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GLITTERATI QUILL

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE

Art is a universal language that transcends borders and walls, traveling to every corner of the world without a passport.

- Janaritta Armooti



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From the Editor's Desk

Allumer une lampe dans chaque cœur humain....

"The aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance." - Aristotle

That *yūgen* is what you will find in these pages of *Glitterati Quill* since it's a borderless fête, a tryst of expressions retelling us why literature and art are our lifelines.

Deepa Srivastava's poetry of becoming, of *seishun*, where "*vagabond memories pass by / paving way for fresh pursuits*" takes us on a journey with the wings of youth. Whereas Devendra K Mishra's 'Silhouette' walks us through "*the labyrinth of passages of time*" and a "*foggy mind*."

Light bends in unexpected ways in Harinder Cheema's 'The Modern Times'. With *esprit* and ache, she holds a mirror to our age: "*We are not lost yet people keep searching us on the Google / Life has become such a big puzzle.*" In an era of "*false smiles*" and "*fake profiles*," she sarcastically seeks the answer that forces us to ponder over and demarcates our *ningen-rashisa* - "*Which makes me wonder where are all the friends / When I sit to have a cup of coffee all alone.*" Inflicted aloneness or chosen??

Mustafa Abdulmalek Al-Sumaidi's 'The Ticking of Death' is *mono no aware* that makes life luminous. On the other hand, life in its smallest, truest moments fills Jennifer Gurney's *Haiku* as she exquisitely articulates- "*sharing a fried egg / with my cat / summer morning bonding.*" It reminds what Bashō has taught that poetry is "*a moment of the heart*," once-in-a-lifetime encounter. And no doubt, Gurney gives us many.

In the poem 'The Purple Jacaranda,' Dr. Ranjana Sharan Sinha beautifully presents how the world is a canvas to a poet's imagination and she borrows "*some moments of joy and light*" from nature. Her childhood "*crimson of gulmohar*" and "*canary of cassia*" become "*Jacaranda hues*" at dusk, a reminder that *la beauté* persists, even as "*the soul of vibrant shades*" moves on.

Soliciting, selecting, compiling, designing, printing and posting every quarter...a herculean task! Many ask this to me. Why a magazine, and why now in the era of Instagram Reels and YouTube Shorts?

Through *Glitterati Quill*, a poem from Turkey speaks to a reader in Tripura. A haiku from one home sits beside a story of displacement in another. And this is how we remain human to each other.

And I would like to stop here with what we can perceive from Dr. Prasanta Chakraborty's review of *Parabasi* (Expatriate) that "*Borders may divide, but the sun rises for everyone.*"

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Rajasthan:

Where Every Heart is Fort



Vaibhav Mathur

Padharo mhare des...
But today, let me welcome you
Into the Rajasthan I breathe.

Not the postcard Rajasthan,
But the one that raised me.
Where the sun burns fierce,
Yet the welcome burns warmer.
Where a stranger offers water
Before they even ask your name.
That is our padharo sa,
Carved into our voices
Long before we learned language.

I come from a land
Where dal baati is courage cooked in heat
Hard outside, warm inside,
Just like us.
Where ghevar melts like monsoon dreams
Festivals never really end.

I walk roads that breathe colour.
Kalbelia skirts spinning like galaxies,
Dhol beats shaking dust awake,
Ravanahatta strings singing old sorrow,
Kathputli dolls dancing
As if wooden hearts still remember joy.

Our cities
Amber whispering royalty,
Mehrangarh touching the sky,
Udaipur glowing through its lakes,
Jaisalmer shining like a golden memory.

But listen
Royalty here lived beyond crowns.

It lived in the quiet strength of women.
Women who walked miles for water,
Yet carried oceans of resolve.
Women who guarded families,
Lifted communities,

Held dignity like a second skin,
And when faced with impossible defeat,
Some chose fire over dishonor,
Queens leaping into flames
To protect honor and legacy.

Our men
Do not just guard borders.
They guard the idea of India.
Every soldier in a saffron pagdi
Turning the desert wind into a shield.

Our festivals
Gangaur,
where women pray for love and hope.
Pushkar Fair,
where colours rise like prayers
The world arrives
To hear us whisper padharo sa.

So what does it mean
To be a Rajasthani?

It means smiling through scarcity..
Offering water in heat.
Grace in hardship.
Pride without arrogance.
Bravery in our bones,
Loyalty in our breath,
Self-respect in every step we take.

Padharo mhare des...
For this is Rajasthan
Where even the sand has memory,
Even the silence has pride,
Every heart
Is its own eternal fort.

Parabasi (Expatriate)

A Story of Displacement and Humanity



Dr. Prasanta
Chakraborty

The trauma of Partition and migration has long held a central place in Indian cinema. Few filmmakers examined it with the artistic intensity of Ritwik Ghatak, whose works remain among the most powerful reflections on displacement and fractured identities. Over the decades, many directors across languages have revisited this historical wound, often relying on familiar dramatic patterns.

A premiere show of *Parabasi* was held in Agartala in the presence of distinguished guests from different fields.

The inaugural programme was attended by producer Anil Debnath; Sanjay Pal, Chairman of the Bhupen Dutta Bhowmik Trust; Ratan Saha, owner of Rupasi Multiplex; Pranab Sarkar, head of Headlines Tripura; and Biplab Goswami, Director of Tripura Film and Television Institute.

Those present at the event appreciated the initiative and dedication of Anil Debnath in bringing the film to the screen, acknowledging the effort behind such an ambitious project.

In *Parabasi*, Anil Debnath approaches the subject with emotional sincerity. Instead of merely recreating historical events, he focuses on lived experience — on ordinary people uprooted overnight, compelled to abandon ancestral homes and seek safety elsewhere. The narrative lingers on their uncertainty, their deep losses and their quiet resilience.

Significantly, Debnath avoids reducing the past to simple binaries of hatred. While violence and mistrust form part of the backdrop, moments of compassion cut across



communal divisions. This coexistence of cruelty and kindness gives the story moral depth.

The opening sequence is haunting: families fleeing under threat, carrying only what they can manage. Their uncertain journey into unfamiliar territory immediately sets the emotional tone - fear, dispossession and fragile hope intertwine from the outset.

Set against the turbulent decades after 1947 - including unrest in the 1960s and the refugee influx around 1971 - the story centres on Nimai Master, a village schoolteacher sustained by his belief in education and shared humanity. He trusts that the bonds formed with his students will protect him.

History proves otherwise.

A former student arrives with a warning: Nimai and his family must leave at once. The village he nurtured can no longer guarantee safety. Yet even at this moment, humanity endures. Members of the Muslim community quietly escort them to the riverbank to ensure safe passage. The river functions as both a physical crossing and a symbolic threshold — from immediate danger to uncertain survival.

