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SCIENCE ARTICLES

SHORT STORIES & ARTICLES

**POETRY** 

**HOBBY & ART** 

**AUDIO & VIDEO** 

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## SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES

## SCIENCE SHORE | PAGE 1

#### EYES: THE NEW WINDOW IN DEMYSTIFYING SCHIZOPHRENIA

#### P C AISHWARYA GANGA



Schizophrenia is a serious psychiatric disorder that causes psychosis characterized by significant impairments in the way realty is perceived and behavioural changes like delusions, hallucination, disorganised thinking, impaired cognitive skills such as memory, attention and problem solving and extreme agitation in severe cases. Schizophrenia typically begins in late adolescence or early adulthood, affecting approximately one in 300 people worldwide at any given time, according to the World Health Organization. [1]

Schizophrenia is a broad term meaning split up. Symptoms of schizophrenia usually first appear in early adulthood and must persist for at least six months for a diagnosis to be made. [2] Men often experience initial symptoms in their late teens or early 20s, while women tend to show first signs of the illness in their 20s and early 30s. [2]

It is hypothesized that patients may exhibit a relative deficit of dopamine neurotransmission in the nigrostriatal and mesocortical tracts of the brain, in contrast to an excess of dopamine neurotransmission in the mesolimbic area.[3] The mesolimbic and mesocortical pathways, two of the brain's major dopaminergic pathways, have been implicated with motivation, reinforcement

and reward-related motor function learning .The dopamine deficit may be linked to the negative symptoms of schizophrenia, such as blunted affect( reduced facial expression, limited eye contact, lack of expressive body language, and a flat tone of voice)and anhedonia(reduced ability to feel pleasure in daily pleasurable activities), while the dopamine excess may be responsible for positive symptoms like hallucinations, delusions, and thought disorder.[3] Compared with healthy subjects, schizophrenic patients may also have increased levels of serotonin and decreased levels of norepinephrine in the brain.[3]

New Research has intrigued researchers, suggesting that the eye is the new window to interpret the early signs of schizophrenia in a patient. An earlier diagnosis and confirmation of the condition will help in better symptom management and prevent the relapse of the disease progression. The retina contains neuronal cell types and neuronal fibers that are direct projections of the central nervous system and can be noninvasively quantified as thickness of the tissue layers using optical coherence tomography (OCT).[4] Therefore, OCT can potentially identify the cellular-specific retina layer component deficits such as widened retinal venules, thinning of the retinal nerve fiber layer, and abnormal ERG( Electroretinogram) amplitudes in Schizophrenia .[4] This may provide a new approach to understand the neuroretina-visual system abnormality in schizophrenia or even biomarkers associated with the pathophysiology of the disease.[4]

Abnormalities in eye movements, such as a notable decrease in saccades and smooth pursuit eye movements, are some of the most reliable and reproducible impairments associated with schizophrenia. Visual perceptual abnormalities occur in more than 60% of schizophrenic patients, including visual hallucinations, perceptual distortion of colours, shapes and light intensity, decrease in contour integration. Other, frequently present eye disorders include impaired visual acuity (clarity or sharpness of vision), strabismus (squint eye, a condition where the eyes point in different directions when looking at an object) and nystagmus (a condition where the eyes move rapidly, uncontrollably in a horizontal (side to side), vertical (up and down) or rotatory (in a circle) way.

Multiple retinal functional and structural abnormalities are found in patients with schizophrenia.[5] Optical coherence tomography studies showed that retinal nerve fiber layer, macular thickness, and macular volume were significantly lowered in the chronic phase of schizophrenia.[5]Macula is an oval shaped pigmented area in the centre of retina with a diameter of around 5.5mm responsible for high resolution color vision and also absorbs the excess blue and ultra violet rays from entering the eyes and damaging the retina.

Fovea a small depression located in the centre of the macula of the retina responsible for maximum visual acuity or sharpness of vision

Smooth pursuit eye movements occur when viewing a moving object, which keeps the image of the object stabilized on the fovea.[6] Smooth pursuit eye movements function to eliminate visual motion, avoid retinal blur of a moving target, and achieve a good view of the object of interest.[6] However, in participants with schizophrenia, the position of the eye often lags behind the target (especially in the horizontal direction) because the speed of eye movements tends not to keep up with the speed of the moving visual target, and catch up saccades are seen immediately afterward.

Research studies have shown the significance of the cerebral cortex and the frontal eye field in the generation of smooth pursuit eye movements. [7] Genetics and brain lesions seen in this region contribute to the same. [7]

Saccades, a mode of oculomotor control are fast eye movements that shifts the centre of gaze (fixation) from one part of visual field to another. They are rapid eye movements towards visual, auditory or tactile stimuli that prepares us to execute desired tasks. Saccades can occur as an involuntary reflex to suddenly emerging objects, or as voluntary movements to redirect fixation.[8] The Superior Colliculus, frontal eye field and dorsolateral prefrontal cortex are the regions closely associated with the execution and control of Saccades.[8] Thus, the research studies suggest advanced eye movement tracking dysfunction seen in participants diagnosed with schizophrenia, and these tools can be used as biomarkers for detecting and diagnosing Schizophrenia or any mental illness in the future especially in first-class relatives of schizophrenia patients.

Research findings show that eye movement abnormality, especially smooth pursuit eye movement, is one such co-familial trait that occurs in about 40 to 80% of schizophrenic patients and about 25 to 40% of their first-degree relatives.[9] This happens only when the subject tracks a moving object in the horizontal direction, and science has traced this abnormality to a deficit in velocity sensitivity, a function that is regulated by a specific central nervous system network that includes the middle temporal and medial superior temporal areas of the extrastriate cortex(consists of brodmann area or visual processing region area).[9]

Allopathic treatment begins with antipsychotic medications and behavioural therapy in schizophrenia patients. Prolonged intake of Antipsychotic medications has been seen to increase the risk of drug-induced sedation and venous thromboembolism in patients.[10] To date, very limited research has been published regarding the effectiveness of management of schizophrenia with homoeopathic medicine alone, but future studies especially randomised

controlled trial is suggested with appropriate study designs can surely be promising for better symptomatic management in schizophrenia patients without any relapse and side effects.

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## SCIENCE SHORE | PAGE

## CURRENT NEWS IN SCIENCE SERIES 13 - EXPLORING THE WORLD OF GENES AND SPACE

#### GITA BHARATH

#### 1) Let us start off small...

Not even at the level of a cell, but at the level of the genome. A genome is the blueprint of the organism in the nucleus of every cell of that organism, made up mostly of DNA. The DNA is arranged in 23 pairs of chromosomes. What an enormous amount of data packed into the smallest possible volume!! Also, surprisingly, the DNA of all humans is 99.6 percent identical!

The Human Genome Project, one of the largest scientific endeavours in modern world history, ran from 1990 to 2003 and involved thousands of scientists globally. Like a genetic blueprint of the human body, this sequence has since been the basis for many medical advances that have resulted in the reduction or management of numerous disorders and diseases, from breast cancer to Thalassemia to chromosomal disorders in foetuses.

Apart from signalling potential disorders and diseases, the human genome also holds secrets to why some people are more prone to gaining weight or developing hypertension. Genetic testing can also tell why a person cannot digest certain foods and arm them with the knowledge to prevent or delay negative reactions.

