

Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

e-magazine

November

**DOWRY;
A CURSE**

By
Aleezeh

FALL'S IMPULSE...

By
Dinesh S R

نظم

By
صرير على

CHANGE IS IN YOU

By
Ammara Tabassum

غزل

By
زويا راؤ وفآ

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/NOVEMBER 2020

Editor's Note

Causerie

/'kəʊzəri, French kozri/
noun

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

Hello Guns & Roses!

The year 2020 seems to be dancing on our graves triumphantly, literally, not just figuratively. First, it flabbergasted the entire world with a series of zemblanity, most prominent was Covid-19. Later, on October 30, 2020, it shook the Western province of Izmir with an intense earthquake, the tremor was trailed by a tsunami wave that harmed waterfront territories and towns of the area and was felt in areas to the extent Muğla and Manisa. It was trailed by more than 1,400 post-quake tremors with 43 of them being over an extent of 4.0 geologists anticipate that these consequential convulsions should proceed for half a month.

Apart from so many conspiracy theories roaming around in the world about natural disasters or diseases, one thing looks valid that God is angry upon our evil doings. I think it's time to think wisely, how can we make this world a better place for earthlings and humanity. It gives me chills when I see what a man is doing to another man.

Coming back to our main subject, ladies and gentlemen, finally, our November edition is before your sacred eyes. We have been doing a lot of struggle to keep improving every month. We try our best to bring quality content and many other magnificent segments for you.

We have a great announcement for you all that we have planned to bring our first anthology. Yes, you heard it right! Soon we will announce all the details. Your suggestions regarding the theme selection are more than welcome.

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 December issue is the 30th of November.

OVAIS SHAIKH
Founder
Editor-in-Chief

CAUSERIE ISSUE 7

NOVEMBER 2020

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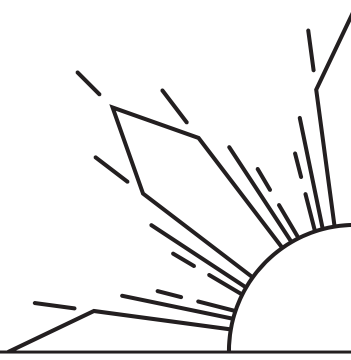
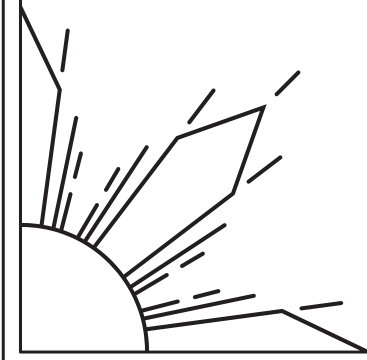
"I Like The Town On Rainy Nights"

By
Srishti Mazmudar
(India)

I like the town on rainy nights,
through glittery & gloomy sights.
Silence all around, just the raindrops smooching the ground.

Peeking into the opaque glasses,
finding transparency among the noble masses.
Rain downed on me,
filling up my soul with nostalgia
in li'l wee!

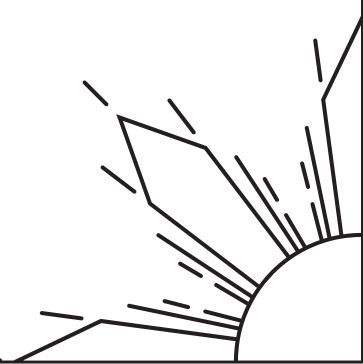
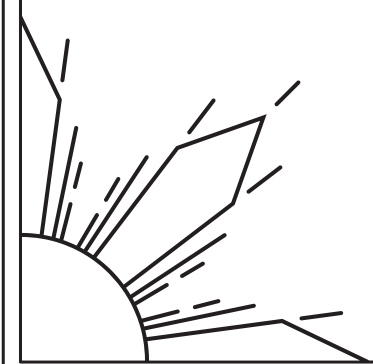
I like the town on rainy nights,
singing, hugging my pets tight.
Watching the dancing drops,
all alone with no extra props!
The dark market seems to be elated,
alike seed of happiness,
that being propagated.



"The Unspoken Words"

By
Sujiaha Subrahmanian
(India)

I wrote those magical words,
With fear and happiness.
I don't know how you react,
after reading these words.
These are my feelings,
I always want to share it with you.
I write it a thousand times,
and I shred it hundred times.
I sacred to tell you my feelings
because you always said me, that we are best friends.
I never want to lose our friendship,
I want to hold it in my heart.
You always told me that, we have not had any secrets.
But what can I do? I fall in for you my love.
You are the one I want to share my life with.
I started to write this letter again, and just like the other times,
I put it in my secret box.
I hope you feel my love and I will wait for you,
till the end of my last breathe.



"Woeful tears of teenage girl"

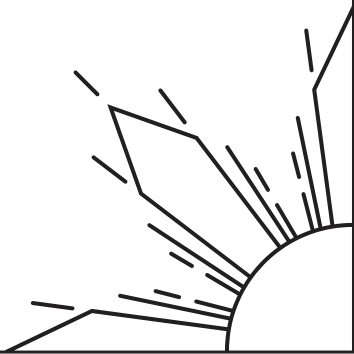
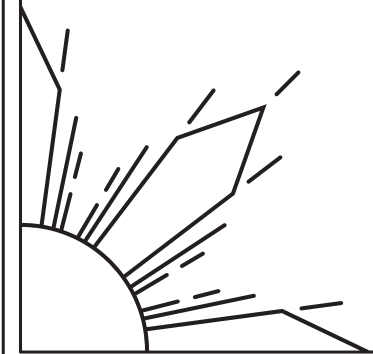
By
Nirmal Oad
(Pakistan)

A sudden talk speaks veracity, it is rightly said that spotless affection and deep relation lead to a grant failure. John, who fell in love with a teenage girl. They went miles away in their thought. Incredibly as he seemed that she was his spirited favourite. Suffice it to say, "Love is a fragrance of touching, feeling and meeting the depth of romance. It creates all countless boundaries of loved fiction", but their ages were not in the same line. A teenage girl who was not an adult, but she had fallen in love with John by ramping up on their love at the perks. They stepped forward to kiss, hug, breathe, and tug with each other. His glossy skin tempted her a lot, she used a hand in the hair of his head and felt as she started relishing her love with lust. They nestled with each other at the drop of a hat. Sometimes, people say, love is all about lust and raunchy, but there is a languid moment, which drives you that life is a bed of roses, but without love, life is devoid of joy, and frustration that fails you to meet the veracity of today's budding tragedy.

After going into depth of rummage of affection, you might be enjoying every single taste of love which does not make you feel under the harrow. Behind these mysterious circumstances, there should be a vestige of believing in both the corners. Sometimes, I depict this quotation, "Deep relation fails because of the depth of spotless love." It is an acceptable and natural doctrine of this monstrous world.

