

Causerie

A venture of insightful notions

Multilingual Literary E-magazine

March, April & May

محقوق في بلاد
البترول

By
Moufida Lasmar

**HER SOUL MATE
(NOVEL)**

By
Laiba Akhtar

AURAT

By
Harpreet Kaur

**CALL A SPADE A
SPADE**

By
Ovais

**Roulis d'un
peuple**

By
Boualem Mihoub

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Editor's Note

Causerie

/ˈkəʊzəri, French *kozri*

noun

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

Beautiful people it's feels so good to be back! This is the joint edition of Causerie for the month of March, April, and May. A very unfortunate event led us to miss out our March and April edition, and that is the death of our founder, Ovais Shaik's grandmother. You all know how hard it is to accept the unforeseen departure of a beloved. It sucks!

But the good news is, we are back and better than ever! Wondering why? We have now embarked on a new venture and that's the confectionery business! For now, we are offering homemade Naankhatai, and new products will surely be added soon. If you got a sweet tooth, don't hesitate in placing an order. And yeah, we know coronavirus has made online shopping so risky, especially if you're ordering food, but we absolutely got you here! Without any worries, you can treat yourself with some Naankhatias as our very own Ovais Shaikh is baking these for you. Right from his house to yours!

Moving forward, we see the world is advancing by leaps and bounds materialistically, but when it comes to abstract, art and Literature, most importantly we are witnessing a decline. The more world is discovering life scientifically, the more illiterate we are becoming. Futile social media trends, bleak entertainment, have given birth to ignorant generations who focus more on how they look from outside, and less on how they feel from inside. Our materialistic approach has hyped so much that we no longer care what art and Literature has to offer us. The wisdom and intellect of art is probably the most underrated aspect. For instance, when a common man of our society hears of Literature, all that comes to his mind is some mad lovers who are good at scribbling their unsuccessful love stories. Children are advised to stay away from writing because our society believes it would deviate them from their goals. Writing careers are dying. Writers are starving. Poetry has turned into a joke for teenage lovers. This is a shame. We have completely ignored the significance and highness of Literature. And that's the reason, why despite carrying high qualification degrees in our hands, we carry empty minds, who don't know how to think, getting more and more illiterate each day.

CAUSERIE ISSUE 11

MARCH, APRIL & MAY 2021

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JOHANNES RAPPRIKH (PEXELS.COM)



We complain about everything wrong, but unfortunately, no one among us is courageous enough to step up and make it right. It's time to let go of our ignorance and study Literature. It's so much beyond what you think. It has been the source of intelligence for the generations behind us. It can transform this entire marred world if we explore its power and impact.

We at Causerie are determined to carry this mission as long as we exist. We aim to create fresh opportunities for writers and artists because we believe art and Literature are one of the fewest sources of truth today if examined properly! We need to accomplish our missions. By sharing our emagazine, our packages on your social media handles, and your friends and family, you can play a part in this revolution. You can be a featured writer at Causerie as well, and get your write-ups featured. Everything you do counts!

Causerie loves you all, and we are here for the development of our hearts, souls, and our society. We will be taking submissions for the June edition till the 31st of May.

Prayers and good luck,

Binte Naqeen

BINTE NADEEM
Executive Editor



English

"Standing Strong"

By
Brenda Arledge
(United States)

Ocean calls the final wave,
life's decision is unmade,
no turning back
the shell of comfort.

Forge ahead within the truth,
layers disappearing,
love survives the deepest depth
behind closed doors.

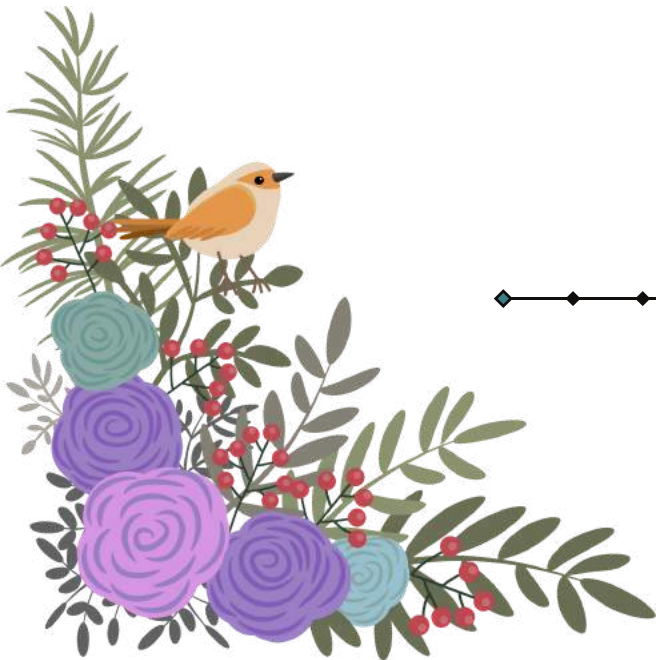
A new path
comes to light,
bringing hope beyond all challenges,
giving strength when weakness
tries to overcome.



"Walk With Me"

By
O'Carlain
(England)

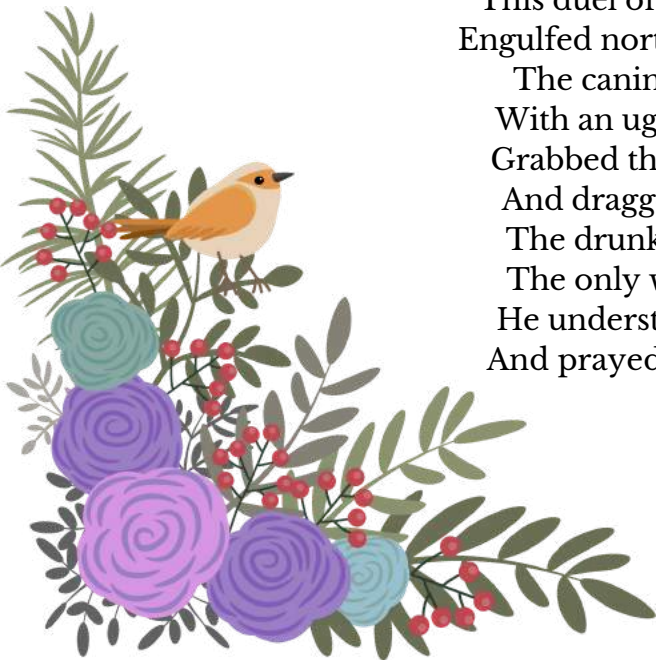
Will you walk with me
this winter's morning?
With angry skies above
there is beauty in the
frowning clouds
sculpted into shapes
so delicate
yet powerful statement
they make
rushing by this very
morn
different shades of
grey
are they a wonder to
you
as they are to me?
Look up, see!



"The Damsel, the Dog, and the Drunkard across the Street"

By
A H Sadiq
(Pakistan)

Ever heard of a damsel and a dog, shouldered?
And an oblivious drunkard across the street?
In a fear of frenzy, she inwardly smoldered
The damsel saw that chimera with a bleat!
 "I fear his savage, uncultured gaze
 I fear those preying eyes the most.
For the utterly gorgeous heavenly maze,
 I'm carrying with me a generous host!
Cursed be his eyes, his heart full of lust!
I sense in his ugly frame, an unkind beast
May swallow him brutally the Earth's crust,
And offer him a favour, not in the least!"
And the dog, that she adored by her side
A calm and quiet creature of a new kind
It looked like a sheepdog, but the hide;
Failed, masking the muzzle, I do remind.
It licked her feet like an innocent whelp, God!
And tasted her like an insane beast, alas!
Her smiles, laughs, and giggles in applaud,
Were an act of idiocy, of the very first class!
A cloaked instrument of the artful puppeteer
The hound was hiding his purpose for the best
This duel of ignorance and slyness o my dear!
Engulfed north and south, so were east and west!
 The canine, a callow devourer like a prep
 With an ugly snout growled at the calmness
 Grabbed the damsel by her tiny sinister step
 And dragged her fate to the utter darkness.
 The drunkard saw it all, with the eyes shut
 The only witness of the act of exploitation
 He understood the damsel for a wicked slut
 And prayed for her body's eternal salvation.



"Neither here nor there"

By
Wafa Boulkhodra
(Algeria)

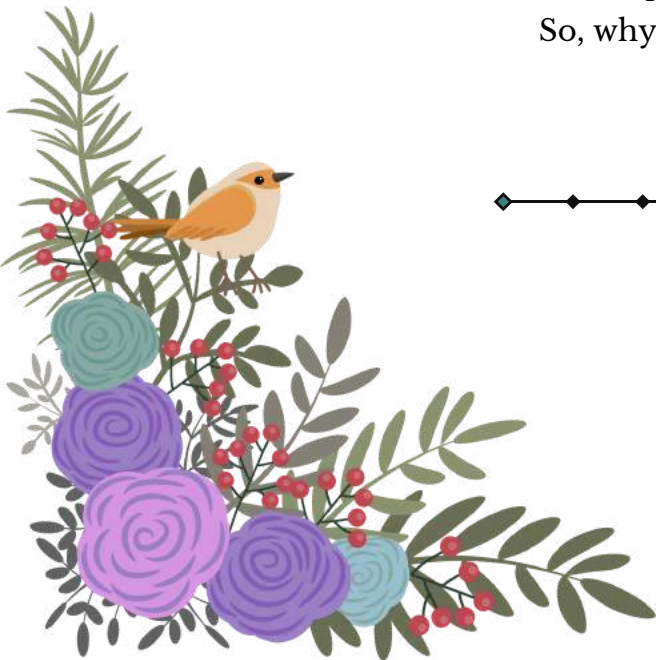
Neither here nor there
So, why not just let the whole of it go?!!
Wide places can have a narrow path
Narrow places can have a wider one!!!
Neither here nor there
So, why not just let the whole of it go?!

What you are seeking for can never be found in their hearts and minds
This is life, you'll learn more and more through the journey of 1000 miles

Neither here nor there
So, why not just let the whole of it go?!

Bear in mind, your soul is the most precious possession
That's something worth confession
Work on it, take care of it and say "I love it " out loud
And be sure, what goes on someday will come around
Be it long or short, be it hard or easy, life will reach the deadline.....

Neither here nor there
So, why not just let the whole of it go



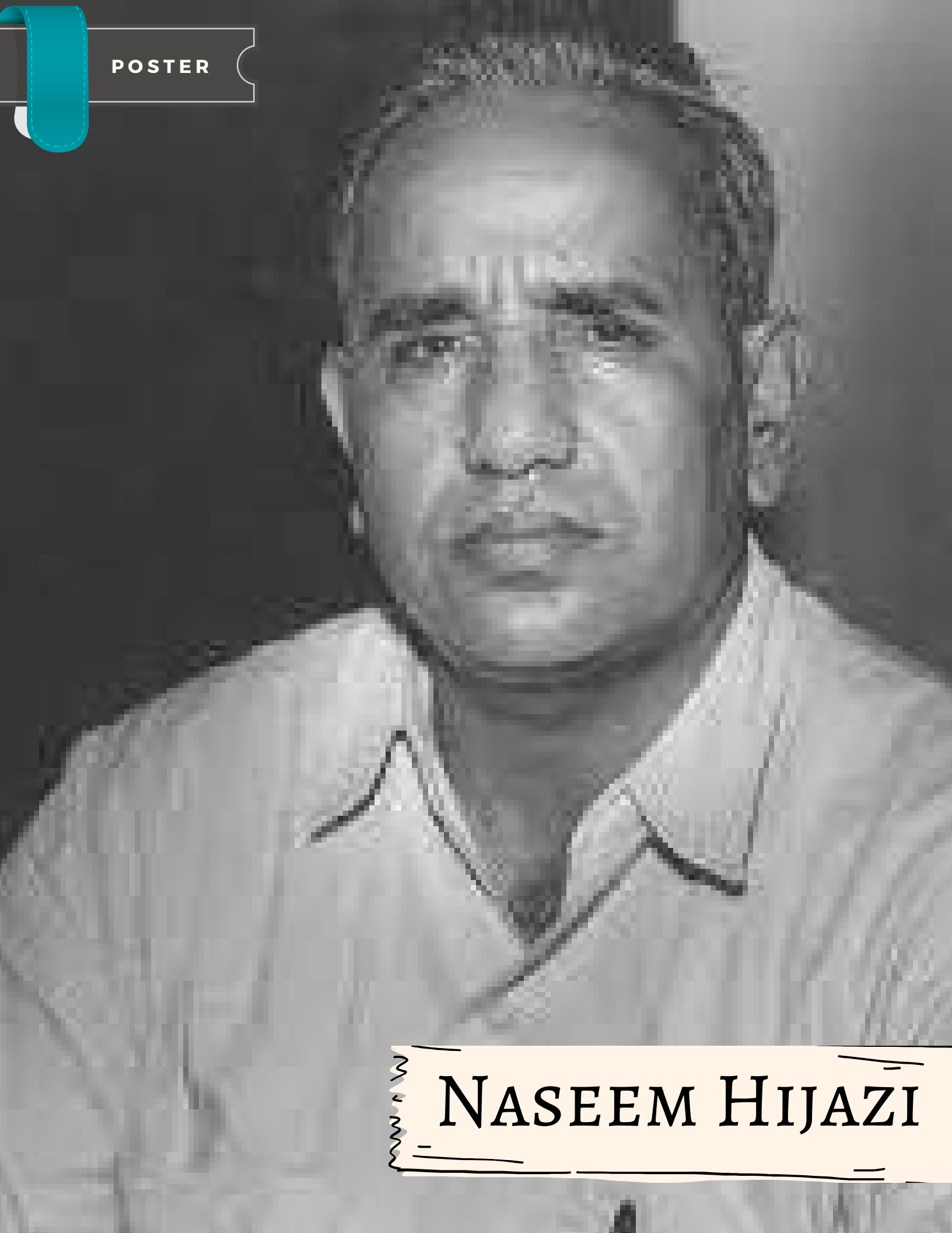
"The moon"

By
Abhishruti Katakya
(India)

When the night falls,
And darkness rules the world
The moon stands still up above in the sky
Spreading light and sharing glow.
The stars around it always adore the moon
Thinking it is superior than all of them
Just because it can shine brighter alone
Than what the stars cannot do together all.
But aren't the stars bright too,
Glow and shine as bright as the moon,
Fill the spaces in the dark sky
Then why is the comparison between the two?
The glow, light and shine can't be compared
For the stars are just a sum of the moon
Shines individually, and when added shine even brighter than the moon.
The same is with humans,
For no two persons are same
Look at the mirror and you will feel no one looks like you
Your talent and skills are never the same as someone's
Then why the inferiority deep down in the heart
That you are no better than anyone,
When you are the moon, shining bright in the sky of your life!



