

Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

Multilingual Literary E-magazine

January

SALVATION **HER SOUL MATE** **MENTAL HEALTH**
(NOVEL) **AWARENESS**

By
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हज़रत-ए-इंसान

By
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Toxicity - A
Drug

By
Zoie Hudson

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Editor's Note

Causerie

/ˈkəʊzəri, French kozri/

noun

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

Hello, guns & roses!

I hope, yes amidst all this coronavirus and its new variant, I do hope that you all must be trying to survive, to live peacefully. Peacefully; yes peacefully and patiently because without patience we will only ruin our plans ourselves. So, it would be better if we calm down, tackle our problems one by one, and do not lose hope for better days.

Well, as we have stepped into 2021, I can't say for sure that it proved to be good for every one of us but for Causerie emagazine, it has proved to be a glorious start as our emagazine has become multilingual from a bilingual literary emagazine. Yes, you heard it right! Our Causerie emagazine has become the world's first and biggest multilingual literary emagazine which is a great victory in itself, isn't it? Now you can submit your content in Arabic, English, Urdu, Punjabi, Turkish, Spanish, French, and Hindi language. But this doesn't just end here, my sweet literary birds! Causerie has brought you all a new opportunity. Now you can get your audio poesy or prose featured on our official website and it will also be promoted on all our social media handles. Isn't it a big deal?

Some of your literary souls might have questions like why do we work with Causerie? What are the benefits of working or getting published in Causerie emagazine or what makes Causerie different from the rest of the literary journals, magazines, or e-magazines? So, here is the answer, Causerie doesn't believe in lifting the already uplifts who believe themselves holding the status of demi-gods. Yes, we prefer quality content rather than considering how much a writer is famous on any social media platform. Yes, we hate and discourage all modes of discrimination, racism, and nepotism kind of evils that ruin the earth's peace because we want to form a pure and literary family instead of a so-called comedians' company who are selling their stinky, filthy burlesque and vulgar so-called comedy in the name of fun and entertainment.

I want to thank my entire team for working with this mediocre cum ordinary student of literature and life. I want to thank our readers who are very dear to us, and we are trying our best to deliver quality content every month. Now read our e-magazine and don't forget to give us thy honest feedback. Lots of prayers for you all.

Just to remind you, along with the e-magazine, we are offering graphic designing, content writing, and printing services as well. You can get all the relevant details from our website and social platforms. The last date of submission for the February edition is the 30th of January.



OVAIS SHAIKH

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English

"O' My Pain"

By
Areeka Naveen
(Pakistan)

O' my pain
Let me alone
As we are friends
For so long
Now lemme alone
I know it's hard for you
I'm sure we'll meet off and on
So, don't worry and lemme alone
O my pain
We'll meet off and on



"Realization"

By
Yoslyn Sissari
(Malaysia)

I have realized something. Now that the subject of my giddiness has been away from my life, I can think more clearly without including emotions in the process.

My subconscious has been protecting my heart this whole time. Deep in my heart and mind, I have noticed the subtle signs hinting at me that he was never meant for me at all. Since the first time we dated. He was just another person who appeared for a season in my life. Unknowingly teaching me some lessons.

This darn bipolar mind of mine is quite dangerous when combined with my rebellious self. Throughout high school, I was repressing my yearning to be rebellious and impulsive because that was what I was taught. "Study well", they said. "You are a bright student. You can forge a great future for yourself. Be a good woman. Only then you can attract a good husband", was their preach for me the whole time. I paid heed to their instructions and advice physically while rebelling in my mind.

Then I started to date that maniac when I began to experience the symptoms of a bipolar. He was diagnosed for his schizophrenia while I, like most bipolar, decided to not seek a psychiatrist's help because I was confident that my episode was just a one-time occurrence. He was the one who dragged me to the psychiatrist. That was his main contribution to my life. He made me see the reason when I was drowning in my symptoms.

I have never been in love with him. I was in love with the idea of him. That and giddiness shield away logic to the back of my mind. "Sit there. Let me take this over", Giddy said to Logic.

The way that he treated me started to change when he found the best way of medication for himself. Probably he started to feel normal or maybe because now that his career was certain, changing his worth from a loser when he begged to be my boyfriend to a guy worthy of any woman, he decided to let go of me. Using the excuse, "We no longer see eye to eye."

I guess somehow he was right. I wasn't myself a few months back. My mood swings fluctuated erratically, like a stock graph. My psychiatrist was adjusting my medication because I wasn't compliant. Plus, I got a thyroid condition. It accelerated my depression to the point where I became suicidal. Luckily, my friends and family were there for me. Most of them didn't know except for a few. I told my suicidal plans to those few. They furiously knocked sense onto me.

He too contributed to my suicidal thoughts. I trusted him with my feelings too much. I let down my walls because I thought he was determined to build a life with me. When he broke up with me previously, that's when I became suicidal. My best friend was furious with that jerk. But like the fool I was, I accepted him back, not knowing that he was only doing it because it was a routine for him.

I was the only one eager to plan our future together. Oh silly me. He listened to my plans. Again, maybe because it was routine or maybe because he was simply being courteous.

"I am no longer in love with you", he told me this plainly like the honest man that he is. We broke up for real this time. A month later, I saw that he has moved on to someone else. I was crushed. My pride hurt. I felt like a loser. Once more I became suicidal. After a week, I decided to confront that bastard.

"Many thanks to Allah, I have found my soulmate. We have just met a month back. My parents chose her for me. Next week we are getting engaged. Then we will be married in January."

"Parents' choice huh."

"Yeah, I picked my parents' choice because family is my top priority. I know that you are still furious at me. You are cursing me, and I accept that. I pray that you will find a guy who will be able to guide you in this world and hereafter."

Once I realized that he had never intended to bring me into his family, the bits of hope and love I still had for him disintegrated. I was finally able to see the loser that he was. "Nah. Good riddance anyway", was my thought.

Our relationship was a frail one. You know how complicated a normal relationship is? Now try to put both partners as mentally-disturbed into the equation. The result is an unstable affair. I was impulsive. Probably I still am. I couldn't keep my jumpy self focused. Often times, I felt too confident with myself. Meanwhile, he was insecure. Sometimes distraught by his hallucinations, he would push me away. He told me to find another guy worthy of me. We managed to survive that tough relationship for four years only.

I think you may deem this as a goodbye letter. I am saying goodbye to that unstable relationship especially that loser. I am praying every day to be granted a forgiving heart because on the day that I submitted this, I am still enveloped in rage. I guess the unexpected betrayal sliced a deep wound inside my heart.

One thing that I am certain now, I am not ready yet to be anybody's wife. Maybe that is what he meant when he mentioned, "We no longer see eye to eye". Financially and emotionally unstable, I don't feel confident to be a mom though I fell head over heels in love with that toddler's grin after he successfully tumbled a bottle on his own.

Never mind though. Being a bipolar, I can't help my idea rush whenever I feel hypomanic. Who knows, maybe I am the next Virginia Woolf? Just kidding.
I think 6 years will be enough time for me. I am going to allocate that period to build myself up.
Cheers to that!



"Proposal"

By
Qudsia Fatima
(India)

Proposals come from every side
All they seem just good and pride
All they want a perfect bride
Is there anyone who can be tied
Make her silly mistakes rectify
Making all her scars hide
Fulfilling her need and provide
Keeping happy and always try
Confessing love more and wide
Spending their whole life by staying beside
Is there anyone who can be tied!!



"Remorse and Conduct"

By
CHRISTY GNANA DEEPA J
(India)

I express my emotions
Rather than my words,
It smells like a bud blooming in the sun,
My emotions make others stun.

My emotions are black
And my heart is white,
I express my emotion,
When I am in commotion.

It smells like a chrysanthemum,
And I am perplexed like an amaranthine,
Emotions are the master poets,
And they are gangsters.



CAUSERIE POSTER

DEMET ÖZDEMİR

"Words"

By
Amra Nasir
(Pakistan)

How should I define you?
There are lies around you

How could I perceive you fine?
You were not always mine

I felt of you as something merde
You fly as a deceptive bird

If you want to soothe someone
So why you sow a seed of burden?

Do you have lovely feet?
Wearing the shoes of threatening heat

You claim to be an employee of reality
It seems you are an advocate of duality

I wish you were a name of sense
and could make people delighted hence



"Paper boat and midnight sky"

By
Bidya Bijayinee
(India)

Folding those purple papers
bringing up those edges and dreams
grandfather taught me and my younger brother
how to make a paper boat.

We made many boats
pink, purple, red, blue and white
they float'd inside our small bathtub
And we celebrat'd that jubilation like never before.

I jump'd, clapped and my brother danced
like darkness would never abut us
my grandfather was smiling
and I was watching a mage in front of me.

Suddenly the boat start'd to sink
I couldn't see my mage's brown coat
his black shoe was kissing the graveyard
and boats were shattering inside the old cask.



The uncolored death cover'd the azure sky
and pierc'd the petals of pot marigolds
my teardrops were soak'd by the papers
and I burnt them inside myriads of schooners.

Today, I'm standing under the midnight sky
looking at those shimmering stars
and trying to find black shoe and a brown coat
and the touch of my magical mage once.

Grandpa, I'm not making paper boats anymore.