The genetic testing revolution is unfolding at breakneck speed. Most importantly, genetic testing helps one in taking active measures to prolong life. In India, the possibilities of genetic testing are proving to be a fertile ground for many startups. Today, around 20 gene testing labs and 50 startups are working in this space.

Scientists have now developed tiny robots made of human cells that are able to repair damaged neural tissue. The 'anthrobots' were made using human tracheal cells and might, in the future, be used in personalized medicine.

Anthrobots made from a person's own tissue could be used to clear arteries, break up mucus or deliver drugs, with or without genetic engineering. By combining several cell types and exploring other stimuli, it might also be possible to develop biobots — robots made from biological material — that can perform complex functions, such as constructing or exploring tissues.

2) Genes associated with anti-aging and long life?

Another very interesting observation by biologists was the very different way mammals age, compared to reptiles.

While some reptiles and amphibians show no significant signs of aging, all mammals—including humans—show a marked aging process. We also see some examples in the amphibian and reptile world of truly remarkable repair and regeneration.

A recent hypothesis suggests that during the reign of dinosaurs, mammals faced persistent pressure for rapid reproduction, because their focus was on survival. This, over a 100 million years, led to the loss or inactivation of genes associated with long life, such as processes associated with tissue regeneration and DNA repair.

That genetic information would have been unnecessary for early mammals that were lucky not to end up as T. rex food. So we possibly owe our wrinkles and arthritis to dinosaurs!

3) Talking of information storage and processing...

The revolution in artificial intelligence is the center of a debate ranging from those who hope it will save humanity to those who predict doom.

We may look on our time as the moment civilization was transformed as it was by fire, agriculture and electricity. In 2023, we learned that a machine taught itself how to speak to humans like a peer, with creativity, truth, errors and lies. The technology, known as a chatbot, is only one of the recent breakthroughs in artificial intelligence -- machines that can teach themselves superhuman skills.

Modern Decision Management Systems rely on Artificial Intelligence abilities to interpret and convert data into predictive models. These models, in the long run, help organizations to take effective decisions.

Artificial Intelligence is capable of solving very complex problems. Various industries and organizations today are making extensive use of Artificial Intelligence to carry out tasks that were once considered very difficult.

While some people may perceive Artificial Intelligence as a threat to human

existence, its responsible use will help humans and technology co-exist together. Such co-existence will help in reshaping the face of this world entirely.

4) From contemplating biological cells and artificial minds, let us leap outward to the latest news from space...

#### ADITYA:

Aditya L1, India's first space-based mission to study the sun, is on its way. The expectation is that it will enter the Lagrange point 1 (L1) by January 7.

The spacecraft will be placed around L1, which is about 1.5 million km from the Earth. A satellite placed in that area will have the advantage of continuously seeing the sun without any eclipses.

#### **GAGANYAAN:**

ISRO conducted an in-flight abort demonstration of Crew Escape System (CES) with the newly developed test vehicle followed by crew module separation and safe recovery.

The test flight sequence launched the Crew Escape System and Crew Module at an altitude of 17 km followed by a safe touchdown in the sea, about 10 km from Sriharikota in the Bay of Bengal.

The Gaganyaan programme will make India the fourth nation to launch a manned spaceflight mission after the United States, Russia, and China.

#### **NISAR:**

The NISAR satellite is scheduled for launch in early 2024. The NASA-ISRO Synthetic Aperture Radar, or NISAR satellite, will use advanced radar imaging to map the elevation of Earth's land and ice masses four to six times a month at resolutions of 5 to 10 meters. It is designed to observe and measure some of the planet's most complex natural processes, including natural hazards such as earthquakes, tsunamis, volcanoes and landslides.

All data from NISAR would be freely available one to two days after observation and within hours in case of emergencies like natural disasters.

#### **ARTEMIS:**

The Artemis Accord has 32 signatory countries. The accord is a blueprint for the peaceful and equitable use of resources in space. Currently, the Artemis Project is gearing up to establish a lunar base and a gateway in orbit around the moon. The moon contains valuable minerals, and the rare Helium 3 isotope, which could become the dream fuel of the future.

Signing off with this snippet:

Earth Has Received a Message Laser-Beamed from 10 Million Miles Away.

The laser transceiver that made the connection is on board the Psyche spacecraft, which is on a two-year tech demo mission, headed for the asteroid belt between Mars and Jupiter. It made contact with the Hale Telescope at the Palomar Observatory in California. In this latest test, the laser photons took about 50 seconds to get from spacecraft to telescope, and both were hurtling through space while this was happening.

### **ART AND HOBBY**



DOODLE ART by ALEENA R. BRIGHT Title: Insects



**COLOURING 1 by JUAN LENJU** 



**COLOURING 2 by JUAN LENJU** 





**COLOURING 1 by JULIAN LENJU** 

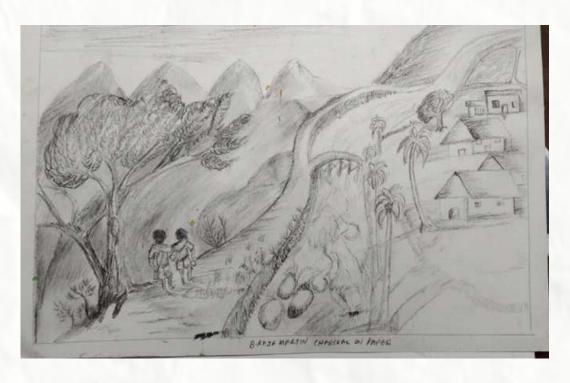


**COLOURING 2 by JULIAN LENJU** 



**SKETCHING by PREETHI KANNAN** 

Sometimes, what seems like a challenge transforms into an avenue of great opportunities. Through art, one can explore the limits of possibility. So when a client approached me with a portrait request for a friend who had lost her dad as a child, art delivered the perfect gift one can ever give her. What better way to cherish your friend than to give them a glimpse of what they yearn for the most? A present-day portrait of the late father and his loving daughter!



CHARCOAL ON PAPER ART by RAJA MARTIN. B



PAINTING by D. RUPPESHWARI



**CRAFT by D. RUPPESHWARI** 





#### Crossword puzzle

Theme: Universe

Created by : Mrs. Latha Shankari. K

<sup>1</sup> C		<sup>2</sup> S			<sup>4</sup> A			
<sup>2</sup> M								
				4 М		H	<sup>5</sup> E	
<sup>3</sup> T		<sup>3</sup> A						
		S						

#### **Across**

- 1. Group of stars
- 2. Natural satellite of earth
- 3. Largest moon of Saturn
- 4. Small piece of rocks scattered throughout solar system.

#### Down

- 1. Lumps of dust and ice that revolves around the sun
- 2. Centre of solar system
- Constellation that represents the animal, Ram
- 4. Rocky object that forms belt between Jupiter and Mars.
- 5. Planet we live in

#### IQ Booster Puzzle

Created by: Dr.Thirupurasundari CJ

A \_o\_l \_g \_o\_ g \_h\_rs \_ \_ m\_\_s

A		0	-	l		- 1	g			0	_		g			h	_	r	S	1		m	1		S
	1		3		7	6		9	4		6	2		5	4		2			6	8		8	9	

A.

-	e		a	t
1		2		

**Clue: To replay** 

В.

-	u	l	-	a	-	y
3			3			

Clue: A song that induces sleep

C.

_	-	S	t	-
4	5			

**Clue: So flavorful** 

D.

-	a	t	-	-	n
6			7	8	

**Clue: Country** 

E.

