



RHYVERS BEAT

VOLUME 01 | EDITION 03 | SEPTEMBER 2022 | ₹ 99

Autumn



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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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A RHYVERS MEDIA
GROUP INITIATIVE

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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

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RHYVERS MEDIA GROUP

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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
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Cover Photo : **Mir Yasir Mukhtar**



FROM THE DESK OF EDITOR IN CHIEF

I have left my words on the door of so many people who are unknown to me

—Pablo Neruda

When we embarked on our mission of bringing out a literary magazine, all that we had with us was passion for words and how they can influence thousands of people through the creative ability of the writer. No literary magazine can continue to thrive without constant attention to building an audience. Today, we are overwhelmed with the love and trust that our readers have shown for our passion. It gives me a sense of satisfaction that we have been able to move something valuable from one place to another—from writer to reader.

We bring writers and works to a larger audience. Even in the most humble submissions, I see a hunger for expression in language. Being open to scores of submissions from writers, known and unknown, best serves the overall literary ecosystem. Ours is a platform to showcase creativity and we receive more fine work than we can ever print.

With new navigational tools like ebooks and social media occupying the mind space, we intend to integrate the online format with the printed word, which will offer mobile friendly interface and alternative reading options for e-readers. I remain steadfast to our writers and readers to present them with memories and knowledge through words.

Happy Reading!

Affan Yesvi





DR. SONIKA SETHI

FROM THE EXECUTIVE EDITOR'S DESK

No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace, as I have seen in one autumnal face.
(John Donne)

Fall is the affair to remember before the world engulfs itself in the dreary blanket of harsh winters. It's the blaze of orange before the melancholic drab of brown and black sets in. It's the season of vermilion skies; of balmy afternoons and passionate nights; it's the season of mists and fogs and crackling logs and it certainly is the time to hold someone in warm embrace before life freezes that last breath midway. Shakespeare exhorts the lover in sonnet 93 to love the beloved well before it's time to say goodbye to the world for the beloved has already reached the autumn of life,

*In me thou seest the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd by that which it was nourished by.*

Keats calls Autumn the season of mists and mellow fruitfulness that fills "all fruit with ripeness to the core". He urges the listener to not to despair for the 'Spring songs' but try and listen to the music of Autumn that is produced by the 'wailful choir' of the gnats, the bleating of the lambs, the crickets singing in the hedge, the red-breast whistling from a garden-croft and the twittering swallows.

Autumn is also the period of 'transition'— transition from summer to winter; from short nights to short days; from one harvest to another; from migration to hibernation and also from roaring youth to middling middle age. Transition, of course, requires courage, determination and lots of preparation so that one can sail smoothly from one station to the other whether in journey or in life.

The September issue of Rhyvers Beat is, therefore, dedicated to the 'period of transition'— Autumn. I wish our readers—

Happy Reading! Happy Writing! Happier Days!

CONTENTS

From the Treasure Trove	4
What is Autumn to You - <i>Annu Rani</i>	5
A Fall's Dilemma - <i>Swaraj Raj</i>	6
Autumn of my Life - <i>Alka Kansra</i>	7
The Flight of Pigeons - <i>Nishant Shrivastava</i>	8
There will come an Autumn too - <i>Pooja Aggarwal</i>	9
Editor's Pick of the Month	10
August Autumn - <i>Harpreet Baweja</i>	12
Season of Soul - <i>Anu Girdhar</i>	13
Coppery Bliss - <i>Sahira Jain</i>	14
Autumn in my City - <i>Steffi Bhateja</i>	15
Birthday Blast	16
Budding Poets' Corner - <i>Samridhi Oberoi</i>	18
Budding Poets' Corner - <i>Avni Aggarwal</i>	19
Photo Essay	20

FROM THE TREASURE TROVE

September 1913

William Butler Yeats

What need you, being come to sense,
But fumble in a greasy till
And add the halfpence to the pence
And prayer to shivering prayer, until
You have dried the marrow from the bone;
For men were born to pray and save:
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet they were of a different kind,
The names that stilled your childish play,
They have gone about the world like wind,
But little time had they to pray
For whom the hangman's rope was spun,
And what, God help us, could they save?
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave?
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet could we turn the years again,
And call those exiles as they were
In all their loneliness and pain,
You'd cry, 'Some woman's yellow hair
Has maddened every mother's son':
They weighed so lightly what they gave,
But let them be, they're dead and gone,
They're with O'Leary in the grave.



