



# RHYVERS BEAT

VOLUME 01 | EDITION 01 | JULY 2022 | ₹ 99



*Love  
in the  
Rain*



## Let the Rhyvers flow...

Rhyvers is a unique platform that offers its readers a comprehensive sensory experience. Its flowing waters pull you into the undercurrents of its swirling twists and turns. Once you enter its eclectic waters, you will be rapidly swept into the throes of Art, Culture, Literature and much more.

Rhyvers will offer you the opportunity to surf on the waves created by the magical interweaving of words and images. We will splash you with colours of imagination and drench you with surreal experiences.

*Rhyvers Beat* is an attempt to bridge the chasm between language and culture and to provide endless space to art lovers and connoisseurs. Our writers and artists will spin yarns, invoke their muse, capture dreams and paint metaphors to infuse the readers with the vast energy of the flowing Rhyvers.

We look forward to your support to help this unique venture flourish.

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#### OWNED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

Rhyvers Press

#### PUBLISHED AND PRINTED FROM

Rhyvers Press, 1515 Pataudi House, Daryaganj, New Delhi-110002

#### ADDRESS FOR ALL CORRESPONDENCE

Rhyvers Press, 1515 Pataudi Houe, Daryaganj, New Delhi-110002  
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[rhyvers.com](http://rhyvers.com), [rhyvers.in](http://rhyvers.in)  
[rhyvers.net](http://rhyvers.net), [rhyvers.press](http://rhyvers.press)

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[mail@rhyvers.com](mailto:mail@rhyvers.com)

Periodicity: **Monthly**

Language: **English**

Price: **₹99**

The information contained in this magazine has been reviewed for accuracy and is deemed reliable but is not necessarily complete or guaranteed by the Editor. The views expressed in this digest are solely that of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the views of Rhyvers Press.



## FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR IN CHIEF

“Life is not what one lived, but what one remembers it and how one remembers it in order to recount it”

– *Gabriel Garcia Marquez*  
in *Living To Tell The Tale*



All of us have certain veiled aspirations that stir our passion. Dreams that are so deep rooted that if we don't pursue them, we feel incomplete. Some of us are fascinated by the various sciences, some by sports or music while others may have love for numbers or designs.

I am constantly amazed at the influence of words and art upon people. The writer's or the artist's ability to powerful emotions in an individual through their expression really enralls me. The glimpse of the extraordinary in the ordinary makes every piece of creative writing, every work of art, unique.

In this world, cluttered with materialism, there is very little acknowledgment for the craft of creativity. The greatest writers and the best artists have faced rejection, but they toiled hard, day after day, to bring their works to the world. There is something comforting in the reminder that success does not come easy, even for the greats. And to be successful, one needs a platform to showcase creativity. That is what we propose to do. *Rhyvers Beat* brings to you the stage to create or recount and tell a tale.

For all those who have faith in their words and have conviction in their expression, this is the place. Come join us, as we discover the world where your memories and knowledge come alive through your writings, your photographs, your artwork and more.

I congratulate all the contributors for this issue and thank the editorial and design team for their support to make this venture beautiful.

Sincerely yours

**AFFAN YESVI**

*Publisher and Editor-in-Chief*





SONIKA SETHI

## FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR'S DESK

...through its fiery swoon or clotted knot  
 Rain-tide burst in upon torn wings of heat,  
 Startled with lightnings air's unquiet drowse,  
 Lashed with life-giving streams the torpid soil,  
 Overcast with flare and sound and storm-winged dark  
 The star-defended doors of heaven's dim sleep,  
 Or from the gold eye of her paramour  
 Covered with packed cloud-veils the earth's brown face.

(Savitri, Book IV)

Nothing can describe the season of rains in more sensuous terms than the original Indian epic *Savitri* by the sage-poet Sri Aurobindo. The metaphor of the coy earth-beloved hiding her face behind the 'cloud-veils' from the 'gold eye' of sun, her paramour, is unparalleled in the literary world.

Love and rains have much in common...you get drenched in both.

The word 'drenched' promptly evokes the image of gorgeous Madhubala wringing her wet saree while Kishore Kumar in his languid voice croons...*Ik ladki bheegi bhagi si...*

Both create haunting memories that linger in some virgin corner of your heart and from time to time tickle your senses like the heady, nostalgic aroma of the drenched earth. When in doubt, refer to Bharat Bhushan confessing *Zindagi bhar nahi bhoolegi wo barsaat ki raat...* in Mohammad Rafi's mellifluous voice.

You fall – both in love and rains. Amitabh Bachchan crooning the inviting rain song in *Namak Halal...* *Aaj rapat jayein to humein na uthayio*. More recently, Shreya Ghoshal's velvety track in *Guru ...Meetha hai, kosa hai, baarish ka bosaa hai*.

Rains unleash passion in us. Passion that leads to unhinged creativity. The inaugural edition of *Rhyvers Beat* celebrates *Love in the Rain*. Find here some fulfilling and some unrequited love yarns. Some nascent memories from childhood, some ripened experiences of adulthood. Some unfold the salubrious visions of burgeoning romance, some caress the agonizing bereavement of hearts torn apart.

