

THE PHASE OF RESURRECTION



COMPILED BY :- **NEHAL**

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COMPILED BY :-

**NEHAL
AGGARWAL**



SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS

THE PHASE OF RESURRECTION

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SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS



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With deepest respect and warm regards,

– NEHAL





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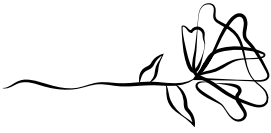
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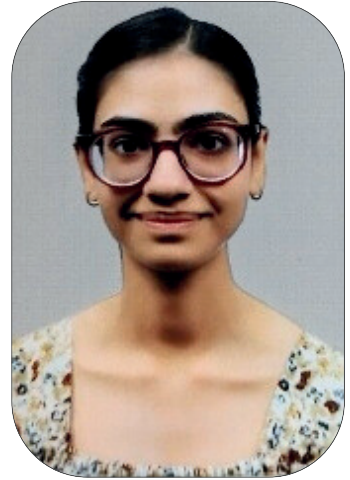
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INTRODUCTION

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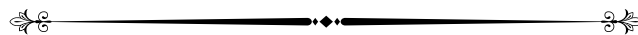


WHAT MATTERS AT THE END ISSOLACE !



WITH A MIND FULL OF CHAOS,
I WAS FORCED TO FEIGN REPOSE.
WITH A SCARED SOUL AND A TEARY EYE,
I CHOSE NOT TO SAY GOODBYE,
TO THE PATH AND WAY.
FOR WHO KNEW WHICH ONE WOULD
TAKE ME FAR AWAY!
TERRIFIED, I ACCEPTED TO CONTINUE
ALONG THE DESERTED WAYS,
ONLY TO REALIZE I WAS AT THE WRONG PACE.
"THEY" WANTED TO SEE ME HIGHER,
SO THIS TIME, I WALKED ON THE ONES
MUCH GHASTLIER.
THE HURT, THE GRIND, PULLED ME BEHIND.
TO THE JUNCTION WHERE I FINALLY FOUND
THE WAY TO FUNCTION.
NO MATTER HOW LATE I CHOSE THE RIGHT WAYS,
WHAT MATTERS AT THE END IS THE SOLACE.

— NEHAL



INTRODUCTION

SUJANA BHIMAVARAPU



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

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UNEVEN WINDS



I WAS FIRST NEWBORN,
FELT THE SOFT TOUCH OF YOUR HAND.
MY HEART WEIGHED ONLY OUNCES,
YET IT LONGED TO BLOOM,
IN YOUR ARMS, THE FIRST MAN I EVER KNEW.

I LOVE YOU TO DEATH,
BUT NOT TO BE DEAD.
I STILL SHOW THAT I AM ALIVE.
LOVE FLOWS FREE,
SIMPLY FOR BEING ME.

– SUJANA BHIMAVARAPU

BUT SOON IT SHIFTED
YOUR LOVE BEGAN THEN TO FADE,
QUIET, BLUNT, LIKE PETALS FALLING,
NAILING MY FEELINGS TO THE GROUND.

I WAS SHAKING, CRACKING
MY PEACE WAS TREMBLING
SEEING YOU TEAR ME APART

THEN A FRIENDSHIP CAME BY,
IT DRILLED IN MY HEART,
AND GIFTED ME MY SOUL.

SLOWLY I MET MY GENTLE SELF,
MENDING CLUTCHES, CLEARING CLUTTERS.
I'VE GROWN TO A TREE,
BEARING FRUIT, STANDING STRONG.



WITH MY SURREAL MASTER



MY MASTER ONCE ASKED,
“HAVE YOU EVER SENSED
THE DIVINE WITHIN YOU?”
I SAID, “YOU ARE MY ONE,
I AM NO ONE TO FEEL.”

I WILL SEE HIM WITH MY THESE EYES,
HIS SHAPE SHINING BEFORE ME,
HIS WHISPERS ECHOING IN MY HEART.

THEN I WAS SHOWN
A WHOLE UNIVERSE IN ME,
BLOOMING TOWARD THE SKY,
GROUNDING TO THE CENTER,
MY ROOTS SPREADING EVERYWHERE.

THEN I WILL BEGIN
WALKING ALONGSIDE MY MASTER,
STEP BY STEP,
MY HEART OPEN, MY SOUL AWAKE.

– **SUJANA BHIMAVARAPU**

THE DIVINE RAN DEEP
INTO HEART AND SOUL,
THE SOUL I NEVER KNEW.
THE WHOLENESS WITHIN ME
BEGAN TO ANSWER,
TURNING MY QUESTIONS INTO ANSWERS.
MY BAG HAD BEEN FILLED
WITH DESIRES WASTED IN THE GANGES.

I LONG TO BE WITH MY MASTER,
TO MERGE WITH HIM SOMEDAY.
AND ONE DAY, I AM SURE,



INTRODUCTION

SENNA A. A.



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

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LIGHT AFTER THE NIGHT



WHEN SHADOWS DRAPED THE SKY SO TIGHT,
AND HOPE SEEMED LOST TO ENDLESS NIGHT,

A WHISPER STIRRED WITHIN MY SOUL,
A PROMISE THAT WOULD MAKE ME WHOLE.

THE STARS THAT HID BEHIND THE DARK,
NOW FLICKER SOFTLY, A GUIDING SPARK.

TEARS THAT FELL LIKE RIVERS DEEP,
WERE SEEDS OF STRENGTH FOR ME TO KEEP.

THE STORM THAT RAGED, THE WIND THAT TORE,
COULD NOT CONTAIN WHAT LIFE HAD IN STORE.

FROM SHATTERED DREAMS AND SILENT CRIES,
A GENTLE DAWN BEGINS TO RISE.

EACH RAY OF SUN, A TENDER GRACE,
ILLUMINATES THE DARKEST PLACE.

THE NIGHT MAY LINGER, FIERCE AND LONG,
BUT EVERY HEART CAN FIND ITS SONG.

FOR EVEN AFTER SORROW'S FLIGHT,
COMES THE WARMTH OF MORNING LIGHT.

SO LIFT YOUR GAZE, EMBRACE THE DAY,
LET NIGHT'S DESPAIR BE SWEEPED AWAY.

— SENNA A. A.



THE RISE OF THE PHOENIX



FROM THE ASHES OF YESTERDAY, I AWAKEN,
A HEART ONCE BROKEN, NOW UNSHAKEN.

THE NIGHT WAS LONG, A SHADOWED SEA,
YET FLAMES OF HOPE STILL BURN IN ME.

WINGS SCORCHED BY SORROW, TORN BY PAIN,
RISE AGAIN, THROUGH FIRE AND RAIN.

EVERY EMBER WHISPERS A STORY UNTOLD,
OF COURAGE, OF DREAMS, OF SPIRITS BOLD.

ASHES CRADLE THE PAST, BUT NOT MY SOUL,
I CLIMB, I SOAR, I RECLAIM MY GOAL.

THE SKY IS VAST, A CANVAS OF LIGHT,
WHERE DARKNESS ONCE RULED, NOW SHINES BRIGHT.

EACH HEARTBEAT ECHOES A SONG OF THE NEW,
A LIFE REBORN, IN COLORS TRUE.

NO CHAINS OF FEAR, NO SHROUD OF DOUBT,
THE PHOENIX RISES, FIERCE AND DEVOUT.

IN EVERY END, A BEGINNING HIDES,
FROM FALLEN WINGS, TRUE STRENGTH ABIDES.

I AM THE FLAME, I AM THE SKY,
I RISE, I LIVE, I CANNOT DIE.

— SENNA A. A.



INTRODUCTION

ARUNDHATI



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

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THE BLEEDING WINGS



"I LIVE TO SHINE,
THE ONE WHO RHYME.
THEY TELL ME TO FLY,
THEN CALL ME TO DIE...
WHY, GOD, WHY?
IN THIS DUSKY SKY,
YOU LET ME SOAR,
JUST TO BRING ME TO FLOOR...?
THEN RIPPED MY WINGS,
NOW THE BLEEDING STINGS.
THE ART ONES BRIGHT,
WILL NEVER RETURN, TO IT'S TRUE LIGHT.
THE INK THAT BLED,
REPLACED BY WHAT I READ.
MY HANDS ARE BOUNDED,
BOUNDED, BY THE WAR, THAT CORRESPONDED.
IN THE SHADOWS DEEP, WHERE HOPE IS GONE,
A BATTLE FOUGHT, YET NOT WITHDRAWN.
AND HERE MY LIFE,
ENDS IN AFTERLIFE,
WHERE MY EVERY SIGH,
SOUNDS LIKE A MORTAL LIE..."

– ARUNDHATI



WALKING THE TRUTH WITHIN



"WE ALL SUCCEED IN DIFFERENT WAYS, AND BAY,
SOME WILL STUDY, OTHERS WILL PLAY.
SOME WILL PAINT WITH STROKES SO BRIGHT,
AS TIME MIXES COLOURS INTO THE LIGHT.
A JOURNEY LONG, OF JOY WE'VE DRAWN,
A PATH TO CHASE FROM DUSK TILL DAWN.

DO WHAT YOU LOVE, AND FIND YOUR PLACE,
LET NO REGRET CLOUD YOUR GRACE.
FOR WHERE THERE'S LIGHT, THERE'S ALWAYS GAIN,
AND THROUGH THE DARKNESS, YOU'LL REMAIN.

THE LIGHT MAY SEEM SO FAR AWAY,
THE PATH AHEAD, IN SHADOWS LAY.
BUT IF YOUR HEART FEELS THE PULL,
DO NOT FALTER, KEEP IT FULL.

BE PASSIONATE FOR YOUR DREAMS,
KEEP THE FIRE BURNING IN YOUR EYES,
BUT COOL DOWN YOUR DESIRES,
LIKE THE CALM OF ICE BENEATH THE SKIES.

STAY TRUE TO YOURSELF, WALK THE LINE,
FOR WHAT'S YOURS IS YOURS, DIVINE.
FILL YOUR SOUL WITH HOPE'S DESIGN,
FOR TIME IS SHORT, AND LIFE, A SIGN.

THE STARS ABOVE, THEY GUIDE YOUR WAY,
BUT ONLY YOU CAN CHOOSE THE DAY.
LET THE WINDS OF WISDOM BLOW,
AND LET THE TIDES OF PATIENCE GROW.

THE ROAD MAY TWIST, THE PATH MAY BEND,
BUT STRENGTH COMES FROM THE HEART THAT MENDS.
THROUGH VALLEYS DEEP, THROUGH MOUNTAINS HIGH,
THE SOUL WILL SOAR, IT CANNOT DIE.

SO SEEK THE TRUTH, DON'T BE DECEIVED,
FOR IN YOUR HEART, YOU'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED.
CHASE THE HORIZON, WILD AND FREE,
FOR THE WORLD IS YOURS -- JUST WAIT AND SEE.