What is **Autumn** for you?

The sighs and cries of falling leaves
And hapless trees
Filling the air with echoing despair
Gloomy stares
Is this autumn for you?

Shuddering winds, discoloring woods
Disheveled hoods
Flora's finesse losing glory
Disheartening story
Is this autumn for you?

Diminishing warmth of nature's embrace
Withering grace
Auburn moonlight simmering nights
Day's unheard plights
Is this autumn for you?

Or is it just a state of mind?
Howsoever thoughts unwind
As you and I perceive and contrive
Wherever do our thoughts thrive?
For the poet the autumn unfolds
Songs unsung, stories untold
The falling leaves send signals of spring
The life they pamper, the joys they bring
Night cradles the moon through the mist
Unfurling bliss
Is this autumn for you too?



**ANNU RANI
SHARMA**

is an educationist, an entrepreneur, a poetess and a content creator. She lives in Panchkula and is currently busy creating educational content for AV clips

A Fall's Dilemma

My generation of sixty something grew up listening to many precepts whose meanings become clear much later. The adage 'a bird in hand is worth two in the bush' is an example. It means that it is better to make do with what you have rather than bet on something risky and lose what you have in the bargain.

What happens when a nature-loving photographer like me has to choose between a bird on a branch or a butterfly lounging on a stone? Both attract equally. In hindsight one may be reminded of Frost's poem "The Road Not Taken". But the difference between the narrator in Frost's poem and the photographer is glaring. Frost's narrator had all the time in the world to deliberate upon which road to take. But the photographer is denied such luxury. He has to decide everything in a split second. Roads never fly away, but the bird and the butterfly do vanish in no time. What does a person do in such a difficult situation? All nature-loving photographers face such dilemmas at least once in their life, like I once did.

In my case, the bird was not even in hand in a literal sense. And there were two, not one. It happened three years ago near a culvert in the Sivalik foothills on a less travelled road winding through a village in Solan district. I was there for bird photography with a friend my age. We both were at the edge of the narrow strip of water trickling downstream. The ground beneath our feet was wet, all gravel, and slimy stones of varying sizes. One wrong step, and the fall was guaranteed.

On a bright autumn day when the sky reveled in its pristine azure glory, a male Red-vented Bulbul

was trying to woo his lady love with all the tricks in his repertoire of courtship rituals. Unmindful of the world around him was this love struck Mr. Bulbul on a lowly branch just across the shallow water. It was fascinating to watch him soliciting the favour of Ms. Bulbul. Puffed up and displaying his best wares, he was singing and pirouetting to impress his lady love sitting impassive a little distance away. She appeared unimpressed but the dancer struck by the cupid's darts was determined.

On such occasions, one is reminded one's own pardonable adolescent delinquencies.

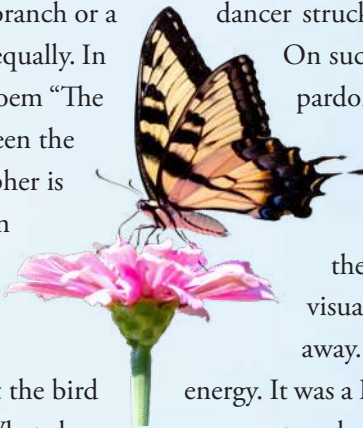
Balancing myself with difficulty on the slippery surface, I focused my camera on the dancing dandy. Just then a beautiful butterfly glided across my visual field and settled on a stone a few feet away. It opened its wings to soak in the solar energy. It was a Dark Blue Tiger, a resident species. How can a nature lover, even if he is in his sixties, ignore a butterfly? Lest I am misunderstood, I mean the beautiful insect. I just lunged towards the butterfly leaving Mr. Bulbul to his amorous pursuit. Unaware of where I had put my foot, I was soon sprawling on the gravelly bed. My friend helped me get up. My camera, thankfully, had survived undamaged. Alarmed by the thudding noise, the Bubluls and the butterfly had flown away. I realized that clicking two birds in focus was better than running after the butterfly. The cost of the lesson was my badly bruised left elbow and painful back.

I often wonder if today's multitasking Generation Z is not metaphorically chasing birds and butterflies simultaneously! Do they capture or miss both? Or does the chase only define success?