-	a	u	-	e
9			10	

Clue: A salty dip

### GENERAL ARTICLES, RESEARCH ARTICLES AND SHORT STORIES

#### **GLOBALIZATION AND CHALLENGES TO HUMAN RIGHTS IN INDIA**

#### **ALOK KUMAR RAY**

During the concluding two decades of the last century, various countries of the world have adopted the policy of globalization. Following the same path India had also adopted the same policy since 1991-92 when late Sri Narasimha Rao was the Prime Minister. Accordingly, the Central Government of India had decreased the peak rate of customs duty in its subsequent budgets, started the process of breaking down trade barriers and removed quantitative restrictions (QRs) on various items in its subsequent export and import policies. All these have had resulted in open access to new markets and new technology for the country.

In Indian context, this neo-liberal policy coupled with reforms is called, 'liberalization, privatization and globalization' (LPG). Due to this concept, both Central government and State governments have initiated several policy reforms mainly in the economic sphere. In the case of India-centric globalization the substance, cyclical order and timing of policy actions had been streamlined to arrest political setbacks in one hand and capitalizing on the positive outcomes of global economic incorporation on the other. The significance of implementation of globalization from the beginning in India were twofold such as; to encash the payback of globalization in favour of human welfare and strive to restrict its overall undesirable effects as far as possible. In 2001 Kaushik Basu alarmed thatglobalization brings with it many drawbacks, but on balance, it opens up many avenues of opportunity for Indian people. Globalization as an instrument is capable to induce development and help to reduce poverty in India. But for that respect high level of political commitment and management are required. Prof. Pranab Bardhan in 2001 optimistically stated that- though all over the world advocates of social justice are apprehensive regarding the impact of globalization, global economy negates the very essence of social justice, but in India the concept of LPG has been so far resilient and is distinct from its other counterparts in the third world.

However, in actuality, the relationship between economic globalization and its impact on the human rights of the poor in India does not have a very encouraging picture. In India due to globalization human rights violation has been very rampant. The human development indices of the United Nations Development Program (UNDP) and independent reports brought out by international civil society organizations like Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch justifies this claim squarely.

Globalization leads to decrease in living standards of the poor, vulnerable sections of the society. Tribal people constitute 8.6% of the nation's total population, over 104 million people according to the 2011 census. Globalization is associated with rising prices, loss of job security, and lack of health care in case of tribal people. In

the name of up-gradation of the lifestyle of poor indigenous tribal people, the market forces have created wealth for their interests at the expense of livelihood and security of these tribals. Tribals are being compellingly integrated into the mainstream society leading to them losing their unique cultural features. Their habitat is being threatened due to land alienation and displacement.

Globalization induced reforms increased India's GDP growth rate to nearly 7-8% from the prevalent 2-3% after some years of its implementation. It has created a healthy private sector and thus employment for millions of Indians over the years. However, a substantial number of these jobs have either remained informal or have been lost with time. It has created avenues for women who want to participate in the industry. Women have entered the labor force in large numbers in countries like India that have accepted liberal economic policies. The overall economic activity rate of women for the age group 20-54 increased significantly. But the informal sector where women workforce used to be absorbed in large numbers, now is seen offering very poor labor conditions. The exploitation of women in the workplace has emerged as a new issue. Globalization has not altered the patriarchal mindset of Indians, this has resulted into problems for women like the commoditization of women, the use of social media to harass women and increase in violence against women. Liberalization of the economy has in some sectors caused loss of employment without creation of new employment. The big corporate companies like TNCs (Transnational Corporations) and MNCs (Multinational Corporations) have evolved a vendor system of subcontracting for their production. This results in job insecurity of the laborer and worsening of labor welfare since there is no monitoring system to evaluate their welfare. Many young people remain marginalized as they are incapable of accessing the opportunities that globalization offers due to inadequate education, limited skills, poverty. Furthermore, despite changes, the caste system has shown massive toughness and still continues to exist as one of the significant features of Indian society. Due to lack of skills, globalization has forced vulnerable caste people towards the informal sector for doing menial jobs. Cash crop demand in the era of globalization has increased farmer's focus on these crops. But as the demand and price of these crops vary, this has major repercussions when farmers deviate from cultivating food crops. More importantly, globalization has shifted the public discourse from agriculture to industry. Multinational companies are allowed to enter the field of agriculture and that eventually has negative impact on marginal farmers. Post reform period has witnessed a sweeping increase in child labor because due to the LPG policy, the role of the public sector was reduced and social security measures were overlooked. The process of capital intensive measures against labor-intensive measures has helped to adopt global technologies and automation in industries. This has resulted in the high rate of unemployment in India which is becoming the biggest challenge for Indian Economy and the Government today. In India socio-economic consequences of globalization are anti-poor and anti- marginalized. In this globalization scenario it is very difficult to protect the rights of the poor and common man in developing countries like India.

We may therefore call globalization as a double-edged sword that helped Indian consumers to enjoy all high-quality global brands. On the another hand, it helped the Government of India to tide over its serious foreign exchange problem, even though temporarily by getting loan from World Bank and other international financial institutions. But, it has been at the cost of decontrol of the Indian Government over its economy and at the cost of the local Industry. Hence it is urgently needed to strengthen the human face of globalization in India. The problems of globalization should be addressed because it has marginalized human rights. Indian policy makers should aware of the interest of poor and common man and their quality of life as well as human rights. It is the need of the hour to think about interest of all Indian citizens with context to education, employment, health, alleviation of poverty, environmental balance, and sustainable development. Without addressing these issues, development and democracy in India has no meaning in actual parlance.

#### A DAUGHTER'S UNHEARD CRIES WITHIN THE WALLS OF HOME

#### **GLADSON MATHEW**

In every smile and every tear, good parenting holds children close, a steadfast presence through laughter's noise and sorrow's silence. Like gentle raindrops that quench the thirsty earth, good parenting nurtures children's spirits, guiding their footsteps with whispers of encouragement, dispelling the shadows of fear.

"We carry our childhood with us. We cannot escape from it. It is a part of us, and we must accept it and learn to live with it." - Carl Jung: This quote acknowledges the lasting impact of early experiences. It suggests that the fracturing of the mind in infancy can shape our entire lives, but also implies the possibility of acceptance and integration, allowing us to move forward with a greater understanding of ourselves.

It weaves an enduring bond, an everlasting connection that transcends time and circumstance.

We learn about fracture of bones in our body. Rarely we come across the matter, fracturing the mind. Sometimes it happens from very early time of our infancy. How does it happen? What are the repercussions regarding this?

Unlike the bones that mend and leave visible reminders, the mind can fracture in ways unseen, leaving unseen scars that impact our entire lives. This fracturing often starts in infancy, a time when we're most vulnerable and our sense of self is still forming.

Some time ago, I received a letter from a client during my counselling therapy. I have taken all necessary precautions to protect the client's confidentiality.

#### Dear doctor,

I'm writing to you today to share something I wrote a while back particularly when I was in a lot of pain. I believe it might provide you with some insight into my thought process during that period.

The constant criticism I receive from my parents makes it seem impossible for me to heal emotionally. Every minor remark feels like a personal attack, leaving me feeling worthless and hopeless and I want to die.

Is it truly so difficult for them to comprehend my perspective? To set aside their own preconceptions, expectations, and judgments of me? To simply see me as a human being?

