

HT Saturday

LitStream

BILINGUAL WEEKLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT OF DAILY HEADLINES TODAY

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Not Denied, Just Redirected!



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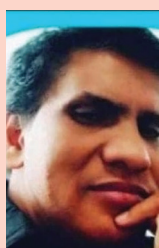
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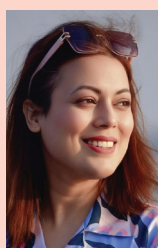
**Kujtim R
Hajdari**



**Dr Mallika
Tripathi**

Prabir Kumar
Rath

Faheema Amin



**Smriti Prakash
Boruah**



Syed Sakish Bukhari



Milena Pcinjski



Naheed Akhtar

THE ROOM WHERE I BURDEN MY CHAIR

By

MUSHTAQUE B BARQ



Mushtaque B Barq

“Welcome to this part of the vacancy,” the echo said.

I felt as if I was pushed into a vast, undefined realm of desolation. Despite being part of that nothingness, I was drowned in the currents of abstraction. But then, a sensitive eye and an awaking mind can't be dissolved so easily. I lived in the vacancy and observed. These observations were either roaming around in the form of a soliloquy or, like my uncontrolled projections of undefined state of mind.

Believe me, which is the only primary source of my tale. A hanging skeleton caught the attention of my eye like a first dawn after a prolonged dusk. The cage on every minute pats my right shoulder for a few reasons: The first is that I prefer a window seat as one of my oldest preferences, for which I messed up with most of my childhood friends, and the second reminds me of the reality of human existence. The muscles are only meant to serve worms, and the bones make us serve longer. It reminds me of Hamlet and Horatio, who, from a distance, were watching a gravedigger at work. Hamlet, like me, speculated about the occupation of the owner of the skulls he served in life. In my case, it was crafted using plastic, while Hamlet witnessed the original skull to carry on with his speculations. To the far end of the room is a blank

white board that winks at me
at will to mock my being blank.

These blank spaces are horrifying; they exhaust you and leave you with junk. Next to it, like a dead wood, stands a fire extinguisher that only poses to be important for the reason who knows, can it extinguish the fire like my plans, which my fancies weave before sleep corrupts the senses and transmits this mass into the unimaginable realms of unmapped routes.

The second is more obvious: continuous confinement. Confinement at times opens up a world before your eyes when the rest of the things only move like impressions and silhouettes. The foggy presence of frames roaming in the backyards of old graveyards recalls memories, half-scripted texts, partially drafted headlines, left-over conclusions, and above all, the fear of losing the frames to let the soul explore the space.

A cluster of bottles belled with chemicals. A few locked steel racks stuffed with chemicals always put me on the litmus test to prove my chemical combination. I prefer this blend because most of the time, chemistry faculty create their chemical locha on the tables installed for it. On the other side of my mini desk, which only carries the burden of my laptop and phone, lies another desk loaded with everything a coordinator requires and demands. A book rack bulged with wrinkled and withered volumes—who knows how many authors are worriedly looking for the treatment they hardly had thought of? These books preserve the author but fail to prevent the silver fish from invading their territories.

A lonely woofer lying
beside the steel rack never

barks unless a chord of live wire breathes life into it, and once its volume surpasses the audible acceptance, its throat is squeezed by adjusting its knobs in an anti-clockwise direction to set our clocks right that only go clockwise to criticise our anti-clock cocktails. We move like limbs of a time wheel that only acknowledges 'onward movement', and even though we wish to reverse the limbs, destiny draws a thin line that decides life and death. But between the two extremes, a slice of time is a mystery, which I was searching for badly in the vacuum created by the echo that invited me like an unwanted guest. Anyway, invitations are for the guests, and infiltrations are only meant to be dealt with severity. Sandwiching between the two can only be sympathised with, and the quietude was on to do so. I let everything try its hands on me.

Next that passes my myopic eye is the long line of charts and notices, a workable walk clock, and a 'Found Box' carrying the forgotten things the children leave behind to justify Robert Lynd's theory of 'Forgetting', a topic that stirred a lot of minds when our facility members would in their leisure time create echoes in the staff room, leaving a few leaving the room on one or other pretexts. At times when the ions diffuse within the given space, the lungs roar and the nose enjoys rather forced to abide by the melodious symphony from the nose. This circumstance leaves me no choice but to unlatch the windows and swing open the solitary door, allowing the air to reclaim the room, rescuing the occupants from its control.

