

Aadhya Publishing House
Presents

MSME

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

THE PANACHE

September 2023

Special Edition

Volume 2, Issue 9

Chief Editor:

Akanksha Shrivastava

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Preface

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

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

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



AADHYA PUBLISHING HOUSE

PRESENTS

PANACHE International Magazine

September 2023

**Publisher &
Chief Editor**

*Akanksha Shrivastava
9424002558*

Designed by:

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LKG Telefilms
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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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**As a publisher of Aadhya Publishing
House, currently releasing a monthly
International magazine The Panache
(contains poetries, short stories and**

**articles, in English language only). Done M.A in English
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ing from Sri Satya Sai institute of science and technolo-
gy (RKDF).She had worked as a lecturer in Government
Women's Polytechnic College and also worked as a lec-
turer in Sagar Institute of Research and Technology. She
has Directed a short film "De Telephone" (available on
YouTube). Also worked as a professional anchor of
dainik bhaskar in year 2009 and 2010.**

**For our magazine The Panache, Interviewed many well
known people like**

- 1. Saanand verma(saxena ji of bhabhiji ghar par hain)**
- 2. Prof. Suparna Banerjee Mam member of Rabindranath
Tagore's family**
- 3. The mirror man Mr. Piyush Goel**



AKANKSHA SHRIVASTAVA
**FOUNDER AND CHIEF
EDITOR**
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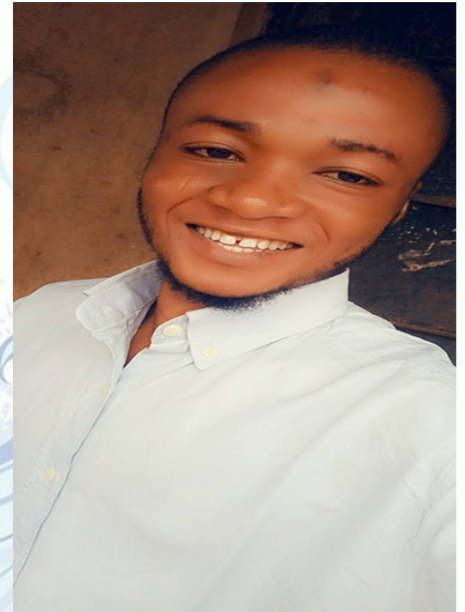
D.O.B: 15 November

**Qualification: Bachelor of Arts in
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Studies at Tai Solarin University of
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Certification and Award

- 1. Major Sir (Honorary Title from the Republic of Kenya
in recognition of my Poetry)**
- 2. Global Poet Award, 2021 (In recognition of my Poetry
at World Poetry Fraternity, U.S.A)**
- 3. Global Poet Award, 2022 (In recognition of my Poetry
at World Poetry Fraternity, U.S.A)**
- 4. Global Poet Award, 2023 (In recognition of my Poetry
at World Poetry Fraternity, U.S.A)**
- 5. Editorial Board Member Panache International Maga-
zine, Aadhya Publishing House Bhopal, India.**

**Chief Executive Officer 1. Asiwaju Concept
2. Prolific Writers Life.**



**ADESOGA, JUBRIL ASIWAJU
EDITORIAL BOARD MEMBER
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LUCY V. DAVID

Lucy Victoria David is a South African of Indian descent. She is an author, poet, international speaker, playwright, singer, pastor, radio speaker, preacher, marriage officer, commissioner of oaths and events co-ordinator.

She studied at the Hebron Seminary, Bethesda Bible College and the Durban University Of Technology completing her studies in commerce and business economics. ministry dedicated to the bereaved

She founded Springs Of Healing, a ministry dedicated to the bereaved and lonely in 2012, following the demise of her two sons. She's also the founder of Salem Friends International prayer group, on the whats app social media platform.

She serves her community through fund raising for the underprivileged and needy. She works closely together with her spouse Dr David Daya David, at Salem, a local church in Durban-South Africa. She is a mother to Victoria, her daughter, and grandmother to Kingsley her grandson. Her vision is to empower women, and break stereotypes.



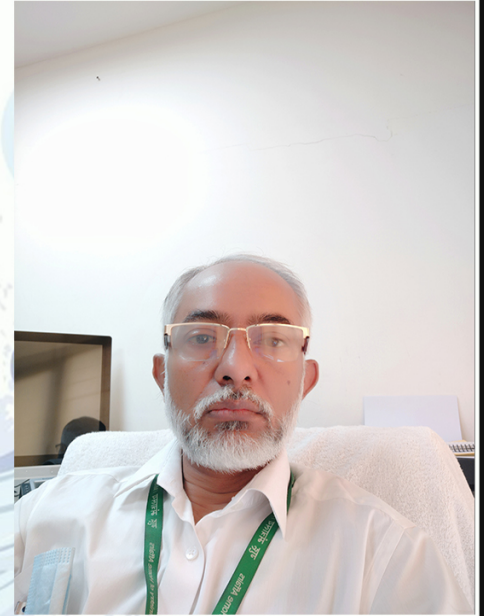
LUCY V. DAVID
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Mr. Bobby Narayan

Boby Narayan holds MA in Sociology and English, MBA (HR), LLB, PGDIM, PGDHRM, DIM, DLL. He is at present working as Section Officer in Central Vigilance Commission. Earlier he worked as Assistant Registrar in National Company Law Tribunal, New Delhi. He has been working in various organizations of Govt. of India. With a rich experience of 18 years in various fields, he has achieved various feat in governmental organizations.

He is a Research Scholar in the field of Skill Development. He has co-authored five books and two e-books. He has published one research article UGC-Care list journal. He has attended more than ten International Conferences as a paper-presenter. Apart from research work, he is a short story writer and occasionally writes poems in Hindi. By nature, he avoids lavish life.