My own parents, the very people who brought me into this world, seem indifferent to my struggles. My own parents, the individuals who brought me into this world, fail to make any attempt to understand me. Sometimes I imagine myself screaming and shouting at them until they finally listen to me. All I want to do is run away from them, to escape their suffocating presence and find a place where I can breathe freely for a long time.

I'm tired of always being the one who needs to understand their problems, their emotions, their perspective. I've tried my best, time and time again, to empathize with them, and I do understand them.

But shouldn't they be the ones making an effort to understand their own daughter, to see me as a human being, not just a reflection of their own desires and expectations? I often wish I had never been born. I love life, but living with them is making me question whether it's worth living at all.

They make me hate myself. They make me feel worthless. They make me want to disappear, to run away and never come back. I feel an urge to inflict emotional pain upon them, so that they feel the pain they've inflicted on me.

I wish I was never born.

"Trauma is not what happens to you. It's what happens inside you as a result of what happens to you." - Gabor Maté: This emphasizes the internal impact of trauma. It highlights how the mind can become fractured as a way to cope with overwhelming experiences, leading to long-term consequences that require specific care and attention.

Unlike the bones that mend and leave visible reminders, the mind can fracture in ways unseen, leaving unseen scars that impact our entire lives. This fracturing often starts in infancy, a time when we're most vulnerable and our sense of self is still forming.

"The wound is the place where the Light enters you." - Rumi: This speaks to the potential for healing and growth even after trauma. It suggests that the fractured parts of ourselves can be a source of strength and understanding, leading us to a deeper connection with our true selves.

It's crucial to remember that mental health struggles are just as valid as physical ones. By raising awareness about fractured minds and the lasting impact of early trauma, we can create a more compassionate and supportive world for those who carry unseen scars.

# SCIENCE SHORE | PAGE 2

#### "AHRAH-KON-EM" AKA RACOONS

#### **HEMA RAVI**

Sipping piping-hot tea, I took in the beauty of the new morning.

Through the bay window, I watched the sun emerge. The crimson red hues splattering the blue and white, and then, suddenly a dazzling yellow had its therapeutic effect upon me, as it always did.

Still engrossed in the tranquil scene, I held my breath when I saw something that I had never witnessed before - a bushy tail atop the tall, stooped conifer in our front yard. I wondered if it was a cat.....it did seem too big to be a cat, it was furry as well.

As I watched in anticipation, I saw a pair of eyes and face peer through the branches, then another pair of eyes nearby.

Behold my joy, when I realized they were a pair of raccoons. I had seen them in captivity, but to witness something live was sheer joy, untold in words.

I wondered - raccoons, mostly known as 'nocturnal' creatures, are seldom out during daylight.... possibly this pair was foraging for food. I watched them with childlike curiosity. I thought they were watching me too as they glided up and down the branches in a playful mood; and once again climbed atop the topmost branch. This time, we (Just minutes ago, I squealed to my better half to bring his lens quickly, which he did!) had a very clear picture.... The tree was less than fifteen feet from our condo home.

After about half an hour, the sprightly pair got down, spent some time in the shrubs beneath our apartment, then ran off towards the rear side of the condos.

Not only a pleasant surprise, it was an amazing experience.....

Racoons are agile and symbolize "independence, intuition and intelligence." Besides, they are symbols of "curiosity, adaptability and wisdom..." Masters in transformation, they are more endearing than scary that so many

children's stories feature raccoons in them. Yes, they are 'stealthy burglars' too and can burrow into your home with ease.

Native Americans believed that the "ahrah-kon-em" (Algonquin name for racoons) embodied "spirit powers" with which they could outwit large coyotes or wolves. The "Spirit Animal" aka racoon is an inspiration for Native American dances, rituals and ceremonies; also as "emblems of power from the spiritual world."



Photo Courtesy: N. Ravi

## SCIENCE SHORE | PAGE 2

#### **DEAR SONU**

#### NALINI JANARDHANAN

My dear Sonu,

We are a blessed and happy family now as your sister also found her life partner. I was so glad to notice that you planned, skillfully managed, and assisted your dad in arranging everything during the Corona times. The marriage function was outstanding, and you made it a golden memory to cherish. Once again you have proved that you are a manager par excellence.

Dear son, when I reminisce about our past, I miss you, the naughty little boy. How I wish to relive those nostalgic moments with you once again......You have grown up in the blink of an eye. Your Dad and me never compelled you to be a doctor or an Army officer. We let you live your dreams and take up the profession you like. You worked hard to reach the present position of Vice President in a reputed company. You have many awards and achievements. You deserve them, being a talented, sincere and efficient person who trust in God. You have a beautiful, intelligent, strong, independent and caring wife who is also in the same profession. You are a grown-up man with your own ideas, thoughts, interests, talents and personality.

#### Just remember:

- -We have only one life to live. Do what make you content and happy. Follow your own path. Listen to your heart and soul.
- -Don't make impulsive decisions. You may regret about them later.
- -Treat your wife and all women with respect.
- -Don't worry about things which are beyond your control. God is there to take care of you
- -Leave everything in His hands.
- -Don't take life seriously. Have fun and enjoy along with your loved ones.
- -Be humble and show respect to your elders.
- -Be kind and friendly to your colleagues and neighbours.

- -Cherish every moment. Realize that nothing in life is permanent. Don't get disheartened when you face sorrows, failures or trials. Think that 'this too shall pass'.
- -Surround yourself with loving people like family members, friends, relatives and well-wishers who encourage, love and support you.
- -Friends may come and go in your life. Love yourself and be your own best friend. Occasionally, take a moment to pat yourself on the back. You need self-esteem and confidence to be a winner.

My dear child, when you held my hand and said goodbye yesterday, as we were leaving your house, I could feel your concern and care. When you told me to count my blessings, I knew that you are the first and foremost blessing in my life. When you told us 'Mom and Dad, I may not be able to express my love to both of you, but I am always there for you', I was touched by your unconditional love. When you smiled, I could see the same twinkle in your eyes that melted my heart when you were a tiny kid.

Always do your duty and face the struggles of life with that beautiful smile on your cute face. You are an awesome singer and a multitalented person with an innocent heart full of love and kindness. Don't change yourself for someone else. You will face all challenges and be a winner in life.

Dear son, we may not be together always but please know that I love you. I will always be with you in life and after death. Whene you miss me just close your eyes and you would feel the warmth of my hug my dear child...

God bless you my Sonu,

Lots of Love from your mom.

## SUBCONSCIOUS OBSERVATION BELIEF SYSTEM (SOBS) - THE UNREAD SPACE OF SILENCE (PART 9)

#### **ORBINDU GANGA**

When you venture deep into a forest, you hear the crescendo gently fading, and it welcomes the mellifluous sonorous notes of nature, creating a captivating and pious aura. Your eyes light up as you come across a solitary house, inquisitiveness building momentum as you explore the ambiance within. Inside, you discover a space untouched for years. As you navigate through the house, you stumble upon a doorway leading to an underground chamber, locked and shrouded in darkness. Upon opening it, you find complete silence and obscurity. Though the space is filled with various objects, it emanates a palpable loneliness. There never exists a shade to see different nuances, the existence of nothing, seeing in darkness shall cripple you. With the absence of sound, you leave in splits to never utter a word. The space that we searched to explore became a paranoia of experience we have wanted to venture into again. Such is the space in the absence of colours, sound, and objects leaving the space of silence to haunt us.

