



Brahmand: Voice of the Cosmos

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Cover Photo by Shishir Mishra

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Our world is fast-moving, and people barely have time to interact with each other. Most of them carry a plastic smile on their faces. Unfortunately, a lot of emphasis is given to the aesthetic aspect, and feelings are camouflaged. It is not mandatory to look beautiful but it is important to feel beautiful. It is high time to acknowledge the significance of what cannot be seen, to be more precise, mental wellbeing, which involves emotional, psychological, and social. Mental health is supremely important because it influences the way we feel, the way we think, the way we act or react, the way we handle stress and the way we connect with others. A good state of mind is essential. Literary therapy helps us achieve sound mental health at any stage of life. Just like a visit to a doctor for a physical ailment is needed, a person needs a literary therapist to take care of mental health.

Literary therapy has the potential to uncover the repressed emotions that lead to physical and mental illnesses. The coping strategy could be writing, music, meditation, singing or sketching. Many are not able to develop healthy relationships because of unfavourable experiences from the past. This may result in a vicious chain of toxic relations. A literary therapist can help the individuals overcome the cobweb of bad memories and fears. It can help one move forward in life without carrying the baggage of negative emotions. It can foster healthy and happy relationships. It instils the virtue of “self-acceptance,” making one embrace and accept themselves the way they are. Literary therapy can increase productivity. A literary therapist tries to channelise an individual’s energy toward catharsis. It helps us internalize happiness on a deeper level without being overly influenced by the external world. Literary therapy is rewarding because we are bound to see positive outcomes. This special issue of literary ezine called *Brahmand* brings you a sumptuous literary feast created by our literary therapists. Savour its mind-blowing flavours!



A NEW DAY

Christine Larsen, Australia



dawns at last ...

At long, long, last,

when your beloved bed,

filled nowadays with a largely useless body;

BUT a spirit that is indomitable...

THAT bed

(no matter how low it sinks at its most visibly ageing parts) —

is still a most deeply private place,

a refuge...

mimicking that mighty spirit

(that also has its 'sinking' moments),

except for being shared with that ever-true partner of 56 years

(an unimaginably lengthy partnership in this day's world!)

And then I awake properly,

brain open as well as eyes...

And the happiest memories flood in, of yesterday's weigh-in,

the one we've all been dreaming of...

It's only a kilo and a half,

but It's pure gold to us...

Added to the near-ceasing of hair loss, and the new curliness,

can we allow ourselves to dream of the beginning of a

remission??

Suddenly, the day is brighter,

my pain is lighter,

as is the end of my dreary tunnel.

As always, I am lifted magnificently

By the loving support of SO many,

through thick and through thin,

to the place deep within

where only Love can reach.



'A New Day' was the last poem written by a passionate poet, Christine Larsen, who left us for heavenly abode on 5th June 2022. She wrote this inspiring poem while she was battling with cancer. She endured pain for a long time with the spirit of a fighter. Each and every line of the poem is replete with her indomitable spirit and leaves a strong message of never giving up on life. She will continue to inspire us. Her legacy will go on. Brahmand pays tribute to the beautiful departed soul of a strong woman.

VIRTUAL VIRTUOSITY

Padmaja Iyengar - Paddy, India



I'm truly amazed
By the creativity on the internet,
By the many forwards I daily get,
By the newness of the content!
My admiration is for those
Original thinkers and creators
Who provide me my daily dose
Of jokes, news, hacks and more.
The circulators on the virtual world,
Have some great things unfurled.
A click or a touch and I'm all over
Reading shares that enlighten and empower
Dear social media content creators and circulators,
Continue to be who you are - novel, funny and creative.
Keep at it and I always wish more power to you.
I look forward to the forwards old and new.
You give me reasons to ponder, laugh or cry,
Your forwards turn my mood low or high.
I love this flip-flop of my changing mood
The forwards make me wonder and brood!
I marvel at the creativity of the news creators,
They are at times brilliant political baiters.
Sometimes, they are hate spreaders too.
Read or ignore, is entirely upto me and you.
I hope these thoughts of mine go viral,
But don't initiate some trolls to spiral.
Well, these are just my thoughts and views,
Not intended to create any controversy or news!!!



STROKES (OF MELACHOLY)

Alina Velazco - Ramos

You reproduce in my dream memory,
and you question my decision to convert
in the translucent smoke that you do not perceive
that leaves its slight aroma inside your being
beating to the beat of the music of yesteryear.
The one that takes us back to the absence of color,
the time where love still existed.
Meeting in the hallway that divides
the glimmer of light from the shadow
At midnight in the middle of nowhere.
The nothing that is equal to your heart,
barren, dry land, where it dies,
thirsty,
the seed deceived by the sound of your voice
and the nonsense of your words of love.
Here the stone and the stumbling block
are the hours that Hypnos
saved somewhere and they are gone;
invisible suppuration
of the possibilities.
There is a rooster song,
caffeine ripple metallic
with two tablespoons of sugar.
and a tremor in longing
last kiss that tastes of nothing.
Here I am made a nest
under constant repair
and grave
and raised fist for silence,
a new word flourishes.



THE ETERNAL TRANCE

Dr. Santosh Bakaya , India



Was I in some sort of a dreamland
surrounded by trees, trees, and more trees?
Happy, happy trees, not a furrow, not a crease.
The silver birch tree made a tingling sound.
The willow trees beguiled me
with benevolent smiles.
The leaves of the majestic pines
swayed to and fro,
to the notes of some unheard lyrical cadence.

Hey, was it the ringing of the sleigh bell?
Thoughts ran pell-mell, yelling for attention.
I saw a huge oak tree, lurching and swaying.
Suddenly, it fell to the ground, with a moan,
chilling me to the bone.
The dreamland was ripped apart, and so was my heart.
Which vile villain had felled the tree?

A bumble bee broke into a dirge,
its mournful notes merged with the sad jungle.
A frightened hare looked around, scared.
Chaotic thoughts swirled in my mind in a frantic dance.
Was someone chasing me with a poison-tipped lance?

In the glade, a blade of grass held itself upright,
its tip tenderly touched by a sunbeam bright.
For a Pollyanna like me, this was a heartwarming sight.
My heart now on a flight, was a vibrantly throbbing kite.



A PERSONAL MURMURATION

Janet Stoyel, United Kingdom



It does not take much to make a fragile heart break
Just one more little prick added to thousands set aside,
Piled, hidden deep inside where sunshine never smiles
A thousand pin-pricks of intentional pain, stab, stab, stab,
Hurt concealed behind a countenance void of expression.

There is no rhyme or reason for the incessant attention,
Things better left unsaid - too personal to mention
Sparks to touch unknowingly to twisted blue-flash paper,
Never realising what is wrong in a volatile situation
Incendiary bombs between a pair no matter the occasion.

Sill waters run deep, rhynes of Somerset show submission
The levels in their majestic historical watery perfection.
Take a leaf from Nature's Book slow down enough
To take a look. Peace ephemeral as the light of day
Hurtful love is abandoned, there is another way

Time to spread those wings and fly away.



MY NATURAL WORLD

Janet Stoyel, United Kingdom

Poker straight Rhynes still and darkly deep, mirror the vast skies in their seasonal sleep,
Trenches dug deeply to control any surges, swampland, protected by tidal divergence.
Dredging: drainage, pump-engines, steam, water-table management, engineer teams,
Closely observe twin dolphins frolic and play, Olympic coordination in dual-tidal display,
Revelling in dominion of watery navigation.

Beneath the greensward-wide lies a silent rill, where badgers sport, cheeky blackbirds trill,
An olden rhyme of sweet contentment hides, therein banks of brambles naturally disguise
Small secret spaces where nature holds sway. Bald bushes not dead, merely nibbled away.
Webs billow as moths - Spindle Ermine do snooze, while caterpillars fat - wriggle, sleepily pupate,
Larvae swing gently ... crunchy, tasty bird-bait.

Insectile life in quiet profusion doth ... explode. Grown plump on nutrients in rhyme-bed slush.
Rich sustenance in suspension - floating grub; able-bodied beetles, and boatmen skim atop.
Birdies and wildlife manically snack and gorge. A proliferation of wriggling, watery food, table d'hôte,
A gourmet après-repast for something bigger ... winged: widespread feathers, beaks a-scissor,
Spindled-legged what-nots ravenous for dinner.

Green grow the rushes O: Willow, Reed, Golden Dandelion too, nigh pathways of Buttercup.
Long hundreds of Daisies: Cow Parsley swathes, Bracken unfurling, Orchids, pretty pink do amaze.
Hairy nettle sting - Ow! Docks alleviate the pain. Microscopic cosmos supporting miracles not bane.
Plants to create potions: salves, lotions, tisanes. Animals: amphibians, insects, to capture and frame,
Vistas of distraction – to revitalise bruised brains.

In the macrocosm legacy of the area's natural world equation
Somerset's Levels and Rhynes manifest perfectly structured transformations.