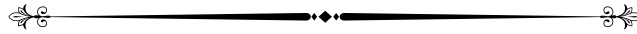
LET EVERY MOMENT BE YOUR BRUSH,
PAINT YOUR DREAMS IN STROKES OF HUSH.
AND WHEN THE DAY COMES TO AN END,
YOU'LL FIND THE LIGHT IN EVERY FRIEND.

FOR IN THE END, SUCCESS IS CLEAR:
IT'S NOT IN FAME, OR WEALTH, OR CHEER.
IT'S THE PEACE YOU'VE MADE, THE LOVE YOU'VE GIVEN,
THE JOY YOU'VE FOUND IN THE LIFE YOU'VE WRITTEN.

WHEN THE FINAL STEP IS TAKEN NEAR,
THE PATH YOU'VE WALKED, YOU'LL HOLD SO DEAR.
FOR TRUE SUCCESS IS NEVER GAINED
BY SEEKING MORE -- BUT THROUGH WHAT'S
SUSTAINED.

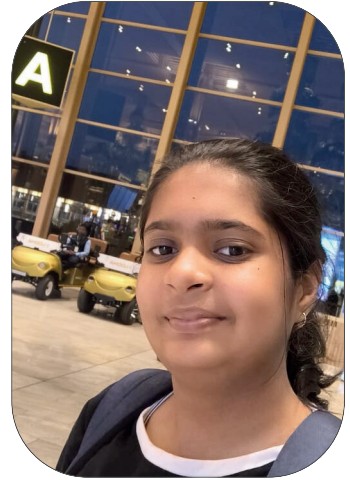
IT'S KNOWING YOUR HEART HAS STAYED ITS COURSE,
IT'S WALKING YOUR TRUTH WITH GENTLE FORCE.
SUCCESS IS NOT THE PRIZE YOU CLAIM,
BUT IN BECOMING, AND KNOWING YOUR NAME"

– ARUNDHATI



INTRODUCTION

UNNATI PRABHAT



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THE LIFE WHICH STARTED WITH WAR



LIFE WAS SMOOTH AS EVER
CLEAR SKY, PERFECT FAMILY
FRIENDS WHOM I WOULD STAY WITH FOREVER
MOM WHO LOVES AND A DAD WHO CARED
BUT THE PEACE DIDN'T LAST FOREVER
BEFORE I KNEW IT
SWEET AROMA OF FOOD
TURNED INTO SOMETHING DARKER
THERE WERE EXPLOSIONS EVERYWHERE
AND IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE
I LOST EVERYTHING I USED TO FLEX
MY FAMILY MY FRIENDS
NOW I AM LEFT ALONE
IN THIS EMPTY CITY
WITH NO PLACE TO CALL HOME
AND SO I DECIDED SINCE THAT DAY
NO CHILD SHOULD FACE IT AGAIN
I BECAME A LIVING WEAPON
FORGOT TO FEEL AND BE HUMAN
BUT SOMETHING CHANGED ONCE AGAIN

I FOUND A SMALL FAMILY
THOUGH FAKE BUT
DIDN'T FEEL LIKE IT
THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS FAKE
OR SO I THOUGHT
AND BEFORE I KNEW IT
I FOUND A PLACE AGAIN TO CALL HOME
AND NOW I AM A HUSBAND AND A FATHER
I NEVER KNEW THIS DAY WILL COME
AND SO I DID AND
SOMEHOW IT HEALED SOMETHING
WHICH I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW
NEEDED TO BE HEALED

– UNNATI PRABHAT



GROWING UP.



I HAD TO GROW UP TOO FAST
I WILL ALWAYS SEE
MY FRIENDS PLAY AROUND
WHILE I WAS FORCED TO DO ALL THE TASKS
LIKE TAKING CARE OF MY YOUNGER BROTHER
I ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE

I GOT TO HEAL
FROM SO MANY THINGS
AND I FOUND A PURPOSE
TO LIVE AGAIN
TO FALL AND TO RISE AGAIN
AND I FOUND A PLACE
TO CALL MY OWN AGAIN

IF I HAD MOM AND DAD
JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE
PERHAPS I WOULD BE ABLE TO GO TO SCHOOL
AND EAT WARM FOOD EVERY SINGLE DAY
BUT I AM JUST STUCK IMAGINING
THE LIFE I CAN NEVER HAVE

– **UNNATI PRABHAT**

BUT LIFE TOOK A TURN FOR ME
AND HOPE SEEMED TO SHINE BRIGHT
MY BROTHER WAS GROWN UP ALREADY
HANDSOME AND PROTECTIVE AS EVER

I ALSO MET A FAMILY
FAKE BUT SOMETHING REAL BURNED WITHIN
WARM FOOD JUST LIKE I IMAGINED
A PLACE TO CALL HOME SINCE
THE MOMENT I STEPPED IN



INTRODUCTION

ISHFAQ AHMAD BHAT



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WHISPERS OF AN EMPTY ROOM

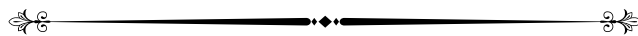


THE LAMP STILL GLOWS, BUT DIM AND LOW,
ITS FLAME REMEMBERS THE WARMTH YOU'D SHOW.
THE CLOCK STILL TICKS, YET TIME STANDS STILL,
EACH SECOND ECHOES YOUR NAME UNTIL—

THE WALLS HAVE LEARNED TO WEEP AT NIGHT,
THEIR SILENCE BLEEDS IN PALE MOONLIGHT.
YOUR LAUGHTER LINGERS IN THE AIR,
A GHOSTLY SONG OF LOVE AND CARE.

I REACH FOR DREAMS THAT SLIP AWAY,
LIKE DAWN DISSOLVING SHADES OF GREY.
BUT SOMEWHERE DEEP, I HEAR YOUR TUNE,
IN WHISPERS SOFT — BENEATH THE MOON.

— BHAT ISHFAQ



TEARS HAVE THEIR OWN LANGUAGE



NOT EVERY PAIN CAN FIND A WORD,
SOME HEARTS SPEAK SOFTLY, NEVER HEARD.
THE EYES BECOME WHAT LIPS CAN'T SAY,
AND TEARS TRANSLATE THE SOUL'S DECAY.

A SMILE MAY BLOOM TO HIDE THE ACHE,
BUT STORMS STILL STIR BENEATH THE LAKE.
EACH DROP THAT FALLS, THOUGH LOST IN RAIN,
IS POETRY CARVED FROM HIDDEN PAIN.

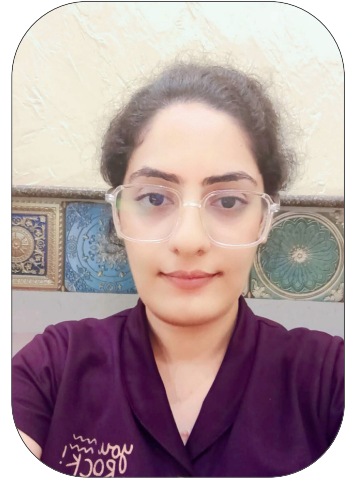
YET WHEN THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO CLEAR,
THE HEART LEARNS STRENGTH THROUGH EVERY TEAR.
FOR EVEN SORROW, PURE AND TRUE,
IS PROOF THAT LOVE ONCE LIVED IN YOU.

– BHAT ISHFAQ



INTRODUCTION

CHAHAT MALHOTRA



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AVERSION -WHY?



I HAVE AVERSION WITH THIS WORD -LOVE
THOUGH MY NAME ITSELF MEANS THAT, BUT I THINK OF
WHY(S)?-
MAY BE BECOZIT IS KIND OF A CAGE-A TRAP OF HONEY
REMAINED FOR LONG TIME NOW.

OR IT' S JUST SHACKLES ONE HAVE TO BREAK OFF
EVERYTIME FOR FREEDOM, LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR
YOUR DREAMS IN THIS WORLD.
IT' S JUST ARE FEELINGS IN WHICH FELT LIKE A COMFY
COCOON WITH SUPPORT NEEDED TO BE MOTIVATED BY
BEING THIRSTY.

NOTHING MUCH HAS BEEN INTERESTED IN COMING
OUT SOMEWHERE ELSE.

BEING SHELTERED IN OTHERS BECOZ ONCE ROBBED
OFF THAT LEAVES PANGS TO BE UNHEALED FOREVER.

– CHAHAT



NOTHING MUCH



SO, THE LIMITATIONS IN THE CURRENT SCENARIO WILL
SERVE AS A CATALYST FOR CHARACTER GROWTH OR
DOWNFALL. THIS CAN CREATE A RICH AND NUANCED
STORYLINE, AS THE CHARACTERS NAVIGATE AND
RESPOND TO THE CHALLENGES THEY FACE.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN CHARACTERS WHO BREAK
THROUGH THEIR LIMITATIONS AND THOSE WHO ARE
NEGATIVELY IMPACTED CAN ALSO CREATE
INTERESTING CONFLICTS AND DYNAMICS.

A GIRL WHO MISSPELLED, MISPRONOUNCED, AND
MISUNDERSTOOD.

THAT DID NOT DESERVE A LENIENT REBUKE.
EVERYONE LAUGHED OUT FOR HER WRONG DEEDS AND
JINGOISM OF BEING.

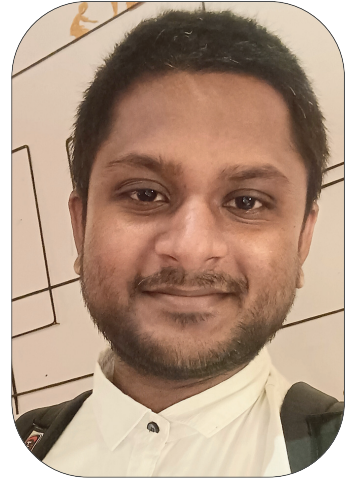
NOTHING MUCH, JUST HAD A LOW-PITCHED VOICE AND
HIGH INTENSITY OF INTELLECT, WHICH WOULD STRIKE
DANGER ON EACH IDENTITY'S EXISTENCE.

– CHAHAT



INTRODUCTION

AYUSH MONDAL



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. SABITA MONDAL.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. ASHOK MONDAL.**
- QUALIFICATION : **M. COM.**
- JOB : **SENIOR ACCOUNTANT.**
- ADDRESS : **KOLKATA, WEST BENGAL .**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2021.**

DECLARATION :—

THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS TRUE AND THE POEMS PRINTED ON THE FORTHCOMING PAGES OF THIS BOOK ARE MY ORIGINAL, UNPUBLISHED WORKS, WHICH I HAVE VOLUNTARILY SUBMITTED TO SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS PUBLISHING HOUSE FOR PUBLICATION. I RESERVE ALL RIGHTS TO THESE POEMS.



I WISHPER SOMETIME...



WHENEVER, I FALL ASLEEP
I WHISPER SOMETIME...
REMEMBERING THOSE DAYS
WHICH COULDN'T BE AGAIN MINE,
TRYING TO FORGET THOSE BAD DAYS
LET'S SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN AT NINE,
AFTER LOOKING INTO THE EYES,
I WISHPER SOMETIME...

