

# ODIST

ODIST3

FREE

Buildings collapse.  
Books rot from bugs.  
Pictures tear apart.  
Places, you're forced to move away from them.  
People, they die.

- Hannah Mary Jacob

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# ODDIST

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Amritesh

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# IN ODIST 3

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HINDI POEMS BY ISHU SAXENA

HINDI POEM BY SUMEDHA SINGH



BE  
UNIQUE



WRITE

YOUR

OWN STORY

## Editor's Note

Hello Everyone,

Thanks for choosing the magazine. I take immense pleasure in presenting to you the third issue of the Odist magazine. We received a good amount of appreciation for the second issue for its design and overall quality. Keeping that in mind we decided to keep the same design for this issue too. Though we have made some minor changes. Many writers suggested us to include a photo and Instagram handle of the respective writers along with their contents. So, we have added the details. You can now connect with your favourite writer and provide them with your feedback.

We have also decided to make this issue available free of cost to everyone.

To the new readers and writers please spread the word to as many people as you can to share their thoughts here. I know there are so many talented writers out there who are not getting a platform to express their creativity. We are providing everything free of cost to help you grow as an individual and as a writer by providing with a platform. If you have not joined our community yet, please register today and start writing! We will be glad to see you in our community.

Well, that's all for this time. Enjoy reading and let us know what you think about the magazine. Send your feedback and leave a product review by visiting the website. That will help us in improving future issues.

Thank You So Much Once Again!! Keep Writing!! Keep Reading!!

Love From Elixir.

- *Elixir*

# Of Souvenirs And Memories



Buildings collapse.  
Books rot from bugs.  
Pictures tear apart.  
Places, you're forced to move away from them.  
People, they die.

Memories stay. What are we supposed to do with them when we no more have that corner of the room to sit and sob, that favourite page of the book to open and kiss? And then comes the souvenirs that we piled up through the years. What do we do when that old happy picture from the day we went boating only reminds us how unhappy we all have become, that park we used to meet and talk for hours and share our favourite snacks only breaks our heart into a million pieces each time we walk by for we aren't together anymore? Where do we ditch those moments we had when the hand we used to hold and feel complete is not of being held anymore?

Souvenirs and memories. They mess with us when we lose the person or the thing we wished to share them with. They ruin our lives. They're not blissful flashbacks. They give us terrible scars. Heartaches. Especially to those who enjoy the moment they live in, thinking it'll all last an eternity.

## The Seconds That Matter

Those few seconds of silence  
after a song ends  
and the next song  
is still in queue.

Those few seconds  
when your screams suddenly  
echo through the room  
no more covered by  
the loud metal track  
you played a few minutes back.

Those few seconds  
of pause  
of melancholy loneliness  
of silent silences.  
You either choose to move on  
or you choose to  
replay the same track,  
depending upon whether  
you wanna get over it  
or whether  
you still wanna mourn over it.

Those few seconds  
the final choice  
it all matters more than  
one can ever imagine.

## Ripe Mangoes On My Lap

Under the shade of that  
Decades old Dasherri in the backyard  
It's blissful, calming as  
The leaves chatter in hushed voices  
Whispering one last goodbye  
To that ripe one falling  
Onto my lap.

For a city-dweller like me  
These little scenes  
Oh, they're memories to reminisce  
Once I return  
To the coal from bus-behinds  
That coat my face like a grimy mask  
When the apples from that store  
Come dipped in petroleum jelly  
And where a packet of cow milk  
Would contain traces of formalin  
and urea  
Ah, enough of reality checks for today  
Brushing it all off  
I pick up that ripe one from my lap  
Rip off its flawless skin with care  
And relish the flavour  
Of a luxurious gift from nature.



## Writer's Block: A Dead-End Of Ideas And Words



**No fresh idea and no new thought.  
It's a trap where you feel being caught.  
It's nothing but a null state in your stock.  
Perhaps it best defines the 'Writer's Block'**

It's no disease with any dreadful symptoms or signs. It's neither a virus that infects only writers. The Oxford Dictionary defines it as a condition, primarily associated with writing in which an author or writer loses the ability to produce new work or experiences. In other words, it is a creative slowdown. The condition ranges from difficulty in coming up with the original ideas to being unable to produce work for months and years.

Here I close the Oxford dictionary and share a few instances concerning writing. Those who write know it well that writing is a kind of addiction and it won't be an exaggeration to say that no writer can stop after writing once because of the comments and compliments, words of appreciation coming from readers and the expectations that the readers set from the writers.

The definition by Oxford is a bit technical. In easier words, it means it is a situation when a writer, after a certain point, finds an immense dearth of ideas and words to create something new. Writing anything is easy, but writing something outstanding needs a whole lot of new ideas.

As a matter of fact, writers are always seen hunting for new ideas or themes for their compositions. If they experience any paucity of words and new ideas when they are in the middle of some work, they look around, pick a book, watch an advertisement, refer to the news headlines etc to mould a word or any piece of information to their requirement.

The bottom line is that if we wish to refrain from this dead end, we must feed our mind with good thoughts to create a super masterpiece. And the way out is reading books, newspapers, magazines on a daily basis and implementing the read portion with a twist in your personal works so that it again has the fragrance of newness in your work.

There is no harm in mimicking the ideas of other texts provided you take it as a source of inspiration and not become a copy cat by copying and pasting the same. And remember, inspiration can come from anywhere.

## From Horror To Humour

One not-so-fine day, I realized that the shopaholic inside me was turning lethargic every day and it was not a good sign to lose interest in the things that keep women alive and full of zest.

This thought frightened me and I, with my eyes wide open, renewed my energy level to begin my Sunday with an altogether different mood. Amazed I was and shocked all others were, to see my different version, rather I would say a faster version. It seemed as though an animator had worked on a still image. All household chores reminded me of the fast pace that Charlie Chaplin and Tom and Jerry duo worked on.

What a transformation it was after I got ready! From an object of pity to an object so pretty. All set to rob the shops and stores, I boarded my cab with the same gusto as one shows for a trip to Europe. After a few miles, when the cab stopped at the red light, I looked out of the window and found a man clicking my picture. The woman inside me disliked it, for there was no time given for posing and pouting. But the twist came in my thought when he clicked the picture of the number plate of my cab.

The petite piece of fabric called mask was not covering my nose properly. Knowing that this photoshoot would be followed by a part of my shopping bucks entering the pockets of the cops, I tried to be nice and normal for a while. I could feel a twinge of

pain while paying the fine and that's why I began this piece of writing with the expression 'one not-so-fine-day'. So the four wheels of the cab moved away from that spot of pain and penalty, and I too moved on. So I reached my destination, met my friends, talked over a cup of coffee, stuffed bags with an odd mix of the things of my shopping list.

