

Literary Excellence



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**LOVE BEYOND WORDS**  
Some feelings survive  
because they were  
never spoken.

February 2026

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A Product Of  
Aadhya Publishing House

# PANACHE

INTERNATIONAL  
MAGAZINE

CHIEF EDITOR:  
DR. AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA  
AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE



[www.Aadhyapublication.in](http://www.Aadhyapublication.in)

# Preface

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

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

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



# **AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE**

**PRESENTS**

## **PANACHE** International Magazine

February 2026

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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...



**Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava**  
**Publisher & Chief Editor**

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# PANACHE

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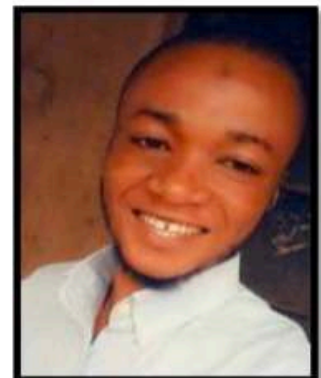
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# CONTENT

- 07 Editor's Note
- 09 Interview - Prof. Dr. P.K. Rajput
- 14 Column- By Mr. Piyush Goel
- 16 Four Unsent Letters- Mrs. Usha Krishnan
- 20 Form of Love the world Rarely Applauds  
By: Mr. Rahul Chaurase
- 22 Love Across Cultures- Mr. Shashidhar Kumar
- 26 Poetry form experiment- Mr. Kartik Shrivastava
- 28 Love Manifesto- By: Mr. Rahul Chaurase
- 32 To Tell or Not To Tell? -The Silence Dilemma  
By: Mrs. Usha Krishnan
- 34 Words That Don't Translate By: Mr. Shashidhar Kumar
- 37 Review- By: Mr. Kartik Shrivastava
- 40 Write Ups



# EDITORIAL



## Editorial – February 2026 | Chief Editor's Desk

There are editions that inform, and then there are editions that quietly stay with the reader long after the last page is turned. The February 2026 issue of Panache International Magazine belongs to the latter — an edition that explores the profound and timeless theme **Love Beyond Words**, reminding us that the deepest human emotions are not always spoken; sometimes, they are lived.

As we step into another year of literary exploration, this edition invites readers to reflect on the emotional spaces that exist beyond expression — the spaces where care, memory, sacrifice, devotion, and silent understanding reside. In an era dominated by instant communication, this issue gently reintroduces the strength of pause, of reflection, and of emotional authenticity.

We are honoured to present powerful intellectual and experiential wisdom through the featured interview with **Prof. Dr. P. K. Rajput**, whose leadership journey reflects integrity, purpose-driven action, and human-centered growth. His reflections on leadership, youth empowerment, education, and value-based success add a dimension of real-world philosophy that is both inspiring and necessary for today's generation.

The literary and reflective segments of this edition are enriched by deeply sensitive and thought-provoking contributions.

**Mr. Piyush Goel**, through his narrative column, reminds us that humanity often reveals itself through simple acts of compassion and moral courage.

The emotionally layered letters by **Ms. Usha Krishnan** explore unspoken emotions, forgiveness, memory, grief, and self-acceptance, presenting silence not as absence, but as emotional depth. Her work beautifully captures the psychological and relational complexity of human expression.

Through philosophical and cultural reflections, **Mr. Rahul Chaurase** expands the idea of love beyond romance — presenting it as freedom, growth, responsibility, and conscious existence. His exploration of quiet, uncelebrated forms of love adds rare depth to contemporary literary discourse.





The cross-cultural emotional exploration by **Mr. Shashi Dhar Kumar** takes readers across civilizations — presenting love through Mono no aware, Karuna, Bhakti, and Agape — reminding us that while cultures differ, emotional truth remains universal.

Adding poetic experimentation and reflective literary forms, **Mr. Kartik Shrivastava** brings intellectual sensitivity and creative freshness, reminding us that literature is not static — it evolves with perspective, experience, and introspection.

Together, these voices create not just a magazine issue, but an emotional and intellectual tapestry — one that connects literature with psychology, philosophy, leadership, and cultural consciousness.

At Panache, we believe literature is not merely written — it is lived, observed, and felt. Each page of this edition stands as a reminder that love is not always loud. Sometimes it is a responsibility. Sometimes it is forgiveness. Sometimes it is memory. Sometimes it is presence, and sometimes it is silence.

As Chief Editor, it gives me immense pride to present an edition that does not just celebrate writing but celebrates the emotional and intellectual courage of those who choose to feel deeply and express meaningfully.

May this edition encourage you to reflect, to heal, to write, and most importantly — to recognize the silent forms of love that shape our lives every single day.

With gratitude to every writer, reader, and thinker who continues to believe in the power of words — and in the power of what exists beyond them.

**Dr. Akanksha Shrivastava**  
**Chief Editor**  
**Panache International Magazine**





## *Prof. Dr. P.K. Rajput*

**Prof. Dr. Pramod Kumar Rajput stands as a rare blend of corporate excellence, academic vision, and human-centered leadership. With over four decades of impactful contribution across global business, education, and mentorship, his journey reflects not just professional success but purposeful service to society. His deep belief that leadership begins with people, values, and continuous learning makes him a true mentor to generations. Through his work, writing, and relentless commitment to empowering youth, Dr. Rajput represents the spirit of transformative leadership that inspires institutions, industries, and individuals alike.**

# Interview

Leadership, Learning & Legacy

## *Section I: Journey & Professional Evolution*

1. You began your career as a Medical Representative and rose to Senior Vice President at Cadila Pharmaceuticals. Which phase of this journey shaped you the most as a leader?

Every phase shaped me, but the most defining was my early years as a Medical Representative. Those years grounded me in reality, as I faced rejection, earned trust one conversation at a time, and understood that leadership begins with listening.

Walking hospital corridors and doctors' clinics taught me humility, resilience, and empathy. Later roles added strategy and scale, but that frontline experience shaped my leadership philosophy: people first, purpose always, and built credibility through consistency, which is a part of Integrity and Trust.

Even as Senior Vice President, I continued to lead with the mindset of the field, as well as the middle leadership and Senior leadership teams, because true leadership is never distant from the ground it serves.

2. With 43 years of corporate experience across domestic and global markets, what core leadership lesson has remained constant despite changing times?

Across 43 years in domestic and global corporate environments, the one leadership lesson that has remained constant is that people drive performance, not processes alone. Markets, technologies and business models have transformed, but trust, Integrity and respect never go out of relevance. Titles change and strategies evolve, but leadership endures when you stay grounded, listen deeply and empower others to grow. In every geography (Cities, States to different Countries) and every era, sustainable success has come from aligning purpose with people and action with values.



3. Having visited 96 countries, how has global exposure influenced your approach to people, culture, and business leadership?

Visiting and working across 96 countries reinforced one fundamental insight: business is global, but leadership is local. While markets differ in culture, regulation, and maturity, people everywhere respond to respect, clarity, and fairness.

Global exposure sharpened my ability to adapt leadership styles without compromising core values, listening first, aligning diverse teams around common goals, and balancing global strategy with local execution. It taught me that success comes while being culturally sensitive, inclusive decision-making, and building trust across the team and border

## *Section II: Leadership Philosophy & Mentorship*

4. You strongly advocate bridging the gap between academia and industry. Where do you see this gap most clearly today, and how can students prepare themselves better?

The gap between academia and industry is most visible in the transition from knowledge to application. Students graduate with strong theoretical foundations, but often lack exposure to basic skills ie real-world problem-solving, decision-making under pressure, and cross-functional collaboration.

Industry today looks for adaptability, critical thinking, innovative ideas, and an execution mindset, not just degrees. Students can prepare better by engaging in internships, live projects, case-based learning, and mentorship from industry practitioners.

As careers are built not only in classrooms, but also in the field. To start at the ground level, they must cultivate curiosity, continuous learning, blended with an understanding mindset, humility and compassion.

5. As a Professor of Practice and mentor to thousands, what is the biggest mistake young professionals make in shaping their careers?

The biggest mistake young professionals make is chasing titles and measuring success too early, instead of focusing on self-capability. In their rush to grow fast, they often underestimate the power of patience, learning, and self-mastery.

The early years are meant for building character, competence, and credibility, not just running and collecting titles. Careers are marathons, not sprints.

Success comes not from where you start or how fast you move, but from how deeply you learn and how consistently you deliver while investing their time in skill building, to build a strong foundation that sustains long-term growth.



6. Your life motto says, “Learn generously, share relentlessly.” How does this philosophy guide your leadership and mentoring style?

“Learn generously, share relentlessly” was shaped very early in my career. As a Medical Representative, I learned the hard way, through rejection, learning, understanding, long days in the field, and constant self-learning. What made the difference was senior mentors who shared their experience without reservation. That taught me that learning accelerates when knowledge is shared, not guarded. As I grew into leadership roles and eventually Senior Vice President, I made it a point to mentor young professionals, review field challenges personally, and create learning platforms within the organisation. Many of those individuals later became leaders and entrepreneurs themselves. That, to me, is leadership in action, when our learning becomes someone else’s growth.

### *Section III: Youth, Education & Skill Development*

7. You have addressed over 72,000 students and mentored more than 15,000 educators and professionals. What do today’s youth need the most—skills, attitude, or clear direction?

After interacting with more than 72,000 students, I can confidently say this: young people don’t lack talent; they lack belief and clarity. Skills matter, and direction is important, but what youth need most is the right attitude, as attitude is the real multiplier, the courage to learn, the patience to grow, and the resilience to fail and rise again.

When young minds develop curiosity, discipline, and a sense of purpose, skills follow naturally, and direction reveals itself over time. The future belongs not to those who rush, but to those who are willing to learn, unlearn, and keep moving forward with confidence. When the mindset is right, education becomes meaningful, and skill development becomes sustainable.

