permanent is of Allah, and not these worldly people "who only come just to leave one day."

From that night, he started praying Tahajjud; he turned his life towards Allah. The echoes of her memory slowly faded, replaced by the soothing whispers of prayers that mended his wounded heart. And so, the boy who once begged beggars for prayers of love found peace in the arms of a merciful God while awaking at midnight, praying

Tahajjud. In the silent conversations with the Divine, he learned that the room lit by the moon held the key to healing, forgiveness, and a love that would remain beyond the confines of time.

“The love that once held Psychowriter captive changed into a source of strength. The pain did not only go, but it transformed into a bittersweet reminder of a love that had shaped him according to God.”

Dedicated to Chimaera"

By Own Abbas



21 The Gamblers' Table

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

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

*Each cast...x-rays shrewd,
If the numbers pop up, we discern,
Of the take ...token glitch,
Of how darts the dice can fly like kite,



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

All within the hollows of the cushioned
stirs,
I throw mine twosome...flips up
numbers,
They...them pronounced their fingers,
Oh...indolent souls...lazy buddies,
What a catharsis of flukes!

*1 for early wealth,
2 For fast turnaround,
3 For hope for the best,
4 It is well even in the well,
One throw...eyes gaze intently,
Agape ...wide open howlers,
Of how 1 & 2 set against Us,
Of how concurrently numbers,

Blinded against colourful binary,
Yet sweating hot breezes,
In the spineless task.
Crushed in the core dark,
Of what we set to know,
Of what we are up in numbers.

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

By Phillips Tayo Damilola

22. A man of word

When I consider about this world,
Fellows in bulk are false and curled.
A man of word is scarcely seen,
The rest are found false, fickle, and mean.

Fraud, corruption, envy, and deception,
These are demerits to garnish reception.
The more one boasts, the more fame he gains,
Amid yes-men, one enlarges his name.

Hypocrites are those with standards double,
Deceit grows, promises are like bubbles.
Greedy by nature, cunningly they flee in need,
False commitments, they opt to mislead.

Avoid the company of such fake guys,
Abide in harmony, away from the lies.
That bond is fragile and spurious,
Being in such a relation is much injurious.

Glorify the match with lofty men,
Horrify the batch of the crafty and vain.
Befitting love, regard, and rapture
Wait for you, communize and capture.



**Mr. Pushendra
Pratap Singh
Poet, English
Teacher
Kannauj
Uttar Pradesh**

23. MY PARENTS

Almighty is invisible yet omnipotent,
Visible gods are my parents.
Forever before thee, I keep my head bent,
To show respect that I meant.

The heaven exists in their feet,
And they are the real god, in God's seat.
They work to offer us, with every measure,
The treasure of pleasure.

With your hand touch their feet,
And the love, blessing you get.
Worship them with your deep heart's core,
The more love you show, the more they'll pour.

The sins that they bear are reduced,
Their rose-like hearts gently produced.
The mother blesses her son to sleep,
On the bed of flower of roses so deep.

And she herself sleeps on the bed of thorns,
Yet the golden spoon in her mouth, she had born.
Always the mother blesses her son,
Wherever he is, let him be happy, be the one.

This sort of my mother is,
For us, she prays to God, bent on her knees.
Father shed his sweat to bring us up,
Dreamt to see us on top.

Parents are parents, great in sacrifice,
Don't ever wish to see tears in our eyes.



Mr. S. Arunkumar
Writer
Chennai
Tamil Nadu

24. It's too late



It's too late; the night has worn the curtain of darkness, Pree.

"Oh! You are right, Sangeet, but I've to go back home. What's wrong here to stay, yaar!"

"You can't understand my situation. You know how I came here. My father gets angry with me if a little late. I did here."

"Good night! and thanks, it's a night party."