No such gatherings end these days without the most interesting part called the Grand Finale, wherein all pose for group photographs and selfies that fly instantly to social media, showing us the happiest souls of the planet Earth. So the day that began with a whole new zest and zeal of revolutionizing one day of my life, if not the whole, was an assorted platter of varied emotions.

Here, I am back home and missing the moments spent with a few like-minded people who made my day, scrolling up and down the gallery full of my photographs clicked with them, smiling and laughing at the poses and pouts that make me feel less of my age, revive my nostalgia of college days. I wonder how this simple thought of bringing in some change in the mundane routine breaks the monotony and energizes you.

While I am smiling at the photographs, the woman inside me, sidelining the fine paid on the road, reminds me of one more photograph that was not clicked for free. I wish I could see that too. Perhaps, it was the best, for candid shots are always better.

Like every tale, this too ends with a take-away point- We can't afford to revolutionize our lives, but we can do it for a day. My shopping bucks that turned into a penalty

lessened my pain when I took it as a paid photograph that I forgot to collect. Horrors changed to humour. Isn't it?



*Ranjeet Kaur Is An Educator and Co-author of various Anthologies*





# Voices Inside My Head

S  
T  
O  
P

....

'just stop'

It was tough  
to even speak  
but I had to scream  
with plethora of tears  
dripping down my face,  
a blade in my hand,  
blood oozing out of the cut,  
vision getting blurry,  
but I yelled with all my strength  
'what do you want?'

And there was a  
pin drop silence  
Somehow surviving another  
panic attack  
I slept,  
slept with those  
voices murmuring  
inside my head

....

In the morning,  
I took a paper  
and started scribbling  
...scribbling about my childhood,  
my first encounter of  
so-called bad touch,  
followed by endless such  
encounters,  
moving on to my  
so-called love,  
I scribbled and scribbled,  
till the time my eyes were wet,  
then came the body shaming,  
mean remarks,



those obnoxious laughs,  
that self-criticism  
I faced almost my entire life  
...and I kept on going,  
writing about the piling  
expectation, anticipations,  
and excitements.  
How could I not write about  
the demons  
I fight day and night,  
the demons  
who feed off me  
in the darkness  
and give birth to these voices.  
The voices in my head  
get louder every second  
urging me to deepen  
my scars and unhealed wounds,  
gripping me,  
as my breath slowly occludes  
. . .  
...and I try to introspect  
my darker side,  
the times I was rude

to my loved ones,  
the times I craved  
for more than I deserved,  
the times I wished  
to run away from everything,  
the times I cicatrized  
thinking of giving up,  
My evils,  
which overwhelmed me  
and I was drawn  
deep into a b y s s  
Slowly converting into a  
darkling  
...  
Like yin and yang,  
I try to balance  
my evil and my goodness  
and now that evil lies defeated  
in a dark corner,  
silently trying to rise  
...  
Till the time my ink dried  
I wrote pages after pages on my  
experiences,  
stories,  
failures,  
successes,  
emotions,  
feelings  
fears,  
inhibitions,  
securities  
and the voices in my head,  
went numb  
And I understood the cue,  
every time they scream,  
I write,  
not just about myself  
even about others  
I do overthink  
I do ponder  
on worldly matters  
on things which bother  
about people who matter

about incidents which bother  
But...  
sometimes I try to share  
sometimes I fear to try to share  
sometimes I fail to try to share  
But...  
I write  
unending stories  
meaningless poems  
till the time I am done  
till the time I am a 'sparkling'  
instead of a 'darkling'  
And now,  
do I hear the v o i c e s inside my  
head?  
Oh hell yes,  
I still do  
But...  
now I know  
the way to shut them out



## Today's Youth, Are They Really "YOUTH"?

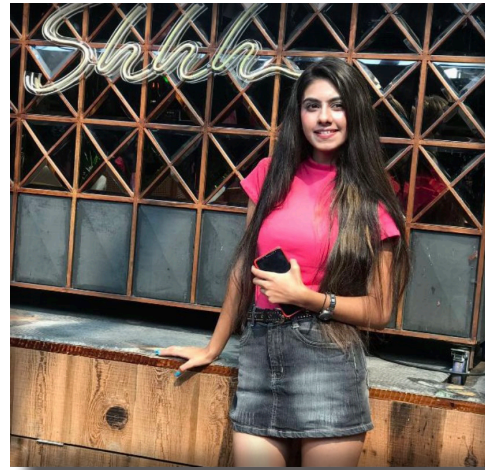
Talking from the perspective of a young writer, or a girl of 20 years, struggling to connect with the young, to study their narcissistic personality; never gets encouraged for her content.

I have been a person, who loves writing, writing about the real things, which hold sense, writing about, romanticism which is lost in this 21st century, writing about the love, which does not even exist in today's time.

Recently, I saw a boy, 14 years old, sitting in a coffee shop. I was attracted to him, by the book he held in his hand, which is further pretty much close to me, "I Too Had A Love Story" by Ravinder Singh. I went to him and started talking to him about the book, and I was not at all acting like a freak until he told me his age; 14 years ( because he doesn't even come under the youth age group)

After knowing his age, I asked him about the reasons that brought him close to reading, " my broken heart...the girl who betrayed me" he replied, in a melancholy tone. I was astounded. I anyhow, ignored and suggested him my blogs, which are usually dealing with social themes, and my short stories, which are always inclined towards romanticism.

He read the titles, and said: "I will read it someday because as of now I need something I could relate with". He smiled at me and went away from the coffee shop, by



continuing reading the same book.

I was amazed by two facts:

a) He was just 14 years and already a heart-broken boy; a kid, basically.

Hilarious.

b) He was not at all interested in reading about something which was meant for his age.

I sat in the same coffee shop for a few more minutes thereafter, to observe "youth."

I saw a couple of people entering in, opening the magazine kept in the basket, and then keeping them away in just 30 seconds ( because they felt that there was nothing that could be read) and then opening their mobile phones again. I guess, our generation is the one which has gone through nothing and is still heartbroken.

The reality is, that nowadays, the majority of youngsters and almost every kid, is either crying because of getting betrayed by their friends, or by getting their heartbroken by their partner. And the irony is, they are not even mature, they still fight with their siblings over the last piece of biscuit.

---

Being a struggler in the writing industry, one just needs to know about the thinking and the personality of the people of the specific age group they want to focus upon. But, that doesn't mean they would change their genre and writing style to attract people.

This is nothing but going down in flames. Indeed the generation is growing old rapidly. But, respecting their own age is also a genuine concern they should have.

A fact that nobody can change in the 21st century is, if you do things which do not suit your age, you look the coolest. And this thing should not get normalised, because this is harmful to the "purity" of the things, which are now adulterated with "coolness."