8. In your opinion, what should educational institutions prioritize today—formal degrees or real-world competencies?

Educational institutions must continue to value formal degrees, but they should prioritise real-world competencies. Degrees open doors, but competencies determine how far students go once they step outside the classroom.

Today’s world rewards problem-solving, communication, adaptability, and ethical decision-making skills best developed through experiential learning, internships, live projects, and industry exposure. When institutions integrate theory with practice, they don’t just produce graduates; they prepare confident, employable, and future-ready citizens.



## *Section IV: Crisis Leadership, Values & Responsibility*

9. During the Covid period, you were internationally recognized for serving humanity while maintaining business responsibilities. What should leaders learn from that experience?

The Covid period reaffirmed a timeless truth: leadership is tested not in comfort, but in crisis. Leaders must learn that serving humanity and sustaining business are not opposing goals; they are deeply connected. When people feel protected, heard, and valued, organisations find the strength to endure uncertainty. During Covid, transparent communication, ethical decision-making, and empathy-driven action became as critical as operational discipline. The lesson for leaders is clear: in times of crisis, values must lead strategy. When leaders choose responsibility over convenience, trust becomes the most powerful currency, and trust sustains both society and business.

10. You have received multiple world records and lifetime achievements. To you, does recognition signify success or a deeper responsibility?

For me, recognition is not the destination; it is a reminder of responsibility. Awards and world records validate the journey, but they also raise the bar on how consistently one must serve with integrity and purpose. True success lies in the impact we create on people, institutions and society long after the applause fades. Recognition only deepens my commitment to learn more, share more and contribute more meaningfully.

## *Section V: Thought Leadership & Authorship*

11. Your books such as *The Leaders with Ladders* and *Attitude Matters* have become Amazon bestsellers. What inspired you to document your leadership insights?

The inspiration to write *The Leaders with Ladders* and *Attitude Matters* came from decades of lived leadership successes, failures, and the quiet lessons learned along the way. I realised that many young professionals and leaders struggle not because of a lack of talent, but because they lack relatable guidance drawn from real experience, based on skills and real talent.

Writing became a way to convert experience into insight and insight into impact. These books are my attempt to democratize leadership learning so others can climb faster, with clarity, character, and confidence.



12. How important is attitude in leadership when compared to knowledge and technical skills?

Knowledge opens doors, skills get work done, but attitude determines how far you go. A great leader may lack experience at first, but with the right attitude: resilience, humility, and accountability, they inspire trust, adapt to challenges, and create lasting impact. Skills can be taught where attitude drives results.

## *Section VI: Mental Health, Nation Building & Legacy*

13. As Marketing Director of Global Youth Mental Health Awareness, what mental health challenges do you observe most commonly among today's young professionals?

Among today's young professionals, the most common mental health challenges are stress, burnout and anxiety about performance and prospects. The pressure to excel quickly, stay visible and balance work with personal life often leads to fatigue and self-doubt.

What I've observed is that while ambition drives them forward, many lack coping mechanisms and a safe space to express vulnerability. Organisations, mentors and peers must focus on awareness, early intervention and resilience-building, so young professionals can thrive without compromising their mental well-being

14. You often speak about building a Swarnim Bharat and Vishwaguru Bharat by 2047.

What kind of leadership does India need to achieve this vision?

To realise a Swarnim Bharat and Vishwaguru Bharat by 2047, India needs values-driven, inclusive and future-ready leadership. Leaders must combine strategic vision with empathy, innovation with integrity and global thinking with local action.

We need leaders who empower talent, nurture curiosity and make decisions that benefit society, not just self-interest. Leadership for India's future is about creating systems, inspiring people and building a legacy, so that every citizen contributes to a nation that leads with knowledge, ethics and global impact.

15. As the journey continues, what legacy do you wish to leave behind—as a leader, educator, and mentor to future generations?

"True legacy is not what we build for ourselves, but what we inspire others to create."

The legacy I hope to leave is not measured in titles or awards, but in people empowered, minds inspired and values instilled.

As a leader, I wish to be remembered for integrity and purpose-driven action. As an educator, I wish for opening doors of knowledge and curiosity.

As a mentor, for guiding others to believe in themselves, embrace challenges and lead with courage, compassion and empathy.

Ultimately, my aspiration is that those I've touched continue the cycle of learning generously, sharing relentlessly and creating a positive impact far beyond my own journey.



# Column

## “The Son She Found”



### Mr. Piyush Goal

MIRROR IMAGE MAN OF  
INDIA

There was a businessman, about thirty to thirty-five years old. He had many responsibilities of his own, and his name was well known in the city’s business circles. Every day, without fail, he would go to the temple barefoot. While returning, he followed a simple rule of life: outside the temple sat a few beggars, and he would give one rupee to each of them every single day.

Among them was a poor elderly woman, nearly sixty years old, who usually sat in the same place. The merchant would give her a rupee and move on. But one day, as he was about to give her the coin, the old woman addressed him as “son” and requested him to sit beside her. The merchant sat down.

She said softly, “Son, you feel like my own child. I never had a son—only a daughter, who lives outside India. I am not educated, and I don’t even know where she is now. After my husband died, some family members left me at this railway station. It has been almost ten years since I started coming to this temple. For many days, I wanted to speak to you. I don’t know why, but something inside me told me to consider you my son and share my story with you.”

Deeply moved, the merchant returned home and told his wife everything. The very next day, the husband and wife brought the old woman to their home. They gave her a room in one corner of the house and took complete care of her needs.

One day, the merchant gently asked her, “Do you remember where you are from? Something must come back to you.”

She replied, “Yes, son, I remember a little. I am from that city. We had a house there, and my husband owned a shop in the market. I don’t know if the shop still exists, or what condition the house is in now.”

The merchant investigated everything and then set out with one of his wise employees. After carefully observing the situation, he reached that very shop. He acted with great intelligence. Introducing himself as a businessman, he casually brought up the old woman’s husband, saying they had once had business dealings together. He added, “While going through old records, we discovered that we owe some money to Sethji from that old business. Our father always taught us that ups and downs come in business, but one must always repay what is due. We have come to return that money—but on one condition: we will give it only to Sethji himself.”

The shopkeepers replied, “Sethji is no more. His wife is also no longer alive. But he did have a daughter who lives in America.”

“Where in America?” the merchant asked casually—and with clever questioning, he learned everything.

“We will come again after some time,” he said, “after all, we still have to pay the money,” and he left.

The family was left confused. Who was this man? How much money was involved? How should it be taken? Days passed in uncertainty. The merchant stayed in the city for a few more days, gathering information from the neighborhood. Everything was exactly as the old woman had described.

Then the merchant sent his employee to bring the old woman. Along with seven or eight associates, he went with her to the family’s shop. The moment the family members saw the old woman, they broke into a sweat. They began apologizing repeatedly. A crowd gathered, and the family’s cruel actions became known to everyone.

Overwhelmed with shame, the family placed the house and shop at the old woman’s feet, begging for forgiveness. “We made a terrible mistake,” they cried.

The old woman sold everything and entrusted it all to the merchant, then left to live with her daughter. The merchant found a sister, and the sister found a brother. There was deep affection between them, and they continued to visit each other often.

Through the merchant’s wisdom and compassion, everyone received what was rightfully theirs.

# FOUR UNSENT LETTERS

BY: MS. USHA KRISHNAN  
INTERN EDITOR - PANACHE



Dear Friend,

I hope my letter finds you well.

Interacting with you after all these years is more meaningful as we exchange pleasantries, refreshing our present, and reminiscing about our college days. As I started to pen my letter, it would seem my pen is impressive of thoughts which lie silent within me. My mind whispers that what has been treasured within, unexpressed so far, is better unveiled before you.

I can imagine your unique, endearing smile as you read this. I remember your reactions to my random chats and girlish giggles back then.

It is true that time has passed and painted its colors on both of us. We are now on different islands, each with our own zones of responsibilities and commitments, done so far and yet to be fulfilled.

Recently, I had a chance to visit our college. As I was walking through the tree-lined campus, memories came flooding back. Do you remember, we even named it the "Boulevard," boasting that only we could use such euphonious words, as we were from the English Literature Department?

Those days of your companionship were truly graceful. But you know one thing? I was in a whirlpool of emotions, as I never found the courage to say out loud some thoughts that were in me. I feel now that it is the time to reveal that secret which I've been carrying for years.

Every time I saw you, my heart would race, and I would wonder if you ever noticed me, if I ever visited your thoughts. I was afraid of ruining our friendship, afraid of rejection, afraid of losing those small moments I cherished just knowing you were near. So, I kept my feelings hidden, like a precious pearl in its oyster.

Now, looking back, I realize how much I wished I could have told you how you made my world brighter, how you inspired me to wear a smile always. Thank you for the brief glimpse of happiness you gave me, even if I never had the chance to tell you.

Maybe someday, you'll read this and understand how much you meant, how much you still mean, in a way I never said out loud. I will keep my treasured memories locked within and visit in my own time.

{ Your Comrade (as you fondly call me) }

# FOUR UNSENT LETTERS

BY: MS. USHA KRISHNAN  
INTERN EDITOR - PANACHE



Dear Dad,

Another new year has dawned, bringing new hopes and aspirations. I have gone through various milestones in life. Looking back, I realize that your invisible presence has been with me on my journey so far, through thick and thin. You were guiding me like a Polestar from somewhere behind the clouds. When I stumble along my way, I feel the warmth of your hand, just as you used to lift me up when I was a baby.

