



RHYVERS BEAT

VOLUME 01 | EDITION 02 | AUGUST 2022 | ₹ 99

HOPE





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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FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR IN CHIEF

Hope is the axis around which all action revolves and in hope alone lies
the survival of creation.

On behalf of Rhyvers Media Group, I express deep gratitude to our
readers for supporting our endeavor and hope to continue bringing joy
to their hearts through a creative vision.

I congratulate all the writers, poets and artists whose works have
made it to the pages of our August Edition on the theme HOPE for we
believe that hope is the nucleus of our existence, the very consciousness
that flows through each cell of the body and the orbit in which life moves.

May we never lose HOPE . . .

Much love

Affan Yesvi



DR. SONIKA SETHI

FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR'S DESK

Hope is the pillar that holds up the world. Hope is the dream of a waking man. (Pliny, the Elder)

Hope is the land of the pygmies...something you have never seen yet you are so sure it exists! It is the light at the end of the tunnel. It is 'The Last Leaf' painted in the masterstrokes of Behrman that helped Josey cling on to her vapid life.

Hope sustained Odysseus through ten years of war and another ten years lost at sea. The hope to reunite with his family helped him through his ordeals. Hope is what sustains Scarlett O'Hara through a series of personal losses in *Gone with the Wind* and the last line of the novel, if nothing but suggests the never-say-die attitude of the character- "After all, tomorrow is another day!"

It was hope that made Martin Luther King, Jr. encourage millions of his countrymen to break the shackles of racial injustice when he said, "*I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.*"

Hope echoed through the emotions that accompanied Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru, India's first Prime Minister to the parapets of the Red Fort where he spoke of a prized awakening "*Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge,.... At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom.*"

The hope of a reunion with his beloved (symbolic) made Faiz challenge the tyranny of an authoritative government through his lonely prison cell,

*jalva-gāh-e-visāl kī shamaeñ
Vo bujhā bhī chuke agar to kyā
Chāñd ko gul kareñ to ham jāneñ*

(Tyrants may command that lamps be smashed in rooms where lovers are destined to meet. Were they to snuff out the moon, then we should acknowledge their power!)

Hope exists in the deepest recesses of human heart and refuses to leave the sanctum sanctorum despite the odds. In short, HOPE...sustains humanity.

In our current issue we bring to you, our esteemed readers, hand-picked nuggets to keep your hopes constant even in worst case scenarios. We are open to suggestions and recommendations.

Happy Reading! Happy Writing! Happier August!

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Drear & Hope

*The murky pool of grey water in the pothole,
A scrawny dog who ran along in a lazy lope
The hungry urchin, a next meal was whose only goal
All looked up impuissant in fervent hope.*

*But from the blistering heat, dust and air so fetid,
and seemingly no respite from the fervid pain,
What was it that would this despondency be rid?
Farmers, bards and seers too sought respite in vain.*

*Finally the heavens awoke from this bad dream,
And cool shower quenched all the gloom,
Lo and behold! the Earth was a carpet of green,
And the supernal largesse made everything bloom!*

*What seemed an unending saga of hopelessness and drear,
Got cleansed away in this wondrous virescent cheer!*



COLONEL ARUN HARIHARAN

a.k.a Harry, is an Indian Army veteran. His collection of Short Stories *A Baker's Dozen- 13 Chilling Indian Tales of Macabre* was published in October 2021. His poetry and stories have also been published in a number of international anthologies. He can be tracked on: <https://www.linkedin.com/in/arun-hariharan-india/>



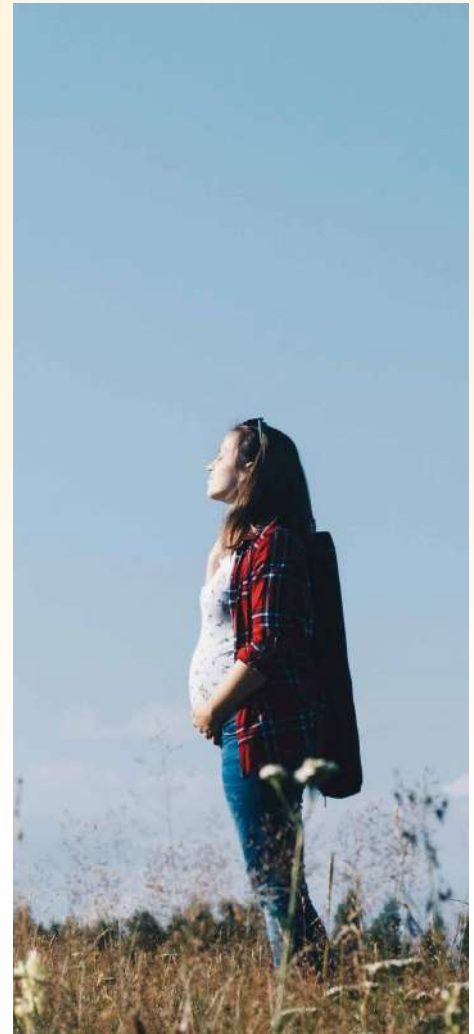
Resurge

Hot tears streamed down her face. She had given him her heart and he had ripped it into a million pieces. She had suffered silently while he violated and abused her. The devil had killed her unborn child and filed for a divorce, blaming her for the same. Her body shook with vexation. The hollowness in her soul remained but she wouldn't stay muddled in guilt and self pity. She was now a prominent lawyer, a defender for justice for women. Gone were the days when regrets had consumed her.

