

Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

Multilingual Literary E-magazine

February

WRITERS

**HER SOUL MATE
(NOVEL)**

مناجاة

ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو...

Habita en mí

By
Ovais

By
Laiba Akhtar

By
AvrilDawn

By
Ahmad Aleem

By
Yahaira Chagollan

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/FEBRUARY 2021

Editor's Note

Causerie

/ˈkəʊzəri, French *kozri*

noun

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

Hello, my dear earth fellas!

Literature and life aren't the things that we can learn in a day or two. Learning is a complete process. Just like we can stagger on stairs if we try to miss one or two steps similarly, we cannot ignore the lessons that life is trying to teach us. What we are trying to do nowadays looks quite miserable as we are digging our graves ourselves. We have started looking for shortcuts to become prominent and famous overnight. And for all this, we put our moral, ethical and social values aside, prioritizing self-interest. We don't care whether our source of actions is virtuous or corrupted. We adopt a low-value means to get into the limelight. That's why we couldn't learn and enter professional life, being immature, less acknowledged like a half-boiled egg!

To elevate the status of literature; we need to promote literature, not the burlesque and vulgar comedy that can only make people laugh. It is becoming a trend and norm; how we start making memes and fun of everything instead of thinking sensibly. That's why I brought Causerie. So, we can make a literary society by gathering literary souls from all around the globe on a single platform. Causerie isn't just an e-magazine. It's a mission so that literary souls can get what they deserve along with earning. Now, if you become our featured writer, you will get a ten percent commission if someone buys our yearly featuring plan through your reference. And that's gonna increase along with the coming days.

Also, we have now stopped publishing the posters of famous celebrities, instead, we will be featuring budding and struggling writers and poets. So if you're interested in getting a poster of yours published in Causerie, it's your moment! Contact us through email or any of our social media handles.

Last but not the least, 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 March edition is the 28th of February.



OVAIS SHAIKH

Founder

Editor-in-Chief

CAUSERIE ISSUE 10

FEBRUARY 2021

EDITORIAL TEAM

BINT E NADEEM

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PALWASHA KHAN

PHOTOGRAPHER

CONTENT SELECTORS

MEHAK SHAIKH

GRAPHICS & ADVERTISING

OVAIS

SUBSCRIPTIONS

VISIT

[HTTPS://WWW.CAUSERIEOFFICIAL.COM](https://www.causerieofficial.com)

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R. L. DIETRICH

English



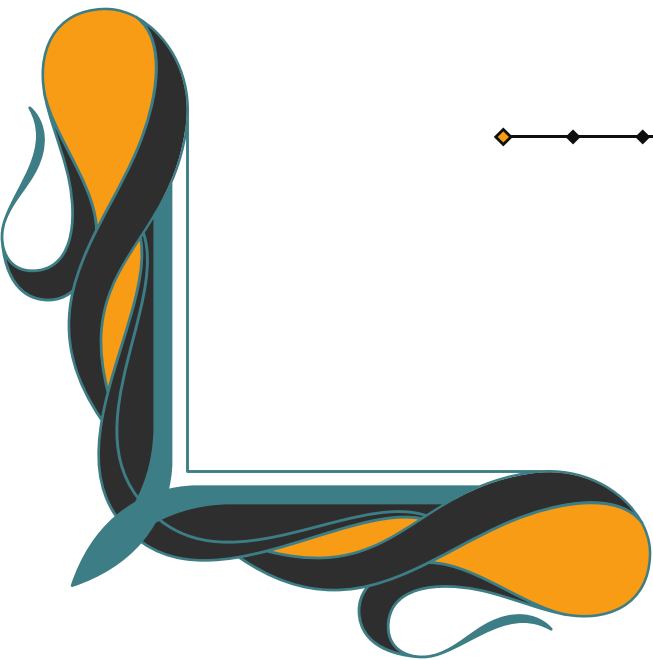
"Journey of Tomorrow"

By
Brenda Arledge
(United States)

The essence of tomorrow
lingers in the air,
leaving her troubles behind her
with no reason to care.

Focusing on the path
her feet walk upon,
taking her on a journey
with no regrets.

She makes each moment count
within this hourglass
of time.

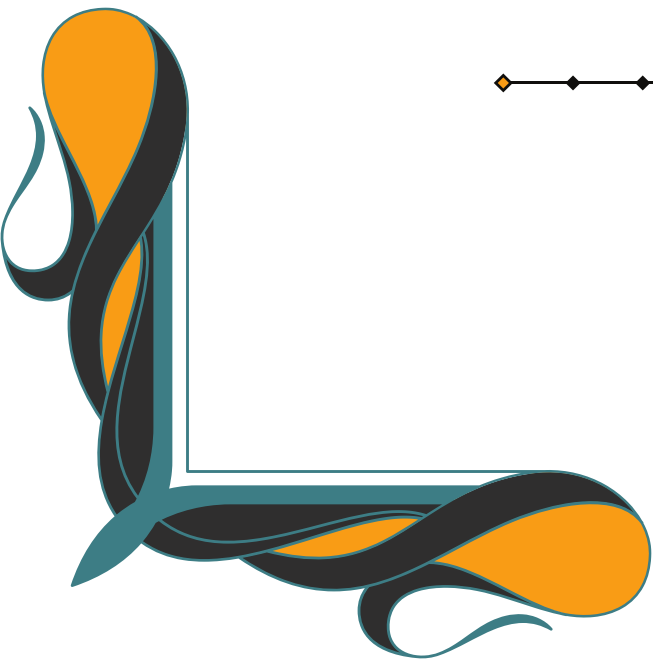




"Suicide"

By
Fatima Toor
(Pakistan)

With pure heart, she was struggling to bear negativity
with smiley face, she was trying to hide her fears
with hazel eyes, she was bearing the red tears
then, she lost it all by taking revenge on life
she arranges a hanging loop to commit suicide
but it was useless
because, she was already died
like an alive corpse
her inside already dragged her towards grave
this was nothing but a suicide
Yes, a suicide to find the peace of life after death!

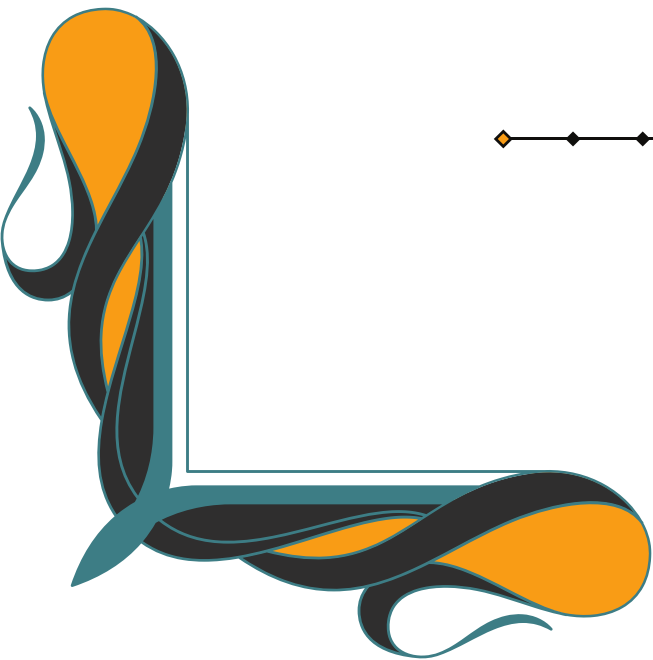




"A Winter's Night"

By
O'Carlain
(England)

Night has fallen
birds are now sleeping
not a sound to be heard
save an owl's hooting
high the moon in the
black satin sky
stars are glistening as
the tears of a child
a frost for certain tonight
there will be
for clear is the air
a stillness hangs there
what a perfect winter's
night!



"The Boy Of My Dreams"

By
Yochana Sai Sri Pachipenta
(India)

Are you the sea
With gentle waves and mysterious depths
Are you the desire
That is bubbling from the bottom of my stomach
Are you the archangel
'Cause I want to gape at you till my eyes pop out
Are you the smirking little devil
'Cause you haunt in my dreams
Are you a virus
That has manipulated my brain to think of none but you
Are you a wisp of oxygen
For I wouldn't last even a minute without you
Are you a flower
'Cause I wanna bottle up your fragrance
Are you the living daydream
That causes my thoughts to twist and curl
Are you the breeze
That causes my waves to rise and swirl
Are you that ray of sunshine
Even brighter than the moon and pearl
Hey!, you are the boy of my dreams
You heal me of my pains and my screams
Promise me to be my minion
And I'll kiss you to the oblivion....!





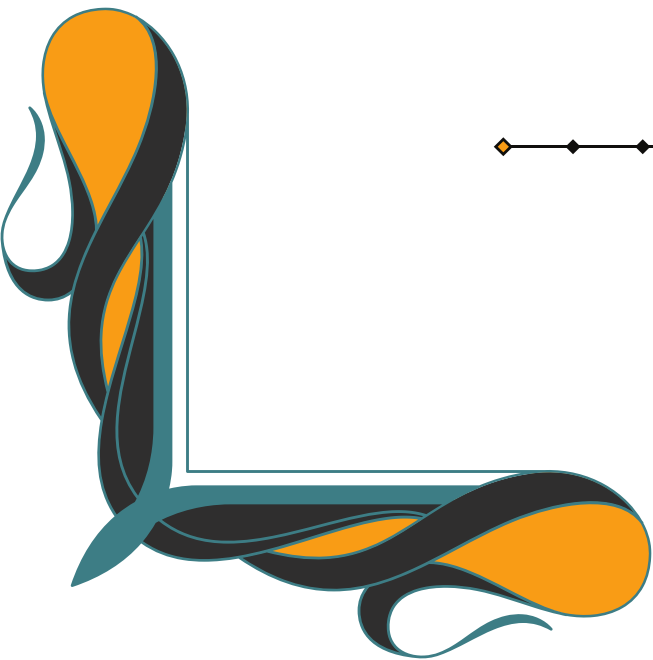
"Faceful Love"

By
Mary Joyce Iquin
(Philippines)

His eyes are made of outer space;
marveled with a shining star that stays.
In skies at night when they blink
I see galaxies in his eyes that wink.

For the depth of his fears;
he cries an ocean of tears.
Deeper, I paddle and sail
'til I come across a lovely tale.

Of a universe found in his face;
such constellation formed a gaze.
Over the horizon reached yet far
he wishes upon the jar of stars.



POSTER



AHMAD ALEEM

AHMAD ALEEM

Born: May 10, 1962

On credit

Eight books in Urdu and two in English.

Comprising Criticism, Research, History, Poetry, Short story, Afsana / Kahani, and Inshaeya.

Besides, Editor RAVI (1984), PATRAS, CRESCENT & IQRA.



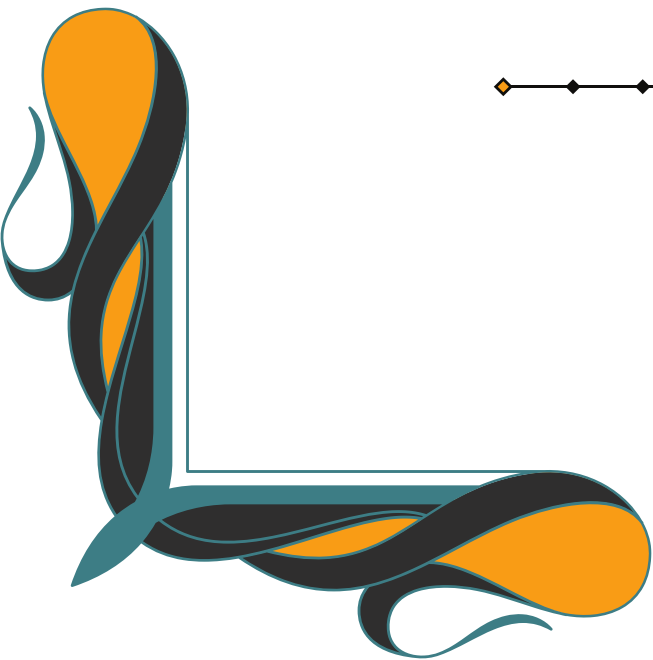
"Ode to Old Summers"

By
Lila Lockheart
(USA)

Sweeter than the wind's caress
a summer evening's gentle kiss

as leaves & branches sang their songs
fingertips play their coy games
swaying, dancing with trees
under a waning moon

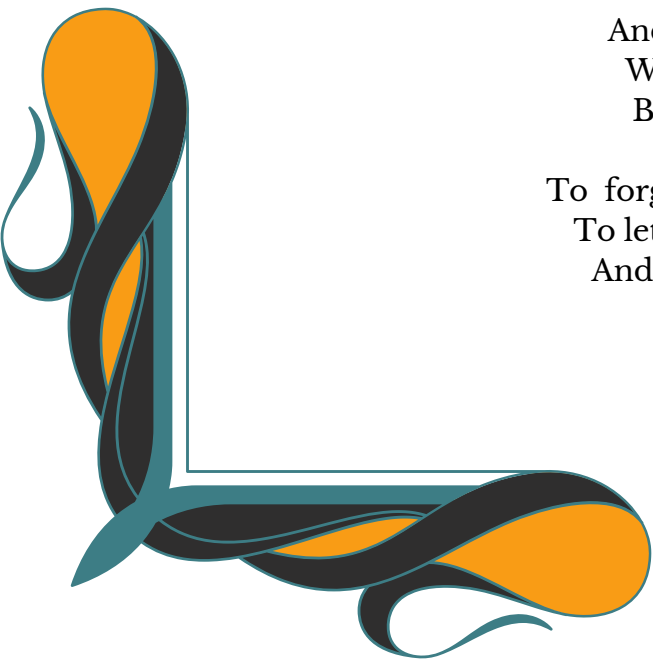
how lasting are my memories
when we were young and in love
and birds sang in the night



"Clandestine"

By
Asifa Raza
(Pakistan)

The smile on the visage
Giggle on lips
Meeting people with eyes down
I laugh so hard
Often, people get perplexed
That, what is the truth of my life
The pain I divulge while blowing the flute
Or that I spread in laughter
To discover me
There are a lot of them
With acute curiosity
But I let them be skeptical
And keep myself covert
But, sometimes
When I see people curious about me
I feel like tearing this cover-up
To show them my busted heart
So that they too
Wail in requiem
Sob convulsively
And be smashed of this pain
What my heart condones
But still smiles and laugh
They must know it
To forgo being curious about others
To let them live the way they are
And to let them be clandestine





Ah! This earthling
Inquisitively tracks the covert
Of the fellow beings
Hence knows
Every soul suffers
And tries not to reveal the contusions
And the hidden shards of pain
There's an undercover
In every individual's life
What must not be exposed
To let the souls be satiated
In their self-deception
In showing the perfection
And presenting fake contentment.