After a few days, Julia said, "I am unable to get hitched because of hefty pressure of my parents, they don't want to marry me to my spirited favorite, but it has better end up this affair." John replied ruefully, I couldn't let up with this relation, if you relinquish, you might know, I can decimate myself. He was in terrifying gloom, felt as someone wanted to leave him or this universe, his eyes were filled with woeful tear and made my life, sugarcoated the pill, and put into the cavern.

After hearing mournful remarks, she tugged and cuddled affectionately at once, the resonate was murmuring and the heart was thudding up from the chest. The whole enchilada was counting on their compulsion. They had no way to go somewhere else, occurring at the same time, her father saw Julia with John, they absconded away too far but remained. Unsuccessful, he caught them and decided to kill them off, but John didn't want to lose Julia he said, you couldn't kill Julia she is my soul's stirring. You can shoot me without the slightest demur. The scene was too horrible. Fair-dinkum lovers were assassinated by their rude father.



"Dowry; A Curse"

By
Aleezeh Muneer Khayol
(Pakistan)

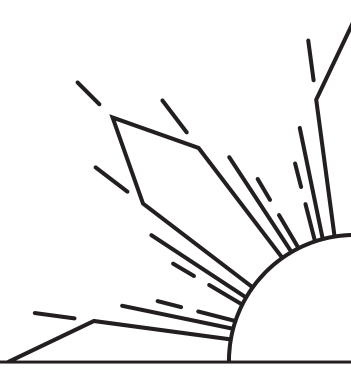
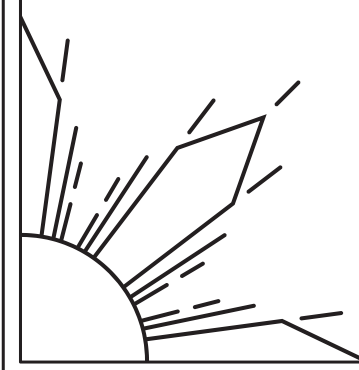
What is dowry? You! Yes, you! Do you ever ponder what it is? Your answer will be "NO", mine will be "NO" as well. Dowry occupies a special place as if it is acquisition but I do see it as distemper, malady, affliction disseminating within the society.

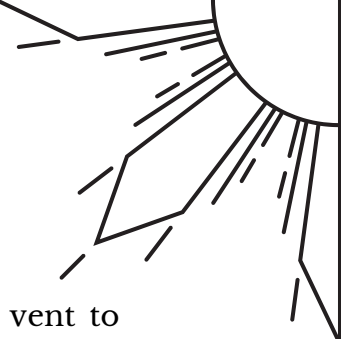
Today I hold the lappy to write about a basic problem that encompasses us. Hope it changes some minds and provokes your thoughts for the better!

Okay! Then tell me, the religion which consecrates the feeding of needy whether you have something remaining or not, the religion which consecrates paying salam loudly while passing through a graveyard, the religion which enjoins individuals to respect elders, which encourages to love kids, which ordains to kick off the rocks or stones hampering the way. Then how the same religion "ISLAM" could ask the believers to twit the girl's parents for dowry? This thriving thing in society has made parents the "beast of burden".

Thanks to showbiz stars for raising voice & coming forward in this regard. Every star yelling with silence "JAHAIZ KHORI BAND KARO". This sentence is not just a collection of four words but a sentimental connection with those who have passed through the alienation, demand & reclamation of dowry. Still sitting unmarried on the doorstep of their downtrodden parents because they cannot fulfill their demands.

I have to quote a dialogue of the Novel Aangan's character, Najma. What she said will impel the girls to stand against all these foolish & non-Islamic cultural values. She snobbishly said, "My husband ought not to need dowry, I'm the dowry in my self."





The strong gender will style me, dimwit, even the ladies will give vent to their anger towards me. But my writing will get a peculiar place in the poverty-stricken hearts. Where a father is working extra to feed his children but regardless of all his efforts, he and his family are living from hand to mouth, he cannot buy them new dresses, how can he promise to swim with the streams & send the girls to their homes with tons of dowry. This raggedness makes them hopeless that they'll never be married. Alas!

Different welfare societies should not be forgotten at this stage. Those societies are giving hands to this ruthlessness. They are funding the girls for the dowry whether they can strike & ask the government to pass a bill against dowry being the controller of an Islamic state.

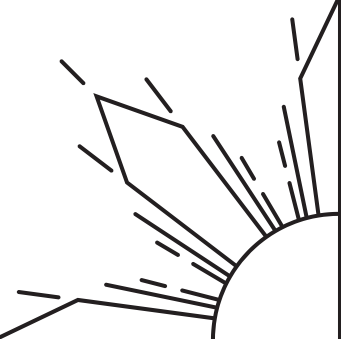
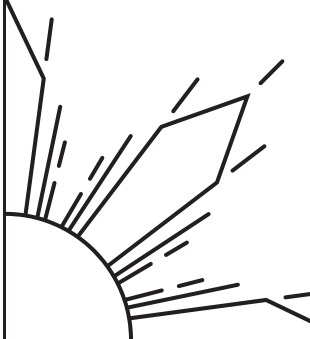
Islam taught us fourteen hundred years back. When the royal couple tied the knot. The boy was from Allah's house & the girl was the heartbeat of Mohammad (Peace Be Upon Him). The boy bought the necessary household with his own money, didn't ask for dowry. Then who are we to ask or demand it? When Islam didn't teach us so.


Some other examples have been taken from Tribune. Special thanks to them for allowing me to use them as references.

Madiha was a 22-year-old girl in Gujranwala who had just got married. You know how it is for newly-wed girls; the apprehension, the stress of adjusting to a new home, the worries about making everyone like you, and leaving your family behind.

For Madiha, these worries became small compared to the horror she ended up facing. Her husband, Amir, would beat her regularly. Madiha's crime? She was unable to bring a motorbike for Amir in her dowry. Two months or so after the wedding, Amir and his family doused Madiha with petrol and set her on fire. She died within a short time.

In 2015, in Khyber-Pakhtunkhwa (K-P), a man shot dead his former fiancée & nine of her relatives over a dowry dispute. The family had refused the demand of the man's father for a residential plot in the dowry settlement.



A simple line drawing of a sun in the top right corner, with rays extending downwards and to the left.