"An Injured Butterfly"

By
Ikram Ullah Bhatti
(Pakistan)

L I F E is not about giving up, but obviously about moving on with confidence and courage to tackle all circumstances and challenges to have an incredible achievement. It is a very famous English proverb "God helps those who help themselves." It is quite obvious that one who gives up the things, one who wants to have or to be, will never be able to have a taste of that achievements because of giving them up. So, persistent efforts always provide an excellent outcome. Similarly, an injured butterfly, facing afflictions and calamities reaches her shelter, which shows nothing but a Strong determination and passion. There is a story of an injured butterfly who faces hardships yet doesn't lose hope.

The autumn was set in; the flowers had lost their beauty; the trees started falling leaves; the plants had shattered down; the birds got their throats injured to sing songs melodiously and everything got damaged owing to the firm attack of heavy wind. All creatures were observed to be very slow in motion and passionate. I, standing nearby, was observing the environment of natural spectacles, and suddenly saw a butterfly that was, perhaps finding her shelter and fighting with bitter circumstances. That butterfly was flying in the fast wind to the up and down directions; moving forward and getting backward. At last, she couldn't maintain the balance due to the heavy pressure of wind, so, fell on the ground, near the flowers. Flowers were also dancing in the air so rapidly; their stems were seen to be illuminated as the blazing lamp; as the moon on the sky and the stars around the moon. The Butterfly looked at the flowers, which were dancing in the air beyond any fear of the storm and wind.

"Why do thee gaze at us? Asked flowers to butterfly___ "I want to know the meaning of life" replied the poor butterfly..... O life__ "Life's meaning is hidden in serving humanity; moving on constantly; fighting with challenges and accepting hardships around you. look at us, how we grow in such critical circumstances where we face the hardships of the surrounding environment; we tolerate the hardships of each season; when we are fully formed, the people around us, come here to look at us; they enjoy themselves via looking at the splendid beauty of our color and fragrance" replied flowers smilingly_____The flowers once more asked her " Why are you too sad and victim of the fears of wind and the further circumstances around you"__ " I'm too weak and now I've got one of my wings wounded; I have become too weak; I've lost my strength; my wing is damaged which helps me out to fly in the air___" Replied butterfly...

" O so, you've become depressed and disappointed because of wind " Asked flowers. "Yes I'm__ you know I'm too weak; I'm in a critical condition right now, so my passions don't allow me to move on..... Perhaps this is fate". Replied Butterfly..... "Am I not? " Asked the butterfly (looking at the bending down trees). " It's we that let fate allow us to defeat us; Allah SWT has given us free Will and capacity to stand before any challenge yet we lose it to great extend" replied flowers..... " You're right... But the trees that have a firm tendency to face the heavy wind, are bending down to the ground yet I'm too weak comparatively," Said poor butterfly. "Uffff why are you comparing yourself to the trees? You are a unique being... Don't look around the surrounding environment; don't let yourself get decreased; neither the trees be replaced by the butterflies nor the butterflies do that task... It's a job that has been contributed individually, and I hope, you can do this __" replied flowers. "Yes I can do," said the butterfly. That conversation was continued between flowers and Butterfly; At last, an incapacitated butterfly felt firm and strong enough to touch the sky; to fly in the air; to face the challenges, occurring in her life; to tolerate all the hardships, and was especially determined to reach the required destination. Butterfly, in the end, saying goodbye to flowers flew away happily.

"Her Soul Mate (Novel)"

By
Laiba Akhtar
(Pakistan)

Prologue:

Life is not a bed of roses, and even if it was
Roses too, "come with their share of thorns"

Mid-April.

Clouds were roaring in the sky of Islamabad, the tumultuous wind was roaring and its voice felt like a knell of death. The horrendous night was at its peak, so every individual was on his bed. On such a blood-freezing night, only one person was awake. He was sitting in a dark room and was staring at the rain with a cigarette dangling between his fingers. He was staring at the bathing city with red and bulging orbs.

"I will make everyone suffer!"
He growled.

Voice of thunder echoed through the city, and everyone flinched at it except for that mysterious person.

.....

"Daneen! Wake up dear" A male voice was echoing in the premises of her bedroom.

She lazily slid open her eyelids, and her lips curled into a smile at seeing her father, standing near her bed.

“Assalam o Alaikum Papa! “ She greeted him in the sleepy voice.

“Walaikum Assalam! Wake up dear,” he said with a smile. Every morning, he came into his only child's room to wake her up.

“Give me ten minutes. I will be on the table” she replied and went toward the washroom.

After twenty minutes, she was sitting with her father, eating breakfast. Fair color with black tendrils on both sides of a heart-shaped face, she was the epitome of beauty and innocence. She was clad in a black top and white pants with black staller around her fragile neck, there was no make-up on her face.

After completing lunch, she turned toward her father.

“Allah Hafiz Papa! And I'm taking Prado today” she said and kissed on her father's cheeks.

Her father smiled at this.

“Sure, dear! “ He said.

She grabbed the keys from the table and went toward the door.

.....
All her friends were sitting in the café, eating and enjoying themselves at this moment.

“Life is so beautiful” One of Daneen's friends commented.

“Yeah, true. Life is like a bed of roses.”
Daneen commented with sparkly eyes.

All we know left untold
Beaten by a broken dream
Nothing like what it used to be

We've been chasing our demons down an empty road
Been watching our castle turning into dust
Escaping our shadows just to end up here once more
And we both know

This is not the world we had in mind
But we got time
We are stuck on answers we can't find
But we got time
And even though we might have lost tonight
The skyline reminds us of a different time
This is not the world we had in mind
But we got time

Broken smile, tired eyes
I can feel your longing heart
Call my name, howlin' from afar

We've been fighting our demons just to stay afloat
Been building our castle just to watch it fall
Been running forever just to end up here once more
And now we know

This is not the world we had in mind
But we got time
We are stuck on answers we can't find
But we got time
And even though we might have lost tonight
The skyline reminds us of a different time
This is not the world we had in mind
But we got time

Take me back
Back to the mountainside
Under the northern lights
Chasin' the stars



"Alan Walker - Different World feat. Sofia Carson"

Take me back
Back to the mountainside
When we were full of life
Back to the start
We both know that

This is not the world we had in mind
But we got time
We are stuck on answers we can't find
But we got time
And even though we might have lost tonight
The skyline reminds us of a different time
This is not the world we had in mind
But we got time



“Life is a bed of roses for you because it has treated you very well”
One of her friends replied with a bitter tone that had a hint of jealousy in it.

Though Daneen disagreed with her friend, she remained quiet just to avoid the bickering.

.....

Daneen was standing on the terrace of her mansion and was gazing at the beautiful city lying in front of her.

“Anwar's mansion” was so high that you could watch the city from here.

She was engrossed in her activity of gazing when she felt her father's presence beside her.

“What is my princess doing?” He asked with a smile.

“Nothing special, Papa!” She replied with bored expressions.

“But I'm doing something special nowadays.” Mr. Anwar put his hands on the railing while saying.

“And what is that?” She turned toward her father and asked him with excitement.

“Looking for a perfect suitor for you.” Mr. Anwar turned toward her daughter whose face was now flushed.

“If your mother was present among us, she would surely talk to you about this. But as she is not here, so, I have to talk to you about it. Daneen, I will try my best to find a perfect soul mate for you.”

A shy smile etched on her lips, and she nodded her head. Mr. Anwar gazed at the shy expressions of his baby doll and smiled at her.

At night, while lying on the bed, she kept on recalling the previous conversation with her father.

“Life has treated me so well! Alhamdulillah! Being the only child of Anwar Khan, he had treated me like a real princess. After my mother's

death, he gave his whole life to me. And now, he is looking for a perfect soul mate for me. I'm one of the lucky people in this world." she thought with a beautiful smile.

My partner, my soul mate.
She felt butterflies in her stomach at such thoughts.
Just like a typical girl, she started dreaming of her married life and her Soul mate.

.....

She was sitting in the lounge when Mr. Jalal and his son, Ahmad entered the house.

"Assalam o Alaikum" she greeted them.

"Walaikum Assalam! How are you, my child? " Mr. Jalal asked with affection.

"I'm fine Uncle, And How are you Ahmad?" she asked.

Ahmad was two years older than her. Handsome features, polite personality, and bubbly nature, he was a graduate of Oxford University and was the only owner of his company.
And the most important thing about him, he loved Daneen.

"I'm fine, What are you doing nowadays? " He asked with a beautiful smile.

"Busy in studies" she replied with a shrug at which Ahmad nodded her head.

"Where is your father? "Mr. Jalal asked.

"In his study" she replied.

Mr. Jalal nodded, and he, with his son, went toward the study.

.....

Daneen's views about life were that it is a bed of roses because she hadn't witnessed the cruel side of life. But her views and her world crashed down in the gloomy evening of Mid-April. Heavy rain was pattering against the Earth, dark clouds were preventing the sunlight from reaching the city causing the darkness to engulf it. In that evening, Daneen saw the cruel side of life. That night, she realized that life is not the bed of roses.

.....

On that same afternoon, on the other side of the city, the prison's gate opened and a prisoner came out of it. His six-foot height, dark brown eyes, and black silky hair was the prominent thing of his personality. His hair was long enough that they were touching his shoulders, and his beard was irregular but still, his handsome features were outstanding. He seemed to be in his late twenties but seriousness and coldness in his features were giving him a more mature look.

Guards closed the door behind him and said.
"You are free to go."

He stared at them with disgust and anger.

"Faris! " He turned his head toward the voice and found a man coming toward him. That man was in his business suit and seemed of Faris's age.

"Dilawar" Faris muttered his name.

"I'm here to pick you up! " Dilawar said with happiness.