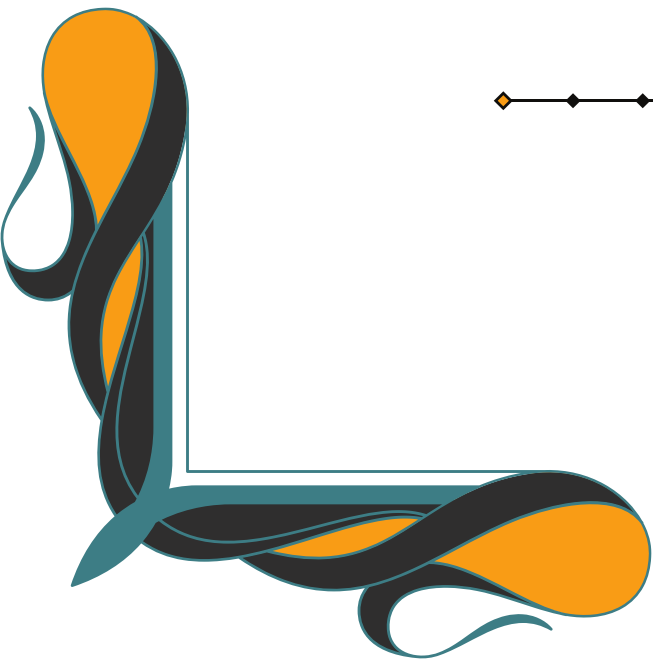




"A flare to 2021"

By
Dinesh S R
(India)

Yes, in the fools' shoe, we're tossed -
where a year of life we have lost.
Amidst the Lord's play of chess
we stake our lives in guess.
While the sorcerers are on bail,
nobles are cuffed in jail.
Though our flags are still,
the tectonics once fledged to kill.
In light of hope, we stay and pray,
for the couplet of sextets to sway.
Just with an ambush of love and care,
let's hold till nature fires its flare.



"Afternoon Walk"

By
Paul Martin Kennedy
(Ireland)

I had never seen light like this before.
The Sun slung so low in the blue winter sky.
Everything in a sharp golden focus.

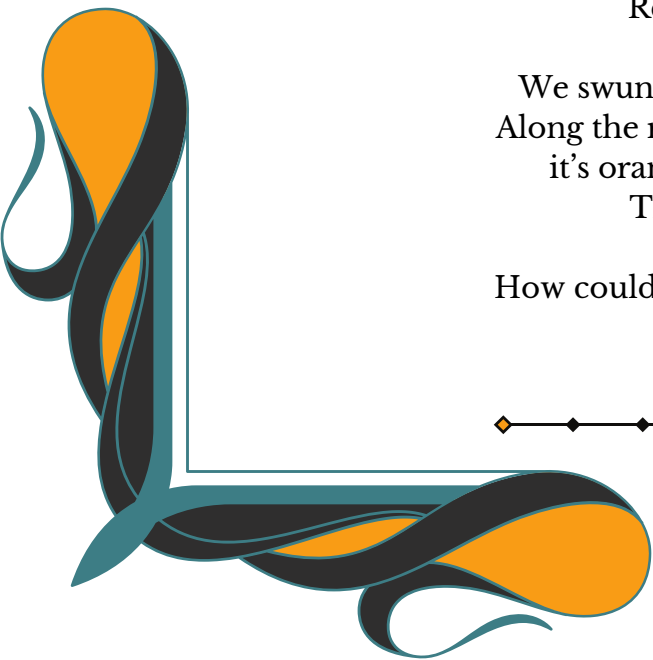
We walked along the river, lost in the talk,
almost not noticing the water's silver quivering,
dramatic shadows darkening the weeping willows.

We entered a park that seemed enchanted,
that someone had spent a long time preparing for us.
The bare trees so fearless, casually shrugging off their mysteries.
Boys with girls, parents with children,
all arranged on benches and around the lake,
as if choreographed by Brueghel.

On the way back, in the business district,
among the tall building, the sun went missing.
The light lost its verve. The luminosity curdled.
Yet we still talked: my words provoking your words.
Your words provoking mine.
Revelations were at hand.

We swung back to where we had started.
Along the rivers' edge, the sun visible again,
it's orange fire, burning the horizon.
The whole world glowed.

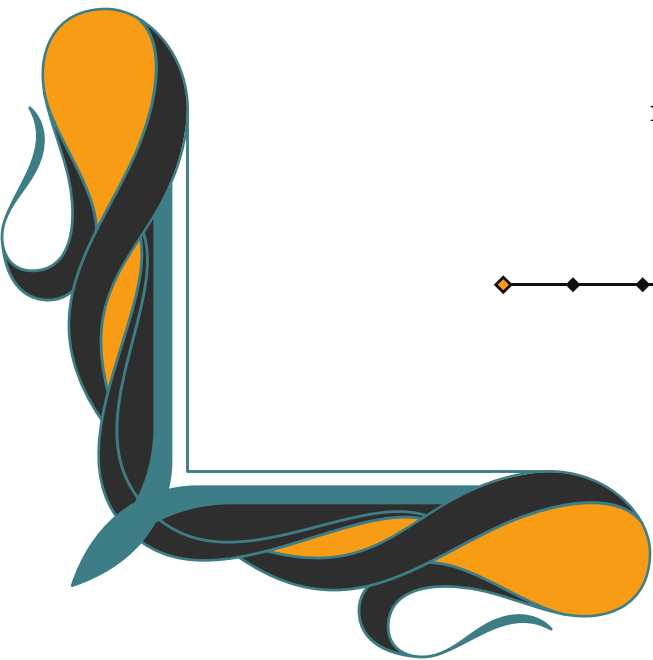
How could you keep secrets on such a day?



"For Lynn at the Seaside"

By
Robert Allen
(USA)

There's a shine
off the sea
in Newport Oregon.
It glitters through
gauze curtains
in the hotel, lifting
in the breeze,
while we read
Collette out loud.
That hotel held
our love like
a lighthouse.
That sun shone
some love in our youth
and it was beautiful.
To be 20
and scampering
around the sea
like you are
the first people
to ever be
in love is the
meaning of the world.



Her Soul Mate (Long novel)

By
Laiba Akhtar
(Pakistan)

Chapter 1

"The most beautiful in the world was my own funeral."

Mid December

The rain was falling with thunder and wind. The capital city of Pakistan was bathing in this weather. It was a cold night so half of the city was in their bed, while some were on the road, enjoying the weather. At this time, Parado, decorated with red roses, was moving on the main road. In the car, there was a driver in the driving seat, and the bride, groom were in the back seats. The bride was looking beautiful in a red dress, with a golden headscarf, and curly brown locks present on her shoulder. Though her eyes were cast downwards, sometimes, she raised them to watch through the window or to glance at her soulmate. Her soulmate, sitting beside her, was wearing a serious expression and was busy on his mobile. The deep silence was in the car.

Drive was long and Daneen started to become tired. Heavy bridal dress and whole day's events were taking a toll on her tired body. She again glanced toward the window and noticed that the car was moving toward a middle-class area. Not that this area was a slum, but it was also not like a high housing society, where she used to live. She noticed the area and again glanced toward her soulmate. His face was not clear due to darkness and due to her peripheral side.

Daneen again cast her eyes downward.

After a few minutes, Parado stopped in front of a house. The driver gave the horn and a servant opened the main gate. The driver parked the car in the garage. Faris, the groom, came outside and moved toward his soulmate's side. He opened the door and asked her to come out.

"Come out from the car," he said with a cold tone and was gazing at her coming with his black orbs. From one hand, she was holding her outfit, and from the other the car's door. She managed to come out of the car but stumbled a little due to her heels and her back hit the car.

"Be careful!" Faris said with irritated expressions.

Daneen, the bride, saw toward him who was clad in a black suit and was looking handsome. But, he was cold, distant, and a complete stranger for her. She just knew his name before her nikkah, even though she first saw him when she sat beside him after their nikkah ceremony.

Dilawar, who was driving the car, came forward and asked Daneen if she was ok.

"Yes. Thank you!" she said in a low voice.

Dilawar gave her a gentle smile and called a maid to help her.

A woman, in her mid-twenties, came forward and lifted the tail of Daneen's dress. Faris saw this whole scene with an expressionless face. He entered the house without waiting for them.

The house was small. When you passed the garage and opened the inner door then the lounge came into your view. On one side of the lounge, there was an open kitchen and on the other side of the lounge, there were two doors. One door was the guest room and the other was the drawing-room. With the kitchen, there were stairs that were going in an upward direction. The lounge was of medium size with couches in it and a central table. LCD was also present on one wall of the lounge.

Maid and Daneen moved toward the couch where Faris was sitting.

"Why are you coming here Salma?" Faris said to the maid in a harsh tone.

"Settle her in our room." He pointed toward Daneen and said.

Daneen's face became red with his harsh tone. She was a strong and bold girl, but the situation and tone of Faris was making her petrified and fearful.

"Sorry sir," Salma said and moved Daneen toward the stairs.

In the upper portion, there were two rooms and a lounge. Two rooms were on opposite walls and in between, there was a medium-sized lounge. On one corner of the lounge, there were stairs climbing in an upward direction.

Salma moved Daneen toward one room. That room was decorated with red roses and was filled with fragrance. That room's furniture was also expensive and brand new. On one wall of the room, there was a door of the balcony and on another wall, there was the door of the washroom.

Daneen settled herself on the bed which had rose petals on it.

"Do you need anything?" Salma asked her.

"Just a glass of water" Daneen said with a smile.

Salma smiled back and left the room to get water.

.....

Faris was having a headache due to this whole situation. Some bitter memories were teasing his mind, causing his veins to start throbbing.

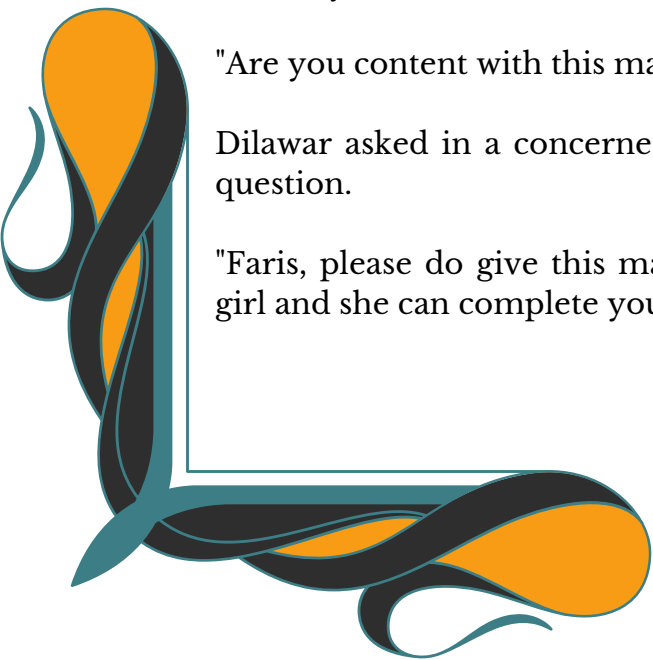
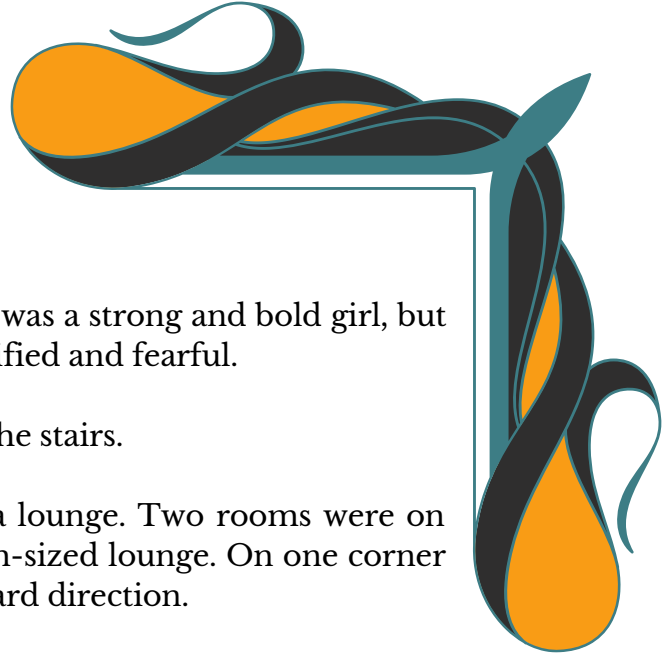
"Bitterness has filled my life!"

