

When Hands Remember



Sonika Kaur

The first memory Noor carried was not of colour, but of warmth. A faint aroma of mustard oil lamps burning and the sweet scent of jaggery merging with the winter air accompanied the feel of her mother's hands.

She remembered the feel of her mother's palms—rough from years of household chores, smelling faintly of wheat flour and mustard oil—guiding her tiny feet across the cool courtyard floor. Long before Noor learned the names of steps or rhythms, she learned balance through touch. The earth under her soles spoke to her. The air around her moved like the flowing Raavi. Even as a child in a small village near Jalandhar, she understood that the world could be read without eyes just like Raavi could flow without direction.

Before the darkness came, Noor danced because she loved how movement felt.

After the darkness came, she danced because it was the only way she could breathe or live. Dance offered a sanctuary, a way to reclaim the world she was suddenly locked out of. In the silence, it promised freedom and articulated a language of hope and resilience that her words could not capture. Each movement became an act of defiance, reclaiming her identity in a world that had shifted beneath her feet.

Through dance, Noor found agency, a means to connect with others in a way that transcended mere vision. It became her pulse, a heartbeat that resonated with the life she fiercely fought to reclaim.

The accident happened on a winter evening, when fog folded the village roads of Shahkot into silence. Noor was fifteen, returning from dance practice on the back of her cousin's scooter. A truck appeared where the road should have been empty, and like river water over stone, the collision reshaped everything in an instant. There was metal screaming, bodies thrown, a sudden violence of light—and then none at all.

When Noor woke up, her new world was only sound.

The doctors spoke gently, as if kindness could soften truth. Her parents cried quietly, careful not to let grief bruise her further. Darshan stood by her bed, his fingers tightly wrapped around hers, trembling more than she was.

"I'm here," he kept saying, as if repetition could make it permanent.

Darshan had always been there. He lived three lanes away, the son of a carpenter, the boy who waited outside her dance class pretending not to watch. He knew her anklets



by sound, her moods by the way she walked. They had grown into love the way fields grow crops—slowly, honestly, with seasons of patience and resilience.

When Noor lost her sight, she did not ask about mirrors. She asked about dance. In that quiet moment, when she posed her question to the universe, her heart skipped a beat, aligning with a sudden, unsteady misstroke of the tabla—an omen, a sign of change she could not yet comprehend.

"Can I still dance?" she whispered to Darshan one night, when the ward was quiet. He squeezed her hand, too hard. "Of course," he said. "Why wouldn't you?"

But fear had already begun to nest in his voice.

The months that followed were harder than Noor ever admitted. Learning to eat without spilling, to walk without flinching, to exist without reaching for light that no longer arrived—it hollowed her. But dance remained. Her guru, Ustadji, came every day, her bangles announcing her presence before her voice did.

"You will dance again," Ustadji said, placing Noor's feet carefully on the ground. Her

voice was steady and confident, a comforting anchor amid Noor's uncertainty. "But you must learn a new way of seeing." Ustadji then guided Noor in a simple exercise, asking her to feel the cool floor beneath her feet and the air moving gently around them. "Feel the rhythm in your heart," she encouraged, her hands guiding Noor's arms. "Trust your body to tell the story." Ustadji's presence was a balm, a reminder that even without sight, Noor was not alone in her journey. Her guru's teachings went beyond dance steps; they were lessons in resilience and inner strength.

Dance changed its language for Noor. She learned to count space in

breaths, to feel turns through the pull of her spine, to sense the audience through shifts in air and sound. Every movement became deliberate, intimate.

Darshan stayed at first. He read to her, walked beside her, and described sunsets she could no longer imagine. But something in him grew restless. Noor felt it in the way his hands hesitated before touching her, as if afraid of reminding her of what she had lost. He began to speak more about the future—work, responsibility, money—subjects that built walls instead of bridges. Yet, in the studio, her body told the truth before her heart could accept it. During practice, her anklets betrayed her for a split second, a faint discord in the jingle as one foot slipped from its rhythm. It was an audible sigh, a single, sharp note of fragility that echoed her internal collapse. The misstep startled her, revealing fears she tried to bury beneath her determined grace.

After an argument that neither of them could later remember clearly, Darshan escorted Noor out of the hospital. As they reached the doorway, she felt his grip on her elbow slacken, a momentary pause that spoke of decisions unvoiced, and then he was gone. Noor stood there, the absence more telling than any goodbye.

Neer grieved him in silence. She did not cry loudly; she learned to fold pain into herself, the way blind people learn to fold space. Dance absorbed her sorrow. With each performance, her fame grew as she poured her heart into every movement. People travelled from nearby towns to watch the blind dancer whose feet spoke like poetry.

Yet, as the applause grew louder, so did the whispers of her doubts. Sometimes she wondered whether she was dancing for herself or for the world that pitted her resilience. It

was this internal conflict that shadowed her successes, forcing Noor to grapple with her sense of self beyond the adulation.

Still, some nights, she dreamt of
hands she no longer held.

Thirteen years later, on the eve of Vaisakhi, Noor stood backstage at a large mela in Ludhiana. The air smelled of warm milk, jaggery, dust, and anticipation. Her students sat nearby, whispering excitedly. Ust-adjji adjusted Noor's dupatta, her fingers sure despite age.

"Big crowd," Ustadji said. "Can you feel it?"

Noor nodded. The air was dense, heavy with bodies and breath. She slowly tied her ghungroos, centring herself.

As she stepped onto the stage, applause rolled like distant thunder. Noor bowed her head, listening for the rhythm to begin. When the tabla struck its first beat, her body answered instinctively.

She danced with a quiet ferocity. Each step carved space, like a sculptor shaping the air. Each turn held memory, layers of history woven into her movements. And yet, there was a moment—a pause mid-step—where her fingers brushed against her wrist, where her old bangles used to be. It was an absent gesture, born out of habit, but it spoke volumes of limb-like grief. The crowd fell into a hush, as if afraid to interrupt something sacred.

Then—something shifted.

A presence moved closer to the edge of the stage. Noor felt it as a subtle resistance, a change in the way air pressed against her skin. Her arm extended in a sweeping gesture, and her fingers brushed fabric.

Cotton. Those palms. Old.

Her heart stumbled.

She should have pulled back. Instead, her fingers followed instinct, sliding down to a wrist. Beneath her touch, she felt it—the slight unevenness of a scar near the thumb, earned years ago from a foolish bicycle fall.

Time folded.

Her breath caught so sharply that the rhythm faltered.

"Darshan?", she whispered, the name escaping her before she could stop it. The music died away as the realisation settled, a gentle rhythm replaced by the hush of anticipation. Like waves meeting the shore, the sound of clapping came in and out, hinting at Noor's newfound softness and capturing the essence of a moment suspended in time. Murmurs rippled through the crowd as if stirred by the tide. The man froze. His pulse raced beneath her fingertips.

"Noor," he said finally, his voice breaking like dry earth after rain. "How—?"

She smiled, a smile full of wonder and ache. "I remember you," she said simply. Darshan covered her hand with his own, as if afraid she might disappear if he didn't. Around them, the crowd sensed something

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The Narcissistic Collapse: When the False Self Finally Cracks



Mir Yasirul Ameen

In clinical psychology, narcissism is not merely an excess of self-love; it is often understood as a fragile psychological structure built to defend against deep-seated insecurity. Psychoanalytic theorists such as Sigmund Freud and later Heinz Kohut emphasized that pathological narcissism develops when a stable sense of self fails to form during early developmental stages. As a result, the narcissistic individual grows dependent on external validation—what modern psychology refers to as narcissistic supply.

At some point in life, often during midlife or later adulthood, many narcissistic individuals experience what clinicians describe as a narcissistic collapse. This collapse is usually triggered by significant losses: relationships end, social status declines, aging reduces admiration, or authority is questioned. As people gradually disengage, the narcissist is left alone with their inner world—one they have spent a lifetime avoiding.

From a psychological perspective, narcissists regulate their self-esteem through others. Social psychology and attachment theory suggest that they rely on external affirmation to feel powerful, relevant, and in control. Without this supply, suppressed emotions such as shame, fear, and worthlessness surface. This often leads to severe depressive



states, markedly deeper than typical depression, because the narcissist lacks an internalized sense of self-worth or emotional resilience.