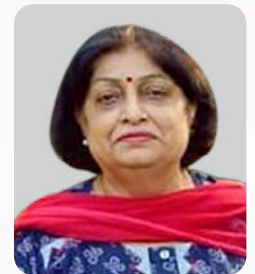
SWARAJ RAJ

is a retired Professor of English who writes poetry and prose. He also takes a keen interest in bird photography.



Autumn of **My Life**

I can hear
the autumn wind blowing
I can see
the amber and the auburn leaves
falling from the trees
Swirling with the wind
swept into heaps
Crackling and twirling
rustling and humming
Autumn in life
has arrived so quick
I have to sharpen
the colours of intellect
the colours of wisdom
I have to paint
the colours of prayer
the colours of hope
So that I slip
into the other side
smiling and humming.



ALKA KANSRA

is retired Professor and HoD, Chemistry from MCMDAV College, Chandigarh. She has two poetry collections to her credit- *Peedhiyon ke Kshitij* and *Zindagi Kavita ho Gayi*.

Flight of Pigeons

On a sunny morning while relaxing on the terrace after a strenuous walk, I spotted a kit of assorted varieties of domesticated pigeons, whirling around in the sky. A thought popped up: Do we ever realize that these beautiful birds can captivate our fancy with different antics and flights in the sky? I have had a fascination for these swift flying birds ever since my childhood.

The government colony in Delhi, where I grew up, the adjacent complex was the grade four employees' residences. They used to breed pigeons. Come autumn, the nearby sky would fill with scores and scores of them flying in unison in the sky. We, the youngsters, would watch them curiously and nickname our own preferred ones. We fought over whose pigeon was superior in flight. The winner would be the one that did maximum Kulanche—dive, turn back and fly in one go. Favourites would range from the Snow White types to the speckled ones and the white collared or tailed or head ones. Eye colour would also distinguish them as did the Hindi names like Dubaaj, Parkatta and Bhura. Special ones led the flock and we would yell at them to do more and more dives in the sky.

Quite often, we wooed them to land on the nearby roof tops, much to our delight and the displeasure of the owners of other rooftops. One elderly gentleman amongst the owners would shout at us whenever we encouraged the pigeons to land at the residents' rooftops, especially on the TV antennas or specially designed wire mesh on a pole. We nicknamed the elderly gentleman 'Kabootar baaj' after he reprimanded us for this act.

Unlike pigeons, human life has an altogether

different flight, more of a roller coaster ride. We seldom return to our rooftops— the original 'antenna' that connects to our parents or society, the moment we leave home in search of greener pastures. A few lucky ones amongst us, may return, albeit differently. During my career, I got a posting in a public sector unit at CP, New Delhi. One day a young man approached me with a letter of recommendation from his ailing father for some clerical post. On probing further, he turned out to be from the same residential colony and was the son of our yesteryears' "Kabootar Baaj". The boy was recruited and in a few days, he invited me over for a cup of tea to our old residential colony.

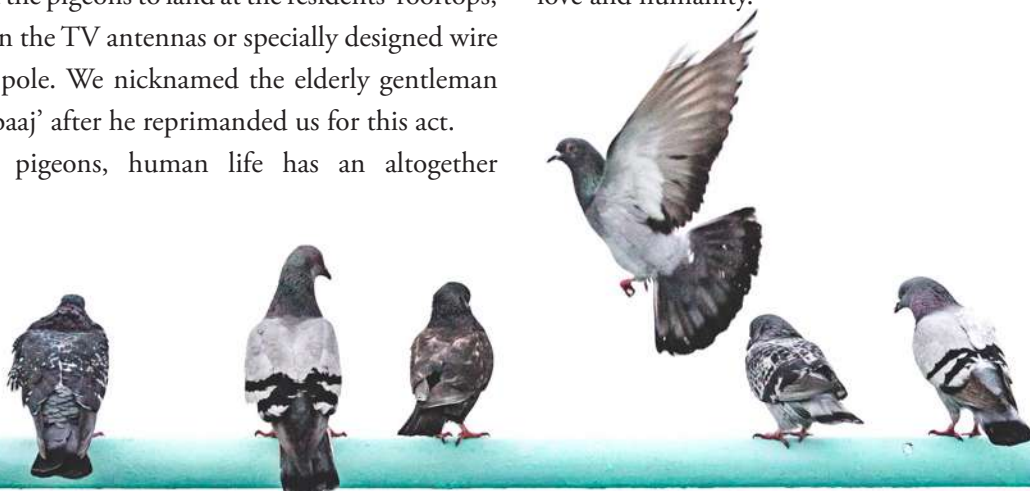
Meeting the ailing and wrinkled old man had me in emotional turmoil and I felt like a fluttering pigeon. He offered me a beautiful 'swan-white pair of pigeons' which I politely refused. The old man was insistent, recalling my fascination for them. I told him to name them after my nickname and keep them. They gladly agreed. A few months later, our pigeon man took his last flight into the unknown oblivion.