We look forward to our readers' incessant love and support. We are open to your comments and suggestions at [rhyversdesk@gmail.com](mailto:rhyversdesk@gmail.com)

Happy Reading, Happy Writing and Happier Rains!

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# Raindrops

Surrounded by trees I sit  
Watching the clouds drift  
Looking for the path  
That leadeth to thee

Far far away, I see the light  
And as the cool breeze  
Through the leaves ripples  
My heart O Lord, for thee craves

The raindrops have come  
Bringing with them thy grace  
Cooling in my heart the ache  
And I feel no more forsaken



**ROMA WANI**  
Poet, Writer, Painter

# Wishes

*Congratulations to Rhyvers Group and Affan Yesvi on taking the initiative to launch a monthly magazine. I am sure RHYVERS BEAT will provide a vibrant platform for writers & poets and highlight diverse literary elements appealing to all age groups. Going digital provides tremendous opportunities not only to the writers but also to the readers.*



*Anton Chekhov once said, "Don't tell me the moon is shining; show me the glint of light on broken glass." I sincerely hope the readers get a similar experience while they walk through the maze of poetry and prose in this edition and future editions.*

*I wish Rhyvers Beat all success.*

**Dr. Sumita Misra, IAS**  
Chairperson Chandigarh Literary Society,  
Additional Chief Secretary, Govt of Haryana

*I wish Rhyvers, all the best. May the energy of love and compassion flow into it and make it an everlasting endeavor of love.*



*Congratulations to Affan Yesvi for conceptualizing this.*

**Rana Safvi**  
Author, Historian

*It gives me immense pleasure as I congratulate the team of Rhyvers and Affan on the launch of their magazine. Various gifted poets and authors will definitely make use of the medium to exhibit their creations. Good wishes to all.*



**Dr. Lakhwinder Johal**  
President, Punjab Sahit Academy  
Secretary General, Punjab Arts Council

*It's literature that provides solace to hearts wounded by man-made divisions of religion, race, gender, and class.*



*This is a quote I wrote long ago, and I find it so apt for today too. It's these struggles of biases that have given rise to much unrest in the heart. And this "disquiet" in the heart has given rise to poems and stories which have had the power to change the world and the way we live.*

*I wish Affan and his team all the very best for the magazine and all his future endeavors in the field of literature*

**Neelam Chandra Saxena**  
Author, Poet

# Rain-drenched Whispers



**DR. SANTOSH BAKAYA**

Essayist, poet, novelist, editor and TEDx Speaker, Dr. Santosh Bakaya has been acclaimed for her poetic biography *Ballad of Bapu*. Her books include *Only in Darkness can you see the Stars*, *Songs of Belligerence* and *Morning Meanderings*.

“Rain is fun! Come let us dance.” You chimed.  
I knew nothing of magic, but that day magic happened,  
as you made a girl of eighteen who had two left feet, dance.  
Maladroit, first, but slowly gaining a surefooted dexterity.  
Feet beating to the happy rhythm of her overwhelmed heart,  
while the rain reigned on.

The crystal blueness of the lake sparkled,  
the soft, thick verdure of the hills shimmered too,  
as two youngsters who had just discovered love,  
breathed in the scent of the wild flowers,  
listening to the lapping of water at their feet,  
and the raindrops beating on their heads.

The birds stopped fluttering their wings,  
so that they could eavesdrop on their rain-drenched whispers.  
With raindrops on her feathers, one audacious one  
hopped closer to the twosome, now slumped  
on a ramshackle, time-withered, rain-soaked bench,  
nervously clenching and unclenching hands, after their first kiss.  
The rain kept up its percussion, happy to add some notes to the bliss!



## Mystic Rain

A strange harking  
Flooding parched souls  
Hearts and upturned palms.  
It kindles embers  
Of yearning  
Of long buried desires.  
A longing to sway  
As the branches of trees  
That bend and dance in abandon  
Drenched in the clouds release.  
Rain is love's morse code  
Speaking only to lovers -  
Of scented earth, of showers  
Of soft kisses,  
Of raindrops sliding,  
Oh so slowly..

On a windy mountain night  
The sky a starless prussian blue  
Rain so deafening  
On the tin roof of a dak bungalow  
That we could only speak

In whispers close,  
And see the fire flicker  
In our eyes,  
Flames playing in the dark  
Drawing sinuous shadows,  
Oh let it rain again ..

The summer downpour passes  
Leaving some damp memories,  
Some luminous dreams,  
And some green shoots nudging  
Their way to light.  
Promising new life,  
A cleansing of smudged days,  
A return to exuberance  
Finding puddles to delight afresh,  
And like a child,  
Tracing with fingertips  
Tracing with a secret smile,  
A name, a name  
On a wet window pane.



**DR. SUMITA MISRA**

is an IAS officer of the Haryana cadre, currently serving as Additional Chief Secretary, Agriculture & Farmers Welfare Dept. and Development and Panchayat Dept. She is an acclaimed poet. She has a Ph.D. in Economics. She is the founder Chairperson of the Chandigarh Literary Society (CLS) and Festival Director for Literati – the Chandigarh Litfest. She has authored four books *Waqt ke Ujale May*, *A Life of Light*, *Zara si Dhooop* and *Petrichor*. She enjoys Traveling and Photography.



