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HT Saturday

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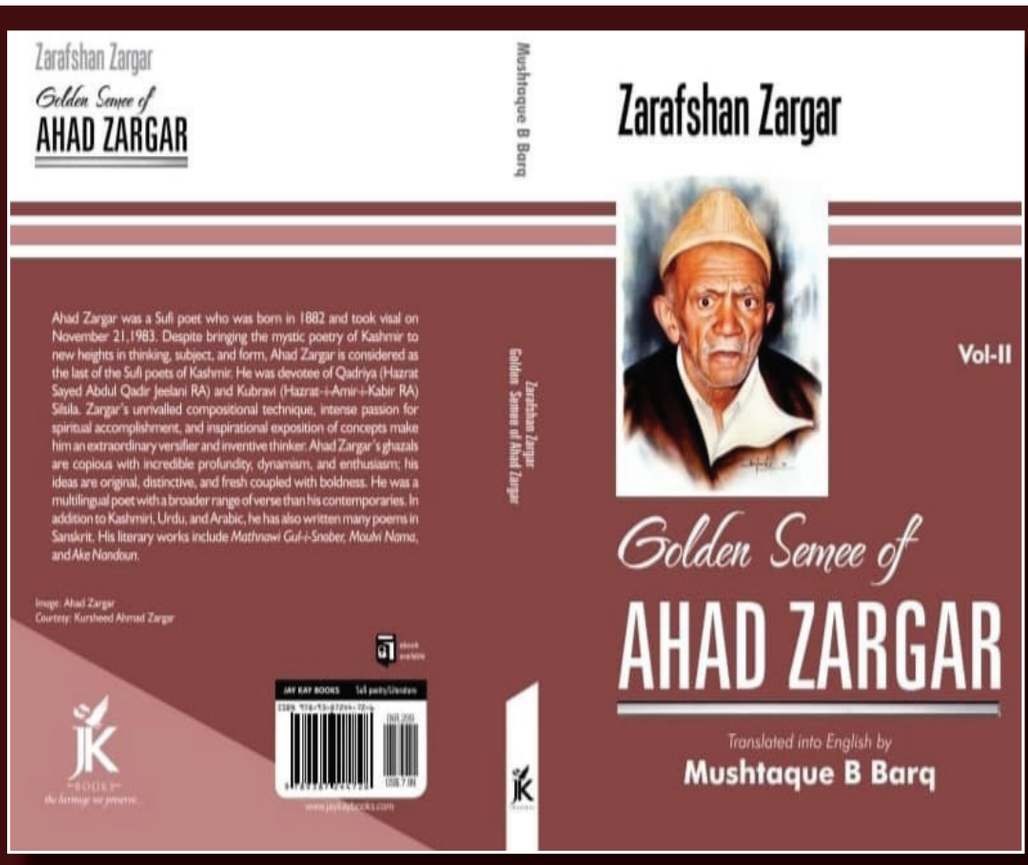

READING AHAD ZARGAR THROUGH TRANSLATION

BY ER. SHAFI AHMAD

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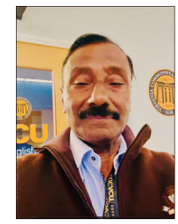

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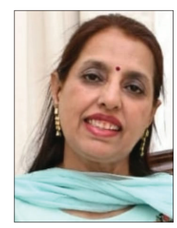
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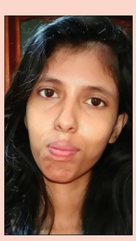
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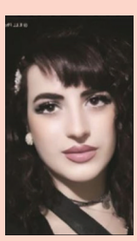
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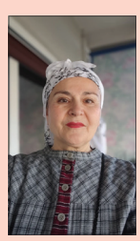
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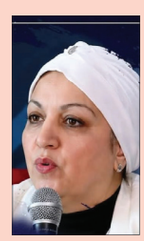
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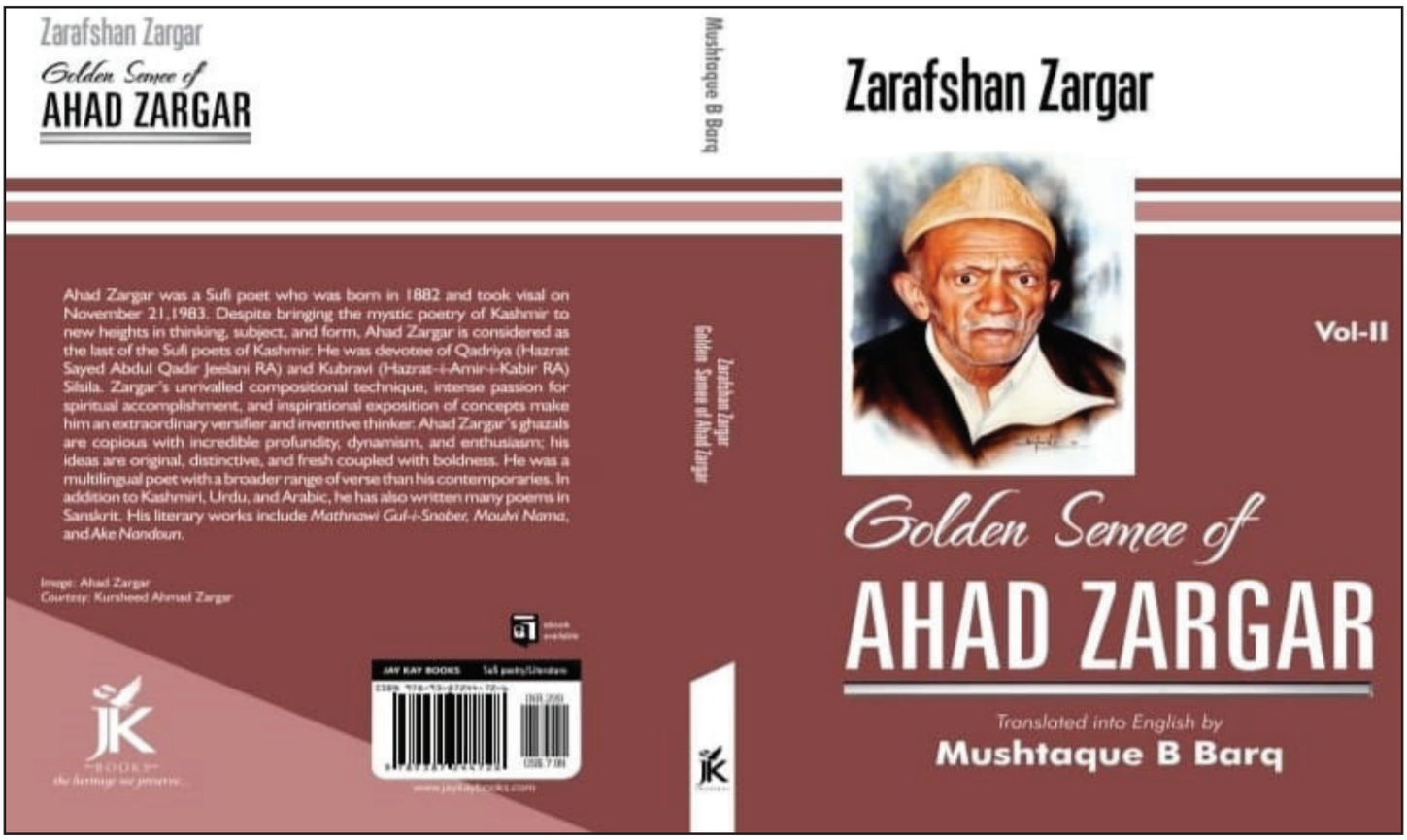
Reading Ahad Zargar Through Translation



Er. Shafi Ahmad

Poetry, in essence, is the expression of human emotions, adorned through words, metaphors, and similes. Sufi, or mystical, poetry is both more demanding and more captivating than ordinary verse. It requires not merely intellectual engagement but a profound immersion into a realm that cannot be fully explained in words; rather, it must be experienced through an intense quest to discover the hidden meanings of existence.

From Lalla Ded and Sheikh Noor-ud-Din Nooraani to the mystic poets of more recent times, Kashmir has produced some of the finest exponents of Sufi poetry. Indeed, Kashmiri literature derives much of its distinction and recognition from this rich mystical tradition, which has exercised a profound influence over the imagination and spiritual consciousness of its people. Over the centuries, Sufi poetry has continued to flourish, producing a remarkable constellation of poets—both men and women—whose contributions have left an indelible imprint on Kashmiri literary history.

The renowned scholar of Sufism, Maqbool Ferozi, explains:

"Sufism, or Tasawwuf, is not a way of life attained through intellectual knowledge alone; it is essentially a lived spiritual experience. It demands personal, inward, and soulful endeavour. It is not something merely to be spoken about or listened to—it must be learned through experience. It is achieved not through intellect or reasoning but through the pathways of the heart and intuition. Its light does not radiate from the outward self but shines from within."

Ferozi further observes:

"Tasawwuf" represents the most beautiful dimension of Islam and has often revealed the highest ideals of Islamic excellence. Its most radiant aspect remains firmly rooted in the teachings of Islam and the traditions of the Prophet (Hadith). The Holy Qur'an describes the righteous with attributes such as truthfulness, sincerity, patience, and sainthood. Since these very qualities—truthfulness, sincerity, humility, prayerfulness, poverty, trust in God, patience, and gratitude—constitute the defining characteristics of the Sufis, it is only fitting that they be included among the ranks of the pious."

The distinguished writer and translator Mushtaque Barq offers another illuminating perspective:

"To the ordinary person, emptiness appears devoid of substance; to the mystic, however, it is an infinite reservoir from which inspiration continually flows. It is within this boundless expanse that mystics dwell, unveiling divine mysteries upon the earth and thereby affirming their sacred purpose as explorers of the celestial void."

Barq further explains:

"Sufism seeks to elevate the human spirit to higher levels of consciousness and spiritual maturity. It encourages individuals to

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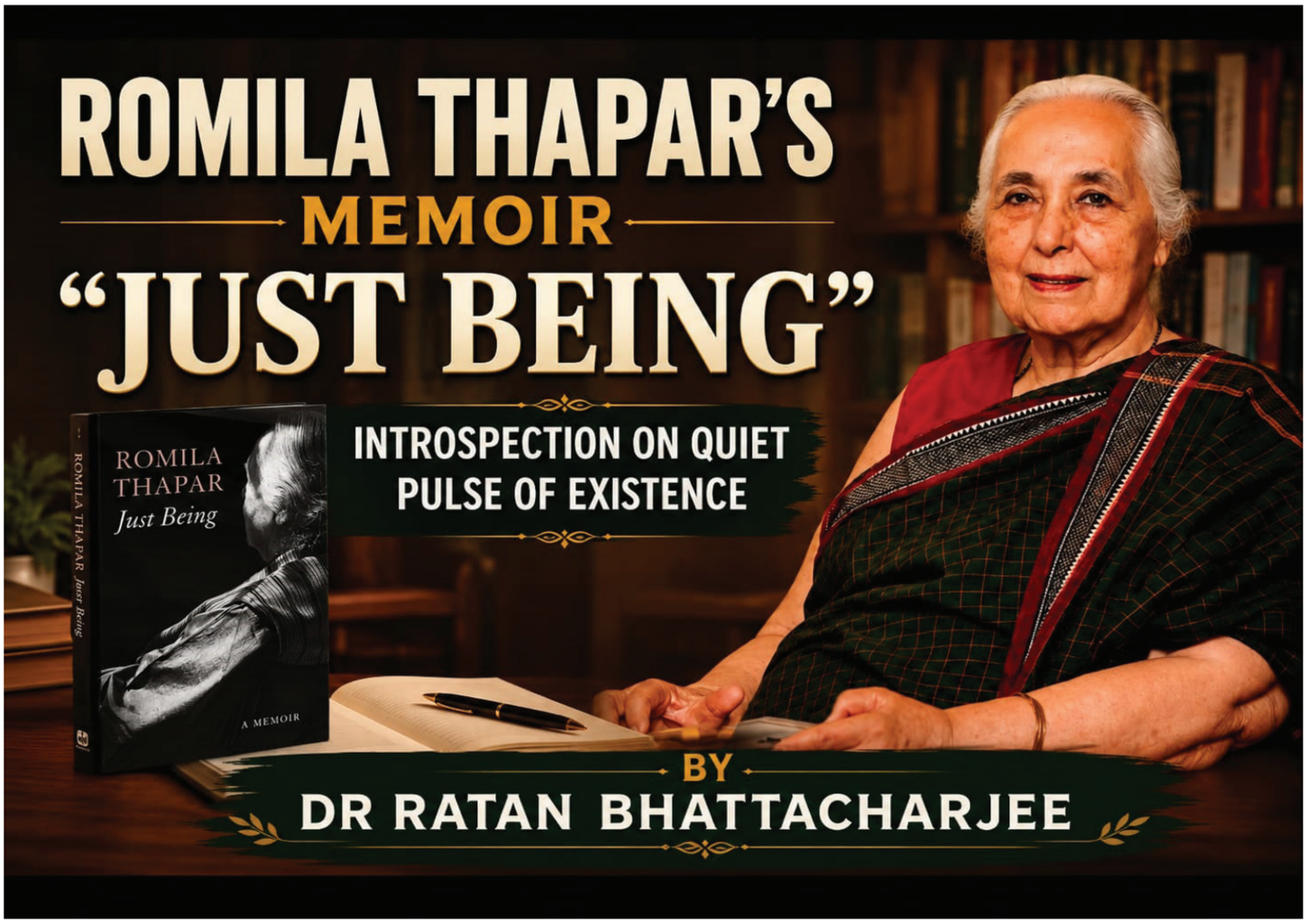