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*Litt.D.,
Poet, Novelist, Song and Story Writer (The
Scholar)*
B. Com, DBM, PGDCA, DCP,
(Visited Nairobi-Kenya, East Africa)
His honors and awards:

**International Achievement Award in Au-
thorship from IPRH, Philippines and Ban-
gladesh.**

- **Birland Government honored me with a
One Pound Postage Stamp as an official
Poet.**
- **Global Honorary Advisor, Federation of
World Cultural and Arts Society (FOW-
CASS), Singapore.**
- **CIVIC EXCELLENCE AWARD 2022 FROM
UHE, PERU**
- **Rabindranath Tagore Literary Honor 2022
(Government of Seychelles, Motivational Strips and SIPAY
Journal)**
- **CESAR VALLEJO AWARD 2021, 2022 and 2023 (3 Years) UHE,
Peru for Literary Excellence WORLD WRITERS' UNION Peru**
- **Gujarat Sahitya Academy and Motivational Strips LITERARY
EXCELLENCE Honor**
- **Honored with "Royal Kutai Mulawarman Peace International
Institute, Philippines"**
- **Royal Success International Book of Records 2019 Honor, Hyder-
abad-**
- **The Silver Shield Award from UHE, Peru for my Literary Excel-
lence 2021.**
- **2021 GOLDEN EAGLE WORLD AWARD FOR LITERARY EXCEL-
LENCE, Peru.**
- **The Scholar, Institute of Scholars Research Excellence
Award-2020, Bangalore (India)**
- **Hon. Doctorate in Literature from ITMUT, Brazil. (2019)**
- **State of Birland at Bir Tawil Recognized Poet**



**MANTRI PRAGADA
MARKANDEYULU,
EDITORIAL BOARD MEMBER
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- **Mr. Mantri Pragada Markandeyulu, Litt.D., is a retired Public Sector Enterprise Officer from Hyderabad (India).**
- **He is the Deputy-Editor-In-Chief of www.petruska-nastamba.com (Serbia/Belgrade) eMagazine.**
- **He is the Editorial Committee Member of THE PANACHE, eMagazine from Bhopal, Madhya Pradesh, India (<https://www.aadhyapublication.in>)**
- **He has worked in few News Papers (English) in Editorial Department.**
- **He is also the Trainer in Motivational Management Programs.**
- **He has published 75+ books with ISBN (Stories, Novels, Poems, Articles, Short Stories, Quotes etc) English/Telugu.**
- **His stories are useful for making Movies, TV series, Web Series.**

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**MANTRI PRAGADA
MARKANDEYULU,
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OUR HONORABLE TECHNICAL HEAD

Hello, I'm Lalit Kishore Gaur, I proudly embrace the roles of an educationist, film maker, photographer, environmentalist, and social worker. These facets of my identity have shaped my journey, each contributing to my holistic understanding of the world and my relentless pursuit of positive change.



LALIT KISHORE GAUR
TECHNICAL HEAD
AADHYA PUBLISHING
HOUSE

These five roles in my life are not isolated entities but interconnected aspects of my identity. They inform, complement, and reinforce one another, creating a harmonious approach to making a positive impact on the world. As an educationist, I recognize the potential of storytelling in my filmmaking. My photography captures the essence of my environmentalism, reminding us of the fragile beauty of our planet. My work as a social worker deepens my connection to humanity, fueling my passion for change.

My life's mission is to inspire, educate, protect, and serve. I invite you to join me on this extraordinary journey, where we explore the depths of knowledge, the power of storytelling, the breathtaking beauty of our world, and the profound significance of social change. Together, we can create a world that embodies the values of empathy, education, sustainability, and compassion. Let us embark on this transformative journey, working tirelessly toward a brighter, more interconnected future.

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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. My country is a language

My country is a language I do not understand, a song I do not know the dancing steps of. Here, I am as confused as an adult who had just seen her first period. We thought tomorrow would fill us with perfection and mold us beyond imagination. Everything changed. What happened to all the smiles we wore on our faces yesterday? We've become prisoners in our homes— I mean, our beds are no longer comfort zones but atomic bombs ready to explode.

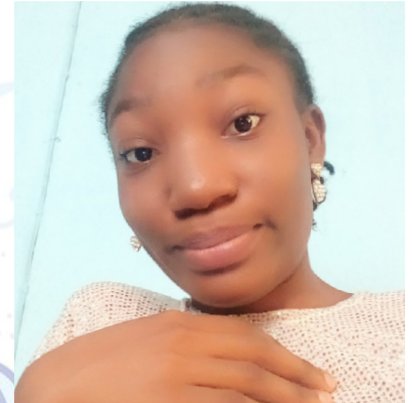
They say we come from a lineage of sad stories, a lineage of grief. Our dreams are fading. Pa knows what is knocking on our doors—what is hovering over our shadow, till his eyeballs become fractured. We fold our arms with surgical scars like orphans dreaming to see the grave's first blessing, with our tongues buried in our hands. We put armor on our chests to protect our dreams, wrapping up our clothes with the innocent face of yesterday. We are now bats with broken wings who never knew when healing would locate them. We grin like a cherished cat with shackles thrown in the garbage, forcing us to dance to the song of despondence, for the subtle art of grief.

Our dreams have been capsized, but pa told us to keep hoping. We will fly, because our ancestors taught us how to fly, knowing ease will overcome hardship, light will overcome darkness, and our wings will heal. We will spread them in the sky and say the raising sun has become apples.