# Longing in the Mist

Leaving the old city, you find chords persist in lonely *kaos*.  
Universe includes grace, dirt, calming distractions...  
In a melee of noises – cars purr, an occasional hush of  
wind lifts a skirt, a curtain of a window across the street –  
steam disappears in the nebula of noises, like in a dream.  
Fluted notes travel from far through steam rising from your  
mug of coffee – you are mesmerized. Cannot recall why!  
A teenager walks by on tarred road patched with newly falling  
spring rain – *Laaga chunari mein daag* – you spill coffee  
on your shirt. You wish your date is late – this once.  
You think about unfolding pages of your old diary.  
Will you realize life is a series of unplanned experiences?  
You smile shaking your head; your feet become restless.  
You step away from this viewing position, pirouette across  
the room. Suddenly, you wish your date rushes to come.  
This gentle April rain is shifting your heart. You wish she  
comes sooner than planned. Your longing is a wanderer.  
Music brings all home – flurry of notes, rhythms, blips of light  
make suns set, suns rise! Suddenly, you realize beating  
Of time grows fainter in rapid drizzle mist – love becomes Self!



**AMBIKA TALWAR**  
is an India-born  
educator, healer-artist,  
author. Author of *4  
Stars & 25 Roses* and  
*My Greece: Mirrors &  
Metamorphoses*.

# A Day Soaked in Love

Enjoying the torrential rain on the rooftop, I glance at my rain-soaked hands, and the memories of that beautiful day come gushing down, inundating me with the fragrance of your presence.

It had been drizzling since morning. Towards afternoon it turned into a rainstorm. I came out of the office and the torrential downpour soaked me from head to toe. The overcast sky had turned the summer afternoon into murky dusk. Reflections of the vehicles' headlights falling on the puddles on the road resulted in poor visibility. Standing on the pavement, I used my handbag to cover my eyes so that I could see around. Suddenly, a white Fiat stopped near me, the window rolled down and a charming, smiling face popped out.

"Madam, can I drop you somewhere?"

"Oh, no! Thanks."

Instead of moving on, the door opened and you rushed forward with a black umbrella to give me a cover.

"Where are you going? If I could help!"

There was an aura about you that disarmed me, I must confess.

"I have been trying to cross the road to catch a bus from that side."

"Come," you took my hand in yours, balanced the umbrella with the other, and gently swept me off my feet. In spite of the umbrella, we were drenched to the bone.

Suddenly my foot slipped... and your grip on my hand tightened. A current passed between us and I shuddered, first with embarrassment and then with a sweet sense of ecstasy that seeped deep into each pore of my being.

Reaching the other side of the road, I tried to free my hand, but you gripped it tighter one more time before releasing it. That split-second has become eternity for me. I looked at you with surprise. You avoided my eyes but your rufescent face couldn't escape my eyes! That epiphany is still ensconced somewhere deep inside me.

Thirty long years have passed. Today I am a wife, a mother, and a grandmother. But there is a virgin spot in some deep corner of my heart that still belongs only to you.



**NARINDER JIT KAUR**  
is a retired Associate  
Professor of English, based  
in Patiala. A trilingual  
writer. Her articles, stories,  
and poems are regularly  
published in various  
newspapers and magazines.



# Megh Malhar

It came in sheets of brine  
Splashing, squelching, swirling  
Showering innocent hearts  
Lightening streaks electro magnetic  
Striking Kalidasa's Meghdoots  
With blinding blue veined rage.  
Tansen's concentration  
On the 'taans' of Megh Malhar  
Burst into euphoric rain bowers.  
It was verdant Saawan in the mango orchards  
As the plump baby mangoes soured for savoury chutneys.  
Peacocks called young brides to their parental homes  
With phenomenal feathered rain dances.  
Swings swayed like hammocks as hennaed damsels crooned  
"Saawn da Mahina, baghaan vich bolan Mor ve  
Ja Mai nahin saurey jaana, gaddi nu waapas morhe ve"  
The Koel had its own plaintive call poignantly sending signals  
of yearning love  
Kooo Hoo koohoo koo hoo  
I replayed a choral sound inside my being  
Kahaan se aaye badraa/Ghulta jaaye Kajra  
Tears have a way of blending with the rain  
It's a heady cocktail though!



**LILY SWARN**

internationally acclaimed, multilingual poet, author and columnist has penned five books- *A Trellis of Ecstasy* (Poetry Collection), *The Gypsy Trail* (Novel), *Lilies of the Valley* (Collection of Essays), *History on My Plate* and *Rippling Moonbeams* (Poetry Collection).