The cost is devastating. The family is robbed, and amid the chaos their daughter disappears. Bereft of possessions and security, they reach

a tribal hamlet across the river, where they are received with dignity. Shelter is arranged, and Nimai resumes teaching, rediscovering purpose through service.

As years pass, his son grows up among tribal children and marries a tribal girl. The missing daughter, meanwhile, is rescued by a compassionate Muslim family who protect her from fundamentalist forces. Growing up alongside their son, she eventually marries him with her consent, and they start a family.

Fate later reunites the siblings in India at a doctor's chamber, each unaware of the other's presence. The reunion is deeply emotional. But reconciliation with their father proves painful. Unable to accept his daughter's marriage into what he still regards as the "enemy" community, Nimai rejects her. Wounded, she departs again despite her mother's and brother's pleas.

The cycle of upheaval continues. The refugee influx around 1971 intensifies tensions within sections of the tribal population, and insurgency spreads. Once more, Nimai's household becomes vulnerable. Violence claims his wife and son. Advised by tribal elders to relocate for safety, the ageing teacher moves to a Bengali-majority area with only his daughter-in-law beside him - yet another displacement in a life shaped by exile.

Water remains a recurring metaphor throughout. Crossings mark moments of loss, transition and renewal - including Amina's eventual return to Bangladesh after her father's rejection. The imagery underscores a simple truth: life, like a river, keeps moving.

The presence of Dumbur Lake reinforces this symbolism, providing a serene yet powerful backdrop. The final scene — the sun rising beyond barbed wire as Nimai walks hand in hand with his grandson — quietly



encapsulates the film's message. Borders may divide, but the sun rises for everyone. Hope survives beyond man-made lines.

Visually, the play of light and shadow deepens the narrative's emotional texture. Darkness envelops moments of grief and insecurity, while shafts of light suggest endurance. This restrained visual language strengthens the storytelling.

Music is used with care, including a recitation from Annada Shankar Roy that enhances the reflective mood. Under the composition of Amit Chatterjee, songs rendered by Shaan, Durnibar Saha, Iman Chakraborty, Mekhla Dasgupta and Ikkshita Mukherjee complement the film's emotional rhythm without overpowering it.

Director Monet Roy Saha deserves credit for shaping the narrative with sensitivity and control. His use of landscape, water and performance creates both intimacy and scale. Cinematographer Jayesh Nair captures this vision through frames that balance human vulnerability with Tripura's natural beauty.

Many of the performers from Tripura are first-time actors, yet they deliver assured performances. The child artistes appear effortlessly natural. Kinjal Nanda occasionally struggles with the delivery of regional dialogue. Sanjoy Kar leaves a strong impression as Yasin, while Assamese actor Ranjita Borua brings warmth to the role of Khumpui. Swati Mukherjee, Supriti Ghosh, Sobuj Bardhan, Ankhi Ghosh, Ruhi

Debbarma, Binod Debbarma, Ruma Debbarma and Ajoy Tripura contribute convincingly, with Ajoy Tripura effectively portraying Khaslang's inner conflict.

The episodic division feels unnecessary and, at times, slows the narrative momentum. Makeup does not fully convey the ageing of Nimai and his wife, and a tighter edit might have enhanced the pacing.

Producing a film of this scale in Tripura is a formidable task. Anil Debnath has undertaken it with courage and commitment. *Parabasi* stands as a reflection of the region's history and lived experience, and it deserves to be seen in cinema halls.

Roles behind the Making of *Parabasi*

The film is directed by Monet Roy Saha, with Anil Debnath serving as producer and story writer. Sujata Debnath is the co-producer. The screenplay is co-written by Anil Debnath and Amitava Bhattacharjee, while Jayesh Nair handles cinematography.

Music is composed by Amit Chatterjee, art direction is by Jayanta Chowdhury, and sound design and mixing are managed by Subhranil Bose. Post-production has been completed at Studio Collage.

The cast features Loknath Dey, Kinjal Nanda, Swati Mukherjee, Sobuj Bardhan, Ankhi Ghosh, Ranjita Borua, Sanjoy Kar, Supriti Ghosh, Binod Debbarma, Ruma Debbarma, Ruhi Debbarma and Ajoy Tripura.

Together, they have created a collaborative cinematic work grounded in memory, history and artistic commitment - one that continues to resonate beyond its closing frame.

The Ticking of DEATH



Mustafa Abdulmalek

Al-Sumaidi

Tomorrow you will not be the one
who bestrode the world like a Colossus,
the predator you thought yourself to be
in a world once yours,
becomes merely a deferred biological feast,
in a plot of land measured to your body.
The dust will show no favour,
whether you were an emperor,
or a mere non-entity,
rather, to it you shall return, return—
just as you were first molded.

Your grandeur is spurious... ephemeral,
your self-idol, sanctified by your vain desires,
will crumble before the might of your last agony.
You will see the sun of your lungs sink into dusk.
To firmly believe your hubris will rise no more;
the terminal bubris—a solemn funeral...
so solemn, had been a masterful hypocrite,
but if your folly was too crude for such art,
you will be consigned to the grave in haste.
In both cases, you are a tasteless joke
that dust narrates to itself
within a fresh grave.

Parade your shadow no longer;
one day, you'll heed death's steady tick,
as it unfastens the buttons of your fleshy shirt
to liberate the soul from your world's cage—
the very world by which you were beguiled.
Then you'll be rammed into a narrowed grave,
taught by the clay how you must bow,
so think not so, O Man
that marble will immortalize your name,
or the gold you hoarded will bring you grace
far-fetched...
Neither shall you be immortalized,
nor the hubris you raised
with untruth endures.

The Sign



**Dr. Barbaros
İrdelmen**

Ah, how long I have been waiting
for a sign
from those alluring,
colorful eyes!
If only it came...
Ah, then would crumble,
collapse into dust,
all the civilizations
that have ever been.

The Harlot of the East



**Md. Naeem
Aziz**

In the hour when daylight bled into rust,
I saw a young girl dragged through the dust.
Her eyes were rain, her face full of pain,
As humanity drowned in greed and shame.

Her father was helpless with fever and debt,
Coins were borrowed as time was the fate.
Then poverty sharpened its merciless blade,
A daughter's deal that made her a slave.

I purchased not a body that night,
But only time to stand beside her fight.
A crushing debt that broke a human life,
Turned streets and walls into chains of night.

Before the sun rose and shone,
My messenger returned with coins I owned.
The debt was paid and humanity won,
Freedom was the gift that left her reborn.