The void created by your sudden departure can never be filled by anything else. But when I hear about you, especially when people in my hometown share anecdotes of your leadership, I feel proud to be your daughter. Recently, I received an exclusive article about you, posted on Facebook with the words, "Our Dear Teacher, the man of strength and resilience." It made me feel that you are still with us somewhere around us. There are so many things I wish I could say to you. Sometimes I wonder if you knew how much I looked up to you, how much I needed your guidance and reassurance.

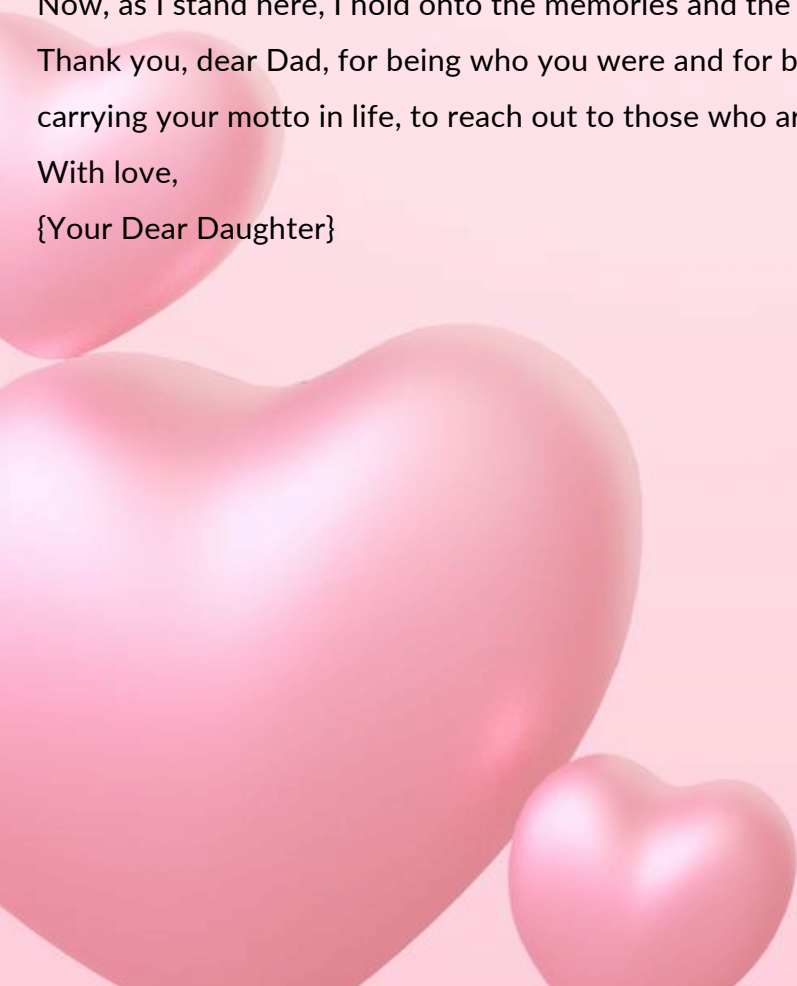
I wish I could tell you how much I miss our conversations, how I wish I had told you how much your presence means to me.

Now, as I stand here, I hold onto the memories and the lessons you left behind.

Thank you, dear Dad, for being who you were and for being the inspiration for me to follow your path, carrying your motto in life, to reach out to those who are in need.

With love,

{Your Dear Daughter}



# FOUR UNSENT LETTERS

BY: MS. USHA KRISHNAN  
INTERN EDITOR - PANACHE



Dear Friend,

I am writing this to share something I have been holding onto for a while, something I never expressed. There was a time when I felt deeply hurt and angry with you. I wondered if I would ever be able to love you as I did before.

I realize that forgiving you is not a Sisyphean task. I understand that harboring ill feelings about a past experience, only increases the distance between us. By forgiving you, I am not losing anything, rather I am gaining something priceless. The chasm that exists between us during our interactions will diminish, allowing me to value our friendship much more than I do now.

It is natural that we all make mistakes. Sometimes knowingly or unknowingly, our words, deeds, or gestures will hurt others. An open confession from the doer or a willingness from the receiver to forgive, is often enough to smooth the rough edges of any relationship.

What will I gain by keeping a big space in my mind for the actions that hurt me? Sometimes, you might not even have realized that I was holding onto it all this time. Whatever the case is, I want to free myself from the heaviness of that feeling. I realize that forgiveness isn't about forgetting or excusing what happened; it's about freeing myself from the pain.

So, I want you to know that I forgive you, not just for your sake, but for mine. Let's move forward, leaving behind the shadows of the past.

Thank you for the lessons, the growth, and the opportunity to heal. Perhaps someday, we will look back and be grateful for this chance to start anew.

From,

{ Your Friend Forever }

# FOUR UNSENT LETTERS

BY: MS. USHA KRISHNAN  
INTERN EDITOR-PANACHE

## Letter to Self

Dear Self,

I want to take a moment to reflect and appreciate the unique being that you are.

They say a unicorn, a mythical creature, single-horned and as pure as snow, existing only in stories told and retold from long ago, is as special as it deserves reverence.

They speak of Pegasus, a divine winged horse, treasured for its grace, strength, and powerful wings. Pegasus, in Greek mythology, is “the flying horse”, a symbol of freedom.

And then the Moon, so distant. She is ever changing, guiding the tides, embodying beauty, even as her surface bears many blemishes.

What makes these beings so extraordinary? It's their imperfections. Their flaws are what lend them their true beauty. So why should I be perplexed about my own peculiarities? If perfection is found in imperfections, then why must I deny this truth to myself?

A spark of realization ignites within me. I must embrace my flaws with truth and admiration. When I look in the mirror and see my reflection, I wish to feel no sadness, but a deep sense of affection for the real me.

This year, I am committed to being resilient in the face of challenges, being more empathetic, which connects me deeply with others through my words.

I resolve to nurture this understanding. I will accept myself fully, with all my imperfections and contradictions. I will set aside harmful self-criticism and replace it with kindness and appreciation. I aim to celebrate my journey, embracing each trait that makes me uniquely me.

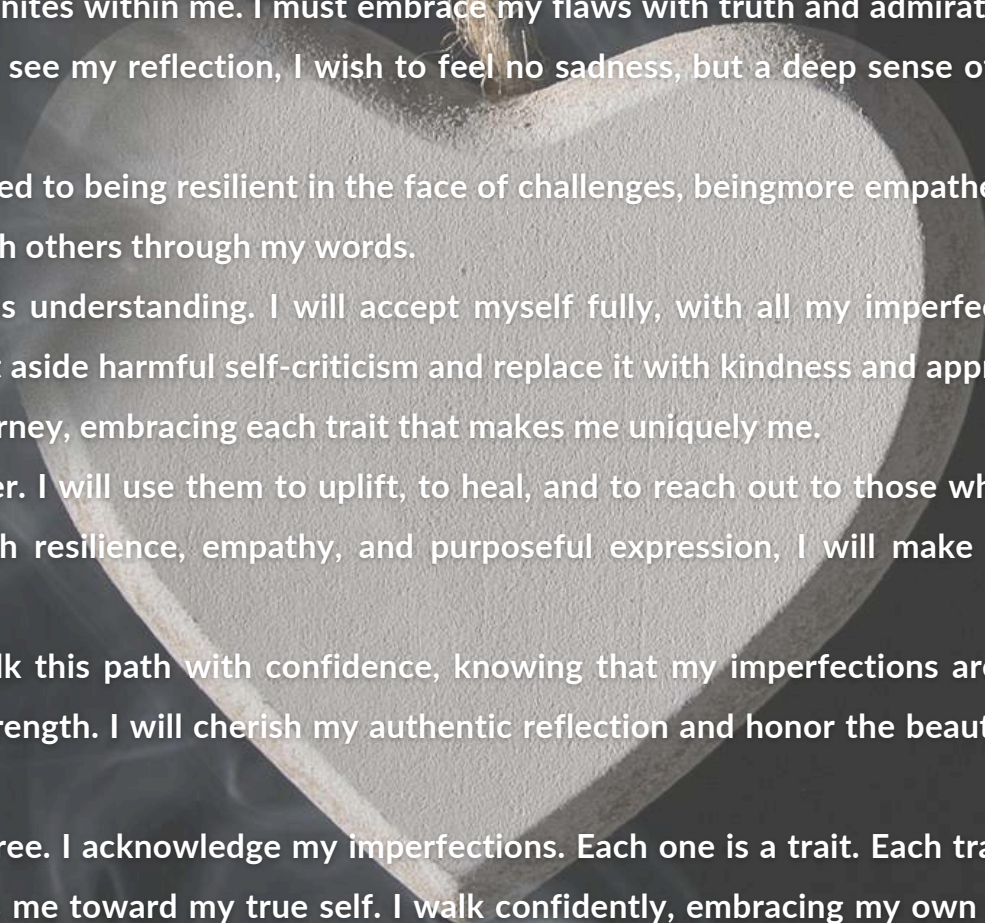
My words are my power. I will use them to uplift, to heal, and to reach out to those who need to hear my voice. Through resilience, empathy, and purposeful expression, I will make a positive impact on many lives.

My resolution is to walk this path with confidence, knowing that my imperfections are the very stones that build my strength. I will cherish my authentic reflection and honor the beauty that lies within my flaws.

Yes, I am not blemish-free. I acknowledge my imperfections. Each one is a trait. Each trait is like a cobbled road that leads me toward my true self. I walk confidently, embracing my own imperfect, perfect reflection.

