

Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

Multilingual Literary E-magazine

December

**CLEAN OUR
SOULS**

By
Sahnah

**HOLLYWOOD:
GLAMOUR & ASHES**

By
Masooma Zainab

مان

By
Amra Nasir

**DEPRESSION - A
HAVOC**

By
Laraib Ashraf

**Wedding
night**

By
Bethany James

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OF SOME
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/DECEMBER 2020

Editor's Note

Causerie

/'kəʊzəri, French kozri/
noun

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

Hello Guns & Roses!

Finally, 2020 is departing after gifting us numerous and countless miseries, sorrows, and disasters. Nor a single second it thought of pitying humans. Maybe it was the wrath of God upon us for going in the wrong direction and committing sins in a collective state. I hope human beings might have learned a lot from this year especially, that whatever we plan would remain a plan if it is not the will of our God. And if we do not learn from such incidents, we remain ignorant and backward.

Now, I would like to talk about the importance of self-exploration. Self-exploration will lead thou in the right direction. Thou shalt meet thyself, thy entity, thy dreams, thy talents, thy skills, thy interests, thy evens, thy odds, thy worsts, thy best, thy attributes, thy manners, thy behaviors, thy ethics, and along with all these thou shalt strengthen thyself, believe in thyself, which are the most necessary and must-do things modern people skip. This is the only way you can walk on the path of positivity and meet God otherwise the devil will keep misleading you. So, I hope thou shalt ponder over my words.

However, on the occasion of the farewell, this year has gifted Causerie with brilliant brains and a great success of becoming a multilingual literary e-magazine. So, now thou shalt be able to read and write in English, Urdu, Punjabi, Spanish, French, and Hindi languages. Content will appear in Jan issue.

I won't take thou precious time and would like to sum up my words here by thanking every single soul contributing or assisting me in this unstoppable venture. 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-mag and don't forget to give us thy honest feedback. Lots of prayers and prayers for y'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 January issue is the 30th of December.

OVAIS SHAIKH

**Founder
Editor-in-Chief**

CAUSERIE ISSUE 8

DECEMBER 2020

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COVER PHOTO CREDIT

PALWASHA KHAN

"Clean our Souls"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

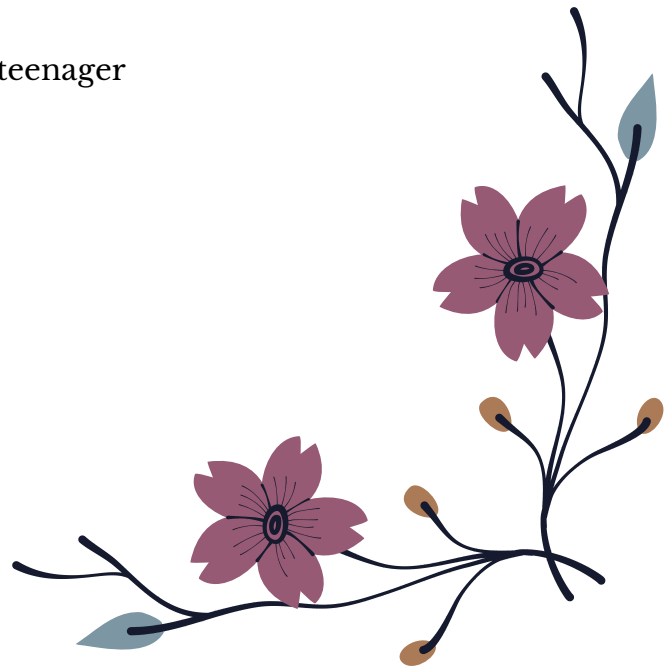
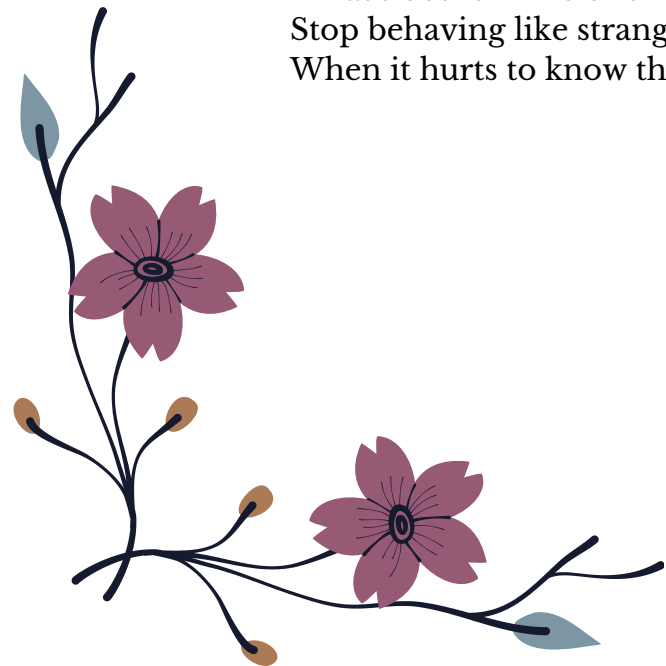
The days are running
The nights are burning
People are enjoying
But do you care about those who are suffering

Life keeps going in a way or another
Either some are living or dying together
No matter how is the weather
With time everything will wither

Today we are here tomorrow don't know where
Only a few days to live on this sphere
The one who thinks knows the matter is severe
And very few here are sincere

Engrossed in our daily life we forget those struggling
We feel pity only on those pictures we are seeing
When will our hearts realise that they are too human beings?
Instead of gossiping how about reacting

Land a hand to the souls in danger
What's bother if he or she is a villager
Stop behaving like stranger
When it hurts to know the matter is about a teenager



The world needs more savior nowadays
Don't just think about your holidays
When some are celebrating their birthdays
Many more are dying here everyday

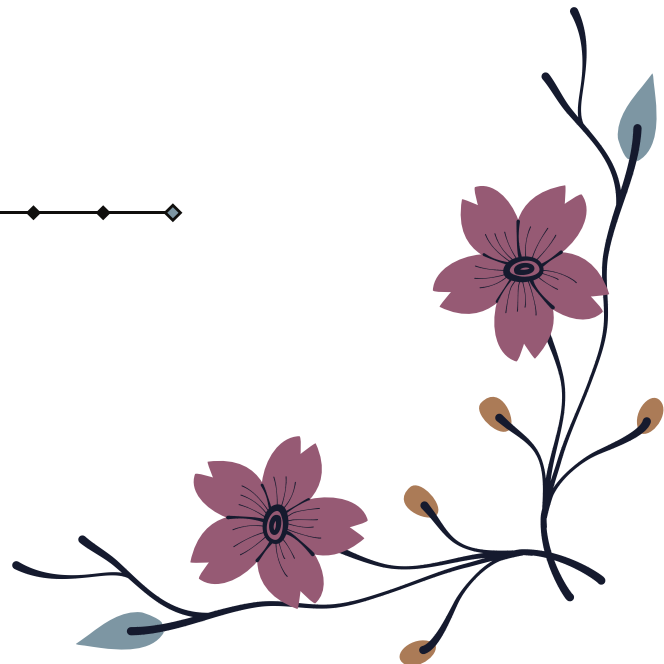
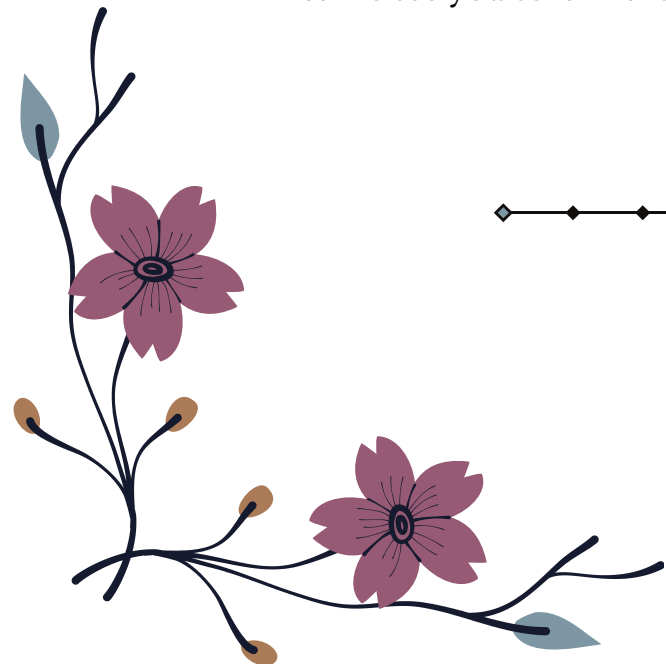
Take an oath to at least help one soul in your lifetime
Everybody should in their life make it prime
Through this we can help to decrease the level of crime
It's the best way to make our spirits sublime.



"Darling"

By
Binte Nadeem
(Pakistan)

I beg you to not suffer, this way; all alone.
I know when you wanna cry so hard, but you don't.
I know when you just lose your control and crack dark jokes.
I know when you choke on your sighs with your very own hands.
When with your clenched hands you end up hitting yourself.
When you implore yourself to stop feeling, stop dying and maybe,
stop living;
but it does, anyway!
I want you to know that I see your tears, hear your sighs,
every day in my heart and soul.
It doesn't matter how many miles part us,
I still want you to gather all the darkness, all the blood and gore of
your soul,
and give it to me.
My love, you are worth all the gold and glitter,
These twinkles and sparkles flatter your existence,
joy embellishes your purity,
Bright, bubbly, breezy, buoyant; is who you are,
believe me!
I want you to live, I need you to live.
Give me your pain,
let me see you sore in the skies and above!



"Wedding Night"

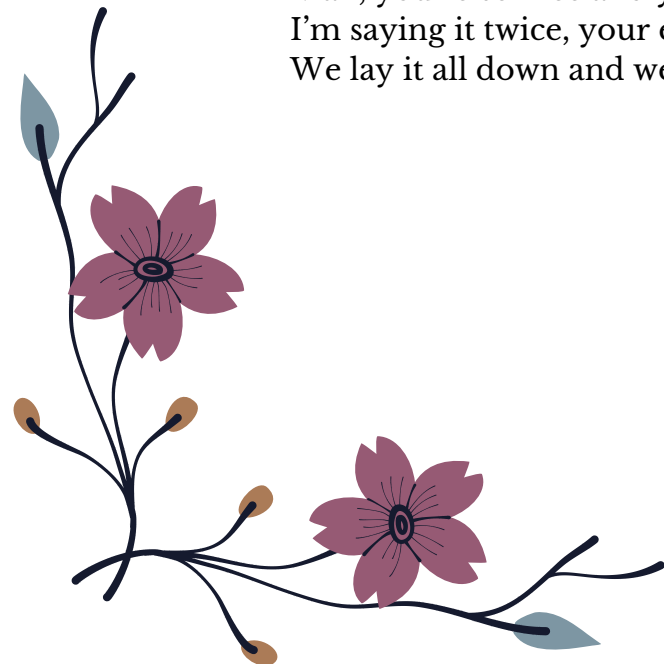
By
Bethany James
(USA)

You're everything, heat rising, I'm yours, surprise me
Your presence, your aroma, your eyes inspire me
Heart beat still, hormones racing like a symphony
Waiting done, indulge me, pleasure zone, completely

I want every night to be right and enticed
We work it out, there's only one wedding night
A journey of passion burning, yearning, driving
Our bodies collide

Vibing, enticing, thriving, realizing,
We make tonight entirely ours
Looking at you and loving you properly
Please me, please me
Please me, please me

I marvel at your love faces emotions
Exploring new places, we go through the motions
You are my current, we have each other's spark
Headed in the same direction after dark
We're like blood brothers, hands touching each other's soul
Man, you're so nice and your embrace is so right
I'm saying it twice, your embrace is so right
We lay it all down and we make love tonight



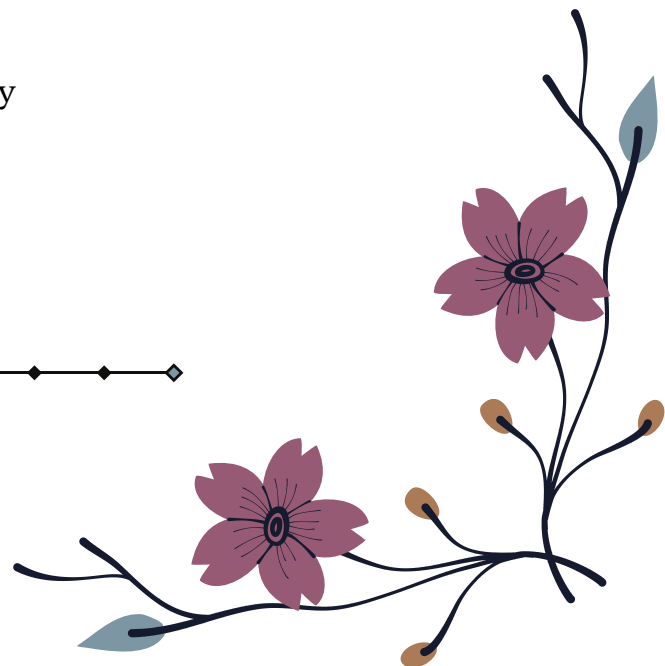
I want every night to be right and enticed
 We work it out, there's only one wedding night
 A journey of passion burning, yearning, driving
 Our bodies collide

Vibing, enticing, thriving, realizing
 How we take our bond deeply
 I can feel our special love now completely
 Please me, please me
 Please me, please me

Baby you know what you do to me now
 For this time, I waited patiently somehow
 It's our elevation and sweet temptation
 Give it all or none for this love demonstration
 Time stands still, a beautiful love illustration
 Yeah baby, now we can do what we choose
 Yes, baby this time is ours, ours only to use
 Please me, please me
 Please me, please me

I want every night to be right and enticed
 We work it out, there only one wedding night
 A journey of passion burning, yearning, driving
 Our bodies collide

Vibing, enticing, thriving, realizing
 We can have each other proudly
 We can yell if from the mountain tops loudly
 Please me, please me
 Please me, please me
 Please me, please me
 Please me, please me.



"I Love the Taste of Some Heartbreak"

By
Bidya Bijayinee
(India)

I'm a chef who tries different kinds of recipes for heartbreaks. From the delicious vibes of sufferings to the fragrance of rotten fleshes and brown bones. I hold my plum-coloured heart and slash my well-boiled emotions with sharpened knives.

And on the fourteenth day of February, I put some flavoursome powders for mouthwatering taste on those bloodstains & laugh until the last dawn of March. I serve them with my favourite date palms on the death anniversary of our love.

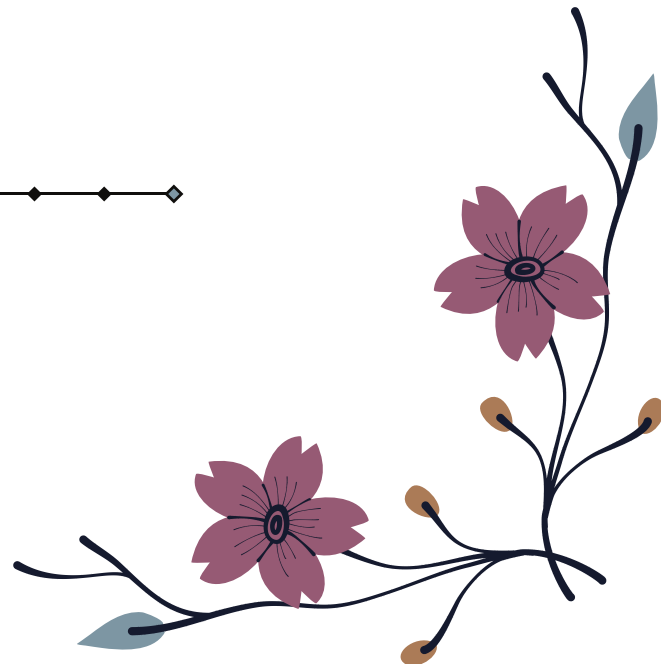
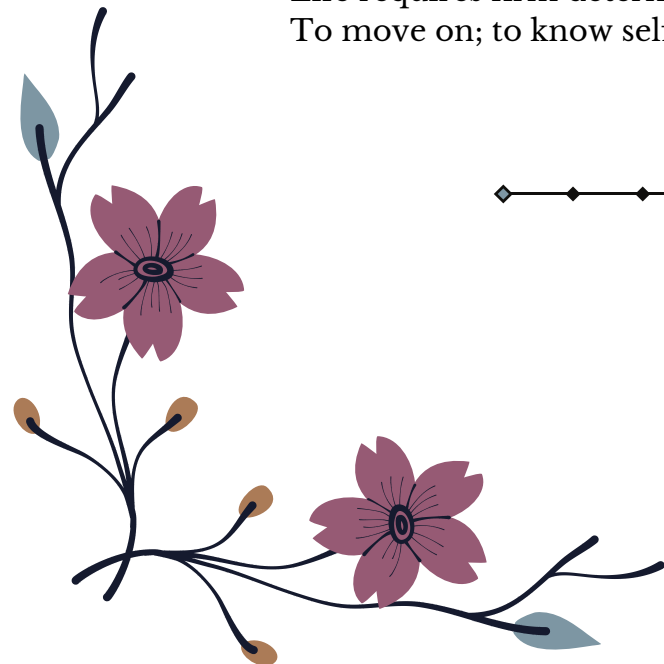
~a heartless brute once ensnared by hard-boiled fate.