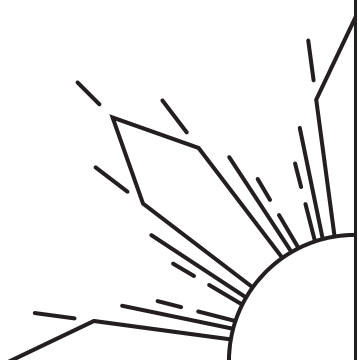
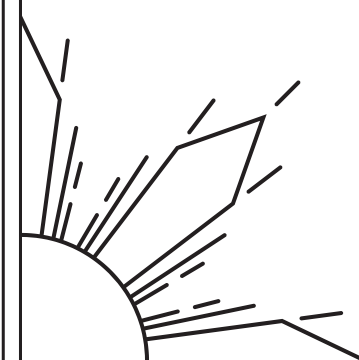
Across the globe, Pakistan, India, Bangladesh & Iran are one of the few countries where the highest numbers of dowry deaths are recorded. Pakistan kills around 2000 women every year over dowry. Despite the clear laws in 1976, Dowry & Bridal Gifts(Restriction) Act. Pakistani families came up with immensely creative ways of killing daughters-in-law. Girls are forced to consume poison, the involvement of throwing acid, oven-explosions, drugging & petrol dousing is increased. So many of these are termed "accidents" and so many perpetrators are on the run from the law. What happens to them eventually? Are they ever caught? Are they ever brought to justice? We will never know.

It is therefore commendable of Jamaat-e-Islami (JI) lawmaker, Rashida Riffat, to have tabled the bill for a complete ban on giving and taking of dowry in K-P. The Pakistan Tehreek-e-Insaaf (PTI) government had promised to support the bill, and the bill was approved. The law restricts the value of gifts to the bride or the family to Rs10, 000. It is also illegal to force a girl's family to give dowry or presents of any kind for the sake of marriage. If they do, there is a prison term (two months) and a fine of Rs300, 000.

So beware, greedy in-laws. If you dare want dowry in K-P, you'll end up paying a heavier fine to the police!

We ought to throw the girls off the burden of dowry & should free their parents.

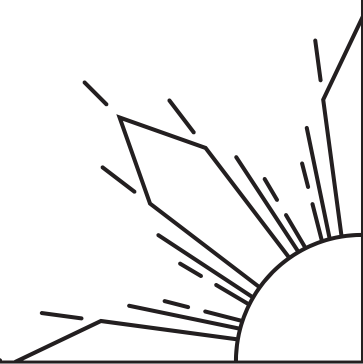
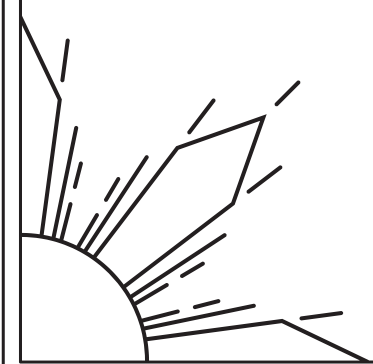
Spread the word as much as you can. Educate the illiterate. Thanks for reading!



"Change is in You"

By
Ammara Tabassum
(Pakistan)

Nothing will change
This system won't change
Everything is corrupt
Leaders are hypocrite
I by myself,
say all the time
But what will I do
by saying this all?
I thought, and this thought
clung to my mind
I wanted to get rid off
Then suddenly a silent
elastic image carved
in the head to follow
the arduous path
The path requires a
revolution of mentality
Everything will turn back
to its position by changing
what lies inside your head.



CAUSERIE POSTER

JOHNNY DEPP

"A Letter to God"

By
Aqib Javid Bhat
(India)

Why I always get attached?
I lost my everything
No one is there to listen my plea!
Where shall this mess go, my Lord?
I don't have any home, I don't have any friend
All the hands I held, broke!
I see, "you've me" voice is fading
My heart has no tears to shed!
Water levels are too low
My Lord, water my messy heart
My heart has broken into pieces
Oh the mender of hearts, mend me
Fill my heart with a ray of your Light
Set me on fire
The one who hasn't any ghost,
Aren't you, his ghost?
Would You leave your slave lost?
Didn't You say, "I found you lost and guided you?"
I'm the most helpless slave, my Lord
I seek Thy guidance
Oh the patron of poor,
I'm stricken with grief
Cast a merciful glance on me
Didn't You say, "Indeed, in the remembrance of Allah - do
hearts find rest?"
Oh my Lord, I've lost my sense of consciousness
I don't know how to pray and remember Thee
Oh the light of unseen, mentor me
Oh the conqueror of the hearts, conquer my heart

Sighs! Oh, my faithful young heart, be patient - Indeed your
Lord is near and responsive.





Syeda Ushba Urooj Rizvi

ARCHITECT

Age

28

Birthplace

Quetta

Quick Facts

- Left-handed Architect
- A businesswoman
- A Writer
- A motivational Speaker

Most Relevant Achievement

- Cleared BPSC Exam & Interview in 2017
- Post – Assistant Director (Architect) B-17 – LGRD, Balochistan.
- All Balochistan – Open Merit (Single/01 Seat)
- Established my own freelance business.

Goals & Aspiration

- I am working on developing my own Architectural style.
- I want to be in the list of most renowned FEMALE ARCHITECTS of Pakistan.

When you pursued your dream after your goal determined to be an architecture?

From class 5th. Me and My cousin wanted to become engineers. As we both were inspired by her father, who was a very successful Civil Engineer. We both used to draw maps after coming from any places, used to color them, did discussions about those places and stuff. It was in my university's first year... I came to know. What I wanted to become was a field related to civil engineering and it is called Architecture. While previously my mom dad tried to convince me to become a doctor but *kuch khas ho ni paya hm sy entry test mai* lol

What about the support from parents, financially and mentally?

The support from my parents was firm and solid, in every situation. Especially I am coming from a family where I was the first girl of my generation who was taking higher professional education. So the Shaadi pressure and people were like *Choro ji, ladki ko kya parhana* but they said. Nahi hmari beti parhe gi. Plus I did study from Jamshoro Sindh, so it was out of the city as well. So my Mamu Mami, I used to live with them. In actual my Mamu n Mami and family supported me as a family member. In each step. On the front line. And I was so lucky that my brother was also there at university. So I never ran out of support.

Who is your favorite architectural ideal personality? Is there anybody inspirational for you?

Zaha Hadid (As she is female plus her work is priceless)
 Mies Van De Rohe (I like his idea of creating furniture as well in the designed building as a souvenir)
 You gotta job too, Congratulations What kind of platform you expected and how did you get it now? How you struggled to be a part of it.



Favorite Places

- Home
- Dubai
- Istanbul
- Giza
- Mumbai
- Chandigarh
- Islamabad
- Baku
- Jerusalem
- London

Favorite Food

- BBQ (All the time)

Favorite Movie

- Many

Favorite Singer

- Atif Aslam
- Ankit Tiwari

Favorite Cartoon

- Bayblade

Actually, The Job I have, yes, it is an achievement of course. But I didn't plan it this way. Let me tell you the reasons. 01. In our family my Phuppo was appointed as a lecturer through commission BPSC, then one of my cousins got appointed on scale 17. When I came back after graduation, My father handed me over my cousin's appointment letter's copy and asked me to read it. It was written, *she has passed the examination from some 100 candidates and 7 got finalized for interview then she came out alone. As the seat was of open merit all Balochistan and single seat.* and then my dad said. Achieve something like this.

We used to live in a govt residence, where a govt officer can retain a house from the previous one. With almost the same scale. So my dad wanted me to get a job and then transfer the house to myself n save the day.