I CAN FEEL THE ETERNAL BEAUTY
LIKE A PEARL IN THE BLANK SKY,
STARRING AT THE MOON ALONE
WITH TWINKLE LITTLE STAR AT HIGH,
WONDERING EVERYWHERE JOYFULLY
I WHISPER SOMETIME...

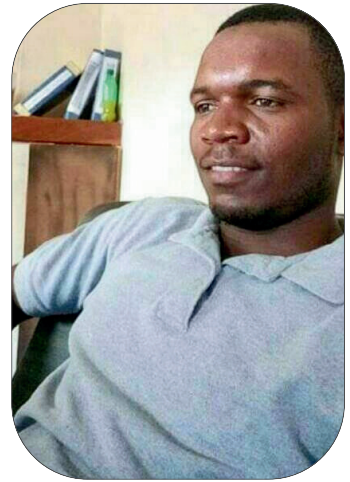
BREATHING PEACEFULLY WITH COLD WINDS
SITTING ON THE SOFT SAND DUNE,
THE SEA IS ROARING SO LOUDLY
JUST LISTING THOSE MELODIES TUNE,
TAKING BATH ON THE FEET
I WHISPER SOMETIME...

– AYUSH MONDAL



INTRODUCTION

STEPHEN MUPOTO



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. ANNAH.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. JAIROS.**
- QUALIFICATION : **DIPLOMA IN MEDIA AND COMMUNICATION STUDIES.**
- JOB : **SECURITY AGENT.**
- ADDRESS : **60 ENGINEERING, HIGHFIELD, HARARE.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 1998.**

DECLARATION :—

THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS TRUE AND THE POEMS PRINTED ON THE FORTHCOMING PAGES OF THIS BOOK ARE MY ORIGINAL, UNPUBLISHED WORKS, WHICH I HAVE VOLUNTARILY SUBMITTED TO SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS PUBLISHING HOUSE FOR PUBLICATION. I RESERVE ALL RIGHTS TO THESE POEMS.



WALKING THE TRUTH WITHIN



DEAR SUSANNA,

I TARRY IN THE LOFTY ABODE OF DESOLATION,

AND MY HEART LONGS FOR HOME.

I MISS THE ANTHILLS OF THE SAVANNA,

AND THE GREEN FOLIAGE OF OUR SACRED MOUNTAINS.

THE RIVERS THAT FLOW WITH DREAD,

WHERE SOULS DISAPPEAR,

AND THE CONVERSATIONS WE HAD WITH MERMAIDS OF

THE SLUMBERING RIVERS OF OUR VILLAGE.

I AM HERE, LYING ON MY DEATH THROES,

RAVAGED BY A STRANGE SICKNESS.

I KNOW, I MIGHT NOT MAKE IT HOME,

BUT WHEN I GET WASTED FROM THIS END,

KINDLY TAKE MY ASHES TO ROME,

WHERE MY NAVEL IS INTERRED.

ROME IS MY HOME,

EVEN WHEN I AM BETROTHED TO THE LANDS UNKNOWN.

I ELOPED TO THESE LANDS BECAUSE THE SHERIFF

SOUGHT MY HEAD.

I HAD REFUSED TO BE RAPED,

AND I FELT FLIGHT WAS THE BEST THING TO SURVIVE.

MY HOPE HAD GROWN WINGS,
UNFORTUNATELY THEY WERE ALL PLUCKED.
I AM A SENTINEL IN THE SERVICE OF A TORMENTING
MASTER.

I HAVE NO RIGHTS WHATSOEVER,
I AM SIMPLY CHATTEL.
WHEN I FINALLY WASTE AWAY, DON'T FORGET MY
INTONEMENT,
TO TAKE MY ASHES TO ROME.

THIS IS A SUBLIME MOMENT,
I LIE HERE, STARING INTO THE COCOON,
WHERE OUR DREAMS ARE MUTILATED.
WE ARE SCREWED LIKE RIVETS ON MUKWA,
WE TOIL AND SWEAT TO WATER THE OPULENCE OF OUR
MASTERS,
YET WE DIE EVERYDAY.

– PROFESSOR NGUGI WAMKIRII



THE PHASE OF RESURRECTION



I DIED THAT FATEFUL DAY,
SHE WAS THE ANATHEMA THAT SLITHERED INTO MY LIFE.
HER SERPENTINE BEAUTY DREW ME TO MY DEATHBED,
TO THE VERY PLACE WHERE I MET MY DEATH.

I WATCHED AS THE WORLD CRUMBLLED;
CRUMBLLED BEFORE MY EYES LIKE A MISSILE STRUCK SKYSCRAPER.
HOPE ELOPED AND I SULKED.
I WAS ON THE VERGE OF DEATH,
AND STRUGGLED TO CATCH GASPS OF FRESH AIR.

I TURNED TO GOD,
AND SAID MY FINAL INVOCATIONS,
READY TO BE TAKEN INTO HIS EMBRACE.
I SAW LIGHT COMING DOWN THE LADDER OF HEAVEN,
RIGHT DOWN THE EXQUISITE STAIRCASE.
I SQUINTED MY EYES READY FOR MY FINAL DISPATCH,
AND HE WHISPERED INTO MY EARS; YOU ARE FORGIVEN.

I FELT A NEW WAVE OF STRENGTH CREEP INTO ME;
THE DISEASE THAT HAD RAVAGED ME THUS FAR DISAPPEARED.
I WAS SAVED IN THE NICK OF TIME.
I WAS BORN ANEW.

– PROFESSOR NGUGI WAMKIRII



INTRODUCTION

S. RUBINA THASLIM



SELF INTRODUCTION :-

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. S. ZAIBUNNISA.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. Y. SHEIKKUTHULLA.**
- QUALIFICATION : **CURRENTLY PERSUING III-RD YEAR BA.ENGLISH (UG).**
- JOB : **STUDENT.**
- ADDRESS : **TAMILNADU, CHENNAI.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :-

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2024.**

DECLARATION :-

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HO ! MINE CONSORT FELLOW



OHH! DEAR

YOU SAY, I SAY, WHO WILL SAY...?

BUT, THE UNIVERSE...

THE FINAL DROP OF ALCOHOL PLEASURE

THAT. YOU, PLAGIARISM FROM ME.

WHY MY SOUL...?

STILL, I'M WAITING. DEAR

MY MINE...

WE MAY HAS A DIFFERENT BACKGROUND.

DON'T WORRY; DEAR! MY LOVE!

THE COSMIC MUST HELP US

TRUST ME!

YOU MAY HAVE DURATION TO SPEAK/FIGHT

BUT, NOR TO LISTEN AND FEEL MINE FEELINGS

..."OH! MY GOD"...

I MAY HAVE A SUN RISE,

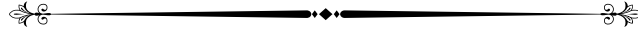
I MAY HAVE A MOON LIGHT,

I MAY HAVE A MUSIC,

I MAY HAVE A MONEY,

BUT, YOU'RE MY PLEASURE,
WHICH LEAD ME HEAVEN.
THE FLOWERS

– S. RUBINA THASLIM



EDUCATION ABOVE THE POVERTY



HUH!

OH! MY GOD. THIS STUPID POVERTY,
YOU HAVE MAKING INTELLECTUAL.
ESPECIALLY, SKILLED GROUP OF PEOPLE LIFE DEMOLISH.

BUT, WHY??

MAY I KNOW?

IT'S NOR YOUR REPUTATION.

MAKE, SURE THAT...THAT

ONE DAY,

A ONE DAY. WE, SUCCESSION

WE COME. NO, OH! NOR

WE BECOME A CONCESSION COMPONENTS TO CHANGE THAT
COSMIC.

ACTUALLY, YOU DAMN MUST BECOME...WHAT?

FRUSTRATED ALSO ANXIETY. SURELY...

WHY NOT...?

MAY BE, FRUSTRATION.

THERE,

OUR REPUTATION MUST HIGH...

– S. RUBINA THASLIM



INTRODUCTION

DIVYANSH BHATNAGAR



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. MEETA BHATNAGAR.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. SANJEEV BHATNAGAR .**
- QUALIFICATION : **BBA, PGDM, GLOBAL MBA UK.**
- JOB : **ASSISTANT MANAGER TCS.**
- ADDRESS : **GURGAON, HARYANA.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2020.**

DECLARATION :—

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FOOTSTEPS IN A QUIET EVENING



I WALK ALONE ON QUIET ROADS,
WHERE SHADOWS STRETCH AND STORIES FADE,
THE PAVEMENT HOLDS FORGOTTEN STEPS,
OF THOSE WHO LEFT, OF THOSE WHO STAYED.

THE WIND MOVES SOFTLY THROUGH THE TREES,
AS IF IT KNOWS MY NAME SOMEHOW,
IT HUMS A TUNE OF YESTERDAYS
AND RESTS LIKE CALM UPON MY BROW.

THE SKY ABOVE IS WIDE AND STILL,
A CANVAS BRUSHED IN SILVER TONES,
AND EVERY STEP I TAKE TONIGHT
FEELS LIKE A WHISPER TO MY BONES.

SOMETIMES THE HEART JUST NEEDS THE PAUSE,
TO MEND THE SPACES TORN BY TIME,
TO GATHER TEARS IT NEVER SHED,
TO TURN ITS ACHE INTO A RHYME.

IN LONELY WALKS I MEET MYSELF
NOT THE FACE THE WORLD HAS SEEN,
BUT THE QUIET CHILD INSIDE MY CHEST,
WHO STILL BELIEVES IN FRAGILE DREAMS.

WITH EVERY CORNER THAT I CROSS,
I SHED A FEAR, I LOSE A WEIGHT,
I LEARN THAT ENDINGS AREN'T THE END
SOME DOORS MUST CLOSE
SO OTHERS WAIT.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF BEING LONE,
FOR SOLITUDE CAN GENTLY SHOW
THE PARTS OF ME I'D LEFT BEHIND,
THE DREAMS I BURIED LONG AGO.

AND SOMEWHERE IN THE SILENT DARK,
A TENDER COURAGE STARTS TO GROW,
FOR EVEN WHEN THE PATH IS EMPTY
THE SOUL WALKS WITH US...
AND IT KNOWS.

– DIVYANSH BHATNAGAR



THE CHILD WHO WAITED FOR ME



INSIDE MY GROWN-UP HEART STILL LIVES
A CHILD WITH WIDE AND WONDERING EYES,
WHO GATHERS DREAMS LIKE FALLEN LEAVES
AND KEEPS THEM SAFE FROM TIME'S DISGUISE.

THEY TUG MY SLEEVE ON WEARY DAYS,
REMINDING ME TO BREATHE, TO PLAY
TO PAUSE THE WORLD'S UNENDING RUSH,
AND WATCH THE CLOUDS JUST DRIFT AWAY.

THEY CRY FOR THINGS I NEVER VOICED,
FOR HURTS I HID, FOR LOVE I MISSED,
FOR MOMENTS WHEN I NEEDED WARMTH
BUT MET THE COLD WITH TIGHTENED FISTS.

