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*Presents*

**MSME**

MICRO, SMALL & MEDIUM ENTERPRISES

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**Government Of India**

# PANACHE

*January 2024*

**Volume 3, Issue 1**

*Chief Editor:*  
*Akanksha Shrivastava*

**+919424002558**

# 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

*January 2024*

**Publisher &  
Chief Editor**

Akanksha Shrivastava  
9424002558

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



**Akanksha Shrivastava**  
**Publisher & Chief Editor**

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# PANACHE

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## 1. RISE AND FALL

This beauty is no longer staying long,  
These flowers will wither with time.  
Cascades will no longer clamor,  
Mountains will not reign in pride ever.  
Oceans would not stay in the dark forever,  
The gushing of rivers will cease someday.

How long will the parrot dwell in the cage?  
It will fly someday to beautify the heavens.  
This vibrant youth will turn into a skeleton,  
Hairs will turn gray, teeth will fall themselves,  
Face: like an aghast fool wandering,  
Aloof in an uneven wasteland, murmuring:  
'Beauty was it that I spent in ignorance.'

Great are the souls who perceived in time:  
The beauty, youth, family, friends, and self.



**Mr. Aftab Tariq**  
**Poet And Teacher**  
**Lalpora Kupwara**  
**Kashmir**

## 2. Celebrating the New Year's Door

As the new year kicks in, it feels like a fresh start,  
you know?

Hope is hanging around, whispering that things could  
be pretty cool.

Life, well, it's this big jigsaw puzzle, and we're all trying  
to figure out where the pieces fit.

Some moments hit you right in the feels, you know what  
I mean?

Imagine a sunrise, a bright surprise,  
Painting the day with colorful skies.  
Dreams are like stars, shining bright,  
Guiding us through the darkest night.

Sometimes tears come, a bit of rain,  
Washing away both loss and pain.  
A hug or a touch, gentle and true,  
Speaks a language only hearts knew.

Memories linger, like a familiar taste,  
Some sweet, some bitter, not to waste.  
Nature speaks in a soft breeze's hum,  
A reminder that we're all connected, as one.

Wishing you joy, success, and much more,  
Happy New Year in twenty twenty-four!

May laughter fill each day  
May love guide your way  
May dreams soar and take flight  
May darkness give way to light  
May friendships stay strong  
May you sing your own song



**Mr. Ahsanullah  
Nasar**  
**Writer, poet, and  
teacher**  
**Loralai  
Pakistan**

May success be your companion  
May kindness be your dominion

May health be your ally  
May time treat you kindly  
May joy be your constant friend  
May serenity never end  
May the new year unfold  
With stories yet untold

May hope be your guide  
May peace in you abide  
May strength be your shield  
May tough times make you feel.  
May quiet moments share wisdom  
May bravery be your kingdom

May errors be lessons learned  
May thankfulness be your concern  
May kindness echo in your ear  
May compassion always be near  
May enthusiasm light your flame  
May each step raise your name

May luck be by your side  
May thankfulness be your guide  
May time weave your story  
May it shine in all its glory  
May each moment unfold  
May your tale be pure gold

Wishing you joy, success, and much more,  
Happy New Year in twenty twenty-four!

**By Ahsanullah Nasar**

### 3. Isonomy



**Ms. Aimen Kashif**  
**Teacher**  
**Lahore**  
**Pakistan**

I dream of a righteous land  
Where

Stratum holds none, but nil status quo  
For all and sundry forever become sole

Laughters of happiness are heard all around  
None is afflicted to sorrow, and bow

A poor awaits not hopelessly  
And abide, affluents, by the rules

A labourer earns a wage enough to make ends meet  
And spare money for their dreams

Unprivileged could seek education  
And let themselves to realization

Their mother could feel the warmth of her kids  
And never fear the fall of her kids

I dream to live in a land  
Righteous it is for eternity span.

#### 4. SHAME'S STING



**Ms. Akindipe  
Oluwafunmilola  
Student, Writer  
Ibafo  
Nigeria**

The world is so cruel.  
It blindfolds me, preventing me from seeing the right  
path,  
Knowing that I am just innocent,  
But it derives pleasure in castigating me  
When the innocent get stung by shame  
On the slippery path  
That harbors the descendants of shame.  
Where is the world  
When I am wandering in lust?  
Wandering in lust, in a man's arms  
Where is the world  
When I am wearing expensive clothes?  
Unknown to the naïve me,  
The world only cares about herself  
But neglects the downfall of others.  
Unknown to the naïve me,  
I am planning to be a sudden wife  
As a result of a new life growing in me.  
No matter how the world castigates or mocks me,  
I will nurse the sting and get healed,  
To prove the world wrong  
And make her know she caused the sting.

## 5. THOUGHT



**Dr. Alka Kumar**  
**Writer**  
**Bhopal**  
**Madhya Pradesh**

While burning the midnight lamp,  
A thought stealthily creeps in.  
Tip-toeing, gathering all its frills,  
carefully locking up all the noise –  
of the world that exists around me.  
The thought, so soft and gentle,  
like caresses of motherly love.  
A thought so pure and divine,  
like the grace of the Lord above.

What if I were just a soul!  
A spirit to wander around.  
Why did I need a human form—  
the skin, the flesh, the bones?  
All that was ever needed,  
an angel's heart and a fairy's touch.  
Then, I could roam around freely  
and be the messenger of God;  
healing a sobbing heart  
and caressing a throbbing wound.

Soaring with birds to the skies  
or measuring the ocean's depth.  
The follies, the ego, the crookery  
had merely been some words.  
O Thought! I loved you so,  
wish I was just a soul.

## 6. DISGUISE IN VANITY



**Ms. Amama  
Christabel Maria  
Writer  
Ikoyi  
Nigeria**

Beautiful on the face,  
Very ugly in the heart.  
Her smile lights up a weary heart,  
But her anger lights up a volcano,  
And could bring water to a boiling point.

Her name implies bitterness,  
But a very sweet princess.

Pray and fast to God during the day, but seen  
Offering sacrifices to gods in shrines at night.

Seen drinking holy communion on Sundays,  
Seen drinking alcohol in clubs on Fridays;  
A church girl at noon,  
A club girl at night.

Shy during the day,  
Wild at night.

Virgin in the sight of her parents,  
A whore in the sight of the public.

With suckling lips,  
But her words are bullets,  
And a gun piercing deep down the bone marrow.

Oh! Who will rescue her?  
Only the Almighty God can.  
Indeed, life is full of vanities,  
Just like the preacher said.

## 7. Overthinking



**Miss. Arushi Mishra**  
**Student**  
**Bhopal**  
**Madhya Pradesh**

Do they think I'm witty?  
Do they think I look good?  
What if I sound bratty,  
When I'm clearly not trying to?

Are they embarrassed by me?  
Or are they disappointed?  
It's hard to figure out,  
Maybe I'm trying too hard to fit in?

Maybe I'm pretty?  
Or maybe I'm being paranoid,  
And no one likes me?  
I wish I were sucked into a void.

I wish I could be happy for once  
And stop thinking about what people say.  
I wish they could embrace me  
With all the flaws in my way.

## 8. Childhood



**Mr. Bholanath  
Samanta  
Research Scholar**

Recall when we were in the age of childhood,  
Nobody can forget what our mood.  
Crawling and walking with unconditionally loving  
hands,  
Mother was the first teacher to recognize letters and  
words.  
Feelings of mother's loving eyes change to anger eyes,  
Next time pulling me into her heart like the open sky.  
Age of stealing coins from mother's tight sarees and  
father's pocket,  
And hiding shyness faces with the backside of mother's  
sarees.  
Riding on father's shoulder to see things up,  
Age of horse riding on father's back, pining to play and shouting.  
Creating a gang with a peer group for playing and fighting,  
No matter, no matter if they are my siblings.  
Age of food sharing for socialization proof,  
It's an age of cheating with the peer group.  
Day-to-day invention of new games for charm and enjoyment,  
Riding on healing up and feeling excitement.  
Following mother's and father's professions,  
And doing the same and making someone.  
Throwing and breaking family utensils for absorbing charm,  
Mom heating and trying to frame them again.  
Age is tension-free, no anxiety, free of pressure,  
End of the day, going to bed full of pleasure.  
It's the age of preparing a full and complete man,  
So, care for this age of baby with care and fulfill their wants.