**Abdulquadir
Ibrahim Worubata**
Poet
Kwara
Nigeria

2. MY LOVE



**Akindipe
Oluwafunmilola
Ayomide
Student
Ibafo
Nigeria**

My love for you flows like the rivers.
It's so enormous like the ocean.
The rendezvous of our love,
Causes the earth to wonder
And ponder on the planet we come from.
The affection I derive
Is monitored by the Earth
And said to be forever.
The rendezvous of our love,
Brings out the inner man in me
Which makes me grab my pen
And makes it dance on my paper.
There is no need for proof of my love
Because my love has made itself glaring.

3. NEVERLAND



**Akinpelumi U.
Benaiah
Writer
Owo
Nigeria**

There was time I was alone
Nowhere to go and no place to call home
My only friend was the man in moon
And even sometimes he will go away too

There was a time being just kid
No one to hold me so I just hid
My only hope was that God's real
And even the world so cruel I heal

There was a time I smile in miseries
Nobody, my life was a tragic movie series
The type you hold on unto your blanket to watch
Then there goes your heart beating fast, I warned you
not to watch

I've climbed every Mountain and,
I've seen everything, walking every valley
I've eaten every grass, both the wild and,
I've also eaten from the pot of the damned

When I see happy children playing in the woods,
I simply smile at my old life, long lost in exile
When I saw light in the end of any tunnel in the hood,
It always leads to a world of blinding rays filled with vile

Now I'm here breaking every laws and,
Nobody showed me love, only judged my flaws,
Because what i went through they won't understand,
When I became an eagle, they called me a beast cos I got claws

Then there came one night while I was asleep, in no abode
There comes a man in my shallow dream, took me to Neverland
My life could have been lost if not for God and,
It is what it is.

4. NIGERIA IS A BLEEDING COUNTRY



Aladodo Yasir
Student, writer,
journalist
Ilorin
Nigeria

Nigeria is a bleeding country,
Where blood is shed every day,
Citizens panic to move
After nightfall,
On every night of the year,
Bad things wear new garments.
Where we fear to move,
We can't pass in dark corners
Because of their armed weapons.

In our country, we don't have free and peaceful minds.
Every morning of the day,
We face a new incident.
Night comes with dread disease,
The truth is not allowed,
When we have legalized errors in our country.
Holistic politics.

Nigerians are claiming a democratic state,
Where the old night guards still bed wet.
It looks like the sun and the moon,
That do not come out in their time.
The sun smiles like a developing country,
A country claiming to be giant.
What are the characteristics of giants in them?
A country that celebrates 63 years on the earth
With nothing.

Nigeria's carbon dioxide no longer functions,
Nigerian leaders smell the aroma of killing in the state
On every night of the year.

What are the priorities of us?

Nigerian noise was blood,
Bleeding with pain.

Nigeria is bleeding,
Nigeria is bleeding to death,
The consequences of which
Will be too grave to imagine.

Every day, Nigeria wears a new bad cloth,
In the night and day,
The cloth used to stain.

What is the symbolism of our country?
How can we compare our country?
Nigeria wears an incident cloth.

Nigeria is a prayer,
My country is an action-packed comedy,
My country is a movie.
But an elaborated theme of absurdity,
Here a country man is put
Antagonist and protagonist
Of his character.

My country is a fraction of positivity
And negativity,
Nigeria is an inside joke,
A caricature of itself,
The hullabaloo of opinions,
A transmission of confusion,
Cause my country is a gamble
between life and death.

Nigeria is a jungle,
Where dogs lead dogs,

And brothers cause their brothers to stumble.
Nigeria is unstable,
My country thrives on feeble promises
And shaky resolutions.
Nigeria is a giant sleeping
In its own clouds.

Nigeria is not entirely free,
My country is shallow,
Here you can buy anything,
Still, my country is hopeful,
My country is a desperate one,
On the lips of an honest-hearted countryman.
Nigeria is the collection of positive proclamations,
Nigeria is tears of supplication
From the tired eyes of a lovely mother,
My country is sweat
From the tired head of a caring father,
Nigeria is the doubt to belief of a better Nigeria.

By Aladodo Yasir

5. NATURE'S BOUNTIES

Whistling on the trees that soothes the ears
Drumming in the woods, allays all fears;
Rustling of the dry leaves when the wind blows
Whispering of the waters as the river flows.
Glistening of the moon as the night falls,
Glittering of the stars with rectitude calls;
Swarming butterflies in myriad colours bright,
Morning birds pecking, a delightful sight
With unparalleled smoothness, the sand dunes shine
Camels leaving imprint in abstract design;
Featherlight snow-flakes falling from the sky
Rain drops come kissing to the earth, so shy.
Orchids endear with vibrant hues
Fragrance do Night Lilies, graciously effuse.
Numerous blessings ordained upon us
By the Creator, the Divine in great abundance!



Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

6. Say It With A Smile

When you wish me good bye, say it with a smile.
Frail and shrunken, I may be
Pale face and unstable my gait may be
Blabbery and unclear my words may be
But I still wish you good night with a smile.



Alka Kumar
Writer
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

When you were small and I so young,
When games were played and songs were sung
When streamers and balloons from ceilings were hung
I wished you happiness always with a smile.

When partings and meetings were part of life
When there was struggle and there was strife,
When tragedy struck us like a sharpened knife
I put up a brave face and hugged you with a smile.

Let not the strength of our emotions make you weak
When I'm gone, do not think your future is bleak;
There comes the sunshine like a glittering streak
One more time I wish you good night with a smile.

When I am set free, do not be sad,
Picking up pieces would surely be hard;
Celebrate my life and sing like a bard
This last time, when you wish me good bye, say it with a smile.

7. What is Nature ?

What is nature?

Nature is full of creatures.

Sand, soil, and air are included in nature.

This is nature.