**Deepa
Srivastava**

BOUNDLESS

As I walk into the adolescence
The wings spread
Ready to explore and fly
Curious eyes gazing afar
To find the limit of the sky

A cluttered peace prevails all along
As the world dissolves into horizon
Searching the abandoned melody in vacuum
To realize the multitude of visions

Vagabond memories pass by
Paving way for fresh pursuits
Sweet musings hum clandestinely
Happiness galore, passion infinitude

SILHOUETTE



**Devendra
K Mishra**

Shadowed silence whispered and whined,
Inhaling the gloom of a foggy mind.
Lost in the labyrinth of passages of time,
Hidden beneath the darkest rhyme.
Outlining obscured and hazy shapes,
Under the shade of slender crepes.
Ethereal glow but dark and murky,
Tumid and tedious an evening perky.
Tired and sleepy, the dusk bled,
Eternity sublimed but died unbred.



Harinder
Cheema

THE MODERN TIMES

Indeed strange times
When strangers have taken control over our lives
Dear Mark Zuckerberg keeps reminding us of birthdays and anniversaries
Facebook maintains the diary of our memories
"Set a new theme ", is a constant reminder from our cell
The messenger keeps ringing more than the door bell
We are not lost yet people keep searching us on the google
Life has become such a big puzzle
There are continuous suggestions of people you may know
And I may know them, but how does somebody know
that they are the people I know
In the social media it is so easy to undo the things you have done
it takes only a click to unfriend
You keep on studying profiles as if you are a job giver
Where as the sender may be more highly placed than the receiver
We human beings are surely the brave ones
To escape the pressures of the real world we have built a fake one
There were times one got suspicious of a follower and his intentions
But now proudly the number of followers, one mentions
There are challenges thrown all over our face
Pubg, Kiki dance and the saree race
People keep on sending attachments without having any attachment actually
They are just forwards sent across casually
Everywhere there is a trust deficit
Sages turn out to be strategists
An age of false smiles
An age of fake profiles
We are virtually carrying a world in our phone
Which makes me wonder where are all the friends
When I sit to have a cup of coffee all alone
Not just working from home but people are now witnessing burials and
cremations online
Sigh! What an age!
And what times!
And I feel a compelling need to write about the times as one day I too will leave
But the posterity should know that we were brave people indeed.

**Abhipsa
Mohanty**

The Cold Separation

The bonfire burnt on. And he stood there staring into it. It had been how long that he had stood there at the same spot, same position, nobody knew; and neither did he. The tears on his eyes had dried, and now, even the wood had started turning into charcoal. Except for its flying soot, nothing moved.

It was another cold winter. Just another “that time of the year” when he was reminded of her. The time when he felt his already dreary life was turning drearier.

Every evening he sat like this, in front of a bonfire in his yard, till late night until the fire died away. He sat and thought, and the thoughts always seemed never-ending.

Those times had been beautiful. All those years ago. With her. They used to stay in a cosy cottage in the hills, where it was always cold. But their house had been warm.

He was a forest ranger, and she used to wait for him at home with a cup of hot coffee as he returned home late on most evenings. They had sat together and enjoyed this particular time. Sometimes, work forced him to stay away from home, and her, for days. That, however, had hardly mattered; they always knew that they shall be together again, exactly like the lovers in any fairytale.

But what now? When he knew that she was never coming back?

He especially remembered the winters – the best time of the year for them – when heavy snow prevented his duties, and provided him

with the much-awaited holidays. He used to stay home and help her with the housework. He painfully remembered the happy times – the bonfires they put up in their backyard, the huddling together beside it, eating some warm soup from the same bowl... and of course, Christmas.

When Christmas finally arrived in December, they celebrated with much zeal. How she had loved distributing gifts among the village children! She was like a child herself, taking an infant's pleasure in all the festivities.

She also had a love for knitting. For hours, she would knit stuff for the house every winter. And funnily enough, he had often been jealous of those bundles of wool and knitting needles, which kept her busy most of the time, and away from him.

Now, only her handiwork of those shawls and sweaters remained. They were poor company to him, though they continually reminded him of her, and kept him warm during the cold season.

Now, she is dead for fifty long years. It was cancer. He too has become frail and old, living in an isolated house in the city, managing to continue with his pension, and a servant.

Every winter he remembers his beloved wife. The separation has long drained him of his strength. He just waits for the time, when he too can join her; and that shall be his heaven.



Jennifer Gurney

HAIKU

an idea
takes wing
invention

every day
feels like Saturday
summer

sharing a fried egg
with my cat
summer morning bonding

each day
you bloom a little more
becoming summer

my vision
filled with green
hiking toward summer's edge

flip-flop tan lines
must be
summer

on this day for you
we pause to remember
sacrifice for freedom

first peach
of the season
excitement for the day

you are
the color in my world
my black cat

I finally see myself
in a book
Scout



Dr. Haseena Kabeer

The Algorithm of Invisible Chains

We wake to reels that shimmer, fast and loud
Where AI-curated dreams still draw a crowd.
Influencers shape the truths we call our own,
While silent algorithms claim the throne.
We scroll through short-lived worlds that flash and fade,
Where viral moments feel like truth displayed.
Doom scrolling through the night steals inner peace,
As endless feeds refuse to ever cease.
Notifications tug the wandering mind,
Leaving reflection increasingly confined.
Yet somewhere under noise, a thought remains
To break from all these modern, unseen chains.



Dr. Sajid Hussain

Spectacle of a FALLEN SELF

An inward fire devours the soul's domain.
Its embers rise in silence and smoulder.
Self stands exposed to each discerning gaze.
Like a figure cloaked in ignominy beneath sky.
Once sacred dreams bear the mask of jest.
Mockery claps in courts where eyes still see.
Derision greets me on each corridor.
Breath labours under time's unkind decree.
Despair hums hymns through hollowed scenes.
Desolation dwells in all that I survey.
Even wonder has withered into dismay.
Existence weighs like stone upon the chest.
Each moment mourns the death of inner rest.
As though fate tires of chronicled escape.
No shelter left where I might veil my face.
Hostility walks with smiles on every side.
What sin I bear remains, unseen.
Would one soul listen, glimpse my inner cry.
As silence spreads across my inner range.
Affliction stretches onward as reprieve drifts behind.



**Dr. Ranjana
Sharan Sinha**

THE PURPLE JACARANDA

The Jacaranda into blossom
Lining the broad pathway
Amid green foliage awesome
In a mauve magenta array!

The leaves and the flowers
Create a dreamy blue heaven--
Comes imagination in showers:
A wealth to the flower maven!

The amethyst, tanzanite petals
Gorgeous in purple profusion,
The jade eyes of feathery leaves--
All wonders of God's creation!

Human life with pain and sorrow,
Dull days with dark nights,
From Nature do we borrow
Some moments of joy and light.

Blossoms quite similar to this
On the roadside beneath the sky,
Made my childhood a bliss--
To memories I can't say goodbye:

Gulmohar galore burning bright,
In summer and early monsoon,
With crinkled petals in daylight
Lured me to the coral-red boon!