Instantly, he felt someone beside him and he knew that he was Dilawar.

"Are you content with this marriage?"

Dilawar asked in a concerned tone. A bitter smile etched on Faris's lips at his question.

"Faris, please do give this marriage a chance. Believe me, Daneen is a mature girl and she can complete your life if you want."



Dilawar's tone was pleading at which Faris took a deep sigh and nodded his head. At that moment, they felt movement on the stairs. Salma was coming downstairs.

"Salma you have to stay here today. You have to help Daneen if she wants anything" Faris ordered her at which she became tense.

"But Sir, my daughter..." Faris saw the reluctance in her expressions.

"You get money for this work so there should be no ifs and buts," he said, harshly.

Salma became quiet at this. She was a divorced woman and had a seven-year daughter to feed. She was poor and always in need of money to fulfill her necessities. So, she didn't argue further and nodded.

"Poverty is really a curse in this world!"
Salma thought with bitterness.

"Ok, sir." She sighed in defeat and went toward the kitchen.

.....

There was no window in the room so Daneen couldn't see the rain but could listen to its voice and thunder. Nostalgia hit her when listening to the tip tap of rain.

"The rain was also falling on that day of Mid-April when her life turned around. That day, when she came late from her friend's party and found the dead body of her father. That day, she buried brave and bold Daneen with her father's body."

The hand on her shoulder snapped her from deep thoughts. Salma extended the glass of water toward her.

"Thank you" Daneen mumbled and gulped down her tears with water.

.....

Next chapter will come in next edition.



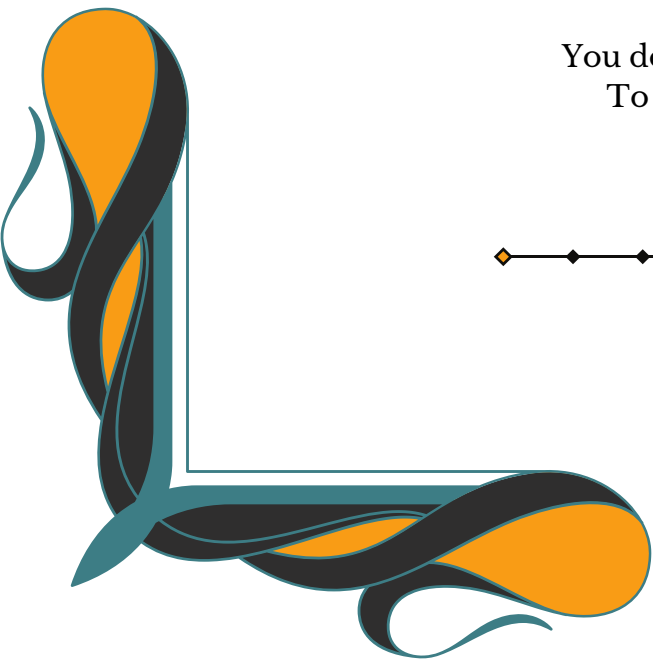
"Your Wants"

By
Sapna Bhatt
(India)

You want to be a butterfly
But you are scared of being confined
Too afraid of dark
And you want to be a star

You want to fly like a bird
But you hate the heights
You want to rise high as sun
But you shy away from night

Rise up, my love
You are a human
And
That's a thing divine
You don't have to be someone else
To make them bow tonight.



Every night in my dreams
I see you, I feel you
That is how I know you go on

Far across the distance
And spaces between us
You have come to show you go on

Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on
Once more, you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

Love can touch us one time
And last for a lifetime
And never let go 'til we're gone

Love was when I loved you
One true time I'd hold to
In my life, we'll always go on

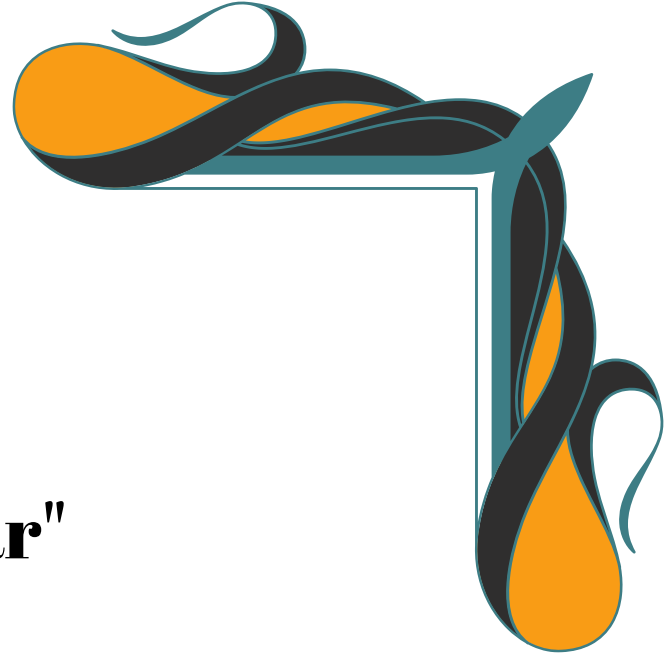
Near, far, wherever you are
I believe that the heart does go on
(why does the heart go on?)
Once more, you open the door
And you're here in my heart
And my heart will go on and on

You're here, there's nothing I fear
And I know that my heart will go on
We'll stay forever this way
You are safe in my heart and
My heart will go on and on



MY HEART WILL GO ON

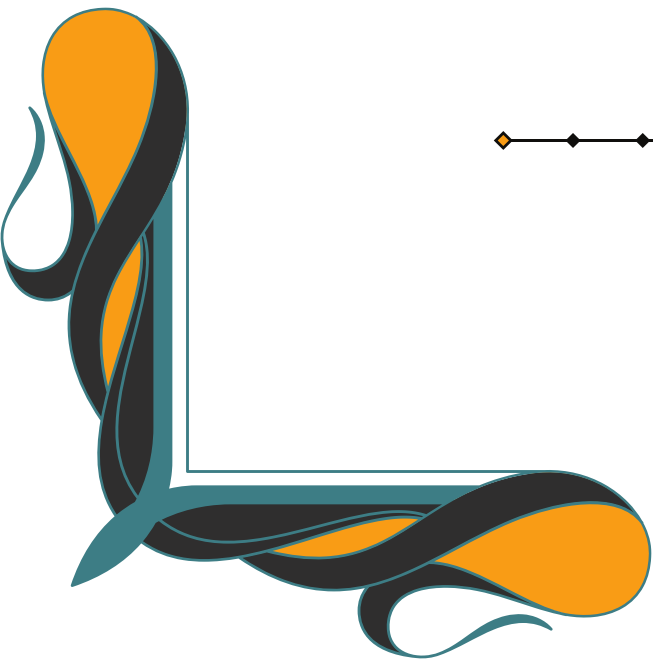
CELINE DION



"The beggar"

By
Abhishruti Katakya
(India)

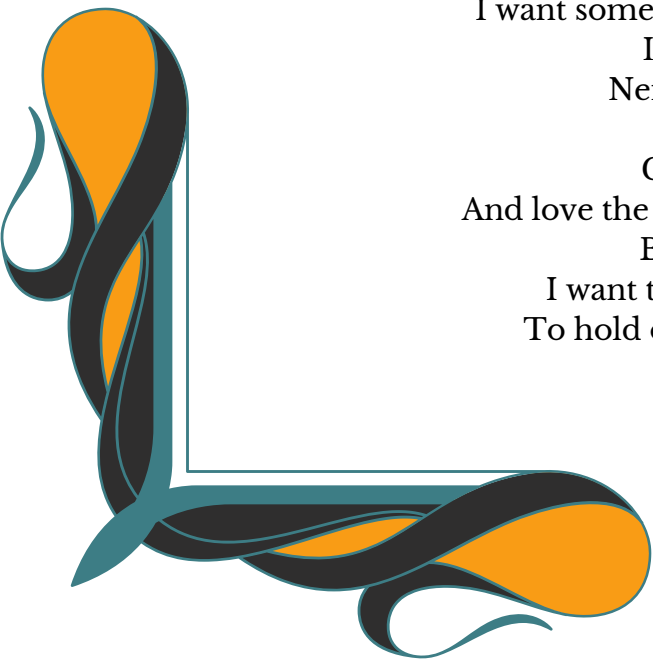
While the old man at the roadside,
Begs for a penny or two
To fill his stomach and live his life,
The young orphan begs for a touch of love
A sight, full of mother's love.
The boy who gets bullied by his seniors
longs for a friendly hi, a hug to take away all his cries.
The teenage girl who got raped at the roadside
Begs for her share of justice, among the thousands like her.
Deep down, each person is a beggar
While some beg for love, others crave for care
While some wait to get justice, some long for friendships.
Each person has his own story,
This is the way of life, the world runs like this.



"Healing"

By
Komal Kumari
(India)

I'm a self love freak,
Because someone told me,
You can't love others,
Until you love yourself,
I tried hard to love myself,
Even today I'm trying hard,
I increase the adjective 'hard' to 'harder',
But don't know why the term 'hardest',
Donot fit within my heart,
Maybe because I'm broken,
And the pieces of my own self,
Had been gathered to a living statue,
And the gatherer is none other than me,
I know healing is a process,
And I want someone to heal my wounds,
Ah! Don't consider me to be weak,
I'm strong,
It's just that I'm tired,
Tired of the criticism,
My past self had to bear,
And I bore it well,
I want someone to be proud of my sufferings,
I don't need sympathy,
Neither do I want empathy,
I'm a hunter of "heal",
Can someone hold me,
And love the scars I've hidden beneath my soul,
But before healing me ,
I want that someone to promise me,
To hold on me until we together reach,
The zenith!



MINI POESY

Tanka (French)

©Floriane Austruy

Poème d'un rêve
Qui se noie dans une eau vive
Tangue et se relève

Et jetée sur le qui-vive
Une image qui dérive

Inventer ton nom
Dessiner nos souvenirs
A l'encre de Chine..

Haïku (French)
@sweeteucalyptus



Expressions (English)

©Salim Ali

Feelings
Are often expressed
By actions

Emotions
Are often expressed
By colors

But love
Is neither here nor there
And can only be expressed
By loving.

Souls like us (English)

©Steven Fountouris

Souls
that love
do not see same
sex or the colour
of a lovers skin
they love
that's what souls
do they just
love.



MINI POESY

She Hopes.

©Elif Hoorain

be lost
so she is waiting sitting onto the porch of hope,
she holds still in her heart a cold
that might melt one day.
She hopes.....!



Prisionera entre muros
sin respirar aire puro.
Ha perdido su libertad,
perdió esa gran oportunidad.

Atrapada, sin poder verte o abrazarte
sin la oportunidad de poder amarte.
Atrapada, sin su libertad
solo le quedará esperar.

(Spanish)

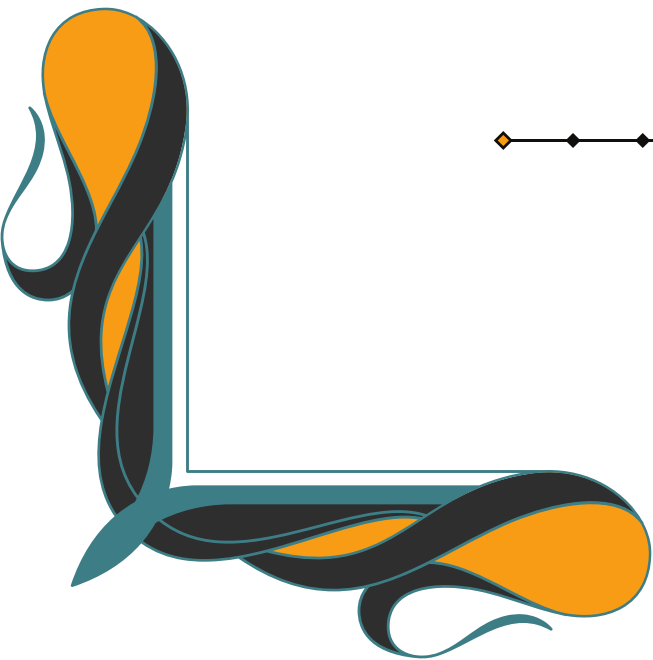
@Yahaira Chagollan



"Pages of pain: 3"

By
Akshya Venkatasubbu
(India)

You just left me in mid of nowhere,
And now haunts me like a nightmare,
True love is nowadays rare,
And still, you lost in
somewhere
Now can't find it elsewhere,
Since you missed that in the air!



Quotes

22

Be like a moon, as the moon isn't afraid of the darkness rather it curtails its darkness by sharing its light.

©Laraib Ashraf

Your ghost keeps my dreams
Haunting moments of lost joy
I long to see you

©Olivia Stafford

Panache au ciel noir
Bouquet flamboyant d'espoir
Dont la nuit s'empare

©Floriane Austruy
(French)

The irony, want for sensuality
and we mistook it for Love!

©Aaema

The crescent moon shows us the beauty of incomplete things and manifests the power of completion.

©WriterMalika

Don't let the shadows of loneliness stop your actions, maybe a bright destiny is standing beside you to greet you.