YET STILL THEY SHINE
A LANTERN MADE OF GENTLE LIGHT,
A TINY HOPE WITHIN THE DARK
THAT GUIDES ME THROUGH THE LONGEST NIGHT.

I MEET THEM NOW WITH SOFTER HANDS,
I LISTEN CLOSE, I HOLD THEM NEAR;
FOR EVERY TEAR THEY COULDN'T SHED,
I WHISPER BACK: "I'M FINALLY HERE."

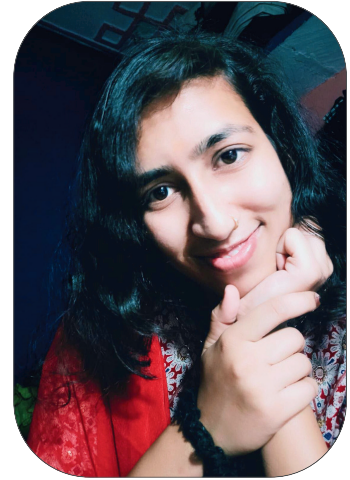
AND AS WE WALK
THE CHILD IN ME, THE GROWN ONE TOO
WE STITCH TOGETHER BROKEN PARTS,
AND LEARN TO DREAM
LIKE CHILDREN DO

– DIVYANSH BHATNAGAR



INTRODUCTION

NEETU DHAKAD AMBER



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. KRISHNA BAI NAGAR.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. KAILASH NAGAR .**
- QUALIFICATION : **B.SC. FINAL MASTER OF SOCIAL WORK AND UPSC ASPIRANT.**
- JOB : **STUDENT AND WORKING AS NGO WORKER.**
- ADDRESS : **RAIGARH, MADHYA PRADESH.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2022.**

DECLARATION :—

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WORDS OF IMAGINATION



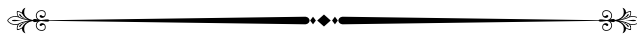
MAY EVERY THOUGHT BE ONLY OF YOU,
MAY THE GLOW BE OF YOUR PRESENCE,
MAY THE RADIANCE CARRY YOUR COLOR,
MAY EVERY DESIRE BE A REFLECTION OF YOU.

YOUR SMILE IS MY PEACE,
YOUR PRESENCE FELT IN EVERY MOMENT,
YOU ARE THE LAUGHTER AND THE JOY,
YOU ARE THE SOUL OF ALL MY THOUGHTS.

WHEN I LOOK AT THE SKY,
I SEE ONLY YOU,
LIKE A DREAM YOU APPEAR,
SAILING ON EVERY BOAT OF IMAGINATION.

YOU ARE THE NAME OF EVERY THOUGHT,
THE WORD THAT DEFINES PEACE,
O THOUGHT, YOUR PRESENCE FEELS LIKE THIS—
EVERY BOAT NOW CARRIES YOUR ESSENCE.

—NEETU DHAKAD AMBER



BOATS OF IMAGINATION



MAY EVERY THOUGHT BE ONLY OF YOU,
MAY THE GLOW BE OF YOUR PRESENCE,
MAY THE RADIANCE CARRY YOUR COLOR,
MAY EVERY DESIRE BE A REFLECTION OF YOU.

YOUR SMILE IS MY PEACE,
YOUR PRESENCE FELT IN EVERY MOMENT,
YOU ARE THE LAUGHTER AND THE JOY,
YOU ARE THE SOUL OF ALL MY THOUGHTS.

WHEN I LOOK AT THE SKY,
I SEE ONLY YOU,
LIKE A DREAM YOU APPEAR,
SAILING ON EVERY BOAT OF IMAGINATION.

YOU ARE THE NAME OF EVERY THOUGHT,
THE WORD THAT DEFINES PEACE,
O THOUGHT, YOUR PRESENCE FEELS LIKE THIS—
EVERY BOAT NOW CARRIES YOUR ESSENCE.

—NEETU DHAKAD AMBER



INTRODUCTION

ARCOT KOMAL



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. LS VASANTHA.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. ARCOT YUVARAJ .**
- QUALIFICATION : **MBA (POST GRADUATION)**
- JOB : **DATA OPERATOR.**
- ADDRESS : **RAIGARH, MADHYA PRADESH.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2022.**

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THE HOUSE THAT WAS NEVER HOME



I CAME INTO THIS HOUSE TO FIND MY FAIRYTALE,
BUT YOU SHOWED ME HELL
WRAPPED IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN.

YOU HANDED ME POISON
AND CALLED IT A REMEDY,
AND I BLINDFOLDED BY LOVE,
BY HOPE,
BY THE LIES YOU PAINTED AS CARE
DRANK IT
WITHOUT RAISING EVEN A TREMBLING FINGER.

ONLY TO DISCOVER
I HAD WALKED INTO A CAGE
WHERE MY LUNGS WOULD BREATHE
THEIR VERY LAST BREATH.

NOW I QUESTION IF OUR LOVE
WAS EVER REAL FOR EVEN A SECOND
FOR IT ENDED
NOT WITH A GOODBYE,
BUT WITH MY FUNERAL.

TO YOU,
I WAS NOTHING MORE

THAN A MACHINE MADE TO BEAR AND BREAK,
A WOMAN STRIPPED OF HER VOICE,
HER NAME,
HER VERY RIGHT TO EXIST.

EVERY MONTH
I CRUMBLLED INSIDE A SMALL DARK ROOM,
PRAYING WITH TREMBLING HANDS
THAT I WOULDN'T GIVE BIRTH TO A GIRL
BECAUSE IF I DID,
SHE WOULD INHERIT THE SAME FATE,
WALK THE SAME FIRE,
AND BE HANDED
TO ANOTHER MONSTER LIKE YOU.

AND THIS
THIS IS THE TRAGEDY OF TODAY:
THAT EVEN IN THE WORLD OF LIGHTS,
SOME WOMEN STILL LIVE IN SHADOWS;
EVEN IN THE AGE OF JUSTICE,
SOME HEARTS ARE STILL ON TRIAL;
EVEN IN THE ERA OF FREEDOM,
SOME WINGS ARE STILL CLIPPED
BEFORE THEY LEARN TO FLY.

THEY CALL US GODDESSES
YET CHAIN US LIKE PRISONERS.
THEY PRAISE OUR STRENGTH
YET FEAR OUR VOICE.

THEY WORSHIP OUR FORM
YET BREAK OUR SPIRIT.

BUT ONE DAY,
A WOMAN WILL RISE FROM THESE ASHES
AND FOR EVERY TEAR SHED IN THE DARK,
A STORM WILL ANSWER.

BECAUSE EVEN IF THEY TRY
TO SILENCE ONE OF US,
THE FIRE IN OUR STORIES
WILL LIGHT A REVOLUTION
IN ALL OF US.

AND THE WORLD WILL FINALLY LEARN
THAT A WOMAN IS NOT A CAGE TO FILL,
NOT A BODY TO OWN,
NOT A SHADOW TO CONTROL,
BUT A UNIVERSE
BORN TO BURN,
TO RISE,
TO LIVE FREE.

– **ARCOT KOMAL**



AND THE MONTH BEGINS AGAIN



AND HERE WE ARE AGAIN
THE START OF ANOTHER MONTH,
WHERE OUR POCKETS DANCE LIKE THEY'VE WON THE LOTTERY,
SINGING SONGS OF TEMPORARY GLORY.

JOY CRASHES INTO OUR LIVES LIKE A WILD GUEST,
AND FOR A MOMENT, IT FEELS ENDLESS
LIKE MAYBE THIS TIME,
WE'VE FINALLY OUTSMARTED THE CALENDAR.

BUT THEN, REALITY SMILES
A SLY LITTLE FRIEND
AND WHISPERS, "NOT SO FAST."

BY THE TENTH DAY,
THE MIGHTY EMIS MARCH IN,
CLAIMING HALF OUR CUP OF JOY.
THEY NEVER FORGET THE ADDRESS,
THOSE LOYAL SOLDIERS OF ADULthood.

BY THE TWENTIETH,
OUR LOVED ONES AND THEIR NEEDS
KINDLY SIP AWAY ANOTHER QUARTER
"JUST A LITTLE," THEY SAY,
AND WE NOD, BECAUSE LOVE ALWAYS COSTS SOMETHING.

NOW WE'RE LEFT HOLDING
THE LAST ONE-FOURTH OF OUR GLASS
THE FRAGILE REMAINDER OF OUR PAYCHECK,
A TINY ISLAND IN A SEA OF BILLS.

WE PROMISE OURSELVES
WE'LL SURVIVE THE LAST TEN DAYS
ON HOPE, INSTANT NOODLES,
AND MAYBE A PRAYER OR TWO.

BUT IF FATE DECIDES TO PLAY AGAIN,
WE END UP IN DEBT,
WRITING IOUS TO NEXT MONTH'S SELF
AND THE CIRCLE CONTINUES,
LIKE A COSMIC JOKE WE CAN'T HELP LAUGHING AT.

AND SOMEWHERE UP ABOVE,
GOD MUST BE SMILING,
SIPPING HIS COFFEE AND SAYING,
"AH YES...
THEY CALL IT ADULTING."

– ARCOT KOMAL



INTRODUCTION

DEEPTI (ANGELIC)



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. KUSUM JI.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. RAJENDRA KUMAR .**
- QUALIFICATION : **GRADUATION.**
- JOB : **STUDENT.**
- ADDRESS : **BAREILLY, UTTAR PRADESH.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2025.**

DECLARATION :—

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LITTLE FAIRY OF THE NIGHT



IT'S A MORNING NIGHT,
THE SUN IS DOWN.
EVERY WHISPER IN THE NIGHT
TEACHES ME SOMETHING ABOUT LIFE.

WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES,
I SEE ONLY DARKNESS.
BUT I HEAR YOUR VOICE—
YOUR CALL, “WHERE IS MY PRINCESS?”

THE WORLD AROUND ME IS SILENT NIGHT;
I FEEL DOWN, AND WHEN I’M SAD,
I FIND MYSELF CALLING YOU, DAD.

BIRDS ARE CHIRPING,
RIVERS ARE FLOWING,
NATURE SMILES,
AND THE WORLD SPEAKS YOUR NAME.

EVERY NIGHT I THINK DEEPLY.
DAD, I ASK YOU EVERY NIGHT—
WHY DOES THIS WORLD CALL YOUR NAME?
DAD, I AM ONLY A LITTLE FAIRY IN THE NIGHT.

– DEEPTI (ANGELIC)



WHERE IS MY ANGEL ?



WHERE IS MY ANGEL?

I CLOSE MY EYES.

LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING, DEAR ANGEL—

ARE YOU LIVING A HAPPY LIFE?

WHERE IS MY ANGEL?

I CALL FOR YOU.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

THE SUN IS ALREADY DOWN.

WHERE IS MY ANGEL?

I ASK YOU—

WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE THING?

I'M ALWAYS HERE FOR YOU.