Neuroscience also supports this understanding. Research indicates that individuals with narcissistic traits show impaired emotional empathy and altered reward-processing systems, making authentic connection difficult. When abandonment occurs, they experience not just loneliness, but psychological

disintegration—an emptiness that feels existential rather than situational.

This is why revenge is unnecessary. From a longitudinal viewpoint, life itself becomes the reckoning. While some may briefly gain insight, many remain trapped in cycles of isolation, blame, and despair. Over time, people leave—not out of cruelty, but self-preservation. Manipulation and emotional abuse eventually exhaust even the most patient

individuals.

In the end, narcissism is less a story of grandiosity and more a tragedy of unhealed wounds. When the audience disappears, the performance collapses, and the narcissist is finally confronted with the self they never learned to know.

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intimate unfolding and fell into reverent silence.

After the performance ended—awkward, unfinished, yet unforgettable—Darshan waited backstage. Noor found him without hesitation, guided by memory more than sound.

"I didn't plan this," he said quickly. "I came to see you dance. I didn't think—" "That I would know?" Noor asked gently.

"Yes."

She reached for his hands again, slower this time, as if reading a familiar book. Time had changed them—more calluses, deeper lines—but the shape was the same.

"I lost my eyes," she said softly.
"Not my knowing."

They sat outside the haveli, the

mela continuing around them like the living Raavi. Darshan spoke of his years away—Delhi, work that paid but did not fulfil, relationships that never took root. Noor spoke of learning independence, of becoming someone whole on her own.

"I was afraid," Darshan confessed. "Afraid you would need me too much. And, afraid you wouldn't need me at all."

Noor laughed quietly. "You always thought love was about saving someone." "And now?"

"Now I know it's about staying."

As she spoke, Noor's fingers gently traced the scar on his wrist, the old mark beneath her touch telling a story of resilience and memory, while her anklets chimed softly, resonating like a familiar heartbeat.

Silence settled between them, gentle and unafraid. A dhol began somewhere in the distance, its rhythm steady and forgiving.

"Dance with me," Noor said suddenly. "Here?" Darshan asked, startled. "Yes. Here."

She guided his hands, placing them where they needed to be. They moved awkwardly at first, then more easily, swaying to a rhythm older than regret. There was no audience, no spectacle—just two people learning again how to share space.

In the darkness, Noor felt complete.

She had learned that love, like dance, did not require sight. It required presence.

Memory. Touch.

And some truths, once learned by

the hands, are never forgotten.

(Sonika Kaur is an author, thinker who is passionate about exploring and studying subjects of language and literature. She contributes opinions and research through articles, blogs, case studies, and various other forms of literature representation. Sonika designs content strategies for brands and businesses in both B2B and B2C categories, globally. She has over 14 years of experience in content development in the global digital market. Language comes to her as a divine experience.

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Mushtaque B Barq

Introducing a poet is like pushing open the wide gate of literature. One of the genuine abilities that every poet possesses is the mastery of language; their alchemy assists in shaping words and expressions. This capability engages a poet in exploring human agony, suffering, romance, pleasure, and unaddressed human desires, finding a place for these sentiments within their verses that, in reciprocation, makes them eternal. They live when rest is silent. Their influence lasts for generations to come because their verses carry a golden thread that connects them with generations they may have hardly thought of addressing. Thus, they not only create a pulsating history but also provide stimulation for others to carry the torch of verse ahead. The landscape that their widespread expressions draw mesmerizes the reader, and in this way, a poet secures a timeless place, living on through the ages. G N Khayal was one of the few writers whose pen consistently transcended the boundaries of various writing genres. His translations, poems, essays, reports, and various other forms bear testimony to his artistic excellence and the merit of his expressions. It might appear as merely a sentence to align these diverse literary creations, but the truth is, translation and poetry, as well as the crafting of essays and journalistic pieces, stand at different poles along the same river. When such a wide array of forms is designed and composed on the same desk, one can genuinely sketch the cosmos of G N Khayal's literary cosmos.

G N Khayal's poetic growth is gradual, akin to that of poets worldwide. His verses are abundant with rainbow colours and crimson romance, reflective of his youthful days. His canvas is replete with human desires that he adorns by seeking refuge in poetry. One cannot forget the first section of 'Shabnum Ka Aatish Kadah,' which is passionately filled with romance, coinciding with the heart-throbbing beauty of Kashmir. The scenic beauty and youthful grandeur of his inner valley find a match in his verses. The other section sketches human agony, unending worries, and social and inner unrest. A poet is defined by what he lives for, where he resides, and how he lives; thus, he carries the entire globe along with him on his journey, forming a link between the past and the future by seamlessly connecting it with the present. In this way, he portrays his cosmos based on his observations.

A cry rang out from a house in the street of Mohalla

News has it: a daughter from the

G N Khayal: Architect of Poetics Space



house has been taken away

*She was young, bore the name
'Chandni', her visage was akin to
moonlight*

And for his brother, 'the sun' the
heaven fractured

*He was an apple of her eye and
resided deep in his soul*

Quietly, without disclosing his intentions, he set to seek her

When in following night 'Chandni' reappeared in the vicinity

*Locked were her lips, her eyes
shrank and dishevelled hair*

*With her body battered and her
steps faltering*

The entire area was in a strange state, a pain and pleasure

Someone rejoiced at her return,
rest were unwilling to welcome her

*Oh Lord! Forgive the turpitudes
of agitators*

*Oh Lord! Mend the torn hems all
As the 'Chandni' graced the vicin-*

But alas! 'The sun' never bestowed

The subtle use of symbols elevates

The subtle use of symbols elevates this poem to a unique dimension. 'Chandni,' the sufferer, becomes a casualty of aggression; subjected to torment that erodes her identity and individuality. In regions where conflict emerges like a dawn and dissipates like a capricious cloud film, 'Chandni' embodies the pinnacle of physical, mental, and psychological trauma—a weight she carries throughout her life, akin to unsightly blemishes tarnishing the once pristine surface of the moon. Poet Khayal ingeniously disrupts the natural order, bringing the moon down to Earth and compelling it to bear the weight of human suffer-

ing. This topsy-turvy portrayal of a celestial phenomenon serves as a poignant metaphor for the anguish endured by the victims of power. Khayal, with audacious perspective, opens the gates of his perceptions, presenting the world with the moon on Earth and the lamentations that replace it, stretching to touch the horizons. The meticulously crafted scene of agony not only unveils the suffering of 'Chandni' but also reflects the poet's own anguish, intimately intertwined with the nearby area he calls home.

The suffering portrayed in the poem is multi-dimensional: for 'Chandni,' it is deeply personal, while for the brother, 'the sun,' it takes on a universal significance. GN Khayal, as a poet, successfully conveys the agony of the brother, forming the tragic essence of the poem. Comparable to a serious short story, the poem follows a linear form, unfolding like a well-crafted plot. The unbearable pain experienced by 'the sun' is mentioned briefly, recognizing the inadequacy of words to convey such intense suffering. In such moments, poets like Khayal, akin to other great literary figures, invite readers to feel the experience rather than merely describing it through the veil of imagery. Khayal's voice is sharp and piercing; his images in the poem delicately shift from the visual to the organic. The unrest of 'the sun' carries universal appeal, impacting the broader world. The eclipse of agony faced by 'the sun' not only consigns the regular and punctual sun to oblivion somewhere in the abyss of the underworld but also silently imparts

a message that earthly troubles can cast shadows even on the blazing sun above the azure sky. The ugly spots on the moon and the blazing torment of the sun are wonderfully used as contrasts to balance the beam of the poem. To maintain such equilibrium, Khayal must be given a due share.

The relation between two heavenly objects has been described in human emotions is yet another striking feature of the poem. Although the two celestial objects that we have been watching moving and shining over our heads in the poem are personified as human beings.

He was an apple of her eye and
resided deep in his soul

Quietly, without disclosing his intentions, he set to seek her.