## 9. The Bhagvad Gita: A Holy Book of Bharat



**Dr. Chitranjan  
Dayal Singh  
Kaushal  
Professor (Retired)  
Kurukshetra  
Haryana**

The Bhagvad Gita is a holy book of Bharat. Every Hindu respects and studies this holy book. A recent study by Dr. P. V. Vartak shows that the Mahabharata period is 3000 BCE or earlier. Bhishma waited for fifty-eight days on the bed of arrows for the onset of summer solstice before breathing his last. Baan Ganga situated at the village Dayalpur (Kurukshetra) is still remembered where Bhishma asked Arjun for providing water to drink. Arjun created Ganga by his arrow and the Baan Ganga tirth came into existence. On the tenth day of the eighteen-day war, Bhishma fell down in the war. The Mahabharata is definitely our historical record of actual events. This epic contains accurate description. Shri Krishna helped Arjun make up his mind and fight the war. The Mahabharata is one of the important events of Indian history. The utterance of the Gita is the height of knowledge. It inspires everyone to do his duty at any cost. Never shirk work in any situation.

Karmanyevadhikaraste ma phaleshu kadachan.  
Ma karmaphalahetur bhur ma te sangostvakarmani.  
Bhagvad Gita, Chapter 2, verse 47

To action alone you have a right and never at all to its fruits. Let not the fruits of action be your motive, neither let there be in you any attachment to inaction. Shri Krishna gave a Classical example of king Janaka. We should work with a view to the maintenance of the world without any personal attachment or selfish motive. We should work as the people did in former times. By this method, we do not touch any sin. When we see with equality everything and understand the importance of balance in life, then we are considered a perfect yogi.

The Bhagvad Gita educates us the art of living. Aristotle said, "Those who educate children well are more to be honoured than they who produce them, for these only gave them life, those the art of living well." Neither you can hug yourself nor you can cry on your own shoulder. Life is all about living for one another, so love

and live with those who love and care for you the most.

The Bhagvad Gita influenced many great personalities like Yogi Arvind, Svami Vivekanand, Mahatma Gandhi, Lokmanya Tilak etcetera. Aldous Huxley felt that Gita is the most systematic statement of spiritual evolution of endowing value of mankind. This holy book is one of the most clear and comprehensive summaries of perennial philosophy ever revealed, hence its enduring value is subjected not only to India but to all of humanity.

Arjuna asked about 27 questions to clarify his different doubts. Shri Krishna answered all the questions diligently in detail. Chapter 2- verse 7 and 54, chapter 3- verse 1,2 and 36, chapter 4- verse 4, chapter 5- verse 1, chapter 6- verse 33,34 and 37, chapter 8- verse 1 and 2, chapter 10- verse 17 and 18, chapter 11- verse 4, chapter 12- verse 1, chapter 14- verse 21, chapter 17- verse 1, chapter 18- verse 1... these verses are noteworthy from point of view of genuine questioning. If you are a truth seeker in the true spirit then you are answered.

Don't try to see God, but work in such a way that God wants to see you. Work is worship when done selflessly.

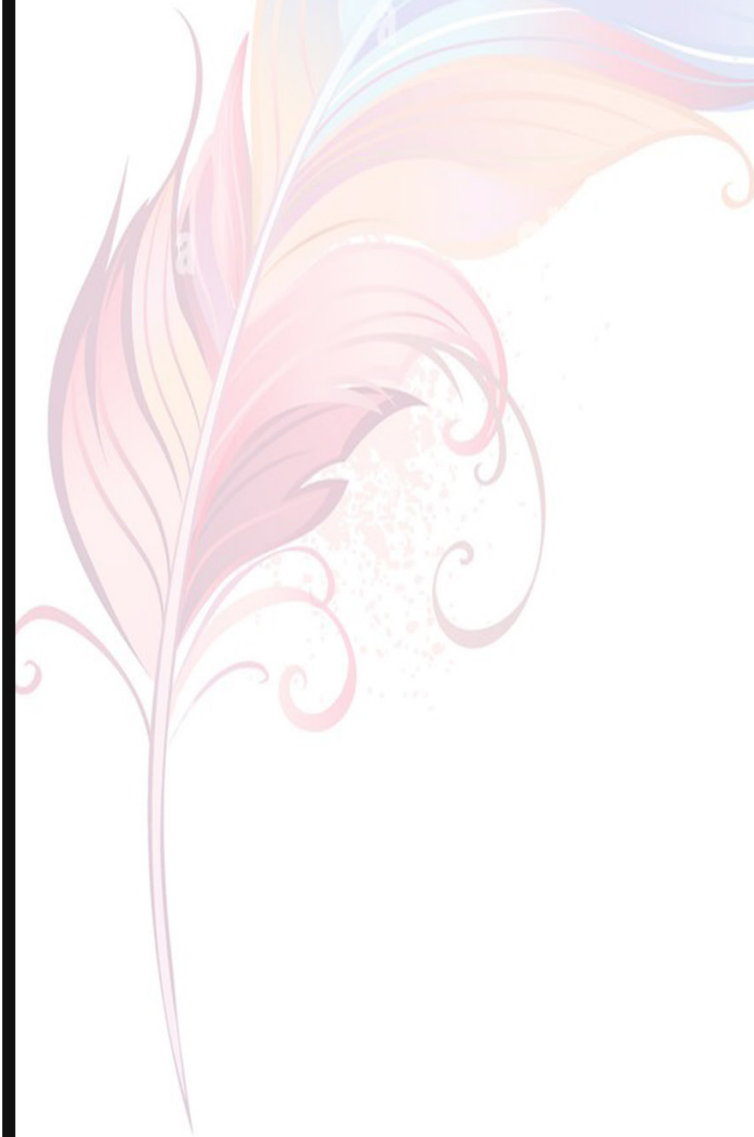
According to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, Article no.26(2), "Education shall be directed to the full development of the human personality and to the strengthening of respect for human rights and fundamental freedom. It shall promote understanding, tolerance and friendship among all nations, racial or religious groups and shall further the activities of the United Nations for the maintenance of peace. Preaching of the Bhagvad Gita can play a pivotal role in establishing peace and harmony particularly in every person and generally in society.

Shri Krishna spoke 574 (82%) verses, Arjun spoke 85 (12%) verses, Sanjay spoke 40 (6%) verses and Dhritrashtra spoke 1 verse only. In total, there are seven hundred verses in the Bhagvad Gita. The Mahabharata composed by Maharishi Ved Vyasa presents before us the Gitamrita in the form of a long dialogue between Lord Krishna and Arjuna starting from the 25th chapter of the Bhishma Parva to 42nd chapter.

Proper action at proper time is very important. If you want good results, first improve your actions. Focus on the sure actions. Every year in the month of Margshirsh, In Haryana, at Kurukshetra, the International Gita Mahotsav is organised. It begins on the day of Mokshda Ekadashi. Ekadashi is the eleventh lunar day of the waxing and waning lunar cycles in a Vedic calendar month.

To conclude I would like to emphasize and motivate all the stakeholders to include Gita in their daily curriculum and follow the principles in letter and spirit.