Life does offer us a return to childhood but we rarely accept and more often than naught, ignore. However, the fabric of humanity, created through such little threads, may take the flight of pigeons in unison for peace and love at large for Gaiba— Mother Earth. Long live the fraternity of pigeons, the symbol of peace, love and humanity.



NISHANT SHRIVASTAVA

is a retired Engineer residing in the city beautiful, Chandigarh. Loves to write and sketch.



There will come an Autumn Too

There will come an autumn
That will have no leaves to shed
Like dry bottomless pits of the eyes
Which have no tears
Not even the ones that are dry.

There will come an autumn
That will be neither red nor auburn
But a pale lifeless hue of the earth tired
Like the smile less face of a traveller
Who has no place to retire.

There will come an autumn
That will pay no tribute to bygones
That will have no elegies to sing
And no candles to light
For it will have become a lament
Which is sad, song-less and silent.

All will have come to a road
That would seem to lead nowhere
Perhaps we won't know where to go
Perhaps we won't know what to do,
And instead just be . . .
Frozen at the very point
For the entire life would seem
Drear and dry
Like sand slipping out
From between fingers.

There would come an autumn
That would have neither beauty nor appeal
For our hearts would by then be drained

Too hurt and too pained
And we would perhaps glare
At each other in vain
And look at the streaks on our palms
Not sure which ones were there
And which have been carved out
By knives dipped in revenge and hate.

And just when we will give up
Decide to let go
Something within would thaw
To make way for Life
Once again.



DR. POOJA AGARWAL

is a writer, editor, and translator. She is Assistant Professor at the School of Languages, Chhatrapati Shahu Ji Maharaj University, Kanpur. Her first collection of poems, *Wordless* was published in 2022.

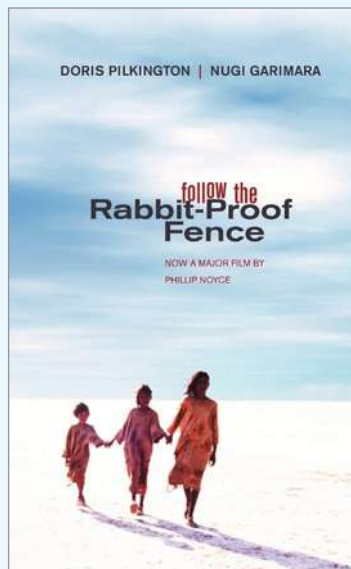
Follow the Rabbit-Proof Fence

by Doris Pilkington

A true story of courage, grit and determination of three young cousins—Molly Craig, Grace Fields and Daisy Kadibill- the offspring of White fathers and Aborigine mothers in the colonial Australia. The biography written by Doris Pilkington also known as Nugi Garimara (aborigine name) was published in 1996 by the University of Queensland Press and charts the journey of the three sisters, who undertook a 1600 kilometer trek from the Moore River Native Establishment in Western Australia to Jigalong, a worker's station located in the Pilbara region of Western Australia, along the rabbit-proof fence in order to reunite with their families.

Molly, Pilkington's mother, and her two cousins were forcibly removed from the Aborigine community as were many more like her, and were taken to distant native establishments so that they could be trained to work as skilled labour or domestic housemaids for the colonial masters. On reaching the settlement, Molly discovers to her horror that the children were kept in under-heated and dim-lit dormitories and the doors were padlocked at night to prevent any attempts of an escape. Those who dared to escape were not only traced and brought back to the establishment but were also subjected to severe physical torture including isolation, flogging and shaving off their hair.