WHERE IS MY ANGEL?

I'M SAD.

“DON'T CRY, DON'T CRY, DON'T CRY,”

MY LITTLE ANGEL SAYS TO ME.

– DEEPTI (ANGELIC)



INTRODUCTION

SRABANI SARDAR



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. ARPITA SARDAR.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. SAMBHU SARDAR .**
- QUALIFICATION : **GRADUATION.**
- JOB : **INFLUENCER MARKETING MANAGER.**
- ADDRESS : **KOLKATA, WEST BENGAL.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2022.**

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HOLLOW LOVE



YOUR EYES TAKE ME
TO THE PLACES I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO,
NOT LANDS OR SEAS,
BUT THE HOLLOW SPACES
WHERE THE LOVE BLEEDS THROUGH.

THERE'S A STRANGE STILLNESS THERE,
WHERE LOVE DOES NOT SPEAK,
BUT HUMS IN THE MARROW,
FRAGILE YET DEEP.

YOU LOOK,
AND TIME BENDS AND SWAYS,
I AM EVERY SELF I'VE BEEN
THROUGH NIGHTS AND ENDLESS DAYS.

YOUR GAZE IS SHARP,
IT CUTS AND IT FINDS,
DRAGGING ME DEEP
THROUGH THE WALLS OF MY MIND.

—SRABANI SARDAR



IF NOT IN THIS ROAD

— — — — —
IF NOT IN THIS ROAD,
HOPE IN ANOTHER
OUR PATHS WILL COLLIDE.

MAYBE NOT IN THIS TURN OF TIME,
BUT SOMEWHERE BETWEEN DEPARTURES,
WHERE HEART KEEPS WHAT WORDS FORGET.

I LOOK FOR YOU
IN VOICES THAT STABS ON THE EDGE OF MEMORY,
IN WINDOWS HOLDING THE LAST LIGHT,
IN DREAMS THAT FADES BEFORE THEY ANSWER.

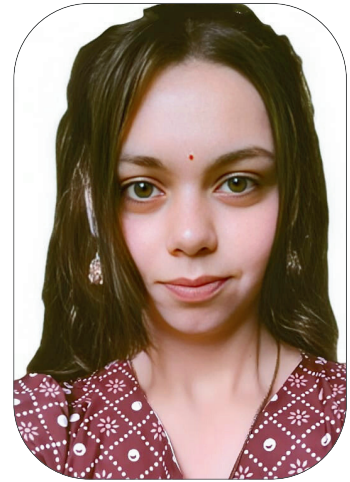
THE WORLD MOVES FORWARD,
BUT MEMORY WALKS A STEP BEHIND,
GATHERING WHAT ALMOST BECAME REAL.

IF NOT HERE, THEN WHERE THE WIND REMEMBERS
YOU'LL RETURN WITHOUT SOUND,
AND I'LL KNOW BY THE SILENCE
THAT YOU WERE ALWAYS NEAR.

— SRABANI SARDAR

INTRODUCTION

RUDRAA (RUVAEL NYX)



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. USHA JOSHI.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. KIRAN JOSHI .**
- QUALIFICATION : **BA PSYCHOLOGY.**
- JOB : **STUDENT.**
- ADDRESS : **NASHIK, MAHARASHTRA.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

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HEAVEN WAS NEVER HOLY



HEAVEN WAS NEVER HOLY: JUST QUIET.
A PLACE WHERE LIGHT LEARNS HOW TO DROWN
WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND.

THEY GATHER THERE:
THE ONES WITH FRACTURED WINGS AND
HYMNS HALF EATEN BY SILENCE,
THEIR HALOS RUSTED INTO REGRET.
NO TRUMPETS. NO CHOIRS.
ONLY THE SOFT SOUND OF ETERNITY
COLLAPSING INWARD.

ONE ANGEL FOLDS HER FEATHERS
INTO COFFINS OF MEMORY,
ANOTHER STITCHES CLOUDS
WITH NAMES OF THE UNSAVED.
THEY DON'T CRY;
THEY UNREMEMBER.
THEY ERASE LOVE SYLLABLE BY SYLLABLE
UNTIL EVEN GOD FORGETS WHO WAS PROMISED WHAT.

IN THE CORNER OF THAT PALE ETERNITY,
AN ARCHANGEL BREAKS OPEN HIS CHEST
AND RELEASES A STAR THAT NEVER LEARNED HOW TO BURN.
IT FALLS THROUGH THE HEAVEN FLOOR,
A FAILED PRAYER DISGUISED AS LIGHT.

AND WHEN MORTALS SEE IT STREAK ACROSS THEIR SKY,
THEY MAKE WISHES ON ITS CORPSE.

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT GRIEF IS:
A HOPE WEARING ITS OWN OBITUARY.

AND THE ANGELS,
STILL BEAUTIFUL IN THEIR RUIN,
KNEEL BENEATH A BLEEDING DAWN
AND WHISPER TO THE VOID:

“WE TRIED TO SAVE THEM.
BUT HEAVEN WAS BUILT TOO HIGH.”

– RUDRA



DAYS WITHOUT NAME



THERE COMES A TIME
WHEN EVEN GRIEF FORGETS YOUR ADDRESS.
IT NO LONGER KNOCKS: IT LINGERS AT
THE EDGE OF YOUR SHADOW,
WONDERING IF YOU'VE LEARNED TO VANISH YET.

YOU STOP SETTING PLACES FOR ABSENCE,
STOP EXPECTING WARMTH
FROM HANDS THAT ONLY KNEW HOW TO WAVE GOODBYE.

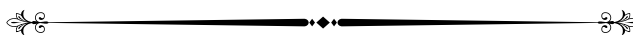
NOW I LIVE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN
THE SILENCE AND THE SIGH;
A BORDER TOWN WHERE NOTHING BEGINS,
IT JUST REFUSES TO END.

PEOPLE CALL IT DETACHMENT,
BUT I CALL IT REINCARNATION WITHOUT DYING.
BECAUSE WHEN THEY LEAVE,
I DON'T SHATTER ANYMORE,
I DISSOLVE.
LIKE SMOKE REMEMBERING
IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO STAY INSIDE FIRE.

I'VE LEARNED THAT PEACE ISN'T KIND:
IT'S PATIENT.
IT WATCHES YOU REBUILD WITH TREMBLING HANDS,
AND SAYS NOTHING
WHEN YOU FORGET WHO THE RUINS ONCE BELONGED TO.

SO I EXIST QUIETLY;
NOT WAITING, NOT HOPING,
JUST BREATHING
IN A ROOM THAT REMEMBERS EVERYTHING
AND FORGIVES NOTHING.
EVEN SILENCE HAS STARTED TO WEAR MY PERFUME.

– RUDRA



INTRODUCTION

SONI SOLOMON



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **LATE ANNAMMA SOLOMON.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. P. O. SOLOMON .**
- HUSBAND'S NAME : **MR. ANUJ JOSHEPH.**
- QUALIFICATION : **POST GRADUATE**
- JOB : **WORKING IN INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY.**
- ADDRESS : **BENGALURU, KARNATAKA.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2024.**

DECLARATION :—

THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS TRUE AND THE POEMS PRINTED ON THE FORTHCOMING PAGES OF THIS BOOK ARE MY ORIGINAL, UNPUBLISHED WORKS, WHICH I HAVE VOLUNTARILY SUBMITTED TO SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS PUBLISHING HOUSE FOR PUBLICATION. I RESERVE ALL RIGHTS TO THESE POEMS.



THE WEIGHT OF AN UNSAID WORD



SOME NIGHTS I CARRY MY HEART LIKE A STORM,
QUIET AROUND ME, LIGHTNING WITHIN.
I WALK THROUGH ROOMS THAT KNOW MY NAME
YET FEEL LIKE STRANGERS.
EVERY ECHO REMINDS ME
OF THE WORDS I ALMOST SAID—
SWALLOWED LIKE BROKEN GLASS.
LOVE, GRIEF, LONGING
LIVE SOMEWHERE BETWEEN MY RIBS,
SCRATCHING AT THE WALLS,
ASKING TO BE LET OUT
JUST ONCE WITHOUT FEAR.
IF YOU FEEL THIS TOO—
THIS ACHE WITH NO LANGUAGE—
KNOW A TREMBLING HEART EXISTS SOMEWHERE,
LEARNING, SLOWLY, TO BREATHE.
ITS SOFT EXHALE GATHERS COURAGE,
THE COURAGE YOU THOUGHT YOU LOST.
WE ARE TWO BREATHS APART,
AND IN THAT SPACE, WE ARE BRAVE.

—SONI SOLOMON



WHERE THE QUIET HURTS SOFTLY

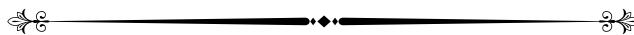


I DIDN'T KNOW SILENCE COULD BRUISE
UNTIL THE DAY EVERYTHING WENT STILL—
THE STREETLIGHTS HUMMING THEIR LONELY TUNE,
THE SKY FOLDING INTO ITSELF, TIRED OF HOLDING US.

SOME MEMORIES RETURN LIKE SOFT THIEVES,
SLIPPING INTO THE HEART WHEN NIGHT IS HALF-AWAKE.
THEY TOUCH THE PLACES WE HIDE,
THE ONES EVEN HOPE AVOIDS.

YET INSIDE THAT ACHE, SOMETHING BREATHES—
A SMALL, STUBBORN WARMTH
THAT REFUSES TO DIE,
THAT WHISPERS, "FEEL THIS.
YOU'RE STILL ALIVE."

— SONI SOLOMON



INTRODUCTION

BABLA MUNSHI



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. MINA MUNSHI.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. SHRI MUNSHI .**
- QUALIFICATION : **MA(ENGLISH), B.ED.**
- JOB : **TEACHER IN A GOVT. SCHOOL.**
- ADDRESS : **KOLKATA, WEST BENGAL.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 1985**

DECLARATION :—

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IF NIGHT WERE AESTHETIC



IN THE CITY'S HUM, WHERE SODIUM LAMPS BLEED
ORANGE INTO THE ASPHALT VEINS, I WHISPER TO THE DARK:

“WHAT IF YOU WERE NOT THIS BRUISE, THIS INDIFFERENT
SHROUD,”

BUT A CANVAS STRETCHED TAUT OVER THE WORLD'S RAW ACHE?
WHAT IF NIGHT, THAT THIEF OF EDGES, SOFTENED INTO SILK—
VELVET FOLDS DRAPING THE SKYLINE LIKE A LOVER'S FORGOTTEN
SCARF,

EACH SHADOW A BRUSHSTROKE OF INDIGO, WHISPERING SECRETS
IN THE LANGUAGE OF HALF-REMEMBERED DREAMS?

I IMAGINE IT THEN, THIS AESTHETIC SURRENDER:
THE MOON NOT A COLD COIN TOSSED INTO VOID,
BUT A PEARL OYSTER, CRACKED OPEN TO SPILL BIOLUMINESCENT
GLOW—

SOFT PULSES OF SILVER THREADING THROUGH THE BLACK,
ILLUMINATING THE FRECKLES ON YOUR COLLARBONE
LIKE CONSTELLATIONS CHARTED FOR MY MOUTH ALONE.