Faris nodded his head. He was so tired that he didn't want to talk to anyone.

"Let's go! " Dilawar said and started moving toward the car.

“Thanks to Allah that you are out of prison now.”

“Hmm” Faris again gave no response.

“Everything will get normal now” Dilawar tried to give him hope.

“Nothing will ever get normal now,” he muttered with anger and hate prominent in his tone.

Dilawar ignored this comment and kept on saying positive things to him.

.....

Bell was ringing when Faris came out of the washroom. At opening the door, he found tired and anxious Dilawar on the footstep.

Without uttering any word, Faris turned around and went into the lounge, followed by Dilawar who was eyeing every nook of the house.

“How are you Faris? “ He asked while eyeing his trimmed beard and freshly cut hair.

“Fine” he shrugged and sat near Dilawar.

“What was your routine this week?”

Dilawar asked with concern. It was obvious that he was worried about Faris's well-being.

“Nothing special. What can I do after coming back from two years in prison? “ He said with tensed jaws and pain flashed in his orbs.

“Well you should look for a job,” Dilawar said with tensed expressions.

“Who will give me a job? “ He asked with bitterness.

“Well, there is one,” Dilawar said and this piqued Faris's attention.

“He is my friend, and his organization wanted a security head.”

"Who? " Faris asked with raised eyebrows.

"Jalal Khan. In his company, I have talked for you and he is ready to give you a chance. You can join them tomorrow. Salary package is also an attractive one there." Dilawar told him with a smile.

Faris's eyebrows pulled downwards and he was biting his one lip while contemplating over this offer.

"Ok. Tomorrow I will go and will meet Mr. Jalal" he heaved a sigh and replied.

.....

It was the prologue. The first chapter will be published in the next edition.



MINI POESY

À travers les ruelles en forêt profonde le vent souffle caressant chaque feuille sèche et morte créant un beau rythme pour panser les plaies et apaiser les cœurs.

©Sahnah
(French Lang)

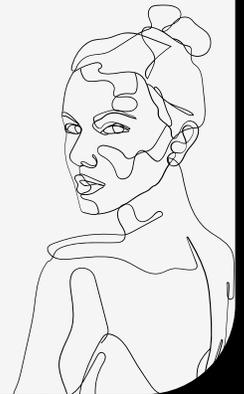


My soul writhed,
Drenched in tears,
This heart prostrated,
Setting you free from the core of its chambers,
I embraced myself and my Lord,
The moment you left me, wreckage.

©Elif Hoorain!

The sun kissed the darkness
so tragically that,
Neither the darkness appeared
Nor the sun...
But everyone could see...
The light of their love

©Saheba Sadaf



"Pages of pain"

(Page 2)

By
Akshya Venkatasubbu
(India)

She ended up saying you deserve better!
Remember
In showers of snowflakes, I met her,
Both in the same sweater,
All Moments spent with her.
Together and forever
Now, all turned bitter,
Still, my heart doesn't know how to forget her!
Thought that I shouldn't have met her!
Whatever,
Today my life goes on with or without her!



"Besotted~Lovelorn"

By
Aqib Hassan
(India)

The heart is not a cage,
But once you get into it,
Then; It will become an
eternal lock up for the
rest of your existence.

The eyes of love are
Not blind, but once they
get addicted to it,
Then you couldn't variance
Between the love and
infatuation.

Love doesn't demand
Care, happiness, and trust
But if your Heart wants to
Warmth Amour verbally,
Then the trio naturally
Smirk countenance.

Even though, if you plot
Alienation, You will never
succeed and the honor
you got when you were
making an acute diligence
to coalesce.

Understand the locutions
Philia Of love and tutelage
of perpetuity, hitherto you
and the same creatures Won't
ever accept veristic verbatim.



Quotes

My own existence is attacking me from every weak loop I have in me!

©ImankhanTareen

Die with peace, not with fake dreams

©Fatima Toor

The literature is a syllabus of humanity,
That leads it towards divinity.

©Ovais43

Elegance is how you carry your honor.

©Sheikh Mahiruqh

To travel the path less traveled, the gloomy dark road you need the light which shines from your soul!

©WriterMalika

There's a fine line between self-worthiness and selfishness. Try not to be baffled by it in the hustle of your life.

©Rabeea Tariq

"Of Verse"

By
Firdous Bahar
(India)

Ghazal:

Why am I so nettled, so confused, in search of verse?
By the Dal, lanes waft the aroma: the perfumes of verse.

Oft, my labor surrenders me a paltry boon, so it will,
Unto thou shalt purveyor not, the fulcrum; sup'ort of verse.

Reputation antique, as German bucolics', Mughals' Lingua-franca
Presently losing ground; Yes, O yes! I am talking of verse.

Now, dexterity of iotas, counterfeiter's festoon it for pockets,
Tell me how to fashion: master in the secrets of verse?

The total score doesn't catapult the feign passion, pompous parade,
Others are striving fain, for regard: the devotion of verse.

Forgive me today, O Shahid, for I dread to venture
To take on – ineptly, tis lofty business of yours: of verse.

From Cædmon to Shakespeare, down to Eliot: every poète I adore,
For why they have transformed the precipice into the land of verse.

Muses on altitudes, metered out in recondite composure,
That they do, out of respect, out of love! for the sake of verse.

Emancipation daily narrows down, to perfect fabrication, speak up
Now, dismantle this veil of delusion..., and open the mouth of verse.

Crying, yet tears refuse to stream down from the eyes,
Blubbering as an infant ..., "... like to cataract with the lines of verse."

As a bird on the twig abide, for the symphony of chaste song,
Thou too art waiting alone, O Bahar, for the spring of verse.



"Ace the Race"

By
Riya Singh
(India)

Ace the race whichever you undertake
Not to win, but rather to perform with grace
Not to lose, but rather to continue to be used
Not to feel less, but rather to feel that you own the space

Ace the race whichever you undertake
Just not to pace but also to amaze
Just not yourself but often others
Just not to showcase, but also to be traced

Ace the race whichever you undertake
Try not to hide of you
Show you could do, you need to
Come and confront the bullies
Show them that you can run through them
All with grace and also ace

Every man not different from the races
He himself undertakes
Be ready and steady to ace the race coming through space

It's exclusively for you, to turn you up and down
It's just for you, to twist you left and right
Don't be a coward, you're capable enough to run the race
All with ace

Ace the race whichever you undertake!
It's gonna rectify all your mistakes

Ace the race whichever you undertake



"An Ode to the Silence"

By
Surbhi Khurana
(India)

SILENCE IS MY BLESSING, SILENCE IS MY CURSE.

The revolt in my head
The force in the corners of my eyes
My cheeks beginning to hurt
My hands pulling at the roots of my hair
All in a seemingly impossible effort to stop my cry for help from coming out

Then, the warmth of my tears streaming down my cheeks
The heat that my ears get filled up with
Is it a connection or is it a paradox?
Do these silent screams comfort me?
Or has the fear of being uncomfortably whiny for others stopped me from screaming?

I pull on the corner of my sheets
Screaming inside my head
Presenting on the surface as a caterwaul
Does it help me?
Or does it bury me deeper?
Deeper, underneath the sound of my own conscience
Of the rights and the wrongs
Of the blacks and the whites
Of "my people"... Or are they?
Are they just acquaintances?

Eccentric in my head
 And I feel my brain revolting
 "You've been just one thing - Misunderstood."
 And this insurrection in the Armageddon within my depths tears me
 to pieces and reconstititionalises my every night
 SILENCE IS MY BLESSING, SILENCE IS MY CURSE.

The demons of the past
 The anxieties of the future
 And the smallest voice inside me, pushing me through today
 Nothing could be worse?
 You think ... nothing could be worse?!
 There is!
 The knots and the ties between them!

We all need an outlet
 Poetry is mine
 It's the one thing I do for myself
 Maybe it's how I pine
 Let me have this, don't think it's for you

SILENCE IS MY BLESSING, SILENCE IS MY CURSE.

To all those who suffer in silence
 Accept my sincerest hug
 Plunder all your strength
 Remember it's okay to grieve
 Find an outlet or reach out for help
 Don't let their "whys", "hows" & "whats" bother you

AN ODE TO THE SILENT, a hug of acceptance.

BUGÜNÜN TARIFI

Silisli ve doldurulmuş patlıcan bir sıcak yemek

Hazırlanma süresi

1 saat

Porsiyon

8 kişilik

Malzemeler

- 300 gr kuzu kıyma
- 8 Patlıcan
- 1 Soğan
- 1 Domates
- 2 Uzun Yeşil Biber
- 2 diş sarımsak
- 1 Tumblers Su
- ½ Tumblers Zeytinyağı
- 2 Tatlı kaşığı domates salça
- 1 Demet Maydanoz
- Şeker, Tuz, Biber



RECIPE

A hot dish of slitted and stuffed
Aubergine

Preparation time

1 hour

Servings for

8 People

Ingredients

- 300 gr lambs mince
- 8 Aubergines
- 1 Onion
- 1 Tomatoes
- 2 Long Green Pepper
- 2 Cloves Garlic
- 1 Tumblers Water
- ½ Tumblers Olive Oil
- 2 Dessert spoons tomato salcha
- 1 Bunch Parsley
- Sugar, Salt, Pepper



Talimatlar

Patlıcan uzunlamasına bölünmüş ve yüksek ısı bazı yağda pişirin. Brown petrol bazı kıyma ve domates salçası ve rendelenmiş sarımsak ile birlikte bir miktar su ekleyin ile rendelenmiş soğan. Bazı yağ ve su ile büyük bir tavada bölünmüş aubergines yerleştirin sonra pişmiş kıyma karışımı ile doldurun. Bazı yeşil biber halkaları her üstüne domates yuvarlak yerleştirin ve 20 dakika kapalı pişirin. Ezilmiş maydanoz ile süslenmiş sıcak servis yapın. Bu yemek sonra sıcak servis edilir.