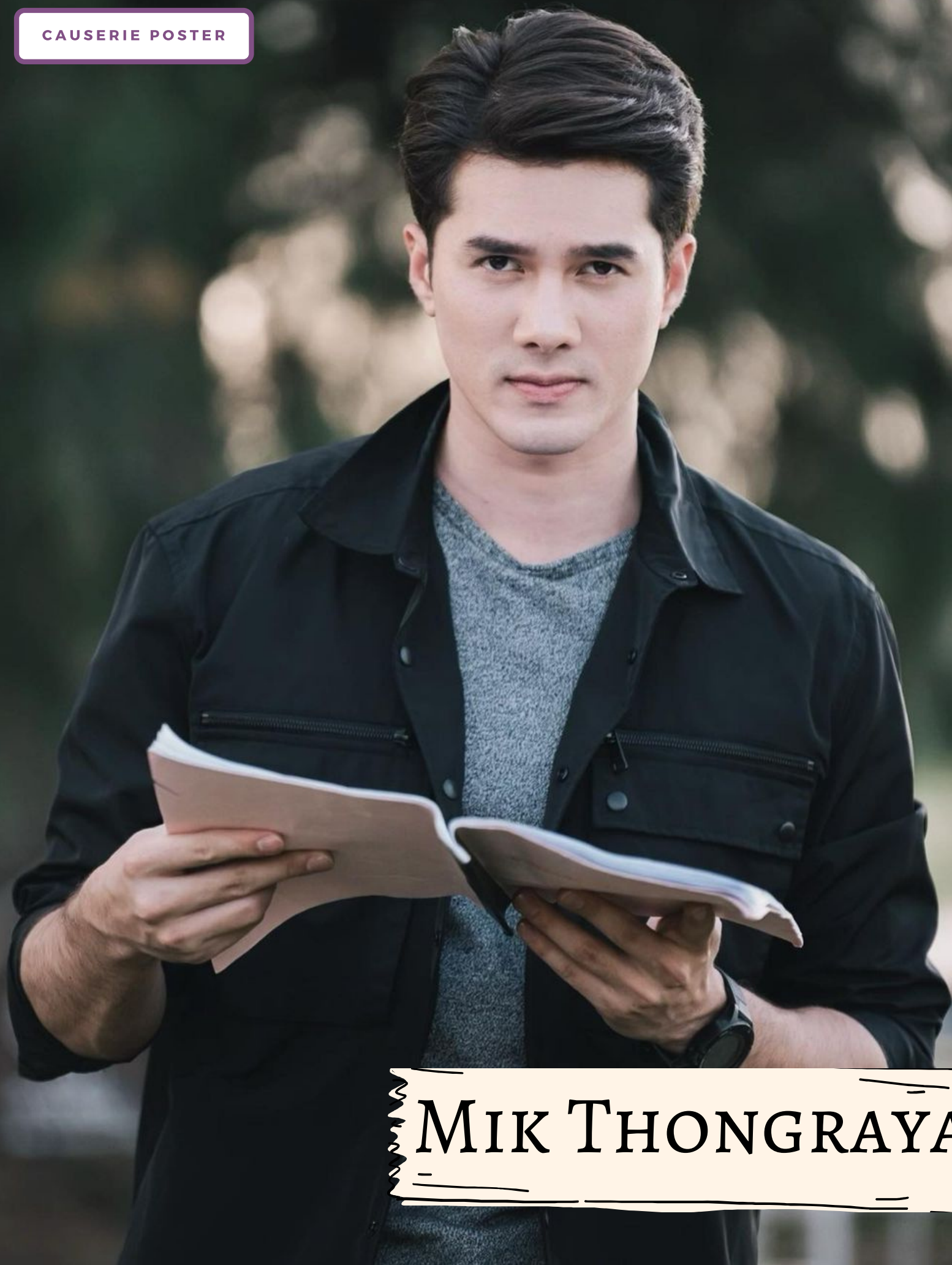
"Life is the blend of pains and gains"

By
Ikram Ullah Bhatti
(Pakistan)

In the deep silence of the night
What the life is, in the light
Of experience and action
I asked silence a question
The silence of the night
Replied me, in the light
Life is an art to gain
And an art to feel pain
Life is the season of spring
And of autumn that sings
The song of optimism
The song of pessimism
Life is the spirit to ignore
And challenge to accept more
Life is the book of few pages
Having the story of new ages
Life is a bubble of water
So, blurred and brighter
Life is a beautiful dream
That flows like stream
Life requires firm determination
To move on; to know self recognition.



CAUSERIE POSTER



MIK THONGRAYA

"DARK (Dormant Ambush of Resilience is a Key) TO THE LIGHT"

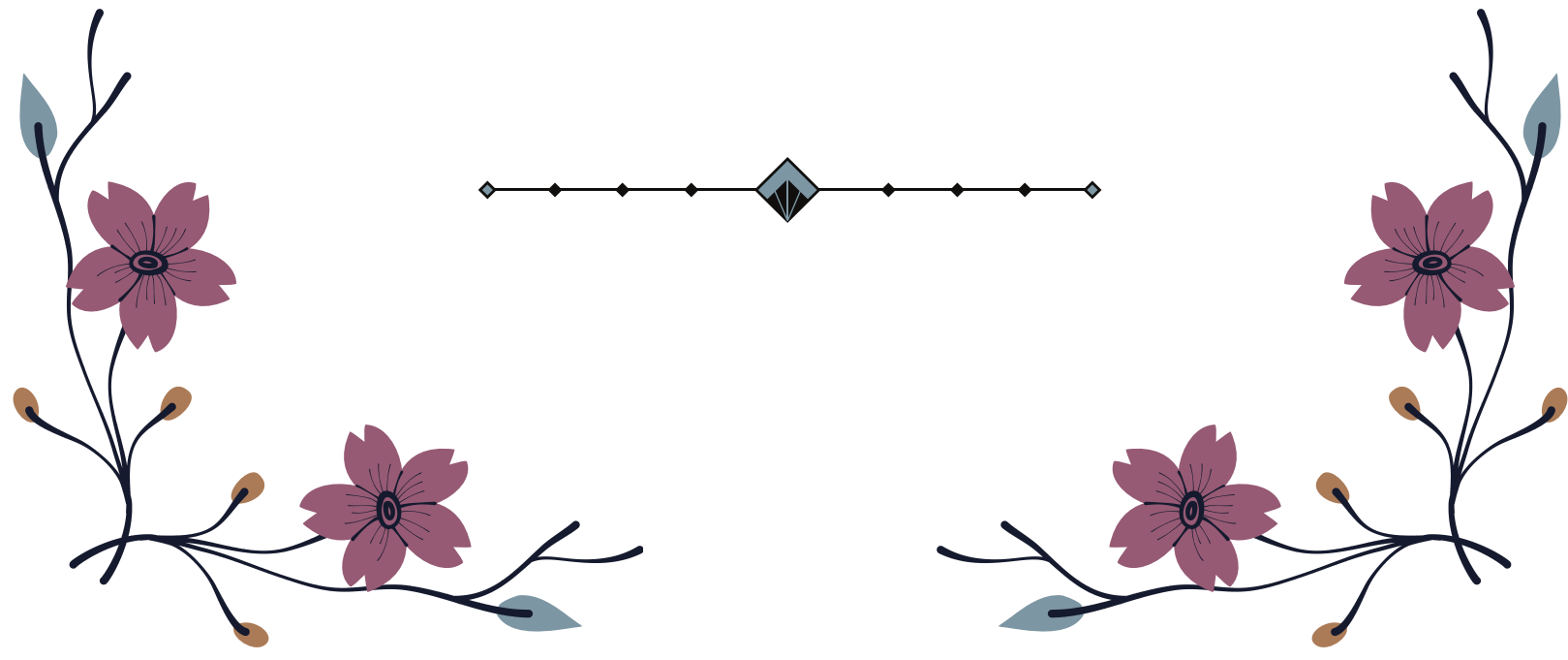
By
Dinesh S R
(India)

Ground of the dawn is dark;
And sequel to the moon is so.
Deputy of diligence is dark;
And core to the triumph is so.

Hue of nucleus is a shade of dark,
And breach of the light towards retina is so.
Frosty blood to shroud thy wound is dark,
And pain of valour at times, is so.

Staging of the cosmos is dark;
And alley to the heaven is so.
Room of our foetus is dark;
And grave of our corpse is so.

So remember,
To lighten the dark is to need that dark -
With a sting of same is to set the spark.
To adore the dark is to forge our mirth -
Perhaps, to live in harmony is what it's worth.



"Ghazal (At Night)"

By
Manzoor Bhat
(India)

What darkness? What laws do govern at night?
Your -silently slipping- memories, into miseries turn at night

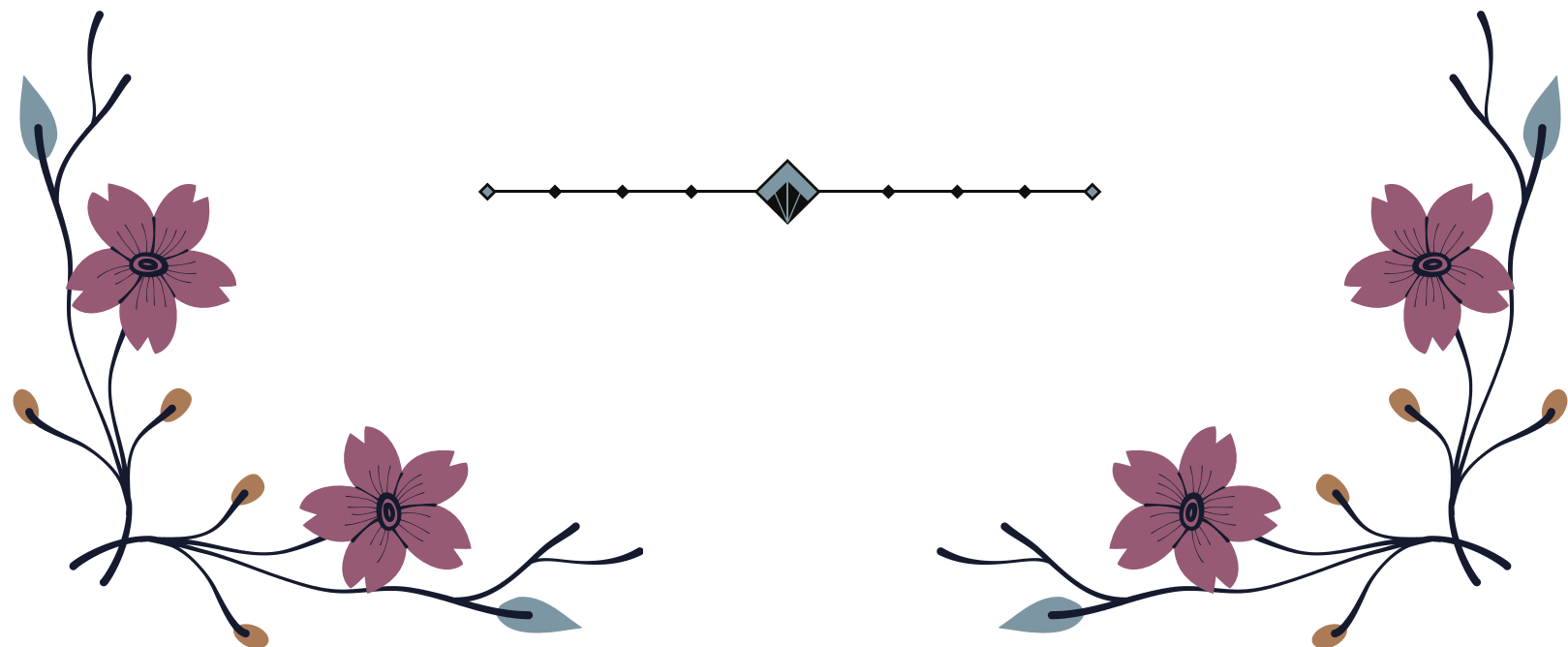
Lovers, whose land lost its moon in the clouds of time
Why should not their hearts -for light- burn at night

"Lord, Tear apart my darkness before it tears me apart"
An infidel when heard, lit up dervish's cavern at night

It gathers each star, weaves a garland, crescent hanging at center
What art to deceive reason, does my heart learn at night

"Treasures are hidden in ruins." So are the secrets in silence
Thus, to decipher your silence, I entered into sojourn at night

Coming across -collapsed connections, unheard calls, oblivious vale
An old man plans -to sell pigeons- on his return at night.



"Depression - A Havoc"

By
Laiba Ashraf
(Pakistan)

"Every man has his secret sorrows which the world knows not; often times we call a man cold when he is only sad."

— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Depression is a global phenomenon that has imposed a serious threat to the mental health of the world. It includes pain, trauma, melancholic fears, and a cycle of suffering.

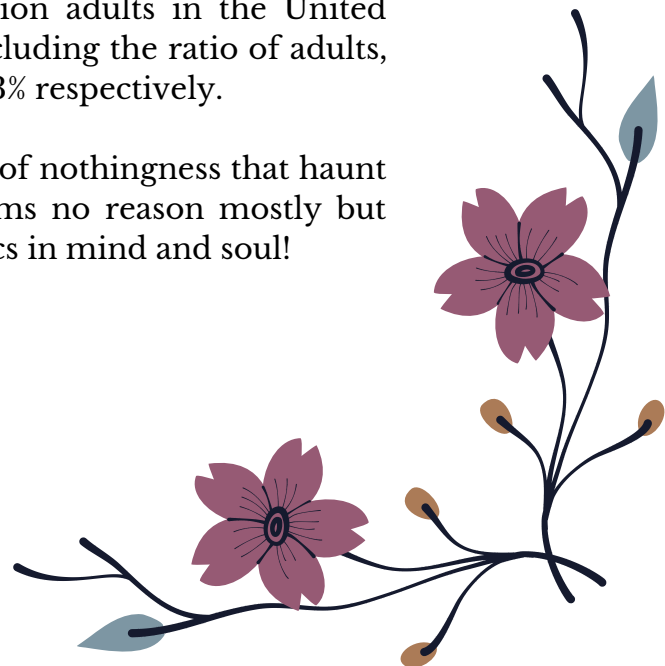
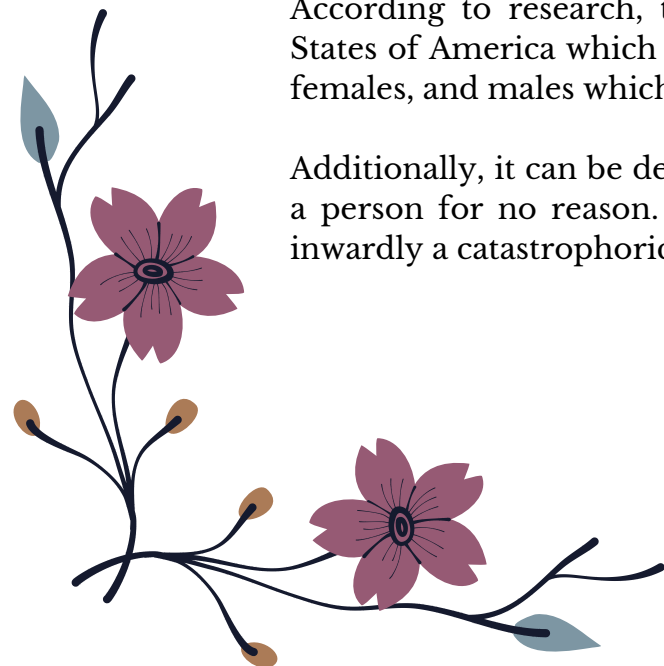
The word depression comes from a Greek word "depresior" which means sinking. The person feels sick with the weight of their own existence and thoughts. According to the American Psychiatric Association;

"Mental illnesses are health conditions involving changes in emotion, thinking or behavior (or a combination of these). Mental illnesses are associated with distress and/or problems functioning in social, work, or family activities."

Depression is a common mental disorder affecting more than 264 million people worldwide.

According to research, there are 16.2 million adults in the United States of America which is equal to 6.7%, including the ratio of adults, females, and males which is 7.1%, 8.7%, and 5.3% respectively.

Additionally, it can be described as feelings of nothingness that haunt a person for no reason. Apparently, it seems no reason mostly but inwardly a catastrophic stress which havoc in mind and soul!



Being a victim of depression, one always considers himself anxious and ailed either emotionally or mentally. It takes a heavy burden of one's own unsaid questions.

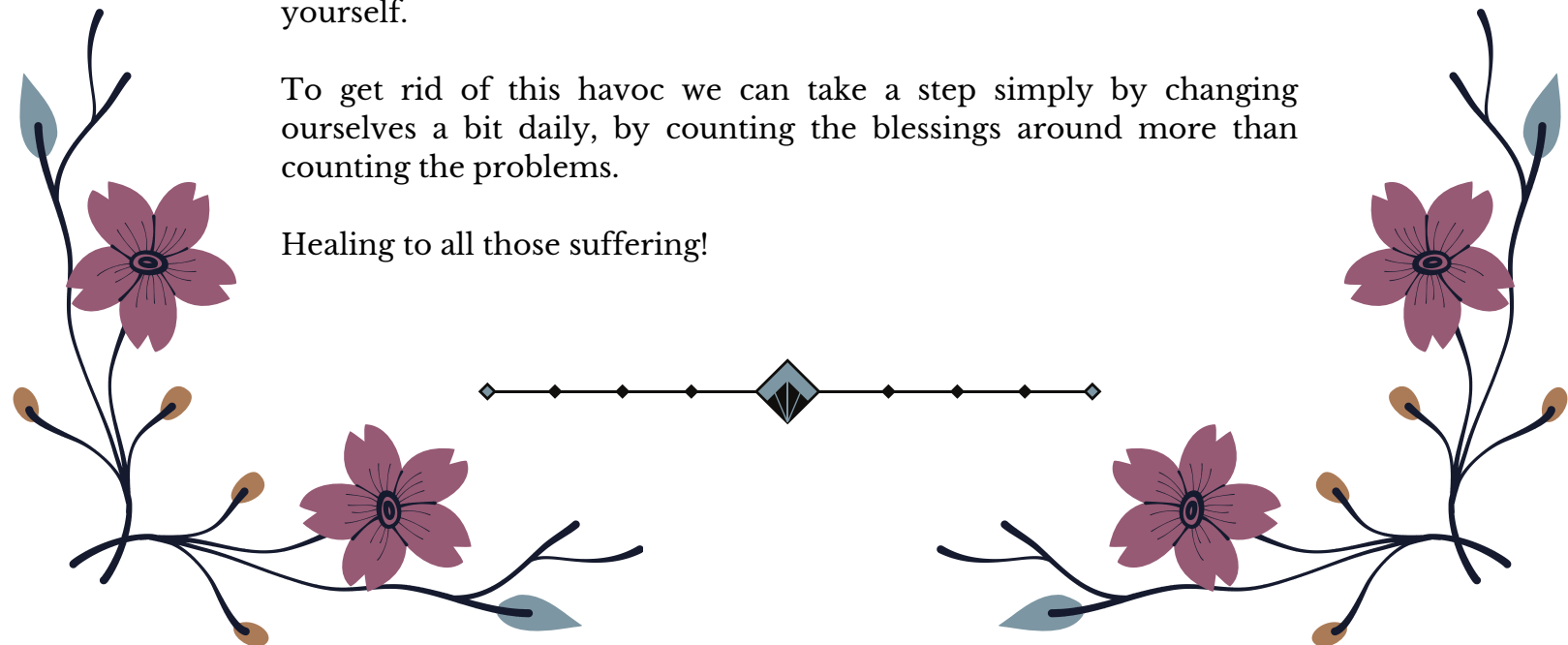
Chaos and a continuous battle of one's own emotions in mind; how painful it could be for the victim! The victim is not physically pierced rather the lesions are invisible scars that are even more pathetic than anything else.