I feel real pity for today's youth and the children who have every grief in their life, who have the responsibility of handling their social relationships, irrespective of their age.

Apart from the loss that the so-called children and youth are facing in the development of their personality, I'd draw your attention to the artists, who have been struggling a lot for their art. A writer, whose fictional content is getting a cold shoulder from the public, if it does not have a love and betrayal theme. A rapper, who doesn't even want to rap on the genre of fake love, still has to opt the same genre to earn his livelihood, a painter who wants to paint the natural beauty and forcibly has to paint the black heart, to survive. A musician who has to forcefully play lugubrious music rather than hip-hop and jazz music.

A shame on the so-called children who were expected to change the society in a subliminal manner, but have changed it in a disastrous way. And more than children,

a huge shame on the parents, who have tried to provide every materialistic thing to their kids, rather than providing them with the moral values, etiquette, and the preaching, especially when their children just needed these things more than mobile phones and wifi for operating social media.

On a lighter note to conclude, I never really knew that I will write upon these things in my entire life. I feel blue today knowing the fact that the above-mentioned thing is 110% accurate.

All I would say is, what was suppose to happen, has already taken place, and none of us got no leads in the past. But, we do have good power for our future, let's normalise teaching our kids or siblings about nature, about the "grandparent tales" and about the spirituality, that exists. Proving that yes, strict parents are way better than the "cool" parents. My face is like a wet weekend, while even writing about these things but, go back into the time for a minute, and just recall what things you have done when you were 14, and how happy you go even now about thinking of that time, and how badly you want to relive that innocence.

Don't let today's generation have any time in their life which can't be recalled. Don't let any artist become your kid's puppet because of your upbringing!!



# BABY

You are my heart, you are my beat  
That's call heart beat  
Well ! God knows  
U r my everything.

Be my shine , Be the result of  
my wine  
U are the one in the lovers line  
U are my soul you are my mate  
And together we call soulmate.  
Be the best part of my life  
For uhh I will always alive

U know the truth  
But uhh dare  
Uh can't say but u care  
Baby u r the one I met  
Who said??  
Our world is constructing  
In the era of love  
I thnk u listen the word dove.

Nobody says I need uhh  
It's just replaced by I love uh  
Be the hunger of my life  
I give uhh love twice  
Even u have to adjust  
Do you try to open the sugar  
and add,  
Baby I love uhh how many times I  
said.



## With All My Heart

To love, I love the most,  
 Of all, looking out the window is my favourite distraction. For all, at once, it started raining that inspired me to write something vulnerable and more important. It isn't just raining as it always seems to be you, the very you who embraced me like first monsoon rain. And I let those little drops of love to beat upon when I knew that it won't last too long. You descended like morning dew full of joy extending a hand to this fragile flower. Dancing on my windowpane, I still believe that you are hereby my side never letting me fall over. For even if I stumble I knew you would have me like a misty grass. You are my miracle and yes, I will even cross million years over and over to immerse in the sweet rain you bear no matter for whatever it takes.

With all my heart,  
 Bhuvana<3

## Abandoned Love

1.  
 You disappeared like mist on  
 the glass,  
 And things left unspoken  
 I never asked you why?  
 Staring at you with tears frozen  
 I wasn't sure what to do,  
 When trapped in frosted emotions  
 Still, I promised my numb heart,  
 I won't ever stop loving you.

2.  
 When the stars settled in,  
 She fell as sleep  
 With the sweet sound of leaves  
 rustling,  
 She was carried into dreams  
 Where autumn turned to spring and  
 torment to raindrops,  
 She relived the moments where she  
 left off  
 Even the rising sun wished to set  
 down,  
 For it was her smile that painted the  
 whole town.

3. Leaves wither  
 To kiss the earth,  
 And promise a comeback  
 To the world in return.

# Moments

The Solo:

The sun on the first morn  
of sweet summer  
The snap of a shutter  
amidst cold blue winter  
The scowl of an envious other  
A smattering of scarlet freckles,  
tender  
on skin pale and easily flush-ed.  
The first word on a notebook afresh  
A great novel: endless mystery  
page-turner.  
Cold sea water  
on warm sandy feet  
The shy smile of a lover  
between linen sheets  
And the steadfast heavy gaze of kohl-  
ed eyes  
as dark as the bejew-  
elled night.  
The string quartet:  
The reciprocation of love at first sight  
The softest kiss on a moonlit night  
Resolution of the first fight  
A punchline delivered right  
simultaneous eruption  
of laughter  
of old friends  
who reignite  
drawing of curtains

amid applause  
marvelling at the genius of the play-  
wright  
storming the streets in combined  
might  
In protest, against the onslaught  
of injustice  
in public, the unveiling  
of a master-  
piece  
The energy pulse palpable in a packed  
stadium  
of a million  
viewing  
The humdrum of daily life is stacked  
with moments sublime.  
each of those, stand erect and alone.  
divided by distraction  
invited by attention  
disrupted by neglect-ion  
united by feverish intention.  
Should we not  
nullify  
thought  
and exemplify  
experience?



# Bully

Did you like it when you pulled my hair?  
Did you like it when you called me names?  
Did it bring you peace knowing you were  
breaking me to pieces?  
Or did you do it out of pity on yourself to  
relief of some unsaid pain?  
I know you didn't care.  
All that mattered was the applause you  
got from them.  
How can you be so cruel?  
So demented and deranged.  
You laughed and smiled when I tried to  
stop the tears from falling.  
You took advantage of my vulnerability  
and called me weak.  
Ironic it is; for someone who needs to  
hurt others to validate their own pain.  
When I was at my lowest, you made a joke  
out of it.  
Remember, what you give, comes back at  
you double.  
It was foolish of me to feel something  
for you, I thought I loved you.  
I thought you'll change, but what a mis-  
take I made.  
You're nothing but a bully, and even more  
cruel.  
To think people change, but your heart  
was made in vain.  
You don't know love, cause' all you know is  
hate.





# Being Your True Self

People will not see or not want to. As they have always done copying all the content and copywriting as their own. When they see someone same, there they assume that the person has done the same thing. Either copied from Google or any available articles i.e plagiarism.

And we can't do anything. This is a general mindset.

Why can't you be the true self?

Being moulded doesn't mean to be someone you are not.

Don't try to win people by acting like them and not taking your stand.

Charity begins at home and so does the change!

We try to fit in and put the same moulds to the people also, and if they don't fit in or think out of the box you distant yourself.

Don't forget they have their moulds according to their experiences, mindset and persona.

And if you just can't accept what they stand for, you should not discourage or defame.



# Canvas

Turning the knob of the shower, she sighed, tightening her grip around the paper knife.

The shower of misery drenched her nakedness. She stood there, just stood there, breathing, her head low. You might think that millions of thoughts are bolting in her head, but no;

numbness is what she felt.