With love, hope, and renewed resolve,

[The True Me]





# **FORM OF LOVE THE WORLD RARELY APPLAUDS**

*BY: MR. RAHUL CHAURASE  
INTERN EDITOR - PANACHE*

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Love is usually imagined as romance – between boys and girls, men and women. Promises are made for a lifetime, full of expectations, and it feels very loud in society. But some love just exists without making a single sound. Sometimes it is simply there, and nobody knows about it. It makes its own way to exist; it is not romantic, but it is a form of the divine – no possession, no need for attention. Where there is love, no such things are required.

These forms of love do not demand; they serve without expectation. They do not exploit; they taste life in its fullness. They are not bound to each other; they taste actual freedom. The world rarely recognizes and appreciates them because they look ordinary, but in truth, they are not love – they spread their fragrance around them. They are the ones holding everything together.

## **1. The Love Between a Teacher and a Student**

In India, a teacher is not only a person who teaches a subject, but someone who teaches life. There is a slight emotional bonding between teacher and student. A student may not believe what his parents say, but whatever a teacher says stays with him, because he believes that his teacher cannot be wrong.

This is the bonding that is shared between a student and a teacher. It is only professional; it is personal, and it comes out of love. This love is not spoken about by society, because people think the relationship between teacher and student is only professional. But it is not just professional – it is very emotional.

## 2. The Love for a Disabled Child

Disability is not a choice; it is something accidental that happens to someone. It is a flaw that makes a person's life difficult to live. They need someone to help with their basic daily tasks. There is love for a disabled child, not out of pity, but because something inside us tells us he needs it, and he cannot do it himself.

We try to place ourselves in that situation and understand it. From that, we develop empathy, and that becomes the first seed of love. Empathy is natural, and when something is natural, love takes place naturally there.

When someone helps a disabled person because he understands him well, he helps him every day, and it does not bother him. There is love that gives him strength and the will to do it without feeling like a burden. This love exists without force; it exists naturally.

## 3. The Love in Old Age

In old age, romance does not have much place; only love exists. Two people who have been together for a long time know the world better. They understand life from the perspective of truth, and they understand each other. Their love is quiet – sharing their experience, not preaching life influencers, but speaking from the heart.

They know where everything leads in the end – nowhere. So they sit on a bench in the park and watch children playing, parents talking, and they love it. They have come a long way, and they know there is nothing in the world that has more value than love that comes without expectation.

They know envy, jealousy, and competition will all be wiped out one day, and only love will remain. That friend who was once a competitor now has no desire left, and whenever he remembers those things, he just laughs.

Old love is slow, fragile, and deeply human. It is love without performance. No audience, no poetry – just companionship in a world that is gradually becoming unfamiliar. When memory fades, love becomes memory. When strength fades, love becomes support.

## 4. The Love for Art, Language, and Homeland

Art is the byproduct of love; without love, there cannot be art. Every artist is a lover, and every lover is an artist. Art is the highest level of love. When you become love, art takes its place.

This love is invisible but obsessive. It survives rejection, poverty, and loneliness. An artist does not love forcefully, but he also has no choice but to love or not to love. It simply comes from him, whether he wants it or not. Want has no place there.

Language plays a very important role in an artist's life. Language is the life of art. The right words give it meaning, and it becomes art. Language is culture; it stays in the bones of humans.

Love for homeland is not nationalism – it is emotional geography. It is the smell of food, the sound of accent, the rhythm of streets. Love for art is similar – it becomes a way to breathe when life feels heavy. These loves do not promise reward. They promise freedom, comfort, stability, and harmony without the slightest bit of effort.



# \*LOVE ACROSS CULTURES\*

BY: SHASHI DHAR  
KUMAR, KATIHAR,  
BIHAR

Love is often spoken of as a universal emotion, yet its meanings, expressions, and moral weight differ deeply across cultures. Every civilization has tried to name love not only as a feeling but as a way of seeing the world, relating to others, and understanding suffering, beauty, and transcendence.

Across civilizations, love has never been a single emotion alone; it has been philosophy, ethics, spirituality, aesthetics, and social responsibility. Examining love through cross-cultural lenses gives us international depth—it shows how humanity, despite its diversity, grapples with the same fundamental questions: How do we care? How do we endure loss? How do we give without possessing?

Here we explore three profound cultural ideas of love from different civilizations: the Japanese concept of Mono no aware, the Indian ideas of करुणा (Karuna) and भक्ति (Bhakti), and the Greek concept of Agape. Together, they create an international tapestry of emotional and moral depth, reminding us that love is not only about possession or passion, but about awareness, compassion, devotion, and selfless giving.

## \*1. Japanese Concept of Mono no aware: Love in Impermanence\*

The Japanese phrase Mono no aware (物の哀れ) is often translated as “a gentle sadness at their passing” or “the pathos of things.” At its heart lies a subtle, restrained form of love—one that arises not despite transience, but because of it. It is not sorrow in a tragic sense, but a tender awareness that all things—beauty, relationships, seasons, and life itself—are transient.

In Japanese aesthetics and philosophy, love is not always loud or dramatic. It is quiet, observational, and deeply tied to the fleeting nature of life. Cherry blossoms (桜) are the most famous symbol of Mono no aware. Their beauty is intense precisely because it lasts only a few days. To love the blossoms is to know they will fall. To feel moved by them is to accept loss as inseparable from beauty.

In this worldview, love is not about possession or permanence. It is about attentive presence. One loves by noticing—the way autumn light touches an empty street, the sound of rain against a paper window, the silence after a farewell. Literature like *The Tale of Genji* (源氏物語) by Murasaki Shikibu captures this sensibility, where love affairs are marked less by triumph and more by longing, regret, and unspoken emotion.

Mono no aware teaches that love deepens when we accept fragility. There is no attempt to conquer time or deny suffering. Instead, love becomes an emotional attunement to the passing world. Even sorrow is not rejected; it is honored as part of loving fully.

In a global context, this idea challenges modern cultures obsessed with permanence, control, and intensity. It suggests that love does not always need resolution. Sometimes, love is simply the ache of knowing that what touches us most cannot stay.

## \*2. Indian Ideas of करुणा (Karuna) & भक्ति (Bhakti): Love as Compassion and Devotion\*

Indian philosophy approaches love not merely as emotion but as a spiritual force that binds individuals to society, to the divine, and to all living beings. Two concepts stand out for their ethical and emotional depth: करुणा (Karuna) and भक्ति (Bhakti).

### \*Karuna: Compassion as Love\*

Karuna is compassion born from deep empathy with suffering. Found in Buddhism, Hinduism, and Jain traditions, it is the ability to feel another's pain as one's own—and to respond with kindness rather than judgment.

Unlike pity, Karuna is not hierarchical. It does not look down on suffering; it sits beside it. The Buddha's teachings emphasize Karuna as essential for liberation, because true understanding of life includes understanding suffering (dukkha). To love, in this sense, is to remain open to pain without turning away.

In Indian epics and folklore, Karuna often defines heroism more than victory. Characters are remembered not only for strength, but for mercy—compassion shown even to enemies, animals, or the marginalized. Love here becomes ethical action: feeding the hungry, sheltering the weak, forgiving the wrongdoer.

In a global world fractured by inequality, Karuna offers a model of love that is socially responsible. It insists that love cannot remain private or selective; it must flow outward into care for the collective.

### \*Bhakti: Devotion Beyond Ego\*

If Karuna is love for all beings, Bhakti is love directed toward the divine—but in deeply personal, emotional ways. Emerging strongly during the Bhakti movement, this idea transformed Indian spirituality by rejecting rigid ritualism and caste barriers.

In Bhakti, love is surrender. Saints like Mirabai, Kabir, Tukaram, and Surdas expressed devotion through poetry filled with longing, intimacy, and even defiance. God is not distant; God is beloved—friend, lover, child, or master.





This love is unconditional and often painful. The devotee yearns, waits, complains, celebrates, and dissolves the ego in devotion. Importantly, Bhakti does not require intellectual knowledge or social status. Love itself becomes the path to liberation.

On a global scale, Bhakti resonates with any tradition that values heartfelt faith over rigid dogma. It reminds us that love can be transformative when it dissolves the self and connects the individual to something larger than personal desire.

Together, Karuna and Bhakti show Indian love as both horizontal (toward all beings) and vertical (toward the divine)—a balance of compassion and surrender.

### \*3.Greek Agape: Love as Selfless Moral Commitment\*

Ancient Greek thought distinguished multiple types of love—eros (romantic desire), philia (friendship), storge (familial affection). Among them, Agape stands apart as the most expansive and morally demanding.

Agape is selfless, unconditional love—love given not because it is deserved, returned, or pleasurable, but because it is right. While the term existed in classical Greek, it gained profound significance in early Christian philosophy, where it described God's love for humanity and the ideal love humans should show one another.

Unlike eros, which seeks fulfillment, Agape gives without expecting anything back. It is love as sacrifice, forgiveness, and moral responsibility. "Love thy neighbor" is not an emotional suggestion but an ethical command.

This form of love extends even to strangers and enemies. It demands care for the vulnerable, the poor, the outcast. In this sense, Agape becomes the foundation of social justice and humanitarian ethics.

In a global perspective, Agape challenges transactional relationships and conditional care. It argues that love is not merely a feeling but a choice—a disciplined commitment to the well-being of others.

Modern concepts of human rights, charity, and altruism are deeply influenced by this idea. Agape transforms love from personal emotion into a universal moral principle.

## Conclusion: A Shared Human Depth

Across Japan, India, and Greece, love emerges not as a single definition but as a spectrum of human wisdom.

- Mono no aware teaches love through impermanence and quiet sensitivity.
- Karuna and Bhakti reveal love as compassion and devotional surrender.
- Agape defines love as a selfless moral commitment.

Though culturally distinct, these concepts converge on a profound truth: love is not only about happiness or attachment. It is about awareness, responsibility, sacrifice, and transcendence. Each tradition adds depth to our understanding of love—not as a single emotion, but as a way of seeing the world and relating to others. Together, they create an international vocabulary of love that is tender, responsible, and spiritually rich.