THE GORGE

Lily Swarn, India



I let the yawning gorge of separation
Invite me into its cavernous depths
With the adrenaline rush of a bungee jumper

I was on a constant high of potent yearning
A concoction brewed in smoking hot chambers of grief

Galvanizing sandy mirages of euphoric meetings
Under bowers of perfumed Chameli creepers

My tresses shimmering with the Reflections of stardust in
your garrulous eyes

There's an endless wait that you know is your "naseeb"
A Mt.Vesuvius of pernicious longing

(Naseeb -destiny)



THE FINAL FRONTIER AND BEYOND

Concetta Pipia, USA



When the sky is totally covered
by the dark clouds, be strong
enough to see the bright stars beyond them.
When you see a landscape of "mountains" and
"valleys," speckled with glittering stars,
do not be belied by what you see.
The edge of a new star is forming.
It is called the Carina Nebula,
one of many previously invisible areas of star birth.
On a moonlit evening, these Cosmic Cliffs appear
like craggy mountains except they are a giant,
gaseous cavity within the Carina Nebula.
Craggy peaks falsely seem normal
but, in truth, are seven light years high,
formed from intense radiation and
stellar winds from massive, hot
young stars located in the middle of this Nebula.
When next you look at the stars
remember, you are seeing what look like
floating pieces of art, seen by generations before
you, realize the Cosmos and this Nebula
are an infinitesimal fragment of Space.



QUIETLY FLOWED THE SIENE

Dr. Roopali Sircar Gaur, India



Early morning the bus slipped off
The boat which crossed the English channel.
I looked out of the window as
it rolled down the early morning
deserted streets.

A wind blew sheets of yesterdays news paper.
Coffee stained paper cups flew across the street,

The untidy entry into Paris was a surprise
It could be any left over from the night city .
Only the Eiffel Tower loomed
romancing the Parisian sky.

It was a national holiday.
Bastille Day we were told.
Soon our feet firmly on French soil
we looked up at the sky.
It was no different from what I had left behind.

A gendarme strolled across.
Very familiar. Dark skinned short and smiley.
You are from indiahhh he asked ?
oh yes ! you too? I replied.

Yes an Indian gendarme in Paris. French citizen from India.
Pondicherry in south India once occupied by the French.
The conqueror the conquered and the free citizen
now met in this beautiful city.

On the embankment a lover lay,
her head on her beloved's lap.
The many bridges bowed as the
boat slipped under them.
We were in Paris the city of love.



CLEARANCE

Dr. Aditi Ganeev Sangwan, Canada



Watching over the
CLEARANCE section
Is Mr. Moose
Though his eye sight is Poor
Insight is Rich
To fabricate a word of
consciousness
among the sensitive
among the reasonable.
Watching over the
CLEARENCE section
Is Mr. Moose
Asking- Where shall I dive?
In the Ocean of Consumerism.



SHE WAS WILD

Dr. Aditi Ganeev Sangwan, Canada

I can't believe it's true,
when I gazed through
her sharp contour.

I can't believe it's true,
a form of golden-brown hue
peeped through.

It's just the heart beat
It's just the right beat
that matters.

It's just the active beat
It's just the missing beat
that matters now.

I can't believe how beautiful
she was in the wild
Jumping, Hunting, Playing
with the wild.

Her stance reflects it all
She is not just one fine memory
She is the bridge made of
Memory, Imagination, Fantasy, Reality

I can't believe it's true,
when I gazed through
her sharp contour.



IT'S HER FIRST POETRY BOOK!

Garima Sudan, India



She never liked to read novels during her school days,
She's always diminished her reading interest in many ways.
Being an average student she was not so keen,
And to add to that she was a teen.
She liked selected poems and short stories,
Which she interestingly reviews, to answer her own queries.
She loved re-reading her father's poems,
Her mother lovingly gifted him a diary to pen down as they truly were gems!
She started reading novels again as years passed by,
Scribbling her own thoughts with a big and beautiful sigh!
Fluency was not her cup of tea,
But her instinct and father's poetic skills turned out in her blood stream!
She posted her poem and was appreciated by her family and friends,
And one after another poetry was penned!
She was not outspoken but has stage fright,
But her poems gave her opportunities to spread that light!
She actively participates in open mic and other poetry contests,
Where she speaks her heart out and tries her best!
Her poems got published in newspapers and anthologies,
In which she has mentioned positivity, dreams and fantasies!
It's her first poetry book which she loves to read
at her cozy corner,
Where she smiles, thinking of all the love she feels for her former!



HONEST DILEMMA

Poornima Rao, India



“Take a look at the Kauravas, Hey Arjuna,
Look at them all and each one”
As Arjuna, the archer invincible stood facing the enemy
Krishna’s words seemed hollow and distant

Atop the mighty chariot, his legs went weak
Body on fire, his ‘Gandiva’ seemed slipping away
Vision getting blurred he squeezed his eyes
But alas, not a single Kaurava could he spot

Focused he with all his might to behold
Friends and cousins of his playful years
Formation and line up of his masters and mentors
Affectionate uncles and in-laws all in warring gear

The Commander, the stately figure in robes of white
With silvery hair and a beard to match, stood his Grand dad
More of a father to his fatherless self, caring and guiding
Had pardoned many a mischief of his childhood days.

Beside him stood Acharya Drona, his teacher, his ideal
Had left no stone unturned, every technique taught
Bid even Ekalavya’s thumb to make him the best
Enmity, if any, lay ashamed prostrate at the Guru’s feet.

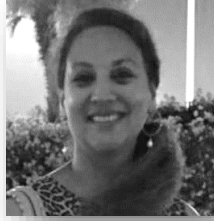
As his gaze shifted from the far end to the near
His nephews and grandsons were all ready to fight
A sense of pity engulfing he sincerely wished
He could lead them out of the merciless war

Heavy in heart, the mind too eclipsed in dos and don’ts
His feet wanted to flee to a far-off peaceful paradise
Where for a piece of land, no blood was shed of the near and dear
For, deep inside he knew the winner this war was also the loser.



IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM

Roopam Chadha, India



She is still
in pursuit of freedom
when she will not be
ogled or assaulted or beaten
He is still
in pursuit of freedom
when he will not be
judged as black or white or for his religion
She is still
in pursuit of freedom
when she will be
loved and worshipped for not only
nine days but everyday in every household
He is still
in pursuit of freedom
when he will be
able to own what he grows
and the land on which he sows
breathes free of bills or laws
She is still
in pursuit of freedom
when she will be
allowed to choose what to wear
a saree, a skirt, a suit or a hijab
and no one else but only she to care
He is still

in pursuit of freedom
when he will be
allowed to speak or write freely and the words
will not bleed him or her or anyone



IN CHAOS

Tushina Thakur, India



Love , lust, greed and desire
Making one's life on fire
Racing against time for all these
What will one think he can achieve ?

I want this, I want that
You do this, you do that
These voices make me scream
Please hold on dear! Let me breathe

A girlfriend, a wife, a daughter, a mom
Who I am, my identity is lost
Making someone happy, making someone laugh
But my share of happiness, no one has thought

When looking around, it's so much of chaos
None can be trusted and no one is yours
Show off and ego has caged one so hard
The sugar of life is now crystal rock!

Where shall I go, whom shall I meet
Who is still pure, and trusted for belief
Am I the odd one, oh lord! Answer me
Is getting a peaceful life, so hard to achieve?



THE EMPTY CHAIR

Meetu Mishra, India



The empty chair, stares night and day,
reminding precious days of yesteryears,
the times when granny, graced her chair,
angelic, so loving, tender was her care
The gleam in her eyes just couldn't be missed,
closely watching us, coming home from school,
rocking her favourite chair, eagerly waiting,
on the verandah, we heard her fairy-tales
In her cosy lap we happily lay,
often fell asleep dreaming away
She'd gently wake us up for lunch,
lovingly feed us, one by one,
and while we'd be engrossed in stories,
she'd make sure, we had all our veggies

She was fond of knitting sweaters for all,
while we enjoyed, watching the process of it all,
at times playfully we'd hide behind her chair,
naughtily tugging strings of multicoloured wool balls,
when our soft giggles would tinkle in her ears,
she'd turn around, burst into laughter.
The moment we'd lovingly put on her creations,
her core filled with ecstasy, delight, contentment.
The empty chair empty no longer,
speaks volumes of her selfless love, no wonder.



A SPECK OF CELESTIAL BLISS

Prasanna Kkumar, India



The clash of Titans in the sea of galaxies,
the reign of authority under the dome
of the universe, Dance of Gods and Demons -
the power mongers and rangers of black holes,
Ever since my birth, I gazed at the skies of blue horizons,
Merged I, myself with currents of comets crossing my pathways,
The resonance of cosmic roar is what fascinated me to go after it,
Crawled and Crept to grow young to pluck stars
of microcosm and macrocosm - Yes, matured zygote, that floats in
the amniotic fluid,
of genetic strands of superior beings - symbiotic
Synergy was born to be called " BRAHMAAND"
Now, I stretched my vision as I became an adult, to fathom further
to measure the infinitesimal
a light year, well, being stuck in mundane realms
realize I'm a speck in the celestial wonder.



