

Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

Multilingual Literary E-magazine

January



**HER SOUL MATE
(NOVEL)**

By
Laiba Akhtar

**CAN YOU FIND TRUE
LOVE ON DATING
APPS?**

By
Moiza Khalil

**SAVE THE
WORLD**

By
John Hansen

**BANAWATI
INSAAN**

By
Harpreet Kaur

El nuevo viaje

By
Samara

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Editor's Note

Causerie

/ˈkəʊzəri, French kozri/
noun

an informal article or talk, typically on a literary subject.

Hello World! Finally, With a spicy turn, Causerie is here to role in back after a long time, thanks for your patience, it means a lot. With some technical reasons and personal issues, we dropped our activities to a pause. "Things are easy to initiate, but harder to keep it for longer constantly." I still remember some people mocked me for my multilingual interest in literature and now writers from around the world have joined this venture as our motto is to bring literary souls under one hood, one roof, one shelter we call it Literature. It's not just about the earth and earthlings but literature are all about home, life in this soulful universal home. Because I believe literature is the study of life and soul, and everything which is linked to it, is direct or indirect.

With the lovely address to my readers, we came here to grasp the spark altogether and shine together under the same dark night, so blink twice with cheer. Just kidding.

The great news is, Causerie is introducing its very own sets of identification numbers. Yes, you read it right. Now we have our own derived sets of identification numbers for our e-books, e-mags, audiobooks, writers and administration members. We have labeled these sets according to the different sections using different names for labels such as CUIN, CWIN and CAIN. CUIN stands for Causerie Universal Identification Number. CWIN stands for Causerie Writer's Identification Number. CAIN stands for Causerie Administration Identification Number. Each label name tells about its genre. Keep in mind, only Causerie has the authority to issue this number which means no one else can allot this number other than Causerie. I think it's good news for all the literary souls. Right? Do let us know what you guys think about it? Our contact us section is literally meant for your feedback.

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Editor's Note

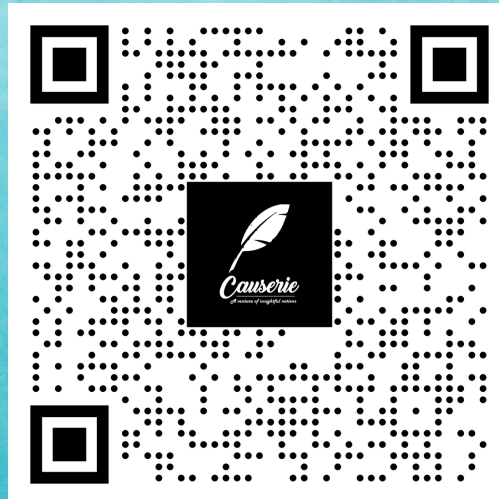
In the past, we have been offering content services like blogging, copy-writing, website content, product descriptions, sales collateral, advertisement campaigns, article writing, rephrasing, thesis, along with advertisement and audio poetry featuring services for earthlings all around the world. This time I am not in the mood to tell you guys what we are going to bring more for you guys as it feels like we are bragging and showing off. Especially last time when we disclosed it, we couldn't even bring a single project. So, this time we are trying to get steady over it, and constant lovely support gave us much delight, keep learning and growing.

Savvy!!!

Now read, feel, share and give us your finest feedback guns and roses.

Ovais

OVAIS
(Founder)
(Editor in Chief)



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English

"Surprise"

Ovais
(Earth)

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
and a river bifurcates in two channels,
both ends never meet under any hood
it's like both have already understood.

Understood their importance adroitly;
that they will be assisting the humans,
to reach to their places quite quietly,
staying unconnected and very politely.

Life is something similar if we think;
part our ways for long or for forever.
Sometimes tease us, sometimes wink,
and sometimes wonderfully form a link.

When a mind sees no aid from nowhere,
but life stops for none - it keeps moving.
Uncertainty has covered our sphere;
For some, it's fair, and for some, unfair.

It depends on you, so be wise;
Life won't hesitate in giving a surprise.



"Save the World"

John Hansen

(Australia)

Wildfires burning all around,
charred remains left on the ground.
Record heatwaves, absent rain,
creatures dying, what a shame!

Across the world disasters rage,
floods and fires, tornadoes, quakes.
Tell me there's no climate change,
that this is in the normal range.

Both ice caps are melting, sure,
but, my own life concerns me more.
Polar bears won't be displaced,
says fake news to which we're graced.

Take a look around your town,
see real changes on the ground.
Plants flower earlier than they should,
unstable seasons are not good.

Just cutting CO2 won't help,
whales and whale sharks still eat kelp.
Cows still fart and planes still fly,
through the ozone layered sky.

Get a grip, open your eyes,
don't believe denier's lies.
Do your bit to save the world,
every man, woman, boy, and girl.



"Only the Heart Knows"

Brenda Arledge

(United States)

Fragile is the heart
when it nears the corner of love's embrace
with the pitter patter of excitement dancing inside,
surrounded by a frightening fear
of being locked down.

Wanting to touch
but too afraid of the long-haul commitment,
scared it might become a thorn in his side
instead of a delicate rose.

His every thought
like a splinter beneath his skin
leaves him helpless,
making his desire grow stronger
with his heart beating uncontrollably
for the one who set it ablaze.



"An Old Woman's Tale"

People see me as a carcass, not very wise
 A worn-out face, with empty eyes
 I wasn't always like this
 There is a lot to reminisce
 I was the youngest offspring of my father and mother.
 Brothers and sisters, we loved each other,
 A shy teenager of thirteen, hiding under her bed,
 Unaware of what prevails ahead,
 A wiry girl of sixteen, remarkably loud and pushy,
 Relatives told my mother, "She got mature early."
 A dame of eighteen, fed up with the grim certainties
 Waiting for the lover of her fancies
 A beauteous bride at twenty-my heart makes a leap
 Remembering the vows, I have to keep
 A mother of three, I was by the age of thirty,
 I have a house to keep I, am ever busy,
 At forty, my sons have grown and are going,
 To follow their dreams, leaving me moaning,
 By fifty, I again have kids around my knees,
 Now I have no worries, just glees.
 Dark days upon me, my spouse is dead
 I look at my future I shudder with tread
 Soon my children sent me to old folks' home
 Where I remain, praying for them, all alone
 I am now an old woman, ill and helpless.
 Life is cruel, and I am a witness
 My body trembles, beauty and vigor depart.
 There is now a stone where I once had a heart.
 I remember all the joy and all the pain.
 I crave to live my life all over again.
 These seventy years went so fast,
 And I admit the fact that nothing lasts.

Zaynub Hassan
 (Pakistan)

"Beauty"

Abhishruti Katakya

(India)

The body will turn into ashes
Flames will rise high from it
Nothing will remain behind as a sign
Nor the eye catching smile neither her almond shaped eyes
But one thing that will remain forever
As the scent of the gone flesh
Will be her persona
The legacy of her personality will still be there
In memories of people
But neither the pretty face nor the charming eyes.
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But neither the pretty face nor the charming eyes.



"A Sunrise"

Thofik Tufel

(India)

It's morning at five forty five,
witnessing a cockcrow live,
amused by the ocean of sky,
where sleeping sun is set to dive.

The moment night switches to day,
and azure sky comes to play,
tiny clouds have something to say,
it changes its shape like clay.

Standing amidst the dark and dawn,
dozy head and scanty yawn,
watching closely the nature's lawn,
where cuckoo sings and rooster horn.

A little light dismantling the dark,
gleaming rays showing its spark,
thinking the logic of nature's park,
it is nothing but a question mark.

Up above the endless sky,
countless birds begin to fly,
with open wings and courage high,
gliding through the open sky.

And there comes the mighty sun
reminding me the day has begun.
Let the world blindly run,
I'm all set for today's fun.



A black and white portrait of a woman, Najwa Zebian, looking down and to the side. She is wearing a dark, high-necked, long-sleeved dress with intricate beading and sequins. Her hair is pulled back into a bun. The background is dark and out of focus.

POSTER

NAJWA ZEBIAN

NAJWA ZEBIAN

Born: April 27, 1990

A Lebanese - Canadian author, poet, speaker, teacher and the doctoral student in Educational Leadership. She writes to give a voice to the silenced souls. Her major works are **Mind Platter, Sparks of Phoenix, The Nectar of Pain** and **Welcome Home**. She talks about the depth of the soul to let it recognize by its worth rather than the mantra of other's typical judged reflections. She does share her thoughts and voice from different sources of social media to provide her worthy message.

"I Am Cursed"

Geethika Reddy

(India)

I'm cursed by the hues of my life,
For years I'm hiding an ocean in my eyes,
I wish to have an evil mouth like others,
So that I can judge them without any hovers,
When I told them I'll be red blanket of your soul,
Society jinxed my heart to become a white tissue paper roll,
When I helped them out from their blue dream,
Enemies made my vision to turn as black and scream,
I don't know why don't they understand about my pink character,
Their tongue is coated by silver colour which is filled with jealous,
By this they cannot digest my success of going higher as zealous,
I ponder why God hasn't given them maturity of understanding,
Their injecting brown poison into our nerves just as stranding,
Bullying me for no reason makes them filled with joy of Yellowstone,
For centuries, I've been compromising and motivating myself alone,
I am awfully cursed by the colours of my life without a clue.



"Scars"

Abhishruti Katakya

(India)

She was just a child
Nearly eight years of age
When she understood that the birth of a girl in her family was not expected
They wanted a son instead of her
It was the first time when that realization left a deep scar in her mind.
She was just fourteen years of age
When her aunts warned her not to wear clothes that showed too much of her skin
For "revealing clothes always show that she wants it"
It was when a deep scar got imprinted in her heart, soul and mind.
She was just twenty two
When her eyes still saw dreams of flying planes
It was when she was forced to get married
Cause girls were made to be in kitchen
Not in the cockpit, flying planes.
She was just twenty four
When she was expecting
Everyone prayed for her, so that she gives birth to a boy
Nobody wanted a girl, a burden again
It was she who will have labor pain
But nobody asked her for once what she wanted.
All these time she happily tolerated everything
She never complained
But this time, when she gave a birth to a girl instead of a boy
She realized it was the most deadliest scar ever
Cause she don't want another girl to hear what she did, bear what she did
She doesn't want destiny to repeat the same thing, not today, not ever again.