The space when inhabited by the form and the formless shall imbibe many traces within. The absence of the many shall be adsorbed by the fragrance of their formlessness. In their absence, those traces become invisible and remain mimed within. They are the specks becoming a chain of waves, without being seen or heard, they whisper within and adsorbed in the space. The known feel the absence of existence but the unknown shall know the presence of the absence. The diabolical realm of existence of presence and absence is much related to being in the flow of observation. The thought of observation has been used obsoletely to be visible to the eyes. Consciousness prevails more in the thought process where the perception of human comprehension is type-cast as the solution-derived form. Much against the popular inference, the subconscious knowing beyond human comprehension is to be revered for the exploration of veracity.

The silence captures nothing, a stillness in the midst of a vociferous world. Being unaware of the nothing, in the process, she subconsciously adsorbs the flow in the stillness, the being becomes part of the flow, never being observed by any. Amidst the melee that harmonizes with the bandwagon, becoming immersed in the tide of familiar voices, silence remains aloof from the commotion. She observes the happenings, undeterred by the ambient chaos. In her stillness, the observant as she remains throughout the journey, flows in the flowing river, meandering and ricocheting with subtleness. She understands that the known will depart, leaving behind unobservable traces. In her space, silence remains an observant presence, gracefully smiling, serene and unmoved. The defiant face is without any attachment

to be living a lonely journey with no one to question her existence since many moving away from her but being with her.

A void, in the absence of anything, is often perceived as desolation. However, do we ever truly comprehend the space that embraces silence? The space within silence is a treasury of numerous observations. With none to read her words, she continues to live away from the ordinary. The observation of silence imparts a serene smile in its stillness. The periphery and the core absorb the essence of these observations, making them invisible to human perception but discernible to the unknown. Such a journey is a self-explored or self-evolved journey to be conceived only by the self. This journey, aimed at understanding the existence of the space of silence, is facilitated by the Subconscious Observation Belief System (SOBS). SOBS assist in comprehending the silence within you, allowing you to read the space within it. The importance of silence and its untapped space can be utilized more effectively. Ignorance of silence can be dispelled through the journey, where achieving clarity of thoughts becomes a transformative process. Discovering the silence and its space becomes an act of joy. Unexplored layers of pain can be alleviated by cutting through the void within the silence.

Across	Down	
1.Constellation	1. Comet	
2.Moon	2. Sun	
3.Titan	3. Aries	
4. Asteroid	4. Meteor	
	5. Earth	

**Solution to Crossword Puzzle** 

# PARALLEL UNIVERSES: EXPLORING THE EXISTENCE FROM A SPECK (PART 5)

#### ORBINDU GANGA

The tenacity of one's existence is largely deciphered by the way one perceives oneself. Understanding and articulating the journey is a journey in itself. Defining oneself as a mere speck is a herculean task, and comprehending one's existence is cumbersome. The alacrity of movement in this tiny entity is well-graduated by its inherent traits that ought to be observed and carved as a form of self-knowledge. Engaging in self-exploration provides an impetus to the journey of self-discovery and evolution as a being. An evolved form, with its distinctive traits, adds many layers, becoming a substance of verisimilitude.

Formed without an iota of existence to evince, the thought ricochets through many layers of yesteryear streaks, propelled forward on its own. Never to be caught in a gasp, it remains a mystery, never destined to evolve—a being flowing with a stream never to be deciphered, an end never to be traced. Despite many scientific minds working on its flow, it remains a mystery from genesis to denouement. Exploring the self for ages, whether stalled in evolution or never having contemplated it, adds an intriguing layer to the mystery.

The lineage of self-exploration, starting from the speck, surprises everyone, questioning how the exploration can proceed without a connection. It is indeed a wonderful observation to note that, in the absence of a linking trait, the process flows with many conundrums. The veracity of the process is absorbing, creating curiosity about how such multiverses came into existence without information being passed.

The vacuoles are in the potholes, allowing the observant to decipher existence. Without the possibility of a connection, the flow lets the process move ahead, creating different dimensions to exist. However, their existence remains obscure to the scientific world, with not much visibility to be shown. With the unknown as the observer, the flow is beautifully carved into a stream of many copies in the universes, letting the existence of a thought for the learned to decide.

### A CHALLENGING TRAVELLER

#### SETALURI PADMAVATHI

I met Fatima on a local train while travelling to the hospital. I didn't look at her keenly, but suddenly, my eyes rolled on her face and the body. She must be around 32 years old and appeared weary. Holding her five-year-old naughty daughter who was crying for a window seat, she sat opposite my seat. I casually initiated to talk to her and asked what she was doing. She energetically said that she was working in five houses every day to meet her family's needs. I nodded my head and sat quietly.

She bought a samosa (a tasty Indian snack) with 10 rupees for her daughter, Zubeda who felt extremely happy to munch on it. Being a good listener and concerned for others, I questioned her about her family members and lifestyle. Tears rolled from her gloomy eyes which she hid under her black eyelids. She appeared honest, hard-working, loyal, and amicable. I silently thought and whispered to myself, "Can anyone escape from hard work, especially in difficult situations?" Within a few seconds, I could analyse and realize that she belonged to a family where she didn't get love and comfort so far.

I felt she found a close friend in me and wanted to share her feelings. With no single thought, and without any full stop, she started narrating her story. I was not interested in listening to her initially, but she compelled me to lend my ears.

"I work for the whole day to feed my children and often drink water or tea repeatedly when I feel hungry. Nothing is more important than my children's happiness in my life." Fatima said with an unhappy tone.

She covered her face with a blue-coloured veil through which I could not notice it properly. She was controlling her child now and then while talking to me. Zubeda was so cheerful to peep through the window and enjoy her snack, and the city's view. She was least bothered about what was happening on the train.

Out of interest and curiosity, I started a conversation with her. But I never expected that she would talk to me continuously. Within a few minutes of time, she expressed her feelings and explained her routine which enabled her to keep herself busy throughout the day.

"What is your husband, and does he support you at home? How do you go to work with a small child?" I inquired.

"Madam, I don't have any option except going to work with this child and my husband doesn't give money to me. He enjoys his liquor daily and doesn't even bother about what is happening. What can I do? Having given birth, I must take

care of them and can't escape from my duties." Fatima responded humbly with teary eyes.

To me, she appeared like a warrior who struggled to fill the stomachs of her children. I could not even imagine how many women like Fatima work that way boldly, sincerely, and punctually. Who can help such women, without any selfish nature? My mind was filled with numerous thoughts and unanswered questions. Passengers on the train were happy to enjoy their gossip and spend time leisurely, sitting comfortably in their seats. I looked around the train for a while as an observant traveller.

After a few minutes, Fatima began her talk again. I saw her challenging eyes and enthusiastic zeal in her mind. I didn't show my interest in listening to her, but she constantly spoke to me. Then, I didn't have any option, except to hear her words. I sat comfortably and focused on her narration.

"How many children do you have? What are they doing?"

"I have four children, and all are girls. The elder one is 18, the second one is 15, the third is 7 and Zubeda is 5." Fatima replied.

"Four Children? At this age?" I was astonished to know.

"Yeah, I need to get my elder daughter married. She helps me in cooking while I am working outside. The other children go to study in nearby governmental institutions. I want them to study and be happy. I don't care what would happen to my physique later. I want to take care of them as I gave birth to them. What can I do? Nothing is easy, except earning pennies."