Nature is the dream of God.

This is an amazing gift for humans.

Trees, animals, and water are included in nature.

This is nature.

Nature is mainly three seasons.

Rainy, summer, and winter are.

These three seasons are the gold of nature.

This is nature.

Nature never stops.

Its clock is faster,

It is a faster racer.

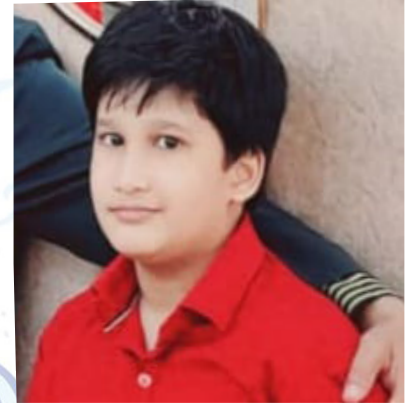
This is nature.

What is nature?

At last, I think that

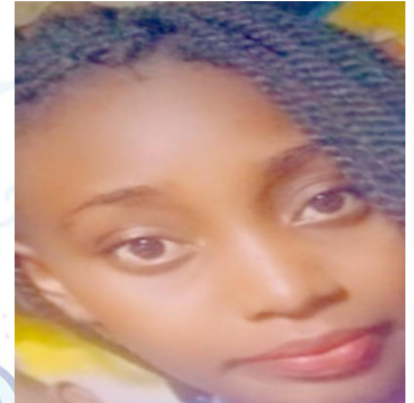
A group of joy and happiness.

This is nature.



Anmol Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar

8. Days and nights pass



Butetsi Angel
Student
Kampala
Uganda

Here in the empty house I sit,
That you alone made home
Watching you in your silent home
I watch you in the rain being wetted
I watch you in the sun being burnt
It's bitter
Not you ...
I thought all was gone
I was wrong it lives in nostalgia
Re read not rubbed
You are resting,
Where my eyes can't capture a glance of your beauty
Every year I wear tears on such a day
You left me
Not you in the grave
I crave to see you again
But if you can read this
Tell your new home that am envious
It is bitter
Not you..
Not you in the grave.

9. Melodies of the Heart



Caroline Cabral
Lecturer
Vizag
Andhra Pradesh

Listen to the rhythm of your heartbeat;
It has a lot to say when you feel you're falling apart.

One forgets the melodies that are being composed within;
Take some time and realize the intensity of the hidden words.

When life gives you trouble, take them not as obstacles but
as challenges.
Challenges you face help you overcome your fears and
make you stronger.

Every melody you create teaches you to compose your
dreams;
It becomes a portal to your soul and recreates your thoughts.

There comes a time when you feel like giving up;
The trials and obstacles keep you from reaching your destination.

It's never too late to realize your passion;
The dedication that can lead you to the path of your dreams.

Melodies of your heart speak to you in different tones;
It's up to you to listen to them whenever you're ready.

Sing like never before, the song that you have earnestly composed;
Make the world know that hardships are never an obstacle.

Be courageous and face your trials like never before;
With the melody of your heartbeat, you can overcome your fears.

Listen to the rhythm of your heartbeat;
Feel the universe within you!

10. I am little lucky boy



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

I am a little lucky boy,
My bag is full of toys.

Dad gave me a play-scooter,
Mom made my cap and sweater.
Sis gave me a music hooter,
Once a year, in winter weather,
My special day of joy.
I am a little lucky boy,
My bag is full of toys.

Rinky, Pinky, Mickey, and Vicki,
Classmates and my friends,
I welcome you with a shake of my hand,
To my birthday party, don't pretend.
Come on, don't be coy,
I am a little lucky boy,
My bag is full of toys.

My pets, Tommy, Puppy, and Cutie Cat,
All my dear friends, and all my best,
Are guests in my party, and none of them late.
Let's dance, let's enjoy, forget the rest,
I am a little lucky boy,
My bag is full of toys.

A colorful, three-layered cake with cream,
Delicious and nice, a treat for all.
Blueberries and cherries in the scheme,
My mom made it, standing tall.
Give her a big hand, guys.
I am a little lucky boy.

I will distribute cake and toys,
To pity boys who are rag-pickers,
Far from birthday party joys,
All day we'll play, make some
noise,
Together, preteen.
I am a little lucky boy,
My bag is full of toys.

11. JUST LIKE A DREAM



El-myst Angellous
Student
Ndola
Zambia

Life is but a dream,
A moment of an horizon over the rainbow.
A field of green pastures on the moon.

A moonwalk on the waters,
A soulful dance with dolphins.
A rising sun on the planktons of some bikini bottom.

A rehydrated release date for fueling emotions,
An enchanted song with lyrics of love.

Life is but a dream,
From the blinks or twitches of an eye,
To the inexplicable smile on a baby's face built by it's glance on the mother.

From the cool breeze that move around families,
Filling the moment,
Changing a house into a perfect picture home.

From childhood, memories are an experience of the past, present and future.
Life is a moment and dreams a peep into it.

12. A woman who greets trains



**Emina Delilovic-
Kevric**Italy
Sarajevo
Bosnia and
Herzegovina

Some women are carefully watching
The blades of grass rise from the land of hope.
The earth must be full of secrets,
But I don't want to talk about her future.

When the sun is finally in the middle of the sky,
She will fall in love again with the train going to
Ljubljana,
Transporting the grain of unmasked lovers.

When the sun is finally in the middle of life,
All the bras on her balcony will be dry,
Cups for her breasts, yellow, white, gray, black,
And with yellow fingers, she'll be ready to see off the
train
In which he will never sit.