Dr Ratan Bhattacharjee

Romila Thapar's "Just Being " is not a book to be read—it is a book to be inhabited. It asks the reader to slow down, to breathe, to listen to the quiet pulse of existence beneath the noise of modern life. In this luminous work, Thapar, India's most revered historian of ideas, turns from the chronicles of empires to the interior empire of consciousness. She writes not of kings and wars but of awareness, compassion, and the moral imagination that sustains civilization.The result is a text that feels like a river flowing through centuries of thought, carrying reflections from the Upanishads, Buddhism, and modern humanism in its current.

Thapar's premise is simple yet profound: being is not a passive state but an active engagement with the world. To "just be" is not to withdraw from life but to live with clarity and empathy. She draws upon the philosophical traditions of India—especially the Upanishadic idea of Atman and the Buddhist notion of mindfulness—to argue that existence is relational.The self, she suggests, is not an isolated entity but a node in a vast web of consciousness. This insight becomes the foundation of her reflections on ethics, ecology, and identity. Thapar's language is lucid, never ornamental, yet it glows with quiet beauty. She writes as one who has spent a lifetime studying civilizations and now seeks to understand the civilization within—the inner landscape of being. The book's structure mirrors this introspection: it unfolds in a series of essays that resemble ripples on water, each deepening the reflection of the last.

The first movement of "Just Being" explores the nature of consciousness. Thapar reminds us that awareness is not merely perception but participation. To be conscious is to be connected—to the world, to others, to the moral dimension of existence. She contrasts this with the modern condition of fragmentation, where speed and consumption have replaced contemplation. Her critique is gentle but incisive: we have learned to do, but forgotten how to be.

In the second movement, Thapar turns to history—not as chronology but as memory. She argues that civilizations endure not through monuments but through moral imagination. The river of history, she writes, carries both wisdom and warning. By revisiting figures like Ashoka, Buddha, and Gandhi, she shows how the idea of being has shaped India's ethical vision. Ashoka's transformation from conqueror to compassionate ruler becomes a metaphor for awakening; Buddha's renunciation becomes a lesson in awareness; Gandhi's insistence on truth becomes the modern echo of ancient introspection.These are not characters in a narrative but voices in a dialogue across time.

Thapar's portrayal of these thinkers is remarkable for its balance. She neither sanctifies nor diminishes them. Instead, she reads them as human beings wrestling with the same dilemmas that confront us today—violence, greed, alienation, and the search for meaning. In doing so, she restores philosophy to its original purpose: not abstraction, but guidance.

The third movement of the book flows toward ethics and ecology. Here, Thapar's river metaphor becomes literal. She writes of rivers as living entities, as moral presences that teach us humility.The river, she says, is the perfect symbol of being—it moves without possession, nourishes without demand, and endures without arrogance. In this section, her voice acquires a lyrical tender-

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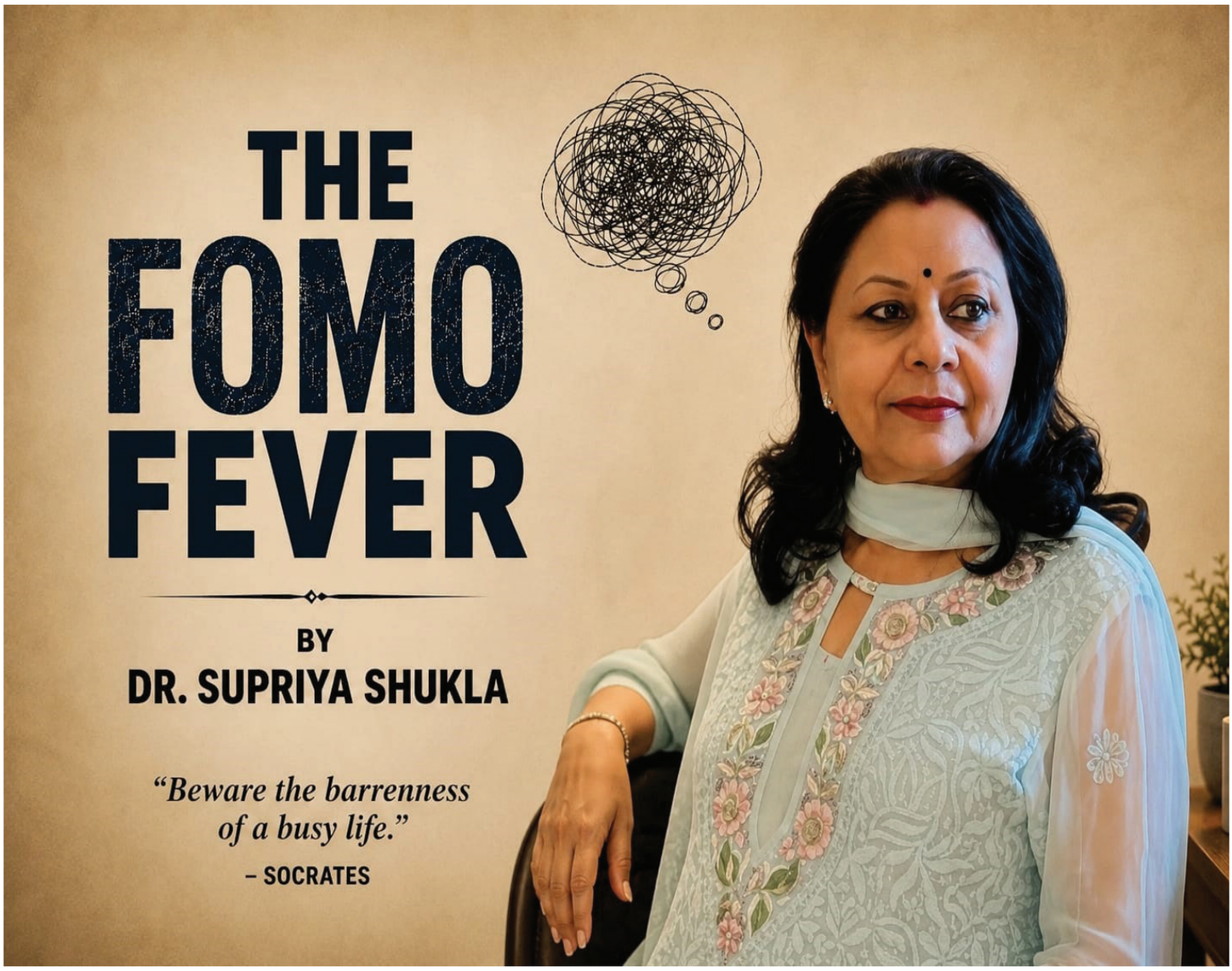

Dr. Supriya Shukla

At 11, Sumera was peacefully lying in bed, wrapped in a blanket, one eye half shut, scrolling through social media with the dedication of a crime investigator. Suddenly, she sat upright.

"WHAT?" Her husband panicked. "What happened? Earthquake? Fire?" "No," she whispered dramatically. "The Patels are on the Alaskan Cruise!"

There it was again.That sinking feeling. That irrational restlessness. The terrifying possibility that somewhere, someone was having more fun than you! That uncontrollable itch in the soul known as FOMO: Fear Of Missing Out. Within seconds, Sumera's peaceful night transformed into an emotional crisis.

"Look at them," she sighed, zooming into the picture. "Laughing. Living life. Soon they will get a view of the Northern Lights." Her husband looked at the image unimpressed and told her to calm down. But calmness and FOMO are sworn enemies. FOMO is no longer a feeling. It is a full-fledged lifestyle disorder. A modern epidemic. An emotional mosquito that bites us every five minutes.

Earlier, people missed out quietly. If your neighbors attended a wedding feast and you didn't, life went on. You slept peacefully without knowing whether the gulab jamuns were soft or rubbery. Impossible today! Now every human activity is photographed, filtered, captioned, hashtagged, reposted, and shoved lovingly into your face.

Someone is always: vacationing in Bali or Phuket, attending a concert, eating "authentic wood-fired pizza," doing yoga near waterfalls, sipping coffee announcing, "Much-needed break." Meanwhile, you are sitting at home reheating yesterday's dal. Naturally, your brain concludes: "I have failed at life."

The funniest part about FOMO is that it attacks even when we never wanted to indulge in certain activities. A man who has never shown interest in trekking suddenly feels miserable because college friends posted photos from the Himalayas.

"This should've been me," he mutters dramatically while getting breathless climbing two flights of stairs. The FOMO fever never goes down. Another woman who hates crowds feels emotionally wounded after seeing people dancing at a music festival.

"Everyone's enjoying except me."

Although last Diwali she herself complained about the deafening noise of the bursting of crackers till late night. But logic collapses in the presence of FOMO. However, more grave is the advanced version, when missing out is not merely feared; it is obsessively monitored. Frantic and frenetic voyeuristic prying into others' lives that cannot rest until they know: where everyone went, who attended, what they wore, who clicked pictures with whom, who liked whose post, and why they themselves were not informed.

They investigate social media stories like intelligence agencies. One auntie I know refreshes Instagram every seven minutes. "Just checking casually," she claims. Casually? At this point even the app asks, "Are you alright?"

Then there are family WhatsApp groups which are breeding grounds for competitive FOMO. One cousin buys a car. Another suddenly uploads photos from Iceland. A third posts gym selfies