I could feel her worried voice. What a hard life hers was! She was neither comfortable nor happy. Having married, and given birth to kids, she kept on finding ways to move on. Her wages were meager, and needs were abundant. And how difficult it was to lead a life alone on a rugged path! Hmm! My thoughts were unlimited, and questions became answerless.

"At what age did you get married, Fatima?"

"I got wedded when I was eleven and he made me a mother of four. He never felt that he was a responsible father which makes me feel bad, but I don't lose my hopes and struggle for them whatever the situation is! My parents wanted to get rid of me, so they sent me out of the house at an early age." She said gloomily.

I could see positive vibes in her words and charm in her attitude. Her life will go on this way, facing life and tough tests. She is an example to many women who have irresponsible husbands and whose life is not a bed of roses. I consoled her with my loving words and asked her to take care of herself, besides battling for the family. I got down from the train, staring at her sorrowfully.

# **Solution to IQ Booster Puzzle**

A rolling stone gathers no moss

		r	0	l	1	i	n	g	s	t	0	n	e	g	a	t	h	e	r	S	n	0	m	0	S	S
A	•	-		-		-	-		_	-		_	-		-	_		-			-	_		-	_	
		1		3		7	6		9	4		6	2		5	4		2			6	8		8	9	

A. Clue: To replay

R	e	p	e	a	t
-		-	-		
1			2		

B. Clue: A song that induces sleep

L	u	l	1	a	b	y
-			_		-	
3			3			

C. Clue: So flavorful

T	a	S	t	y
_	-			-
4	5			

D. Clue: Country

N -	a	t	i -	0	n
6			7	8	

E. Clue: A salty dip

S	a	u	c	e
-			-	
9			10	

# **POETRY**

# **DATA**

#### **GITA BHARATH**

How is the data stored and retrieved In the loops of the double helix? How did it adapt to change, replicate, mutate? Did a single protozoan create — This amazing mix-Of all animal life to populate the land, From data stored in its DNA strand. We build cloud-castles with data-blocks, Like children playing with sand and rocks. And try to understand all Of the Universe — The very large, the very small, And we find every cell and every star Follow the same scientific law. And how objective can we be, how stand aloof, When we are a thread in the warp and the woof Of the Universe, part of the proof We are seeking?

# LIVING DULY IN THE PRESENT

#### HIMANSHU BHUSHAN JENA

We look for peace and bliss in tours and travels, in books and brooks, in beings and things...

All goes in vain when we collect pebbles in place of pearls
We are entirely lost in craving for a secure future
ignoring the diamond days of present
In return we gather clouds of depression, hurricane of frustration and
Tsunami of suffocation

Life is not centred around the matters of quantity Nothing gifts us beauty when clustered by anthropogenic activity

Looking within is the first step of elevation sublime Living in the present with wings of humanity brings spring of equanimity amid all adversity.

### **EMBERS**

#### JAYALAKSHMI KARINDALAM

Thrown on earth We as cause and effect With one primal ecstasy's spark. Respect our distance as sky and earth. Follow each other's shadows as day and night. Solve the riddle of love Abiding the truth of birth and death. Wed our destiny as fire and water. We drink deep the Elixir of passions. Sharing a mystic chalice. Rear unique stars, That carry marks fervid stains, Of our right and wrongs. Disdain dreams In the same pyre. Then, without an adieu We fly and disappear In opposite horizons leaving back a love lit nest Throb in solitude of infinite longings..

# THE BLUSH

#### **JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA**

When she heard her name Having won the first prize Needing to come foreward Receiving the feted trophy

She trembled, stumbling onto the stage
Her young, innocent face showed
The blush of early morn
Innocence at dawn

The applause louder now
She hesitated, wishing to run away
Yet the trophy winked at her
I'm yours, all yours ...
She touched her hot cheeks
Telling her legs to make the last three steps

When she held the trophy Her voice whispered: Thank you ....

# LAST LEAF BEFORE WINTER

#### **JELLIE N. WYCKELSMA**

Fluttering in the late evening wind
Its colour brown, red and pure gold
Glittering in the slowly sinking sun
Bravely hanging onto the branch
Knowing all other leaves had lost their grip
Covering the ground below
Like an ancient Persian carpet
In a mansion built centuries ago ...

As the sun made room for the moon at night
It still hung on with all its might
Wishfully wanting to stay until
The season of cold weather
With Winter approaching
Shaking the trees with icy winds
Blanketing the whole forest with snow
Then it knew, it was time to let go ...

# **MOONSTRIPES**

#### KAMAR SULTANA SHEIK

I never knew
The Moon was a Painter
Till I saw her draw her stripes
Silver, grey and pale golden
On the white-washed wall plain,
On the frosted glass window-pane
And on my cream-colored counterpane;
Sometimes she spilled her paint
Onto the garden,
(To shed light for fairy revels, maybe?)
Sometimes it came like light fragrant vapour
Climbing the staircase in a dusty beam

As Poignant as a fortune-telling gypsy she looked
Through the sheath of gossamer cloud that was her veil;
Why, wandering vagabond of the night-skies,
You for whom fingers there be none
Can do so well with just your face,
How can I call myself an artist
For when you work your magic
My work on the easel
Must look such a disgrace!

# SCIENCE SHORE | PAGE 3

### **MY HOME**

#### LATHAPREM SAKHYA

My homeland in the hills for twenty-five years!
Life was, innocence blanketed
A loving home - a farm and a wild untamed terrain.
Where life bloomed into excitement and adventure
The days ruled by angst and pain, fun and laughter,
Teaching us resilience to face the world with a smile.

Now thirty-seven years have flown by
Yet I am enamoured of those days.
Life, in her spate, had taught me many things
When simplicity reigned with nature's harmony.
Back home now, watching my Amma's happiness
The naughty childishness, glittering in her faded eyes
Awakened memories galore stored in golden caskets.

Later when I slept in my tiny cottage, on the hillock
I was woken up by the wild laughter of the foxes
Followed by the yelping of dogs, I sat up breathless.
The same feeling of yore enveloped me,
I shivered, excitement sandwiched with fear.
Have they come back? Will they come down?
Once our farm was a favourite haunt for them
Where they could grab a truant rabbit or a lone hen
Accidentally left out, while closing the hutch and the coop.
My mind once more swung back to those days.

Invasion of people into the idyllic wildness
Had driven them away, but now nature was regaining.
The new laws to preserve nature brought them back.
I felt joy seeping over me as memories tumbled out
Making me listen with bated breath, yearning for more.
But Sleep lulled me and took me to her dream world.
Where I saw a slice of night activity on our farm.

Our family was preparing to retire for the night, A loud cackle, frightened quacks and excited bark; Broke the stillness of the serene night.

Appa jumped up from his armchair,

Grabbed the solid cane and rushed out

Followed by the boys, equally armed

I, then a girl could not be contained in,

I ran after Appa and the boys chasing the fox

Running for its life, dropping the frightened fowl.

The injured fowl was handed over to Amma awaiting us,

She gently tended to its wound and placed it under a basket, safe for the night,

Praying she would find it revived in the morning...

I chuckled in my sleep, as I saw and heard my brothers
Regaling in detail the chase, where Appa was our hero.

Yes, these are things that tug me home.

Things that prodded us

to build a single room cottage on a hillock surrounded by wilderness.

Where we could once more experience the wild night sounds.

to create an orchard so we could roam about eating all kinds of wild fruits.