"A farewell to my beloved grandfather"

Zaibunnisa
(Pakistan)

22.07.2021 –

This day will be one of the days I can never forget my whole life. On this day, we said our earthly farewell to one of the most remarkable people I've ever met in my whole life.

My family is devastated by the loss of my grandfather. The head of the family is no longer between us. But we understand that he is no longer in pain, and is in a better place now. And this goodbye is a temporary one. I know that we will see him again one day, we are counting on it.

Thursday, July 22nd, 2021.

Dear Abujaan (Grandfather).

I can't believe you're gone, and you won't be back with us. Not in this world. I have been recalling all of your good memories, and I can never forget your face because you've been my mentor my whole life, and I have never been too close to my dad to understand the fatherly love, but the love I got from you is matchless. I have been looking into our old pictures and I saw so many pictures of dado (grandmother) and you together. You both have been a very important part of my life and now that you're gone, I cannot imagine a single minute without you.

I had no idea what had happened at first. I couldn't put my head around the fact that you were gone. There would not be any games, enjoyable conversations, or laughing at your weird comments and cheesy jokes. But now, I understand. Now, I know what it's like to lose someone I truly care about, and it stings differently than anything else. But, at the same time, it has taught me lessons that I would never have learned otherwise. I understood what a wonderful man you were and

I am incredibly gifted to have you both as my grandparents. And I am so thankful that you are my Abujaan. And I am greatly thankful that I have got to live close to you and got to learn a lot from you and for being able to make such great memories throughout the years, creating this amazing relationship I have had with both of you. Not everyone gets that. But I did.

I've been living in my own happy little world for so long that I assume they will always be better regardless of how terrible circumstances may get.

When you were in the hospital, I couldn't stand seeing you in so much pain. I decided to make a list of memories or things I love about you. I don't want to forget a single thing that made you unique.

Every time we used to eat dinner, you used to ask for me first, and you used to make me sit beside you so that I would eat properly.

You always used to ask for desserts first because that's the best and cheery part of dinners.

Whenever we cooked something new, you used to get so happy, and you would smile at us and give us a reward in return.

Going on a trip to Rawalpindi and on the way back going for spontaneous trips to Mangla dam or Murree.

Going to Neelum Valley, racing our way down to the dining place, enjoying the view, eating pakoras and dipping our feet in water; we got our crazy photoshoot by the rocks as well.

When I used to tell you that I have got exams, you used to smile and tell me that I would ace my exams. And when we used to come back you always asked how our day went by?

You wanted us to be home sooner, asked us to come back from uncle's home later by night, and when we weren't there, you used to miss us and asked us to come home soon, and whenever we came back you used to hug you tightly, like we haven't met in years.

I recall you laughing at the weird jokes and savage conversations. Your laughter was contagious, and your jokes always made me chuckle. Your modesty was astounding given your accomplishment, and your devotion to those you loved is an example to everyone of what a good grandfather should be.

You were the one I could always depend on to be proud of me, and if I ever become half the person you were, I will be more than happy. I guess I've now grasped how significant memories can be because I know that even if I don't see you for many years, I'll always have memories of you to cherish dear to my heart.

And I remember the time when our basement was on fire and we could see your efforts burn into ashes, you didn't shed a tear or looked disappointed at all. You were so patient all the time.

I always recall your smiling face. Always laughing. Always Happy. And that's how I want to remember you. We really miss you, especially dado. You've been an incredible man — a loving partner, a much-loved and respected parent, and a beloved grandparent. The word appears to be less colorful without you, Abujaan. But we know you're not really gone. You're always going to live forever in our hearts.

And this is not our last goodbye. We do realize that this isn't the end. I'm sure we'll see each other again eventually. I'll see your beautiful face again someday, and I'll get to hear you laugh again.

Until then, we'll surround dado with all the love and comfort you've shown her. We'll keep looking at photographs and remembering how much fun we had with you. We'll look for you in nature when we really miss you. We shall cherish your memories and never ever forget you.

You loved dado wholeheartedly, you cherished your kids equally. You adored each of your grandchildren, no matter what. You loved us unconditionally and without any hesitation.

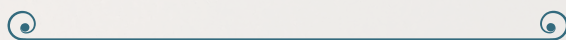
Certainly, I am very grateful for the memory of your laughter, support and knowledge that I have had and the honor of knowing you. You have transformed my view of what living completely implies and showed me how to love sincerely. You are a hero, indeed, and I know that your heritage will be passed along for years.

Well, thank you. Thank you for showing me how to go in the footsteps of justice and for reminding me of how to motivate me for the rest of my life. I really adore you. I love you. Soon, Grandad, see you.

With profound affection,

Another granddaughter in awe of your legacy.

Zaibunnisa.



"Can you find true love on dating apps?"

Moiza Khalil
(Pakistan)

Can you find true love on dating apps?

Have you ever downloaded a dating app and deleted it right away? Have you ever met someone on a dating app that you thought would be your Mr. or Miss right and immediately regretted that decision?

Dating apps – looking for love online

Can you find true love on dating apps?

Have you ever downloaded a dating app and deleted it right away? Have you ever met someone on a dating app that you thought would be your Mr. or Miss right and immediately regretted that decision?

Dating apps – looking for love online

Is it impractical to find love on dating apps?

Choosing your true partner from dating apps can be like going shopping. You have so many choices to choose from, you can try everything and still end up buying nothing. It can be exciting but also overwhelming. The feeling of being overwhelmed is called The Paradox of Choice, when people have too much to choose from so they run away buying nothing.

Furthermore, dating apps emphasize looks. The first thing we notice is the profile picture and then dismiss people based on their appearances. Therefore, the appearances on the dating apps can put tons of pressure on the users. They'll feel self-conscious about their faces and their bodies. The ugly truth about online dating is people can lie around their looks, career and relationship status on their profile. People tend to possess an ideal profile on the app, so they feel like they



have to lie around their online presences to be able to stand out at the dating pool. Moreover, users can lie about their relationship status so that they could date multiple people at the same time which is pretty common nowadays on dating apps.

Dating apps have opened the door for us to meet new people, but if we spend all the time obsessing about our profile in order to make it perfect; we forget about the actual purpose of the app, which is meeting new people. The more energy you put into building a perfect profile, the less energy you will put into meeting people in the real world.

A strong relationship should be built on face-to-face conversations, not through the screen because love happens face to face not online.

Does hope still remain for the success of dating apps?

However, we can still believe in the success of online dating. The research found that 20% of men and 13% of women said they had found a romantic partner online. I think the journey of finding love's result depends on people's experience and their choices of partners. We cannot say it is possible or not to find love online but we can try. Then through our experience with dating apps, we can find out whether we should find love online or in an old-fashioned way? It is our decision.





LYRICS

[Verse 1]

I found a love for me
Oh darling, just dive right in and follow my lead
Well, I found a girl, beautiful and sweet
Oh, I never knew you were the someone waiting for me
'Cause we were just kids when we fell in love
Not knowing what it was
I will not give you up this time
But darling, just kiss me slow, your heart is all I own
And in your eyes, you're holding mine

[Chorus]

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark with you between my arms
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song
When you said you looked a mess, I whispered
underneath my breath
But you heard it, darling, you look perfect tonight

[Verse 2]

Well I found a woman, stronger than anyone I know
She shares my dreams, I hope that someday I'll share her
home
I found a love, to carry more than just my secrets
To carry love, to carry children of our own
We are still kids, but we're so in love
Fighting against all odds
I know we'll be alright this time
Darling, just hold my hand
Be my girl, I'll be your man
I see my future in your eyes

HALSEY - 'WITHOUT ME'



LYRICS

[Chorus 2]

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark, with you between my arms
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song
When I saw you in that dress, looking so beautiful
I don't deserve this, darling, you look perfect tonight

[Instrumental]

[Chorus 3]

Baby, I'm dancing in the dark, with you between my arms
Barefoot on the grass, listening to our favorite song
I have faith in what I see
Now I know I have met an angel in person
And she looks perfect
I don't deserve this
You look perfect tonight

"Maybe, a goodbye?"

Bhargavi aka Dolly
(India)

The friendships you thought would last a lifetime could fizzle out.

//Every time I feel good, I think it'll last forever, but it doesn't.//

Just imagine that you became so close to a person and had all those good times with that person. All of a sudden, they started to act weird.

I wish to write this story which is not about someone who's just a best friend but more like a sister.

Though it just started a year ago, we became so close, or maybe I was the one who became so attached that I used to share everything with her.

It all started in the month of October 2018 when I was in 10th grade and joined in the same tuition (Gyan Sagar academy a.k.a GSA) in which my brother Anurag was studying.

Though he was my classmate from third grade, I grew up calling him brother and I used to treat him like my own brother. Well, that was one of the main reasons why my mom agreed when I told her that I wanted to join in tuition.

So that she can stay tension free, 'cause he'll be there as well.

It was the 12th of October, and I was new there. I didn't really feel new, I felt like I've known them for ages.

There were a few of my schoolmates as well and one of them was Teju (Tejaswini), who's my best friend. Though we weren't that close in school, this GSA made us close. Everyone seemed so good and friendly, so were they.

In less time, I became close to them. That's where I met this girl though I'm not going to mention her name, but we met. There's another girl named Aviti who's best friend of hers. They're friendly, so was I. They both became good friends of mine. We had many memories together, especially the pani-puri scenes. We became fast friends.

It was the end of January 2019 when we became closer than we were.

She became my best friend and I thought I was too.

Though we promised we'll stay best friends, we never thought it'd end like this.

Maybe that's what promises are meant for, to be broken.

Time flies so fast that hours become days and days become months, and we become so busy preparing for our boards.

Soon our boards finished. Later my fellow boys and girls went to 'Vizag Central Park' and it was one of the best memories we had. Though, many people didn't show up on that day, it was the best as we all were meeting for one last time, as few of them were going somewhere else because they got transferred, or it was some other reason.

Soon our results came, we both thought of taking commerce and that was a coincidence. But I don't know when and why, my mind changed, and I didn't feel like taking commerce, so I took Arts aka Humanities as I was also thinking of doing English honors after my 12th.

We both got admission where we wanted, but she got in kv svn2 and I was in kv svn1, we're happy though.

As soon as our summer vacation finished our respective classes started, neither she liked her new school nor did I.