I tried to reach for the flowers
Under the canopy of vermilion:
Different from man-made bowers,
The distance brought fascination!

The golden cassia-- yellow amaltas
Like the sun ablaze in the noon sky,
Magnificent in hot and arid summers
Cascading down in wonderful plenty!

We gathered in the vicinity of trees
As the sun removed it's fiery veils,
We picked up those fallen flowers,
For us precious, bright jewels.

No more scarlet gulmohars today,
The wayward fancies, infantile dreams
Have gone in a land faraway
Along with the soul of vibrant shades.

The sun sinks amid calm stillness--
Light of the day draining away,
The canary of cassia, crimson of gulmohar,
To Jacaranda hues give way--
Now the purple skies hold sway,
The eventide has so much to say!



Deepak N. Pawar

The Third Day

The symbol of
Love and forgiveness
Died,
Died of an unnatural
Death,
Death that seemed
To be the end of
Life,
Life that was dawned
Just for compassion and
Love,
Love for the whole universe
Full of betrayal and
Unfaithfulness,
Unfaithfulness even of the dear one
Was still forgiven.

When Jesus - the
Epitome of love and
forgiveness was
Crucified.....
Felt the passion,
Went through the turmoil
Of disparity
And asked -
"Why have you forsaken me?"
God suffused Him
With forgiveness and love.
Now no grudge did remain...
And on the third day
Did He come back again,
I am also waiting for
The Third Day!

MEMORIES



Priyanka Yadav

And just like that, a whole person disappears...
No warnings.
No goodbyes that ever feel enough.
It hits you—how someone who was once your everything,
becomes a memory you're now left to protect.
Their voice becomes a faint echo in your mind.
Their presence turns into silence that screams louder than anything else.
And in that moment, you begin to question—What do we, as humans, really strive for?
We chase dreams, build lives, gather moments...
But in the end, everything feels like
it slips right through our fingers.
It's terrifying, how absolute death feels.
How someone who filled a room with love, isn't there anymore.
How the world keeps moving,
while yours has completely paused.
But maybe, just maybe,
we don't live to leave behind things.
We live to leave behind feelings.
We live to touch hearts in ways
that even death can't erase.
So if you're hurt.
If you've lost someone
you can't imagine living without—know this:
they may be gone in form,
but they live in you now,
in your tears,
in your strength,
in the love you still carry, quietly, every single day.
No more voice, no more touch—just memories.
And suddenly you question it all—
what do we really live for,
when everything ends in silence?
But they live in you now,
in your tears,
in your strength,
but maybe... the love you still carry, quietly, every single day.
We don't live to last forever.
We live to leave pieces of our love in others.
We live so that even in our absence, someone still feels us—
In their tears, in their strength, in the way they continue to love, quietly...
endlessly.



Alan Patrick Traynor

LOVE IS THE OTHER WING OF SORROW

I walked in the wilderness of a road
And thought of you
As the morning broke its light

And the day
Is seeing only what it lost
A single church bell ringing

To sing its sorrow
A misanthrope
In the plumage of a thought

And one day
I will go to the trees
That hold my loneliness

And see the broken branch within
That knew your face
When we were lost (together)

It's how you find the dying sparrow
Within
Hidden beneath a bench

But I could not
Hold it
The folded page within

The beauty of first light
Is only true
Because of you

The silent orchestra
In the waterfall's marriage
To the rocks

And the cage
That holds the mist
I held it too

I, died today

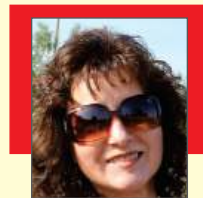
shining rays
on cosmos flowers -
kaleidoscope

a youth self-timer -
my wild hair a bird cherry
tree in full blossom

east wind -
in my dreams only
pink peonies

the sky a book
with vivid messages
to leaf through
the light among the clouds
your friendly presence

Poetry



Maria Tosti

TINY SHOTS



THE BALLAD OF PEGGY AND PEDRO

Ivan Pozzoni

The ballad of Peggy and Pedro barked out by the punkbestials of the Garibaldi Bridge, with a mixture of hatred and despair, teaches us the intimate relationship between geometry and love, to love as if we were maths surrounded by stray dogs.

Peggy you were drunk, normal mood,
in the slums along the bed of the Tiber
and alcohol, on August evenings, doesn't warm you up,
clouding every sense in annihilating dreams,
transforming every chewed-up sentence into a gunfight in the back
on armour dissolved by the summer heat.
Lying on the edges of the bridge's ledges,
among the drop-outs of the Rome open city,
you opened your heart to the gratuitous insult of Pedro,
your lover, and toppled over, falling into the void,
drawing gravitational trajectories from the sky to the cement.

Pedro wasn't drunk, a day's journey away,
you weren't drunk, abnormal state of mind,
in the slums along the bed of the Tiber,
or in the empty parties of Milan's movida,
with the intention of explaining to dogs and tramps
a curious lesson of non-Euclidean geometry.
Mounted on the edge of the bridge,
in the apathetic indifference of your distracted pupils,
you jumped, in the same trajectory of love,
along the same fatal path as your Peggy,
landing on the cement at the same instant.

The punkbestials of the Garibaldi Bridge, cleared
by the local authority,
will spread a surreal lesson to every slum in the world
centred on the astonishing idea
that love is a matter of non-Euclidean geometry.

“Beyond Peace”: 8th International Art Exhibition where Art Becomes the Universal Language

“Art is not what you see, but what you make others see. It is the bridge that connects the soul of humanity across borders, cultures, and time.”

In a world increasingly fractured by divisions, the 8th International Art Exhibition, with the inspiring theme "Beyond Peace," recently concluded successfully in India's capital, New Delhi, proving once again that creativity knows no geography. Organized by veteran artist Janaritta Armooti from Jordan in prestigious collaboration with the 'Janaritta Armooti Gallery' (Jordan) and the 'Topofman Exhibition Initiative' (India), the event emerged as a luminous symbol of international cultural exchange - a celebration of our shared humanity through the prism of artistic expression.

A Canvas of Global Voices and Human Connection

The exhibition attracted the attention of prominent VIPs, diplomats, art enthusiasts, and international media, drawing visitors into a dialogue that transcended linguistic barriers. A major highlight of the event was the 'Interactive Art Workshop,' where participating artists turned the gallery into a vibrant space of immediate artistic expression through 'Live Painting' sessions. Here, brushes danced across canvases in real-time, capturing not just images but the raw pulse of emotion and thought.

Wandering Through Heritage, Finding Inspiration

Beyond the gallery walls, the event also included 'Cultural Tours' of national monuments and historical art galleries. This initiative was aimed at introducing artists to the heritage of the host country and inspiring them for their future works.