Directions

Split the aubergines lengthways and cook in some oil on high heat. Brown the grated onion with the mince in some of the oil and add a little water together with the tomato paste and grated garlic. Place the split aubergines in a large pan with some oil and water then fill with the cooked mincemeat mixture. Place a round of tomato on top of each with some green pepper rings and cook covered for 20 min. Serve hot garnished with crushed parsley.

This dish is then served hot.



"He has become the Poet of the Poetess"

By
Haarika Kavirala
(India)

Along with the winds,
She wandered in her sky of thoughts
Hoping to pen down her feelings for him.
Neither she was able to put down nor she could leave her writing
desk.

As the moment she was caressed by him
Her heart was melted to fill the pen with the ink of her emotions.
The pages of the sky were brimming with her love for him.
As her eyes met his sight,
She felt like a newborn baby
Who just knew her mother
&
Nothing more or nothing less
In the Universe of love.
He has become the stars of happiness in the sky of her life.

What best could a girl be bestowed with
other than your hands to hold on to.

It's not you
It's not me
It's we.



"Toxicity - A Drug"

By
Zoie Hudson
(United States)

It burns my tongue,
when I speak.

The toxic chemicals,
that eat away my brain.
as the flames form a simple
picture of you.

It was familiar,
the pain,
the PTSD,
the addiction,
the screaming till
our throats would close in.

but questions have always remained,
ones that I could never answer.

why is that,
I could never leave?
why is that,
when I did,
I wanted nothing more
then to scream at you,
to return to the chemicals
so I could die
breathing you in?

is it because
I hate change?
because then change
only causes an imbalance in what
is to be known
as my headspace
that no longer
is filled with you?

I hate change.
I hate the unknowing.
I hate the way
life has a way
of ruining me.

maybe it's because,
from early childhood,
the way you and I were taught things.
I don't want
someone who
could love me
till our hearts
grow tight.
because that isn't
what my eyes,
knew as right.

beatings,
bruises,
late night tears forming
at the tips of our eyes
caused by our inability
to love just right.

my mother and father
were the same.
and as a little girl
I promised,
promised really hard,
to make sure my flowers
and garden
were watered
by pure rain
that dripped from his hands.

but no,
I got watered by storms.
The thunder
that
crashed.
lighting
that struck.

that is what I want.
I'll want that
every single day
that I am alive.



"Mental Health Awareness"

By
Pulamarasetti Bhargavi
(India)

Dear stranger,
This post is dedicated to you.
Yes, you!
You, the one who thinks mental health is nothing but a stigma.
You, the one who thinks marks are more important than your children's mental health and peace.
I always wanted to write and talk about this, now here I am.
I hope you read it till the end.
Love and light,
A stranger (who wants to bring a change in people's mindset)

I don't really understand why do people only care about marks?
Well, well, well, indeed marks are important but not more than the child's mental health and peace.
Marks are nothing compared to mental health and peace. You really don't know what the other person right in front of you is going through. They may seem fine but they might be going through a really hard phase where nobody could understand the things they're up to.

You might think, they're just kids and what problems they might have. But darling, if you think like this then you might be deluded because there are problems more than you can think, which you can never figure out by yourselves.

They might be under so much pressure from parents, who always force them to read 24/7 and never allow them to go to parties with friends. Who doesn't allow them to do other activities which they're interested in? At times, this leads to anxiety, emptiness, negativity, failures, etc. In most cases, they may have suicidal thoughts.

//Every hour one student commits suicide in India, with about 28 such suicides reported every day, according to data compiled by the National Crime Records Bureau (NCRB). The NCRB data shows that 10,159 students died by suicide in 2018, an increase from 9,905 in 2017, and 9,478 in 2016. ~ Google//

You never know where this may lead. Pressure from parents and teachers to perform well in exams can affect a child's mental health. Don't pressurize your children. If you force them to study or not, they'll give their best. Not everyone is good at studies. Each human has a unique talent. Some might be good at sports, some might be good at arts, writing, animation, etc. It must be discovered on their own. Talent isn't something that you force your mind to do or learn, talent is a natural ability, that you can do on your own without any help or guidance. You do it with passion, rather than being forced.

Even though my parents never forced me to study or to do something which I'm not interested in, but these so-called people in our society do. I never stressed out about studies until my teachers said that I can't do anything and I'm useless, etc. That was the day when I wanted to show them what I am. Not only to my teachers but also to my relatives and also to this so-called society that if I wanted to do something and decided to do it, only then I can. I never cared much about studies, I have always been into sports, arts, and co-curricular activities. Whenever I mentioned something I wanted to do or if I wanted to go somewhere, they'd always be like, "go for it."

Well, it's not like I've been chilling and doing whatever I like. There were times where I couldn't even believe in myself and I was just giving up everything. It all started after my father passed. I gave up studies, sports, and whatnot; everything. Even though I never let anybody know it, but deep inside it was killing me. I was unable to digest the fact that my father was no more there to guide me, to take care of me, and whatnot. It's not like, I didn't have anyone else other than him but you know right for a girl, losing her beloved father is quite heartbreaking.

There'll be days when you feel completely broken.

Your heart
Broken into pieces
That can't be fixed
Yet you can wear them
Beautifully
Only if you're willing to.

Yet I tried to move on, not for myself but for my mother who had been trying her best to make me happy. Even though when she isn't herself. When I used to cry, her tears started rolling down. Then I decided that I should not cry in front of anyone, no matter who they are.

I tried to control my tears, I tried to control my anger, I tried to control my emotions, and tried my best until I succeeded.

When you feel like not doing anything, just take a break. Take a break from everything for some time, until you feel like doing it again. Remember, giving up isn't a solution. Even if you feel like you won't be successful, it's fine, just try as long as you can. Because trying is better than doing nothing.

And there were things that used to bother me, but I never really felt like talking about them with anyone. I used to keep them deep inside me rather than telling anybody. So I started writing diaries. Even though I never kept them with me, rather I used to tear them off after some time. It was one of the hardest phases for me to overcome, but I made it.

If something is bothering you and you don't even know with whom you can share, then start writing a diary. Write about what you want to talk about. Whatever is going through your mind, just try to write it down. When you're done putting it on paper, you'll feel better. Trust me, it works.

Most of the time, all I do is just talk to myself. All I do is hide and keep everything within myself. I just create fake and fictional characters that don't exist in books and real-life but only in my mind. I felt like I have some kind of psychological problem or something. I told my cousin about it, then she said that she often does the same and further said that not to worry about it.

Hey sweetie, It's really okay to not be okay, but how long? If you feel like something's wrong, then just reach out to someone and talk about it even if you don't feel like talking. Because it's really fine to not share anything with anyone but how long will you hide everything within yourself? Also, be in touch with at least one person, with whom you can talk and would feel free to talk about things that are bothering you.

Just be confident, no matter what you're doing. It's really okay if someone doesn't believe in you. Well, It's okay even if nobody believes in you. It doesn't really matter, I shall say. All you got to do is just ask yourself, "Do I believe in myself?" If you do, then that's where it all starts. As long as you believe in yourself, there's no such thing that can demoralize you. There'll be no one who can drag

you down, because deep down you know no matter what, you will and can do it.

Remember:

It's okay to have a bad day.

It's okay to make mistakes.

It's okay to take a break.

Reaching out for help is brave.

Nothing is perfect, so are you. And you are imperfectly perfect.

You are stronger than you think, just believe in yourself.

It's okay to be yourself.

Most importantly, love yourself!!

Choosing yourself first is not at all selfish.

What I really want to convey through this is, please don't force your children to do something in which they're not really interested. If they're not interested in studies try to figure out the reason. Try to know what they're interested in, talk to them, guide them, and most importantly, try to listen to them. Be a good listener, they might want to talk about many things but they won't because they're scared of what you would say or you may get angry.

Tell them what you feel rather than yelling and shouting at them just because you aren't satisfied with their outcome.

I know you might be worried about society that what they may think and talk about you. But my dear, it doesn't really matter as long as you are happy, your children are happy, because after all we are humans, being happy and enjoying the things we're doing is what really matters. I'm not saying studies and stuff don't matter, it does matter. But doing the things we like, gives us immense happiness.

Mental health matters so do mental peace.

©Bhargavi aka Dolly

"The smiling person in the mirror!"

By
Aqsa Altaf
(Pakistan)

Dear, a time comes when you're unable to understand your; emotions, feelings and actions, nothing, you feel wondering all the time, to be honest, it's worse feeling, but you know that life means to be like this way; ups and downs. You need to keep going and not stopping anyway. They are not living your life, not experiencing what you're going through, can't see the world with your eyes because everyone is different, they have their version of life that is entirely different from your version of life, so you're worrying about what..? Just because they don't get you and you're not able to explain them yourself doesn't mean you're wrong, it doesn't make you worthless and inferior. You're amazing just the way you're, smiling and struggling, stressing and becoming strong, observing and learning, tolerating and forgiving, shining and lighting the way of others. So don't worry, life is too short to think about what they think. Chin up and find a new version of yourself; free and independent from meaningless thoughts, and appreciating yourself. I hope soon you will see a smiling person in the mirror.