We wanted to go back to our old schools where everything seemed perfect even though it wasn't. But we didn't have another choice, so we had to continue.

We used to meet after school hours. Some days, we used to walk and talk until we reached where we were supposed to. And nothing has changed between us, not even the way we used to talk to each other.

Though we never used to talk on calls much, we're always connected through texts.

//Things change and it's necessarily someone's fault.//

One day I felt like she had changed, she stopped texting me like she used to. She stopped telling me about the things happening with and around her.

Then I came to know, no matter who it may be and how close you might be, people change when they meet new people and after making new friends.

Time passes quickly and everyone changes with time. Everything has changed, priorities were reorganized, we met rarely.

//She wondered how long she would live on in other people's memories.//

All those memories suddenly seemed faded and deemed. And whenever I saw her, suddenly all the memories flashed before my eyes, and then I realized that even though we're still friends, the spark of friendship has gone.

But the question is: why do people always leave?

Well, I've been in search of an answer for this question all my life. Now, I understand why. Because, people come when they're supposed to and leave exactly when they should.

See, the thing is people are not pages and I intend not to fill them up with my turmoil, but sometimes things become heavy, and you need someone to take it off.

I met some and lost some, it's always a never ending cycle, and you can not control this. However, you can choose with whom you enjoy the time that you have. Time is an illusion, what you have is "now".

Cherish the things you've, and enjoy every moment of life.

PS: words in // are not written by me.



"Her Soul Mate (Long novel)"

Laiba Akhtar

(Pakistan)

Dilawar saw her and Faris' expressions and understood the situation. His expressions morphed into grief as he saw the cold expressions of Faris.

"Ok Faris! As you wish! I have work to do so I should leave. See you at reception." Dilawar said and left.

When the door closed, Faris turned toward her.

"Except for Salma, no one should be there in my home!" he growled. She nodded.

He moved toward the guest room but stopped.

"Salma is not coming today. Her daughter has a high fever. So, lunch and dinner is your responsibility. I will be in the backyard." he said with coldness laced in his tone.

"What do you want for lunch?" she asked with hesitation.

"Make whatever you want. I will eat it." he replied with a sigh and moved toward the backyard.

.....

It was 11 am but still Hassan was in his bed. He didn't sleep after looking at the message. It felt like his heart was going to burst with grief. Past memories flashed in his mind.

Start of May

Sun was shining but the breeze was blowing, making it a beautiful day. ASP Hassan was standing in his uniform on the side of the road. A parliament meeting was taking place in one of the buildings and ASP Hassan had come here to ensure the security.

He was standing on the side of the road when a girl, wearing white shirt and trouser with red staller, came near him.

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"Yes?"

"Those boys are disturbing me, so please help me!" she said while pointing toward some boys. Those boys' faces became pale on seeing this scene and they ran away.

"Grab them!" he ordered his officers, standing near him.

Officers ran after them and the girl remained standing there.

ASP Hassan saw her confident demeanour which was an impressive thing.

"When do I have to come to file the report against them?" she asked him.

"First let the officers grab the boys" he replied with a smile. He was not expecting an eighteen, nineteen year old girl asking this question, so it was quite shocking for him. Most of the girls of this region were afraid of such cases. These situations made them suspicious in society, so most of them avoided these situations. But this girl seemed to be a different species.

To Hassan's disappointment, officers came empty handed.

"They ran away" they said. Anger shot in his veins as he stared at the faces of his officers while that girl shook her head in disappointment.

"I should leave" she said and started to walk away. He felt embarrassed.

"Be careful on roads" one of his officers commented at which ASP gave him the glare.

"Of course" she replied with a shrug.

Hassan saw her entering one of the restaurants. Her confidence and her personality impressed him.

"May we meet again" he wished.

His wish came true after twelve days. One of his cousins had to go to give her exam but no one was there to drop her so Hassan took the responsibility.

When he stopped the car in front of the college, he saw her. She was standing on the front door of college with an anxious expression.

"Amal" she waved for his cousin.

"Daneen!" he listened to his cousin's shout before she shut the car's door. Both friends hugged each other and started talking animatedly. This coincidence made his heart bloom.

After that, he took the permanent responsibility of dropping and picking his cousin. That cousin, Amal, became aware of his secret. She often asked him.

"Why don't you talk to her?"

"Why don't you tell her about your feelings?"

"Why don't you propose to her?"

And always his words were:

"I will never approach her or ask her to become my friend. I don't believe in boyfriend, girlfriend relationships. I will ask her hand in marriage in the pure traditional way as it will keep my feelings and our relationship pure, away from any sin."

And in reply, Amal always emphasized that he is getting late, but he ignored her. When her father died, Amal insisted that he tell her his feelings or to propose to her. But, he waited for some time. She is facing the trauma of her life and in it, introducing him and proposing to her is not a great idea. Their relationship was so delicate that Hassan didn't want to crack it.

But, he became late. Daneen had become someone else's bride. She can't be his now.

This thought pierced ASP Hassan's heart.

Now, he had to grieve in the long evenings of December.

.....

Mid December

Unbearable chill was in the atmosphere but Faris was unmindful of it. Life had been so cruel to him that changing weather had long ago stopped disturbing him. Ringtone of the mobile caused him to come out of his daze and fished out his mobile from pocket.

"Yes Dilawar?" he asked after attending the call.

"Why did you say that I shouldn't come in absence of yours?" Dilawar came to the point.

"Because it is inappropriate." Faris replied with nonchalant expressions.
"Or is it because you doubt me and Daneen?" Dilawar asked.

Irritation filled his being at this question. "Maybe" Coldness laced in his voice.

"Faris! After spending two years in prison, you have forgotten how to live among your loved ones. You have become a different person, and a complete opposite of Momin!" Dilawar said with anger and cut the call.

Faris also became shocked at his words. Irritation and hate spread in his body and his face turned red. He didn't like Dilawar's words but he also couldn't deny them.

"I know that Momin and Momina are much better than me, Dilawar"

He thought with sadness.

"My brother!" He whispered with a broken voice, as a lonely tear escaped from his eye.

To be continued...



MINI POESY

Between my words dwell a world of mine far from this life
 Beneath my breaths hide some clamoring feelings growing with time
 Behind my metaphors lie some memories of moonless nights

//but I'm still the same just a little stronger from inside //

Entre mes mots demeure un monde à moi loin de cette vie
 Sous mes souffles se cachent des sentiments vociférants qui grandissent avec le temps
 Derrière mes métaphores se reposent quelques souvenirs de nuits sans lune

//mais je suis toujours le même juste un peu plus fort de l'intérieur//

©Sahnah
 (English & French)



Don't read these words
 You might fall in love
 My poetries are flawless
 But I'm full of flaws

Ne lis pas ces mots
 Vous pourriez tomber amoureux
 Mes poésies sont impeccables
 Mais je suis plein de défauts

©Sahnah
 (French)

Hope

Light a candle
 make a wish
 See the flame
 beating inside
 a restless heart

passing wind
 flame flutters
 o my love
 pay attention
 the time is now!

©Mehreen Kazmi



MINI POESY

Love's Labor's Lost

©O'Carlain O'Mohraín

Ghost of yesterday
A vision transparent
Haunting me in my waking dreams
Torture of unrequited love
Taunting my broken heart
An apparition of past present and future
Laughing in the face of my sadness
Exorcise you from my being I must
Destruction only in love's labor's lost

Sometime works, sometimes not
When it does, it assists me a lot
Aye! My photographic memory
Quite often, accurately spot
Houses we built together
To live peacefully in the
Serene serenity and
Ideal ecstasy.

©Ovais



Arabic

"مَسْرُوقٌ فِي وَضَحِ الْمِرْأَى!"

نور الهدى

(Iraq)

وَقَدْ تُهَاجِر
حِينَ لَا يَكُونُ لَكَ وَطَنُ
وَيَبِيعُكَ الْمَجْتَمَعُ
يَبِيعُونَ أَفْكَارَكَ الْجَنْطِيَّةَ، مِبَادئَكَ النَحِيلَةَ
وَأَرْضَكَ السُّومَرِيَّةَ !
لَوْنِي وَجَسَدِي وَأَنْفِي!
اللَّهُ يَا وَطَنِي..
مَنْ فِينَا يَعْيشُ فِي الثَّانِي
إِذْ أَحْمَلُكَ وَلَا تَحْمِلْنِي
تَرْجُ تَحْتِي أَرْضُكَ السَّمَرَاءَ
لَكِي أَرْحَلْ
وَمَا مَتَاعِي مِنْكَ إِلَّا بَضْعَةٌ عَادَاتٍ عَرَبِيَّةٍ، لُغَةٍ، وَأَبْيَاتٍ شِعْرٍ..
لَمْ لَا نُقَرَّرْ أَنْ نَرْحَلَ كِلَانَا، هَكَذَا
لِكُلِّ الْأَسْبَابِ الْوَاضِحَةِ

”أسرة آمنة مطمئنة”

Snowbell

(Algeria)

إن أكثر شيء تمنيته في حياتي كلها هو أن يأتي يوم أكون فيه أما تحمل طفلها بين يديها و لكن هذه الأمنية لم تعني يوما أن أتزوج بأي كان لأجلها..لن أسمح لأي رجل كان أن يكون أبا لأطفالي..أريد رجلا أرى فيه القدوة و القوة و الحب بدون إعاقات فكرية أو عاطفية. رجلا يعرف من يكون و ماذا يريد. و أهم شيء..رجلا يعرف وجهته فيمضي إلى الله ثابت الخطى و أمضي معه فيه و كلي سعادة و فخر و ثقة..
لأنني ببساطة أريدها أسرة آمنة مطمئنة.

"مشاعر مربكة ليلة ما"

Loundja

(Algeria)

لن أنسى تلك الليلة حينما وضعت رأسي على الوسادة وخاطري مكسور ،
ودموعي تنهمر كالماء ، وقلبي تعصفه الرياح من جميع جوانبه ، لن أنسى أنني
كنت أتمنى لو أن بمقدرتي أن أبكي شيئاً أعمق من الدموع ، لن أنسى أنني
إستسلمت للحزن واليأس وقررت حينها أن أنهي حياتي ، نعم لقد قررت ذلك
ولكن كان لطف وجبرُ الله أعظم من أي شيء آخر ، وفي تلك اللحظة
زارني النوم لقد نمت نومة عميقة جداً وهادئة أيضاً ، و إستيقظتُ في الصباح وأنا
إنسانة أخرى لا أشبه الإنسانة المهزومة بالأمس ! أشعر بقوة لا أعلم مصدرها من
أين ، إنما هو لطف الله بقلبي وجبره لخاطري. لقد منحني يوماً
آخر لأثبت لنفسي والآخرين من أنا ، من صميم قلبي حمداً و شكراً لك يا الله

Quotes

You either live as misunderstood and loved or understood and despised.