Well-stretched empty tables
never spare my eyes to visu-
alise the silent and blank

backyard of my house evoking shadows to frighten anyone who passes through it when the entire city contends with power supply schedules.

The four enclosing walls of my immediate surroundings seem to exacerbate my physical discomfort. My dislike of sickness doesn't just come from its physical toll, turning a person into a mere vessel, but mostly because it quashes the boundless wellspring of creativity within the mind. My chair, while it may carry a professional connotation, falls short in bearing the weight of my boundless imagination, which reigns supreme within the vibrant expanse of my sensory city.

Pushing a window to let the sky grab me is the only way to unburden my chair and make the room a place to hold things, but not a sensitive mind which is still swinging at will reaching two extremes of destiny.

To me, the simple act of parting the window and allowing the boundless sky to envelop me remains the singular means of releasing my chair from its mundane identity as a piece of furniture, thus metamorphosing the room into a haven that nurtures not just objects, but a thriving and receptive intellect.

“Why have you finally chosen the path of escape?” queried the window.

(Mushtaque B. Barq is a noted writer, translator and currently serves as an English Mentor at Cambridge School. A recipient of several honours, including the G.N. Firaq Memorial Award and the Kalidas Literary Award, Ahad Zargar Award. He is known for his poetic finesse and for promoting Kashmiri literary heritage through his work.)





Dr. Supriya Shukla

The suitcases were packed, tags neatly fastened, and passports carefully placed on the table—ready to be picked up at a moment's notice. There was a quiet excitement in the air, the kind that lingers on the eve of a long-awaited journey. For Ayra and her family, this was not just a vacation; it was a dream woven over months of planning, anticipation, and shared joy.

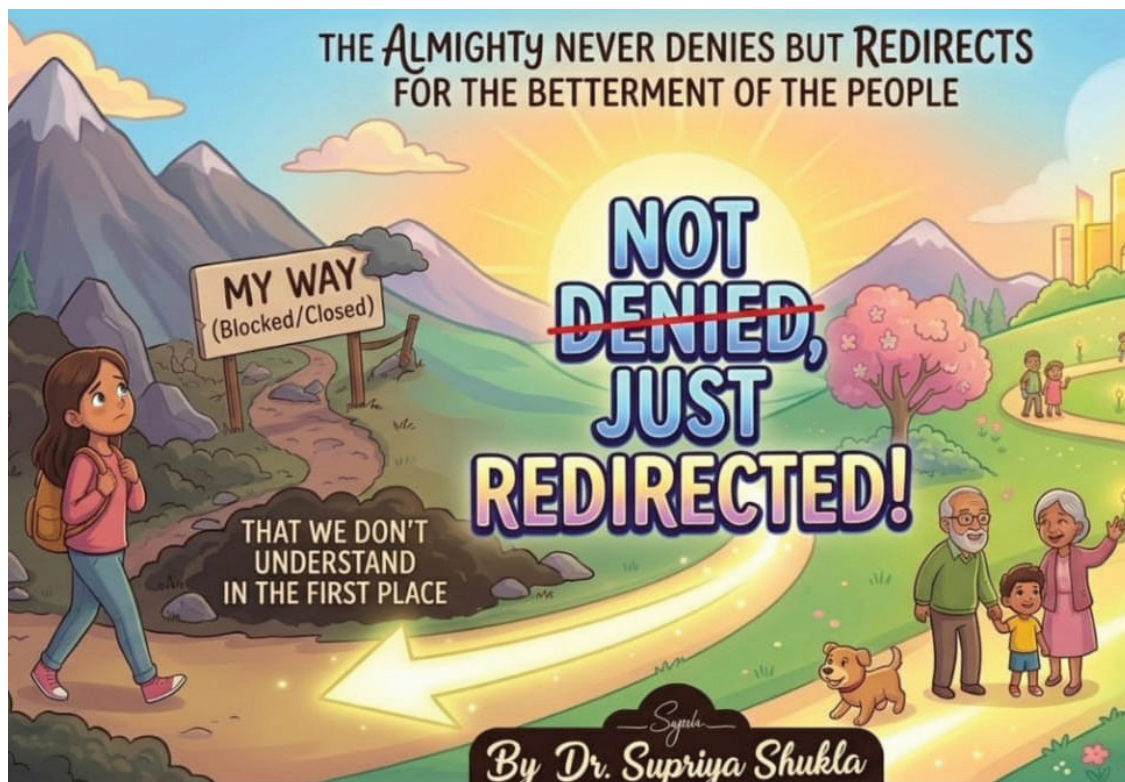
Late into the night, they spoke of distant places—the romance of Paris, the serenity of the Alps, the charm of cobbled streets waiting to be explored. Sleep came reluctantly, interrupted by thoughts already travelling far ahead of them.