Janaritta Armooti, founder of the Janaritta Armooti Gallery, reflected on this deeper connection: "We believe that an artist's journey is not limited to the canvas; it is nurtured by the history and soul of the places we visit. Through exploring national



heritage, we provide our artists with the seeds of inspiration for their next masterpieces."

Art Without Passports: A Mission for Peace

Reflecting on the deeper mission of the exhibition, Armooti further added: "Art is a universal language that transcends borders and walls, traveling to every corner of the world without a passport. Although some of our artists could not be here personally, their spirit and voice were present through their masterpieces. Our goal is to empower artists to raise their voices and leave their unique mark on the global stage."

Distinguished Presence and Dialogues for the Future

Distinguished guests at the occasion included Ms. Amal Aladly, veteran Indian artist Ashok Kumar, renowned Indian artist Ram Krishna Agrawal, art critic Kazi Ragheb, and several other esteemed artists from India. Their presence added professional depth to the exhibition and sparked meaningful dialogue on the future of the global contemporary art movement.

Featured Artists: A Tapestry of Nations

Jordan: Janaritta Armooti (Organizer), Maher Alshuebi, Alia Awwad, Jamila Hamadeh, Lena Al-Fouri, Dr. Nada Hamdan, Inas Ahmed, Dr. Lutfiye Flefel, Nadia Abo Aoun, Dr. Naila Mahdawi, Dr. Ribhiye Hamadeh, Shefa Jamal. (Guest Artist: Amal Aladly).

Lebanon: Gabriela Kanaan (Curator), Alida Elkhoury, Maya Elrafi, Zalfa Abu Ali, Nadine Chabayreh, Rosette Khoury, May Al Fatayri, Dalal Tarhini, Ahlam Beydoun.

Russia/Lebanon: Elise Abu Ali.

Palestine: Shireen Mansah, Carmel Salah, Labiba Zoabi.

International Participants: India (Ram Krishna Agrawal and artists from the Topofman Initiative), Sweden (Vicki Swedrel), Italy (Erica Isalberti), Czech Republic (Pavlina Punčochářová), Egypt (Sama Allam), Norway (Liv Evensen and Jostein Sætre), Scotland (Angela Thoules), Taiwan (Jung Chih Chang), Lithuania (Laima Perkauskienė).

As the curtains fall on this exhibition, the echoes of 'Beyond Peace' remind us that in

every stroke of colour, every sculpture, and every shared moment of creation, humanity discovers its truest form of communication—one that needs no translation, only feeling.



Aversion, Awakening, and The Lotus Emerging in Muddy Waters



A Conversation with Devika Brendon on Contemporary Sri Lanka, Myth, and the Writer's Craft by Ifham Nizam

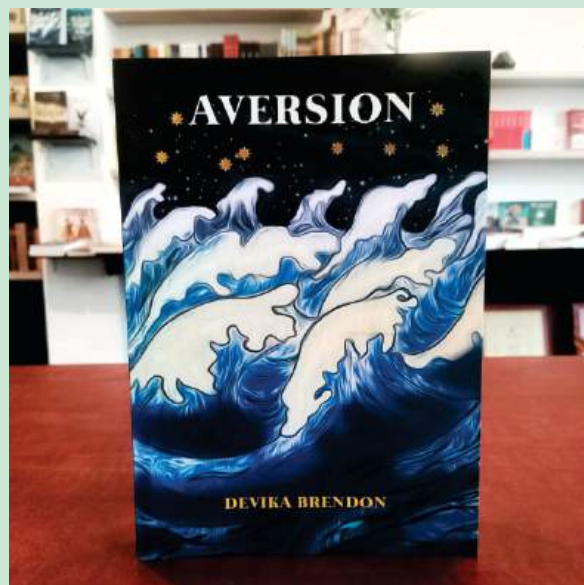
Devika Brendon is an academic, teacher, reviewer and editor of English Literature, as well as a creative writer of poetry and prose. She was Consultant Editor for FemAsia Magazine, and a Poetry Editor with Girls On Key; and is currently Content Editor for the New Ceylon Writing Literary Journal, and Executive Editor of Glitterati Quill Magazine. Her work has been widely published in anthologies and journals, both in print and online.

Devika is also a journalist, whose opinion pieces and articles have been published in The Sunday Times, The Daily Mirror, Groundviews, Ceylon Today, The Morning, and The Sun.

Her first novel, *Aversion*, set in contemporary Sri Lanka, has recently been published by Jam Fruit Tree Publications. Excerpts from the talk:

Ifham: Your novel captures the turbulence of contemporary Sri Lanka. Were there specific historical or political events that particularly shaped the narrative?

Devika: In the last 8 years, the period during which I was writing sections of this novel, the entire world has become turbulent. So many systems and processes and values and relationships we all seemed to take for granted have been completely and often violently overturned, globally. Chaos seems to be the daily norm. So what began as a personal response to a specific country opened into a more universal consideration: how do we as human beings navigate the abrupt breakdown of what we thought was true, and real, and reliable? The global pandemic made this the



universal question all of us faced. Could our infrastructure, both personal and national, handle the challenges and the crises of everyday life in the 21st century?

Ifham: You mentioned drawing inspiration from Dante's *Inferno*, Buddhist and Hindu mythology, and Carl Muller's *Colombo*. How did these influences shape your storytelling style and character development?

Devika: Dante's *Divine Comedy* - and specifically the Nine Circles of Hell from *The Inferno* - were concepts that often came to mind as I watched the news every day, and shaped the way I saw the characters in the landscape around me. This is where the magical realism element came in: Colombo to me became a kind of theatre, a series of performance spaces in which people enacted their stories. Under the gloss and the sheen of the city, there are scenes of real horror, as Carl

Muller's book indelibly shows, but also moments of great beauty and tenderness. My protagonist begins the story with no understanding of what she sees: she judges people on face value, without knowing their histories. As she begins to engage with the people she works with, who are trying to uplift the country in a number of ways, she sees that many people act out of a sense of torment that they carry: frustration, fear and anger. They are suffering, and their actions are formed out of that suffering. If they have no self awareness, they could ricochet forever in the circles of hell, exchanging one situation of torment for another, and never emerge. She begins to develop empathy, and compassion.

The troubled person cannot help others, and if we respond to things that happen in anger, which is easy to do, we often burden others or make situations worse. So a study of Buddhist scriptures and Hindu mythology showed me that to really grow, a person needs to stop reacting to everything that occurs, but rather step back and observe. Try not to rush in with hasty assumptions or biases. Try not to carry grievances. Try to see under the surface of what is happening with people, and what they present. Respect the equivalent self of the other, rather than project onto them. Then the surging sea, the suffering of the human condition, in which we are all caught, stops at the threshold and does not enter the space where we reside.