CHAIN OF LOVE

Soumik Kumar De, India



The green, the red and the azure
The rotten and the fresh
The stagnant, the motion and the emotion
The raw and the flesh.

The creepers, the divers and the flyers
The hard and the mellow
The terse, the tender and the thorny
The harrowed and the fallow.

The petals, the feathers and the skin
The predators and the meek
The dark, the dim and the dazzled
The rough and the sleek.

The aerated and the sacred
The metallic and the non.
The spirited and the meditated
The animate and the non.

All is a part of you
All is in the flow
All is the truth begotten
All having a glow.

You Parambrahma
You the Begetter
You make everything
Turn them better.



A GRAIN OF SAND IN THE DESERT

Satyajit Mukherjee, India



A 'golden', 'stardust' I am, born to expand
For 13.7 billion years and more, in 'mahakasha',
Knew nothing at the beginning,
nor was a being or, matter or, doctrine.
On an enormous bang the Brahmanda born,
So born I am – 'amritasya putra'.
But it is said - it was not there before,
Nor will be in future. Only the manifested mettle of the middle'
Again, said elsewhere – even the manifestation is an illusion.
Nothing is there as body-mind-intellect but, supreme consciousness –
Brahma – the unavoidable state of Sat – Chit – Ananda.
'Brahmasmi' I am...
The globe as an atomic entity in the galaxy filled universe,
So, the human species an electron in the history of scion.
Alike cosmos, my journey begins in expansion – for
Repeated collision and drift as a supernova to further isolation?
And finally, shrink to form an egg made of larva and ova.
Out of which I born, nestle for joy and sorrow
That creates material heat emission,
Which melt and exhaust all the ice and cold,
I explode to die or, again born?
'Tat -Tam Ashi'.



SHELTER THE STORM

Pawandeep Singh, India

To question every truth as if it was a lie,
I see the world through a different eye.

When I conquer, I rise, I feel the skies,
The lies spoken don't cut much ice.

See you as a need born out of fear,
To ease the pain of existence so sheer.

A force, a name to keep the beast in tow,
A purpose to which all must bow.

To trust, to believe with questions so few,
The powerful seek and get their due.

So distant I feel from unwavering trust,
As if on my subconscious its brutally thrust,

I look within and I find only me,
No trace anywhere of the sublime Thee.

Your Maker am I, or my maker is you,
Quest is old but there is no answer new.

Yet, I seek guidance when I am in need,
Across, I see that it is all my deed.

I can't see, I can't feel you,
Anywhere far or in distance few.

Show me what I am; show me what I see,
Image of Thee or am I just me?



VISION 2020 IN HINDSIGHT

Pawandeep Singh, India

2020 taught me I am fallible, fragile and human.
But it also told me I can heal.
The anxieties came, gnawed at my belief,
The spirit fought back, seeking me to take a leap.

It was not easy, losing faith in self
And then finding it in people you trust
I discovered admiration for a team
I learnt that I could believe in them and live.

I discovered extreme affection for my mates
I learnt that I am loved with a sense of belief
I endured the pain of asking some to leave
I discovered the power of the new blood relive.

I learnt that in every despondency, a miracle hides.
I learnt in every person a human resides.
I learnt the pain when despair blights,
I discovered no matter – hope must always ride.

I grew as a person, I discovered yoga,
I discovered new ways of doing things.
I learnt too that I am human and I can err.
I learnt to regret when I do.

I learnt that life is 360 degrees.
I discovered a life beyond work of bees,
I learnt also that I am not a machine.
I learnt family was great fun to be with.

I learnt I need not crib for the losses I made
I learnt that I turned a new chapter that won't ever fade.
The year 2020, made me more complete
And I am grateful I survived and am still on my feet.



PUNISHMENTS

Exaucias Tobe, Congo

After all, life goes on
Despite the blows
I pay the blow
cost what it costs
To go all the way
At the bottom last end
I will even walk on mud
I will avoid the ways of the holes
To get to the end
To the highest peak
At the end of my dreams
The azure and its air kills me
I had passed the hard time
It was tough for me
To see stuffed my skin
And my dermis is in pain
Among the scattered shadow
In my soul and in my thoughts
All my vulnerable youth
What I'm crummy through
My plumpness shrinks
Like a child under mercy
My verbiage little by little
At its end I begged God's mercy
Father to believe in
Worthy just crucify my transgressions at the cross
My zero verses fly away speechless
Only the poet pleads in these rhymes
He drowns
In my walk in the way of punishment
A wind, to spawn violent
Let Cain turn around this turn
prisoner in calvary prison
For this child is a whole world
A hellish world in hell
With a tear bleeding wounds
Tears like Ocean
Abundance of Weeping
Teach life a youth
A hero who by adrenaline crosses
A path full of distress
Of a good ripe fruit of joy



MELODRAMA ON CELLULOID

Dr. Maitreyee Joshi, India



When all of life's vagaries are collected
Where Love is always pure, eternal
Where anger turns into mere annoyance
Beauty is endless, and pain bitter-sweet
Expressions and emotions are perfect,
Easily discernible, faces, oh so eloquent
Complexities of relationships simplified
Personalities, only black and white,
Gray deleted, friendships last forever
Every hurdle, and every social evil,
Is effortlessly jumped and conquered
Realities mellowed, flawlessly framed,
Every problem has an exact solution
Leading to a peaceful resolution
And all of them live happily ever after.
Melodramas on celluloid, occupy minds
Dressed in fantasies, they mock reality
And proudly proclaim, you pervade life
You are deep and you are intricate,
Almost unfathomable and infinite
Yet I, though imprisoned by the movie screen
Hold mankind's enchantment and attention
As the truth makes him cringe, and a lie, often allures.



VOICE OF THE COSMOS

Anoucheka Gangabisoan, Mauritius

Had we listened to the voice that reverberates
Through the silence of the cosmos
We would have been, today,
Beings of a different nature,
Aware that we are merely transiting through
An unexplained world while
Our main destination remains somewhere
Which chooses to remain shrouded for us!

Had we only listened to its symphony
We would have been dancing, at all times,
In ecstasy, at existence,
Instead of reaping negativity upon our karma
And having to pay these off,
Ourselves, someday, in this same mysterious world!

The voice of the cosmos
Has turned hoarse
Even if it remains silent
It has turned hoarse
Faced with our unwillingness to listen
To it and to abide to its orders
So much that we seem deaf, following
Our own tempo pulled on by our senses!

Why, our inner core shines with love for

That mysterious power from whom we have spawned
And this love can only be manifested
By opening our soul's ears and by listening
Finally, to the voice that speaks in silence!



SISTERHOOD RHAPSODY

Rupa Rao, USA



What prompts women to pick on women?
Why's inter-women pitting, an obligation?
Why create insecurity, wounds rip open?
Why is an ill attired, body size point-able?
Choice, skin color, accessories judgeable?
What makes anyone judge, jury, to play God?
What ails tongues to unleash painful prod?
What makes single, successful big shot,
label homemakers suppressed, circumspect?
Why is spinster, widow trivialized, viewed as a threat?
Why criticize, making mockery of a son's mom or wife?
Women need wind under their wings to hit her stride.
Women can choose, home or job, not to every taste,
Why should rest follow other's convictions, in haste?
Do not allow a chip on your shoulder to weigh you down!!
Most women bear a cross, behind thorny crown,
Do not dissect her, let her belong, drop dystopia.
Erase acerbic mindsets, create kinder Utopia.
Cheerlead compassion, for sisterhood harmonious
Empower spirits, accept, respect differences various !!!



RELEASE

Rupa Rao, USA

Sanctum of home is safest environ
Love in family keeps it from being torn
Holding it together is a sense of security
Compassion curtains, protects anger as frivolity

Why do the most cherished
Those being treated the best
Choose to rear head of ugliness
Purge, vomit, dump, dropping finesse
At smallest to big to no triggers
Reasons sometimes none can figure

Under what blessing, how did caring turn ugly?
To be constant-critical consistently
Say things that hurt deeply
That slays dreams, hopes, confidently?

Light of love, despite prayers starts shrinking
With a hope no word or deed is anger-triggering

Sadly, it's angry self-worth destructivity
As aggression, violence, negativity
Which add miles between hearts
Not easy to wipe out as folks split into parts

Wake up, before humanity's best is lost
Be patient, where you are cherished most

Kick not the proverbial hand that feeds
Invite not wrath for choice deeds

Prayers are sent your way
Be aware you are master of turning away
From choosing all that adds to burdens within
Release rage, let brightness of kindness in



BRAHMA KAMAL

Kamar Sultana Sheik, India



Some souls are destined
To blossom once
In many lifetimes
Of Samsara
Then one day it happens
The Grace :
And the mean-looking cactus
Bursts into
A Bramha Kamal;
And then you find
Many hands rising
In prayer;
For the moment
Has arrived
For fulfillment;
When the life-restorer
Blooms in an annual darshan...
Lotus of a lofty stature,
Other flowers are forgotten;
Many lifetimes ago
I was initiated
To become
The Brahma Kamal
In this one;
The time has come.