There can be many factors behind one's depression which include: outrageous fears that internally vandalize emotions, the thinking patterns, the surroundings of that specific time, the repetitive habits and it can be the past history of the victim. I personally perceive that the behavior of people towards a depressed person really matters a lot. We live in a society where it is usually not encouraged to discuss if someone is going through trauma and suffering, in contrast to that, when one opens up about his/her mental health, they are accused of being a lunatic, strange human being. This tragedy can easily ruin someone's life. It's a gradual and time taking process, it begins with certain fears and one's own melancholy and thinking patterns that turn permanent if not taken seriously. It has a great impact on one's personal and social life as well.

There are thousands of ways to recover, amongst these is to accept yourself and the circumstances as they are, make your routine interesting. Secondly, observe nature because it is so generous, it can take anyone in the lap where one can feel tranquility. Then there come our own sleeping habits, thinking patterns which can be changed, not immediately but gradually. So, give yourself time first and start loving yourself because you are the first and foremost to yourself.

To get rid of this havoc we can take a step simply by changing ourselves a bit daily, by counting the blessings around more than counting the problems.

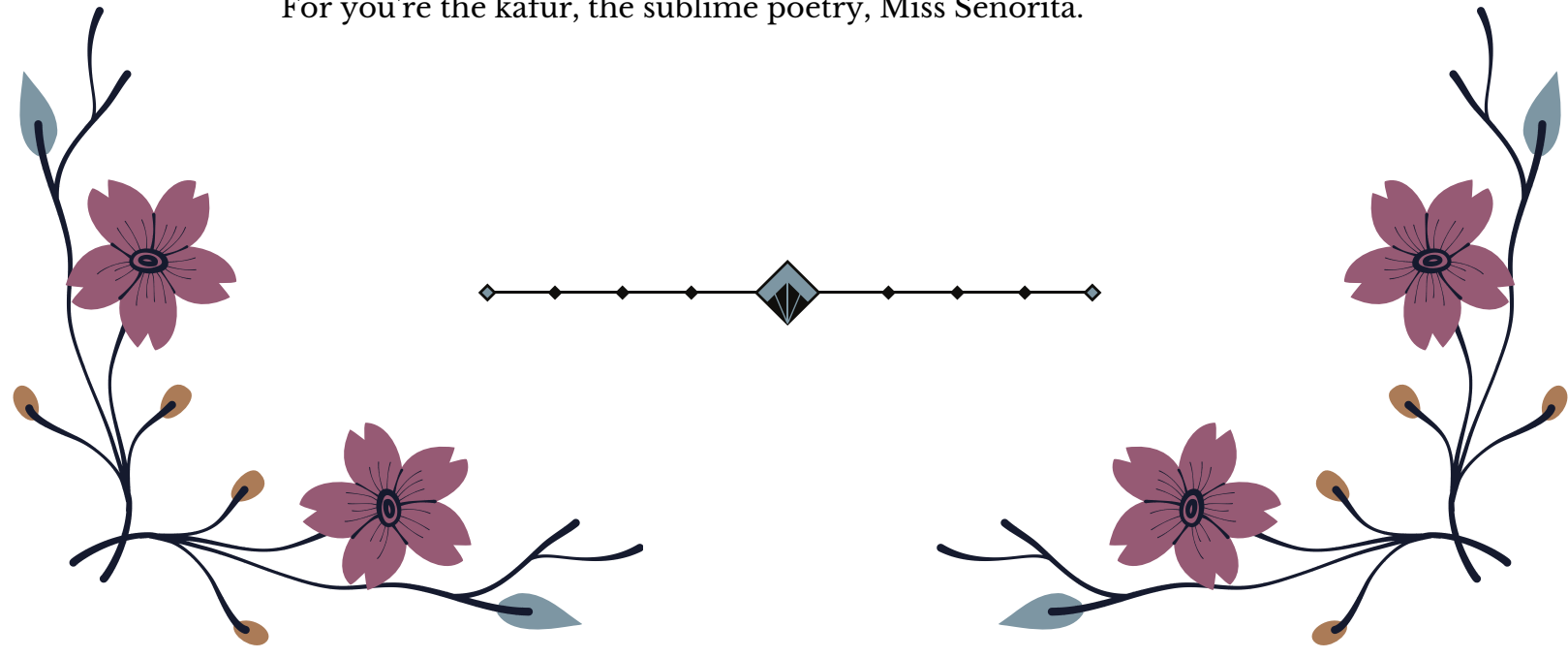
Healing to all those suffering!



"MISS SEÑORITA"

By
Firdous Bahar
(India)

Señorita! I wish to hold your ḥinnā' hands for a moment
under the pleasant shafts of spring's sunshine,
and to sing to you the Ghazals of Rusul Mir,
in the metrical-voice of blèssed Dawud.
The stroll through the garden of tulips with you,
in the month of bulbous April,
where lilacs be but our instruments of music,
sparrows chirping, the sweet melody.
Where nightingales warbling will serve my aorta with
more velocity, with the flowers' nectar, the jaunt shall
percolate the pure jell into an artery of `y montex pen;
I used to carry within my satchel of soldier fustian
when my thoughts and sights were unmixed.
Things unknown to me, welded in stillness.
Why? My family bore no one in the line to torture.
Frankincense! Your perfume surely makes me feel
that I'm a singer, who cannot sing nor can dance,
could write only ballads of merry
and songs of love in void vacuum.
O' Nightingale of City Srinagar! I pine once more to
listen to your passerine voice: blèssed by the cords
of a demoiselle, roving in the cinnamon alleys
of the Hazratbal to aid the unburnished,
in a spectacular hyacinth bloom.
For you're the kāfūr, the sublime poetry, Miss Señorita.



"A secret desire"

By
Nirmal Oad
(Pakistan)

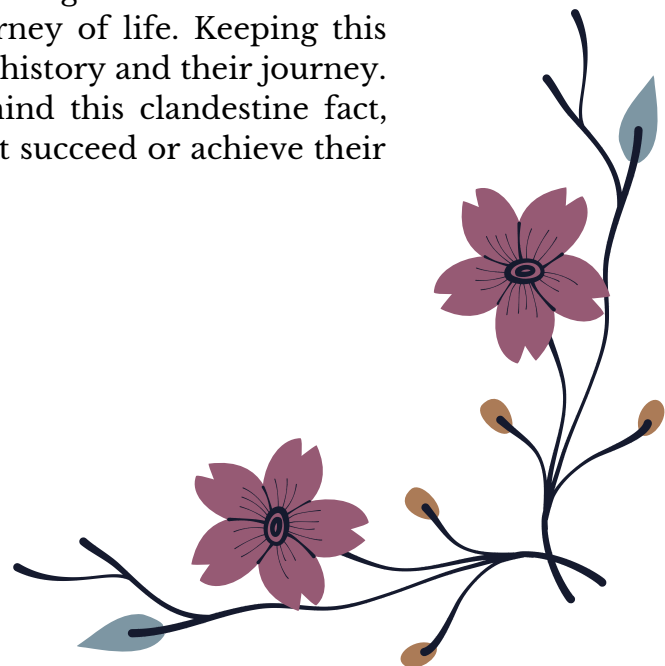
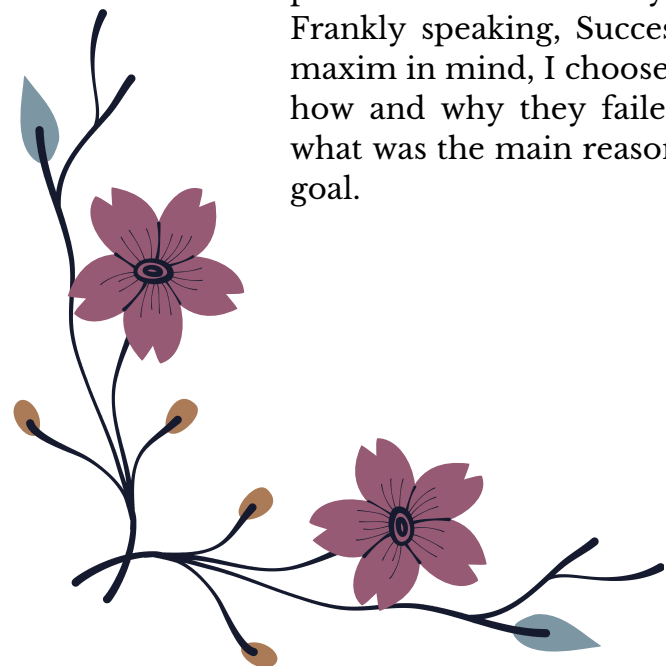
Failure is my awe-inspiring secret desire, it is the thing that bucks me up in every walk of life. It opens whole doors of golden opportunity. Failure teaches, trains, puts you in diverse perils of life. It has become a splash of inspiration which incentives for more. It is needless to depict that "triumph comes to those, who deserve it by every angle of perspective and on mysterious circumstance desists him from procuring that milestone or crowning achievement.

Failure puts you in deep winning, conquering, meeting, and solving diverse imbroglio situations. It is you who can choke out all dilemmas at the drop of a hat. "MY SUCCESS IS MY FAILURE" before appearing in every competitive exams. I want to become a failure or give preference to failure. It is my deep secret desire it will remain until my breath.

As far as my depth is concerned, every person has his secret desire to ensure, some people want to become successful in every step of life without the slightest demur. Others want to choose a lady to become his life successful, so the whole scenario is completely diverse for each person. Secret desire becomes successful when you imbibe yourself into the depth of accomplishment.

It is a bit dicey to put yourself in peril or to face budding tragedy towards your triumph. In this contemporary era, everyone wants to relish a fruitful event or joyous occasion when they conquer victory by taking great pains. One thing, we have to bear in mind that success is too knotty to derive, it takes more time to arrive at the hardest point where there is only a fragrance of crowning achievement.

Frankly speaking, Success is unending journey of life. Keeping this maxim in mind, I choose to ensure failure's history and their journey. how and why they failed more times, behind this clandestine fact, what was the main reason why they couldn't succeed or achieve their goal.



There is a wise saying "Failure of today success of tomorrow" One-day failure can achieve all fruitful journeys without the slightest demur because he knows how to meet and face such toughest hurdles horrible nights towards my traveling.

If we throw light on today's era everyone will choose success and no one chooses failure. It is the completely wrong end of the stick. Don't ignore failure or become failure, Failure is the crowning achievement of your life as compared to success. "Always have some patience, have whispered, have faith, and never lose your fearless and dauntless towards your life otherwise you will never envision the future very greatly.



"Shallow"

[Verse 1: Bradley Cooper]

Tell me somethin', girl
Are you happy in this modern world?
Or do you need more?
Is there somethin' else you're searchin' for?

[Refrain: Bradley Cooper]

I'm fallin'
In all the good times
I find myself longing for change
And, in the bad times, I fear myself

[Verse 2: Lady Gaga]

Tell me something, boy
Aren't you tired tryna fill that void?
Or do you need more?
Ain't it hard keepin' it so hardcore?

[Refrain: Lady Gaga]

I'm falling
In all the good times
I find myself longing for change
And, in the bad times, I fear myself

[Chorus: Lady Gaga]

I'm off the deep end, watch as I dive in
I'll never meet the ground
Crash through the surface where they can't hurt us
We're far from the shallow now

[Post-Chorus: Lady Gaga & Bradley Cooper]

In the sha-ha, sha-hallow
In the sha-ha, sha-la-la-la-low
In the sha-ha, sha-hallow
We're far from the shallow now

[Bridge: Lady Gaga]

Oh, ha, ah, ha
Oh-ah, ha

"Lady Gaga, Bradley Cooper"



LYRICS

[Chorus: Lady Gaga]

I'm off the deep end, watch as I dive in
I'll never meet the ground
Crash through the surface where they can't hurt us
We're far from the shallow now

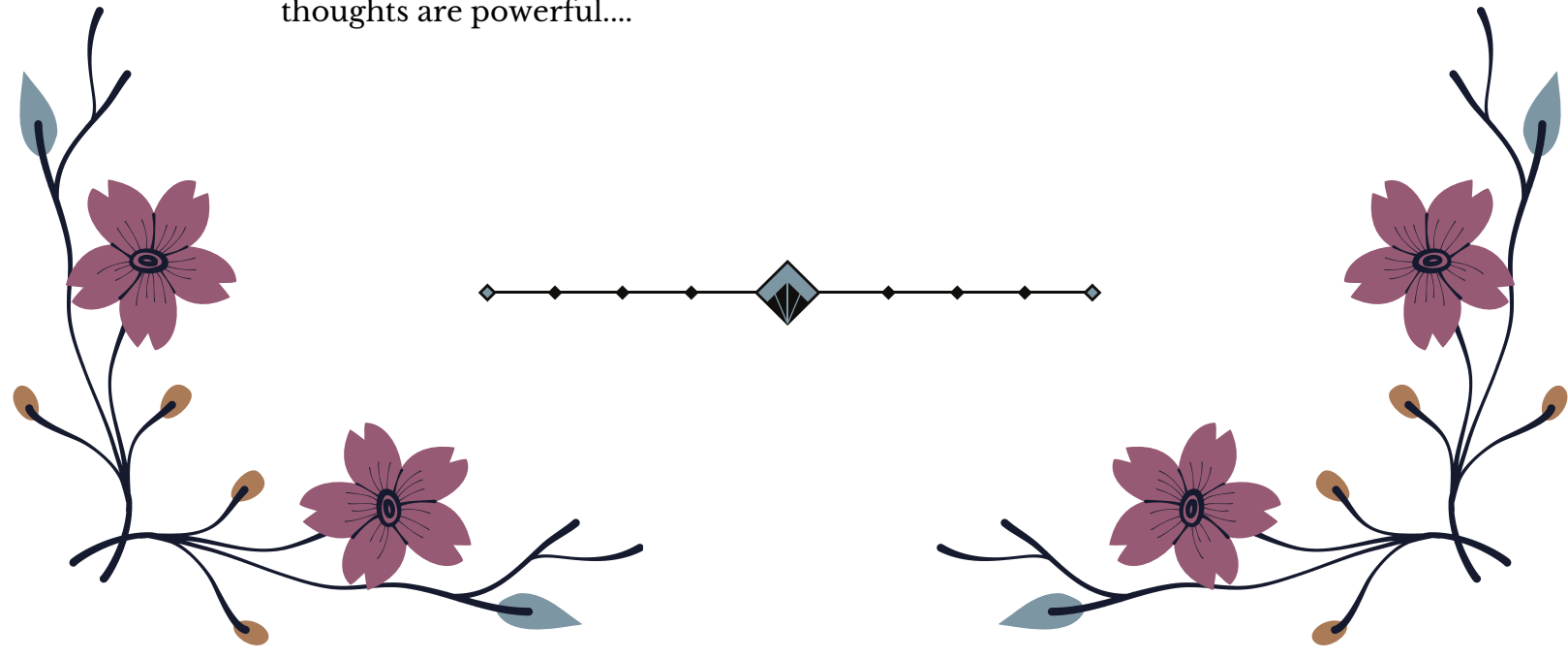
[Post-Chorus: Lady Gaga & Bradley Cooper]

In the sha-ha, shallow
In the sha-ha, sha-la-la-la-low
In the sha-ha, shallow
We're far from the shallow now

"Thoughts"

By
Fatima Toor
(Pakistan)

Ah, why thoughts are dark
Thoughts
that push me in another World
Thoughts
that tremble my soul
That compel me to think more.....
Ah, why thoughts are vibrant
Thoughts
that push me in the past
Thoughts
that fill my eyes with tears
That whisper in my ears.....
Ah, why thoughts are powerful
Thoughts
that make me an alive corpse
Thoughts
that tell me to fight more
That compel me to live more.....
Yes, thoughts are dark...
thoughts are vibrant...
thoughts are powerful...



"Pages of pain"

(Page 1)

By
Akshya Venkatasubbu
(India)

The heart is never meant to be broken,
some things are still unspoken!
Deep down there is loads of pain,
just out of words to explain!
It's ok once to flood tear,
instead of living forever in losing fear!
Sometimes it is better to let them go, but how come I make my stupid
heart let this know?



MINI POESY

What is meant by love?