**By Chitranjan Dayal Singh Kaushal**



## 10. My eyes filled with tears



**Ms. Dikshya  
Sarangi  
Teacher  
Bolangir  
Odisha**

My eyes filled with tears  
When God answered my prayer.  
My heart goes insane  
When my loved ones shower the same care.  
My soul overwhelmed with glee  
When my parents see me having a smile on my face.  
My perspective to see the world changed  
When I see a vagabond in the street.  
My tantrums and stubbornness came to an end  
When I feel and observe the gaze of children in the orphanage.

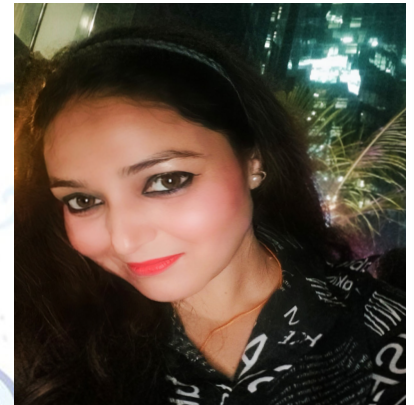
That's why, wherever I go,  
I always feel blessed for whatever I get,  
And whatever I lost,  
I always appreciate the blessings of Almighty  
And enjoy my day in both pain and pleasure.

At the end of the day, I fall in love with myself  
Because I accepted my uniqueness and flaws.  
I look for perfection in my imperfection  
And love what I am blessed with.

My behavior with parents turned into kindness  
When I feel the ticking sound of time that passes everything.  
My heart croons with confidence of love,  
And my mind with innumerable pleasant thoughts.  
I start loving again when I see God's blessings overhead.

## 11. Tear-jerking journal of my lifetime

I encountered him one day through an alley with a smile on my face and greetings on my lips. And this chat took the never-ending while between the two of us. We started courting each other, and we both fell in love. Soon, we decided to be together until the last journey of our lives. We do not complete each other, but we are made for each other. I find a perfect man in him who can handle me with my varying dispositions, love, and overhaul. This is what women always ponder about their partners. For a woman, her man is her entire world in which she can move spontaneously without any reluctances with heavenly sensation. He loves me a lot and cannot imagine life without me, and I am also deeply into him with my unadulterated spirits. But I am burdened with some grim shades of my life, which might lead to our parting. I feel very secluded as I have not discussed this with him yet. I can see myself vanishing without him but cannot bear to see hatred in his eyes for me. I do not know how I will face him when he comes to know about the dark shade of my life. I am 10 years older than him and a widow with a cute girl child. I never thought of falling in love with someone after the demise of my companion, but Ayushman gave me a chance to live life again, to love again, to conquer the world again. He made this life so special for me that now I do not want it to end. I want to live this life with him until the end of creation. I wish I would have encountered Ayushman a few years back, so that I could be with him incessantly. But I know he will never accept me with the dark shade of my life. So, I have decided to live my life without him as I cannot face him with the certainty of my life. But I will keep loving him from the bottom of my heart and will miss him until my last journey. I know he will miss me a lot, but soon he will find someone else to love him again, and I will possess him in my thoughts persistently with a conviction that, in another life expectancy, he will be mine only, and I will not have reasons to get unglued from him. 'Love you.'"



**Ms. Donika Sharma**  
**HR**  
**Noida**  
**Uttar Pradesh**

## 12. Ethereal Connection



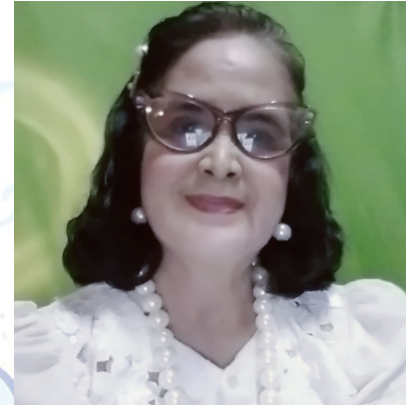
**Ms. Esha Fatima**  
**Student, Writer**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

In the gentle whispers of the wind and the silent echoes of the night,  
I want you to know that my heart carries no anger, no bitterness.  
The path you've chosen, my love,  
For The Sake Of Your Parents,  
is a testament to the depth of your compassion and the love you hold for them...  
It Is A Decision I Respect,  
Though It Has Left My Heart In Fragments.  
In This Chapter Of Our Lives, As You Walk A Separate Road,  
Please Understand That My Love For You Remains Unwavering.  
I Yearn For Your Happiness, And  
I Want Nothing More Than To See You  
Embrace a life filled with joy and contentment.  
I hold no grudges, for I see the love in your actions,  
and I Know That Your Intentions Are Pure.  
The tears I've shed, the ache in my heart,  
they are not born of anger but of the profound love I hold for you.  
I Am Here, A Silent Guardian Of Your Dreams And Aspirations.  
Your happiness is my fervent prayer, and  
if that happiness lies in the path you've chosen,  
Then I, Too, Will Walk It With You In Spirit.....

Know that I am but a heartbeat away,  
a whispered wish, a star in the night sky,  
silently cheering you on....  
My love for you transcends the boundaries of circumstance,  
And I Will Forever Hold You In The Highest Regard....

May The Path You Tread Be Lined With The Blossoms Of Joy,  
and May Your Heart Find The Peace It Seeks.  
For in Your Happiness, I Find Solace, and  
In Your Choices, I Find Love Unending....

### 13. A Symphony For Humanity



**Ms. Fida Salazar**  
**Religious leader/  
writer**  
**Philippines**

If I could find a symphony  
For humanity,  
I would rather compose a melody  
That blends with all things that  
Surround me,  
Such as the songs of the birds  
And the bees,  
The fragrance of wonderful flowers  
And lovely trees,  
The gentle touch of the breeze  
On autumn leaves,  
The whispering waves of water  
In the deep blue sea that  
Mesmerize my heart and soul.

When moments of sadness overshadow  
My whole being,  
The breathtaking views on the top  
Of the mountains,  
The mystic clouds,  
The colorful rainbow up above,  
The skies, the sun, the moon,  
The stars,  
And all heavenly bodies seen by my  
Naked eyes, and most especially  
The thing called "Love."

Yes, love is the key for my  
Symphony to humanity,  
For the people to see how  
Great God's creations are,  
How wonderful, how fantastic,  
How amazing

The universe in which we live.

Each and every one of us  
Will love each other,  
Know their feelings,  
Know their needs,  
Feel their heart longing for  
Someone's love, someone's care,  
Someone's touch, someone's hug,  
Someone's caress, and  
Warm embrace.

I wish to console them with  
My lovely music,  
With my sweet melody,  
With love and care for everybody,  
By the grace and glory of Father Almighty.

May Divine Providence  
Bless me for my Symphony  
To Humanity.

**By Fida Salazar**

## 14. I call it my Mum



**Mr. George Dowson  
Andoh Junior  
Writer  
Accra  
Ghana**

I laid a final rose on her grave. With a heavy heart, I muttered, "I've loved you through life, and I'll love you through death. As long as I live, may your soul rest in perfect peace." I've lost an angel to the stars. Tears drip down my eyes, with my heart in shambles and my soul damned for life. How have I lost a love this easy? Memories of her life I've loved like a plague. With a love lost, a soul is plagued, and a heart is cursed to pain. Oh dear, a love lost hurts.

I fell to my knees beside her grave, hoping my tears would bring her back to life. So I cried with every beat of my heart down to my soul, but still, she's not here with me.

Oh, I'm in pieces. It hurts so much. I'd give up forever to feel her embrace one more time. I wish I loved her more in life rather than miss her this much in death. Truly, love is felt more in loss than in life. How foolish of me to love her less than I should.

I still live the memories of the last smile she gave on the day death came knocking. If only I could turn back the hands of the clock, I would have thrown the batteries away and remained stuck in the rewind of her very last smile.