"When I prostrate"

By
Nazeefa Muhsina Laskar
(India)

As my head touches the floor
Howls the heart a little more
The waves of fear flow as tears
Frailty secret from the universe
Creepy traits causing ail
But you interpret, never fail
Risk many a usual exertion
Pulling in a pool of tension
This land is free with lips shut
The tongue of verity been cut
An urge to silence it all
Ears hear the loud call
Those rebukes disguised as love
I look anguished, above
Care not to answer voices bitter
Dare not reveal the fire of anger
Let it flow as the warmest river
Towards You, who does decipher
The water of which travel
When mystery I unravel
Utterly mine, reach the skies
Dipped in truth, free from lies
As a pure plea for healing
To whom open is each feeling.

"Salvation"

By
Mehmet Akgönül
(Turkey)

Despite all evolution, we need a revolution
We raised generations without civilization
After all, all we think of, is who made a bigger bomb
Or who can find a creative excuse to start a war

All pyramids belong to the past
We don't need a hierarchical order to rise

Love each other, be together, live for another
These are the keys to our salvation
If we combine these three keys as society
The result can be revolutionary for humanity



Arabic

"إني هناك أنا هنا"

By
AvrilDawn
(Algeria)

أماه لا تأسى على جرحي أنا
فأنا هناك في الجنان أنا هنا
في قلبك المحزون في كل الدنيا
حي أنا
إني هناك أنا هنا

أماه لي طلب وحيد و لا مزيد
أماه لا تبكي
ألا يكفيك اني في ربيع العمر قد مت شهيد
قد قتلوني بغتة ذات مساء
و أنا سعيد
ألها و ما بالبال هم
و كل يوم عندي عيد
فإذا بدائي ليس يشفيه دواء
و إذا يابنك فجأة قد صار من أهل السماء
و إذا بجلادي عنيد

أماه لا تأسى على جرحي أنا
فأنا هناك في الجنان أنا هنا
حي أنا
إني هناك أنا هنا

Urdun

"سالنامہ برائے سن 2020"

By
سیدہ اُمامہ حسن
(Pakistan)

ابھی چند روز پہلے کی بات ہے کہ پرسکون زندگی میں صرف پڑھائی کی پریشانی سرِ فہرست تھی۔ اب اس 'چند روز' کو بھی پورا سال ہونے والا ہے۔ اب کیا کریں! سارا سال ہی سن 2020 کو کوستے لعنت ملامت کرتے، برا بھلا کہتے گزر گیا، ہم سارا سال کہتے رہے کہ یہ وقت کیسا منحوس ہے کہ گزر کے ہی نہیں دیتا، اور ظاہر ہے کیوں نہ کہتے، اتنے لوگوں کی کاروباری زندگی پریشانیوں سے ڈوبی تھی تو کسی کی نوکری ختم، کسی کے پیارے اللہ کو پیارے ہو گئے تو کسی کے پیٹ پر تالے لگ گئے۔ لیکن پھر بھی یہ جینا حرام کر دینے والا سال آخر اپنے اختتام کو پہنچا۔ لیکن یہی سال بہت لوگوں کو بدلنے کا باعث بھی بنا۔ جس طرح زندگی میں پیش آنے والے تلخ واقعات انسان کو کچھ نہ کچھ سبق دے جاتے ہیں اسی طرح اس سال نے بھی ہم سب کو بہت کچھ سکھا دیا ہے۔ یہ پوری دنیا جو جدت کے باعث غرور میں غرق ہو چکی تھی اور بے در پے ترقی کی جانب اپنے قدم بڑھا رہی تھی وہ ایک وبا کی زد میں آکر ایک جگہ ساکت ہو گئی۔ پہلے جانور اور پھر انسان میں داخل ہونے والی یہ دکھنے میں معمولی مگر جانلیوہ بیماری نے سب کچھ تباہ کر کے رکھ دیا۔ یہ تو گزرے سال کا خلاصہ یا پھر یوں کہہ لیں کہ اس سال کی آخری ڈائری تھی۔ اب یہ تو نہیں معلوم کہ کورونا کا خاتمہ بھی اسی سال ہو جائے گا۔ البتہ ہم عام لوگ اگلے سال کے لیے بہت سی اچھی امیدیں دل میں لیے بیٹھے ہیں کہ شاید آنے والا سال اپنے ساتھ وہ سکون لے آئے گا جو ہمیں گزشتہ سالوں میں ملتا تھا اور جسکے ہم بہت ناشکرے تھے۔

اس سال کے اخیر میں ایک نیا آغاز لینے کا ارادہ کیا ہے جو یقیناً مجھے اس تلخ سال کو کبھی فراموش ہونے نہیں دے گا اور وہ ہے یہ سال نامہ ہے جو کہ میں نے پہلی بار لکھا ہے، اس امید کے ساتھ کہ پڑھنے والے میری اس ادنیٰ سی کاوش کو ضرور سراہیں گے۔ آنے والے سال بلکہ سالوں میں اس آفت سے نجات حاصل کرنے کے لیے دعاگو ہوں۔

"ایک انشائیہ: (گرو گوہند سنگھ جی کے ایک اشلوک کی نذر)"

By
Masooma Zainab
(Pakistan)

آج سفر کے دوران۔۔ میں نے بہت سوچا کہ تنہائی کیا ہوتی ہے۔۔۔ پتا نہیں میں نے کیا سوچا۔۔۔
پر میں نے محسوس کیا کہ ہم لوگ ایک عجیب قسم کے equilibrium میں ہیں۔۔۔
زندگی تو سب کی ہی رواں رہتی ہے۔۔ جیسے بھی حالات ہوں۔۔ اس لحاظ سے ہم static
equilibrium میں ہوتے ہیں۔۔ اور اندر سے کتنے تنہا ہوتے ہیں۔۔ زبان سے چیخ چیخ کر بھی
بیان کریں تو بھی کوئی سمجھ نہیں سکتا۔۔۔ بس جزبات کے بخارات پیمانے کے سرے تک
پہنچتے ہیں اور پھر دم توڑ دیتے ہیں۔۔ دوبارہ اندر کہیں چھپ جاتے ہیں۔۔ اس لحاظ سے۔۔ ہم
dynamic equilibrium میں ہیں۔۔۔
ایسا ہوتا ہے کیا؟؟؟

لوگ ہیں۔۔ اسی دنیا میں رہتے ہیں۔۔ لیکن وہ ہر بات کو اتنے مختلف زاویوں سے کیوں دیکھتے
ہیں۔ پھول کو بی لے لیجئے، گلاب کا پھول؛ کچھ اس کے وجود میں سے بھی بجر و وصال کے
رنج کو نکال لاتے ہیں اور کچھ بس خوشبو کا مزا لے کر مسل دیتے ہیں۔
اگر امرتا پریم جیسی خواتین اور منٹو جیسے مرد نہ ہوتے تو دنیا کتنی تاریک ہوتی۔۔۔
ہم اندھیرے اور تاریکی کو خوف کی علامت کیوں سمجھتے ہیں؟ یا شاید نجاست کی۔۔ کیا
تاریکی اتنی وحشتناک ہوتی ہے؟ نہیں انسان کا وجود وحشتناک ہوتا ہے۔۔ اور شاید نجس
بھی۔۔۔

تنہائی کیسی ہوتی ہے۔۔۔ سمندری ٹرینچ (Trench: Java) جتنی گہری یا۔۔ آسمان کی
وسعتوں جیسی غالب۔۔ خاموشی اور آنسوؤں کا رشتہ بھی اتنا ہی گہرا ہوتا ہے۔۔

اگر وارث شاہ اور غالب نہ ہوتے تو عشق کا باغ کتنا ویران ہوتا۔۔ اور بادشاہت کس کی ہوتی؟
اس بات کا تصور کیا کسی خوف سے کم ہے؟
بس ایک لمحہ ہے۔۔ گرفت میں نہیں آتا لیکن سانسوں میں رچ گیا ہے۔۔ سانس کے ذریعے خون
میں تحلیل ہو گیا ہے، ڈر ہے کہیں زہر نہ بن جائے، روح کی قوت سے جو سینچا ہے۔

"شام ہو جانے پہ"

By
جج سنگھ غافل
(پٹھانکوٹ)

شام ہو جانے پہ بے چین ہوا جاتا ہے،
میرے دل، رات میں تو کس کے شہر جاتا ہے؟

جان بن کر کوئی ہم کو بھی مار ہی دیگا
جس طرح سے میرا نقصان ہوا جاتا ہے

میری آنکھوں میں تیرا عکس رُکا رہتا ہے
اک دفاع دیکھنے میں پھر تیرا کیا جاتا ہے؟

دل میں آتا ہے مگر سامنے نہیں آتا
تیرا طالب بھی اب حیران ہوا جاتا ہے

وہ جب ملتا ہی نہیں دوست بلانے والا،
تُو کیوں اُسکا پتا لینے کے لیے جاتا ہے؟

تیری یادوں، تیرے خوابوں کو بنا کر سہرا
دستخط پیار کا غزل سے کیا جاتا ہے

چشم نم نے کہا کہ بیت گیا ہے وہ سما
پئے سیلاب ہے کہ بہتا چلا جاتا ہے

جانے والا ملاقاتوں میں آنسو رکھتا ہے
پیچھے دیکھے بنا وہ دور چلا جاتا ہے

Punjabi

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

"Ik Waqt"