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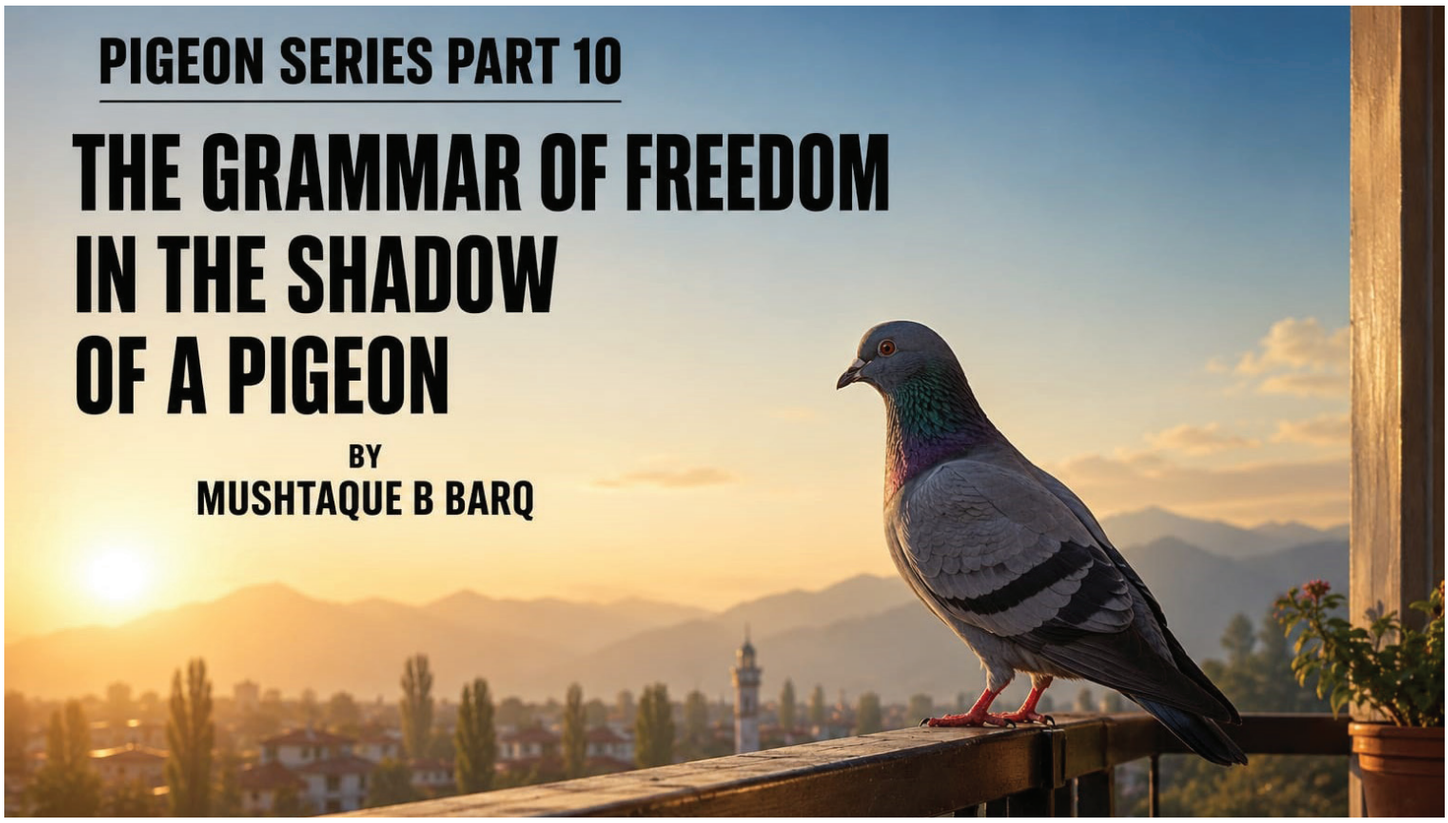


PIGEON SERIES PART 10

THE GRAMMAR OF FREEDOM IN THE SHADOW OF A PIGEON

BY
MUSHTAQUE B BARQ

Mushtaque B Barq

And then it so happened that the bird failed to attend the morning class in my balcony. Absenteeism is a bad habit, I repeatedly taught my kids. And they, down the line, were expecting the bird to follow human instructions. Reasons may be many, but who knows the real reason for the bird's delay. My kids were repeatedly looking at the cloudless sky. The blue vastness had opened its arms to hug one and all. A sense of loss had already occupied the velvety valleys of their faces. Two sparrows were busy in a corner to fill their crops, and no one paid any heed to them. An urgency was apparent on the cover page of their hope. "The birdie must be stuck somewhere," the little doll declared.

My son, for what reason only God knows, informed, "Birds are as free as freedom itself."

"Freedom doesn't mean to hurt the admirers," she responded.

I feigned ignorance. Both the little kids had taken their admiration to the next highest level. Freedom, as they were discussing, giggled my nerve endings, and in my asides, I sighed. Kids have their own connotations and denotations, and elders have their own. Freedom has its own grammar. It fits everyone according to their intellect. Perhaps between us, there was an unending gulf, one standing at one extreme and the other only imagining the other stretched end marking freedom.

"A wing to a bird means freedom, a thought to a man is freedom," my little director claimed.

My little princess hardly responded. I felt she was struggling to counter. I let her struggle, unwillingly rather. I was about to counter my hero, but then I bought some time for her to get something out of her seriousness. Then, all of a sudden, she raised her voice, "Freedom is to wait for the one you wish to; it is not about the wings, it is about the imaginations."

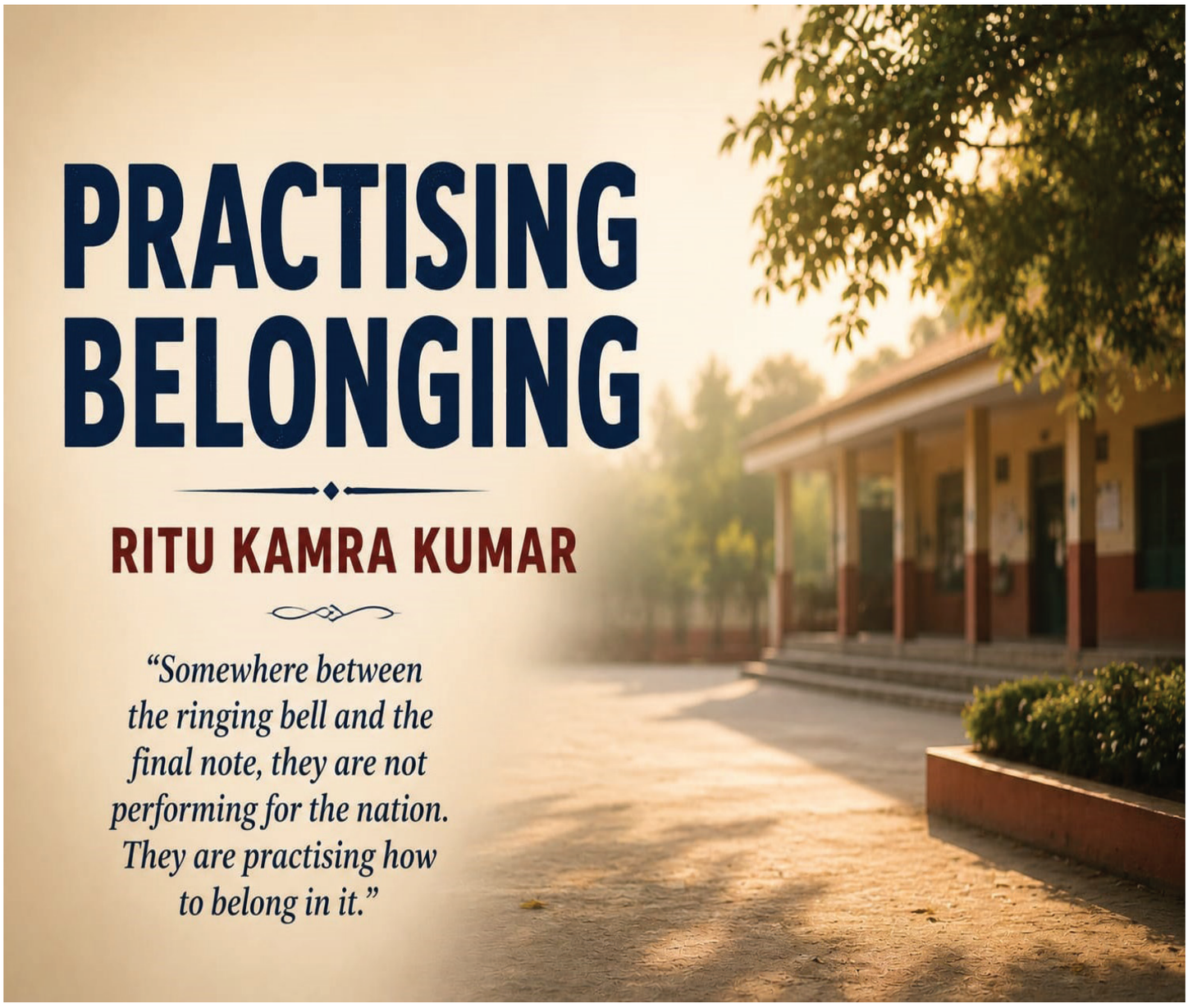
God knows how she could counter. My son nodded and encouraged her, "Opinions vary, and I respect opinions."

The financial advisor of the family, as usual, attended the class late, but her common sense guessed it right. The subjects in the balcony were beyond conclusions. She too, like her kids, hesitantly scanned the sky and then announced, "Let us enjoy pudding down in the kitchen."

Pudding, the so-called family weakness, for a fraction of a second took all of us from the world of imaginations to the dulcet world of realities. The pudding on the table hardly lured the attention of the kids; they obeyed, I suppose, for two reasons: one, that pudding serves better when shared hot, and the second, the pigeon seemed in no mood to join the class. How aptly it goes: first cut is the deepest cut, and first love is the feeling that we carry on either as a sigh or as a beloved halt. Pudding and I have never been isolated by my better half. Every time pudding reaches me, it comes with a message, either shopping or a leave for a few days. But today, the pudding was a total surprise. My son winked at me and slowly dropped a bombshell in my ear. "Mom was talking to Mosi that she will visit Mamu." This message chilled my pudding, not because she had a plan to move, but because she would have asked for it amicably. Freedom to me that day was like a caged bird.

But I was happy for my kids, who were still loyal to their first love like me, and the aroma of pudding always, at least for the family, acted as a binding force. If first love is sweet to remember, the fresh adoration too echoes deep into the crevices. My two little kids, before finishing their bowls, checked at least twice by one pretext or another to crosscheck the attendance before marking the pigeon absent for the day. In the heart of my heart, I was too eager to know how they would, in their lives, learn what absenteeism means. How the class teacher feels it, how the friends take it, and, above all, how the absentee takes their absence, and how they take it—as a freedom, an irresponsibility, or, for that matter, a tight call. Everything has a reason, the absentee as well.

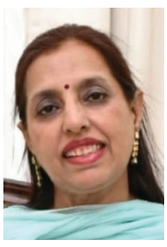
(Dr Mushtaque B. Barq is a noted writer, poet, translator and currently serves as an English Mentor at Cambridge School. A recipient of several honours, including the G.N. Firaq Memorial Award and the Kalidas Literary Award, Ahad Zargar Award. He is known for his poetic finesse and for promoting Kashmiri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



PRACTISING BELONGING

RITU KAMRA KUMAR

"Somewhere between the ringing bell and the final note, they are not performing for the nation. They are practising how to belong in it."



Ritu Kamra Kumar

I came across a short video clip the other day. It showed a school courtyard, a handful of children standing in line for the national anthem, and one boy caught in an awkward in-between,his hand half-raised, his posture uncertain, as though he had momentarily forgotten the choreography expected of him. The hesitation lasted barely a few seconds. Yet it opened the floodgates of memory.

The courtyard in the clip could have belonged to any school across India: a patch of sunlit ground, a few low buildings in the background, trees offering reluctant shade. It reminded me of our own morning assemblies, those daily rituals that felt endless then and invaluable now.

The bell would ring, and we would spill out of classrooms in uniforms that never stayed immaculate for long. We formed lines by height, adjusting collars, smoothing plaits, nudging distracted friends into place. There were whispered reminders: Stand straight. Don't talk. Sing properly. A teacher's watchful gaze ensured that discipline arrived before devotion.

And then the anthem would begin.

The first note always altered the air ever so slightly. Conversations dissolved. Faces grew solemn. We stood still or at least tried to. Some voices rose confidently; others lingered on hesitant lips. We sang partly from habit, partly from imitation, and partly because mornings demanded it of us.

Yet no assembly was ever entirely flawless.

Someone always moved a fraction too late. Someone lifted a hand uncertainly or swayed when stillness was expected. Sometimes a suppressed giggle travelled irrepressibly down the rows. Sometimes a child fainted beneath the unforgiving summer sun. Sometimes someone simply lost focus, distracted by a drifting cloud or a darting bird.

The boy in that clip, caught between salute and stillness felt achingly familiar. It revealed how growing up is less about perfect performance and more about gradual understanding.

School assemblies were our first lessons in collective identity. Before we understood civics, we practised community. Before words like "nation" and "freedom" acquired meaning, we learned the discipline of standing together.

At the time, these rituals felt rigid. We counted the minutes until dispersal, until we could return to chatter and classrooms. The principal's speech seemed endless, the heat oppressive, the instructions repetitive. We did not realise then that these routines were quietly shaping us.

Now, years later, what

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BALANCING ACTS: RETHINKING WORKPLACE CULTURE FOR WORKING PARENTS

BY ZARAFSHAN MANZOOR

Zarafshan Manzoor

The dawn is not just the beginning of a new day, but rather a signal of a challenging day. Many working mothers get ready for breakfast, lunch, and other responsibilities before their colleagues arrive at the office. By the time working mothers put on their working attire, many of their colleagues have already accomplished half of their daily task.