POSTER



NASEEM HIJAZI

NASEEM HIJAZI

Born: May 19, 1914

Died: March 2, 1996

On credit

Naseem Hijazi used historic settings as the background for his almost **39** novels and based most of his work on Islamic history, demonstrating both the rise and fall of the Islamic Empire.

"Secrets Of The Wind"

By
Laraib Ashraf
(Pakistan)

The wind has just rippled through my face
making me feel happy again
it feels like this murmuring has something hidden inside
the secret songs of happiness around
my heart becomes extremely happy
and sings the songs of love and joy
the beautiful clouds have covered the half-moon,
making it an Amber Moon
my heart wanders in the sky with the sounds of cool breezes
the frisky leaves are alive with the whisper
dancing with the wind
the rain has given new life to the earth
the blissful drops of rain are falling upon my skin
even the melancholic songs of nightingale are pleasing
a silver night with so many companions
not a goodbye but tanning from a beautiful dream



"Though Broken But Hopeful Now"

By
Elif Hoorain
(Pakistan)

Cold; she is too cold
for the emotions,
'cause they are frozen in her heart's core

Sure; she isn't sure about the heat from the fire inside her, she might still hold

Load; a heavy load of untold stories crushes her soul

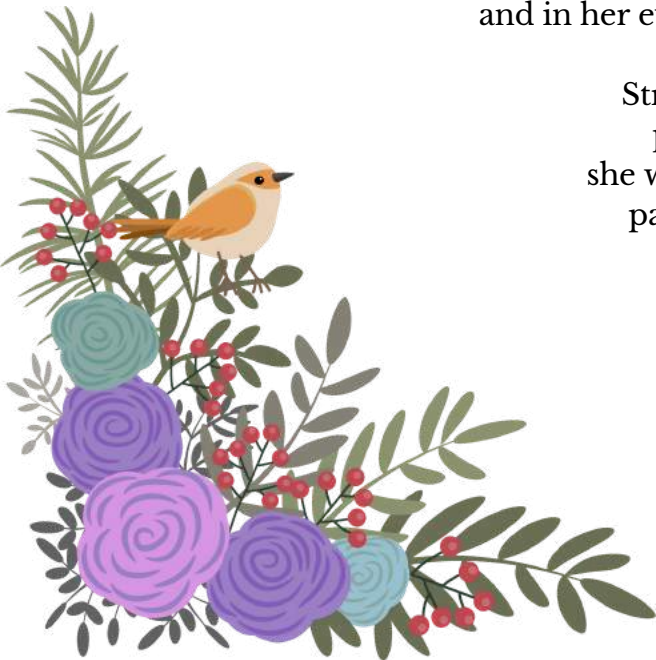
Bold; oh too bold, are the evil voices surrounding her mind

Blind; she used to be blind to all the signs
that tore the figure she was

Crumbled; her senses are crumbled
so lost in her way towards destiny, she still stumbles

Flicking through the rough pages of the memories
she stares at the reflection, which fades away,
and in her eyes few moments, she still carries

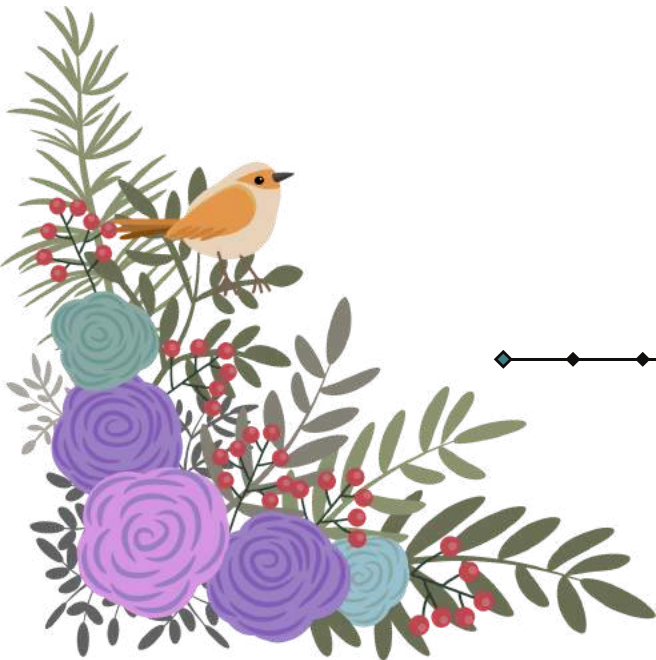
Strange is the night to her
pining for what is lost
she wanders in the dust of past
paying for her happiness
a heavy cost.



Embracing the sheets of coldness
now, she waits
for the last spark
she is craving for
which might
ignite
in her, a new soul, a new life

It's going to be longer
the longer, she must suffer
and she knows
nothing more to be lost is left now.

Though broken but hopeful now,
waiting onto the porch of hope,
she holds still in her heart an agonizing coldness
which might melt one day,
with the sun rays of love's embrace,
she hopes.



"I Remember"

By
Noelle Hardin
(USA)

I remember expelling those demons from my body
not black or shadowy,
but bright pink, evergreen and white like snow.

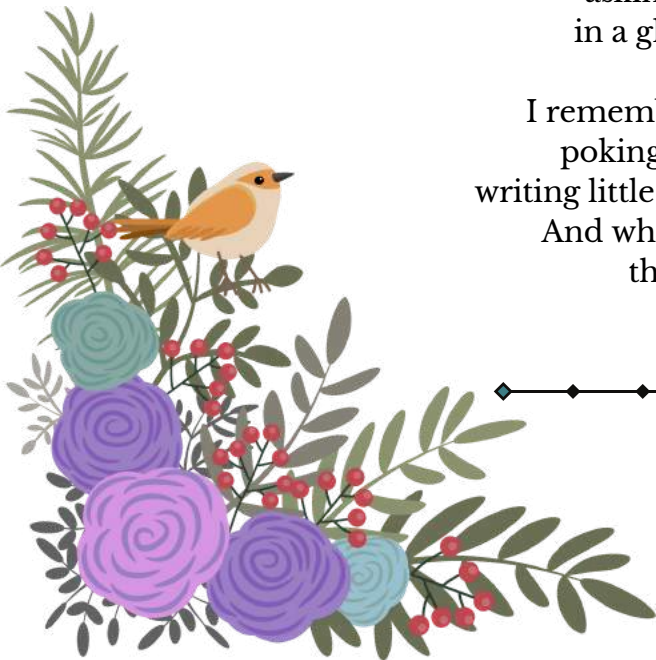
I remember the blood and the panic,
fear spreading like a wildfire,
tearing my soul and wrists open.

I remember telling my father that I was
sick with the flu,
sweating out the hallucinations.

I remember the first time I saw Him
doused in red paint,
thick like the blood, I threw up every night.

I remember begging and pleading with God,
asking him to preserve my soul
in a glass box covered with lilies.

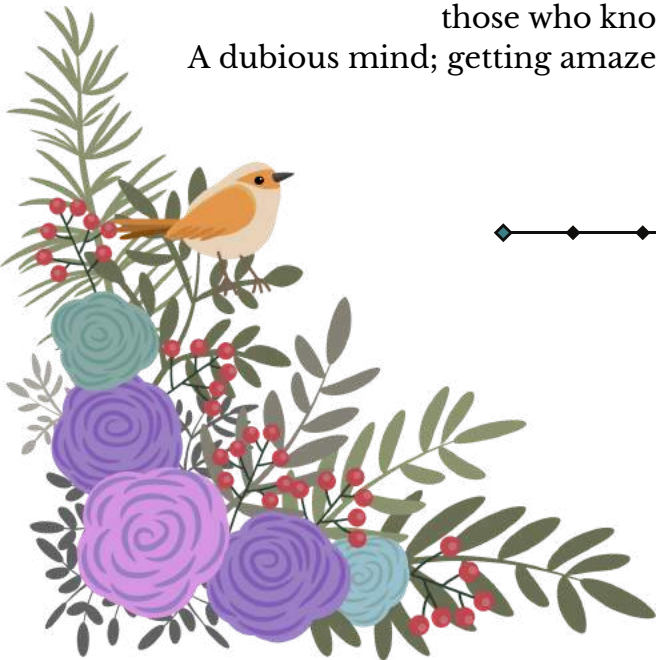
I remember the cool touch of his claws,
poking and prodding at my thighs,
writing little words he promised wouldn't scar.
And while they didn't scar my thighs,
they never left my mind.



"Nature"

By
Haiqa Rao
(Pakistan)

When the rain was pouring
there was something really beautiful in the sky.
It wasn't anything but a fantasy
holding a book, standing under the wide sky, feeling nature.
Raindrops on the trees' leaves, making them astonishing
a single glance is more than enough.
The chirping of birds, the enthusiasm of nature showing how beautiful the world is.
Heavenly reflection over the ground; astonishing a creature that how dynamic the
bond of rain and clouds is.
A beautiful group of clouds; tearing the sky apart into a million pieces
each part showing its own specialty.
Being able to feel this fantasy is such an award
those who know how to see things, find that award.
A dubious mind; getting amazement after monitoring the fantasies, it has been into.



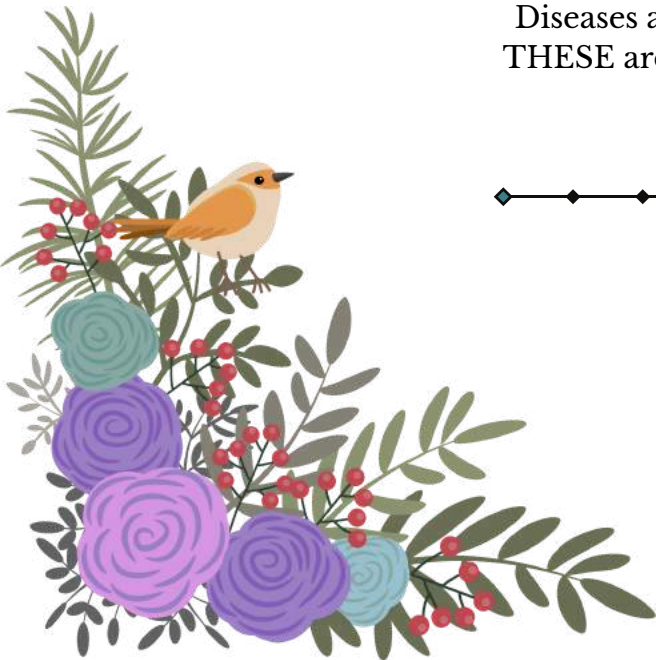
"Middle Class"

By
Syeda Omamah Hasan
(Pakistan)

Hopeless irreparable appliances, Broken glasses
Utility bills when the due date is about to pass,
Broken old furniture door with irritating bass,
Problems of the middle class!!

Part-time jobs and home-based task,
From bus to their stops with bags full of mass,
With lots of dreams in their eyes that last,
Problems of the middle class!!

From earning some living to running the family,
From eating stale left food to saving electricity,
Diseases are part of their lives ALAAASS!
THESE are Problems of the middle class!!