STARS, NO LONGER DISTANT PRICKS OF FIRE,
SWELL INTO NEBULAE BLOOMS, FRACTAL HEARTS
PULSING IN RHYTHM WITH THE SUBWAY'S UNDERGROUND SIGH,
THEIR LIGHT REFRACTING OFF RAIN-SLICKED WINDOWS
INTO PRISMS THAT DANCE LIKE FIREFLIES DRUNK ON GIN.

AND OH, THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SUCH A NIGHT—
HOW IT WOULD UNRAVEL US, THREAD BY SILKEN THREAD.
IN THE ORDINARY DARK, WE ARMOUR OURSELVES:
YOU WITH YOUR SILENCES, SHARP AS SHATTERED GLASS,
ME WITH MY LAUGHTER, A BRITTLE SHIELD AGAINST THE FALL.
BUT AESTHETIC? IT WOULD COAX THE MARROW FROM OUR BONES,
EXPOSE THE WIRING OF OUR WANTS—THOSE FRAGILE CIRCUITS
FLICKERING BETWEEN FEAR AND FEVER.
I'D SEE IT IN YOUR EYES FIRST: THE DILATION,
PUPILS BLOOMING LIKE INK IN WATER,
PULLING ME INTO THE VORTEX OF WHAT YOU HIDE—
THE BOY WHO ONCE CHASED FIREFLIES TILL DAWN,
NOW A MAN WHO FEARS THE LIGHT THEY CAST ON HIS SCARS.

WE'D WALK THEN, UNDER THIS REIMAGINED VAULT,
THE PAVEMENT NO LONGER CRACKED CONCRETE,
BUT A MOSAIC OF OBSIDIAN TILES, ETCHED WITH VEINS OF
QUARTZ
THAT GLOW FAINTLY, LIKE THE PULSE BENEATH YOUR WRIST.
YOUR HAND IN MINE—ELECTRIC, INEVITABLE—
FINGERS INTERLACING AS IF WE'D ALWAYS KNOWN
THE MAP OF EACH OTHER'S PALMS: THE CALLUS FROM YOUR GUITAR
STRINGS,
THE LIFELINE THAT BENDS TOO SOON, MIRRORING MY OWN.
ROMANTIC, YES, IN THE WAY BREATH CATCHES

BUT A SLOW UNFURLING, PETAL BY PETAL,
REVEALING THE ROT AT THE CORE, THE BEAUTY IN THE BRUISE.
“WHAT IF,” YOU'D MURMUR, VOICE GRAVEL AND GRACE,
“THE DARK WAS ALWAYS THIS—OUR PRIVATE MUSEUM,
CURATED FOR THE ACHE WE CALL LOVE?”

AND LOVE—AH, IT WOULD BLOOM FEROCIOUS HERE,
IN THE AESTHETIC HUSH, WHERE CRICKETS COMPOSE SYMPHONIES
FOR THE HOLLOW OF OUR HIPS. WE'D LIE ON THE ROOFTOP,
THE CITY BELOW A SPRAWL OF NEON SONNETS,
EACH BILLBOARD A HAIKU UNFINISHED, FLICKERING MORSE CODE:

“I WANT. I NEED. COME CLOSER.”

YOUR BODY AGAINST MINE, A TOPOGRAPHY OF HEAT—
THE RISE OF YOUR CHEST LIKE DUNES UNDER DESERT MOON,
MY LEGS THREADING YOURS, ROOTS SEEKING SOIL.
ROMANTIC PHYSICS: GRAVITY PULLING US INTO ORBIT,
LIPS MEETING IN THE ZERO-POINT OF SPACE BETWEEN,
TASTING SALT AND STARLIGHT, THE TANG OF TOMORROW'S
REGRET.

BUT NO REGRET TONIGHT—THIS NIGHT REFRACTS IT ALL,
TURNS SORROW TO SHIMMER, DOUBT TO DIAPHANOUS VEIL.

WE'D FUCK LIKE ARTISTS, BODIES AS MEDIUM,
SWEAT AS VARNISH SEALING THE CANVAS OF SKIN—
SLOW AT FIRST, A STUDY IN RESTRAINT,
THEN WILD, A STORM OF STROKES ACROSS THE VOID.

YET PSYCHOLOGY LINGERS, THAT SLY VOYEUR,
PEERING THROUGH THE LATTICE OF OUR GASPS.
IN THE AFTERGLOW, WITH YOUR HEAD PILLOWED ON MY THIGH,
I'D TRACE THE LABYRINTH OF YOUR THOUGHTS:
THE WAY YOU FLINCH AT SILENCE, AS IF IT MIGHT SWALLOW YOU
WHOLE,

THE ARMOUR OF IRONY YOU WEAR LIKE A SECOND SKIN.
"IF NIGHT WERE AESTHETIC," I'D SAY, FINGERS IN YOUR HAIR,
"IT WOULD SHOW YOU THIS: YOU'RE NOT THE RUIN YOU FEAR,
BUT THE ARCHWAY, GOTHIC AND GRAND, INVITING THE FLOOD."
YOU'D TURN, EYES LIQUID MERCURY, AND SEE ME TOO—
NOT THE WOMAN WHO LAUGHS TOO LOUD AT PARTIES,
MASKING THE ECHO OF EMPTY ROOMS,
BUT THE SIREN IN THE STACKS, VOICE WOVEN FROM WHISPERS
OF EVERY BOOK I'VE DOG-EARED WITH LONGING.

WE'D TRADE CONFESSIONS LIKE CONTRABAND:
YOUR FATHER'S BELT-MARKS FADING TO FAINT CONSTELLATIONS,
MY MOTHER'S GHOST IN THE MIRROR, URGING 'PERFECT, PERFECT.'
THE NIGHT, BENEVOLENT CURATOR, WOULD HOLD THEM GENTLY,
FRAME THEM IN FILIGREE OF FOG, UNTIL THEY GLEAMED—
NOT WOUNDS, BUT WINDOWS TO THE WILD WITHIN.

DAWN WOULD CREEP, RELUCTANT, IN HUES OF ROSE AND RUST,
BUT EVEN THEN, THE AESTHETIC LINGERS—A RESIDUE ON THE
TONGUE,

LIKE THE AFTERTASTE OF ABSINTHE DREAMS.
WE'D RISE, TANGLED IN SHEETS THAT SMELL OF US,
THE WORLD OUTSIDE SHARPENING BACK TO ITS MUNDANE
BLADE.
YET SOMETHING SHIFTS: THE ORDINARY DARK NO LONGER
LOOMS,
BUT BECKONS, A HALF-OPEN DOOR TO OUR PRIVATE
EXHIBIT.
IF NIGHT WERE AESTHETIC, IT WOULD TEACH US THIS—
THAT BEAUTY IS NOT ABSENCE OF SHADOW,
BUT ITS DELIBERATE DANCE, ITS INVITATION TO WALTZ
THROUGH THE CHAMBERS OF THE HEART, UNLOCKED.
ROMANTIC, STILL, IN THE WAY WE STEAL GLANCES ACROSS
BREAKFAST TABLES,
REMEMBERING THE MOON'S COMPLICIT GAZE.
PSYCHOLOGICAL, IN THE QUIET REVOLUTION:
WE, REMADE IN ITS IMAGE, CARRYING THE GLOW
LIKE LANTERNS INTO THE DAY'S INDIFFERENT LIGHT.

AND SO, I END WHERE I BEGAN—IN THE HUSH BEFORE
SLEEP,
WHISPERING TO THE DARK: "BE AESTHETIC, JUST ONCE."
LET IT BE FOR US, THIS REIMAGINED REVERIE,
WHERE LOVE IS THE BRUSH, THE MIND THE MASTERPIECE,
AND NIGHT, OH NIGHT, THE ENDLESS, ELEGANT MUSE
— **BABLA MUNSHI**



THE GHOST IN MY HANDS



TELL ME, HAD THE NIGHT BEEN ROMANTIC,
WOULD THE RAIN HAVE BEEN A GENTLE MIST,
A PRIVATE SCENE FOR TWO,
AND NOT THIS FRANTIC, TICKING DRUM
ON THE CORRUGATED ROOF OF A CLOSED BUS STOP?
THAT NEON SIGN ACROSS THE WET BLACK STREET—
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A SOFTENED, HAZY HALO,
A BLUR OF GOLD AND ROSE,
AND NOT THIS STARK, ELECTRIC SCREAM
THAT PAINTS YOUR SKIN THE COLOR OF A LONELY HOUR.
AND THIS PHONE, THIS COLD, BRIGHT SLAB OF GLASS,
WOULD HOLD A MESSAGE SENT, A SIMPLE "THINKING OF YOU,"
AND NOT THIS DRAFT I ENDLESSLY COMPOSED,
A PERFECT, FRAGILE SENTENCE I DELETED,
BECOMING JUST A GHOST HELD IN MY TOO-COLD HANDS.
YES, HAD THE NIGHT BEEN ROMANTIC,
THIS HEAVY QUIET MIGHT HAVE FELT LIKE SHARING,
A COMFORTABLE, WARM VOID.
BUT IT IS NOT. IT IS JUST THE SILENCE
OF THE SPACE BETWEEN US, FINALLY RUNNING OUT.

— BABLA MUNSHI



INTRODUCTION

SUVAM NANDI



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. SNIGDHA NANDI.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. RAJKAMAL NANDI.**
- QUALIFICATION : **UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT.**
- JOB : **STUDENT.**
- ADDRESS : **HOOGHLY, WEST BENGAL**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2024.**

DECLARATION :—

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THE ALGORITHM OF THE HEART



WE BUILT A WORLD OF SCREENS AND LIGHT,
WHERE REALITY IS MERELY FILTERED,
A CONSTANT, CURATED, ENDLESS NIGHT,
WHERE EVERY TRUTH IS SOFTLY SMOTHERED.
WE CHASE THE LIKES, THE FLEETING FLAME,
THE VALIDATION OF THE FEW,
AND TRADE THE SUBSTANCE FOR THE NAME,
FORGETTING WHAT THE REAL ROOTS DO.

THE ALGORITHM KNOWS OUR FEARS,
IT FEEDS THE HUNGER WE CAN'T NAME,
IT COUNTS OUR TRIUMPHS, TRACKS OUR TEARS,
TURNING OUR LIFE INTO A GAME.
WE SPEAK IN HASHTAGS, CRISP AND CLEAN,
COMPRESSING PASSION TO A LINE,
THE GHOST OF WHO WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN,
REFLECTED IN A BRIGHT DESIGN.

BUT STEP AWAY FROM THE BLUE SCREEN GLARE,
WHERE DATA STREAMS AND SILENCE BREAKS,
AND FIND THE COOL, UNTAINTED AIR,
THE PATH THE REAL WILD NATURE TAKES.
THE ROOT IS NOT THE TRENDING FEED,
NOR FOLLOWERS WHO BLINDLY CHEER,
IT'S IN THE PLANTING OF A SEED, FAR FROM THE DIGITAL VENEER.