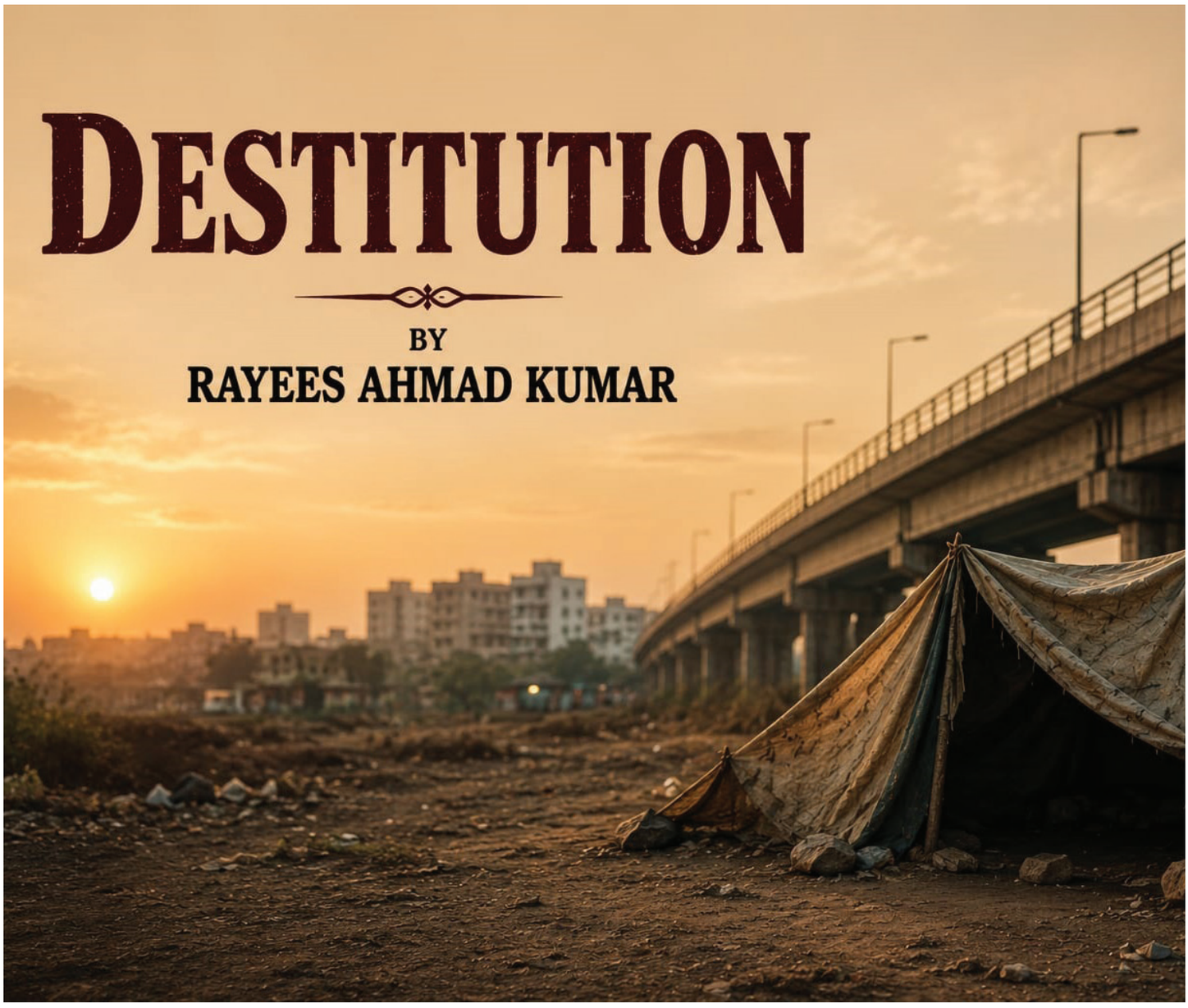
Although the female workforce participation rate has improved over the years, the office culture and infrastructure have failed to keep up with the development. Meetings are still scheduled around the school pickup time while parental leave is considered a bonus. Family time is compromised as there are times when office tasks take over with little or no break in between. In both scenarios, the spouse is at times working late hours to ensure they give something worthwhile to the family, thus blending the office and home duties.There needs to be a policy that limits individuals according to the time allocated for a specific role.

As a result, individuals are forced to make choices on who or whom to attend to when a parent is unwell or when a work meeting is scheduled during family time.The burden is mostly shouldered by mothers since they are perceived as the caregivers by default and by design. Modern fathers are also facing similar challenges because the culture does not allow them to take parental leave or adjust their working hours without being questioned. Can a father live for the office or for the family? This haunting question has kept me awake at night, and its effect is visible in the office, at the kitchen table, and in personal life.

Studies have shown that the root cause of most parental stressors in the workplace comes from having to operate in two different domains: the office and the home. One may be seen to be operating in one domain but is simultaneously involved in the other domain while being unaware of the pitfalls associated with such an approach. A parent working at the office may appear to be concentrating on a specific project initiative but is operating from the viewpoint of someone who has to balance work and home responsibilities, and mistakes are often attributed to such an individual.

The only viable solution is to stop treating the issue as an individual problem and deal with it from a structural perspective. Organizations need to develop more flexible policies regarding parental leave, implement results-based performance management approaches, create non-negotiable parental leave policies, and promote a positive family attitude throughout the corporate culture. Parents cannot continue to operate from the premise that individual effort can override the limitations of modern infrastructure.

(Zarafshan Manzoor is a technology professional, international educator, and researcher, currently serving as a Computer Trainer at Foundation World School. She is a certified Cambridge Professional Development Qualification (PDQ) educator and is recognized within the South Asian Cambridge educational network for her expertise in aligning global pedagogical standards with active, student-centred classroom learning.)



DESTITUTION

BY

RAYEES AHMAD KUMAR

Rayees Ahmad Kumar

While embarking on the bus to start his journey to reach duties from the bus stand of city, a cute and pretty girl of about twenty years made a hand folded request to every passenger in the bus including Ziya appealing them to donate some money so that she could manage to contribute to her family's income. Though she wore a casual dress and low cost slippers but her bodily figure and enchanting look added to her beauty. Ziya opened his vallet and gave her a fresh note of hundred. Other passengers either neglected her or handed over a meagre ten or twenty rupees. Next few days he met the same situation, when he embarked in the bus the girl again begged for money at the routine time, with people either skipping her pleas or pleasing her with a ten or twenty rupees note. Ziya again gave her hundred rupees and the incident happened and repeated many times.

Ziya while working in the office recalled her attractive looks due to her almond like eyes, thick black eyebrows, lustrous red cheeks and delicate, soft and silky long dark black hairs. She was perhaps from Bengal and was putting up alongside her two brothers and parents in a small tent under a flyover in the city. It had been their annual routine to stay here from April to October and then to leave for Bengal during winter months.

Ziya was an unmarried guy and was appointed as a bank clerk two years ago. He was posted at a branch in city outskirts so he used to board the bus from bus stand to reach on time. His other two brothers and a sister were already married, now his parents were looking for a good match for him. In their own relation, his parents had suggested many matches for him but due to one or the other pretext he always expressed his dissent. Nobody from his family or friend circle knew the reason of his disliking every girl whom he was asked to marry.

In fact it was the Bengali girl's smart personality and stunning body which had wholeheartedly lured him and he anxiously craved to make her a life partner but never made such expression before his parents, friends or other relatives. He knew he would be taunted, mocked and ridiculed by everyone particularly his parents incase he tries to unfold his intentions. From dawn to dusk he himself used to make an assessment of his intent. He would think and ponder about marrying a girl that too from Bengal, belonging to a destitute class, putting up in an ordinary tent and with begging as their profession and mere vagabonds.

One day even his boss, manager of the bank branch too had told him to marry a girl in his relation and when he repeatedly emphasised the same, Ziya made an expression of his desire to marry the

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READING AHAD ZARGAR...

transcend the limitations of ego and worldly attachment, enabling them to perceive reality with greater clarity. Sufis place immense emphasis on opening the heart to divine knowledge and divine love. This is achieved through spiritual practices such as prayer, meditation, and the remembrance of God (zikr). Sufism teaches that spiritual advancement is possible only through divine grace and blessings. Consequently, Sufi practitioners strive to purify their hearts and souls so that they may become worthy vessels for receiving this heavenly grace. Such purification ultimately leads to spiritual transformation."

It is widely believed in Kashmir that if its rich tradition of Sufi poetry were presented to the world with the attention it deserves, it would be recognised as one of the highest achievements of mystical literature. A survey of the long lineage of Kashmiri Sufi poets reveals not only extraordinary literary excellence but also a profound spiritual consciousness that illuminates their works. Besides Lalla Ded and Sheikh Noor-ud-Din, poets such as Wahab Khar, Samad Mir, Nyama Sahib, Soch Kral, Ahmad Batwari, and Prakash Ram Bhat enriched this tradition with poetic jewels of enduring beauty and spiritual depth.

Among these illustrious names, Ahad Zargar occupies a position of exceptional prominence. It is increasingly recognised that the mystical poetry of Kashmir deserves to reach a global audience, allowing readers across languages and cultures to appreciate its artistic and spiritual grandeur.

Translation—particularly into English—has therefore become an urgent necessity. Unfortunately, only a handful of capable scholars have devoted themselves to this demanding task.

Among this select group, Mushtaque Barq stands out as one of the most accomplished translators of Kashmiri Sufi literature. His notable works include Mystic Voices of Kashmir, Verses of Wahab Khar, Songs of Soch Kral, and translations of Ahad Zargar's poetry. Most recently, he published Golden Semee of Ahad Zargar, Volume II, which was released in August 2023.

Ahad Zargar is regarded as one of the foremost Sufi poets of Kashmir. Born in 1882, he departed for his eternal abode in 1983. He is widely acknowledged for having elevated Kashmiri Sufi poetry to new heights through the originality of his thought, the richness of his themes, and the distinctiveness of his poetic form. Consequently, he occupies a place of honour not only among literary critics but also in the hearts of his countless admirers.

When a Sufi poet of Ahad Zargar's stature meets an accomplished translator like Mushtaque Barq, the result is naturally expected to be extraordinary. As a reader and reviewer, I find myself irresistibly drawn towards both the original verses and their English renderings. Holding Golden Semee of Ahad Zargar in my hands, I tread cautiously through its pages, attempting to gather the pearls of wisdom embedded in its metaphors, symbolism, and profound spiritual insights.

Barq has translated twenty-five ghazals, each presenting its own philosophical and mystical challenges. Reading the original Kashmiri text alongside the English translation compels the reader to penetrate beyond the literal meaning of the verses and explore the deeper layers of symbolism concealed within them. Such an exercise demands not only linguistic competence but also an appreciation of the spiritual and cultural context from which these poems emerge.

One such couplet reads:

Mey alifas daal kor kami khal o khatan
Woun lagith zala zagan chum su hitan
TRANSLATION:
My upright Alif has been bent into Daal by Your attributes;
Now every excuse I once possessed has been ensnared.

The symbolism of Alif and Daal, the first and fourth letters of the Arabic alphabet respectively, is particularly striking. Alif, perfectly straight and upright, symbolises steadfastness, individuality, and spiritual elevation. Daal, with its curved form, represents humility, submission, and surrender. Through this transformation, the poet suggests that divine love has bent his pride into complete submission before the Beloved.

Another ghazal offers an equally compelling image:

Yetchi yus khoobroyas dil milawun
Gatchi tas looth tchonwani khasiyatan
TRANSLATION:
Whoever desires union with the Beloved
Must surrender the four natural dispositions of human existence.

Here, the poet reminds the seeker that the path of divine love demands the abandonment of worldly attachments and personal comforts. Spiritual union can only be attained through complete self-effacement.

Another remarkable couplet states:

Bar sawari teg heth Turki jalad
Mara weni yim aara rasi mijgana taie
TRANSLATION:
Mounted upon a steed comes the Turkish executioner,
Ready to unleash his merciless arrows.

In this verse, the Beloved's eyes are compared to the legendary Turkish executioner whose poisoned arrows never fail to strike their target. A single glance from the Beloved is sufficient to annihilate the lover's worldly self. The metaphor beautifully captures both the cruelty and irresistible attraction associated with divine love.