I watch her from the balcony across the street,
And I want to shout to her that the trains have long reeked of journeys to
death,
But just as I'm about to leave, I realize it's just
Another stupid association with prematurely ruined lives, love, and war.

And then, when noon rolls around, she picks up her bras,
And she rushes into the house as if an unexpected flood is about to hit.

Tomorrow morning, she starts all over again
And waits for the train until the creeping grass turns into a dark obelisk,
And I can't shout to her that the trains have long smelled like journeys to
death.

13. Stuck



**Fareen Mboya
Khabetsa
Student
Eldoret
Kenya**

Lemme take a moment
A moment to look back at my life
To assemble all the broken pieces
To mend all the holes
A moment to relive it all
I'm stuck
Stuck between so many things
The things in my life
The past
The present
The future
The insecurities
The flaws
The fear
The strengths
The opportunities I lost
The decisions I made
The memories
The unsaid dreams
The a million plus mistakes
The failing fighter spirit
Yes I'm stuck in it all
Where do I start ?
How do I handle it all?
I can't do it?
All my life I've been failing
Succumbing to circumstances
Apologizing for every wrong thing
Taking the blame for it all
Being afraid of even your very own family
Not knowing if your presence is valued
How can you not be stuck?
Huh?
Myriads of questions crossing your mind
Of how you wish you were never born

Of what if I was
How then can you not be stuck
When you are aiming for the very best
Putting your best foot forward
Doing it all despite the odds
Yet not having someone to cheer you on
How can you not be stuck
When the only person you knew believes in you
Is acting up
Being like a stranger
The person who made you feel loved for once
Is giving you the attitude
The only soul you knew had your back
Is currently deserting you
The only human you gave a half of your life to
Is changing you to be something you're not
How can you not be stuck
Tell me??
When you can no longer remember yourself
When you do not recognize the person you see in the mirror
When you don't know what inner peace is
When you've forgotten how to smile
When your heart can no longer take it
When it's all not worth living for
When you can no longer be you
When you know no happiness
When you are all alone
When you even hate being alone in the first place
When you can't take it anymore
When you are broken beyond repair
When you are tired of tears streaming down every night
When you are sick of your very own demons
How can you not be stuck!??
Tell me
How can you not be stuck!??

By Fareen Mboya Khabetsa

14. You are a Miracle



Husna Abbasi
Student/ writer
Pakistan

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

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

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

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

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

Then why are you sad...?

15. WHAT ARE YOU SILENT POET MIDNIGHT



Inver Sheudzhen
Poet
Russia

What are you silent about, poet of midnight,
When the silent city sleeps?
About whom, at this hour,
Does the tired soul of yours, hurting, keep?

While leaning over the lines, tiredly,
What thoughts come to you?
Or is it a memory that bares a sting
Or are you devastated by anguish subdue?

Or maybe you tear apart with pain
As you remember in silence about her,
About the one you called Assolya,
Loving her in the days of youth infer...

About the one who gifted happiness
And filled your heart with mad tenderness,
It's not even in God's power
To give back love days and instill...

Is it about this, at the wrong hour,
When the quiet city sleeps,
Hiding midnight-ones in reflections,
That your soul, the poet, keeps silent?

16. The Routine

The unspilled contents
Of a full brimmed pot,
The escalating high pitched
Notes of a sad melody,
Diffused by the orchestrating effects, The musings to
do or not to do
Muddled by the darkness of night Slumbers one each
day, each
Morning to slog, drudge and pine.
Caught in a whirlpool of
Mundane days and nights,
Dates, months and years,
Hopelessly indebted to
Calendars and chiming clocks
Fail to know when, how, where,
Our life unannounced shall stop!



Jailaxmi R Vinayak
Bhopal
Madhya Pradesh

17. COME TO MY RESCUE

It came a moment
When what I disgraced went
Far away from my heart
Then ceased to care
In an unimaginable way so rare

What's next,
"Is my heart bleeding
From pride I was once feeding?"
Ooh! come to my rescue
Please, come to my rescue

What I did to you
Is what I never know its pain.
Allow me to try to heal your wound
And offer me another chance
To be a man once more in this detrimental love world.
So come to my rescue
Please come to my rescue
My heart bleeds
For none but one ____ You....



**Leonten Tendai
Chakombera
Author, Evangelist,
Boiler Maker, Auto
Mechanic
Zimbabwe**

18. Midnight Call

Faded away, in the mist of pain;
Olden peace, has lost its reign!
Bursting out, into tears,
She then, questioned her fears...

With a desolate heart, yearning for creed,
And a soul, starving for heed,
She summoned herself, to the Court of Lord;
Yet begged, for a veracious chord!

Despair prevailed, so hard to get hold of;
Made her spirit, bleakly empty...
Losing away, the hope of,
Reaching virtue aplenty!

In the lonely hour of dejection;
Clock struck, twelve at night!
Lips whispered, for a luminous connection;
With eyes closed, pleaded for a glare aright,

At a mile a minute, dawn cracked by five;
While she slept, wholly naive...
A Voice, intended to be heard;
Shook her up, like an unrest bird!

Drowsy eyes, became dazzled;
With a Flash, that turned them hazel,
The Message, was rightly conveyed,
Her Prayer, got truly weighed.