In a globalized world often divided by language, ideology, and borders, such cross-cultural perspectives remind us that humanity has always sought deeper ways to love—not just whom we love, but how and why. These philosophies give love international depth, showing that while cultures differ, the human heart speaks a shared, timeless language.

In an era marked by division and superficial connections, these cross-cultural perspectives remind us that love, at its highest form, is not about possession—but about presence, care, and generosity. It is in this shared human depth that love truly becomes global.



# POETRY FORM EXPERIMENT

BY: KARTIK SHRIVASTAVA

INTERN EDITOR-PANACHE

## Letter to Vadodara

Dear Vadodara,

Oh dear heritage city!

How'd I thank you for the knowledge,

How'd I thank you for the academic growth,

The growth - not measured in degrees, but the exposure, the compassion in your air!

Should I say, I relied on you, or you relied on me?

Oh dear historic city - modern yet modest!

Oh dear city, gratias semper!

## Diary entry

Dear diary,

Today, I noticed how knowledge gets enhanced slowly.

Not loudly, not altogether at once.

Years of classroom exposure did not change me in just one night.

They worked quietly in how I ask questions, how I think now, and in how much I have improved.

I came to this new city to earn degrees.

Somewhere along the way, I learned how to adapt.

That doesn't feel like enough for today, because one needs to grow and grow more, so am I!

Thank you

# POETRY FORM EXPERIMENT

BY: KARTIK SHRIVASTAVA

INTERN EDITOR-PANACHE

## Prayer of wisdom

Not for success,  
not for applause.  
Grant me vision  
to recognise knowledge whenever it comes,  
and humility  
to recognise what remains unknown.

Let growth to be honest,  
not haste.  
If this is wisdom,  
let me carry it gently.

## Conversation between my mind and my inner self

My mind- Did you get what you came to this new city for?

Inner self- Some of the things, yes, some of the things no. And it's always like that, everything you desire you might not get. But whatever I have got is more than I expected.

Mind- Degrees?

Inner self- Perspective. Perspective to think upon others' perspectives. Adaptability to situations to an extent as well.

Mind- Didn't it take too long?

Inner self- Yes. It always takes. Because perspective is not built in a day spontaneously, nor does adaptability comes all at once.

Mind- And now?

Inner self- Now I know where I stand.

Mind- That's enough?

Inner self - For now.



# LOVE MANIFESTO

**BY: MR. RAHUL CHAURASE**

## **TEN TRUTHS DISTILLED FROM LITERATURE, PHILOSOPHY, AND LIFE**

Is love subjective or objective? Everybody wants to be loved by someone, but not everybody gets that.

### 1. Love is not Bondage, It is Freedom

Once you go to the countryside and see a beautiful parrot in the sky. It looks tremendous – flying, sometimes floating in the air without any effort. When you come back, you bring a parrot from a shop in a cage. You cannot feel the same thing at home while seeing it in a cage.

They are not meant to live in a cage; they are meant for the free sky. They own the whole sky. The same goes for humans. Whoever people think they love, they start to exploit them. Something is fundamentally wrong here. Love should bring liberation, not imprisonment.





## 2. Love is Not a Feeling, It is Beyond All Feelings

Feelings are the consequences of the mind. Love purely belongs to the heart. We have always mistaken feelings as love, but they have little to do with real love. With feelings, things become clouded; you cannot see clearly.

Feelings change with time – happiness, anger, attraction, fear. Love is something deeper. Feeling reacts; love understands. Feeling comes and go, but love stays even when feelings disappear.



## 3. Love Begins with Letting Go of the Self

Love takes place when you let go of yourself. As long as you identify only yourself, you cannot truly love anything. When you watch a tree standing for a long time, and you see the tree and yourself as two different things, you cannot really see the tree. There must be oneness – either you remain only you, or you allow the tree to enter you. Both cannot take place at the same time.

It sounds contrary, but let's say you have a friend and she is very hungry. If you have never known hunger, how would you understand what she is going through? To love is to step out of yourself and feel from the place of another.


## 4. Love is not Heavy, it is Lightweight



Love brings ease into you; it does not bring the burden of responsibility into you. Love does not feel like pressure. It feels natural. When love is real, care does not become weight, and responsibility does not feel forced.

Love moves lightly inside a person.

A man wakes up in the morning and gives water to the flowers every day. He does not need to do that, and he is not responsible for it, but out of love, the action comes from him. He is not bound to do it, yet the action takes place by itself when he wakes up.





## 5. Love Brings Wisdom, not Stability

Love is not a cosmetic part of life that gives you comfort, certainty, guarantee, stability, or assurance. All these things have little place in love. What one really needs in life is wisdom, and love is the only thing that helps bring that wisdom into life. Wisdom comes from the heart as love.

## 6. Love walks Together Without Imposition



Love does not mean you have to go his way or he has to go your way. Everyone's way is different. Love allows two paths to move side by side without forcing one over the other.

Two People from different religions, cultures, or minds can walk together with love, without anything being imposed on either of them. Love does not convert, control, or correct. It respects.

To love is not to change someone's direction, but to walk with them while letting them remain who they are.



## 7. Love is Understanding, Not Agreement

Love doesn't mean two people must think the same way. Agreement is about ideas; love is about respect. You can disagree and still care. You can think differently and still stay connected.

Most conflicts come not from differences, but from the refusal to understand. Love listens before it judges. It tries to see the reason behind the thought, not just the thought itself.

Love does not erase difference. It learns to live with it.





## 8. Love is Growth, not Comfort

Love does not settle you; it moves you. Love does not make life easier or predictable. It challenges, stretches, and teaches. When you love, you are pushed to see your own limits, your own fears, and your own potential. It gives you the freedom to experiment with life as much as you want until you reach your ultimate potential.

Comfort is temporary; love is transformative. It does not hold you in safety. It holds you in awareness. Love asks you to grow, even growth is uncomfortable. In this way, love is a teacher more than a friend, a path more than a place.

## 9. Love Is a Way of Seeing, Not Owning

Love is not about having or controlling. It is about noticing, understanding, and being fully present. When you love, you see without judgment, without expectation, without trying to change. You see the other person as they are, not as you wish them to be.

Love is not liking. When you like someone or something, you try to own it. And in that act of owning, you often destroy or exploit it. For example, when you see a beautiful flower and you like it very much, you go near it and pluck it. In that act of liking, you have destroyed the beauty you admired.



## 10. Love Is a Way of Living



Love is not a moment, a feeling, or an act; it is a way of being. It is the language you speak in thought, word, and gesture. It is how you walk, how you listen, how you care, how you create, and how you see the world.

Love asks nothing in return. It does not seek reward, possession, or approval. It moves quietly, persistently, and freely. Love is in giving without burden, in observing without judgment, in acting without expectation.

To love is to live fully – not clinging, not controlling, not pretending, but existing openly, aware, and attentive. In the end, love is not something you have; it is something you become.

# To Tell or Not To Tell? -The Silence Dilemma

**By: Ms. Usha Krishnan**  
**Editor, Panache**  
**International Magazine**



There are individuals who often dwell in unspoken spaces. Sometimes, they choose silence over confession, not out of indifference, but as a conscious or unconscious act rooted in deep psychological and emotional processes. This silence can serve as a protective barrier, born from fears of loss, attachment dynamics, and the desire to preserve what is fragile.

Many people opt for silence due to fear of judgment, rejection, or punishment. Others may feel overwhelmed by the heaviness of their secrets and believe that confessing would only lead to more harm or negative consequences. Ultimately, the choice of silence over confession often stems from a desire to protect oneself from any adverse effects.

One of the main reasons people choose silence is the fear of consequences. This fear can arise from feelings of guilt or shame, leading individuals to believe that confessing will result in punishment, rejection, or loss of support.

Another significant reason is the fear of judgment from others. People may feel that their secrets are better kept within instead of inviting embarrassment after sharing them. Their fear about how others will judge them if the truth comes out is quite natural. Ultimately, this fear would be so overwhelming that it causes them to become isolated and withdrawn.

Confessing a secret can be painful and traumatic. Many choose silence to avoid this emotional pain, feeling they are not yet ready to confront the emotions involved. This fear acts as a self-protective mechanism, causing individuals to prioritize their emotional well-being over honesty and openness.

Shame and guilt are powerful emotions that often lead people to choose silence over confession. When someone perceives their actions as wrong or shameful, these feelings can become overwhelming, resulting in withdrawal and isolation.

Trust is fundamental in any relationship. When trust is broken, it can be difficult to rebuild. Many individuals prefer silence because they lack trust in others or fear rejection or judgment if they confess.

Mental health considerations also play a role. People with anxiety, depression, or other mental health issues may find it difficult to confess their secrets due to feelings of shame or guilt. In such cases, silence serves as a self-protective mechanism to avoid emotional pain and distress.

Here are two examples from literature where characters choose silence over confession:

Raskolnikov, in 'Crime and Punishment' by Fyodor Dostoevsky, commits murder and struggles with guilt and moral responsibility. He chooses to keep his secret rather than confess, maintaining control and rationalizing his actions even as he descends into madness.

In 'Pride and Prejudice', Elizabeth Bennet hesitates to confess her feelings due to fear of social repercussions and rejection, illustrating how social pressures and attachment fears influence silence.

Sometimes, love is communicated through silence rather than words. The tendency to withhold love stems from a deep psychological response linked to our innate need for security and the desire to maintain long-lasting relationships.

Silence in love can also be an act of devotion—an effort to shield loved ones from disappointment and pain. The potential pain of rejection or the uncertainty of reciprocation may outweigh the desire to confess, leading individuals to remain silent to protect the sanctity of their love.