She was ready to fight the biggest battle of her life. The bruises and the heart wrenching tale of woe had made her take up the case. She had sat thunderstruck when the lady revealed the name of the culprit. He had entered her life once again. He was a cunning and shrewd player. But she knew the game well. She was a champion.

As the case progressed he found it hard to handle her masterstrokes. He stood petrified when the sentence was passed. A rush of emotions invaded her. She had stepped out to breathe when a touch on her shoulder startled her. She turned around to find an old woman carrying an infant in her arms. With utter shock and dismay she heard the story of the woman who had committed suicide leaving the child behind on being cheated by the man she had just managed to put behind bars.

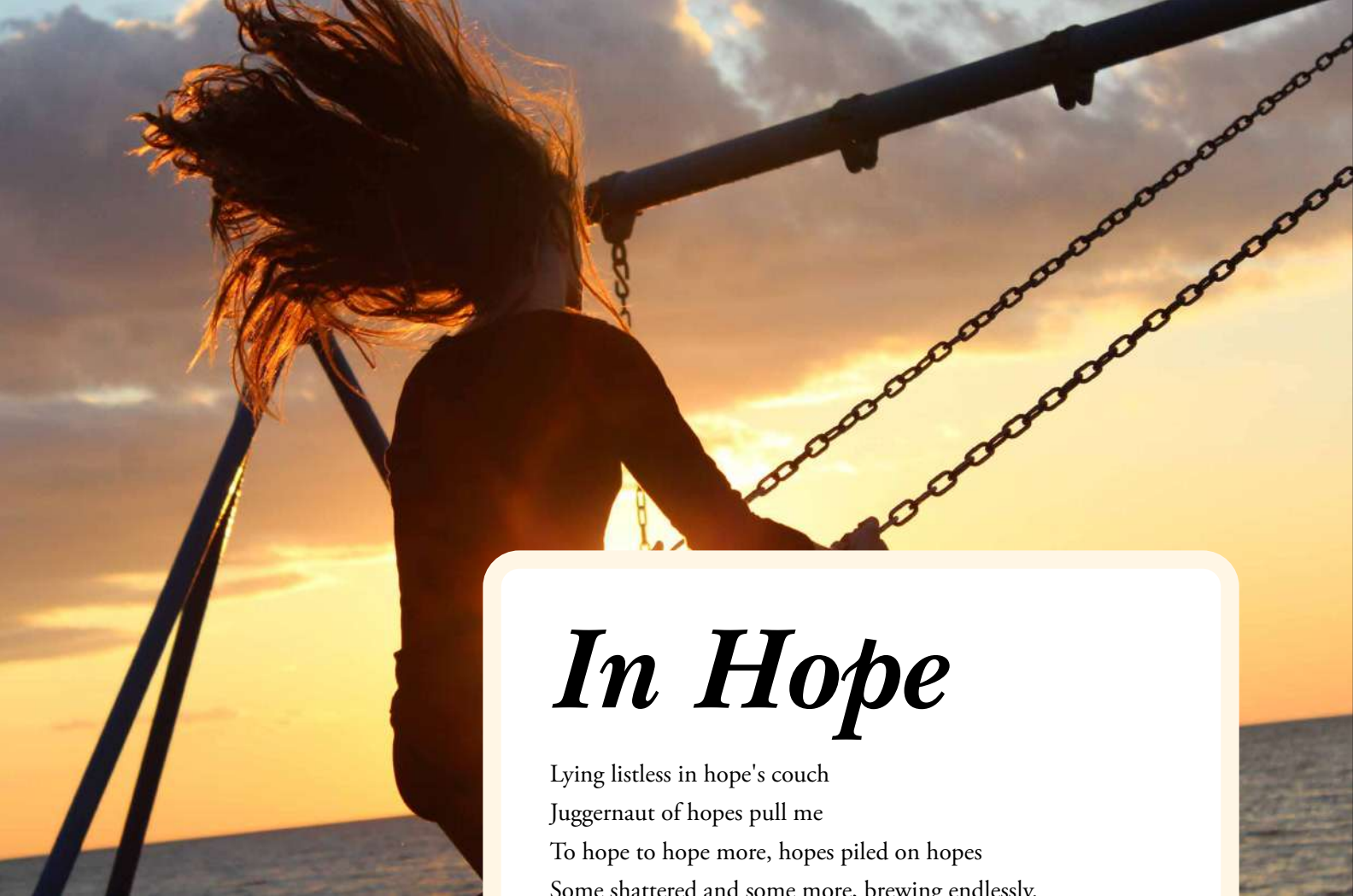
She looked at the old woman walking away strenuously. Suddenly the eyes of the child in her arms met hers