**Maria Hussain
Dhillon
Writer
Lahore
Pakistan**

19. That Girl From the Coastline

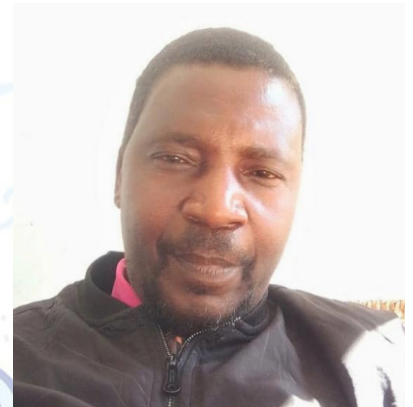
Pleasant like the fragrant morning breeze,
A gazelle stotting with so much ease,
Her stride elegant, her feet so light,
Her sweet dulcet voice fills with delight.
Happily, she sings a melody to the waves,
For the waves know what she craves.
Dark tresses hanging around her swan neck,
While she joyfully dances on the deck.
I think in wonder what mystery lies,
Beyond the hatch of those pensive eyes.
Her poetic musings and mystic dreams,
Stillness of the sea and the silent screams.
Perhaps her longing is for something divine,
That dusky, beautiful girl from the coastline.



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

20. High, Level and Deep

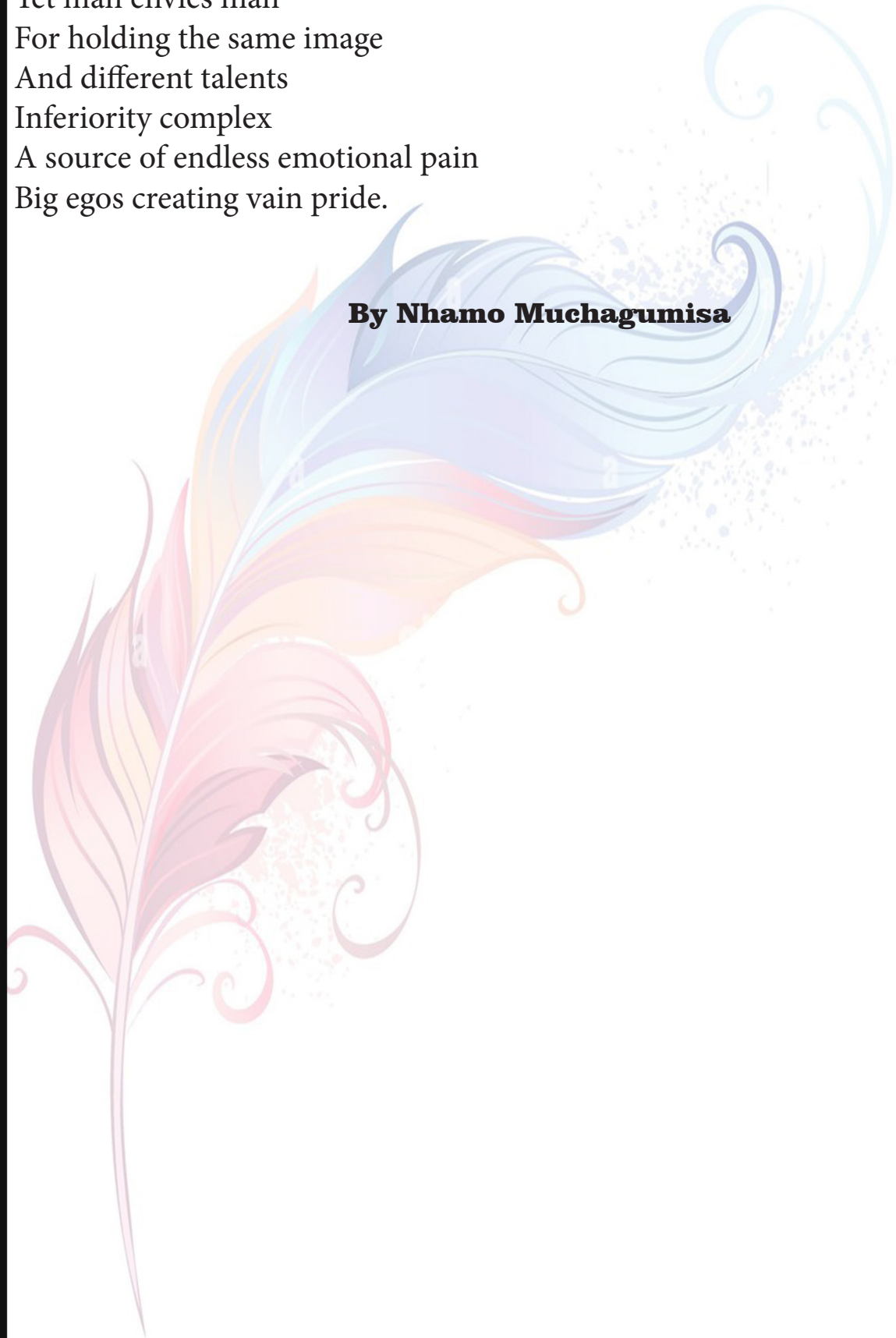
Day envies not the night
When the moon smiles
At the entire landscape
Peeping into gorges
And into the crevices
Cutting into walls of stone
When it makes shadows
Fall from mountain grandeurs
And trees stand tall
To kiss the coolness of higher skies
When it disperses layers
Of cloud cover with its silver magic
The moon envies not day
When day conveys blindness
On artificial lights hanging
From towers piercing into blue heavens
When day breathes life back
On the human landscape
When even behind the clouds
Day sees everything that stirs
And burns all idleness
From muscles willing to work
Land envies not sea
When sea hosts mountains
Under masses of liquid saltines
And plays home to communities
More sophisticated than races
When sea divides human space
Into continental masses
Sea envies not land
When land hails human ingenuity
Whose creativity spares not
The deep waters that churn the tsunami



**Nhamo
Muchagumisa
Teacher
Mutare
Zimbabwe**

And boil with the tempest
Yet man envies man
For holding the same image
And different talents
Inferiority complex
A source of endless emotional pain
Big egos creating vain pride.