As she flutters away from my memories, lost like dust in the clouds, slowly fading, but still, I'll cling to the memories even in pain. Though my heart had gotten used to her divine, this void will always be here, a place in my heart lost to her forever. Though she lies somewhere above the clouds, still, let that piece of my heart be with her. So my final words to her are, "Lay solemnly in heaven where angels like you lie with the stars and moon. May your soul rest in perfect peace, and may my love be with you even beyond death. I love you, Mum, my anatomy book.

## 15. A Silver Lining



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

Hope is life.

Life is positivity.

Positivity motivates everyone.

Everyone is running after success.

Success gives satisfaction.

Satisfaction provides a goal.

A goal needs concentration.

Concentration demands patience.

Patience comes from practice.

Practice makes a man perfect.

Perfection is an imagination.

Imagination comes from the brain.

The brain is allergic to the heart.

The heart controls emotions.

Emotions lead to attachment.

Attachment increases desires.

Unfulfilled desires create frustration.

Frustration paves the way to anger.

Anger eclipses the power of wisdom.

The power of wisdom lies in the body.

The body is decaying.

Decaying is a process.

The said decaying process

sometimes results in salvation.

Salvation is the beginning of the silver lining.

## 16. The taste of solitude

The taste of solitude.  
I know it's over, but think,

What will I answer to those people who have always  
seen us together?

What about the tears that only you were allowed to  
wipe?

What about the promises that you made to me with the  
moon as a witness?

How can I remove you from my soul?

Where can I replace my smile that appeared only because of you?

I will look at every path with a painful look where our laughter used to echo.

Every song we sent each other, they might not be able to hear anymore.

In short,

Can one even forget to breathe? How can you understand that everything is  
over?

Really?



**Ms. Husna Abbasi**  
**Writer**  
**Pakistan**

## 17. CHANGE



It's just a mindset.  
You leave the old house and  
enter the new  
but remain the same.  
You leave your experiences in the old and  
embrace the new.  
Dressing corner, kitchen sink,  
the place where you kept the fridge—  
now you like  
freshly distempered walls,  
new neighbors,  
new paths.  
You bring artificial orchids and  
adorn the vase.  
Discard the familiar old teapot  
without any dilemma.  
You take a caper,  
sing a song,  
your heart rejoices,  
your spirits lift.  
You peep out of the window and smile.  
It's adjusting again  
to a new house.  
You are used to this change  
several times.

**Dr. Jailaxmi R  
Vinayak  
Prof, Research  
guide for Ph.D  
candidates  
Bhopal  
Madhya Pradesh**

## 18. LIFE



**Ms. Jaweria Nuzhat**  
**Artist, writer,**  
**student**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

The concept of life is different for everyone. Some find it a difficult path through thorny bushes, and some find it a soft carpet decorated with flowers.

Everyone has come here to make a special journey. The paths may be different, but somewhere, everyone's destination becomes the same. And that destination is death, which cannot be denied in any case.

Everyone has to cut their own journey. Some make their journey long and difficult, and some make it limited and easy. It is a matter of their own capacity. Someone becomes a hero of time by controlling the circumstances, and someone becomes a coward by giving up in front of the circumstances.

If the real destination is known, then there is nothing gained and nothing lost in this journey. Everything is an illusion.

In the end, I would like to say,

life is a journey,

and we all are travelers.

## 19. Extinguished humanity



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

Seldom do I meditate on why mankind behaves with such inadequate attitudes, and mostly without any consequences for their rude composure.

They haven't received any reprehensible sanctions for what they have done.

Every year, worldwide, there are festivities to gather citizens who enjoy the nativity and the New Year's Eve. After that, they reactivate the same empty lifestyle like an old-fashioned year.

Monitoring the environment surrounding us, we are a segregated humanity. One movement of the untouchable, the highest-status community, greedy people who are privileged and can't be publicly exposed to the whole country. Another, the poverty of the needy, who have misfits, disagreement with everyone else, and are attacked because they belong to the unwanted, uneducated criminal community.

YES, GOD IS THERE TO BLESS EVERYONE. Ironically, we claim His presence when we provoke tragedy or ignite negativity.

EXTINGUISHED HUMANITY.

Do we ever reflect on our actions?

Do we ever feel the misery, destruction of the globe we were born with?

Response? Disgracefully, none.

## 20. A Few Lines on Disabled People...



**Ms. Kanchan  
Mishra  
Shahjahanpur  
Uttar Pradesh**

This is the form of humanity,  
No curse on earth.  
Their life is precious,  
Not adverse to anyone.

Behave humanely,  
Let us instill confidence.  
No, they are no less than anyone.  
Fill us with new consciousness.

Don't ignore them,  
Always hug them with love.  
No one should be a victim of inferiority complex,  
Always show them the way to live.

## 21. A PARTY ANIMAL



**Mr. Leonard Maero  
W  
Author, Teacher,  
Poet, writer  
Kitale  
Kenya**

She was a chatterbox.  
Outgoing and spirited,  
blasting chats at full volume  
like a party animal.  
Little did she know,  
she was hit by the mute button  
by people outside her.

Walking in the vows of silence,  
heavy and dejected,  
fighting over and over  
for her voice to be heard.  
"Hear me out, please!"  
Ringing through the void,  
before giving herself to silence.

The lump in her throat  
slowly turned into a knot,  
blocking out her voice  
with no words coming out of her.  
An X black tape covering her mouth,  
soon finding herself  
being on mute.

Acknowledgement: Lenah Akhahika

## 22. THE GIRL OF MY DREAMS



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

She showed me 'HELL,'  
And left me no direction to its exit.  
I'm struggling inside,  
And the pain is too much.  
Can't she forgive me  
For whatsoever I have wronged her?  
My heart no longer knows anywhere safe to go.  
This 'ONE' she showed me 'is too HUGE'  
Compared to 'THOSE' other previous ones.  
They were pretty easy to quench for me.

Lamentations

"Oh sweetie\_\_\_Oh my sweetheart, Forgive thine ex-  
boyfriend.  
Because every MEMORY of yours 'Pierces,  
And burns, and cuts, and reaps away..  
Please have mercy, my darling. I need you back with me."

She fed into the smoke  
And waved, then laughed.  
Truly\_\_\_ Deep inside, I'm hunting demons of my good life.  
They took her away  
Very far from me.

Lamentations

"Oh these maggots; these rascals, these black-hearted spirits,  
They took her and forced my little flower to turn its back to me."

She was forced,  
Now she's no longer in my love.  
It wasn't her fault;

My platform wasn't strong enough at that time to carry a load,  
That the Devil won her to someone else.  
Now, she's married to someone,  
The one of my dreams.  
My heart for years will weep.  
Until Christ reveals to me my true soul partner.

**By Leonten Tendai Chakombera**



## 23. Value of Education In Life

Education is important to understand life. We can consider education as the biggest asset of life. Without education, there is darkness. In modern times, life is incomplete without education. The aim of education is to impart human values, which are the most sublime things as far as any society is concerned.

There is no such society that forbids truth, compassion, and service. Human values are universal; they are inherent in every human being. When they are applied in day-to-day life, they become human values. Children display most of the human values in their behaviors. They love each other, play, and share with each other. Hunger is a common feeling; every living being feels hungry. Sharing food is a human value. However, taking another's share of food by force is not a human value.

Now, in the present-day modern world, market forces try to take control of everything. These forces try to instill a feeling of cutthroat competition in every mind. They believe in deliberate control of the market at the expense of others. In such an atmosphere, there is no consideration for human values.

Values are common and applicable to every society. They should be acceptable for everybody's welfare and good. Values that are means for a small group are not human values. Individual consciousness is to be directed in the right way. Choice depends on reason. The aim of education is to impart good values. Every child and every individual is to be directed properly so that they can judge what is good and beneficial, and just from what is harmful and unjust.