The girls took over nine weeks to reach their destination, a time span during which they were at



risk not only from the harsh climate across most of Western Australia but also from wild beasts, slave-hunters, starvation and illness. However, their resolve to re-unite with their families urged them to walk miles at a stretch and take shelter wherever they found it safe.

The book is replete with factual records in the form of correspondence letters and telegraphic messages exchanged between officers of the department of Protection of Aborigines during the search operation organized to locate the

three girls along the rabbit-proof fence. The Rabbit-Proof Fence, according to government records, was constructed in Western Australia in the early 1900s, and was completed in 1907. Designed to keep the invasive rabbit populations of the eastern bush from entering Western Australia, the 1100-mile-long fence ran north-to-south and served as a major marker for the semi-nomadic Aboriginal populations who lived nearby, at Jigalong Depot and other government stations.

The book, shortly after its publication, was adapted into a movie by the same name. Directed by Hollywood based Australian director Philip Noyce, the movie starred Everlyn Sampi as Molly Craig.

A must read for the lovers of non-fiction and readers especially interested in the true heroic accounts of normal human beings.



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The August Autumn!

Autumn indeed needs to be celebrated like spring. It is not at all because of the Keatsian take in his famous “Ode to Autumn” that makes me say so. Autumn in England is accompanied by many visible and audible gifts of nature unlike the Indian autumn that is largely characterized by withered, pale, dull & dry leaves hanging listlessly from the branches awaiting their fall any moment or by the naked trees from where the sheet of almost dead leaves has already fallen leaving bare the skeleton of the ultra-complex, detailed and intricate crisscross of stems and branches.

The simple joys of autumn known to me since childhood comprise of footpaths covered with an expanse of dry leaves that turns into a sound-trail as they produce crackling sounds under the pedestrians’ feet. For young kids it is not less than a sport to jump upon the bed of dry leaves as they giggle along the rattling & rustling sounds.

The complex structure of branching

akin to filigree in trees during autumn is something to marvel upon. I remember, how as a child, I failed at any attempt to count the number of branches and their offshoots in a single tree. To view the sky from under a bare tree has always carried its own visual delight.

Autumn reveals the incredible craftsmanship of the architect birds whose nests, fixed at such sites in the tall trees, not only showcase the little winged creature’s intelligence but also reflect a strong sense of safety and security for their young ones. Such joys haven’t stopped to please me any less even though I am an adult now!

Though paradoxical, autumn does bring fertility along in its own special way. The leafless trees swaying to and fro producing a melancholy tune along with the blowing winds, trigger the creative fancy of writers who capture the gloom, the emptiness and the loneliness associated with autumn in their verse, often depicting the longing of a lover for his beloved, the cravings of a suffering heart for happiness, or the strong urge of rejuvenation in a dying, outdated and worn out culture, legacy, ideology, race and value system.

Autumn is a feast for painters too who eagerly capture on their canvas the beauty of the rising or the setting sun, the ever changing forms of clouds and the hues of the sky made more interesting through the sieve of the bare trees.

Above all, autumn allows space and freedom to the new. It reminds the old and the complacent to accept their end with a sense of surrender and grace. It brings death and birth, despair and hope, old and new together. The barren trees encapsulate a space

to be filled afresh with the new verdant vitality. Autumn is an occasion to celebrate the successful maturation of one generation and the ushering in of a new one.

I am reminded of a couplet in Punjabi often quoted by my grandfather in his ripe years-

“Patjhad de pattya kyun khadkhad laayi hai, karde shakhaan sakhniyaan hun rutt naweyan di aayee hai!”

(Why do you clatter so much O autumn leaf, bare the branches as it is now time for the new leaves to take your place)



**HARPREET KAUR
BAWEJA**

is an Associate Professor
of English at Govt. P. G.
College, Sec-1, Panchkula

Season of Soul

Autumn, the season of soul,
The summer attenuating into fall,
Leaves turning bright,
Showing us, how beautiful it can be to turn old.

Leaves leaving their trees,
Dying every second piece by piece,
Yet full of colors,
As if waiting for their time to leave.

Every falling leaf,
Speaks bliss to me,
Asks me to let the lifeless things go,
Not to resist the change,
Life will start again,
When you will let the life flow.