©Rabeea Tariq



"Writers"

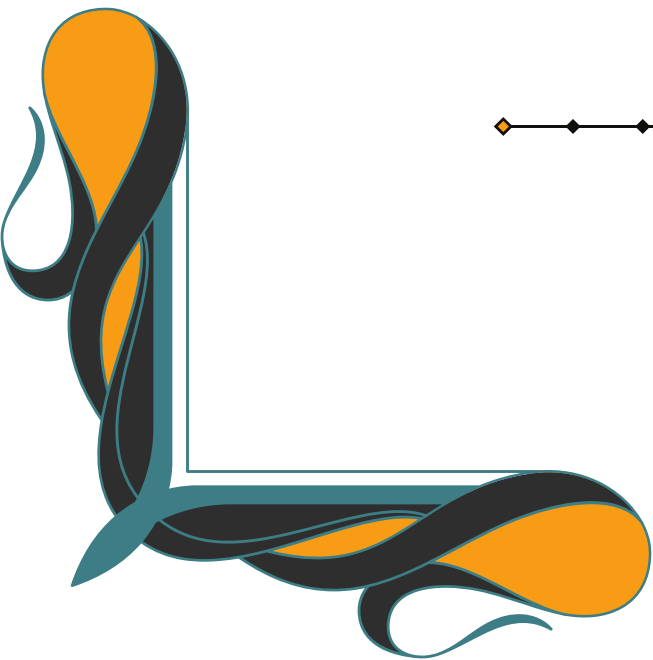
By
Ovais
(Earth)

Writers are the fighters of humanity
Working with devotion and honesty
Seek no fame, no reward, no bounty
Sometimes spend whole life in misery

Writers are the fighters of humanity

Not those who ink for sake of money
Not those who keep lust over divinity
Not those who make an ally with Satan
Writers are the saviors of humanity

Writers are the fighters of humanity



EZOĞELİN ÇORBASI TARIFI

Hazırlanma süresi

30 dakika

Porsiyon

6 kişilik

Malzemeler

- 2/3 su bardağı yıkanmış, süzölmüş kırmızı mercimek
- 1/3 su bardağı yıkanmış, süzölmüş piring
- 1/3 su bardağı yıkanmış ve süzölmüş ince bulgur
- 1 adet soğan
- 3 çorba kaşığı un
- 2 çorba kaşığı domates salçası
- 2 çorba kaşığı tereyağ
- 2 çorba kaşığı ayçiçek yağı
- 1 çorba kaşığı kurutulmuş nane
- 2 bardak soğuk ve 6 bardak ılık su
- 1 çay kaşığı tuz
- 1 çay kaşığı pul biber

RECIPE

Preparation time

30 Minutes

Servings for

6 People

Ingredients

- 2/3 cup red lentil, washed and drained
- 1/3 cup rice, washed and drained
- 1/3 cup fine bulgur, washed and drained
- 1 onion
- 3 tablespoon flour
- 2 tablespoon (tbsp) tomato paste
- 2 tablespoon butter
- 2 tablespoon sunflower oil
- 1 tablespoon(tbsp) dried mint
- 2 cups cold and 6 cups warm water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 tsp red pepper flakes

Talimatlar

Geniř bir tencereye mercimek, bulgur ve pirinci alın. Üstlerine 6 bardak ılık su ilave edin. Bu karıřımı, yüksek ateřte kaynamaya bırakın. Ardından kapađı kapatın ve kısık ateřte 20-30 dakika kadar piřirin.

Bu sırada da ufak bir tencerede tereyađ, ayđıçek yađı ve sođanları karıřtırın. Ardından unu ilave edin ve onları renkleri sararana kadar kısık ateřte karıřtırın. Domates salçası, nane ve pul biberi ilave edin. Yaklařık 2 dakika sonra, karıřıma 2 bardak sođuk su ekleyin. Karıřımın hazır hale gelmesinin ardından hepsini tencereye ilave edin ve güzelce karıřtırın. Karıřımın iđine tuzu ilave edin ve güzelce karıřtırın. orba kaynamaya bařlatınca kapađını yarı aralık hale getirin ve kısık ateřte 10 dakika kadar piřirin



Directions

Place red lentil, rice, and bulgur in a large pot. Add 6-7 cups of warm water. Bring to a boil over high heat. Then close the lid and cook over low heat, till all the grains are cooked for about 20-30 minutes.

Meanwhile, put butter, sunflower oil, and onions in a small saucepan. Then add flour and saute till it turns yellow. Stir in tomato paste, mint, and red pepper flakes. Cook for 2 minutes and add 2 cups cold water. And then, pour this mixture inside the pot and add salt. Once the soup boils, close the lid halfway and simmer over low heat for about 10 minutes.



Arabic

"مناجاة"

By
AvrilDawn
(Algeria)

أيا من يُراقِبني كُلَّ حينٍ
أعني على ذكر هذي الحقيقة
فإني ببحر هوائي سجينٍ
و أنت الحسيب بكلِّ دقيقة
أيا رب عدّني ذا الهوى
و قلبي بنار الخطايا إكتوى
فهلّا مَنَنْتَ بِلُطْفٍ و قُرْبٍ
فلا شَيْءٍ شَتَّنِي كَالنَّوَى
أيا ربُّ أَمُنْ عَلَيَّ الْهَدَايَةَ
فإنَّ الضَّلَالَ لِعُمْري النَّهَايَةَ
وَ إنَّ الحَيَاةَ بِدُونِكَ مَوْتٌ
فَيَا رَبُّ اجْعَلْ رُجُوعي الْبِدَايَةَ
فَيَا رَبُّ اجْعَلْ رُجُوعي الْبِدَايَةَ



"ماذا قالت الشجرة العجوز؟"

By
نور الهدى محمد
(Iraq)

تَعْرِفُ عَيْنِكَ العاشقتين
لحناً مِنْ حُبِّ الله
لحناً وطنياً لله
فَلِمَ الله مَبِوَعٌ لا معبود
ولِمَ الوطن
يُهْرَبُ المتصوفين والناسكين
ولِمَ العُشاق يُتَهَمون بِبُطْلانِ العقيدة
وأنا التي أعرف عن العقيدة
والله
والوطن
أكثرُ مِنْ مُعممٍ وسياسيِّ
الشجرة العجوز قالت
_ وهي تكاد تُلامس سماءَ يناير الزرقاء _
_ أنا أُعْرِسُ جذوري بأرضِ الله
الشجرة حُب
ونحنُ بُناةَ الوطن،
لِمَ ينحرونَ أرضنا والحُبَّ فينا
حز، ووريد،
والأرضُ أرضُ الله.



Urdia

"ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں"

By
احمد علیم
(Pakistan)

کسی صدمے کو اپنے دل سے یکسر، یوں بھلانا ہے
خود اپنے خون کو میٹھے زہر سے یوں بچانا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

کسی کے لمس کی حدت کو حرز جاں بنانا ہے
کسی کو یاد کر کے بولے بولے مسکرانا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

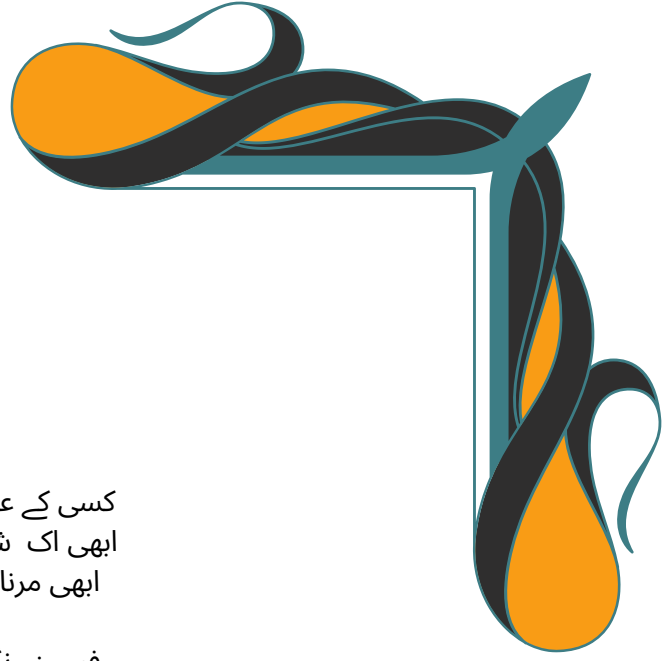
کسی کی آنکھ میں کچھ روشنی کے جگنووں کو جگمگانا ہے
کسی کو یاد کرنا ہے، کسی کو بھول جانا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

کسی کی آنکھ کو چاہے، اٹھا کر، طور لانا ہے
خلش دل کی مٹانے کو، کوئی وعدہ نبھانا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

کسی کھوکھے پہ جا کر ایک کپ چائے کا پینا ہے
پرانے دوست لانے ہیں، ابھی تو سب سے ملنا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

کسی میلے سے بچے کو اٹھا کر پیار کرنا ہے
اسے کپڑے دلانے ہیں، کہ چہرہ بھی دھلانا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

کسی روتے ہوئے کی آنکھ کو خوشیوں سے بھرنا ہے
کسی مرتے ہوئے کو، حوصلہء خضر دینا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں



کسی کے عکس میں لرزاں سراپا ڈھونڈ لانا ہے
ابھی اک شعلہء افشاں کو، رقصاں دل بنانا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھکو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

فسون رنگ سے باہم سکون اشک بھرنا ہے
ابھی اک اشک کی قسمت پہ گریاں، رشک کرنا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھکو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

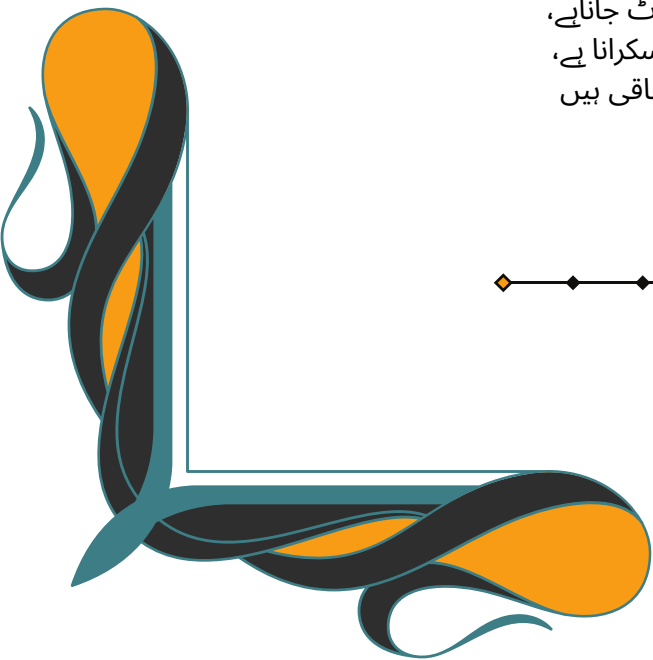
مجھے محو تماشا ئے شبِ غم سے نکلنا ہے
ابھی اک گیت گانا ہے، ابھی اک رقص کرنا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھکو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

پرانے دوست سے مل کر تھڑے پر بیٹھ رہنا ہے
پرائی یاد پہ پہروں یوں مل کر مسکرانا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھکو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

مجھے غم سے نکلنا ہے، ابھی کچھ مسکرانا ہے
ابھی کچھ دور جانا ہے، ابھی کچھ اور چلنا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھ کو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

کسی غارِ حرا میں اپنے اللہ سے بھی ملنا ہے
ابھی اقرا سے پڑھنا ہے، نیا آغاز کرنا ہے
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھکو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں

کہا تھامیں نے کب تم سے، "مجھے اب لوٹ جانا ہے،
مجھے بس یاد کر کے، تم نے اکثر مسکرانا ہے،
ابھی مرنا نہیں مجھکو، ابھی کچھ کام باقی ہیں



My name is Bahktawar d/o Iftikhar Ahmad. Currently, I am doing BFA(fine arts) from LCWU. Art always encourages my self-expression and creativity and also builds my confidence. It also provides challenges to learn something new and gives me a chance to enhance my skills at all levels. I have an interest in painting but also doing crafts, drawing, and sculpture. Thank you for giving me a chance to promote my talent.





"دن کس کے ٹھیک گزرتے ہیں!"