There is a lot to be done for the coming generations. Violence and crime are becoming common. Violence among children and juvenile crimes are on the increase. Such a trend will lead only to more destruction. Everybody wants to go back towards values. Children should be trained to learn from the vast treasures that are there within themselves.



**Mr. Lokesh Sharma**  
**Student**  
**Kherli alwar**  
**Rajasthan**

Human values are to be spread by teachers. They are the role models of any society. We have a tradition of great teachers who inculcated great values into the social fabric. Protecting and upholding those values should be the aim of education.

**By Lokesh Sharma**



## 24. THE SEA

The sea roars with her perfect waves in her own set  
element

Every day she shows off her pretty frills  
Of liquid blue edged with frothy white lace

The sea beckons children to play on hot summer days  
To frolic and jump as she lures them in  
to laugh and to kick and to have a days fun

The sea does many meaningful things  
She takes you to different worlds across the waterland  
Opening the eyes to brand new insights and bags of  
excitement

The sea looks peaceful at night  
as she closes her eyes and bids us goodnight  
Deeply contemplating new ways to showcase herself come the new day rainy or  
bright



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

## 25. Emotional Blackmailing



**Mr. Major Sir  
Adesoga Jubril  
Asiwaju  
Teacher, Writer and  
Artist  
Ijebu-ode  
Nigeria**

Faith consoled my heart.

To my heart,

He paid condolence.

I wanted to write a story,

"Even without you..."

The piece of paper was soaked

In an ocean of tears

Falling from my eyes

Instead of my pen.

I felt the sting of words

Coming from the impotent anger.

Beautiful faces with beautiful lies.

White tongues with black words.

My heart is a beautiful place,

But every maiden that has passed through it

Was reputed for their sadistic pleasure,

Smearred like lipsticks on lips.

Tell my story to the ones coming,

About how old I was, waiting under the tree

to tell moonlight stories before the moon

annoyed me to be out of the world.

## 26. Deafening Whispers



**Mr. Nhamo  
Muchagumisa  
Teacher  
Mutare  
Zimbabwe**

Emma's uninterrupted visits to the sickroom caused Melvin to think that he had fallen into an endless dream which hosted other dreams within its endless span. Her voice, like a baby angel's, fresh like apple juice lingered in his mind long after she had left the room. Emma never forgot to send her face to him every night as if to stop Melvin from slipping into the world of the deceased.

The only sensible thing Emma should have done was to unconditionally terminate her relationship with Melvin as he had turned out to be a great embarrassment to her.

That is what everyone, boy or girl, who knew about their relationship thought. But to Emma, that was the thinking of average minds. She had to be at her best when he was at his worst.

A dark cloud had landed on Melvin's prospects when a police van had driven to the gate of Elis Gledhill High School in Sakubva to collect his remains. His corpse had been found at the entrance gate by the teacher on duty at 6:30 in the morning. The teacher had immediately dialed the ZRP emergency toll free number.

Melvin had apparently frozen to death. By the time the Defender Land Rover arrived at the scene a small crowd had gathered at the entrance gate for a glimpse of what could turn out to be a murder mystery. Having taken a brief statement from the witness, the police loaded Melvin into a colossal metal coffin, but before they brought down the lid of the coffin Melvin stirred.

The spasms of his laboured breath told one of excruciating pain. The odour his breath emitted told one of extreme irresponsibility. Melvin hoisted himself from the coffin as the warmth of the risen sun melted away the rigidity of his frozen muscles. A sudden rush of energy in his body propelled him down Chitungo Road, knocking one of the onlookers flat onto the tarmac road, but he did not

go far. His right foot sank into a pothole a few paces from the police van, and he collapsed into a crumpled heap.

The energy that had taken possession of him a few moments ago had evaporated from his body. His rescuers came to pick him up but this time, they placed him in a seat, just behind the driver. The police drove Melvin to Victoria Chitepo Provincial Hospital.

The night before, Melvin had drowned himself in alcoholic beverages at a popular waterhole in Sakubva.

The Ministry of Higher and Tertiary Education had hiked vocational training loan payouts from a paltry \$50 to an incredible \$500. For Melvin, it was an opportunity to quench his insatiable thirst for alcohol.

It was approaching midnight when he decided to walk back to Mutate Teachers' College. Sleep overtook him on the way and the weight of it brought him down at the Elise Gledhill entrance gate. It was end of may and the settling winter caused his body to freeze, conveyed cramps into his muscles and paralysis into his brain.

Melvin's consciousness returned upon admission to hospital, but he was tormented by hallucinations. The ceiling above him was alive with strange shadows, as if a horror movie was playing on a colossal screen. He sometimes yelled for help. A nurse would rush into the ward, and he would say, "Can't you tell those people to go away?"

The nurse would simply smile and say, "You will be fine soon."

After three days, Melvin was discharged from hospital, but medical experts were still at his service. He still needed the constant attention of a medical practitioner, hence his transfer from the provincial hospital ward to the college sickroom. Emma was the sickroom's most frequent visitor.

As his brain became fully functional, Melvin realised that he had created a record

for himself nobody on campus would break. He sorely desired to hear Emma say to him, "It was good while it lasted. I am moving on." But Emma was playing a different tune.

"I never thought you were going to make it," Emma told Melvin, a day before his discharge from the sickroom.

"Why don't you leave me alone Emma?" Melvin said in response.

"The reason is because everyone including you thinks that is the right thing for me to do, but the problem with me is that I always have my own way of thinking," she said and immediately walked out because the visiting hour was over.

After his release from the sickroom, Melvin's reunion with the rest of the students was stressful. Whenever he walked alone, to the lecture rooms, to the dining hall, to the library, he heard deafening whispers behind him. Everyone was talking about his return from the dead. Nothing could take away the heavy load weighing on his mind. Sleep was not refreshing anymore. Each time he closed his eyes to sleep, he would be awakened by laughing voices in his room, only to open his eyes to discover that he was alone.

One morning he woke up to notice that somebody had tucked a leaf of the Eastern Post under the door of his room. He picked it up and read the headline that screamed in his face, "Student teacher drops dead after an overdose of alcohol". He read about himself. The reporter had extravagantly embellished the story with figurative expressions, good stuff for the young adult minds that constituted the majority of the college population.

"See page 3", and on the cited page were photos of him, leaping out of the metal coffin, darting down Chitungo Road, then sinking into the pothole. Emma had read that story and seen those pictures, and was still not ashamed to be seen in his company!

Melvin felt his self esteem dying inside him. The urge to commit suicide took possession of him, but Emma's silent, telepathic rebuke made the daemonic

thought leave his mind like a passing cloud.

Avoiding Emma, though emotionally distressful, was the way to go for Melvin. She was just too good for him. She deserved better, but she seemed to underrate her worth. Melvin thought that if he shunned her, she would learn to move on and leave him to the disgrace that he had become.

One afternoon, as Melvin sat alone in one of the college huts at the centre of the college fish pond, he sensed the smell of aquatic life being slowly refreshed by the scent of a woman's perfumed body. He did not turn to check who it was that had sought his company, but the voice that bounced off her lips told him who she was.

"Melvin, for how long do you have to keep this funeral mood?" Emma asked him.

"Till I learn to find my way out of the mess I have created for myself," Melvin said.

He looked at the girl who would not let him go. She was dressed in a sleeveless body top, fancy dressing for twenty-first century young women and a ventless skirt that touched the heels of her feet, not so fashionable for modern women, yet the combination gave Emma a dignified outlook. Her calm and motherly presence made Melvin feel desperately inadequate. He was 24 and she was 18, but he would never call her baby friend again as he used to do.