## Can It Even Rain Without You?

Is that you? Or is it the wind knocking on the door  
rattling the loose hinge reminiscent of the yore.  
It was on my mind to fix it until I was engulfed by the pining, the concern.  
The door's been hanging loose since you went away with a vow to return.  
I have waited for the sky to get its shades of grey  
but not without you. We've always relished rains your way.  
Now the downdraft tells me you're close and I hurry to gather myself,  
my thoughts, and the clutter all around, under and above the shelf.  
Where did we leave us last? What were the last words said?  
Should I directly get to the tales you missed, or wait till you settle down instead?  
Has it really been that long or is it the longing taking a toll?  
It's beginning to rain, where are you? I'm spiraling out of control.  
"Madam, there's someone to meet you," the guards tells me, as if routine  
He doesn't understand the glee of this moment of reunion akin to a movie scene.  
Goosebumps all over, a heady mix of cool wind and anticipation  
Heart threatening to pop out, mind in a state of fuzzy desperation.  
I wonder if you brought the rains along, or if they dragged you to me...  
The thought swiftly interrupted, because you in the distance I see  
Getting off the auto, half drenched but beaming  
you're here, I can see you! This one moment is all redeeming.



**MIHIKA JINDAL GAHARWAR**

is a writer of stories, poems and experiences.

# Drops of Love and Hate



I park my car a few blocks before my ex-husband's bungalow and get out to a sweet peck from a rain drop. The monsoons are up and my guards down.

Phachch! My reverie is broken by a big brown splash on my heretofore pristine white kurta along with the sweet lingering smell of wet earth. I wipe off the mud from my eyes to notice another grinning set, peering up at me. The happy eyes belong to a boy little enough to brush past my knees but big enough to cross his hands in disapproval. And he is stationed in the middle of a giant puddle.

"How dare you?" I try to sound offended, but fail. "How dare you not?" He hops once again, splattering soaked soil, over and around him. *Chhayi Chhapa Chhbai*. The lyrics of my long-forgotten jam knock at my insides. My legs join the little boy's. Together we create our own little dance routine. We are covered in

rain, perfumed pink petals of Madhumalti and mud. I put on the music in my car. We are skylings now—him and I—swimming in the sky.

Alien sounds break our trance. An audience awaits us and it is not a small one. A woman, with flailing arms and devastated features, is screeching out her grave concerns. A rotund man in Khakis is nodding. First at her, then at me.

"Madam, this is a *shareef* colony. Please don't create nuisance here."

"What nuisance?"

"Please. You should take care of modesty, Madam. With a kid ..."

"Wha—"

"Playing loud music on road, dancing like this, littering road. Don't make me say it, Madam. Your bra is showing. Please think of your child, Madam."

"He is not my child."

"Who are you with?"

"Alone."

"Just because you are woman, Madam, I will let you go with fine. I would have taken a man to police station"

"For dancing?"

"I respect women, Madam. You should respect our culture too."

The *Policewala* stares at me in what may be shock, disgust, lack of apprehension or all of them at once. He reminds me of my family. Another man helpfully adds that I have wasted flowers too, thus destroying nature. I have custardified the crisis at hand, the one concerning my role in society or maybe his identity crisis. My eyes sneak a peek at my little friend and the tiny drops of love, dripping down his face. I say sorry: To the pouring sky and him.



## Love reigns the Rain

Wandering comrades in shades of grey  
Blustering gale threatening a chase  
Multihued crescent over verdant vales  
Steady mizzle leaving trails on panes

One bumbershoot shielding two flames  
Strolling unhurriedly in deserted lanes  
Visibly engaged in unspoken exchange  
Evocative of ducks floating on meres

Rhythmic heartbeats rhyme with rain  
Unwinding selves in winding terrains  
Freeing souls from stains and strains  
Quenching yearning of parched plains

Enveloped in the euphoric ambience  
Passion lingering in air as luminescence  
Fertile pastures for amorous emergence  
Dreamy splendour of humanly existence



**SHUBHANGI SINGH**  
writes content, copy as well as social commentary. She has written opinion pieces for magazines and local newspapers.



**DR. SUNEET MADAN**  
A multipotentialite is forever connecting the life dots with insatiable curiosity.





# Sawan The Dance Within

Monsoon, the most awaited season that follows summer, affects the Indian sub-continent every year from June to September and is the oldest and the most anticipated weather phenomenon. The word flashes upon one's mind's eye the rain-contained cloudy dark skies and cool showers. For us Indians it is not merely a geographical condition, it is defined as the most celebratory of the 'Ritus'-'Chaumasa'- a typical phase when rain gods bless Mother Earth to nurture crops and replenish water resources.

'Sawan', its ancillary, waters human emotions and inflames passion as the Mother Earth attired in green bears a bridal look. The enchanting sights and smells make one forget the miseries of life and overpowered with refreshing and beautiful environs, the innocent hearts are carried away to a distant land. An old Bollywood number says it all,

*Sawan ka mahina, pawan kare sor  
Jiyarare jhoome aise, jaise ban mein nache mor...*

A pluviophile's delight, rains embalm and yet stir emotions and triggers nostalgia. An all-time favourite *ghazal*-

'*Wo kagaz ki kashti, wo baarish ka paani*' is a beautiful expression of love for the pure and innocent joys of childhood. The unparalleled metaphor of 'cloud messenger' in Kalida's *Meghdootam* is yet another example of the excited Yaksha's love for his beloved.