So God willing... posts got announced through BPSC. And there were twenty-two seats. 01 was Assitant Director Architect (Open merit) and 21 seats were of Town planners. I applied in both. 21 seats of town planners got canceled due to a court case. Only one n toughest one left. Well... I studied hard to get through. Finally clear test. Then the interview afterward. and I was competing with 05 candidates in the interview phase.

Which kind of architecture do you love the most? Any genre particular*

I like Greek in old ones (But they are hard to draw n copy) and for the modern era...

Contemporary architecture.

To go with the trend.

Where you want to see yourself in such kind of concrete profession?

I am working on developing my very own Architectural style. I want to be on the list of most renowned FEMALE ARCHITECTS of Pakistan.



Any interest in writing or love the quote that provoked you somewhere or brought a change in you towards your goal?

I am a terrible writer, I only write when I feel emotional, angry. Many quotes... Hr roz ik naya hota hy. But ik quote hy, wo mjhe us k baad kbhi likha hua nh mila but let me try to explain jo mai smjhi hun...

- " If God, with all of his might and capabilities of doing good or bad is still GOOD, then whatever happens either Good or Bad, is Good"
- "Be thankful to people for being real with you, either Good or bad but real."
- "Give concessions to your loved ones"

What aspects motivate you to keep focusing on your goal and dream?

To be very honest, Yes I love my work but only my brother, My sister, and my friend Tanzeel keeps me motivated to work. I am a lazy kinda a person myself.

Any ideal building you planned to craft somewhere for yourself or gift to someone?

Not yet.

Any ideal building that inspired you from the movie you really want in real life?

Architecture is already limitless, and the background of movies is already filled with our work as an architect as a specie. I think it's already there.

Are you fond of pets somehow that got a cause to be calm during your stress?

We used to have a turtle as a pet. But no, at this stage, I can't care for myself... pet ka kon khyal rakhe ga.

Did you grabbed some inspiration from a cartoon channel by any chance and thought to transform roundabout thought into real life? if any*

Not related to architecture.

Being Social as human. From Beyblade

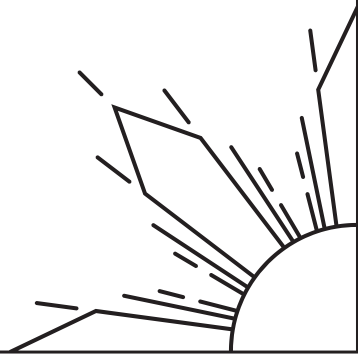
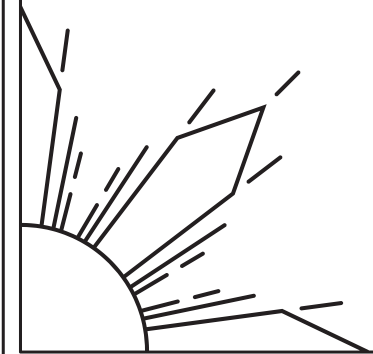
The best lesson I learned from that is, you can be a hardcore professional but that must not be reflected in your personality. You can be stupid and genius at the same time. Genius when it comes to working but stupid when your friends n family are involved. No ego. And keep your friend circle closer as they hold you from falling back.



"Cerulean Wannabe"

By
Elusive Enigma
(Pakistan)

Like colourless water
I want to be colorful
In a sense
To capture reflections within me
To capture silver moon glittering
And stars shimmering
To capture golden sunshine
And orange sunsets
To capture raindrops reflecting spectrums
And greys of clouds and blues of the sky
Like clear water
I want to be transparent
To see fishes and flora
Floating inside me
To see the universe, a drop beholds
To see nature, reviving my soul
Yes...Like colourless water
I want to be colorful



"I'm a Mess"

Everything's been so messed up here lately
 Pretty sure he don't wanna be my baby
 Oh, he don't love me, he don't love me, he don't love me,
 he don't love me
 But that's OK
 'Cause I love me, yeah, I love me, yeah, I love me, yeah, I
 love myself anyway (hey)

Everything's gonna be alright
 Everything's gonna be OK
 It's gonna be a good, good life
 That's what my therapist say
 Everything's gonna be alright
 Everything's gonna be just fine
 It's gonna be a good, good life

I'm a mess, I'm a loser
 I'm a hater, I'm a user
 I'm a mess for your love, it ain't new
 I'm obsessed, I'm embarrassed
 I don't trust no one around us
 I'm a mess for your love, it ain't new

Nobody shows up unless I'm paying
 Have a drink on me cheers to the failing
 Oh, he don't love me, he don't love me
 He don't love me, he don't love me
 But that's okay
 Cause I love me, yeah, I love me
 Yeah, I love me, yeah, I love myself anyway
 Hey

Everything's gonna be alright
 Everything's gonna be okay
 It's gonna be a good, good life
 That's what my therapist say
 Everything's gonna be alright
 Everything's gonna be just fine
 It's gonna be a good, good life

"Bebe Rexha"

A close-up portrait of a woman with blonde hair. A vibrant rainbow light effect is cast across her face, starting from her forehead and moving down towards her cheek. She is wearing a white top and a multi-strand pearl necklace. The background is dark and out of focus.

LYRICS

I'm a mess, I'm a loser
I'm a hater, I'm a user
I'm a mess for your love, it ain't new
I'm obsessed, I'm embarrassed
I don't trust no one around us
I'm a mess for your love, it ain't new

Everything's gonna be alright, alright
Everything's gonna be just fine, just fine
It's gonna be a good, good life

I'm a mess, I'm a loser
I'm a hater, I'm a user
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I'm obsessed, I'm embarrassed
I don't trust no one around us
I'm a mess for your love, it ain't new

"The Love is pain, Pain is Love"

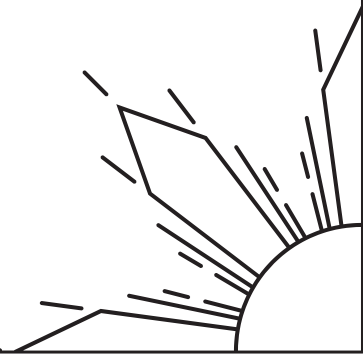
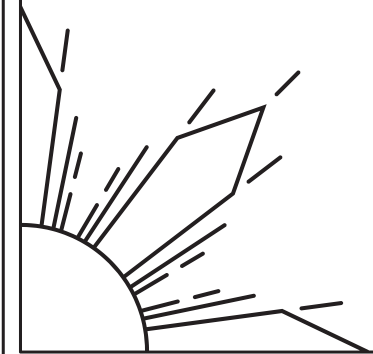
By
Palwasha Khan
(Pakistan)

Whose love is pain? I think I know.
Its owner is quite sad though.
It really is a tale of woe,
I watch him frown. I cry hello.

He gives his love a painful shake,
And sobs until the tears flake.
The only other sound's the break,
Of distant waves and birds awake.