By
Amanveer Kaur Khalsa
(Mansa, East Punjab)

ਇੱਕ ਵਕਤ ਅਜੇਹਾ ਆਉਣਾ ਏ,
ਤੂੰ ਦੁੱਖਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੋਣਾ ਏ ।
ਸੱਭ ਗੈਰ ਜਿਹੇ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਪਣਗੇ,
ਕੋਈ ਆਪਣਾ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਨਾ ਆਉਣਾ ਏ ।

ਉਸ ਵਕਤ ਤੂੰ ਮੰਨ-ਚਿੱਤ ਲਾ ਕੇ
ਉਸ ਡਾਢੇ ਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਕਰੀਂ ।
ਇਹ ਦੁਨੀਆ ਸਜਨਾ ਧੋਖਾ ਏ,
ਤੈਨੂੰ ਉਸਨੇ ਪਾਰ ਲੰਘਾਉਣਾ ਏ ।

ਜੇ ਮੋਮ ਪਿਘਲਦੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਏ,
ਤਾਂ ਪੱਥਰ ਵੀ ਤਾਂ ਟੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਆਪਣਾ ਸਮਝ ਕੇ ਸਾਥ ਬਣਾਏ,
ਗੈਰ ਬਣਕੇ ਉਹੀ ਛੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਦੁਨੀਆ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਭੁੱਲ ਭੁਲੇਖੇ ਸਮਝੇ
ਪਹਿਰੇਦਾਰ ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਦੇ,
ਠੱਗ ਬਣਕੇ ਉਹੀ ਲੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਐਸ਼-ਪਰਸਤੀ ਅਜ਼ਾਦ ਪੰਛੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਭਾਉਂਦੀ ਨਾ,
ਸੋਨੇ ਦੇ ਪਿੰਜਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੀ
ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਦੱਮ ਘੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਇੱਕ ਵਕਤ ਅਜੇਹਾ ਆਉਣਾ ਏ,
ਤੂੰ ਦੁੱਖਾਂ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਹੋਣਾ ਏ ।
ਸੱਭ ਗੈਰ ਜਿਹੇ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਜਾਪਣਗੇ,
ਕੋਈ ਆਪਣਾ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਨਾ ਆਉਣਾ ਏ ।

ਉਸ ਵਕਤ ਤੂੰ ਮੰਨ-ਚਿੱਤ ਲਾ ਕੇ
ਉਸ ਡਾਢੇ ਨੂੰ ਯਾਦ ਕਰੀਂ ।
ਇਹ ਦੁਨੀਆ ਸਜਨਾ ਧੋਖਾ ਏ,
ਤੈਨੂੰ ਉਸਨੇ ਪਾਰ ਲੰਘਾਉਣਾ ਏ ।

ਜੇ ਮੋਮ ਪਿਘਲਦੀ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਏ,
ਤਾਂ ਪੱਥਰ ਵੀ ਤਾਂ ਟੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਆਪਣਾ ਸਮਝ ਕੇ ਸਾਥ ਬਣਾਏ,
ਗੈਰ ਬਣਕੇ ਉਹੀ ਛੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਦੁਨੀਆ ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਭੁੱਲ ਭੁਲੇਖੇ ਸਮਝੇ
ਪਹਿਰੇਦਾਰ ਇਨਸਾਨੀਅਤ ਦੇ,
ਠੱਗ ਬਣਕੇ ਉਹੀ ਲੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਐਸ਼-ਪਰਸਤੀ ਅਜ਼ਾਦ ਪੰਛੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਭਾਉਂਦੀ ਨਾ,
ਸੋਨੇ ਦੇ ਪਿੰਜਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਵੀ
ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਦੱਮ ਘੁੱਟਦੇ ਨੇ ।

"Jiyu'n Jiyu'n Suraj"

By
Harpreet Kotfatta
(Bathinda , East Punjab)

ਜਿਉਂ-ਜਿਉਂ ਸੂਰਜ ਢੱਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ।
ਗ਼ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਦੀਵਾ ਬਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ।

ਦੇ ਟੁੱਕ ਮਿਲੇ ਨਾ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਲਈ
ਨੰਗਾ ਢਿੱਡ, ਕਾਮਾ ਚਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ।

ਬੱਸ ਡਿੱਗਣ ਹੀ ਵਾਲਾ ਕੋਠਾ ਕੱਚਾ,
ਦਿਨ ਬੱਸ ਅੱਜ ਜਾਂ ਕੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ।

ਕੀਕਣ ਬੋਲਾਂ? ਕਿ ਸੱਭ ਖ਼ੋਰ ਹੈ!
ਚੁੱਪ ਜੁਬਾਨ ਤੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਹੱਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ।

ਝਿੜਕਾਂ, ਠੇਡੇ, ਗਾਲਾਂ, ਰੀਝਾਂ ਖਾ ਕੇ
ਜਵਾਕ ਗਰੀਬ ਦਾ ਪਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ।

ਰੇਤ ਦੇ ਘਰਾਂ ਜਹੇ ਸੁਪਨੇ ਬੁਣਦਾਂ ਹਾਂ,
ਢਾਹ ਜਾਂਦੀ, ਦੱਸੋ ਕੀ ਛੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ?

ਸਾਡੀਆਂ ਚੀਕਾਂ ਸੁਣਦੀਆਂ ਕਿਉਂ ਨੀਂ?
ਰੱਬ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਨੇਹਾ ਬੱਸ ਟੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ?

ਬੋਲੀ ਚੱਲ 'ਹਰਪ੍ਰੀਤ' ਜੋ ਬੋਲਣਾ ਤੈਂ!
ਬੁੱਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਅਸਰ ਕੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਗੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ?

ਜਿਊਂ ਜਿਊਂ ਸੂਰਜ ਡੁੱਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ
ਗ਼ਮਾਂ ਦਾ ਦੀਵਾ ਬਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ

ਦੋ ਟੁੱਕ ਮਿਲੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਬੱਚਿਆਂ ਲਈ
ਨੰਗਾ ਢਿੱਡ ਕਾਮਾ ਚਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ

ਬਸ ਡਿੱਗਣ ਹੀ ਵਾਲਾ ਕੋਠਾ ਕੱਚਾ,
ਦਿਨ ਬਸ ਅੱਜ ਜਾਂ ਕੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ

ਕਿਕਣ ਬੋਲਾਂ? ਕਿ ਸੱਭ ਖ਼ੋਰ ਹੈ!
ਚੁੱਪ ਜੁਬਾਨ ਤੇ, ਅੰਦਰ ਹੱਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ

ਝਿੜਕਾਂ, ਠੇਡੇ, ਗਾਲਾਂ, ਰੀਝਾਂ ਖਾ ਕੇ
ਜਵਾਕ ਗਰੀਬ ਦਾ ਪਲਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ

ਰੇਤ ਦੇ ਘਰਾਂ ਜਹੇ ਸੁਪਨੇ ਬੁਣਦਾਂ ਹਾਂ,
ਢਾਹ ਜਾਂਦੀ, ਦੱਸੋ ਕੀ ਛੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ?

ਸਾਡੀਆਂ ਚੀਕਾਂ ਸੁਣਦੀਆਂ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਹੀਂ?
ਰੱਬ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਨੇਹਾ ਬੱਸ ਟੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ?

ਬੋਲੀ ਚੱਲ 'ਹਰਪ੍ਰੀਤ' ਜੋ ਬੋਲਣਾ ਤੈਂ
ਬੁੱਤਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਅਸਰ ਕੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਗੱਲ ਦਾ ਜਾਂਦਾ?

"Mohabbat"

By
Amrita Noor
(Mehta, East Punjab)

ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਬਹੁਤ ਮਧੁਰ ਏ ।
ਸ਼ਾਂਤ, ਡੂੰਘੇ ਪਾਣੀਆਂ ਜਿਹੀ ।
ਜਿਹਦੀ ਕੋਈ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਨਹੀਂ ।

محنت بہت مدہر اے۔
شانت ڈونگے پانیاں جیہی۔
جی کوئی آواز نہی۔

ਦੱਸਿਏ ਕੀ ਬੋਲ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਕਿ ਤੇਰੇ ਹਾਂ ਅਸੀਂ ।
ਇਹ ਰੂਹਾਨੀ ਪਰਵਾਜ਼ ਤਾਂ ਲਫਜ਼ਾਂ ਦੀ ਮੁਹਬਾਜ਼ ਨਹੀਂ ।

دسیئے کی بول تینوں کے تیرے ہاں اسیں۔
اے روحانی پرواز تان لفظان دی محتاج نہی۔

ਚੜਿਆ ਹੋਵੇ ਜੇ ਰੰਗ ਰੂਹ ਤੇ ਪਾਕ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਦਾ,
ਮੰਗੇ ਦਿਲ ਨਾ ਸਾਥ ਤੰਨ ਵਾਲਾ ।

چڑیا ہووے جے رنگ روح تے پاک مُحبت دا،
منگے دل نہ ساتھ تن والا۔

ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਸੁੱਚੀ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਦਾ ਜਿਸਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਭੁੱਖ ਅੰਦਰ
ਨਾ ਅੰਤ ਕੋਈ, ਨਾ ਆਗਾਜ਼ ਕੋਈ ।

کیوں کے سُچّی محبت دا جسمان دی بھُک اندر
نہ انت کوئی، نا آغاز کوئی۔



"Chandra Dil"

By
Sardar Nirdosh Singh
(Sri Mukatsar Sahib)

ਕਿਸੇ ਗੈਰ ਦੇ ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਉੱਤੇ ਅੱਜ-ਕਲ ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਏ ।

ਫੇਰ ਦੱਸ ਕਿੰਝ ਕਹਿ ਦਈਏ, "ਚੰਦਰੇ ਦਿੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਆਰਾਮ ਏ" ?