The erratic noise of the paper knife echoed through the silence, as the knife came out.

Her treacherous self didn't think twice before drawing the knife on her fragile skin, like a painter hungry to sketch out some canvas.

Drip...

Drip...

Drip.

The drops of red crimson blood slid down and hits the marble floor, mixing up with water.

If you could see someone's pent up frustration and anger draining out of them; truly this is that moment.

Her legs gave out and she fell down. Scooting herself to a corner, she pulled up her knees and rested her head on it. Though a very uncomfortable position, she felt secured in her little space.

How nostalgic this is, she could almost see them through the corners of her eyes, encouraging

her to go on and she knew that she would oblige. She always does, even though it doesn't help.

Even though she remains numb.

How sad it is, isn't it?

Giving up is always easy, and giving up was all she knew. So she gave up on her senses and gave in to her demons.

With what felt like a tap on her head, and the adrenaline rushing in her veins, the painter

rejoiced in its madness and created the masterpiece it wanted.

But this was the last time, the very last time. The masterpiece was displayed for the whole world

to see, because the painter painted with her blood, and the brush was her knife.

## The Pursuit

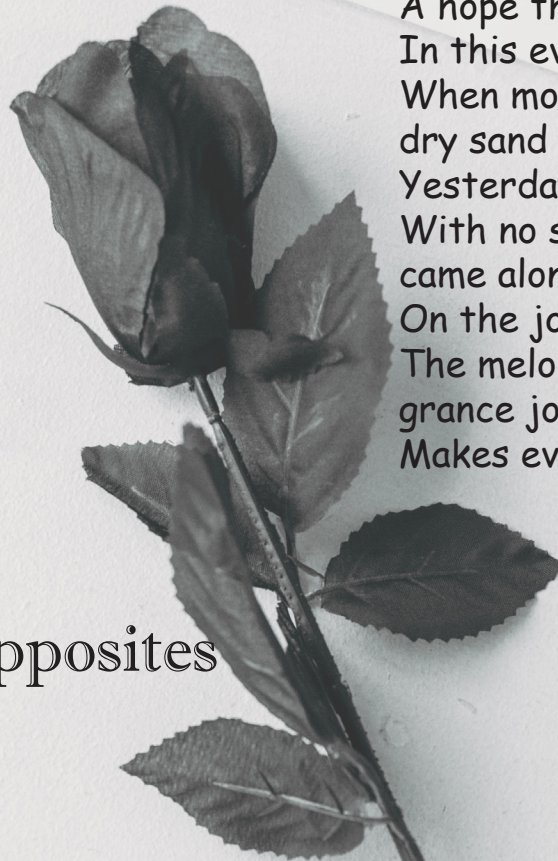
Something extraordinary transpires,  
 Satiates all my desires  
 A new feeling sweeps.  
 I, wander about  
 seeking happiness.  
 In the quest I heard  
 A pleasing yet jarring  
 note  
 Meaningless but  
 meaningful.  
 Following it, I reached  
 Created a niche  
 Trapped, there, I preach  
 Melancholy bliss.

## Cycle Of Life

Like a rare four-leaf clover  
 Memories that hover  
 Over, like a free balloon, it flies  
 Up in the air and never dies.  
 All the time, a special lift  
 A hope that apart we never drift  
 In this ever-giving land,  
 When moisture becomes a part of  
 dry sand  
 Yesterday was spent alone  
 With no support, then everyone  
 came along  
 On the journey. In this song of life,  
 The melody joins the flute, fra-  
 grance joins the flower  
 Makes everything sweet from sour.

## Synergy Of Opposites

A combination of good and bad.  
 Sweet and sour, happy and sad.  
 What was this feeling?  
 "The more you give,  
 the cheaper your kindness be-  
 comes", they said  
 and was captured in her mind.  
 As her memories rewind,  
 She saw the lovely days.  
 But a little frown mars her face.



# A Letter To My Brother In Heaven

It feels like we were just bulldozed by an avalanche, wondering if we'll ever breathe again. The world as we know it seems to stop and the crumbling inside our hearts is paralyzing. I am enraged, overwhelmed with sadness, lost, lonely, mad that I wouldn't see him again, then angry and sad again. This roller coaster of emotions is busting my mind. I am confused. I desperately want to 'figure it out' and understand the great meaning so that somehow I could experience peace and love in my own heart again.

Still can't cope up with talking about him in the past tense. He was the best brother, favourite son and always gonna be. He was one of the kindest, caring people you'd ever meet, completely unselfish and willing to give you

the shirt off his back if you needed it – completely fearless. With years and years, I have discovered that my hero does not wear a fancy cape but carries a heart of gold that I hold so dearly.

Time after time I have done countless things to annoy him, things that drive him off the wall, but he fights daily to protect and love me. A lot of the things my brother has done for me goes unnoticed and at times I'm sure he has felt unappreciated by his gestures because of my lack of gratitude. We all tend to take the smallest things for granted, especially those we love. Because I know I haven't told him lately, how much I love him and I regret it now.



---

From the time I've been in piggy tails till now, he has kept me safe, he has kept me close. Without his guidance in this hateful world, I'm afraid I would not be able to be who I am.

I MISS YOU SO MUCH.

## You Are Beautiful!!

We all had that thing we wanted to be different. There's always some image society wants us to be and we feel like we have to be a carbon copy from a magazine to fit in.

Hey you,

I need you to know that you're not alone. There are so many people, including myself, who can relate to how you feel. **MIRRORS ARE PROBABLY YOUR WORST ENEMY**, your struggle when getting dressed because you don't feel comfortable in anything, you live your life worrying about judgements of others and you doubt your thoughts and ability.

All these addictions and all these idols, you know habits, public opinion, the things we believe about ourselves. I know they weigh you down, you put your identity in these things. It's a weird world. A

crazy place to see your self as beautiful. I get it. Anxiety, depression all the junk that comes with being human.

But let me tell you one thing beautiful, That scar on your left cheek looks so perfect, it makes you more beautiful. The complexion of your skin reflects perfection when you smile. The dark circles, oily skin, frizzy hair, acne, damn you flaunt them beautifully. The size you carry whether it is 40 or 80kgs, fat or skinny when you walk you shine. I wish you can accept all your flaws with grace. And I wish that you accept you for being you wholeheartedly. Don't be your worst enemy, be your cheerleader. Embrace your originality and be your own kind of beautiful.

So, keep your chin up, you're worth much more than you think.



# Mental Health Is Important!

Depression can hit you out of nowhere and wreak havoc on your enjoyment of life.

I don't know where to start when it comes to mental health. Everyone tells you to speak up and voice about how you feel, but then they tell you that you're exaggerating that makes you insecure about how you feel.

Some people will never understand what you feel like but it's okay.