By

بنت ندیم
(Pakistan)

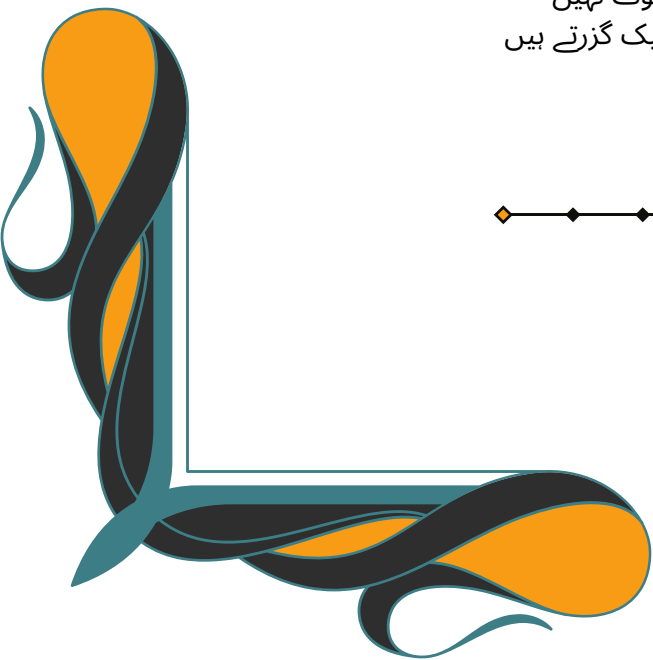
موت سربانے بیٹھی ہو، دن کس کے ٹھیک گزرتے ہیں
روتے دوتے جو بستی ہو، دن کس کے ٹھیک گزرتے ہیں

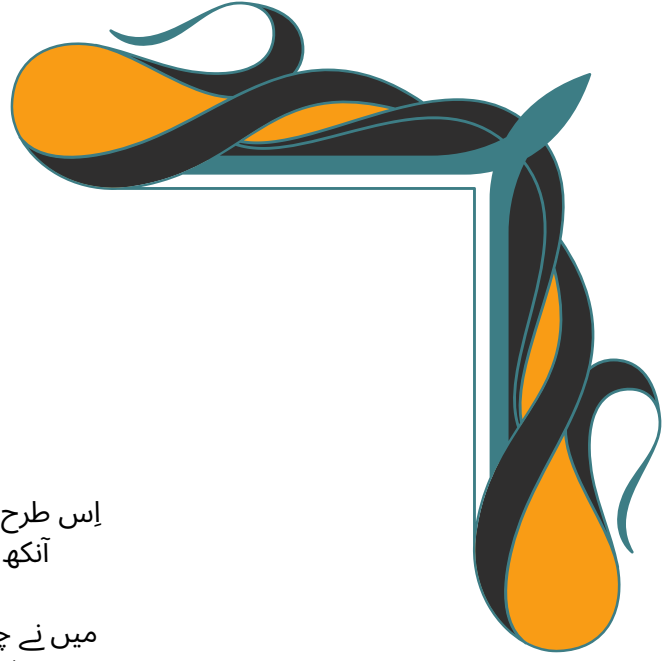
جو بات کرے تو گلہ نہیں، انکار کرے تو رضا نہیں
محفل میں اپنی رہتی ہو، دن کس کے ٹھیک گزرتے ہیں

موجود نہیں تو کیا پروہ، محبوب نہیں تو کیا غم ہے
ماضی میں ہر دم بستی ہو، دن کس کے ٹھیک گزرتے ہیں

یادوں سے بھری جو شامیں ہوں، اذیت سے بھرے ہوں دن
پھر بھی چہرے پہ مستی ہو، دن کس کے ٹھیک گزرتے ہیں

بہار و خزاں کا شوق، سردی گرمی کا خوف نہیں
طوفانوں سے سرگوشی ہو، دن کس کے ٹھیک گزرتے ہیں





اس طرح مجھ میں ہے شامل یہ شناسائی تری
آنکھ میری ہے سمن اور ہے بینائی تری

میں نے چاہا تری تعریف میں کچھ لفظ لکھوں
توڑ ڈالا ہے قلم سوچ کے رسوائی تری

بس یہ سوچا تھا کہ اب ترک تعلق کر لوں
پڑ گئی پاؤں میں آکر میرے تنہائی تری

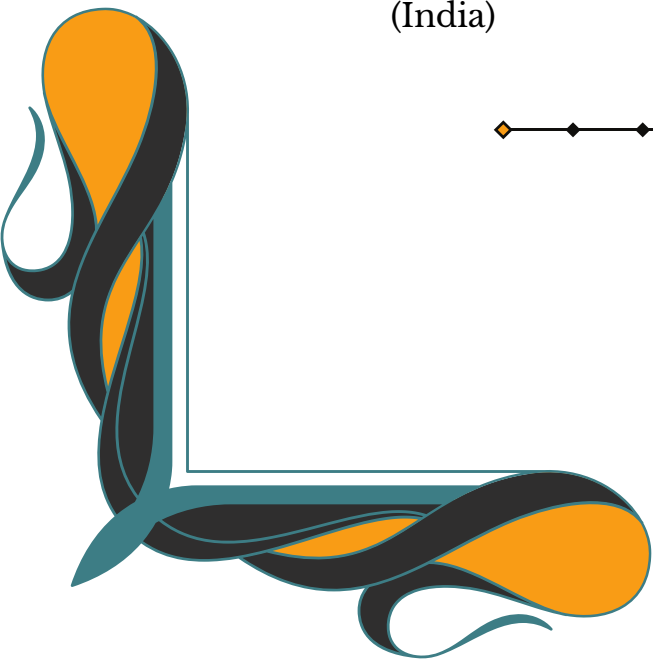
آئینے بھی یہ تری حق میں بیان دیتے ہیں
خوب کام آئی ترے آئینہ آرائی تری

ہم تو بس نام کے زندہ ہیں کہ نعمت ہیں ہمیں
جان لینے کا ہنر تیرا، مسیحائی تری

یہ جو ہر شعر پی تو واہ کیا کرتا ہے
زندہ رکھتی ہے مجھے حوصلہ افزائی تری

اے صریر اپنے قلم کو ذرا آرام تو دے
جان لے لیں نہ ترے لفظ اے ہرجائی تری

By
صریر علی
(India)



"ہم جو چلے"

By
اویس
(Earth)

انگاروں ہے چلے، کناروں ہے چلے
کبھی کبھی تو، تلواروں ہے چلے

کیا بتائیں زندگی میں صبح شام
کس طرح ہم، خاروں ہے چلے

انگاروں ہے چلے، کناروں ہے چلے
کبھی کبھی تو، تلواروں ہے چلے

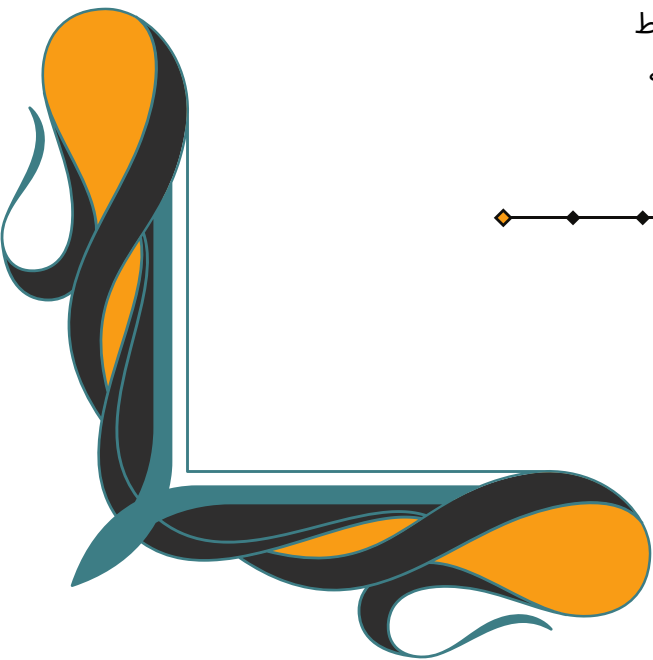
جستجو منزل نے آباد رکھا ہمیں
ایسے ہی تو نہیں باروں ہے چلے

مسافر ہیں یارو، ایک گمنام سے
جو کبھی نہ ستاروں ہے چلے

انگاروں ہے چلے، کناروں ہے چلے
کبھی کبھی تو، تلواروں ہے چلے

اک اپنی ہی مستی میں رہے مگن
کسی کے بھی نہ اشاروں ہے چلے

منتظر رہے تو صدائے خدا کے فقط
اور نہ کسی کے نقاروں ہے چلے



Punjabi

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

"Hai Te"

By
Simer Kaur
(Dasua, East Punjab)

ਹੈ ਤੇ ਹੱਕਾ ਬੱਕਾ ਏ,
ਉੱਝ ਤੇ ਹੋਇਆ ਧੱਕਾ ਏ।

ਇਹ ਕੀ ਗੱਲ ਪਏ ਕਰਦੇ ਓ ?
ਸੱਜਣ ਸਾਡਾ ਸੱਕਾ ਏ ।

ਭਾਵੇਂ ਮਾਰਾਂ ਮਾਰੇਗਾ ,
ਲਗਦਾ ਮੈਥੋਂ ਅੱਕਾ ਏ ।

ਖੁਸ਼ਬੂ ਉੱਥੇ ਪਹੁੰਚੀ ਨਈ ,
ਦਿੱਲ ਤੇ ਲੱਗਾ ਡੱਕਾ ਏ ।

ਉੱਡਣ ਖਟੋਲੇ ਕੀ ਕਰਨੇ ,
ਸਾਡੇ ਕੋਲ ਸਾਡਾ ਯੱਕਾ ਏ ।

ਇੱਥੇ ਹੀ ਸਿਜਦਾ ਕਰ ਲਾਂਗੇ ,
ਯਾਰ ਜੋ ਸਾਡਾ ਮੱਕਾ ਏ ।

ਚਿਹਰੇ ਲਾਲੀ ਉੱਡ ਗਈ
ਗੱਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਰੰਗ ਫੱਕਾ ਏ ।

ਨਰਕ ਚ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਅੱਗ ਬੜੀ ,
ਸਵਰਗ ਚ ਕਿਹੜਾ ਪੱਖਾ ਏ ?

ਪੈ ਤੇ ਬੱਕਾ ਬੱਕਾ ਏ
ਅੱਜ ਤੇ ਬੁਝਾ ਢੱਕਾ ਏ

ਇਹ ਕੀ ਗੱਲ ਪੁੱਛੇ ਕਰਦੇ ਓ
ਸੱਜਣ ਸਾਡਾ ਸੱਕਾ ਏ

ਬਹਾਓ ਮਾਰਾ ਮਾਰੀਗਾ
ਲਗਦਾ ਮਿੱਠੇ ਆਕਾ ਏ

ਖੁਸ਼ਬੂ ਓਥੇ ਪਹੁੰਚੀ ਨਈ
ਦਿੱਲ ਤੇ ਲੱਗਾ ਡੱਕਾ ਏ

ਉੱਡਣ ਖਟੋਲੇ ਕੀ ਕਰਨੇ ?
ਸਾਡੇ ਕੋਲ ਸਾਡਾ ਯੱਕਾ ਏ

ਇੱਥੇ ਹੀ ਸਿਜਦਾ ਕਰ ਲਾਂਗੇ
ਯਾਰ ਜੋ ਸਾਡਾ ਮੱਕਾ ਏ

ਚਿਹਰੇ ਲਾਲੀ ਉੱਡ ਗਈ
ਗੱਲਾਂ ਦਾ ਰੰਗ ਫੱਕਾ ਏ

ਨਰਕ ਚ ਸੁਣਿਆ ਅੱਗ ਬੜੀ
ਸਵਰਗ ਚ ਕਿਹੜਾ ਪੱਖਾ ਏ ?



"Main Tenu Apna Banaya"

By
Rajveer Singh Rai
(Suratgarh, Rajasthan)

ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਅਪਣਾ ਬਣਾਇਆ
ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਕਿੰਨਾ ਚਾਹਿਆ
ਪਰ ਤੇਰਾ ਮਨ ਭਰ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਦਿਲ ਚ ਵਸਾ ਕੇ ਕੱਢਿਆ
ਜਾਣਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਛੱਡਿਆ
ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਭਾਣੇ ਵਿੱਛੜ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਪੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਸੀਨੇਂ ਇਕ ਖਿੱਚ
ਰਹਿ ਗਈਆਂ ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ
ਦਿਲ ਦਾ ਚਾਅ ਮਰ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਓਹਨੂੰ ਮੈਂ ਸਮਝ ਨਾ ਪਾਇਆ
ਬਣਕੇ ਇਕ ਜ਼ਮਾਨਾ ਆਇਆ
ਇਕ ਜ਼ਮਾਨਾ ਬਣਕੇ ਗੁਜਰ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਮੁਕ ਗਈਆਂ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਰਾਹਾਂ
ਤੇਰੇ ਬਾਜੋਂ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਜਾਵਾਂ
ਸਾਰਾ ਜਹਾਨ ਖੱੜ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਮਿਲ ਤਿਨੋ ਅਪਨਾ ਬਨਾਇਆ
ਮਿਲ ਤਿਨੋ ਕਿੰਨਾ ਚਾਹਿਆ
ਪਰ ਤੇਰਾ ਮਨ ਭਰ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਦਿਲ ਚ ਵਸਾ ਕੇ ਕੱਢਿਆ
ਜਾਣਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਤੂੰ ਹੀ ਛੱਡਿਆ
ਦੁਨੀਆਂ ਭਾਣੇ ਵਿੱਛੜ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਪੈਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਸੀਨੇਂ ਇਕ ਖਿੱਚ
ਰਹਿ ਗਈਆਂ ਦਿਲ ਵਿਚ
ਦਿਲ ਦਾ ਚਾਅ ਮਰ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਓਹਨੂੰ ਮੈਂ ਸਮਝ ਨਾ ਪਾਇਆ
ਬਣਕੇ ਇਕ ਜ਼ਮਾਨਾ ਆਇਆ
ਇਕ ਜ਼ਮਾਨਾ ਬਣਕੇ ਗੁਜਰ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ

ਮੁਕ ਗਈਆਂ ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਰਾਹਾਂ
ਤੇਰੇ ਬਾਜੋਂ ਕਿੱਥੇ ਜਾਵਾਂ
ਸਾਰਾ ਜਹਾਨ ਖੱੜ ਗਿਆ
ਤੂੰ ਪਰਾਇਆ ਕਰ ਗਿਆ



"Rakh Haosla Punjab Singha"

By
Manjinder Singh
(Garhdiwal, East Punjab)

ਰੱਖ ਹੌਸਲਾ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਸਿਆਂ,
ਰੱਕ ਤੇਰੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਪੁੱਗਾਂਗੇ;
ਲੱਖ ਵਾਰ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਪੁੱਟ ਲਵੋ,
ਅਸੀਂ ਖੱਬਲ ਵਾਂਗਰ ਉੱਗਾਂਗੇ।

ਪੋਹ ਮਾਘ ਵਿੱਚ ਬੈਠੇ ਹਾਂ,
ਦੱਸੇ ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਇੱਜ਼ਤਾਂ ਲੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਨੇ?
ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਗਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਟੈਰ ਪਾਏ?
ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਲਾਸ਼ਾਂ ਸੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਨੇ??

ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਬੋਲਣ ਦਿਓ,
ਡੱਕਾ ਸਮਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਓਹਨਾ ਨੂੰ;
ਗਗਨ ਦਮਾਮਾ ਬਾਜਿਓ,
ਆਖ ਦਿਓ, ਤੁਸੀਂ ਦੇਨਾਂ ਨੂੰ।

ਮੁੜਦੇ ਨਾ ਹਾਲੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ,
ਭੱਥੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਛੱਡਕੇ ਤੀਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ;
ਕੀ ਜਵਾਬ ਦਿਆਂਗੇ?
ਬੁੱਢੇ ਬਾਪੂ, ਮਾਵਾਂ, ਭੈਣਾਂ, ਹੀਰਾਂ ਨੂੰ।

ਹੱਥਾਂ ਬਾਜ ਕਰਾਰਿਆਂ,
ਵੈਰੀ ਮਿੱਤ ਨਾ ਹੋਏ;
ਜੇ ਵਰਤਾਰਾ ਵਰਤ ਰਿਹਾ,
ਐਸਾ ਨਿੱਤ ਨਾ ਹੋਏ।

ਫ਼ਿਰਕੂਵਾਦ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਡੂੰਗੇ ਚੋਂ,
ਅਸੀਂ ਏਕੇ ਦੇ ਮੋਤੀ ਚੁੱਗਾਂਗੇ;
ਲੱਖ ਵਾਰ ਭਾਵੇਂ ਤੁਸੀਂ ਪੁੱਟ ਲਵੋ,
ਅਸੀਂ ਖੱਬਲ ਵਾਂਗਰ ਉੱਗਾਂਗੇ।
ਅਸੀਂ ਖੱਬਲ ਵਾਂਗਰ ਉੱਗਾਂਗੇ।

ਰਕ਼ ਹੋਸਲਾ ਪੰਜਾਬ ਸਿਆਂ
ਹੱਕ ਤੀਰੇ ਵੱਚ ਪੁੱਗਾਂਗੇ
ਲਕ਼ ਵਾਰ ਬਹਾਵੀਂ ਤਸੀ ਪੁੱਟ ਲੋ
ਅਸੀ ਕਹੱਲ ਵਾਂਗੋ ਅਗਾਂਗੇ

ਪੋਹ, ਮਾਗ਼ ਵੱਚ ਬੈਠੇ ਹਾਂ
ਦੱਸੋ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਇੱਜ਼ਤਾਂ ਲੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਨੇ?
ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਗਲ ਵਿੱਚ ਟੈਰ ਪਾਏ?
ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਲਾਸ਼ਾਂ ਸੁੱਟੀਆਂ ਨੇ??

ਬੋਲਣ ਵਾਲੇ ਬੋਲਣ ਦਿਓ,
ਡੱਕਾ ਸਮਝ ਨਹੀਂ ਅੰਨਾ ਨੋ
ਗਗਨ ਦਮਾਮਾ ਬਾਜਿਓ
ਅੱਖ ਦਿਓ ਤਸੀ ਅੰਨਾ ਨੋ

ਮੁੜਦੇ ਨਾ ਹਾਲੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ
ਭੱਥੇ ਵੱਚ ਚੌਡਕੇ ਤੀਰਾਂ ਨੋ
ਕੀ ਜਵਾਬ ਦਿਆਂਗੇ?
ਬੁੱਡੇ ਬਾਪੋ, ਮਾਵਾਂ, ਬੈਨਾਂ, ਹੀਰਾਂ ਨੋ

ਹੱਥਾਂ ਬਾਜ ਕਰਾਰਿਆਂ,
ਵੈਰੀ ਮਿੱਤ ਨਾ ਹੋਏ;
ਜੇ ਵਰਤਾਰਾ ਵਰਤ ਰਿਹਾ,
ਐਸਾ ਨਿੱਤ ਨਾ ਹੋਏ।

ਫ਼ਿਰਕੂਵਾਦ ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ਡੂੰਗੇ ਚੋਂ,
ਅਸੀਂ ਏਕੇ ਦੇ ਮੋਤੀ ਚੁੱਗਾਂਗੇ;
ਲਕ਼ ਵਾਰ ਬਹਾਵੇਂ ਤਸੀ ਪੁੱਟ ਲੋ,
ਅਸੀਂ ਕਹੱਲ ਵਾਂਗੋ ਅਗਾਂਗੇ।



"Mainu Vida Karo"

By
Hans Vikas
(Gurdaspur, East Punjab)

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਵਿਦਾ ਕਰੋ

ਇਸ ਮਤਲਬੀ ਜਿਹੀ ਦੁਨੀਆ ਤੋਂ
ਇਸ ਪਰਾਏ ਜਿਹੇ ਆਪਣਿਆਂ ਤੋਂ
ਹਾਸਿਆਂ ਚ ਛੁਪੇ ਗਮ ਤੋਂ
ਤਨਹਾਈ ਚ ਵਗਦੇ ਹੰਝੂਆ ਤੋਂ

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਵਿਦਾ ਕਰੋ

ਇਸ ਗੁਲਾਮੀ ਦੀਆਂ ਜੰਜੀਰਾਂ ਤੋਂ
ਅਜਾਦੀ ਦੀ ਇਸ ਪਿਆਸ ਤੋਂ
ਕਿਸੇ ਅਧੂਰੇ ਖੁਆਬ ਤੋਂ
ਮੇਰੇ ਅਣਕਰੇ ਅਲਫਾਜ਼ ਤੋਂ
ਮੇਰੇ ਮਰ ਚੁੱਕੇ ਜਜ਼ਬਾਤ ਤੋਂ

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਵਿਦਾ ਕਰੋ

ਇਸ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਵੀਰਾਨੀ ਤੋਂ
ਖੁਆਬਾ ਵਿੱਚ ਜੀਵਣ ਤੋਂ
ਜੇ ਮੁਕਦੀ ਨੀ ਉਸ ਪਿਆਸ ਤੋਂ
ਇਹ ਝੂਠੀ ਲਗੀ ਆਸ ਤੋਂ

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਵਿਦਾ ਕਰੋ

ਮينو ودا کرو

إس مطلبی جہی دُنیا توں
إس پرائے جے آپنیا توں
باسیاں وچ چھپے غم توں
تنہائی وچ وگدے بنجواں توں

مينو ودا کرو

إس غلامی دیاں زنجیراں تو
آزادی دی إس پیاس توں
کسے ادھورے خواب توں
میرے انکے الفاظ توں
میرے مر چُکے جذبات توں

مينو ودا کرو

إس دل دی ویرانی توں
خواباں وچ جیون توں
جو مُکدی نہی، اُس پیاس توں
إہ جھوٹھی لگی آس توں

مينو ودا کرو



"Ishq Da Painsa"

By
Harmanpreet Singh
(Mukeria, East Punjab)

ਨਾ ਕਰ ਵਾਅਦੇ ਉਮਰਾਂ ਦੇ, ਕੀ ਭਰੋਸਾ ਚਲਦੇ ਸਾਹਾਂ ਦਾ
ਬੜਾ ਲੰਮਾ ਪੈਂਡਾ ਟੁਰਨਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ ਇਹ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੇ ਰਾਹਾਂ ਦਾ।

ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੇ ਰਾਹ ਤੇ ਚਲਨਾ ਔਖਾ, ਪਤਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਕੀ ਕੁੱਝ ਝੱਲਣਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ
ਫੁੱਲਾਂ ਦੀ ਭਾਲ 'ਚ ਸਾਨੂੰ ਰਾਹ ਕੰਡਿਆਂ ਤੇ ਟੁਰਨਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ।

ਕਈ ਉਮਰ ਦੇ ਲੋਕੀ ਟੁਰਦੇ ਵੇਖੇ ਮੈਂ ਇਹ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦਾ ਪੈਂਡਾ
ਪਰ ਜੋਸ਼ ਜਵਾਨੀ ਦੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਸੱਜਣਾ, ਨਾ ਕੋਈ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਬਾਝੋਂ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ।

ਦਿਲ ਤਲੀ ਤੇ ਰੱਖ ਕੇ ਟੁਰਨਾ ਸਿੱਖ, ਜੇ ਤੂੰ ਟੁਰਨਾ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੇ ਰਾਹੇ
ਏਸ ਰਾਹ ਤੇ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਦਾ ਮੁੱਲ ਕੌਡੀਆਂ ਦੇ ਭਾਅ ਪੈਂਦਾ।

ਸਾਰੀ ਉਮਰ ਬੀਤ ਜਾਂਦੀ ਹੈ ਐਸ ਰਾਹ ਤੇ ਚਲਦੇ ਚਲਦੇ,
ਕਈ ਆਪਣਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਸਾਥ ਛੱਡ, ਬੇਗਾਨਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਹੱਥ ਫੜਨਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ।

ਇਹ ਪੈਂਡੇ ਤੋਂ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਮੁੜਨ ਦੀ ਕੋਸ਼ਿਸ਼ ਤਾਂ ਬਹੁਤ ਕਰਦਾ ਹਾਂ,
ਪਰ ਕੀ ਕਰੀਏ? ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੀ ਖਿੱਚ ਵਿੱਚ ਦਿਲ ਦੀ ਧੜਕਣ ਸੁਣ ਕੇ ਟੁਰਨਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ।

ਠੇਕਰਾਂ ਖਾਂਦੇ ਹਾਂ ਇਸ ਪੈਂਡੇ ਤੇ ਸਾਰੇ ਜਹਾਨ ਦੀਆਂ,
ਫਿਰ ਜ਼ਖਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਪੀੜ ਨੂੰ ਸਹਿੰਦੇ ਸਹਿੰਦੇ ਟੁਰਨਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ।

ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਮੁੱਕ ਜਾਣੀ ਏ ਪਰ ਪੈਂਡਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੁੱਕਣਾ ਜਨਾਬ
ਐਸ ਰਾਹ ਤੇ ਟੁਰਨ ਲਈ ਹਰ ਜਨਮ ਵੀ ਰੱਬ ਦਾ ਘੱਟ ਹੈ ਪੈਂਦਾ।

ਨਾ ਟੁਰੇ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੇ ਪੈਂਡੇ ਤੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਬੇਲੀਉ, ਮੇਰੇ ਮਿਤਰੋਂ
ਇਹ ਪੈਂਡੇ ਤੇ ਟੁਰਨ ਲਈ ਰੱਬ ਨਾਲ ਵੀ ਲੜਨਾ ਪੈਂਦਾ।



"Ishq Da Painsda"

By
Harmanpreet Singh
(Mukeria, East Punjab)

نہ کر وادے عُمران دے، کی بھروسا چلدے ساواں دا
بڑا لَمّا پینڈا تُرنا پیندا اے عشق دے راواں دا

عشق دے راہ تے چلنا اوکھا، پتا نہی کی گُجھ چلنا پیندا
فَلّاں دی بھال چ سانو راہ کنڈیاں تے تُرنا پیندا

کئی عمران دے لوکی تُردے ویکھے میں اے عشق دا پینڈا
پر جوش جوانی دے وچ سَجنا، نہ کوئی عشق باجوں ربندا

دل تلی تے رکھ کے تُرنا سیکھ، جے تو تُرنا عشق دے راہے
اِس راہ تے ذندگی دا مَل کوڈیاں دے بھا پیندا

ساری اُمر بیت جاندی ہے اِس راہ تے چلدے چلدے
کئی اپنیاں دا ساتھ چھڈ بیگانیاں دا ہتھ فَرنا پیندا

اے پینڈے تو پچھے مُرن دی کوشش تان بہت کردا ہاں
پر کی کرے؟ عشق دی کھچ وچ دل دی دھڑکن سُن کے تُرنا پیندا

ٹھوکرا کھاندے ہاں اِس پینڈے تے سارے جہان دیاں
فِر زخماں دی پیڑ نوں سہندے سہندے تُرنا پیندا

زندگی مُک جانی اے پر پینڈا نہی مُکنا جناب
اِس راہ تے تُرن لئی ہر جنم وی رب دا گھٹ ہے پیندا

نہ تُرو عشق دے پینڈے تے میرے بیلو، میرے مترو
اے پینڈے تے تُرن لئی رب نال وی لَرنا پیندا۔





Advertising Plans

AMENITIES	BRONZE	SILVER	GOLD	PLATINUM (MONTHLY)
DAILY SUBSCRIPTION	10\$	20\$	30\$	300\$
PLATFORMS	TWITTER	ALL SOCIAL HANDLES	SOCIAL HANDLES + WEBSITE	SOCIAL HANDLES + WEBSITE + EMAG
TWEETS/POSTS/SHARE	2	4 (2 T 2 RT)	8 (4 T 4 RT) + 1 BANNER	12 T + 2 BANNERS + A4
PUBLIC REACH (VIEWS)	500	1000	2000	5000+
DURATION	1 DAY	1 DAY	1 DAY	1 MONTH
DESIGNING SERVICES	AVAILABLE	AVAILABLE	AVAILABLE	AVAILABLE



Hope you all are doing fantastic.