**SOUMYA
VINAYAKRISHNAN**

is a home manager from Kolkata. An avid reader, who enjoys improvising imaginations, she dabbles in poetry and prose.

and she realised both of them have been wronged in an unimaginable way by the person who should have loved them the most. She ran towards the old woman and the baby. She was running from a broken past to a new beginning. She held the baby tight knowing that she would never be alone from that day. Ready for new challenges, she would make him the best he can possibly be. One of the most beautiful chapters of her life was about to begin. Her face glowed with an unsinkable and hopeful spirit.



In Hope

Lying listless in hope's couch
Juggernaut of hopes pull me
To hope to hope more, hopes piled on hopes
Some shattered and some more, brewing endlessly.

I wrap myself in hope again
Undaunted by the hiatus of loss of hopes
And tip- toe sneakily
Into new hopes again

Hoping to hope for the best, hoping against the hope
To retrieve my bleeding earth from the snarling clutches of decay
Hoping breathlessly to inhale
The fresh air that I inhaled decades back.

Hoping to walk fearless and free on long quiet roads of yesteryear
Hoping once again, to sleep and not to sleep
On rooftops and on white sheets
Peering to fathom the darkness of night.

Hoping to join the departed one day
Like a cloud separated

Hoping to engulf in happiness, harmony and peace
And stay tuned to life as it comes

I hope....



SANGEETA HANDA

retired as Principal, Govt
Mohindra College, Patiala.
36 years of experience as
Professor of English. Received
International Education
Award in Texas, USA in
2000. Author of 2 books and
several articles in national and
international journals.

The Driving Force of Life - Hope!

If life gave you a chance to ask for something, what would you ask for? Money, power or fame?

Given a chance, I would ask for— Hope— the hope to propel life forward, the hope to constantly find something to look forward to, and the hope to be in a state where one could even smile at discomforts.

Humans have been in the process of evolution for the past millions of years and one thing that has always driven their evolution and growth is— the need to survive. This has aided them to become the dominant species on the planet. No matter how magical the process of evolution feels, every bit of survival and evolution has been driven by one magical ingredient— Hope. A hunter wandering in the jungle in search of food to a man fighting a terminal illness, the only thing that gives them a reason to live is— hope.

And why not? Man is inquisitive by nature, obsessed with the need to grow. Anything that helps him get closer to that cannot possibly lie in the present, it somehow always lies in the future. This entire system of reason and belief is based on the foundation of hope. Whether it is your belief in God or in your own self, hope is what leads them forward and one must always strive to use it to one's advantage.

However, the big question is— can hope lead us to trouble? The answer is, yes. The curiosity of our mind knows no bounds and when not guided right, it can often nudge us towards harm. When one is conscious of one's thoughts, emotions and beliefs, it certainly allows the person to use "hope" to his advantage by knowing what serves the purpose and what doesn't. Once you manage to reach the stage where you can consciously measure and use hope, there is no looking back!



SHIVAM is the author of *How to unleash your True Potential* and *Finding the Magic in You*. He is a certified Emotional Intelligence Life Coach. You can follow him on Instagram at www.instagram.com/shivamnow or his website www.shivamnow.com



Gamble with Time

Yesterday what was, is today just memories
Beneath the starry night skies,
I stand in solitude, tears pricking my lashes
I wonder yet again about the irony of life.
Beneath the perpetual smile I always wear
Is a tsunami of emotions threatening to engulf me.
I don't know since how long I've been hanging on— by a single thread,
Dangling at the very edge of the cliff
With “hope” the only force defying the laws of gravity
Playing this Gamble with Time,
As I lose my white pieces to *Koronos'* black ones
Silently laying epitaphs on dreams, long since lost
Love, long withered
And grief, ever pervading...
Its life and I don't have a choice
But to dance to those invisible strings
Cradling fragments of hope in the deepest recesses of an aching heart
And keep playing the Gamble with Time
Simply hoping that one day it's me who gets to say
“Check and Mate” ...