I know you're feeling ridiculously sad, worthless and isolated.

I know what is going through your mind or that aching feeling in your heart.

I know what it's like to feel trapped deep inside of yourself as if you've been buried alive.

I know what it's like to lose interest in everything that once made you happy.

I know what it's like to feel so alone in a world with so many people in it and yes, this includes all of the caring people you've pushed away, leaving you with just yourself.

I know what it's like to constantly be in a battle with yourself.

I know that you think that you and your problems are a burden to other people, that you don't want to waste anybody's time.

So, I'm not going to tell you how you feel, or what will make it better, or to just keep your head up because none of that means anything to you.

But let me just tell you, you are the strongest person behind everybody because you didn't give up and you are fighting this.

The fact that you are feeling all these things that you can not even define is terrifying and

yet you still manage to get out of bed and face the world each day.

You paint a smile on your face no matter how posed it may be every morning and set out for your life.

I feel like I want to be here for you no matter what. We can cry for hours and please don't ever think I don't mean that.

NEVER WONDER IF YOU SHOULD BE IN THIS WORLD, NEVER DOUBT YOUR EXISTENCE.

Never let this disease define who you are. And always remember there are many people like you fighting just like you and me.

I KNOW YOU'LL COME OUT OF IT SOON.

I hope we reach the day when you look into the mirror and see yourself as the warrior you are. (Because after every night, there's a brighter day.)



# A Letter To My Self-Esteem

Dear me,

I should've told you to ignore jeers and snickers. To not care what others think, to not be ashamed of who you are, and to not to be afraid to be different. Because in doing so, I said horrible things to shame you, I took you for granted and dishonored you. I said you're not enough if you were more confident, more social, more adventurous, more assertive then I'd respect you.

If you were not so skinny, more creative, if you achieved your goals then I'd want you.

I've said things to you I wouldn't even say to my worst enemy and you've taken it and internalized every calloused word.


I left you floundering on your own, to rely on love and encouragement and strength from others, from-strangers when it was me who should have held you up, when it was me who should've hugged you, praised you and appreciated you for who you are.

I know you're disappointed and sometimes feel like a failure and it's all your fault. But the truth is you're not a failure, you're strong, you're brave, you're honest and you'll overcome all this. You will persevere and come out on the other side more than you've ever been before.

**YOU DONT NEED ANYONE'S APPROVAL, LOVE OR FRIENDSHIP TO BE WHOLE.**

**Together we are ENOUGH. we will conquer this new future. I've got you and this time I'm not letting you go. Ever.**

**This time I'LL PUT YOU FIRST.**



**YOU ARE  
WORTHY  
OF LOVE**

# An Ode To Nostalgia

A yearning desire for something  
One no longer possess  
Yet feel so close with.

Nostalgia, a seductive liar  
A basic human feeling  
Yet so other-worldly experience.

Just like that tempting moon  
So close that I can feel it  
Yet too far to hold it, to call it my own.

Just like a long lost friend  
I want to embrace at this moment  
Yet feeling frustrated for my inability to do so.

Momentary composition of yesteryears' memories;  
Illusory conformation of bittersweet emotions;  
Ephemeral construction of wayward feelings.

Walking down the memory lane  
Taking a respite from this cacophonous world  
Sipping slowly this cocktail of exquisite emotions  
To quench our crude primitive thirst,  
Is the ultimate guilty pleasure.





## To The Strongest Woman I know

Like The Stars Shining So Bright,  
You Light Up My Darkest Nights.  
You Make Me Forget All My Pain  
And Misery,  
You Taught Me How To Love And  
Make Memories.

That Smile Of Yours,  
Brings Out The Best In Me.  
Taught Me How To Be Strong,  
And Made Me Believe.

I Can Do Anything,  
While You're With Me.  
I Am Not Afraid Of Anything,  
Because I Know You're Watching  
Me.

Whenever I See Darkness,  
All I Think About Is You.  
All Of My Fears Vanish,  
When I Believe I Am With You.

You Provide Shade To Everyone,  
While Burning Yourself In The  
Sun.  
That's How You Bring Joy In Our  
Life,  
You're The Only One Who Makes  
Me Feel Alive.

Here's A Toast To The Strongest  
Woman I Know,  
Here A Toast To You Maa...  
I Love You!!!

## Fragments Of Reality

Those Restless Days  
Those Sleepless nights  
Used To Fade Away The Moment  
I Looked Into Your Eyes

You Left Me In Pieces  
When You Broke My Heart In Two  
There Were Scattered Fragments  
Of Reality  
When I Saw Her With You

You Left Me At My Worst  
And Turned Our Undeniable Love  
Into Dust  
And I Guess You Didn't Know  
What You Put Me Through  
Was I Foolish Enough To Fall In Love  
With You..?



# You

I'm not a poet,  
Neither I know how to write poetry,  
But If I were to write a poem,  
All my words would be of you.

I'm not an artist,  
Neither I know how to paint,  
But If I were to take a palette,  
All my colors would be of you.

I'm not a musician,  
Neither I know how to compose a  
melody,  
But If I were to compose a song,  
All my tunes would be of you.

I'm not a lover,  
Neither I know forever,  
But If I were to spend an eternity,  
I would love to spend it with you.



# Coversations

I have late-night conversations with  
the Stars,  
They tell me about the Moon,  
And,  
I tell them about You.

I have early morning conversations  
with the Flowers,  
They tell me about the Fragrance,  
And,  
I tell them about You.

I have dark days conversations with  
the Rain,  
They tell me about the Rainbow,  
And,  
I tell them about You.

I have thoughtful conversations with  
Life,  
They tell me about Love,  
And,  
I tell them all about You.

# Solace

There's A Famous Chinese Saying,  
"An Invisible Thread Connects Those Who Are Destined To Meet, Regardless  
Of Time, Place And Circumstances. The Thread May Stretch Or Tangle. But It  
Will Never Break."

We Live In A World Where We All Want Relationships That Are Healthy, Happy  
And Resolved. But Sometimes That Never Happens.

Sometimes We Are Drawn To Those Feelings Which Are Different From What  
We Know. Sometimes We Are Drawn To Feelings That Are Exactly The Same.  
That's The Beauty Of It.

The Beauty Of Relationships And Life Is Inside Those Disappointments Where  
There Are Hidden Miraculous Blessings.

Yet Sometimes I Believe That, Then And Now There Is Something In This Uni-  
verse, That Brings People Who Need Each Other Together At Some Point.

That Helps Two Wildflowers Somehow Forge A Bond Between Them. Maybe  
It's Precisely The Things That Haunt Them, That Makes Them To Reach Out  
To Others They Think They Can Provide Some Solace To.

That's It...  
That's The Beauty Of Life...