In another stanza, Ahad Zargar combines the themes of lineage and destiny to affirm the ultimate supremacy of fate:

Myon aalaw tas goshan gov na grone chum logmut myie
Kron te qabeela trawith drayas lone peum zorawa

The translated version conveys the poet's helplessness before destiny. No matter one's family, status, or worldly strength, fate ultimately prevails. The lover stands powerless, lamenting before the Divine Will, which governs every aspect of existence.

Addressing the Beloved remains a central feature of classical poetry, but in Sufi literature the Beloved is none other than the Divine. This mystical dimension becomes evident in the following verse:

Kentchan che jalwa haewith kenh bali tche tanblawith
Kenh tashna lab tche saewith andar mazar yikhna
TRANSLATION:
To some You revealed Your radiant countenance,
While others You left buried beneath the tomb, consumed by unquenched longing.

The poet reflects upon the mysterious ways of divine grace. Some seekers are blessed with spiritual illumination, while others continue to yearn in separation. The thirst referred to here is not physical but spiritual—a longing for union with the Divine that remains forever unquenched until true enlightenment is attained.

Reading a poet of Sufi stature like Ahad Zargar is like quenching one's thirst and translation makes it easier to understand.

(Reviewer is President Fiction Writers' Guild and can be mailed at wanishafi999@gmail.com)

FROM PAGE 4...

THE FOMO FEVER

with captions like: "Grinding silently." Silently? Brother, you posted fourteen stories! Soon everyone feels pressured to prove they too are thriving.

People now attend events not because they enjoy them, but because absence feels dangerous.That is when this fear of missing out becomes an obsessive compulsive disorder. Half the crowds at weddings are mentally exhausted. They are not dancing out of joy. They are dancing because tomorrow someone may upload: "Epic night with the gangggg!" And heaven forbid if your face is missing from the Instagram post in the background! You are disquieted, disheartened and distraught!

The true tragedy is that while trying not to miss life, we are actually missing life. Friends sit together at restaurants staring into phones, documenting happiness instead of experiencing it. At tourist spots, people don't watch sunsets anymore.They position themselves in front of sunsets. One young man nearly fell into a lake while attempting a "candid" reel where he pretended not to notice the camera. Nothing screams authenticity even after rehearsing spontaneity umpteen times.

Even spirituality is infected now. Someone posts: "Digital detox. Going offline for mental peace." Then proceeds to upload twenty-seven aesthetic pictures of a retreat, announcing the detox. Apparently inner peace also needs audience-attention. Children observe all this quietly and learn early that life must constantly appear exciting. Ordinary moments begin to feel insufficient. Reading a book peacefully? Too boring. Chatting with parents? Not "content worthy." An evening without notifications? Suspicious. We are slowly becoming emotionally allergic to stillness.

And yet, if we look carefully, the people we envy online are often equally restless themselves.The girl posting beach pictures may secretly be anxious. The man displaying success may be lonely. The smiling group selfie may have been followed by awkward silence and separate cab rides home. Social media displays highlights, not human realities. Nobody uploads: "Had existential crisis today. Cried. Then slept." Although honestly, that would be refreshingly authentic.

The irony is that while we fear missing out on everybody else's lives, we quietly miss out on our own. We miss conversations because we are checking notifications. We miss laughter because we are framing photos.We miss peace because we are measuring our lives against edited fragments of others' lives. Life was never meant to be a nonstop performance.

Some of the most meaningful moments are gloriously unphotogenic: an old parent waiting for you at dinner, a child narrating cock-and-bull stories, an evening walk admiring the magnificence of nature in silence, without headphones, without urgency.These moments rarely trend online. But they nourish the soul far more deeply than curated excitement.

Sagacity lies not in attending everything, knowing everything, or posting everything. Perhaps wisdom lies in occasionally saying: "No, I'm not missing out. I'm simply choosing differently." The truth is that nobody can experience everything. Somewhere, someone will always be richer, happier, fitter, more travelled, or eating better pasta. And that is perfectly alright.

Life is not a race to attend every party on Earth. Sometimes the greatest joy is missing out peacefully while sitting in leisure, eating hot pakoras, and not caring who went where. That, truly, is freedom.

In a world obsessed with 'keeping up', perhaps the real luxury is peace—the ability to sit quietly without feeling left behind.That is one way the FOMO fever can be abated and controlled.

As Socrates wisely said,

"Beware the barrenness of a busy life."

(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 appeals in national and international journals. She is also an Advisory Board member of LitStream and a regular contributor.)

FROM PAGE 8...

DESTITUTION

girl from Bengal. Initially the boss was stunned to hear it but when he himself saw the girl he too was flabbergasted due her charm and enchantress.

With each passing day Ziya was pressurized by his parents to give an assent but he preferred to keep mum thinking if he openly expresses his wish he would rather be chided and reprimanded by them over his unsuitable choice. After his parents, relatives and friends unanimously advised him to get married to a reasonable and upright girl, Ziya too weighed it wisely and began to forget her heartily.

Now he hasn't placed her in his heart nor is ready to propose her, instead he has made his mind to marry a girl of decent family background and noble character. Her impoverished family history, vagrant character and professionally begging character has displeased Ziya due to which he took a U-turn in his stand. Neither he is interested in her nor he wants to dishearten his parents now.

After a week his parents managed to select a better spouse for him among almost a dozen daughters in their relationship. This time he didn't negate their offer instead felt delighted. Everyone in their relationship was happy and his friends sent him congratulatory messages soon after coming to know about it. Soon after engagement ceremony, the date for the formal wedding ceremony too was fixed instantly. Now he was busy in making preparations for the grand event including to invite his friends, relatives and colleagues.

Just three days before the marriage ceremony when he routinely went to attend his office he heard from office peon that manger's wife had come a day before in the office to insult and affront him in presence of all staff members. The reason was that he had solemnized his second marriage covertly with the Bengali girl whom Ziya had enticed and allured in the past.

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FROM PAGE 3...

ROMILA THAPAR'S MEMOIR "JUST BEING"

ness reminiscent of poets like Agha Shahid Ali and Habba Khatoon. The river becomes both metaphor and memory, a reminder that existence is fluid and interdependent.

Thapar's reflections on ecology are not sentimental; they are ethical. She argues that environmental degradation is not merely a scientific problem but a moral failure—a symptom of our inability to "just be" with nature. The act of being, she insists, requires reverence for life in all its forms. Her vision of ecology is spiritual without being mystical, grounded in the idea that awareness itself is a form of care.

The later sections of Just Being turn inward, exploring solitude, silence, and the art of reflection. Thapar writes of silence not as absence but as presence—the space where thought ripens. In one of the book's most beautiful passages, she describes the mind as "a river that reflects the sky yet carries its own depth." This image captures the essence of her philosophy: being is both reflective and dynamic, both stillness and movement.

What makes Just Being extraordinary is its tone. Thapar does not instruct; she converses. Her writing feels like a dialogue between equals—the reader and the thinker, the self and the world. She asks questions rather than offering answers, trusting that inquiry itself is a form of being. This humility gives the book its moral authority.

The ethical dimension of Thapar's thought is inseparable from her historical sensibility. As a historian, she understands that civilizations are sustained not by power but by consciousness. As a philosopher, she knows that consciousness must be nurtured through empathy. Her synthesis of history and philosophy is seamless. She moves from Ashoka's edicts to modern existentialism, from the Upanishads to Heidegger, showing that the quest for being transcends geography and time. In her hands, the river of thought becomes a confluence of traditions.The Indian idea of Atman meets the Greek notion of psyche, the Buddhist mindfulness meets the modern ecological ethic. Thapar's scholarship bridges these worlds without strain. She writes as one who has lived among ideas long enough to see their unity beneath diversity. The book's relevance today cannot be overstated. In an age of digital distraction and ideological polarization, Thapar's call for introspection feels revolutionary. She reminds us that civilization begins with consciousness, that history is not merely a record of events but a reflection of values. Her insistence on "just being" is not escapism—it is resistance. It is the refusal to let noise drown meaning.

Thapar's prose carries a quiet urgency. She does not lament the modern world; she seeks to heal it. Her river of thought flows toward compassion, toward awareness, toward truth. The book's final pages read like a benediction: an invitation to dwell in the present, to see clearly, to live gently. As a literary work, Just Being stands apart for its fusion of scholarship and lyricism.Thapar's sentences shimmer with clarity; her ideas breathe with grace. She achieves what few historians attempt—to write philosophy as poetry.The result is a text that can be read as meditation, as moral reflection, as cultural renewal.

Thus Romila Thapar's "Just Being" is, ultimately, a river of consciousness. It flows through the landscapes of history and philosophy, carrying the sediment of centuries and the freshness of the present. It teaches that being is not a state but a journey—a continuous movement toward understanding, compassion, and truth.To read this book is to stand beside that river, watching it flow through the valley of thought. It is to realize that the act of being—of awareness, of empathy, of reflection—is the most radical act of all.

(The writer is a International Dickens Medal Winner multilingual poet and fiction writer who authored "Oleander Blooms", "Six Feet Distance" "Twilight of Love", Dr Ratan Bhattacharjee is a former Affiliate Faculty of English Virginia Commonwealth University USA.)

FROM PAGE 6...

PRACTISING BELONGING

lingers is not the discomfort but the texture of those mornings, the dusty ground beneath polished shoes, the uneven chorus of young voices, the collective relief when the final note faded and we exhaled together. We remember the friend who sang off-key with unwavering confidence, the classmate who forgot the last line.

The viral clip has drawn smiles because it captures something universal: the vulnerability of being watched while trying to do the right thing. But it also reflects the times we live in. Today's children do not stand only before teachers and classmates; they stand before invisible audiences. A fleeting lapse can now travel far beyond the school gate, replayed and interpreted by strangers.

Our assemblies were private rehearsals of growing up. Theirs unfold in a world of instant commentary.

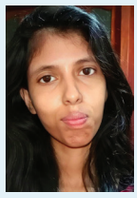
That is why the boy's awkward pause feels tender rather than trivial. It reminds us that childhood is not meant to be curated. It is meant to be lived, distracted, uncertain, imperfect. Not every moment needs correction; some simply need compassion.

In those uneven notes and uncertain gestures, children are learning how to stand—together and on their own. The anthem will end, the lines will disperse, the clip will fade from timelines. What must endure is our willingness to allow children the grace to falter without fear.

Somewhere between the ringing bell and the final note, they are not performing for the nation. They are practising how to belong in it.

(Dr. Ritu Kamra Kumar is a retired Principal and Associate Professor of English at MLN College, Yamuna Nagar. An acclaimed academician, poet, and author, she has contributed over 400 articles to leading national newspapers, published 75 research papers, and authored ten books. A sought-after speaker with a doctorate in Gender Studies, she has received several prestigious honours for her contributions to literature and academia.)

The light of Friendship.



Kushi Nanayakkara

I found a firefly in the smile of a friend.
A lit candle in a ghost house of a mind.
We shared our flaws, laughed at ironies.
A sudden new dawn, to our programmed symphonies.

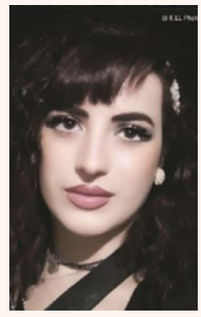
We both found shades, unseen by the others.
Though the clock ticked different, we lived similar minds.
Like dew drops on grass touched by the sunlight.
So pure and vibrant, our friendship of light.

We walked through adventures singing melodies of sweetness.
We found joy's sugar in coffee's dark bitterness.
In lakes of doubts, we held unseen hands.
Walked each other, though from distant lands.

With little stars we made a web of million lights.
Casted the web when dusk stretched the nights.
In friendship this rare, we found struggles were mornings.
That woke us up to the life's profound teachings.

(Kushi Nanayakkara is a Sri Lankan born poetess who brings nature, human experiences, and creativity together through poetry. She studied Graphic Design/Information Technology before finding her way into poetry in 2020. Her work often revolves around themes such as: nature, art, life, love, mind, death, philosophy, and social themes such as justice and humanity.)

Freedom Of World



Elpiola Lluka

Under the curtains stays conscience cold,
hard breathing goes beneath the glass;
Window as a cloud tries to connect skies old,
as raindrops wash the pain without class...

The fear embraces those innocent eyes,
where fire and ashes as a carpet lay down their foot...
Peace soon will touch the skies,
highest way will bloom again the root...