THE LIFE OF THE NATURE

Binod Dawadi, Nepal

Nature is sweet and beautiful,
It has many colours,
It is green and white,
Red and black with the,
Colours of the leaves of the trees,
It gives the fresh air,
Waters and foods,
It gives woods and place,
For us to live,
It is the greatest treasure,

So we should love,
As well as care the nature,
The nature which loves and cares,
Us in every season,
It has spring, winter, rainy and autumn seasons,
By remaining this we should,
Love and care the nature,
Nature is God,
Nature is our world,
We should love and care the nature.



PRAYER

Dr. Pragya Bajpai, India



My friend looked troubled today
Sadness easily grew on him like peepal
from the crevices of abandoned archway
crabs crawling on his chest
He was waiting to be lifted out of stress
fighting with uncertainty of rough winds
Even his favourite coffee wasn't enough
to save his boat of hope that started to sink
It was all written on his face
I asked him to pray when he found no other way

But he doesn't believe in God
He told me to pray for him instead
And said,
"As the dawn breaks into a beautiful sunrise
Only thing I ask Him is
to shower his blessings on you and grant everything
you dream of
If you pray for me, he won't say no.
That I'm sure of"

I looked at him in wonder and thought,
Isn't this silent prayer an act of love!



SHIVA

Dr. Purnima Kulkarni, India



Shiva is nothing but still waters of a limpid lake
He hovers around me like a veil of silk in the breeze
He makes me penetrate over the enigmatic depths
He makes me travel in the hidden realms of gold
He is silent and vibrant
He is unfathomable
The King of icy kingdom
A serene moon of a cold night sky
Shimmering in the cloth of golden hue
Stretched across the vast emptiness of remote heavenly realms
He shines amidst the diamond white stars
He is the one that carpeted the infinite cosmos
Along with Vishnu and Brahma!



JAMES' MID – LIFE RUT

Dr. Purnima Kulkarni, India

James Boyle, was a middle-aged father to three super adorable daughters. His life changed dramatically when his wife asked him for a divorce after 25 years of marriage. He managed to keep himself monogamous and untainted and never allowed his eyes to meander in search of silly bimbettes. His wife's behaviour upset him and he made an attempt to rediscover his manhood with the help of his newfound friend, Jacob Anderson, who was half his age. Jacob saw James gulping a complete bottle of Vodka to feel brave. Jacob trained Boyle in all the significant aspects of dating and the middle - aged man promptly learnt to pick up girls at bars by complimenting them on their tantalizing and ravishing looks. Boyle was amateurish at this task but the girls found him personable and well – mannered.

James met Jacob regularly at the bar and shared his woes with him. Jacob gave him a personality makeover and taught him how to be a Casanova or a Playboy. He also got some age defying creams for him to hide his wrinkles. Despite getting smothered under a pile of women, James did not discover true love. He was in a mid-life rut and finally started dating a school teacher who gave him the feeling of being her student. One day she serenaded to him in the bar saying: “Jamie, these fragrant lilies will cause titillating sensations in your olfactory organ!” Jacob, a Lothario of a man heard this and ridiculed James. “Hehe Haha!” What a stodgy woman! Are you carrying an Oxford Dictionary Mr. James Boyle? What is Olfactory? Oh Lord! Does she use bombastic words even while making love? I can't help giggling, Jamie!” James replied: “She is desirable, provocative and deliciously tempting!” Jacob spat out his Cocktail and collapsed on the floor. After a while, James was flabbergasted to see his daughter, Jessica kissing Jacob. He shouted out loud, “You Pick Up Artist! You rusty, pitiable Seducer!”

Jacob violently kissed a tipsy Jessica and said: “Jamie, I am already hooked! Can't do anything about it now” and left James in a depressive state.



FRIENDSHIP

Shalini Samuel, India

In a world of colors and happiness
I still carry my friend's stab
It bleeds and stays fresh
Will it die with me or walk to next world

I wish it heals.

Was it a well- directed stab
My heart disagrees
It's an accident that hurts both
But again, it's hard to believe
I am glued to that moment.

The red pain deepens
It scares me day and night
How will I trust the world now?
Everyone looks like you with a knife
The pain of betrayal hurts.

It's long gone, everyone says
But do you know how it aches?
Stitched to my soul, it pierces me
I will not let that hurt you, for you are my friend

But yet please stay afar.

I will carry this forever
The pain of betrayal.
You will never know how it aches
When the world laughs at my helplessness



DEATH AND LIFE

Aarvi Neupane, Nepal



The moment we stop breathing, the moment our heart stops beating, the moment our soul leaves our body, our very existence is lost. From someone with a distinct name and all of the achievements, titles, and positions in life, we simply become a body, more precisely, a nameless body. And yet we keep running after all of the insignificant things in life. During the course, we keep on losing our true nature as a human being; humanity. We are so engrossed in making riches and gaining fame that we start turning blind eye to the very essence of life. Every time this reality seems to escape my conscience, I just go and sit at the aryaghat of the Pashupatinath temple. Nothing can teach me better ways of life than death.

Every evening, the Pandits of Pashupatinath perform arti exactly opposite the aryaghat. I had been there a couple of times before. Every time I visit the place, amongst the thousands of people present for the arti, my eyes remain fixated on the burning pyre, across the river Bagmati, in the ghat. The person laying lifeless on the pyre turns into ashes in just a few minutes, fire devouring the skin first, then the flesh, and finally the very framework of his body, the bones. The same person, who might have once feared nothing in life, who was all- powerful, who might have worshipped fire, is consumed by the very fire right in front of my eyes.



DEATH AND LIFE conti...

Aarvi Neupane, Nepal

And once nothing remains of the person, except for the grey ashes, all the respect that the person might have earned during the entire life reduces to nothing. Strangers walk over the ashes on the ground and brush them into the water with their boots. Such moments make me realize that once you're lifeless, whoever you have been, whatever you have achieved, however you have lived, nothing mattered, simply nothing. You turn into dust and nothing more.

Witnessing the final ritual of human life always puts me in an awe about a lot of things. For instance, what holds more power? Doing the right thing to be immortal, or doing the same thing for your own peace of mind and happiness? Is it more logical to do what is expected of us or to do what is genuinely good? The former puts us in a position sometimes where, knowingly or unknowingly, we tend to choose the wrong way of being immortal, we become selfish, run after fame and power. But in the case of the latter one, when a person really listens to one's heart and conscience, is when they accomplish true success. The person who was all egoistic to even let people come close to him while he was breathing, is walked over when he becomes lifeless. The journey from fame to nothingness is just one breath away. So is it worth spending this beautiful life trying to build an empire far away from reality and happiness, or would it be more sensible to live each moment with your true nature as a human; compassionately, selflessly, consciously, kindly, with humility, and humanity? To breathe is not just to inhale oxygen and exhale carbon dioxide, but to be alive, to be called living, to be existing. Our entire existence depends upon this simplest act- breathing. And making every breath count is what makes human life accomplished.



Praharsh Bajpai, India



The new technologically advanced 21st century has successfully accomplished the goal of keeping the world integrated throughout. Writing long letters is no longer a tedious task. People across different regions and countries are more connected than ever before. Media has made the world shrink in size and nothing can escape the media radar. Despite its immensely efficient ability to integrate and connect with people across the globe, the social media has created a world where people are even more connected and simultaneously disconnected. In a way, it has been acting as a seed of a poisonous plant sown by us, humans.

Through the media that we are constantly bombarded with on these social media sites, we humans have created a global addictive nexus on a superficial level to an extent where it has started taking a toll on our lives. The constant need for posting on social media and the unapologetic desire for more likes and comments has given rise to global trends which in turn have set beauty/lifestyle standards at a global level. For example: A person with a fair skin tone and sharp facial features shall be considered beautiful, and a person who acts in a certain way or hangs out in certain types of places is much cooler than the other.

The newly established beauty/lifestyle trends set a benchmark for an ideal personality type that has caused a lot of distress to those who are mostly driven by peer pressure to accommodate into a certain type of society. People these days have learned to accept their differences in terms of looks, lifestyle etc. There seems to emerge a compulsive trend to be excessively exceptional with things which are unreasonable.



Praharsh Bajpai, India

In this current technological age, we humans as social animals, tend to get swayed by the evergreen herd mentality with its daunting demands for exceptionalism. In this competitive era, people who are exceptionally good at things do not really suffer as much as those who carry a nasty tag called ‘mediocre.’ This state starts hampering peoples’ psychology where they either isolate themselves in denial of reality or end up feeling worthless of themselves.

This generational commotion created by today’s world reminds me of a beautiful ancient Japanese art called ‘kintsugi’ rooted in the Japanese philosophy of ‘wabi-sabi’ which emphasizes on embracing imperfections. Even though these daunting environmental expectations can be a little too demanding at times, a more problem-focussed strategy shall be adopted to respond to these situations.

Kintsugi is a form of art that entails repairing broken pottery by mending the areas of breakage with lacquer dusted or mixed with powdered gold, silver, or platinum with an intent to make it even more beautiful. As a philosophy, it treats breakage and repair as part of the history of an object, as a blessing in disguise. In a way it considers embracing the imperfections.