And then, just as dawn broke, the phone rang. The message it carried was brief yet devastating. A loved one was critically ill. In an instant, the excitement dissolved into urgency. The carefully planned itinerary lay forgotten as a more pressing reality took hold. Within hours, tickets were cancelled, bags unpacked, and the journey redirected—not toward a foreign land, but toward a hospital room filled with uncertainty. At that moment, it felt like everything had fallen apart.

Gathered around their ailing relative, offering care and comfort, a realisation began to dawn. Had they been thousands of miles away, they would have been consumed with anxiety and helplessness. Their presence, at that critical hour, was not just necessary—it was invaluable. What had seemed like an unfortunate disruption now appeared as a quiet act of Grace.

It is in such moments that the age-old maxim Man proposes, God disposes flashes across our minds.

However, we do understand what William Cowper seemed to echo with renewed meaning: "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."



What we had seen as loss was, in truth, protection. What felt like denial was, perhaps, a form of divine guidance. Such moments are not rare; they are simply overlooked.

How often have we faced rejection—an opportunity slipping away, a door closing just when we hoped it would open? At the time, it feels like failure. We question our efforts, our decisions, even our worth. Yet, with the passage of time, many such disappointments reveal an unexpected kindness.

A student who does not gain admission to a desired institution may later find a place better suited to his / her growth. A missed opportunity may quietly steer someone toward a path far more fulfilling. There are even instances where a delayed journey or a missed flight becomes, in hindsight, a narrow escape from perilous disaster. These are not mere coincidences; they are gentle reminders that our vision is limited, while the design of life is not.

And yet, this does not mean that we stop planning or striving. On the contrary, life demands our effort.

To propose, to dream, to act, to aspire—is an essential part of being human. Plans give direction to our lives; they reflect our hopes and our determination. But perhaps the lesson lies not in abandoning plans, but in loosening our grip on them.

There is a quiet wisdom in

the old proverb, “Man plans, and God laughs.” It is not a mockery of human effort, but a gentle reminder of its limits. It tells us that while we may draw the map, we cannot always predict the terrain. And sometimes, the detours lead us to landscapes far more beautiful than those we had imagined.

Faith, then, becomes a steady companion in this journey—not blind belief, but a quiet trust that there is meaning even in disruption.

It is this understanding that while we are responsible for our actions, we are not the sole authors of outcomes. This awareness does not weaken us; instead, it brings a certain peace. It allows us to accept life's uncertainties without losing heart. Gradually, we begin to see that what we once called setbacks are often redirections. The path changes, but the journey continues—sometimes toward a destination we did not choose, yet deeply needed.

Looking back, it is rarely our perfectly executed plans that shape us the most. It is the unexpected turns, the pauses, the moments when life refuses to go as intended. In those moments, something within us shifts—we learn patience, resilience, and above all, trust.

Perhaps, then, the maxim needs to be understood differently. God does not “dispose” in the sense of discarding our efforts. He refines them, redirects them, and sometimes

replaces them with something far more meaningful.

This awareness does not weaken us; instead, it brings a certain peace. It allows us to accept life's uncertainties without losing heart.

And so, the next time our plans falter, instead of seeing it as an end, we might pause and wonder: what unseen path is opening before us?