©Binte Nadeem

In the world of online stalkers, a poet is a seasonal creeper stalking the corridors of uncharted minds.

©Amruta

And I walk between the days and nights to bury the merciless pains and heartless tears.

©Sahnah
(English)

Et je marche entre les jours et les nuits pour enterrer les douleurs impitoyables et les larmes sans pitié.

©Sahnah
(French)

Hypocrisy is too much in the air
One who reports get deported

©Ovais

Have faith, your heart will bloom again.

©Sadaff Khan

Arden

"چھلاوا"

Sareer Ali

(India)

کہانی، روایت، غزل، اور نظموں میں اکثر سنا ہے
 کہ پروانہ شمع کا عشق رہا ہے
 مگر اس چھلاوے پہ مجھ کو تو رتی برابر بھروسہ نہیں ہے
 یقین ہی نہیں ہے
 یقین کس طرح ہو؟
 یقین اسلئے بھی نہیں ہے
 کہ جلنے تلک تو مسلسل یہ پروانہ شمع کے چاروں طرف گھومتا ہے
 مگر اُسکے بجھتے ہی کیوں وہ ٹھہرتا نہیں ہے؟

چلو خیر مجھ کو ذرا یہ بتاؤ
 مجھے یہ بتاؤ میں کیسے اسے عشق کا نام دوں؟
 خود پرستی ہے یہ
 خود پرستی ہے یہ کہ اگر عشق ہوتا تو میت پہ شمع کی دو پل ٹھہرتا
 کم از کم دو اشکوں کا ناٹک ہی کرتا

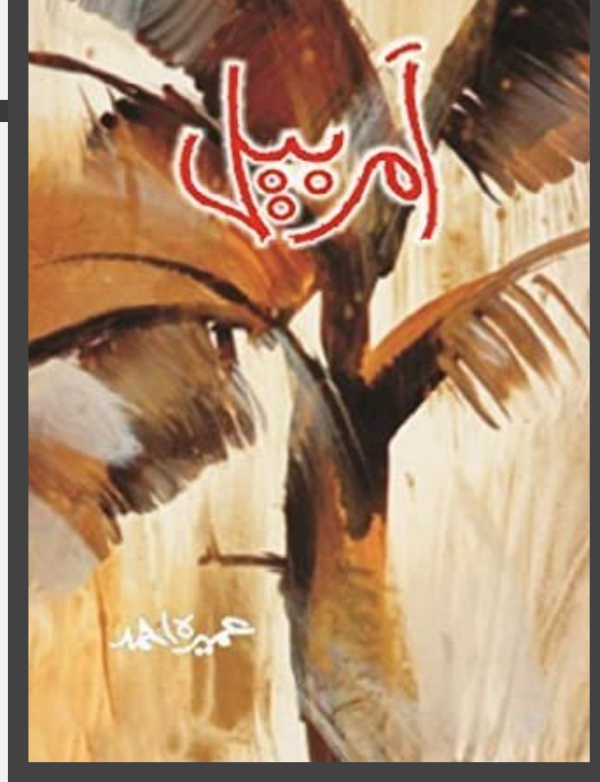
مگر اس کی فطرت یہی ہے
 کہیں دور اور کوئی شمع سلگنے لگی ہے
 یہ پروانہ دل کو سنبھالے وہیں ہے رہا ہے

”ٹیلی پیتھی“

مقدس نعیم
(Pakistan)

ٹیلی پیتھی کا مطلب ذہن کو پڑھ لینا۔ اس کے لیے کوئی بہت ڈگریوں کی ضرورت نہیں ہوتی بس انسان کو سمجھے کی چاہ چاہیے ہوتی ہے۔ ٹیلی پیتھی کی گہرائی کا تو علم نہیں مجھے مگر ایک ذہن سے دوسرے ذہن تک خیالات کا بدلاؤ اور ان کا جان لینا دیکھا ہے میں نے ، آزمایا ہے میں نے ۔ اس کے لیے آپکی آنکھوں میں دیکھ کر آپ کے جذبات کو پڑھ لینا بھی ضروری نہیں ہے۔ نہ آپکا سامنے ہونا ضروری ہے۔

کسی دوسرے کو سمجھنے کے لیے ، اس کے جذبات کو یا دل کو اور ذہنی کیفیت کو سمجھنے کے لیے جس چیز کی ضرورت ہوتی وہ محبت ، احساس اور چاہت ہے۔ اور پھر آپ میلوں دور بھی ہوں تو مطلوبہ شخص آپ کی تکلیف یا کیفیت کو سمجھ لیتا ہے۔ اور یہ صفات بہت کم لوگوں میں ہوتی ہیں۔ مگر ہوتی ضرور ہیں۔



BOOK REVIEW

امر بیل

مصنفہ: عمیرہ احمد

صنف : ناول

میری درجہ بندی : ★★★★★

تبصرہ نگار:
مقدس نعیم

مصنفہ کے بارے میں:

عمیرہ احمد پاکستان کی معروف ادیب اور اسکرین رائٹر ہیں۔ پیر کامل انکی ایسی کاوش ہے جس کی وجہ سے ان کو شہرت ملی۔ میں نے انکا ناول جو سب سے پہلے پڑھا وہ من و سلوی تھا۔ اسکے علاوہ پیر کامل، آب حیات، الف، امریل، حاصل، لاحقہ بھی انہی کی تصنیف ہیں۔ میں نے انکی تمام تصانیف تو نہیں پڑھیں مگر جو چند ایک پڑھی ہیں وہ تمام بہترین اشاعت ثابت ہوئیں ہیں۔

کتاب کے بارے میں:

گو کہ مصنفہ نے کتاب کے آغاز میں بتا دیا تھا کہ یہ ایک سیاسی ناول نہیں ہے بلکہ ایک ایسی لڑکی کی کہانی ہے جس کے پاس مال و دولت اور اثر رسوخ، آسائشات کے باوجود کمی تھی تو رشتوں کی۔ اس کے اردگرد بہت سے لوگ تھے مگر ایسا کوئی نہ تھا جو اسے سمجھتا۔ ایک ایسا خاندان جس کے تمام مرد سول سروس میں تھے۔

یہ کہانی ہے علیزہ سکندر کی جو عمر کے ایک بڑے حصے میں اپنی بیماریوں اور مسئلوں سے لڑتی رہی۔ پیسہ واحد چیز تھی جو اسکی طلب نہیں تھی۔ رشتے واحد تھے جو اسے میسر نہیں تھے۔ پر خلوص رشتے توجہ اور محبت کو وہ ادھر ادھر ڈھونڈتی رہی۔ اور ٹین ایج میں ہی اسے اپنے کزن عمر جہانگیر سے محبت ہو گئی۔

یہ کہانی ہے عمر جہانگیر کی جسے متاثر کیا اسکے قدیم نے اور واحد چیز رشتے تھے جس سے اسے چڑ تھی صرف اسلیے کہ واحد چیز پیسہ تھا جو اسے میسر تھا۔ اپنی آخری سانس تک محبت کو مخفی رکھا۔ سب کچھ حاصل اور سب کچھ لا حاصل کے درمیان ہی وہ زندگی بار گیا۔

اس ناول میں دوسرے اہم کردار ہیں جن کے بغیر ناول نا مکمل رہتا۔ جیسے نانو، جہانگیر معاذ، ایاز، عباس، شیدا (علیزہ کی دوست)۔ جنید ابراہیم (علیزہ کا منگیترا)۔

میری رائے:

اس ناول کے بارے میں میں نے بہت سنا تھا۔ فیس بک پر علیزہ سکندر اور عمر جہانگیر کی محبت کی کہانی بھی بہت سنی تھی۔ اقتباسات کچھ ایسے پڑھے کہ ناول پڑھنے میں دلچسپی بڑھی۔ ناول ملا تو پڑھنا شروع کیا۔

اس ناول میں جس محبت کی کہانی کہ بارے میں ہمیشہ سے سنتی آئی اسے پڑھ کر بے حد مایوس ہوئی۔ اس لیے نہیں کہ کہانی اچھی نہیں تھی بلکہ اس لیے کیونکہ ناول میں گہرائی میں بیورو کریسی کے متعلق بات کی گئی تھی اور یہ واحد چیز تھی جس نے میری دلچسپی بڑھائی۔ گو کہ مجھے سیاست میں خاص دلچسپی نہیں مگر جس طرح مصنفہ نے ایک دوسرا رخ اس ناول میں پیش کیا میں داد دے بغیر نہیں رہ سکی۔ اور افسوس کہ عوام نے اس ناول کا بڑا حصہ کبھی زیر بحث نہیں لائی۔

یہ وہ معلومات تھی جو مجھ جیسی بندی کو پہلی بار ملی اور میں ایک نئے رخ سے متعارف ہوئی۔

اسکے برعکس ناول کی کہانی جس میں رشتوں کی اہمیت کو بے حد خوبصورت انداز میں لکھا گیا ہے۔ اس بات کی عکاسی کرتی ہے کہ بالآخر پیسہ زندگی کی ضرورت ضرور ہے مگر زندہ رہنے کے لیے رشتے سانس کے مترادف ہوتے ہیں۔

آپ کو دنیا کی ہر آسائش مل جانے کا مطلب یہ نہیں ہوتا کہ اب آپ ہمیشہ خوش رہیں گے۔ واحد چیز جو انسان کو سکون دیتی ہے وہ مخلص انسان کا ساتھ ہے پھر وہ چاہے کسی بھی رشتے میں ہو مگر محرم۔

اس ناول میں جہاں علیزے کو عمر کے ساتھ بہت جوڑا گیا جو کہ ظاہر ہے کہ ناول کہ بیرونی تھے مگر ایک بہت اہم کردار جس کی کبھی بات نہیں کی گئی وہ جنید ابراہیم ہے۔ علیزے کا منگیتر۔ اور مجھے جنید ابراہیم کا کردار عمر کے کردار سے زیادہ پسند آیا۔ سب کی اپنی اپنی پسند ہوتی ہے اور مجھے جنید اور علیزے کی محبت نے زیادہ متاثر کیا۔

نوٹ: میرے پسندیدہ اقتباسات اس ناول میں سے بہت سارے ہیں جو میں نے عکس کی صورت میں چند ایک لگا دیے ہیں۔ امید ہے آپ کو تبصرہ بھی پسند آیا ہو گا۔

آپکی قیمتی رائے کی منتظر رہوں گی۔

دعاگو

©مقدس نعیم

Punjabi

**"In both Gurmukhi and
Shahmukhi Fonts"**

"Banawati Insaan"

Harpreet Kaur

(Patiala, East Punjab, India)

ਦੇਖੇ ਨੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਦੰਗੇ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਮੈਂ ਰੱਬ ਦੇ ਇਸ ਜਹਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਦਿੱਖੇ ਨੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਦੰਗੇ ਬੰਦੇ ਮੇਂ ਰੱਬ ਦੇ ਇਸ ਜਹਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।
ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਖੋ ਗਿਆ ਏ ਇਸ ਖੂਨੀ ਘਮਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ? ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਕਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਏ ਇਸ ਖੂਨੀ ਗ਼ਮਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ?