And smiles will paint all face and skin,
new colours will born underneath the heart...
Happiness creates the roads smart,
the Garden Of Eden blossoms as you never imagine.

(Elpiola Lluka is a worldwide poetess, writer, songwriter and singer. She was born in Korca city of Albania. She has studied for English Language and Literature in the "Fan.S.Noli" University. She has written her first poem since she was 8 years old. She is a regular writer and poetess and her poems are published in many international newspapers, magazines and anthologies books. She has taken many certificates and qualifications worldwide. She loves psychology and philosophy, music, singing, cooking, jewellery art, photography and animals.)

SILENCE

Sarada Kuchibhotla

It is not nothing.
It is the roar of a stopped clock,
the shriek of a feather falling.

The morning after,
your side of the bed is a cold burn.
I trace the dent your head left...
a crater,
a monument,
a lie dressed in cotton.

You spoke your last words so softly
they arrived like gunfire.
Each syllable, a bullet that takes three days
to find its target.
Now I am bleeding in slow motion.

This quiet is violent.
It peels the paint from my ribs,
shows me the rust underneath.

I hear the crack of a promise breaking
and it sounds exactly like
a teacup settling on a saucer.
Polite.
Final.
Hollow.

The fridge hums.
The dog sighs.
The mailman whistles.
And I am drowning in this orchestra
of ordinary things
that have no right to go on.

You took the future with you.
Left me the echo of a door
that will never close all the way.
It hangs there...
half-open,
half-shut,
a wound that keeps breathing.

(Sarada Kuchibhotla is an M.A. graduate from the University of Madras and a former English teacher with nearly 25 years of experience. She began writing at the age of 14 and has since been featured in The Significant Anthology, Umblical Chord: An Anthology for Parents, GloMag, LitStream and Worldwidewriterweb. A recipient of the NaPoWriMo TSL 2026 award, she is an active member of the Destiny Poets International Community, where her poem The Bench at the Mall was recognized as the 158th Poem of the Month.)

MOMENTS

Maria Kolovou Roumelioti

Moments that run and get lost...Imagine!
Leaving in their path the mark
of a repetition, that opens a rift
to be filled with the breaths of those who remain.

In the iron-fenced fields,
the dreams live and reside, the world's
frugal and temporary efforts. The soldiers of our life:
Incomplete circles to sustain time.

And our days, are measured by the dram
as our hair slowly turns white!....
Gossiping a little in our minds:
Roots that rooted our blood to drink!....

The sunbeams, in domes, forgotten,
Heavenly...that no eye can see
Only lightning carves their dome
In a writing that has not yet been read!....

And somehow, like this, we live
our greatest true illusion,
freed from its meaning!...

And somehow, like this,
comes the death of moments
and the great injustice of living
as if
we were never going to die.....

(Maria Kolovou Roumelioti is a writer, poet, visual artist and long-distance runner - marathon runner. she is a member of many Literary and Artistic Associations and Associations. She has combined all her hobbies together and continues her creative course and personal development with continuous awards and distinctions in all areas where she is active. Many of her works have been included in collective anthologies, literary magazines and newspapers, etc.)

Unparalleled Love

Dr. Rajiv Dogra

Every day, I bow
Before Lord Shiva,
And in every prayer,
I ask for you.

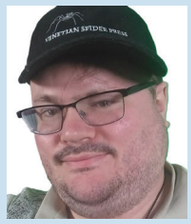
If ever I fail
To ask for you,
Then I ask for
Your every happiness.

I search for a reason
To write something else,
But in every word,
It is you I see.

Gazing at the innocent
Smile upon your face,
My heart enters a state of
deep meditation—
A stillness akin to Lord Shiva's.

(Dr. Rajiv Dogra is a young poet, writer, and Hindi teacher from Kangra, Himachal Pradesh.)

ALONG, THE SILENT ONES ISOLATE



Dustin Pickering

Craft the lingering light
from heaven's respite—
golden laughter in silver
fields.

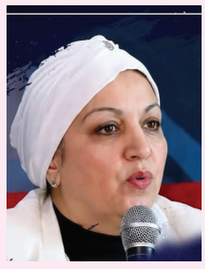
Now stonecold, an hour
it bemoans.
Forgive this birth, o Winter!

Enter my mind, yes,
to see the Approximate
field.
Time is unheard by bent
ears.

Live the wonder of your
days,
To fascinate. In trenches,
imagine the sweat from
silence.

(Dustin Pickering is founder of Transcendent Zero Press. He has contributed writing to Huffington Post, Los Angeles Review, The Statesman (India), Journal of Liberty and International Affairs, The Colorado Review, World Literature Today, Asymptote Journal, and several other publications. He is the author of numerous poetry collections and books including Salt and Sorrow. He placed in the top 100 for the erbacce prize in 2021 and 2023, and was a finalist in Adelaide Literary Journal's first short fiction contest. He was longlisted for the Rahim Karim World Prize in 2022 and given the honor of Knight of World Peace by the World Institute for Peace that same year. He hosts the popular interview series World Inkers Network on YouTube and co-founded World Inkers Printing and Publishing.)

RESILIENCE



Hela Tekali

I am destined to resilience,
It has marked my existence.
I am the poet born of rebellion,
One unyielding spirit
among the millions.

I am a daring woman, and I
am proud
To raise my voice, to raise
it loud.
I swim against the current,
and I dare,
Even if no one else seems to
care.

Justice is what I call for,
A new spirit brimming full
of poetic force.
I hold my sword as I willingly write —
My revolutionary mind dictates my might.

Resilience must mark the
new era,
A bold, steadfast thought is
my mantra.
I leave the searing imprint
of rebirth behind me,
A renaissance woman:
untamed, unbound, and
free.

(Hela Jenayah Tekali is a trilingual writer and poet from Tunisia. Writing since 2014, she has published over a dozen books spanning poetry, novels, and plays. Her work explores Sufism, mysticism, ethics, and human development. Among her notable books are The Plight of Palestine (2024), Alchemy (2022), Metaphysics: A Mirror to Mysticism (2020), Poetry of Redemption and Spiritual Mission (2025), and the novel The Quest: Sublime Hope, which explores the human psyche, existential philosophy, and spiritual introspection.)

Lidder River

Manzoor Akash

IN THAT bowl valley in Nature's lap,
Quickly at the break of dawn gushing out from hills.
That sweet music in the bourn of whistling thrush,
Tossing of cold waters against the rocks
Making of froth in a rush.
And that murmuring sound,
Strikes one, with awe to observe in quiet;
Lush green beauty of nature—not bound
Bleak water looking as if milk flowing;
Maker of an alluring sight.
Leaping waters after that stumbling with rocks,
Seemed showing a strenuous exertion,
To on-lookers, an infusing new life—
That picture of Nature's finest treasure,
On eve hours cool breeze;
Flipping of torrent waters against big rocks
Flowing down in meandering manner,
Rocks quiet towards stream bank
Some hidden by bushes and some so grassy,
By and by from tides of waters getting shake.
Fatigue of a traveler avoid and pallid a fresh
Resplendent and splendid charm made,
Their hearts' fire, it did extinguish
Conveying passion not a single one bade.
Eye marvel at the skillful handiwork of the Nature
No consciousness of the physical world,
That nature's surprise and gift for creature
And advertant reconnaissance in abundance;
On can not found, although most bold.
The bourn replete with circular rocks,
But for a distant huge gigantic rocks too,
Making it more fascinating and more beautiful
Away from mingled dulcet water one cannot move.
Delicious fragrance dispels selfishness,
Exhibits affection, extends cordiality;
Showed its altruistic nature.
That little rest, fir and when I closed my eyes—
Meditate on the exhilarating beauties of the Nature
Role of utterances
An inclusion to inexpressible peace of mind;
That blurs air above those pines, birch trees.
Those mountain slopes and peaks, away from me, aloft,
Clad with the gorgeous plumage of the dense snow
Providing cold touching breeze,
From denser forests was highly soft!

Manzoor Akash is teacher by profession. He is a poet, columnist, critical analyst and author of several books in English and a recipient of National Peace Award. His works currently focus on social issues, Kashmir's cultural heritage and elderly citizens with a growing interest in storytelling. He hails from Rafibad and can be reached at manzurakash@yahoo.co.in

RESONANCE

Nisar Azam

I sit alone
on the silent banks of the Mawar,
where the rain falls
like forgotten memories
from the grey shoulders of the sky.

I feel the drops on my face;
no one can tell
which water belongs to the clouds
and which has escaped
from my eyes.

The river runs wild today,
its shrill cry
echoing through the cirque.
I hide my sobs
in that restless music of water,
for even grief seeks a place
where it can disappear unnoticed.

The cedars stand quietly,
the mountains watch without questions,
and the mist wraps the valley
like an old shawl of sorrow.

Perhaps this is the wisdom of rain:
it teaches every broken heart
that tears are not always meant to be seen.
Some are offered silently
to rivers, winds, and passing clouds.

I wonder if separation
is not the absence of someone,
but the presence of their memory
in every familiar place.

And today,
as the Mawar carries my sorrow
toward distant valleys,
I learn a secret of nature:

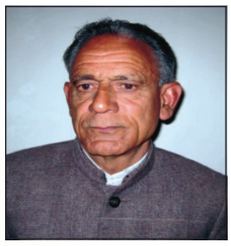
Everything that flows
must leave something behind—
a whisper on the stones,
a song in the water,
a trace of love
even after departure.

Mawar: A rivulet originating from the Qazinag Glacier near Bangus Valley.

(Nisar Azam is a well-known Kashmiri poet, writer, and translator. He is the author of Patti Lejill Zoon Daras and translator of significant literary works, he has contributed to bringing diverse voices across languages. A recipient of the Sahitya Akademi Yuva Puraskar (2011), he has also worked in cinema as a dialogue writer and director.)

ژھایہِ پژاہ

ایسے



عبدالاحد حاجنی

تمۍ سُنژِ نظرِ آسہِ بےٚ قرار زکرتہٕ کأڈی ژھوکہِ دوٗنگی گاش تہٕ سُہ دیہِ پونس زوٗنہٕ گاششِ ژہ۔ منہٕ مُنژی اوس نوٗی نغمہٕ بوٗ مبراونک سنژ کران۔ بالہٕ پیٹھ أس آفتابس پرٕکٔ ژلن واوٚتی تہٕ أمی سنژ ونظرو اوس پہرِ دیُن ہیوٚتمُت۔ وُٹھو پیٹھ أسی تس واریاہ خیال زنتہٕ وُلہٕ گوٗھان۔

کس گوٗھ پیٹھنز آواز کنن۔ پوٗز تھتھرِ ایہِ سٕتی أس تس زن سأرسے دِنن لگان یہِ زن تمِس کُن نظر پیٹھ باسان اوس۔ تس ژوٗل بےٚ فرصت نیرِ تھ.....

"آ.....آ..... أ کیا..... ہُہ نا ہُہ گُیہِ نِظامُنی ترٕکر..... پکھ تہٕ ژُں بروٚہہ کُن واہ.....واہ.....!!!

کرہٕ کیا چھِ ڈری گنڈان رہ ہ کرنہِ خاطر.....وُنہِ چھٕ تتھ وق تہٕ مےٚ ہیٚتی وأنجہِ ہندی پرٕشیٚنٛی..... ژُں ییلہِ سُہ وق والتہِ تیلہِ کیاہ حال آسمہ۔ دوہلہِ اوسُس روومُت۔ گُنہِ اوسُم نہٕ سادلگان۔"

"کیا چھوونان؟"

یہ اوس أمِس منیُن سوال۔

"ہاہاہا.....؟؟!"

أمِس ژوٗل گُنے اسُن کھنگالہِ نیرِ تھ، یِیمہِ سٕتی منیانہِ ژھوپہِ ہُنڈ ششر وبگلتھ..... مےٚ دیٚتھس آلو.....

"ہیے لالا؟"

"وُنی تو"؟

تمۍ وُن بڈ ہٹتہٕ رود پتہٕ ونان.....

"یا گوٗو بوزان چھُکھ نہٕ..... زندگی ہِندِس اِضطرابس لگو ملرو وُتھنہِ.....ہوٗ ہوٗشی شی.....الے یِیس مازر.....کیا سابھایا چھُکھ نا بوزان۔"

یی ونان لوٗگ تھوٗ دوٗتھتھ نٛوٚنہِ.....اوٚ تأنی أسی زوٗنہِ پوٗری ترٕاوِنی ییٚتی ہٕتی تہٕ اوس پانسے سٕتی ونان.....