For in the quiet, often painful unraveling of our plans lies a truth we come to understand only with time—that we were never abandoned, only redirected... never denied, only protected. And one day, when we look back through the trajectory of our lives, we realise with a full and grateful heart that what did not happen saved us, what was taken away shaped us, and what remained was exactly what we were meant to hold on to.

The Nobel Laureate Rabin-dranath Tagore 's words come to mind as he rightly said:

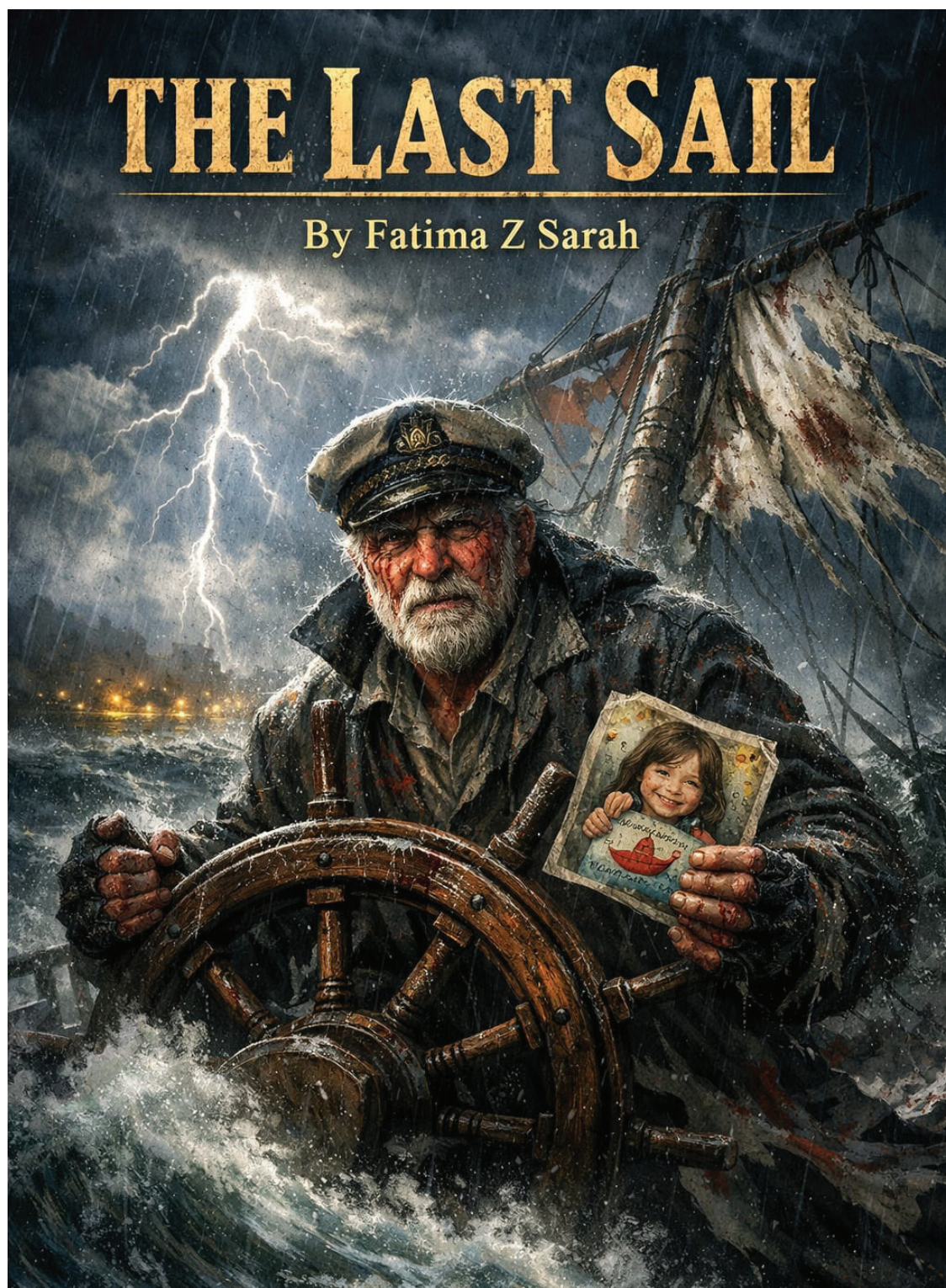
“Faith is the bird that feels the light and sings when the dawn is still dark.”