The relationship between the two is akin to that of a brother and a sister. The moon, always in tow of her brother 'the sun,' and the brother, who unfailingly guides his sister when she ventures to the other side of the world, greets her every morning and cradles her in comfort until dusk. This unbreakable cycle is abruptly shattered when, unfortunately, a hand reveals the sanctity of it all. The brother's heart, once a terrific hearth now reduced to ashes, compels him to conceal his burn marks. The sensitivity and gravity of this relationship can only be truly felt, and Khayal has brought this unbearable pain to Earth, challenging the celestial world to translate human suffering beyond the realms of illusions, mirages, and ambiguities.

The entire area was in a strange state, a pain and pleasure

Someone rejoiced at her return,
rest were unwilling to welcome her.

This unforgettable episode has other implications, which G. N. Khayal has highlighted while keeping the social stigma into consideration. The mixed response of the people is a diamond cut in the mirror, displaying our hypocrisies. The return of 'Chandni' has exposed the very core of our social fiber as the choices are divided like our faiths and formalities. The lack of 'inclusiveness' has disturbed the poet to the extent that he has himself being drowned in the current of it as 'mixed approach' is what all he has experienced, and as a poet, he has dared to register that 'rest were unwilling to welcome her' which surely exposes the pigeonhole philosophy of 'exclusive' school of thought.

The architecture of the poem is admirable. Additionally, it has lifted the texture of the tragic event to a satirical note, so this poem is a complete scan of society. The theme of the poem has further intensified the event to let the human agony be felt above the skyline, and G. N. Khayal has wonderfully justified the relationship, the unaddressed cries of a conflict zone, and above all, he has kept his verses cascading like tears to drench every hem.

As the 'Chandni' graced the vicinity again, the entire night gleamed

But alas! 'The sun' never bestowed
upon us again.

Saadat Hasan Manto and Kashmir

Ancestral Memory, Diaspora, and Literary Representation



Dr. Mohiudin Zore Kashmiri

“Kashmir is where heaven touches the earth.”

The year 2012 was celebrated as “Manto Century” throughout the Urdu-speaking world. On this occasion, numerous seminars, symposiums, literary programmes, and theatrical performances were organised to commemorate the life and work of Saadat Hasan Manto (May 1912 – January 1955), one of the most influential Urdu short story writers. Scholars and critics revisited his writings and unanimously acknowledged that Manto occupies a foremost position among Urdu short story writers of the twentieth century. His complete literary works were reprinted and published by prestigious institutions such as Oxford University Press, the National Council for Promotion of Urdu Language (NCPUL), and Education Publishing House, New Delhi.

The present discussion focuses on Manto's relationship with Kashmir. Before this study, notable scholars such as Dr. Brij Premi and Ghulam Nabi Khayal have explored this subject from their respective perspectives.

Manto himself repeatedly asserted that he was Kashmiri by origin. According to him, his ancestors migrated from Kashmir to Punjab several generations ago and embraced Islam while living in Kashmir. The surname "Manto" belongs to a Kashmiri caste that exists among both Muslims and Hindus, similar to surnames like Pandit, Koul, Raina, Bhat, and Das. Several of Manto's close friends including Krishan Chander, Opendra Nath Ashk, Asadullah, and Bari Sahib have testified that Manto always took pride in his Kashmiri roots. In Punjab, people often teasingly referred to him as "Hatou" (a colloquial term for a Kashmiri). Despite such mockery, Manto remained deeply attached to his identity.

His friends also recorded that whenever Manto encountered a Kashmiri in the markets of Punjab, he would invite him to his home, share meals, and engage in long conversations about Kashmir. This emotional attachment was also shared by his father, Sub-Judge Ghulam Hassan, and his wife, Safia Begum. The names of Manto's forefathers and relatives further reflect Kashmiri cultural influence, such as Abdul Gaffar, Jamaluddin, Abdul



Gani, Tajmaal, Zoon, and Shah Begum.

Ironically, Manto never visited Kashmir in his lifetime. During his student days at Aligarh Muslim University, he fell ill and was advised by doctors to travel to Kashmir for recovery. However, on his way he was admitted to a sanatorium hospital in Batote. A popular narrative possibly fictional claims that Manto fell in love with a shepherdess during this period. This story has created confusion and debate among researchers, as there is no historical evidence to support it.

Some scholars believe that Manto greatly admired the poetry of Peerzada Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor (1887-1952), the celebrated Kashmiri poet. Manto became familiar with Mah-

joor's poetry through Urdu translations provided by his friend Naseer Ahmad. Moreover, Manto remained politically conscious about the Kashmir issue. His views are reflected in a long letter addressed to Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru (1889-1964), the then Prime Minister of India. Although the letter was never sent, it was later published as the preface to his novel titled *Baghair Unwan Ke*.

A survey of Manto's complete works reveals that Kashmir appears repeatedly as a theme, background, or symbolic presence. His stories frequently reflect Kashmiri life, landscape, labour, and political turmoil. Notable examples include Na Mukammal Tahreer, Tedhi Lakeer, Misri Ki Dali, Tithwal Ka Kutta.

Aakhri Salute, Sheru, Mazdoori,
Sahai, Lalteen, Siyah Hashiye,
Paanch Din, Mosam Ki Shararat,
and Begu.

In the stories *Begu* and *Paanch Din*, Manto constructs a fictional narrative in which he suggests a youthful romantic involvement with a shepherd girl. This claim is not factual; rather, it serves a literary purpose by creating a romanticised image of Kashmir. However, in doing so, Manto sometimes fails to clearly distinguish between an urban, playful woman and a poor rural “*pahadan*” girl. These stories should therefore be read as imaginative reconstructions rather than autobiographical accounts.

From a critical perspective, Manto's Kashmir-related writings can be classified as diasporic literature, shaped by inherited memory, emotional longing, and cultural displacement. His story *Aakhri Salute* directly addresses the trauma of the Indo-Pak Partition and the Kashmir conflict of October 1947, reflecting the human cost of political decisions.

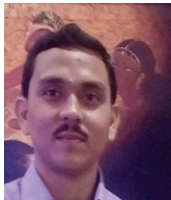
Manto's most powerful and intellectually challenging story on Kashmir is "Tithwal Ka Kutta" (1951). Set in a border village in Kashmir, the story symbolically portrays the absurdity and cruelty of political division. Two brothers are separated by a newly drawn border, while a stray dog moves freely across it. Through this allegory, Manto questions the logic of nationalism and borders, suggesting that animals enjoy more freedom than humans in a divided world. The story shugul exposes the exploitation of Kashmiri labourers and the suffering of ordinary people caught between rival powers.

In stories like Mazdoori and Sheru, Manto highlights the harsh realities faced by Kashmiri labourers who migrate to Punjab in search of work. These labourers endure extreme weather, receive inadequate wages, and are subjected to humiliation and exploitation. The difficult life of Kashmiri people in mountainous regions, along with glimpses of natural beauty, is also portrayed in Tedhi Lakeer.

It is indeed unfortunate that Manto never witnessed the breathtaking beauty of Kashmir firsthand its Dal Lake, Mughal Gardens, Gulmarg, Pahalgam, shrines, and cultural heritage sites. As a result, he could not fully capture Kashmir's physical splendour and cultural richness in his writings. Nevertheless, despite this limitation, it is evident that Manto maintained a deep emotional attachment to his ancestral homeland, and this love is powerfully reflected throughout his literary work.

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Childless Julys



Dr Tanmoy Bhattacharje

Gorgeous was the marriage of Deepak and Rinita. Guests thronged the occasion, the flute sang like a spring breeze, laughter melted into whispers, gossip travelled from B. Garden to Benaras, and lights shimmered like fireflies in a dark bush. When the drama ended, the couple settled into their new life, happily ever after.

It was July. Clouds hung heavy across the afternoon sky, rumbling and groaning, while rain pattered incessantly, drowning all other sounds. In the Roychoudhury's modest kitchen, a flickering oil-lamp glowed. The brass cauldron hissed as ghee met hot metal, and flour swelled into golden luchi.