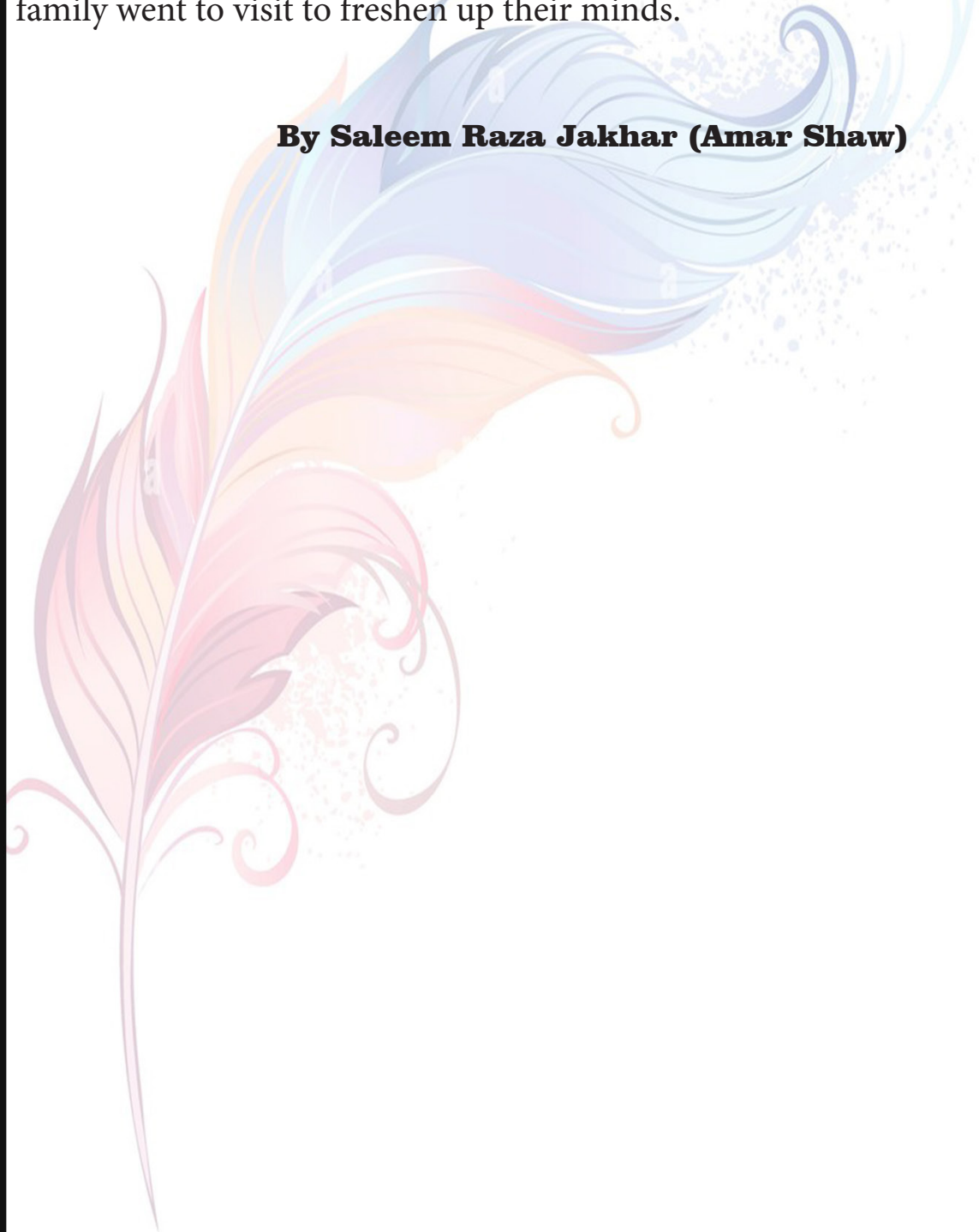
"You are welcome, sweet friend."

After saying good night to Sangeet, Pree went home in her sexy new red car. On the way, she was listening to songs. All of a sudden, in the jungle side, betwixt the forest, on this dark night, she stopped. The car got too hot and steaming. Pree couldn't check the water of her sexy car, and she was on the way, in the middle of the forest. She was alone and paralyzed with fear. The ghostly frightened sounds of night birds made her panic. She became nervous about what to do. She made a phone call to her friend Sangeet, but there was a lot of violence in the party, and he wouldn't be able to attend her calls. She tried her number several times, but there was no response.