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**Koronos – Greek God of Time*



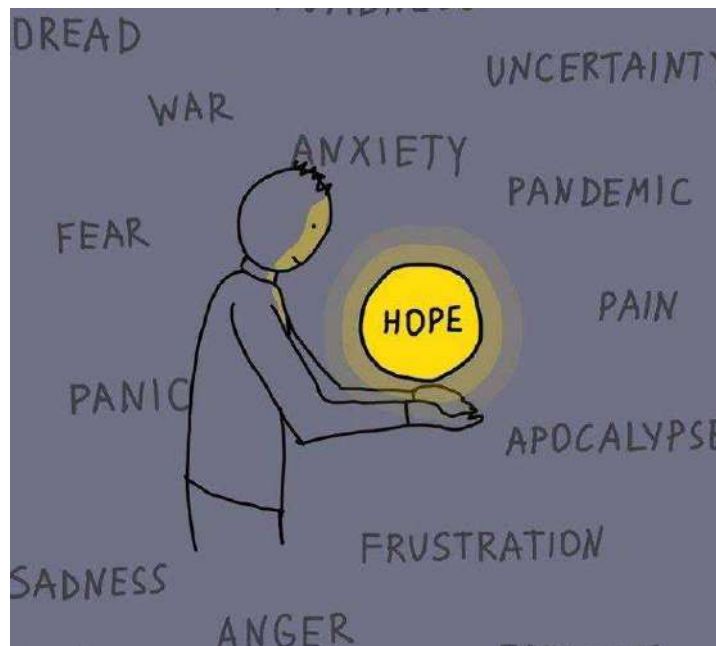
SAMRUDHI DASH

writes under the pseudonym Inara. She did her Masters in English from JNU, New Delhi and has 5 poetry collections— *The Newborn, The New Leaf, Dreamer's Web, Communion and When the Nebula Sings* and 3 novels – *Beyond the Horizon, Reminiscences by the Girl Who Lived and Letters From A Stranger – A Life Changing Map.*

NETIZENS CORNER



<https://m.facebook.com/coffeandagoodbook/photos/a.428380933945694/3900650600052026/?type=3&source=48> (source)



A Delivery from Future



Pihu put her feet on the couch, glad that Saumil, her husband, was putting the kids to bed. This was her chance to have her precious ‘me time’.

Saumil had been watching a random news channel and a frenzied reporter was barely able to contain his excitement, “Amazon has invented time travel and introduced pre-emptive shipping. Who knows you might receive something completely unexpected from your future self...”

She desperately looked under the clutter on the coffee table for the remote and finding it, tuned in to the show she had started last week.

Her mind wandered to the times when Saumil came home tired after a hectic day at work and she envied him. She didn’t know how long it would take her to go back to work. Before the kids arrived, she worked as a copywriter in a marketing agency.

“You were writing a short story. How’s it coming along?” Saumil

enquired before bedtime.

“It seems a bit amateur. I’ll junk it,” was all she could manage.

Next morning she was in the shower after seeing Saumil off, when the house-help came banging at the door.

The maid looked flabbergasted. “There are some parcels for you.”

She hadn’t ordered anything.

“And...and...the truck that came to deliver them, had no driver” the help looked so frightened that Pihu burst out laughing.

“Are we already in 2032? Driverless trucks like they were talking about in the news last night!”

Her eyes fell on the packages on the table. “Amazon. Dissolvable Packaging.”

Gingerly, she opened the parcels. The first one had a very professional looking Espresso machine. She read the address again on the packaging.

“Pihu Sood. Panache Book Barn”.

She had been fantasizing about turning a full-time writer and starting a book cafe of her own and had secretly chosen ‘Panache’ as the name.

The second parcel had about ten books. She rummaged through the books to know about their authors and almost fainted when right under the blurb of a book she read a testimonial by– herself!

“Pihu Shoor, Acclaimed author.”

It was true. She had received delivery from the future!

“The birds of hope are everywhere. Listen to them sing”, she chuckled to herself.



RANDEEP DHILLON MAND

is a Jalandhar based writer of short stories and articles. Her venture ‘The Fable Garden’ involves story-telling and literary activities for children. Her edited book *Barefoot Souls* is available on Amazon.



From Despair to Hope

Trying to emerge out of despair and darkness stygian,
That threatens to crystallize my heart into black obsidian.
Darkness looms on the edges of my Cimmerian gloom,
Plunging my mind into a murky, inky abyss of doom.

Gloom looming large like my fears,
Threatening to engulf all I hope for and hold dear.
Playing strange tenebrous tricks on my mind,
Hide 'n' seek ever eclipsing sides like Jekyll 'n' Hyde.

From dawn to dusk these shadows wax and wane,
Changing sombre shades like my premonitions and pain.
Lurking stealthily from umbra to penumbra,
Till I'm numb with pain and greatly outnumbered.

Darkness tugs at my feet; clings and pulls me down,
I lose hope as shrouded demons slink all around.
'Keep going, don't look down or make a sound',
Hopeful elders' voices resound with advice profound.

Melancholy surrounded me for miles around,
Yet trudging through the darkness new hope I have found.
A beacon of light I'm now, shadows meekly follow me around,
Forever at my side, licking at my heels like a faithful hound.



DR. DEVIYANI SINGH

has a PhD in International Terrorism. She taught in Delhi University and worked with the Lok Sabha Secretariat as Executive Officer in the Committee on External Affairs. She is presently the Editor of an Education magazine.