“Tikku, fetch two plates quickly—Dadababu is back!” cried Shantimasi, the tireless maid and manager of the household. Tikku yawned, replying, “Didimoni returned at noon.” Surprised, Shantimasi muttered while finishing her potato curry, “She never comes home so early... what’s up?” Tikku explained, “A splitting headache. She left school early.”

Shantimasi sighed, lamenting the damp, dull weather that often left Rinita unwell. Tikku, used to her endless chatter, slipped away upstairs, past the silent mosaic corridor, and stopped before a red curtain.

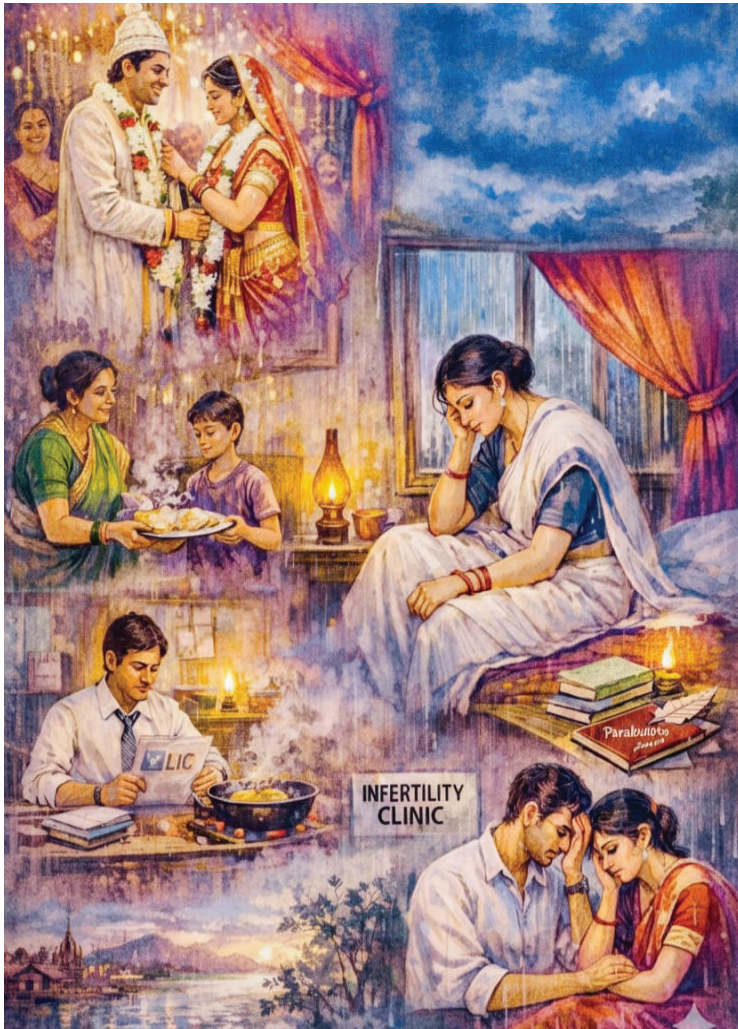
“Tap, tap, tap... I’ve brought luchis and curry,” she said, stepping into the dim room. “It’s so dark, nothing in order, and the electricity—” Her words faded as Rinita, lying weakly on the bed, beckoned her closer.

“Where is Dadababu, Didimoni?” Tikku whispered, but Rinita raised a hand, silencing her. Tikku placed the plates down, drawn toward her sister’s frail figure.

"Tikku," came Rinita's dull, painful voice, "if... if..."

Deepak, a mediocre graduate from Scottish Church College, Kolkata, was fortunate to secure a job at the Life Insurance Corporation of India. The only son of his parents, he grew up under their constant sacrifices and his father's endless tales of the Roychoudhury lineage—stories that no longer interested anyone.

Now, standing on his own feet, Deepak faced the daunting prospect of marriage, a serious affair in a Bengali household. Matchmakers, relatives, friends, matrimonials—all were explored, yet months passed and he remained the “unique eligible bachelor.” His parents, cautious and deliberate, rejected many proposals until one November morning a photograph arrived.



The girl, though not fair, belonged to the respected Chakravarty family of Shyambazar. An M.A. in English from Calcutta University, she was passionate about poetry and creative writing. With no dowry demands and a school job nearly secured, the match seemed ideal.

Courtship followed. An SMS from Deepak to Rinita read: "Rinnnnnnnni...my heart...sorry re baba...heavy workload." She replied curtly, "You are concerned about everything but me." Deepak pleaded, "I'm sorry one hundred times, two hundred times, three hundred times...please don't refuse me."

She relented on one condition: he must buy her *My Stories*, translated by Sanjukta Dasgupta. Their playful banter continued—arguments over words like “euphemism,” teasing about intelligence, and promises of meetings postponed until the book was bought.

Those were days and nights of courtship—intoxicating, incoherent, yet deeply important. As E.E. Cummings wrote: “I carry your heart (I carry it in my heart).”

Tajpur M.N. Roy Institution, a reputed higher-secondary school in Amta, lies some 45 kilometers from Howrah Station. This is where Rinita has been teaching since 2009, a year after her marriage and her success in the State School Service exam.

Though the journey from her

Bansdroni home is long and tiring, she embraced the posting with joy. Life then was steeped in poetry—of love, hope, and happiness.

Her students became her anchor. Their warmth reminded her of To Sir, With Love, teaching her that life was not always seamless poetry, but she could weave her own verses into its garland. Each class felt like writing a poem, each act a joyful line.

She rose early, left behind her husband's embrace, cooked breakfast, tied her hair into a neat bun, ate hurriedly, and embarked on the odyssey of metro, buses, and autos. Along the Damodar River, the rushing green reminded her of Judith Wright's "Hunting Snake," filling her with wonder she shared with her learners.

In rural Bengal, English still carried the aura of an unattainable Eldorado, feared more than loved. This fear created a gulf between teacher and taught, especially in poetry. Rinita, however, came, saw, and conquered.

From her first week, she sensed something amiss—poetry was taught by force, reserved for front-benchers, leaving others alienated. She rebelled against this notion, insisting that poetry was simply the free expression of powerful feelings: the release of a bird into the sky, rushing to help an old woman cross the road, or quenching thirst in midsummer heat.

To break barriers, she began her classes with Buddhadev Basu's simile from "Pandulipi": "Je gaité pare/ tar gala beye jamon othe gaan..." [The way music springs from one who can sing.]

She contrasted meaningless jingles—“You are flower, I am kite/ You are shower, I am Knight”—with nursery rhymes like Jack and Jill or Humpty-Dumpty, showing the difference between rhyme without meaning and rhyme with meaning.

Step by step, marvel to marvel, she led her students into the realm of poetry, not as a burden but as a joy.

The marriage was solemnized in July. The next year she joined school—again in July. Five more Julys came and went, heavy with rain and cloud, signifying nothing. Could poetry ever be born of nothing? Rinita believed it could.

She longed to see life as a river of poetry, herself and Deepak afloat in a little boat. Yet after six years of marriage, the boat had no destination. They remained childless, drifting in uncertainty.

Disbelief clouded Deepak's eyes, disapproval filled her in-laws. From one infertility clinic to another, from Hyderabad to CMC, from temples in Champahati to Birshibpur, they searched for answers.

Gradually, Deepak began to suspect Rinita's devotion to poetry was a barrier. One night he lashed out: "I never see regret in you... how can two lines of poetry replace our child?"

Deepak had never read poems, though Rinita once shared Navanita Dev Sen's "Parabhrīto" with him. He dismissed it, insisting childbirth alone mattered, tales exaggerated, reality was different. That lack of sympathy later hardened into taunts, and he drifted away—like fading music, like a poem without content.

When medical reports revealed Deepak's inadequacy, his family refused to accept them, blaming Rinita instead. Even at school, when she cared for an injured child, a cruel voice mocked: "See how poetry heals—Rinita madam's brainchild."

That July morning, rain poured endlessly. Rinita left school without a word, returned home, and through streaming eyes saw not Tikku, the errand boy, but July itself entering her room. Clouds gathered around her sorrow, and she felt like singing Tagore: “Srabaner dharar moto poruk jhore, poruk jhare”—let it keep pouring, endlessly.