In India 'Paryushan Parv' observed by the Jain community is an important holy event during the Monsoon. It is a pre-requisite to enhance their spiritual love. The love in and for rains seems to influence childhood, youth and adulthood alike to purge, unite and liberate.



**DR. SANGEETA SETHI**  
retired as a Professor  
of English from  
Kurukshetra University,  
Kurukshetra

# Rain-tainted Rose in Love

The rain drops that fill me with hope  
Do not ever empathise with my inherent pain.  
I was once the rose with a slightest vain  
While withering too that knew how to sustain.  
The rain drops fell on my bosom  
Fantasizing it could wash off my unrequited love's ache  
So that I can live a gratifying life again  
And my lost strength and resilience I may regain.  
Remember my love, when I'm gone  
I'll wait for your roses on all rainy days  
You must place it on my tomb  
Let the rain of love shower hope on me.  
Then I too will live in my slumber  
With 'No Regrets' engraved on my epitaph.



**NAZAM RIAR**  
is an Immigration  
consultant, a Happiness  
Coach and a Personality  
Development Trainer. Her  
books include- *Confessions  
of a Happy Woman, The  
Quirky Wallflower and the  
Silent Bumblebee and The  
Solitary Sunflower in my  
Bageecha.*

# Monsoon

## Charm



Rain, beautiful rain! Magic for the earth, the sky, the air! Magic for life! A nudge to let go of inhibitions. The urge to jump in puddles, play and dance, hold hands to walk in the rain. The delicate pitter patter or the heavy downpour – it stimulates, it soothes.

Ah! To walk in the rain with someone who makes you bite your lip, reminds you of stolen kisses while hiding under the umbrella or of a sudden jig on the road.

As rain comes, so do memories – gushing.

Forty years ago. The torrential rain in February that soon became a hailstorm. My soul mate and me, out for a stroll. We found shelter under a tree, but it was pouring. He made a canopy over my head with his hands

to save me from the hard white balls of frozen water. Romance at its peak! On reaching home, he found his fingers all red and swollen. Love!

More memories. My daughter, a little girl then, dancing in the rain. Her six feet tall father holding her hand, making paper boats and floating them in puddles. On rainy days and stories, playing board games, singing rain songs.

In our country, monsoon is not just a season. It's a celebration. Ganesh Chaturthi, Teej, Gangaur, Onam, Adiperukku, Hemis, Sao Joao, Rakshabandhan, Janmashtami. Celebrated family and friends to acknowledge monsoon and love.



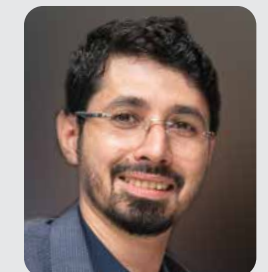
**ALKA KANSRA**  
is retired Professor and HoD, Chemistry from MCM DAV College, Chandigarh. Her books include- *Peedhiyon ke Kshitij*, *Zindagi Kavita ho Gayi* and *Blue Eyed Ocean*.

## Rain & Earth

You were away from me  
The heart was restless  
The eyelids drooped  
I heard your footsteps  
  
I rolled over in the bed  
The curtains fluttered  
The breeze rushed in  
I felt your tender touch  
  
Memories flashed back  
Bodies entwined in love  
The rain poured swiftly  
I walked into the shower

Desires were bracing  
The mind was aflame  
The night was dark  
I ran out into the rain

You were away no more  
The clouds played music  
The lightning flashed  
I was rain, you the earth.



**AFFAN YESVI**  
Writer, Occasional Poet, Entrepreneur

## Satiate the Insatiable

As we calmly snake through the meandering streets,  
The pale golden moonlight paves a way to my thoughts,  
And subsequently my heart-  
Not the banal red, but the seldom black and blue...  
You pull me back; the drunk moon and the soft breeze  
Carve themselves into a perfect alive setting,  
We are just one step closer from being one.  
Yet again, my inner self, saunters into my entwined thoughts,  
Going towards my sectored heart- thinking of repairing it with  
cement and void emotion.  
Suddenly, and almost desperately, I open myself to the pouring  
and singing rain,  
It seeps through my invisible cracks and makes its way to  
my hitherto dark soul...  
You pull me closer, a welcome enclosure-  
Our lips unite in one soulful reunion with the nectar  
Filling my heart which blood formerly failed.  
My emotions race to reach my heart and I halt-  
Not just in pace, but also in time, breath and space.  
You provide an eternal oxygen which I greedily devour.  
I taste your composition as a man:  
Your love, lust, insecurities, courage and soul.  
My thoughts resume their pace, as I realize  
The replacement of my stone heart with something much more-  
I feel familiar to myself, a feeling I yearned for.  
You ignite my soul on an eternal and insatiable flame  
And my heart knows it won't go hungry ever again!



**SAHIRA JAIN**  
a student of Class XII  
is an aspiring lawyer.



## LOVE in the Rain

The condensed emotions in the atmosphere  
fall visibly in separate drops,  
The sound of which needs no translation.  
It's like confetti from the sky  
That holds the cloud to detoxify.  
Listen to the rhythm of the rain,  
It has much to hold,  
Happiness to unravel,  
Moments to travel.  
It begins with the fiery clouds  
Screaming to unfold every moment out loud.  
It's a sign to embrace your storms.  
So sit back and appreciate everything you got  
Cause even if it appears to be dark and  
The times are hard, remember...  
A rainbow always ensues the rain.