(Dr Supriya Shukla is a gold medalist in English and a doctorate holder, and a retired Principal and former Head of the Department of English at VSSD College, Kanpur. A freelance writer and blogger empanelled with eThe Times of India and The Sentinel, her work appears in national and international journals. She is also an Advisory Board member of LitStream and a regular contributor)



THE LAST SAIL

By Fatima Z Sarah



(Fatima Z. Sarah is a Delhi-based scriptwriter, award-winning author, and poet. Her literary works have been published in two anthologies and several reputed magazines. Renowned for her emotionally resonant storytelling and exceptional lyrical prowess, she brings profound depth and nuance to both the page and the screen.)

A portrait of a man with grey hair and a mustache, wearing a dark shirt. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

BROTHERS BEYOND BOUNDARIES

(A True Short Story)

By Chander M Bhat

A Heartwarming Tale of Friendship and Social Harmony

As the situation in Kashmir worsened, uncertainty became the only constant. The streets that once bustled with life now bore an eerie silence, punctuated by sporadic protests and the heavy presence of security forces. Markets, once teeming with traders and customers, remained shuttered for weeks, sometimes even months, bringing daily life to a standstill. Fear gripped the valley, and businesses crumbled under the weight of turmoil. Imran's shop, which had once been a lively center of trade and camaraderie, suffered immensely. His loyal customer base, primarily from the minority community, had long fled for safety, leaving behind only memories of a time when trust and togetherness had flourished. With each passing day, the once promising shop turned into an empty shell, its shelves gathering dust, its doors creaking with

Kashmir's Lakes on the Brink: A Growing Environmental Crisis



Jameel Ansari

Jammu and Kashmir, renowned across the world for its breathtaking landscapes, snow-capped mountains, and serene lakes, is facing a grave environmental crisis. In recent years, this natural beauty has come under severe threat. A recent report by the Comptroller and Auditor General (CAG) of India has exposed a disturbing reality: most of Kashmir's lakes are either shrinking rapidly or have already disappeared, signaling a serious ecological danger.

According to the report, nearly 74 percent of the 697 natural lakes in Jammu and Kashmir have been affected in one way or another. Of these, 315 lakes have completely vanished, while 203 have experienced a significant reduction in area. Since 1967, approximately 2,851 hectares of lake area have been lost, clearly indicating that this is not a temporary issue but the result of long-term environmental degradation.

A closer analysis of 63 selected lakes revealed that 11 have disappeared entirely, while 30 are undergoing severe shrinkage. These figures suggest that around 41 percent of the lakes have either been lost or are critically endangered. One of the primary causes of this decline is pollution, with nearly 79 percent of the lakes receiving untreated sewage.

The condition of Dal Lake, in particular, is alarming. The excessive growth of aquatic vegetation—recorded at over 180 percent—points to a process known as eutrophication, where an overabundance of nutrients degrades water quality and threatens aquatic life. Although sewage



treatment plants exist around Dal Lake, they are failing to meet the required standards.

Similarly, Wular Lake, one of Asia's largest freshwater lakes, is shrinking at an alarming rate. Pollution, illegal encroachments, conversion into agricultural land, and the disappearance of native fish species such as *Schizothorax richardsonii* reflect a dangerous ecological imbalance.

Hokersar Lake presents yet another troubling case. The report highlights that over 2,528 kanals of its area have been encroached upon. Additionally, the absence of a comprehensive conservation plan has led to increased siltation and a steady decline in open water area.

A major factor behind this crisis is administrative failure and the lack of a coordinated policy framework. The report clearly points out the absence of a central or unified authority for lake conservation. As a result, different departments

operate in isolation, leading to inefficiency and poor outcomes. Furthermore, serious lapses in fund utilization have been observed, with only 19 to 56 percent of allocated funds being used over several years.

The devastating floods of 2014 had a significant impact on these water bodies, yet no scientific assessment was carried out to evaluate the damage. The failure to properly identify and protect natural inflows, catchment areas, and hydrological systems has further accelerated the degradation.