## Shades Of Love

It's "Deep Purple" When It Comes To "Devotion" ...  
 It's "Magenta" When It Comes To "Harmony" ...  
 It's "Cinnamon Pink" When It Comes To "Expectations" ...  
 It's "Blue" When It Comes To "Connectedness" ...  
 It's "Green" When It Comes To "Determination" ...  
 It's "Yellow" When It Comes To "Freedom And Future" ...  
 It's "White" When It Comes To "Peace And Emotions" ...  
 And...  
 It's "Burning Red" When It Comes To "Confidence And Passion" ...

Different Shades Of Love When It Comes To Different Things...

But...

The "Real Shade Of Love" Is What You See When You Look Into The Eyes Of The Person With Whom You Want To Spent Your "Eternity" With...

## Missing Piece

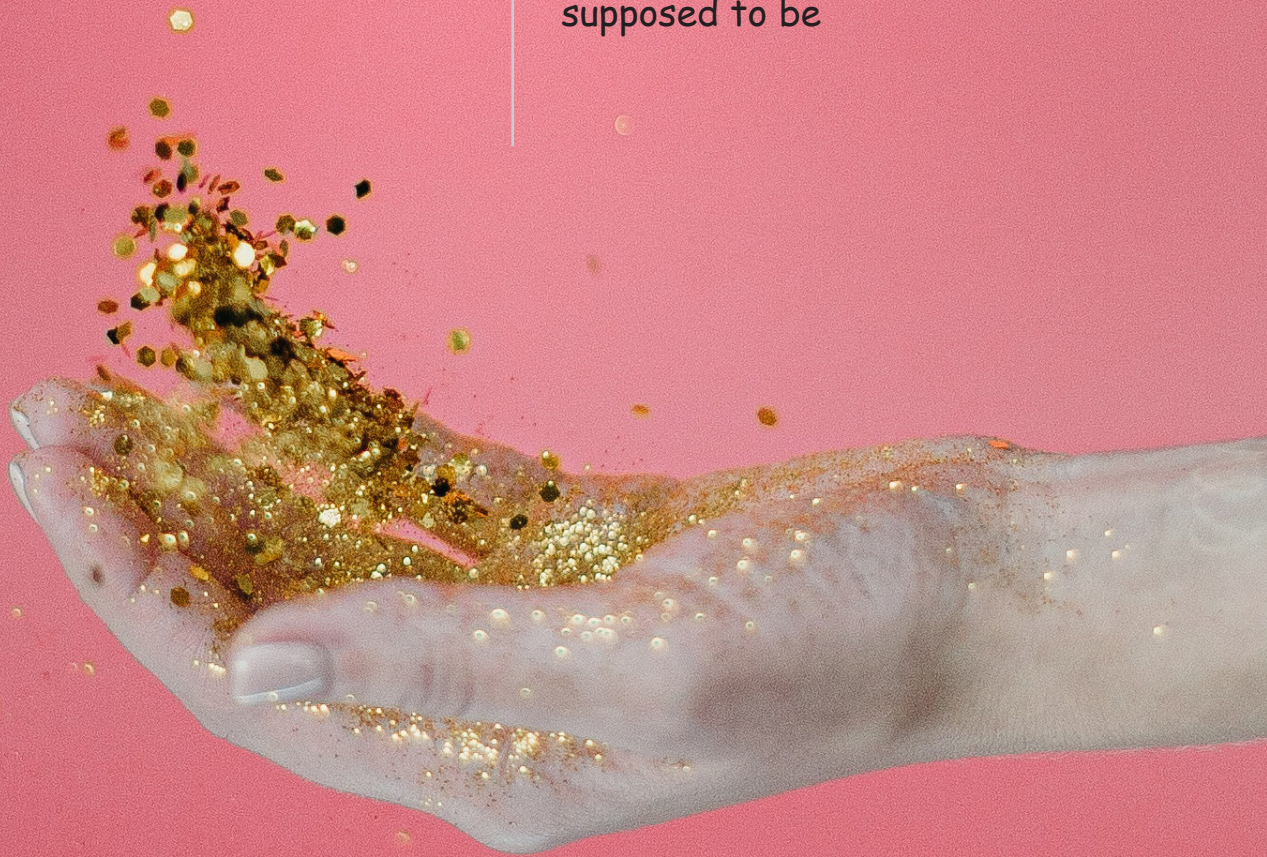
Do You Ever Feel That Way?  
 Lonely? Restless? Like You Don't Know The Way?  
 Like You Are Drowning In The Sea,  
 And All Of A Sudden Your Heart Takes A Leap,  
 There It Is..!  
 I've Found My Missing Piece!  
 But It Happened Too Fast,  
 And That Part Of You Disappeared Again.  
 And Now When You Realize,  
 You Have To Spend The Rest Of Your Time,  
 Looking For That Missing Piece Again..!

# Exhaustion

Exhaustion,  
It just creeps up on you,  
And no matter how much sleep you get,  
You're still exhausted,  
You wish you could stop time,  
Those cracks need to be filled,  
You try to fill them with sleep,  
But they never do,  
And it just becomes this endless cycle of  
sleep and wake,  
And the exhaustion never ends

# My Mother's Shawl

My mother's shawl,  
She wonders why I steal it some-  
times,  
I steal it because its smells of  
her,  
Her earthly scent brings warmth  
to my heart,  
It reminds me of her embrace,  
My father bought her that shawl,  
It reminds me of him,  
How he cared for her,  
And it reminds me of what love is  
supposed to be



# The Secret Desire

‘Whispers! Whispers!’ In her ears and head. Who is talking to her? What do they want to say? What are they clamouring about? Is it something that is left un-responded or be it the reason of her incompleteness!?! Yes, it may be or it may not. But she let them clamour as she doesn’t know how to deal with them, though they make her feel worthless being a woman!

Why is it sacred for a woman to be a MOTHER?? but wait! She is not blessed, what if she cannot become a mother? What if she had tried very hard and gone through the disastrous pain but luck was not in her favour and she was left with dreadful pain and tears that broke her inside out, her soul bleeds whenever she thinks about each passing day yet a painful one.

But no wonder her strength is immense, that fortitude builds her broken pieces into Graphene, those whispers let her know that she can fight with that pain all alone as she’s a known ‘Warrior’. She knows that she cannot allow anxiety to collapse her soul. She has to survive, by any means - keeps on breathing, keeps on walking, keeps on moving no matter what!

She cannot let the pain cloud her ambitions. The wait was there since it all started and it is still in that boat to reach its destiny that might take her to the world of a miracle. Where she can get



rid of all her pains and worries and all the hard times she’s been through. She wants to forget every bad memory and to laugh out loud but this could only happen when she can have her baby!