(Dr Tanmoy Bhattacharjee, Assistant Professor of English at Women's Christian College, Kolkata, and Post-doctoral Fellow at Lincoln University College, Malaysia, is author of Sarojini Naidu: Sufi and Bhakti Influence.

Editor of Understanding Environment and Eco-Tales of India, he is translating SabarKatha under the Rupkatha Project in collaboration with ULB, Belgium, and co-editing As Leaves Rustle for Spadina Literary Review, Canada.)

A collage of six photographs showing various scenes from a village in Kashmir. The images include: a river with a small bridge and a person; a river with a large pile of debris; a person in a boat on a river; a person in a boat on a river; a person in a boat on a river; and a person in a boat on a river.

(The writer is an author of "A War Already Lost" and several micro fictions. He is a columnist, occasional poet, and environmental advocate focusing on social issues and Islamic finance. Padma Shree Nominated, 2023.)

When the Mirror Breaks



Zulfiqar Naqvi

People feign holiness,
wear borrowed wings—
oh my God.
Yet beneath the halo
they are beasts,
they are hypocrites.
A dog does not deceive you,
nor does a snake;
they remain what they are,
and their nature is known.
But who can recognize
the snake or the dog
when it walks clothed as a
man?
If, by the faintest chance,
such a man comes face to face
with himself in a mirror,
what follows?
He cries out.
He barks.
He flings stones at the glass,
until it shatters into countless
shards,
each fragment enlarging his
truth.

He sets his house ablaze;
not with fire,
but with noise,
with rage hurled at others
in every direction.
You will never feel
the torment of this man
dying while still alive.
Oh my God.

(Zulfiqar Naqvi is a prolific Urdu poet and former announcer with All India Radio. He has served as the Chief Editor of Insight Weekly and is the Founder-President of Muntaha-e-Fikr, an international literary organisation. He is a retired Principal of the School Education Department, Jammu & Kashmir.)

EVENTIDE

Rafiya Sayeed

Fiery rays of the sunset are
 all spread,
 the sky is bathed in orange
 paint.
 Light fades in and out through
 trees,
 cacophony of the day is dead.
 Like a fading ember, sparks
 of the sun
 fill my compound with flutter-
 ing bats.
 The sooty sky has new artists
 spotty half moon is juggling
 tiny Pentagons.

(Rafiya Sayeed is a writer and educator from Kashmir. She writes poetry, essays and review works. She is inspired by nature and simple life experiences to write her verses. Her work has been featured in various anthologies, newspapers and online literary magazines.)

MARCHING TOWARDS JUNGLE



Perwaiz Shaharyar

We are marching towards the Jungle
Where only one rule is rampant
Stronger eats the flesh of weaker
Where the might is right
We are marching towards the darkness
Where stronger kill whoever comes on their way
Where treasure is more valuable than tears
Where blood quenches thirst of the monsters
Where blood is cheaper than water
Where honesty is disability
Where compassion is futile
Where empathy is foolishness
Where tolerance is fragile
We are marching towards ancient cannibalism
Where arms make a man powerful
Where arrow and bow decide the destiny
Where sword is mightier than a pen
We are marching towards beasts den
Knock at on your own risk
Knock out round is being played
Where ringmaster tame the lions
Where monkey rides a bicycle
Where elephant is compelled to play a football
We are marching towards Circus
Beautiful girls are helpless to flaunt their long-long legs
Where a man becomes Clown to earn the breads
We are passing through such democratic farce
The whole world rests at the verge of devastation
We are witnessing smokes, fires and tears
Where human blood is soaking in dust of rubbles
Where innocent civilians are killed by guns
Where security forces are the biggest obstacles
In the way of peaceful protests
We are marching towards the world war three
Where even the heads of states are not free
Dictators are roaming out like zombies
Where afraid public are targeted at their spree
A few human beings turned to behaving like beasts
Whereas, our so called civilisations are at theirs peaks
Alas!
We are marching towards Jungle
We are behaving like truly beasts
(Dr Perwaiz Shaharyar is a distinguished multilingual poet, critic and short story writer and consultant editor NCERT, New Delhi, India)

A Wish That Wouldn't Die



Imran Yousuf

I
Look through my eyes,
through the hollow of my soul,
and see the ruins I have walked
through
all these years.

II
Hold my hand for a while,
feel the weight of what it carried.
Know how hard it was for Farhad
to carve stairs out of a mountain
with nothing but a chisel and love.

III
Look through the shattered
window of my room.
See how many seasons I have
waited
on its cold sill
for one glimpse of you.

IV
Enter my heart once more.
See how broken it has been,
how I longed in silence,
how I wept in the corner
like Adam exiled for decades.

V
Know this,
there was never a moment
I wasn't on edge,
wanting to scream,
to let the world know
I was suffocating
when my voice could not reach
you.

VI
I know you will never know.
I know you will never come.
This is a separation without mea-
sure.
Still, it remains
a wish unfulfilled,
echoing through the walls of Tar-
tarus,
waiting for resurrection.

(Imran Yousuf is a poet, writer, columnist, and translator from Kashmir. His poems and translations have appeared in leading literary magazines and international anthologies, and he has co-authored over 30 collections. He is well known for his acclaimed series on Kashmir's Sufi poets, now being compiled into a book.)

The Milky Way



Mostafa Moin

Everything is a Poem
Some poems are for Class Two,
Some for Class Seven,
Some just Tenth Grade,
Some are meant for the Twelfth—
Some poems are the shimmer of
noon sunlight
spread across the horizon.
Some poems are dusk,
Some poems travel with the constel-
lations to distant planets.
The Cosmic Milky Way of the solar
system,
The sunrise,
The blade of the plough,
The blushing bride,
The sap-filled breast of the shaal
tree,
The forest of trees and flowers,
the Mother of Harvests,
The paddy planter grows
white rice out of dreams transcend-
ing death.
Some poems float on the endless
sea—
Behula and Lakhindar!
Some poems are institutional theses,
Postgraduate works,
Some poems create eras.
Some poems hold time itself—
telling the millennium tales of life,
to compose the songs of humanity
In the world of creation.
The sounds of poetry spread all over
the creation,
The visible light of the soul.
Through love they become Rumi,
Lalon Fakir,
Tagore, Nazrul, Hasan Raja.
Some belong to the tribe of birds—
Having flight across the world,
dismantling all boundaries.
Some are Valmikis of poetry.
Not everyone can be a poet—
Some poets draw lines and stay
trapped inside their circles,
Behind the dark,
closed doors and bolted shutters.

(Mostafa Moin is an eminent Bengali poet and Multi Awardee author of a number of poetic volumes “Bam Hate Samudra Thelechi” etc and regular contributor to global magazines and newspaper)

Tidings of Hope



Maria Kolovou Roumelioti

Time has its turns and always
makes circles
And even if the sowing, the
plow, the sickle were forgotten:
The haystacks guard the seed!

The season will come again in
this caravan
Where the sky will rain,
the soil will be watered
And the days as a reward
will have the sun as shield!...
From the Earth, Demeter's
daughter is nurtured
In the womb's warm allure-
ments
and the place sprouts
As Pluto fulfills Persephone's
desire!