©Ashlee Shaikh

Love is itself a
promising word
all about understanding
the inner feelings
you can never judge
the amount of being loved
by someone who
trusts you blindly



Winter Poem

©thelunareclipse

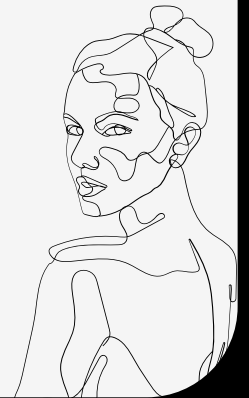
the verses
shrouded in a veil of snow,
dance away merrily like
gentle snowflakes
through the chilly air
in the meet of
dreamlife winter.

.....
You
left her
like an incomplete art
And she was trying to make it beautiful

©orotund

When the moon got obsessed
Being an illuminant and
Cried for its own shadow,
The stars fantasized chorus
Of its forecast on earth

.....
©Saheba Sadaf



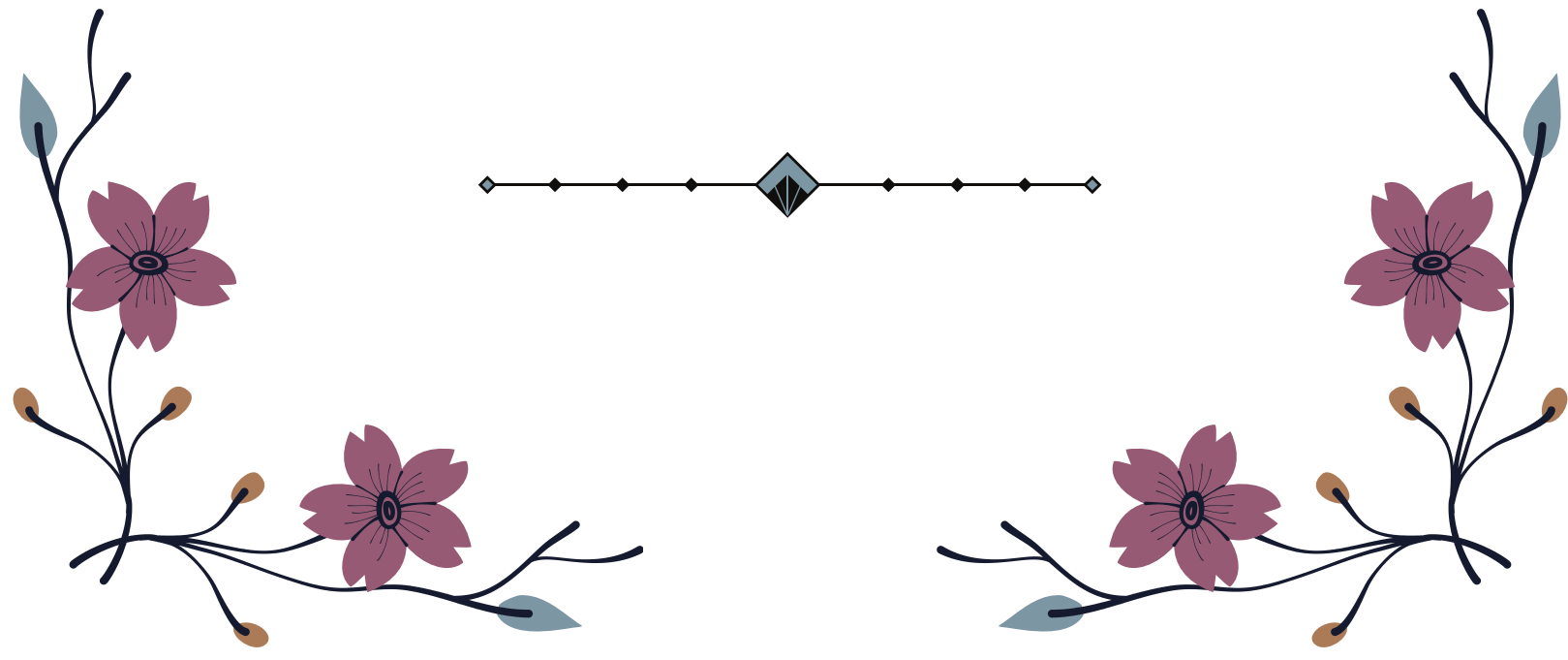
"To Rise Once Again"

By
Asifa Raza
(Pakistan)

Burning
An excruciating process
Either a physique
Or a soul
Passes through this pang
Becomes a neophyte
Of a rapturous delight
Burning
In the darkest nights
On the embers of memories
In the fire of love
In the kiln of surly epoch
Brings a new vitality.
Burning
Submissively
Is rapturous
Than to fade away vapidly
'Cause the fire of burning time
Burns man into cinders
And turns into cold ashes.
Sometimes
We have to burn
To rise again from ashes



Burning
Brings the blooming flowers
When the ashes get mixed together with earth
This composition brings
Sparkling flowers
No worries about the burn
Get the fire
Let it burn
And believe
They're gonna see you rising again
From the ashes
Let yourself not care
About what you hear
'Cause the fire inside you
Lights brightly up
Flames radiantly the soul
And you are ready to burn
To turn into ashes
And
To rise once again.



Quotes

Reality & my dreams are worst enemies.
They both knock me hard until I burst into tears.

©ImankhanTareen

The Different Changes In Every Morning, I make changes with my pen.

©Sabee

The point is to drudge until you feel completely comfortable in your own skin!

©WriterMalika

You will see their bright real faces i your dark

©Aleezeh Muneer Khayol

I am full of emptiness, my barrels filled to the brims with a void of vacuum. I even find my veins carrying the potion of abyss.

©Sheikh Mahiruqh

Writers are the barriers storing the storm of metaphors and phrases, having the capacity to flow them consistently in correct direction at perfect time.

©Saheba Sadaf

"Hollywood: Glamour and Ashes"

By
Masooma Zaynab
(Pakistan)



Hollywood in 1900's-1960's

Hollywood is a whole ideal world of glamour and- goldish dreams; bewitching and enchanting people, riches and spotlight. The golden period of Hollywood basically covers 1910's-1930's but the spectators consider 1960's-1980's as golden age as well, nevertheless Hollywood has presented to us a number of movies and characters with whom we spent our days of

glee and sorrow. In peacetime and war, Hollywood has never disappointed the spectators, from "The Birth of Nations (1915)" to "Full Metal Jacket (1987)", from "City Lights (1931)" to "The Princess Bride (1987)", from "A Trip to Moon (1902) to "The Wizard of Oz (1939)", "To kill a Mocking Bird (1962)", "Gone with the Wind (1939)" and many more.

The Bourgeoisie studios like Big Five, Warner Brothers, MGM, Fox and Paramount along with smaller studios like Columbia, Universal and United Artists along with divas worked day and night to prove Hollywood's worth, which demanded the sacrifice of blood and soul. Hollywood faced challenges each decade, the start of vocal films from silent ones and after the advent of Technicolor, it was hard for directors and artists to meet up the public demand but they produced masterpieces like "The thief of Bagdad" (the first Technicolor film).

D.W Griffith (The Birth of Nations 1915):

It was a silent epic drama film based on play "The Clansman" by Thomas Dixon Jr. The beauty and splendor of the picture in words of James Agee; "He achieved what no other known man has achieved. To watch his work is like being witness to the beginning of melody, or the first conscious use of the lever or the wheel; the emergence, coordination and first eloquence of language; the birth of an art: and to realize that is all the work of one man."

Hollywood in war times;

In WII, as per president Franklin Roosevelt's command Hollywood filmed humorous and mood-lifting movies, starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Bob Hope and Jack Benny.

Dark Clouds:

Hollywood wasn't as glamorous and sparkly as it looks from the hillside view of the highlighted sign, it was dark and suicidal at the same time. As Oscar Levant said;

"Strip away the phoney tinsel of Hollywood, and you'll find the real tinsel underneath".

Shattered Dreams:

At all times and ages, Hollywood has been a candy bar everyone wanted to try at least once, that makes Hollywood a shatterer of many dreams. Many women who came for a screen test audition ended up being waitress or in prostitution.

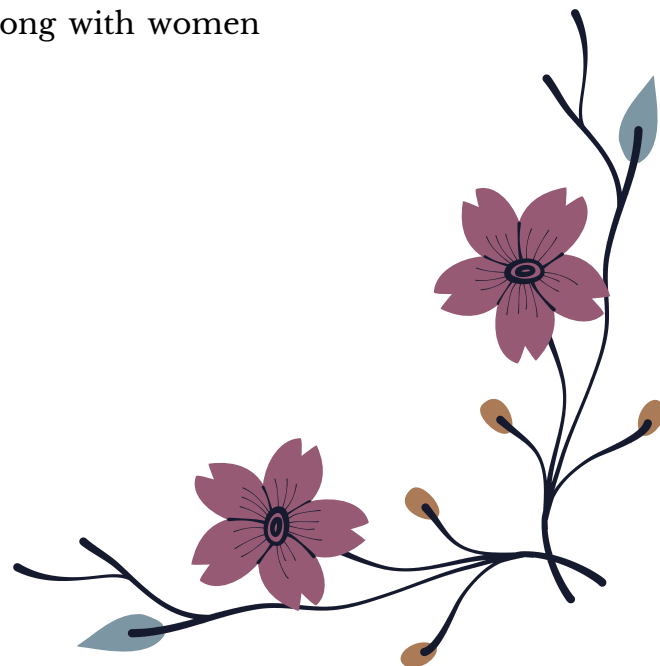
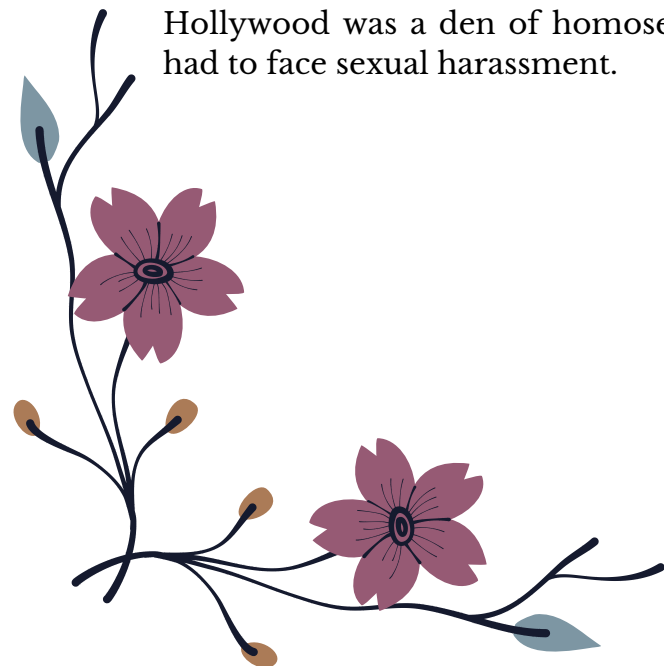
As John Huston said, "Hollywood has always been a cage....a cage to catch our dreams."

The cloud of Nepotism and Sexual favors have always been towering Hollywood. Many events have surfaced in history of Hollywood portraying it as a mass of sexually harassing pupil. As Marilyn Monroe termed it "an overcrowded brothel". To achieve an appointment for auditions, connection with strong and powerful men were required. Louise Brooks reports that she had seen a random girl accompanying Lord Beaverbrook at an inn and a few days later she had a contract with MGM.

Hollywood was a den of homosexuals, thus men along with women had to face sexual harassment.



Louise Brooks: Jazz Age icon and flapper sex symbol due to her bob hairstyle



Harassment and Sexual Abuse:

Shirley Temple, the sweetheart who won our hearts at a young age, recalled that Arthur Freed, a producer at MGM, exposed himself to her when she was 12.

Joan Collins was definitely Buddy Adler's apple of the eye but she couldn't get the lead role in "Cleopatra (1963)" because she wasn't cooperative enough. Buddy Adler also harassed 19 years old Rita Moreno.

Marilyn Monroe, blonde bombshell of Hollywood, popular sex symbol of 1950's-1960's ; raped at eight, survived a violent marriage, started career in Hollywood from a scratch; published an article (age: 27) "Wolves I Have Known", featuring the harassment and violent cases she had witnessed in Hollywood appeared in January Issue of Motion Pictures and TV mag.



Marilyn Monroe

Hollywood is a place where they will pay you a thousand dollars for a kiss and fifty cents for your soul.

Marilyn Monroe



SCANDAL 1920

Another wave of terror stretched in 1920 after the discovery of Virginia Rappe's dead body in a San Francisco hotel room. The incident unveiled the dark side of Hollywood to the world. Other than glamour and spotlight, Hollywood was famous for its magnificent parties (stag parties), aesthetically dressed men, fine champagne and gin; but the most significant luxury of Hollywood parties were women. The parties were a facade protecting the culture of sexual exploitation; supported by the godfathers of Hollywood, storied studios and capitalist men. Pauline Wagner, a starlet who was Fay Wray's double stunt in "King Kong (1933)", was warned by director Sam Woods; "I'm going to give you some advice: Don't go to any parties." Virginia Rappe was a model and silent film actress. At the young age of 14 she started working as a commercial and model. She came to San Francisco in 1916 to pursue her career. The case scenario portrayed Roscoe Arbuckle (Fatty) the comedian as culprit. Apparently he raped Virginia and his weight caused her bladder to rupture. After breathing for four days in pain and anguish Virginia died. Bambina Maude Delmont, the accuser of Arbuckle had accompanied Virginia to the party. However after man-slaughtering court trials Arbuckle was declared innocent, as a waitress testified that Virginia had suffered previously from venereal diseases or she had a backstreet abortion, nevertheless it ruined Arbuckle's career. The industry's solution was Will Hays, who forms Motion Pictures Production in 1922; his work was more clearer than appeared on screen. He founded a new, larger home for starring girls to insure their safety.



▲ Virginia Rappe and Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle. In Hollywood's earliest scandal, in 1921, Arbuckle was accused, although later cleared of raping Rappe. Photograph: AP

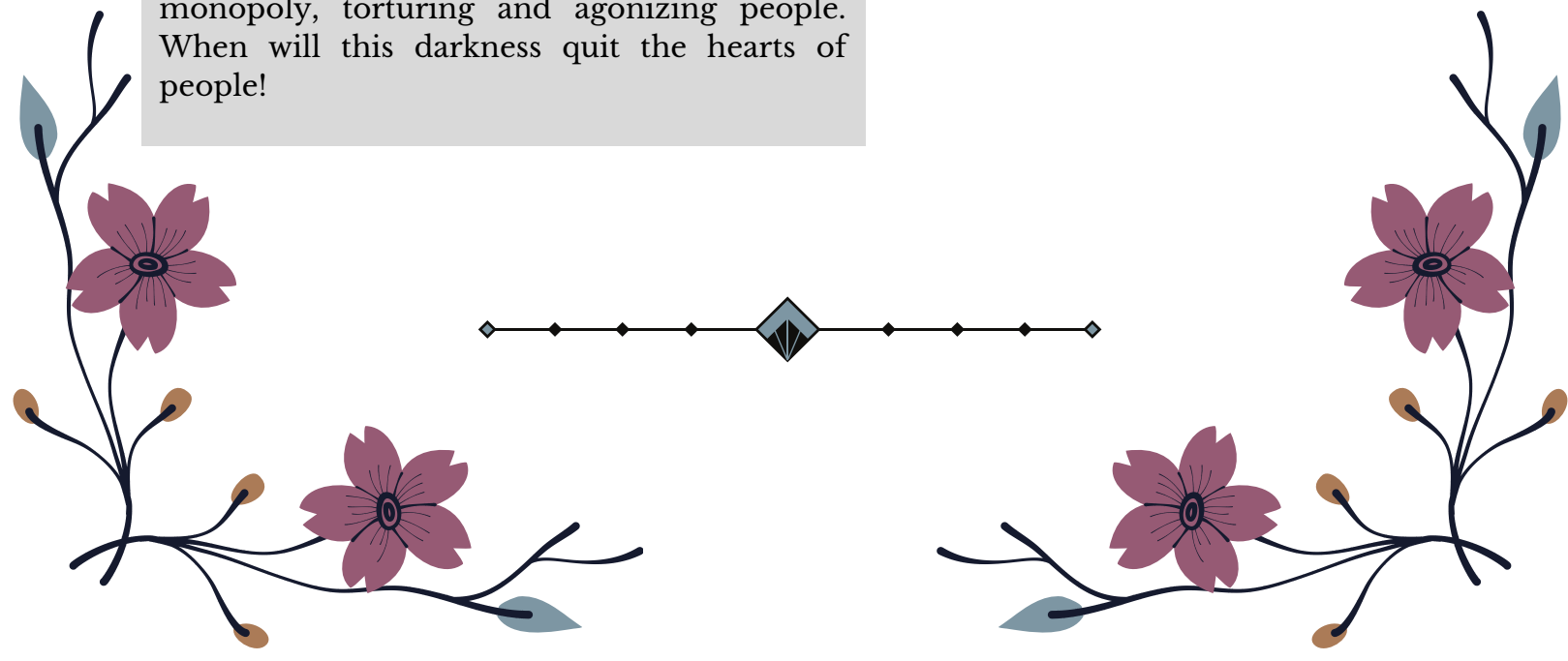
SCANDAL 1937

On May 5th, 1937, MGM sales convention was held by Hal Roach at his “Rancho Roachero” in Culver City, it was a stag affair, a malignant den of predators. Patricia Douglas, a young lass of 20, was told she’d be filming as an extra, being in dark neither did she know about the affairs discussed at the party nor the intention of men. After answering a casting call, she was bussed to a place with 120 other girls. They were supposed to be costless prostitutes, they danced and men eyed them, they were paraded off as some filthy piece of shag. Then the nightmare befall Patricia Douglas, David Ross (age:36) sales executive, had Douglas in his lap, man handled her, forced booze down her throat, dragged her to his car and raped her. “I’m going to destroy you.” he said.

David Stenn, Hollywood biographer filmed a documentary based on Patricia Douglas’s assault; *Girl 27* It was named.