According to Attachment Theory, anxiety over abandonment or rejection can cause individuals to guard their feelings, believing silence might safeguard the relationship. Studies indicate that fear of losing attachment triggers defensive behaviours, including emotional suppression, to prevent rejection.

There are three primary attachment styles: Secure, Anxious, and Avoidant, which influence how people approach love and confession:

Secure attachment involves confidence in expressing feelings and trusting love.

Anxious attachment leads to intense fear of rejection, hesitation, or obsessive overthinking before revealing feelings.

Avoidant attachment prefers emotional distance, often choosing silence to maintain independence and avoid vulnerability.

These styles show how internal emotional frameworks shape the decision to share or withhold feelings, often making silence an act of self-protection. They determine whether silence functions as a defence mechanism or a sign of emotional detachment.

In 'The Great Gatsby' by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Gatsby's unspoken love for Daisy and his silence about his feelings reflect his attachment and desire to protect his love from rejection. His silence remains a poignant symbol of hope and longing, guarded by secrecy and restraint.

In 'Wuthering Heights', Heathcliff's silence and unspoken love reflect a complex attachment rooted in pain and protection, illustrating how silence can be both a shield and a prison—even if it entails suffering in solitude.

In 'The Gift of the Magi' by O. Henry, the couple's silent sacrifices and unspoken love demonstrate a deep emotional connection expressed through actions rather than words. Their willingness to sacrifice for each other reflects a secure attachment rooted in love and trust. However, the emphasis on the fear of loss hints at elements of anxious attachment, where the fear of losing loved ones motivates self-sacrifice and emotional closeness.

These characters' internal conflicts mirror psychological themes—fear, attachment, and the desire to protect love. Their silence highlights the emotional depth of their relationships.

Sometimes, the greatest act of love is not in speaking but in restraint—preserving love's purity by guarding it from chaos, words, and fears.

In 'Madame Bovary' by Gustave Flaubert, Emma's unconfessed feelings and internal conflicts highlight her emotional withdrawal and difficulty expressing vulnerability. This aligns with avoidant attachment, characterized by emotional distancing and fear of intimacy, leading her to internalize feelings and avoid open emotional connections.

In 'A Rose for Emily' by William Faulkner, Emily's secret life and attachment to her past reflect obsessive attachment to memories and a fear of change or loss. Her fixation on the past suggests an anxious-ambivalent attachment style—marked by a strong need for closeness coupled with a fear of abandonment or loss, resulting in clinging to the past.

In some of the poems by Emily Dickinson, the theme of unexpressed or unrequited love is powerfully explored. Especially, her poem 'I Cannot Live with You' depicts intense love, separated by circumstances where the speaker navigates profound emotional distance, choosing to live with the memory of passionate connection instead of confessing it.

Silence in love is often misunderstood as indifference. It can be an act of vulnerability, resilience, or devotion—an effort to protect what is delicate. It portrays the delicate balance between vulnerability and protection, shaped by attachment histories and fears of loss. Recognizing these psychological roots helps us understand that, in real relationships, compassion grows when we understand the underlying reasons for silence. Sometimes, love's greatest strength resides in the quiet spaces it inhabits.

In conclusion, choosing silence over confession is a complex issue influenced by various factors, including fear of consequences, judgment, emotional pain, shame, guilt, lack of trust, and mental health considerations.

you  
are  
loved

# WORDS THAT DON'T TRANSLATE

BY: MR. SHASHIDHAR KUMAR  
EDITOR,  
PANACHE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

Love is universal, yet the way we speak of love is profoundly shaped by language. Every language carries its own emotional grammar—some whisper love gently, some declare it boldly, and some wrap it in silence, metaphor, or ritual. To love in one language is not the same as loving in another, because language doesn't merely describe feelings; it creates them. Around the world, different languages carve love into distinct emotional forms. Nowhere is this more evident than in Indian languages, where love often lives between the lines, in poetry, restraint, duty, and silence rather than direct declaration.

## ONE EMOTION, MANY EXPRESSIONS

In English, love is a single, overworked word. We love our parents, our partners, our friends, our pets, and even our coffee—flattening vastly different emotions into one term. But many languages refuse this simplicity, and Indian languages resist this simplicity.

Greek distinguishes love clearly:

- Eros (romantic, passionate love),
- Philia (deep friendship),
- Agape (selfless, unconditional love),
- Storge (familial affection).

Here, love is not one emotion but a spectrum, each shade named and respected.

Hindi and Urdu rarely say “I love you” casually. Instead, love hides in phrases like:

- “मुझे तुम्हारी फिक्र है” — I care about you
- “तुमसे लगाव हो गया है” — I've grown attached
- “आपसे दिल लगा बैठा हूँ” — My heart is entangled with yours

Love here is responsibility, concern, and presence—less declaration, more devotion.

## Sanskrit: The Emotional Blueprint

Sanskrit offers one of the richest emotional vocabularies for love:

- प्रेम (Prema) – Pure, elevated love rooted in the soul
- स्नेह (Sneha) – Tender affection, warmth, and care
- अनुराग (Anurāga) – Love that grows with time
- भक्ति (Bhakti) – Devotional love, often spiritual
- काम (Kāma) – Desire and sensual love

Here, love is not one feeling—it is a journey from desire to devotion.

## Tamil: Love Shown, Not Said

In Tamil, love is deeply tied to action:

அன்பு (Anbu) – Selfless, nurturing love

பாசம் (Pāsam) – Familial or protective affection

காதல் (Kaadhal) – Romantic love that transforms the lover

Tamil culture often sees love as responsibility—feeding, protecting, standing by—rather than verbal expression.

## Bengali: Love as Emotion and Obsession

Bengali treats love as intense, artistic, and often painful:

ভালোবাসা (Bhalobasha) – Deep emotional love

আবেগ (Abeg) – Emotional overflow

মায়া (Maya) – Tender attachment that makes separation unbearable

Love here is lyrical, dramatic, and inseparable from longing.

## Marathi, Gujarati & Other Indian Tongues

Marathi – प्रेम (Prem): Balanced love—emotional yet grounded

Gujarati – લાગણી (Lāgni): Emotional attachment filled with sensitivity

Punjabi – ਇਸ਼ਕ (Ishq): Fierce, fearless love that defies society

Malayalam – സ്നേഹം (Sneham): Gentle, comforting affection

Telugu – ప్రణయం (Pṛaṇayam): Romantic love with emotional dignity

Each language reveals what its culture values—devotion, endurance, sacrifice, or passion.

## Indian Words That Don't Translate

Some Indian words resist translation because they carry history, philosophy, and emotion together:

विरह (Viraha) – Love intensified through separation

ममता (Mamata) – Protective, unconditional maternal love

श्रृंगार (Shringar) – Romantic love expressed through beauty and art

राग (Raag) – Emotional attachment that binds the heart

माया (Maya) – Love so tender it becomes a beautiful illusion

These words show that Indian languages understand love as an experience, not merely an emotion.

## When Love Has No Direct Translation

Some of the most beautiful expressions of love exist as untranslatable words—terms so rooted in culture that no single English word can hold them.

- Portuguese – Saudade

A deep, aching longing for someone who is absent, mixed with love, nostalgia, and sorrow. It's not just missing someone—it's loving them through absence.

- Japanese – Koi no yokan

The quiet certainty that you will fall in love with someone—not love at first sight, but love that feels inevitable.

- German – Geborgenheit

A sense of emotional safety, warmth, and belonging—often felt in love, but also in being deeply understood.

- Arabic – Ishq

A passionate, consuming love that borders on obsession, often spiritual and overwhelming, far beyond casual romance.

These words reveal something crucial: some emotions are too layered, too intimate, to be translated cleanly. They must be felt within the culture that gave them birth.

## \*Silence as a language of love

In some cultures, love is loud. In others, it is quiet.

In Japan, love is rarely verbalized; it is shown through consistency, effort, and reliability.

In many South Asian families, love is expressed through food, sacrifice, and duty—not through spoken affection.

In Nordic cultures, love is subtle, practical, and respectful of space—less drama, more trust.

Here, saying “I love you” repeatedly may even feel unnecessary or insincere. Love is proven, not proclaimed.

## \*Language Shapes How We Feel\*

Language doesn't just express love—it trains us how to experience it.

If your language has many words for love, you may notice its nuances more easily.

If your language is restrained, you may feel love more deeply in actions than in speech.

Indian languages, in particular, teach that love is not always happiness—it is commitment, longing, patience, and presence.

This is why cross-cultural relationships often struggle—not due to lack of love, but because partners may be speaking different emotional languages. One waits for words, the other offers silence and sacrifice.

## \*Love Beyond Words\*

Perhaps the most profound truth is this: the deepest love often begins where language ends. Words fail, translations break, and grammar collapses—but love remains.

In every language, love ultimately asks the same thing:

To be seen. To be understood. To belong.

And maybe that is why some words are untranslatable—because love itself was never meant to be confined to words alone.

Love speaks in many tongues. But the heart understands them all.

# REVIEW

By: Mr. Kartik Shrivastava

## Poem

### “ONE LINE OF LOVE”

We are different sketches on the same vast floor,  
divided by labels and the locks on the door.

But skin is just a color, and names are just a sound,  
it's the pulse in our chests where the truth is found.

Whether you love a man, a woman, or a soul,  
it is the same spark that makes a person whole.

We are a million stories, some quiet and some loud,  
weaving one single ribbon through the thickest crowd.

This line isn't a boundary that keeps us apart,  
but a shared thread connecting every single heart.

Look past the surface, the gender, and the hue,  
there is only one line of love, and it runs straight through you.