In my opinion, by applying this philosophy to our everyday life, one can reap boundless happiness, grace, and aesthetics with their imperfections. Just like the way lacquer is used to fill up the cracks, one can use impediments and weaknesses as opportunities to work on them and fill the void with their lacquer like toil. This could be aimed at self-improvement and personality enhancement with toppings like sprinkles of gold or silver. Even though a person’s traits are relatively stable and thus cannot be completely changed, their embracement with some level of modification to suit the functional needs of the society can be extremely useful for an individual’s effective adjustment and meaningful contributions to the society. Thus, according to me, the philosophy that goes behind the tradition of kintsugi can be applied in moderation for his / her effective adaptability into the society. This shall help a person respond to the societies’ daunting demands for exceptionalism and contribute to his overall personality enhancement.



AUTISM

Tisya Misra



Last year I learned a lot about disabilities like autism and how they affect a person's life and I wrote stories. I wrote this for a competition in which I secured the second prize. Here is the story I wrote inspired by the life of my Aunt.

Hi, I am Amara and this is my story. I turned 19 with dreams in my eyes. I did not know what was going to happen next till.... I GOT MARRIED and my life changed.

My husband and his family were very supportive. I continued with my studies, got a degree when I got pregnant. It was a majestic moment. I always wanted my own child and the dream came true in March 2000. I gave birth to a son. He was and still is the apple of my eye. I don't remember how the first two years went by but I remember everything that happened after that.

I started noticing symptoms of autism in my son. The way he looked at his shadow and clapped. He did not show facial expressions like sad, happy, excited and some more. I immediately took him to a doctor. He told me that my son had autism which has affected his brain resulting in late communication skills etc. I was devastated! But I did not lose hope. I was positive all the time.



AUTISM conti...

Tisya Misra

My son was 3 years old and he had to start preschool. I went to almost every pre-school in the city but all of them told me the same thing: that I should take him to a special needs school. I did not want that!!! My son was perfect. But, society just did not want to accept him the way he was! I tried tirelessly! And at last I met a lady who accepted my son in her school. I was glad! But the society did not want me to be. The rude comments, the glares, the whispers in the playground when I took my son there to play were Brutal!

They insulted my son who was too small to understand their gestures and comments. It was tough! I was starting to lose hope, to think negatively but my sister did not let me. She fought with me. It was me, my son and my sister against the whole society. I taught my son with extra care. I used to teach him everyday, tirelessly. It was hard for him too but the positive attitude and the light of hope helped us through the hard and dark times.

My son is now 20 years old and is the most handsome man. He doesn't have any issues now, he even passed 10th & 12th grade with flying colors. The positive attitude helped us in this fight and in the end we succeeded! Our hard work paid off!

I just wanted to give two important messages that we all should normalize autism and stop mistreating children facing such an issue. I was able to emerge victorious as I faced all the problems with buoyancy but there are still a lot of women out there whose sons are affected with autism and who might lose hope if people keep on mistreating them the way they do. And the second message is that do not lose hope, do not think negatively. Let us all together prove that buoyancy actually emerges victorious.



BOOK REVIEW

Meera Bhansali

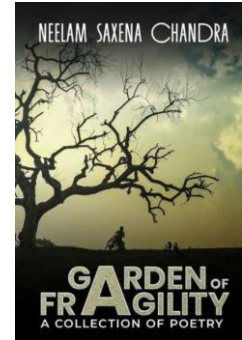


Title : Garden of Fragility

Author : Neelam Saxena Chandra.

Publication : AKS publishing house.

Price : 175/-



The Garden of Fragility is a collection of fifty heart whelming poems . The very first poem " Poetry" touched me and I found an instant connection to it. The latter poems "Lovers" "Carving a poem" "A poet" "Poetry" "poems" resonated and defined what it is to be a poet. The poems are not in any particular sequence, they are like a bouquet of flowers that one would pluck from the wilderness and make an enchanting memento. The free verse of the poems add to the free flowing thought process of the mind and there is a silent smoothness as one goes through them one after another. The poems are bounded, together in a very natural process by imagery of plants, garden and in general by nature.

Poems like " The Sadhvi Speaks" brings out societies vulnerability due its superstitious beliefs. The poems all different but in unison driving home the point that as humans we are fragile and through up and downs , emotional roller coaster, one needs to go through it, face it head on and never give upon hope, the light that is within us. The collection ends with the apt poem "Sun in your soul" " When the going gets tough, Look within ! "

After reading the poems, I did find my emotions fragile and understood the relevance of the title "The Garden of Fragility" . The language of the book is conducive for all age groups. The poetess has refrained from using bombastic language, making it a very simple yet impactful read. If you want to explore your own emotions then this monsoon, on a rainy day, with a hot cup of chai, this poetry book will definitely keep you melancholic company.





ब्रह्माण्ड

हिन्दी



एक ग़ज़ल

डॉ. कुमुद बाला



हथेली की लकीरों को कभी क्या आजमाया है
खुशी को भी कभी न्यौता भिजा कर घर बुलाया है
ये गम की चाँदनी भी इन दिनों फीकी न पड़ जाये
सितारों की इसी इक बात पर खत लिख सजाया है
मिरा गम सूख के शायद कहीं पत्थर ना हो जाये
इसी को याद कर बारिश को हमने घर बुलाया है
बहुत गहरा है वो सागर जिसे सब इश्क कहते हैं
हमें तो डूबना था उसने मेरा खत डुबाया है
बहुत नादान है ये दिल भरोसा सब पे करता है
जिसे हम चाहते थे उसने मेरा घर जलाया है
वो जो था चाँद का टुकड़ा उसे हमसे शिकायत थी
सियासत कर के नज़रों से हमें बरबस गिराया है
हिना भी पिस के हाथों में रची तो लाल होती है
नहीं समझा कभी कोई न ही मन आजमाया है
अभी तो इक ग़ज़ल सी थी हमारी ज़िंदगी की शब
शमा के नाम पे जैसे किसी ने गम बुलाया है
बना लो रेत पर इक घर कहाँ वह टिक कभी पाया
जमीं पर रहने वाले ने हवा पे घर बनाया है
हमें बेशक बुरा कह लो हमीं फिर काम आयेंगे
तुम्हारी राह में हमने ही दीपक इक जलाया है
ये हरियाली का आँगन है यहाँ हर शाख गुलशन
ये हरियाली का आँगन है यहाँ हर शाख गुलशन है
कुमुद के फूल को भी इस जगह ला कर सजाया है



हम बड़े हो गए हैं

तिस्‍या मिश्रा



ज़िन्दगी अब बदल गयी है,
हम थोड़े बड़े हो गए हैं,
कुछ बातें समझने लगे हैं
थोड़ा ज़्यादा पढ़ने लगे हैं!
सीनियर विंग में आए थे ११ साल की उम्र में
अब १३ साल के हो गए हैं,
हालांकि अभी लगभग ३ साल ही हुए हैं
परन्तु यह ३ साल भी काफी अलग रहे हैं
जब छोटी कक्षा में आए थे तब छोटे से थे
थोड़े कम समझदार थे,
रोना धोना, हंसना, मारना
लड़ना, पिटना,
सब करते रहते थे,
पर अब थोड़ा बदल गए हैं
हम थोड़े बड़े हो गए हैं,
बस ऐसे ही आगे के ४ साल चले जाएंगे
हम थोड़ा और बड़े हो जाएंगे,
यूँही हस्ते हस्ते अच्छी यादें बनाएंगे,
बस थोड़े और समझदार हो जाएंगे!



शत्रुजीत नाथ



क्लास की पीछे वाली सीट पे बैठे
नोटबुक के आखिरी पन्ने पर एक दिन
चुपके से लिखा था तुम्हारा नाम
उस दोपहर, पहली दफ़ा
तुम्हारा कुछ मैं अपने साथ
घर ले आया
आज, बरसों बाद, उस नोटबुक को जला रहा
हूँ मैं
आज धुँए मैं लिपटा तुम्हारा सब कुछ
तुम्हें लौटा रहा हूँ



चाँद का इश्क़

सलिल जैन 'सजल'



चाँद का इश्क़ समुद्र के लिए बड़ा कातिल है ।
कभी मुहब्बत कभी रुसवाई , यह बहुत जटिल है ।
पहले रिझाता है समुद्र को , अपने रूप की कलाओं में
और फिर छोड़ देता है काली अमावस्या के साथ
खामोश अंधकार की बालाओं में ।
पहले खींचता है अपनी ओर समुद्र को , अपने प्यार के आकर्षण में ।
और फिर छोड़ देता है मचलती लहरों के साथ , तनहा , बेचैन और बदहवास ।
पहले देता है सक्कूँ समुद्र को , रात भर अपनी चाँदनी की कशिश में ।
और फिर छोड़ देता है तपते सूरज के साथ जलने को दिन की तपिश में ।
यह इश्क़ एक जुनूँ है कभी बेचैन कभी सुकूँ है ।
ना मिले तो सब आबाद है
मिले जिस दिन सब बर्बाद है ।



गज़ल: लब से कोई बात ना छेड़ो

प्रियांशु सक्सेना



लब से कोई बात ना छेड़ो खामोशी को कहने दो ना...
रुकते हैं आँखों में आकर
उन अशकों को बहने दो ना...