“If you had a stag event, you’d have entertainment, and that would have meant women”. ~ David Stenn.

Still Hollywood is a shinning star at the same time shatterer of dreams and destroyer of innocent souls. People like Harvey Weinstein still are out there, with a Hollywood monopoly, torturing and agonizing people. When will this darkness quit the hearts of people!



"HEALING PROCESS"

By
Patrick Aswani
(Keynya)

A moment of silence
A moment of recess
A moment of process
A moment of conscience
A moment of no pretense

It is a feeling
It is a healing
It is a thrilling
It had no ceiling
There is no stealing

Building esteem
Building the steam
Building my team
Building the dying stream
Building my lighting beam

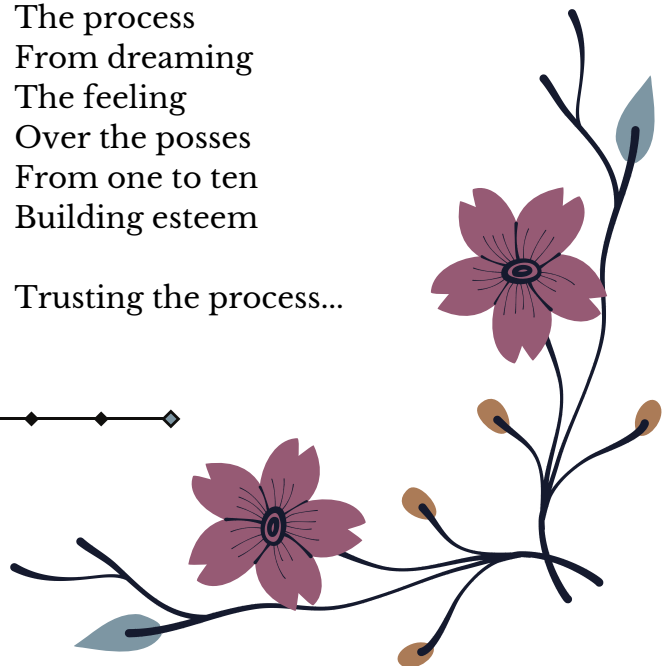
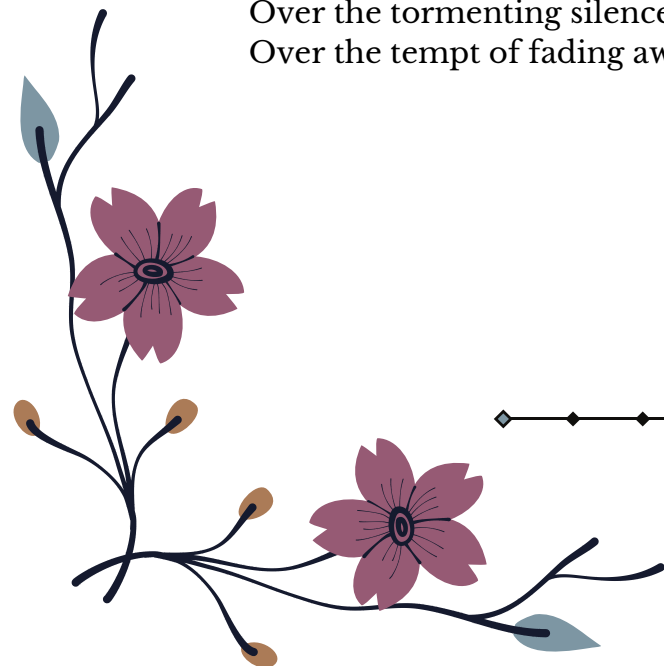
Overcome the broken
Over the due of thy token
Over the dredging sleep woken
Over the tormenting silence spoken
Over the tempt of fading away taken

Trusting the process
Over what that posses
Under a person's recess
A simple mile of success
Trusting the process

From one to ten
From under the den
From the ink of thy pen
From the what why to when
From the ink that drops its sten

The silence
Through healing
The process
From dreaming
The feeling
Over the posses
From one to ten
Building esteem

Trusting the process...

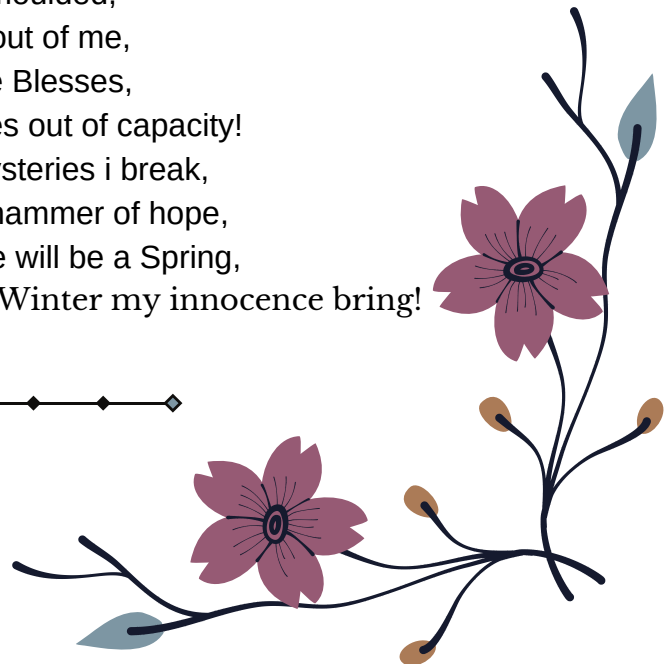
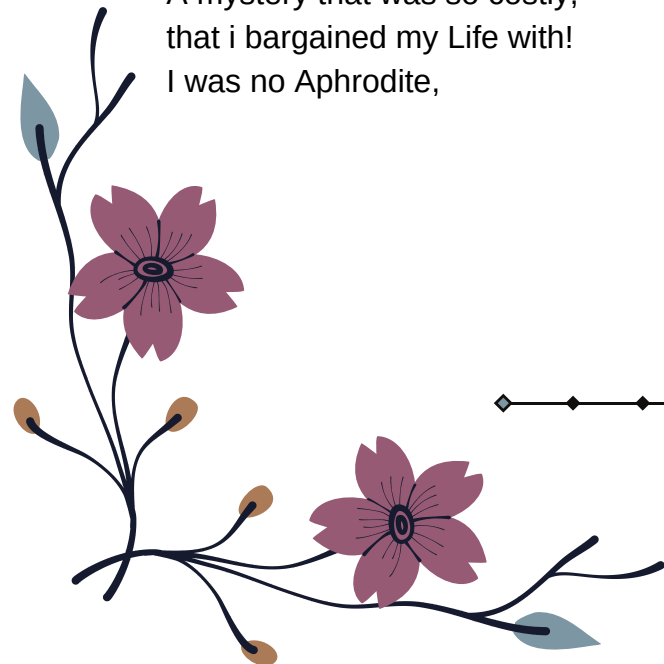


"An Epitome of Sphinx"

By
Bintul Islam
(India)

A Child within me,
the age and stage,
both slipped from
the fingers of my phase.
I was no different,
yet so clean at my heart!
All the demons in human races,
Were so appealing,
that i couldn't appall the cases.
They were delved in strokes of colours,
Deprived me of hues and anchors!
All the dreams i had,
Lived so short,
Yes i turned , frenzy and mad!
The masks were so concealing,
That i couldn't reach to their eyes,
Walking on thorns,
so tough , destination to hearts!
A mystery that was so costly,
that i bargained my Life with!
I was no Aphrodite,

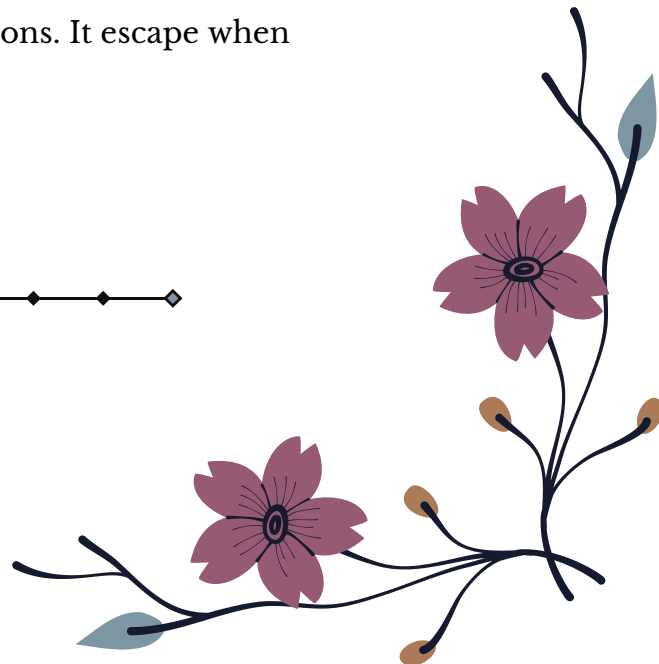
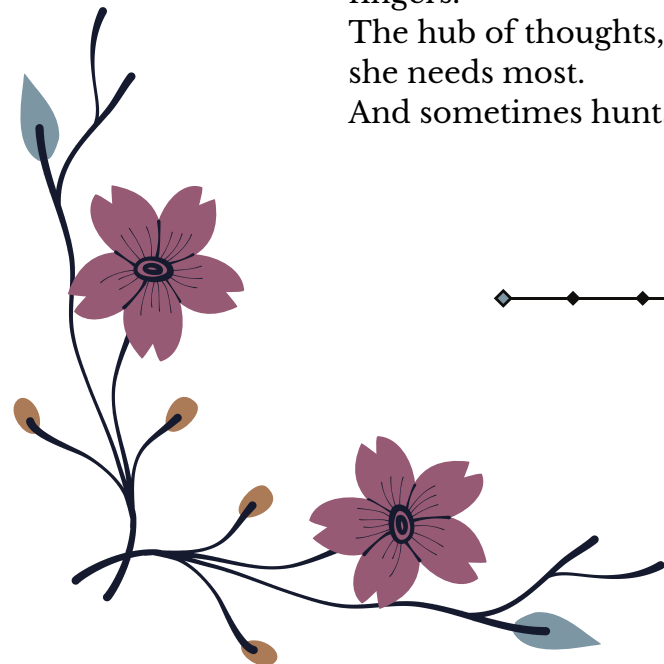
nor any Apollo,
I was a subtle face,
Carved in the brownish mud!
All my nerves flow, with blood,
So strong smelled it , iron in flood
The Eyes glazed with the charisma of wine,
And the feeble body with the,
roars of Lion!
My Lord moulded,
a sphinx out of me,
Whom He Blesses,
never goes out of capacity!
All the mysteries i break,
With the hammer of hope,
That there will be a Spring,
after the Winter my innocence bring!



"Her Mind"

By
Iman Khan Tareen
(Pakistan)

She just want to thank her mind.
She just want to curse her mind.
It's the house of feelings
It's where the thoughts give birth to other thoughts .
Without thinking how they will live with each other.
They're opposite of each other
They fight like brothers.
They created so many emotions at once
Happiness,sadness,aggressiveness &sometimes the craziest of
all numbness.
They don't have to eat anything but her mind
The mind that keep hurting ends with tears.
the mind that makes her happy and ends with graceful smile.
Sometimes her thoughts are full of clarity and the other
moment its vauge.
She couldn't find where it is coming from the left hemisphere
or right.
Without any interval no matter even when she fell asleep.
They find their ways like water passing within dry stones.
She just want to hold her mind and feel it with her long
fingers.
The hub of thoughts, the house of emotions. It escape when
she needs most.
And sometimes hunts like ghosts inside.



BUGÜNÜN TARIFI

Zeytinyağı

(Zeytinyağlı Yaprak Sarması)

Hazırlanma süresi

1 saat

Pişirme süresi

20 dakika

Porsiyon

6 kişilik

Malzemeler

Asma yaprağı - 150 gram
Su 2 2/3 su bardağı, 550 gram
Tuz 3 çay kaşığı, 18 gram
Soğan 6 büyük 600 gram
Zeytinyağı 3/4 su bardağı, 150 gram
Fındık 2 yemek kaşığı, 20 gram çam
Pirinç 1 1/3 su bardağı, 240 gram
Şeker 2 tatlı kaşığı, 8 gram
Kuş üzümü 2 yemek kaşığı, 20 gram
Maydanoz 1 küçük boy demet 40 gram
Dereotu 1 küçük boy demet 30 gram
Taze nane 10-15 yaprak 10 gram
Tarçın 3/4 tatlı kaşığı, 1.5 gram
Karabiber 3/4 tatlı kaşığı, 1.5 gram
Tüm baharat 1/2 tatlı kaşığı, 2 gram
Limon suyu 2 yemek kaşığı, 20 gram
Limon 1 orta boy 100 gram



RECIPE

Olive Oil Stuffed Leaves

Preparation time

1 hour

Cooking time

30 minutes

Servings for

6 People

Ingredients

Vine leaves - 150 grams
 Water 2 2/3 cups 550 grams
 Salt 3 teaspoons 18 grams
 Onion 6 big 600 grams
 Olive oil 3/4 cup 150 grams
 Pine nuts 2 tablespoons 20 grams
 Rice 1 1/3 cup 240 grams
 Sugar 2 teaspoons 8 grams
 Currants 2 tablespoons 20 grams
 Parsley 1 small size bunch 40 grams
 Dill 1 small size bunch 30 grams
 Fresh mint 10-15 leaves 10 grams
 Cinnamon 3/4 teaspoon 1.5 grams
 Black pepper 3/4 teaspoon 1.5 grams
 Allspice 1/2 teaspoon 2 grams
 Lemon juice 2 tablespoons 20 grams
 Lemon 1 medium size 100 grams



Talimatlar

Hazırlama: Asma yaprakları yıkayın ve iri sapları çıkarın. Bir tencereye su ve bir çay kaşığı tuz koyun. Yaprakların yarısını kaynatın ve eklemek getirin. Kez devrilmesi, 4-5 dakika boyunca onları pişirin. Benzer şekilde diğer yarısını pişirin. Pişirme sıvı ölçün ve 2 3/4 bardak tamamlamak ve bir kenara koyun. Peel soğan, ara sıra karıştırarak, kısık ateşte 20 dakika yağda ve fındık, kapak ve kavurma ile birlikte tencereye yıkayın ve ince ince doğrayın, bir yer. Fındık kahverengi hale gelir, böylece uzaklaştırılmıştır kapak ile birkaç kez karıştırılır. Yıkayın ve pirinç drenaj ve tencereye ekleyin ve birkaç kez karıştırın. , Kalan tuz, şeker ve sıcak pişirme sıvısının 1 3/4 bardak ekleyin karıştırın ve kuş üzümü ile serpin. Tüm sıvı azalır kadar, 10-15 dakika boyunca ilk, orta ve daha sonra düşük ısı üzerinde pişirin. Maydanoz ve dereotunu yıkayın ve sapları çıkarın ve ince ince doğrayın. Birlikte nane, baharatlar ve limon suyu ile pişirilmiş pilav bunları ekleyin ve 10 dakika boyunca kapalı bırakın. Sarıldığında damarlar ile yan içine bakacak şekilde asma yaprakları yerleştirin. O doldurma üzerinde yan kenarları katlayın ve sonra sarın, bir tarafa hazırlanmış dolmuş yerleştirin. Asma yaprakları ile sığ bir tencere dibini ve kaldırılır maydanoz ve dereotu sapları Kapak ve üzerlerine sarılmış asma yaprakları yerleştirin.

Directions

Wash the vine leaves and remove the coarse stems. Put the water and a teaspoon of salt in a pot. Bring to boil and add half of the leaves. Simmer them for 4-5 minutes, turning over once. Simmer the other half in a similar fashion. Measure the cooking liquid and complete it to 2 3/4 cups and set aside.

Peel the onions, wash and chop finely, place in a pot together with oil and nuts, cover and sauté for 20 minutes over low heat, stirring occasionally. Stir a few times with the lid removed so that the nuts are browned. Wash and drain the rice and add to the pot and stir a couple of times. Add the remaining salt, sugar, and 1 3/4 cups of the hot cooking liquid, stir and sprinkle with currants. Simmer it on the first medium and then low heat for 10-15 minutes, until all the liquid is reduced. Wash the parsley and the dill and remove the stems and chop finely. Add them to the cooked rice together with mint, spices, and lemon juice and leave covered for 10 minutes. Place the vine leaves so that the side with veins face inside when wrapped. Place the prepared filling to one side, fold the side edges over the filling and then wrap it. Cover the bottom of a shallow saucepan with vine leaves and the removed parsley and dill stems and place the wrapped vine leaves over them.

Place a heat-proof flat plate over the leave wraps (dolmas). Heat the remaining boiling liquid and add to the pan slowly, pouring from the edge of the dolmas. Cover and simmer over low heat for 50 minutes. Transfer to a serving dish when cool, and garnish with lemon slices.



Meet **Iman Tareen** hailing from Balochistan, Quetta. She holds her Bachelor's Honours degree in English Literature and Linguistics. She is the emerging writer from Pashtun tribe who dares to break the innumerable stereotypes not only for women but men as well, in the society she lives in and wants to set an example for the youth. She writes about different social issues which includes the struggle of men, women, refugees etc.

Her poems also address the different problems of depression among youth that highlights the ugly bullying and body shaming. Her poems' aim is merely to motivate and support them to come forward with their best capabilities.