Love is pain, pain is love; dark and deep,
But he has promises to keep,
Until then he shall not sleep.
He lies in bed with ducts that weep.

He rises from his bitter bed,
With thoughts of sadness in his head,
He idolizes being dead.
Facing the day with never-ending dread.

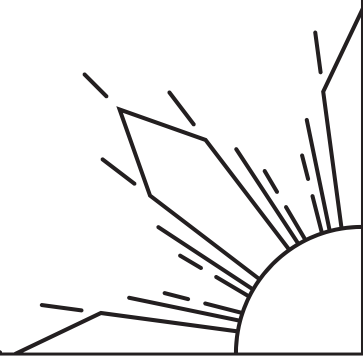
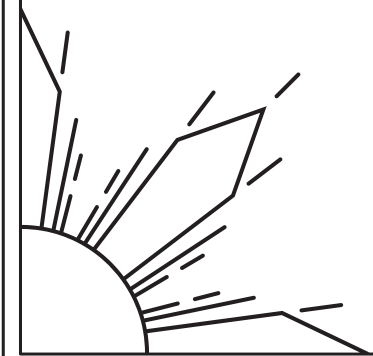


"Everything is powerful"

By
Haiqa Rao
(Pakistan)

The moon is strong, it gives the light in the darkness of night but if we talk about the sun, it is powerful. One moon for the whole planet. But the sun? All alone for the entire universe.

Do you see it? We can't do a comparison between things. Everything has its own significance. You don't need to judge anyone. Nothing in the world is useless. Everything and everyone are great. Stop judging people. Those who look rude are the sweetest ones. Those who look the prettiest can be the worst ones at the same time. You can't judge anyone without knowing them. But, you introduce them to everyone without knowing them for real. Remember, those, who apparently look terrible, are the precious people.[]



MINI POESY

Nequient (Acrostic)

©ovais43

Noctivagant nequient to walk in so-called broad daylight.
 Eleutheromania, of course, a phalerate one,
 Quich vacivity, to keep wisdom and intellect euonic.
 Upbuilding the entity which used to be a whiffler
 Ichi-go Ichi-e; Aye! This life is what exactly it is!
 Espérance, anyone's auturgy won't prevail. Because
 Nigh impossible to attain brabeum and luck twice
 Tis aeonian peace only comes with literature and philosophy.

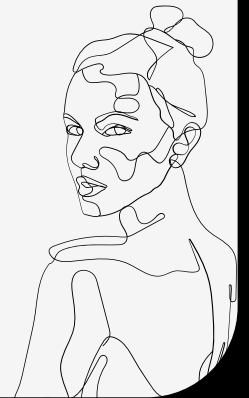


Addiction based conceptual deaths
 effects further generation's health
 insecure judgemental knowledge
 levied multi negative objections
 plenty quest revolves simultaneously
 through ultimatum void world
 Xander yielding zest

©Ashlee Shaikh

Her poetry
 gets reflected
 in the stars
 twinkling in
 every lover's eyes
 shooting at the closed
 proximity from
 soul to soul

©Aisha.K



"Afterlife"

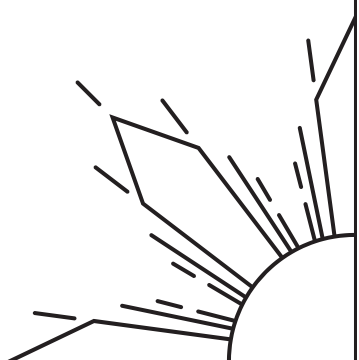
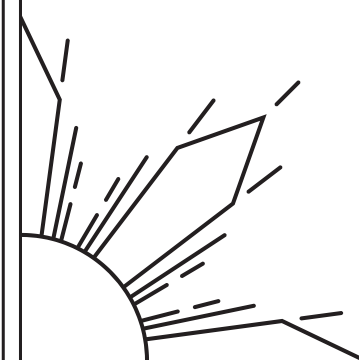
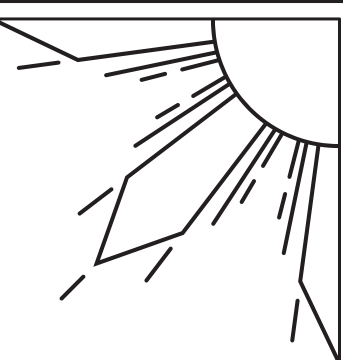
By
CHRISTY GNANA DEEPA. J
(India)

The life in heaven with God,
and He is my guard.
A soothing and relaxed state of mind;
A pleasant time to spend with Him.

I wish to be a butterfly,
to fly and aim high,
to chase another butterfly,
and to visit the sky.

I wish to be a flower,
to dance in the sunshine,
to give smile to the trees and
to sing with the bees.

To speak with God
To give colorful cheers to the trees
To fly high
This is the life I wish to be after death.



Quotes

My hiraeth of peregrinate started doomsscrolling and obfuscating my dreams as a series of tragedies enervated and devastated my cynefin.

©ovais43

The worst thing about haters is, you start doubting yourself.

©Saheba Sadaf

I had everything around except me, and I felt myself alone in the crowd
I lost everything to find myself and felt I have ALL the treasures of the world

©aqua_regia_20

Conscience is the unique friend, Who indicates you to choose the right path But never forces you to run on the right path.

©Noor Jamali

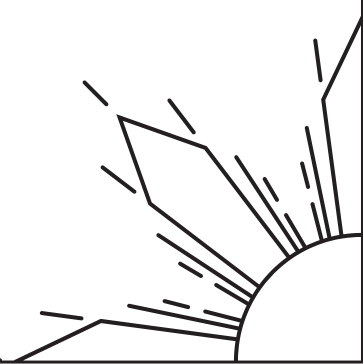
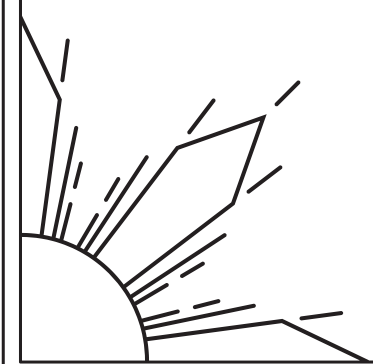
Sometimes heartbreaks are just warning signs to shake you deep inside, only to make you realize about the depth of darkness you have kept in, by the one, you trust blindly!

©Aadil Sadiq

"An Ode to Broke"

*By
Shariq Eitoo*

Silence sneaked in
through a beam of sunset,
I feel heavy like
metal in my body,
the trees so even, the season so numb
river; a mirage,
the only thing happening is poetry,
poetry is your home, a home so calm,
poetry holds you when no physical existence does,
poetry escape when escape escapes from eyes,
poetry is heavenly aid which clots unseen wounds,
poetry soaks tears,
rich tears, poor tears, desperate tears
scared and broken tears
sacred and unholy tears
poetry is the cup overflowing
poetry is acceptance of pain
poetry is pain on paper.