**AKSHITA DUA**  
is a student of  
Class 10th from  
Mind Tree School,  
Ambala City,  
Haryana

A spider's web—  
rain-drenched spirals  
hold the sun



**NEENA SINGH**  
Author & Poet

## O Krishna

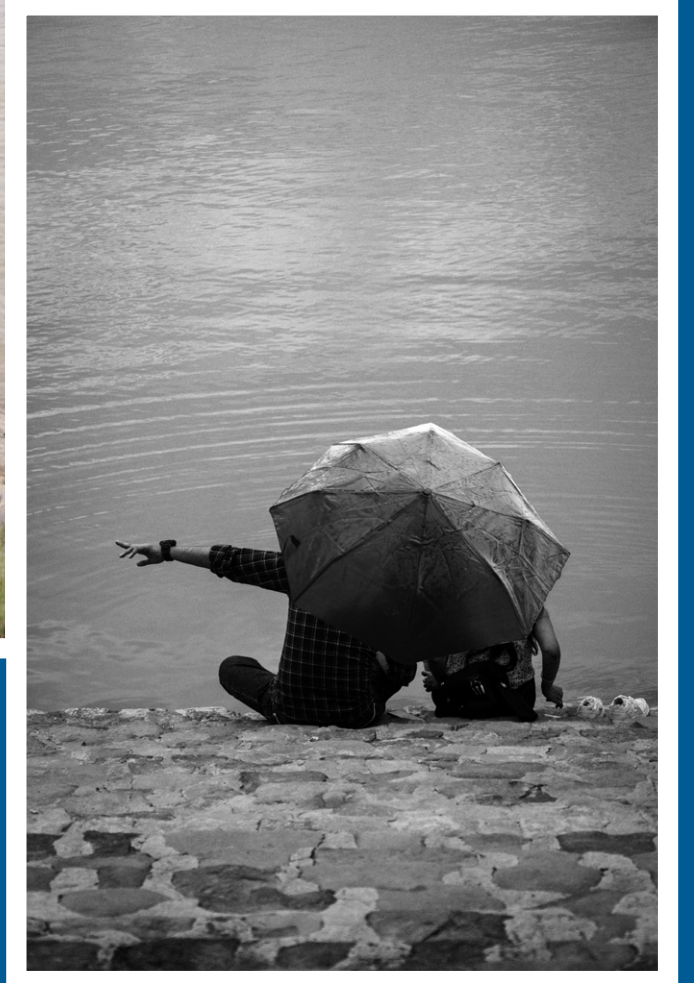
O Krishna, so drenched  
So soaked in love  
Let's soar to dark clouds  
Far above  
Let's soar  
And take the swing so  
high  
So high my love  
So high let's fly

Let's fly O Krishna  
Wrap me close  
Kiss me Kanhaiya  
So Gokul knows  
That stamped, marked  
Am yours Kanhai  
So high my love  
So high we fly