Arden

"غزل"

مطمئن ہوں میں کہ شغلِ شعر خوانی اور ہے
شکر ہے میرے خدا کی مہربانی اور ہے

پجر کا قائل ہے وہ، اور وصل کا طالب ہوں میں
اسکا قصہ اور ہے میری کہانی اور ہے

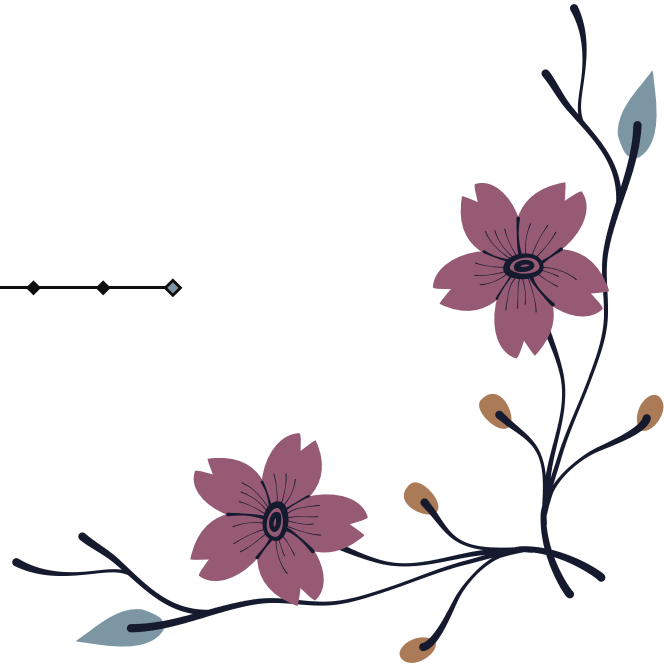
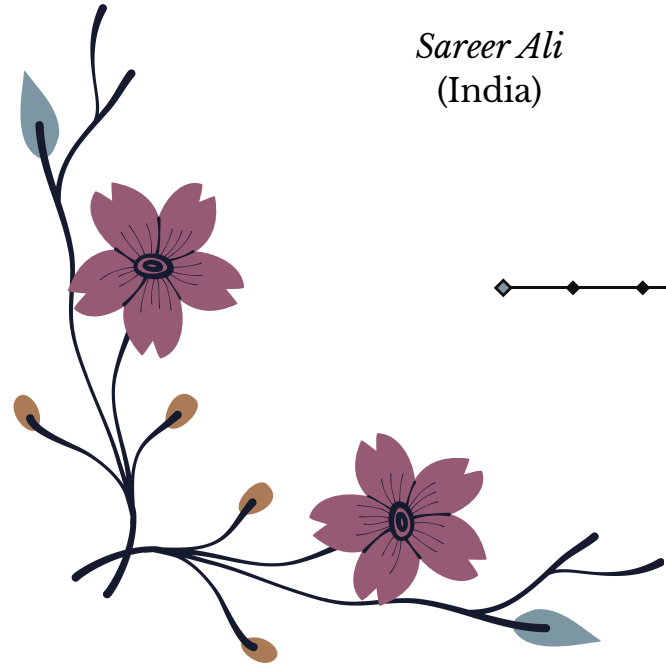
اپنے لوگوں کی بھی ہے مجھ پر عنایت کی نظر
ہاں مگر کچھ دشمنوں کی قدردانی اور ہے

حسن پہ مرنا محبت میں ضروری تو نہیں
یہ زمینی عشق ہوگا آسمانی اور ہے

دید کا اصرار کوہ طور پر کچھ اور تھا
عشق میں معنی لفظ لنترائی اور ہے

اور ہیں دنیا میں حاصلِ خامہ معنی صریح
لوگ کہتے ہیں مری شعلہ بیانی اور ہے

Sareer Ali
(India)



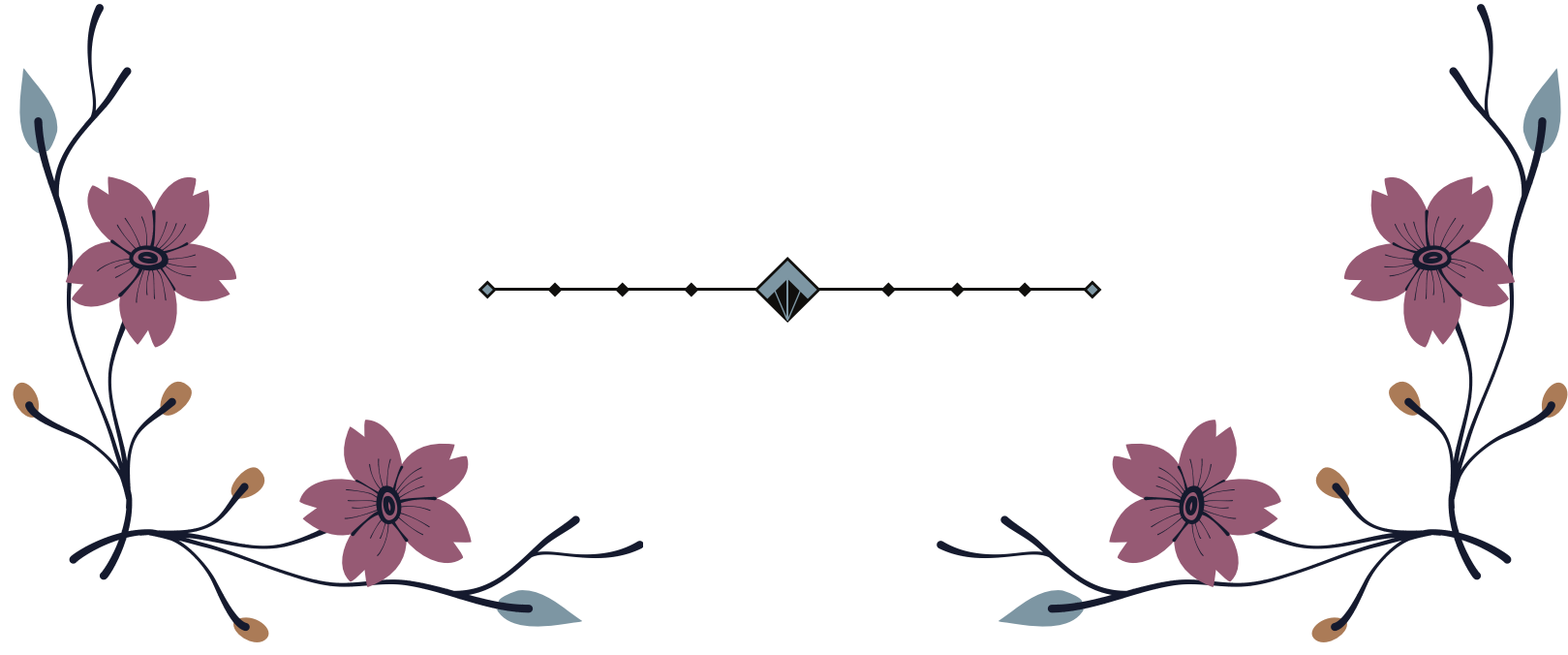
جب باندھ دیا مجھے عشق کی زنجیروں میں
کیوں کیا آزاد مجھے مزہ جب آنے لگا ہے

میں تو عاشقوں سے بہت ڈرا کرتا تھا
کیوں کسی نے نام پھر محبت کا دغا رکھا ہے

میں کس سمت جاؤں کوئی راہ نظر اب آتی نہیں
میں نے دنیا کو اپنی اسکے دل میں بسا رکھا ہے

ہر اک شے دنیا کی فانی ہے ثابت
محبت کو اپنی تم نے کس سے بچا رکھا ہے

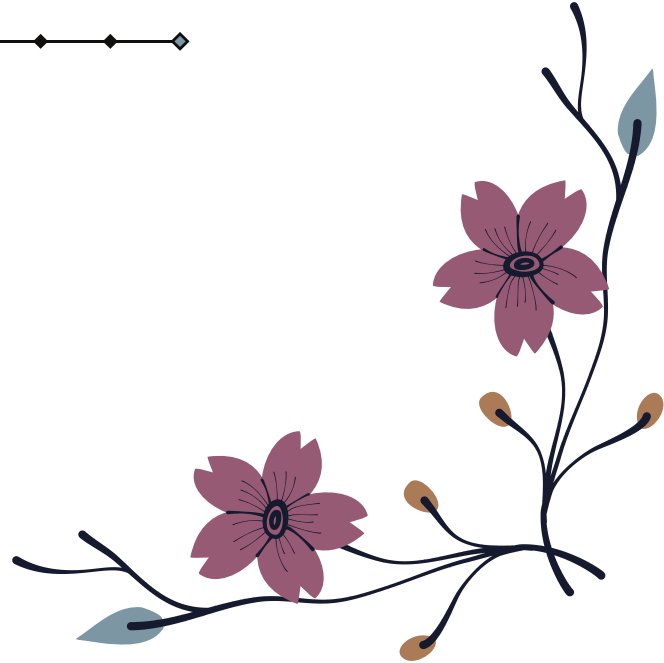
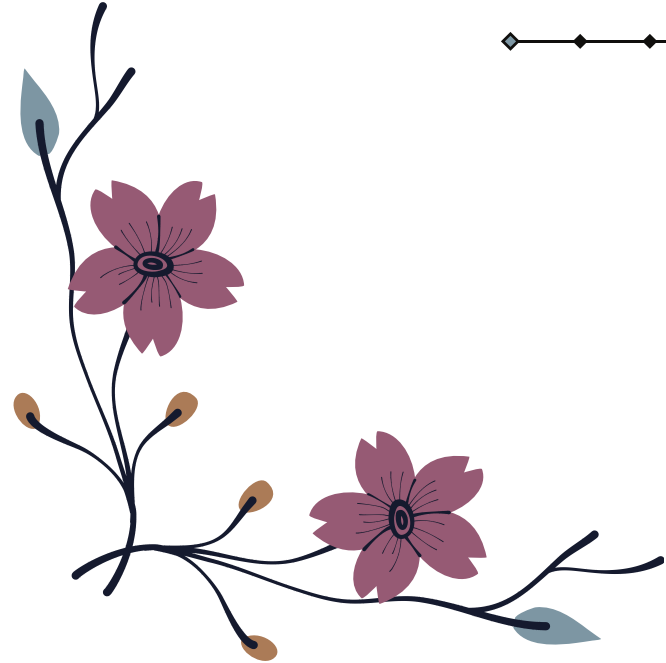
Saquib Khan
(India)



"خواب کا اشارہ"

چلو یہ مان لیتے ہیں!
 خوابوں میں خو خود کو دیکھتے ہیں وہ ہماری روح ہوتی ہے
 جو ملتی اکثر ان سے ہی ہے جن سے ہم بھی روزانہ ہی ملتے ہیں
 مگر ان سے بھی اک دو بار مل آتی ہے!
 جن سے مدّتوں یا عمر بھر نفرت کا رشتہ ہو
 جنہیں ہم ایک پل بھی سامنے دیکھا نہیں کرتے
 انہیں کے ساتھ سیر و مستیاں کر کے یہ آتی ہے
 مگر اک بات نے ہم کو پریشانی میں ڈالا ہے
 کہ وہ کیا شے ہے جس سے مل کے اپنی روح آتی ہے
 اگر اسکو بھی ہم اس شخص کی روح مان لیتے ہیں
 تو کیا وہ شخص بھی خوابوں میں ہمکو دیکھتا ہوگا
 اسے بھی کیا یہ پیغام محبت پہنچتا ہوگا؟

صداقت حسین صداقت
 (India)



"ماں"

میں لکھوں اس عنایت کو یا پرکھوں اسکی عادت کو
کہ تشبیہ جسکی چاہت کی خدا کی ذات پاتی ہے

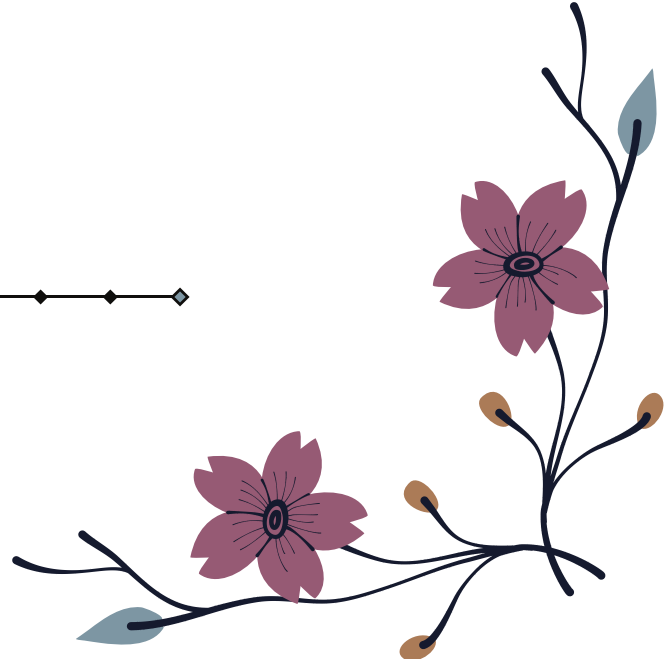
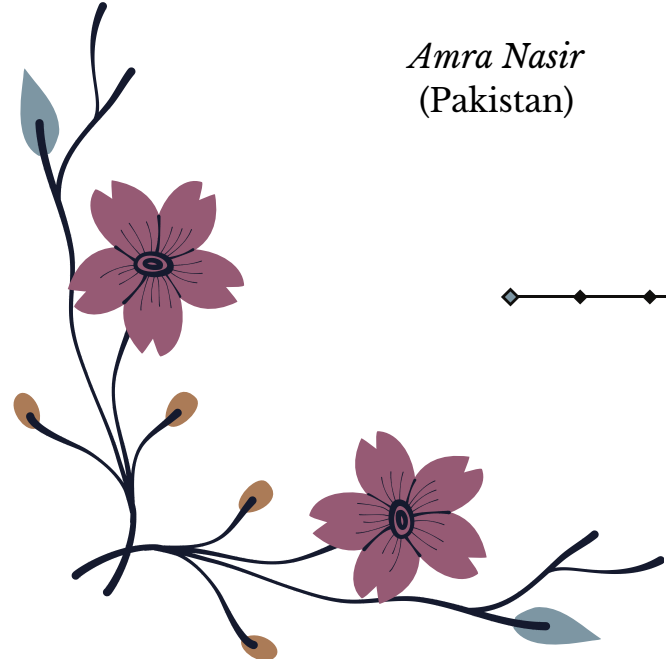
دھنک کے سات رنگوں سے، بنے اسکے وجود سے
سمندر کی سی گہرائی، صحرا کی سی تنہائی
جھلکتی ہے یوں اکثر، کہ بکھرتا آب ہو یکسر
وہ دکھوں کی بھیڑ میں رہ کر، خوشی کے گیت گاتی ہے

اب فرض یہ ذرا کرلو! خود غرض جو میں بن جاوں
ہاں مخلصی کے پردے میں، آنسو وہ بہاتی ہے
یا مجھ کو پھر بلاتی ہے، اور خود ہی یوں مناتی ہے
کہ اپنے منہ سے چھینے، نوالے مجھ کو کھلاتی ہے

کٹھن کی سرد ہواوں میں، اور بوجھ کی کالی چھاوں میں
وہ دعاوں کے چراغوں کو، خود آہوں سے سلگاتی ہے

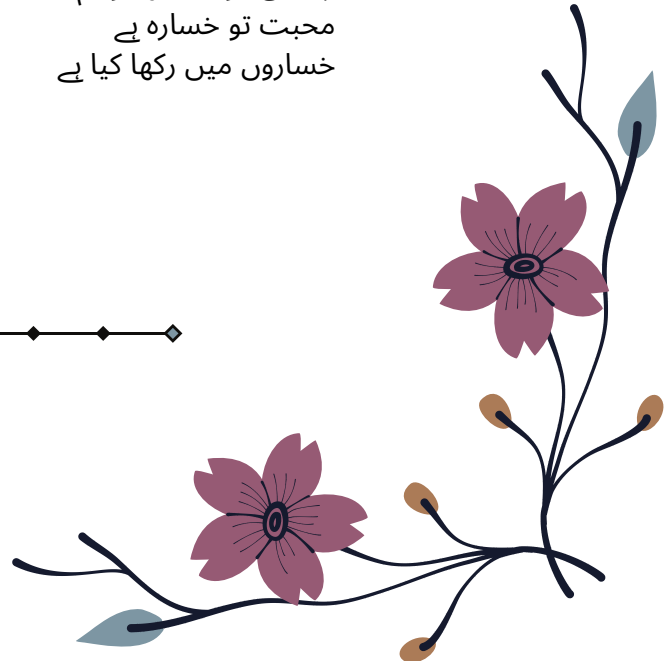
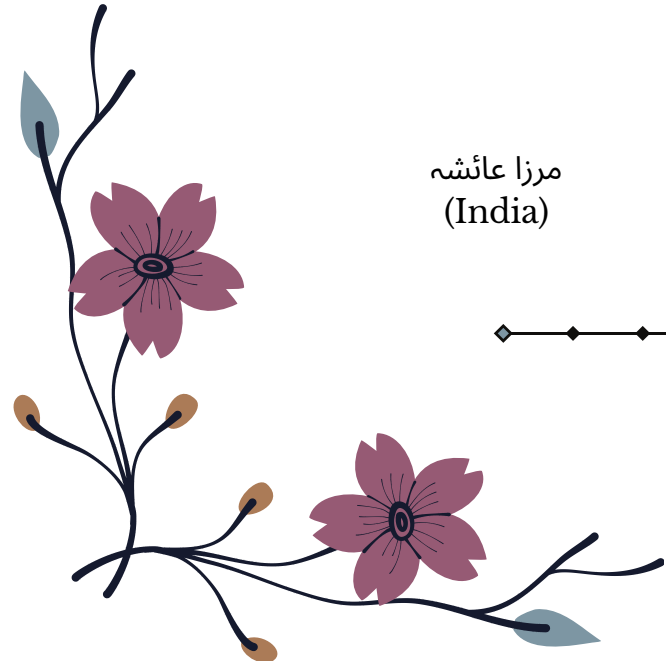
میرے کمزور لفظوں کا، گر آواز سہارا ہو
نتیجہ اب اخذ کر دوں، خلاصہ یہ بتا دوں میں
ہے جو ترجمہ محبت کا
اور تشریح اپنائیت کی
وہ کچھ اور نہیں واللہ، بس ماں ہی کہلاتی ہے!