Co-passenger

On Mumbai - Delhi Indigo flight, thanks to my habit of late check-in, I was given the middle seat. The worst a 6ft tall man can get! There was an elderly lady by the window and the aisle seat was still unoccupied which I took for the time being and hoped to get a passenger whom I could request for a swap.

My comfort was short-lived and soon I saw this not so tall young lady in her mid-twenties walking towards the 4th row...and yes, she was the one who had the boarding pass for the aisle seat.

'This is my seat sir.' She said in a tone which was neither curt nor polite, adhering to the standard conversation norm between two strangers... particularly if they happen to belong to different genders.

'Yes, I know that. Still may I request you to take the middle seat? If you don't mind'. I tried to manifest a smile that she never noticed or pretended not to do so.

'Well...I paid a premium to get this seat. Still do you think...' she left the conversation midway, throwing the ball in my court. I wasn't left with many options. I moved to my left to get onto the middle seat.

The flight took off and settled in the air. My co-passenger settled down and brought out a book from her hand bag.

'Can I just have a look at it?' I said gesturing towards the book. Though she looked puzzled, she passed it on to me with a staccato 'Sure'.

I nearly snatched the book, placed it on my snack tray and started to flip through the pages with an overwhelming smile. All this while, I noticed her eagerness transforming into irritation.

'Can I have it back? I don't want to miss out on my reading time please', she said controlling her outrage that was evident on her pretty face.

Before she could proceed with her vocal onslaught, I took out my pen and started to scribble on the inside cover of the book. This was perhaps the last straw on the back of the proverbial Camel.



'What are you writing on my book?' she almost shouted, making some of the passengers wonder what was going on.

'It is my book Ma'am' I said.

'Excuse me. I bought it a while ago at the Airport. I can show you the receipt. The young woman turned aggressively.

'Ok' I said. 'If you insist' I took my hands off the book and winked.

She grabbed the book and went to cover page to see what I had written.

'With lots of love to this charming lady sitting on my right whom I found reading my book!'

I had signed another copy of my book *Corners of a Straight Line* under very special circumstances.



CHANDRA SHEKHAR VARMA

A motivational speaker by profession, and a writer by passion, Chandra Shekhar Varma has inherited literature from his illustrious grandfather, Padma Bhushan, Shri Bhagwati Charan Varma, and his father, Shri Dhirendra Varma who is a well-known Hindi author. His first collection of Poems in Hindi *Kadmon Ki Laye* was published in 2009, and the second *Navaras* in 2012. His debut novel in English *Corners of a Straight Line* was published in 2015.

From my Mother's Womb

From the warm protected world
My mother's womb did I
Appear in the wide wild world
That with the harshest pangs did ever wait.

From the dark sheltered world
My mother's womb did I
Open my eyes to the piercing prism
That with the stinging streak did ever wait.

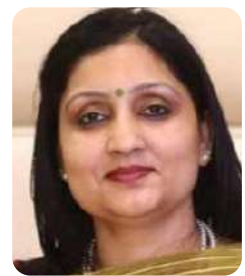
From the sombre guarded world
My mother's womb did I
Embed myself in luscious luxuries
That with an aciculate coronet did ever wait.

From the love of the cushioned world
My mother's womb did I
Walk in to see hope abound
That with torments and laments, pleasure and exaltation
did ever wait.

I did for sure walk into a world
Harsh, dark, fierce, painful
That thrives on the pulse of hope
And willingly we all with it cheerfully cope.

Epilogue-

*From womb to tomb do we walk each day
Hoping to laugh, cheer; totter each gyration coming our way.*



DR. PRIYANKA SINGH

a Professor of English at AKM College, Shahabad Markanda, Kurukshetra, Haryana. She was an Associate Fellow at the prestigious Indian Institute of Advanced Studies, Shimla. Her debut poetry collection is titled *Search Sing Shine*.

BOOK REVIEW
(by Dr. SONIKA SETHI)

Put Your Best Foot Forward

'The world is already global, learning business etiquette and manners of other cultures is essential for survival and growth of your business.'