On the other hand, Pree's father returned home after a hard day's work. Pree's mother knew everything but was frightened to tell anything to Pree's father. After having dinner, the father called Pree, "Pree, come out, make a cup of tea, 'beta,' I'm too tired." After a little while, he called again. Several times he called her, but there was no answer. When the father went to Pree's room, she wasn't there, and in the kitchen, there was also no one seen. The father, with a little fear, asked his wife, "Haree, where is Pree?" He saw Haree weeping, her eyes were as red as fire. "What happened, Haree? Where is Pree?" Mother told him the whole story. Then, both went to Pree.

In the middle of the forest, they stopped and saw Pree had lost her consciousness. Both managed to take her home. All night, her mother and father were weeping for her, and in this way, they fell asleep. On the next morning, when Pree woke up and found her mother and father in her room, she yelled at the top of her voice when she came to her senses. Her parents got up and saw Pree, hugged her tightly, consoled her, and gave her so many caresses and love. In the end, the family went to visit to freshen up their minds.

By Saleem Raza Jakhar (Amar Shaw)



25. Cosmic Symphony

In the velvet expanse where stars align,
A cosmic ballet, a grand design.
Galaxies waltz in celestial trance,
A universal masterpiece, a cosmic chance.

Nebulas swirl in hues unknown,
A painter's palette in the great unknown.
Planets dance in orbits precise,
A cosmic ballet, a dazzling device.

Black holes whisper secrets untold,
Mysteries hidden, yet to unfold.
Quasars sing in a luminous song,
A celestial opera that's boundless and strong.

Dark matter weaves its unseen thread,
A cosmic tapestry where mysteries spread.
Gravity's embrace, a universal force,
Binding galaxies on a cosmic course.

In the vastness of space, a cosmic sea,
Where galaxies drift in tranquility.
The universe, an endless rhyme,
A poetic dance through space and time.



Mr. Shanzay Nawaz
Sargodha
Pakistan

26. Your Smile

In a world of shadows, dreary and grey,
A beacon of light, you brighten my day.
With a smile so warm, it melts the frost,
Your gracious charm, forever embossed.

Your smile, a canvas where happiness lies,
Painted with colors that mesmerize.
Beautiful teeth, like pearls gleam,
Reflecting joy, a wondrous dream.

With every grin, my heart's amused,
In your presence, my soul is infused.
A symphony of laughter and glee,
An orchestra of bliss, just you and me.

Happy moments, we dance and twirl,
In this enchanting, joyful swirl.
Delighted in love's sweet embrace,
Time stands still in this sacred place.

Oh, your smile, a gift from above,
A key to unlocking a world of love.
With each passing day, it grows and grows,
A beacon of hope, a blooming rose.

So, let us cherish this treasure we've found,
A radiant smile that knows no bounds.
In your happiness, my heart's complete,
Forever with you, my soul's replete.



**Mr. Shashi Dhar
Kumar
IT Consultant &
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Gautam Buddha
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27. Seasons of Life



**Mr. Tha Ono
Teacher
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The seasons of life are a complex and ever-changing beast. As with the weather, they can be unpredictable and oftentimes unkind. Just when we have finally grown comfortable in one season, life comes along and flips the script, leaving us to navigate through unfamiliar terrain once again.

In the spring of our youth, everything feels fresh and new. We are full of hope and promise, eager to spread our wings and experience all that the world has to offer. It is a time of innocence and naivety when we believe that nothing can touch us or bring us down. We dance through fields of wildflowers, basking in the warmth of the sun and the endless possibilities that lay before us.

As we grow older, we come to understand that life has a way of stealing our joys and embracing lies. The innocence of youth gives way to the harsh realities of adulthood, and we find ourselves wading through a sea of heartache and disappointment. The bright, vibrant colors of spring fade into the bleak, desolate landscape of winter, leaving us feeling lost and alone.

During these times of darkness, it is easy to become trapped in the lies that life whispers to us. We begin to believe that we are unworthy of happiness, that our dreams are unattainable, and that we are destined to remain in a perpetual state of despair. We become prisoners of our own minds, unable to see clearly what exists just beyond the shadows.

But just as the seasons change, so too can the landscape of our lives. Amid our pain and suffering, we may find moments of joy that manage to break through the cracks in our hardened hearts. A kind word from a friend, a beautiful sunset, or the simple act of laughter can serve as reminders that there is still beauty to be found in this world, even in the darkest of times.