Written By: -

**Prudence Sefiwa Mojuta,  
M.Ed. student, MSU Baroda**

# REVIEW

By: Mr. Kartik Shrivastava

## Poem

### “BETWEEN WORDS AND FEELING”

Love exists in the space between text  
and reader,  
interpretation and feeling.

Like rasa unfolding, where words  
withdraw.

Meaning breathes in suggestion, not  
claim.

What is felt arrives before it is named.

Silence carries what language cannot  
bear.

The heart learns by lingering, not  
grasping.

Each return deepens the unspoken.

Presence outweighs declaration.

Understanding pauses at the edge of  
knowing.

Love remains heard in resonance, not  
sound.



Written By: -

**Pragya Tripathi**  
M.Ed. student, MSU  
Baroda



# REVIEW

By: Mr. Kartik Shrivastava




## My reflections on the poems:

**Both poems reflect the central theme of love. Both authors reflect their perspectives on love. However, there are certain commonalities to both the poems-**

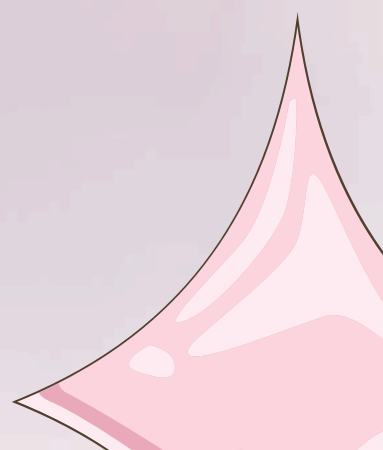
**Love often arrives before language. It is first felt as recognition that is quiet, instinctive, but deeply human.**

**I see love as a presence rather than a direct declaration, something that listens and stays instead of prominently showing itself.**

**Beyond labels and definitions, love connects through resonance; it remains revealed or unrevealed or even concealed, reminding us that it is not explained, only shared or felt deep inside.**



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## A Heart in Winter

The moon hangs heavy, pale and tired,  
Like a thought the soul cannot finish.  
Its light does not warm;  
It only reveals how far the road still goes.

A single figure walks  
Where silence has learned to breathe,  
Footsteps pressed into frozen ground  
Like memories that refuse to melt.

The river beside whispers nothing;  
Even pain has grown quiet here.  
Trees stand bare, stripped of hope,  
Witnesses to a heart that once bloomed.

This is not the darkness of night,  
But the deeper ache within—  
Where love turned inward,  
Where feelings learned to hide.

The path is narrow, endless,  
Lit just enough to continue,  
Never enough to see the end;  
Such is the cruelty of a wounded heart.

Yet still, the figure walks.  
And perhaps that is the truth:  
Even in the deepest darkness of the heart,  
Something chooses not to stop.



**Ms. Divjot Kaur**  
**Student**  
**Amritsar**  
**Punjab**

## Jealousy

Jealousy

Means not understanding the true meaning of life.

Jealousy

Is when you fail to appreciate your own life and yourself.

Jealousy

Is the shame of measuring your life against others  
And envying them.

Jealousy

Is one of the worst emotions—  
It destroys the mind and the heart.

In the end,

We are all sleeping under the same sky.



**Ms. Eva  
Petropoulou  
Lianou**  
**Official nominate  
for Nobel Peace  
prize 2024  
Greece**

## Bathing Baba



**Mr. Godknows  
Elginos Pomerai  
Biochemist &  
Visual Artist  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

Geeeee!  
Yes mom.  
Come and bath  
Iiih mom, I bathed yesterday  
Yeah, you eat everyday and never complain

Okay I am on my way  
Vamos, I got other things to do  
Please don't get the soap in my eyes  
Close your eyes, you are not a fish

Look at your face.  
Are you now working in a coal mine?  
No mom we were playing house  
And that's my beard  
I was baba,  
father of eighteen.

## Homo sapiens



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

You might ask, what is this about?  
This is a meaningful question to address.

We define all humans under one category because we are biological beings.  
“Homo” refers to humans, and “sapiens” means intelligence or wisdom.

In this discussion, we are talking about humanity—  
Who we are, what we are capable of,  
What nature we possess, and how we think.  
These are questions we often ignore.  
Why? Because many individuals no longer understand why we exist.

We are all here on this planet to coexist.  
We are here to protect nature and animals.  
We have a responsibility, yet today we are destroying what we were meant to preserve.  
We have mountains, oceans, rivers, and countless living creations of God,  
But we are failing to care for them.

Animals of every kind deserve a habitat.  
They deserve the same basic needs we claim for ourselves.  
They give birth, they nurture life, just as we do.  
Logic alone tells us that preserving nature is essential.  
Yet instead of protecting life, we often choose destruction.

Animals show empathy; they nurture their young.  
We cannot forbid them from existing,  
Because they are an essential part of the ecosystem.  
Unfortunately, we are not making the right decisions,  
And the choices we make affect them irreversibly.

All living creatures deserve food, rest, and shelter.  
Who are we to deny this to them?  
Have we forgotten that we, too, are creatures?  
Nature was not created by us—we were created by God.  
No matter how long we live, our mission remains the same:  
To preserve our planet.

This is the reason we exist.  
Humanity has lost its perception of life and identity,  
And we are dismantling the planet instead of learning to live in harmony with  
the universe.  
Did we forget that we did not create the universe?  
It was created by the same Creator who made us.

To our disgrace, we try to impose our desires upon the planet.  
But we cannot redesign it or rebuild it to suit ourselves.  
The world is already complete.  
Every creature on this planet has the right to live alongside us.  
We cannot erase a painting we did not create.

This is what makes us different from animals.  
They may seem unlike us, yet they depend on us to act responsibly.  
They cannot survive unless we fulfill our duty to protect the world.  
We are all living on the same canvas created by our Creator.

**By Jose Luis Lopez**

## Before Death Calls My Name

He is the messenger  
Who never misses the road,  
The guest who eats no kola,  
Yet empties the calabash of laughter.

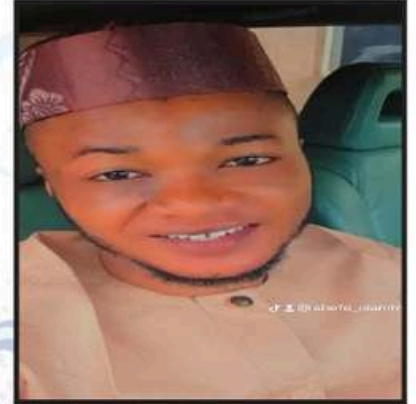
No charm binds his ankles.  
No sacrifice delays his footsteps.  
When Death visits, the marketplace mourns.  
Songs turn to whispers, quietly poured into the gourd  
of eternity.

Death, I know you are near.  
You pause at my doorway,  
Counting my sighs,  
Measuring the weight of my name.

My heart beats like a tired drum,  
Its rhythm unsure; each silence answers nothing.  
My laughter flees like a frightened goat,  
While the air grows too heavy for the nostrils.

Death, if you must take me,  
Carry me gently. Do not let my spirit fall  
Like a broken calabash.  
Let me leave whole, even if I leave empty.

Who will call my name the way I recognize it?  
Who will remember my laughter without tears?  
If you are listening, Death,  
Come when the night is kind.



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

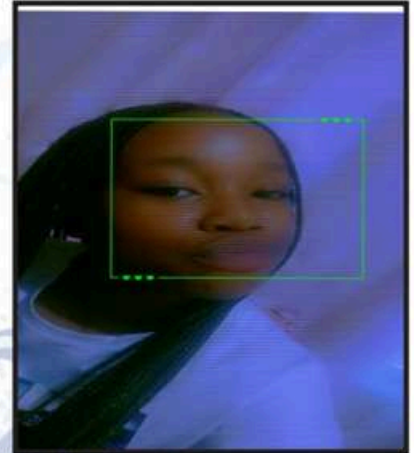
## Terrorist

Hatred flows in your blood  
Revenge is part and parcel of your mind  
Any weapon you may find  
No matter how small  
Can be handy to completely erase  
Someone's existence from mother earth

Peace is never your objective  
Murder is always your motive  
Terrorism has become a daily routine  
Reaped kidnaps and continues assaults  
When will you reach satisfaction?  
Nobody knows

The world cried and pleas  
For you to put an end to all this  
Need you be reminded that you have a mother  
You have brought shame to her face  
Regret continues to fill her heart  
Many are the sleepless nights she endures because of you

You instantly evolved from being a caring young man  
Into a ruthless blood thirsty monster  
Who has caused terror to multitudes  
Return to your former being  
And put an end to all this chaos



**Ms. Kudzaishe Zoe  
Berejena  
Student  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

## Separate Huts for Hearts in Love



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

Life had never taught Mukudzei how to be there for herself, and in her late twenties, she was scared to try to teach herself the vital lesson life had denied her. She would ask herself times without number, "Is it too late to learn and master this skill one cannot possibly live without?" A reaction would always form in her mind's eye, a negative writing in grimy red characters on a white wall, "Don't betray your mother because Heaven will never forgive you."

Mrs Zvakawuya, Mukudzei's mother, had told her that she would only accept a man into her life after her angel had revealed to her (Mrs Zvakawuya) that it was the right time. Mukudzei had watched her agemates being taken, while she waited for her mother to receive the relevant spiritual instruction to let her go. She would strongly admonish herself when the word "abuse" formed on her lips, especially after turning down a man who would possibly transform her social life. She dreaded the ramifications of blaspheming against her mother's angel.

Her mother was a spiritual healer whose prayers had turned around the fortunes of a countless people. She lived at the foot of Saungweme Mountain in Nyanzunda Village under Headman Muchena. Mukudzei lived with her mother, whose major source of income was prophecy and deliverance. People with University degrees would hit her doorstep begging for spiritual intervention into their affairs. Great business people would drive into her yard in the shelter of the night to seek spiritual guidance, holy water and anointing oil to enhance their business prospects. Youths looking for employment would bring their CVs, application letters and certificates for a touch of her blessings before submitting them.