ਕੀ ਕਰਨਾ ਏ ਕੋਠੀਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਇੰਨੀ ਲੱਕੜ ਲਾ ਕੇ ਜੀ? ਕੀ ਕਰਨਾ ਏ ਕੋਠੀਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਇੰਨੀ ਲੱਕੜ ਲਾ ਕੇ ਜੀ?
ਮੌਤ ਵੇਲੇ ਤਾਂ ਅਰਥੀ 'ਤੇ ਟੁਰ ਜਾਣਾ ਏ ਸ਼ਮਸ਼ਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਮੌਤ ਵੇਲੇ ਤਾਂ ਅਰਥੀ 'ਤੇ ਟੁਰ ਜਾਣਾ ਏ ਸ਼ਮਸ਼ਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਕਾਰਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਨੇ, ਨੀਂਦਰ ਲਈ ਏ.ਸੀ. ਵੀ ਲਗਵਾਏ ਨੇ ਕਾਰਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਨੇ, ਨੀਂਦਰ ਲਈ ਏ.ਸੀ. ਵੀ ਲਗਵਾਏ ਨੇ
ਫਿਰ ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿਉਂ ਭੱਜਿਆ ਫਿਰਦਾ ਏ ਥਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ? ਫਿਰ ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿਉਂ ਭੱਜਿਆ ਫਿਰਦਾ ਏ ਥਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ?

ਵਪਾਰਾਂ-ਕਾਰੋਬਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਾਂ ਭਾਂਵੇ ਮੁਨਾਫ਼ਾ ਚੋਖਾ ਏ ਵਪਾਰਾਂ-ਕਾਰੋਬਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਾਂ ਭਾਂਵੇ ਮੁਨਾਫ਼ਾ ਚੋਖਾ ਏ
ਬਸ ਨੈਤਿਕਤਾ ਹੀ ਹਰ ਬੈਠਿਆ ਏ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਬਸ ਨੈਤਿਕਤਾ ਹੀ ਹਰ ਬੈਠਿਆ ਏ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਕਿੰਨੇ ਮੰਦਰ-ਮਸਜਿਦ ਤੇ ਗੁਰੂ-ਘਰ ਵੀ ਗਾਹ ਚੁੱਕਾ ਏ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਮੰਦਰ-ਮਸਜਿਦ ਤੇ ਗੁਰੂ-ਘਰ ਵੀ ਗਾਹ ਚੁੱਕਾ ਏ
ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੁਣ ਆਲੀਸ਼ਾਨ ਮਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੁਣ ਆਲੀਸ਼ਾਨ ਮਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਦਾਨ-ਪੁੰਨ ਵੀ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਰੱਜ-ਰੱਜ ਕਰਕੇ ਦੇਖ ਲਏ ਦਾਨ-ਪੁੰਨ ਵੀ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਰੱਜ-ਰੱਜ ਕਰਕੇ ਦੇਖ ਲਏ
ਖੋਰੇ ਕਿਉਂ ਤ੍ਰਿਪਤੀ ਨੀ ਥਾਲੀ ਸਜੇ ਪਕਵਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ? ਖੋਰੇ ਕਿਉਂ ਤ੍ਰਿਪਤੀ ਨੀ ਥਾਲੀ ਸਜੇ ਪਕਵਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ?

ਡਿੱਗਰੀਆਂ ਲੈ-ਲੈ ਕਮਲਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਹੁਣ ਤੀਕਰ ਡਿੱਗਰੀਆਂ ਲੈ-ਲੈ ਕਮਲਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਹੁਣ ਤੀਕਰ
ਗਿਣਿਆ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਤਾਂਗੀਓਂ ਤਾਂ ਅਕਲੋਂ ਨਦਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਗਿਣਿਆ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਤਾਂਗੀਓਂ ਤਾਂ ਅਕਲੋਂ ਨਦਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਦੇਵ-ਮਨੁੱਖਾ ਭੇਖ ਧਾਰਿਆ ਏ ਬਸ ਇੱਕ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ ਵੱਜੋਂ ਦੇਵ-ਮਨੁੱਖਾ ਭੇਖ ਧਾਰਿਆ ਏ ਬਸ ਇੱਕ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ ਵੱਜੋਂ
ਉੱਝ ਮਨ ਤਾਂ ਖੁਭਿਆ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਸ਼ੈਤਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਉੱਝ ਮਨ ਤਾਂ ਖੁਭਿਆ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਸ਼ੈਤਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਦਿੱਖੇ ਨੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਦੰਗੇ ਬੰਦੇ ਮੇਂ ਰੱਬ ਦੇ ਇਸ ਜਹਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਦਿੱਖੇ ਨੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਦੰਗੇ ਬੰਦੇ ਮੇਂ ਰੱਬ ਦੇ ਇਸ ਜਹਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।
ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਕਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਏ ਇਸ ਖੂਨੀ ਗ਼ਮਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ? ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਕਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਏ ਇਸ ਖੂਨੀ ਗ਼ਮਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ?

ਕੀ ਕਰਨਾ ਏ ਕੋਠੀਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਇੰਨੀ ਲੱਕੜ ਲਾ ਕੇ ਜੀ? ਕੀ ਕਰਨਾ ਏ ਕੋਠੀਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਇੰਨੀ ਲੱਕੜ ਲਾ ਕੇ ਜੀ?
ਮੌਤ ਵੇਲੇ ਤਾਂ ਅਰਥੀ 'ਤੇ ਟੁਰ ਜਾਣਾ ਏ ਸ਼ਮਸ਼ਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਮੌਤ ਵੇਲੇ ਤਾਂ ਅਰਥੀ 'ਤੇ ਟੁਰ ਜਾਣਾ ਏ ਸ਼ਮਸ਼ਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਕਾਰਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਨੇ, ਨੀਂਦਰ ਲਈ ਏ.ਸੀ. ਵੀ ਲਗਵਾਏ ਨੇ ਕਾਰਾਂ ਕੋਲ ਨੇ, ਨੀਂਦਰ ਲਈ ਏ.ਸੀ. ਵੀ ਲਗਵਾਏ ਨੇ
ਫਿਰ ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿਉਂ ਭੱਜਿਆ ਫਿਰਦਾ ਏ ਥਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ? ਫਿਰ ਬੰਦਾ ਕਿਉਂ ਭੱਜਿਆ ਫਿਰਦਾ ਏ ਥਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ?

ਵਪਾਰਾਂ-ਕਾਰੋਬਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਾਂ ਭਾਂਵੇ ਮੁਨਾਫ਼ਾ ਚੋਖਾ ਏ ਵਪਾਰਾਂ-ਕਾਰੋਬਾਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਾਂ ਭਾਂਵੇ ਮੁਨਾਫ਼ਾ ਚੋਖਾ ਏ
ਬਸ ਨੈਤਿਕਤਾ ਹੀ ਹਰ ਬੈਠਿਆ ਏ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਬਸ ਨੈਤਿਕਤਾ ਹੀ ਹਰ ਬੈਠਿਆ ਏ ਨੁਕਸਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਕਿੰਨੇ ਮੰਦਰ-ਮਸਜਿਦ ਤੇ ਗੁਰੂ-ਘਰ ਵੀ ਗਾਹ ਚੁੱਕਾ ਏ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਮੰਦਰ-ਮਸਜਿਦ ਤੇ ਗੁਰੂ-ਘਰ ਵੀ ਗਾਹ ਚੁੱਕਾ ਏ
ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੁਣ ਆਲੀਸ਼ਾਨ ਮਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਸ਼ਾਂਤੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਹੁਣ ਆਲੀਸ਼ਾਨ ਮਕਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਦਾਨ-ਪੁੰਨ ਵੀ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਰੱਜ-ਰੱਜ ਕਰਕੇ ਦੇਖ ਲਏ ਦਾਨ-ਪੁੰਨ ਵੀ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਰੱਜ-ਰੱਜ ਕਰਕੇ ਦੇਖ ਲਏ
ਖੋਰੇ ਕਿਉਂ ਤ੍ਰਿਪਤੀ ਨੀ ਥਾਲੀ ਸਜੇ ਪਕਵਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ? ਖੋਰੇ ਕਿਉਂ ਤ੍ਰਿਪਤੀ ਨੀ ਥਾਲੀ ਸਜੇ ਪਕਵਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ?