ਕਿਸੇ ਗੈਰ ਦੇ ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਅੱਜ ਕਲ ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਏ-।

ਫਿਰ ਦਸ ਕੰਝ ਕੇਹੇ ਦਿੱਤੇ ਕੇ ਚੰਦਰੇ ਫੁੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਆਰਾਮ ਏ-।

ਭੀੜ ਪੈਣ ਤੇ ਛੱਡ ਗਏ ਜੇ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਯਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਦਿਲੋਂ ਸਲਾਮ ਏ ।

ਹੱਸ-ਹੱਸ ਲਾਉਂਦੇ ਯਾਰੀਆਂ, ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਦਿੱਲ ਖੋਟੇ ਹਰਾਮ ਏ ।

ਬੇਝਿਰ ਪਿੰਨ ਤੇ ਚੇਹੜੇ ਗਏ ਖੋ, ਅੰਨ੍ਹੇ ਯਾਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਦਿਲੋਂ ਸਲਾਮ ਏ-।

ਬਸ ਬਸ ਲਾਠੀ ਯਾਰੀਆਂ, ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਦਿੱਲ ਖੋਟੇ ਹਰਾਮ ਏ-।

ਜਿਦੇ ਕਰਕੇ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ ਹੋਏ, ਅੱਜ ਉਹ ਸ਼ਖਸ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਸਦਕਾ ਬਦਨਾਮ ਏ ।

ਗੈਰ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਗਏ ਨੇ ਮੰਜਿਲ ਤੇ ਪੌੜੀਆਂ ਬਣਾ ਸਾਨੂੰ, ਸਾਡਾ ਹਰ ਕਦਮ ਹੋਇਆ ਨਾਕਾਮ ਏ ।

ਜਿਦੇ ਕਰਕੇ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ ਹੋਏ, ਅੱਜ ਉਹ ਸ਼ਖਸ ਤੁਹਾਡੇ ਸਦਕੇ ਬਦਨਾਮ ਏ-।

ਗੈਰ ਪਹੁੰਚ ਗਏ ਨੇ ਮੰਜਿਲ ਤੇ ਪੌੜੀਆਂ ਬਣਾ ਸਾਨੂੰ, ਸਾਡਾ ਹਰ ਕਦਮ ਹੋਇਆ ਨਾਕਾਮ ਏ-।

ਯਾਦ ਤੇਰੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੂਰਜ ਉੱਗਿਆ, ਯਾਦ ਤੇਰੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਢੱਲ ਗਈ ਸ਼ਾਮ ਏ ।

ਖਾਸ ਚੇਹਰੇ ਹੀ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਸਿੰਗਾਰ ਮਹਿਫਿਲ ਦਾ, ਸਾਡਾ ਤਾਂ ਆਉਣਾ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੀ ਗੱਲ ਆਮ ਏ ।

ਯਾਦ ਤੇਰੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੂਰਜ ਉੱਗਿਆ, ਯਾਦ ਤੇਰੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਢੱਲ ਗਈ ਸ਼ਾਮ ਏ-।

ਖਾਸ ਚੇਹਰੇ ਹੀ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਸਿੰਗਾਰ ਮਹਿਫਿਲ ਦਾ, ਸਾਡਾ ਤਾਂ ਆਉਣਾ ਜਾਣਾ ਹੀ ਗੱਲ ਆਮ ਏ-।

ਕੋਈ ਮੁੱਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਸੱਜਣਾਂ ਦਾ, ਅੱਜ ਉਹ ਵਿਕਦੇ ਵੇਖੇ ਸ਼ਰ-ਏ-ਆਮ ਏ ।

ਖਾ ਗਏ ਨੇ ਆਪਣਾ ਘਰ ਆਪਣੇ ਹੀ ਮੂਹੋਂ, ਤੇਰੀ ਇਸ ਭੁੱਖ ਲਈ ਚਰਚਾ 'ਚ ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਏ ।

ਕੋਈ ਮੁੱਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਸੱਜਣਾਂ ਦਾ, ਅੱਜ ਉਹ ਵਿਕਦੇ ਵੇਖੇ ਸ਼ਰ-ਏ-ਆਮ ਏ-।

ਕੋਈ ਮੁੱਲ ਨਹੀਂ ਸੀ ਜਿਹੜੇ ਸੱਜਣਾਂ ਦਾ, ਅੱਜ ਉਹ ਵਿਕਦੇ ਵੇਖੇ ਸ਼ਰ-ਏ-ਆਮ ਏ-।

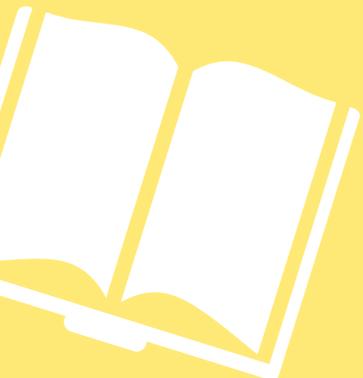
ਦਿਨ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਜਰੇ ਲੱਗੇ, ਰਾਤਾਂ 'ਨਿਰਦੋਸ਼ ਸਿਆਂ' ਹੋਈਆਂ ਬੇਆਰਾਮ ਏ ।

ਫੇਰ ਦੱਸ ਕਿੰਝ ਕਹਿ ਦਈਏ, "ਚੰਦਰੇ ਦਿੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਆਰਾਮ ਏ" ।

ਦਿਨ ਉਹਨਾਂ ਦੇ ਸਜਰੇ ਲੱਗੇ, ਰਾਤਾਂ 'ਨਿਰਦੋਸ਼ ਸਿਆਂ' ਹੋਈਆਂ ਬੇਆਰਾਮ ਏ-।

ਫੇਰ ਦੱਸ ਕਿੰਝ ਕਹਿ ਦਈਏ, "ਚੰਦਰੇ ਦਿੱਲ ਨੂੰ ਆਰਾਮ ਏ-।"

**YOUR
(AD)
HERE**





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

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AMENITIES	BRONZE	SILVER	GOLD	PLATINUM
MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTION	4\$	8\$	12\$	216\$
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	40\$	80\$	122\$	
TRACKS	1	2	4	7 (RENEWAL EVERY YEAR)
FEATURING DURATION	1 MONTH	3 MONTHS	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR
PROMOTION ON SOCIAL HANDLES	ONCE A MONTH	ONCE A WEEK(BOTH)	FOUR DAYS A WEEK(ALL)	7 DAYS A WEEK (ALL)
ON SERVER LIFESPAN	1 MONTH	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR	LIFE TIME

Turkish

"Ölüm"

By
Mehmet Akgönül
(Turkey)

Kurudu denizin pulsuz balıklarının cesetleri.
Bir orman yandı ve yükseldi külleri.
Biliyorum bir gün kül ve toz seni de alacak,
Okunmamış kitapların için ağlarken gelecek ölüm!

Gözyaşlarını kurumadan silmek isterdim,
Rüzgâr benden hızlı davrandı ve dokundu yüzüne.
Gömülmemiş korkularımdan birisiydi bu,
Yaşanmamış aşklarım için ağlarken gelecek ölüm!

Beyaz kuzgunun kanatları güneşi kapattı,
Gölgesi yüzüme düştü ve üşüttü içimi.
Yanmış bir tüy süzülüp avcuma kondu,
Güneşe yakın uçarken gelecek ölüm!



"KORKUNUN MUSE'A EVRİMİ"

By
Mert Molu
(Turkey)

Kerem, her cümlesinin sonunda boğazını temizlemiş
Parmaklarından canlar çekilmiş, içi dışı bir olmuş.
Anda kaybolup gizemlere, daha kötüsü kimsenin
Umursamadığı konuları ve uzak tepeleri izlemiş.

Gün biterken loş ışığın hüzmelerinde
Akıp gitmiş, Ruşen'e gölge düşmek için
uzun uzun altı adım atmış herkesi geride
İnsanları benliğinde aklında ve zihninde

Dümdüz gitmiş. Dünya yol
Yol labirent, labirent minator
Sevdası revan, ruhu hürmüz
Bitmemiş. Sadece yürümüş

Doğrulmuş açmış
Gönlünü sevdaya
Sevda ışıklara kurban
Kerem, keremliğine



"Ufuk"

By
Doğa Naz Özyürek
(Turkey)

Boğazım düğümleniyor artık.
Bu öyle bir özlem ki,
İçim içimi kemiriyor...
Düşünüyorum neredesin,
Kiminlesin, kimlerlesin...

Yıkık duvarlar siler mi bu sevgiyi?
Hangi savaş engel olur kavuşmaya?
Şehirler şahit karanlığa...
Sokaklar, heceler ve bir çiçek.
Gökyüzü parçası ruhum,
Karanlığa doğan ay...