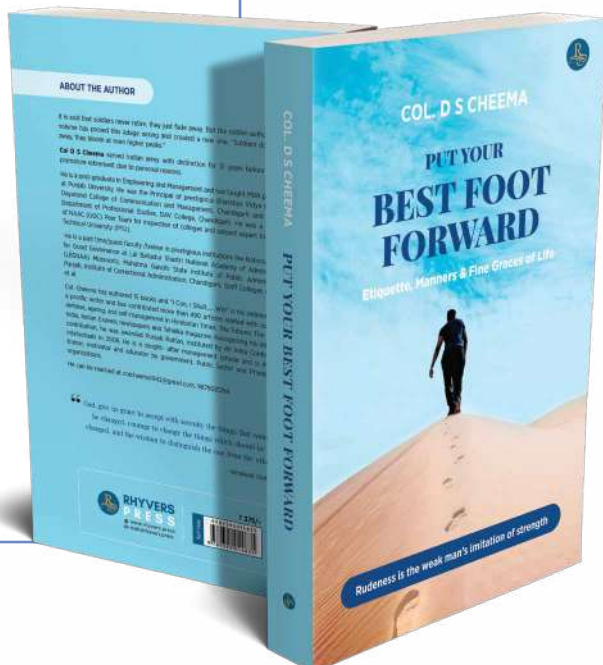
When a soldier writes, it becomes a command. When a scholar writes, it becomes an instruction. When a Soldier-Scholar writes, it becomes a Beacon of Hope! Hope that the world is in good hands, hope that someone is there to lead the way and hope that someone will illuminate the path for others to tread upon. This is exactly what Chandigarh-based Colonel Daljeet Singh Cheema does in his 18th book so far, *Put Your Best Foot Forward* released in June 2022, published by Rhyvers Press. The book endorses the idea that a life endowed with etiquette, good manners and courtesy is not only well-led but also harmonious.

The book is divided into two parts with clinical precision—the first deliberates on 'Universal Wisdom for Peace and Harmony' and the second part lays down some ground rules about

personal and social behavior. The writer minces no words in abjectly declaring the fact that most Indian professionals, though well-versed in hard skills, are found lacking in soft skills. His belief that soft skills can take you places has a strong foundation based on facts and figures. The aim of the book, as per the author, is "The book fulfills the urgent need of learning how to behave appropriately in different situations."

The second part is essentially a seminal work with well-researched documentation of the dos and don'ts expected from the cosmopolitan denizens. From customs and practices to be followed according to religious beliefs to corporate etiquette and business behaviour— you name it and you have it. The use of salutations and titles; the expected conduct at funerals and weddings; requisite manners for verbal and non-verbal communication; meal-time manners and appropriate dress code and such-like finer aspects have been considerably explained by Cheema in his appropriately titled book. The book is sure to keep you one step ahead of others when it comes to suitable behavior in the company of your boss, peers, relatives, friends or strangers. A generous sprinkle of quotable quotes from men of worth and world leaders makes the narrative interesting and offers the right amount of inspiration to carry on. The language is lucid and simple with examples culled out of every day happenings. The book may seem didactic to some but all in all it is a practical guide and a sure shot ropeway to success. A must read for all!

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD
by Col. D S Cheema



Soul Sister

The November zephyr loses its way wantonly,
To an amethyst sky serenading with ruby and turquoise hues comely,
Festive is the somber sky lit with lamps of hope,
As sequins string themselves in the firmament on an invisible
constellation rope,
Sparklers fritter away although burning themselves to the ground,
As bygones flit in the radiance of festivities that tirelessly come around.
Hope is that sister of faith floating in the soul,
Like eddies of potent energy swimming like jeweled fish in a shoal.



GEETHANJALI DILIP

is a professor of French for 40 years at Zone Francophone. Curator of Yercaud Poetry Festival since 2018, her four solo poetry anthologies earn wide appreciation.

On a Fragrant Sun-kissed Breeze

Summer chewed me to midnight madness, over and over,
But it is Spring that has my heart,
When crushed roses become breath and in secret I turn into beautiful Aphrodite,
Singing lilting songs,
And wreath of sun glazed petals crowning my head.

It is Spring, and I am a stem of blossoming lotuses rising in eloquent laughter
It is Spring when I am a thousand lipped dahlia, coral and swaying
It is always Spring, when hope renews its eternal vows of perseverance and thriving
And life itself raises its chalice to the audacious human spirit

Although who can reign in the chariots of Time!
A leaf today glided in toward my cheek,
With whispered promises of autumn's sonatas.
I now quietly await its breezy arrival,
With sips of rustic anticipation
From my turquoise teacups,
Mindless of winter's icy existence.