ਡਿੱਗਰੀਆਂ ਲੈ-ਲੈ ਕਮਲਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਹੁਣ ਤੀਕਰ ਡਿੱਗਰੀਆਂ ਲੈ-ਲੈ ਕਮਲਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਹੁਣ ਤੀਕਰ
ਗਿਣਿਆ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਤਾਂਗੀਓਂ ਤਾਂ ਅਕਲੋਂ ਨਦਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਗਿਣਿਆ ਜਾਂਦੇ ਤਾਂਗੀਓਂ ਤਾਂ ਅਕਲੋਂ ਨਦਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

ਦੇਵ-ਮਨੁੱਖਾ ਭੇਖ ਧਾਰਿਆ ਏ ਬਸ ਇੱਕ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ ਵੱਜੋਂ ਦੇਵ-ਮਨੁੱਖਾ ਭੇਖ ਧਾਰਿਆ ਏ ਬਸ ਇੱਕ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ ਵੱਜੋਂ
ਉੱਝ ਮਨ ਤਾਂ ਖੁਭਿਆ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਸ਼ੈਤਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ। ਉੱਝ ਮਨ ਤਾਂ ਖੁਭਿਆ ਰਹਿੰਦੇ ਨਿੱਤ ਸ਼ੈਤਾਨ ਵਿੱਚ।

"Chandri Chupp"

Karanbir Singh
'Amber'

(Amritsar, East Punjab, India)

ਪਤਾ ਨੀ ਕਿਹਦੇ ਵੱਲ ਨੇ ਰੁੱਖ ਹਵਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ।
ਮੁੜੇ ਨੀ ਹਾਲੀ ਘਰੇ ਜਵਾਨ ਪੁੱਤ ਮਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਕੋਈ ਸਮਝਾਵੇ ਲੰਘੇ ਪਾਣੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੁੜਦੇ
ਅੱਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਾ ਦੇ ਮਾਂ ਨੀ ਸਿਹਰੇ ਲਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਨਾ ਰੱਖ ਆਸਾ ਉਸ ਜਹਾਨੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੁੜਨੇ
ਤੁਰ ਗਏ ਪਾਂਧੀ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਸੁੰਨੀਆਂ ਰਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਕਿਸੇ ਆਖਿਆ ਇੱਕ ਮੁਕਾਬਲਾ ਰਾਤ ਹੋਇਆ
ਰੋਂਦੇ ਸੀ ਕਈ ਲਾਸ਼ ਦੇ ਮੁਹਰੇ ਧਾਹਵਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਮਾਸੂਮਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਚੀਕਾਂ ਥਾਣੇਊ ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ
ਫਿਰ ਕਿਉਂ ਚੰਦਰੀ ਚੁੱਪ ਏ ਵਿੱਚ ਫਿਜ਼ਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਹੋ ਸਕਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਅੰਮੀਏ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮਾਫ ਕਰੀ
ਮੋੜ ਨਾ ਸਕਿਆ ਮੁੱਲ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰਿਆਂ ਚਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ।

ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਹਿਦੇ ਵਲ ਨੀ ਰੁੱਖ ਹਵਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ
ਮੁੜੇ ਨੀ ਭੱਲੀ ਗਹਰੇ ਜਹਾਨ ਪੁੱਤ ਮਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ

ਕੋਈ ਸਮਝਾਵੇ ਲੰਘੇ ਪਾਣੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੁੜਦੇ
ਅੱਗ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਾ ਦੇ ਮਾਂ ਨੀ ਸਿਹਰੇ ਲਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ

ਨਾ ਰੱਖ ਆਸਾ ਉਸ ਜਹਾਨੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੁੜਨੇ
ਤੁਰ ਗਏ ਪਾਂਧੀ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਸੁੰਨੀਆਂ ਰਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ

ਕਿਸੇ ਆਖਿਆ ਇੱਕ ਮੁਕਾਬਲਾ ਰਾਤ ਹੋਇਆ
ਰੋਂਦੇ ਸੀ ਕਈ ਲਾਸ਼ ਦੇ ਮੁਹਰੇ ਧਾਹਵਾਂ ਦੇ

ਮਾਸੂਮਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਚੀਕਾਂ ਥਾਣੇਊ ਆਉਂਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ
ਫਿਰ ਕਿਉਂ ਚੰਦਰੀ ਚੁੱਪ ਏ ਵਿੱਚ ਫਿਜ਼ਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ

ਹੋ ਸਕਿਆ ਤਾਂ ਅੰਮੀਏ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮਾਫ ਕਰੀ
ਮੋੜ ਨਾ ਸਕਿਆ ਮੁੱਲ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰਿਆਂ ਚਾਵਾਂ ਦੇ

"Tu Mainu Janda Ein"

Sumeet Kaur

(Melbourne, Australia)

ਮੇਰਾ ਸਿਆਲ ਜੇ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਸਰਦ ਲੱਗੇ
ਨਹੀਂ ਹਕਦਾਰ ਤੂੰ ਮੇਰੀ ਬਹਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।
ਤੂੰ ਚਾਹੁੰਨਾ ਮੇਰਾ ਮੁੱਲ ਪਾਉਣਾ
ਤੇਰੇ 'ਚ ਇੱਕ ਗੁਣ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਖਰੀਦਦਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।
ਸੂਰਜ ਹੈ ਤੇਰੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਸਾਹਵੇਂ
ਉਹਦੀ ਤਪਸ਼ ਨਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਸਹਾਰਦਾ ਏ।
ਚੰਨ ਨਬਜ਼ ਬਣ ਮੇਰੇ ਖੂਣ 'ਚ ਰਚਿਆ
ਪਰ ਤੂੰ ਚਿਹਰੇ ਚੋਂ ਚੰਨ ਭਾਲਦਾ ਏ।
ਜੇ ਦਿਲ, ਤੇਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਧੜਕ ਰਿਹਾ
ਮੇਰੀ ਰੂਹ ਨੂੰ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਛਾਣ ਦਾ ਏ,
ਤੇ ਤੂੰ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਤੂੰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਣਦਾ ਏ।
ਨਾਂ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਕਦੇ ਖੜਾਕ ਸੁਣੇ,
ਉੱਥੇ ਇਲਮ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪੂਰੇ ਜਹਾਨ ਦਾ ਏ।
ਤੇ ਤੂੰ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ, ਤੂੰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਣਦਾ ਏ।

ਤੂੰ ਸਿਰਫ ਹਜੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਖਲੜੀ ਵੇਖੀ
ਬਾਕੀ ਸਭ ਤੇਰੇ ਮਨ ਦਾ ਫੁਰਨਾ ਏ।
ਜਿਲਦ ਵੇਖ ਨਾ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਹੋਏ
ਦੇਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਵਕਤ ਜੇ ਸੱਚੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਪੜ੍ਹਨਾ ਏ।
ਇੱਕ ਪੈੜ ਵੀ ਸਾਡੀ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ
ਕਿੰਨ ਜਨਮ ਜਨਮ ਤੱਕ ਤੁਰਨਾ ਏ।
ਮੈਂ ਇੱਕ ਤਨਹਾ ਟਾਪੂ ਜਿਹੀ
ਤੇਰਾ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਤਰਨਾ ਏ।
ਕਦੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਡੁੰਗਾਈ ਵੀ ਤਰ ਕੇ ਵੇਖ
ਜਿਵੇਂ ਸੱਟਾਂ ਡੁੰਗੀਆਂ ਮਾਰਦਾ ਏ,
ਤੇ ਤੂੰ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਤੂੰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਣਦਾ ਏ।

ਜੇ ਝੱਖੜਾਂ 'ਚ ਹੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮਾਪਣਾ ਏ
ਤਾਂ ਹਰਿਆਲੀ 'ਚ ਨਾਂ ਪਰੇਸ਼ਾਨ ਕਰੀਂ।
ਜੇ ਖੁਸ਼ਹਾਲੀ 'ਚ ਹੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਨਣਾ ਏ
ਮੈਨੂੰ ਨਾਂ ਜਾਣ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਤੇ ਅਹਿਸਾਨ ਕਰੀਂ।

ਮੇਰਾ ਸਿਆਲ ਜੇ ਤਿੰਨਾਂ ਸਰਦ ਲੱਗੇ
ਨਹੀਂ ਹਕਦਾਰ ਤੋ ਮੇਰੀ ਬਹਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।
ਤੋ ਚਾਹਨਾ ਏ ਮੇਰਾ ਮੁੱਲ ਪਾਉਣਾ
ਤਿਰੇ 'ਚ ਇੱਕ ਗੁਣ ਵੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਖਰੀਦਾਰ ਦਾ ਏ।
ਸੂਰਜ ਹੈ ਤੇਰੀਆਂ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਸਾਹਵੇਂ
ਉਹਦੀ ਤਪਸ਼ ਨਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਸਹਾਰਦਾ ਏ।
ਚੰਨ ਨਬਜ਼ ਬਣ ਮੇਰੇ ਖੂਣ 'ਚ ਰਚਿਆ
ਪਰ ਤੂੰ ਚਿਹਰੇ ਤੋ ਚੰਨ ਭਾਲਦਾ ਏ।
ਜੋ ਦਿਲ ਤਿਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਧੜਕ ਰਿਹਾ
ਮੇਰੀ ਰੂਹ ਨਹੀਂ ਪਛਾਣਦਾ ਏ,
ਤੇ ਤੋ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ ਮਿਨੋ ਜਾਨਦਾ ਏ।
ਨਾ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਕਦੀਂ ਕਹੜਾਕ ਸੁਣੇ,
ਅੰਯੇ ਏਲਮ ਤਿਨੋ ਪੂਰੇ ਜਹਾਨ ਦਾ ਏ।
ਤੇ ਤੋ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ ਤੋ ਮਿਨੋ ਜਾਨਦਾ ਏ।

ਤੋ ਸਰਫ ਬਯੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਕਹਲੂਰੀ ਵਿਕਹੀ
ਬਾਕੀ ਸਬ ਤਿਰੇ ਮਨ ਦਾ ਫੁਰਨਾ ਏ।
ਜਿਲਦ ਵਿਕਹ ਨਾ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਹੋਏ
ਦਿਨਾ ਪਿੰਨਾ ਵਕਤ ਜੇ ਸੱਚੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੂੰ ਪੜ੍ਹਨਾ ਏ।
ਇੱਕ ਪਿੰਡ ਵੀ ਸਾਡੀ ਮਿਲਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ
ਕਿੰਨ ਜਨਮ ਜਨਮ ਤੱਕ ਤੁਰਨਾ ਏ।
ਮਿਨੋ ਇੱਕ ਤਨਹਾ ਟਾਪੂ ਜਿਹੀ
ਤਿਰਾ ਸ਼ੌਂਕ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਤਰਨਾ ਏ।
ਕਿਓਂ ਸੱਟਾਂ ਡੁੰਗੀਆਂ ਮਾਰਦਾ ਏ,
ਤੇ ਤੋ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ ਤੋ ਮਿਨੋ ਜਾਨਦਾ ਏ।