Ifham: Your novel explores aversion as both a personal and societal issue. Do you believe social media has amplified this tendency in modern society?

Devika: Aversion is the feeling of almost automatic opposition we feel towards people and situations. Interestingly, a constant state of irritation, and being easily triggered, are signs of stress, and anxiety. These are sharply on the rise in our society and the wider world, and definitely there is a correlation between the onset of this escalation and the increased use of social media. People are caught in a web of interpersonal conflict and complexity, being impacted by what they see and read, from the

moment they open their technological devices, each day. Conflict and differences of opinion have been weaponised, very strategically, and many people today live a hybrid life, with a lot of communication going on in the virtual spaces of digital technology, and our capacity to relate in physical interaction being drained. The building of real community, meaningful communication and human connection across the various divides is the only real remedy for this estrangement and isolation.

Ifham: The lotus motif plays a key role in Aversion. Did your interpretation of this symbol evolve throughout the writing process?

Devika: The lotus with its multiple petals represents awakening and blossoming consciousness. The roots of the lotus nurture the flower, which flowers in muddy waters. This can be seen around us on multiple levels: beauty and grace emerging unexpectedly from dark circumstances; the human being transforming themselves into a more elevated and enlightened entity through the effort of inner exploration and self nurturing; the citizens of the nation itself showing such strength and capacity to continue to live and hope, and encourage each other amidst difficult circumstances. To blossom in life requires respect for our roots, and mindfulness. The lotus to me symbolizes all this.

Ifham: Your book blends prose fiction, opinion pieces, poetry, and diary entries. Did you face challenges in maintaining coherence across these different styles?

Devika: The story emerged in a series of outbursts, in response to various diverse events, at different times between 2016 and 2024, and it was actually fascinating to lay the sections out at the end of the process, and see the connections glimmering and gleaming and glinting between the segments. It felt as though I was stitching pieces together on a sewing table. There are 26 chapters, each subdivided into shorter parts. I tried to match

like with like, but not in too neat a way. I wanted a slight asymmetry, so certain elements sparkled, when viewed at certain angles - like the stars on the cover!

Ifham: You mentioned that *Aversion* has a unique soundscape. How did you approach narrating your own work, and what challenges did you encounter in bringing it to life through audio?

Devika: There's a dreamlike quality to some of the scenes in the book: the words convey at times the motions of the sea, of the dancing at clubs and in parades, of joy and sorrow. So when narrating the audio, I tried to sense those feelings intuitively, rather than intellectually, and portray the way the narrator finds them flowing through her. She tends to use her intellect in her work to try and cut life into manageable parts; so it's interesting to feel the irrepressible energy of the country filtering through her defences.

One of my favourite scenes ends with a question that is not answered. It's a moment of high tension for the protagonist. I didn't feel the need to show what happened next.

Ifham: You compared poetry to a fireworks explosion and prose to the slow unfolding of a lily. Did you find yourself naturally drawn to one form more than the other while writing *Aversion*?

Devika: I felt that it was easy to intersperse one with the other. Situations faced by the characters in the book and in life call for both reason and feeling, a duality, and the story shifts accordingly, in step with the movement of the action. So much of our lives goes on in our minds: what we think, what we believe, what we remember, and hold onto; and what we forget and release. It's like the flow of a dance, a sequence of yoga or the beginning of a sung Chalisa. The ideas begin and the story rises like a slow tide, and the mind is like a drum, finding the rhythm and the energy that the words attempt to convey.

Ifham: You described a structured writing routine. How do you handle creative blocks, and do you have any specific rituals

to get back into the flow of writing?

Devika: I find that creative energy and productivity is very much determined by physical health and well-being. We learn if we are most productive in the morning or the evening, and we learn how to pace ourselves to maximise our joy. The creative blocks for me are usually caused by too many projects coming in at the same time, and colliding deadlines cause paralysis. Clear boundary setting is needed, not only with incoming demands or concerns, but within ourselves. If things feel stacked up, only we can unstack them, and recalibrate our schedules to serve our workflow. Twelve minute stretches are an excellent break, throughout a working day. So is doing something that needs to be done like washing or sweeping or tidying a space in the home. Clearing the space in which we live is a calming sort of mindfulness.

Ifham: You have multiple books in progress, each in a different genre. How do you shift between writing styles and maintain distinct voices for each project?

Devika: I don't consciously strategize it. I drafted all the 5 books as concepts in point form and affixed certain visual images to each. Then I live my life, and whichever book landscape appeals to me at that time, I visit with that, dividing my time more or less equally until one pushes itself forward and takes over. That's what happened with this book.

Ifham: Given your experience as an author and editor, what advice would you give to aspiring writers, especially those navigating multiple literary forms like you?

Devika: Get a lot of rest; avoid burnout; and do as much active, detailed research as you can into the contexts in which you are writing. Worldbuilding starts with curiosity. Read a lot, watch a lot of movies, intake information - but not only from manmade sources. Absorb the energy of life around you, see how each being tries to move towards its fulfillment, each in its own way.

Seventy Lines

They wrote me down
in seventy lines
not as I am,
but as they could tolerate me.
Clinical.
Critical.
Almost intellectual
as if dissection were wisdom.
They measured my choices
like errors in a thesis:
Why choose struggle
in an office ruled
by a voice louder than yours?
Why walk alone at night,
inviting shadows
they would never dare confront?
Why a small rented cottage
with peeling walls,
when comfort waited
behind the gates
of a grand estate?
Why choose the modest
the earned, the owned
over shackled diamonds?
Why refuse the gilded script
the sacred trite
from an ideal daughter
to an ideal wife
to an ideal mother
a life perfected,
yet never truly lived?
Why not dissolve gently
into safer identities
a borrowed surname,
a relational existence,
a self reduced
to association?
They asked
with precision,
with polish,
with that quiet arrogance
that mistakes conformity
for correctness.
Seventy lines
each one attempting



Kavita Nagar

to correct me.
And yet
what unsettled me most
was not their philosophy,
nor their finely-worded doubt,
nor even their verdict
on how wrongly I live
but the audacity
beneath it all:
that they believed
I needed revision.
That I was a draft
unfinished,
unrefined,
awaiting approval.
No.
I am not your grammar.
Not your structure.
Not your well-edited life.
I am choice
deliberate,
difficult,
dangerous at times.
I am nights walked alone,
and mornings earned alone.
I am the refusal
to be softened
into acceptability.
Let them write
seventy lines,
or seven hundred more.
Let them critique
my life
like a flawed composition.
I remain
unrevised,
unapologetic,
uncontained
I choose to be
myself.