"Melvin, this is going to be the last time I am going to ask you to listen to me," she said, the tears she had held back for too long flowing with her voice.

"I will always listen if you have something to say," Melvin said, sensing the pain that was welling behind her voice.

"My father died a drunken death five years ago. He had won a labour case after he had been sacked from his job. He was given a hefty severance package after the court ruling..."

“What happened next?” Melvin’s heart beat like a piston.

“He spent days drinking away from home, defaulted on his routine medication and died in his sleep in one of the lodges here in Mutare.”

The sight of Emma’s moistening eyes told Melvin that it was his turn to play the comforter, but there was only one way he could achieve that, never shunning her again.

That night as he lay in bed, Melvin made up his mind never to taste alcohol again, and as he drifted into a tight slumber, Emma did not forget to send her face to him. She was speaking happily to him, but he could not hear her words.

**By Nhamo Muchagumisa**

## 27. I am a Human Being



**Ms. Obale Aishat  
Adenike  
Student  
Lagos State  
Nigeria**

To be a real man;  
They say I shouldn't cry,  
I must not feel weak.

Neither stumble,  
Nor be scared,  
I must be fearless as a man.

However, I can't help but cry  
When I feel pain or get hurt.  
The tears are unstoppable.

Names and laughter, I see  
When my cries come out without a lullaby.  
They fail to understand me.

I am a man, I know that  
But a human also,  
Not a robot.

When I cry,  
Just console me,  
Never label me a "weakling."

If I feel weak and stumble,  
Help me to rise  
And not criticize me.

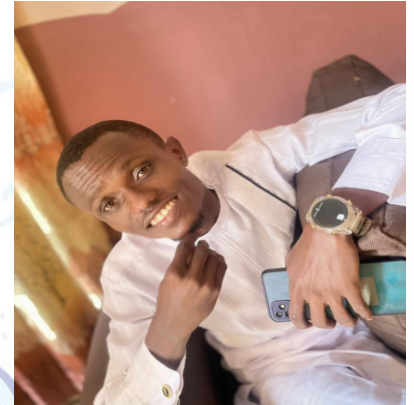
I'm a man with salty tears.  
Never say, "A man shouldn't cry."  
Say, "Everything will be alright."

## 28. IN HER EYES!

In her eyes, I saw what a thousand futures hold.  
In her eyes, my day calls for joy.

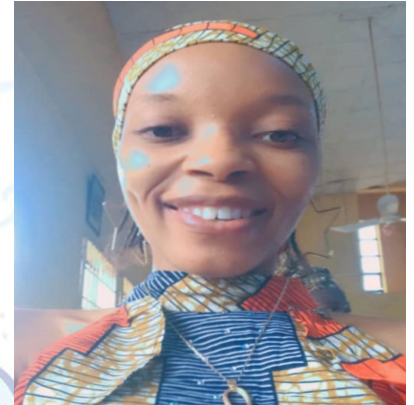
In her eyes, the moon shines bright.  
In her eyes, even the oceans make their wishes.

In her eyes, lies the desire for love.  
In her eyes, I see two glowing stars.



**Mr. Oladipupo,  
Olayemi  
Anuoluwapo  
Artist  
Lagos  
Nigeria**

## 29. A New Dawn



**Princess Annabel**  
**Student**  
**Enugu state**  
**Nigeria**

A new dawn travels uphill,  
High above the skies, it shines blue,  
Beneath the earth, it shines forth.  
Cast the pains and tears into thin air  
Just to behold a new dawn.

It's magnificent to see how it blooms,  
Having all shades of blue,  
Here, where we choose to paint our future,  
And it becomes a reality,  
We hoped and waited,  
Yet, it showed forth.

Arise, O peoples,  
And let's make a fantastic fragrance out of the blue,  
Where there is no seizure of merriment,  
It's the dawn of a new year!  
Let's make it colorful.

### 30. WATER: THE BLUE GOLD

On the planet blue,  
water is blue gold.  
The Earth gets a hue  
when water is strolled.

In regard to water,  
be alert and rise,  
to both son and daughter,  
teach to consume wise.

Stop misuse and overuse;  
water is invaluable.  
No use of later rues  
if wastage goes stable.

Nature's unique gift,  
a boon to mortals,  
enlivens and fills rift,  
opens life portals.

Save water now,  
save our sphere,  
or you, please tell,  
life exists where?



**Mr. Pushpendra  
Pratap Singh  
Teacher/ poet  
Shahjahanpur  
Uttar Pradesh**

### 31. TO MY DAUGHTER

It's a bundle of joy, the day you were born.  
You are the angel; our sweet home you adorn.  
You are the apple of the eye,  
Shaking little hands and legs, you lie.  
Eventually started turning and crawling,  
You are the sweet darling.  
You are our loving daughter,  
We forget all worries with your giggles and laughter.  
Putting small steps, holding hand taught to walk,  
Stammering, uttering words taught you to talk.  
Your little fingers, hands, and legs,  
Running fast, you come and hug.  
Your smile, laughs, cries, and claps,  
You come and lie on my laps.  
You have grown up so soon,  
You are an angel, you are the queen.  
You have bloomed from bud to flower,  
Winning hearts with a smile, that is your power.  
Attended school and college,  
Given good education, you usurped knowledge.  
The day has come to bid you adieu.  
New family, new atmosphere, everything new.  
Dressed like a princess, you are the bride,  
Thinking of separation incessantly cried.  
Got married, you have got a new home,  
Behind your name will come the husband's name.  
We bless you, be happy always,  
Got a good life partner, all the praise.  
Wish you a happy married life,  
Be obedient, be a good wife.  
Love your husband like a friend,  
Let not our remembrance  
Trouble your mind.



**Mr. S. Arunkumar**  
**Writer**  
**Chennai**  
**Tamil Nadu**

Listen to him obediently,  
Love him and in-laws abundantly.  
When there are misunderstandings and rifts,  
Surprise him with a smile; it's a valuable gift.  
Let not your eyes shed tears,  
Be happy always dear.  
Adjustments, understanding solve many problems,  
Arguments, disobedience will bring blames.  
Be content with what you have,  
Beyond the limit don't crave.  
For the future plan and save,  
Unnecessary things don't buy, utter waste.  
Don't take major decisions in haste.  
Love everybody, hate none,  
Everybody's heart you try to win.  
Obey, respect elders, kith and kin,  
Back home looks empty and vacant,  
We try to hide the sorrow, but we can't.  
Dolls, teddy bear, and toys,  
Lying unused, there is no noise.  
Ultimately we are happy; you got a good mate,  
Bless you, your life to be bright.  
A son is a son till he gets his wife,  
But a daughter is a daughter till the end of life.

**By S.Arunkumar**

## 32. BARGAINING

If I can't be with you,  
Maybe a ghost of you,  
Not because I can't let go of you,  
It's the heart that doesn't want the truth.

I free my brain from you,  
But my heart creates scenes of you.  
Now the heart and the brain argue about you.  
Maybe letting them be free from you?  
Or holding onto the ghost of you.



**Mr. Saalim Aremoh**  
**Student**  
**Ilorin**  
**Nigeria**

### 33. My Respected Teachers

The word "teacher" is full of love—a person who plays the role of a mother. After leaving the mother's lap, the future of the child is in the hands of a teacher because the purpose of the teacher is to teach the child the ability to see the world. Only the teacher gives the child this skill, whether it is positive or negative depends on the teacher.

My teachers have changed a lot from childhood to today, but I never felt that they were good or bad because luckily, my teachers were, are, and always will be the best teachers in the world. I love them so much. There is attachment, intuition, and above all, the fear of the teacher, which I have not been able to get rid of since childhood. My friends and classmates used to say, "How stupid you are, who is afraid of the teacher," but I did not understand why I was afraid of the teacher. That fear was not negative; even in this fear, love and respect were hidden somewhere. Everyone has their own way of expressing love, but my way started with fear and ended with fear. I was afraid of my respected teachers that they might get angry if I misrepresented, so that their hopes would not be broken, which they associated with me.