ਜੇ ਜੇਕਹੜਾਂ ਚ ਹੀ ਮਿਨੋ ਮਾਪਨਾ ਏ
ਤਾ ਬਰਿਾਲੀ ਚ ਨਾ ਮਿਨੋ ਪਰਿਸ਼ਾਨ ਕਰੀਂ-
ਜੇ ਖੁਸ਼ਹਾਲੀ ਚ ਹੀ ਮਿਨੋ ਜਾਨਨਾ ਏ
ਮਿਨੋ ਨਾ ਜਾਨ ਕੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਤੇ ਅਹਿਸਾਨ ਕਰੀਂ-

جہنے پانی، ہوا تے رُکھ دّے ،
جہنے جیہہ، سواد تے بُھک دّے ،
جہنے سب نوں وکھرے مُکھ دّے ،
مانن نو ڈُکھ تے سُکھ دّے۔
جہنے امیر دھرتی سیرجے نے ،
منگل، سورج، چن، دھرتی
جہدے حُکم چ بھیجے فِر دے نے۔
جہدے حکم چ کنڈے اُگدے نے ،
فُل اُبدی رجا چ کِر دے نے۔
اُدے جیوڈ بور نا بے کوئی ،
اُہ کوئی چھوٹی موٹی ہستی نہی،
بُتے مل جے دھوپ پتاسیاں دے ،
رب چیز ایڈی وی سستی نہی۔
لگھا میں دے سِر تے فُلیا اے ،
کوئی سوچ اُبدے جہی خستی نہی۔
جہنو نام اُبدے دی لور رے
اُس فِکّر جیہی مستی نہی۔
اُبدی رزا چ رہنا سیکھ لکھیا ،
حکم اُدا تو ٹال سکے ،
تیری ایڈی وی ہستی نہی۔



Advertising Plans



AMENITIES	BRONZE	SILVER	GOLD	PLATINUM (MONTHLY)
DAILY SUBSCRIPTION	10\$	20\$	70\$	588\$
PLATFORMS	ALL SOCIAL HANDLES	ALL SOCIAL HANDLES	SOCIAL HANDLES + WEBSITE + EMAG	SOCIAL HANDLES + WEBSITE + EMAG
TWEETS/POSTS/SHARE	2	4 (2 T 2 RT)	8 (4 T 4 RT) + 1 BANNER	12 T + 2 BANNERS + A4
ARTICLE	-	-	1 (1 PAGE)	1 (2 PAGES)
DURATION	1 DAY	1 WEEK	1 MONTH	1 MONTH
DESIGNING SERVICES	AVAILABLE	AVAILABLE	AVAILABLE	AVAILABLE



Hope you all are doing fantastic.

We couldn't be more pleased announcing that the December edition of Causerie has surpassed 600 readerships. Our readership has increased drastically, more and more people are sending in their prestigious work, and if there's someone after the Lord who made it possible; it's you all! Our writers and readers; you guys are the real reason why we are here. We appreciate your love for Literature.

Our aim has been to spread literary awareness worldwide and support literary souls throughout the world because we value literature! That being said, it's time to take a step forward in this venture of insightful notions.

Along with writers, it's time to honor the speakers too! The team of Causerie is so glad to inform you that we are bringing a new addition to this project and it's called Vocal Verses. Yes, you heard it right. If you get a bang out of spoken poetry or prose and would like to share your words with the world in your very own voice and emotions; then here's the platform. We will be featuring your audio poesy and prose on our official website and we'll also promote your work on all our social media handles that have a vast audience who would absolutely love listening to you! Our team will assist you at every step; from recording your words, till getting them featured!

If your audio is ready, visit our website to submit your poesy. You will receive our email for further process if your content is selected.

But if you're kinda confused and would like to discuss anything regarding the process i.e. recording, captioning, assigning a title, or whatever; feel free to drop us a DM or email.

causerieofficial@yahoo.com

A huge round of applause for you guys for supporting a literary cause

Causerie



Featuring Plans

VOCAL VERSES

AMENITIES

MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTION

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION

TRACKS

FEATURING DURATION

PROMOTION ON SOCIAL
HANDLES

ON SERVER LIFESPAN

BRONZE

4\$

40\$

1

1 MONTH

ONCE A
MONTH

1 MONTH

SILVER

8\$

80\$

2

3 MONTHS

ONCE A
WEEK(BOTH)

6 MONTHS

GOLD

12\$

122\$

4

6 MONTHS

FOUR DAYS A
WEEK(ALL)

1 YEAR

PLATINUM

216\$

7 (RENEWAL
EVERY YEAR)

1 YEAR

7 DAYS A WEEK
(ALL)

LIFE TIME

greek

" Χειμώνας ,Κρύο, Βροχή "

Estel

(Greek)

Χειμώνας,κρύο,βροχή
Σταγόνες ,σαν το κλαμα που πνίγεται μέσα μας

Χειμώνας,κρύο,βροχή
Ένας καιρός για 2....
Εκεί που τα χέρια πλέκουν στιγμές αγάπης και θαλπωρής...

Χειμώνας,κρύο ,βροχή
Και μια ζεστή κούπα καφέ ή σοκολάτας ,γεύσεις και αρώματα και αναμνήσεις...

Χειμώνας, κρύο, βροχή
Και μια χνουδωτή αγκαλιά απ' τον πιο πιστό σου φίλο..
Ναι ,τον σκύλο

Χειμώνας,κρύο,βροχή..
Όπως ακούγονται οι σταλες
Γίνονται έμπνευση για σύνθεση,στίχο,τραγούδι,μουσική,χορό ,
ποίηση,ζωγραφική

Χειμώνας , κρύο,βροχή
Και το ζεστό νερό,το μπάνιο
Γίνεται χωρος λατρείας,εξιλέωσης, εξαγνισμού,κάθαρσης ...

Χειμώνας,κρύο,βροχή....
Και κάποια σπίτια δεν έχουν ψυχή να τους σταθεί...
Ούτε πουλί να κελαηδεί...

Χειμώνας, κρύο, βροχή.....
Αναποληση, ανάμνηση,παιδική γιορτή
Χειμώνας, κρύο ,βροχή



French

"Mes poésies et les saisons"

Sahnah

(Mauritius)

Je garde quelques feuilles séchées des automnes passés
Quelques tournesols flétris de sources oubliées
Quelques parapluies brisés d'hivers obsédants
Surtout quelques photos d'étés mémorables

Je cherche les mots entre mes soupirs et sous mes cris silencieux et je
les orne de mensonges soyeux,
Promesses non tenues,
Bénédiction regretter,
De jolies malédictions et
Rêves brisés

Mes versets embellissent les cœurs comme des courtepointes bénies
déguisées touchant les cordes sensibles après le passage des saisons
d'automne et du printemps

Mes poésies sont ordinaires mais touchent les cœurs comme une
pluie sacrée d'été et brille comme le précieux soleil d'hiver.



"My poetries and the seasons"

Sahnah

(Mauritius)

I keep some dried leaves of the past autumns
Some withered sunflowers of forgotten springs
Some broken umbrellas of haunting winters
Some spesh pictures of memorable summers

I search the words between my sighs and beneath my silent screams
and I adorn it with silken lies,
Broken promises,
Regret blessings,
Pretty curses and
Shattered dreams

My verses embellish the hearts like blessed quilts in disguise
touching the heartstrings after the passage of autumn seasons and
spring

My poetries are ordinary but touch the hearts like the pouring
sacred rain of summer and shine like the precious sun of winter.



Spanish

"El nuevo viaje"

Samara

(Peru)

El fin de un ciclo, el inicio de otro.
Una puerta se cierra, una ventana se abre.
Un libro terminó de escribirse, continúa el siguiente.
Se pasó un tren, en breves llegará uno más.
El viajero no estaba perdido, encontró un nuevo camino.
La cantimplora medio llena, en vez de medio vacía.
No, eso no implica borrón y cuenta nueva.
Porque la mochila está repleta, aunque no pesa.
Tiene sueños e ilusiones, mapa y la brújula.
Seres queridos, grandiosa compañía.
Habrán montañas y nevados en la ruta.
Escaseará el oxígeno, faltará la fuerza.
Dicen que la senda es tan hermosa como la cima.
Dependerá del viajero seguir el consejo.
Dependerá del viajero explorar lo desconocido.
Dependerá del viajero dirigir el ritmo de sus pasos.
¿Decidirá ir lento o decidirá ir rápido?
Dependerá del viajero tomarse un descanso.
¿Habrán entendido que cada trayecto es único?
Mente libre y corazón henchido, de eso, sí está muy seguro.

Hindi

"खामोशी" नज़्म

By
Sana Khan
(India)

ए खामोशी मिरे अंदर
जो तू घर कर के बैठी है
कि जैसे मुझको अपना मान बैठी हो
किसी संकी से आशिक़ की तरह
मेरी मुहब्बत पाने हर हद से गुजर जाने
में कोई खौफ़ दिल में नहीं
जैसे में तेरी मिलिकियत हूं
या गुलामी ही मेरा मुकद्दर है

नदामत और ये भी है
खला ने मुझ में अब घर कर लिया
फिर आग की रागाबत में तन्हा छोड़
इक मुद्दत मुझे जलने दिया
जिस में निरे कुंदन सा जल कर
इक हुनर ए अज़मत मिला
और इक अदा आई है

जैसे एहसासों के शजर बोना
समझना रंग चाहत के
कभी रिश्ते बचा लेना
किसी दिल से उतारना
तो किसी की आंख को पढ़ना

कभी पहरों तलक हस्ना
कभी हस्कर के रों देना
कभी खुद ही बिखरना और
फिर खुद ही संवर जाना
मिरी ग़फ़लत मिजाजी में भी
तेरी ही साजे दारी
खामोशी नहीं तो और मेरा कोन साथी हैं

Tamil

"பெண்ணாகிய நீ..."