DEEPIKA CHAND
is a Poet, Artist, Mystic
and Mind Wandress



EDITOR'S PICK OF THE MONTH

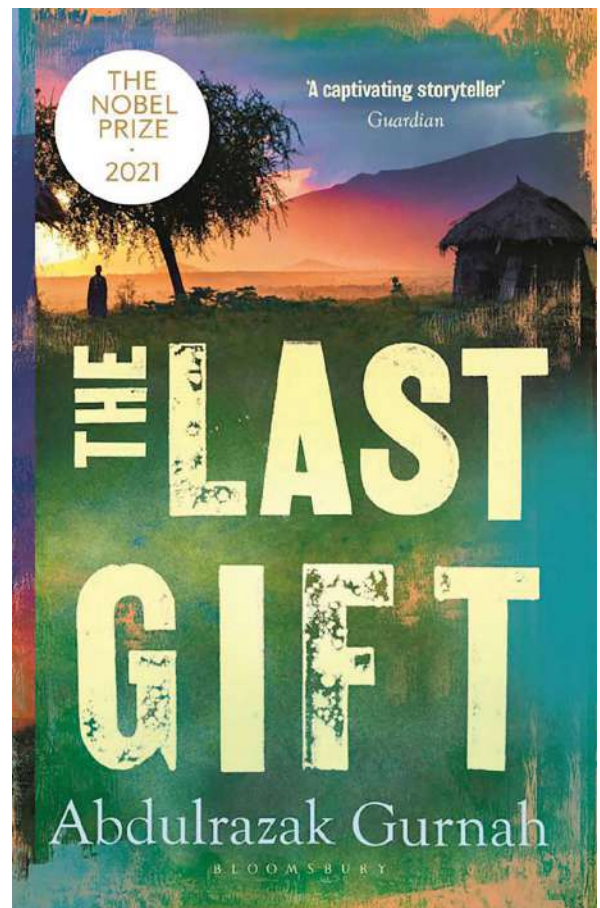
The Last Gift

by *Abdulrazak Gurnah*

'He did not know then that stories do not stand still, that they change with new recollections and rearrange themselves subtly with every addition...'

Abbas is a vagabond and Maryam a foundling. Together they create a beautiful family with their children Hanna and Jamal or so it seems until the day Abbas collapses at his doorstep. Skeletons start tumbling out of the closet and unheard stories are passed on from parents to the kids who always nurtured an uncanny feeling towards the undisclosed and unknown past of their parents. The narrative shuffles effortlessly from present to the past and vice versa; from the hinterland of Zanzibar to the present day suburbs of England; from the subjugation of the first generation immigrants—Abbas and Maryam to the crisis of the second generation still-considered-immigrants—Hanna and Jamal in the land of the colonial masters.

The Last Gift by Zanzibar-born British writer Abdulrazak Gurnah, who won Nobel Prize for Literature in 2021, is a passionate tale of guilt-ridden characters and a cry of anguish for identity and belongingness. The plot is racy, characters are well-drawn and the language is lucid and simple.



Special Gods

Hope is a looming cloud
Pregnant and dark grey.
With its broken eyes, it watches
All those dreams it shook astray.

We weep together as I
Trundle through another crushed ambition.
Who did I wrong this time?
Or is it just divine retribution?

Answer, hope!
Stupid me, prods.
You or whoever is up there,
Answer me, you special Gods.

It's all quiet, of course
Even the echoes scotch into silence.
I stand up and dust my knees
Knuckles white with defiance.



SONIA CHAUHAN

is a professional writer,
editor, and author.
Her stories have been
published in literary
journals and anthologies.
Her debut novella, *You
Tell Me*, was published in
September 2021.





LITERARY QUOTES

“Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never stops at all.”

– **Emily Dickinson**, (*The Poems of Emily Dickinson*)

“Hope
Smiles from the threshold of the year to come,
Whispering ‘it will be happier’...”

– **Alfred Tennyson**

“The very least you can do in your life is figure out what you hope for.
And the most you can do is live inside that hope. Not admire it from
a distance but live right in it, under its roof.”

– **Barbara Kingsolver**, *Animal Dreams*

“Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper.”

– **Francis Bacon**

Nothing should be out of the reach of hope.
Life is a hope.

– (**Oscar Wilde**)

“Live, then, and be happy, beloved children of my heart, and never forget,
that until the day God will deign to reveal the future to man,
all human wisdom is contained in these two words, ‘Wait and Hope.’”

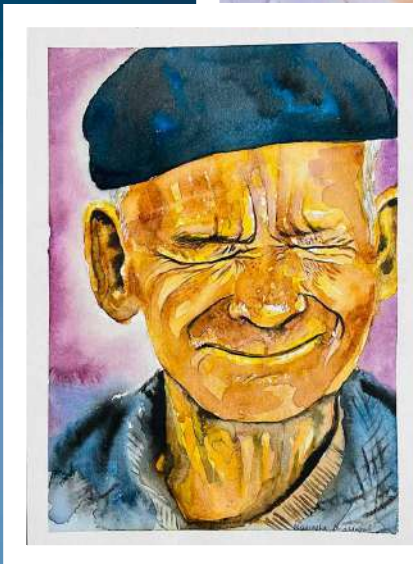
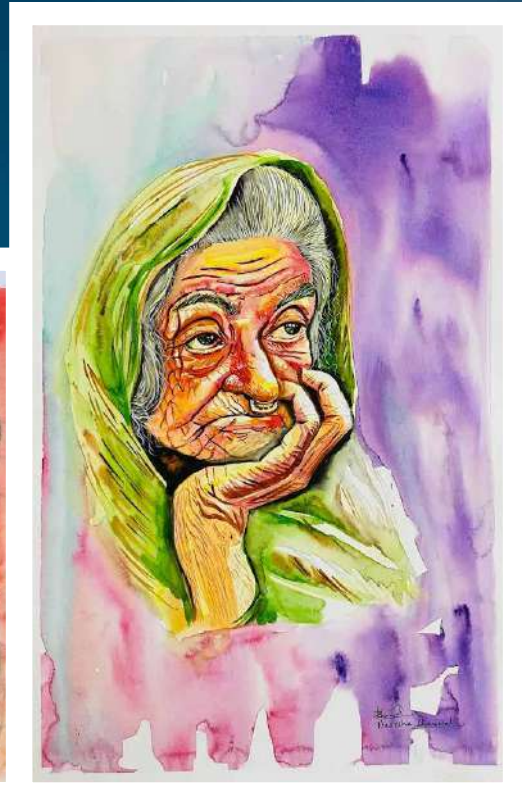
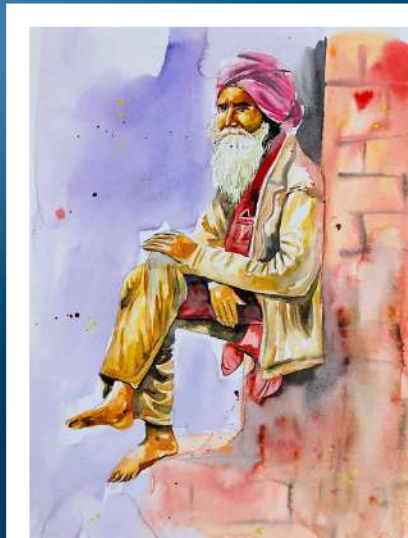
– **Alexandre Dumas**