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

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

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

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

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

causerieofficial@yahoo.com

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

Causerie



Featuring Plans

VOCAL VERSES

AMENITIES	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

"İsyân"

By
Mehmet Akgönül
(Turkey)

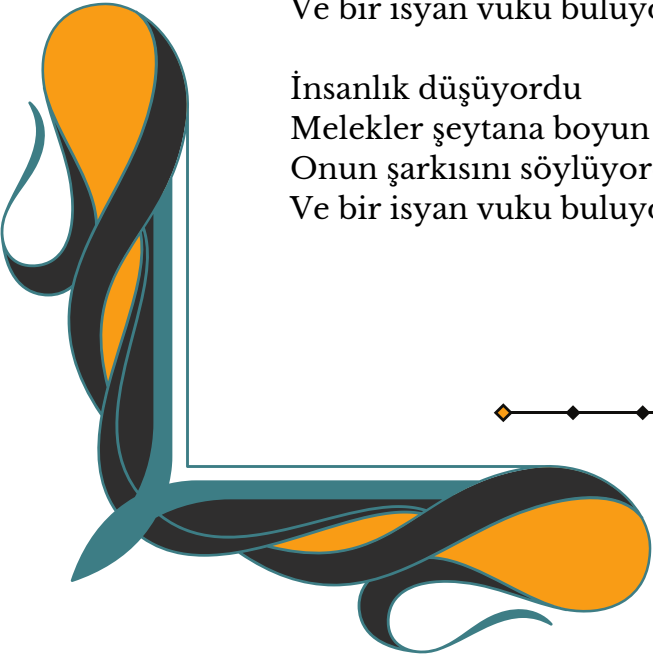
Zifiri bir öfke sızlıyordu şakaklarımda
Bir şehir merhamet dileniyordu
Bayrak boyarcasına kanıyordu insanlar
Ve bir isyan vuku buluyordu.

Güneş parlıyordu kurumuş cesetlerin üstüne
Kale yağmalanıyordu ve akbabalar tünüyordu bulutlara
Yağmur olup yağıyordu isyan çığlıkları
Ve bir isyan vuku buluyordu

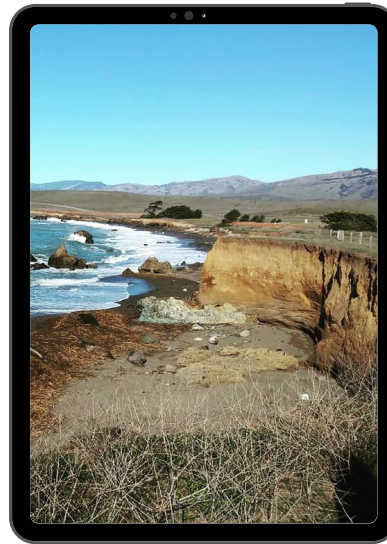
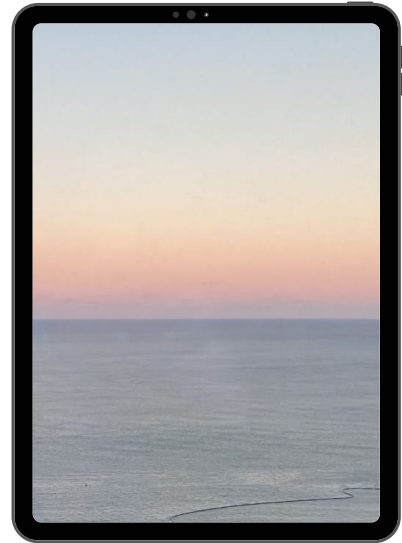
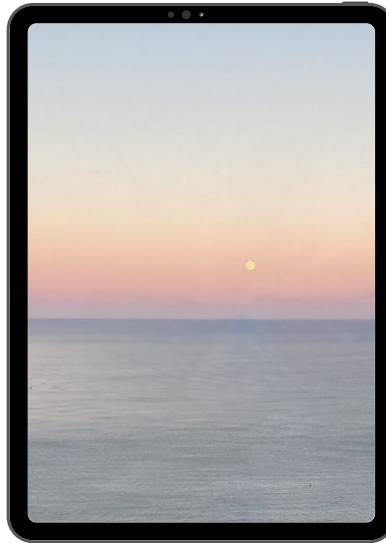
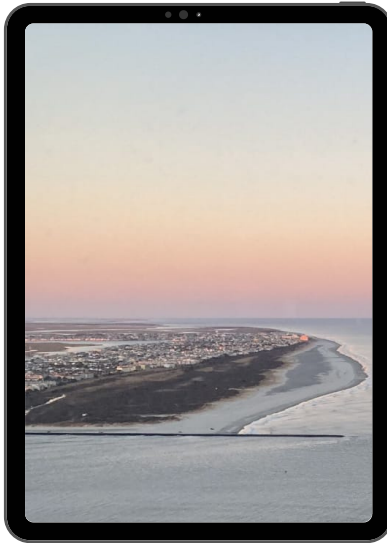
Satranç tahtasında masumlar vezirlere dönüşürken,
Şahların boğazları kesiliyordu
Piyonlar yüzlerini kanla yıkıyordu.
Ve bir isyan vuku buluyordu.

Kesilen başların üzerinde sinekler uçuşuyordu
Azrail, şeytan ile dans ediyordu.
Alkıışlamayan ruhlar lanetleniyordu
Ve bir isyan vuku buluyordu

İnsanlık düşüyordu
Melekler şeytana boyun eğip,
Onun şarkısını söylüyordu.
Ve bir isyan vuku buluyordu!

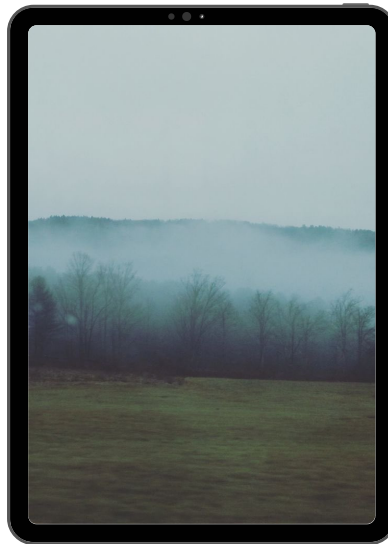
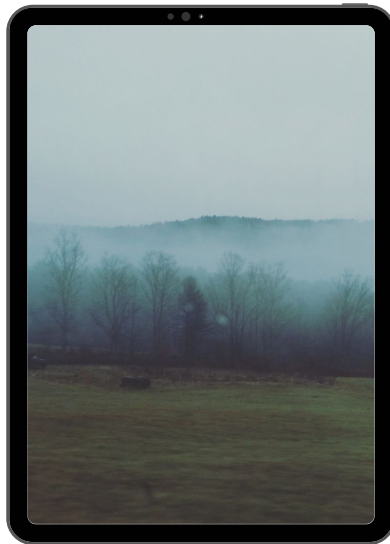
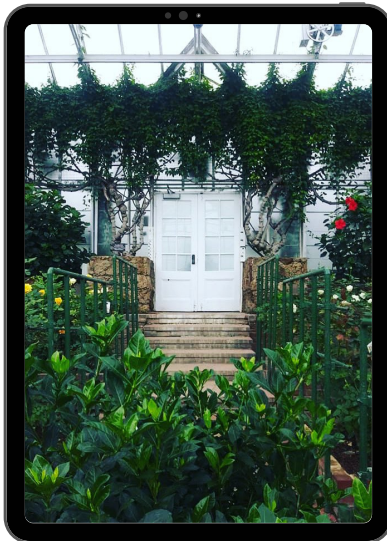


R. L. Dietrich is a writer and photographer from the United States. She holds a B.A. in Psychology and is currently working towards her M.S. in Data Science. When she's not annoying her friends with her bad puns, she's busy taking care of the four cats who live in the woods behind her house.



PHOTOGRAPHER

R. L. DIETRICH



"Ölü sayılır"

By
Ali Berat Erdoğan
(Türkiye)

Bu gece Azrail sessizce yatağına geçti,
Ölüm sessizliğini düşüncelerim ile bozdu.
Karanlığın içinden biri gelmeyecek.
Ay'da değil sokak ışıklarında sevişecek düşüncelerim.
Bir meleğe aşık olacak iblisten karanlık aklım...

Ben balkonumda otururken—
Çekeceğim tüm gerçekliği içime,
Farklı renklerde bir pencereye karşı sigara içerken.
Azrail yatağında rahat uyusun—
Artık herkes ölü sayılır, fikirlerim de...



"Dođa Naz Özyürek"

By
Karmaşa
(Türkiye)

Sevmeye başla artık şehrin mavisini,
Sev artık şehrin grisini...
Pembesini, alını, morunu...

Sev artık nefreti, düşmanlığı,
Alçaklığı sev!

Hayat bu kadar çünkü...
Hayat hep mücadele, hep karmaşa...

Al tüm renkleri içine...
Karmaşayı sev şimdi!
Onu bile güzelce sev...



French



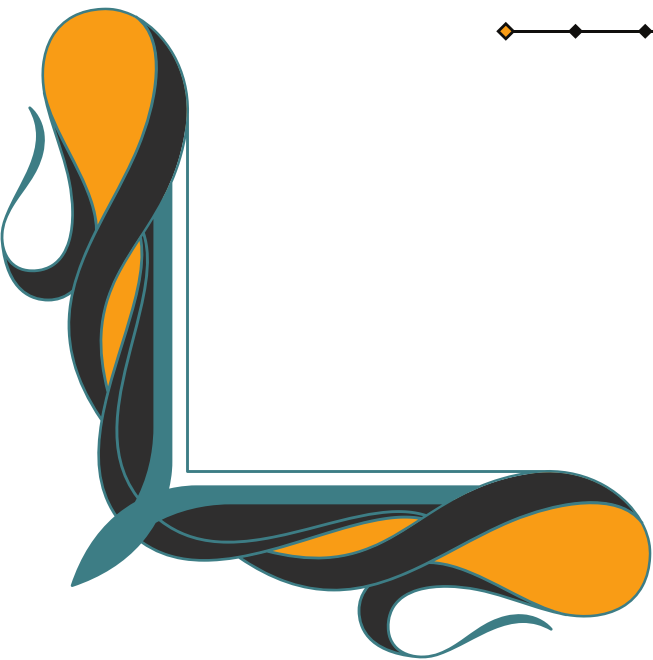
"Les blessures de l'été"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Sous le soleil éclatant de l'été souffle un zéphyr chaud qui brûle mieux les fragments invisibles du cœur que cette peau exposée

Je déteste l'été pour avoir filtré à travers mes blessures dissimulées mais je sens que cette saison a le plus horreur de mon existence pour m'avoir choisi pour être sa rivale préférée

Toujours au fond de moi réside l'amour de l'hiver qui me guide à marcher pieds nus sur le rivage avec l'espoir de guérir à travers les vagues déferlantes qui m'apaisent d'une certaine manière.



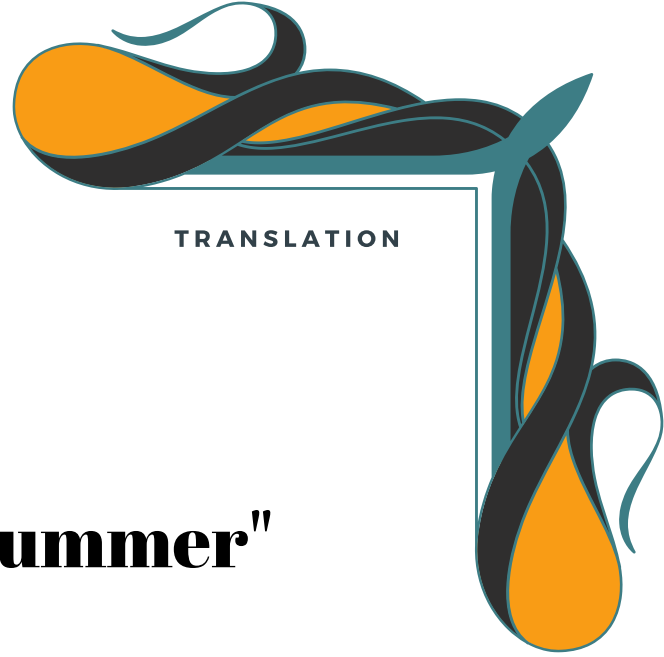
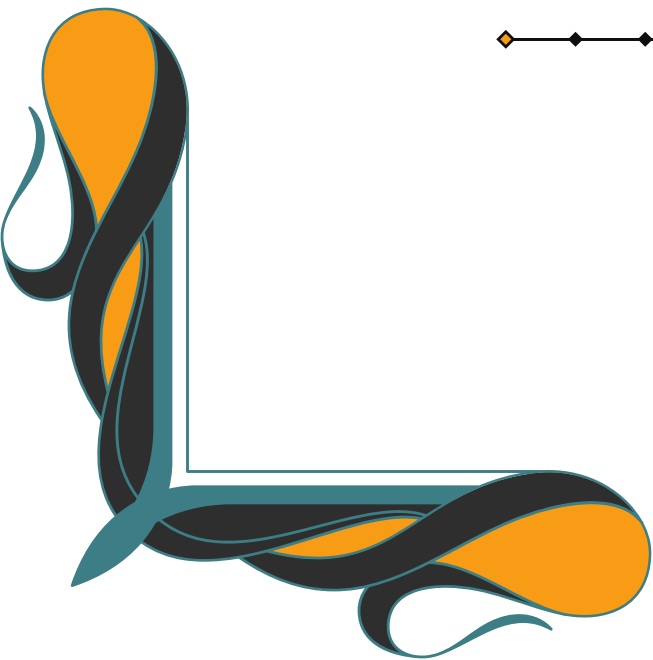
"The wounds of summer"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Beneath the refulgent sun of summer blows a hot zephyr that burns
the unseen fragments of the heart better than this expose skin

I loathe summer for filtering through my conceal wounds but I feel
like this season abhor my existence the most and choose me to be its
favorite rival

Still deep inside me reside the love of winter that guides me to walk
barefoot on the shore with the hope to get heal through the crashing
waves that soothe me in a certain way.