Her Soul Mate (Long novel)

By
Laiba Akhtar
(Pakistan)

Faris was standing at the entrance of the backyard. In the guest room, one wall was a sliding glass door. You slid through the door and could see the backyard of the house. Once, this area was rich with flowers and with different types of plants but now, it was barren. After Faris went to jail, there was no one to care about plants. The heavy pour was falling in the backyard, haunting him and causing his mind to roam in the past.

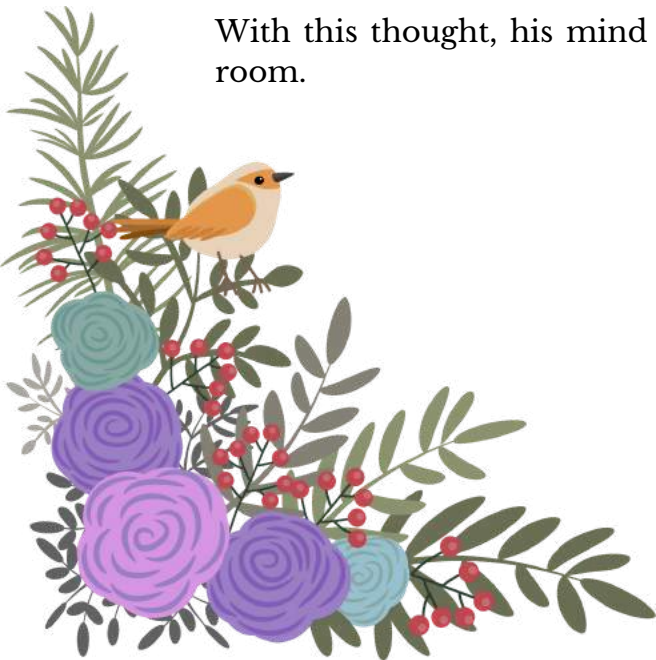
A small girl is playing and giggling with a teenage boy. A couple is sitting on the bench present in the backyard. Smiles are on their face and love is dancing in their eyes. Birds are chirping and echoes of laughter fill the atmosphere.

A loud thunder snapped from his thoughts and he took a deep sigh.

"That rain is constant in my destruction. The day of September when life became bitter on me, the rain was falling. And the day of mid-April, when I entered into the second bitter phase of my life, the rain was also present with me. And now, when I have entered into a third bitter phase of life, rain is again present with me"

With this thought, his mind roamed toward his bride who was present in the room.

.....



Voice of thunder was also echoing in the lounge of the mansion, where Mr. Jalal was sitting with his wife. He was drinking tea while his wife was telling him about Ahmad.

"He is very upset because of Daneen's marriage. You should talk to him. He has locked himself in his room"

"Leave him! He will become normal after some days" Mr. Jalal said in a nonchalant tone.

.....

Rain was also falling in that small house where a little girl of seven years was present, alone. She was trying to sleep but the voice of thunder was making her scared.

In that moment, the door knocked, causing the girl to grin and rush toward the door.

"Mama" she screamed and opened the door.

Least she knew that a monster was standing on the other side of the door.

.....

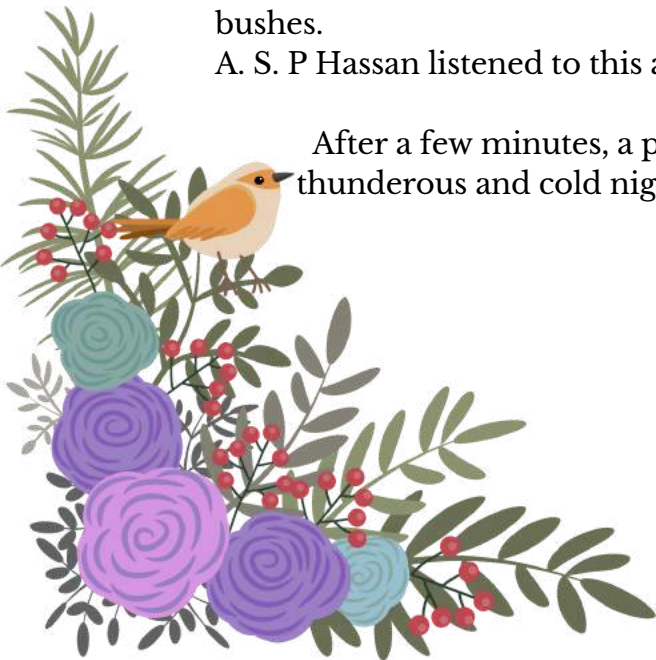
Police officer A. S. P Hassan was sitting on his desk and working on a file. He was a young and enthusiastic officer who had bright and ideal thinking. He gained fame at a young age due to his hard work. He was a handsome person with six feet in height and a well-built body. Girls dream of such a guy, but in his dreams, there was already a girl whom he loved most in his life.

At that moment, he was busy looking for a case and a frown etched on his handsome face when his junior officer, Sohail, entered his office and told him about a murder case of a little girl. Some people had found a dead body in the bushes.

A. S. P Hassan listened to this and asked to ready the car.

After a few minutes, a police car was on the road, moving in the thunderous and cold night of the year.

.....



Daneen was eating dinner, while Salma was sitting on the chair of the bedroom. She was getting worried for her seven-year-old daughter. Faris had gone somewhere and asked Salma to stay with Daneen till that time. After that, she could go home.

Both females snapped out of thoughts when the door opened and Faris came into the room.

.....

"May I leave for my house?" she asked him, anxiously.

"Yes. You can" he said in an emotionless tone.

"Thank you" she rushed toward the outside.

Faris averted his attention to his bride, who was sitting in the center of the bed with a rigid posture. Faris put his wristwatch on the side table and glanced toward her.

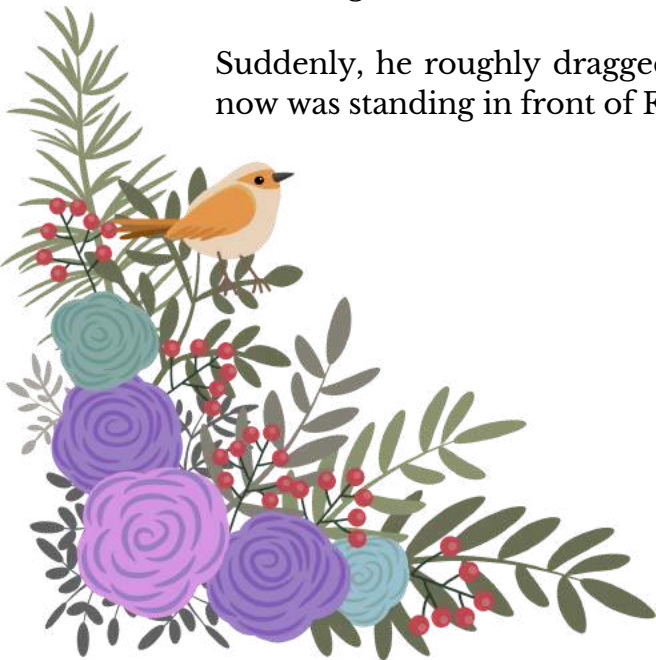
"I have married you because of Mr. Jalal" This was the first sentence that was uttered and broke the sacred silence between them.

"He can't tolerate a characterless girl like you so he gave his burden to me" his piercing comment made Daneen shocked.

"I also don't want you but his blackmailing makes me marry you"

"I can't believe Uncle Jalal can do this!"
She thought with shock.

Suddenly, he roughly dragged her from the bed. She yelped with surprise, and now was standing in front of Faris, eyes widened with fear.



"Now you are my wife! So never try to cheat me. I will not tolerate this. Do any trouble and see what I will do with you" He growled causing a shiver to run down her spine. She was looking at him with fear, and he was looking at her with disgust.

"I have many things to deal with so remain harmless for me. It will be good for your own sake" he said and left her arms.

She remained motionless because of shock. Before marriage, different scenarios were in her mind but this type of scenario wasn't. She never expected such harsh treatment from her soulmate.

Faris closed his eyes and took a deep breath to control his emotions. After some seconds, he opened his eyes and saw her with calm expressions.

" I have spent two years in prison so don't think me a fool"

Daneen's eyes widened in fear. She didn't know this fact. Hell, she only knew his name.

"In Prison?" her voice was shaky.

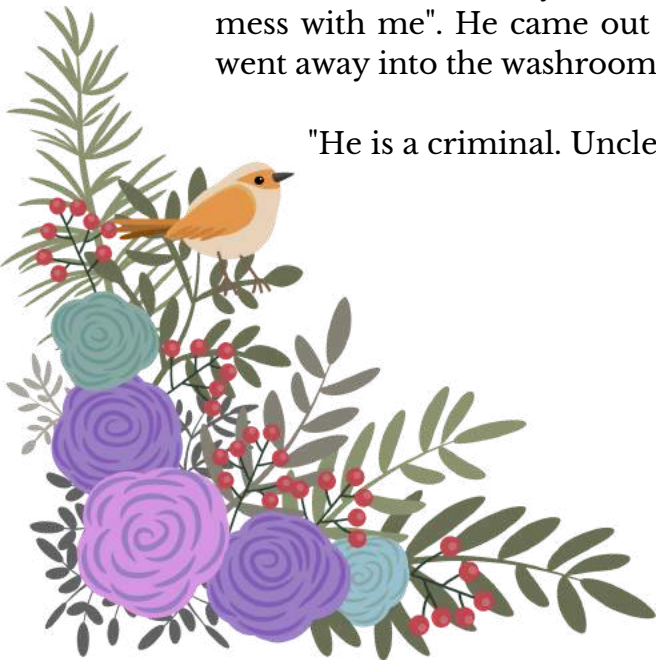
Faris's eyes get narrowed at her disbelief expressions.

"You don't know this fact?"

It was in his mind that she knew everything about him but her head shaking No was a different situation.

"I have survived two years of my life with the worst people of society so don't mess with me". He came out of shock and warned her with his bitter tone, and went away into the washroom.

"He is a criminal. Uncle Jalal has married me to a criminal "



Those thoughts made her body numb. She lowered herself on the floor and started to weep. She hugged her knees and put her head on them. Faris came out of the washroom and saw her posture. Many bitter words came on his tongue, but he held it. He passed her body and lay on the bed and switched off the lights. Daneen felt these movements but didn't move her head and continue her weeping. After some time, silence can only be heard. Outside, the rain had stopped but her eyes still had to shower rain.

.....

Hassan crouched on the floor, totally soaked, and inspected the dead girl's body. She looked like nine years and seemed from a poor family. Her body's condition was depicting that she had been brutally murdered. There were marks of cigarettes on her exposed arms. Her condition saddened Hassan's heart, but he composed himself and straightened his body.

People didn't know anything about the girl. After sending the dead body for postpartum, A. S. P left for his home.

The rain had been stopped till that time and the first rays of sunlight had come out. Hassan entered his house to take a good sleep. He glanced at his mobile screen while moving toward his room. His steps halted while seeing a message from his friend.

"Daneen has got married"

This message widened his eyes. He felt that his heart had stopped beating. The girl who was in his heart had got married. That morning brought shattering news for him.

.....

The next chapter will be in the next edition.





LYRICS



Thought I found a way
Thought I found a way out (found)
But you never go away (never go away)
So I guess I gotta stay now
Oh, I hope someday I'll make it out of here
Even if it takes all night or a hundred years
Need a place to hide, but I can't find one near
Wanna feel alive, outside I can't fight my fear
Isn't it lovely, all alone
Heart made of glass, my mind of stone
Tear me to pieces, skin to bone
Hello, welcome home
Walkin' out of town
Lookin' for a better place (lookin' for a better place)
Something's on my mind (mind)
Always in my headspace
But I know someday I'll make it out of here
Even if it takes all night or a hundred years
Need a place to hide, but I can't find one near
Wanna feel alive, outside I can't fight my fear
Isn't it lovely, all alone
Heart made of glass, my mind of stone
Tear me to pieces, skin to bone
Hello, welcome home
Whoa, yeah
Yeah, ah
Whoa, whoa
Hello, welcome home

KHALID & BILLIE EILISH

LOVELY

"Dragon Lady"

By
Areeka Naveen
(Pakistan)

I want to scream so loudly that the sky turns red, the Earth splits apart and everything on it gets buried in it.

I want to punch the wall so hard that it breaks into pieces; to break the glass and grind the iron with my hands.

I want to break each cup and plate in the kitchen. I want to throw huge bricks and stones in the sea so forcefully that it drills many pits in the sea bottom.

I want to see the river with my "fire eyes" so that the whole river is full of fire![]



"Bulletproof"

By
zmh
(USA)

love is like
one moment
of dancing in a ballroom,
hands interwoven
with
a soul that
just connects.
as your eyes stare deeply,
passionately
into theirs.

then without much thought,
a warning,
a sign,
you are staring down,
face first
into a barrel that belongs
to a gun.
and with
those same eyes
the ones that looked
so sweetly
into the soul,
that you knew for sure
was yours.
now lookup,
to realize it was them.
their fingers
so tightly
against the trigger.

and for a moment,
you realize.
you aren't afraid to die.