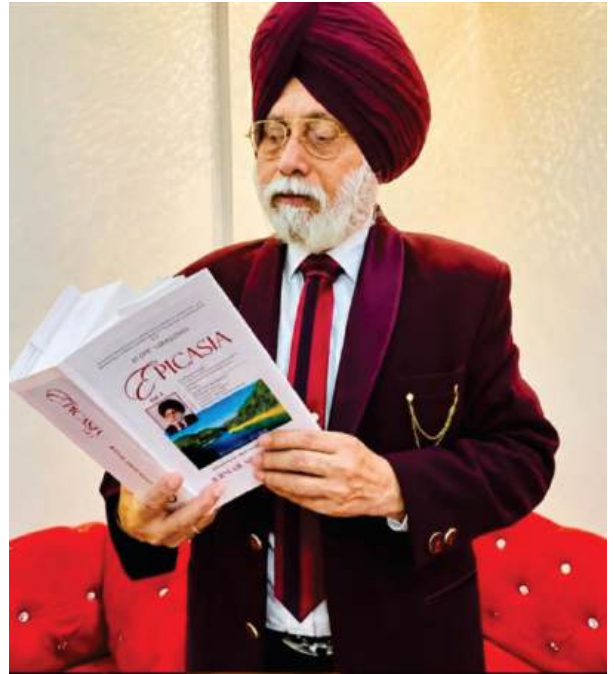
OUR EDUCATION CANNOT BE ETHICALLY NEUTRAL

An Exclusive Talk with **Dr. Jernail Singh Anand**

Dr. Jernail S. Anand, with 200 books to his credit [20 epics] is a Chandigarh-based polymath, and a vital architect of the 21st century ethical literature whose seminal work *Lustus: The Prince of Darkness* challenges the moral complacency of our era. Founding President of the International Academy of Ethics, and Laureate of Charter of Morava [Serbia], Seneca [Italy], Franz Kafka [Germany, Ukraine, Czech Rep] and Maxim Gorky [Russia] Soka Ikeda and Mahakavi Bharati (India) Awards, his name is inscribed on the Poets' Rock in Serbia. Here is a glimpse of some ethical dialogue with him:

Dr Anand, You've advocated in the poem 'Shedding Tears Over Bone Heaps' that "knowledge cannot be ethically neutral" and proposed an "Ethical Alphabet" for education. The poem calls war a "blasphemous farce" where men dress as "avenging angels". How does this poem reflect your belief that literature must carry moral responsibility?

Dr. Anand: Whatever man does, it is with a purpose. Outside this purposeful behaviour, men are described as idlers. Why a poet writes? Let us go back a bit. What is the purpose of art? Is it merely to please the creator's sense of creation, and to make the onlookers happy? Is pleasure the only principle driving creation or appreciation of art? I don't think so. There is something more than mere craving for expressing oneself. No doubt, when we have expressed ourselves in art or poetry, it proves cathartic for us. And it



also proves cathartic for the lovers of art. But there is something which goes beyond this catharsis. And this is the art's commitment with society beyond mere aesthetic pleasure. Art tells the story of existence from the prism of creativity and imagination. In a way, whatever happens is everybody's cup of tea. But, the artists speculate what it means, how it could be, and how it should have been. All these imaginative counterpoints add a new value to existence. Events have a language, but they carry whispers also. But when filtered through art, they carry visions. These visions are for a better life for mankind. It cannot be otherwise. That is why I say an artist has an undeclared commitment with society. Art, therefore, cannot be ethically neutral.

Why recast the Mahabharat as a "battle of

words” today? In an age of misinformation and geopolitical tension, what parallel do you draw between Kurukshetra and modern discourse?

Dr. Anand: Words are verbal weapons. Wordswordswords... You can see how words transform into swords. The world is ruled by words only, but when words start confusing, we take to arms, because the gun is the greatest debator and ultimate arbiter mankind has invented so far. I do not find much difference in the narrative that Kurukshetra built and the narratives that we are grappling with. That was a fight between good and evil, and in my book 'Mahabharata: The War of Words', I have tried to argue that Lord Krishna assumed human life, and fought the great battle, in order to put an end to evil. My logic was that even after so much bloodshed, nothing has been solved. Because, even today, good is helpless, and evil, still powerful. The Pandavas turned victorious not because of their fighting powers, but because they were supported by Lord Krishna, who sided with them because they represented the good. Good in itself couldn't have proved effective before Duryodhana's vile and Shakuni's guile. To make the equation complete, the Lord had to play the game as they did. I wish there are no wars like that. And men should gain insight from the past, which they do not. You have rightly mentioned the conditions today. Truth has been waylaid, and untruths and fake ideologies are running the narrative of this world. Our world is in a worse condition, and we deserve Lord Krishna far more than Dwapra had deserved him.

Your trilogy is named after Mahakaal — time as the ultimate destroyer. Why did you choose “time” as the central protagonist instead of a human or divine character? What does Mahakaal represent in our 21st-century ethical crisis?

Dr. Anand: Mahakaal refers to Lord Shiva,

who is also known as the destroyer. You are right, 'kaal' refers to time, and time is the ultimate destroyer. Elements are free from the bondage of time, but every object that grows on these elements, is bound by time. In Mahakaal Trilogy, Lustus is shown on a transcendent march to challenge gods, but his powers are not absolute. He is operating within the larger confines of creative surge whose master is God, and the Trimurti. Mahakaal represents divine power which resists the rise of ambition and ulterior passions symbolised by Lustus. Lustus, who is a descendant of Satan, wants to destroy the divine architecture, and succeeds to a large extent, because men can be easily tempted. In the first book, Lustus, we witness a cosmic war between Lustus and Gods, and Goddess Durga defeats the demons, and makes them flee. In Book II also, Lustus has to flee when Lord Shiva kills half the population, declaring that “we do not want good men who cannot fight evil”. Lustus is exiled for a thousand years, after which, in the Book III, Queen Ultronia takes over, and the reign of Goddess Saraswati is established. In sum, the entire trilogy is a fight back, to restore the ethical order of the society.

You're a retired Principal. One of your article 'The Fall of Educational Institutions and the Rise of a Criminalised Society' blames institutions, but institutions are made of people. Have teachers abdicated their role as moral guides to become syllabus-dispensers? What made this shift happen?

Dr. Anand: We are passing through very serious times. If there is corruption in society today, that too on a large scale, this is because the educational apparatus has failed to deliver. Parents give birth to kids, teach them love at home, and for the rest of the job of refinement of sensibilities, they send them to schools. But today, schools are models of decay and ruin has already set in. Don't think of great buildings,

and AC study rooms. Everything has been reduced to a symbol. There is a Library in every institution, but students have no time to spend. Teachers have no free time in which they could just think of freely for some time. The recent onslaught of the online working style has eaten into their home time also. Teachers are given home assignments by zealous administration, and they work like slaves even at home. The basic issue with school education is that we have forced information down the throat of the students, and teachers have been reduced to automatons. With education, should come wisdom too. Do you find an iota of it in our social set up?