By Nhamo Muchagumisa



21. The sting



**Ogunsola Elizabeth
Olufunke
Writer
Ibadan
Nigeria**

The sting, ruinous
It stings the fire
It enrages and destroys two decades of asset.

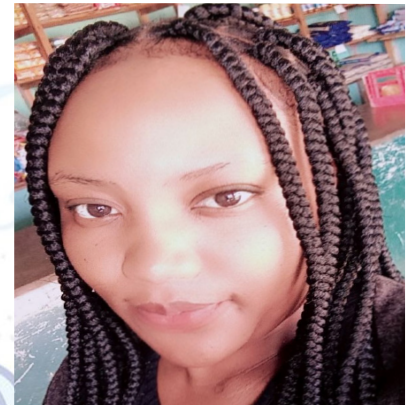
The sting, just like bee
It stings the water
It turns hostile and flood away fortune.

The sting, the unresistant urge
It stings the air
It roars as wind and blew away efforts.

The sting, harmful it is
It stings the sun
It's hot ravishing flame turns skin to ashes.

The sting, uncontrollable
It stings man
He alters to a beast
And damage his soul

22. What is a soul mate



Okuhle Nkomo
Writer and Blogger
Johannesburg
South Africa

A soul mate is someone who is contributing towards your wellness, your health state.

A soul mate is someone whom you learn to resolve your issues with them without giving up on your love.

A soul mate is someone whom you are compatible with on some level, someone who feels like your twin flame whom you feel comfortable and safe with

Not someone you have to belittle yourself or dismiss certain parts of yourself so you can be compatible with them that is not your soul mate.

When you meet your soul mate, it feels like you have met the other version of yourself when you are conversing with them it feels like you are conversing with yourself because there is always like agreeableness, receptiveness kindness and mostly love. Not that you will not disagree in some certain part you will but when ever there is an disagreement you do it with giving each other space where you both can take time to reflect on whatever the disagreement you had and eventually come back to a resolution without tainting your love and values

A soul mate is someone that helps you grow and allows you to be authentic self without any fear or shame of being yourself, somebody who is supportive of your values and ideas who accepts you like an equal because being around them doesn't require you to change yourself for sake of being accepted and fit in

It's important that we reflect on who we are becoming around the people we call soul mate do they give you permission to be yourself or they ask you to make certain changes so that they can accept you?

If being with that person requires or demands you to bend your values and change a lot about yourself then its not compatibility it's self betrayal and that is not your Soul mate

Do some Introspection

23. Feed my hungry heart with love



**Oladipupo Olayemi
Anuoluwapo
Writer
Lagos State
Nigeria**

Thousand of five miles
Walking on days of hundreds
To feed the hungry heart
And quench its thirst of love.
Who would be my lover?
Not a barrier in North
While heart reciprocates in South
West shouldn't care about
The heart that needs its... in East.
Distance matters to minds
But hearts don't care
I have seen my lover.
Together we shall be
Like the snail and its shell
Hearts know what's best
Do not be slow like the cheetah
At the same time
I would like you to be fast and foolish
Just like the tortoise.
Hearts are wise
Distance is not a barrier.
Let me start to cookup lines
Words might betray me
Seeing your lovely creature
I don't need a long gaze
With ocean of saliva to ask
"Would you be my lover?"
Feed my hungry heart
With the best version of love.
Let hearts walk bit by bit
For mutual pleasantries.
Do not interfere with body
The eyes and hearts would surely tell.

24. Who Won...

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

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

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

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

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



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

25. Dreams

A million dreams in a nourished bosom,
Dreamy flying birds that do not fly!
Oh, dreams...

In the full moonlight,
Let your dreams fly in the blue skies of Jotsna.

I feel alive,
Heart within heart.
O my dear sweet golden bird,
Fearlessly soaring on both wings in the dreamy golden
sky.

Never fading away like a dream bird in the final hours
of waiting,
In the constellation of indomitable determination.

So focused on your face, immensely beautiful eyebrows,
Concentrating on your invincible brows.

Why do you lag behind like a steadfast follower after someone unrealized?
Tell me, why do you pause behind the points of places?

Look at the hundreds of thousands of distant dreams.

Open the door to dream success.

But why is it so late?
Hurry up, why the delay!
Move forward with a firm oath on the right path.



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

26. Mother's Lap



Sadaf Jawaid
Writer and Teacher
Karachi
Pakistan

Attention, love and a positive attitude can help people with autism succeed in life.

This is the story of Nomi, who was suffering from autism. He was completely different from his siblings. Fearful, shy of people. He used to hide himself in his mother's lap during gatherings and events. He had imaginary world, where he plays with imaginary children. The negative side of his personality came to the fore, when he started to flare up over trivial matters.

“He has taken on the temperament of his grand father.”

Nomi's father would say this while laughing. His mother was normal educated house wife This talk of her husband disturbs her. She was unaware about “autism. “ But she knows it very well if the child is not tamed now. This behaviour will make him fall in the race of life.

What ever work he sought to learn, his mother would support him. He even learned how to cook food?

“When he lies in the mother's lap, he will become a cook.”

Arrows of ridicule fell on his mother.

He was not the best student like his siblings Especially he found mathematics very difficult. The teacher doesn't like him. Then his mother mastered the subject to teach him. As a result of his mother efforts, he got position in next class.

NOW he is still a step behind his siblings in many aspects of life . But despite this its future constant bright. Because he was never discouraged.

The child who couldn't express his anxiety, who shy away from people, afraid to go out of the house.

Today his circle of friends is wide He meets and confidently talks to the Client for the growth of their budding business. He got this self confidence with the support of his mom She always stood him on every front.