DR ANU GIRDHAR

is Prosthodontist,
Professor and HoD in
a Dental College. She
lives in Chandigarh and
dabbles in poetry

The Coppery Bliss

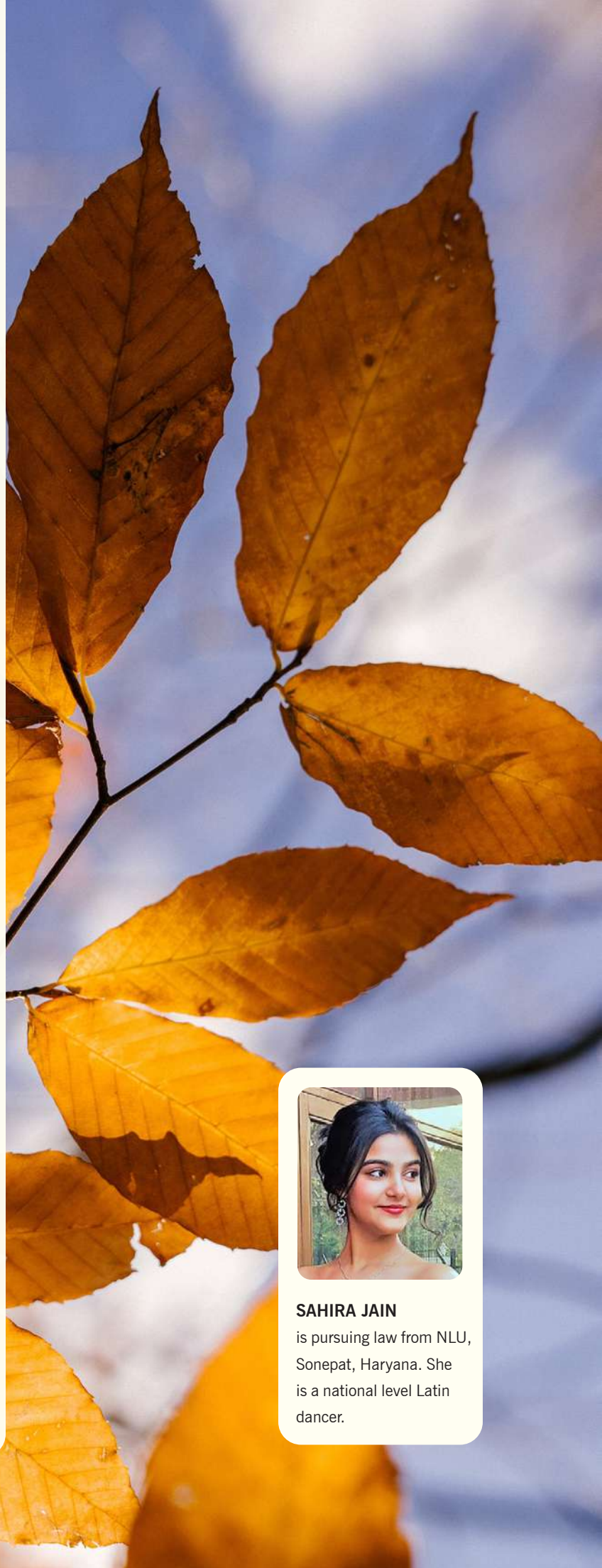
As the wind rustles along, taking with it wisps of remaining summer time, making room for the crispy cool zephyr to creep in, its copper, copper everywhere! Nature decided to flaunt its tone and complexion for the world to gawk at and wonder at in awe, and so the world did.

The world incorporated every shade of the Autumn leaf ranging from copper to rust to gold and black. The world draped itself in a coppery hue, with orange coloured Pumpkin Spice Lattes tainting everybody's lips. The sun just cool enough for people to mirror the leaves: honey, rust, brown, orange, red— Autumn's own rainbow, an inspiration for the world's tapestry.

Romance blushes in the Autumn red. Shying and smiling behind coppery veils, with passionate topics to talk about. Brides have their aisles covered in copper and rust crunchy roses, with each step, chiming in to wish them the best.

Autumn's leaves talk about Nirvana. About how they meet death once their season has ended and about how they embrace life when it is given to them. They cannot truly achieve Nirvana, although they are incredibly patient for it, toiling through season after season.

Autumn is the richest of all seasons as it has more gold than any season or person could ever have. So, rather than fishing into your pockets, reach out and bask in the coppery bliss of Autumn!