"Shades of the Autumn"

By
Bintul Islam
(India)

In Boene-Bagh or Chinarbagh,
Under the amber Umbrella, reminiscing the lovelorn.
O Madano! Come and retrace the paths,
You have walked years ago!

I am falling like these russet leaves,
Veiling the earth, like a shroud.
The crackling sound, as someone tramples,
Over the cords of my heart.

See the scarlet flowing from veins.
Autumn, is thy a murderer?
How did the maples breathe an easy air,
But now, the wind carries innumerable coffins.

Autumn thy put the broken buds in Slumber,
Would they wake up with the onset of April?
Thy are the cruelest season, O Autumn!
Thy put life on the verge of the death-bed.

Send my Poems to the lost beloved,
Tell him, call my name once and again
The walls of my heart are smitten into ash,
As someone put the house to fire.

Autumn, You put water to my pain!
To all the melancholy residing inside.
Autumn thy fades all the rainbows of heart,
I couldn't save from this fall!



"FALL's impulse to the fallen hearts"

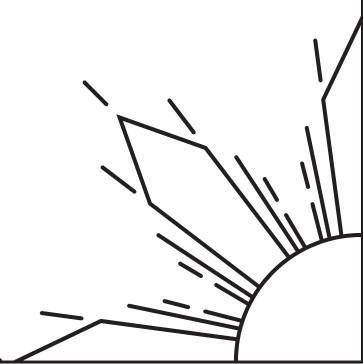
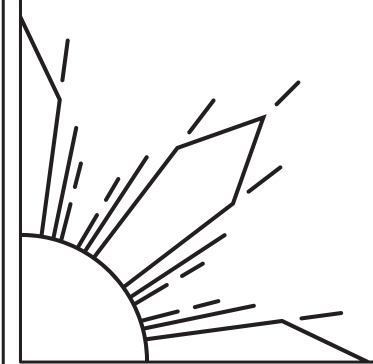
By
Dinesh S R
(India)

Trine of two fortnights nears in a brown coat -
And shrouds the light with cloudy shades in a float.
Amidst the Sun sways off and ice peeks in,
The feathers roll down and fruition begins.

Warmth and its hostile poises the spheres;
Where the equinox cuts the clock in no bias.
As ambiance of heat repels the valor of frost -
Devising the lands for the darks, as tossed.

As a season of equity, it leads and guides,
And incites the men for life and its sides.
Harmony of phrases won't confine a day,
Perhaps, a test for our engine to confront His play.

As wins and losses are the imposters of deeds,
Hunt for your victory by implanting those seeds.
Terminate the reluctance in fear of vanity -
Until the redness of pocket loses its sanity.



"Shadow in the Times of Autumn"

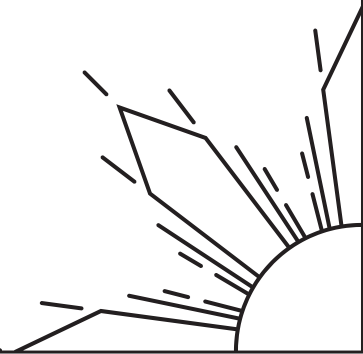
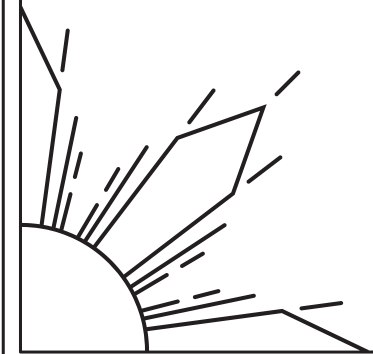
By
Heymonth Ninja
(India)

The great trees live happily and tall,
Life of every leave is lost in the fall---
Hail the autumn to kill the beauty,
Of nature by its gloomy duty;

Shadow of trees grows as a devil,
For all the mortals, time is evil:
Autumn's air is the witches' spell,
That captivates blessings to the hell;

Miserable trees cannot walk,
Which chide the autumn by talk;
When does time freeze the season?
Do not need autumn with a reason;

O, leaves are our little friends,
Whose greenish presence still ends!
Life is the art of colorful reflection,
Bury shadows with nostalgic emotion.



BUGÜNÜN TARIFI

Mantı

Hazırlanma süresi

1 / 1.5 saat

Pişirme süresi

20 dakika

Porsiyon

6 kişilik

Malzemeler

3-3 ½ su bardagi un
1 yumurta
2/3 su bardagi ilik su
1 tatli kasigi tuz
Ic Malzeme:
250 gr kiyma
1 soğan, ince doğranmis/rendelenmis
1 çay kasigi tuz
1 çay kasigi karabiber

Pisirmek icin:

8 su bardagi su
1 tatli kasigi tuz

Sos icin:

2 su bardagi yogurt
3-4 dis sarimsak, dovulmus/rendelenmis
½ çay kasigi tuz
3-4 yemek kasigi tereyag/sivi yag
1 yemek kasigi domates salcasi YA DA 2/3 tatli
kasigi kirmizi toz biber
2-3 yemek kasigi su
Kuru nane
Sumak



TODAY'S RECIPE

Manti

Preparation time

1 / 1.5 hours

Cooking time

20 dakika

Servings for

6 People

Ingredients

3-3 ½ cup flour

1 egg

2/3 cup warm water

1 teaspoon salt

lc Material:

250 g ground beef

1 onion, finely chopped / grated

1 teaspoon salt

1 teaspoon black pepper

To cook:

8 cups of water

1 teaspoon salt

For sauce:

2 glasses of yogurt

3-4 garlic cloves, mashed / grated

½ teaspoon salt

3-4 tablespoons butter / liquid oil

1 tbsp tomato paste OR 2/3 teaspoon red ground

pepper

2-3 tablespoons of water

Dry mint

Sumac



Talimatlar

Buyuk bir kaseye unu koyun ve uzerine yumurtayi kirin, ilik su ve tuzu ilave edip yogurun. Sert ve puruzsuz bir hamur elde edene dek yaklasik 8-10 dakika yogurun. Hamur yumusak olursa sonra acmaniz zor olur. Hamuru nemli bir havlu ya da bez ile ortun ve 15-30 dakika dinlenmeye birakin.

Bu sirada ic malzemelerinin hepsini karistin ve bir kenara ayirin.

Hamuru 2-3 parcaya ayirin, bir parcasini alin ve geri kalanin uzerini tekrar ortun. Unladiginiz yuzey uzerinde oklava ile hamuru acabildiginiz kadar ince acin. Sonra actiginiz yufkayi 1.5-2 cm kalinaliginda esit kare parcalara bolun. Sonra hepsinin uzerine yaklasik bir cay kasigi ic malzeme koyun. Her parcanin karsilikli capraz koselerini ortada birlestirerek parmak uclarinizla yapistirin. Bu islemi geri kalan hamur bitene kadar uygulayin.