Changes in land use, urban expansion, agricultural activities, and illegal encroachments have also contributed significantly to this crisis. Satellite imagery reveals a continuous decline in open water areas, accompanied by an increase in construction and agricultural land.

In light of these findings, it is evident that Kashmir's lakes are facing an existential threat. Without immediate, effective,

and science-based interventions, not only will these water bodies disappear, but the ecological balance, biodiversity, and livelihoods of thousands of people will also be severely affected.

Environmental experts emphasize the importance of community participation in lake conservation. Unless local communities—especially those whose livelihoods depend directly on these lakes—are actively involved, the success of government initiatives will remain limited. Public awareness campaigns, educational programs, and the involvement of civil society are crucial to fostering a sense of responsibility among the people.

Moreover, modern technologies such as remote sensing and Geographic Information Systems (GIS) can play a vital role in continuous monitoring. These tools can help detect encroachments and pollution in real time, enabling policymakers to make informed and timely decisions.

It must be understood that Kashmir's lakes are not merely tourist attractions; they are integral to the region's identity, economy, and cultural heritage. Protecting them is, in essence, safeguarding the future of coming generations. If decisive action is not taken today, tomorrow may offer nothing but regret.

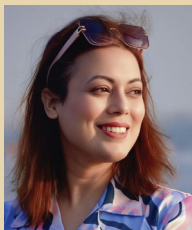
The need of the hour is for the government to establish a central regulatory authority, adopt modern scientific approaches, strengthen sewage treatment systems, and take strict action against encroachments. Otherwise, these magnificent lakes may soon become nothing more than a part of history.

(Jameel Ansari is a calligraphist, artist, journalist, and writer with a keen engagement in literary and cultural expression. He serves as the Associate Editor of LitStream Kashmiri, contributing to the promotion of contemporary voices and regional literature.

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collections: *Phantasms of My Heart*, *The Earth's Love*, *The Morphine*, *Beyond the Clouds*, *Let the Womb Hold and Other Poems*, and *The Jaipur Diary*. She has also participated in several renowned literary festivals across the country, including the Festival of Letters organised by the Sahitya Akademi in 2024, as well as events hosted by the International Society for Intercultural Studies and Research (ISI-SAR).

THE FRAGRANCE OF EXISTENCE: AN ETERNAL BOHAG



Smriti Prakash Boruah

When the first monsoon showers
embrace the earth,
In that golden fragrance of the
soil,
the roots of our existence awaken.

Bohag is not merely a season;
it is a spiritual awakening—
A sacred moment
to wash away old sorrows
and adorn oneself anew.

Anointed with ceremonial herbs,
seeking the blessings of our
elders,
We learn
that life is illuminated
through the wisdom of experi-
ence.

The earth is our primal foundation;
though we reach for the sky,
The glory of our roots remains
hidden
in the very dust beneath our feet.

The throb of the dhol is no mere sound—
it is the heartbeat of the universe;
Between the sweetness of pitha
and the bitterness of neem,
we find the truth of life.

Just as bare trees welcome
the arrival of tender new leaves,
We cast aside our grief
and dance
to the rhythmic pulse of renewal.

Bohag is a sacred stream
flowing from the earth into the
soul,
An indomitable strength
that knows how to bloom again
despite the wounds.

It is the rebirth of the spirit,
a proud homecoming to our
roots—
Where the majesty of life
discovers an eternal philosophy.

**(Smriti Prakash Boruah
Award winning Independent
filmmaker and a poet)**

UNTOUCHED



Milena Pciniski

Morning carries the scent
of his breath,
of hunger
and desire
without which it is meaningless
to keep breathing

He is everything she runs from
Rooted in place
she stares at her fractured
morality
and quarreling principles
patiently built into her being
for years,
now unrecognizable to her

He sips her thoughts
like rare, precious cognac;
she traces the shape of his
demons

His time disrupts the rhythm;
she sinks, deeper and deeper
into the depths of her uncon-
scious

He never offered her anything
he owned,
for she never wanted anything
but her soul

So he knew who stood before
him
Not a woman,
but a being who sees the truth
beneath layers of roughness,
vanity
and pain

He knew it
the moment
his palm longed
to touch her face
while his darkness
faded before her sun.