Dinesh S R

(India)

மாந்தர் பிடியில் எங்கனம் வீழ்வாரோ
அவ்வச்சம் நீங்கும் பெண்மை வேண்டும்.
கடற்தம் உவர்பபிற் கிரும்பும் அடியோன்,
அவ்வுவர்பாம் உன்னின் ஏற்றம் விடறேல்.

பதற்றம் பிறந்தும், உம்மிதழ்கள் மலர்ந்தோ;
அந்நகைப்பிற்கடியேன் உலன் இலல் எவரோ.
தாழ்ந்தும் படரா, செருக்கும் தோடரா,
ஆடவரின் நிகராம் உண்பால் தாழேல்.

பிறர்தம் மலர்வுக்கு அயரா நீரிட்ட,
அவர்தம் துணைக்கோள் என்றும் நீங்கா,
உன்கன் தொடரும் வாழ்வும் உயர,
உம்பிறப்பின் மதிப்பு எவர்தாம் அறியேல்.



"வைரசும் வாழ்க்கையும்"

Padmavathi Krishna

(India)

பட்டப்படிப்பு நான் படிக்க கொஞ்சமாக சேர்த்துவச்சேன், சொச்சமெல்லாம் போட்டு வச்சேன், சேர்த்துவச்ச சொச்சத்துல கல்லூரி வாசலையும் மிதிக்கமுடியல, அரைவயிறும் நிறைய இங்க வழியில்ல //
கனவா போச்சே என் படிப்பு!
வேலை எல்லாம் பறிபோச்சி, இங்கபட்டினிதான் நிலையாச்சு! அடகுவைக்க நகையுமில்லை,
பணம் கொடுக்கவுறவும் முன் வரவில்லை//
உயிர்குடிக்கும் வைரசுமட்டும் இங்கே நிரந்தரமாச்சு,
பொழப்புக்குதான் போனே, வெளிநாட்டுக்கு இப்போ தனிமையில சிக்கிட்டேன் எங்கும் ஊரடங்காம்!

எம்மக அப்பானுதான் தவிக்கிறா! போனுக்குள்ள அழுகுறா!

நேற்றுப் பேசினவுறவெல்லாம், இன்றைக்கு சிகிச்சைப்பிரிவில,
காற்றுமிங்க சதி பண்ணுது, மூச்சு நிற்க வழி பண்ணது, முன்னென்மம் செய்த பாவமா? இப்பவாட்டி வதைக்கிது வைரசா!!
லட்சம் லட்சமாய் சடலங்கள் எரியுதங்க, அதபார்த்தா மனசும் ரத்தம் வடிக்குதிங்க!
கட்டியணைக்கும் உரிமைபோச்சி !கிட்டப்போக அனுமதி பறிபோச்சி !
ஆட்டிவைக்குதேயிந்த கொரோனா அலையலையாய் //

கனவாய் போச்சு வாழ்க்கை!!

செஞ்ச பாவம் எங்கள் சும்மாவிடல, மரத்தை கொன்ன பாவம், சுவாசிக்க காற்று யில்லை//

தத்தளிக்கிறோம் தண்ணீரில்லா மீனைபோல!!

இனி மரத்தை வளர்ப்போம், காற்றுக்கு உயிருட்டவே !தவறுணர்ந்துட்டோம் இன்று நிறாயுதபாணியானோம்//

போராடுகிறோம் கண்ணில் அகபடா வைரசை எதிர்த்து!

மீண்டுவரவேண்டி நிற்கிறோம்//

கனவே அழிஞ்சு போச்சு, கொரோனாவுல,

அழிந்த உயிர்தான் சாட்சி//

கனவா போச்சு எங்க வாழ்க்கை....!!!

பத்மாவதி கிருஷ்ணா

"வகுப்பறைக் கடவுள்"

வெ.ஹேமந்த் குமார்
(Heymonth Ninja)
 (India)

கருவறையில் கடவுளை
 கண்ட மனிதர்கள்
 யாருக்கும் தெரிவதில்லை,
 வகுப்பறையில் வசிக்கும்
 கடவுளைப் பற்றி;
 ஆண்பாலோ பெண்பாலோ
 அன்பால் திருத்தும்
 அரசர் இவர்!

காலையிலிருந்து மாலை வரை
 மூளையில் சுமக்கும்
 மாணவர்களை,
 மாலையிலிருந்து
 மகனாக மகளாக நினைத்து
 மனதில் சுமப்பார்;
 தவறுக்கு பிரம்படி கொடுத்தாலும்
 அவர் பாடம் கற்றுக்கொடுக்க
 தவறியதில்லை;
 தன் மனக்கவலைக்கு மருந்தாக
 மாணவர்களின் நன்றியை
 மட்டுமே காணிக்கை பெற்றவர்!!

எந்த கடவுளும் தராத வரங்களை
 இந்த வகுப்பறைக் கடவுள்
 வழங்கிக் கொண்டிருக்கிறார்:
 படிப்பறிவையும் பகுத்தறிவையும்!!!



“மாலை நேர பேருந்து பயணங்களும் மாண்புமிகு மனிதர்களும்:”

Subasree Balram

(India)

மாலை 4.30 மணி வண்டி என்றால் மண்டியிட்டு அழாத குறையாக மனங்கள் ஏங்கும், அந்த வண்டியை தவிர்க்க சொல்லி, ஒரு சாக்கு மூட்டை எப்படி தன் அளவினை தாண்டிய பொருட்களை அதில் அடைத்தாலும் இடமளித்து இழுத்து கட்ட இணையுமோ அதுபோல தன் அளவுக்கு மீறிய மக்கள் கூட்டத்தை அள்ளி செல்வதே இந்த வெள்ளை போர்டு வண்டிகளுக்கு தொழில். நிறுத்தத்திற்கு நிறுத்தம் மாறுவது, மக்களின் மேலிருந்து வரும் வேர்வை மணங்கள் மட்டுமே. பள்ளி விடும் நேரம் ஆதலால், இந்த நெரிசல் மூட்டையை தவிர்க்க இயலாது. அன்று ஏனோ என் மனம் அழுவதை தவிர்க்க அந்த கூட்டமான சாக்கு மூட்டையில் அடைப்பட்டு செல்ல நான் தேர்ந்தெடுத்தேன். பையன்கள் ஜன்னல் கம்பிகளிலும் பஸ்ஸின் மேந்தளத்திலும் கூட ஏறி சேட்டை செய்வார்கள். உள்ளிருக்கும் மகளிர் ஒரு நொடி பதறி பின் பார்த்து பழகியது போல் பதம் காண்பார்கள். நடத்துனர், வண்டியை நிறுத்துவதும் பையன்களின் மண்டையில் தட்டி மிரட்டி உள்ளே சொல்வதுமாகவே பிழைப்பாக இருப்பார். 40 நிமிட பயணத்தில் வீடு சேரவேண்டிய நான் 2 மணி நேரப் போரின் பின்னே வீடு சேருவேன். சிறிது நிறுத்தங்கள் தாண்ட முதுகில் மாட்டியிருந்த பையை முன் சீட்டின் முன்பதிவு ரசீது வைத்திருந்தது போல் ஓய்யாரமாக உட்கார்ந்திருந்த அந்த அக்காவிடம் கொடுத்தேன். என் பின்னால் இருந்தார் அந்த மனிதர், கூட்ட நெரிசலில் ஆண்கள் சீட்டின் பக்கம் பார்க்காமல் பெண்கள் பக்கம் பார்த்து கண்கள் சிவக்க நெற்றியில் தலை மயிரு வந்து விழும்படியாக வாயில் காற்றை உஸ் என்று ஒரிரு முறை ஊதிகொண்டே நின்றிருந்தார். அடுத்த அடுத்த நிறுத்தங்களில் கூட்டம் அதிகமுற, அவர் என்பின்னால் மிக அருகில் வருவதை நான் உணர்ந்தேன். என்னுடைய பின்பகுதியில் அவர் கால்களால் இடிக்க முயன்றது போல் உணர்ந்து, ஒரு நொடியில் என்னை அறியாது நான் நின்ற இடத்திருந்து விலகி சென்றேன். அப்போதும் ஏதோ தெரியாமல் செய்திருப்பார் என்றே எண்ணினேன். அடுத்த ஒரிரு நிறுத்தங்களில் மகளிர் சீட்டில் உட்கார்ந்திருந்த 35 வயது மதிக்கத்தக்க ஒரு ஜான்சிராணி 'யோவ் என்ன யா பண்ண?', என்ன பண்ண இப்ப?' என்று குரல் கொடுக்க வேறொரு பள்ளி மாணவியிடம் அந்த நபர் தன் உடலின் சூட்டை வெளியேற்ற முயற்சித்திருக்கிறார் என்று புரிந்தது. ஒரு நொடி அந்த நபர் பயந்ததை அவர் கண்களில் பார்த்தேன்.

இப்படி அல்லவோ இருக்க வேண்டும் மகளிர். அந்த ஜான்சிராணியை நான் என் மனதார அத்தருணத்தில் விரும்பினேன். என் மான்புக்குறிய மனிதர்களின் வட்டத்தில் சேர்ந்தார் அந்த ராணி அக்கா.

இப்படிப்பட்ட நிகழ்வை நாம் எல்லோரும் நம் வாழ்வில் மேற்கொண்டிருப்போம்; ஆனால் வெளியில் சொல்வதற்கும் எதிர்த்து கேட்பதற்குமான தைரியம் நம்மிடம் இருப்பதில்லை. சிந்தித்து பாருங்கள் அனைவரும் நம் வாழ்வில் சந்தித்து இருக்கும் ஒரு தருணமே இது!



"தந்தை"

Dinesh S R

(India)

வியர்வையால் வித்திட்டு என் தாழ் விலக்கி,
உன்பால் ஊன்றிய எம்முதிரம் வரைந்தவன்.
என் பிறப்பிற்கு பொருள் தந்ததுன் அன்போ
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பதற்றம் தீண்டா நொடிகள் கழித்தேன்,
பக்குவக் காரனியாம் உன் அறிவின் மடியில்.

மதியின் அழகாம் ரவியின் மானிகை;
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சீற்றம் அழைக்கும் உசிகளின் தீண்டல்,
அவற்றை தளர்ப்பதுன் பொருமையென கண்டேன்.
அங்கம் அலைந்து எங்கனம் சென்றாலும்,
இங்ஙனம் இன்று என்னுடன் தளராதே.

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