Mantiyi pisirmek icin buyuk bir tencerede suyu kaynatin, tuzu ilave edip mantilari icine atin. Arada tahta bir kasik ile karistirarak mantilarin birbirine yapismani onleyin. Kapagini kapatmadan orta ateste mantilar pisene dek yaklasik 10-15 dakika pisirin.

Bu sirada sosunu hazirlayin. Bir kasede yogurt, tuz ve sarimsagi karistirin. Kucuk bir tavada tereyagini/sivi yag eritin. Domates salcasi ile suyu ilave edip yaklasik 2-3 dakika kisik ateste pisirin. Eger kirmizi biber kullanamayi tercih ederseniz tereyagi/siviyagina direk kirmizi toz biberi ilave edin, karistirin ve yaklasik bir dakika sonra atesten alin. Kirmizi biber kullanirken su ilave etmeyin.

Pismis mantiyi suzun ve servis tabaklarina alin. Biraz sogumasini bekleyin. Uzerine yogurt sosundan dokun ve son olarak tereyag/siviyag karisimindan bir kasik kadar dokun. Arzu ederseniz uzerine kuru nane ve sumak serpin. Afiyet olsun 😊

Directions

Put the flour in a large bowl and add the egg to it, add warm water and salt and knead. Knead for about 8-10 minutes until you get a firm and smooth dough. If the dough is soft, then it will be difficult for the curry. Cover the dough with a damp towel or cloth and let it rest for 15-30 minutes.

In the meantime, mix all of the ingredients and set them aside.

Divide the dough into 2-3 parts, take one part, and cover the rest again. Roll the dough as thin as you can with the rolling pin. Cut it with a knife into 3/4 inch square pieces. Then add 1/4 tsp in each square. Then stick both traverse edge diagonally pressing with your fingertips. Do the same procedure with the rest of the dough.

To cook the manti, boil the water in a large pot, add the salt and add the manti. Stir occasionally with a wooden spoon to prevent them from sticking together. Make sure not to close the lid. Cook over medium flame till Manti gets soft (for about 15 minutes).

Meanwhile, prepare the sauce. Mix the yogurt, salt, and garlic in a bowl. Melt the butter/oil in a small pan. Add tomato paste and water. Cook for about 2-3 minutes on low heat. If you prefer using paprika just add paprika in the melted butter/oil and turn off the flames after one minute. Do not add water when using red paprika.

Drain the cooked Manti and transfer it to the serving dishes. Let it cool down a little and add yogurt sauce over it. Finally, add a spoonful of the butter/vegetable oil mixture all over. If you like, sprinkle some dried mint and sumac over these Turkish dumplings. Bon appetit ☺



Urdna

سزا دھوکہ، صلہ دھوکا، یہاں پر انتہا دھوکہ
 بے کوشش تیری جس خاطر، وہ سب بے دنیا کا دھوکہ

ابھی سے ڈر گئے تم تو حوادث دیکھے ہی کیا ہیں
 گماں ہو گا حقیقت کا ملے گا جا بجا دھوکہ

کے دنیا وہی حق بے نظر کے سامنے بے جو
 مجھے ایسی حقیقت سے یقیناً بے بہلا دھوکہ

وہ 'دھوکے باز دنیا' کی شکایت مجھ سے کرتا تھا
 نجانے دل میں کیا آئی پھر اس نے دے دیا دھوکہ

فقط اُس کے سوا کچھ بھی کبھی مانگا نہ تھا اُس سے
 محبت میں مگر اک آخری تحفہ ملا دھوکہ

یہ کیسا دور بے یارب سبھی کچھ انتہا پر بے
 شرافت بے بہا بے یا یہاں بے بے بہا دھوکہ

زویا راؤ وفآ
 (United Kingdom)



اس طرح سے دیکھ نہ میری طرف اے اجنبی
یہ تبسم ہی تکلم کا سبب بن جائے گا

رفتہ رفتہ سب تکلف ختم ہوتے جائینگے
'آپ'، 'جی'، 'سنیے ذرا'، تم کا سبب بن جائے گا

یوں زبانِ عشق میں ہر بات کہ دی جائے گی
اک اشارہ ہی تہکم کا سبب بن جائے گا

ایک دن یہ عشق جب حد سے سوا ہو جائے گا
دل کے ساغر میں تلاطم کا سبب بن جائے گا

پھر تو میرے بجر میں صحراوں میں کھو جائے گا
مرہلہ وہ ہی تیمم کا سبب بن جائے گا

دن بہ دن خواہش نئی جاگے گی اور ٹوٹینگے خواب
ان پہ رونا ہی ترنم کا سبب بن جائے گا

اس طرح چمکے گا اک دن شاعری میں یہ حقیر
دیکھ لینا بزمِ انجم کا سبب بن جائے گا

ہر گھڑی تجھ پر 'صداقت' ہوگا خالق کا کرم
تو اگر سب کے تبسم کا سبب بن جائے گا

صداقت حسین صداقت
(India)



سنو خاموشیوں میں بھی
 بہت سے راز ہوتے ہیں
 حقیقت تلخ سی کتنی
 بہت غمگین افسانے
 نہایت منتظر ہے دل
 کوئی آ کر انہیں سن لے
 کوئی تو جان لے ان کو
 کوئی پہچان کے ان کو
 بہت ہی ظرف والے ہیں
 کہ جو ان کو سمجھتے ہیں
 دل ناداں کی یہ باتیں
 چونکہ محسوس کرتے ہیں
 محبت کھل کے کرتے ہیں
 جو غم دینے دے ڈرتے ہیں
 کبھی جو یاد آتے ہیں
 تبسم ساتھ لاتے ہیں
 بہت انجان ہوتے ہیں
 بہت مشکل سے ملتے ہیں
 کبھی جو تم کو مل جائیں
 قدر انکی ذرا کرنا
 یہ وہ انمول موتی ہیں
 جنہیں آساں نہیں پایا

Binte Nadeem
 (Pakistan)



جب لوگ تیرے بارے میں پوچھا کریں گے
جھوٹ بولنے میں ہم نہ سوچا کریں گے

کہہ تو دینگے اُنسے کہ کمال شخص تھا
کہہ کے پھر اُس بزم میں نہ دکھا کریں گے

کون رہبری میں سبق دینے آئے گا
کس کی یاد میں شباب اونچا کریں گے

اِس شہر میں وہ داخل ہوا نہ مڑے گا
دل کی سڑک کاٹ کاٹ کُوجا کریں گے

اب محو کریں تو کریں کتنی حسرتیں
تیری طرح دل سے ہم نہ دھوکہ کریں گے

جس نے سو ایجاب سے عطا کیا ہمیں
دل پہ دیے اُس کے زخم پڈھا کریں گے

کہتے ہیں اب فروغ زندگی نہ چاہیے
کتنے روز دل میں آپ مچا کریں گے

موت آئیگی ہمیں تو اور بات ہے
اب مگر دو آنکھوں پر نہ مرا کریں گے

تُو نا ملے گا ہمیں، یہ بھی معلوم ہے
تُو دہر بن گیا ہے جس سے لڑا کریں گے

Judgemanindar
Singh
(India)