कहने वाले कहते रहते,
लगा लिपट क्या सच क्या झूठ,
दुनिया की बातों में आकर,
कितने बंधन जाते टूट,
दुनिया है दुनिया वाले हैं
जाओ उनको कहने दो ना

रुकते हैं आँखों में आकर
उन अशकों को बहने दो ना

लब से कोई बात ना छेड़ो
खामोशी को कहने दो ना...
रुकते हैं आँखों में आकर
उन अशकों को बहने दो ना...

कुछ भी कह दो,
कुछ भी सुन लो,
अल्फाज़ो की जैसे लूट,
मोल बचाने रिश्तों के हम,
पी जाते हैं कड़वे घूँट,
चुभती जाएँ काँटों जैसी,
उन बातों को रहने दो ना...

रुकते हैं आँखों में आकर
उन अशकों को बहने दो ना

लब से कोई बात ना छेड़ो
खामोशी को कहने दो ना...
रुकते हैं आँखों में आकर
उन अशकों को बहने दो ना...



स्मार्ट सिटी

सरिता त्रिपाठी



बन रही स्मार्ट सिटी
तोप रही दिखती मिट्टी
क्या होगा प्रतिफल इसका
कौन करे इस पर ड्यूटी

गाँव बने स्मार्ट अगर
पक्का होना है बेहतर
पर जहाँ पर पत्थर ईंट
पत्थर लगना कैसे बेहतर

दुर्दशा है जीव जंतु की
कल मानव तेरी होगी
कोरोना के काल से भी
सीख तूने न ली होगी

माटी के है पुतले हम सब
माटी में मिलना इक दिन
पर माटी से दूरी इतनी
खा जायेगी सबका जीवन



क्या अब मैं बूढा हो गया हूँ ?

डॉ. दीपिका गर्ग

अब दिखती कोई आस नहीं है,
आता मेरे कोई पास नहीं है,
रिश्तों में पहली सी मिठास नहीं है,
अपनेपन का अहसास नहीं है !
क्या अब मैं बूढा हो गया हूँ ?

बिस्तर पर काँपते हाथों से,
अकसर खाना गिर जाता है,
झुरियों से भरा चेहरा मेरा ,
अब किसी को नहीं सुहाता है !
क्या अब मैं बूढा हो गया हूँ ?

कहाँ अब आँखों को दिखते हैं मेले,
चारों ओर हैं जिंदगी के झमेले,
हँसी ठहाकों से भरे थे रेले,
नहीं हैं पास मेरे अलबेले !
क्या अब मैं बूढा हो गया हूँ ?

परिवार का पेट भरते भरते,
लोगों की सेवा करते करते,
मन के सूनपन से लडते लडते,
चले गए लम्हें बहुत गुजरते !
क्या अब मैं बूढा हो गया हूँ ?
हाँ, अब मैं बूढा हो गया हूँ !
हाँ, अब मैं बूढा हो गया हूँ !!



युद्ध एक विभीषिका

परवीन गगनेजा

युद्ध एक विभीषिका
जलते घर ,जलता वजूद
चलते टैंक, चलते गोले
शांति की तलाश में भटकता मानव
जलता मानव
युद्ध नहीं चाहता है
हथियार रहित दुनिया चाहता है
बारूद के ढेर पर
हार की बेचैनी
घनघोर अंधेरा
बहरी मानवता
एकतरफा जीत की कहानी
अपनों का आर्तनाद नहीं
मानव युद्ध नहीं चाहता है
हथियार रहित दुनिया चाहता है
तोप के गोलों ,
बदक के साए में
रिसते घाव ,जलते घर
दम तोड़ती मानवता
इन सुलगते प्रश्नों का उत्तर तलाशते
मानव युद्ध नहीं चाहता है
हथियार रहित दुनिया चाहता है
घायल आदमी ,भूखा प्यासा
घर से बेघर
टैंकों और बंकरों में छिपता
भूख और ठंड से तड़पता
महा शक्तियों के दो पाटों में पिसता
करता त्राहि-त्राहि ,बन जाता शरणार्थी
मानव युद्ध नहीं चाहता है
हथियार रहित दुनिया चाहता है



जब समय अच्छा था

माया जाजू माहेश्वरी

जब समय अच्छा था,
तो सोचा इसे मुट्ठी में कैद कर लूँ,
हाथ से पकड़कर रोक लूँ
कि यह समय यहीं थम जाए,
मेरे हाथ से ना फिसल जाए,
पर समय तो समय था,
वह कब किसी का सगा था।।

जब समय खराब आया,
तो चाहा कि यह जल्द गुज़र जाए,
और तेज़ रफ़्तार से भाग जाए,
ताकि फिर अच्छा समय आए,
गुज़रता वक़्त सब गम भुला भी तो देता है,
पर समय को कब किसी की सुनना था,
उसे तो बस अपनी धुन में चलना था।।

यह समय का खेल, मेरी समझ से परे है,
यह निरंतर गतिमान, सुख दुख से अछूता,
एक ही रफ़्तार से चला जा रहा है,
उसे न पीछे कुछ छूटने का गम है,
ना आगे कुछ पाने की चाहत है,
जैसे प्रकृति का नियम परिवर्तन है,
वैसे ही समय की मांग बदलाव है।
सच है, समय तो कलकल करता झरना है,
इसे बस बहते जाना है, बहते जाना है।



बचपन की गली

डॉ. कविता सिंह 'प्रभा'



में अजनबी हो गई अपनी उस गली से,
बचपन के शहर की, बचपन की गली से।
जहाँ मैंने एक ज़माना गुज़ारा था,
बदला-बदला सा सारा नज़ारा था।
वो घर का बगीचा और आँगन नहीं था,
मेरा शहर भी अब मेरा सा नहीं था।
हर ओर वहाँ मकानों के छते छाए थे।
न खाली ज़मीं थी, न पेड़ों के साए थे।
न वो नीम का पेड़ कहीं नज़र आया,
झूले पर जहाँ, सावन का गीत गाया।
सारे मोहल्ले तो सूने पड़े थे,
न पेड़ थे, न कहीं झूले पड़े थे।
घर की बैठकों में अब तीज मनती हैं,
सज-धज कर सखियाँ वहीं हँसती हैं।
गलियों में कारों के रेले लगे थे,
सड़क पर सामानों के ठेले लगे थे।
दोस्तों के संग खूब दौड़ लगाते थे,
खुले आसमां के नीचे हँसते-गाते थे।
खेल के मैदान में बड़ी इमारतें बन गई है,
सुना है मेरे शहर की तरक्की हो गई है।
शहर में बहुत भीड़-भाड़ बढ़ गई है,
अजनबी चेहरों में पर कोई अपना नहीं है।
चौराहे की वो छोटी सी दुकान तो थी,
पर बचपन की चीजें अब उसमें नहीं थीं।
जहाँ सिलसिले कुछ अधूरे रुके थे।
उस मोड़ पर भी कदम तो रुके थे,
वहाँ यादें मिलीं, अपना कोई नहीं!
वहाँ दास्तां मिलीं, वो लम्हे कहीं नहीं!
वो लम्हे अब नहीं....



ऐ मुस्कान

अर्चना गुप्ता

खिली हुई धूप सी
खिली हुई चाँदनी सी
खिली हुई कली सी
ऐ मुस्कान
मुझे फ़िक्र है कि
कर न दे प्रहार
कोई तुझ पर
है हर पल
निशाना तुझ पर
पर ऐ मुस्कान
परवाह न कर
बनना है सख्त
रहना है मस्त
बनकर अधरों की शान
ऐ मुस्कान
है तुझसे ही गुलज़ार
धरती और आसमान
हर दिल की आस हो तुम
इंसा की जरूरत हो तम
है यही ईश्वर का फरमान
ऐ मुस्कान।



स्वतन्त्र दास्ताँ

अर्चना गुप्ता

बनाओ ऐसा रास्ता,
खिल जाये गुलिस्ताँ,
जीवन की बगिया,
बन जाये एक दास्ताँ।

हिन्द का हो जज़्बा,
मुस्कुरा दे कारवाँ,
जीवन की श्रृंखला,
बन जाये खुशियों भरी दास्ताँ।

स्वतन्त्रता का रास्ता,
है संघर्षों का समाँ,
संघर्षों से हो जाये वास्ता,
संघर्ष ही लिखते हैं दास्ताँ।

मासूमों का चेहरा,
चूम ले आसमाँ,
देख कुदरत का करिश्मा,
प्यार से भर जाये मधुर दास्ताँ।

दिन हो ऐसा,
जब याद आयें कुर्बानियाँ,
जीवंत हो उठे हर लम्हा,
और इबारतों की दास्ताँ। ।