SAHIRA JAIN

is pursuing law from NLU, Sonapat, Haryana. She is a national level Latin dancer.



Autumn in My City

The scorching heat surrenders to sun's dying rays
Providing optimum-pleasant warmth
Fruits hang down from branches of trees, laden with juice
Leaves exhibit hues as flowers, before their ultimate fall.
The evening sky looks clear as a mountain stream
The children busy figuring out constellations
While making new ones for themselves.
The migration of the Greater Flamingos is marked
And the tiny bluethroats become a common sight, too.
The period of flux between the Autumnal Equinox and
the Winter Solstice
Making the farmer gay and dance in jubilation
The produce of his toil lies in abundance.
A great relief in the wake of the nagging rain,
Indeed, the season makes my poetic insight bloom!



STAFFY BHATEJA

hails from City Beautiful,
Chandigarh. She has
edited a book of poetry
Catharsis.

BIRTHDAY

Blast



Kiran Desai

(03 September)

Indian author and daughter of acclaimed novelist Anita Desai. Winner of Man Booker Prize 2006 for her novel *The Inheritance of Loss*. Other works include novel *Hullabaloo in the Guava Orchard* published in 1998.



Enid Mary Blyton

(11 September)

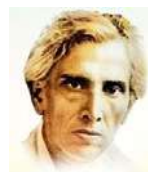
English children's writer. Best remembered for her timeless works, *Noddy*, *Famous Five*, *Secret Seven*, the *Five Find-Outers*, *Malory Towers* books, *St Clare's*, *The Naughtiest Girl* and *The Faraway Tree* series.



Roald Dahl

(13 September)

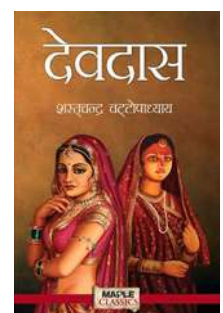
British novelist, short-story writer, poet, screenwriter, and wartime fighter pilot of Norwegian descent. Best known for his children's works including *James and the Giant Peach*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *Matilda*, *The Witches*, *Fantastic Mr Fox*, *The BFG*, *The Twits*, *The Giraffe and the Pelly and Me* and *George's Marvellous Medicine*. His adult works include *Tales of the Unexpected*.



Sarat C. Chattopadhyay

(15 September)

Bengali novelist and short story writer of the early 20th century. He remains the most popular, translated, and adapted Indian author of all time. Major works include- *Devdas*, *Parinita*, *Shrikanta*, *Pothar Dabi*, *Choritrahin* and many more.





Agatha Christie

(15 September)

English writer known for her 66 detective novels and 14 short story collections. Also wrote the world's longest-running play, *The Mousetrap*, which has been performed in the West End since 1952, as well as six novels under the pseudonym **Mary Westmacott**. *Guinness World Records* lists Christie as the best-selling fiction writer of all time, her novels having sold more than two billion copies.



Stephen King

(21 September)

American author of horror, supernatural fiction, suspense, crime, science-fiction, and fantasy novels. Described as the “King of Horror”, King has published 64 novels, including seven under the pen name Richard Bachman, and five non-fiction books. Most popular works include novels- *Carrie*, *The Green Mile*, *Christine*, *It*, *Misery*, *The Shining*, *The Stand*, *The Mist* and many more.



H G Wells

(21 September)



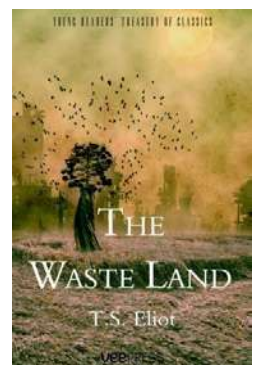
English writer, prolific in many genres, he wrote more than fifty novels and dozens of short stories. Best remembered for his science fiction novels and has been called the “father of science fiction. A futurist, he wrote a number of utopian works and foresaw the advent of aircraft, tanks, space travel, nuclear weapons, satellite television and something resembling the World Wide Web. His science fiction imagined time travel, alien invasion, invisibility, and biological engineering. Famous works– *The Time Machine*, *The Island of Doctor Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, *The War of the Worlds* and *The First Men in the Moon*.