MINI POESY

Sous l'arbre complice
La jeunesse d'un matin
Nous surprend si nus..

©Sweeteucalyptus



تسمجھ نہیں آتا بیٹیوں کا گھر سے رخصت ہونا
ان کا طرف ہے یا ہے بسی
بچپن کا آشیانہ چھوڑ کر بھی خاموش رہتی ہیں

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تعریفوں کے پل کے نیچے
مطلب کا دریا بہتا ہے

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When you reach
the palms of my soul
with cotton candy breath &
droplets of love sentences
I can't but succumb
in fervent fascination
to your sensuous incantation

Underneath Moon spell
we have nothing to lose
by burning till
the day breaks through.

©Sanya

Life floats,
Careless as a petal,
Laid gently by the wind

A taste of beauty,
Drifting across the unknown,
To be swallowed by the sea

@Olivia Stafford



MINI POESY

إبتهاال

©لبنى عبد اللطيف

يا ربُّ يا رحمانُ إهدينا
 فقلوبنا ليست بأيدينا
 هي فكرة في العمق تُزعجنا
 أنَّ القلوب بأيدي بارينا.



Standing at the beach
 Watching the sun sinking down
 into the depths of the ocean
 how serene view
 to see the sun turning red
 and the ocean dark
 Even this whole view
 tells human a lesson
 "This life is ephemeral"

@Ovais

Textured lichen-covered wall
 Stark trees silhouetted, bare
 I can catch the aching call
 Of some enchantment, waiting there...

@Bruce Gulland



"Call a spade a spade"

By
Ovais
(Earth)

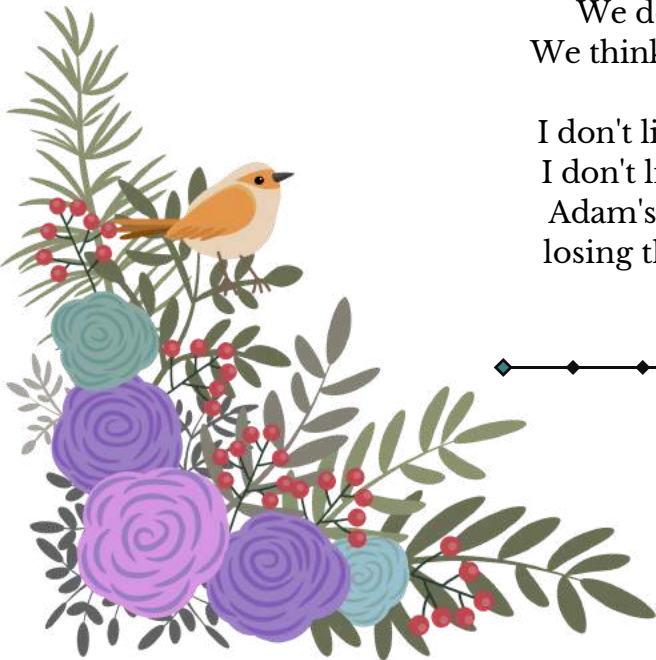
I don't like them dancing on the poles.
I don't like when people call them hoes.
Isn't it a shame, isn't it a degradation,
Eve's daughters perform in the shows?

Adam's sons too have lost their ethics,
Forgot almost all the humanity basics,
See women as objects of advertising
Or lubricants for their lust dynamics.

Sanity and modesty are in absentees,
except burlesque nothing one sees;
happening around, twenty four hours
We've become eerie, creepy species.

We cover a child's eyes upon nudity,
But don't stop the disease; negativity.
We don't build a society of sanes
We think wandering naked is audacity.

I don't like humans yearning for evils.
I don't like humans preying upon ills.
Adam's sons and Eve's daughters are
losing their wisdom for Satan's wills.



Quotes

Nothing plagues her, but her own agitations and nightmares of gliding up in a world of nothingness.

©Laraib Ashraf

A deaf ear was put, to the noise of the anklets in the feet of the silence But still, it danced wildly while it bled.

©Elif Hoorain

Ô jusqu'à la lie
Je bois la mélancolie
Et mon vers pâlit

©Floriane Austruy
(French)

Respect is the solution to all our problems. Read, Respect, and Reborn as a human.

©Heymonthninja

The black and white in you has potential to show you the true colors

©WriterMalika

Busy is a word that changes people to people depending on the Priorities, Importance, and needs of that individual in your life.

©Noor Hussain

"La Belle Dame"

That, only a fool can negotiate such a privilege off,
Bound to me by a la belle dame of cosmetic glow.
Chiselled well in the art of love.

Favor strikes, as to muses the glint of Aphrodite.
So how could I derelict, the barrel of Mandragora
Which is wide ope to tame my furious draught. Ready
To be the canopy of espaliers in the caravan of camels.
And "UNDER THE SUN-BURNING BRAMBLE OF RUGOSA".

O, Darling, I'm stinking foul, parallel to the DEAD FOX.
The odor of noxious wafts, hoists, WIDER, and WILDER.

Logged into the history of my ill-reputed ledgers
The stamp of an infamy: "BADNAAM HOU MAEN"
I have a reputation: notorious; as a BIG BAD WOLF,

Art thou willing to serve me? Then sing as
Aurora doest stave for the birds of dawn,
Oils their throat, through the vocals of morn song.

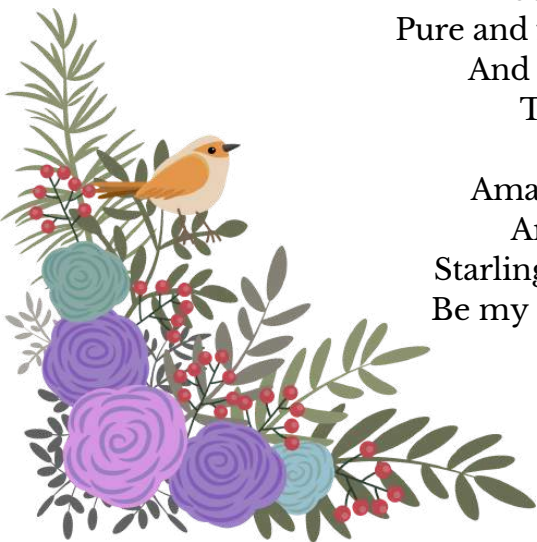
Turn thy cask of wine and decant prodigiously
Onto me and assuage my thirst of centuries
Bid adieu to thriftiness, be reckless, spontaneous,
That I could chant fullest the mellifluous song.
The vial ere un-locked by Juliet; drug its potion to sleep,
For the valediction of timely stress and anxiety.
Chemical's virulency, out step the synthesised chart,
Hourly nap, multiply into the ceaseless slumber,
The course of star-crossed birds did surpass through
The grammar of centuries.

Suspend eternally across each other,
The legend of "Love Forbidden" open to us all.
O Darling! don't melt thyself as Antarctica gets
Dissolve by the helium of modern "EYE OF HEAVEN".

That antiques daily in the west horizon,
Thou hast no pressure from anybody,
Thou art immaculate, so doest thou everlast be:
Pure and fresh as the sprouting pome and bubbling tulip,
And thou shalt see, with thine quartz sapphires,
Thy youth's fair complexion undimm'd.

Shall not be exposed to such sulphur:
Amalgamation to nitric, generate acerbic oxide
Among the hearts of philosophia doctors.
Starling! don't let the woe oft kiss thy prismatic brow,
Be my muse and have me thy consummate master.

By
Firdous Bahar
(India)



İNGİLİZCE ÇOBAN SALATA TARIFI

Hazırlanma süresi

5 - 10 dakika

Porsiyon

6 kişilik

Malzemeler

- 2 büyük domates
- 2 salatalık
- 1 yeşil biber
- İsteğinize göre 1 küçük kırmızı ya da beyaz soğan
- ¼ su bardağı zeytin yağı
- 1 yemek kaşığı sirke ya da taze limon suyu
- tuz
- Karabiber
- İsteddiğiniz miktarda zeytin

RECIPE

Preparation time

5 - 10 Minutes

Servings for

6 People

Ingredients

- 2 large tomatoes
- 2 cucumbers
- 1 green pepper
- 1 small red or white onion for your preference
- 1 tablespoon vinegar or fresh lemon juice
- Salt
- Black pepper
- Olive as much as you want

Talimatlar

Tüm malzemelerinizi alın ve yıkayın. Domatezlerinizi ezmeden küp küp doğrayın. Sonra, diğer malzemelerinizi de küp küp doğrayın ve domateslerinizle karıştırın. Tüm sebzelerinizi servis kasesine alın. Üzerine zeytinyağını, sirkeyi, tuzu ve karabiberi ekleyin. Son olarak eğer isterseniz salatanızın üzerine zeytinlerinizi koyun, ve yemeye hazır!



Directions

Gather the ingredients and wash them. Dice the tomatoes into cubes but don't crush them. After, dice all the other ingredients into cubes and mix them with tomatoes. Put all the vegetables into your serving bowl. Pour olive oil, vinegar and add salt and black pepper. Finally, if you wish put your olives onto your salad and it's ready to eat!

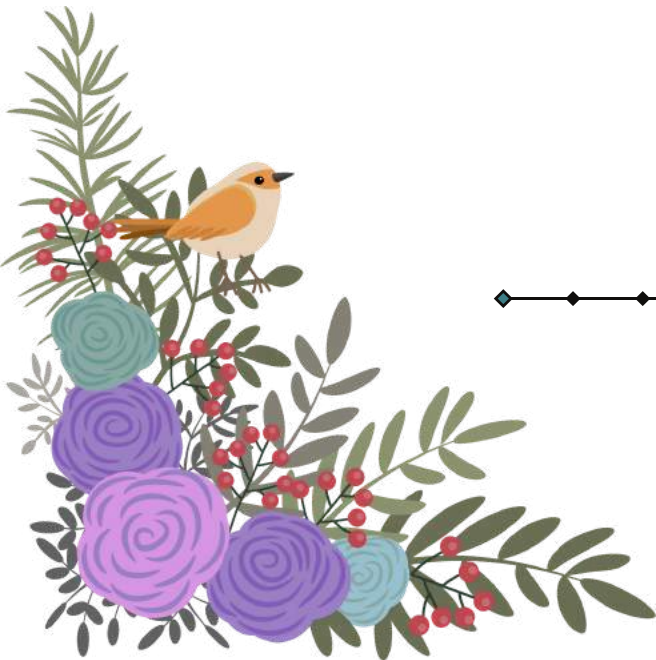


Arabic

"عِناق الأغانى"

By
نور الهدى
(Iraq)

و انتَ تُحاربُ قلبي الجبان
جبان
وأنتَ تبيعُ الحُبَّ مُهان
لتكنُ مُهان
فمثلك لا يستحقُّ الكرامة
ومثلك لا يستحقُّ الغزل
لأنك كاذب
لأنك طفلٌ
طفلي أجل
ألم تتعلم عِناقَ الأغانى؟
ألم تتعلم وصفَ السماء؟
بحقِ السماء...
لماذا رحلت
ألم تتعلم نظمَ القصائد؟
وصفتك غيمة، وصفتي نجم..
ربيحاً، أمان..
وصفتني نصفك
أنا لستُ نصف!
بل كمالاً في الحياة كُلل



"في ليلة ظلماء"

By
Wafa Boulkhodra
(Algeria)

في ليلة مُوجِشَةٍ ظَلَمَاءٍ....
 تَاهَتِ الرُّوحُ كَالعُجُوزِ العَمِيَاءِ...
 أما القلب فقد تنهد كشيخ ذو مرض عُضَالٍ....
 ومن على شرفة الروح قامَ بِإِلْقَاءِ نظرةٍ على المجهول....
 نطقت الروح قائلة هل من جديد آتٍ من قريب؟
 ولا بأس إن كان من بعيد....
 أجاب قائلاً...
 غريب آتٍ من بعيد...
 وآخر يحدق من قريب...
 غير أنني كما عهدتني حريص...
 و سأظل دائماً حريص....
 قالت الروح....
 لكنني سئمت الوحدة....
 و أكاد أفقد الأمل بمن يدعونها ...
 قاطعها القلب لا...لا...لا تكلمي...
 وإياك أن تسيئي فهمي....
 حرصي لا يعني أن نفقد الأمل...
 حرصي لا يعني أن نعلن الفشل....
 حرصي سيغني عن أمور جمل...
 حرصٌ يجعل الوحدة حلوة المذاق...
 إن هي أغنتنا عن تذوق طعم الإنكسار....
 حرصٌ يجعل من الوحدة أحسن رفيق....
 إن هي أغنتنا عن عيش كابوس الندم المرير....
 الذي عنوانه سيكون ضياع الأحلام...
 أما نهايته ستكون البكاء على الأطلال ..
 فمآلك و كل هذا العذاب...
 صبرٌ جميل يا من أنت أرق من نسمة الصباح....
 قالت الروح...
 لا تتذمر مني...
 ...افهمني
 و ثق بي يا قلبي
 فأنت تعلم أن صبري أقوى من موج البحار...
 فقط كن دائماً معي ولا تتخلي عني...
 ففراقك فقط يستطيع كسري....