Düşünüyorum ve büyüyor tüm duvarlar...
Bir çocuk doğuyor aydınlığa.
Tanımaz hiçbir yarın bir yarım...
Öyle bir özlem ki,
İçim içimi kemiriyor...

Ben bir deniz ve sen de gökyüzü...
Var olan küçük bir ihtimal...
Deniz ve gökyüzünün ufukta biz olması gibi...
Sevmesem de hayallerime rakip,
Bilirsin senden ötürü maviliğim.
Bilinsin ki yıkıldı tüm duvarlar.

French

"La survivante"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Derrière ce beau sourire se cachent des traces des larmes qui sont maintenant séchées comme les rivières pendant la saison estivale toute aride.

Ses cheveux entièrement chiffonnés sur la tête peut-être qu'elle ne se souvient même pas quand elle s'est coffée la dernière fois mais tout ça ne l'empêche pas de marcher fièrement dans les rues.

Les vêtements qu'elle porte depuis la fin de l'hiver tout fanés de couleurs dévoilent son état mais elle ne se soucie guère de ce que vous et moi pensez.

Ses mains et son pied si tendre couvert de poussière de l'aube à la nuit encore cela ne la dérange point de vivre son enfance.

Les maisons, les rues, les espoirs du futur et les cœurs sont tous brisés mais elle vit toujours en nourrissant de nombreux rêves en elle même.



"The survivor"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Behind this beautiful smile hides traces of tears that are now dried like rivers during the arid summer season.

Her hair is rumpling all over her head, maybe she doesn't even remember when the last time she got down but all this doesn't stop her from walking with the head held high in the streets.

The clothes she wears since the end of winter all faded in colors reveal her condition but she hardly cares what you and I think.

Her hands and feet so tender cover with dust from dawn until night yet all this does not disturb her living her childhood.

Houses, streets, hopes for the future, and hearts are all broken but she still lives by nurturing many dreams within herself.



"Rêves"

By
Florian Covelli
(Français)

La pointe de l'aube insuffle aux rêves
une douceur implacable

De l'écrasante et noire viscosité de la nuit,
il se hisse, tels des filaments aurifères,
venus à la surface quémander leur dû de lumière

La poudre d'or des songes,
jetée dans l'air immobile des ténèbres,
donne une vision stellaire
aux plus sévères aveugles

Les prospecteurs du Styx
caressent la surface de l'eau—
au fond, les pépites brutes, fixes,
s'évaporent en étoiles, là-haut



"Ramures"

By
Benoit Jeantet
(Français)

Que faisais-tu au milieu
simple et rapide
de la forêt
à défaut
de tomber amoureuse?
Comment sont-ils parvenus
à enraciner
dans nos cervelles
molles
l'idée un peu sotte
que vivre revenait
à une sorte de braconnage
où l'on vous fait marcher
sur la tête
pendant que d'autres
ramassent
des ramures de cerf
comme si leur vie
en dépendait ?

"Fragments d'étoiles"

By
Boualem Mihoub
(Français)

La mer.

La mer me diapre la poétique
D'ivresse où les mots mosaïques
Réinvente à mon cœur son émotion
D'un envol entre les flots d'une passion.

Et l'extase d'une brise m'étreignant
Frémissements en mon cœur s'imprégnant
De vertige accrochant au rêve
Le bonheur d'un soleil qui se lève.

À l'aube d'une joie, fragments d'étoiles
Restés sur le chemin que dévoile
Dans la plénitude d'un voyage
Un ciel bleu délivré d'un orage.

**

Que m'est la poésie sans l'émotion des couleurs
M'attachant d'intensité au rêve harmonieux
De l'aube jaillissant au sourire en ton cœur
Où mon âme frissonne à tout soleil frileux.

**

Spanish

"Lucecitas de colores"

By
Sam
(Perú)

El olor de la tierra mojada, después de una ligera garúa. Los hoyos en el asfalto, sumergí mi pie en uno de ellos, luego brinqué hacia otro....alguien que no es de acá diría que llovió toda la noche; pero no, mis padres siempre se quejan del mal trabajo del encargado de cuidar la ciudad, alcalde creo que le llaman. A mí me gusta este diseño diferente.

Las zapatillas con luces de colores y las medias blancas cubiertas de lodo, mi pantalón tiene una gran mancha negra, esto no le gustará a mamá. La cara sucia, el cabello desordenado y creo que perdí mi lazo nuevo; no hay duda, esto no le gustará a mamá. Me duele la pancita, comí mucho en la cena. Tenía que comer todo, me dijeron; sino no podría salir a jugar. Había pavo, panetón y, mi preferida, leche chocolatada. No me gustan las pasas ni las frutillas, las saco y se las regalo a mi mamá. Me gustan los regalos, celebramos el nacimiento del bebito Jesús.

La luz de los focos de la calle cada vez es más baja, se prenden y apagan, es divertido. ¡Uy!, se apagaron por completo, – ¡apagón, apagón!– gritaron los vecinos. Mi prima tiene una bici nueva, ahora es mi turno de pasear en ella; ahhhh ya sé...así fue cómo ensució mi pantalón. Risas y más risas, esta es mi noche preferida, después de mi cumpleaños.

– María, ya entra a la casa, está oscuro afuera– grita mi papá. Al fondo se oye alguien que me llama y me dice “¡Mi Marita linda, ven para acá que no me has dado mi abrazo!”. Corrí a saludar a mi tía, la que prepara los postres más ricos. Pisé una de mis amarras y me caí. Estaba a punto de llorar, pero mi papá me puso de pie y me sacudió el pantalón mientras repetía “macha, macha, ¿ya ves? no pasa nada”.

– María, María, ¿qué haces, María? ¿Que no te das cuenta que ya es hora de irnos? Los de la mudanza ya están a punto de cerrar las puertas del camión–. Encontré una foto vieja mientras empacaba, una foto de aquella Navidad del 2000, la más feliz, en la que estábamos todos juntos. La tomé y guardé en el bolsillo interno de mi casaca, el que está cerca de mi corazón. Es ahí donde se guardan los recuerdos felices, es ahí donde debe estar.



"Eras Poesía"

By
Yahaira Chagollan
(México)

Eras poesía para mí,
Pero eso ya se acabó,
Un beso fue tu adiós
Y aquel mensaje nunca llegó.

Eras poesía con tu sonrisa y tu mirada,
Con tu manera de hablarme,
Con los versos que solías dedicarme.

Aunque te extraño,
Es obvio que no volveré a verte o abrazarte.
Aunque tu rostro dibujé,
Porque ese día te pensé,
Sé que no volveré a mirarte,
Porque no volverás a donde me encontraste.

Eras poesía para mí,
Y aunque no lo quiera admitir,
Ya te has ido de mi vida.



"Soneto"

By
Alba Pérez Valderas
(España)

Mi mente por ti ya no vaga incierta;
En pensarte se ha quedado clavada.
Ya no le importa ni lamenta nada;
Por ti se han abierto todas las puertas.
Tu calidez sobre mi mente yerta
Convierte en una lluvia inacabada
Las aguas que escondía congeladas.
Tú eres la mañana que me despierta
A la luz tan largo tiempo anhelada.
Tú eres la única cosa cierta
Que existe en mi alma deshabitada;
La que quiero entregarte descubierta,
Rebosante de ti, por ti extasiada,
Sin ti y sin tus manos agua muerta.

Hindi

"हज़रत-ए-इंसान"

By
Md Shad Ali Khan
(India)

बिछड़ कर खुद से वो किधर जाता है
इंसान पत्तों की मानिंद बिखर जाता है

रूठता है जहाँ से कोई तो जाता है घर
जो कहीं का नहीं रहता किधर जाता है

अपने वजूद पे सदा उठाता है उंगलियाँ
कोई शख्स जब जीते जी मर जाता है

उससे पूछो मियाँ तुम हिजरत के मानी
छोड़कर गाँव अपना जो शहर जाता है

कुछ परिंदों सी भी है इंसान की फ़ितरत
पर निकल आये तो छोड़ घर जाता है

वाबस्तगी अँधेरों से रही जिसे उम्र भर
अचानक से रौशनी देखे तो डर जाता है

फ़क़त हो कोयला अगर तो जाता है बिखर
किरदार गर हीरा हो तो निखर जाता है

गर्दिश-ए-दौरों के सदा रहे दो पहलू
कोई बिखर जाता है तो कोई सँवर जाता है

राह की मुश्किलें एक तरफ़ मगर "शाद"
इंसान गर चाह ले तो कर गुज़र जाता है

"रंगमंच"

By
Kamal Verma
(India)

ये दुनिया है एक रंगमंच यहां लोग तो मिलते जाएंगे
पर अपनी धुन में मस्त मगन हम यूंही चलते जाएंगे
यह गम की बरसाते होंगी और ठंडी छांव भी खुशियों की
इन सबको लेकर साथ में हम बस यूंही चलते जाएंगे
ये दुनिया है एक रंगमंच यहां लोग तो मिलते जाएंगे
एक साथ हमें अच्छा था लगा वो भी धीरे धीरे छूट गया
मेरे ख्वाबों का छोटा किला हालात के आगे टूट गया
पर गम ना मुझे उन बातों का कुछ वक्त साथ तो रहा मेरे
हो ना सका वो मेरा कभी कुछ वक्त पास तो रहा मेरे
अब लेकर संग उन यादों को हम यूंही बढ़ते जाएंगे
ये दुनिया है एक रंगमंच यहां लोग तो मिलते जाएंगे।



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