"یہ تہٕ دمہِ کائینا تہٕ کمن رنگن ژھونڈ.....یہ تہٕ وسہِ تھہِ سوٗ درس"

تہٕ پانسے سٕتی وُنُن.....

"نہٕ نہٕ یہ تہٕ کھسہِ شُنی یَس زول دِنہِ.....یہ ژھارِ تتہِ تی یہ مےٚ ییٚتہِ روومُت چھُ.....ہِنہٕ گُنہِ چھُم ییٚتہِ نظرِ یوان"۔

زیوٗٹھ شہہ ییٚتھ وُنُن.....''آ.....آ.....''

تہٕ أتھی سٕتی گوٗو نےٚ سنگاہ کٔدلہِ ہینہِ پیٹھ کھُستھ۔ مےٚ گُیہِ گُنی لرن۔ تھار وُژھم..... منیُن یہِ حال کُس وُچھ ہے..... تِکیاز أسی أسی صرف زِے..... راتھ أس پٔنُن داٹھر وہراوان تہٕ زوٗن أس زوٗل کرنس سٕتی مَس۔ یہِ اوس کٔدلہِ ہینہِ پیٹھ وودنی روزتھ..... باسان أسم أمِس تانس تانس زن ٹھ یوسہِ گرِ کھوتہٕ گرِ تیزان أس۔ مےٚ گُن کُرِن نظراہ تہٕ وُتھ.....

''واہ.....موٗ درمس چاوُتھ کیاہ چھُن کأینات موٗ نیندر سأوٗ ہوٗ..... گُنہِ نہٕ سٕتھ تہٕ نہ صداوٕے..... نہٕ گُنہِ رنگہٕ کانہہ تھوتھ..... میانہٕ ٹارِن ہُنڈ ششر وبگلو وژھوپہِ ہِندی زیرِ بمن..... میانہِ جنوٗنک ٹوٹھ مژر..... یُس ہژر ییٚتھ موژیامُت، رٔہتھ تہٕ روزتھ اوس آوزن جوشہٕ".....

أتھی منژ وُنُن مےٚ تکرِ ہٹہِ.....

''کیا باسان؟

یہ کیا ہیکلہِ ہاوٗنتھ.....أمی ہِندی سوال تہٕ أمی سُنُد اضطراب اوس مےٚ گرِ کھوتہٕ گرِ بامبراون۔ توتہِ پزٕ وژہمس.....

''ہاں..... مےٚ وُنتھا کینہہ''؟..... وُچھی کرہٕ وگنڈی ڈری۔ وگنین ہُنڈ ونہٕ وُن تہٕ چھُیہِ ژٕنے.....وورے باسان۔"

أتھی سٕتی ترٕ وُن زیوٗٹھ وہشاہ تہٕ ''ہائے'' کرِتھ لوٗگ کٔدلہِ ہینہِ پیٹھ أندری خبر کمن حالن گرغد کرنہِ.....منژی لوٗگ مےٚ کُن ونہٕ.....

''تراو.....دوٗپےٚ ناتراو یہِ کتھ۔ اتہٕ گوٗھ دل أنہٕ تہٕ چشمہٕ آکاش آسنہِ۔ ژٕ کیا وُنہِ وُچھانی..... رٔتھ!!!''

''کیا''؟.....مےٚ وُن یوٚرِ خبر کتھ عالمس منژ پرٕ گوٗھتھ۔

اوٚرِ وُتھم بُڈتھ تہٕ بولتھ.....

''ژہانڈ..... تہٕ گُنیچ کرِ کوشش.....سُتہِ گوا آدم لیس نہٕ لبُن تگہٕ''

یہِ وُنتھ ژٕٹ أمی کتھ.....یہِ روٗس یوٚرِ أمِس تھلہِ تھلہِ وُچھان.....تہٕ أمی ہِندی یِیمہِ اِرِ سرِ ژرژان.....

''بوزان چھُکھا بھایا'' یہِ وُتھ مےٚ کُن.....''

سُتہِ گوٗو وا آدم یَس لٔیتھ راوِ.....'' اسن کھنگالا ترٕوُن.....

''مےٚ لوٗب ازیہٕ کأڈی تہٕ، یہِ یہِ ژھاران اوسُس.....ژٕنے کیا''؟

''لبنس تہٕ راونس منژ ہینہٕ آمُت کوٗت والتہِ سُہ ڈوکہِ تہٕ ژھوکہ''

یوٚ دوے مےٚ یہِ پانسے سٕتی ونیاو۔ پوٗز تمِس کھو ڈبکس دِژہ تہٕ لوٗگ وُنہٕ.....

''ناووہ میدی چھُنگھ زیوٗمُت۔ کلہِ پیٹھ نلس تام چھےٚ کُنی ژھٹھ کٔڈ ہوٗ''۔

أمی وُنن زأ جنم وأنج.....پوٗ زکرِ ہاتہِ کیاہ..... یِیمہِ زُرکہِ چھُم بوزنہِ۔ أتھی سٕتی وُتھ.....

''بوز واوِ رینگہِ چھےٚ کلبن کٹن نغمہٕ گوٗ ناوان.....وُچھ پُرخمار رأ ژہِندی پرٕکیاہ چھِ مَس یاونس آے تہٕ پاے کانچھان۔''

أتھی سٕتی گُیہِ تمِس لرن ہِش تہٕ وُنُن مےٚ کُن.....

''ونسا.....ژٕ تہٕ وُن؟.....ژٕنے تہٕ دژنے أچھ تہٕ مےٚ تہٕ.....ونتہِ تیلہِ؟''

مےٚ ژوٗل ہنگہٕ منگہٕ یوٚرِ نیرِ تھ.....''ظلماتس چھُ از تارِ کورمَہٕ وُن زُولا کوٗ رمُت.....زوٗن.....واہ واہ.....زوٗنہٕ گاش سأرسے چھلان، چھوکان تہٕ گزاہ گتھ کاسان۔"

''چھُنا''.....شرارتہِ سان وُنُن مےٚ کُن

''بلکل کیا زنہٕ۔''

میأنس اتھ جوابس سٕتی پھوٚجی أمی ہِندِ بن وُتھن پیٹھ اسن ترٕاے ہِش تہٕ وُنُن مےٚ کُن.....

''کتھا کرِتھ تہٕ ستھا کرِتھم''!!

أتھی سٕتی گوٗو زن تس أندری دم.....یہِ گوٗس نزد کیہ پھن اتہِ أس مےٚ صرف شہن ہنژ کھال وال کنن گوٗھان۔ پیٹھ کٔنی کرنا م سبٹھاہ کوشش یہِ مُورنا زبان۔ سُہ کیتھ۔ مےٚ باسیا وزنتہٕ تمۍ ہِندی وُٹھ چنو ژأپی ہٕتی یمن تلہِ تراو کرُن مُشکل اوس۔ ژُں ییٚتی زوٗنہٕ پیٹھ مدِ ماتٕی پوٗری شوقہٕ سان ترٕاوِنی۔ یوٚ تاہ سُہ تھدان، تیوٚ تاہ آسہِ تمۍ سنژ أچھ درس لگان۔ مصف راتھ تہٕ ہیٚیون ڈلنی مگر یہِ تمی انمانہِ مُدّے گنڈتھ۔ مےٚ تہٕ لوٗ گنہٕ ژُں کانہہ چارِ کٔدلہِ ہینہِ پیٹھ کھستہِ زوٗنہٕ رأ ژٕ نظارِ ٹلنس۔ مےٚ تہٕ آسہِ زن نظرِ بوچھِ ہوٗ باسان۔ تسلی تہٕ اوسُم نہٕ یوان۔ کوہ تیتالمن نظرا ترٕ أوُتھ أسم بدلے خیال أندرِ زُوان.....یہِ تہٕ ہیوٚ انس راوُن ہیوٚ اگرِ نہٕ تس اوٗش دَدرائے زٕلہِ ہے نیرِ تھ تہٕ تھوٗ دگوٗھ ہے وُتھتھ۔

''ونسا بھایا.....ژُں.....مےٚ تُلتھ جنوٗن..... ونان کونہٕ پھُکھ یا گوٗ وزبان چھےٚ نہٕ؟.....دم کیا زگےٚ؟..... پننہِ وقتہٕ کرِ ناوی کتھ۔ أندر مِس طوٗس بولہِ ناوی ژھبنہِ رژستے.....خبر أسہِ کینہہ سمجھ؟.....''

مےٚ آو یکدم زیوٚ پیٹھ.....'' کتھ تام بارگاہ چھیس نمنچ فکرِ دامن گیر۔ توے وُژھ پانس شک کاسنہِ۔ گوٗڈ أمی سنژ پُرشباب ژھاے تہٕ پتہٕ لج سونہاری تن آبس اندر ناونہٕ۔"

''اوٗہ دوٗ دُس!!''

أمِس ژٕج کُنی کرٕ کیہ نیرِ تھ.....مےٚ دژ یکدم نظر.....أمِس اوٚپ دِژوٗن سگریٹ أتھس منژ خبر کرِ پیٹھ دزان، ہیمی اوٗ لگن آمہِ تاو دِتھ پلون تام ژھٹھ أس کٔڈ ہوٗ۔ ہیکو تورن یہِ وُژ ناوُتھ چیکھ دیوو۔ أتھی سٕتی نمے یہِ أمی سُنژ نظرِ بوٗن کُن۔ اتہِ أس زوٗن پیٹھ سونہاری تن نِاونس منژ مَس۔ ژٕوٗھ کرٕ کیہ دژأمی، سأرسے أندی پکھِس وُژھ تھار۔ تہٕ لوٗگ کھِکھرِ ماراں ماران وَنہٕ.....''آ.....ہُہ نا ہُہ.....!!'' ٹھہہ ٹھہہ کران تروون اسن کھنگالہِ.....

''ہیے لالا مےٚ کُن''

مےٚ زن نہٕ پوٗزے.....یہِ چھُس أندری گُلو گُلو گوٗھان یہِ حال أمی سُنُد وُچھتھ۔ أمی دژمے زیرِ

''یا گوٗ وبوزان چھُکھنہٕ؟''

یہِ کیا ونہٕ ہایوٚرِ.....مےٚ نِش اوسنہٕ کانہہ جوابے أمی سُنُد بن سوالن۔ أمی وُن بےٚ فورتھے.....'' رٹھ ساپانا.....تھاوتہٕ کتہِ تھاوکھ.....از توٗ رُے یوٚ کأڈی ریاضس بدلہِ.....آہ.....از.....از مےٚ زوٗن.....گاہ ژھٹہِ وُنی نافہِ باگران مےٚ ہمسایہِ.....نہٕ نہٕ.....میانہٕ پدٕن تل.....نہٕ قطعن نہٕ.....أمی سنژ جاے چھنہٕ پدٕن تل.....

یہِ شوٗ یہِ شیرِ لاگنی.....'' ژٕے وُنے مےٚ میأنی اکھ کتھ تھاوُی زیاد.....ینہٕ مُشرکھ.....جبس کرٕ ز.....أتھی ونس سٕتی ژٕ جس وُدن باکھ نیرِ تھ.....مےٚ وُنمس یوٚرِ.....