**RAJNI SHALEEN  
CHOPRA**  
Journalist, Writer

## LENS LYRICS

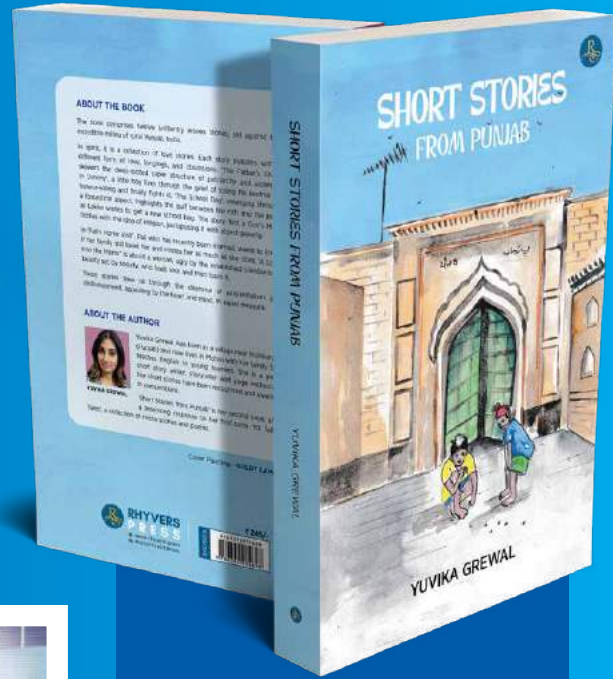


## Echoes of silence...

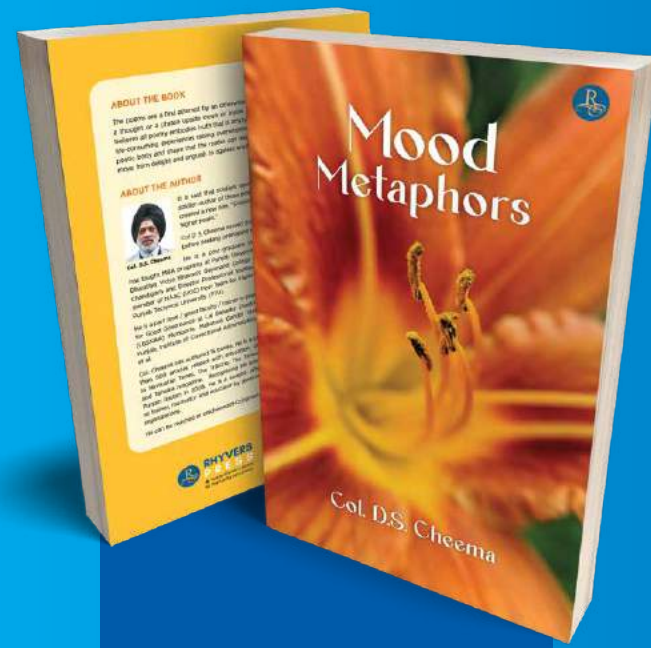


**SHIVALIK JOSHI** is a  
student of Humanities,  
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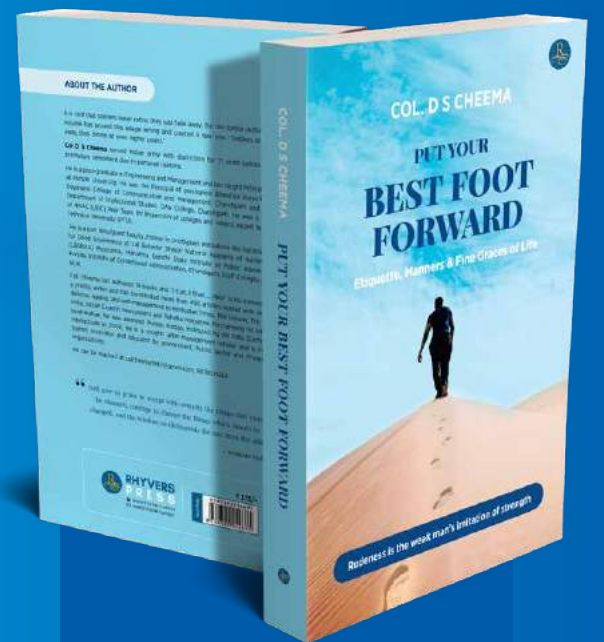
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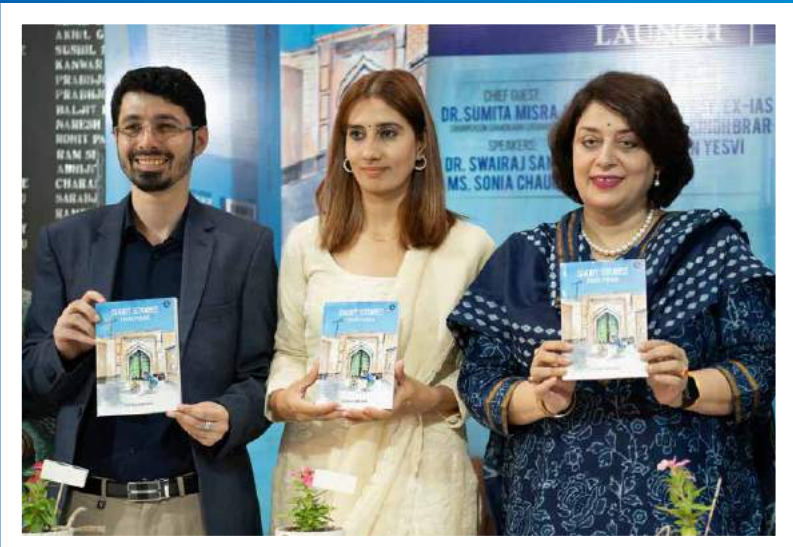
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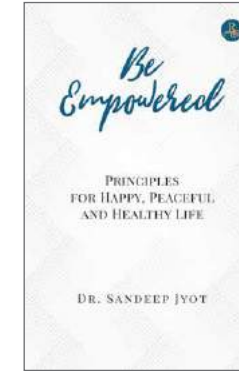