TS Eliot

(26 September)

Thomas Stearns Eliot, poet, essayist, publisher, playwright, literary critic and editor, is considered one of the 20th century's major poets. He is a central figure in English-language Modernist poetry. Gained recognition for his poems- ‘The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock’, ‘The Waste Land’, ‘The Hollow Men’, ‘Ash Wednesday’ and ‘Four Quartets’. Also known for seven plays, particularly *Murder in the Cathedral* (1935) and *The Cocktail Party* (1949). Awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1948.





BUDDING POETS' CORNER

Fall

Walking down the lane,
Breeze sweeping over my face.
Greeted by the birds' melodious cries,
Bade by clear night skies,
So starts the month of harvest,
A happy beginning before the darkest.
Meant for the Greek goddess Carpo,
Marking the birth of Scorpio, Libra and Virgo.

While winters fill us with sorrow,
Spring awaits to let hope overflow.
Summers help us to grow and connect,
Finally, autumn gets us to reflect.
All along it's been teaching us something clever,
To accept the fate... nothing lasts forever.
Yellow dominates over the green,
The shedding of leaves creates a lively scene.

Starts in September, only to end in November,
Helps us to become a receptor.
Become the king, now the pawn,
No matter if it's dusk or dawn.



SAMRIDHI OBEROI
is a student of 8th standard
at Mind Tree School, Ambala.

Autumn

When the scorching heat of the sun burns you,
When you get showered with the stones of hail,
When the light around you is full of darkness,
Do not dodder, don't cry nor wail.

When you are frozen by the icicles of the world,
When your only support is the candle you hold,
When there are people withering and dying in the cold,
Share the match with all, be bold.

When the sun causes outbreaks of hunger and trust,
When the sun crumbles mighty rocks to dust,
When the distinct scream of lava is all you hear,
Fear not. Embrace all that you hold dear.

Joy and love fetched by rain,
Sometimes also ushers in hurt and pain.
You want to revel, get drenched, hum a melody,
But sadly you have to refrain.

For rain does not always invite the seven colours in sky.
It's not just the colours that make you happy or numb.
Everyone wishes to enjoy the spirit of the spring,
Yet you must face the rusting autumn.



AVNI AGGARWAL
a student of class 10,
Sacred Heart School,
Moga, Punjab

Autumn: The season of fall

by Mir Yasir Mukhtar



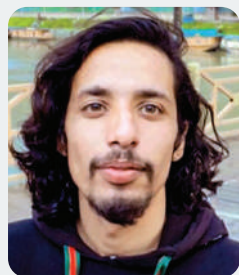
Gaekhir Republik, a Kashmiri band plays a live gig in Nishat, Srinagar, Kashmir.

the song of Raja begum reminds me of the Autumn season every year while walking barefoot on the fallen crimson leaves.

Autumn- the season of fall starts in September as the Chinar trees turn to loose their greenery and turn crimson gold. Places like Nishat, Shalimar and south of Kashmir University campus bear a testament to this colorful season where Kashmiris visit more often and rest their grief with the falling leaves.

Not only Autumn bids a farewell to Chinar trees by shedding leaves in late November. The season depicts dread. At the same time, it gives hope for new beginnings for the spring, when flowers will bloom again when winter will be a memory. A reminder, ‘to end is to begin’. “Wand chali, sheen gali baeyi ye bahar”. (Winter shall pass, snow shall melt and spring shall come).

“Wadaan wadaan pruchh mye poshe bhagow. Su yaar kati chui, che kayazi tanha, mye Hard wananan dilas dyutnam; Yuthui yi haal e jigar mye bhoawum.” (The wailing flowers enquiring my agony; Where is your beloved, why are you alone? Autumn Zephyrs consoling my being, Once I sang her my tormented melody),



MIR YASIR MUKHTAR

is a freelance photojournalist based in Kashmir. Yasir has captured day-to-day events in Kashmir, specialising in people’s movement, human portraits, nature landscapes and documentary features.



A child holds a doll in her hand as she poses for a photograph in Chinar bagh, Srinagar, Kashmir.



Inviting contributions for the next issue of our Magazine, slated to be published in Oct. 2022

THEME: CELEBRATIONS

Send your original contributions in the form of

Short Story (500 words max)

Essay (600 words max)

Poems (20 lines max)

Photo Essays

Book Reviews, etc


Last date to send entries: **Sep 15, 2022**


For further details please visit :

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