(Milena Pčinjski, Born In 1986 In Prokuplje, Serbia, Holds A Master's Degree In English Philology. She Is A Poet, Translator, And Online English Instructor, Writing In Serbian And English. Her Work Has Appeared In Various National And International Journals And Anthologies, And She Is The Author Of The Poetry Collection Verses Imprisoned (2025).

“THE ECHO THAT REFUSED TO FADE”



Syed Sakish Bukhari

When cruel decree did steal his dawn too soon,
And hushed the lullabies beneath the moon,
A child stood still where warmth had turned to stone,
And learnt, too young, the weight of being alone.

He saw small hands in fathers' fingers tied,
While his hung loose, with no one by his side,
Each passing glance became a silent dart,
That carved its grief in chambers of his heart.

He wept in nights where none could hear his plea,
Yet smiled by day for all his kin to see,
He held their pain and buried deep his own,
And wore a strength no child had ever known.

Through scornful streets and seasons harsh and grim,
The world seemed vast, yet none belonged to him,
Still step by step, through trials dark and long,
He shaped his wounds into a will made strong.

Now twenty-nine, his name in shadows gleams,
A fragile crown upon his quiet dreams,
For though the world may whisper praise and light,
His soul still walks with echoes of the night.

Yet from such depths where broken spirits start,
There rises steel within a tender heart,
For he who bore the storm and did not fall,
May yet outgrow the pain that shaped it all.

(Syed Sakish Bukhari is a poet, educator, author, and researcher from Sogam Lolab, Kupwara, J&K. He has authored multiple books and contributed to academic research, focusing on contemporary education and pedagogy.)

BRUISES MADE OF SILENCE

Areesha Fatima

“Don’t judge my journey
While u are chilling at the
shore,
Coffee in hand,
Watching waves like they
are aesthetic..

I was out there
Salt in my eyes
hands shaking
pretending I wasn't scared.

You call it drama
I call it survival

You saw me arrive
You didn't see the storms
That almost made me
sink

So yeah
Judge if you want
Just know
“I didn’t get here quietly”

(Areesha Fatima is an MBBS-Y1 student from GMC Handwara)

CONT. FROM PAGE 06

ing the latent impulses within Marlow himself. The difference between them is not one of essence but of degree: Kurtz acts on impulses that Marlow suppresses.

This identification is most evident in the episode of Kurtz's *Intended*. At the conclusion of the novella, Marlow visits her and is confronted with the choice of whether to reveal the truth about Kurtz's final words—"The horror! The horror!"—or to preserve her idealized image of him. Marlow chooses to lie, telling her that Kurtz's last word was her name. This moment has often been interpreted as an act of compassion, a gesture intended to spare the *Intended* from unnecessary pain. However, it can also be read as a profound moral failure. By choosing illusion over truth, Marlow aligns himself with the very hypocrisy he claims to oppose. His lie perpetuates the romanticized narrative of imperial heroism, obscuring the brutal realities he has witnessed.

The lie to the *Intended* is not an isolated act but the culmination of Marlow's narrative strategy. Throughout the novella, he constructs a version of events that emphasizes his own moral awareness while downplaying his complicity. His storytelling is selective, marked by omissions and ambiguities that serve to protect his self-image. This raises broader questions about the reliability of his account. If Marlow is willing to lie at such a crucial moment, how can the reader trust the rest of his narrative?

It is here that Achebe's critique becomes particularly

relevant. Achebe argues that *Heart of Darkness* dehumanizes Africans, reducing them to mere background figures in a narrative centered on European experience. From this perspective, Marlow's fallibility is not merely a personal flaw but a reflection of the broader ideological framework of the text. His inability—or unwillingness—to recognize Africans as fully human subjects is part of what allows him to maintain his moral self-image. By focusing on his own psychological journey, he obscures the suffering of those most affected by imperialism.

Achebe's comparison of the novella to a narrative in which a non-European setting serves merely as a backdrop for Western introspection is particularly illuminating. Just as certain war films set in foreign lands prioritize the experiences of Western protagonists over those of local populations, *Heart of Darkness* uses Africa as a stage for European drama. Marlow's narrative reinforces this dynamic, as he remains largely indifferent to the inner lives of the Africans he encounters. They are seen but not heard, present but not acknowledged as subjects with their own histories and perspectives.