Amra Nasir
(Pakistan)

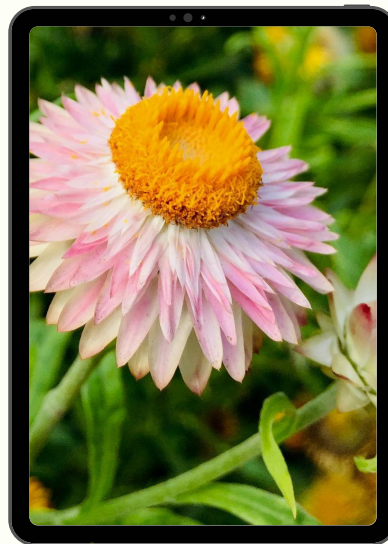
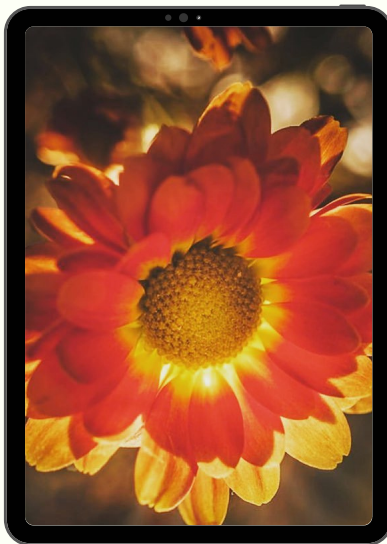


اندھیری رات کی مسند
 تری تصویر کی صحبت
 تری یادوں کے آنچل میں
 ذرا جب سانس آتی ہے
 تو اکثر سوچتی ہوں میں
 ضروری ہے کوئی اتنا
 کہ نیندیں وار دی جائیں
 نہ کوئی خواب ہی آئے
 نہ رشتہ ہو مرا خود سے
 نہ اپنا ہوش ہو مجھ کو
 بھلا دوں اس قدر خود کو
 نہ کوئی کھوج ہو مجھ کو
 ترا ہونا نہ ہونا ہی
 مرا جینا ہو مرنا ہو
 مگر اتنا ضروری تو
 مجھے کوئی نہیں لگتا
 کسی کے نام پر جینا
 انا کو وار کر جینا
 بھلا کیسا ہوا جینا
 پھر اس نظم محبت کی
 عجب ہیں ضابطے سارے
 جو گنتی تین تک پہنچے
 تعلق ٹوٹ جاتے ہیں
 مثلث گر یہ بن جائے
 تو حاصل کچھ نہیں ہوتا
 ریاضی کے اصولوں میں
 الگ قانون لگتا ہے
 لکیریں تین جوڑو تو
 ملے اک آٹھ زیرو ساتھ
 مری جاں بات یہ مانو
 محبت کو پرے رکھ کر
 ریاضی کو سمجھ لو تم
 محبت تو خسارہ ہے
 خساروں میں رکھا کیا ہے

مرزا عائشہ
 (India)



Palwasha Khan is a highly motivated instructor, currently recruited in Air Base Inter College Mushaf. Before joining this prestigious air force teaching institution, she had gained a successful and conducive writing professional environment from Mehrunnisa Publications. Besides professional grooming venture, she has also bloomed her scholastic profession by enrolling herself and accomplishing the degrees of MSCS and MSc IT.



Punjabi

"ਤਸਵੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ"

ਗੁਜ਼ਰਿਆ ਵਕਤ ਯਾਦ ਆ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਏ ,
ਜਦ ਫਰੋਲਾਂ ਪੰਨੇ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ,
ਕਰਾਂ ਮਹਿਫ਼ਿਲਾਂ 'ਚ ਬਹਿ ਕੇ ਤਕਰੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ ,
ਮੈਂ ਅੱਜ ਫੇਰ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਨਮ ਕਰ ਲਈਆਂ ਨੀਂ ਤੱਕ ਕੇ ਤਸਵੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ ।

ਰੱਖਦੀ ਸੀ ਖਿਆਲ ਬੜਾ ਮਾਂ-ਬਾਪ ਦੀ ਇੱਜ਼ਤ ਦਾ ,
ਪ੍ਰਸ਼ੰਸਕ ਸੀ ਮੈਂ ਯਾਰੇ ਉਹਦੀ ਏਸ ਫਿਤਰਤ ਦਾ,
ਮੰਨੇ ਜਿਵੇਂ ਪਿਆਰ ਮੇਰਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਦੋ-ਰਾਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚੋਂ ਵਿਚਰਦਾ ,
ਡਰ ਤੇ ਮੁਹੱਬਤ ਨਾਲੋਂ ਸੱਚਾ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਜਾਂਦਾ ਸੀ ਨਿਤਰਦਾ,
ਕਿੱਥੇ ਹਾਰਨੀ ਸੀ ਬਾਜ਼ੀ ਜੇ ਹੁੰਦੀ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਅਮੀਰ ਮੇਰੀ ,
ਮੈਂ ਅੱਜ ਫੇਰ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਨਮ ਕਰ ਲਈਆਂ ਨੀਂ ਤੱਕ ਕੇ ਤਸਵੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ ।

ਉੱਝ ਸਾਲ 'ਕੁ ਪਿੱਛੋਂ ਲਾਜ਼ਮੀ ਹੋ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਉਹਦੀ ਦੀਦ ਸੀ ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਤਾਂ ਏਹੀ ਦੀਵਾਲੀ ਅਤੇ ਏਹੀ ਬਕਰ-ਈਦ ਸੀ ,
ਤੈਨੂੰ ਪਾਉਣ ਵਾਲੀ ਖੁਵਾਹਿਸ਼ ਓਹਨੇ ਆਖਰੀ ਸਾਹਾਂ ਤਾਈਂ ,
ਨਾ ਢਹਿਣ ਵਾਲੀ ਕਦੇ ਜਿਹੜੀ ਰੱਖੀ ਉਹ ਉਮੀਦ ਸੀ ,
ਕਿਸੇ ਹੋਰ ਤੇ ਹੱਕ ਜਤਾਵਾਂ ਹੁਣ ਮੰਨਦੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਜ਼ਮੀਰ ਮੇਰੀ ,
ਮੈਂ ਅੱਜ ਫੇਰ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਨਮ ਕਰ ਲਈਆਂ ਨੀਂ ਤੱਕ ਕੇ ਤਸਵੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ ।

ਚੰਦ ਲਫ਼ਜ਼ਾਂ 'ਚ ਲਿਖਾਂ ਸਿਫ਼ਤ ਓਸ ਮਾਸੂਮ ਚਿਹਰੇ ਦੀ ,
ਨੈਣਾਂ 'ਚ ਕੈਦ ਉਦਾਸੀ ਵਾਂਗ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਕਿਸੇ ਗਹਿਰੇ ਦੀ ,
ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹੀਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਕਾਇਮ ਮੁਸਕਾਨ ਦਿਨ ਚੜ੍ਹੇ ਰੰਗ ਸੁਨਹਿਰੇ ਦੀ ,
ਰੱਬ ਨੇ ਤਰਾਸ਼ੀ ਮੂਰਤ ਜ਼ੁੰਮੇਵਾਰੀ ਲਾਈ ਪਰੀਆਂ ਨੂੰ ਪਹਿਰੇ ਦੀ ,
ਖਾਲੀ ਪੰਨੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਭਰ ਦਊਂ ਜੇ ਮੌਤ ਨਾ ਖਿੱਚੇ ਆਖਿਰੀ ਲਕੀਰ ਮੇਰੀ ,
ਦੇ ਇਜਾਜ਼ਤ! ਕਿਧਰੇ ਕਰੇ ਨਾ ਖਿਲਾਫ਼ਤ ਕਲਮ-ਏ-ਕੁਲਵੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ ,
ਮੈਂ ਅੱਜ ਫੇਰ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਨਮ ਕਰ ਲਈਆਂ ਨੀਂ ਤੱਕ ਕੇ ਤਸਵੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ ।

"ਤਸਵੀਰ ਤੇਰੀ"

ਗ਼زਿਆ وقت یاد آ جاندا اے ،
جد فرولاں پئے زندگی دے
کراں محفلاں 'چ بہ کے تقریر تیری۔
میں اج فیر اکھاں نم کر لئیاں نیں
تک کے تصویر تیری۔

رکھ دی سی خیال بڑا ما-پیاں دی اجّت دا
پرشنسک سی میں یارو اوسدی ایس فطرت دا۔
مَنو جویں پیار میرا ریہا دو راواں وچوں وچردا ،
ڈر تے محبت نالوں سچا عشق جاندا سی یتردا۔
کیتھے بارنی سی باجی جے بُندی قِسمت امیر میری ،
میں اج فیر اکھاں نم کر لئیاں نی
تک کے تصویر تیری۔

آنجھ سال پچھوں لازمی ہو جاندی اوبدی دید سی ،
میرے لئی تا یہی دوالی تے یہی بکر-عید سی۔
تینو پاون والی خواہش اوبنے آخری ساہاں تائیں
نا ڈھیہن والی کدے جھڑی رکھی اوہ امید سی۔
کسے بور تے حک جتاواں، ہُن من دی نا ظمیر میری ،
میں اج فیر اکھاں نم کر لئیاں نی
تک کے تصویر تیری۔

چند لفظاں 'چ لکھاں صفت اوس معصوم چہرے دی
نیناں 'چ قید اداسی، وانگ سمندر کیسے گہرے دی۔
بُلیاں تے قائم مُسکان دن چڑھے رنگ سُنہرے دی ،
رب نے تراشی مورت، جَمیواری لائی پریاں نو پہرے دی ،
دے اجازت! کدھرے کرے نا خِلافت قلم کولویر تیری ،
میں اج فیر اکھاں نم کر لئیاں نی تک کے تصویر تیری۔

ਕੁਲਵੀਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਖ਼ਵਾਬੀ
ਕੁਲੋਰ ਸਨਗ੍ਹ ਖ਼ਾਬੀ
(Jalandhar, India)

"Ishq"

ਲੱਗਦਾ ਐ ਰਾਹ ਪਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ
ਮੈਂਨੂੰ ਤੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਲਿਆ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ,

ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਤੂੰ ਦਿਸਦੀ ਏਂ ਜਿੱਧਰ ਦੇਖਾਂ
ਆਪਣਾ ਜਲਵਾ ਦਿਖਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ,

ਬੁੱਲ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ ਸੁੱਕੇ ਪਏ ਨੇ
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ ਮਚਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਖਾਲੀ ਰਾਹ ਹੈ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਮੰਜ਼ਿਲ
ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਲੈ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਸਦੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਸੀ ਤੇਰੇ ਤੋਂ
ਲੰਬਾ ਪੈਂਡਾ ਮੁਕਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਕੀ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਰੱਖਤਾ ਵੇ ਰਾਜ ਤੂੰ
ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਂ ਲੈਕੇ ਸਤਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਲਗਦਾ ਐ ਰਾਹ ਪਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ
ਮਿਨੋਂ ਤਿਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਲਿਆ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਤੂੰ ਦਿਸਦੀ ਏਂ ਜਿੱਧਰ ਦੇਖਾਂ
ਆਪਣਾ ਜਲਵਾ ਦਿਖਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ,

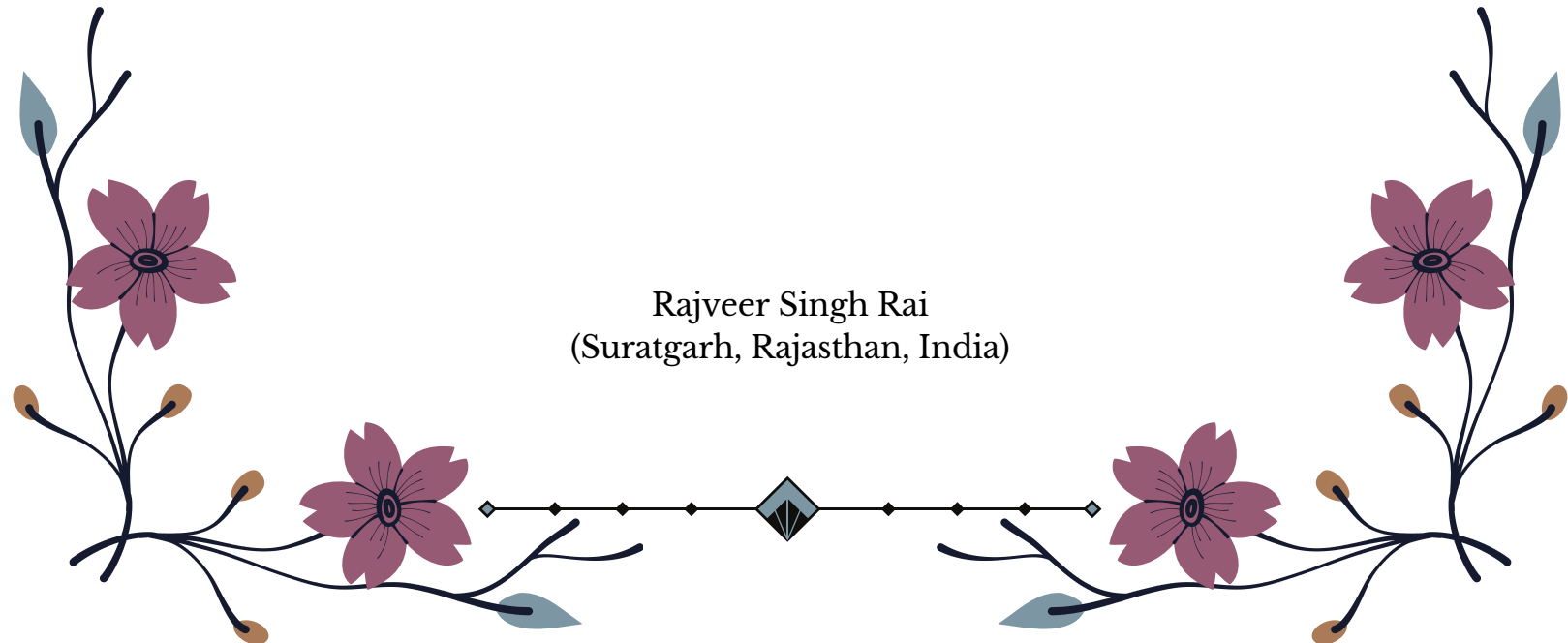
ਬੁੱਲ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ੀ ਨਾਲ ਸੁੱਕੇ ਪਏ ਨੇ
ਸ਼ੇਰ ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ ਮਚਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਖਾਲੀ ਰਾਹ ਹੈ ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਮੰਜ਼ਿਲ
ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਲੈ ਜਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਸਦੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਦੂਰ ਸੀ ਤੇਰੇ ਤੋਂ
ਲੰਬਾ ਪੈਂਡਾ ਮੁਕਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

ਕੀ ਕਰ ਕੇ ਰਕ਼ਤਾ ਵੇ ਰਾਜ ਤੂੰ
ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਂ ਲੈਕੇ ਸਤਾ ਰਿਹਾ ਹੈ ਇਸ਼ਕ

Rajveer Singh Rai
(Suratgarh, Rajasthan, India)



"Phullañ Diyañ Chadrañ"

ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਚਾਦਰਾਂ ਜਾਂ ਪਰੀਆਂ ਚੁਫੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ,
ਲੋੜ ਜਹੀ ਨਈ ਰਹਿ ਗਈ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਏਹੋ ਜਿਹੇ ਖੁਆਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਨਸ਼ਾ ਇੱਕ ਮਿੱਠਾ ਮਿੱਠਾ ਰੂਹ ਦੇ ਸਕੂਨ ਦਾ ਜੋ,
ਅੱਜ ਤੋੜਦਾ ਹੰਕਾਰ ਫਿਰੇ ਖਾਰੀਆਂ ਸ਼ਰਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਗਜ਼ਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਸੌਂਕ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਕੱਲ ਤੱਕ ਨਈ ਸੀਗਾ,
ਸੌਂਹ ਤੇਰੇ ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ ਸੋਹਣਿਆਂ ਗੁਲਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਸਾਰਾ ਕੁੱਝ ਮਿੱਟੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਖੋਰੇ ਰੋਲ ਤਾਂ ਨਹੀ ?
ਤੇਰੇ ਉੱਤੇ ਸ਼ਰਤ ਵੀ ਸੀ ਬਹੁਤਿਆਂ ਨਵਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਲਫਜ਼ਾਂ ਦਾ ਜਾਦੂ ਓਵੇਂ 'ਦਾਸਤਾਂ' ਨੂੰ ਜਾਪੇ ਹਾਲੇ,
ਬੱਸ ਛੇੜਣੇ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਰ ਜਿੱਦਾਂ ਲੋੜ ਮਿਜਰਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਦੀਆਂ ਚਾਦਰਾਂ ਜਾਂ ਪਰੀਆਂ ਚੁਫੇਰੇ ਹੋਣ,
ਲੋੜ ਜਹੀ ਨਈ ਰਹਿ ਗਈ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਏਹੋ ਜਿਹੇ ਖੁਆਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