But oh my dear, that ray of miracle isn’t showing yet and no one knows when that ray of glitter will sneak out to fulfil her secret desire of being mommy which she has hidden inside her, in the deepest corner of her soul. Yes, she desires to be a mother in the world of the hustle and bustle where she pretends to be a strong independent woman faking her smile out to the world who expects to show the bright side only, caging the dark truth of her life! ‘She desires to have a baby; as only motherhood could give her relief from the eternal pain.’

# Let's Start Today



We all make so many plans every day, but at times we find some difficulty to start the plan by the same day. The days pass, after a while our memory recollects that “oh, I made a plan a week ago”.

Then our brain starts to think about - why those plans didn't work so far, why we didn't do anything about it and why we forgot the plan itself etc. After a long time thinking, we might either figure out why it didn't work and we will start today to move forward (which is fine) or we start feeling bad for not making that plan happen. But there is no use in thinking about past things, so as the famous saying “better late than never”. Let's start today, yes... today... if we didn't do it yesterday, at least do it today....

The times flies, so instead of wasting time by thinking why didn't work, let's start doing it work today.

The plan is made by us and we are the sole owner of that particular idea, and so the success or failure and the progress or delay of

that plan is our responsibility.

So, if our plan last week, for example, was to draw a picture of a house and we couldn't make it.

Today instead of sitting idle and blaming others or finding reasons to justify our actions so far...let us make time to take a paper and pencil at least, so it's a great start for today...

Eventually, we see the paper and pencil lying there next day will start to draw a line...

Likewise, we will finish drawing the house and with all happiness of completing the plan, we will make it more colourful in our own way...

To conclude “Nothing is impossible”

“Not just success, each step towards success is also valuable”

So, stop worrying about past days and start working “today”



# Self-Love

Self-love is more beautiful than love. Do you all know why?

The answer to the question is - we are the only person who can love us wholeheartedly (next to our parents). If we start loving our self, we can live a pretty cool life. Once we start to love ourselves, we will not bother who make love to us, we don't even care for other's attention and we also don't require other's influence to live our life.

Self-love doesn't mean to be in solitude, act disinterested or showing dislike and disrespect to others.

Self-love is a super positive way of living our life with lots and lots of happiness. In the process of loving our own self, we will start feeling good about ourselves, we start being optimistic, we start doing things which we love to do and hence we start enjoying each moment in our life.

Self-love brings self-confidence, self-motivation and self-appreciation.

Self-love makes you understand your own self well, which helps in good decision making and problem-solving.

Other than the above-mentioned goodness that self-love brings to us, a few more are listed below...

You admire yourself

You feel blessed and satisfied

You can have a bright smile all-day

You can spread happiness to others

You can have control of your thoughts and emotions

What more.....you will live your life to the fullest with no regrets because all decisions you make are for your own good and your beloved one's well-being.

So, let's start to love our own self from this moment if we didn't do it so far.





# Army As The Shadow Of Our Nation



From being among the largest army in the world  
the Indian army is a pride for our nation,  
having more than a million gallant soldiers enduring heat and cold  
dedicating their lives to the army with immense passion.

We all learn to protect ourselves from any harm  
at all the times and that's human nature,  
but our soldiers take pride in protecting the whole country  
and that soul is more than any human creature.

The altruism of our army is so impeccable by itself  
which depicts by their own motto service before self.  
We all sleep peacefully with a belief that we are safe and sound  
and that belief gives our soldiers tenacity to prevail every wound.

The army day is celebrated on the 15th of January every year  
on the remarkable attainment of Indian army from the British  
regime,  
thereby granting our soldiers the complete serenity without fear  
to deliver their service to the motherland forming a team.

We salute our valiant army with prayers and blessings  
for being the shadow of our nation,  
and all we could do is wish them a bon voyage  
while they leave from their home station.

# Now She Is Just The Pain Of Her Past

Now every footstep haunts her.  
Every midnight she wakes with fear,  
to check her main door, to check if lights are still on or not.  
Now she sleeps with a lullaby of self protests, and a knife under her pillow.  
Every morning she wakes with a nightmare of her past.  
She removed the dressing mirror from her room,  
as those cuts and scars on her neck and chest make her weak every time.  
That pink, yellow colour is now useless for her. Now everything is dull in her eyes.  
Now she dresses up with a simple full sleeves suit because society felt this right,  
According to them, everything happened with her in her past was because of her dress.  
She changed her job shift from evening to the afternoon as her neighbours told her it  
happened with her because of that late-night job.  
Now, the crowd in the bus and markets seems monsters to her, now every staring eye  
recalls her the past, recalls her about that night.  
Now every person seems wrong to her.  
Now every deserted side street seems unsafe to her.

Now she is just the broken pieces of her past,  
She is just a shadow cast of her remains.  
She died last year, she died when they touched her, she died when she got raped.  
Now only left is her soul with the memory of that haunting night.  
Every month she visits the court with her lawyer for justice.  
She tried everything to kill her leftover soul.  
She passed with millions of suicidal thoughts but every time she stopped for her jus-  
tice.  
Every night she cries, she yells because now it became difficult for her to live with her  
dead body.  
Now she is just the pain of her past.



## Why Do People Think Willpower Is A Good Idea?

**D**o you really feel that you have the willpower to make a decision? Or are you confused between motivation and willpower?

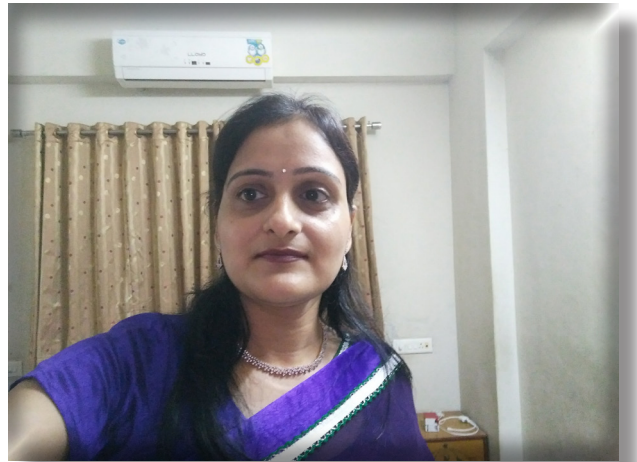
First, let us understand what is WILL-POWER?

Willpower is the inner strength that makes us affirm about a decision in our life to follow it and keep moving in life till you achieve your target.

WILL means your own willingness to decide upon things POWER symbolises the positive force you required to achieve the target. The target can be anything related to your life objectives like career, business, relationship or job. Whatever is the task we need to achieve it through our strong willpower, by focusing on the particular target consistently.

People often talk about motivation and willpower but nobody understands it in the real sense. Willpower is your own inner strength that motivates you to move towards achieving something in life whereas motivation is something we need from our friends and mentors to pull our conscience to move ahead in life. It's kind of push we need to look at life from a supreme positivity and growth towards achieving life goals.