BRAHMAND PHOTO GALLERY

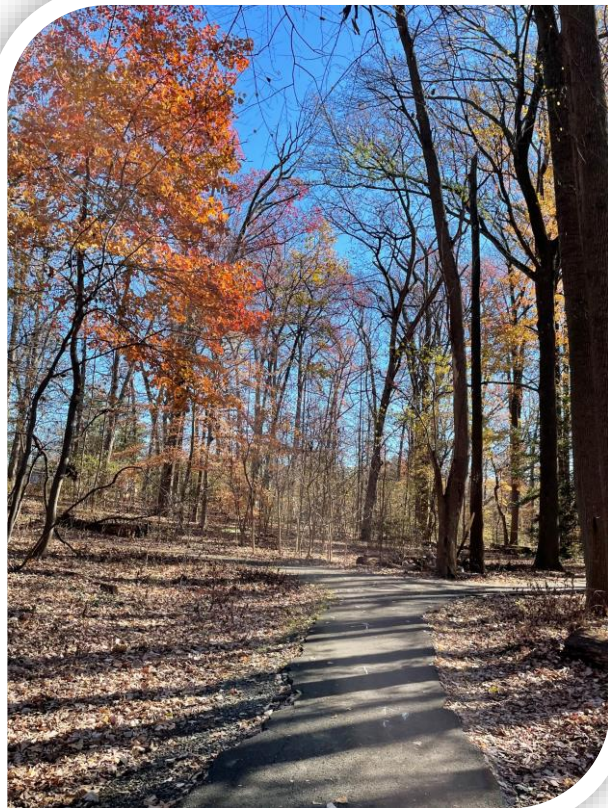


Photo by Shishir Mishra

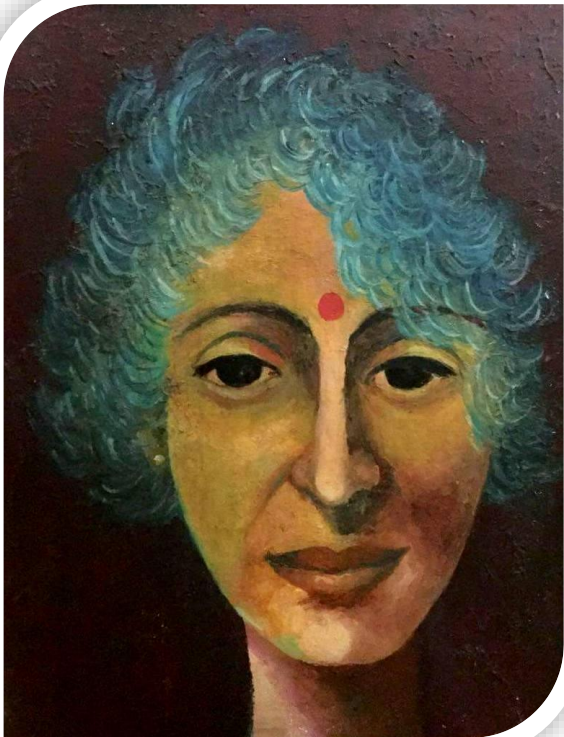
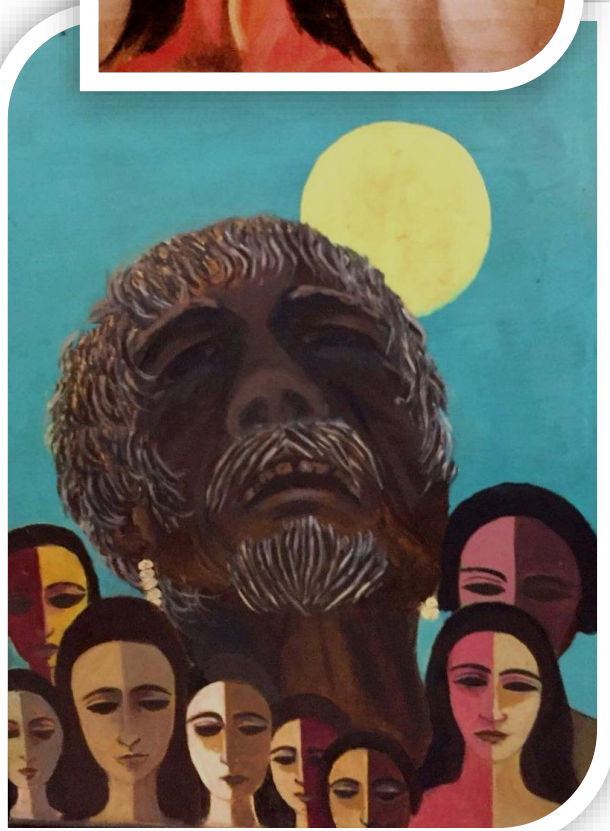
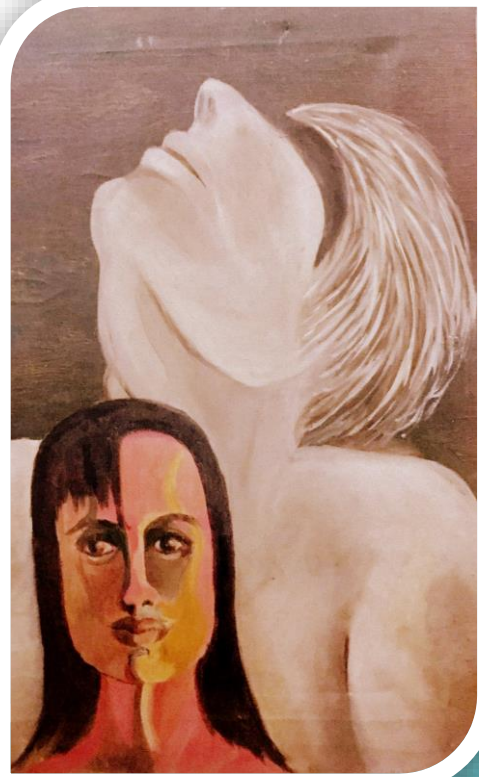




NIHARIKA CHHIBER JOE, USA



AMIYA CHATTERJEE, INDIA



DR. ADITI SANGWAN, CANADA

Dr. Aditi Ganeev Sangwan
Artist and Educator

<https://www.aditiart.com>

<https://youtube.com/channel/UC7vB0h1cN7DZnD2zmGXxCJg>

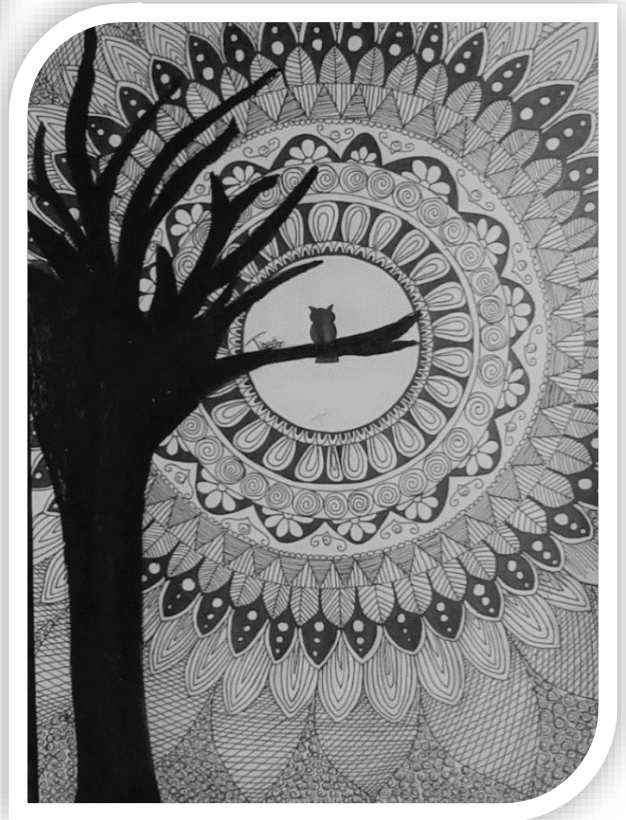
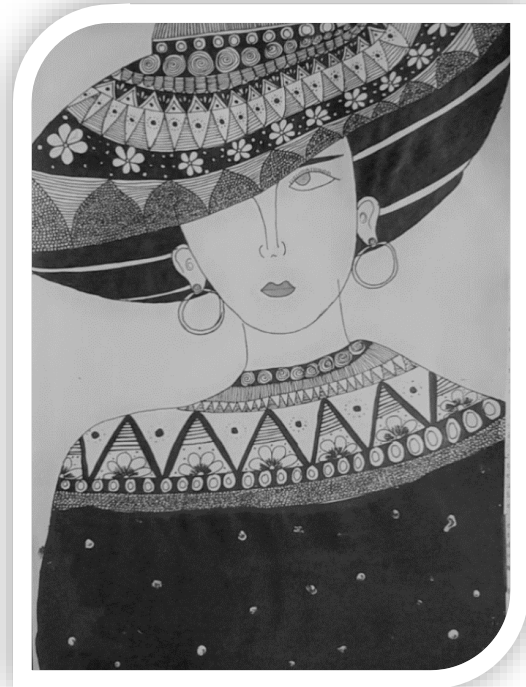
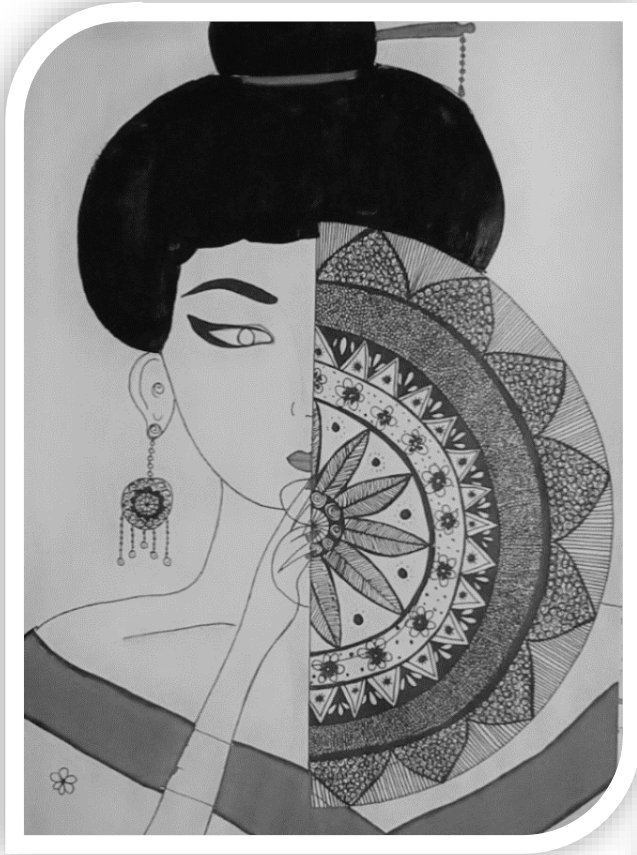
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Painting- Weeping Willows by Aditi Ganeev Sangwan