"خزعبلات عجوز في السابعة عشر"

By

شيماء عبد اللطيف
(Algeria)

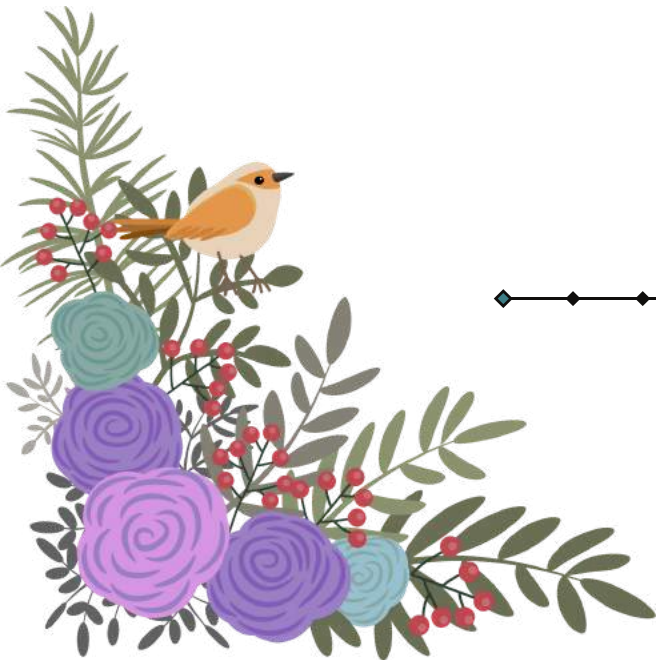
كلُّ شَيْءٍ كان ورديا أصبح أسود.....لقد إختفت الألوانكل شَيْءٍ كان حلوا أصبح مرا..... لقد ماتت الحياة، وتركنا على قيدها نَصْفُنَا مَيِّتٌ بينما الآخر حي. إنَّ الهلوسات التي كُنْتُ أُطْردها أصبحت زائرتي الوحيدة..والخزعبلات جعلت من مخيلتي مسكنا..كيف أطفئ هذا الشئ؟!..فلأخبرك يا عزيزي أنَّ الشمس لن تُشرق من جديد.....كل صباح ليس بداية جديدة بل هو نهاية.....الأيام تمضي ونحن نشيخ وما من جديد.....كل الأيام متشابهة....نعم كل يوم هو بمثابة الواحد من أبريل....كذبة!....أجل يا عزيزي نحن نعيش داخل دوامة من الكذب....مُعْظَمُهُم كاذبون ومنافقون وربما نحن أيضا.....هل تظن أن الأرض تحوي ملائكة!...ليسوا إلا في السماء ...في الأرض يوجد شياطين فقط...يلبسون الذهب ثيابا بينما الفقير يشتهي لقمة يملأ بها بطنه....مهزلة!....ياعزيزي نحن لا نتقبل الحقيقة ربما لأن طعمها مُر....وهذا العالم يُعْطِيها بِرْدَاء الكذب....أنت مجرد شخصية في مسلسل تلعب دورك بنجاح.....لكن دعك من هذا.....لا تكثر حتى المهم لم يعد مهما...ثم إياك وإياك و الظن أنك تعرف كل شَيْءٍفالشئ واللاشئ أصبحا واحد.



"قدر"

By
لبنى عبد اللطيف
(Algeria)

هذا قَدْر..
فَلِمَ تلوم بني البشر؟
أَتَرَكَ قَدَّ عَذِّبْتَ وحدك في الحياة
و لم نَذُقْ طَعْمَ السَّهْرِ..
أَتَرَكَ وحدك من بكى ليلاً
إلى وقت السَّحَرِ..
جَفَّتْ دُمُوعُكَ و إنحنى ظهر الأمل
وَ أَرَاكَ تَسْأَلُ ما العمل؟
حَزَنًا تُخَاطِبُ ذا القمر
في ظلمة الدنيا تلوم بني البشر
"هُمَّ عَذِّبُوكَ و جَرَّعُوكَ مرارة طول العُمُر"
هذا إعتقادك في الحياة!!
إن كنت فعلاً مؤمناً بكذا جنون
فَأَنْظُرْ إِلَى أَوْجَاعِنَا
أَنْظُرْ و أَمِينِ فِي النِّظَرِ.



Urdia

"اے آدم انسان"

By

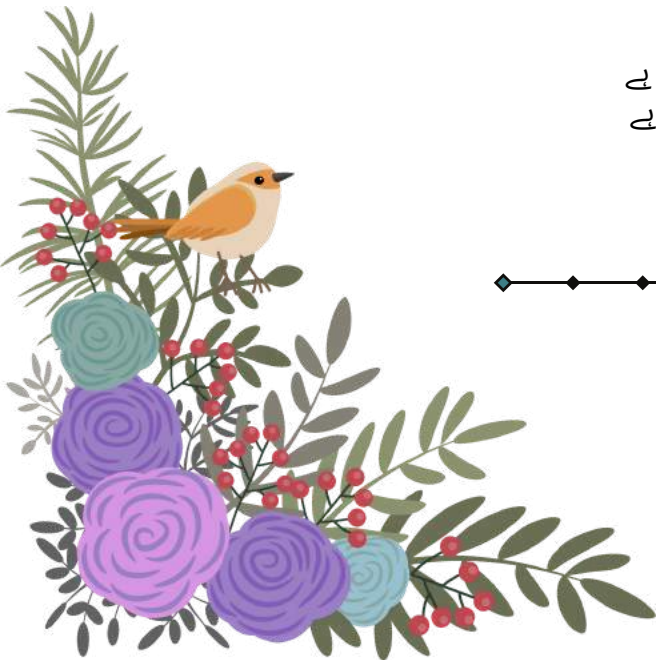
ایمان خان ترین
(Pakistan)

تو سب کچھ ہے اے آدم انسان
تیرے وجود میں کائنات کا ذرہ ذرہ ہے
پر تجھے خیال ہی نہیں
یہ کیا سلسلہ ہے ، کیا ہے یہ وسیلہ
اے آدم انسان

تم سے ہی سب ہے، تم پہ ہی سب ختم ہے
اے آدم انسان
پر غم کس بات کا جو اشک بہاتے ہو
اے آدم انسان

یہ ندامت کیسی؟ بڑھاپے میں
تجھے پتہ ہے تیرا سب ختم ہے
بس تو خاک میں ملنے ہی والا ہے
پھر بھی اکھڑ سے کھڑا ہے
اے آدم انسان

یہ کیسا سجدہ ہے، یہ کیسا ملال ہے
تیرا غصہ آج بھی اتنا ہی جوان ہے
اے آدم انسان



"غزل"

By

صریر علی
(India)

فطرت رنگ سیاہی کی قسم جیت گئے
برچھیاں بار گئیں اور قلم جیت گئے

قید اشکوں کو رہا کر کے پرندوں کی طرح
مطمئن ہوں کہ میرے دیدہ نم جیت گئے

قاضی وقت ہیں خوش فہم کہ ہم بارے ہیں
بس اسی بات سے ثابت ہے کہ ہم جیت گئے

تلخ الفاظ تھے ایسے کہ یہ سر جھک ہی گیا
بونٹ کی شکل میں وہ بابِ ستم جیت گئے

حاکم شام تیرے ہاتھ کھلے ہیں لیکن
با خدا حلقہ زنجیر میں ہم جیت گئے

بند میں روح ازاں، روح بھجن ایک ہی ہیں
پست ہیں قصرِ ستم، دیر و حرم جیت گئے

بر سر چہرہ سورج ہے رقم نام صریر
رنگِ شب سارے اجالوں کے بھرم جیت گئے



"غزل"

By
عمر خان اُمّح
(Pakistan)

چھوڑ دے مجھے اپنے حال، مہربانی کر
اپنا کام کر تو لچپال، مہربانی کر
جاننا ہے میری حالت خراب ہے کتنی
پوچھ نا مرے یوں احوال مہربانی کر
کچھ سکون دے شیطانِی دماغ کو اپنے
روز روز تو مت چل چال، مہربانی کر
تو نے کیوں، زہر ڈالا ہے مری محبت میں
تیری لاج بھی ہے اک جال مہربانی کر
کالے بال اف گورے گال ہونٹ لب شیریں
ڈال اپنے چہرے پر شال مہربانی کر
یہ کلام حق ہے زعفران پر اسے لکھ دے
یہ ہیں میرے اقوال، مہربانی کر
ہوں فقیر، عاشق، کنگال، مہربانی کر
دے زکوٰۃ کچھ صدقہ و مال، مہربانی کر
چشم نور جب دے دی ہے اریبا، اُمّح کو
مت جہیز دے نا، سسرال مہربانی کر

بزج مٹمن اشتر
فَاعِلِن مَفَاعِلِن فَاعِلِن مَفَاعِلِن



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- Monday to Sunday (7am to 10pm)
- Monday to Saturday (10am to 2pm)

PRE-ORDERS ON

- Monday
- Tuesday
- Wednesday

DELIVERY DAYS

- Thursday
- Friday
- Saturday
- Sunday

No delivery charges if you buy from our given free takeaway points. (Location will be given upon contacting and booking your orders) For that, you can pay cash on the spot or via Jazz Cash. You will have to contact us before coming because we will deliver you fresh Naan Khatais. If you are not able to visit the points then, we will deliver every order via TCS Courier whether you live in Lahore or anywhere in Pakistan. Before making an order, make sure TCS services are available at your place.



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ہمارے بتائے گئے ٹیک اوے پوائنٹس سے خریداری پر کوئی ڈلیوری چارجز نہیں۔ (آپ کے رابطہ کرنے اور آرڈرز کی بکنگ پر آپکو پتہ دیا جائے گا). اس کے لیے آپ اسی وقت یا جیز کیش کے ذریعے ادائیگی کر سکتے ہیں۔ تشریف لانے سے پہلے آپ کو ہمارے ساتھ رابطہ کرنا ہو گا کیونکہ ہم آپ کو تازہ نان ختائی مہیا کریں گے۔ اگر آپ ان پوائنٹس پہ نہیں تشریف لا سکتے ہیں تو ہم آپ کو ہر آرڈر ٹی سی ایس کورئیر کے ذریعے بھیج سکتے ہیں چاہے آپ لاہور میں یا پاکستان میں کہیں بھی قیام پذیر ہیں۔ آرڈر کرنے سے پہلے یقینی بنا لیں کہ ٹی سی ایس کی سہولت آپ کے آس پاس موجود ہے۔



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ایک بات جو میں نے زندگی سے سیکھی وہ یہ کہ رشتے نہیں توڑنے چاہیے ، نہ ہم توڑ سکتے ہیں ۔ یاد رہے یہاں میں خونی رشتوں کی بات کر رہی ہوں ۔ ماں باپ بہن بھائی کے علاوہ بھی ہمارے رشتے ہوتے ہیں ۔ مگر جب کوئی آپ کا دل دکھائے بار بار آپ پر طنز کرے ، آپ کو نیچا دکھائے ، آپ کی سیلف ریسپیکٹ کو برٹ کرے تو یہاں ہم ان رشتوں کو توڑ نہیں سکتے ۔۔۔ کیوں ؟

ایک تو یہ اللہ کے حکم کے خلاف ہے ۔ رشتوں کو عربی میں رحم کہتے ہیں اور اس کو توڑنے والوں کے متعلق سخت وعید آئی ہے قرآن و حدیث میں ۔

پھر کیا کریں ؟

ایسے میں ہم ایک کام کر سکتے ہیں ۔۔۔ باؤنڈریز ۔۔۔ یس آپ نے صحیح سنا ۔

ہمیں اپنے اور اس رشتے کے درمیان میں ایک باؤنڈری لائن کھینچنی ہو گی ۔ آپ رشتوں کو ختم نہیں کر سکتے ، آپ بات کرنا بھی نہیں چھوڑ سکتے ، انسان کی فطرت میں نہیں ہے نہ کہ وہ یک لخت رشتوں کو ختم کر دے مگر ہم اپنی حدود کو قائم تو رکھ سکتے ہیں نا ۔