**ONCE
YOU
CHOOSE
HOPE,
ANYTHING
IS
POSSIBLE**



Hope in Twilight: Watercolors by Navesha



NAVESHA DHARIWAL

did her MA in Fine Arts and is presently a research scholar in KUK, Kurukshetra.

She can be reached at https://instagram.com/navesha_dhariwal



RHYVERS BEAT

PRINT & DIGITAL EDITION

(15 JULY 2022)

CHANDIGARH



The magazine was launched by Dr. Sumita Misra, IAS, Chairperson Chandigarh Literary Society, also present were Vivek Atray, Fomer IAS officer, Affan Yesvi, Director Rhyvers Media Group, Dr. Sonika Sethi, Exective Editor Rhyvers Beat

PHOTO ESSAY



NAVDEEP MULTANI

an army veteran, is an avid photographer and compulsive traveller.

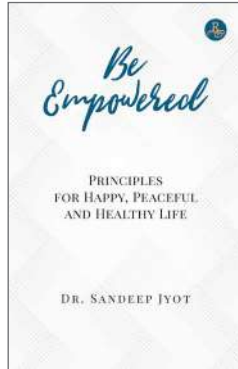
He showcases the rich legacy of monuments and landscapes in the country and indulges in street photography.

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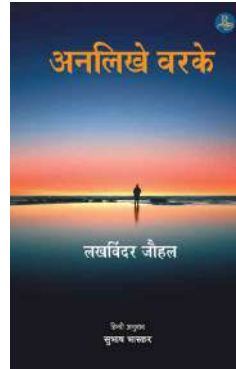
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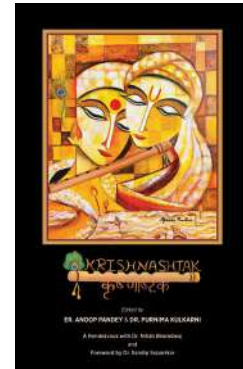
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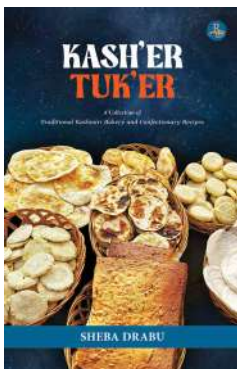
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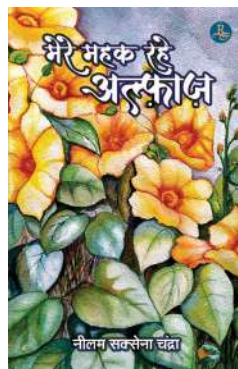
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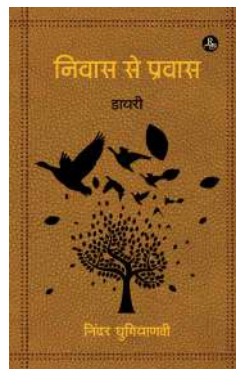
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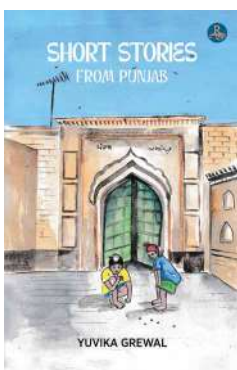
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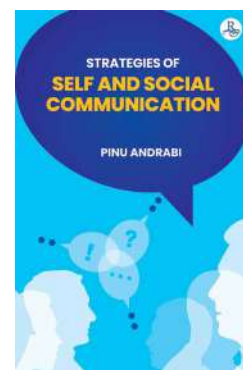
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