(Maria Kolovou Roulmelioti Is a poet from Greece whose poems are published global anthologies and journals as well)

ہیون ہون ورق تہ اُتھر بڑی گہو دچ کتاب
مچس چار سولیس پٹھ پتھ سہمران وڈی بس

☆

مئس ونیم ز پتھر تہ، اچھ پھ پھ پھ ہم
دوہن ژن لائے وکس چھی دہ پے عذاب لکھتھ
نذیر حسین صاب چھ پنہن غزلن مژ عشق و
محبوبی پہلو سٹھمے خوبصورتی سان پیش کران تہ
جدید طرز آکھ و فریب تصویر اچھن بڑ و فہم گن
انان۔ اکہ نو امانہ جذباتن تہ احساسن ہنر
ترجانی کران:

نارنگیولس مژ حسنس یاد تہ رتہ داؤ و گئے
مایہ کر ہنر و فہم تہ چھی لہہ وان تہ تو بہ چھا خبر
تھ شہر سہمرانہ اندر موجودہ و مناجات، نعت،
غزلہ تہ نظم چھ فنی لو ا زمان تہ شہر تھ تہ
پارتھ۔ بین مژ روایت، جدت، علامتن ہند
شعوری ورتا، انسانی جذباتن ہند کران نوہن احساس
مارکر مؤند جذبہ خیال، یس تھ تخلیقی ادبہ
سہمرانہ چہ خوبصورتی مزید سنا وان پھ۔

☆☆☆



شہناز رشید

دوہن کانہہ ولاساہ، چھوکن کانہہ دواہ
ژن نش چھایہ بڈ کتھ خدا جھکھ، خدا

نہ آگلن خبر رتہ کالگ ووداؤ
پڈ جھکھ خوش لحن بلبلن ہند صدا

بہ ما پوشہ واوس ژن چھ دسترس
مدد کر، نہ رچھن بہ گن زون شمع

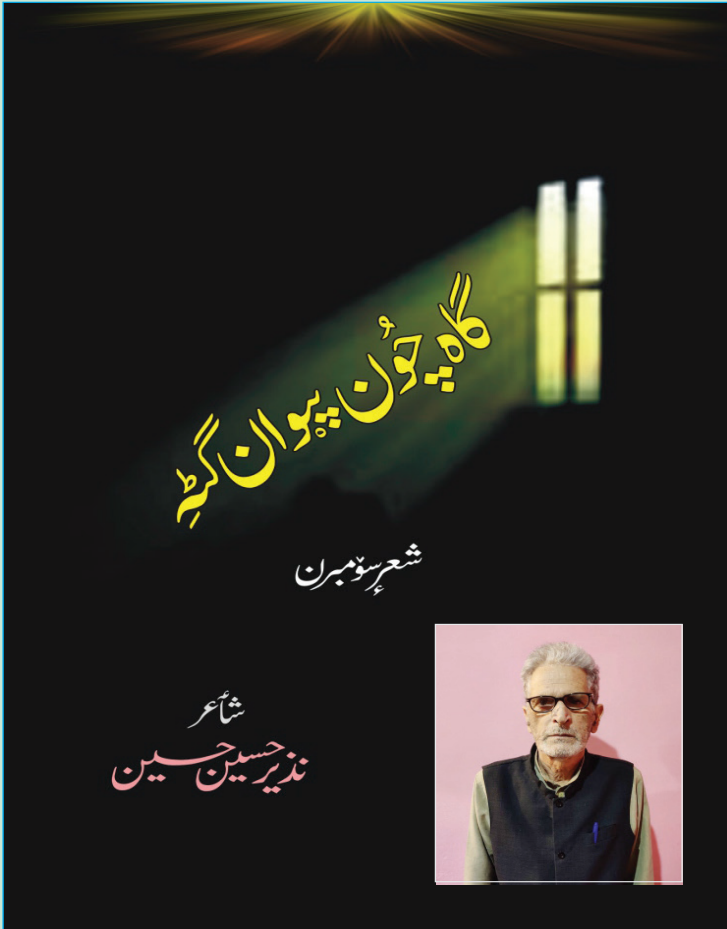
یتیم آگلن گن تہ کینہہ گہنہ سوز
بے کس کور لگو چھتہ ساری طبع

مڑی یوسفی، زونہ ہند گڑھ نہ خواب
مسافر مارکر مہ سپدن جدا

کو تا مٹھ ہر د، اوپر نب، زمہر
بہارہ، گلابا، سکولک شہا

☆☆☆

”گاہ چون پھوان گپہ“..... مختصر جائزہ



شاعر
نذیر حسین



تہ ہلمس رات کیت رنج و الم کویا بران زینت
سو اُس کوفس اندر یو دآل تے اولاد ہتھ آمہو
مگر در کر بلا رتہ شری گلو دامن بران زینت
و چھان پتھ طرفہ بے گور و کفن اخبار لاش ہند کر
طفا سنہ چھ داران تہ کینہہ کینہہ زارن زینت
سید نذیر حسین صاب چھ فطری اعتبار سٹھمے
سجید تہ فن شاعری پٹھ کڑ نظر تھاوان۔ سہنر غزل
گواہی اندر چھ نو فکری جہہ، تخلیقی وسعت تہ فنی
پختگی یسہ پاٹھو دڑ پٹھو گواہان تہ سٹھمے جامع
انداز مژ پنہن عین جذب، خیالاتن تہ محوساتن
تہیمہ آہ زو دوان:

رہچھ تھن لولہ خواب چھم اچھن اندر پڑو چھ زہے
بین بہار کو باون پڈ دی زہے پٹو زبان
☆

کر کیناہ پے ہارنی کزائے شزاو نہ گڑ شچ گری
گملو و تنہ زو مین سہ گلو لولہ مژر اکھ
شاعر چھ پاس اندر پتہ ساجک تہ پٹن دود دگ،
کرب تہ رنج و الم ہند تہ سان محوس کران۔
پہند غزلیات چھ درد و الم تہ ملالہ تہ مالامال تہ
پنہ دلہ چہ کتابہ ہند تہ اُتھر بڑی و فہم گن
کران کران ظلمات اندر یو نہ شہناز رشید ان:

حسین ناتوانس آش چائی
پتھر عیتس تہوی یاور تہ داور
پتھ کانہہ قلم کار چھ نعت لکھن باعث سعادت
زانان۔ نذیر حسین صاب تہ چھ پنہن نعتن مژ
آخضورن ہند بے پناہ محبت، روحانی، فکری
تہ قلبی وابستگی ہند اظہار کران، بیم روح تہ ولس
ساراب کران چھ تہ ایمان و یقین تازگی بخشان تہ
تہیمہ عقیدتی کلامک خیال تہ اسلوب پٹھ سٹھمے
روح پرور:

تھ گن و چھتہ آفتاب تہ اندری گتھ گواہان
نورانی تے والضحی روچ کتھا کرو
☆

تا پھ حراوس اندر چھم یابی ہن ہن دزان
اکھ نظر کر تو تہوی چھو رحمت بارانہ مین
نظم ”بیاد حضرت زینب“ سلام اللہ علیہا ہس
مژ چھ شاعر کر بلا کس بے آب و گیاہ سیکتانس
اندر مظلوم و معصوم شہیدن ہندس ماتس حضرت
زینب ہند دسی زو بخشان، تیج زبان سٹھمے ہر درد
تہ و چھ ژہ وڈی چھ تہ نذیر صاب پٹھ بے دل سوز
منظر تہیمہ آہ و تلاوان:

دوہس چھ بے سکونی ہند عج عالم سران زینب



تجزیہ

سید سرور ہاشمی

سید نذیر حسین حسین صاب چھ سائہ وادی
ہند کر معروف مائبر تعلیم، محقق، نقاد، انشائیہ نگار،
ادیب تہ جدید دور کر اکھ خوش فکر تہ معتبر شاعر۔
بین چھ تخلیقی ریاضت، کاتھر زبانی تہ ادب تہ پنہ
نس تہذیبس تہ بے پناہ محبت۔ یہ ذوق چھ بین
پنہن عین مژر گن ہند واسطہ ورس مژ میلٹ۔
بین چھ مایہ زو تہ ادب مے، سوخن مژ
سلاست تہ فصاحت، دینی تہ علمی ماحول کہ سببہ
گر پے مژ نصیب سہر ہو۔ علمی تہ ادبی ماحول
مژ پیہ تھہ تہ اُتھر ماحول مژ پڑاؤ کہ تعلیم و
تربیت۔

ذہن تہ شعور چ پختگی تہ تہ چھ بالغ نظر
تہ لو کپار پٹھ اُسی شعر و نان۔ خوش قسمتی سان
اُسی پھند کر چھ بابہ مرحوم و مغفور سید علی گوہر صاب
تہ وقت اکھ یو دبار عربی تہ فارسی داں، تہ علمی تہ
ادبی ذوق تھاوان۔ تہ چھ گز روڈو مرحوم گوہر
صاب جناب نذیر حسین صاب کو ڈیکو ناقد تہ مشیر
سوخن۔