"Harangue "

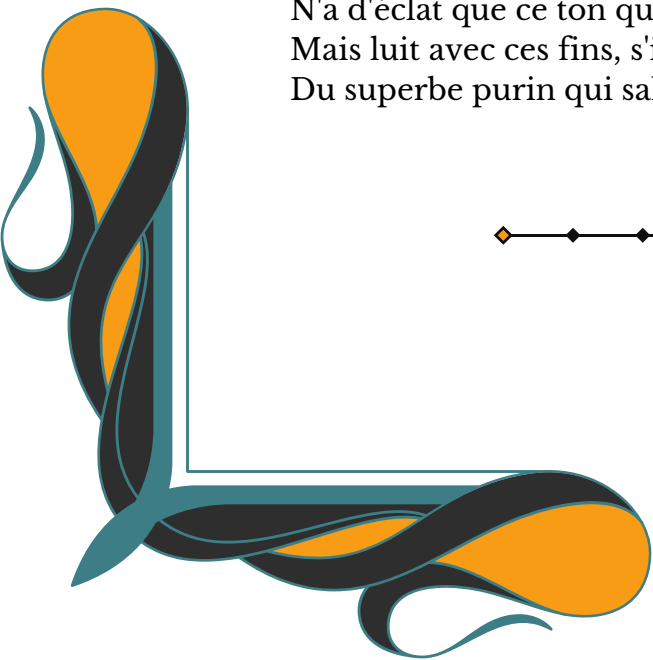
By
Floriane Austruy
(Français)

On a des chœurs d'Etat dans les livres, les fables
La nation et le style en recoupant nos pas
En ajustant l'émoi des œuvres plus coupables,
Cette force s'ignore, est invisible en nous

On ne sait pas encore qu'elle ira au bout
Et que c'est bien plus fort : elle accapare tout !
Mais quelle est cette époque qui passe sans nous
Qui rôde et qui se moque qu'on ait rendez-vous

Qui nous blesse et nous choque, puis croupit à genoux ?
Ah ! Sans les traditions, sans les plus fortes lois
Quelques billons se noient et mon poème hélas

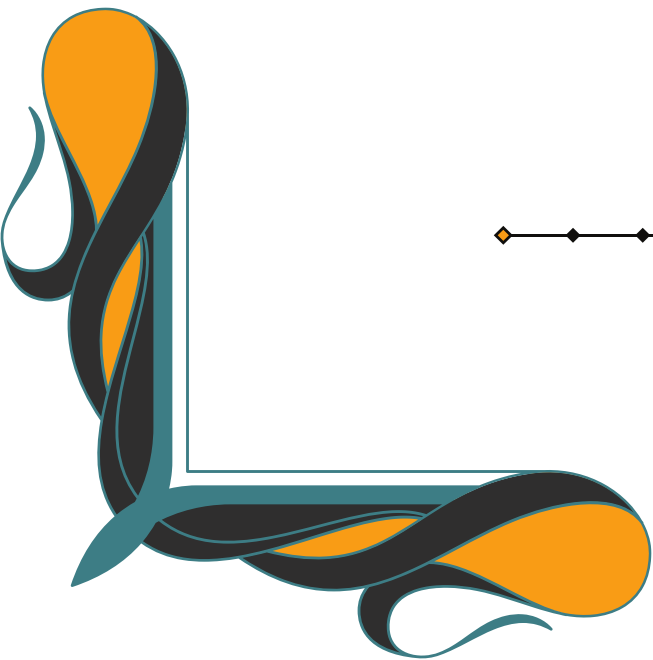
N'a d'éclat que ce ton qui ne valût l'endroit
Mais luit avec ces fins, s'imprègne jusqu'au mot
Du superbe purin qui salit le suppôt





Là dans ce blog de l'autre monde
Je rejoins l'horizon serein
J'aime les refrains de ses rondes
Ses éclats de rire lointains
Quand d'asphyxie je meurs ici
S'ouvrent les portes de l'autre ciel
L'air libre de mes fantaisies
Et je respire l'arc-en-ciel
Du monde chaotique je chasse
Le trouble de mes pensées grises
Cette face qui nous menace
Je l'efface sous ma chemise
Là dans ce blog de l'autre monde
Je viens je reste dans ta ronde..

By
Sweeteucalyptus
(Français)



Spanish

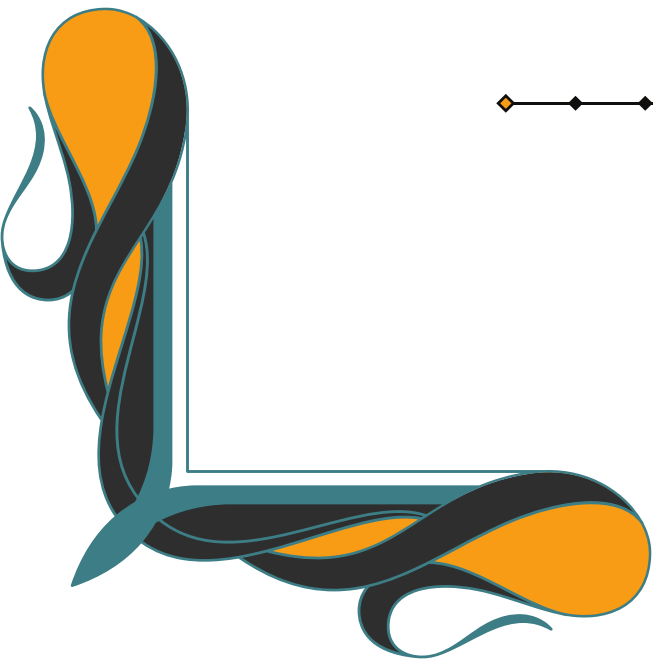


"Habita en mí"

By
Yahaira Chagollan
(México)

Quítame el dolor y la desesperación.
Devuélveme la satisfacción,
la alegría que había en mí.
Devuélveme la ilusión.

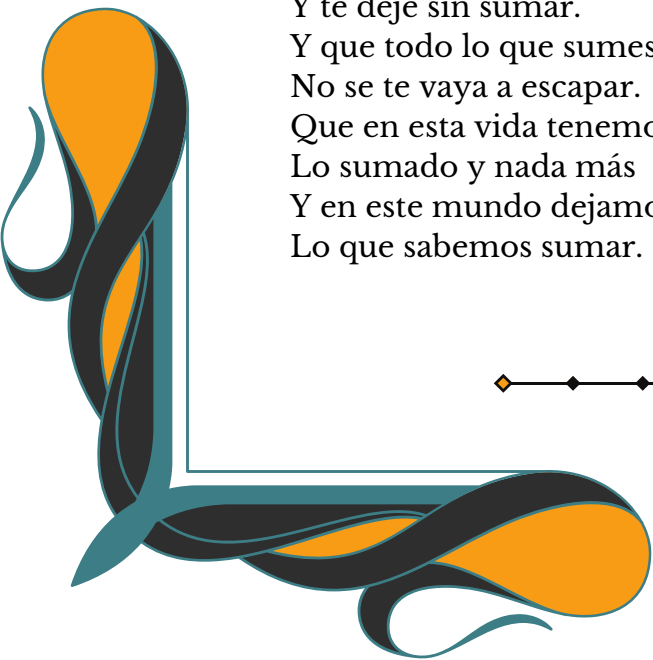
Quítame la incertidumbre,
el miedo de no saber lo que haré.
Habita de nuevo en mi corazón.



"Romance"

By
Alba Pérez Valderas
(España)

Cuando la vida te reste
Suma, suma, suma más.
Que cuando nada te quede
Siempre quedará sumar.
Y si crees que nada tienes
El momento llegará,
Cuando menos te lo esperes,
En el que puedas sumar.
Suma amor a manos llenas,
Suma paz y libertad,
Experiencias a raudales
Y alegrías sin igual.
Pero pase lo que pase
No te olvides de sumar.
Antes de que todo acabe,
Suma, suma, ya verás.
Que ni un día se te vaya
Y te deje sin sumar.
Y que todo lo que sumes
No se te vaya a escapar.
Que en esta vida tenemos
Lo sumado y nada más
Y en este mundo dejamos
Lo que sabemos sumar.



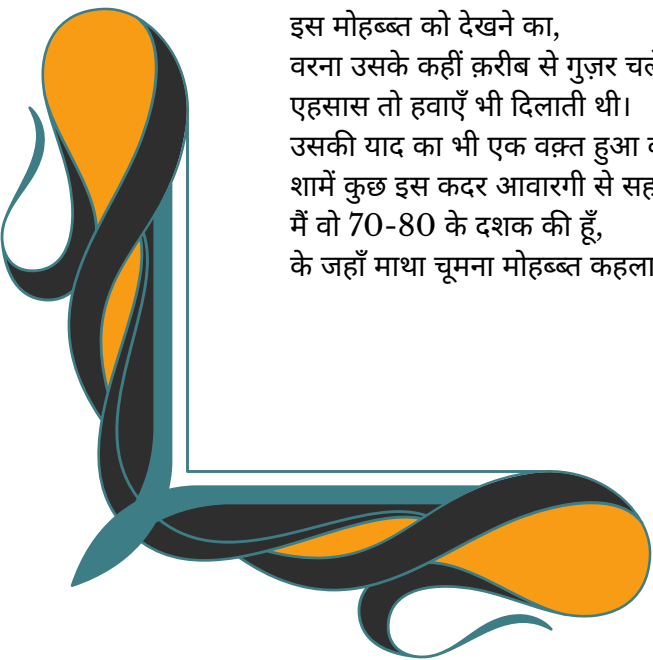
Hindi

"Main Woh"

By
Roopali Thakur
(Shimla, Himachal, India)

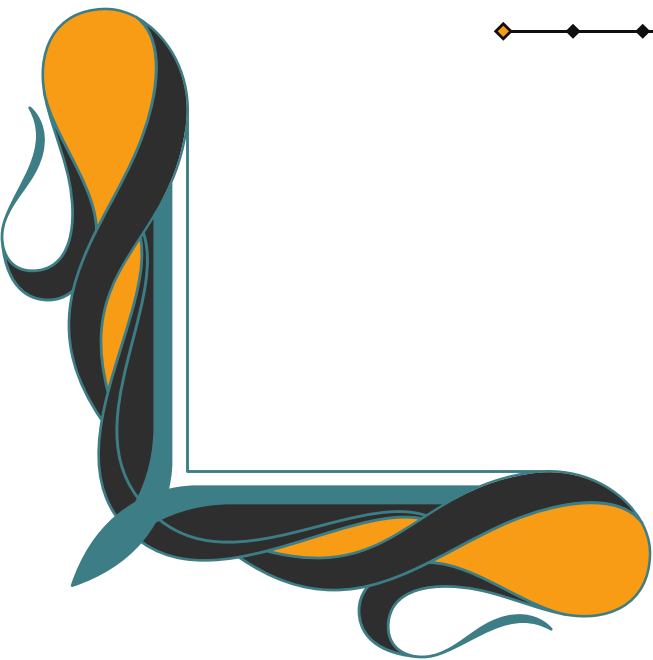
मैं वो 70-80 के दशक की हूँ,
के जहाँ माथा चूमना मोहब्बत कहलाती थी।
मिलना-विलना ज़रा कम ही था,
पर जहाँ उसके दिए तोफो से ज्यादा एहमियत
उसके वादों को दी जाती थी।
यूँ तो नाराजगी बेहद रहती थी
के वक्रत की पाबन्दियाँ बेहद है,
पर उसकी आवाज़ और बातें दिल बहलाती थी।
सजने को ये लाली मैकप कहाँ होते थे वहाँ?
काजल जब आम हो चला था तो
सवरने को काली बिन्दी लगाती थी।
मैं वो 70-80 के दशक की हूँ,
के जहाँ माथा चूमना मोहब्बत कहलाती थी।

यूँ सरेआम कौन करता था इश्क़ का इज़हार?
वक्रत तो वो था जब
आँखे चार छुप-छुप कर की जाती थी।
वक्रत बदला और बदल गया नज़रिया
इस मोहब्बत को देखने का,
वरना उसके कहीं करीब से गुज़र चले जाने का
एहसास तो हवाएँ भी दिलाती थी।
उसकी याद का भी एक वक्रत हुआ करता था,
शामें कुछ इस कदर आवारगी से सहलाती थी।
मैं वो 70-80 के दशक की हूँ,
के जहाँ माथा चूमना मोहब्बत कहलाती थी।





अब तो हर शख्स के पास
 कोई न कोई खास अक्सर रहता है,
 के वक़्त वो हुआ करता था जब
 उससे जुड़ी हर चीज़ भी जी भर के जलती थी।
 हाथ थामना कहाँ आम हुआ करता था वहाँ?
 के यूँ बेपरवाह होने को उस बरस तो
 सिर्फ़ शादी ही भाती थी।
 खैर वो दौर भी एक दौर हुआ करता था,
 के जागते रहते थे एक दुजे के इंतेज़ार में
 बस राते सो जाती थी।
 मैं वो 70-80 के दशक की हूँ,
 के जहाँ माथा चूमना मोहब्बत कहलाती थी।



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