The personal touch, the feeling of being with the teacher, the intimacy, the warmth, everything is missing. What is left behind are results. Education means topping the charts in the Examinations. Teachers are not paid according to norms. And in most of the cases, they are exploited. Education is being privatized and made very costly. In such a situation, we cannot expect any moral grounding in these schools, particularly, from teachers who have no faith, no feeling of dignity in their vocation. It is a pity teachers want their sons and daughters to become doctors, or civil servants. The reason is obvious: The society has no respect, no regard for the teacher. Now, AI and computer education, and the Academies have destroyed the moral fibre of school education. It is now all a game of wealth creation. Govt. has failed the teachers, and teachers have failed the students. And both of them together have failed the society which is in disarray and moral confusion.

Does the future lie in alternate academies like your 'International Academy of Ethics', if mainstream education keeps falling morally?

Should ethical education be separated from career education, or integrated? And what's the danger of that split?

Dr. Anand: There is no doubt mainstream education has failed the upcoming society. So far as education is concerned, it has taught only two words to our young men: success and higher package. Education means degrees and training for a job oriented work, and nothing more. It is flipping the entire idea of education. The basic necessity is to teach man the living arts, the most important of which is tolerance, patience, compassion, and co-existence. These are not at all a part of our education. Then, we are building everything on the study of the past, and in the examination also, we test the knowledge based on hoarded information. We should reserve at least 50 percent space, for the present and the future, and students should be asked to innovate on ideas and structures, which our society needs tomorrow. The chaos that we witness in society and political arena in which people have absolutely no sense of moral and the immortal, calls for desperate solutions. International Academy of Ethics is trying to address these issues. But, it is not enough.

There is urgent need to effect changes in our priorities and expectations from education. We want to be happy, and for leading a good life, we need to reprioritise our ambitions: remove from the top position, the ideas of success and higher packages. Education has to be for life. The job oriented studies should fall in the category of training. But education demands moral commitment, and it must be integrated in our curriculum. The world cannot afford more and more people, who have only stomachs, and hyper active brains, but no hearts, no feelings, and no compassion.

Mindfulness is Paying Attention to Life



K.V. Raghupathi



The term "mindfulness" has recently gained a lot of currency and has become a billion-dollar industry. Many spiritual masters from the east have incorporated it into their spiritual talks and camps and cashing it by doing business. Being mindful has nothing to do with any new age philosophy, nor is it restricted to yoga or other forms of meditative practices. It's simple; you need to focus on life. Being mindful does not mean drifting aimlessly through life, disoriented in a trance-like condition, but examining every smaller movement and living in it deeply. It really boils down to living life to the fullest because we usually end up missing the most of life - its beauty and creativity.

Life can be equated to music, and it couldn't

be truer. Musicians do not make the end of a composition the end; instead, the end is the point of the composition. If that's true, then every musician has a single piece of music. However, it is not true of the music. Each composition starts off with another, followed by another, and so forth. We can appreciate multiple compositions rather than just one when we go to concerts. The same is true in life.

There are two ways to make the mind "full": one is to make it full of ideas, inspiration, contentment, and passion, and the other is to make it full of worry, anxiety, frustration, jealousy, and discontentment. And it continues to ruminate for hours. We frequently let out views about life, whether

true or not, to take over our focus rather than "moving on" with our lives. The objective of mindfulness is to increase mental efficiency. It can help us get to the point of what we're doing or thinking about, rather than letting a never-ending cycle of worry to take over.

Many Yogic texts speak of cultivating *Eka-Grata*, meaning 'one-pointedness' or 'one-pointed focus'. Skiing, snowboarding, or skateboarding, along with more mainstream sports like swimming and running, is often where people feel they're 'in the flow'. They are totally focussed on and absorbed with the action they're engaging with and no intermittent thoughts or distractions. As a result, we frequently find enjoyment in what we're doing and are likely to do better every time.

Mindfulness is a little like this: if we choose to be utterly immersed in what we're doing (whether it's skiing or mopping the floor), we actively choose to be more 'alive' in that moment. We're also more likely to enjoy what we're doing and become better at it too. We may not feel as though mopping the floor, washing dishes, or any other daily chore is worth paying attention to, it's all a part of life's melody.

Dharana and *Dhyana*, two of Patanjali's Eight Limbs of Yoga, are comparable to mindfulness. "Holding" or "holding steady" is what *dharana* means. It has to do with focussing our attention on something, be it a mantra, an object, a deity, or the breath. Many *Tantric* techniques centre their meditation around a particular mantra or yantra, which is a geometrical design. Every *yantra* or *mantra* stands for a particular quality or strength that should be absorbed. The process of abandoning concentration by immersing oneself in it is known as *dhyana*. *Dharana*,

which means "deep concentration," "contemplation," or "reflection," is considered the penultimate level of yoga. During this time, all other thoughts and distractions stop, and we are completely present in that moment.

Being mindful is not something to "do" for an hour every day and then forget about; it is not a technique meant to detach us from the outside world and make us useless. By teaching us about ourselves and the world around us, mindfulness can help us become better, more resilient, more sympathetic, and more useful people. Its purpose is to make the mind more flexible and adaptable to every circumstance we encounter. Start with basic tasks we perform on a regular basis, such as cleaning the floor, washing the dishes or laundry, or gardening. These little activities are frequently done to clear the path or while contemplating and making plans for the future. John Lennon once said, "Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans."

Take an everyday chore and truly "do" it to experience mindfulness for yourself. Give it your full attention and experience it. Feel the warmth of the water, the bubbles, and the texture of the plates and cups, for example, while you're cleaning up. Clean up as a gesture of goodwill towards both yourself and other people. You might be able to use this in other contexts if you've practiced it for some time. Instead of waiting to talk, you might actually listen and concentrate on the person in front of you when you're conversing. Perhaps you will pause while eating to enjoy the flavours and nutrients of the food. Perhaps you'll experience what it's like to grasp the idea - to sing or dance while music is played.



Whisper of the Forest

Simrat Kaur

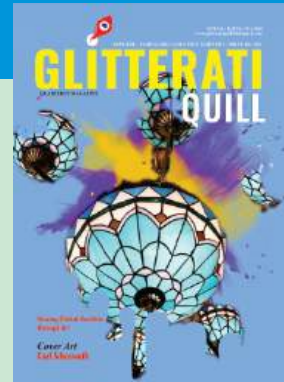


*Artwork by
Carl
Scharwath*



*Artwork by
Ashok
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(An International Quarterly Magazine)



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