These moments of joy may be fleeting, but they serve as beacons of hope, guiding

us through the storm and reminding us that the sun will eventually break through the clouds. When it does, we are given the opportunity to bask in its warmth once again, to feel the weight of our burdens lifted from our shoulders, if only for a moment.

Just as quickly as joy can come into our lives, it can be snatched away, leaving us to face the pain that lurks just beneath the surface. No matter how hard we try to outrun our demons, they always manage to catch up to us. The past has a way of crashing into us like a tidal wave, pulling us under and leaving us gasping for air.

During these moments of pain and darkness, we must remind ourselves that it is okay to feel the weight of our emotions, to allow ourselves to grieve and to heal. We cannot expect to simply brush off our pain and act as if nothing has happened. We must allow ourselves the time and space to process our pain, to learn from it, and to grow stronger as a result.

It is through our pain that we can appreciate the moments of joy more. It is through our struggles that we can find the strength to endure and push forward. And it is through our darkest moments that we can find the light that guides us back to the path of hope and healing.

Life is a journey filled with difficulties, ebbs and flows, joys, and pains. It is a never-ending cycle of change and growth, and it is up to us to embrace each season as it comes. We must learn to weather the storms, to find joy in the trivial things, and to hold onto hope even in the darkest of times. For it is through our resilience and determination that we can navigate the ever-changing seasons of life and emerge stronger, wiser, and more grateful for the blessings that come our way.

By Tha Ono

28. A Tete'-a-Tete' at the Metro



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

On a chilly morning in December, embracing the unfamiliar air of being in a new city, I was on my toes to board the metro. I wished that if two minutes had a few more seconds instead of sixty, and another sixty in number. I was standing perplexed, criticizing myself for not being an expert in jostling around the crowd.

Suddenly, I heard a sweet greeting from nearby, “Hello, good day to you, Ma'am. You know, Ma'am, we have to step in soon. Do you want to be an expert Metro Train traveler? If so, a gentle approach and a wait for your turn will make you stay back here for long hours. Hold my hand; I can help you get in.”

Seeing her welcoming smile and the extended hand of support, I followed her suggestion, and 'voila!' in the blink of an eye, I was in! “Thank you so much, dear friend,” I expressed my gratitude.

“New to this city? Where are you working? Hope you are at ease now in catching the train,” she struck up a lovely conversation with me. Endless talks were there between us from there.

“This city is new, and so is the din and bustle of city life for me. This piercing cold, this journey in a metro train, these crowded pathways beside the metro station filled with the aroma of hot potatoes and sizzling corn cobs—all are new to me. I know that many more new things are waiting for me as today is my first day in my office,” I shared my apprehensions with her.

The thin layer of unfamiliarity between us had vanished with her cherubic smile and enthusiastic tone of voice. She said to me, ‘Don't worry, Ma'am. This historic city has never disappointed any of its guests. Just wait and see, day by day, you will get more acquainted with it. I guarantee you will fall in love with this beautiful city.’

A stream of conversation between us continued until her destination came, and she left, saying, ‘Goodbye, Ma'am. See you tomorrow morning at the station.’

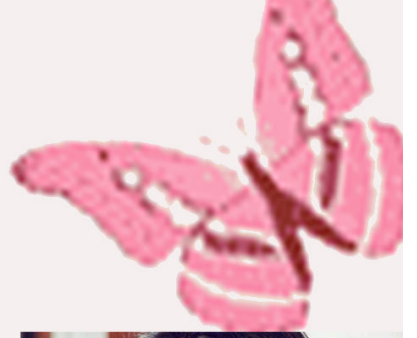
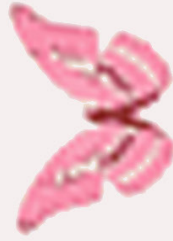
29. Winter

Welcome! Welcome! Winter Season,
Why your arrival, state the reason?
You come after summer and rainy,
Never late with chilly painy,
Deepawali or Chhath Festival,
Always starts with your approval,
Holi Festival ends of you,
Brings unity and celebration too,
Shortest days and longest nights,
Kins enjoy holidays with hearty diets,
We wear warm clothes and fight with you,
Do you know what plants and birds do?
Trees shed leaves and animals die,
Go! Go! Winter, say goodbye!



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**“Panache”
Aadhya Publishing
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