باتھ جب تجھ سے ملایا تو نمایا ہوا دل
باتھ سے باتھ جو چھوٹا تو پرایا ہوا دل

توڑ ڈالا ترے الفاظ نے اک لمحے میں
کتنی محنت سے مشق سے بنا یا ہوا دل

کیفیت پوچھ نہ اس عالم تنہائی کی
اب نہیں لگتا کہیں تجھ سے لگایا ہوا دل

چین ملتا نہیں یا رب تیری اس دنیا میں
اک مدّت سے ہے چین ستایا ہوا دل

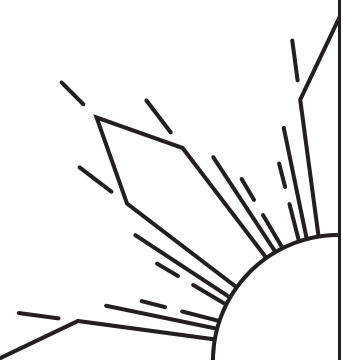
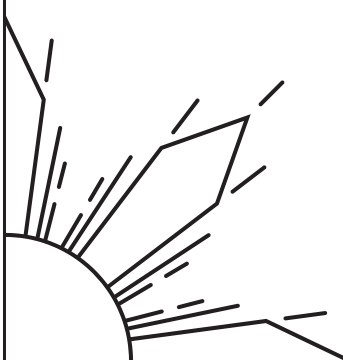
کوئی قیمت نہیں سمجھا ہے نہ سمجھے گا یہاں
کس نے پھیکا ہے یہاں عرش سے لا یا ہوا دل

دشمنی کچھ بھی نہیں اپنی انا کی خاطر
کیوں جدا کرتے ہو تم لوگ ملایا ہوا دل

بجر میں شب بھی کٹی دن بھی کٹا عمر کٹی
بجھ نہیں سکتا کبھی اتنا جلایا ہوا دل

کیا ہوا کیسے ہوا کس نے اجاڈا رضواں
زندگانی کی تمنا سے بسایا ہوا دل

Rizwan Haider
(India)

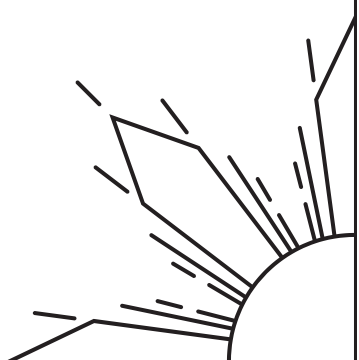
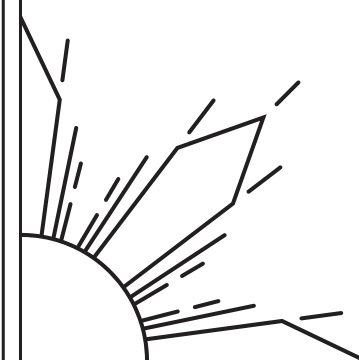


نہ دعاؤں سے نہ محنت سے ملی ہے مجھکو
مطمئن ہوں کہ وہ قسمت سے ملی ہے مجھکو
چاند چہرہ ہے تو کردار وفا ہے اسکا
خود ہواؤں سی ہے اور نام صبا ہے اسکا

مخملی ہاتھ ہیں خوش رنگ دوپٹا اسکا
سوچ خوشبو سی ہے اور نرم سا لہجہ اسکا
سادگی دُڑف میں پر کیف لطافت اسکی
جمبش لپ میں روش تیغ ذہانت اسکی
جو نقاب اٹھے تو عاشق یہ زمانہ ہو جائے
آنکھ بھر دیکھ لے جسکو وہ دیوانہ ہو جائے
میں کھلی آنکھ سے دیکھوں جو وہی خواب ہو تم
میری سانسوں میں بسا نغمہ نایاب ہو تم

تم جو مل جاؤ زمانے سے بغاوت کر لوں
نہ ملو تم تو امانت میں خیانت کر لوں
تمکو پانے کی مسئلے پہ دعا مانگتا ہوں
تم بھی چاہو مجھے بس ایسی ادا مانگتا ہوں

صریر علی
(India)



Causerie Contest No. 2

Theme: An epitome of sphinx

Lead your words into constructive form and illustrate them into the unknown mystery you found so far in your life and discovered it fortunately or unfortunately. Describe it like such a sphinx of your life let you save one's life or just destroyed at the end. Conclude your speculation well.

- English Language only
- Write anything like poetry, short story, or quote
- No erotic or bashing content!

How to register?

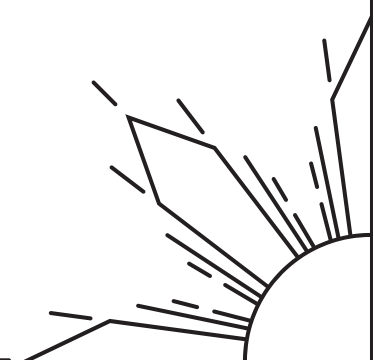
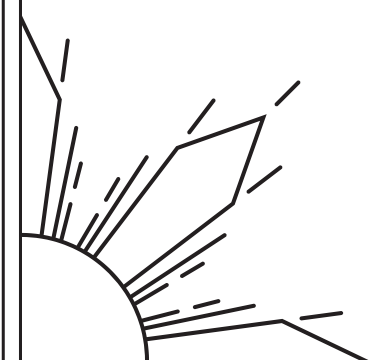
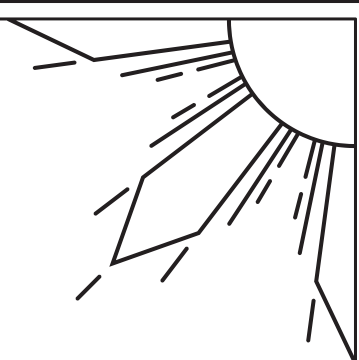
In order to register yourself in the contest

- Follow @causerie.official
- Share this post
- Submit your entry on this link
<https://www.causerieofficial.com/submit>
- You have to submit your entry on the given link as we are gathering content from three major social platforms i.e. Mirakee, Instagram, and Facebook.
- Deadline: 30th November 2020
- Don't forget to select the "Contest" option from the "purpose of submission" on the website
- It'd be fun if you participate and challenge at least one of your writer friends and let it form a chain!

The top three winners will be published in the November edition of Causerie along with e-certificates. (Participant too will receive e-certificates)

Head of the Causerie Contests: Ambivert Quki

Causerie Judges: Ambivert Quki (@ambivertquki) & Binte Nadeem (@Sucmindes)





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Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

e-magazine

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* For further details and queries, visit our website or contact us on the given platforms



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