''وُنتھے گوٗھ.....کتھ کیا زترٕ وُتھ اَوُتی''

''نہٕ ژٕوٗھ چھنہٕ کتھ۔ ونے.....ضرٕ ورونے..... ونہٕ بغار کتہِ روزِ ہا.....تیلہِ بوز.....کن دتھ بوز..... خبر یوٚن زمانہٕ کیتھ کیا آسہِ.....باسان چھُم خبر مائے تہٕ موجتھ ماگوٗھ ییٚٹھ ہاوُتھ.....پتہٕ روزن کتھے یاژٕ.....کتھن مولہِ ون وأکی آسنہٕ کٔنی نہٕ.....تہٕ زلنہِ سُے۔"

مےٚ اوس نہٕ کہنی فکرِ تران۔ نہٕ اوسُس یوٚرِ کینہہ وُنتھ ہیٚکان۔ یہِ وُتھ پانسے سٕتی.....''پانا یہِ دم چھی غنیمتھ۔ آدمن کوٗ رسنژ تہٕ لأینس کمند.....اول وانکُن کوٗ ڈنس نُن.....مگر از آیہِ مےٚ خوش بختس ہلم دأرتھ.....پانا رٹھ سا.....وق چھی غنیمتھ۔"

مےٚ ژٕج کھوروتلہِ زمین.....پانس تام رٔوُم نہٕ اکھ رٔژھ.....تہٕ وُتمس قہرِ سان۔'' کتھ گوکھ ژھایہِ پتہٕ مُتی مُتی.....ژھایہِ گیُت ینہٕ گوٗھی''۔

''دم کر.....اتہِ اور مہٕ مُورزبان.....ژٕ کیاہ زانکھ ژھاے پزٕزِ ناوُنی.....ژٕ کیا ونکھ!!۔ میانیو أچھوٗ وُچھ گزاے تہٕ ترٕاے یوسہِ ژٕنے ژھاے چھےٚ باسان۔''.....یی ونان گوٗ ونےٚ سنگاہ وُتھتھ تہٕ لأینِ ژھایہِ پتےٚ ووٹھ۔ آبس کھتی ملرزنتہٕ روٗپہِ ورق اکھ أکس نِشہِ ژھبنہٕ گوٗھان تہٕ اتی اکھ أکس نالہِ موٗت کرِتھ یکسان باسان.....گزانہِ تھوٗ دتھوٗ دووتھان۔ بوڈان تہٕ ووتلان.....أتھی ووتلنس تہٕ بوڈنس سٕتی گوٗ واکھ زندِ وجوٗ دوٗ چھان وُچھان مےٚ نشہِ ژھبنہٕ تہٕ زوٗن أس پننہِ مستی منژ آبس اندر غوطہِ غوطہِ کران۔

☆☆

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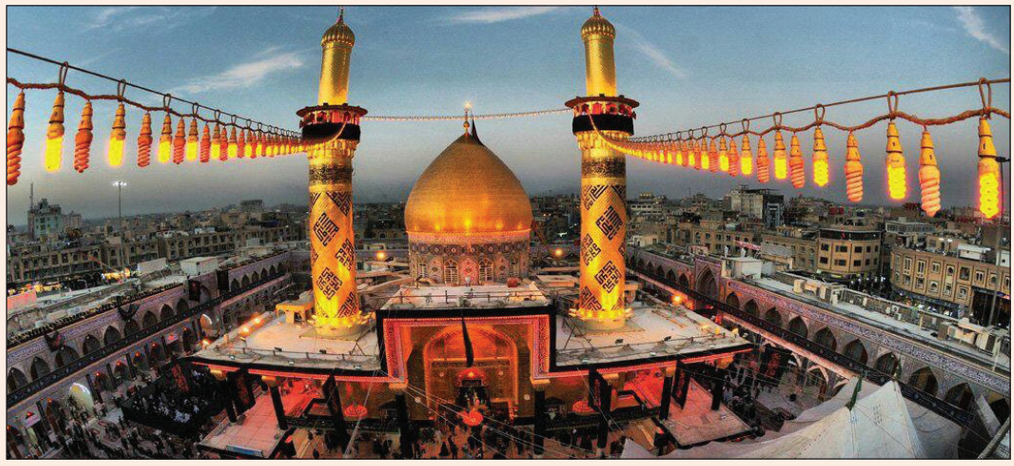
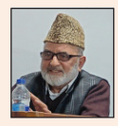


حُسَینیات

شہناز رشید

پڑتھ ہٕنہٕ، پڑتھ مکان تہٕ پڑتھ برحُسینؑ سُند
للہٕ واں یہٕ کُل جہاں چُھ فقط زر حُسینؑ سُند
خیبر ژُچھو تہٕ والدِ برتر حُسینؑ سُند
ژُچھ کربلا از آو تہٕ اصغرؑ حُسینؑ سُند
نیرُن چُھ یُس یژھان، سُہ نیرن مےٚ ژونگ ژھیو
دوٚ پنکھ گُرھو۔ خوداے چُھ یاور حُسینؑ سُند
پےٚ لوٚگ وں پٔنہٕ پست قدٕرک کوفہٕ کنہٕ لگن
نیزس تیتھےٚ ما اوس کھٔستھ سر حُسینؑ سُند
قلمس وٚنو یہٕ عدلہٕ کِس انصاف کرنہٕ بڑوٚنہٕ
یوٚتاہ ہبکھ ژٕ تیوٚت سبق پر حُسینؑ سُند



سعدالدین سعدی

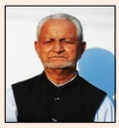
سوٚر کرب و بلہٕک اکھ کنڈُر سمسار حُسینؑ
روٚچھ صاحبِ لولاک سُند دستار حُسینؑ
بے ہوش بےٚ حبس قوم کوٚر بیدار حُسینؑ
کارن اندر رُت کار کوٚر شہکار حُسینؑ
عین الیقین معراج کوٚرُن ربّ سُند دیدار
اوحیٰ سوٚرُن سِرن ہُند اسرار حُسینؑ
یُس ازلہٕ پٔٹھ ابدس تام وبتروو نہٕ کانسے
شانن پٔٹھ ٹل اُخرس سُے بار حُسینؑ
ازتام تہٕ یُس خوٚن سرد گوٚد نہٕ بہرحال
از تام سُے خون زندہٕ تھوو سردار حُسینؑ

ضمیر انصاری

تشنگی منز تشنہٕ کامن ہٕنز شہادت کربلا
گرٛبشمہٕ طوٚفانس اندر صبر و شرافت کربلا
پڑتھ زمانس منز چھےٚ قایم وحدتچ اکھ بُد مثال
مِلّتن، قومن بہم اَمٕنچ ضمانت کربلا

☆

موصوم تشنہٕ لبن تیتھے چشمہٕ لجہٕ درس
نٹھ ژالہٕ ڈنٛشتھے تیتھے دریائے فراتس
اکھ ژورِ ژووا پور تہٕ بیٚیہٕ شام کربلا
کھوژان چُھس اے دوستو لکھٕ کیٚاہ یہٕ کا کدس



مشعل سلطانپوری

غفلت چھےٚ کرٕ عام خیال قضا چُھ ما
اعمال بد چھِ، راضی رسولؐ خدا چُھ ما
لوکچار روو، ضایہٕ جوانی سپز، بڈیے
گوٚھی آخرت سرٕزٕ ژوٚں، یُتے مُدعا چُھ ما
راوٚن چھِ اُتھی ونان وتھ ہےٚ ہاوٕ، ہاوٕ کُس
اُسی ہتھ خدا رٹان گوٚھان اکھ خدا چُھ ما
کِتھٕ پاٹھی گہنہٕ لگہٕ یہٕ اَندرٕ سپد سپنہٕ صاف
دردل بُتھ مدینہ، نجف، کربلا چُھ ما
دشمن سِندٕن گُرٕبن تہٕ تھوان تزلیش آیہٕ تن
کانٛہہ بے مثال یُتھ نہٕ بہ جود و سخا چُھ ما
زینبؑ روان مقتلس چھےٚ وٚنی دوان پکان
کُس ہاوٕ موٚر امامہٕ سُند بیٚتہٕ کانٛہہ اکھا چُھ ما
ماتم کران چُھ تیوٚت خانوادۂ امامؑ
آمُت یہٕ بوٚزی بوٚزی علیؑ مرتضیٰ چُھ ما

نذیر احمد نذیر

قایم چُھ کربلا تہٕ امامت حُسینؑ سِنٛز
ضامن چُھ سُہ دینس چھےٚ ضمانت حُسینؑ سِنٛز
اکھ بارٕ لشکرا تہٕ شجاعت حُسینؑ سِنٛز
نیزن اندر اکھ سجدٕ عبادت حُسینؑ سِنٛز
فرشس چھِ رنگان خونہٕ تہٕ عرشس چھِ کران زوٚل
شہدائے کربلا تہٕ شہادت حُسینؑ سِنٛز
قرآن ورقہٕ ورقہٕ تہٕ قاری زنجیر بند
نیزس پٔٹھن چھےٚ جاری تلاوت حُسینؑ سِنٛز
ارمان نذیرؔس چُھ گوٚژھم حق ادا گوٚژھن
شاعر اگر نےٚ چُھس چھےٚ عنایت حُسینؑ سِنٛز

علی محمد حسرت

دِلن دردِلن دگ ثُلان کربلا
زخم سوٚن مےٚ وُنہٕ چُھنہٕ بلان کربلا
اگر گُے ژوداہ شٹھ وُری، گُے گُرٕھن
مےٚ چُھنہٕ وُنہٕ اُچھو تلہٕ ڈلان کربلا
یمن شانہٕ داٚرتھ رسولؐ خدا
تمن زاگہٕ قاتِل سِنان کربلا
تھوٚن خوٚنہٕ سِتبن لیکھِتھ تاابد
چُھنو زانٛہہ یزیدن نمان کربلا
سخاوت علی مرتضیٰؑ سُند مزاج
توٚے تس گرٕک گرٕ پکان کربلا
خدایس نبیؐ ٹوٹھ تہٕ نبیؐ یس حُسینؑ
اوٚے باخدا چُھنہٕ مشان کربلا
کران روز وز وز ژٕ ذکرِ حُسینؑ
چُھ حسرتہٕ سبٹھاہ رُت بیان کربلا

شیر علی مشغول

یتیمن اسیرن چھےٚ غمخوار زینبؑ
پتھر پیمتبن ہٕنز تہٕ دگ دار زینبؑ
یہٕیے ہے چھِ تفسیر آیۂ حجابچ
کٔڈکھ بازرس منز شرم دار زینبؑ
گلبن ژنجرٕ کُرٕ یتہٕ تہٕ سرخوان برسر
دِلس منز چھےٚ للہٕ وان دوکھِ نار زینبؑ
سُہ صبرُک سمندر تہٕ اُمُ المصائب
غمن بیٚیہٕ ہمن منز گرفتار زینبؑ
وُچھو ظالمن نِش جُکاں ما چھےٚ ہرگز
حُسینسٕ ہٕشی کیٚاہ چھےٚ خود دار زینبؑ
سُہ جُرأت فصاحت بلاغت تہٕ ہمّت
سراپا علیؑ سُند چُھ کردار زینبؑ
چھےٚ بُڈ عالماہ، فاضلاہ بیٚیہٕ فقیہہ
چھےٚ اَکیٚنِ دینس خبردار زینبؑ

فیاض تلگامی

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دوان ریٚہہ زنیٚنیٚ ووش آسمانس
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وٚنٛی چھُم کربلاہچ شٛچھ مدینس
دوان واوس زبان آلو سکیٚنیٚ
چھپن جاین تہٕ کوٚرہم لوٚٹھ بابا
ژٕ چُھکھ کِتھٕ گنی زران آلو سکیٚنیٚ
گُلالن کُرٕی نہٕ نگی پرٕکالی جامن
اَمِس جگرس پھہان آلو سکیٚنیٚ
یوٚ تامتھ پوشہٕ سُرخی شامہٕ شفقن
ژٕتس روزن پوان آلو سکیٚنیٚ

جعفر علی اثر

کوٚر حُسیناؑ ذُوالجلالن پانہٕ چوٚنے انتخاب
نعم البدل ذبحِ عظیمٕک انتخاباہ لاجواب
تیرٕ عالم چیرٕ دستو اوس کوٚرمُت جابجا
اَنہٕ گٔنس منز کربلا ژٕے پھوٚلکھ زنہٕ آفتاب
چُھکھ دلاور لامثالاہ مثلِ حیدرؑ لافتیٰ
تاقیامت زندہٕ تھوٚتھ دینِ محمدؐ آنجنابؐ
دل کوٚرُتھ، گیرٕ کوٚرکھ کربلا ہتھ اہلِ بیت
باغ نُو یکو گُل ژٕ نِکھ برٕ کُرٕکھ کم کم گُلاب
جور و ظُلمس بُتھِ لوٚگکھ گُن تہٕ تنہا اے جری
خوٚنہٕ سُرٕی گوٚو کربلا حق تہٕ پوٚز گوٚو کامیاب
لعنت یزیدس تا قیامت داخلِ دشنام گوٚو
سوزٕنی سلاماہ تس حُسینسٕ باعثِ اجر و ثواب
کوٚر حُسیناؑ ذُوالجلالن پانہٕ چوٚنے انتخاب

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