Those who used to criticize him. Now say with astonishment that “he discovered from his mother's lap. “

27. A DIALOGUE WITH SHAKESPEARE



Shoaib Mehmood
Poet, writer, painter
and teacher
Sargodha
Pakistan

Oh, Shakespeare, thou master of divine words,
I stand before thee, with sorrow's touching sign.
In thy tales, my beloved characters met their doom,
Cordelia, Ophelia, Desdemona, and Romeo and Juliet,
consumed.

Cordelia, so pure, a beacon of love's light,
Why did thou condemn her to an unjust plight?
Her unwavering devotion, yet thou took her breath,
Oh, Shakespeare, this injustice, a tragic theft.

Ophelia, a fragile flower caught in madness' snare,
Her heart shattered, lost in a world unfair.
Thou cast her aside, her fate so bleak,
Dear Shake, why didst thou seek to weaken her voice?

Desdemona, a victim of suspicion's cruel scheme,
Her innocence destroyed like a dying gleam.
Why, oh Bard, did you weave her tragic fate?
A life cut short by jealous hands of hate.

Romeo and Juliet, star-crossed lovers bound,
Thy pen penned their love, with profound despair.
Thy hand sealed their fate in a tragic end,
Oh, Shakespeare, could there be no amends?

SHAKESPEARE'S REPLY

Dear Shabes, who questions my literary craft,
I hear thy concerns, thy amassed emotions.
In the tapestry of my tales, tragic ends unfold,
But within them, deeper truths are told.

Cordelia, in her purity, she did shine,
Yet tragedy struck, and her light did decline.
Her sacrifice, a symbol of love so true,
To reveal the darkness that others may eschew.

Ophelia, ensnared by madness' binding thread,
Her fragile mind, by sorrows, was fed.
I portrayed her plight to shine a light,
On the complexities of a troubled psyche's fight.

Desdemona, a victim of deceit's bitter sting,
Her innocence lost in a tragic fling.
I aimed to expose the dangers that lurk,
Within relationships, where trust can irk.

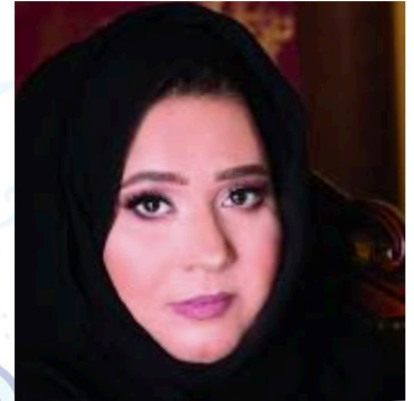
Romeo and Juliet, their love so intense,
But their fate sealed by a world so dense.
Their deaths, a commentary on feuds and hate,
To caution against the perils of an unchecked fate.

In each character's demise, a lesson is found,
A mirror to life's struggles, profound.
Though their endings may seem cruel and harsh,
They highlight the human condition, an eternal march.

So, dear Shabes, do not blame my quill's mark,
For the tragedies that left thy heart stark.
Within the lines, there lies a greater purpose,
To ignite contemplation and provoke discourse.

By Shoaib Mehmood

28. First Reading in the catacombs of existence



Soad Saad Alkuwari
Writer
Doha
Qatar

(1)

In a small airport in a city,
I used to say farewell to people I didn't know. I received
people I didn't know.
Then, I buried my life in the ashtray.
In a small airport in a city,
The bags stare at me, sticking out their long tongues,
laughing at my stupid smile.
I say goodbye to people I didn't know, I meet people I
didn't know.
I close my ears tightly,
So the roar of flying planes can't attack me.

(2)

The poet tried
To mix his dreams with ink.
The drops of water,
Scattered from the trembling of exile, they slept over the sorrows of the phrase.
The poet tried
To get out of prison wrapped with the breath of the poem,
While a poet feels painful with her grief,
Bleeding with her depression
That contained her with fierce gusts,
Mixed in the middle of offerings of writing.

(3)

They get lost like shepherds,
Coming at the end of the night.
A curse and black hooks inflict them,
Walking over mountains
That are lying in the void, getting lost.
Then, getting lost again, preceded by a fox and a long howl.

You might be crying out with the heads of giraffes.

(4)

To climb the ivory of danger. You might be hanging
The camels over bushes of your feelings,
Or over arcs of dry bramble.
You might be getting lucky
In your desk drawer, distributed on two strange bodies,
Then sharing a new person,
The departure to the impossible.

By Soad Saad Alkuwari

29. WASTED EFFORTS

Human sometimes
Wasted efforts
Wants
Endless desires
Loves
Jealousies
Even bird sometimes
Wasted flat its wings
While flies in the sky
Wasted efforts
Everything as it should be
Wherever self has to go
Wheresoever it has to end
Whatever it has to be
Everything as it is
The rest wasted efforts.



Turkan Ergor
Sociologist,
Philosopher, Writer,
Poet, Columnist,
Art Photography
Model, Ambassador
for Peace
Izmir
Turkey

30. HAPPY BIRTHDAY JESUS

We come together, now come and sing,
Happy birthday, Jesus.
Glad tidings of great joy we bring,
Happy birthday, Jesus.

Spread the news to every land,
And let the people know.
His birthday party is just at hand,
As candles burn and glow.

God sent His Son, His special gift,
To bring us hope and peace.
To give our lives a marvelous lift,
His wonders never cease.

This baby born in Bethlehem,
Is God in human flesh.
He came to save and not condemn,
Our souls He will refresh.

His party is the best in town,
And you have been invited.
Come be with Christ who wears the crown,
And let's just get excited.

Let's sing again those songs of old,
Which stir us in this season.
And gladly share the truth we hold,
That Jesus is the reason!



**Vaishnavi
Shrivastava
Student
Vaishali
Bihar**



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