I am writing this for all those people who feel down with lower morale, strength and negative thoughts. Sometimes in life that results in losing our self-confidence and faith in other people too and this is for those who need a spark and enlight-



enment to start the next step in their life just by a single positive good thought.

We all come across some life incidents and situations where we feel totally lost and blank in our vision towards life objectives , from there we decide to give up on things and ourselves and start feeling underrated and worthless despite having a valuable life and meaningful mission.

If this will help you in boosting a sense of positivity and enlightenment I will be thankful for my thoughts and inspirations.

Now let me tell you how to overcome the fears and troubles and how to build strong willpower within yourself to avoid motivation from others. Sometimes motivation can be negative too depending on the person's thinking and mentality.

Always believe in yourself and God, these are the supreme powers we need in this world to fight with our problems.

Try to take a firm decision and stick to it no matter how hard the situation will be. Do some research if you are not sure about

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your goals and take help from people if required. Read books and articles related to your objectives to find your starting point. Always motivate yourself towards your goals as self-motivation is the best form of cheering up your plans and moves. Start following an activity to fresh your mind and soul like walking, listening to music or sports daily for at least one hour a day. Keep practising your objective or mission of life. Never allow negative thoughts or the

mindset of others to break your inner strength, avoid such people in life.

# DOUBT

## A Formula To Achieve Your DREAMS



*I'm the one who digs for more  
But do I know what's stored on the floor,  
I look all around in search of something new  
Oh! That was a dream, now I can tell you!*

A dream is our imagination that we weave ourselves. When we dream, we aspire to achieve something in our life. But do you think only dreams helps in achieving our goals? I don't think so. Dreams with action lead to accomplishments of our goals. So, the formula is "You dream and dream; work to achieve the same and you will succeed". Yes, I was flabbergasted with the same formula and it actually worked but not in my initial years as I was one of you.

### **My dream (A nightingale in me)**

My school days were the best days of my life. This was the place where I dreamt for the first time. I dreamt to be a playback singer as I was good at singing. "Everyone can't sing like you, it's a God's gift," my music teachers always encouraged me with these words and I still remember it. To some extent, I was actually a god gifted child because I could easily sing and follow the Sur and Tal of any musical instrument. So, gradually I became the voice of my school. I was the little nightingale of my school who was seen humming around the premises and a face to represent the school at the inter-school level. Dreams of singing as a playback singer began to pour in. Day and night I used to dream for the same but didn't gather the courage to think and plan to pursue my dream. After I passed out my 12th, my dreams were framed as certificates and were dumped in a file. So my dream never took any shape and it all vanished year by year.

### **Desire & Aspire until you Succeed**

Life has a short span, so fulfil your dreams before it's too late! So, here are some of the key steps which will help everyone to focus on their dreams.

1. Think about your passion and take baby steps.
2. Aspire for your desires.
3. Reflect on your talents and capabilities before others do.
4. Learn new skills, gain as much knowledge as you can.
5. Never hesitate to begin from scratch.
6. Be patient: recognition takes time.
7. Work smartly.
8. Learn to showcase your talent.

### **Always Remember:**

Dreams have wings, if you do not let them flutter, they will fall and get buried. So, let them fly and reach the sky.

## चल बटोर लाएं

चल बटोर लाएं थोड़ी मोहब्बत सी कहीं  
थोड़ा समन्दर को अपने आंसू दे आएं  
थोड़ा आसमान में खुली सांसे ले आएं  
सींच लें उपटन से अपने गाल कहीं  
कहीं से थोड़ी मुल्लान पोत आएं

चल फिर बांट भी आएं थोड़ी मोहब्बत ही कहीं  
एक नाव को होती है जैसे पतवार से  
और नींद को इतवार से  
घाट का जैसे डुबकी से है प्यार  
जैसे होता है मा का दुलार

चल ढूँढ लाएं खोया बचपन वही  
खट्टी अमिया का जैसे छत पर पकता अचार  
गलियों में महकता था जो बचपन का प्यार  
इमली के पेड़ पर लटकता वो सावन का झूला  
खेतो की मेढ़ पे हमने रास्ता था जो भूला

चल घूम आएं उन रास्तों पर फिर वही  
समन्दर को जो देने पड़े आंसू उन्हें वहीं  
पोछ आएं  
थोड़ा चूल्हे पर सिकती रोटी भी तोड़ लें  
और चल गांव की मिट्टी में खेल आएं  
चल मैं और तुम  
थोड़ी कहीं से मोहब्बत बटोर लाएं  
चल फिर बांट भी आएं थोड़ी मोहब्बत ही कहीं



## एक खत आया मुझे

एक खत आया मुझे,  
लिफाफे पर लिखा था, "तुम्हारा दिलदार"  
"कोई नाता नहीं है हमारा, लेकिन  
मान लो हूँ एक गुमनाम सी ब्यार।  
आज तक कई खत लिखे पर शायद,  
किस्मत नहीं की तुम्हारी नज़र मिले।  
और मैं भी इतना खास नहीं की  
तुम्हारी मशहूर सी कदर मिले।  
तो बस अब लफ़्ज़ खत्म हुए  
और जज्बात कैद है आँखों में  
कब तक रखूँ अपने ही दिल को  
किसी और की सलाखों में।"  
ये कहकर उस एक तरफा प्यार ने  
एक बेनाम से रिश्ते को तोड़ा था,  
लिफाफा खोला तो खत की जगह  
बस एक कोरा कागज़ छोड़ा था।



## यादें

उनको भुलाने के ख़्वाब से हर बार नाकामयाब हो रहें है हम  
रफ़ता रफ़ता और करीब उनकी यादों को आने दें रहें है हम  
ये कैसी उल्फ़त-ऐ-नज़ारा है;के उनको याद करते करते  
ख़ुद को ही किस्तों में भूलते जा रहें हैं हम... ।



## जिंदगी



हसीं ये पल है कि  
जिंदगी की राहों में आप जैसा हमराह  
हमारी जिंदगी में आया है  
मंज़िल की हम फ़िलहाल बात नहीं करते  
हाँ! पर जो रास्ता है वो बड़ा ख़ूबसूरत  
सा नज़र आया है.....

## मां-बाप

अपनी ख्वाहिशों का कल्ल कर  
बच्चो को सभी खिलौने दिलाएं  
ख़ुद की ज़रूरतें दबाकर....  
ना जाने बच्चो के कितने सपने  
सजाये...!  
बड़े होने पर बच्चे सोचते हैं  
ये तो महज़ उनका फ़र्ज़ था  
अरे! पूरी जिंदगी ना चुका पाओगे  
ये वो कर्ज़ हैं!





*Long Way To Go.....*



**Price:** Free