And as in the past, to laugh loud, unrestrained,

to howl like the wolves that came prowling in the night once upon a time, to shiver in fright listening to the Jackal's laughter,

to hear the thuds of the Pazhaunnis (palm civets) as they fall down after eating their fill of fruits, lacking the skill to climb down a tree,

to listen to the yelping of the dogs,

to hear the cackling of hens as the sly fox comes prowling and partake in the general commotion of chasing the fox, what excitement!

What an adventure it was for us on the lonely hilltop, surrounded by jackfruit trees, mango trees, cashews, sapotas, guavas, butter fruit, rose apples and many other fruit trees

My green-fingered Appa, crazy about farming, planted.

In the 70ies and the 80 ies, now there is nothing there,

"Gone with the Wind," along with my Appa.

### PAINT THE SKY WITH YOUR OWN FEATHERS

#### **LEENA THAMPI**

She isn't caged, her mind is Freedom is knowing that she has a choice, Her reason is torn defying it's jailed desires, Golden bars seldom lure prisoners.

In cages confined, the birds reside, Their wings restrained, their spirits tied. They watch the sky with longing eyes, Yearning to soar, to reach the highs.

To the world, their plight unseen,
Their hearts flutter above the emerald grass and turquoise waters,
Yet deep within, the birds still dream,
Of open skies, where hopes gleam.

Their wings may ache, with flight suppressed, Whilst freedom lives within their chest Throbbing to be found, with trust Their hearts believe they are free Yet encased in a box they spree.

Their wings speak words the world fails to hear "The sky is ours let's conquer fear"
The caged bird sings with a piercing trill, "Break free from this scorching grill."

# A BEWILDERING VISION

#### MITESH SASI MAGESH

Blew my mind the first time, I knew I had to make her my chime. We continuously quacked, Till the night turned black.

Then cracked dawn,
Woke up to see my beautiful lawn,
Nature was a bliss back then,
It lasted till I counted up to ten.

That's when the most beautiful arrived, I'm pretty sure she was nature-derived. Walking down the streets with style, I couldn't help myself but smile!

We both were sun-kissed, And my watch was down her wrist, It sure was a perfect date, Without any debate!

A perfect moment for a kiss, And god it was such a bliss! Then realism hit my head, I woke up beside a pillow on my bed.

# THE LAST DROP

#### MITESH SASI MAGESH

Silence and joy,
No one to play me as a toy,
Foresaw a serene life,
Yet, it was butchered with a sharp knife.

I start to internally bleed, My heart takes the devil's lead, It was summoned on me, By no one but she.

Care is merely a word,
No, its not absurd.
Deceiving all illusion,
And knowing it was all a delusion.

The drops arise,
And my beautiful eye cries,
All I needed was that one drop,
That one last tear drop.

# SOCIAL MEDIA, MADE A GREAT IMPACT

#### MONIKA. K

Hearty wishes are sent through texts

Human emotions are responded with emojis

Society's pathetic conditions are just forwarded in WhatsApp.

'Save water' is kept in WhatsApp status

Putting story to the mother on mother's day who is never aware of Instagram..

Wishing brother via status who hadn't turned one still.

Sharing reels to calm down one's feeling

Suggesting Spotify songs for one's healing.

From copy pasting notes

To copy and posting one's emotions

A modern Era and technology boon or bane?

The question mark hasn't got an appropriate answer still...

# WHAT'S MINE IS YOURS

#### **NEHA S CHAKRAVARTHI**

From what I knew, I was never ready.

Asked myself a hundred times if I was enough

For this full-moon charm of a face across from me on the table.

Should I have thought this over? I'm just sawdust -

I can't be in her league, but she's only what my heart wants.

I knew I wanted to be ready,

I like how all's new; I'd not go back in time, really.

She robbed my breath, yet light as a feather, I flew.

Life wasn't happening before;

Hoping to make it through each day to the next.

Lately, everything's about her - the angel that answered my call.

To take the road I never dared to,

Paint the town red - I'm ready to fall in love.

A part of me lies in you; what's mine is yours.

# YOU'LL BE NOSTALGIC!

#### **RAJANI MULA**

You'll be nostalgic forever You'll ring in my ears ever You'll sing in my heart ever You'll flow in my life ever You'll glow on my face ever You'll, You'll in many ways be my soul and whole! Time flew like a blink of eye Yet you're not gonna be a sigh Sky is the limit of your life Dyed I, in your colour believe to be the rainbow for you Let's meet in the farthest end While Sun of your success rain of our unbridled tears witness us as light in many eyes!

# SHADES OF S(S)ELF

#### **ROOPA SUBRAMANI**

Body of mine, solid yet ephemeral thy existence Mind of mine, persistent yet deluded thy influence Heart of mine, deeply- hidden yet life-giving thy sustenance

Body of mine, so full of strength and vigour, time is thine enemy Mind of mine, so full of desires and hopes, in birth and death doth never fail to be Heart of mine, so full of love and light, Grace my vision to behold thee!

Body of mine, that binds to kith and kin with the need to feel secure, pay the price Mind of mine, that desires things with hopes to acquire, 'be wise' Heart of mine, that abides as pure awareness, with no-thing to adhere, realize!

Body of mine, gross and powerless, birth and death are your natural lot Mind of mine, subtle and formless, ever harbouring feelings of have-not Heart of mine, imperceptible yet most precious, you are every Truth seeker's yearning that can't be bought

Body of mine, in strength and weakness, 'be aware' of your limitation Mind of mine, in times of good and bad, 'be conscientious' of your intention Heart of mine, in pursuit of eternal freedom from illusion, be your(SELF) even amidst the shades of self obscuring your true reflection!



# **ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE**

#### SAIPRAKASH KUNTAMUKKALA

The name itself suggests It is not Natural Many warnings by intellectuals A definite dooms day! Where human intelligence takes a back seat Let's not pull the string to it's limits A snapped rubber hurts the most We are already witnessing the catastrophe Shrinking brains Broken hearts Curtailed empathy None recovered from nuclear holocaust From literature to war Science is always a two edged sword To make or mar human progress Due diligence is need of the hour To prosper or to perish Only a human can opt.

# A MOMENT BEFORE SUNRISE

#### SANGITA KALARICKAL

This is the time to quiet yourself yet awaken.

slow.

Listen to the notes of raga Lalit

We will let the music settle within you.

stop.

And in that moment between breaths, we can ask the sun to pause a bit before slathering the sky with red.

In that moment after the night and before dawn there is completeness.

silence.

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# **BANGALORE'S EVOLVING SYMPHONY:**

#### **SARANYA FRANCIS**

In the cradle of Deccan, where innovations unfold, Bangalore, a city, a story yet untold.
Amidst glass facades and digital glee,
A metamorphosis within, the city and me.

Beneath the skyline of a silicon dream, In the pulse of growth, where memories gleam, Streets that echo a journey's refrain, In every nook, paradoxes intertwine.

In the corridors of tech, where startups soar, Silicon valleys, where dreams explore. Yet, beneath the algorithms and coding spree, A nostalgia for simplicity, a part of me.

Amidst the aroma of freshly ground beans, Cafés bloom, where conversations convene. Old haunts transformed, yet echoes remain, Of laughter and tales, a nostalgic terrain.

Skyline dreams, a city in flux, Urban streams, where progress ducks. Yet, in the midst of steel and concrete, Roots of nostalgia beneath my feet.