Despite her popularity and modest earnings, she had failed to send Muku to secondary school. Muku suppressed her bitterness for fear of facing the wrath of her mother's angel. From the age of sixteen she decided to start earning her own living, fetching firewood from Saungweme Mountain and selling it to the

residents of Tsvingwe and Old West, a distance of three and four kilometres from Mrs Zvakawuya's homestead. Every day she strained her neck muscles under the weight of a bundle of firewood. Every day her chest would boil with accelerated breath as she walked up and down the dusty road to deliver the items of her trade. The blisters that formed on the soles of her feet only gave her pain when she rested.

A more comfortable offer, by comparison was on its way. One of her regular customers who owned a spacious mansion in Tsvingwe Low Density Suburb took a keen interest in her.

"Apart from your firewood being the best quality, I have observed something in you," she said.

"What is it, madam?" Muku asked hesitantly. She was not used to compliments from fellow women, but from men who wanted to propose love, and none of them had omitted to mention her beauty, especially the brightness of her eyes.

"You are always smart and without a bundle of firewood on your head, you look like a girl from an elite family," the lady continued.

Mukudzei blushed.

"I wish to hire you to do my laundry every Wednesday and to clean my house every Monday and Friday and I will pay you the equivalent of four bundles of wood immediately after duty."

"That is very kind of you madam," Muku responded, excited.

So Muku started her contract and ended up landing three more contracts in the same neighborhood. No more morning races with a bundle of hardwood on her head. No more mud splashes on wet roads in the rainy season as Muku could now afford to pay for public transport from home to work. The beauty she had not really noticed on her body would stare back at her when during her cleaning sessions she paused in front of a wardrobe to peep into the mirror.

More men started talking to Muku, but she could only reject them. Men from all social classes clamoured for her attention. The more the men sought a lasting relationship with Muku, the more she noticed the increasing charm in her beauty, that magic on a girl who had only gone to school up to grade 7!!!

She needed to talk to her mother. The prophetess should have to carry out the necessary rituals to free her from the curse that her mother disguised as a covenant with her own angel. Mrs Zvakawuya had helped a countless clients whose lives had been tied to malignant spirits that had obscured their prospects. Why could she not do the same for her only daughter and child?

With a heartbeat that accelerated with every step she took towards her mother's homestead, after alighting from a commuter taxi, Muku thought how her mother was going to react to her proposal. She herself had never been married. She had been ravished by a man whose identity remained a mystery when she had gone out to gather wild fruits. The love predator had stalked her to the forest and grabbed her arms with daemonic precision. She was too terrified, even to scream. He then dragged her behind a rock, tore her skirt and pants away to gain access to her loins, making her pregnant as a result.

Upon entering her mother's kitchen hut, Muku's heart leapt into her mouth. Sitting on a stool was a young man she had rejected times without number. "I don't like it when a man brings matters between us to my mother's doorstep," she said to herself.

The young man seemed not to have noticed her. He spoke with a troubled voice that did not sound like his. The sense of urgency in his discourse told Muku that his life was in a mess.

He had raped a minor and needed prayers to escape imprisonment. Just when Muku learnt this, she felt like pouring boiling water into his loins. How could he do such a thing when she had already made up her mind to accept his hand? All that had remained was her mother's blessing.

"Mother, this is not the right kind of client!" she wanted to shout, but the words evaporated as soon as they touched her lips.

Mrs Zvakawuya decided to do prayers on Chimwendo anyway. He had been remanded out of custody, and his case would be heard in court in a couple of days. Muku was befuddled. How could a former victim of rape abuse a heavenly gift to enable a rapist to get an acquittal? The phrase "false prophetess" nearly exploded from her lips, but she managed to keep them tightly shut until they began to hurt. But when she loosened them, she realised that she had already swallowed the words.

Chimwendo would stay with Mrs Zvakawuya till the day of the commencement of his trial. Every morning he drove from Mrs Zvakawuya's homestead to town where he worked. Muku detested it when her mother asked her to do his laundry, and resented it more when she asked her to serve him meals. Every day she went down to Tsvingwe for work, she travelled by commuter taxi, despite the fact that Chimwendo drove from her mother's homestead every day.

Finally came the night before Chimwendo's trial. Muku had slowly started feeling sorry for him. Her mother had prayed ecstatically for him, speaking in tongues, getting into occasional trances, but still told Chimwendo that justice would take its course. Chimwendo spent his nights in the hut Mrs Zvakawuya used for prayers. After the protracted prayers, mother and daughter left the jail candidate to spend one of his last free nights in their homestead.

Sleep could not visit Muku's pillow that night. A sudden guilt feeling sat in her heart like a cloud of toxic matter. Had she not rejected Chimwendo, would he have committed the rape case? The darkness in her bedroom increased until it seemed like a cloud of coal dust sat in the room. A sudden red flash filled her room, then followed by a deafening explosion. Two more flashes poured into her bedroom hut before the sky unleashed a heavy downpour that made it sound like someone was playing drums outside. The rain pounded her roof for more than 20 minutes before an unusual calm descended on Mrs Zvakawuya's homestead.

Muku thought how precarious her mother's prayer room was. Apart from being

grass thatched, the roofing timber was sagging. She thought of checking on Chimwendo. She walked the ten metres from her bedroom hut to the prayer room. The ground was muddy and slippery so she had to tread with caution. She pushed the door open and switched on her cellphone torch. Chimwendo who was lying in his reed mat bed, stirred immediately and sat up, the blankets covering his body from chest to toe.

"Hello," Chimwendo said quietly as if he had been expecting her. Muku knelt down and crawled into Chimwendo's bed without saying a word and without bothering to wipe the mud off her feet. They made love like prehistoric savages until the door swung open and Mrs Zvakawuya entered the room.

"Daughter what is he doing to you?" Mrs Zvakawuya shouted bewildered.

"You can ask me what I am doing to him because I came to his bedroom," Muku said.

"Another rape case, you will not only go to jail, you are going to hang," Mrs Zvakawuya addressed Chimwendo..

Before Mrs Zvakawuya knew what to do next, Chimwendo walked past her into the night, his clothes in his hands.

By sunrise, the sky had cleared, but Muku decided not to go to work. Her mother had left for the police station in a hurry, telling Muku that her abuser was going to face the full consequences of his amoral behaviour. Muku was too weak to protest, but she was going to defend Chimwendo, so that if he went to jail, it would only be based on a conviction from the rape of the minor.

Muku wanted to rest for the whole day, so she took the linen that she and Chimwendo had lain in, though for a few minutes, and spread it on her own bed, after stripping her bed of her own linen, then crept into bed. She did not want to think of anything, but felt it was proper if she got a baby the way her own mother had got her.

As she started dosing off, Muku's phone rang. It was Chimwendo calling.

"Be patient and make peace with your mother. I never committed a rape and I'm going to marry you," said the voice from the other side of the line.

"I was going to wait for you for the next 30 years, then we would have our white wedding," Muku replied.

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**



## February



**Mrs. Priyanka**  
**Writer**  
**Kolkata**  
**West Bengal**

The year is young, the air is cold,  
The stories of the frost are told.  
January's ice has passed us by  
Beneath a pale and quiet sky.

February is short; its days are few,  
A bridge that leads to something new.  
The trees stand bare against the gray,  
Still waiting for the sun to stay.  
But if you look closely at the ground,  
A tiny secret can be found:  
The sleeping seeds begin to wake  
As winter's frozen borders break.

It is a time for staying still,  
To watch the light climb up the hill.  
The morning mist is soft and white,  
Chasing away the long, dark night.

We wrap our coats and walk along  
To hear the first bird's lonely song.  
Inside the house, the fire burns bright,  
A cozy place to read and write.  
We think of things we want to grow  
While outside lies the melting snow.

It's not quite spring; it's not quite deep—  
It's the moment just before the leap.  
It is the month of heart and hand,  
Of love that travels through the land.

Though winter's wind may still blow slow,  
The pulse of life begins to show.  
So let the chilly rain descend,  
For February is winter's end.

## Black and White 2.0

As I see the darkness,  
As I see the light,  
Yin and yang—  
Black and white.

As I see the darkness,  
As I see the light,  
A lie and the truth,  
Black and white.

As I see the darkness,  
As I see the light,  
All humans share the experiences  
Of our lives,  
Black and white.

As I see the darkness,  
As I see the light,  
It has always been there,  
Black and white.

As I see the darkness,  
As I see the light,  
In fame  
That sits beside,  
Black and white.

In a world  
Full of lines  
And verses,  
Only I see a page  
That's right—  
Black and white



**Ms. Sakshi  
Jarandikar  
Student  
Sangli- Pune  
Maharashtra**

## The Seed I Sowed

I planted a seed in uncertain ground,  
Where storms spoke louder than hope ever found.  
The soil was thin, the nights were long,  
The world kept whispering, "You don't belong."

Drought cracked the earth; the sun burned low,  
Still something stirred beneath the stone and snow.  
No one believed in what couldn't be seen—  
A quiet promise, stubborn and green.

Each fall of doubt, each wound, each scar  
Only taught its roots how deep they are.  
The wind tested it, the rain delayed,  
Yet strength was forged in the price it paid.

Now look—through ruin, through dust, through gloom,  
The seed I sowed has chosen to bloom.  
No matter the season, the loss, the pain,  
It flowers in fire; it rises in rain.

For what is born from faith and fight  
Does not ask permission for warmth or light.  
I am the ground, the will, the soul—  
And the seed I sowed has made me whole.



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