IT'S IN THE PAUSE, THE DEEP INHALE,
THE SOUND OF RAIN ON ATTIC GLASS,
THE HONEST VOICE THAT WILL NOT FAIL,
THE QUIET MOMENTS AS THEY PASS.
THE HEART STILL BEATS A RHYTHM STRONG,
UNBURDENED BY THE WI-FI'S CLAIM,
IT KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE YOU BELONG,
OUTSIDE THE ECHO OF THE FRAME.

TO BREAK THE LOOP, TO FIND THE CORE,
THE TRUE, UNEDITED, HUMAN STRAIN,
TO STAND AND FEEL THE GROUND ONCE MORE,
AND LET THE WILD ROOT BLOOM AGAIN.
THIS IS THE QUEST, TO FEEL AND BE,
BEYOND THE PIXELS, SHARP AND COLD,
TO WRITE THE RAW REALITY,
MORE PRECIOUS FAR THAN STORIES SOLD.

–SUVAM NANDI



THE QUIET ROOM



THE MARKET'S NOISE IS MUFFLED, FAR AWAY,
THE SCREENS DIM DOWN, THE URGENT CHATTER ENDS.

THIS QUIET HOUR, THIS SOLITARY STAY,
IS WHERE THE SEARCHING SPIRIT TRULY MENDS.

NOT LONELINESS, BUT CHOSEN, FERTILE SPACE,
WHERE ECHOES OF THE FRANTIC SELF RESIGN,

TO FIND THE PATTERN HIDDEN IN THE LACE,

THE PURE, UNEDITED, INTERNAL DESIGN.

WE FEED ON CONSTANT CONTACT, QUICK AND BRIGHT,

A FEAR OF SILENCE ROOTED IN THE BONE.

WE CHASE THE VOICES, RUNNING FROM THE LIGHT,

THAT ONLY SHINES WHEN WE ARE TRULY KNOWN.

THE WORLD DEMANDS WE CONSTANTLY PERFORM,

TO WEAR THE MASK AND DANCE THE DEMANDED JIG;

BUT EVERY ROOT GROWS STRONGEST IN THE STORM

THAT SOLITUDE PERMITS WHEN WE MUST DIG.

HERE, THOUGHTS UNFURL LIKE SLOW AND CAREFUL STEAM,

THE HEAVY ARMOR DROPS UPON THE CONCRETE FLOOR.

THE SELF ACCEPTS THE UNACHIEVED DREAM,

AND LEARNS THE QUIET STRENGTH OF NEEDING NOTHING MORE.

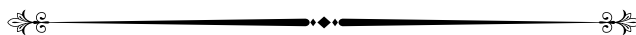
THE SIMPLE WISDOM, SHARP AND EVER NEW:

THE DEEPEST COMPANY IS FOUND INSIDE,

THE ONLY LASTING WITNESS THAT IS TRUE,

THE STEADY VOICE THE QUIET ROOMS PROVIDE.

– SUVAM NANDI



INTRODUCTION

RENGASRI R.



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. JAYASREE R.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. RANGARAJAN S.**
- QUALIFICATION : **PURSUING UNDERGRADUATION.**
- JOB : **WRITER.**
- ADDRESS : **TAMILNADU, CHENNAI.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2022.**

DECLARATION :—

THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS TRUE AND THE POEMS PRINTED ON THE FORTHCOMING PAGES OF THIS BOOK ARE MY ORIGINAL, UNPUBLISHED WORKS, WHICH I HAVE VOLUNTARILY SUBMITTED TO SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS PUBLISHING HOUSE FOR PUBLICATION. I RESERVE ALL RIGHTS TO THESE POEMS.



REBIRTH IN THE QUIET

IN HER LAST BREATH, SHE LAY STILL,
SEVEN MINUTES, THE CLOCK DID CHILL.
THROUGH EACH STRUGGLE AND FIGHT,
SHE ROSE IN THE NIGHT,
LEAVING THE PAST, WITH NO TIME TO FILL.

HER TWENTIES HAD SHAPED HER SOUL,
IN BATTLES, SHE'D CONQUERED EACH GOAL.
WITH EACH TEAR AND STRIFE,
SHE REBIRTHED HER LIFE,
AND FOUND IN HERSELF A SWEET WHOLE.

NO MORE FEARS, NO MORE PAIN,
HER HEART FREE FROM LIFE'S HEAVY CHAIN.
IN THE QUIET SHE FOUND,
PEACE ALL AROUND,
AS THE SUN SET, SHE BROKE EVERY CHAIN.

NOW HER SPIRIT'S SERENE, REBORN,
A NEW SELF, LIKE THE BREAK OF DAWN.
THE STRUGGLES WERE KEY,
TO THE PERSON SHE'D BE,
AND WITH GRACE, SHE MOVED ON, REBORN.

– RENGASRI R.



RISE OF THE TRAILBLAZER

— — — — —
SHE WAS HUMILIATED, TORN APART,
FOR BEING AN OPEN SOUL, PURE OF HEART.
BUT FROM THE SHAME AND THE STING,
A NEW STRENGTH TOOK WING,
HER RESEARCH BLOSSOMED, A BRAND NEW START.

CALLED UNIQUE, SHE WAS CAST ASIDE,
BUT IN REJECTION, HER SPIRIT DID GLIDE.
A TRAILBLAZER SHE BECAME,
HER VISION AFLAME,
WITH COURAGE NO LONGER TO HIDE.

THE WORLD MAY HAVE MOCKED, BUT SHE ROSE,
FROM EACH HURT, HER PURPOSE SHE CHOSE.
A REBIRTH THROUGH THE PAIN,
SHE BROKE EVERY CHAIN,
AND THROUGH HER, TRUE INDEPENDENCE FLOWS.

— **RENGASRI R.**



INTRODUCTION

FARHAN ALI



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. KANIZ FATIMA.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. IRFAN ALI.**
- QUALIFICATION : **STUDYING IN 12TH STANDARD.**
- JOB : **STUDENT.**
- ADDRESS : **MUMBAI, MAHARASHTRA.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2024**

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THE BEAUTY SHE CARRIES WITHIN



HER SMILE MAY LIGHT THE MORNING SKY,
BUT GENTLENESS CROWNS HER DEEPER GRACE;
THE WORLD CAN PAUSE WHEN SHE WALKS BY,
YET KINDNESS IS HER TRUEST FACE.

HER STRENGTH IS QUIET, CALM, AND SURE,
A COURAGE SOFT AS EVENING RAIN;
SHE HEALS THE HURT SHE MUST ENDURE,
AND TURNS EACH SCAR INTO A GAIN.

HER HEART, A PLACE WHERE HOPES RESIDE,
WHERE WARMTH AND MERCY SOFTLY BLEND;
SHE LIFTS THE TIRED, STANDS BY THEIR SIDE,
A SILENT SHELTER, LOYAL FRIEND.

HER GLOW IS SOMETHING EYES CAN'T SEE,
A LIGHT THAT RISES FROM HER SOUL;
A BEAUTY BORN OF PURITY,
THAT MAKES THE ORDINARY WHOLE.

NO MIRROR HOLDS WHAT MAKES HER RARE,
NO POLISHED GLASS CAN FRAME HER FIRE;
IT LIVES IN HOW SHE LOVES AND CARES—
A GRACE THAT NEVER SEEMS TO TIRE.

FOR ALL THE CHARMS THE WORLD MAY SPIN,
HER RAREST GIFT IS FOUND THEREIN:
NOT IN HER FACE, BUT DEEP BENEATH —
THE BEAUTY SHE CARRIES WITHIN.

– FARHAN ALI



INTRODUCTION

MAHENAZ HASINA



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. AMBARI BEGAM.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MD. MUNTAHA MINHAZ.**
- QUALIFICATION : **MATRICULATION.**
- JOB : **STUDENT.**
- ADDRESS : **GODDA, JHARKHAND.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

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TIME

— — — — —
TIME IS LIKE A FLOWING WATER,
IF ONE'S GOES NEVER COME AGAIN ,
IT'S VALUE KNOWN ONLY WHEN IT GOES,
BUT IF ONE'S LOST NEVER COME AGAIN.

YOU CAN'T STOP ME,
YOU CAN'T COUNT ME,
I FLEW AWAY WITHOUT WAITING,

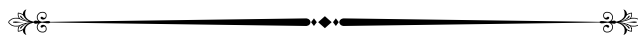
I'M LIKE THE SEA WAVES,
RISES UP AND DOWN WAVING ITS HAND.

I'M LIKE THE BREEZE,
SOMETIMES SMALL PLANTS NOT GET UPROOTED,
AND TREES GET UPROOTED.

I AM LIKE THE CLOUD THAT,
THAT HOVERING OVER THE SKY,
BRINGING COINS OF GOLDEN DROPS

MAKE THE PEOPLE TO WALK ALONG,
WITH RISING TIME.

— **MAHENAZ HASINA**



INTRODUCTION

VINEET SINGH CHAUHAN



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. KIRAN SINGH.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. JAINENDER SINGH.**
- QUALIFICATION : **PHD.**
- JOB : **SURVEILLANCE EXECUTIVE.**
- ADDRESS : **GHAZIABAD, UTTAR PRADESH.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2024**

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THERE COMES A MOMENT



THERE COMES A MOMENT
WHEN SILENCE BECOMES LOUDER
THAN EVERY STORM THAT EVER LIVED INSIDE US—
A MOMENT WHERE BROKEN PIECES
START REMEMBERING THEIR SHAPE.

NOT BECAUSE THE WORLD IS KINDER,
NOT BECAUSE THE PAIN FINALLY DISAPPEARS—
BUT BECAUSE WE LEARN
HOW TO HOLD OURSELVES
WITHOUT TREMBLING.

THIS PHASE...
IS NOT A RETURN TO WHO WE WERE,
BUT A SLOW BECOMING
OF SOMEONE WE NEVER IMAGINED—
STRONGER, SOFTER, BRAVER,
AND PROFOUNDLY ALIVE.

MISTAKES STOP BEING WOUNDS
AND START BECOMING TEACHERS.
TEARS STOP BEING SIGNS OF WEAKNESS—
THEY TURN TO SACRED WATER
CLEANSING WHAT NO LONGER BELONGS.

AND SUDDENLY,
DREAMS ONCE BURIED BEGIN TO BREATHE AGAIN,
LIKE WILDFLOWERS BREAKING THROUGH
FORGOTTEN GROUND.

THIS IS RESURRECTION—
NOT RISING ONCE,
BUT RISING EVERY TIME
LIFE TRIES TO COLLAPSE YOUR SPIRIT.

YOU ARE NOT WHAT BROKE YOU.
YOU ARE WHAT SURVIVED.
AND NOW,
YOU ARE WHAT IS GROWING
BEYOND SURVIVAL.