On metro rides, where time condenses, Elevated whispers of growth commence. Through the veins of the city, a rhythmic beat, A journey in echoes, a nostalgic feat.

In gardens that sprout amidst the gray, Tomorrow's blooms in the city's array. A symbiosis of growth, intertwined, Bangalore's story, a chapter refined.

# **REVIVAL**

#### B. S. SAROJA

Do you think I was dead? No, you are wrong

I went living incognito singing the song of life

Forever no one lives
Nothing lasts long
Flower fades and dies
But the seeds inside the soil
wait for its turn to shoot up again

I had found shelter and a companion to foment the egg of my soul

I lived in solitude Beautiful silence deepened by soft whispers of the womb

Day and night I longed to meet my love, my life in the nakedness of my spirit

I broke my silence, expressed my love dragged myself out of the soil leaving the cozy home that gave me shelter and nourished me with love.

# FASHION CHANGES, BUT STYLE ENDURES...

#### SETALURI PADMAVATHI

Contemporary world modifies the man Good and bad things make him human Media and filmy world turn him anew Technical aspects make his life renew

Ashram's free space education
Altered as a furnished institution
Schools provide good infrastructure
And attract students from every corner.

Students neglect their mother tongue Teachers motivate their global speech; That does appear as Lingua-franca And influences all other lingues

Nature God was worshipped then Various cultures attracted wise men Hunter changed to food-gatherer Fast food replaced all-natural foodstuff.

Old black-and-white movie themes
Converted into colourful schemes
We enjoyed prior popular musical hits
Today's lyricists transformed melodic scripts.

Let's be the change we wish to see As it guides every character to be Everyone thinks of changing the world, But no one thinks of changing himself...

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# THE CANVAS OF LIFE

#### SHALINI NANDKEOLYAR

What an exquisite fabric of life
This warp and woof of ethereal threads...

A black virgin slate, unwritten, a blank canvas, of hidden mysteries! A black night of unknown secrets boundless space, a void, of infinite possibilities

a womb, a stillness before creation begins to manifest

A splash of red on black – a touch of propelling movement dynamic and pulsating birth of creation! Centrifugal power, whirl of unfolding life force.

Beads of blood Roses and thorns Red petal lips and unbridled passion! Ecstasy and inertia.

Crimson flames, Scattered ashes Charcoal earth a red hibiscus bloom on black canvas. Moments of seeping darkness joys and sorrows A blend of changing colours Intermingling emotions. A reflection of prisms On a colourless substratum!

The journey's end.

I watch unattached
my own unique painting –
a last glance before
I wipe the slate clean.

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# DO I WRITE!

#### SHALINI NANDKEOLYAR

In rare moments of silence
When spirits soar beyond
conscious babbling of thoughts
I hear the dew drops'
ever so gentle tip toe
on the velvet grass
the breeze strums the harp
I hear your flute afar
the leaves gingerly rustle,
the birds' songs
awaken me yet again
from an unconscious slumber

When I am done wandering like a fragmented cloud, done thinking I own your soothing blue skies I see you mirrored in the pristine lakes I weep tears of melting joy into the ocean depths aglow with pearls of tiny light

When Lotus buds open
Petal by petal
to reveal the innermost core.
I walk into my inner temple
where a glimmer of light
bursts into a million Suns
And the soul speaks ...
It's never that I write
Words are not words But whispers from the void.

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# **PLANTING PEACE**

#### SHALINI SAMUEL

Serenity begins within,
Not in the world. But that's where I often search.
Seeking calm in money, status, events,
Yet peace hides not in the external drama.

It brews inside, like a soothing cup of tea, Stepping gently in my quiet moments. Simple acts of compassion are the key, It takes me to the tranquility I crave for.

Holding the door for someone carrying heavy bags, Helping the lost find direction to happiness again. A smile offered freely to brighten a frown, Seeds of joy planted in the parched ground.

Expecting nothing, not thanks or credit due, Simply spreading warmth, like morning dew. I hope my small gesture will help them thrive, And in my heart, optimism and smile revived.

The pressures of life often breed hatred in society, Kindness gives me calm even when I meet an enemy Not for awards or the noble cause, But for my own inner peace - I forget bitterness.

To breathe, to settle, to gently glow,
An empathetic heart makes my gladness grow.
Goodwill begins in me. I don't wait for the world to be so
Be the change as I go around being all I can be.

# THROUGH THE UNKNOWABLE

#### **SHINY VIKAS**

The phrases that motivate

I adhere to it with great respect.

Aspire to master the craft

I read through each

The motivation that one receives

Through the unknowable

Is not limited by words or actions

In life, poetry produces

The grace of thought

Not just an analysis

And no doubt, to love

The author's own words

Never gets lost in dreams

It awakens amid the lifeless, dull pages.

like the first light of a new day

steadily and slowly touching our souls

We have woken up.

The light beaming through the blank pages

Go inside

Find your soul purpose.

# THE LAST RAIN OF THIS SEASON

#### **SUDIPTA MISHRA**

After quenching the thirst of the Earth Again the rain flows everywhere My body shivers with the whisper of the rain My body sways with the soft murmurs from the blades of grass Again the last raindrops of the season kiss the sea, like a lover Oh, I can hear the trembling of the new bride Caressing wind lulls her shivering veil until the arrival of the desired one I can feel the rhythm of her heartbeats with the sudden echoes of the unwanted thunder in her chamber The passionate cloud pregnant with diverse emotions floats It glides like a bright ship in the distant sea, Bathed in the last raindrop of the season, The distant hill shines with its head high By gracing the celebration of the nocturnal birds Rain arrives in haste And then slowly faints in the distant horizon By drenching all dried souls with the magic of power and fertility!

# **GRANDMA'S ALBUM OF LIFE**

#### **SURAJ RAJ KESHARI**

Taking a trip down memory lane Slowly turning the cover page With her soft wrinkled hands Grandma, blissful and nostalgic, shares the stories from the album of her life

Those which she has been waiting to share
With the generation that follows
The stories from the time when internet was not in the world
And when letters were used to peddle love

Covered with dust, torn and twisted, the album, Displays Grandma holding two-year old me onto her lap It shows me being caressed

The album,
Showcases the stories of how a generation has been raised
The album,
In many ways, tells us how lives were being lived
When, unlike now, the world was not so exposed

The album,
Has in it not a single personal story of Grandma
But the stories that depict incessant togetherness, profound connection and mutual love
It speaks of how Grandma has lived her life for us.

# **COLORS OF LIFE**

#### **VAISHNAVI SAMANTARAY**

Life is a canvas with different shades, Up of which life is made. Yellow symbolises happiness and joy, To the full extent we must enjoy. Red ignites anger, Where joy fades to insaneness. Orange shows enthusiasm and excitement, It is when our heart is content. Blue portrays sadness, When we are gloomy nothing seems at place. Green stands for faith and energy, To this tune we can dance merrily. Scarlet shows embarrassment, Which ultimately makes us repent. White represents peace and prosperity, Inspiring us towards austerity. From this rainbow we have to choose our favourite color!!!

# ABOUT TIME THAT HOPE ENCOMPASSES THE NEW YEAR

#### **VARNIKA SASI MAGESH**

"New year, new hope"! I ferreted about, to find some Instead, I unearthed new fears for the new year.

Struck me like lightning! 
I needn't go 'round the world to explore

T'was you all along, my hope, my light, my purpose.

You make me fear, fear no more,

Because we're to make fear, fear us.



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