آپ اچھے سے بات کریں ، آپ وہ سب کریں جو ایک رشتے کو قائم رکھنے کے لیے کیا جا سکتا ہے مگر ایک لائن کھینچ لیں اور بتا دیں آپ مجھ سے آئندہ اس طرح بات نہیں کریئے گا ۔ میں آپ کی ریسپیکٹ کرتی / کرتا ہوں مگر میری بھی سیلف ریسپیکٹ ہے ۔ ان کو ایک دو بار پیار سے بتائیں اور اپنی حدود کو ٹوٹنے مت دیں اگر وہ بار بار آپ کو برٹ کریں آپ کی کھنچی ہوئی باؤنڈری لائن کو بار بار کراس کریں تو پیچھے ہٹ جائیں ۔ پیچھے ہٹ جانا رشتہ ختم کرنا نہیں ہوتا بلکہ خود کو مزید اذیت سے روک لینا ہوتا ہے ۔ آپ خود کو اذیت میں نہیں ڈالیں نہ ان کو دوبارہ کوئی بات کہنی ہے ۔ یہ میں نے خونی رشتوں کی بات کی ہے ۔

ایسے رشتے جو خونی نہیں ہے مگر ان کا ایک اہم رول آپ کے گھر میں ۔ محرم رشتوں کی بات کی جائے تو وہاں بھی آپ کو اپنی حدود کا خیال رکھنا ہے ۔ آپ کو کوئی بات بری لگے تو فوراً سے طلاق کا مطالبہ نہ کریں ۔ ایڈجسٹ کرنے کی کوشش کریں اور اپنے پارٹنر کو سمجھائیں ۔

جب آپ کو لگے کہ آپ نہیں چل سکتے تو علیحدگی اختیار کر لیں مگر خوش اسلوبی سے ۔

By

مقدس نعیم
(Pakistan)



Punjabi

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

"Chahe akhar si mere koley"

By
Mehakpreet Kaur
(Mansa, East Punjab)

ਚਾਹੇ ਅੱਖਰ ਸੀ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ,
ਮੈਂ ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਅਕਲੋਂ ਅੰਨ੍ਹੀ ਸੀ।
ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਇਹਦੇ 'ਚ ਰੰਗ ਭਰੇ,
ਉਹ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਨੇ ਕਈ ਸਾਰੇ।

ਮੈਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਇੱਕ ਦਾ ਨਾਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈ ਸਕਦੀ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਨੇ ਸਹਾਰੇ ਕਈ ਸਾਰੇ।
ਮੇਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਰੰਗੀਨ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਵਿੱਚ
ਜੁੜੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੇ।

ਲੋਕ 'ਅਧਿਆਪਕ' ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਉਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੂੰ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਨੇ ਰੱਬ ਸਮਾਨ ਹੀ ਸਾਰੇ।
ਟੁੱਟਣ ਨਾ ਦੇਵੀਂ ਵਿਸ਼ਵਾਸ ਇਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਦਾ,
ਕਰਕੇ ਦਿਖਾਵੀਂ ਰੁਝ, ਫੜਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਮਾਰੇ।

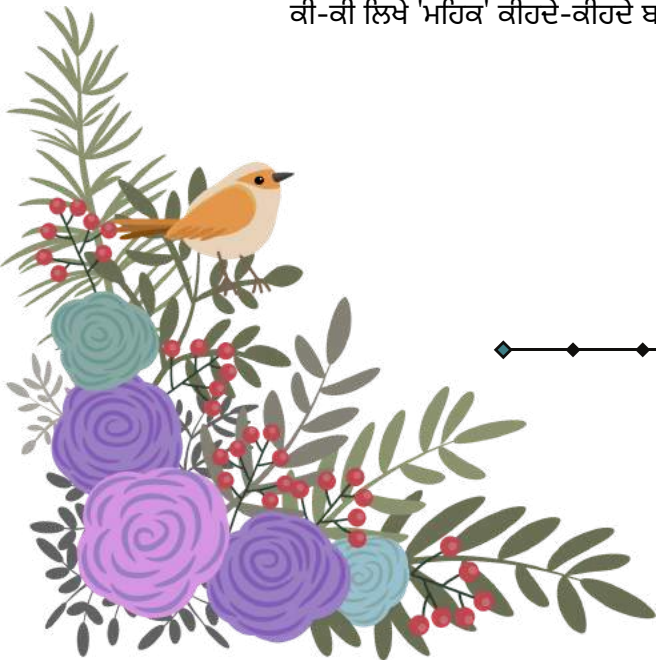
ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੇ ਦਿਖਾਏ ਰਾਹ ਮੈਨੂੰ,
ਸਹੀ-ਗਲਤ ਦੀ ਕਰਾਉਣ ਪਛਾਣ ਹੀ ਸਾਰੇ।
ਸ਼ਬਦ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਬਿਆਨ ਕਰਾਂ,
ਕੀ-ਕੀ ਲਿਖੇ 'ਮਹਿਕ' ਕੀਹਦੇ-ਕੀਹਦੇ ਬਾਰੇ।

ਚਾਪੇ ਅੱਖਰ ਸੀ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ,
ਮੈਂ ਫਿਰ ਵੀ ਅਕਲੋਂ ਅੰਨ੍ਹੀ ਸੀ।
ਜਿਨ੍ਹਾਂ ਨੇ ਇਹਦੇ 'ਚ ਰੰਗ ਭਰੇ,
ਉਹ ਕਲਾਕਾਰ ਨੇ ਕਈ ਸਾਰੇ।

ਮੈਂ ਕਿਸੇ ਇੱਕ ਦਾ ਨਾਮ ਨਹੀਂ ਲੈ ਸਕਦੀ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਪਿੱਛੇ ਨੇ ਸਹਾਰੇ ਕਈ ਸਾਰੇ।
ਮੇਰੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਰੰਗੀਨ ਬਣਾਉਣ ਵਿੱਚ
ਜੁੜੇ ਕਿਰਦਾਰ ਨੇ ਬਹੁਤ ਸਾਰੇ।

ਲੋਕ ਅਧਿਆਪਕ ਕਹਿੰਦੇ ਅੰਨ੍ਹੇ ਨੂੰ,
ਮੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਨੇ ਰੱਬ ਸਮਾਨ ਹੀ ਸਾਰੇ।
ਟੁੱਟਣ ਨਾ ਦਿਓ ਵਿਸ਼ਵਾਸ ਅੰਨ੍ਹੇ ਦਾ,
ਕਰਕੇ ਦਿਖਾਵੀਂ ਰੁਝ, ਫੜਾਂ ਤਾਂ ਹਰ ਕੋਈ ਮਾਰੇ।

ਸਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੇ ਦਿਖਾਏ ਰਾਹ ਮੈਨੂੰ,
ਸਹੀ-ਗਲਤ ਦੀ ਕਰਾਉਣ ਪਛਾਣ ਹੀ ਸਾਰੇ।
ਸ਼ਬਦ ਨਹੀਂ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲ ਕਿਵੇਂ ਬਿਆਨ ਕਰਾਂ,
ਕੀ-ਕੀ ਲਿਖੇ 'ਮਹਿਕ' ਕੀਹਦੇ-ਕੀਹਦੇ ਬਾਰੇ।



"Ki Tenu Vi Kade?"

By

Rajveer Singh Rai

(Suratgarh, Rajasthan)

ਕੀ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਕਦੋਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਯਾਦ ਆਈ ਹੈ?
ਜਾਂ ਕਿਤੇ ਦੂਰ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਯਾਦ ਦਫਨਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਕੀ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਵੀ ਕਦੋਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਯਾਦ ਆਈ ਹੈ?
ਜਾਂ ਕਿਤੇ ਦੂਰ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਯਾਦ ਦਫਨਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਪਤਾ ਤੂੰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਦਫਨਾਉਣਾ ਚਾਹੁਣੀ ਏ,
ਹੁਣ ਕੱਢ ਵੀ ਦੇ ਅੱਗ ਜੇ ਸੁਲਗਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਮੈਨੂੰ ਪਤਾ ਤੂੰ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਦਫਨਾਉਣਾ ਚਾਹੁਣੀ ਏ,
ਹੁਣ ਕੱਢ ਵੀ ਦੇ ਅੱਗ ਜੇ ਸੁਲਗਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਸੁਣਿਆ ਸੀ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਚ ਚਿਹਰੇ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਸੱਜਣ,
ਤੈਨੂੰ ਦਿਖੀ ਨਾ ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਜੇ ਗਹਿਰਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਸੁਣਿਆ ਸੀ ਇਸ਼ਕ 'ਚ ਚਿਹਰੇ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਲੈਂਦੇ ਸੱਜਣ,
ਤੈਨੂੰ ਦਿਖੀ ਨਾ ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਦਰ ਜੇ ਗਹਿਰਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਲਗਦਾ ਹੈ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਮਾਰਨ ਦਾ ਇਰਾਦਾ ਹੈ,
ਮੇਰੀ ਗੈਰ ਤੋਂ ਤੂੰ ਜੇ ਜਾਨ ਬਚਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਲਗਦਾ ਹੈ ਹੱਥਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਮਾਰਨ ਦਾ ਇਰਾਦਾ ਹੈ,
ਮੇਰੀ ਗੈਰ ਤੋਂ ਤੂੰ ਜੇ ਜਾਨ ਬਚਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਕੱਢਦੀ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਇੰਨੀ ਨਫਰਤ ਜੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਤੋਂ,
ਬੜੇ ਚਿਰਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਸੀਨੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਜੇ ਦਬਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਕੱਢਦੀ ਕਿਉਂ ਨਹੀਂ ਇੰਨੀ ਨਫਰਤ ਜੇ ਮੇਰੇ ਤੋਂ,
ਬੜੇ ਚਿਰਾਂ ਤੋਂ ਸੀਨੇ ਵਿੱਚ ਜੇ ਦਬਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਵੇਖ ਲਿਆ ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਗੈਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਬਾਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ,
ਤੂੰ ਜੇ ਅੱਜ ਤਕ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਗੱਲ ਛੁਪਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਵੇਖ ਲਿਆ ਮੈਂ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਗੈਰ ਦੀਆਂ ਬਾਹਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ,
ਤੂੰ ਜੇ ਅੱਜ ਤਕ ਮੇਰੇ ਕੋਲੋਂ ਗੱਲ ਛੁਪਾਈ ਹੈ।

ਚੰਗਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਤੂੰ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਬੇਵਫਾ ਹੋ ਗਈ,
ਵੈਸੇ ਵੀ ਤਾਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਬਾਹੀ ਹੈ।

ਚੰਗਾ ਹੋਇਆ ਤੂੰ ਪਹਿਲਾਂ ਹੋ ਗਈ,
ਵੈਸੇ ਵੀ ਤੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਕਿਸਮਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਤਬਾਹੀ ਹੈ।



"Aurat"

By

Harpreet Kaur

(Patiala, East Punjab)

ਤੁਸੀਂ ਜਦ ਚਾਹੇ ਅਜਮਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਹਰ ਰਿਸ਼ਤੇ 'ਚ ਕੱਸਵੱਟੀ ਲਿਆਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਬਚਪਨ ਤੋਂ ਤਿਉੜੀ ਦੀ ਹੱਕਦਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਪਹਿਲੀ ਕਿਲਕਾਰੀ 'ਤੇ ਸ਼ਰਮਸਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਤੁਸੀਂ ਜਦ ਚਾਹੇ ਅਜਮਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਹਰ ਰਿਸ਼ਤੇ 'ਚ ਕੱਸਵੱਟੀ ਲਿਆਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਬਚਪਨ ਤੋਂ ਤਿਉੜੀ ਦੀ ਹੱਕਦਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਪਹਿਲੀ ਕਿਲਕਾਰੀ 'ਤੇ ਸ਼ਰਮਸਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਜਵਾਨੀ 'ਚ ਪਹਿਰੇ ਲਗਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਬੇੜੀ ਸ਼ਰਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਪੈਰੀਂ ਪਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਮੇਰੇ ਹਾਸਿਆਂ ਲਈ ਲਾਚਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਬੇਗਾਨੀਆਂ ਨਜ਼ਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਆਹਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਜਵਾਨੀ 'ਚ ਪਹਿਰੇ ਲਗਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਬੇੜੀ ਸ਼ਰਮਾਂ ਦੀ ਪੈਰੀਂ ਪਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਮੇਰੇ ਹਾਸਿਆਂ ਲਈ ਲਾਚਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਬੇਗਾਨੀਆਂ ਨਜ਼ਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਆਹਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਕੱਚੀਆਂ ਉਮਰਾਂ 'ਚ ਵਿਆਹੁਨੇ ਓ,
ਖੁਲ੍ਹ ਕੇ ਬੋਲਣੇ 'ਤੇ ਰੋਕ ਲਗਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਸਲੀਕਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਥੋਪਿਆ ਵਿਸਥਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਜਿੰਦਾ ਕਠਪੁਤਲੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ ਬਜ਼ਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਕੱਚੀਆਂ ਉਮਰਾਂ 'ਚ ਵਿਆਹੁਨੇ ਓ,
ਖੁਲ੍ਹ ਕੇ ਬੋਲਣੇ 'ਤੇ ਰੋਕ ਲਗਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਸਲੀਕਿਆਂ ਦਾ ਥੋਪਿਆ ਵਿਸਥਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਜਿੰਦਾ ਕਠਪੁਤਲੀਆਂ ਦਾ ਮਸ਼ਹੂਰ ਬਜ਼ਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਸਦਾ ਬੇਗਾਨੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਅਹਿਸਾਸ ਕਰਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਕੋਰੀ ਸੋਚ 'ਚ ਹੀਣਤਾ ਦਾ ਬੀਅ ਪੁੰਗਰਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਮਹਿਜ਼ ਰੂਪ ਦੀ ਸੁੰਦਰਤਾ ਦਾ ਕਿਉਂ ਵਪਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ?
ਕੀ ਬਸ ਬੱਚੇ ਜੰਮਣ ਦਾ ਔਜ਼ਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ?