This critique complicates the common interpretation of Conrad as an anti-imperialist writer. While the novella undoubtedly exposes the brutality and hypocrisy of colonialism, it does so from a limited perspective. Marlow's critique is directed primarily at the inefficiency and moral excesses of the colonial

enterprise, rather than at its underlying assumptions. He does not question the right of Europeans to be in Africa; instead, he questions how they conduct themselves. This distinction is crucial, as it suggests that the novella ultimately reinforces, rather than dismantles, the ideological foundations of imperialism.

At the same time, it would be reductive to dismiss *Heart of Darkness* entirely as a racist text. Its enduring significance lies in its ability to generate precisely these kinds of critical debates. Conrad's use of a framed narrative, his exploration of psychological complexity, and his ambiguous treatment of moral issues all contribute to a text that resists simple categorization. Marlow's fallibility, rather than undermining the novella, may be seen as one of its central features. By presenting a narrator whose perspective is limited and contradictory, Conrad invites readers to question the reliability of the narrative and to engage critically with its assumptions.

In this sense, Marlow's failure to fully distance himself from Kurtz, can be interpreted as a commentary on the nature of imperialism itself. The "darkness" is not confined to a single individual but is a pervasive force that affects all who participate in the colonial enterprise. Marlow's attempt to position himself as morally superior ultimately fails, revealing the extent to which he is implicated in the very system he critiques. His Buddha-like pose, far from signifying

enlightenment, becomes a mask that conceals deeper contradictions—contradictions laid bare in moments such as the disposal of the helmsman's body and the lie to the *Intended*.

In conclusion, *Heart of Darkness* is a text marked by profound ambiguities, both in its thematic concerns and its narrative structure. Marlow, as its central narrator, embodies these ambiguities, presenting himself as a figure of moral insight while simultaneously exposing his own limitations. His reliance on colonial networks, his intrusive observation, his treatment of the helmsman, his fascination with Kurtz, and his final lie all contribute to a portrait of a narrator who is far from reliable. When read in light of Achebe's critique, these elements take on additional significance, highlighting the ways in which the novella is entangled in the very ideologies it seeks to critique. Ultimately, the enduring power of *Heart of Darkness* lies not in the clarity of its moral vision but in its capacity to provoke ongoing critical reflection on issues of narrative authority, representation, and the legacy of imperialism.

(Dr. Purnima is a literary scholar and writer whose work blends critical inquiry with personal insight. Her interests include postcolonial literature, narrative voice, and symbolic storytelling. She explores themes of identity, power, and memory through both academic writing and creative expression, often drawing from lived experience and cultural reflection.)

CONT. FROM PAGE 05

Diasporic themes recur throughout the collection. Stories such as *Ma Durga Came to Earth*, set against a London backdrop, depict intergenerational connections forged during fleeting visits, while others—*Sharad Sky: Home Away From Home*, *Gone with the Rain: Reunion*, and *Rudhi as Little Durga*—explore the persistent ache of cultural displacement. Bhattacharjee portrays diaspora not merely as

physical relocation but as an emotional condition marked by nostalgia, fragmentation, and yearning. The titular story, *Twilight of Love*, encapsulates many of the collection's central concerns, being a meditation on love's persistence beyond physical and cognitive loss. The story affirms the idea that love, though altered by trauma, does not simply vanish.

In *Twilight of Love*, Dr. Ratan Bhattacharjee demon-

strates that the short story remains a vital and flexible literary form, capable of capturing the complexities of contemporary life with precision and grace. The collection invites readers not merely to observe its characters but to recognize fragments of their own emotional histories within these narratives. Quietly powerful and deeply humane, *Twilight of Love* affirms that even in the twilight—of love, of life, of

certainty—there remains the possibility of meaning, connection, and hope.

(Dr Daniela Rogobete is Associate Professor Dept of Modern Languages and Faculty of Letters University of Craiova Romania and a Literary Critic widely published internationally. She edited volumes of Collections on Indian Partition and chaired number of International Conferences in Europe)



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