”گاہ چون پھوان گپہ“ چھ پھنر گوڈنچ شعر
سہمران، یسہ ۲۰۱۸ء مژ شائع سہر۔ سہنر شعر
سہمرانہ ”صحراؤ و سفر“، ”دشت الم (اردو) چھ
زیر ترتیب، نیلہ زن نرس مژ ”خطوط احباب“ تہ
”مقالات حسین“ غار مطبوعہ چھ۔

”گاہ چون پھوان گپہ“ شعر سہمرانہ ہند
ڈسلاپ چھ جہر باری تعالیٰ تہ کر تہ اُمت۔ تھ مژ
شاعر، پاک پرور و گار ہند صفات، کمال،
عظمت، قدرت تہ رب ہندن احسانن تہ فضل
و کرمک شکر بجا انان پٹھ تہ پنہن عین شہر تہیمہ
آہ زو دوان:

ضجک یہ نور چوئے
شامک ظہور چوئے
پرتھ جاپہ جلو چوئے
اے مہربان خدایا

☆
چُچ ناو گردو آہس
لگو تہو چھ اُسی عذابس
فضل و کرم پٹھ چوئے
اے مہربان خدایا

تہ پنہن عین دعائیہ اشعارن مژر تہ سہنر بارگاہ
مژ پٹو بے کسی، بے بسی تہ لاچاری ہند حال زار
بادان:

گوہن گار بہ چھس نالان بر در
خدا وندا نہ گن نظر کرم کر

پروفیسر رشید ناز کی سٹڈیٹ



تحقيق

مشعل ساطانپوری

ادب نمبر یعنی ہمارا ادب کو تڑپے خصوصی نمبر تہ
ترتیب دیئے۔

رشید نازکی صاحبِ نین لکھی کہ متین اردو تہ
کا شہرین مقالہ ہنز کا نہ ہو۔ مرنہ چھہ و نیگ تام
رتیب تھ چھاپ سہ تھ ہنچو۔ بیو چھ دوشو
زبان منزوار باہ مقالہ لکھی مٹو۔ اگر صرف یہ ہند
عنوانے گزراؤ، کیون صفن تام واتن۔ مثالیہ
لنگو کہ یہ کیون گن اشار اردو مقالہ ”اقبال اور
وام غزالی“، ”ریشی تحریک کے نسوانی کردار“،
”دائرہ ریشیت کے مرکز“، ”کشمر میں ریشی
مسک“، کانثری مقالہ ”تھوفتہ مقامی فلسفن

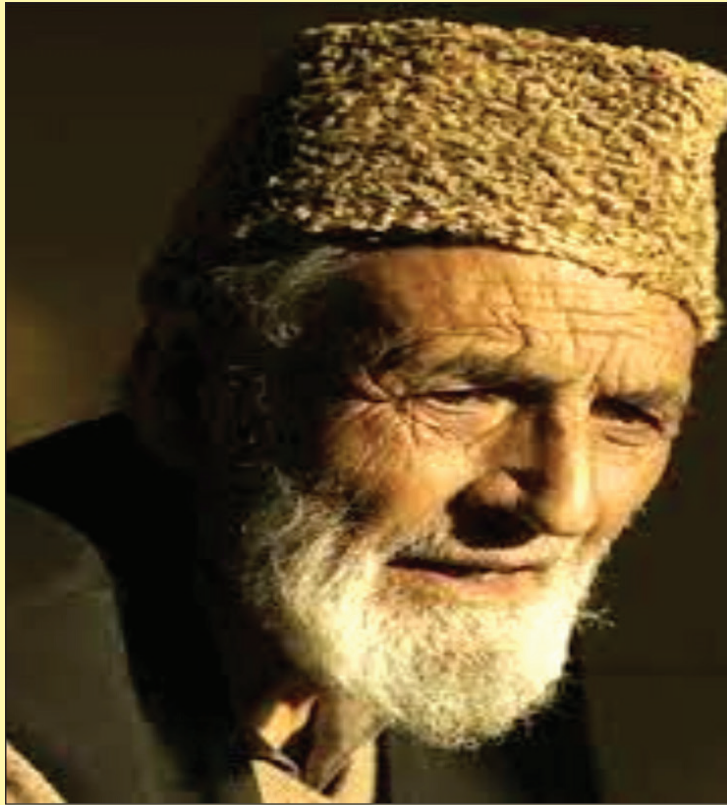
پروفیسر رشید ناز کی جتنی گنجائش آئی ہے۔ یہ
ناوچھ کشیر ہندسہ اردو تہ کا شکر لکھن والہن تہ
پرل والہن یوے تہ بلکہ یمن زبان ہند اوجھ
کچھ تکل والہن تہ کن مژ تہ تھن دبارن
کھسن والہن اچھن تل۔ رشید ناز کی بیلیہ بُیادی
تعلیم دے والے اُس کس مدرسہ فر و ستاد اُس
تہ بظاہر تمہ زمانہ کہ تھو ہتہ وادو مژ اکل، تمہن
دوہن تہ تہ بیلیہ کشیر ہندسہ تھم تھدس ادارس
یاں ل یونیورسٹی مژ پرناواں اُس، تمہ ورتہ پنجر
پز زنجہ زانہ ناو وول تہ مانہ ناو وول صاحب
ووستاد پنجر بیلیہ ہندسہ علمس تہ ہندسہ قلمس پٹھ
ڈرتھ اُس۔

رشید نازکی صاحب چھ ڈاکٹریتہ پروفیسریتہ، پوز
پی ایچ ڈی تھانوں والد عام سکالرشپ و کمر، لمحہ
ڈگری باچھ لکھنہ آئیس وزن دارتہ مولہ رس
مقاس لرلہ رچھ کینہہ مقابلہ پینڈ قلمہ دزاتہ سیہنڈ
قلمک مادلان چھ انشاء پردازی، تحقیق، تنقید، فلسفہ،
تصوف، تاریخ، سوانح، شعاعی، ترجمہ کاری، ترتیب
وہنڈیتہ صحافت ہیز۔

اردو تہ کا شہر دیو پتی زبان منتر چھ تھمن بلاؤ تل
حاصل۔ چغندر لکھ اس کشمیر منتر جمہوری دور شروع
گمہنہ پٹھے مارن منتر یہ ان۔ تم نو رو کا شہر زبانی
چندو رسالو منتر سوشل ایجوکیشن تحکمہ طرفہ نین
وٹلس "گاش" رسالہ رکن ادارتی تمکلو اکھا، ہم رکن۔
اکیدمی چغندر طرفہ جاری سپدیہتس "شیرا" ناگر رسالہ
رکن حسن نمبر منتر "مورخ حسن کا شاعر علی مقام"
لکھنہ نوو ہند قلمک یہ پاس تہ۔

عبدالاحد نادیم سُنَد لغتیہ کلام ترتیب دتھ گوڈتہ
 رنگو یو سہ مقدمہ اُہند قلمہ لکھنہ ہتھ یس
 ”کلیات نادیم“ ناؤ کتابہ منز شاہل ہجھ، تیگ
 باڈو ہجھ نصف کتابہ تام کاؤ کڈتھ۔ کچرل اکیڈمی
 منز پنڈت قمری ہندن و رن منز چھ نازکی صائن
 تھکڈ لائق کام کرہو۔ دیوے تم ایڈیٹر اردو
 ہندس منصب پٹھ اُسی، پڑنہن پیو وشش صد
 سالہ تقریبات شیخ العالم سلسلہ چر واریاہ ذمہ
 داری تہ بناوہ۔ امہ ہر بیانہ اقبال صدی
 تقریبات مناوچ کام کٹھہ اُہند اچھ تھیر۔ شمس
 العارفین (مقالہ سؤ مہرن)، بُرج نور (مقالہ
 سؤ مہرن)، ریشیات (مقالہ سؤ مہرن)، شیراز
 رسالک شیخ العالم نمبر، اقبال نمبر ہتہر۔ اردو ایڈیٹر
 ہند حبیبہ اُسی یمن اردو لکھن ہنڑے لانہ
 سؤ مہرن ہمارادب تہ ترتیب وچ کام مہ۔ اتھ
 سلسلس منز چھ بیو مشاہیر نمبر اکھ تہ ز، تہ لوک