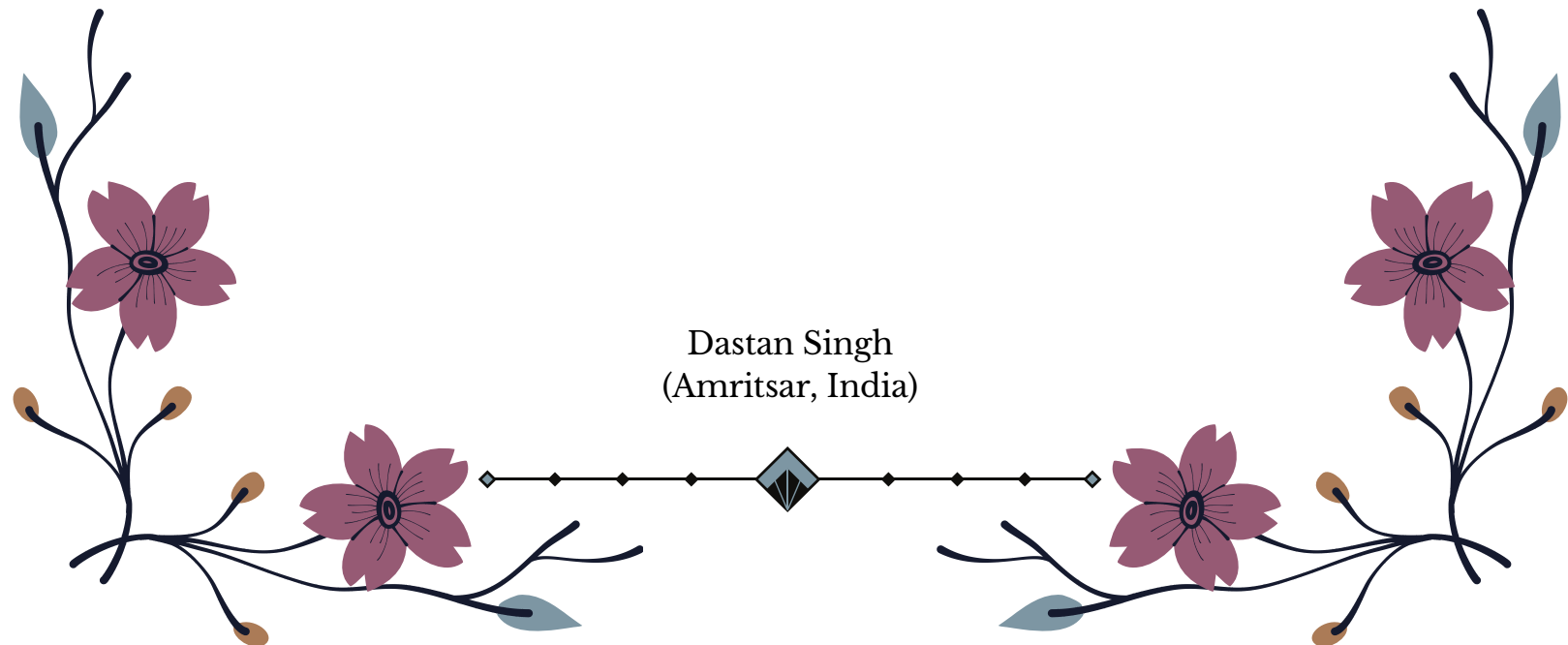
ਨਸ਼ਾ ਇੱਕ ਮਿੱਠਾ ਮਿੱਠਾ ਰੂਹ ਦੇ ਸਕੂਨ ਦਾ ਜੋ,
ਅੱਜ ਤੋੜਦਾ ਹੰਕਾਰ ਫਿਰੇ ਖਾਰੀਆਂ ਸ਼ਰਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਗਜ਼ਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਸੌਂਕ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਕੱਲ ਤੱਕ ਨਈ ਸੀਗਾ,
ਸੌਂਹ ਤੇਰੇ ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਵਾਲੇ ਸੋਹਣਿਆਂ ਗੁਲਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਸਾਰਾ ਕੁੱਝ ਮਿੱਟੀ ਵਿੱਚ ਦਿੱਤਾ ਖੋਰੇ ਰੋਲ ਤਾਂ ਨਹੀ ?
ਤੇਰੇ ਉੱਤੇ ਸ਼ਰਤ ਵੀ ਸੀ ਬਹੁਤਿਆਂ ਨਵਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

ਲਫਜ਼ਾਂ ਦਾ ਜਾਦੂ ਓਵੇਂ 'ਦਾਸਤਾਂ' ਨੂੰ ਜਾਪੇ ਹਾਲੇ,
ਬੱਸ ਛੇੜਣੇ ਨੂੰ ਸੁਰ ਜਿੱਦਾਂ ਲੋੜ ਮਿਜਰਾਬਾਂ ਦੀ ।

Dastan Singh
(Amritsar, India)



"Kadi Suneya?"

ਇਹ ਹਵਾਵਾ ਇਹ ਚੁੱਪਾਂ
 ਕਦੋਂ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਚੁੱਪਾਂ ਨੂੰ
 ਕੀ ਕਹਿ ਰਹੀਆਂ ਨੇ ?
 ਕਦੋਂ ਸੋਚਿਆ, ਕਦੋਂ ਲੋਚਿਆ ਕੇ ਕਿਉਂ
 ਖਿੜੀ ਚੁੱਪ 'ਚ ਮੀਂਹ ਪੈਣ ਲੱਗ ਜਾਂਦਾ ?
 ਇਹ ਜੋ ਚਿੜੀਆਂ ਗੁਣਗੁਣੀਆਂ ਨੇ
 ਕਿਸ ਦੇ ਲਿਖੇ ਨੇ ਇਹ ਗੀਤ ?
 ਕਦੋਂ ਸੁਣੇ ਕੁਦਰਤ ਦੀ ਗੋਦ 'ਚ ਬੈਠ
 ਇਸ ਦੇ ਵਜਦੇ ਰੂਹਾਨੀ ਸਾਜ ?
 ਕੌਣ ਛੇੜਦਾ ਏ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਰੂਹਾਨੀ ਸੁਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ ,
 ਕਦੋਂ ਸੋਚਿਆ, ਕਦੋਂ ਸੁਣਿਆ ?
 ਕਦੋਂ ਗੱਲ ਕੀਤੀ ਐ ਵਗਦੇ ਪਾਣੀ ਨਾਲ ?
 ਕਦੋਂ ਪੁੱਛਿਆ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਕਿ ਕਿੱਧਰ ਨੂੰ ਚਲਿਆਂ ?
 ਕਦੋਂ ਰੁੱਖਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੁੱਖ ਪੁੱਛਿਆ ?
 ਕਦੋਂ ਪੁੱਛਿਆ ਕਿਸ ਬੇ ਸਬਰੀ ਨਾਲ
 ਸੁੱਕੇ ਰੁੱਖ ਉਡੀਕਦੇ ਨੇ ਬਸੰਤ ਰੁੱਤ ਨੂੰ ?
 ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਐਨੇ ਇਕਾਂਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਈ
 ਰੱਬ ਦੀ ਬਾਤ ਬੁੱਝੀ ਐ ?
 ਕਦੋਂ ਸੋਚਿਆ ਸੂਰਜ ਐਨਾ ਗਰਮ ਐ,
 ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਕੰਮ ਆਉਂਦੇ ।
 ਕਦੋਂ ਮੇਰਾ ਦਾ ਦੁੱਖ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਏ ?
 ਉਹ ਨੱਚਦਾ ਵੀ ਐ ਤੇ
 ਅੱਖਾਂ ਚੋਂ ਨੀਰ ਵੀ ਵਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ।
 ਕਿਉਂ ਮੀਂਹ ਪੈਣ ਤੇ ਖੰਭ ਖਿਲਾਰਦਾ ਏ ?
 ਕਿਉਂ ਥਿਰਕਦਾ ਏ ਕਣੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਤਾਲ ਤੇ
 ਸੋਚਿਆ ਕਦੋਂ ?

ਏ ਬਾਵਾ, ਏ ਤੁੱਪਾਂ
 ਕਦੀ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਇਸ ਦੀ ਚੁੱਪਾਂ ਨੂੰ
 ਕੀ ਕਹੇ ਰੀਆਂ ਨੇ ?
 ਕਦੀ ਸੋਚਿਆ, ਕਦੀ ਲੋਚਿਆ ਕੇ ਕੌਣ
 ਕੜੀ ਟੱਪੋਂ ਵੱਚ ਮਿਥੇ ਪਿੰਨ ਲੱਗ ਜਾਂਦਾ ?
 ਏ ਜੋ ਚੜੀਆਂ ਗੁਣਗੁਣੀਆਂ ਨੇ
 ਕਿਸ ਦੇ ਲਿਖੇ ਨੇ ਏ ਗੀਤ ?
 ਕਦੀ ਸੁਣੇ ਨੇ ਕੁਦਰਤ ਦੀ ਗੋਦ 'ਚ ਬੈਠ
 ਇਸ ਦੇ ਵਜਦੇ ਰੁਹਾਨੀ ਸਾਜ ?
 ਕੌਣ ਛੇੜਦਾ ਏ ਇਹਨਾਂ ਰੁਹਾਨੀ ਸੁਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ,
 ਕਦੀ ਸੋਚਿਆ, ਕਦੀ ਸੁਣਿਆ ?
 ਕਦੀ ਗੱਲ ਕੀਤੀ ਏ ਵਗਦੇ ਪਾਣੀ ਨਾਲ ?
 ਕਦੀ ਪੁੱਛਿਆ ਉਹਨੂੰ ਕਿ ਕਿੱਧਰ ਨੂੰ ਚਲਿਆਂ ?
 ਕਦੀ ਰੁੱਖਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਦੁੱਖ ਪੁੱਛਿਆ ?
 ਕਦੀ ਪੁੱਛਿਆ ਕਿਸ ਬੇ ਸਬਰੀ ਨਾਲ
 ਸੁੱਕੇ ਰੁੱਖ ਉਡੀਕਦੇ ਨੇ ਬਸੰਤ ਰੁੱਤ ਨੂੰ ?
 ਰਾਤ ਨੂੰ ਐਨੇ ਇਕਾਂਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਪਈ
 ਰੱਬ ਦੀ ਬਾਤ ਬੁੱਝੀ ਏ ?
 ਕਦੀ ਸੋਚਿਆ ਸੂਰਜ ਐਨਾ ਗਰਮ ਏ,
 ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਸਾਡੇ ਕੰਮ ਆਉਂਦੇ ।
 ਕਦੀ ਮੇਰਾ ਦਾ ਦੁੱਖ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਏ ?
 ਉਹ ਨੱਚਦਾ ਵੀ ਏ ਤੇ
 ਅੱਖਾਂ ਚੋਂ ਨੀਰ ਵੀ ਵਹਿੰਦਾ ਏ।
 ਕੌਣ ਮੀਂਹ ਪੈਣ ਤੇ ਖੰਭ ਖਿਲਾਰਦਾ ਏ ?
 ਕੌਣ ਥਿਰਕਦਾ ਏ ਕਣੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਤਾਲ ਤੇ,
 ਸੋਚਿਆ ਕਦੀ ?

Inder Singh Baaz
 (Mohali, India)

"Sohne Pal"

ਉਹ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਪਲ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜਦ ਹਾਣੀ ਹਾਣੀ ਸੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਬੇਰੰਗ ਜੇਹੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਭਰੇ ਰੰਗ ਬੇਰੰਗੇ ਰੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਅਹੁੰ ਕੰਨੇ ਸੋਭੇ ਪਲ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜਦ ਬਾਨੀ ਬਾਨੀ ਸੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-
ਏਰੰਗ ਜਿਹੀ ਜੰਦਗੀ ਦੇ ਵੱਚ ਭੇਰੇ ਰੰਗ ਭਰੰਗੇ ਰੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-

ਘੁੱਪ ਹਨੇਰੀ ਰਾਤ ਵਿਚ ਵੀ ਦਿਖਦੇ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਚੰਨ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਹਾਕਮਾਂ ਜੇਹੀ ਸੋਚ ਨੇ ਰਖਦੇ, ਜੇਬ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਨੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਗੁੱਪ ਬਿਰੀ ਰਾਤ ਵੱਚ ਵੀ ਢਕਦੇ ਕੰਨੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਚੰਨ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-
ਹਾਕਮਾਂ ਜਿਹੀ ਸੋਚ ਨੇ ਰਕਹਦੇ, ਜਿੱਬ ਤੋਂ ਭਾਵੀਂ ਨੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-

ਉਹ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਦਿਨ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜਦ ਹਾਣੀ ਹਾਣੀ ਸੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਉਹ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਪਲ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜੱਦ ਸੱਜਣ ਸੱਜਣ ਸੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਅਹੁੰ ਕੰਨੇ ਸੋਭੇ ਦਿਨ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜਦ ਬਾਨੀ ਬਾਨੀ ਸੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-
ਅਹੁੰ ਕੰਨੇ ਸੋਭੇ ਪਲ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜੱਦ ਸੱਜਣ ਸੱਜਣ ਸੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-

ਵਾਂਗ ਛੁਦਾਈਆਂ ਲੜਦੇ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਪਰ ਮਨਾਉਣੇ ਦੇ ਵੀ ਢੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਮੂੰਹੋਂ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਨਾ ਭਰਣ ਗਵਾਹੀ, ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਸਜਣਾ ਵੱਲ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਵਾਂਗ ਸੁਦਾਇਆਂ ਲੜਦੇ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਪਰ ਮਨਾਉਣੇ ਦੇ ਵੀ ਢੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-
ਮੂੰਹੋਂ ਭਾਵੀਂ ਨਾ ਭੇਰਨ ਗੁਆਬੀ, ਅੰਦਰੋਂ ਸਜਣਾ ਵੱਲ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-

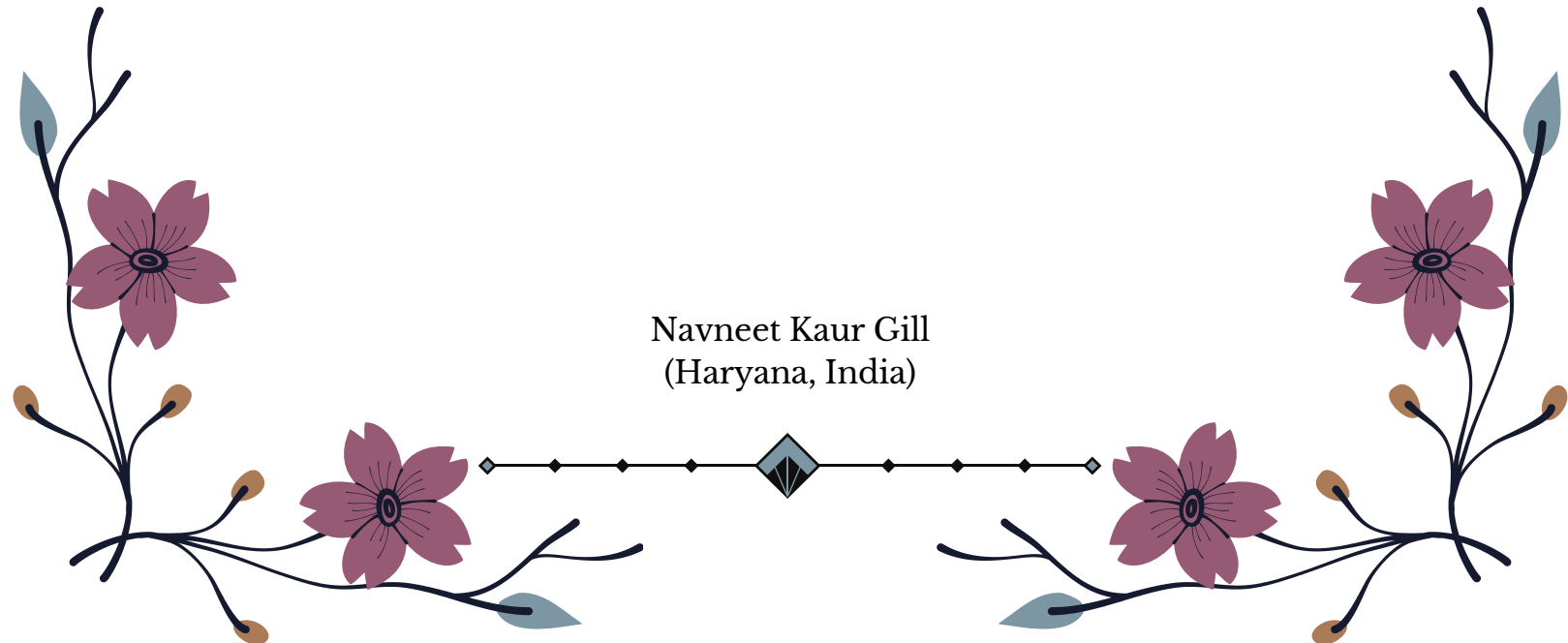
ਖੁਸ਼ਿਆਂ ਵੇਲੇ ਮਸਤ ਮੌਲਾ ਜਿਹੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ 'ਚ ਮਲੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।
ਪਰ ਦੁੱਖ ਵੇਲੇ ਸਚੀਉਂ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਜਿਆਦਾ ਤੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ।

ਖੁਸ਼ਿਆਂ ਵੇਲੇ ਮਸਤ ਮੁਲਾ ਜਿਹੇ ਆਪਣੇ ਆਪ 'ਚ ਮਲੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-
ਪਰ ਦੁੱਖ ਵੇਲੇ ਸਚੀਉਂ ਇਹ ਸਭ ਤੋਂ ਜਿਆਦਾ ਤੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-

ਉਹ ਕਿੰਨੇ ਸੋਹਣੇ ਪਲ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜੱਦ ਹਾਣੀ ਹਾਣੀ ਸੰਗ ਹੁੰਦੇ ਨੇ...

ਅਹੁੰ ਕੰਨੇ ਸੋਭੇ ਪਲ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ ਜਦ ਬਾਨੀ ਬਾਨੀ ਸੰਗ ਬੰਦੇ ਨੇ-

Navneet Kaur Gill
(Haryana, India)



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