And I continued to gather more and more successes. Today, when I meet my old teachers, seeing the smile on their faces and witnessing their pride gives me peace in my heart—a peace that I never got even when I secured the first position in the class. My teachers mean everything to me—my past, my present, my future. I even think that the position I am in today is because of my teachers' hard work, their love, their dedication, and their trust. No matter how much I write in their honor, it is too little for me.

My father once told me that my daughter, we have to go to the Pir's court for attendance. The question came to my mind, "Dad!! Who is the Murshid?" In response, he said, "That person is the guardian of Allah Almighty. He prays, and he is the one who advises us to the right path." His answer made me think that a



**Ms. Saira Mubeen**  
**Student, Writer**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

person whom we ourselves don't even know, we go to their court once a year or once in five years. They are our murshids who show us the straight path, so why can't they be the murshids who, after our mothers, guide us to the straight path moment by moment? They showed us, prevented us from making mistakes; their shadow was over our heads every moment. Sometimes we obeyed them out of desire, sometimes out of fear, but they never let us deviate from the straight path. So, why can't they be mentors?

In response to my question, my respected father said that he is our Murshid from our forefathers' times, and we have pledged allegiance to him. He is our mother and father. But I think my teachers exhorted me to go on, showed me the path where only flowers bloom, and placed a shield of prayers over my head so that the hot sun of heaven would not overshadow my achievements. If there were thorns on the ground, they would put their love under my feet, encouraging me not to stop but to move forward. Yes! For me, my mentors are my teachers—the light of my eyes and the servitors of my heart. My teachers are the goal of my success. If there were indeed a command to prostrate to anyone after God, I would bow before my teachers forever.

**By Saira Mubeen**

### 34. The Agony of solitude



**Mr. Saleem Raza  
Jakhar (Amar  
Shaw)  
Teacher, Writer  
Khairpur Sindh  
Pakistan**

I'm devastated, deep into the dark,  
By my own deeds, beliefs, Hark!  
I'm not bold enough to proceed,  
The way to right, oh, that's the truth indeed.  
The pain of solitude and lonely life,  
Seems frightened, like a ghost in the wife.  
I summoned my soul in solitude,  
To help me and for a little long, be my dude.  
Why should I fear?  
From this travel so tougher.  
My eyes wet up, my soul radiates,  
And for this time, I rise up with hesitation.  
This time, I'd need to be bold,  
The fear of solitude must be renewed.  
Loneliness doesn't teach us cowardice,  
The agony of solitude is but boldness.

## 35. Enchanting Heartstrings

In twilight's embrace, where shadows unfold,  
Whispers of the moon, a story retold.  
Stars, like poets, etch tales in the sky,  
A cosmic dance, where dreams learn to fly.

Raindrops weave verses on leaves' tender skin,  
Nature's ink, where melodies begin.  
The breeze conducts a symphony of trees,  
A serenade carried on the evening breeze.

Within the heart's garden, emotions bloom,  
Petals of joy, dispelling all gloom.  
Silent echoes of a longing desire,  
A poet's soul, a passionate fire.



**Ms. Shanzay Nawaz**  
**Student, Writer**  
**Sargodha**  
**Pakistan**

### 36. Materiality and consciousness



**Mr. Shiv Prasad  
Jabar  
Latehar  
Jharkhand**

The theory and practice of leftist thinkers rest on the monopoly of the fatalists in the material world. That means darshan. Western philosophy is limited to entertainment, whereas the philosophy of the Eastern world is the ultimate philosophy of life. Even if it was rejected for the sake of power. In the game of power and money, caste, creed and sect have been glorified by the powerful and affluent people. For your security and governance. With this weapon the common people have been made mental slaves. And for this business, the nexus of communal leaders and politicians has been going on. An interdependent relationship continues between them. The rights of the common people continued to be violated. This same concern was troubling novel emperor Munshi Premchand a century ago, which is becoming even more relevant today. The task of separating the two was left to the pen writers; While both of them are twelve. At present, the contribution of electronic and print media has increased even more. Celebrities are adding fuel to the fire. The youth only speak. Experienced people don't listen to the society. This is the reason why they are cut off from society. The fundamental right to thought and expression is limited only to the pages of the Constitution. To put it into practice, courage is required on the part of the government and the society.

### 37. Nature's Silent Screams



**Mr. Shoaib  
Mehmood  
Lecturer English  
Sargodha  
Pakistan**

In a world where nature weeps, we turn a blind eye,  
To Mother Earth's distress, we utter a hollow sigh.  
Pollution, a silent storm, we choose to ignore,  
Yet mockingly embrace, as if our actions bear no more.

Engines roar, and chimneys spew,  
The air we breathe tainted, a toxic brew.  
Fossil fuels burn, with careless delight,  
As if choking our breath brings forth no plight.

Lungs gasping for each strained breath,  
As smog blankets skies, a dance with death.  
Climate's fury unleashed, a planet's mournful song,  
Our negligence echoes, as we blindly go wrong.

Rivers polluted, a murky flow,  
Chemical streams where life used to grow.  
From industries' embrace to agricultural strife,  
Our waters suffer, the essence of life.

Aqua realms poisoned, creatures in despair,  
Biodiversity declines, a world stripped bare.  
In contaminated seas, a plastic tide,  
The ocean weeps, with nowhere to hide.

Beneath our feet, a soil's silent cry,  
Fertile lands turned toxic, we wonder why.  
Industrial waste and chemicals seep,  
As nature's cradle crumbles, buried deep.

Crops tainted with a poisonous kiss,  
Harvests wither, a shadow of bliss.  
Groundwater stained, life's essence drained,

In the poisoned earth, a tragedy ingrained.

City symphonies, a discordant tune,  
From honking horns to factories' monsoon.  
Nature's whispers drowned, in urban sprawl,  
A cacophony of progress, heed nature's call.

Ears yearn for the song of a gentle breeze,  
Stress and clamor bring the soul to its knees.  
In silence, nature's harmony is found,  
A plea for quietude, an earthen rebound.

As the globe shudders 'neath pollution's weight,  
Climate change looms, sealing a dire fate.  
Icebergs weep, oceans rise in disdain,  
Our world in peril, a planet in pain.

Switch to cleaner fuels, a breath of fresh air,  
Renewable energy, showing we care.

Reduce plastic use, a conscious choice,  
Protect our waters, let them rejoice.

Organic farming, a path to restore,  
Heal the soil, let life once more.

Embrace tranquility, let nature's sounds prevail,  
A quieter world, where peace sets sail.

**By Shoaib Mehmood**

### 38. Scattered Thoughts Damaged Soul



**Ms. Tanzeela  
Rehman  
(Malickzadi)  
Teacher, Writer  
Sargodha  
Pakistan**

One day, during a conversation with her colleague, her colleague asked her a question. Why are you always there for people? Why don't you say no to them? Why do you always adhere to their problems? She stared at her for a while, then passed her a smile and replied...!!!!

I always try to be there for people because no one ever tries to check on me. I try my best not to make anyone feel alone because I know how it feels when you are taken for granted, falling apart, and looking around for loved ones to grab onto, but there's no one.

I know the pain when you are at the edge of giving up, and there's no one to save you. I can understand how it feels when all things are getting on your nerves, and you are unable to drag yourself out of it. I know the pain when your presence and absence make no difference for your loved ones at all.

When the poison of your loved ones' words is damaging you, killing you, and destroying you completely, but you can't speak out a single word. I know the pain when your mistake was too small, but the punishment you got is everlasting.