ارو، نین محض پیٹھ بھلکتہ۔ یہ چھ کاشر زبانی
منظر حضور پر نور ہندس سپر س پیٹھ گوونچ کتاب۔
یہ دوسرے امیر بڑوہہ ڈاکٹر شمس الدین احمد حیات
النبی ناؤر اکھ سپر تر بن جلدن مز لچھ ہو چھ
پو ز سو چھ ترجمہ، نیلہ زن ناز کی صاف کتاب
تصنیف و تالیف کس دایرس مز یون چھ۔ تہ
چھ پندرہ لوچ گوونچ کوشش۔ امیک اسلوب
بیان چھ یون تہ بدو یون یہ کاشر زبانی ہنر چھ
کتھے، اردو زبانی مز تہ نظر گدھان بھنہ۔ صرف
چھ فارسی زبانی مز تہ یوت زین العابدین رہنما
ہنر حضو رن ہندس سپر س متعلق ”پیامبر“ ناؤر
کتابہ ستر تھواوان۔ مثالے دوم، یہ مضمون



ہند شہر، ”بھیر تہ میل“، ”پڑاؤ کُشپر تہ
ریخت“، ”ابتدا یی لطف..... اکھا تہ سنجی مطالعہ“،
”کُشپر ہند مندرا“، ”کُشپر ہند مشید تہ خانقاہ“،
”کاثر لغت تہ مذہبی ادب“ بیتر۔ ایم مقالہ چھ
عالمائہ نو بیجو، عبارتوں ہند جاذبہ تہ بیباؤ و کشی
چھ پودہ پڑ بھوہ۔ ”کلیات نادم“، کتابہ ہند
ترتیب کاری پتہ اُسریم ”نعتیہ ادب“ ناؤر اکھا
باؤدار کتاب تیار کران۔ سنے معلوم یہ سپر آیا
چھاپ کرے۔ پڑاؤ کُشپر تہ بیباؤ تہ باگہ
برژ کتاب، یوسہ ہند قلمہ برتہ چھاپ سپر، چھ
سیرت النبی، تہ نمو ”ذکر حبیب“، ناؤھو و مت
چھ۔ یہ کتاب چھ دون جلدن مژر چھاپ سپد تھ
پر ن و المکن تام و اُترہو۔ گوڈ نیگ حصہ پُھ ژور
تہ تہ ژوداھ صفحہ تہ دویم حصہ تہ تہ تہ ژویم
تا بی صفحہ۔ یان ز پڑ کتاب چھ ستن پتن تہ

رہے زچھر۔ معلومات تہ خبر اتر چھنہ نو، پڑ زچیش
کرنگ تہ اتھنارک اندازچھ بھرن تہ پھرن
لائق۔ نازی صابن چھ کشیم یونیورسٹی پند کاشمر
شعبہ بابچہ تہ بیاد کتب پندس سلسلس منز
چن اتھ بندت دست۔ مثالہ پانچھ اپنر پچھہ
کتاب "ریٹ تہ سائی ریش"۔ یسہ تحقیقی اعتبار
داد وڈ لایق کتاب چھ تہ کاشمرن طاک علمن
کیت فاید مند تہ چھ تہ لکھ ہارت۔

رشد نازی صابن یم اسکڑ پٹ ریڈیو تے ٹی وی
خاطر کچھ مڑتے تھ، تہند تعداد تے چھ واریہ۔ بوزن
والمن تہ وچھن والمن تام چھ پیئند فاض
وومت۔ وومید جھے دوشو تے ادارن پھندس ٹیپ
ذخیر مفر آسن یتیاہ محفوظ تہ، یم گنہ تہ گنہ وڑ
پئن فاض و اتناواں روزن۔

اردو تہ کا شہر زبانی منور لکھنؤ ستر ستر چھ
نازی صاب اکھ نامار گونما تھ تہ، یکن بیکن بیکن
شعر بیہن پڑھ یتھ پڑ یتھ دسترس تھ۔ اتھ
سلسلس منور چھ پند کلام بسیار، پڑ سورے
بھنچہ چھاپ سپدھ ہی کمٹ۔ او اخبارن تہ
رسال منور آے گئے گئے چھپتہ پرن والبن تام
ووت یا مشاعر منور بوزن والبن کن گڈو، خاص
گرتھ ریڈ یو کن یائی وی مشاعر منور، نہتھ تل
دو درے۔

آ! پہنڑ کا شاعر شاعری پہنڑا کہ سو مہر ان جھڈ پدے
۱۹۹۵ء یس منز ”وہرا تھ“ ناوس تل۔ تابش پبلی
کیشنز سرینگر کہ اہتمام۔ باڈو جھس شیراز
سازاک ۱۸۷ صفحہ۔ تھ منز پہنڑ کچھ مدت و قہ مد
نظم تہ غزلہ شامل چھ۔ پدیش گشتیار رنگو چھ
ڈاکٹر حامد کشمیری یں ”رشدنازی“..... اکھ پوشہ
ون، عنوان کہن صفن پڈھ اکھ تعارف لکھ کھمت
تہ پتہ پانہ شاعر ن صفحہ ڈومپر۔ اتھ سو مہر فی منز
چھ۔ کتبہ نعت، اسری عنوان اکھ پڈھ پڈھ زمیٹ تہ
یس تھہ ونہ وائڈ نظم تہ بابے غزلہ۔

رشید نازکی صائبین چھ وار یاہہ ترمجہ تہ کرکڑو -
علامہ اقبال ہمنون کینھون نظمن تہ بیون بیون
شعرن - ہنہند کینہیہ فارسی کلام تہ ترمجہ وکھ - امیر
علاؤ اکھٹھیہ قابل ذکر ترمجہ، یس "زم زم" ناؤر
چھاپ تہ چھ سپد مٹ - یہ ترمجہ چھ شرف الدین
محمد بصیری ہند اکہ عربی قصیدک یسہ تمو
ناٹھنہ جسی رحمت ہندہ تہ رنگو لیکھت چھ - یہ
قصید چھ عربی زبانی منز تہ نازکی صائبین چھ عربی
پٹھہ کاٹھرس منز تو رومت - اگہ پڑی زبانی تہ ادبکو
پروفیسر غلام رسول ملک، یس اسلامیات تہ
ادبس چٹھہ تہ جان نظر چھ، چھ امیر تہبھو گون
گنڑاروان و دان زکینھون جاین چھ ترمجہ کارمولہ
شاعرس تہ بزمنہہ و زامت - عربی زبانی تہ ادبک
بناک پروفیسر بدر الدین بٹ چھ اتھ ترمجس چٹھہ
تبصرہ کران، پوز پٹنڑ راے چھنہ و دان - سہ چھ
ملک صائبے حوالہ و تھ کتھہ اند و اتناوان - سہ چھ
یہ ترمجہ پڑ مٹ تہ باسیوٹ مٹھم ز پڑی پاٹھر
چھ کینھون جاین یہ منہ زواکلام باسان، ترمجہ نہ
کینہیہ -

رشید نازکی صاحبہ کثرتی بیوشنگ اگھ اہم گوشہ
 سچھ لغت ساری۔ تم رڈو اکیڈمی منزارو ایدلر
 ہنر جاے باقاعدہ پڑھی سنبالہ بز فہمہ وری وادن
 اردو کشمیری فرہنگ، منصوبہ کس سلسلس ستر
 وابستہ۔ ہم اک امر و کشتری ہنر دویمہ جلدہ چہ
 تیاری پڑھیے پروفیسر رحمان راہی تہ ڈاکٹر حامدی
 کشمیری ہون ادبی تہ علمی بالہ تھو گلبن ستر
 ایدلر نیولر بورڈس منفرختیت اگھ اکم رش کانامل
 تہ نوکر مہ جلدہ چہ تیاری و رڈو پروفیسر ایس
 کے خوشانی ہنر جاے ہنرخت چہف ایدلر تھہ ستر
 وابستہ۔ اللہ تعالیٰ کری تھ مغفرت