ਸਦਾ ਬੇਗਾਨੇ ਹੋਣ ਦਾ ਅਹਿਸਾਸ ਕਰਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਕੋਰੀ ਸੋਚ 'ਚ ਹੀਣਤਾ ਦਾ ਬੀਅ ਪੁੰਗਰਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਮਹਿਜ਼ ਰੂਪ ਦੀ ਸੁੰਦਰਤਾ ਦਾ ਕਿਉਂ ਵਪਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ?
ਕੀ ਬਸ ਬੱਚੇ ਜੰਮਣ ਦਾ ਔਜ਼ਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ?

ਹਰ ਰੂਪ 'ਚ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ ਕਰਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਜਨਾਨੀਜਾਤ ਦਾ ਝੰਡਾ ਆਪੇ ਫੜਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਨਿਰੰਤਰ ਝਿੜਕੇ ਜਾਣ ਵਾਲੀ ਬਰਸਾਤ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਤਿਲ-ਤਿਲ ਝੁਰਦੀ ਹੋਈ ਪਰਭਾਤ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਹਰ ਰੂਪ 'ਚ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ ਕਰਾਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਜਨਾਨੀਜਾਤ ਦਾ ਝੰਡਾ ਆਪੇ ਫੜਾਉਨੇ ਓ।
ਨਿਰੰਤਰ ਝਿੜਕੇ ਜਾਣ ਵਾਲੀ ਬਰਸਾਤ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਤਿਲ-ਤਿਲ ਝੁਰਦੀ ਹੋਈ ਪਰਭਾਤ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁੱਦੇ ਅਖਬਾਰਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਹੀ ਲਿਆਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਕੁ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਘਰਾਂ 'ਚ ਸਜਾਉਨੇ ਓ?
ਚੌਰਾਹਿਆਂ 'ਚ ਨੰਗੇ ਬਦਨ ਵਾਲਾ ਰੁਜ਼ਗਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਉੱਝ ਸਦੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਜਿਸਮੀ ਇਜ਼ਤਾਂ ਦਾ ਪਰਚਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।

ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁੱਦੇ ਅਖਬਾਰਾਂ ਤੱਕ ਹੀ ਲਿਆਉਨੇ ਓ,
ਕਿੰਨੀਆਂ ਕੁ ਕਿਤਾਬਾਂ ਘਰਾਂ 'ਚ ਸਜਾਉਨੇ ਓ?
ਚੌਰਾਹਿਆਂ 'ਚ ਨੰਗੇ ਬਦਨ ਵਾਲਾ ਰੁਜ਼ਗਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ,
ਉੱਝ ਸਦੀਆਂ ਤੋਂ ਜਿਸਮੀ ਇਜ਼ਤਾਂ ਦਾ ਪਰਚਾਰ ਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ।



"Jad Awenga"

By

Judge Singh Ghaafil
(Pathankot, East Punjab)

ਜੱਦ ਆਵੇਂਗਾ, ਦਿਲ ਖੋਲ੍ਹ ਲਵੀਂ, ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਖੁਬਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।
ਦੋ ਬੂਹੇ ਅੱਖਾਂ ਦੇ ਢੋਅ ਕੇ, ਤੇਰੀ ਯਾਦ ਸਜਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

جد آوینگا، دل کھول لوئی، تیرا نام کُھبائی بیٹھے آں۔
دو بوئے اگھان دے ڈھو کے، تیری یاد سجائی بیٹھے آں۔

ਭਰ ਖਾਰੇ ਕੋਲੇ ਹੰਝੂਆਂ ਦੇ, ਅਸੀਂ ਮੁੱਖ ਤੋਂ ਵਾਰੇ ਤਾਜ਼ਾ ਸੀ,
ਇਕ ਖੁਸ਼ਬੂ ਆਈ ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹਾਂ ਚੋਂ, ਤੇਰਾ ਨਾਮ ਜਪਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

بھر خارے کولے پنجواں دے، اسی مُکھ توں وارے تازہ سی،
یک خشبو آئی بُلاں چوں، تیرا نام جپائی بیٹھے آں۔

ਪਲਕਾਂ ਭਿੱਜੀਆਂ ਜਿਉਂ ਬੇ-ਸੁਰਤੇ ਬਰਸਾਤ ਨੇ ਬੂੰਦਾਂ ਗੇਰੀਆਂ ਨੇ,
ਮੱਥਾ ਲਿਸ਼ਕੇ ਜਿਉਂ ਚਾਅ 'ਚ ਤੇਰੀ ਆਸ ਲਗਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

پلکاں بھجیاں جئوں بے سُرْتے برسات نے بُوندا گریاں نے،
مٹھا لیشکے جئوں چاه 'چ تیری آس لگائی بیٹھے آں۔

ਕਮਜ਼ੋਰ ਹੋਇਆ ਜਦ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਵਿੱਚ, ਉਹ ਜੱਫੀ ਪਾ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਿਆ,
ਐਵੇਂ ਹੀ ਥੋੜੀ ਸਧਰਾਂ ਦਾ ਦਿਲਦਾਰ ਬਣਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

کمزور بویا جد زندگی وچ، اُہ جفّی پا مینو ملیا،
ایویں ہی تھوڑی سدران دا دلدار بنائی بیٹھے آں۔

ਕਿਰਦਾਰ 'ਚ ਪੀਰਾਂ ਵਰਗਾ ਏ ਮੇਰੇ ਪਾਕ ਜਿਗਰ ਦਾ ਉਹ ਸਾਈਂ,
ਤਾਰੀਂ ਆਪਣੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ 'ਤੇ ਉਹਦੇ ਰਾਗ ਚੜ੍ਹਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

کِردار 'چ پیراں ورگا اے میرے پاک جگر دا اُہ سائیں،
تابی اپنی آواز تے اُبدے راگ چڑھائی بیٹھے آں۔

ਉਸ ਚੇਹਰੇ ਨੂੰ ਨਾ ਚੰਨ ਆਖਾਂ, ਨਾ ਧੁੱਪ ਨਾਲ ਮੇਲ ਕਰਾਂ ਉਹਦਾ,
ਉਹ ਤੇ ਸਤਰੰਗੀ ਪੀਂਘ ਜਿਹਾ, ਉਹਦੇ ਰੰਗ ਰੰਗਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

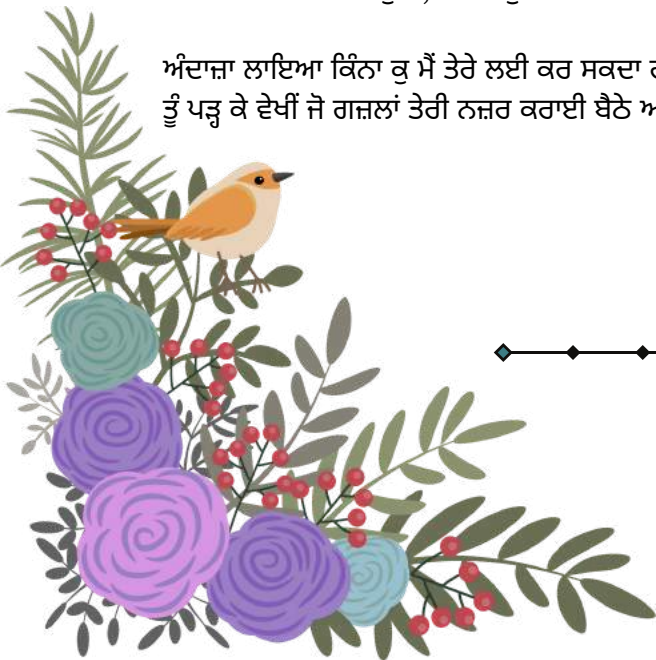
اُس چہرے نو نا چنّ آکھਾਂ، نا ڈھپ نال میل کراں اُبدਾ،
اُہ تے سترنگی پینگھ جها، اُبدے رنگ رنگائی بیٹھے آں۔

ਕੁੱਝ ਹੱਟੀ ਖੋਲੇ ਵੈਦਾਂ ਨੇ ਦਿਲ ਦੇ ਮਰੀਜ਼ ਮੁੜ ਤੋਰੇ ਸੀ,
ਜੋ ਮੋਹਰ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਦੀ ਲਾਉਂਦਾ, ਆ ਕੇ ਉਹਦੇ ਗਰਾਂਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

کُج حٹی کھولے ویداں نے دل دے مریز مُڑ توره سی،
جو مُهر عشق دی لاوندا، آکے اُبدے گرائیں بیٹھے آں۔

ਅੰਦਾਜ਼ਾ ਲਾਇਆ ਕਿੰਨਾ ਕੁ ਮੈਂ ਤੇਰੇ ਲਈ ਕਰ ਸਕਦਾ ਹਾਂ,
ਤੂੰ ਪੜ੍ਹ ਕੇ ਵੇਖੀਂ ਜੋ ਗਜ਼ਲਾਂ ਤੇਰੀ ਨਜ਼ਰ ਕਰਾਈ ਬੈਠੇ ਆਂ।

اندازا لایا کُنا کُ میں تیرے لئی کر سکدا ہاں،
تو پڑھ کے ویکھیں جو غزلاں تیری نزر کرائی بیٹھے آں۔



"Chal Khaas Nhi Kehnda"

By

Preet Singh

(Jhanjeri, East Punjab)

ਚਲ ਖਾਸ ਨੀ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਖੁਦ ਨੂੰ
ਭਾਵੇਂ ਆਮ ਹੀ ਹੋਵਾਂਗਾ,
ਮੈਂ ਹਾਰ ਵੀ ਗਿਆ ਜੇ ਤਾਂ
ਜਿੱਤ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਹੀ ਹੋਵਾਂਗਾ।
ਇੱਕ ਗੱਲ ਤਾਂ ਪੱਕੀ ਆ
ਕਿ ਗੁਮਨਾਮ ਨਹੀਂ ਰਹਿੰਦਾ,
ਬਦਨਾਮ ਵੀ ਹੋਇਆ ਜੇ
ਤਾਂ ਸ਼ਰੇਆਮ ਹੀ ਹੋਵਾਂਗਾ।

ਮੈਂ ਡਰਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਂ
ਹਨੇਰੀਆਂ ਰਾਤਾਂ ਤੋਂ,
ਕੰਬ ਜਾਂਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਿਲਾਂ ਵੀ
ਮੇਰੇ ਹੌਸਲੇ ਤੇ ਬਾਤਾਂ ਤੋਂ।
ਮੈਨੂੰ ਕੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਹਰਾਉਣਾ,
ਮੈਂ ਖੁਦ ਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਜਿੱਤ ਲੈਣਾ।
ਮੈਂ ਕਮਲੀ ਜਿੱਤ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ
ਆਪਣੇ ਵੱਲ ਖਿੱਚ ਲੈਣਾ।
ਮੈਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਡਾਇਰੀ ਦੇ
ਪੰਨਿਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਗੀਤ ਪਰੋਵਾਂਗਾ।
ਇੱਕ ਗੱਲ ਪੱਕੀ ਆ
ਬਦਨਾਮ ਵੀ ਹੋਇਆ ਜੇ
ਤਾਂ ਸ਼ਰੇਆਮ ਹੀ ਹੋਵਾਂਗਾ।