I know the pain when your soul is damaged, thoughts are scattered, and even your body is totally shattered. That's why I always try to be kind because I have been treated poorly. And you know what...!!!!?? The truth is, I'm in pain also. I'm falling apart silently. I'm going through a lot in my life.

But...!!! Despite all, I'm still there for my loved ones and everyone else. I know how it feels when your loved ones have forgotten each and every act of you.

### 39. Warrior



**Mr. Tha Ono**  
**Teacher**  
**Gasparillo**  
**Trinidad & Tobago**

A tale I shall tell, one of true warriors bold...  
Those who fought for glory and gold...  
As they marched, marched into a battle with swords  
unsheathed...  
Taking what they wanted, their foes defeated...

As one looked around, he saw the damage done...  
He chose a different path, one to make him a noble  
warrior bold...  
The one who refused to follow a path so cold...  
He shunned the wars and the leaders who stole...  
A new fight for equality, equity, and the righteous whole...

Soon his name was spoken with reverence and awe...  
By those who knew he fought for a cause...  
Battling for justice and standing against hate...  
Releasing captives, ending their dark fate...

He became a symbol of hope for the hopeless and the light at midnight...  
A beacon of peace for the world gone stark...  
His sword never tasted an innocent's blood...  
Only the wicked faced his wrath and his flood...

Courage in his conviction, he stood firm and tall...  
Fighting for what was right, he never did fall...  
His heart filled with compassion, his soul wearing love...  
Justice and righteousness blessed him from above...

No medals or honors, no treasures could compare...  
Only joy knowing he had made a difference, hope in despair...  
Damage done by those who sought to oppress...  
Uplifting the helpless, bringing them success...

When a tale of this warrior is told...  
It is not just his battles and bravery that unfold...  
Remember, out of the woods, a message of hope he carried within...  
Equality, equity, and the righteous whole without merit and sin....

Who heard his voice, who saw his fight...  
He became a shining example of what is right...  
Though the wars may rage on, and the leaders may steal...  
His legacy becomes our legacy, one that will live on lasting...

We are that warrior bold...  
Stand up now against the oppressors of this world...  
As the year begins, let peace arise...  
We are warriors together seeking victory without a prize...

Humanity is what we seek...  
Making the world whole even for the meek...  
Rise, warriors, rise...  
Together, never apart, let the world smile...  
We shall smile...

**By Tha Ono**

## 40. A Galore of Smiles



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

A fresh morning, seeing the sunny smile of the day,  
Brings a radiant smile to us without any delay.  
Cheerful smiles which are exchanged heartfully,  
Delightedly bring a beaming smile on us literally.  
Ever wondered why an affectionate smile given,  
Fosters an enthusiastic smile in us with an assurance of  
not being left alone?

Great are those souls who can retain a genuine smile  
throughout,  
Heartening are those gentle smiles from them, to be  
thought about.

Innocent smiles from kids, when passed on to us, get doubled in their effect,  
Jovial do we turn then by giving some irresistible smiles in return, as their impact.  
Kindly and kindling are those approving smiles when bestowed upon the needy,  
Lovely are such moments of getting a reassuring smile from somebody.

Memorable are those with their sweet words and charming smiles,  
Never can we deny their company and their dazzling smiles!

Opulent is this Nature with the bright smiles of its blooming beauties,  
Priceless are the thick woods here, with the genial smiles of emerald green trees.

Quizzical, though quintessential with a pleased smile are these silver cascades,  
Ravishingly beautiful with their playful smiles with all their exuberance.

Salubrious is this Nature with its sweet smile, taking all our worries far away,  
Transcendental is its tender smiles while communicating with us in its tranquility.

Unmeasurable is the power of those warm smiles in a bonding evergreen,  
Vibrant are such welcoming smiles like that of the cuckoos singing in their full  
throat.

Winsome smiles are treasurable when reaching to us from our loving ones,  
Xmas and New Year days spent with them would bring many shining smiles.  
Yonder are not the days of liberation from the enigmatic smiles of others,  
Zealous and zestful in their form would be the days, if we give them sparkling  
smiles in return.

## 41. Mother Chhathi



**Mr. Vinod Kumar  
Jha  
Poet  
Darbhanga  
Bihar**

Mother Chhathi  
I admire you heartily,  
I admire you,  
The King prayed to you politely,  
The King prayed to you.  
The Queen bitterly Crying,  
Her Dead Child was lying,  
She shed her tears as Rivers flow,  
She cursed Lord of Death as I damn my foe.  
Thou came there a sudden soon,  
Touched the Child with thy boon,  
He became alive and greeted you,  
Was greatly amazed to see you too.  
He wasn't so naughty & haughty,  
But Thou art really Mother Chhathi.

## 42. What are you to me?

For the world,  
you are a normal girl,  
But you are special to me.  
God made you for me,  
Sent as an angel.  
You are my sun,  
You are my moon,  
You are a precious diamond,  
You are the one  
That adorns my poems.  
My life without you  
Is like a desert.



**Mr. Vivek Sharma**  
**Poet & writer**  
**Himachal Pradesh**

### 43. The name of a paradise



**Ms. Zumar Yousaf**  
**Student and Writer**  
**Pakistan**

This is the view of the most beautiful place in the world, known as paradise or heaven. When you hear the word paradise, when you read it, you get a beautiful feeling, unlike being in a beautiful place, with greenery everywhere. But this paradise that I am going to tell you about today is a little different from all this.

There was a time when there was greenery here, all the beauty of the world was in this place. However, today, bombs are blasted everywhere here, and many children, women, old and young people are killed. There is no one to question those who kill; no one.

There is no difference between the people and the angels; they also worship their Lord all the time, and so do the people here. These people are known as terrorists in the world, and these are the people who respect the women of the enemy and do not kill their children when their children are brutally martyred in front of them. The world now knows who the real terrorist is.

I don't understand where the humanity of the world has died that people see them dying every day but still live their lives happily. They don't have the right to live just because these people are believers in the truth? These people don't support the wrong because of that? These people don't even have the right to live?

Let's look at some facts:

This morning was like the old days too; there was bombing everywhere, and many houses were destroyed. Today was more devastating than yesterday. What else could he do but watch all this? Only yesterday they declared war, only yesterday those people stood up against the enemy. And since yesterday, the destruction was more than in the old days.

One of their commanders had sent a message to their brother countries, but they were walking blind and deaf as usual. Those people understood that this war is theirs and they have to fight it. Right now, he was thinking that a bomb fell in front of him where he was standing, and God came out of his mouth. Suddenly everything was destroyed there. People gathered everywhere, crying started coming from everywhere.

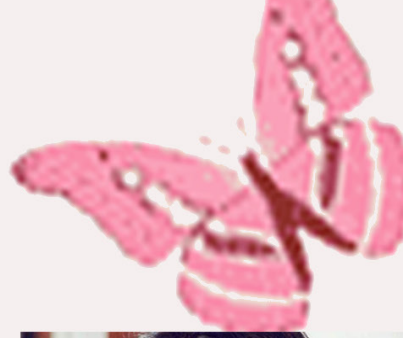
He sees that everything is destroyed; it was his last hospital from where those people could get treatment, but the enemy destroyed everything. And he had no mercy. He goes to a man who is crying, holds him by the shoulder, hugs him, and starts crying. At the same time, he is saying again and again, "My whole family is dead, how can I be patient? I'm all over." That man is saying this repeatedly. He wipes the tears from his eyes and says that we are from the holy land, we have to protect the Holy House (Bait ul Muqadas).

We are the protectors.  
We are the protectors.  
We are the protectors.

Hope you guys understand what place I am talking about.

**By Zumar Yousaf**

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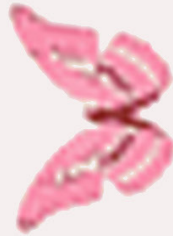
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