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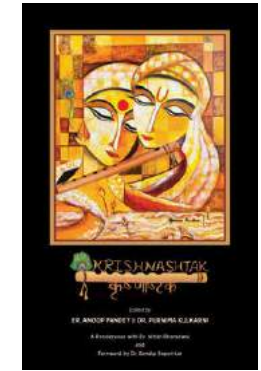
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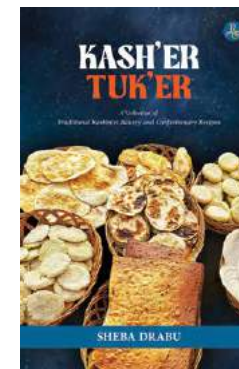
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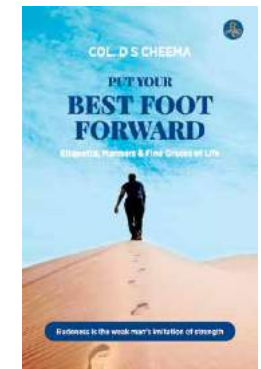
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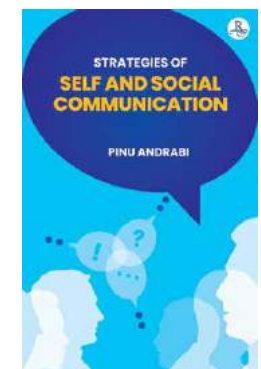
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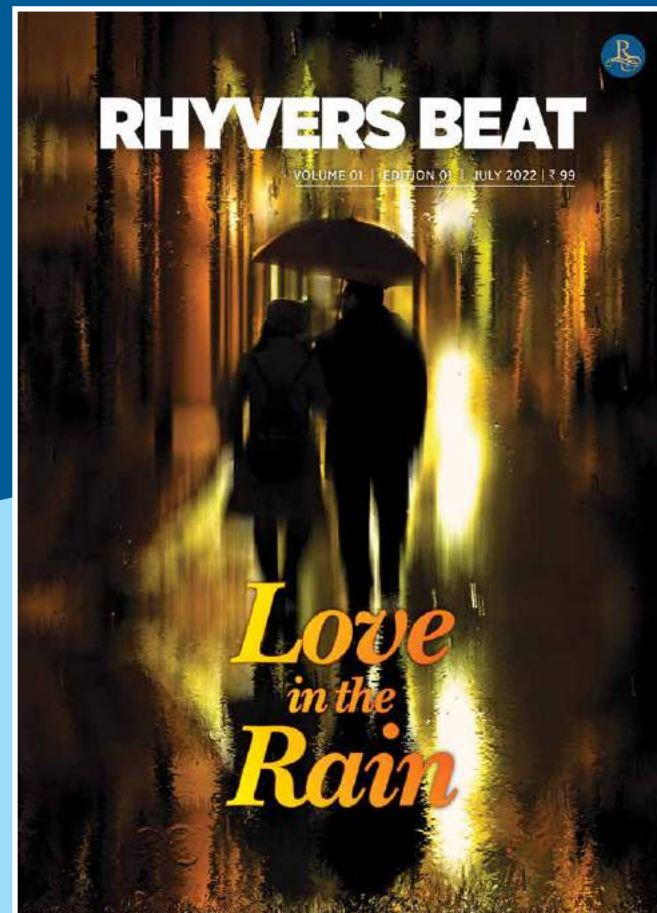


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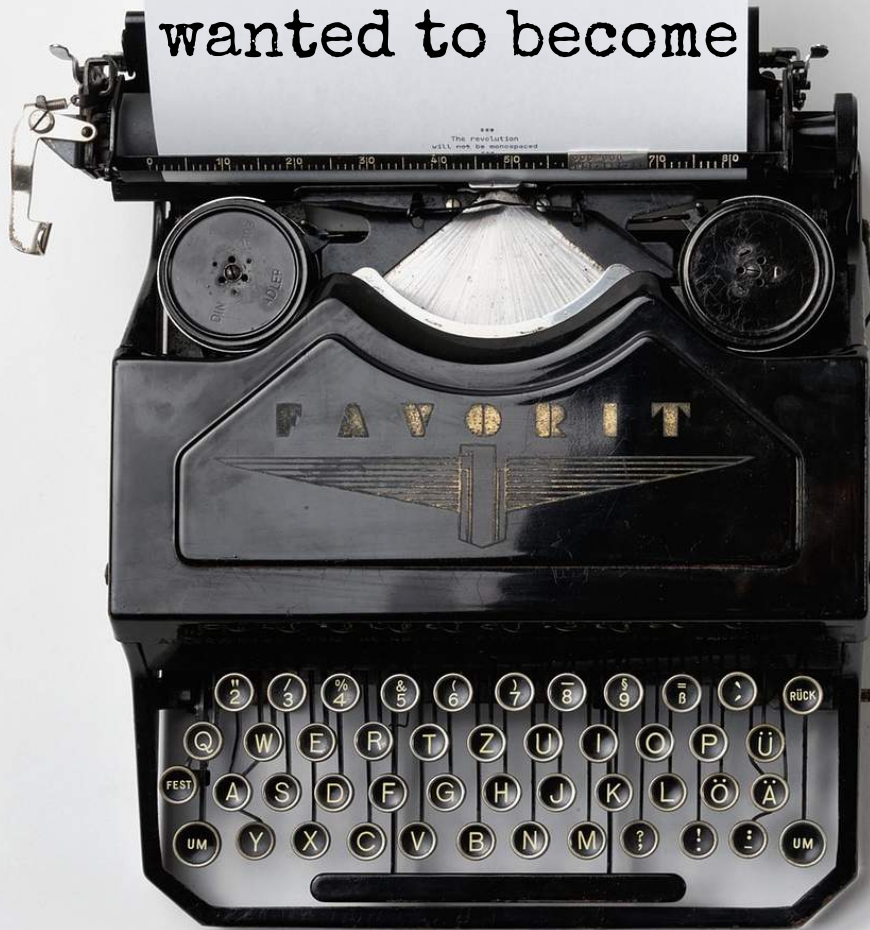
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