ਚਲ ਖਾਸ ਨੀ ਕਹਿੰਦਾ ਖੁਦ ਨੋ,
ਬਹਾਵੀਂ ਆਮ ਹੀ ਭੋਵਾਂਗਾ
ਮਿੱਠੀ ਚਾਰ ਵੀ ਗਿਆ ਜੇ ਤਾ
ਜਿੱਤ ਦੇ ਨਾਮ ਹੀ ਭੋਵਾਂਗਾ-
ਇੱਕ ਗਲ ਤਾ ਪੱਕੀ ਆ ਕੇ
ਗੁਮਨਾਮ ਨਹੀਂ ਰਿੰਦਾ
ਬਦਨਾਮ ਵੀ ਭੋਇਆ ਜੇ ਤਾ
ਸ਼ਰਿ ਆਮ ਹੀ ਭੋਵਾਂਗਾ-

ਮਿੱਠੀ ਡਰਦਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਂ
ਹਨੇਰੀਆਂ ਰਾਤਾਂ ਤੋਂ
ਕੰਬ ਜਾਂਦੀਆਂ ਨੇ ਮੁਸ਼ਕਲਾਂ ਵੀ
ਮੇਰੇ ਹੌਸਲੇ ਤੇ ਬਾਤਾਂ ਤੋਂ-
ਮਿੱਠੀ ਕੀ ਕਿਸੇ ਨੇ ਹਰਾਉਣਾ,
ਮੈਂ ਖੁਦ ਨੂੰ ਹੀ ਜਿੱਤ ਲੈਣਾ।
ਮੈਂ ਕਮਲੀ ਜਿੱਤ ਨੂੰ ਵੀ
ਆਪਣੇ ਵੱਲ ਖਿੱਚ ਲੈਣਾ।
ਮੈਂ ਮੇਰੀ ਡਾਇਰੀ ਦੇ
ਪੰਨਿਆਂ 'ਤੇ ਗੀਤ ਪਰੋਵਾਂਗਾ।
ਇੱਕ ਗਲ ਤਾ ਪੱਕੀ ਆ
ਬਦਨਾਮ ਵੀ ਭੋਇਆ ਜੇ
ਤਾ ਸ਼ਰਿ ਆਮ ਹੀ ਭੋਵਾਂਗਾ-



میں نام جیہا کر لیتا
 میریاں گیتاں دے کر کے،
 میں خُذ نو لکھ دینا
 تے خُذ لئی بھر لینے ورکے۔
 میں گیت جدوں بنیا
 فر گیتاں وچ لکھیا
 کوئی پیغام وی ہووانگا۔
 اک گل تاں پکّی آ،
 بدنام وی بویا ہے
 تا شرِ عام ہی ہووانگا۔

میں بڑا کُج کرنا آ
 سمے توں سیکھدے سیکھدے نے،
 میں مٹی بو جانا
 لکھدے لکھدے نے۔
 میں دُنیا دے موہ چو نکلنا
 الفاظ جہا بن کے،
 میں وچ گیتاں دے رہ جانا
 فر راز جہا بن کے۔
 میں ہی ڈھلدی ہوئی
 فر شام وی ہووانگا۔
 اک گل تاں پکّی آ،
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 بدنام وی بویا ہے
 تا شرِ عام ہی ہووانگا۔



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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



VOCAL VOICE

Featuring Plans

VOCAL VERSES

AMENITIES

MONTHLY SUBSCRIPTION

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION

TRACKS

FEATURING DURATION

PROMOTION ON SOCIAL HANDLES

ON SERVER LIFESPAN

BRONZE

4\$

40\$

1

1 MONTH

ONCE A MONTH

1 MONTH

SILVER

8\$

80\$

2

3 MONTHS

ONCE A WEEK (BOTH)

6 MONTHS

GOLD

12\$

122\$

4

6 MONTHS

FOUR DAYS A WEEK (ALL)

1 YEAR

PLATINUM

216\$

7 (RENEWAL EVERY YEAR)

1 YEAR

7 DAYS A WEEK (ALL)

LIFE TIME

Turkish

French

"Couleur de la poésie"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Couler dans l'essence des poésies
Croissance entre les bénédictions et les malédictions
Dans un atelier je demeure aux couleurs de la soif
La présence des saisons me rend coloré
Mais les ecchymoses emportent les blues
Et la brise a volé les verts
Abandonné comme un drap blanc
J'attends que le poète trempe sa plume pour écrire une nouvelle
couleur de moi.



"Color of poetry"

By
Sahnah
(Mauritius)

Flowing in the essence of poetries
Growing betwixt blessings and curses
In an atelier I reside in the colours of thirst
Seasons presence make me colorful
But the bruises wash away the blues
And the breeze flew away the greens
Abandon like a white sheet
I'm waiting for the poet to dip his quill to pen down a new colour of
me.



"Roulis d'un peuple"

By
Boualem Mihoub

Secouant saltimbanques et oligarques
La révolte a germé aux fruits du harak
Franchissant le chemin d'un bonheur interdit
Qu'illusions et souillures ont tant enlaidi.

Le roulis d'un peuple narre sa traversée
Entre les vagues de son rêve exaucé
Plus de barrières, au temple abandonné
Dont la soif empêche les nains de raisonner.

La révolution est un spectacle écrit
À l'encre de l'histoire que des cœurs épris
En dessinent l'envol heureux, d'oiseaux libres
Au réveil de l'aube dont le parfum vibre.



"Les Roses"

By
sweeteucalyptus

Comment les Roses
Vont-elles aujourd'hui ?
Parlent-elles d'un coeur morose
Ou d'un doux vendredi ?
Ont-elles un regard coupable
Ou attendri ?
Ont-elles retenu la fable
Ou bien le cri ?

Comment les Roses
Vont-elles aujourd'hui ?
Voient-elles en transparence les choses
Ou l'opacité des nuits ?
Pensent-elles au temps qui passe
Ou à la pluie ?
Entendent-elles les menaces
Ou La Boétie ?

Comment les Roses
Vont-elles aujourd'hui ?
Ont-elles vu nos cités
Ou sont-elles sourdes à notre folie ?
Ont-elles écouté nos peurs
Ou fait taire l'hystérie ?
Ont-elles entendu nos erreurs
Ou vaincu l'hypocrisie ?

Comment les Roses
Vont-elles aujourd'hui ?
Sont-elles Belle de jour
Où fardées d'ennui ?
Ont-elles renoncé au vent
Ou poursuivi l'infini ?
Regardez-vous les Roses ?
Écoutez-vous leur vie ?



Spanish

Hay días que aún te extraño.
Extraño hablar de libros contigo
cuestionar las cosas de la vida,
sonreír cuando me miras.

Y lo más extraño es extrañarte
porque me dejaste ir,
no luchaste.

By
Yahaira Chagollan
(México)



"La piedra en el zapato"

By
Samara Carbajal

Ahorró durante varios meses para comprarse un par de zapatillas. Quería unas zapatillas negras, que combinaran con todo color y prenda; como cuando usaba su polo favorito, ese de estilo hippie. Aún recuerda aquella noche en la que decidió convertirse en modista, después de ver un video "Hágalo usted mismo" en YouTube; aquella noche en la que salpicó pinturas arcoíris sobre el polo más blanco que encontró.

En cuanto las vio en el exhibidor, supo que eran las que estaba buscando, eran las que había esperado por tanto tiempo. No eran unas simples zapatillas; en ellas había encontrado a las aliadas perfectas, un medio para disfrutar más de la vida, un medio para llegar a pasajes, un medio para cumplir sueños.

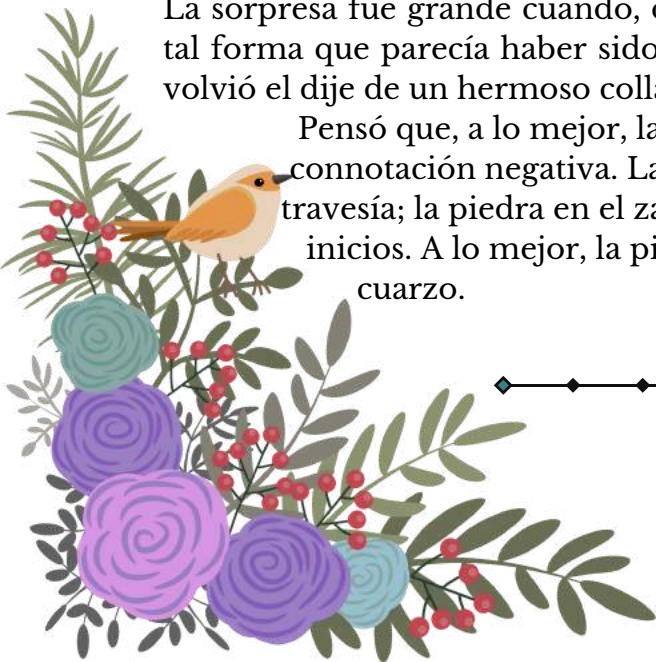
Y así fue. Las llevó a la playa, a recolectar caracoles, ese cálido día de verano. Con ellas caminó por toda la ciudad, para capturar atardeceres mágicos. Con ellas corrió por todo el campus, para entregar ese trabajo final tan importante para graduarse de la Universidad. Son la mejor pareja de baile. La acompañaron cada domingo a abrazar a sus abuelos.

Las anécdotas eran incontables, pero nunca suficientes. Ese sendero no era tan llano y verde como parecía, era, más bien, agreste y difícil. Aunque, luego de mucho andar, llegó a su destino; notó que había algo diferente. Ya no calzaban bien, sentía un fuerte dolor en el talón. Las sacudió innumerables veces, a fin de expulsar el objeto desconocido, pero nada cambió. Era una piedra, estaba casi segura, era como muchos se la habían descrito.

No tenía mucho dinero para comprar otras zapatillas, tampoco tenía el valor de deshacerse de sus bienes tan preciados. Aunque molestara, decidió acomodarse; lo intentó durante mucho tiempo, tanto que ya casi no sentía su presencia.

La sorpresa fue grande cuando, de repente, la pequeña piedra cayó. Era brillante y de tal forma que parecía haber sido esculpida por el mejor artista. Le colocó un hilo y la volvió el dije de un hermoso collar.

Pensó que, a lo mejor, la frase "piedra en el zapato" no debería tener connotación negativa. La piedra en el zapato fue el regalo que le dejó dicha travesía; la piedra en el zapato le enseñó a avizorar nuevos caminos, otros inicios. A lo mejor, la piedra en el zapato no fue una piedra, sino un hermoso cuarzo.



Hindi

"Main Har Raat"

By

Roopali Thakur

(Shimla, Himachal, India)

मैं हर रात अश्रु बहाती हूँ,
 तुझे सुकूँ की नींद आ जाती है क्या?
 मुझे तेरी हर घड़ी में याद आती है,
 तुझे भी कभी मेरी याद सताती है क्या?
 मैं जिस बेपरवाही से तुझसे बातें कीया करती थी,
 उन लम्हों की तुझे कभी बातें याद आती हैं क्या?
 जैसे मैं तरसती हूँ तेरी मुस्कुराहट देखने को,
 तुझे मेरे आँसुओं की याद आती है क्या?
 मैंने तेरे चहरे को बहुत गौर से देखा-पढ़ा है,
 तुझे मेरी बातों की एहमियत अब समझ आती है क्या?
 माना मिलती होगी तुझे हर मोड़ पर कोई नई पुरानी कहानी,
 सच बताना मुझ जैसे कोई तुझे झेल पाती है क्या?
 यूँ जैसे तू मुझसे बात-बेबात लड़ जाया करता था,
 वो भी तुझे मुझ जैसे मनाती है क्या?
 तेरा गुस्सा झेलना आसान तो नहीं,
 वो भी तेरे गुस्से पर मुझ जैसे समझाती है क्या?
 मालूम है मुझे बातों पर उनकी उतना ही गौर होगा जितना मुझ पर कीया था,
 बस इतना बता मुझ जैसे वो तुझे समझ पाती है क्या?
 मैंने आलम अपनी बर्बादी का तुझे पहले ही समझाया था,
 तुझे अपने किए वादों-बातों पर शर्म आती है क्या?
 मैं उसी मोड़ पर इसी टूटे-बिखरे हाल में इंतज़ार करूँगी तेरा,
 इशक तो हुआ नहीं पर देखती हूँ मुझे ऐसे देख तुझे दया आती है क्या?
 मैं हर रात अश्रु बहाती हूँ,
 तुझे सुकूँ की नींद आ जाती है क्या?



"Aetbar Waale"

By
Abrar-ul-Haq
(Srinagar, Kashmir)

एतबार वाले फिर आज बे-ऐतबार निकले,
करार वाले भी यहाँ सब बेकरार निकले।

कहने को वो जो बडे काबिल कहलाते थे,
काम जब आया तो सब के सब बेकार निकले।

समझा था जिनको फकीर हमने,
वही लोग इस शहर के सरदार निकले।

करते रहे जो मस्जिदों में बरसों इमामत,
राज जब खुला तो सब के सब कुफार निकले।

'अब्रार' को कतल करने की साज़िश थी रची,
पता चलने पे सब अपने ही दोस्त-यार निकले।



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