– VINEET SINGH CHAUHAN



INTRODUCTION

A. BHARATHICHELLAMMAL



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. A. SHANTHI.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. R. ANNADURAI.**
- QUALIFICATION : **M.A., M. PHIL IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.**
- JOB : **ASSISTANT PROFESSOR.**
- ADDRESS : **CHIDAMBARAM, TAMILNADU.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2024**

DECLARATION :—

THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS TRUE AND THE POEMS PRINTED ON THE FORTHCOMING PAGES OF THIS BOOK ARE MY ORIGINAL, UNPUBLISHED WORKS, WHICH I HAVE VOLUNTARILY SUBMITTED TO SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS PUBLISHING HOUSE FOR PUBLICATION. I RESERVE ALL RIGHTS TO THESE POEMS.



THE RISE BEYOND THE QUIET FIELD



IN A VILLAGE WRAPPED IN SILENCE,
WHERE THE DUST CLUNG TO THE AIR,
I WAS BORN A TIMID WHISPER—
NOT THE ONE THEY'D STOP AND STARE.
IN THE LANES OF DEEP CONSERVANCE,
WHERE A GIRL MUST BOW HER DREAMS,
I HELD QUESTIONS IN MY HEARTBEAT,
HIDING FIRE BENEATH THE SEAMS.

THEY SAID, "BOOKS AREN'T MEANT FOR DAUGHTERS,
KEEP YOUR FOOTSTEPS SOFT AND SMALL."
BUT MY SOUL, THOUGH SHY AND SHAKING,
HEARD A DISTANT CLARION CALL.
I GREW UP WITH SELF-DOUBT'S SHADOWS,
INTROVERTED, SLOW, UNSURE—
YET A SPARK KEPT GENTLY BREATHING,
SAYING, "RISE, ENDURE, ENDURE."

THROUGH A WORLD OF MEN WHO TOWERED,
THROUGH THE WEIGHT OF FEAR AND LACK,

I STITCHED COURAGE FROM MY FAILURES,
TURNED EACH SETBACK INTO TRACK.
EVERY “NO” BECAME A LESSON,
EVERY TEAR, A STEPPING STONE—
TILL THE GIRL WHO ONCE FELT LESSER
FOUND A STRENGTH SHE’D NEVER KNOWN.

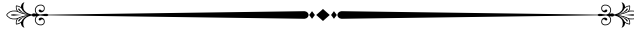
FROM THE FIELDS OF RURAL SILENCE
TO THE CLASSROOM’S GLOWING LIGHT,
MY VOICE ROSE LIKE DAWN’S FIRST PROMISE
BREAKING THROUGH A LONG-HELD NIGHT.

NOW I STAND—A QUIET VICTOR,
NOT BY THUNDER, BUT BY GRACE;
A PROFESSOR WITH A STORY
ETCHED IN RESILIENCE ON MY FACE.

THOUGH I WALKED THROUGH THORNS OF JUDGMENT,
THROUGH A HOME THAT FEARED THE NEW,
THROUGH A WORLD THAT CROWNED THE OTHERS
AND DENIED WHAT I COULD DO—
STILL I ROSE IN RESURRECTION,
FROM THE ASHES OF DESPAIR;
PROVING WINGS CAN GROW IN DARKNESS,
IF WE ONLY TRUST THE AIR.

SO I SING TO EVERY DAUGHTER
WHO FEELS LESSER, LOST, OR WEAK:
YOUR TOMORROW WAITS WITH TRIUMPH
IF YOU DARE THE LIGHT YOU SEEK.
FROM A GIRL WITH TREMBLING WHISPERS
TO A TEACHER STANDING TALL—
THIS IS MY REBORN BEGINNING,
THIS IS HOW I ROSE FROM FALL.

— **BHARATHICHELLAMMAL**



WHEN THE ASHES LEARNED MY NAME



I WAS NOT BORN BLAZING.

I WAS BORN IN A VILLAGE WHERE DREAMS
WERE FOLDED SMALL
AND HIDDEN IN THE CORNERS OF KITCHEN WALLS.

WHERE A GIRL'S VOICE
WAS EXPECTED TO BE SOFTER THAN DUSK,
AND HER FUTURE,
SMALLER THAN THE DOORWAY SHE SWEPT.

BUT LIFE HAD OTHER PLANS FOR ME.

I GREW UP CARRYING
THE WEIGHT OF SELF-DOUBT LIKE AN EXTRA BONE,
AN INTROVERT STITCHED FROM SHYNESS,
AN AVERAGE CHILD IN A WORLD
THAT WORSHIPPED BRILLIANCE.
AROUND ME, MEN WALKED LIKE THUNDER —
LOUD, CERTAIN, UNQUESTIONED —
WHILE I WAS A WHISPER ASKING PERMISSION
JUST TO EXIST.

YET SOMETHING IN ME REFUSED TO WILT.

SLOWLY, I BEGAN GATHERING MYSELF—
PIECE BY QUIET PIECE.
MY FEARS.
MY FAILURES.
MY FRAGILE HOPES.
I LEARNED THAT RESURRECTION
IS NOT A MIRACLE THAT HAPPENS TO YOU;
IT IS A FIRE YOU DECIDE TO STRIKE
AGAINST THE STONES OF YOUR OWN LIFE.

AND SO I BURNED.

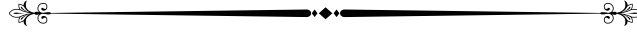
I ROSE FROM THE RURAL SILENCE
THAT TRIED TO MUTE ME.
I ROSE FROM THE CONSERVATIVE WALLS
THAT TRIED TO CONTAIN ME.
I ROSE FROM THE MALE-DOMINATED ROOMS
THAT TRIED TO SHRINK ME.
I ROSE FROM THE GIRL WHO THOUGHT
SHE WAS “LESS”—
AND I BECAME THE WOMAN
WHO PROVED SHE WAS MORE.

TODAY, I STAND IN A CLASSROOM,
CHALK IN HAND,
A PROFESSOR BORN FROM EVERY “NO,”
EVERY CLOSED DOOR, EVERY FRIGHTENED STEP.

AND WHEN MY STUDENTS ASK ME
HOW I REACHED HERE,
I SMILE AND SAY:

“BECAUSE THE ASHES FINALLY LEARNED MY NAME,
AND KNEW THEY COULD NOT HOLD ME ANYMORE.”

– **BHARATHICHELLAMMAL**



INTRODUCTION

MIRIAM SAM



SELF INTRODUCTION :-

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. MARY VINEETHA GEORGE.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. SAM JOHN.**
- QUALIFICATION : **MBA.**
- JOB : **WORKING IN AN MNC.**
- ADDRESS : **KOLLAM, KERALA.**

DECLARATION :-

THE ABOVE STATEMENT IS TRUE AND THE POEMS PRINTED ON THE FORTHCOMING PAGES OF THIS BOOK ARE MY ORIGINAL, UNPUBLISHED WORKS, WHICH I HAVE VOLUNTARILY SUBMITTED TO SAHITYA SANGAM BOOKS PUBLISHING HOUSE FOR PUBLICATION. I RESERVE ALL RIGHTS TO THESE POEMS.

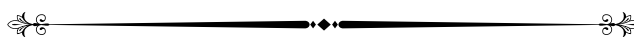


MY WAYS OF FINDING PEACE.



THOUGH FINDING PEACE,
HAS BECOME DIFFICULT,
LISTENING TO MUSIC,
MAKES ME PEACEFUL AND HAPPY ,
IT CALMS MY MIND,
TALKING TO FRIENDS TOO,
GIVES ME PEACE.

– MIRIAM SAM



INTRODUCTION

DR. SARIKA KUMARI



SELF INTRODUCTION :—

- MOTHER'S NAME : **MRS. SHANTI DEVI.**
- FATHER'S NAME : **MR. SHIVAJI GOPE .**
- HUSBAND'S NAME : **MR. MANISH KANT RAHUL .**
- QUALIFICATION : **M. A., B. ED., DR. (HONRIS CAUSA).**
- JOB : **EXCLUSIVE TEACHER (BIHAR GOVERNMENT).**
- ADDRESS : **PATNA, BIHAR.**

LITERARY EXPERIENCE :—

- YEAR OF COMMENCEMENT OF WRITING : **SINCE 2015.**

DECLARATION :—

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PLEASANT WEATHER, BEAUTIFUL MOMENTS



IF THE WEATHER TURNS PLEASANT AND WARM SKIES UNFOLD,
A CUP OF HOT TEA IN HAND FEELS LIKE PURE GOLD.

WITH YOU BY MY SIDE, THE HEART FINDS ITS PLACE,
EVEN IN EMPTY DESERTS, HOPE BEGINS TO TRACE.

SIPS OF TEA AND THE SEASON SO FAIR,
SOFT WINTER WINDS WHISPER THROUGH THE AIR.

THEY GIFT US A FEELING GENTLE AND RARE,
AS IF WE'RE MEETING FOR THE FIRST TIME THERE.

RESTING ON YOUR SHOULDER, I FORGET EVERY SORROW,
EVERY PAIN, EVERY FEAR OF TOMORROW.

ONLY SWEET MOMENTS LINGER IN MIND,
TRUE PROMISES AND MEMORIES, TENDER AND KIND.

THIS PLEASANT SEASON SOFTLY TEACHES,
MAY LOVE STAY FOREVER, AND NEVER LEAVE OUR REACHES.

– DR. SARIKA KUMARI



FAMILY, LOVE AND SOFT WEATHER



IF THE WEATHER TURNS GENTLE AND KIND,
AND PEACE SETTLES DEEP IN THE MIND,
WITH FAMILY GATHERED CLOSE AND NEAR,
LIFE FEELS WARM, SOFT, AND CLEAR.

A CUP OF TEA WITH MY LOVING SPOUSE,
SMILES FLOWING THROUGH THE HOUSE,
A LITTLE TEASING, A LITTLE CARE,
A BOND OF LOVE BEYOND COMPARE.

CHILDREN LAUGHING, RUNNING AROUND,
JOY ECHOING LIKE A CHEERFUL SOUND,
THEIR TINY HANDS AND SHINING EYES,
BRING A UNIVERSE FULL OF SURPRISE.

THEN COME MEMORIES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN TOO—
THEIR INNOCENT QUESTIONS, HONEST AND TRUE,
THEIR DREAMS STRETCHING WIDE AND FAR,
EACH CHILD, A RISING SHINING STAR.

MY WORLD EXISTS IN THESE GENTLE TIES,
IN LOVE, IN CARE, IN HOPEFUL EYES,

WHETHER SUNSHINE GLOWS OR RAINDROPS FALL—
RELATIONSHIPS MAKE LIFE BEAUTIFUL, AFTER ALL.

IF THE WEATHER IS CALM AND HEARTS ARE TRUE,
AND LOVE SURROUNDS IN EVERY HUE—
THEN LIFE BECOMES A TENDER SONG,
WHERE EVERY MOMENT FEELS RIGHT AND STRONG.

– DR. SARIKA KUMARI





Thank You



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