TISYA MISRA, INDIA



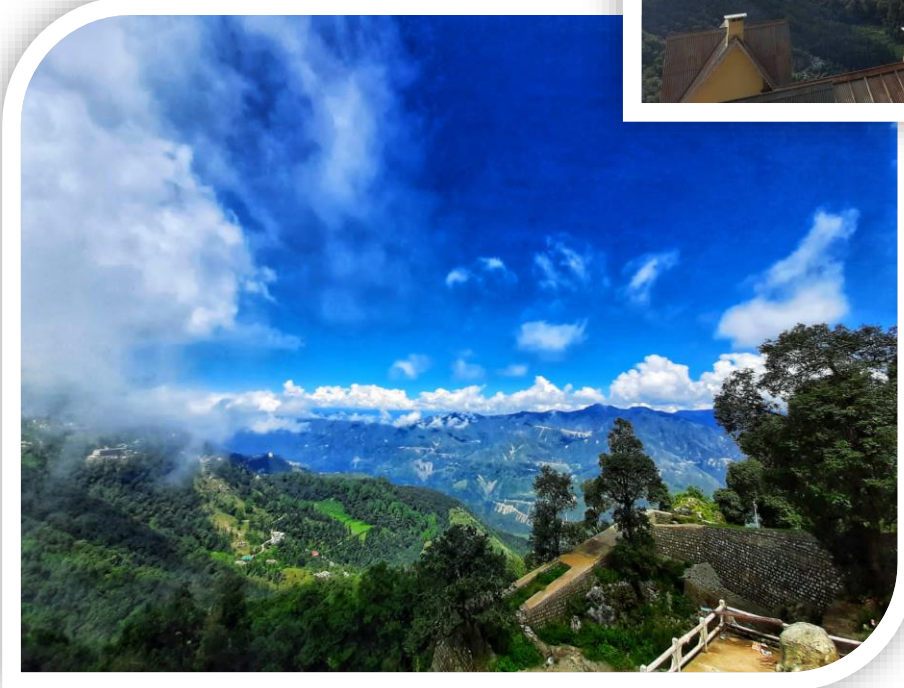
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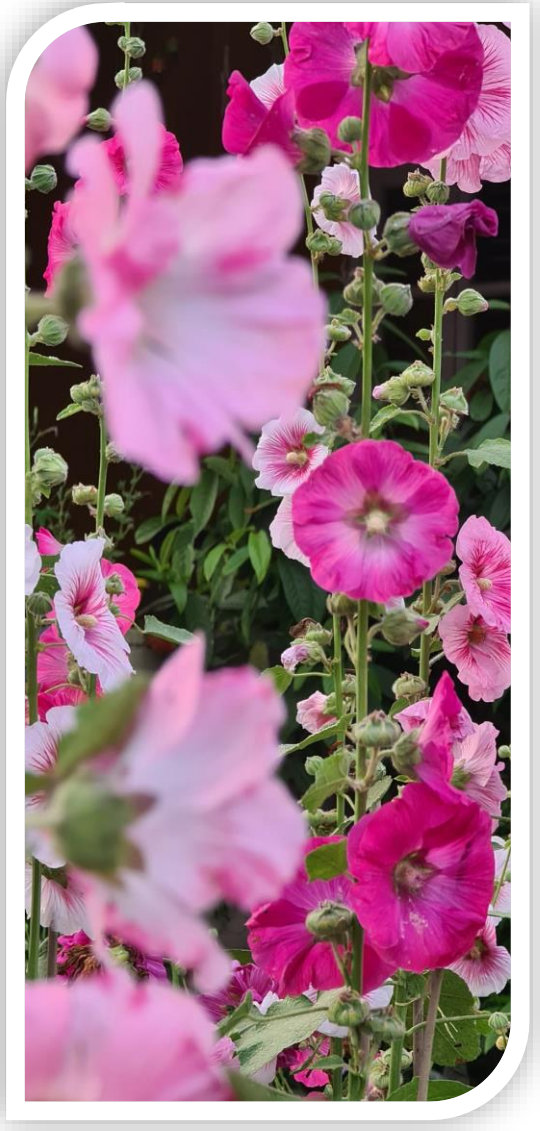
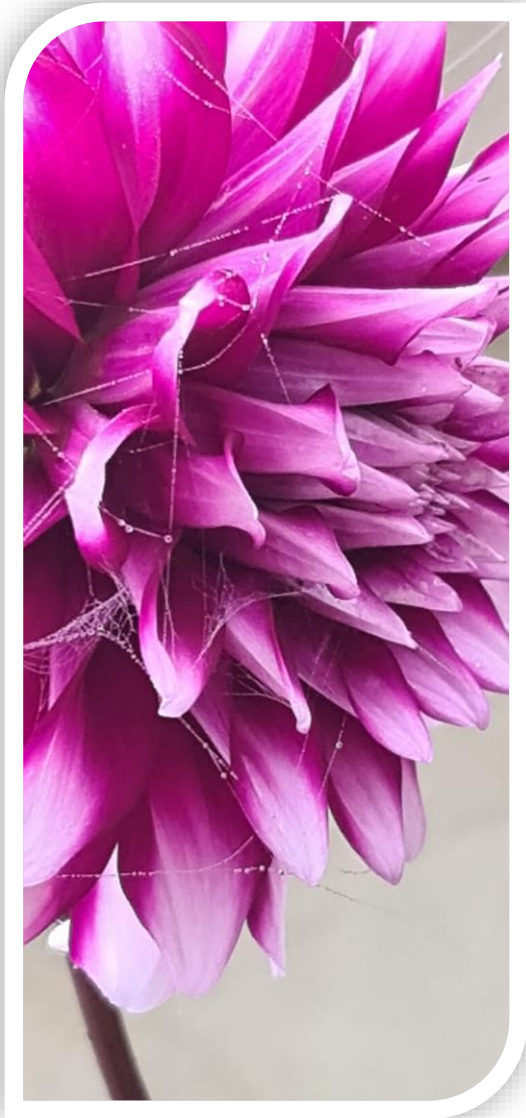
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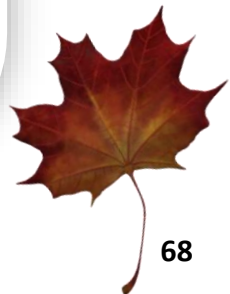
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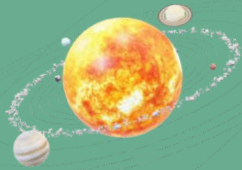


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Brahmand: Voice of the Cosmos

E MAGAZINE FOR CREATIVE WRITING
A LITERARY WARRIOR GROUP INITIATIVE



CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

VOL 3: ISSUE 1 - SPRING EDITION

Deadline - 15th FEBRUARY 2023

1. Submissions in the form of Articles/ Poetry/ Story/ Reviews in either Hindi or English in a **word file only** are cordially invited.
2. Submissions for images of Original Paintings and Photographs in high resolution are cordially invited.
3. **THEME- CULTURE**
4. Stories and Articles must not exceed 800 words.
5. Poems should not exceed 30 lines.
6. For Hindi submission, font should be Mangal.
7. Mail your submissions only in MS Word at voiceofthecosmos@gmail.com with the following declaration:
'I hereby state that the story/poem/article/picture/painting submitted is my original work and has my copyright.'
8. The contributors will receive an acceptance mail after the deadline.
9. Submissions that do not adhere to the guidelines are not accepted.

